

## THE PICTURE.

Sunlight falls on her pictured face,  
Rimmed in a frame of gold;  
The selfsame pose of a careless grace.  
That I remember of old.  
'Twas here we stood long years ago,  
She in that very dress!  
And I heard this syllable—sweet and low  
From her rose-red mouth—'twas—  
"Yes!"

So many years! And yet I'll swear—  
Now, standing in this place—  
I can smell the rose she hath in her hair,  
While I look upon her face!  
I feel the clasp of her tender hand,  
Gentle, yet clinging fast,  
And I almost feel I am young again,  
Though so many years have past.

And yet, could I live over the space  
Of those Indian summer days,  
Bring back to my life this sweet, fair face,  
The canvas here portrays.  
Were it wise to lose the peace that is mine,  
For the restless hopes that have fled?  
Not so; whatever is best,  
"Let the dead past bury its dead!"

## PHIL'S FIFTY CENTS.

BY JENNIE L. WARREN.

[DENHAM—Martha against Richard B. or cruelty.]

Many there were who, if they saw the names at all under the head of "Divorces" in their Chicago daily, had no time to give to thoughts of ruined homes, dead hopes, and broken hearts. The world becomes used to the daily record of misery.

Several months after the above names found their place in the papers, Richard B. Denham's divorced wife, with her three boys, boarded the cars bound for a thrifty Michigan town located on the Michigan Central railroad. The oldest boy, Phil, was a 10-year-old blue-eyed, brown-haired, honest-faced, sturdily-built lad, old for his years, and showing thought for his mother in caring for his 5-year-old-brothers, Harry and Willy. Through many a weary day the only comfort Phil's mother had found was in his cheery "Never mind, mother, wait until I am bigger, and then you shan't have such times as these."

The town in Michigan was chosen as their home because Mrs. Denham knew that the minister who had married her was located there, and she hoped that through his influence she might more readily gain means of support for herself and family. She would never go back to her girlhood home in the east and to those she loved best, she told herself. Never!

She had brought some furniture with her, and she had a little money—enough to rent a small cottage, where she opened a select school. She was a woman of good education, and through the influence of the kind minister a good many children were sent to her school, so that the first year, by exercising strict economy, they lived comfortably.

The next year was less bright. The minister, whose influence had been so helpful to her, went to Minnesota; many of the children she had taught the year before entered the public school, and she was not successful in securing new pupils. At last she was forced to abandon the little school, and every other attempt at making a living failing her, she resorted to the weary plan of going from house to house with her basket of silver polishes, washing fluid, stove blacking, sponges, and toothpicks, leaving Phil at home to take care of the twins.

One July morning, basket in hand, she rang the bell at a spacious brick house. The door was opened by a young and pretty blonde woman, attired in the daintiest of morning gowns.

"Oh, Mrs. Denham," she said with evident disappointment, "I thought it was Cousin Ruth, whom I was expecting."

Mrs. Denham hesitated an instant, but the pretty blonde did not say "come in," so she told her errand standing on the porch.

"I can't trade this morning, thank you," said the little woman, carelessly glancing at the articles in the basket.

"But I want to speak to you about your two youngest boys. They were in my Sunday-school class. I have not seen them there lately."

"No," and Mrs. Denham's sallow face flushed. "They have no clothes fit to wear to Sunday-school; as soon as I can earn the money to get them some they shall go. You can't trade this morning?"

"No, thank you," airily, "but I do hope you will get your boys back to Sunday-school. Children of their age should be in Sunday-school. Good morning." The door was shut.

"What luck, mother?" Phil asked that night.

She answered by laying sixty-five cents on the table.

"If a tramp should come to-night I believe I would feed him," she said.

"It has almost seemed as though I were a tramp to-day."

"Never mind, mother," Phil said, in his old, cheery way.

"I don't suppose folks can always buy. You must stay with the boys a few days, and we will see what can be done."

To the amusement of the boys a tramp appeared as they were seated at the table eating hot griddle-cakes and molasses, and true to her word, Mrs. Denham baked cakes for him until the batter was all gone.

The next day Phil was so fortunate as to secure a job piling "edgings" at the mill-yard. Some fine hand-sewing was sent in for Mrs. Denham to do, and the world looked much brighter to the little family.

"Mebby it's because you fed the poor tramp," Phil said to his mother.

The next noon Phil came in from his work, warm and hungry. "Mother," he said, while they were at the dinner table, "there's a man down by the mill on a pile of boards; he's sick and tired, and his boots are all worn out. He told some of the boys that he hadn't had anything to eat since yesterday noon, and he's walked all the way from Augusta here, trying to get work; but nobody'll give him work, and he's out of money; but if he can get to Chicago he says he knows he'll get work. Mother, will you lend me fifty cents to give him to help him along a short way toward Chicago on the cars? I'll pay you back Saturday night when I'm paid for my work."

"Why, Phil, fifty cents!" his mother said. "You know nothing about the man; he might take the money and get drunk."

"No, he won't, mother, I know he won't," Phil answered earnestly. "He has a good face, and he don't beg. The boys questioned his story out of him."

"But it seems a little strange, Phil, that he can get no work this time of year."

"Mebbe it seems strange to folks about us," Phil answered; "but I do wish, mother, you'd lend me fifty cents."

"I haven't fifty cents, Phil."

"Then borrow it, mother," Phil urged. "You're more used to borrowing than I am."

"No, Phil, I can't do it."

Phil said no more, but his mother noticed that he carried his slice of bread away with him instead of eating it, and at night he told her that he borrowed fifty cents of a boy down town, and had given it to the man who had so excited his sympathy.

"I hope you don't care, mother," he said. "I'm sure he's a good man, he was awful grateful, and tears choked him all up. Anyway I'm glad I gave it."

Another year rolled away, and during the time Phil and his mother had paid the house rent promptly, and none of them had gone hungry. The last of September came, and Phil had saved enough to take him into the Chicago exposition.

"Is it awful mean in me to want to go, mother," he asked one night. "Hedn't I better give you the money and stay at home?"

"You have worked hard and faithfully, my boy, and have been a great help and comfort to me," his mother fondly answered; "and you deserve a little recreation; but, Phil, I am afraid to have you go to Chicago. You know if your father should see you he would take you from me if he could."

But Phil was brave, and he quieted his mother's fears, and the next morning started for Chicago on one of the early excursion trains, expecting to come back at night. But he did not come, and Mrs. Denham feared the worst. The following morning brought her a postal card. It reads:

DEAR MOTHER: I am safe and well, and I hope you ain't worried about me, though I know you have. I am having a boss time. I have seen my tramp. I'm going to stay two or three days. It won't cost me anything. It's a surprise. YOUR PHIL.

Phil came home the third day, and after the first greetings, when his mother kissed him and cried over him, and the twins pulled about him in boisterous glee at his return, he told his "surprise."

"It was while I was in 'Machinery Hall,' at the exposition," he commenced, "I was looking at the different machines, when a man came up to me and said, 'Look up here, boy, let me see if I know you,' and I was a little bit scared, mother, for I thought right away of what you said about father, but when I looked up I knew it wasn't father. Then the man said, 'Yes, I thought I wasn't mistaken. Boy, do you remember that something over a year ago you gave a piece of bread and fifty cents to a tramp?' And then I saw that he was my tramp; but he looks different now, because he's well and dressed up good."

"And, mother, he was awful good to me, and he went all through the exposition with me, and told me lots about it that I never could have learned alone, and he took me to a restaurant to dinner, and to Lincoln Park on the street-cars to see the bears and alligators and everything, and to the North Side water-works, where there's a big engine, and then he took me to Pullman, where he lives, and his wife and two girls were just as good to me, too. They all do sewing, and he works in the carshops, and they live in a real nice place: a 'flat' they call it; and Mr. Andrews—that's his name—said he'd come and see you as soon as he could get away a day, and he knows he can get a place for me there to work, where I can live with them, if you'll let me; and—oh, mother! ain't you glad I borrowed that fifty cents for him?"

Phil was almost breathless when his story was finished, he had talked so fast and excitedly. His mother answered him by stroking his hair and smiling—her eyes were full of tears.

Mr. Andrews came to the little Michigan home one day. He told Mrs. Denham his story of sickness and bad luck that had brought him to the condition in which Phil had found him; of his discouragements and the timely help Phil's 50 cents proved to be, and of subsequent success. He had found a good place for a strong, trusty boy like Phil. He bought Harry and Willie good warm clothing, and Phil went back to Pullman with him, dressed in a new gray suit.

Phil is working away industriously, and looking forward to the time when he can rent a flat and have his mother and the twins with him in Pullman.—[Chicago Inter-Ocean.]

## How China's Emperor Lives.

Pail Mail Budget.

The ruler of the 250,000,000 of which the Chinese nation probably consists is now within five years of his majority (the age of eighteen years), and is an occupant, while yet a minor, of the same apartment in which lived the emperor who preceded him on the Dragon throne. There, says the North China Herald, he eats with gold-tipped chop-sticks of ivory. There he sleeps on a large Ningpo bedstead, richly carved and ornamented with ivory and gold—the same on which the noble-minded Emperors Kang Hsi and Chien Lung used to recline after the day's fatigue last century and the century before.

Like one of those living Buddhas who may be seen in a lamasery on the Mongolian plateau, he is knelt to by all his attendants and honored as a god. The seclusion in which he is kept is far more complete than that of the gods. The building in which the emperor resides is called Yang Hsin Tien, and is a little to the west of the Ch'ien Ch'inn Meu in the middle of the palace. At the back of the central gate, on the south side, is the great reception hall. When ministers of state and others enter for an audience at 4, 5 or 6 in the morning, according to custom, they have to go on foot to the center of the palace over half a mile, if they enter by the east or west gate; and when they get on in years they can appreciate the emperor's favor, which then by a decree allows them to be borne in a chair, instead of walking.

The rooms of the emperor consist of seven compartments. They are provided with the divan, or k'ang, the peculiar institution of North China. The k'angs are covered with red felt of native manufacture, and the floor with European carpets. The cushions all have embroidered on them the dragon and the phoenix. Pretty things in endless variety are scattered through the rooms, and are changed in accordance with any wish expressed by the emperor.

The rooms are in all thirty yards long by from eight to nine yards deep, and are divided into three separate apartments, the throne-room being the middle one. Folding doors ten feet in height open into each of these apartments to the north and south in the center of each. The upper part of these doors is in open-work, in which various auspicious characters and flowers are carved. These doors remain open, even in winter, because during that season a thick embroidered curtain of damask is hung in the doorway, which, by its weight keeps its place close to the door-posts and keeps the cold air from entering. In summer this is replaced by a curtain admitting the breeze on account of its being made of very thin strips of bamboo together of various colors, and passing through the whole texture of the curtain from top to bottom are very agreeable to the eye. These summer and winter curtains are rolled up to give air to the rooms when required. The hoppo, who lately returned from Canton, gave the emperor a present valued at \$8,000. It consisted of chandeliers holding five hundred wax candles each. His majesty has also electrical machines and numberless foreign curiosities.

The emperor was vaccinated when an infant, before his high destiny was thought of, otherwise it would have been difficult to vaccinate him, for, his person being sacred when emperor, no lancet can touch it. His mother, the Princess of Ch'un, goes in to see him once a month and kneels when she first speaks to him, but rises afterwards. His father does so, too. The emperor studies Chinese daily for an hour and a half, and Manchu also for an hour and a half. He spends two hours in archery and riding, and in winter amuses himself with sledding. He has a little brother of five, whom it may be hoped the mother takes with her when she goes to the palace. The teachers who instruct him kneel to him on entering, but afterwards sit. The emperor has eight eunuchs, who constantly attend him, besides an indefinite number for special occasions. He has his meals alone and the eight eunuchs wait round him, restraining him if he takes too much of any one thing. His school-room is at the back of the Yang Hsin Tien, already described, and the hall for conference each morning with ministers is a little to the east.

## Just the Girl He Had Been Looking For.

New Orleans Times-Democrat.

A gentleman was riding with a lady in an open carriage, "all of a summer's day," and accidentally—men's arms are such awkward things, are ever in the way—dropped an arm around her waist. No objection was made for awhile, and the arm gradually relieved the side of the carriage of the pressure upon it. But of a sudden (whether from a late recognition of the impropriety of the thing, or the sight of another beau coming, never was known) the lady started with volcanic energy, and, with a flashing eye, exclaimed: "Mr. Brown, I can support myself!" "Capital?" was the instant reply; "you are just the girl I have been looking for these five years—will you marry me?"

If seeds are buried too deeply many will not germinate. This is the most common cause of thin seeding. With the greatest care to deeply pulverize the soil the seed is buried correspondingly deep.

"A never-failing spring," as the boy remarked when the schoolmaster jumped from from his seat, which had been previously inoculated with a bent pin.—[Boston Transcript.]

## SAILING TOWARD THE ICE.

Sailing northward! sailing northward  
Toward the realms of cold  
Gives to me a chill sensation,  
As of growing old.

Sailing northward! veering northward  
On the restless sea,  
Winds grow cooler, billows colder—  
Ice is on the sea.

Sailing northward! veering northward  
On the sea of life;  
Hearts grow chilly, love is colder,  
With the toil and strife.

Sailing northward! veering northward,  
Glory dims its fires;  
Riches lose their charm and splendor;  
"Glowing hope expires."

Sailing northward! veering northward—  
E'en a lover's love  
Loses warmth, and pales its brightness,  
Like the skies above.

But as we sail northward, northward,  
Suns increase their sway,  
Till the crimson flush of evening  
Meets the dawn of day.

So as we veer northward, northward,  
May life's sunset ray  
Mix its last beams with the sunburst  
Of th' eternal day.

Yes, as veering northward, northward,  
Eve and morning kiss,  
So may death be but the brightening  
To a dawn of bliss.

## FARM AND HOME.

Science in Farming.

Joseph Harris in Am. Agriculturist for Nov.

We have much poor land in the United States, and an immense area of good land. The poor land will be used to grow timber, or be improved by converting more or less of it, gradually, into pasture, and stocking it with sheep and cattle. The main point is, to feed the sheep or cattle with some rich nitrogenous food, such as cotton-seed cake, malt-sprouts, bran, shorts, mill-feed, refuse beans, or bean-meal made from beans injured by the weevil or bug. In short, the owner of such land may buy such food as will furnish the most nutriment and make the richest manure at the least cost—taking both of these objects into consideration. He will also buy more or less artificial manures, to be used for the production of fodder crops, such as corn, millet, Hungarian grass, etc. And, as soon as a portion of the land can be made rich enough, he will grow more or less mangel wurzels, sugar beets, turnips and other root crops. Superphosphate will be found admirably adapted for this purpose, and two, three, or four hundred pounds of cheap petash salts, per acre, can frequently be used on fodder crops, in connection with two or three hundred pounds of phosphate, with considerable profit. The whole subject is well worthy of careful study. Never in the history of the world, has there been a grander opportunity for the application of science to the improvement of agriculture than now.

On the richer lands, the aim of the farmer will be to convert the plant food lying dormant in the soil into profitable crops. The main point is good tillage. In many cases weeds now run away with half our crops and all our profits. The weeds which spring up after the grain crops are harvested are not an unmixed evil. They retain the nitrogen and other plant food, and when turned under make manure for the succeeding crops. But weeds among the growing crops are evil, and only evil. Thorough plowing is the remedy, with drainage where needed.

Increasing Lean Meat in Pigs.

National Live-Stock Journal.

We may well suppose that the habit of the pig in laying on an excessive quantity of fat has been caused by long and excessive feeding of fat-producing food, and it is not likely that any sudden transformation could be brought about; but it is well known that the pigs of different countries differ in respect to fat. We have only to contrast fattened pigs of this country with those in Canada. There pork is fattened partly upon barley, but largely upon peas, a highly nitrogenous food, yielding a large proportion of muscle, and our pigs are fattened almost wholly upon corn, an excessively starchy and fattening food. The Canadian pork has a much larger proportion of lean meat and less lard. The difference is very marked, so much so, that in a market supplied with both kinds, purchasers easily select the one or the other as desired. Wild hogs do not have such excess of fat, and the southern hog, which is grown much slower than those in the northern and western states, and fed much less corn, is comparatively lean. There can, therefore, be little doubt that the habit of depositing this excess of fat is caused by long-continued feeding adapted to that end. The hog is naturally a grass and root-eating animal, and in its domestication is fed almost wholly upon concentrated food. Hogs fed upon skimmed milk have a less proportion of fat than those fed upon corn. If young pigs are kept upon food that will grow the muscles and bones and develop a rangy frame, they will possess so much muscle when half grown that a moderate length of time in fattening, even on corn, will not pile on an excessive amount of fat.

Bees for Boys.

American Agriculturist for November.

A farmer friend has sixty colonies of bees, a fine flock of light Brahma fowls, and a farm of one hundred and twenty acres. He has two sons, aged thirteen and sixteen years respectively, and the

elder boy has entire charge of the bees, of which he is very fond. He runs his his sections, extracts the honey, introduces queens, divides his bees, and rears queens with a skill which many a veteran might envy. He is already well known in the city, three and a half miles distant, for his honey, and talks about bees, and quotes authorities in the most intelligent manner. All his honey is sold in one grocery store, and though he has a good yield this season, and reaped a fine profit, he cannot fully supply the demand at the store.

## Artichokes for Swine.

Artichokes have been grown for swine several years at the Michigan agricultural college. The method of management had been to have a small patch of artichokes convenient to the swine pens, upon which the breeding sows were turned early in the spring and allowed to harvest the roots for themselves. The crop is thus grown with very little labor, since it requires no harvesting, the roots remaining in the ground all winter, and it furnishes succulent food for the sows just when it is most needed and most difficult to obtain from other sources. Professor Johnson, farm superintendent, is so well pleased with the results of this management that he is enlarging the artichoke plantation.

## Selecting Nursery Trees.

Professor William Saunders, who has had much experience in different sections, says he "would generally select those young trees at the nursery which most people would be likely to reject and leave on account of their small, runty appearance, as in the long run being more sure to make the best growth and become the best bearers of fruit." This is the testimony of many successful growers. Some urge—which is unquestionably wise—that the holes for planting should be dug at least two feet deep, and then filled about one foot with old bones, stones or bricks, or all of them, as it would afford more thorough underdrainage and allow the roots to run further.

## Over-Crowding Fowls.

Over-crowding of fowls is the cause of nearly all diseases that occur among them. There is too much strife and competition among them when kept in large numbers, and the same is true of animals. The largest breeder of fowls in the world, Hawkins, of Lancaster, Mass., divides his large flock into many smaller ones. He keeps over 2,000 hens on the same farm, and finds them profitable. In addition to this number of hens thousands of chicks are annually hatched and sent to the large cities.

## To Make Woman's Work Easier.

Many farmers who secure for themselves all the labor-saving improvements are slow in arranging similar help for their wives. A reaper or mower is used at the most only a few days in the year. A creamer, to make butter-making easier, will be in use nearly or quite every day in the year, and the butter product will bring enough more to pay heavy interest on the first cost, besides the saving in labor.

## The Household.

ECONOMICAL PUDDING.—Cook a teaspoonful of flour in a pint of milk, add a beaten egg, three teaspoonfuls of sugar and a little salt; pour over slices of buttered bread and bake half an hour.

VEAL OYSTERS.—A good substitute for real oysters is made by cutting the veal into small squares, dipping into batter and frying in hot lard. They are served with cayenne pepper and salt, and should be eaten while hot.

CINNAMON TARTS.—Rub eight ounces of butter and a pound of sugar to a cream, add the yolks of three eggs and the whites of two, and stir in a pound of flour. Roll the mixture thin, and cut it into squares, rubbing them with the white of egg, and sprinkling with cinnamon and sugar before putting into the oven.

STEWED TOMATOES.—Pour boiling water over six or eight large tomatoes to remove the skin, and then put them into a saucpan. When they begin to boil pour away a little of the juice; add a small piece of butter, pepper, salt and a very little sugar. Let them cook for about fifteen minutes, stirring in well the seasoning. Some add a few bread or cracker crumbs.

APPLE PUDDING.—A delicious apple pudding, to be served hot, is made thus: Peel and quarter enough apples to cover the bottom of a deep tin plate; then make a batter of sour milk, soda and flour, with a tablespoonful of lard to enough flour to make a batter which will cover the apples. This should not be thicker than for pancakes. Pour it over the apples and bake till brown; then, when done, turn it on a large plate, with the crust down. Over the apples scatter sugar and cinnamon; if you like it rich, spread a thin layer of butter over the apples before putting on the sugar and cinnamon.

In California prune culture is a great success. Each tree bears about 100 pounds of prunes, worth about 14 cents per pound.

A stitch in Time must make the old chap feel sew-sew.—[New York Journal.]

A man don't have to live long in Paris to learn the road to Rouen.—[The Judge.]

Captain Schufeldt, of the Army Medical corps, has just forwarded to the Smithsonian Institution a collection of some 3,000 specimens of vertebrates and invertebrates collected around New Orleans.

Funds are wanted for a zoological station in Java.