

A BRAVE GIRL.

In the shadow of a range of high mountains stood an old-fashioned, grim-walled house, a large, rambling building, which even in summer time when all the trees were covered in verdant green, and flowers bloomed in the gardens, looked desolate; but now it was winter, and snow lay thick upon the ground and upon the mountains, the scene was one of intense dreariness.

"Yet, in spite of this, and its distance from any town, the house was occupied; the owner, a Mr. Seymour, artist by profession, living there with his family in seeming content.

The family consisted of himself, his wife, and two children, the eldest of whom, a girl, had just reached her twelfth year, while baby Eddie had barely numbered as many months; other little ones had come between these two, but they had as swiftly been plucked by death's unerring hand, leaving only a bitter memory in the parents' hearts. A couple of maid-servants and an old man, who did odd jobs about the place, completed the small household.

One cold winter's day, as evening was approaching, Mrs. Seymour sat in a room whose windows overlooked the white, winding road, her eyes alternately wandering towards her babe who lay in a cradle close by, and the road, over which darkness was so quickly falling.

"Adie," she called presently, and as her soft voice penetrated to her little daughter's ears, she rose from her seat near the fire and crossed the room.

"Yes, mamma."

"Look! your eyes are brighter than mine; is that the coach I see in the distance?"

Adie climbed on a chair, and for some time stood with her face pressed close to the window, her eyes strained as she tried to make out the dark-looking object which had raised her mother's hopes. At last, a lightsign escaped her, and half-reluctantly she descended from her high perch.

"No mamma," she said, passing one arm lovingly round Mrs. Seymour's neck, "it is only old Jasper with the letters."

A shade of disappointment shadowed her mother's gentle face—disappointment which soon changed to anxiety. Drawing Adie closer to her, she kissed her as she whispered:

"It is three days since your father left us; surely he will return to-night! He has never before remained away so long."

"Perhaps the roads have been too bad," Adie suggested, wishing to give comfort by her hopeful words.

"I hope nothing more serious is keeping him. The coach generally passes before this, and I see no sign of it yet."

"Jasper is coming here; I will see if he has brought a letter from Pa." Adie cried, as she watched the horseman turn into the big iron gate; and with an eager light in her eyes she darted off.

She returned almost as quickly, waving a letter in her hand. One glance at her smiling face told Mrs. Seymour whom it was from before she saw the handwriting.

Her fingers trembled slightly as she broke the seal, but a slight flush of gladness stole into her cheeks when she had scanned the short note.

"He will be home tonight, Adie. The coach, he says, will probably be late on account of the recent fall of snow, but they are bound to come."

Rising from her chair, she went to the kitchen, where she found Jasper warming himself by the blazing fire and enjoying a basin of hot soup. Mary, the cook had prepared for him.

"I suppose you did not see the coach as you came from Shornham?" she questioned, after she had wished him a good evening.

"No, mum, that I didn't; I hurried back as quick as I could, for the old bridge is just as unsafe as it can be, after the storm; I were most afraid to cross it, I can tell you."

Mrs. Seymour grew pale, and, half-unconsciously, her hand closed tightly over Adie's shoulder.

"What do you mean?" she said breathlessly. "Who says the bridge is not safe?"

"I say it mum, and it's true as true. Unless the river calms down a bit there won't be much bridge left by to-morrow. Some of the planks are already loosened by the rushing waters."

Good heavens! But surely the coach will not pass it to-night? Have you not given warning?"

The man shrugged his shoulders, and looked at her with a rather vacant expression in his eyes.

"There none of my business, mum. Old Jim will see for himself, when he reaches the bridge, that it is unsafe to cross."

another word, Mrs. Seymour covered her face with her hands for a moment, then she looked up a ray of hope on her face.

"Where is Ben? He had better saddle Prince, and ride with all speed to the bridge."

A dead silence followed her speech, the cook and the house-maid exchanged troubled glances before they answered her. Mary stepped forward.

"I forgot to tell you, ma'am, but Ben has one of his bad attacks of rheumatism to-night, and is now in bed."

"Oh, dear, dear, what shall I do? If only I dared leave baby; but he is so ill and fretful, he would scream himself into a fit if I left him."

"And neither of us can ride," Susan broke in, regretfully.

Adie, who had been sobbing quietly, now turned to her mother, and hung her arms around her.

"Do not cry, mamma, I can ride—I will go to meet the coach, and keep it from crossing the bridge."

"But it is too late; and you do not know the way."

"Oh yes I do; I have often driven there with papa. Please let me go."

"I can't refuse, when so much depends upon it. Come I will saddle Prince while you get ready."

By the time Adie had donned her habit, and wrapped a thick shawl warmly around her small form, Mrs. Seymour, aided by Mary, had succeeded in saddling Prince, and brought him around to the door. With many fond kisses, and whispered prayers, she helped the child mount, and then watched with dimmed eyes, the horse cantered down the road.

"God protect her, and bring her back to me in safety," she murmured, as she returned once more to her weary watch and ailing babe.

Meanwhile Adie rode in the direction of the river, unconscious of the chill wind that blew upon her, and the cold snow that was now falling, she kept her eyes fixed steadfastly before her, trying to peer into the fast-gathering gloom, whilst her ears were strained to catch the faintest sound of wheels advancing over the frozen ground.

Suddenly a sudden roar, as of angry waters rolling along reached her, and her heart gave a great throb.

"The river!" she exclaimed, aloud. "It is making a terrible noise."

Nearer and nearer she drew, until she could just make out the outline of the dark water, rushing between its banks of snow; the bridge an antique one of wood, fastened from side to side, was barely visible above the seething torrent.

She dismounted when she reached it, and leaving Prince in the road, made her way cautiously to the river side. Then, as her eyes becoming accustomed to the gloom saw the ravages made by the recent storm, a low cry of fear broke from her.

Several of the planks were entirely washed away, and the others were almost entirely useless. Adie knew it was impossible for her to ride Prince across the bridge. How much more impossible for the heavy, four-horsed coach to pass safely over.

She trembled, and feeling faint and dizzy, leaned against the wooden post; suddenly however, she sprang erect, a rush of color surging into her cheeks. What sound was that borne to her ears above the raging of the wind, and rushing of the torrent?

"The coach!" she whispered, pressing her hand to her brow; "The coach! I must save it!"

Without hesitation she placed one foot on the creaking bridge, and clinging tight to the side-rail, moved quickly and bravely along, the snow blowing into her eyes, blinding her. The foaming waters dashed over her feet, almost washing her from the bridge; but she only clung closer to the rail, and heaved herself to perform the perilous task in safety.

Just as she reached the other side of the bridge the big coach came lumbering up; the horses were quite close to the bank, when Adie, a dreadful fear at her heart, sprang in their path shouting at the top of her shrill child's voice.

At first, although the horses swerved at the sight of the dark object standing before them it seemed that her voice had not reached the ear of the travellers.

"Papa," she shouted again, fear lending strength to her tones, "papa—stop—it is I—Adie."

"This time the driver heard, and drew the horses up, almost within a yard of the bridge; in another instant several of the travellers had sprang out, and the light of the lanterns was flashed over the little trembling child.

"Adie!" Mr. Seymour exclaimed, as he recognized his daughter. "What brings you here? Good Heavens! child, what has happened?"

She flung herself into his arms, trembling and sobbing now the danger was over; it was some time before he could get her to explain.

"She has saved us—there's no doubt about that!" one gentleman said, as they all gathered round the broken bridge. "Had she not stopped us, we should none of us been alive by now."

Jasper smiled and shook his head. "Impossible," he answered decidedly. "I'm late now with the post-bag, and I daren't lose my place for the sake of the coach."

"But think, the lives of your fellow-creatures are at stake," Mrs. Seymour cried wildly, wringing her hands in despair.

long walk in the snow, had turned back and were soon far from the dangerous river.

Who can tell what joy filled the soul of Mrs. Seymour when she welcomed her husband and child, and heard how bravely the little girl had risked her life to save those of her father and his friends; nor did Adie soon forget the hour when she stood in peril.

A Thorough Business Woman

Mrs. M. V. Taylor, of Washington, D. C., has had an eventful career. She was a daughter of a Methodist minister, reared in piety, and in this world's goods. Becoming a widow with a child to support, she learned book-keeping and connected herself as a book-keeper with an oil firm. In this capacity she obtained an insight into the oil business and became well posted concerning wells and the supplies necessary to operate them. It was while in the employ of this firm that Mrs. Taylor was offered a sixth interest in an oil well, in consideration of which she was to furnish the casing and in drilling it, an offer which she promptly accepted; produced the casing and became one of the company. On the failure of the company to drill the well within the limited time Mrs. Taylor was left with the casing on her hands—a dead loss.

As many wells were being drilled, however, she was able to sell the casing at a profit. She then ordered a second and third supply, which, on account of its scarcity, she easily disposed of at a profit. Then, with that foresight essential to successful business, Mrs. Taylor saw on account of the increasing number of wells that were being drilled the already insufficient supply of casing would be even more inadequate to the demand. Then, with the nerve of a veteran speculator, accustomed to corner the market in stocks, she invested the capital realized by her other sales in well casing, which result in placing her upon the firm financial basis, and through which she obtained an extensive business.

The scarcity in oil well casing is still fresh in the minds of oil men. It was at this time when it could not be obtained at any price that Mrs. Taylor placed upon the market her great stock and her fortune was made.—Washington Letter.

Buried Treasure.

A trim little schooner has been lying off point St. George above Crescent City for several days. She is under command of Captain Gee, who has with him a number of divers who, under his directions, are hunting for countless stores of gold which are said to be thereabouts in a hundred fathoms deep.

Twenty-five years ago, on August 6 a small boat containing sixteen persons landed on the beach at Crescent City. They stated that they were survivors of the steamer Brother Johnathan which had been wrecked by striking on a rock ten or twelve miles below Crescent City, and that all hands except that boat had perished. The boat containing third Mate Patterson, a woman and her son and some Kanaka deckhands. A boat was manned and went to the scene of the wreck, but not a vestige of it remained. The vessel was bound from San Francisco for Victoria with a cargo of rich treasure, and had on board over 250 passengers.

When Point George was reached a heavy gale arose, little headway could be made and in an attempt to enter the Crescent Harbor a rock cut the vessel and she sank.

Captain Gee, however cares less for these resurrections of the famous treasure which the Brother Johnathan was known to contain. A sail maker named Wood, who resides on third street, conceived a theory about the exact lay of the list treasure and fitted out a vessel to take soundings for the submarine ship off Crescent City. The result of his soundings was an algebraic minus, which as every schoolboy knows is dismally less than nothing itself.

The search for the treasure enlisted more hunters than one might imagine. There were a number of old skippers who have looked it up with fruitless toil. One of them in conversation with a Chronicle reporter, said that Captain Gee would never locate the treasure.

"He has never struck the right lay," said the salt-water prophet. "He has hunted within a radius of fifteen miles off Crescent City, when he should have made an allowance for the time and tide gone out thirty-five miles."

"What is the amount of the treasure?" was asked.

"One million dollars," was the sententious reply.

"I tried it myself," he sighed, "but those who know say that thousands of dollars have already been spent in trying to find the wreck. Captain Gee himself has headed several attempts, but he thinks his present one will prove successful. He tried to keep his venture a secret. It was thought at first that he had chartered the schooner Mary Anderson. This was not so. He chartered a schooner, nevertheless, which is now anchored near Point St. George. Several divers employed by Gee went up from San Francisco, and they will operate from a small boat independently of the other outfit.—San Francisco Chronicle.

OUR FARM DEPARTMENT.

Small Farms.

One of the mistakes of the times is the popular belief that everything in a business way must be big. The idea has grown out of our haste to grow wealthy and from superficial calculation, such as, if one acre pays \$100,000 acres would pay \$10,000. Men seldom make such money out of very large orchards, and while a source of envy to small holders they are often, in fact, just holding on or are running ahead on borrowed capital. The men who make money and are getting rich out of horticultural pursuits are those who do not attempt more than they can look after personally. From ten to eighty acres are the sized tracts which, if they are properly conducted. The idea that a living cannot be made out of small place has retarded many from going into a business in which they might now be making an independent living.—California Fruit Grower.

Tomatoes for Cows.

A correspondent of the Rural Canadian recently had a thousand bushels of tomatoes left after his market, and tried the experiment of feeding them to his cows with such an increased milk flow that he planted tomatoes for the purpose of feeding them to the cows. He says: After the first frost had fallen we pulled tomato vines and collected them in piles with the green tomatoes adhering, where they remained a couple of weeks before we could let the cows into the field. By that time we found that a large percentage of the green tomatoes had ripened and the tomatoes leaves had cured. The cows could not be kept away from these tomato piles. They rooted them over with noses and horns, and cleaned up everything but the vines, and at nights as long as the tomatoes lasted they would come into the barn painfully full and their udders distended. I leave it with scientists to say whether the milk-producing element was in the tomatoes itself or whether it supplemented some other feed to make a well balanced milk ration.

Corn to Make Hen Lard.

According to the experiments recently made at the Geneva station, by Mr. Wheeler, leghorn hens, confined, laid right along on corn and corn meal in preference to other foods, but not so with large breeds. This shows the importance of feeding according to the breed. How much feed per day for the hens demands almost a diagnosis to determine. The breed influences the yield, and he who keeps a flock of mixed mongrels will have to learn just what each hen requires. Corn is not so far out of the list of foods after all, in the face of these experiments. Mr. Wheeler is still at work and his results are open to any person, or to any journal, as the station rules do not permit of any preference. For our part we are interested in the Geneva experiments, as they will be invaluable in adding "more light" to the mysteries of feeding.

Horse Versus Mule.

Some people say that a mule can be fed cheaper than a horse, but they are not posted on the subject. A horse will eat more grain than a mule, but the latter will devour twice as much hay, and will need it too, to keep him in proper condition. A mule can stand more hardship than a horse, but more work and better service will be rendered by a horse than a mule. A mule rarely becomes overoiled to such an extent as to fall, for when he finds himself uncomfortably warm he will poke along and all the whipping you can do will not induce him to mend his pace. A mule will stand more neglect than a horse, and still be able to do some work; but if properly cared for and tended as he should be he will cost every cent as much as a horse, and render no more effective service.—Globe-Democrat.

Clover on Sandy Soil.

A good "catch" of clover on sandy land is often secured by first dressing it with land plaster and salt, 300 lbs of plaster and 100 lbs of salt to each acre. Then put the clover seed in a barrel and pour on water, allowing it to soak two days, after which take a bushel of plaster to a bushel of soaked seed, and thoroughly mix both so that each seed is completely covered with an envelope of plaster. Sow the seed early in the spring, and you will be pleased with the result.—Pr.

Generally, all fowls that feather slowly are hardy.

Well-kept fowls will commence to lay as soon as well matured.

If the young chickens are kept free from lice they will usually be free from gaps.

Cal hay or clover, sprinkle bran or meal over it and then seal with hot water; this makes a good feed for poultry.

While the profits on commercial poultry are usually smaller than on game, they are generally much more sure.

Beef or pork cracklings, mixed with corn-meal or wheat bran and baked, make an excellent feed for poultry of all kinds.

If you can not afford to have full-blooded chickens, purchase at least a full-blood rooster to cross with your common hens.

Pekin ducks excel nearly or quite all breeds of chickens as egg producers. They will lay an egg every twenty-four hours after they once begin until hot weather.

The little chickens that are kept in the brooders should be watched regularly. Give them what they will drink without getting themselves wet.

Farm Notes.

A good question for argument in granges is, "What crops are most profitable for this section, and when and where shall we obtain our seeds?"

Trees in yards where fowls are confined or much frequented by them are often benefited thereby. Insect injuries are lessened and the fruit is finer.

Ducks should be laying, and the eggs command a fair price. Laying ducks should be given a liberal allowance of animal food at this season.

Wood and coal are cheaper than grain to keep animals warm, and many farmers consequently warm the feed and drinking water for the stock.

If butter pays better than beef the steers should not take the place of the cow, but if the cow is not up to the full standard of production the steer will pay better.

If the chicken run is spaded down and is grown with rye, which is allowed to grow, the poultry will be supplied with abundant pasturage during the winter.

The best "sign" of a good steer is four blocky quarters with no waste place, while the best "sign" of a good cow is a paiful of rich milk twice a day.

The importance of peas, as a profitable crop to grow for stock feed is growing on the farmers of America, and should rightly grow to its fullest extent.

Cut away the old wood of blackberries while the garden is frozen. Do not delay such work until spring. Carefully burn all cuttings, in order to guard against disease.

An animal will perish if fed exclusively on one kind of food, no matter how concentrated or nutritious it may be, there is no perfect food for all classes of stock except by affording a mixed ration.

The advice frequently given that a young tree should be properly pruned when it is set out contains much truth, but a tree should be pruned carefully for two or three years, which will relieve the grower of the necessity of cutting off large limbs when the tree becomes large. No tree should be so grown that the saw must be used on its limbs later in its life.

Emerson and Young People.

Our most useful friends are perhaps those who expect the most from us. The best men are in danger of being too easily satisfied with themselves, and should be thankful for a wise friend who is always counting upon their improvement.

This attitude of expectancy was one secret of Emerson's peculiar power over young people. His hopefulness on their behalf made them anxious to do anything short of their best. As his son expressed it, he seemed always to expect from them "something better than had yet appeared, so that he always inspired affection and awe, but cheerful belief that things were bound to grow better."

"I hope he will never get over it," he said to Mrs. Lowell, when she told him that her son Charles was discontented with the present conditions of society.

When his son came home from school after "speaking Afternoon," he always asked, "Did you do well?" "I don't know."

"Did the boys study or play, or did they sit still and look at you?" "Several of them did not attend."

"But you must oblige them to attend. If the orator does not command his audience, they will command him."

"I make no allowance for youth in talking with my friends," he wrote in his journal. "If a youth or maiden converse with me, I forget that they are not so old as I am."

How great his power was upon susceptible minds is illustrated by an entry in Miss Aleott's journal, written on the day of his death:

"Our best and greatest American gone. The nearest and dearest friend father ever had, and the man who has helped me most by his life, his books, his society. I can never tell all he has been to me. Illustrations and beloved friend, good by!"—Youth's Companion.

No Occasion for His Services.

"Madam said the caller in a subdued, respectful voice. "I have been informed by one of your neighbors that you have met with a bereavement, and I have ventured to—"

"I have had no recent bereavement," interrupted the lady somewhat stiffly. "I was told you had lost your husband," he rejoined apologetically.

"Yes—more than two years ago." "May I ask if you have placed a monument as yet over his re—"

WOMEN'S DEPARTMENT.

Glaze mohairs in plain and striped effects are shown for traveling gowns and outer cloaks. They do not show when of good quality and shed the dirt in the most comforting manner to the tired traveler. Silk hair lines appear on black woolen grounds of plain and diagonal twills. Camel's hair chevrons are in broad diagonal stripes of shades of a color mixed with white and while seemingly of a heavy weight are light and sleekly woven.

The mixed silk and wool grenadines have spots and figure in the long, have effects. Bourrette figures on grenadine grounds are among the season's novelties. Striped albatross is one of the prettiest cheap fabrics. Printed ladies' cloth in bright patterns is an expensive and rare fabric for house gowns during the early spring.

Ribbed cloths grow in grace, beauty and price. The Bedford cord is one of many woolen fabrics ribbed lengthwise or diagonally. Undulating stripes are favored in woolen and silk goods. Many specimens of goods as sold under the name of Bedford cord but the real Simon pure article resembles a woolen corduroy.

Colored and golden comets on black grounds are seen on black silk grounds. Two toned stripes are in favor in Paris. Waved satin stripes appear on gauze and a black brocade shows a repeat ground having a satin stripe with zig-zag dots, small flowers and irregular dark streaks.

A kind of veiling is woven in its lengthwise tufts. Plain satin of heavy quality is used for revers and vests. Loose bunches of violets appear on black Chinas. Feather pompadour look well on dark grounds. Satin striped Chinas have dots in a circle over the stripe and single flowers set the ground.

Corsets for New Coats.

"Do you know," said a prominent goods merchant, with whom I was riding up town in a Broadway car a day, "that there could never be a better time than the present for the resuscitation of the old anticorset movement. Those long three-quarter corsets are so very fashionable just now because of the introduction of a new set on the market that is ten times worse than the old affair. These new corsets are only really stylish on figures with very long waists and slight hips, and to accomplish this end the modistes and dry goods stores have now for us a corset that laces on the hips as well as the waist and tends to make nearly a straight line from the waist downward. The effect of course is to give the wearer the appearance of much greater height and so lend the stylish effect."

Talking with one of the best New York surgeons in the city about this new corset, he said:

"Women always will be fools when it comes to being in the fashion, and if these new corsets lace as you say on the hips, they will directly compress the stomach, the most delicate part of woman's anatomy. Women, as a rule, today, are not lacing as did our grand mothers, and I am glad to say, are going in more and more for physical culture. That of itself is the very best anticorset movement, as when you thoroughly cultivate the muscles about the waist they will not be bound. Women, I think, will in time not lace, but they will always wear corsets, as only by such means can they fit their dresses, and these they will have if they die for it."

New Ideas in Basques.

Bodices are cut very long, whether they are pointed, rounded, tabbed or in the basquine style. For stout figures a deeper slender point is cut back and front and shaped sharply over the hips, which gives a tapering slender effect to any figure. The basquines have the long effect given by the hip or coat pieces put on over the hips and joined under the pointed edge. Lapped and full fronts are still stylish, also for the garment to fasten at the shoulder and under arm seam. The Medici collar continues for elegant toilettes and wraps only. Sleeves are full at the top and plain or gathered to a deep cuff at the wrist.—The Ladies' Home Journal.

Rambles Among the Jewellers.

China lined silver taceups are the latest fad for "five o'clock" teas.

An exceedingly fine gold chain for the neck, with a pendant encrusted with diamonds, is a favorite article of jewelry.

For ladies in mourning are furnished necklaces of onyx beads, plain, faceted, polished or unpolished, as suits the wearer.

Chatelaines in the form of fleur-de-lis, bow knots and other designs are attached to small watches in decorated cases, and worn as badges. The rage for jewelry is greater than before in many years.

Novelties in watches are small affairs' the backs of which are ornamented with a miniature painting in small diamonds or pearls.

The modern Greek coiffure now affected by many ladies necessitates the wearing of decorative hairpins.

Brooches run medium to small in size. Diamond spiders and lizards figure as brooches.

Quaint old Dutch glass bottles are in modern cut glass decanters with silver mountings.