

GOING HOME.

Out of the hill and the shadow,
Into the light and the air,
Out of the dark and the faint
Into the fullness of day.
Up from the earth and the battle
With the shame of defeat
Up to the palm and the laurel,
O, but the rest will be sweet!

Leaving the cloud and the tempest,
Leaving the rain and the cheer,
Flinging the end of a sorrow,
Finding the end of our fear
Seeing the face of the Master
I searched for in "Distant and dream,"
O for that rapture of gladness!
O for that vision supreme!

Meeting the dear ones departed,
Knowing them, clasping their hands,
All the beloved and true-hearted,
None in the farthest of lands!
Sit evermore left behind us,
Fall reverently to distress,
Casting the music for the music,
Lying the saviour to bless.

Why should we shrink from the dying
That is the spring to life?
Why should we shrink from the struggle
That is the way to the light?
Since it is only behind us
Scarcely a step and a breath,
All that dear home of the living,
Graciously by what we call death!

There we shall learn the sweet meaning
Hidden to-day from our eyes,
There we shall learn the true meaning
Joyous at gift and surprise.
Come then, dear land, in the gloaming,
Or when the dawning is gray!
Take us to dwell in thy presence—
Oh! thyself lead the way!

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—Margaret E. Hoagler.

A FORTUNATE FIRE.

It was a very unfortunate morning at the Gibson farm and Will Pinkham had been blamed for every misfortune that had happened. In the first place, the gobbler, who was the last survivor of a prize breed, though uncommonly fierce and unapproachable, had in some way got out of the coop—the farmer protested that Will had left the door open—and pounced upon the back of a lady with a red shawl on who was visiting at the squire's. And the squire's hired man had thrown a stone at him, wounding him so that it was feared he would die. Then a whole pail of milk had been spilled at milk-pail time on account of Will's careless handling. Mrs. Gibson said, but in reality because the pail had rusted and suddenly given way. Dobbin had lost a shoe when Will was driving her home from mill, and Blackberry, the best cow, had hurt her leg very badly by stepping through a hole in the floor which Will had forgotten to mend.

It was of no use, Mr. Gibson declared, the boy would never make any kind of a farmer, and as for help, he was just good for nothing. So he told him he might as well go back to his uncle's, he could not keep him any longer. Doubtless Will never would make a very good farmer, he was hardly strong enough to do rough labor, and then he was very fond of books, and his mind would wander away from his tasks. But if ever a boy tried to be faithful, it was he.

What to do now, he did not know. It seemed almost impossible that he should go back to his uncle's, for he was very poor and had so many children of his own that he was sometimes at his wits' end to provide enough for them to eat. Will was only 12 years old, so of course there was nothing that he could do to earn his living unless some other farmer should take him in and give him his board for what chores he would be able to perform.

He was an orphan and had no relatives living with the exception of this one uncle, his mother's brother, and an aunt, the sister of his father. This aunt was a rich and eccentric maiden lady. Her father, who had been offended with his son, Will's father, when he died, left all his large estate to her, and when Will's uncle had taken him to her when he first arrived at Greenfield, she refused to recognize him at all, saying that it was very unlikely that he was her brother's son, and that she hated boys anyway.

She lived in a little cottage which resembled that of Dame Clump in the old story book. She had one maid servant, an elderly and grim as herself, and a parrot which she almost worshipped. The parrot was old and cross, but a remarkable talker. The village children were always anxious to obtain an interview with her, but the neighbors were made angry by her not altogether polite remarks when they passed the house in summer and the cage was hanging out of doors.

The congregation in the church, which was very near, were disturbed by her noise when the doors and windows were opened, and many a time the life of Miss Caroline Pinkham's parrot had been seriously threatened.

Miss Pinkham never visited her neighbors or received them at her cottage. She did nothing but knit, knit, knit the whole day long, unless it was to work a while in her garden, a plot in front of the house not much larger than a pocket handkerchief, in which grew tall spikes of Adam and Eve, great red peonies, cinnamon roses, and a quantity of sage and lavender.

It was a March day when Will was turned away from the Gibson farm, but almost as mild and bright as May, and as he went past the old lady's cottage on his way to his uncle's shop, Poll was out beside the front door taking an airing in the sunshine. It was the first she had enjoyed since early in November, and she seemed in a very lively and excited state of mind.

"Hello, Poll!" shouted Will, at the same time executing a peculiar whistle which she usually imitated.

"Go away!" shrieked Poll: "no boys here!" This was an injunction which she heard and repeated very often. Then she commenced to declare herself "lovely Poll in a green dress," over and over again.

Will set up a loud and unceremoniously

whistling which always provoked her, and she screamed with all her might and main as if trying to drown his efforts, but when he became silent, so did she. Then cocking her head on one side, she said meditatively, "He does look like a bother Tom, he does, certainly," and upon this her mistress hurried out of the open door, and casting a look of scornful reproach upon Will, seized Poll's cage and bore it into the house.

"She must have heard my aunt say that," reflected the boy. "Papa's name was Thomas, but still I cannot see that she shows any signs of relenting. Well, if she doesn't, with a little thrill of independence, I rather think I can take care of myself in a year or two, anyway. Perhaps she will be glad to own me, some time."

When he arrived at his uncle's shop he found out that the poor man had been very ill with rheumatism, and was still scarcely able to get out of bed, though he was working away for dear life at a patch on one of Farmer White's cowhide boots. He seemed greatly distressed that Will should have lost his place, and Will resolved that he would find another one in the course of a day or two or go to the poorhouse. He would not be an additional burden to such a poverty-stricken household.

But though he spent all that afternoon in going from one farmer to another, no one wished to hire so young a boy, and there was nothing to do but go back to his uncle's and spend the night at least.

It was a fierce, windy night after such a calm, bright day. Everything creaked and rattled. Clouds kept scudding across the round, white face of the moon, and the trees writhed and twisted as if they were in agony. Will went to bed early, but for the first time in his life he could not sleep. At first he thought it was because the room was so light, the window curtains being undrawn; then he thought it was because he was so tired and discouraged. His five small cousins all in a row in one trundle-bed, like "Hop-o-my-Thumb" and his brothers, were clasped tightly in the arms of the "Sand Man," and their big brother in the bed with Will had not stirred since his head touched the pillow.

Will tossed and turned. He heard the clock strike nine, ten, eleven, and then not being able to endure such a state of things any longer, he got up and looked out of the window by way of a little diversion. The village lights were all out long ago, and no one was abroad in the sleepy rooms. As there was no fire in the room and the March night was decidedly chilly, he was unable to prolong his stay at the window, however, and was just about to tumble disconsolately into bed again, when a little cloud of smoke over the direction of the church met his eye and as he gazed upon it it became colored with a crimson shaft of flame.

"Good gracious, my aunt's house is on fire!" he exclaimed. And opening the window, he shouted, "Fire! fire!" as lustily as he could, at the same time throwing on a portion of his clothing. Then, half-dressed and wild with excitement, he rushed out of the house and toward the scene of disaster, rousing the people along the way with his loud cries. He and Farmer Jones, who lived in the house next his uncle's, and who had been awakened by Will's alarm, were the first to reach the spot, but they were almost immediately joined by several of the neighbors. The wind was so high that the fire had gained rapid headway, and all the upper part of the cottage was wrapped in a seething mass of flame.

The men burst open the door, and at the peril of their lives, rescued Miss Pinkham and Debby, who fortunately both slept below. They were stupefied by the smoke and seemed half-dazed on being dragged into the open air, though even when first aroused, Miss Pinkham had the presence of mind to seize the box which contained her valuable papers and money, which she always kept under her pillow. But there was no fire engine in town, and no attempt was made to extinguish the fire, only to prevent it from going any further, and none of the household furniture was saved.

"Must everything go?" said the old lady, clasping her withered hands tightly.

"I should think you'd be too thankful that your life was saved, to fret about anything else, and if it hadn't been for your nephew you had been burnt up with the house," remarked a blunt neighbor.

"Oh, Polly! Polly! My beautiful, blessed Poll!" shrieked Miss Pinkham, suddenly remembering her pet. "He's burning up, right here in the sitting-room window. Save her! Oh, I pray you, save her!"

"Too late, marm. The fire's gone so far 'twould be dangerous to step inside the building, and a miserable bird isn't of enough importance that a man should peril his life to save her."

But Will felt a great pang of pity for poor Poll as well as for his aunt's agony on her account, and just then the bird's screams were heard above the crackling of the flames and the roaring of the wind.

Without pausing to reflect a moment he dashed through the smoke-blinded doorway. The crowd, which had been too much paralyzed with amazement to hold him back, called after him in dismay.

"He'll never come out again, never!" they called.

But he did come out again. It seemed hardly the space of a moment before he reappeared, bringing Poll with him, who, judging by the noise she made, was still sound, and dropping her cage at the feet of her overjoyed mistress, he fell senseless to the ground.

When he came to his senses once

more, he was lying on a lounge in the sitting-room of the parsonage, which was situated on the other side of the church, with several anxious faces bending over him.

"All right, now, sonny?" said his uncle affectionately.

But before he was able to reply, the door was flung open and in rushed his aunt, the most comical figure that ever was seen, her venerable head still hidden in an immense nightcap and her long, lank person enveloped in a gray blanket.

"Oh, where is the boy? Where is my brother Tom's son?" she exclaimed. "Have I killed him?"

"No, no; he's better now; he was only overcome by the heat and excitement," said the minister, reassuringly.

Will lifted his head and smiled up on her.

"h. Will!" she cried, kissing him through her tears. "I've been an awfully hard, wicked old woman, but I'm going to let 'Squire Norton's place, down to the corner, 'n' you shall come 'n' live with me 'n' go to the 'cademy' 'n' have everything you want that I can provide for you. You do look like your father—my poor, dear brother Tom—you look like him this minute!"

"He does look like brother Tom, he certainly does!" squeaked Poll, who was just becoming restored to her usual lively state of mind.

And Miss "Caroline" Pinkham was as good as her word. From that night she was a changed and softened woman. Even Debby, the old servant, became less sour and grim, and the little household became as cheerful a one as any in town. Will was very happy, for it had long been his heart's desire to go to the academy, and he was devoted to his aunt, who seemed to have transferred all her affection from Poll to him. Poll flourished bravely for many years, however, and she and Will were the best of friends to the day of her death.—Portland Transcript.

FREAK OF AN OLD VOLCANO.

Suddenly Transformed Into Destructive Activity After Centuries of Quiet.

One of the lesser mountains of Chile, whose summit is nearly 4,000 feet lower than that of our Mount Washington, has been the talk of that country for a year past, says the New York sun. Without a note of warning it developed into a very lively volcano and its eruptions have destroyed much property, including the humble home of many families living near its base. Its sudden outbreak was all the more surprising because no one had ever suspected that Mount Calbuco was capable of such behavior. Calbuco was regarded as a volcano that centuries ago had lost every spark of vitality. On February 24, 1893, Dr. Hans Steffen, who is about twenty miles north of Puerto Montt, a little south of 41 degrees south latitude, observed white clouds on the eastern slope of Calbuco. He thought nothing of it until the next day, when he saw conclusive proof that those clouds were a part of phenomena showing beyond a doubt that the long lost activity of the volcano had been regained. From that time until October 23, the date of the latest advices received from that isolated part of the world, Calbuco showed considerable and almost incessant activity, with occasional outbursts of much fury. On that day a rain of ashes fell upon Osorno, sixty miles away, obscuring the sun so that at midday lamps were burning in all the houses of the town. The detonations that marked the more violent outbursts were plainly heard. On the same day the farmers on the south shore of Lake Lanquihue, a little north of the volcano, barely escaped with their lives and saw all their property destroyed. Their harvest was ruined, their land made worthless by the volcanic sand that covered it and their cattle were killed. Even long before October the region of which the little mountain is the center had been rendered uninhabitable. For miles around the forests had been destroyed by showers of hot ashes. One day there was a rain of red-hot stones about the size of an egg that did considerable damage. The rich meadows in the river valleys were covered with sand and ashes. Early in the series of eruptions the snow on one side of Calbuco was melted in a few hours by the heated material scattered over it. The result was a flood in one of the rivers that destroyed much property. At no time have any fire or lava flows been observed, but severe earthquakes, which frequently accompany volcanic outbreaks, have not been lacking.

HOME AND THE FARM.

A DEPARTMENT MADE UP FOR OUR RURAL FRIENDS.

One Water Trough for Several Fields— Convenience of a Folding Feed Rack—A Tasteful Corner Sideboard—The Farmer's Garden Agricultural Notes.

Unique Water Trough.
Good, pure water is one of the essentials of health, and a thriving condition in farm stock. Often a pump, wind-mill, or the overflow from springs or running streams can be utilized and the accumulation



FIG. 1. WATERING TROUGH FOR FOUR FIELDS.

stored, or so distributed that stock from four fields may drink the water from the same trough. This will prove a great saving in the construction and maintenance of several troughs, and as stock from one field can be watered just as readily as those pasturing in four, the advantage is quite apparent. The manner of arranging the fences for a sixteen-foot trough is shown in Fig. 1, engraved from a sketch by L. D. Snook. If thought best one or two slats may extend across the trough where the fences cross it at the three points. In Fig. 2 is shown the plan of utilizing a caldron kettle for the same purpose. If these are used only dur-

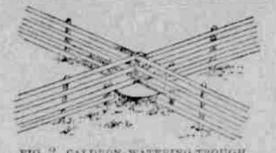


FIG. 2. CALDRON WATERING TROUGH.

ing summer, they will be found very durable and will last many generations. If ice is allowed in the kettle, there is danger of breaking it. If possible, drill a hole in the bottom for rapid cleaning, leaving this open when not in use. If a large circular cover is exposed during the winter season, both of these plans are equally available for use under barn basements where stock is usually wintered in several troughs. In fact the same trough is available for both localities, as it is readily placed in position. This will be found more practicable than watering stock from a pail, as many farmers have done for years. As to the manner of getting the water into the trough, any plan is feasible, adopting the one considered the most practical with the immediate surroundings. —American Agriculturist.

A Corner Sideboard.
It is frequently the case that there is not proper wall space near the center of the walls of one's dining room for a sideboard, and in such an event one of these most serviceable articles may be fitted into a corner of the room. The accompanying illustration shows a handsome structure that any one at all handy with tools ought to be able to make very



CONVENIENT SIDEBOARD.

readily. The wood used should be such as will harmonize with the other furniture of the room, or, if that is a variety of woods as is frequently the case, more latitude may be taken in selecting a handsome wood for this purpose. Oak, a h. cherry, or whitewood may be used with good effect. Let the top and front be treated with simplicity, placing the work of finishing in the direction of securing a handsome service, rather than an ornamentation of "fingred" work, that is neither effective nor in good taste.

Bee Culture.
We see a good deal said about keeping hogs, sheep, poultry, and other farm stock to consume what would otherwise be waste products, and so add to the profit of the farm. Why are not bees named in this list more frequently? Surely there is no product which would be more wholly wasted, were it not for them than that which they gather from the flowers and the fruit. The farmer need not be a bee keeper on a large scale any more than he need keep a large flock of poultry, but he should have some of each. Fifty colonies are perhaps enough for any one who does not wish to make a specialty of the business. Begin small and work up if you find that suits you. A farmer of our acquaintance began with two colonies ten years ago to test the matter. He says that they never failed to pay expenses, including the value of his own time and labor, any single year. He sells both bees and honey, and so his colonies vary from twenty-five to fifty. He says that with himself there is less expense and worry in producing \$100 worth of honey than in getting the same amount from either hogs or poultry, and that he finds the chances of an unprofitable year much fewer. Honey is in steady demand in all

markets, and a really fine article does not have to go begging for a purchaser. There is a great difference in the quality, and this does not depend wholly on the food, as some people imagine. The strain of bees has something to do with it, and the man who handles the bees and the product has much more. Honey must be in attractive shape when put on the market if it is to sell well.—Ex.

The Farmer's Garden.

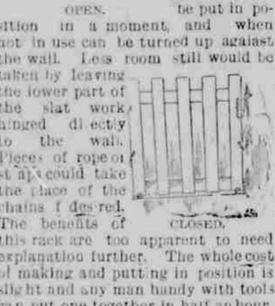
This should consist of not less than one acre of the best soil, 3 by 10 rods, and if it runs over a knoll so as to get north and south slope it will prolong the fruiting season. Fence it from the chickens and have no shade trees in or about the garden; everything needs sunlight and culture. The ground should have from 10 to 20 loads of the best manure to the acre every year. All rows should run the entire length and be cultivated with the horse. If you don't want 10 rods of any one vegetable fill it out with something else, and the same with fruit. But you do want a whole row of grapes on the sunny side, for you can buy two-year-old Concord vines at \$1 per dozen, and if you have more than you can eat, they are worth more to give away than to sell, but your grocer will give you 4 or 5 cents per pound for them, and after four years planted, ought to bear 20 to 40 pounds. Eight feet from the grapes plant a row of currants, gooseberry and p. plants, so you can drive over this row to mulch, then 8 feet from this a row of blackberries, then a row of red raspberries, next black raspberries the entire length of the garden, one row of pistillates, one row of perfect flowered varieties side by side, the rows 2 feet apart and the plants 2 to 3 feet.—G. J. Kellogg.

Horses for Pleasure Seekers.

There is every reason to believe that the saddle-horse, as a means of pleasure, is just entering upon an era of great popularity, despite the general use of the bicycle for pleasure and recreation seekers. The breeding of saddle-horses is now reduced to an exact science, and in accordance with the universal tendency, the price of such animals must decline to a point where they will be regarded as a pleasant necessity. This will mean healthier men and women in America, and breeders of such horses, whether in Kentucky, Michigan, or California, will find the enlarged demand at lower prices more profitable than ever before. The horses will sell for less, but the purchasing power of our dollars is steadily growing greater, a simple financial truth too often forgotten.—Farm News.

Folding Feed Rack.

It is often convenient to feed a horse for a single meal in a place where a permanent crib would be in the way, says Farm and Home. The illustration shows a feed rack that can be put in position in a moment, and when not in use can be turned up against the wall. Less room still would be taken by leaving the lower part of the slat work hinged directly to the wall.



CONVENIENT FEED RACK.

Use dry straw for bedding.
SMALL hogs make the best meat.
KEEP the orchard fenced from all stock.

When hens are moulting the accumulation of feathers should be cleared out at least once a week.

Be sure and put all tools carefully under shelter before they are rusted or otherwise damaged.

To leave the bees a reasonable supply of honey for the winter is better than attempting to feed them.

Utilize small potatoes by boiling with meat scraps and feeding on a day. Mash while warm and thicken with bran.

Plant the garden so that as fast as one crop matures another will take its place and thus have a succession of fresh vegetables and keep the land green.

Grass needs a solid, firm soil to grow freely and live long. Yet it is hard work to get the ordinary farmer to use the roller after or before sowing grass seed.

Have you a spare bit of ground? Plant a fruit tree, take care of it, and thus add to the value of the farm. In time it will fully pay for the work and trouble.

A WELL-BROKEN horse is worth \$25 more than an unbroken one. Few horses become thoroughly trained to all kinds of work within two years, and many are never well trained.

FARMING differs from any other business, in that it demands the personal care and oversight of the proprietor in every minute detail. This is the reason why attempts to carry on agriculture upon the wholesale plan have rarely been successful.

FARMERS in buying any kind of a seed should have some guarantee that they are not loading down their land with such foul plants as wild carrot, dock, sorrel, plantain, and other things equally as difficult to get rid of. Such mostly come in clover seed.

STRANGE STORY OF THE WAR.

Ben Jordan's Vendetta Declined the Able-Boodied Men of Fannin County.

Connected with the killing of Mrs. Hughes' husband is one of the strangest stories of the civil war, says the Atlanta Constitution. In Fannin County there lived and flourished a fellow named far and wide as "Daredevil Ben." He was the Brontones of the community and his exploits extended all over North Georgia. Sprung from a prominent family, which boasted of its Bourbon blood, and rich in the possession of worldly goods, he was the leading spirit in a crowd of jovial hearted fellows who lived only for fun and frolic.

When the tocsin of war first sounded Ben Jordan responded speedily. Organizing a company at once he hastened to the scene of the conflict. In the battles throughout Virginia there were no braver spirits than Ben Jordan's men. Several times he fell wounded, fighting in the thick of the fray. His many deeds of reckless daring won the admiration of all the officers and his unshrinking valor endeared him to the hearts of the men. One day shortly after the battle of Gettysburg he received a letter notifying him of his mother's death and telling how his home had been burned. Jordan immediately made application for a leave of absence. This, however, could not be obtained, as the order revoking all leaves of absence and refusing thereafter all furloughs had just before been issued. Then, according to the tale told by the old Fannin County citizen, Jordan, with his characteristic boldness, went before Gen. Longstreet.

He explained to the General how he had heard of the death of his mother and the burning of his home and asked a leave of absence. Longstreet replied that he sympathized with him, but the orders must be obeyed no matter what the circumstances were, and he was forced to refuse the request. Jordan bowed and left the tent. The next morning he was missing. Some time after he was turned up near his old home, in Fannin County, to find things even worse than reported. Nothing remained except the land upon which the ruins of his ancestral mansion were standing.

Driven to desperation, he swore revenge. From his sister he got the names of the twenty-five men, who, it was said, sympathized with the Union side after seeing the inevitable result of the war, began to commit deeds of violence in their neighborhood. It was this gang which burned Jordan's house. He did not return to Virginia. When the surrender was made and peace declared all of his old companions came home. To several of them he related his tale. They swore to stand up for him, and the vendetta was formed. Upon a Bible each took a solemn oath to kill all of the men whose names were on the list.

How well they succeeded any of the old people up in Fannin can tell you. As each man was killed Jordan would check his name off the list. In some mysterious way the vendetta was divulged. Jordan disappeared, and since then has never been heard from. Among the names on the list of those who were murdered was that of Dallas Hughes, the husband of Mrs. Betty Hughes, whose pension old man Hunter will suffer for.

Bird Suicide.

We all know the story of the little tomtit who died "all for love of a cruel little hen." Keko, who, as he himself declared, "knew the bird intimately," tells the story in that pathetic story of his, "Tit-Willow!"

"A sob and a sigh and a gurgle he gave, As he flung himself into the lowly wave; And an echo arose from the wretched gave, 'Oh, Willow, Oh, Willow, Oh, Willow!'"

And yet, in spite of the lord high executioner's assurance, so one of us may be inclined to regard the tale as myth rather than history. Let the incredulous, then, turn their attention to this incident, related by a credible witness. Affidavit will be forthcoming if demanded by the public. The stake-street car, which is yellow, with neu-rail-tinted wheels, was coming along at its usual brisk rate, and was already not more than five yards away, when two sparrows flew down from a sidewalk tree. The fussed-at one deliberately sat down on the car rail, but this only made the fusser still more violent. She rushed up her feathers and hopped about cheeping at her companion, who, nevertheless, continued to face approaching death with the sang froid of des air. Soon the swift car had moved over those brief intervening yards. There was no sob, no sigh, no gurgle, and a little crunch and a wild, heart-rendering "cheep" from the desolate widow-sparrow, and then she fluttered back to a tree to look out for another mate.

It is no part of the chronicler's duty to interpret facts. The facts in this case of domestic infelicity speak plainly enough for themselves, alike to the naturalist and to the sociologist.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Shaving a Gold Coin.

Recently in Baltimore an interesting case was up in the United States District Court. A man named Joseph Foster was on trial for shaving gold coin. His pretty little wife was also implicated, and it was the defendants' counsel were specially trying to save. To show that the woman was not strong enough to work the shaving machine the lathe was brought in and put in operation by a mechanic. What was of general interest was the machine's operation. In two minutes the operator took 75 cents' worth of gold from a \$10 piece, and then rimmed it so it would pass current unless weighed.

A MAN in trouble may always be sure of sympathy.