

## THE COUNTRY BOY.

Happy the boy who whistles down the glen,  
And shrilly calls his cows to t'ie them home;  
Or loitering by the cool swift-flowing brook,  
Dips in his feet to plash the whitening foam.  
Dear boy, thy voice is ever sweet to me,  
Thy cries bring back the spring again  
Of my young life—I hear the cuckoo cry,  
And ready call of whistles down the winding lane.  
The cry of darting jay, the hum of bees,  
Bring to my mind the sense of boyhood days.  
Dance more I roam the fields where blue-bells hide,  
Or lie beneath shading trees from the sun's fierce rays.  
I see the dew upon the waving grass,  
The banks where coarse sedge-rushes grow,  
And watch the waters kiss the bending flags,  
As flowing on they murmur soft and low.  
I hear again the wind's low minstrelsy,  
As through the pines they chant in solemn tones,  
Just as in boyhood when they softly lulled  
Me to the slumber which is now unknown.  
Sing then, my lad, and let thy jovial cry,  
Thy whistle, carol, all sound on the air;  
Here I can sit and fancying be again  
Happy like thee, and like thee, free from care.  
—Harford Times.



IN direct opposition to every one else's advice, Stella Lawson had chosen a poor man for a husband when she might have married Henry Lakeman and a fortune. To be sure, she loved Clarence Henshaw, but that was no reason for throwing herself away. He had been a head bookkeeper for many years, and had the promise of something better yet the coming season. They rented a house in a pleasant part of the city, kept a servant, and Stella wore the handsome clothes which had been provided at the time of her marriage.  
But toward the end of the first year of their wedded life his firm was said to be under heavy liabilities, and the anniversary of their marriage found the house bankrupt and Clarence out of a situation. They moved out of their house and took a cheaper place in another part of the city. By this time their funds began to run low and Stella wanted something new for her wardrobe.  
"I shall find something by-and-by," the husband said bravely.  
It was at this trying time that a little speck of humanity was put into Stella's arms, and his feeble cry told that the responsibility of motherhood was hers.  
"I'm the happiest man alive," Clarence said, caressing wife and baby boy. "Let pride go to the dogs, Stella," he added, remembering that now his responsibility was greater than before. "They are in want of workmen on the new city hall. I'll take my hammer—it will give us bread."  
She ought to have been contented—ought to have thought with pride of the man who would thus brave the world's opinion. He went out in the early morning and came home late at night, his handsome face glowing with love. But the very thought that her husband was brought down to the level of a common laborer hurt her.  
"How can you expect me to live among such surroundings?" was her appeal, when he begged her to cheer up. "It is cruel in you," she sobbed. "I want to go home to my own friends."  
The warm glow came to her face, and he drew her tenderly toward him without a word, but there was a look piteous to see in his handsome eyes. Then came a day a little later when it did seem that matters had come to a crisis. The city hall was finished, and Clarence must look for something new. Jennie, who had been Freddy's nurse, had to go and the household cares fell upon Stella. They had moved about a great deal, hoping to find a place in which the fretting girl-wife would be contented.  
"These people are all alike, you know, and I may as well be in one place as another," was her reply to Clarence when he suggested that they move.  
It was unwomanly in her to say this, she knew, and she thought to run after her husband and beg his forgiveness. Just then Freddy caught her by the dress, causing her to spill the water she was pouring into the kettle, which she pressed her vexation.  
"My precious little thing," she exclaimed, impatiently. "Take that!" laying her hand heavily on the little bare shoulders.  
Then she sat down and fell to hysterical weeping. Freddy, with the point of her fingers still on his neck, tried to climb into her lap, but she pushed him away roughly.  
"Don't do anything you'll be sorry for," Stella, her husband remarked, coming into the room just then.  
"I thought you'd gone to town," he cried sharply. "Oh, dear! If I had taken good advice I would not have married a poor man!"

"You are not yourself this morning, Stella," and his eyes were full of unshed tears as he saw the red marks on the baby's neck.  
"Do you think I can endure every thing?" she cried, spitefully.  
"You are nervous and tired, my dear; come here."  
He put out his hand to clasp her, but she turned away from him and left the room. Something wet fell on the baby's head, and he pressed him closely to his bosom as he caught the sound of her sobbing.  
"I've heard of something new this morning, Stella, and I'm going to New York by the next train."  
"You are always hearing of something new," was her quick reply, "but what does it amount to?"  
"I am hoping for something better, and think I've found it now."  
He rocked Freddy to sleep, put him into his crib, then went to the door of his wife's room.  
"Are you going to kiss me good-by, Stella?" he asked. "I may be gone a day or two."  
"No," she replied coldly; "you'll be back soon enough."  
"But I might never return, you know."  
"See if you are not back in a day or two, with the same old story."  
Clarence turned quickly and left her. She heard him cross the room, and knew he bent over Freddy's crib and kissed the little sleeper again and again.  
"He'll come back before he's really gone," whispered she to herself, going toward the door, but a turn in the street hid him from sight. He had gone without bidding her good-by. "Well, we have been married long enough to be done with such nonsense," she said, by way of consolation, yet there was a terrible pain at her heart.  
She sat still till Freddy awoke, then with a cry of anguish she ran across the hall to the nearest neighbor with—  
"Please come, Mrs. Wilson! My baby is dying!"  
Mrs. Wilson came, for, though rough in manner, she was kind in heart.  
"He is in a fit," she said, the moment she saw the child. "Bring me some water and help me get off his clothes."  
Stella obeyed.  
"Hold him so till I run home and get some medicine," she added, putting him in the bath. "Such women as you ain't to be mothers!" she continued, returning with her hands full of bottles.  
"I have so many trials to bear," Stella moaned piteously.  
"Nonsense!" replied Mrs. Wilson. "You have a pretty home, if it was put in order."  
The woman said it in good faith, wrapping Freddy in soft flannels and administering a quieting potion. She had been watching the movements of the people ever since they came to live in the house.  
"My baby will get well, won't he?" was said, pleadingly, and the poor thing sobbed again as if her heart would break.  
"Yes, indeed."  
"And you will stay with me through the night?" forgetting that she was one of "those people."  
"I'd stay with you a whole blessed week," replied true-hearted Mrs. Wilson, "if I could make you a wife worthy of your husband."  
"Tell me what I shall do and I'll do it willingly and without complaining."  
All through the long night, while Freddy lay between life and death, Mrs. Wilson worked over him bravely, and told the girl-mother chapters in her own life experience. There were passages over which Stella wept bitterly, and when morning dawned, giving back the child from danger, in place of the feeble, unreasonable woman there was one ready to meet life's work with firm purpose and strong heart.  
She tidied up each apartment, and instead of going about in a dowdy wrapper put on a fresh dress, arranged her hair becomingly, and changed the pucker about her mouth for her own rosy lips.  
"You're a pretty little thing," Mrs. Wilson told her when she had fastened a knot of blue ribbon in her hair. "See after baby now. I'll look in every now and then through the day, and to-night I will come back to you. Your husband will be here to-morrow morning."  
"Yes," Stella replied, with a bright look in her eyes. "He'll be here by 10 o'clock."  
After all, it was a long time to wait, she thought. She was so impatient to tell him—and she would kiss him as many times as he wished.  
"Yes, indeed!" she exclaimed, joyfully, bending over Freddy's crib; "we'll kiss papa a hundred thousand times, won't we, dear?"  
"I do wish Clarence would come," she kept saying next morning. "What detains him?" she continued when the clock was on the stroke of 12. "What if"—and her heart lay like lead in her bosom as she recalled the look she last saw on his face—"what if he never comes back?" she murmured, going into her own room. "Mrs. Wilson," she called, "where is my husband?"  
In an instant the dear, good soul was beside her, resting a hand tenderly on the aching head. True-hearted woman! She shrank from saying it had been a dreadful night on the Sound, and that a steamer had collided with the New York boat. "Her husband traveled by boat," had been her conclusion.  
Stella caught at her arm, the sound of her voice answering Freddy, and with a cry she fell. Poor, tired, inexperienced wife and mother! Was the ordeal so ordered? With the help of a neighbor Mrs. Wilson laid her on the bed.  
"Run for the doctor," she said to Miss Williams.  
"But you don't know—" "Mrs. Henshaw will have a run of nervous fever, and whether her husband is dead or alive I cannot say."  
When Stella opened her eyes again it was nearly night. She knew no one

about the bed, but talked to Clarence and Freddy, and Sister Belle. She was going to help her husband now. She could earn money by teaching music or painting, or "might have a few pupils in dancing," she added. "But forgive me for striking"—and her arms were put up as if to clasp something, when she dozed again.  
Late that evening Clarence came in sight of home. Contrary to Mrs. Wilson's conjecture, he came by a different route. He had thought to telegraph, but "Stella won't worry," he said, "if I am late." The light faded from his eyes and his face turned ghostly white when he looked into the rooms.  
"Both gone?" he groaned, walking from the bed to the couch.  
"No, no," Mrs. Wilson said, comfortingly. "Baby's better, and your wife will come out of this. All she needs is good nursing, and that she shall have," turning aside her head and drying her eyes with the corner of her apron.  
"What could we do if such as she were not stationed all along the walks of life?"  
It was painful to listen to the wild talk.  
"If I might endure it," Clarence said so many times.  
When at last Stella awoke from the terrible dreams her husband was bending over her.  
"Clarence," she said very softly at first; "Clarence," she repeated, putting her arms about his neck. "If you forgive me for striking Freddy, I'll kiss you, oh, so many times!"  
Foolish fellow! he cried like a baby.  
"Listen, Stella," he said, as soon as he could command his voice. "Listen! I did get the situation and you can have everything you want," touching his lips to cheek and forehead; "and you are going to have such a pretty house in Brooklyn."  
"All I want is your love!" clasping him close, "and that Freddy get well. I'm ready to be a poor man's wife."—Home Queen.  
**Talk in Cumberland.**  
"Whims" is the local name in Cumberland for furze, and appears to be the Gaelic word quins, sharp points. "Heaf" is a very peculiar word, derived from the Old Norse heaf, a share, and is applied to the part of a fella's sheep, each flock keeps to its own "heaf." Some very quaint expressions are "bride-loaf," a wedding cake; "seeing glass," a mirror; "elout-hat," a woman's sunbonnet; "riding-out team," a hair-comb; "fireworks," a magic lantern display; "moley-man," a mole-catcher; "leg-weary," tired; "leg up," to trip up; "sneck up," to wind literally to latch up a clock.  
The verbs "feel" in the sense of to smell, and "lame" in the sense of to injure any part of the body, are peculiar. We may add "pipe-stopper," the stem of a tobacco pipe; "buttock," a footstool; "tinkler folk," the gypsies; "last dress," a shroud, which children are taught to work at school, and afterward to present to their grandparents and other aged relatives—a kindly act, but one which betrays that lack of humor and sense of the ludicrous which is characteristic of Northern folk. A Cumberland who goes to have his photograph taken announces that he has come to be "struck."—The Gentleman's Magazine.  
**An Itemized Account.**  
"Another five dollars?" shrieked Mr. Stingyman at the breakfast table, "and it's less than a week since I gave you the last V. You must think I am made of money, Mrs. Stingyman."  
"I bought a new pair of shoes for Willie," said his wife, meekly.  
"Yes, that leaves \$3.75. The shoes were only \$1.25."  
"There was 25 cents for a slate for Charles, and 10 cents for a sponge, and fifteen cents for car tickets, and—"  
"But that leaves \$3 unaccounted for, Mrs. Stingyman."  
"I paid a bill at the drug store."  
"Maria Stingyman! There hasn't been a drop of medicine used in this family for a year."  
"I know it. I didn't spend it for medicine."  
"Oh, I suppose you've been squandering money for perfume, or face powder, and other dops?"  
"No, Mr. Stingyman; I paid \$3 for the last box of cigars you had charged there. The druggist said—"  
"I don't care what the druggist said. I'd like to eat my breakfast and get down to the office some time to-day." And handing his wife the money she had asked for, Mr. Stingyman departed, wishing he had let well enough alone.—Detroit Free Press.  
**The Eyes.**  
A medical journal says that in the continued use of the eyes in such work as sewing, bookkeeping, reading and studying, the saving point lies in glancing up from such work at short intervals. Practiced every ten or fifteen minutes, it affords a relief to the muscular tension, rests the eyes and makes the blood supply much better.  
**A Long-Existing Imposture.**  
When an Egyptian mummy, supposed to be that of a princess, was recently unrolled a curious discovery took place. The priests who did the embalming probably spoiled or mislaid the body entrusted to them, and for it substituted that of a male negro.  
**Tin in Bolivia.**  
The Bolivian tin mines are very rich, but they are generally situated at an altitude of over 14,000 feet above sea level, so that between high freights, lack of railroads, and insufficient capital they are hardly developed at all.  
**It is the height of indelicacy for any one but a grocer's boy to call on a bride the morning after her marriage.**  
Nothing pleases a farmer better than to bring an owl or a fox to town, and have all the town fellows look at it.

## HELPFUL FARM HINTS

### SUGGESTIONS FOR THE AGRICULTURIST AND STOCKMAN.

**A Simple and Thoroughly Effective Stump Puller—Fencing Haystacks—How to Arrange Trees for Three-Horse Plowing—Agricultural Notes.**

**A New Stump-Puller.**  
The accompanying illustration hardly needs a verbal description to make it understood. The puller has a wheel on each of two legs to facilitate moving it about; on the third leg is a swiveled shoe. When it is to be used the lifting shaft is secured to the stump, a horse,



NEW STUMP-PULLER.

or other draught animal, is hitched to the lever attached to the cap at the head of the shaft and the revolution of the cap turns the shaft upon a strong thread. It is said that a stump may be raised four and a half inches at every revolution of the lever, or sweep, and that the work is always satisfactorily done.

**Era of the Small Farm.**  
The man with a small farm is the most independent of the whole human family. He produces all that his family requires, and supplies a surplus to his neighbors in the adjoining cities and towns. The market is made better, says Joel Shoemaker, in the Connecticut Farmer, because so many small farmers compete and vie with each other for the honors in business. Small farms are better cared for; the health of the people living upon and around small farms is better because of better sanitary regulations. The facilities for schools, society and other moral and educational advantages are doubled by the existence of small farms. A new era has come and is rapidly gaining progress in the West and East, and that is the era of the small farm.

**Destroying Potato Beetles.**  
It is useless to apply Paris green to the potato plants to kill the beetles. One in a hundred may sometimes eat, but their chief business is propagation. In the attempts to destroy them with poisons stronger and stronger preparations of Paris green are used, and as the young foliage is very tender, it is often quite as much injured by the poison as it would be by the potato larva. The potato beetles in sunny weather are always on the upper or sunny side of the leaf. It is easier to knock them into pans containing water with a little kerosene oil on its surface. This will prevent them from flying away and escaping. It is time to begin using the poison when the first crop of larva are ready to hatch.

**Fencing Stacks.**  
Ideal farming does not require stacks to be fenced to protect them from cattle, for it is not considered good practice as a rule to pasture meadows in the fall. But it sometimes happens that it is most convenient to place stacks in fields where they are obliged to be protected from stock by a temporary fence of rails around each stack. Where this is done, if the corners of the temporary



SECURE STACK FENCE.

fence are cross-stacked or stacked and capped when the stack is made in the winter, the stakes will be found frozen in the ground, which generally necessitates breaking or chopping them off. A better way of securing the corners of such a fence is to bind them by placing a rail on each side of a corner, one end resting on the ground close to the fence and the other locking into the corner as shown in the illustration. By this means the fence is well secured to withstand severe winds and the crowding of cattle, and when moved rarely found frozen in.—American Agriculturist.

**Profit in Hens.**  
Mr. Samuel Ryman is a farmer who lives a few miles from the office of Farm News. He keeps chickens because he finds them profitable. Last year he had a flock of two hundred hens, and from these he got 2,285 dozens of eggs, for which he received over \$300 in the market at Springfield. Mr. Ryman keeps mixed breeds and gives them good care, and he keeps track of what he receives in return for that care, and knows that keeping a good-sized flock of poultry pays him. His hens average \$1.50 each for the year, and counting their feed at 50 cents, the profit was \$1 apiece. He feeds good, sound wheat in the morning, ten quarts to two hundred hens, and gives them all the milk they want. Wheat and milk are the principal things the hens get and the number of eggs they produce shows that these are goods things for laying hens.

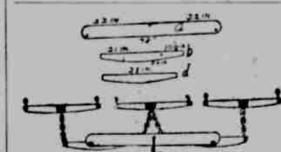
**Thorough Farm Work Pays.**  
Thorough work from the first costs something more, but it pays best when the crop comes to be harvested, says the Philadelphia Ledger. The mistake of the poor farmer is often seen in his

attempts to grow the crops that cost the least labor. It is such crops that never pay very largely, because there are too many farmers in that kind of competition. It is true in farming, as it is in every other kind of business, that the extra work, which is more than most will attempt, pays the best.

**To Eradicate the Weeds.**  
For the complete eradication of weeds Professor Lyster says, in the Philadelphia Ledger: "The production of seeds must be prevented, and if the plant is a biennial or perennial, the root stock must be killed. The processes by which this may be done are comparatively simple, and in no case are they impracticable. But, in the case of weeds that are widely distributed, the conditions under which many of them occur are such that the farming community regards their extermination as impossible, and we can only hope for their reduction to comparative harmlessness. A species newly introduced might doubtless be eradicated if taken in time. . . . Each landowner should be on the watch for new plants and learn their character, if possible, before they become established and assert themselves as aggressive weeds on his farm."

**Shallow Cultivation of Corn.**  
Deep cultivation simply means root-pruning the corn. The Illinois Experiment Station has made a very exhaustive study of this very question, and the conclusions are, after years of comparative experiment, that shallow cultivation has never failed to give larger yield than deep cultivation, the difference being for five years within a fraction of six bushels per acre. Deep cultivation often causes a loss of twenty-five per cent. in the crop. What a difference in the corn crop of the country it would make if general care was had not to root-prune the corn!

**Three Horse Draft for Plowing.**  
Make two pieces (a) from good tough oak 1 inch thick. Then make two pieces (b) from 1 1/2 inch similar oak. Use 1 foot chain in place as shown at (c) and a large clevis in the center made to go over outside of both top and bottom and extending back to within 6 inches of the wood to allow free turning or free play when one outside horse gets ahead of the opposite horse. Whiffletrees (d), 2 foot 4 inches in length



THREE ARRANGED FOR THREE HORSES.

are about right. Use 1/2 inch bolts at the ends and a large washer placed at the top and bottom of equalizers when bolts pass through prevents friction. Should it spring together at the center, place a 1 inch block between the upper and lower pieces of double tree back of the large clevis pin. Use extra cross lines running over back of middle horse instead of tying the heads together.—Farm and Home.

**Useless Farm Horses.**  
The worst thing one can do is to feed horses for which he has no use. But when the farmer only needs the two horses, what kind should they be? This depends a great deal upon the soil of his farm, says the National Stockman. If his soil is loose and easy to farm, a pair of horses weighing from 1,100 to 1,200 is the kind he should keep, while on the other hand, if his soil is not easy to farm and it requires a big, strong, steady team to do his plowing, this is the kind he should have.

**Keep Cows and Hogs Together.**  
No animal fits in so well with the cow as the hog, for no animal is so well adapted to utilize the by-products of the dairy. Where selling milk is the only object of the dairyman, says the Practical Dairyman, there is no need to keep anything except cows, but where making butter is the aim, there is more or less skim-milk and buttermilk which must be utilized in some way.

**Vegetables Fresh from the Garden.**  
Vegetables fresh from the garden promote good health and are much better than can be bought half-wilted and lacking flavor. Many a town lot could be made to produce enough for a small family at the cost of a small amount of labor. It is surprising how much can be grown on a very small plot if it is carefully managed.

**Window Plants.**  
All plants growing in the house should have their leaves washed occasionally with warm soapy water, using a small soft sponge. Only in this way can they be thoroughly cleansed of dust and dirt, which otherwise stop up the pores of the leaves and thus kill or seriously injure the plants.

**Milking a Cow Clean.**  
To milk a cow "clean" has always been the ambition of the milker, and when that end was attained he was perfectly satisfied. But to milk a cow in a cleanly way, although of equal importance, does not, in a large percentage of cases, come within the scope of my observation.

**Fat Ratio to Solids in Milk.**  
With regard to the relationship between the different constituents of milk, it would seem that there is a clear relationship between the fat and the solids not fat. Thus, it will be generally found that a milk rich in fat is also rich in solids not fat, and vice versa.

**Young Tea Roses.**  
"In classifying young tea roses," I should say that a first-class plant in a 2 1/2-inch pot should have not less than twenty perfect, healthy leaflets; a second-class not less than fifteen; and a third-class not less than ten."



## HOUSEHOLD DEPARTMENT

**Hardwood Hall Floors.**  
If possible, hall floors should be hardwood or tiles, and when this is not practicable the boards may be stained and a rug or strip of carpet then laid down, which should be held in place by slots of brass, if necessary. A floor of natural wood should first be lightly covered with linseed oil, and when dry should be rubbed smooth and cleaned. It should also be polished once a month with beeswax and turpentine, or it may receive a coat of shellac varnish. If the wood is soft pine, several coats of colored varnish will be best. Constant care is necessary to keep a wood floor looking well. It should be dusted daily and wiped once a week with a soft cloth and clean water. When needful, wash it thoroughly with soft suds made from castile soap, adding a teaspoonful of oil to every quart of suds. This mixture should be stirred well every time the cloth is dipped into it, and after it is applied the floor should be wiped dry with a soft cloth. The same treatment should be applied to the stairs.

**To Remove Ink Stains.**  
Ink spots on polished woodwork can be removed by the use of caustic soda or oxalic acid. When the stain is on the surface of the polish it can be taken off by the use of a little water slightly impregnated with the soda. When the stain has entered deeply into the wood, diluted oxalic acid will erase it better than anything else. The wood will, in such a case, require to be refinished, as the polish will be gone after this treatment. Any woodwork that has been untouched by shellac or varnish, no matter how stained or dirty it may be, can be made beautifully fresh and clean by an application of oxalic acid dilution.

**Two Custards.**  
One teaspoon of sugar, two eggs well beaten, add a half teaspoonful of butter and a half teaspoon of vanilla. Have your pans lined with pastry; pour in the mixture, baking slowly to a rather dark brown. Another recipe calls for the yolks of six eggs; add one cup of sugar, half cup of butter; beat well; pour into custard pans, bake slowly until light brown. Beat the whites to a stiff froth; add half a cup of white sugar, a little essence of lemon or vanilla spread over, and brown lightly.

**Washing Curtains.**  
An item of interest for the housekeeper is the assurance that for washing madras curtains bran water is excellent. The proportions used are about a pailful of bran to a washbowl full of water. Boil half an hour, strain part of it and use to wash curtains, letting what remains continue to boil. Then strain and use for rinsing. Shake the wrinkles out of the curtains as much as possible when hanging them up to dry.

**To Brighten Rattan Furniture.**  
It is interesting to be told that rattan furniture, which holds a prominent place in summer furnishing, can, if unvarnished, be made as presentable as new. Oxalic acid dissolved in water and applied with a brush will do this. It is a poison and should be used carefully, but it is a great dirt eraser. This acid or the juice of lemon will effectually efface stains of ink, etc., from the hands. After using rinse thoroughly in clean water.

**A Delicious Charlotte.**  
Line a glass "charlotte" dish with thin strips of sponge cake, sticking them together with an icing made of the white of egg beaten stiffly with sugar. This makes a firm mortar-like icing when it dries. Fill in the center with gooseberry ice-cream. Chop up some stiff lemon jelly to scatter over the gooseberry ice in the middle of the dish, and you have a delicious dessert for a hot day.

**White Pound Cake.**  
One cup granulated sugar, 1/2 cup butter; beat 20 minutes; whites of 2 eggs; beat 10 minutes more. Measure 1 1/2 cups flour and sift with 1 teaspoon baking powder; add flour and 1/2 cup sweet milk to the other ingredients; flavor with vanilla or almond. Beat all together 15 minutes and bake about 50 minutes in a rather slow oven. This cake is not good if hastily made.

**A New Flannel Cake.**  
Work well together two tablespoonfuls of butter and one of sugar to a cream; then add two whole eggs, one by one, and after the eggs are well beaten in put in four ounces of flour and one gill of milk. Make the paste smooth, and when ready to use add half a tablespoonful of baking powder mixed with an equal quantity of flour; then cook the same as any other griddle cakes.

**Minute Mincuit.**  
One pint of sour milk or buttermilk, one teaspoonful of soda, two teaspoonfuls of melted butter. Add sufficient flour to make a dough just stiff enough to handle. Mix well, cut rapidly and bake in a quick oven.

A Pennsylvania house owner whose tenant would neither pay nor vacate took the novel plan of removing the roof from the building occupied. This soon obliged the tenant to vacate, whereupon the roof was replaced.

The nearest approach to the north pole was on May 13, 1852, when Lieut. Lockwood stood within 300 miles of that coveted spot.