



I LOVED YOU ONCE.

And did you think my heart
Could keep its love unchanging,
Fresh as the buds that start
In spring, nor know estranging?
Listen! The buds depart;
I loved you once, but now—
I love you more than ever.

'Tis not the early love;
With day and night it alters,
And onward still must move,
Like earth, that never falters
For storm or star above.
I loved you once, but now—
I love you more than ever.

With gifts in those glad days,
How eagerly I sought you!
Youth, shining hope and praise;
These were the gifts I brought you,
In this world little stays;
I loved you once, but now—
I love you more than ever.

A child with glorious eyes
Here in our arms half sleeping—
So passion wakeful lies;
Then grows to manhood, keeping
Its wistful young surprise;
I loved you once, but now—
I love you more than ever.

When age's pinching air
Strips summer's rich possession,
And leaves the branches bare,
My secret in confession
Still thus with you I'll share;
I loved you once, but now—
I love you more than ever.

—George Parsons Lathrop.

PAMELA'S WALK.



PAMELY was a little girl who was very fond of her father. Grandpa Coan often remarked, "But arther her adventur with that bar, she want nigh so sot." No one could deny that Pamela was "sot." Indeed, the pretty black-eyed girl rather prided herself on this particular trait of character. She sometimes said, with a toss of her head that made every curl in it dance, "them as is sot gen'ly gets their own way;" which is certainly true, and shows that Pamela, though living in the woods of Oswego County, was wise in her day and generation.

It was early in 1800. Already the settler's ax had made tiny clearings, and their log houses stood in the shade of the gigantic pines for which that locality was once famous. And two miles from Pamela's house, at the falls of the Oswego, the first saw mill clattered noisily. Here John Goodsell had made a clearing of several acres, and built the largest loghouse in the vicinity, one of three rooms. And it had need of such amplitude, for it sheltered eight roystering boys and girls, between whom and the Coan children the greatest affection existed.

The Indian trail ran close to the brush fence which surrounded Mr. Coan's clearing, thence wound deviously among the trees and terminated at the river's brink, just above the saw mill.

But it was much oftener pressed by the quick feet of the white children than by the moccasined feet of the Indians.

One sultry day in August Pamela sat discontentedly on the broad doorstep. It was overreached by a rude trellis covered with morning-glory vines, now one blaze of flowers. The busy whirr of her mother's spinning wheel sounded cheerily inside, and mingled with the voices of her four little brothers picking berries on the edge of the woods.

But above all these sounds the roar of the falls came with an overwhelming persuasion to the ears of Pamela, who had been most cruelly disappointed that morning.

Her older brother had promised to go with her for a day's visit to Goodsell's, whose home by the river offered inducements for pleasure her own lacked.

But at the last moment they had gone with their father on an expedition to the post at Oswego, so Pamela sat on the doorstep and pouted—refusing any assistance to her mother inside or the little berry-pickers outside.

Suddenly a thought came over her. Why shouldn't she go alone? What need was there for the boys to always go with their guns? No one had seen any signs of a bear since the snow went off in the spring.

Yes; she would go, she was decided. "Mother," she called, "I'm going to Goodsell's by myself, and that's all there is to it!"

"Sakes 'live, child! what are ya

thinkin' on?" said Grandpa Coan, who was working in the little garden before the house. "Goin' through the woods 'lone, 'bout anyone with a gun with ye? Do ye want to be et by b'ars?"

"No," said Pamela tartly, "I don't want to be et, and I don't intend to be, neither; but I'm goin'—I'm sot on it, so there's no use talkin'."

And Pamela went, the objections of her grandfather and mother being barely heard in her eager haste to be off. In less than ten minutes after she had reached her decision, her pink sunbonnet was glaucing through the trees, as she followed the trail to the river.

A day of cloudless enjoyment followed, and at 6 o'clock she began to think of going home. For, although the sun was shining on the river with noontday brightness, the forest-ways were already dimming and thick shadows lay across the trail.

Pamela, refusing the proffered companionship of big, bashful Sam Goodsell and his gun, with an emphasis that showed she was not dissembling, started homeward. As she walked swiftly along the narrow trail, her pink sunbonnet hanging by one string from her hand, and the evening breeze, cool from the river, blowing her tangled curls round the flushed cheeks, a smile curved her lips, and she said to the birds, probably, since they were her only companion: "Sif I wanted that gawk Sam Goodsell to go home with me! He said my cheeks were just the color of his mother's June roses. I wonder if they be? Guess I'll run down to the spring and see—"

A cheery laugh ended her soliloquy. A few rods from the trail a spring bubbled whitely from the ground, then sent a silver thread to the river.

"Bear's spring" was the suggestive name it bore. The kindly sun lent a ray to aid Pamela's inquiry as, holding back her curls with both hands, she took a long look at the rosy, dimpled face that smiled at her from her sylvan mirror.

Well suited with the result of her inquiry she started to return to the trail. Started—then stood like a little white statue of fear framed in the green black of the pine woods. Between her and the trail sat a black bear, his great arms extended as though to embrace her!

For hours it seemed to Pamela they faced each other thus. Then she turned and ran away into the deepest woods. The low-hanging branches brushed her head—her feet slipped on the smooth pine needles. On, on, on! among the column-like trunks—over the bodies of fallen forest giants, armed clumps of bushes. Once she fell down—down—down—would she never stop falling? But the depth of her fall was more in her imagination than reality, for it was only a deep hollow filled with dead leaves and slippery pine needles, and she was not hurt.

Pamela was not running blindly. She intended to strike the trail a half mile above the spring. And soon she came through a thicket of blackberry bushes, out on the familiar track. And there sat the bear, with his black, hideous face, and red, lolling tongue!

Her pink bonnet, to which she had clung through all, slipped from her fingers, and again she sought safety in the darkening woods. Once she looked over her shoulder to see if the bear was following her, and saw him smelling of her bonnet. Even in her mortal terror, a pang pierced her heart at the thought of its probable destruction. Exhausted, she sat down under a linden tree.

A "screech owl's" startling cry sent her again on her wild flight. A protruding root threw her to the ground, and she rose with a purple bruise growing dark on her forehead. At last, with a sinking heart and a premonition of the horror to come, she again came out on the trail, a half mile from her home.

And there, still barring her path, sat the grim monster!

Until now fear had kept her mute, but this time her desperation found vent in a shriek of anguish that echoed through those leafy solitudes with an appalling intensity. The bear, with a snort of fear, plunged from the trail, into the bushes, and was seen no more.

But Pamela did not know her way was clear. The sound of her own voice had startled her as much as it

had her enemy, and again she fled—this time from herself. Too exhausted to run long, she staggered on, and with bated breath—skirted a dark and sullen pool, to whose surface one ray of the setting sun had penetrated, and shone redly, like a malignant eye, and guided more by the wild wood instinct than by any sense of her own, she came to the fence that bounded her father's clearing. The little house lay dark in the shadows, but light shone through the open door, and familiar voices came like sweetest music to her ears.

It was only a minute after this till she reached the opening that served for a gate, and came through the door just as her father and brothers, with guns and lanterns were starting in search of her. A pallid specter of the Pamela they had last seen, with bruised, fear-distorted face, her dress torn with briars, and stained with swamp mud, her hands scratched and bleeding, she sank into a chair and gasped "the bear! on the trail!"

The maples and the lindens stood bare and brown, and the pines were snowy wreaths on their heads before Pamela again walked the trail that led to the Oswego.

The pretty, stubborn girl had almost given her life for her waywardness. Her roses and curls were gone, and in their stead were a white face and close cropped dark head.

But that "gawk" faithful Sam Goodsell, whispered to her that she was as "white and pretty as the snowdrops in mo' her's flower bed," and—this time—was not snubbed for his pains.

That winter the Coan and Goodsell boys cut down the trees each side the trail, and made a broad road down which they hauled the great pine logs to the river. And this road, in memory of her adventure, they named "Pamela's Walk." And thus it was called until the pines were all laid low, and the forest gave place to grain fields and orchards. —Detroit Free Press.

A Talk on Shoes.

"Severe utility," said the showman, "closely limits the possibilities of variety in designing our shoe patterns. For ordinary wear it is impossible to return to the scroll-like atrocities which passed for boots in the courts of Louis Quatorze. Anything modeled on the sandal pattern is quite out of the question except in the girls' academies of hygiene."

"We have had in fancy footwear revivals of all the old styles, and public taste has swerved around to the plainest of designs again. The popular shoe uppers are now all of one kind, quarters, foxing and tips, and are without any sort of ornamental slashing. I hear of a pedal abomination which has already stationed outposts in the variety theatres."

"It is the digitated shoe, if I may use the expression. This idea of having a separate compartment for each toe originated, I understand, with a social reformer who had read that man was likely to become web-footed. I can think of nothing more grotesque and frog-like than the spectacle presented by the plantation performers seen in the music halls with gloves on their feet. The style will not thrive in the city."

"The introduction of russet leather shoes in 1871 opened refreshing possibilities of variation in footwear. The first pair of these yellow skins was worn at the seashore by an old gentleman whom a manufacturer hastily supplied, using the hitherto useless heads of calf hides for his material. His appearance on the sand attracted great attention, and various shades of stained leather were soon on the market." —New York Mail and Express.

Capacity of the Brooklyn Bridge.

Without interfering with any of its several forms of traffic, there are to be important and extensive alterations and extensions on the New York end of the famous Brooklyn Bridge. The entrance is to be considerably enlarged, a new and commodious station is to be built, taking in the site of the old one, and a new arrangement of tracks will double the capacity of the railroad for receiving and discharging passengers. When the enormous amount of travel over this bridge is taken into consideration, it will be seen that the task is one that will tax the resources of the contractors to the utmost. —New York Ledger.

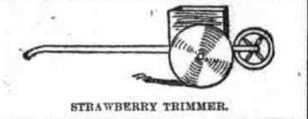
FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

WINTER FEED OF SHEEP.

A few sheep can be kept with little expense in winter on any large farm. They are dainty feeders so far as requiring food free from dirt is concerned, but provided it is given clean, they will eat as great a variety of food as will a pig. Bean vines, which no other stock will eat except on compulsion, sheep will eat greedily. Some sheep should be kept on every farm where beans are grown, as in every crop there are some refuse beans that go to waste unless there are sheep to eat them. With a few beans as grain feed daily, sheep may be wintered on straw and cornstalks, without hay, and they will keep in good, thrifty condition. —Boston Cultivator.

DEVICE FOR TRIMMING STRAWBERRIES.

A device for trimming strawberry runners is described by a correspondent of the Rural New Yorker as follows: The machine is made wheelbar-



STRAWBERRY TRIMMER.

row fashion. Break off the teeth of two old wood saws and grind the edges sharp. Have a long thread on the axle so as to adjust the width of cut as desired. Fasten each saw with two nuts, fill the box with stones so as to press the saws down. This machine will cut and not tear.

COOKING WHEAT FOR HORSES.

Whether it will pay to cook food for farm stock depends very much upon the kind of food and the cost of cooking. If whole wheat be fed dry to horses, many of the kernels will not be crushed, or at least not finely masticated, and much grain will pass through the animals undigested. This loss may more than pay for cooking the wheat, especially if in order to grind the wheat it is necessary to haul it some distance to the mill, pay a heavy toll for grinding, and then haul it home again over rough or muddy winter roads.

Cooking adds much value even to ground grain, because the heat bursts the tough capsule which incloses the starch grains so that their substance is readily soluble and digestible. Soaking the wheat answers a good purpose, but the time it takes will often permit fermentation in summer, and freezing in winter. Both the souring and the freezing would be avoided by cooking the wheat in boiling water, or with steam piped into tight barrels or tanks.

A large iron kettle may be used, especially one that is arranged to dump the food. Large cooking tanks and furnaces are made for this purpose and many who have used them find them profitable to cook all kinds of food for farm stock. A large galvanized iron boiling tank is sometimes made to fit the furnaces used for evaporating sorghum and maple sugar, or for scalding hogs. In all cases the water should be boiling before putting in the grain to be cooked. If barely enough water to cook the wheat is put in at first, the cooked wheat may be rapidly cooled by adding cold water, otherwise the hot mass may be shoveled about till cooled.

Leaks in the tanks or boilers may often be stopped by simply adding a half bushel of ground feed to the ration. It frequently happens that the farmer may find profitable work for himself by cooking his stock food. —Farm, Field and Fireside.

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

When a cow is fresh it will be to your advantage to milk three times a day instead of twice.

If you have a bay window on the sunny side of the house you have an ideal spot for flowers.

Fowls should not be confined more than is absolutely necessary unless they are being fattened. Exercise is an important thing.

Grain alone is too highly concentrated food for horses. They must have some "roughness" with it, such as hay, straw or fodder.

If you have common hens, feed them well. You cannot get them to do as well as thoroughbred fowls, but it pays to take good care of them.

While the doctors are settling disputed questions about tuberculosis, farmers would better give their cows the best hygienic care and surroundings.

A warm, dry cellar, temperature from forty-five to fifty degrees, is best for wintering. A thermometer is always necessary, and good ventilation imperative.

Farmers should devote a part of the long winter evenings to reading farm literature. The experiences and observations of others may prevent us from making serious mistakes, or may lead us to improve on our present methods.

A first-class animal is sure to bring a good price, but he who has all first-class stock usually obtains "the top of the market." When they all seem to be of one mold, and that a good one, there are dealers ready to take them as a lot, and at your price.

RECIPES.

Sour Cream Sauce—Put together a cup of sugar and a cup and a half of thick, sour cream. Beat the mixture five or six minutes, then put it into a sauce tureen and grate nutmeg over it. This sauce is especially appropriate for Indian puddings, boiled or baked, and for boiled suet puddings.

Potato Balls—Small potatoes are very nice cooked in this way: Peel them and boil in salted water: do not let them boil until they are soft; beat one egg and have ready some fine cracker crumbs; roll the potato in the egg, and then in the cracker, and fry in butter till a light brown, turning frequently that the color may be uniform.

Roxbury Pancakes (for breakfast)—One pint of sour milk, one egg, three cups of rye meal, one of Indian, half a cup of molasses, one small teaspoonful of soda and one of salt. Fry like doughnuts. Take a tablespoonful of the mixture, and, holding it low over the fat, scrape it out with a knife in such a way as to give it a round shape. Stir and shake them about constantly.

Beef Sausage—Chop one pound of raw beef and one-quarter of a pound of suet separately. Mix them and add half a teaspoonful of sage, pepper and salt to taste and a few drops of onion juice. Mix thoroughly, make into small cakes and dredge with flour. Put two tablespoonfuls of dripping in a frying pan; when hot put in the cakes, fry quickly on both sides and serve very hot.

Deadliest Poison Known.

The most deadly poison is that which was discovered by Professor Frazer, of Edinburgh, and known as shophanthidin, an African plant. As little as one thousand millionth part of an ounce of crystallized shophanthidin produces a distinctly injurious effect upon the heart, and a very small quantity is fatal.

Another deadly poison is cyanogen gas, the principal ingredient of hydrocyanic or prussic acid. At ordinary temperatures it is simply a gas, but can be condensed by cold and pressure into a thin, colorless liquid and becomes a solid at thirty degrees Fahrenheit. The inhalation in its gaseous state of a most minute quantity would cause instant death.

One of the most deadly poisons is arseniuretted hydrogen, which is formed by decomposing an alloy of arsenic and zinc with sulphuric acid. It is a colorless gas, possessing a fetid odor of garlic, and acts as a most deadly poison. —Detroit Free Press.

A Fund Piled Up by the Carists.

Recently the Assistant Treasurer of the United States at New York City has turned into a Postoffice Department fund the sum of thirteen hundred thousand dollars, which has been accumulating in the sub-treasury during the past thirty years from the funds paid to the money order post-offices for remittances which have never been claimed. Old money orders are presented at the Postoffice Department almost every day, but the amount of the unpaid money order fund increases constantly, and there is no likelihood that the thirteen hundred thousand dollars will be claimed by its owners. In fact, every year from fifty thousand to one hundred thousand dollars is added to the fund, which represents carelessness or neglect. —New York Dispatch.

A Curious Carriage.

An extraordinary horseless carriage, which is not electric, but propelled by steam, is an innovation in France. It is built of tubes, which are encased in a light framework, therefore, not seen. These tubes form the tank to supply the water direct to the cylinders, for there is no boiler. The water is conducted into two little tubes with closed ends, over oil-lighted wicks no larger than those of a duplex lamp. These supply steam for the cylinders sufficient to propel a carriage for four persons at the rate of fifteen miles an hour over level ground, and three or four miles an hour up ordinary road grades. The wheels are fitted with bicycle spokes, and have solid rubber tires. A coachman sits in front before a pair of upright handles not unlike those of a bicycle, with which he steers. The first cost of these carriages is about \$1000, but the kerosene wick is a cheap horse and costs nothing to keep and little to make go. —New York Advertiser.

A Goat Smuggler.

Some years ago a tame long-haired goat formed part of the regular crew of a passenger steamer on service between an English port and a Continental one. After a time the customs authorities discovered that it wore a false coat, many sizes too large for it. The goat's own hair was clipped very close; round its body were packed cigars, lace, etc., and then the false coat was skillfully put on, and fastened by hooks and eyes. —Notes and Queries.

Belgium's New Executioner.

Brussels has a new executioner. He was a waiter in a saloon and was dared by his companions into betting that he would try for the place. He won the bet and the place, which carries with it a salary of some \$240 a year. —San Francisco Chronicle.

SERVED IN THE WAR.

THE GRIP ALMOST WON WHERE THE BULLET FAILED.

Our Sympathies Always Enlisted in the Infirmitates of the Veteran.

(From the Herald, Woodstock, Va.)

There is an old soldier in Woodstock, Va., who served in the war with Mexico and in the war of the rebellion. Mr. Levi McInturf. He passed through both these wars without a serious wound. The hardships, however, told seriously on him, for when the grip attacked him four years ago it nearly killed him. Who can look upon the infirmitates of a veteran without a feeling of the deepest sympathy? His townspeople saw him confined to his house so prostrated with great nervousness that he could not hold a knife and fork at the table, scarcely able to walk, too, and as he attempted it, he often stumbled and fell. They saw him treated by the best talent to be had—but still he suffered on for four years, and gave up finally in despair. One day, however, he was struck by the account of a cure which had been effected by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. He immediately ordered a box and commenced taking them. He says he was greatly relieved within three days' time. The blood found its way to his fingers, and his hands, which had been pained, assumed a natural color, and he was soon enabled to use his knife and fork at the table. He has recovered his strength to such an extent that he is able to chop wood, shock corn and do his regular work about his home. He now says he can not only walk to Woodstock, but can walk across the mountains. He is able to lift up a fifty-two pound weight with one hand and says he does not know what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done for others, but knows that they have done a great work for him.

He was in town last Monday court day, and was loud in his praise of the medicine that had given him so great relief. He purchased another box and took it home with him. Mr. McInturf is willing to make affidavit to these facts.

The proprietors of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills state that they are not a patent medicine, but a prescription used for many years by an eminent practitioner, who produced the most wonderful results with them, curing all forms of weakness arising from a watery condition of the blood or shattered nerves, two leading causes of almost every ill to which flesh is heir. The pills are also a specific for the trouble peculiar to females, such as suppressions, all forms of weakness, chronic constipation, bearing down pains, etc., and in the case of men will give speedy relief and effect a permanent cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of whatever nature. They are entirely harmless and can be given to weak and sickly children with the greatest good and without the slightest danger. Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent postpaid on receipt of price (50c a box or six boxes for \$2.50)—they are never sold in bulk or by the 100 by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

Costa Rica, like Nicaragua, Honduras and Salvador, will aid Guatemala in the event of war with Mexico.

The Average Man.

who suffers from headaches and biliousness needs a medicine to keep his stomach and liver in good working order. For such people Ripans Tablets fill the bill. One tablet gives relief.

A clean and clear conscience is a possession devoutly to be wished.

Notice.

I want every man and woman in the United States interested in the Opium and Whisky habits to have one of our books on these diseases. Address E. M. Woodler, Atlanta, Ga. Box 381, and one will be sent you free.