

A Returning Sail.

By ELLEN E. H. WILDMAN.

"All the earth is full of tales to him who listens."

"The sail above on the far horizon line a morn'g speck. White as the wing of a whorling gull it flashed, then slipped into the concealing depths of blue beyond."

"Now sbs' gone!"

"Yes, it's like the slipping away of a life, isn't it? One instant here in the sun—the next, beyond in the unseen. Yet to John, who is sailing away from us, it is but a pushing forward of his horizon line. He is not conscious of the earth—curve that hides him from us sitting here on the beach. Perhaps, he added naively, "perhaps that is what life is, simply the curve of our life-epoch that draws us below the line to those watching on the shore, while to ourselves we are still sailing on 'level seas' with the horizon yet ahead."

"That is a beautiful thought."

"Yes," he shifted his position slightly, leaning easefully against the sturdy bank that rose behind the driftwood log on which they sat. He clasped his hands behind his head, staring meditatively over the water.

"Yes, it is, I found it in a little poem that I read the other day. Shall I repeat it for you?"

"Do; I should like to hear it."

The sand-bank rose to a narrow terrace above them, where a group of willow trees, a few sycamores and a pine tree, grew in a sandy soil, shining ripely up the white beach, lapping softly on the wet sand. A little breeze rustled through the tall bunches of beachgrass just feathering into great, graceful plumes.

"Please, let me hear it."

"Well, it is a simple thing, but something in it pleased me, and watching John sail away as we sat here, called it back to my mind."

"I watched a sail until it dropped from sight
Over the rounded sea. A gleam of white,
A last far-flashed farewell, and like a thought
Slipped out of sight, it vanished and was not."
to the helmsman standing at the wheel
Whose sail stretched beneath the sun-
glared sky.
Dimly? Changed? He felt no slightest sign
Nor dreamed he of that far horizon line.
"So may it be, perchance, when down the tide
Our dear ones vanish. Peacefully they glide
On level seas, nor mark the unknown bound.
We call it death—to them 'tis life beyond."

His voice dropped to silence; his gaze still searched the unresponsive distance. The girl beside him sat motionless, her head turned slightly away, holding in one hand a willow branch with which she had been idly brushing the warm, dry sand at her feet.

"He clasped his hands, bending forward to look at her."

"Well," he said, "well!"

"He finished up the willow switch slowly back and forth over the sand, and she sat turned away her head. When she spoke, her voice was not quite steady."

"I like it very much. It is beautiful, and if we knew that it was true, how comforting it would be. Oh!" with a sudden passionate note of longing in his voice, "why can't we know that it is not I have known what it is to watch some one slip out of sight that way, and how I have longed for some token—just a word or the sight of a face to show that death is not the end, and that all is well. But," she added, after a pause, during which his eyes studied her averted face sympathetically, "it has never come."

"She turned toward him: "Do you believe it ever does come for any one?"

"I think," he said slowly, "I think—no, I know it does—sometimes. May I tell you an experience of my own, Miss Evans?"

"Yes," she said, eagerly, "tell it to me."

"Again his eyes searched the misty horizon line."

"I had a very dear friend with whom I was intimately associated for a number of years. We were almost like brothers, and I knew well what a thoroughly good fellow he was; honest, kindly, and as tender-hearted as he was strong and manly."

"He had a wife and a baby girl about two years old. His wife was a lovely woman, and they were the fondest, happiest pair of lovers I have ever seen. They were very close, and he was very fond of her. He used to spend hours talking to me about her, planning her future, which was to all brightness it he could make it. There was nothing he was not willing to do for her."

"Miss Evans stirred slightly, and the willow branch in her fingers tapped the sand and cried for 'Tappa!' I know how she felt. She was a family to me. Her face was the same pleasant smile I used to know so well, but his eyes, though kind, had a strange, grave earnestness in their steadfast look that impressed me as an appeal."

"As the fact of his presence flashed upon me in that swift glance, he spoke to me: 'Dick, I want Bess. I want her to come to me.'"

"Who do you want her to come?" I asked. "Do you think it would be better for her to go to you than to stay here? Have you any knowledge of future evils that might befall her on earth?"

"No, I have not," he replied; "but I want her with me. I want to her today and called her, and she lifted up her hands and cried for 'Tappa!' I know how she felt. She was a family to me. Her face was the same pleasant smile I used to know so well, but his eyes, though kind, had a strange, grave earnestness in their steadfast look that impressed me as an appeal."

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FARMERS' CORNER

At Hatching Time.
A case of water sufficient to scald a 200-pound hog, throw in three or four handfuls of finely pulverized pitch. Stir the water a little, then scald your hog, and if you'll keep it on the water long enough all the bristles, with the scurf skin, will peel off with the greatest ease, scarcely leaving a bristle anywhere. Even the toenails will mostly all come off. At the scalding of each subsequent hog add another handful of pitch. The effect of pitch in water will astonish anyone who has never seen it tried. Should someone suggest that tar is as good or anything approaching it, say positively no. After a hog is scalded in this way there is hardly a bristle left on to shave off.—Charles Haines, in Orange Judd Farmer.

Value of Green Cow Bone.
Compared with other foods, we consider green bone the cheapest, for the results accruing from its use, of any one food nearly doubling (as it may) the amount of eggs, and they need not be fertilized. It produces a fatter, more plump and tender fowl, and a more healthy condition of the fowls so fed. Therefore, whether from a desire to increase the vigor of the fowl or develop its egg-producing qualities, we can most heartily recommend the use of green bone, for practical experience as well as science and chemistry has undeniably demonstrated its value. It is the best of all structures afford the highest degree of nutrition and sustenance for poultry.—Alma Cole Pickering, in the Wisconsin Agriculturist.

Green Deficient Milk.
The great sin of defective milk is mineral matter, while clover is rich in those materials. Clover contains 15 percent of water and clover hay 15 percent. Of the dry matter clover has but 11.2 percent of ash (lime, magnesia, potash, soda, etc.), while clover hay has 9 percent. Clover hay contains 11 percent of protein and corn 10.12. Clover is rich in starch and fat, however, containing twice as much as clover. Clover hay has more crude fibre than the grain, hence is less valuable in that direction. While many farmers have always made clover hay a specialty in feeding adults, yet it is more valuable for young stock that may be supposed. If cut up very fine, and then scalded, it makes one of the best rations in winter for poultry and will promote laying. For ducks and geese it cannot be excelled. It cut very fine and mixed with cooked turnips and carrots, clover hay will be relished by young pigs, and will promote rapid growth. In some sections clover hay is ground into what is termed "clover meal," and it is then sold in bags. Cornmeal is too fattening for certain animals, but in winter it may be used more freely, being mixed with clover hay when used in connection with clover.

Preparing Celery for Market.
When placing stock in storage, consider the amount of your trade, so as to have the celery ready at the proper time. You must have a sufficient control of the temperature of the storage pit to be able to keep certain parts of the crop at different stages of ripeness. The dressing should be done in the pit to avoid breakage in handling and saving moving the waste at a time when it is neither cheap nor convenient to do so. Remove all yellow or decayed stalks, then cut the root to a point, being careful not to cut too high. This takes care of the matter, and a 6-inch butcher knife, held the plant with the root from you and cut with a motion as if you were whittling shavings. The washing room should be in a warm basement or room where water is convenient and a boiler or cauldron at hand to warm water. A square covered tub is most convenient. Use plenty of water and have it quite warm, 90 to 100 degrees. After the roots are clean, dump a box of cinders into the tub with the tubs toward you; then with a common soft scrubbing brush give each head two or three downward strokes with the brush. This takes all the dirt out of the crosses and gives it a bright shiny appearance.

The four stands at the table and ties up the bunches to the dozen, using common white wrapping twine for the purpose, and running it twice around each bunch. All decayed leaves or tips should be carefully clipped off. It is now ready to pack for shipment or home delivery. If you have a large amount of celery, it is sometimes well to grade it, making a fancy of the largest, and a standard grade of the remainder. Do not try to bring your trade to the size of your packages to suit the trade. We have found that a case holding about one bushel is as large as is profitable to use. This will hold about ten dozen good sized celery. Line cases with paper to avoid drying in warm weather and freezing in cold. Ship by express after cold weather sets in.—I. C. Smith, in American Agriculturist.

Profit in Quick-Grow Red.
High prices for beef have greatly increased the interest in cattle raising throughout the Eastern States. The Massachusetts Agricultural Experiment Station, before the State Board of Agriculture, was on "Beef Production in New England," and was listened to with attention by a large audience of farmers. Self-Protection Bankers:

Conditions prevailing in character of the stock raised in New England, the profitable course here, and the method of raising, are the subjects of this article, and the writer has been a student of the subject for some time. It is the purpose of this article to give you some of the facts that have been ascertained by them, as it is the writer's belief that the knowledge of these facts will be of great value to you. It is the writer's belief that the knowledge of these facts will be of great value to you. It is the writer's belief that the knowledge of these facts will be of great value to you. It is the writer's belief that the knowledge of these facts will be of great value to you.

A SERMON FOR SUNDAY

AN ELUQUENT DISCOURSE ENTITLED "THE PRODIGAL'S FATHER."

By Rev. Dr. J. Wilson Chapman—How It Revolves Our Part of God's Nature.

New York City.—The following sermon entitled "The Prodigal's Father," is one of a series of sermons for the year, by the distinguished evangelist, the Rev. Dr. J. Wilson Chapman. It was preached from the text, "When he was gone, he had nothing left but to weep and fast, and to desire his return." Luke xv. 20-24.

Of making many sermons on the prodigal son, there seems to have been no end. I have heard of many such sermons, and I have seen many of them. I have seen many of them, and I have heard of many such sermons. I have seen many of them, and I have heard of many such sermons. I have seen many of them, and I have heard of many such sermons. I have seen many of them, and I have heard of many such sermons.

There is a growing tendency to make reforms in the dairy. It is no longer a matter of course to depend on the farmer for the milk, but to make more of it. It is no longer a matter of course to depend on the farmer for the milk, but to make more of it. It is no longer a matter of course to depend on the farmer for the milk, but to make more of it. It is no longer a matter of course to depend on the farmer for the milk, but to make more of it.

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BUT HE WAS YET A GREAT WAY OFF.

These words may have a wonderful meaning, for the measurement is from the fact that the man who is so far away is yet so near. It is a matter of fact that the man who is so far away is yet so near. It is a matter of fact that the man who is so far away is yet so near.

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HIS FATHER SAW HIM.

Mr. Moody said that that father was looking through the telescope of his love. He was looking through the telescope of his love. He was looking through the telescope of his love. He was looking through the telescope of his love.

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It is probable that God has made a revelation of Himself to His creature, and His friend answered, "Yes, probable."

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HE HAD COMPASSION AND RAN.

I never knew until recently what that word "compassion" means. It is a word that is used in the Bible, and it is a word that is used in the Bible. It is a word that is used in the Bible, and it is a word that is used in the Bible.

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WHAT DID HE DO?

We all know this story so thoroughly well that it would seem almost unnecessary to say anything about it. It is a story that is well known to all of us. It is a story that is well known to all of us.

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POWER OF ONE BELIEF.

Have you ever thought with a change of heart and soul and strength and mind that you had a power that you never had before? It is a power that you never had before. It is a power that you never had before.

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PITY FOR THE ANGEL.

The lady with the emerald hair looked at the picture in the window and thought of the incident that had happened in Brooklyn. It is a story that is well known to all of us.

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