

**PROLOGUE.**  
The new moon hung in the sky,  
The sun was low in the west,  
And my betrothed and I—  
In the churchyard passed to rest,  
Happy maiden and lover,  
Dreaming the old dream over;  
The light wind wandering by,  
And robins chirped from the nest.  
And lo! in the meadow sweet  
Was the grave of a little child,  
With a crumbling stone at her feet  
And the ivy running wild—  
Possibly her and lover,  
Folding it over and over;  
Close to my sweetheart's feet  
Was the little mound up-piled.  
Stricken with nameless fears  
She shrank and clung to me,  
And her eyes were filled with tears  
For the sorrow I did not see;  
Lightly the winds were blowing,  
Softly her tears were flowing—  
Tears for the unknown years  
And a sorrow that was to be!  
—Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

**BLANCHE'S MOTHER-IN-LAW.**

"I never meant he should say a harsh word to me," sighed poor little Blanche Everard, as though it were a common possibility for stern husbands to speak quietly to meek little wives. "He would not now, if it had not been for his mother. I believe Mrs. Everard has hated me ever since I crossed the threshold."

There was a tap upon the door.  
"A note?" Blanche ejaculated, with a little flutter of surprise as she took the soiled and crumpled scrap of paper from the boy's dirty fingers and opened it. Inside was written scarcely legibly:  
"I believe I am dying. Could you come to me?"  
The boy will show you the way. Don't tell John."  
Blanche turned the billet, and glanced at the back. It was certainly directed to "Mrs. Everard," and John and his mother were out for the day, so she could not consult with either, and somebody was dying. She guessed who.  
It was the middle of the afternoon and a biting blast outside, but she swiftly donned her fur cloak, and bade the little ragged messenger lead the way.  
Her face was quite colorless as she returned to her room several hours later, and the sweet eyes were dimmed as with weeping.  
"Are you ill?" demanded her husband.  
"I am quite well," answered Blanche, meeting his look sweetly, and replying to Mrs. Everard, Sr.'s remarks upon her palor so unconsciously as almost to disarm that lady of the suspicions which she was really always on the watch to find grounds for. And Lucy had told her already about the note that had taken Mrs. John Everard out of the house for several hours in the afternoon.  
"It's more than I ever thought you would submit to, John," she remarked to her son in the evening.  
"Don't make a mountain out of a molehill, mother," responded John with the least touch of impatience, and thinking remorsefully of the morning's unkindness to his six months' pet. "I daresay the boy came about some charitable business or other."  
"Why didn't she tell us where she had been?" demanded Mrs. Everard, Sr. maliciously.  
"Perhaps she was afraid of another lecture upon extravagance. There, mother, I think we had better drop the subject."  
Four or five days later she followed her son into the library. By sharp watching she had found that Blanche went out every day at 8 o'clock, returning barely in time for dinner.  
John listened quietly while she told him. It was a little odd that Blanche had never spoken of these afternoon promenades of hers, which seemed such a regular thing too, but his conscience had given him more than one twinge lately in connection with his mother's avowed dislike and distrust of his pretty, unreluctant wife.  
"It's all right, mother, of course," he said, resuming his book.  
"Well, then," she said, with an unwonted pleading mingled with the regretfulness of her tone, "if you are so lenient to her, you will perhaps have some kindness to spare your own brother."  
And she gave him a letter which she had been fingering nervously all the time.  
John Everard read the letter through frowning.  
"It is the old story," he said, returning it to her. "He is out of money and in debt and he wants us to foot the bills. I told him the last time I shouldn't do it again. Whenever Ned is ready to settle down to some honest and useful business I'll do what I can for him, in the way I've told him. But I'll pay no more debts, and I wouldn't give him more than a crust if he was starving, as long as he goes on this way."  
Mrs. Everard dropped the letter in her pocket as she turned away, and quitted the room with a gloomy countenance. She was as afraid of her stern, eldest son, in a way, as she was fond of her youngest, and she knew there was no appeal from his decision now.  
Her son saw her as she passed through the hall, and he glanced at his watch. It lacked 10 minutes of 2. In about 15 minutes he heard his wife's light footfall coming down from her room. As the front door closed behind her, his cheek flushed slightly, and he passed quickly to the window.  
He watched her to the nearest corner, and then, snatching overcoat and hat, darted out, and followed at a safe distance, feeling very much ashamed of himself, and more still, as his mother, emerged from a milliner's shop ahead. She did not see him.  
Poor little Blanche had small suspicion that she was followed, as she passed swiftly on, leading her husband and mother a pretty chase till she came to what seemed a tenement house of some respectability.  
"Ah!" exclaimed Mrs. Everard senior, as Blanche entered without knocking, and flittered up the uncarpeted stairs. She hesitated an instant, and then followed.  
"I can't stay long to-day, dear," she heard her daughter-in-law's direct tones utter. "John is home this afternoon and he will be sure to miss me. That would be rather unfortunate for us just now, you know. I should not like him to ask me any questions that it would be difficult for me to answer."  
Mrs. Everard Sr.'s eyes glowed with triumph. She was about to burst into the room, when a heavy breath beside her made her look up, and there was John!  
"You must think me an utterly selfish being, Blanche," a voice said, "but if you know how John hates me, and how

much reason I have given him—how I long to get well, and show him that I am in earnest about reforming this time."  
The listeners in the hall knew that voice, and one of them at least would not be restrained.  
Breaking from her son's detaining hand, she dashed into the room, and in a second's time was crying and sobbing upon the neck of a pallid-looking, rather handsome young fellow, who sat by the window.  
"My own boy! my darling precious Ned!" she sobbed.  
John Everard came slowly and with a very bewildered face into the room, and Blanche, after the first start, ran to him eagerly.  
"You'll be good friends with him, won't you, dear?" she coaxed. "He has been very ill indeed, and he sent for his mother one day when she was out. The note was directed simply Mrs. Everard, and I opened it, thinking it was for me."  
"Shall we begin again?" said John, smilingly extending his left hand. His right arm clasped his wife's slender waist.  
"O, John, do you mean it?" exclaimed his mother with a cry of joy.  
"I mean it if Ned does," John said gently. "Perhaps I was not patient enough with my father's youngest son." Ned's mother looked toward Blanche. Then she bent gravely and kissed her.  
Blanche knew what she meant. It was to be peace between them henceforth.  
Ned kept his word, and few mothers-in-law are fonder of son's wives than Mrs. Everard of Blanche.—New York Press.

**JACKSON'S MEDALLION.**  
Interesting Souvenir of Peace With the Indians Now Held by a Centenarian.  
Just north of Sherman, within the borders of the Indian Territory, lives Sarah Albertson, one of the most interesting women now living in the United States, and who possesses a relic of General Andrew Jackson's time that is highly prized. She has reached the great age of 111 years, and yet retains to a marvellous degree the active mind of her youth.  
The things that are almost within the confines of ancient history with ordinary mortals are the happenings of yesterday to this remarkable centenarian.  
During the last few days a representative of the Herald called on Mrs. Albertson and elicited the following story:  
Chief Philip Ox Berry was located with the Chickasaw tribe in the Black Horn country, Mississippi, some time prior to 1824. About that time his second daughter, Sarah, was born to him. At twenty-four years of age, or about 1848, she was married to Martin Colbert, a Chickasaw Indian. Colbert did not attain to any reputation as a warrior, but much of the good in the present Chickasaw laws can be traced to his wise counsel and sound judgment. He always represented his people in their inter-tribe conventions and in their own councils.  
It was one of these Chickasaw councils, held at Black Horn court ground, in the spring of 1829, that Sarah Ox Berry Colbert, the subject of this sketch, in company with her husband, saw a silver medallion presented to Chief Isaac Albertson by President Andrew Jackson, as a token of peace and friendship between the United States government and the Chickasaw Indians, commemorating a treaty, yet unbroken. Since that time the medallion has passed into the possession of Sarah Ox Berry Colbert, now Mrs. Albertson, who still possesses it.  
This valuable relic of our country's early history is a silver medallion, bearing on one side a profile of President Jackson, President of the United States, with the date—"A. D. 1829"—directly under the profile. On the reverse side of the medallion the pipe of peace and tomahawk are crossed, while beneath and to the left the hand of a white soldier clasps the hand of an Indian chieftain. The word "Peace" rests between the bowl of the pipe and the blade of the tomahawk, and "Friendship" is inscribed beneath them.  
It was the injunction of President Jackson to Chief Albertson that this medallion should pass from father to son, but in case there be no son, the surviving widow should inherit the token, and at her death it should pass into the possession of the nearest blood kin.  
Sketching a Matter for the Young.  
"I put on the other day, for the first time since I was a boy," said a man of mature years to a New York Sun reporter, "a pair of skates. I expected to skate right off, just as I used to do, and was greatly surprised to find that I could scarcely skate at all. In fact, I had difficulty in getting about, and there wasn't a bit of fun in it, unless, perhaps, it was amusing to the spectators; and so I hobbled back to the skate house and took off my skates and took a walk on the ice and looked at the skaters; I found that much easier. And I imagine that comparatively few men keep up their skating; they play billiards and bowl, and so on, but skating they seem to let go. Certainly you see among the skaters few men of years. Skating seems to be a sport mainly for the younger people, and a delightful, invigorating, healthful sport it is. May they accumulate from it health and strength for the days when they grow old!"

**John Holt.**  
The term John Bull as applied to the English race arose from a satirical treatise written by one John Arbuthnot, a court physician, during the reign of Anne, daughter of James. At that time the usual serious questions for dispute between England and France were being handled, according to Arbuthnot's opinion, by the English after the manner of first-class bulldozing, and from his use of that appellation in his treatise came the synonyme for an Englishman, known familiarly to all the world of the present day.

**Hunter and Boy.**  
Breathless Hunter—I say, boy, did you see a rabbit run by here?  
Boy—Yes sir.  
Hunter—How long ago?  
Boy—I think it'll be three years next Christmas.—Truth.

**Bodily and Mental Defects.**  
The man with a bodily deformity will do his best to hide it; but what particular pains the most of us take to display our mental defects!—Boston Transcript.

**PLANTS AND FLOWERS.**

**Winter Work and Care of Plants in the House of the Year.**  
As the present is usually the coldest season of the year, and also that in which there is the least chance of frost, attention must be paid to raising the temperature of the house, but when it does become necessary to do it, caution must be used. Be careful to raise the ventilating sash only so high that the heated air from the greenhouse will be able to drive back the outer air to such an extent as not to chill the plants. Occasionally, after a very cold night, when severe firing has been necessary to keep up the required temperature, say to sixty degrees, it happens that the sun comes out bright during the following day, so that by noon, or before the temperature may be at 100 degrees inside the greenhouse, though outside it may be nearly at zero. In such case the raising of the sashes an inch or two will rapidly lower the temperature of the greenhouse, so that an hour or so of such ventilating would be all that is required. As little fresh air can be given, insects are to be watched closely. By the use of fire heat a dry atmosphere will be created, in which the red spider is rampant. Nothing answers so well for its destruction as an application of the plants with water, as it cannot exist to an injurious extent in a moist atmosphere. The aphid, or green fly, must also be destroyed, or it will soon cause great injury to the plants.  
The leaves of window plants should be sponged often to keep the dust from filling up the pores of the leaves. Tepid water should be used, with a little soap or fir tree oil dissolved in it, and any plant, small enough to handle, that shows signs of red spider or other insect enemy, if dipped in water, heated to 140 degrees, will be instantly cleaned without having received the least injury from the bath. Plants should be occasionally turned round to prevent their growing one-sided. Hyacinths and other bulbs which were placed in boxes or pots last autumn may now be brought to the light; the best rooted and most forward will give the earliest flowers. They should be well supplied with water, and these, as well as all soft woody free growing plants, will be benefited by an occasional watering with liquid manure. The plants that will bloom soon are primulas, cinerarias, cyclamens, bouvardias, hyacinths, tulips, callas, azaleas, camellias, carnations and many others. Such plants as agaves, echinops and other succulents should be kept dry and allowed all the sun possible.—Henderson's Horticulture.

**Profit in Poultry.**  
The farmer who despises the hens is making a big mistake, no matter if he is a big farmer or dairyman. Appearances are deceiving, and the last few years—yes, for many years—the breeder of fowls has made infinitely more money for the amount of money, care and thought he has put into his business than some of his more pretentious brethren. I do not see that the price for fresh eggs and market poultry have fallen much for the average of the year, notwithstanding the low price of corn and oats. Western farmers had better convert more of this grain into poultry products. Manufacture the raw grain into the finished poultry commodities. Manufactured articles naturally bring larger prices than the cruder products. The great point in producing poultry products for critical city markets is to raise the bird. A poor article always disappoints both buyer and seller. Beware the variety of poultry that best fits the purpose you have in view. Plymouth Rocks and Wyandottes are superb breeds to cultivate for market poultry. Leghorns are fine layers, but of small value for cooking in a roaster, save as broilers. The American Wyandottes of a healthy strain doubtless comes as near a good layer and a fine market bird as any other single breed. If a man is to make a specialty of giving the market fresh eggs, let him be sure the eggs are fresh, and reach the market fresh, too. If he sells dressed fowl, let him be sure they are fat, plump and well dressed. In this way trade will grow on one's hands.—Maine Farmer.

**To Salt Pork.**  
Cover the bottom of the barrel with pure salt to the depth of three inches. Pack the pork to be kept in pickle, the skin side next to the wood, as solidly as possible, and sprinkle each layer liberally with salt. Make a brine with salt and soft water to cover the meat. Boil and skim, adding salt until it lies undissolved at the bottom of the kettle. Stir frequently to prevent the salt from scorching on. When the water has dissolved all the salt it will, remove the kettle from the fire, and when perfectly cold pour the brine over the meat. Cut a board to fit inside the barrel, with a handle, so it will be convenient to lift; this with a weight will keep the meat under the brine. When a fresh supply is to be pickled take out the old pork, and pour off the brine, pack the new pork as at first, then the old. Boil and skim the brine, adding salt, if it will take it up, and pour it hot over the meat. Never put cold brine on old pork unless you are willing to take the risk of losing it.  
Never leave pork floating, as it will rust in a very short time. Keep it well under the brine and stir the brine every few days in summer.—S. E. W., in Farm and Home.

**FARMER'S HOMES.**

**What From the Household of These Men May Be Made.**  
We often see in the papers almost startling articles on farm life and farmers' wives. I wish to show how luxurious even the smallest farmer's home may be, if he and his wife have the willingness to work. One of the greatest dangers to our people and the working people all over our fair land to-day, lies in always wanting to grasp the world and give nothing in return.  
I am a farmer's wife, and was a farmer's daughter at a time when luxuries were rare things; when a basket of apples was doing out to us one by one, when we received our education in the old log schoolhouse, with slabs for a seat and another with the smooth side turned up served as a desk; when the Indian's wigwam was not a curiosity, and I ran many a day all the way to school for fear I might meet the dusky occupant on his tramp; when I sat night after night filling the old candle moulds that we might have the wherewithal to light us through another year's evenings; the wild strawberries of the fields and the blackberries of the forests and the wild plums were our fruit, which were often put up in maple sugar for the next winter's supplies; therefore I think I can thoroughly appreciate the things of to-day, and I wish to indicate some of the things that can be raised on an ordinary farm, with the care that can be given by the family.  
In the first place, with an ordinary hot bed, which anyone can build, you can have the most delicious radishes and lettuce for the table until asparagus and spinach are ready. Oftentimes, if one is near a small town, the surplus can be easily disposed of; I have often sold \$50 worth of cabbage, and usually sell a sufficient quantity of strawberries to buy the fruit I cannot grow. Strawberries three times a day for weeks, with delicious cream and sugar, the very thought makes one long for spring. Then come raspberries, currants, gooseberries, cherries, grapes; then there is the house of which a good part is stored for winter and the surplus sold to pay the expenses. These are what may be called the luxuries; then there are the eggs and poultry, the surplus from which will net a nice little amount for some member of the family who will care for them—perhaps reaching into the hundreds if good care is taken.  
**Crows and Corn.**  
There are a number of ways of protecting corn from the depredations of crows. One of the simplest is to coat the seeds with tar. Place a half bushel of seed in a basket and pour on hot water enough to moisten and heat all the seeds; then immediately apply a pint of pine or coal tar and stir the whole rapidly for some time. Every seed will thus become coated, and if a quantity of air-dried lime is then applied, it will render it dry and easily handled. The crows will pull up the plants to eat the seeds; but being in contact with the tarred seed, they are thoroughly disgusted with its flavor, and the remainder will be untouched.  
Another way is to stretch white twine along across the field. The crows will not touch the plants unless in a two wide or within an angle. Other ways follow:  
Employ a man with a dollar's worth of shot to stay in the field all the time for a few days, and the crows (which are left) will decamp to pastures new.  
As soon as corn is planted, take a bushel of corn, put it into some vessel (not iron), pour on water enough to cover the corn, and pour it off into a tin-pail, then measuring it, then take 50 cents' worth of strychnine and stir it into the water until well mixed. Pour the water back on the corn and let it stand 24 hours, stirring occasionally. Sow this evenly over four or five acres (more needed for larger territory). This way is of course not to be tried if hens or sheep have access to the field.  
The use of steel traps: put a hen's egg near each trap and a var trap with grass or leaves.  
A way that will not hurt the crows is to set up a pole 6 or 8 feet high, attach a strong cord to the upper end two or three feet long to this fasten a good-sized piece of sheet tin. Wind and air will keep the tin in motion (more so if the pole is set slightly leaning). The flashes and bangs of this striking on the pole are better than any scare-crow.—Country Gentleman.

**Water in Butter.**  
Properly made butter contains not more than 15 per cent. of moisture, and 3 1/2 per cent. is nearer the proper quantity. Anything more than that should be considered as not having been worked sufficiently, and is unfit for shipping or long keeping. If we have a standard for our milk, which declares that it shall have a certain amount of total solids or of butter fat, we may also demand that there shall be a certain amount of butter fat in our butter, not less than 85 per cent. If large drops of moisture appear when the butter is cut it indicates insufficient working, and though it may be all right in flavor while new it will quickly lose that flavor and almost as quickly acquire another, which is not so pleasant to the taste. If the drops have a milky color it is even worse than when the moisture looks like pure, clean water. Butter may have the buttermilk washed out of it, when this is done the water should be afterwards worked out of it.  
**Ventilating Poultry Houses.**  
In proportion to their size fowls require more fresh air than any other animal, but in cold weather this pure air must be supplied in such a way that the fowls will not take cold. The house should be warm and all cracks through which the wind might come should be tightly closed, the ventilation being supplied through some opening near the roof that it may be shut off when necessary. In the majority of cases the best point from which to ventilate is the roof when possible, but in the coldest weather the ventilation is best supplied through some opening near the floor. The fowls can readily protect their feet from cold by roosting, but the head, the part most open to attacks of diseases in cold weather, cannot be so easily protected from draughts.

**THE TRAVELS OF COLUMBUS.**



Columbus is much impressed with the earnest pleading of his former confessor, Friar Peter, and decides to grant Columbus an interview.

**THE TRAVELS OF COLUMBUS.**



The queen provides Friar Peter with sufficient money for Columbus to make a present to his appearance at the court.

**THE TRAVELS OF COLUMBUS.**



Columbus secures becoming apparel, purchases a mule and sets out again for the court.

**THE TRAVELS OF COLUMBUS.**



Their majesties pledge themselves to his enterprise and appoint Fernando de Talavera and other persons of note to negotiate terms.

**THE TRAVELS OF COLUMBUS.**