

A SONG: TO F. T. H.

BY MR. J. H. KOOBS.

Hark, brother, hark!

Two boys in the sugar tree.

You may not go us

The happiness

Its sweet voice brings to me.

Its memory

Of that tree,

With its wealth of leaves,

Lives in my heart,

Sacred—

Gold kins among the leaves.

There many a time

Was wept away

In innocence and joy.

I but a child

Overjoyed and wild,

You but a boy.

Beneath its shade

He shade had made

Me a home where salt,

Like tears of sand,

By father's hand

Was piled without a fault.

Clos'd at his side,

With all the pride,

And fancied all the sheep

At sight of him

With all the lamb

Would laugh and skip and leap.

Yes, all around

Is holy ground,

Whose' fur's footstep's fall;

It stirs the heart,

To kiss our feet;

Rooms now an immortelle.

There's not a spot

Can be a spot,

On all the dear old place;

Through wood and mead

Love's golden thread

Runs like a grace

For every part

To every place,

That loved and loves it still,

Through every strife,

Like up a hill,

Stunes out to day

All will to day,

And up to the sky,

Is written there,

And everywhere,

"A good man makes do."

Hark, brother, hark!

Up in the old tree top;

In accents clear,

To all the world,

Life's music cannot stop.

For you and me,

For all who see,

The beatiful entwines

The broken oak,

With tender, clinging vines.

And every loss

Helps us to cross

More every way,

However slim,

Up to Him,

Right to the sky.

Until we meet,

By word repeat,

The law of life is this:

That's true et al. is,

Star or sun,

We're taught to fear

God needs no stone,

To find his own,

Not to be found God.

Music, ind.

RESCUED FROM A POOL.

Who's that? Well, I hardly know how to answer you. I do not know her name. I only saw her once in my life, then only for a little time, and the chances are I shall never see her again. Strange that a woman, a perfect stranger, should have her photograph? It does sound strange. How did you get it? Theron hangs a tail. I will tell you it. It points a moral, and furnishes me with a pleasant reminiscence of a too-briefing visit to the mountains.

It was two years ago—the summer holidays. I had spent them with my wife's brother, George Nettlefold. We had put into execution a long-cherished scheme, and been up to the Adirondacks. I shall not easily forget that time, nor how the days flew by, nor the sun, weather, nor the wild scenery which presented itself to us in all its glory.

We were working South after a charming walking expedition, and were still in the wilder parts of that glorious country, when one morning as usual we packed up our knapsacks, and continued our southern route. We had dinner at a little roadside inn. It was not much of a repast, and, to tell the truth, neither particularly well served nor cheap; and, having dined, we went off again, intending to make for a village which we were told was not very far off.

It was a long, dreary afternoon, and by the time we had walked some miles, I was getting weary. The servant, who told us that the other village was a good step further on, for which information we were not sufficiently grateful. We were half inclined to put up and stay where we were; but, being an obstinate couple, and desirous of seeing some places which were in the immediate neighborhood of our destination, we pressed on. The sun was setting as we reached the top of an ascent, it had cost us some pains, and, sitting on the bank by the roadside, under the shade of a mighty tree, we doffed our hats, so that the gentle breeze might cool our heated brows. On a sudden we heard quite close to us loud cries and shouts, of some one in distress or danger.

"What's that?" said I to George.

"Sounds as though something was the matter with some one," said he, getting up and looking over the hedge. "Why," exclaimed George, "there's a lad drowning in the pool."

So it seemed. The bank on the other side of the hedge was in a sharp descent some thirty feet or more. A little to the left was a stream or piece of water of some sort; generally it was quite narrow—narrower than this room; you might have jumped across it—but in one place it widened out into a tiny lake or pond, tolerably deep, apparently; for somewhere about the center was a little boy, trying hard to keep himself afloat, and making a terrible hullabaloo.

Without a word we got over the hedge and ran down the bank. Calling to the youngster to keep still, I ran into the water to help him. It might have been deep enough to drown him, but it barely came up to my shoulders; and when I had once held him it was easy enough to pull him out, and he was little damaged, for when I had got him out he stood bolt upright on the bank, looking at me with large, round eyes.

"You are not drowned!" I said, smiling at his solemn expression.

"He's got his head, gravely, without a word. He has a queer-looking mouth, quite a little one, and more mouth than 10 years old. So far I had kept my hand upon his collar, thinking he might fall down, or faint, or something, but relieved of any such fears, I took it away. No sooner did I do so than, without a sign of any intention, he was off like a dart, up the bank, through the hedge and out of sight.

"Well," said he, "she's a pleasant sort of ladybird. She seems to have taken a fancy to you."

"Don't talk nonsense," I retorted, thinking of Kate and my family of seven."

"What's that?" I inquired, "is your mistress' name?"

"Mrs. Mae"—something in three syllables, but what I could not catch. She then withdrew.

Taking off my drenched suit, I first had a thorough good wash, and then put on my clothes provided. When I dressed I saw I had a hole to think. I looked at my undertaker's man got up for a funeral. I went down stairs again and found my Phillips waiting at the foot to guide me into the parlour where I found George still sleeping. Without a word I woke him up.

"George," I exclaimed, "this is a queer set out."

"What's a queer set out?" muttered he, yawning proliously.

"This," I said. "Look at me."

He rubbed his eyes and stared. "Who's your undertaker?" he queried. "Whatever did you get those things from?"

I told him.

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"Well," said he, laughing: "there's gratitude for you."

"I do," he said, a little tattered; "he might have said thank you."

"Or told us how much farther we have to go," growled George.

"I've got a ducking for my pains," I continued, thinking somewhat ruefully of my outer garments.

"That won't matter," quoth George, unsympathetically; "you'll soon get dry."

We climbed up the bank and continued our journey, talking and laughing over our wayside adventure. Some other or I, do not know how, we lost our way; how far we went, or where we

got to, I do not rightly know to this day. Mattered were beginning to look serious—the evening was closing in; we were in a wild country, hardly a house in sight; no village, or sign of one; we were fairly tired, and I began to consider what had best be done. We were in rather an uncomfortable frame of mind when, turning a corner, we saw right in front of us rising from a belt of trees, a column of smoke. The sight was like an oasis in the desert. We hurried to it, and found to our exceeding surprise, that it was a charming country inn, shrouded in a glorious sweet-smelling frame of honeysuckle. We entered to the bower, which courtesy she gracely returned.

"Salts and ashes mixed in the drink of hogs has a great tendency to ward off disease. A solution of coppers is often used to purge them from the mountains.

A WRITER in the *Garden* says that if

the potting soil is placed for a day or two in the hen-yard, every portion of it is dug over, and all grubs and eggs of insects are picked out.

Dr. S. S. of the Kansas Agricultural College, favors

the use of lime for the prevention of

the disease of the blood, I have never found it equal to it.

It is worth \$100 per ton in some

of the mining districts of Colorado.

It costs more to feed a horse than

it does a man in some of the towns among the mountains.

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