

Current Literature.

"TOO MANY OF WE."

"Mamma, is there too many of we?" The little girl asked with a sigh, "Perhaps you wouldn't be tired, you see, if a few of your child could die."

FARMER CREHORE'S NEW YEAR.

Farmer Crehore's heavy wagon and strong bay horse were well known at Needham Four Corners. As they slowly moved up the hill, horse and wagon seemed to rightfully belong to the strong, well-built man in the blue frock and slouched hat.

"Going to town?" asked a man who stood apparently awaiting the slow-moving vehicle.

I am; can I do anything for you? Just these few words said plainly that the rough exterior was no exponent of the man beneath the rich, full voice and well enunciated words indicated something in Farmer Crehore not visible on the surface.

"Well, yes," said the man at the gate; "Farmer Watson wants the minister to come and see him; he's been uneasy about it all day; thinks he shan't last long."

"I'll call there," said the farmer, as he chirruped to his horse.

A little later he stood at the minister's door, but the tiny girl who answered the bell could not be trusted to deliver the message, and he was obliged to await the pastor in his study.

"Books and pictures make a room look pleasant he thought, as he looked about him. "I wonder how ministers can afford them; when I was young, I used to think I'd have 'em, but I've missed it some way, though I guess I've more bank stock than he has."

"To look up, and not down, To look out, and not in, To look forward and not back, And to lend a hand."

These have since become household words, but they were new to Farmer Crehore, and long after he left the house, they seemed to linger in his sight. Strangely enough, in thinking of the first his thoughts flashed back to the Pilgrim's Progress of his childhood, to the man bending over the muck-rake, and seeing nothing of the glory around and beyond.

"It's just about the way I've bent my back over that meadow-plot the past year," thought the farmer; "and I've hardly looked higher than that five-foot wall I'm building. I used to have plans and hopes, but I seem to have given them up lately. I've grown narrow. A farmer isn't of much account among men; I wish I'd been something else. I might be more than I am, though; I believe I will be; the New Year just coming makes it a good time to begin to look forward and 'out.'" Here he glanced at the house he was nearing.

"I wonder I haven't noticed those broken shutters before; the house looks shabby, that's a fact, and I've been looking down into that ditching all the time, and haven't seen it. That's a pretty view across the river," he continued. "I don't know what makes me notice it so to-night; and it stretches on and on, over hill and valley, meadow lot and woodland; mine's but a bit of the whole. That isn't what those words mean, of course, yet there is an 'up' and an 'out' beyond where I've been looking so long. I won't buy that Porter lot, I've land enough; I'll spend a little of the money in broadening and fixing things."

The horse was unharnessed and fed, and the ordinary work attended to with the same accompaniment of "up and down," "out and in." Supper was ready when he entered the house, and he attended to the wants of the family

in an absent way, as his mind repeated "forward and back," and "lend a hand." "Abby's been here," said Mrs. Crehore, after the dishes were cleared away and the children gone to bed.

"Has she?" asked her husband absent-ly. "Yes, she seemed to want to talk things over, and come to an understanding; but I told her it only brought things back fresh to our minds; by-gones couldn't be by-gones with us."

"Well, I don't know, Julia, about that," said Mr. Crehore slowly. "I guess we'd be happier if we'd stop looking back; there's no help for the past, and it's rather narrow to be looking back into the old year when there's a new one just ahead of us. We've learned wisdom if they haven't."

Surprise kept Mrs. Crehore silent a moment before she asked,—"Shall we make it up with them?" "Why, yes, we might as well. I'm glad Abby's been over; you'd better ask them here to dinner New Year's Day."

What had come over Daniel? Mrs. Crehore laid down her knitting, and looked her astonishment. She asked no questions, however, but only said, "So we will, Daniel, and it will be right comfortable to be friends again. They are our own kin; we can't get away from that."

So far Mr. Crehore, had only touched the outside of the motto, but as the days passed, the words rang the charges of "forward and back," and "lend a hand," wearing each day a deeper track through heart and brain, and opening the mellow heart-soil that lay underneath the broken crust of selfishness.

The neighbors called Mr. Crehore close and uncommodating; the hay-cart, harrow, or extra team was seldom borrowed of him, and favors granted were sometimes less agreeable than a gruff refusal would have been. It was his nature, but untoward circumstances had warped a generous heart, and misplaced confidence had rendered suspicious a naturally friendly and genial nature.

His reserved manner repelled confidence, and left more and more to himself, he had ceased to be thoughtful of others. But now opportunities seemed to be opening at every hand, and invitations to "lend a hand" poured in upon him. Why Capt. Jones should try to deliver his wood when the roads were in such condition and one of his horses disabled besides, he could not imagine; but as he saw the slow-labored movement of the team, his new impulse left him no choice, and his own strong pair of horses was brought out to help over the hill.

What was it to him that neighbor Hall's horses strayed away? And when Mr. Croft's load of hay was overturned at the corner, why should he leave his work to help reload it? Widow Snow had always been able to send her butter to market without his aid; why did Julia interest herself about it just now? He had no time to attend to all these wants; yet he did attend to them, and felt such deep satisfaction that he wondered he had so long deprived himself of such pleasure. He had less time to brood over wrongs, real or fancied, and he determined that suspicion and distrust should no longer control him.

The mind must have food; he would create new interest by joining the Farmers' Club, and subscribing for new periodicals; yes, and he would pay more attention to educational interests, and identify himself with church and town affairs.

Farmer Crehore was making ready for the new year; he was a man of few words, but his actions should give expression to the new purpose within.

Mrs. Crehore entered eagerly into his proposed plan for a New Year's dinner, and the pretty china service she received for her Christmas present added to the pleasure she felt in preparing the feast.

Our business at that festival is not with the bountifully spread table, but that the guests ranged around the board. There is the pastor who has striven in vain to pierce the cold exterior of his parishioner, and just beyond the pastor's wife is Abby, who had been desirous of "talking things over" the narrow, grasping brother-in-law, seated just beyond, looks strangely ill at ease, although the invitation said as plainly as words, that by-gones were to be by-gones. There is the teacher from the little school-house. He can scarcely believe that his pleasant host and the man who met him so ungraciously a few weeks since are the same. And the young man at the foot of the table, shame-faced, yet happy, he, too, understands that the misdemeanor for which he was discharged is overlooked. On the wall above gleams the golden words that have been imprinted upon the heart of the host.

As they rise from the table, Farmer Crehore calls the minister's attention to it, saying, "I saw it first in your study, pastor, and it took a hold upon me I haven't been able to shake off."

The pastor needed no further explanation of the change that had surprised him; he warmly grasped the hand of his parishioner, saying, "Thank God; we will not only forward, but we will go forward together into the New Year."— Esther Converse in Golden Rule.

Good Results in Every Case.

D. A. Bradford, wholesale paper dealer of Chattanooga, Tenn., writes, that he was seriously afflicted with a severe cold that settled on his lungs: had tried many remedies without benefit. Being induced to try Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, did so and was entirely cured by use of a few bottles. Since which time he has used it in his family for all Coughs and Colds with best results. This is the experience of thousands whose lives have been saved by this Wonderful Discovery.

Trial Bottles free at Port & Son's Drug Store. The best time to subscribe for a news-paper is now. The FARMER \$2 a year.

A SPRING GREETING.

What is this the blue-birds call, Seeking mate and nesting tree, Fitting bright through forest hall, Merrily, cheerily!

"It is spring—the joyous all! This is what the blue-birds call. What is this the robins sing, Wooing from each leafing tree, Making all the woodland ring, Merrily, cheerily!

"It is a ring, glad some spring!" This is what the robins sing. What is this our blithe hearts say, As the wakened earth we see Brooding her robes so gay, Merrily, cheerily!

"Spring has come in spring's old way!" This is what our blithe hearts say. "Spring's old way," and spring's old song, Only sung in newer key: Gladdened lives to spring belong;— Merrily, cheerily!

Sing we then, sing loud and long, "Welcome, spring, in spring's old way!" —Mary Clark Huntington, in Good Housekeeping.

AN ANTISEPTIC SWEET.

Something About Saccharine, Its Virtue and Its Probable Future.

After giving the story of the discovery of saccharine by a German chemist (Fahlberg) at the Johns Hopkins University in Baltimore, Md., it is said that while it took a long time and much hard study to learn the philosophy of its production, it has taken eight years to reduce the manufacture of it to a commercial basis. It was formerly supposed that the physical quality of sweetness was typified by the carbo-hydrates; that is, the sugars and those starches which, by chemical treatment, are brought into the group. But Fahlberg's discovery does away with this old standard practically and scientifically. It is 230 times sweeter than the best cane sugar, equal to unity. What is more extraordinary, it differs wholly in principle from the carbo-hydrate group—that is, from all other known sugars—in not being susceptible to fermentation. Every house-wife knows how preserved fruit mildews, how jam molds and how yeast ferments and spoils. All these operations are the result of the action of organisms feeding on the sugar, heretofore an inseparable feature of all sweetening processes. But you can not produce fermentation in saccharine.

To the contrary, it is powerfully preservative—a quality it possesses in common with all the coal-tar products. Of this the correspondent says he had some curious illustrations from the samples Mr. Salamon had brought with him from Magdeburg. There were strawberries, for instance, put up over a year ago, which had never been cooked and which preserved absolutely their flavor of the garden. The jam had been boiled, but with the non-fermenting saccharine there was no boiling away, no need of skimming, with which ordinary sugar involves a loss of ten per cent. It is not necessary to speak of other samples. Every one can see what the effect must be, in all these lines of production, of substituting for ordinary sugars a sweetening power which can not ferment, and which is strongly preservative. Another novel and interesting quality of this new product is that it is strictly anti-diabetic. It passes through the system absolutely untouched. German physicians are making much of this phase of the discovery, and there has already been established an independent factory for the manufacture of anti-diabetic biscuits for the use of the large class of patients to whom all sweetening has heretofore been forbidden. An immense factory, with the best machinery and appliances, was started in Magdeburg, Germany, in February, employing between two hundred and three hundred workmen, to manufacture saccharine, with a capital of \$900,000. The correspondent says that "of course the principal idea of the introduction of saccharine, so far as America's sugar trade goes, is, that by combination with glucose, a sugar can be made which will drive cane sugar to the wall."

He was shown a sample of sugar, composed of two parts of saccharine and one thousand parts glucose, which seemed to sight and taste to be good enough sugar. The correspondent goes on to speculate upon the new industry and its effects as follows: "If a combination with saccharine can make a harmless, non-fermenting, non-crystallizing sugar out of glucose, at a cost enabling it to compete with, not to say drive out, cane sugar, then clearly a tremendous and commercial and sectional revolution will be at hand. Buffalo, Peoria and other centers of the glucose industry will have the Louisiana and West Indian trade and the great refining works of New York and California at their mercy. This seems among the possibilities, to state the case mildly, and it is surely worth thinking about."

The coal tar to be used in the Magdeburg factory comes from England, which country produces many thousands of tons of this product of gas making.—Light, Heat and Power.

A Funeral in Corea.

A Corean funeral is a sad affair. The female relatives, at least, do not accompany the body to the grave, and the mourning is done at the house and at the grave (if at all) by hired professional mourners. If the dead man was very poor he is carried to his grave on a bier of simplest construction, borne by two men, who often set their burden on the ground as they rest. The body is shielded from sight only by a semi-cylinder of paper, and it is placed in the grave with no coffin to hinder contact with the earth. The cost of burial in such a case is only about \$2.—Secul Cor. New York Post.

Slow to Reform.

Ruskin once said that any interference which tends to reform and protect the health of the masses is viewed by them as unwarranted interference with their vested right to inevitable disease and death. —A new extract of coal—pyrofluxin—exists in certain Russian bituminous coal to the extent of eighteen per cent. It is a powerful antiseptic, and is claimed to be a cheap and remarkably effective tanning agent.—Springfield (O.) Times.

Very often a hero is simply the man who does what you are afraid to do yourself.

LANTERNS AND LAMPS.

From the Ancients' Torches to the Burners of Modern Days.

Lanterns are an ancient institution. You remember that Diogenes used one in his eccentric efforts to discover something he did not believe in. The lanterns of the Greeks and Romans contained an oil lamp. Its sides were made of thin layers of horn, waxed parchment, linen or bladder. Glass lanterns were used in England as early as 705. They were expensive, however, and 1,000 years later the tin lantern was chiefly in use among the poor people. The Chinese excel in the manufacture of lanterns. They have used them for ages. Some of their mandarins have them built at a cost of thousands of dollars each. The word built is not out of place here, for these lanterns are twenty to thirty feet high and contain hundreds of candles. Their sides are often of rich colored silk. On Jan. 15 of each year they celebrate the "feast of the lanterns."

Why? Oh, it's a way they have—they are heathens, you know. No; candles are not the most primitive form of light. In Homer's time torches were used, even in the palaces of the wealthy. Rush lights, early in use, were rushes dipped in grease, pitch or wax. Lamp comes from a Greek word—lampas. The candles of Scripture are supposed to have been lamps in which olive oil was burned. The earliest lamps were shallow vessels of terra cotta, either round or oblong in shape. There was a small opening in the top in which the oil was poured; at the side was a handle, and opposite, a nozzle through which the wick protruded. This form of lamp is often represented in pictures. Many of them were ornamented with representations of war scenes and chariot races. Bronze lamps and golden lamps have been discovered of such beauty as to entitle them to rank among the choicest specimens of ancient arts. In the acropolis at Athens, according to a historian, was a golden lamp, large enough so that when filled it would burn night and day for a year. Above it was a bronze palm tree to carry off its fumes and act as a reflector. That was the kind of a lamp to have.

Speaking of primitive lamps, some are still to be found in the country districts. "While in West Virginia recently," said a traveling man, "I saw one that was primitive enough. A saucer was filled with grease, and over the edge of it hung a lighted wick. It spluttered some, but made enough light to render the darkness visible, and its heat was sufficient to light the pipes of the family. It was more used for that purpose than any other, it appeared to me, though it was the only light in the house. There are many people in the mountain regions whose only lights are tallow dips.

A form of the ancient Greek lamp is still in use among the Canadian French. In the remote districts of the land the cruise, a similar lamp, is sometimes found. Olive oil, ground nut oil, poppy oil or other vegetable oils are used in various districts of the world. In the tropical regions coconut oil is used in lamps. The trade of candle making, usually combined with that of soap boiling, was once an important one. Franklin worked at it until he ran away. The chandler made wicks, molded and dipped his candles until driven out of business by the general adoption of whale oil as an illuminant early in the present century.

Improved lamps were introduced about a century ago. A Frenchman named Argand, in 1784, invented a burner with two concentric tubes, the inner one open for a current to pass through and the outer one containing the wick. He had a metal chimney to make it draw and carry off the smoke. Somebody soon found out that a glass chimney was better for that purpose. Argand's lamp, variously modified and improved, is the parent of all the best modern lamps.

Various substitutes for whale oil were tried during the present century, but none came into general use until coal oil was introduced. It was first made from canal coal, and that is the way it got its name. The general development of the petroleum region in Pennsylvania, which began in 1859-60, soon destroyed the manufacture of coal oil, just as it was getting to be a profitable industry. Many improvements in lamps followed this discovery. But petroleum is not a new thing—neither is natural gas. Oil was found in a spring on Zacynthus or Zant, one of the Ionian islands, 2,000 years ago, and was burned in lamps in Sicily at an early age. It was known to the Indians and to the western pioneers of America, but somebody had to discover how to get it in quantities and use it before the knowledge became of value to the world.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Portraits in the Newspapers.

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett has decided views upon the appearance of the portraits of authors and prominent persons in newspapers or magazines. To a correspondent who recently solicited a copy of a portrait of herself for publication in a magazine the authoress wrote: "There is nothing more painful to contemplate than a picture of one's self in a book or newspaper. If one is a beauty one's reputation is instantly destroyed, and if one cannot afford to have any percentage taken off one's good looks the consequences are that one's secret hopes are blasted and one's most timid and modest confidence in one's self forever a ruin."—New York Star.

SCALDS and BURNS should have prompt and proper care or they may prove very dangerous and perhaps FATAL ACCIDENTS are constantly happening. A kick of a horse or cow may cause a bad bruise; the slip of an axe or knife may result in a serious cut.

Any of these things may happen to one of YOUR family at any moment. Have you a bottle of PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER ready for use in such cases? It has no equal for the cure of scalds, burns, cuts, swellings, bruises, sprains, sores, insect bites, etc.—All Druggists sell it. PERRY DAVIS & SON, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

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THIS GOOD OLD STAND-BY accomplishes for everybody exactly what is claimed for it. One of the reasons for the great popularity of the Mustang Liniment is found in its universal applicability. Everybody needs such a medicine. The Lumberman needs it in case of accident. The Housewife needs it for general family use. The Cattleman needs it for his teams and his men. The Mechanic needs it always on his work bench. The Miner needs it in case of emergency. The Pioneer needs it—can't get along without it. The Farmer needs it in his house, his stable, and his stock yard. The Steamboat man or the Boatman needs it in liberal supply afloat and ashore. The Horse-fancier needs it—it is his best friend and safest reliance. The Stock-grower needs it—it will save him thousands of dollars and a world of trouble. The Railroad man needs it and will need it so long as his life is a record of accidents and dangers. The Hackwoodsman needs it. There is nothing like it as an antidote for the dangers to life, limb and comfort which surround the pioneer. The Merchant needs it about his store among his employees. Accidents will happen, and when these come the Mustang Liniment is wanted at once. Keep a Bottle in the House. 'Tis the best of economy. Keep a Bottle in the Factory. Its immediate use in case of accident saves pain and loss of wages. Keep a Bottle Always in the Stable for use when wanted.

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