THE FRONT GATE.

An old and crippled gate am I,
And twenty years have passed
Since I was swung up high and dry
Betwixt those posts so fast;
But now I've grown so powerful weak—
Despised by man and beast—
I'm scarcely strong enough to squeak,
Although I'm never greased.

'Twas twenty years ago, I say,
When Mr. Enos White
Came kind of hanging 'round my way
'Most every other night.
He hung upon my starboard side
And she upon the tother
Till Susan Smith became his bride,
And in due time a mother.

I groaned intensely when I heard—
Despite I am no churl—
My doom breathed in a single word:
The baby was a girl!
And as she grew and grew and grew,
I loud bemoaned my fate;
For she was very fair to view,
And I—I was the gate!

Then, in due time a lover came,
Betokening my ruin,
A dapper fellow, Brown by name,
The grown up baby woo'n!
They sprang upon me in the gloam,
And talked of moon and star;
They are married now and live at home
Along with ma and pa.

My lot was happy for a year,
No courting night or day
I had no fought, I had no fear,
Bad luck would come my way.
But oh! this morning, save the mark!
There came a wild surprise,
A shadow flitted grim and dark
Across my sunny skies.

A doctor, with a knowing smile,
A nurse with face serene.
A bustle in the house the while.
Great Scott! what can it mean?
My hinges ache; the lock is weak,
My pockets in a whirl:
I hear that awful doctor speak:
It is another girl.

—Denver Tribune.

Girls on a Farm.

And what has already been said about out-of-door work for girls, the question comes up whether any have ever tried to manage a whole farm.

Yes, one of the best managed and best paying of the smaller farms in a certain rocky New England town, is at this moment owned and is being carried on by two maiden women, sisters.

Their father lost his property when the younger was thirteen, and after that he hired a farm, taking it on shares; but he seems to have made bad trades, was unfortunate, and though he changed about from place to place, did not better himself.

Meanwhile the children scattered as they grew old enough to take care of themselves, the boys eventually settling in life and having families of their own. The three girls went to a cotton factory, where they worked until they had laid by money enough to buy a small farm. One died, and the two others took her earnings and put with their own, and so were able to accomplish the sacred purpose of all those years of toil, and secure a place which should be a home for their parents, now getting along in years.

It took nearly all they had to pay for it and buy some cattle to stock it with; so they were not able to hire a man to help, and it was clearly the duty of one to work out of doors with her father, while the other cared for the house.

The very small sum they had left they put into a savings bank for a "rainy day;" and then and there they began life anew, owing no man anything, and resolved never to be in debt. The mother was feeble, and the father not very strong, so there was enough for these two brave girls to do. Dorothy stayed in the house, attending to the dairy and general work; Rebecca went out with her father into the fields, helping plant and hoe and do the haying and harvesting; and in winter she took all the care of the barn to save him from exposure. As he grew older, more and more devolved upon her, and for the last eight years of his life he did nothing at all.

The farm has sixty acres, an orchard, a pasture, fields for tillage and mowing, and a piece of woodland which supplies the family with fuel—just enough land, and none to spare. They do not have to buy wood, hay, grain, fruit or vegetables. They appear to have selected wisely, and their little "place" is all they could ask for.

This last year they raised thirty bushels of oats, fifty bushels of corn on the ear, and thirty bushels of sizable potatoes besides many small ones suitable for feeding out to the cows. They dried one hundred weight of apples, and sold over one hundred pounds of butter, having on hand at the time, they told me, a hundred and twenty-five pounds, waiting for a rise in the price. Besides they had some profit from eggs; and they had boiled down two barrels of cider ready to be used in "Shaker apple sauce." These were the chief items. The hay is fed out on the place.

They keep four cows, and generally find the dairy part of the farming the most profitable. Their butter is so nice that it always commands the highest price. "We have to plan according to circumstances about our produce," said Rebecca, "and watch the market as men would."

Neither of them has ever held plow or driven, mowed or reaped, but they have done nearly all other kinds of farm work. They hire a man to do the harder part. And they ask the advice of some experienced neighbor of the other sex, about "laying down" a piece of land, and the "rotation of crops." They manage carefully, and sell what they have to spare.

They have now spent by far the greater part of their lives on that sunny little farm in the hollow, and are getting to be elderly women.

They have more than they hoped for—a home for the parents, who both lived to be over ninety, and who had no cares or debts after these filial daughters took matters in their own hands; and they have had a good living, and are better off than when they began. For, besides owning the land and the modest house with its substantial and well-kept antique furniture, they have considerable money out at interest, "enough to carry them both through."

They have a common purse so far as their mutual interest is concerned, but if one wishes to buy a book, or subscribe for a newspaper, or go on a journey, she uses her own money. They have labored no harder than thousands of women who have nothing to show for it, while they have prospered in every way. They are sound-minded and intelligent, and have the respect of every one.

They were healthy and cheerful, and it is a pleasure to talk with them and to see their snug home, with its cosy outbuildings for the cows and pigs and poultry, and the picturesque bit of garden and orchard, and the out-lying fields.

Such is their simple, true story; and why cannot other girls who have laid by a few hundred dollars do as well?

Another woman in the same time has done even more than these. She has had the entire care of a farm of one hundred acres for twenty years—the old homestead of her family where she was born and brought up.

In her youth she learned a trade and worked in a shop, but the confinement was injurious to her, and so she went home and began to help her father in the corn-field and about the haying and harvesting; and she feels sure that by the change she saved her life.

From being in a dangerous condition with death threatening her she became robust, and now, at 60, is so strong and well that she looks as if she might live to be a hundred.

From necessity she gradually began to assume the whole management of the farm, having no brother, and the property eventually came into her hands. She now does her own work, just as any man-farmer would, plows all day, harrows, plants, sows, reaps.

She told me that she cuts twelve tons of hay (in which, of course, she has help). And last year she herself picked from her orchard 250 bushels of apples; she raised thirty bushels of potatoes, doing all the work, besides a great deal more.

As a sample of her in-door work, it may be said that she made and sold from her three cows two hundred pounds of butter, having churned seventy between the middle of October and the following January.

She seemed on my visit to her, perfectly willing to tell about her methods and her success; and her opinion was that women would do best in the dairy business. She has tried raising young stock, and in some years it is profitable, selling the animals when two or three years old. She always kept an excellent horse, and does most of her work with him, but occasionally has a neighbor come with a yoke of oxen.

The day we called, which was in midwinter, she had just driven into her dooryard with a load of wood, which she left on the sled while she took us in and entertained us. She was then living alone (though generally, I think, having some one with her,) and her only companion besides a cat was a most vigilant dog who kept a sharp watch on us.

The interior of her house was as tidy, cosy and comfortable as if its mistress made it her sole care; a pleasant, roomy, sunny, old-fashioned New England interior. And outside it represented the typical New England farmstead, a rambling, antique red house, large enough for two families, with a front door and a side door, and a great chimney suggestive of open fireplaces and baking days and profusion of substantial fare.

It faced the south, and a few lilac bushes grew beside the "walk;" and at the L was a grass-plat crossed by a hard-trodden path to the big barn. There a long row of windows let sunshine in on the dusty mows and the stalls, and before it was a great yard where a herd of young cattle were sunning themselves—altogether a thrifty, home-like, attractive place.

She said she enjoyed her out-of-door work; and she seemed as cheerful as she was clear-headed; a shrewd, bright, business woman, who knew just how to lay out her work, how to buy and sell, what crops would be most profitable, and all about farming. She was very companionable and interesting, full of information and of excellent judgment, but, as may be inferred, an original sort of person.

This is an extreme case, with which the pressure of circumstances has had much to do. But health, a cheerful spirit and absolute independence have been gained.

All three of these were in part forced to follow farming; and daughterly care of failing parents seemed to have had a large share in deciding their life's work. They have been exceptionally successful, are contented, are respected; and though no girls who read this may wish to venture on agriculture to such an extent, they may gain some suggestions about what women can do.

The Parental Relation.

"Children are a heritage from the Lord." The care of them is a sacred trust, and for the discharge of this trust parents are responsible to society and to God. The child is the sum of inherited traits from his parents and their ancestors, modified by the circumstances attending his introduction in life. In the hands of his natural or appointed guardians he is "as clay in the hands of the potter." They may not change its elementary constituents, but they may eliminate what would mar its perfect beauty when in its completed form, and they may incorporate with it some new quality; they certainly can mould it and make it into shape as they will, if they have the requisite moulding skill. Here is the great difficulty. The mother may be called on to train a child that by some unknown law resembles her husband's father, and has qualities widely different from those she or her husband possesses, qualities which she she knows not how to manage. What wisdom does she need that she may do the right thing, and especially that she should not do the wrong thing. This she can learn only by careful study of the child's character, and by close observation of the results of various methods of managing him. Marriages contracted between parties of widely different nationalities or temperaments or antecedents result in just such conditions of parental perplexity, and result also in satisfying thoughtful parents that systems of training for children should be flexible and adaptive rather than rigid and uniform. What is the making of one child may be the marring of his own brother. To hold, for example, a clear-headed, matter-of fact child to the utterance of the simple, unvarnished truth is an easy matter, but to hold an imaginative, enthusiastic, impulsive child to the same thing is impossible, and yet both children may be equally desirous to state the thing that is, or that seems to them to be. Then, in the matter of obedience, some children with a hearty frankness easily do just as they are told to do, others with an apparently proud concession, while both alike may be equally disposed to do what is lawfully required of them. The son who said, "I go not, sir," but "afterward repented and went," was the son who really did the will of his father.

It would seem that the first thing for a parent to do is to get acquainted with his child, and so to place his mind along the level of his child's mind and in such contact with it that he may understand its workings and so become familiar with all its approaches. He will then easily know how to regulate, direct and restrain its action, until the child becomes his own intelligent master, and no more needs the parental guidance. Most parents in a general way care for their children, and are disposed to do everything that can promote their interests. They provide a home, clothing and other comforts and necessaries, but never give time for exchange of ideas, of preferences, and for that intimate mutual understanding which is the basis of sympathy and friendship, and which leads the child to repose the most sacred confidences in the parent. There are no friendships purer or sweeter than those between parents and children. Sons who find in their father an elder brother, daughters who find in their mother an elder sister, seldom stray from the paths of virtue. Said a mother: "I scarcely ever played with my children, for I found that when I did so I was afterward unable to control them." If that mother had learned to play with her children without ceasing all the while to control them they would not have broken her heart as they afterwards did, by throwing off, with their minority, all restraint, and indulging unlimitedly in everything she had forbidden them. The most successful and beloved teachers and parents are those who enter most earnestly and heartily into the sports and enjoyments of the young in their charge, and through their affections thus acquire unbounded influence over them.

If men and women are but children of a larger growth, children are men and women of a lesser growth. Though both statements are equally true, we are much slower to accept the last than we are to accept the first. However tiny and puny and young the baby-man may be, he's a man for a' that," and when he comes to his estate, the wrongs and injustices done to the child will be the wrongs and injustices done to the man, and will be remembered as such. "If my father had only given me, when I was young, the one hundredth part of the money he left me when he died, I could have gone to school and could have made a much better record than I have. He kept me cultivating the farm when I ought to have been cultivating my mind. But he meant it for my good." So said a thoughtful farmer to his son, who was first leaving home to go to school.

A few fleeting years suffice to bring parents and children to the common plane of manhood and womanhood, where they are all subject to like conditions. Hunger, thirst, weariness, pain, sickness, death—the burden of life, like the pressure of the atmosphere which none escapes—in one form or another press with equal weight on all. The parents are for a little time permitted to pioneer for their children, to make a way for them and to prepare them and fortify them for the labors they must perform, the responsibilities they must assume, the sorrows they must suffer—to fit them to act well their part in the great drama of life.—N. Y. Tribune.

Pure Olive Oil.

"Nine dealers out of ten don't know what real choice olive oil is," said the buyer of a large importing house, "and it is not very strange, either, since but little of it is sent to our market."

"Can it be bought from any first class grocer?" he was asked.

"No, indeed. Olive oil can be bought but not the finest grades. If you had ever tasted the best you would readily believe what I have just said when you dressed your salad with the other. Oil of the finest quality has a faint, agreeable odor, and a delicious, indescribable taste. When spread over nice, crisp lettuce or used to dress a cucumber, it lends a flavor that requires actual experience to appreciate. Why, its a pleasure almost to look at its pale, greenish color."

"Why don't we get more of this oil? The best of everything else usually comes here."

"It is easily explained. There is not as much demand in America for choice oil as there is in Europe. Thousands of Americans will not taste oil under any consideration, while in Italy and the south of France the poorest person would think his meal incomplete without it. The best grades are kept for home consumption, while the rest is exported. Do you know that there is as many qualities of olive oil as you have fingers and toes, to say nothing of the almost hundreds of adulterations and imitations?"

"A high degree of skill is shown in the manufacture of olive oil. The thoroughly ripe olive yields about 70 per cent. of oil. The persons who make the finer kinds gather the fruit by hand as soon as it begins to color. It is spread under sheds, where it is allowed to remain, until most of the moisture is evaporated. The ripe olive is of a dark, purple color, and yields considerably more oil than that I have just spoken of. So you can see why the two oils should be of different value. The process of manufacturing the oil will give you a good idea of the grades.

"The olives are crushed to a pulp in a mill and then placed in sacks of loosely woven cloth. These sacks are piled one upon another and are submitted to pressure. The oil which flows from them is run into a vat containing water, from the surface of which it is afterwards dipped. The first pressing is called virgin oil. A second quality is obtained by mixing the pulp with very hot water and submitting it to additional pressure. Then there is a third pressing, after which the pulp is chemically treated for other grades."

"What kind of oil is used in the ordinary eating house?"

"It is an oil made from cotton seed, and has no more the taste of olive oil than it has of ginger. It is thick and, to me, very unpleasant. It is only in first-class hotels and restaurants that olive oil of any grade at all is served. There is also an oil made from ground nuts, which does not seem to be very popular. Of the cotton seed oil there is an immense sale."—N. Y. Sun.

A New England Farmer's "Summer Boarders."

This change in the method of disposing of milk has greatly affected another branch of farming—the raising of hogs. In years past every family had a number of porkers, who were fed on buttermilk. By this means the farmer killed two birds with one stone, for the refuse of the butter-making process was thus converted into American pork, that bug bear of Bismarck. But, with the stoppage of butter-making, buttermilk became extinct, and the hog—that is to say, the four-legged variety—has become almost a rarity.

With this source of revenue cut off, the farmers looked about for an opportunity to reimburse themselves, and they found it in "city boarders," who come out every summer from comfortable homes in New York, to stew and broil in the country, under the impression that they are having a "good time." Anxious to know something about the profits arising from this business, I inquired of an old farmer as to the result. The old man was meek-looking and talked affably. I said to him:

"Do you make much money here from summer boarders?"

The venerable cutter of grass looked pityingly at me over the tops of his glasses, as he replied:

"We farmers don't invite these folks out to the country 'cause we want society. Oh, no; we don't take in city boarders to lose money. I got a round dozen, all women and children up to my house, and the house ain't very big nuther. I got $72 a week out o' them 'ere people and I reckon I make $40 a week out of 'em."

"Does not the bracing air give them heavy appetites?" I inquired.

"Stuff and nonsense. Why, when they first come you'd think they'd never had nuthin' to eat; they want to eat all the time. When we first took boarders I kinder held in on 'em, but I found a trick worth two of that. I just let 'em pour down all the milk they want and eat all the apples they can, and soon the milk makes 'em billious and the apples give 'em the collic, and then they settle down kinder steady like. I'm generally about $300 ahead at the end of the season. I must git out here," added the old man as we came in front of a pleasant farm house. "Come down to prayer meetin' to-night." I thanked the old man and promised to attend, but failed to keep my promise.—Corr. Boston Transcript.

Uncle Sam's example: One of our most influential Georgia grangers was superintending affairs at his cotton press the other day, when he was accosted by a neighbor: "I see, colonel, that the tariff bill has passed." "Is that so? How about cotton ties?" "Still 35 per cent. ad valorem." "Well, here, you boys, thar! sift another shovel o' sand in the middle of that bale; I can't afford to reform until the tariff does." And the sifting wss strictly attended to.—Georgia Major.

INTERESTING TO WOODMEN.

In a country like ours, where wood is a burden to the land, we should not be compelled to pay such prices as is paid for cord wood all over this northwest coast. Capt. M G. Morgan, one of the pioneers of Sellwood—Portland's pleasant suburb—reasoned in that way and decided to invent a machine that would cut cord or stove wood at a much cheaper rate than has ever been done heretofore. It is an immense job to haul logs out of the woods to a heavy engine in order to saw them up So Captain Morgan has invented an engine and saw so light that two men can carry it into the woods and putting it down beside of a log, set it to work and saw the log out, without moving the log, no matter how large it is. The saw is a most ingenious invention, and will come into general use in nearly every logging camp on this coast as soon as its merits are known. The engine consists of a piece of steam pipe four inches by 48 or 56 inches stroke. The inside of the pipe is bored out smooth. A band with two trunnions is then shrunk around the outside of the tube about center way. The trunnions are for the purpose of sustaining the engine and giving the saw action. The ports of the engine are made of steam pipe. The steam is supplied out of hose through a rotary valve worked by a lever and an ingenious contrivance of a spring and an incline plane. The lever is worked by a long taper rod connecting with cross head. The saw is attached direct to the end of the engine's piston rod and is guided by rollers placed in the saw frame. The weight of the saw and engine is about 175 pounds. The whole machine is so simple that a school boy can run it, and cut from fifteen to eighteen cords of wood per day. Captain Morgan has the machine at work all the time at Sellwood, and desires those who are interested in such things to call and see it in operation. The captain is prepared to build and sell the machines to that desire them.

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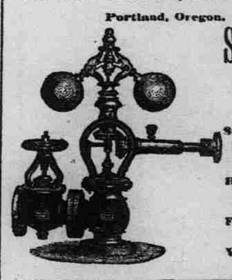
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