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FALLS ENCAMPMENT, No. 4, I. O. O. F. Meets at Odd Fellows' Hall on the first and third Tuesday of each month.

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HUMAN LIFE.

By LUCY M. CREMER. A ray of sunlight, falling to the earth, Pierced the dark world with its intense power, Loosened the cold, hard soil, and soon there sprung Into a perfect blossom a little flower.

A light wind blew the flower and stirred its leaves; It opened, and it whispered thus to me: "I felt the pain, the darkness and the chill Before I bloomed—and I am like to thee."

Then from the gloomy depths of my sad soul I heard a murmur softly, sweetly rise—"Life is the bursting seed of Love," it said, "Lies in the earth, to blossom in the skies."

TIED MOTHERS.

A little elbow leans upon your knee— Your first kiss that has so much to bear— A child's deep eyes are looking lovingly Upon your face, a child's hand is clasped tight, And you are not too tired to pray to-night.

It is blessedness! A year ago I did not see it as I do to-day— You are all here, my dear, and too slow To catch the sunshine till it slips away. And now it seems surprising strange to me, That while I wore the crown of motherhood I did not kiss more oft and tenderly.

And if, some night, when you sit down to rest, You could but kiss a mother's forehead, The restless curls that ring your head, If from your own the dimpled hands had slipped, And her warm nestle in your palm again, I could not blame you for your heartache then.

I wonder that some mothers ever fret Or that the little children clinging to their gown, Or that the mother who would kiss them, Is ever free enough to make them from.

It is a fact, my dear, a sad one, too— Of cap, or jacket, or my chamber door— And hear it patter in my house once more: If I could mend a broken cart to-day, To merrily make a kite to reach the sky, There is no woman on God's world who says She would more blissfully content than I!

But ah! the dainty, pretty content my own, My singing birdling from its nest has flown— The little boy I used to love—
—N. Y. Evening Post.

A POINT OF HONOR.

BY IDA ROLAND.

The little red school-house on the brow of a long hill, just at the edge of the village. A lonely place at this time, five o'clock in the afternoon; for the last barefooted urchin had disappeared down the long hill or an hour ago. It would seem that there was nothing to detain the pretty school mistress late; but she still sat behind her table, leaning her head upon her hand, and pondering, not over reports, or educational works, as one might think from her looks, but—love-letters.

There it lay, on the table before her, and in her mind, swinging in the balance, was the yes and no. Which should it be? Some girls find it an easy thing to engage themselves, and then they are chained to a life of misery and woe. But this Saidee Kempal was a conscientious little body, just un-fashionable enough to consider an engagement a serious thing, not to be entered into lightly; and when once formed, to be sacred as a binding contract.

She was trying to probe her heart, and discover her feelings toward the writer of this letter, who said that he loved her so tenderly, and could never be happy until she was his wife. The staidly fore you like as well. He has a good name nearer the conclusion than at first.

Perhaps, if she had seen a little more of the world, she could have decided sooner; but her days had been so bounded and hedged by home ties, and the quiet village life, that she had not yet learned the all-important lesson, a knowledge of her own heart. Her thoughts ran something like this:

"I like him—this Harry Barrows. I don't believe I shall ever see any one else who I can like as well. He has a good character, is wealthy, and loves me. If I say yes, everybody will be pleased, and I shall doubtless be very happy. No more pinching about money matters at home, or denigrating in the school-room. I wonder why I hesitate. I wish I was a child again, to be told what to do. If I go to mother, she will say, 'Do just what your heart tells you, my daughter,' when my heart won't tell me anything about it. She would be delighted, though, if I would say yes; and I could lighten her cares so much. It is such a worry to mothers to have so many daughters unsettled. Then there is Lina Grey. How surprised she would be! I believe she would rather like Harry herself. I believe I believe I will say—yes."

The conference was over, and springing lightly to her feet, she quickly closed the shutters for the night, and taking her wide hat, locked the door, and started down the hill.

She hurried on, for she knew it was getting late, and she had made an appointment to meet her friend, Lina Grey, under the great, weeping willow, by the edge of the lake, and the hour for the meeting had more than passed.

"Meet me at our old trysting-place, under the willow, by the lake," she had written.

Lina saw her coming, and rushed forward joyfully. "Hi! I thought you would never be here!" she cried. "I began to fear you hadn't got my note in time. I only returned last night, and had not time to see you writing, and went to school, so I wrote asking you to meet me here, for then I knew we could have a half-hour's chat, and all to ourselves, and that afterwards we could go home together."

"And I am so glad to see you again," said Saidee, leaning her head on her hand, and looking at her. "I've hardly known what to do without you."

They talked on and on, as young girls will, sitting on the fragrant grass, telling each of what the other had been doing, till suddenly Saidee's attention was attracted by the sound of a carriage wheel, and she saw a strange gentleman advancing.

Lina, too, looked around, and rose to her feet. "It is only Mr. Earle, mama's nephew," she cried. "He is to spend the summer with us, and half promised to meet me here; for I want you particularly to know him. Mr. Earle, this is my friend, Saidee Kempal, of whom I have so often spoken. Saidee, Mr. Ralph Earle."

The new comer took off his hat, with marked emphasis, and then shook Saidee cordially by the hand, looking at her admiringly, though not offensively, with a pair of rather handsome eyes.

"Not half so handsome as Harry's," thought Saidee, though she blushed under the gaze.

It was Lina who did most of the talking, as they walked home; she was so bright and merry, that it was a pleasure to listen to her. Such a gay summer as she planned! Saidee's school was to break up on the morrow, for a two months' vacation, and she would be at liberty to enjoy it with the rest. "And oh! won't we have a nice time?" cried Lina.

Near the gate Harry was waiting. He was introduced, in due form, to Mr. Earle, and then fell back with Saidee, and walked with her to the door.

"You go my letter?" he whispered, as soon as the others were out of hearing. "Is it to be yes, or no?"

There was a moment's silence, and the girl's heart beat loudly. Finally she raised her eyes to his face, and there was not a shadow of doubt in their clear depths, as she answered, "I think it is to be yes, Harry."

The glad tidings soon spread through the Kempal family, for there were no secrets in that house; and it pleased Saidee to feel that she had made them all happier. If she had liked Harry less than she did, she could not have helped but feel happier herself, to see the brightness she had brought into the house.

It was quite early on the first day of Saidee's vacation, when Lina's pony-phaeton stood at the Kempal gate; and under the white canopy, with its gay fringe, sat its owner, beckoning to her friend to slip on a hat, and step in beside Lina, was the work of an instant, and the two girls were soon busily talking, as the lazy pony jogged along.

There was a little reserve on Saidee's part, for she could not yet make up her mind to confide in Lina's engagement, but her friend was a burst of telling of her own affairs, that she did not notice it. After a while, she spoke of Ralph Earle.

"What do you think of him, anyway?" said Lina.

"I don't know. I hardly noticed him yesterday."

"There! I wish I could tell that to my royal highness. I shan't tell you now, why he said about you. Do you know why mamma has invited him here this summer?"

"For his health, I suppose. He looks badly."

"So he supposes. But that clever little woman has quite another idea in her head. She means that I shall marry him."

"Why, Lina?"

"Do you like him?"

"Do I like him? Of course I do. Ralph Earle is elegant. But it doesn't follow that I'm going to marry him. He isn't my style at all; it is altogether too deep for shallow me. I always liked him; but I shall hate him pretty soon, if my step-mamma does. I'm throwing me at his head in such an absurd manner."

"What can her object be? I never thought her overly fond of you."

"Oh, I don't know. It is an enigma. She adores Ralph, and he is poor. Well, I've got money. Do you understand?"

"You need not poor me. I am going to make myself just as disagreeable as possible. And I have a little plan in my head, and you must say yes. I want you to pack up and be ready, when I come for you to-morrow, to come and stay several weeks with me. Say yes, that's a dear."

"Not if you are going to put me in Mr. Earle's way," said Saidee, looking a little suspiciously at Lina's mischievous face.

"Nonsense, child! You need not look at him, if you feel that way. Only come; we will have grand times."

There was no opposition to this project, and the next day found Saidee seated in the great stone house on the river.

She loved luxury, and it was like a beautiful dream to live amid such elegance. She fancied that Mrs. Grey was not quite as pleased as she might have been with the arrangement; but Ralph was so pleasant, and Lina so delighted, that she did not mind it. Lina was right in pronouncing Ralph Earle elegant. He was a gentleman in every sense of the word; and although not remarkably handsome, his face was one that could be trusted forever. Mrs. Grey was a widow, and although wealthy this beautiful home belonged to Lina. So it was no wonder she was exerting her utmost to make a match between her favorite nephew and the heiress.

So the summer days passed on. Pleasant morning rambles in the old woods; lazy afternoons by the willow, at the trysting place beside the lake; and gay evenings over the piano, or on the croquet ground, one on the lawn, where Harry always joined them. Indeed, he was with them most of the time, and Saidee had grown quite used to being engaged. There was not much chance for love-making, as the rest did not know of it, and Lina, in trying to avoid Ralph, made it so that Saidee was his companion most of the time, while she appropriated Harry.

Saidee could not blame her, although she wondered how she could help loving the one her mother had selected for her. He was so brilliant and interesting; so different from any one she had ever met before. He seemed to understand her wants so well, and sympathize in all her tastes. So it happened, while Lina and Harry played games, or ran races on the lawn in their wild fashion, the other two sat on one of the rustic

seats that the old elms shaded, and read or talked. Ralph had that charm that is so irresistible in any one, a melodious voice. Saidee, to Saidee, when he read, that all the world was drifting away, and leaving them in an enchanted realm. "How happy days those were, and how swiftly they flew by! No one thought of the fact that was coming, to part them all. They lived in the happy present, and were satisfied. One day Saidee had promised Ralph to meet him at the rustic seat, and found, on going, that Mrs. Grey was before her. She seemed unusually gracious, and inclined to conversation, and, after a few commonplace salutes, said abruptly:

"I suppose you are aware of my wish concerning Laura?"

Saidee bowed her head.

"Lina persistently refuses to believe that I am disinterested in this matter, and I see, has made you feel the same. I am convinced that Mr. Earle is just the one for her. He is throwing away her best chance of happiness, in flirting as she does with Harry. As for Ralph, I know that if he were left alone, he would love her."

The last words were emphasized in such a manner that her listener could not help but understand.

"If you think I am interfering, you are mistaken."

"I will be frank with you," said the elder lady. "I feared you were becoming too much interested in my nephew, and I thought I would warn you."

The bright color faded from the girl's cheek, and a strange look came into her eyes. For a moment she was unable to feel that she had made them all happier. If she had liked Harry less than she did, she could not have helped but feel happier herself, to see the brightness she had brought into the house.

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Pure Water for Stock.

Professor Law, in a lecture on animal parasites, delivered before the Farmers' Club of Ithica, New York, a condensed report of which we find in the *Country Gentleman*, states that the intestinal worms which ingress to the animal through drinking impure water.

These animals, known as pin worms (*Ascaris equinum* and *S. tetraacanthum*, and *Oxyuris cerevicia* and *O. rinzera*), and which are only an inch or two in length, attack the mucous membranes, and bore their way into them, obstructing circulation, causing inflammation, and inducing cramps, colics and indigestion. Other species attack swine, sheep and poultry. Largely magnified representations of their eggs were also represented by charts. These eggs are swallowed by the animals in drinking impure water, and hence the importance of providing that which is pure and free from them. The eggs will remain unharmed in ice, even at the temperature of zero, and are unaffected by the heat of the sun's rays. They may be conveyed from the manure which contains them by subterranean streams into adjacent wells. In some places sheep have perished in large numbers from attacks of these animals, and their presence in swine is well-known; but horses suffer most.

The first thing to be done is to prevent their propagation. Hence pure water only should be supplied for drink. Rainwater is safest, as it cannot contain them. Springs and wells may be selected, if situated where there can be no infiltration. Porous soil, near manure heaps, may readily convey the eggs. Professor Law pointed out in detail the treatment of animals which contain them, and the use of proper medicines. The indications of the presence of these worms in the horse are a general malady appearance, irregularity with looseness or costiveness from internal derangement, rubbing of the tail, etc. The passage of the worms and eggs is shown by examination of the manure under the microscope. The whole of this lecture was scientific and practical, interesting and instructive in character.—*Royal New Yorker*.

SAGACITY OF ANIMALS.—Trained or performing horses are, generally, all of us have seen a horse fire a pistol, stand on two legs, walk, lie down with his trainer, and perform a hundred acts of sagacity; but these are simply the results of patient training and systematic instruction. But we read of a man who claims to understand the speech of horses, and who says that they understand him. When arguing with him that, though he might comprehend the meaning of the sounds emanating from the vocal chords of a horse, yet it was a patent impossibility for a horse to understand the English language, he replied: "Living, eating and sleeping with my horses, and knowing the knowledge I possess; and the same intuition has acquired for my horses the powers I claim for them." Here, turning to a slender, light-built gray pony, he said: "Billy, we are talking of you. If you understand what I am saying, turn your head round on the off side." The pony did so, and then resumed its feed.

"Billy," he continued, "tell me your age, how long you have lived here, and on which side is your friend Vesta."

The pony whinnied for about two minutes consecutively, and then, being loose in his stall, walked into the adjoining one occupied by the mare Vesta. Afterward both horses, at their master's command, went to the trough. This certainly seemed to establish the truth of the trainer's claims.

SUGAR FROM INDIAN CORN.—The manufacture of sugar out of ordinary corn is an industry that needs no encouragement to enable it to become a source of great natural wealth. It needs simply the removal of a tax on the tax on alcohol. The *Chicago Tribune* says:

"We have been shown a specimen of raw sugar manufactured near this city from corn. It is white and very sweet. To complete the good thing, the granulated sugar, alcohol must be used to remove the foreign matter contained in the crude product. A bushel of corn yields thirty pounds of raw sugar, and this when purified by alcohol gives twenty-seven pounds of granulated sugar, marketable at four cents a pound. In other words, a bushel of corn made into sugar would bring a dollar and eight cents. Our internal revenue system prohibits this development of the market for the farmer's corn, because, unlike that of more enlightened nations, it taxes alcohol destined for use in manufactures as heavily as that which is to be exported."

A VERY good rule is this: If you wish nine-tenths of the milk for butter-making, and only a small amount for cooking and the table, then the Jersey is preferable by far; but if the greater part of the milk goes directly to supply the endless wants of family consumption, then some other breed had better be selected. The milk of the Jersey drowns up its cream so quickly and so completely, that the milk is nearly worthless for any purpose in a few hours after being drawn, and I have known gentlemen to part with otherwise valuable animals for this reason and no other.—*Scientific Farmer*.

A CINCINNATI man was terribly annoyed by a young man who was courted by his daughter on account of the late hours he kept. He says that he concealed himself and brought a "cat's eye" lantern, with a blue glass, to stand upon him. The lover clapped his hand to his forehead, gave a wild look around the room, and, staggering to his feet, said he felt that he would have to go. And did. The old gentleman states that the dose will be repeated when he

Sprains.

Hall's *Journal of Health* gives a chapter on sprains, which may contain useful hints to sufferers from them:

Sprains or strains of the joints are very painful, and more tedious of recovery than a broken bone. When we call flesh is muscle; every muscle tapers down to a kind of string, which we call cord or sinew. The muscle is above the joint, and the sinewy part is below it, or vice versa; and the action is much like that of a string over a pulley. When the ankle, for example, is "sprained," the cord, tendon, or ligament (all mean the same thing), if torn in parts or whole, either in its body, or from its attachment to the bone, and inflammation—that is, a rush of blood to the spot—takes place as instantly as in case of a cut on the finger. Why? For two reasons. Some blood-vessels are situated, and every naturally joint contains their contents; and second, by an inflexible physiological law, an additional supply of blood is sent to the part to repair the damages, to glue, to make grow together, the torn parts. From this double supply of blood, the parts are overladen, as it were, and push out, causing what we call "swelling"—an accumulation of dead blood, so to speak. But dead blood cannot repair an injury.

Two things, then, are to be done: to get rid of it, and to allow the parts to grow together. But if the finger be cut, it will never heal as long as the wound is pressed apart every half hour, nor will a torn tendon grow together if it is stretched upon by the ceaseless movement of a joint; therefore, the first and indispensable step in every case of sprain, is perfect quietude of the part; a single bend of the joint will retard what nature has been hours in accomplishing. It is in this way that persons with