CONCLUSIONS.

If to wine liberty or no back
My lame pulse will not leap out,
And on life's threshold smiling stand
Unscathed to fears, unbraced to dodge,
I would not hide in very shrink
Alive to excitement hardly won,
Nor for the rosy dreams of youth,
Forego the fruits of manhood here.

If by some alchemist of fate,
Some swift and sure hobgoblinage,
The flowers which grew and bloomed late
Might crown the youthful days of dusk,
I would not lose the precious wine
Of sober life gotten, though dearly bought,
For youth would be no recompense
Were I to see what time has brought.

Or time I ask no miracle,
No backward turning of the clock,
But only that contentment will
In all life's varied suits be mark,
My cup is mine, I feel it drain,
Hold all its sweetness, all its pain,
I would not by, nor wish back time,
And so mark time eternal gain.

So may each passing year bring light,
And give me knowledge good and sure,
With patience for unpleasant sight
Toward shining heights, firm and secure.
I would each year a jewel turn
A glittering gem of strength and grace,
A crown of wisdom true and fair
And so gain a fair wreath in my place.

—Edna D. Packard in Springfield Homestead.

THE GOOD FOR NOTHING.

"Richard's main fault is that he's just good for nothing," said Josiah Broadhurst tapped the ashes out of his pipe in a very desponding way.

"I don't believe that, Josiah. Nature does not just such a good demonstrate a fine face for 'nothing.' Richard has not had a fair trial; that's all there is about it."

The subject of this conversation sat at an open window at the other end of the long parlors, and as the two older men looked toward him he raised his face from the book in his hand to follow the upward flight of a white winged flock of pigeons. Rational, full, deep set eyes and a bright, keen face, surrounded by soft, light curly hair. Most people would have looked at such a face in a man with this doubts and forebodings. His father did. Richard was a stray sod in a strong body in that plain, matter of fact family. None of the Broadhursts had ever been the land like him. Yeomen, wool staplers, spinners and weavers, good hard headed, hard fisted Yorkshiremen, what kin to them was this bright, clever youth, who looked like a knight just stepped out of a fairy book?

At first Richard's love of learning had rather amused his household. Old Josiah was not averse to seeing his son carry off all the honors of the school, and when people spoke of the lad's attainment and of the promising career before him he thought, of course, they meant that Richard would greatly increase the business of Broadhurst & Sons, and perhaps in the end get into parliament.

But Richard showed no disposition for business, and after a year of fruitless and aggravating efforts to find something he could do in the works the trial had been abandoned. His elder brothers, Stephen and Mark, were very fond of this lad, who was six years younger than either of them, and whose beauty and bright ways had been their pride for twenty years. Indeed, Richard's mother dying at his birth, these "big brothers" had adopted "little Dick" with all their hearts, and when he complained that the smell and noise of the workrooms sickened him, Stephen had spoken very decidedly to his father about forcing the trial further.

"There's plenty of brass I'd lend's back to keep him, father, an Mark an I can work hard for extra's. Let the lad be. He's worse like us."

And, Josiah, having also a tender spot in his heart for his youngest son, had sighed, and then left Richard very much to his own devices. But even now and then he wanded his grumble about the lad's idleness, good for nothing, and this night he had had it to his chief friend, the Rev. Simeon Sorley, rector of his parish.

Mr. Sorley knew Richard better than either his father or brothers, and he was glad the subject had been opened.

"Josiah," he said, gravely, "tell Stephen and Mark that I want Richard for four years. You can give him a thousand pounds, or not, just as you trust me, but at the end of that time I think I'll prove Richard Broadhurst no fool."

"What will then do w' him, Sam'el? Send him to Oxford?"

"Then must ask no questions, Josiah; I'll have the lad entirely at my own disposal."

Then the two men looked toward Richard again, but he had left his seat and was walking off toward Scarthon park. They walked to the window and watched him, and his father lifted the book he had laid down, and with a mixture of contempt and indignation threw it aside.

At this moment Stephen Broadhurst entered the room and said angrily:

"Father, Dick is off to Scarthon wood again. I'm willing sure's to let Dick play the fool f' our house, but drog me if he shall meddle f' t' squire's."

"What does you mean, Stephen?"

"I mean that our Dick an Miss Scarthon have gotten some love nonsense together. I know it. I'll tell thee how. Jim Harkness, going home from t' works, has seen them meet every night. Now, I won't have it."

Father and son were both equally angry and disturbed, but this communion so fanned the rector's proposition that it was eagerly seconded by Stephen and was expanded as settled. Then the rector put himself in Richard's way and met him just at dark outside Scarthon park. He was a tall man, broad in his old age, after his fashion, and their children, both temporally and spiritually, and therefore Richard was neither astonished nor offended when he said:

"Who have you been walking with, Dick? Tell me the truth, my son."

"With Agnes Scarthon, Sir."

The light of love was still in the young fellow's face, and the rector could not help noting how handsome he was. He did not say to him: "You have no right, Richard—the young lady is far beyond your station. You are going to mean a deal of trouble," and so on. On the contrary, he praised Agnes' beauty and worth, and then showed him how lovably the squire might refuse her hand to any man until he had done something to prove himself worthy of it.

"What can I do, sir?"

"I will tell you, Richard."

And then the old man took the young one's arm and talked so eloquently and earnestly that Richard caught his enthusiasm, and whatever Mr. Sorley's plan's were he entered heartily into them.

"You shall have every help that money can give you, Richard; only, mind, I will have no lovemaking, and your proceedings shall be kept a secret from all your friends. I don't want Stephen and Mark running up to me you and meddling in my plans."

One thing Richard, however, insisted on, he must see Agnes once more and tell her he was going away; and Mr. Sorley agreed to this, on condition that he saw the squire also. The first interview was easy and satisfactory enough; Agnes praised his ambition and genius, prophesied all sorts of honors to him and promised to wait faithfully for his return. Her father was a different person to manage, and Richard's heart quailed as he entered the squire's own peculiar parlor. It was a musty room, littered with odds and ends of hunting and fishing matters, and the squire was sitting on a big, old fashioned sofa, playing with a couple of thoroughbred black English terriers.

He said frankly enough:

"Good day, Richard Broadhurst," but he did not trouble himself to rise, for the Broadhursts had been tenants of Scarthon from the days of King Stephen. That in those cotton spinning days they had grown rich did not alter their position at all in Squire Scarthon's eyes. Fifty years ago the great land proprietor did not consider money as an equivalent for good birth; to the squire twenty Richard Broadhurst's were no would have done a favorite servant.

"Miss Scarthon says thou art going away, Richard. Where for, lad?"

"To study, sir."

"Yes, yes. When lad and money all are spent, thou learning is most excellent. I have always heard that, lad, but the father has money—why need thou go study?"

"Because, sir, I wish to make a good name, to become famous. Then, sir, perhaps, squire—then"——

"The dickens! Speak out lad—then what?"

"Then, sir, perhaps you will permit me to tell you how dearly I love Miss Scarthon."

"Eh, Richard. I shall never allow anything of the kind. If twere not for old Josiah I would say worse than this to thee. Come, Golden Cross Rattle! We will go to the hay field. I hope thy study, Richard, may teach thee to be more modest and sensible."

Richard watched the stately figure in its green coat, white corduroys and half top boots across the lawn, and then, with a very angry feeling in his heart, left the hall. He disappeared soon afterward, and after a few desultory inquiries from various acquaintances he seemed to be forgotten. The Broadhurst mills went on as usual. Josiah and Stephen and Mark passed to and from them as regularly as if their life was ordered by machinery, and once a week the rector went up to their house, smoked a pipe with Josiah and generally said, as he left:

"All is well with Richard, Josiah—very well indeed."

In the fourth year of his absence there was much trouble between the mill owners and the operatives. The masters were everywhere threatened, and many mills were set on fire, and the excitement and terror were hardly allayed even when the prominent offenders had been imprisoned. Think not that was one that affected the interests of all the manufacturing districts, and the quietous court house was crowded. Josiah, of course, was present. So were Mark and Stephen.

Now, if there was anything these men met had an almost idolatrous respect for, it was the paraphernalia of the law. Those adventurers in their black gowns, those grave men in their imposing wigs, those wise looking, stiff bound volumes, the pomp and ceremony of the sheriff's constables and criers were to them the most obvious representatives of the majesty of King Log law and power.

Concerns, then, their amazement, when, prominent among these garmed advocates, giving directions to other lawyers, and demanding himself as one having authority, was Richard Broadhurst! Old Josiah flushed and trembled and touched Stephen and Mark, who were also too much affected to do anything but gravely nod their heads. But when the arguments were over, and Richard Broadhurst rose as a special pleader in the matter, merely changed to amazement and amazement to enthusiasm. Such a speech had never been heard in West Riding before. It was showed and showed till even Yorkshiremen's lungs were weary.

The good rector had his reward when he stood behind his protege and saw the squire and the city magnates crowd around the brilliant young lawyer with their congratulations. But far greater was his joy when old Josiah and Stephen and Mark pressed forward with radiant faces and full hearts. They were too overcome to speak, and the happy father could say nothing but, "God bless thee sir!" while Stephen's and Mark's pride and love found its full expression in, "Well, Dick! Dick!" But no words could have been more satisfactory.

The good for nothing had found his vocation. Two years after his departure from Leeds he had been called to the bar at Grey's Inn, and since then, by his tact and eloquence, had made himself one of the acknowledged leaders of the Oxford circuit.

There was nothing now that his father and brothers would not have done for him, but he asked just the one thing Josiah was loath to move in, he wished him to speak to the squire about his daughter. Josiah promised, but he was thinking of depicting the business to the rector, when the way opened unexpectedly. Coming out of Leeds' lands he met the squire, who had a word of hearty congratulation. He frankly Josiah with a leer, then suddenly turned, and touching him, said:

"Josiah Broadhurst, your loans and mine have been long friends, eh?"

"Hey that, squire. Broadhurts served Scarthons when King Stephen was fighting for the crown of England; they are just as ready to serve them now."

"I believe it, Josiah. I want £4,000. My boy Roger has got into trouble. I would rather lose it to you than to mortgage Scarthon."

"Thou art worth more nor £10,000, squire, if thou need it, squire, an Josiah Broadhurst wants no security but Squire Scarthon's word—he was a bad son if he did."

Then Josiah, standing there on Northgate street, felt his back back on a bale of wool, and opening a blank check put it into the squire's hand.

The fewest words in such cases are best. With the tact of a true gentleman, he turned the conversation to Josiah's son, and finally, imitating a little, said:

"There was some bit of youthful lovemaking between Richard and my Agnes; thou didst not know it, Josiah, Josiah?"

"Yes; that for he were and away nobody, but he's no fool as you should be. There is no office w' him, squire. Love is beyond our ordering."

"I had no thought of it now. Richard has proved his metal. You may tell him if Agnes says 'Yes' will I'll never be the one to say 'No.'"

"Thank you, squire. It is a good farmer, sir, if so he pays! Money makes the money to the young men, squire. I won't draw a penny for you, an Richard Broadhurst did for the first squire of Scarthon; but I can draw a check for you, and I'm proud and glad to do it."

As Richard had secured Agnes—

"Yes," the future arrangements were easily settled, and within a year lovely Agnes Scarthon became Richard Broadhurst's wife, and the squire has had good cause to be proud of the alliance. Old Josiah also lived to see his son not only one of the most popular and accomplished of parliament for his county and a baron of the court of exchequer.

Thus the good for nothing in a sense sight was good for an honorable and noble career in a courtroom, in parliament, and our worldwide; neither an idle idyll.

How to Preserve Wooden Posts.

To preserve wooden posts from with in rail and a quarter apart from the butt of. Hot pitch to a distance that will be six inches above the ground when the post shall be set. Then char over a good fire for a quarter of an hour, so as to drive all moisture out of the butt of the butt through the hole bored; fill the hole with boiling coal tar and drive in a well fitted plug, which will act as a lip to trickle rain and force the tar into the hot pores of the wood, which will become thoroughly saturated and hold water tight for twenty years in place of four, as in ordinary cases.

A 4 inch post, long from one hole in its center, 6 inch, two, side by side, 3 inch, three, 2 inch, four. Posts which are already in the ground may be bored diagonally, filled with tar for the dry summer time, plugged up and equipped. Sleeper posts for floor joists should be treated in this manner, and thus time tares surrounded with a cup of purified tar, into which some lime could be. Posts thus treated cannot decay.—Richmond News.

Antique Customs.

There are several strange survivals of antiquity in this country, rendered strange by our usual lack of reverence for aught but "the dollar." The judges of the court of appeals in robes is one such survival; the classical of the mayor of New York city, who carries the mayor's flag on certain public occasions, is another.

In New Jersey, where they had a king long after the rest of this country had sent its king to the right about, they have some strange survivals. For instance, the two companies of adventurers that founded colonies in New Jersey so far back as the time of Charles II of England, still maintain a legal existence. Annual meetings, the East Jersey company at Perth Amboy, the West Jersey company at Burlington, divide some decreasing funds among the proprietors, and generally comport themselves as if much more life was in them than really is.

"German Syrup"

A Cough and Croup Medicine.

For children a medicine should be absolutely reliable. A mother must be able to pin her faith to it as to her Bible. It must contain nothing violent, uncertain, or dangerous. It must be standard in material and manufacture. It must be plain and simple to administer; easy and pleasant to take. The child must like it. It must be prompt to action, giving immediate relief, as children' troubles come quick, grow fast, and end fatally or otherwise in a very short time. It must not only relieve quick but bring them around quick, as children think and live and spend their constitutions under long confinement. It must do its work in moderate doses. A large quantity of medicine in a child is not desirable. It must not interfere with the child's spirits, appetite or general health. These things suit old as well as young folks, and make Boschee's German Syrup the favorite family medicine.

The Liebig COMPANY

Have for many years been prepared by the Liebig Company, under the direction of Professor Liebig, the Extract of Beef, which has been used in the United States, Canada and Europe, and is recommended by Liebig, Pettenkofer, Liebig, Liebig, Liebig