When the Crop's Laid By.

There's a brighter world
And a bluer sky,
When the crop's laid by,
When the crop's laid by;
The sun can blaze his best on high,
And the long, long rain can sob and sigh;
But there's still a light in the farmer's eye
When the crop's laid by!

There's a brighter world
Where the wild doves fly,
When the crop's laid by,
When the crop's laid by;
The children romp where the gold sheaves lie,
The pigs grunt happily in the stye,
And the bright head dances on the rye
When the crop's laid by!

—Atlanta Constitution.

A WOMAN'S WAY.

It was a bright winter morning, and Mr. Segrist's two pretty nieces had just come down stairs as fresh as Hebe. Very pretty girls they were, in a delicate, womanly fashion, although nobody would ever have been reminded by them of the Venus de Medici, and not an artist had ever thought of asking them to sit for a Madonna. It is the every-day style of beauty that wears best.

"So he has failed, has he?" said Cora to her uncle, who had just been promulgating the news of the day from behind his newspayer. "What a pity! and he was so nice and agreeable."

"Failed!—Mr. Kirkwood!" echoed Lisa, her cheek losing a shade or so of its bloom. "Oh, uncle, how did that happen?"

"As most failures happen, my dear," said Mr. Segriss, folding up his paper. "Too much press of canvas and too little ballast. It is a pity; he was a good young fellow enough, and this will throw him back twenty years."

Lisa sat thinking, her pansy eyes fixed intently on the pattern of the table-cloth, her red lips apart, until her sister's clear, bird-like voice roused her from the temporary abstraction.

"Upon my word, Lisa," the elder cried, merrily, "I do believe you are in a trance. Why don't you answer my question?"

Lisa started, both cheeks suddenly crimsoning.

"I—I was thinking, Cora. What was it you asked me?"

"About our ball-dresses for tomorrow evening."

"Oh, Cora," cried downright Lisa, "how can you talk about ball-dresses when—when you remember who was to have taken you there?"

"Mr. Kirkwood?" said Cora calmly. "Of course he'll not go now, but we can easily send for Cousin George."

"Then you really mean to go."

"Of course. Why shouldn't I?"

"I think he loved you, Cora," said Lisa, in a low voice; "and you thought so, too."

"He must learn to unlove me, then, said the elder sister with, a musical little laugh, as Cora calmly poured out a second cup of coffee for her uncle.

"But Cora," pleaded her sister, "it isn't as if you yourself were poor. You know we will have a little money of our own."

"Very true, wise Lisa; but I mean to keep my own and not to spend it in bolstering up the ruined fortunes of any unlucky speculator. No, no, child; my husband must bring money of his own, not be a drain upon my slender resources."

Lisa shook her head.

"That sounds very worldly," said she.

"Does it? Now I think it has just the common-sensical sound to it. People must look at these things from a practical point of view."

"Uncle!" cried Lisa, almost passionately, "don't you think she ought to like him all the better because he is in trouble?"

"My dear, my dear," said the old gentleman, composedly, "I can't pretend to judge of these things. You girls must manage to settle your own affairs."

"My mind is quite made up already," said Cora Segrist calmly.

And when poor Guy Kirkwood's card came up that afternoon Bessie, the maid, came courtesying demurely down into the parlor with:

"Please, sir, Miss Cora is engaged."

Guy Kirkwood went slowly and sadly away, without answering a single word. If only she had remained true to him, but now—

Well, such was the way of the world.

"Uncle, can I speak to you for a minute?"

Mr. Segrist, setting away the piles of dusty papers in his library, started at the sound of the soft, bell-like voice.

"My child, I thought you and Cora had gone to the ball."

"Cora has gone, Uncle; but I thought I would rather remain at home. Uncle—" And here she paused and hesitated.

"Well, child, what is it?"

"You are my guardian and trustee, uncle," she went on, as if forcing herself to speak. "Will you tell me how much money Cora and I have each got?"

"About ten thousand dollars, Lisa."

"And can I do as I please with it?"

"That depends on circumstances. Probably yes."

"Well, uncle, I want to lend it to Mr. Kirkwood to help him get into business again."

"Child, for what?"

"Because he has no friends left, uncle; because I feel so sorry for him," said Lisa Segrist, with deepening color and downcast eyes. "And, uncle, he must not know who let him have it."

"Why not?"

"Oh, because I couldn't bear to have him know. It could be managed, couldn't it?"

"Yes, I suppose. But are you really in earnest, Lisa?"

"Yes, uncle."

"Well, well, child," said Uncle Segrist, smiling, though he was in reality deeply moved. "You shall have your own way."

The next week Mr. Kirkwood's lawyer informed him that ten thousand dollars lay at his banking house, subject to his draft or order at any time.

"Ten thousand dollars!" cried poor Guy, quite overwhelmed. "Who would lend me ten thousand dollars?"

"That is what I am not at liberty to inform you," said Mr. Jessup.

And it was in vain that Guy Kirkwood, marshalling in his memory all his probable and improbable friends, tried to fix the benefit upon one or the other of them. He could not place it; he must just accept it in the spirit in which it had been given.

"And I will try to prove to my unknown friend," he said in a choking voice, "that the favor has not been bestowed in vain. Upon this foundation I will build up the beginning of a more prosperous career."

Kirkwood's words proved almost prophetic. Five years from that time he had not only regained his former position in the commercial world, but he had shot beyond it; and Cora Segrist, who in the meantime had indulged in several futile flirtations and broken off two engagements, began seriously to consider the propriety of once more spreading her net for the bird she had let fly so long ago.

"Because I really am getting quite middle-aged!" said Cora demurely; "and Mr. Kirkwood is certainly more charming than ever."

Guy Kirkwood came often to Segrist's mansion; but Cora, disposed though she was to take the most favorable view of matters, could not but see that it was more on her sister's account than her own.

"Does he really care for her, I wonder?" thought Cora; "or is it only to revenge himself upon me for the manner in which I dismissed him five years ago? Nonsense! Lisa isn't half as pretty as I am, and she never was. I shall win this battle yet."

Mr. Kirkwood had just posted a letter—a missive whereon hung his fate—directed to Lisa Segrist. For he had learned to love the shy, gentle girl, and, lacking courage to tell her so in words, he had put the substance of his heart hope on paper.

From the post office he went directly to old Jessop's law sanctum.

"Have you paid back that ten thousand dollars, according to my orders?" he said.

"I paid it today, with legal interest, both simple and compound, for five years," answered Jessop succinctly.

"I only wish I knew whom to thank for this stepping-stone to fortune."

Old Mr. Segrist, who was sitting by, looked up queerly, over the tops of his spectacle glasses.

"What would you give to know, Guy?" said he.

"Half I am worth," was the impulsive answer.

"Well," chuckled the old man, "I can tell you on cheaper terms than that. I was bound over to secrecy for five years, but the time was up last week. Your mysterious, good angel was none other than my little niece Lisa."

Kirkwood colored—his heart gave a great upward bound. Lisa! his Lisa! He turned silently away, and left the office.

"A curious way of acknowledging a favor!" cried Mr. Segrist a little testily.

"Hem!" commented Mr. Jessop. "There are some people who feel too little to say 'thank'e,' and some who feel too much. My client, I rather think, belongs to the latter class. I do not believe he is ungrateful."

"Not either—on the whole," said Mr. Segrist, repenting him of his haste.

As for Guy, he went straight to Lisa.

"Lisa," he said, "I have written you a letter which you will probably receive tomorrow morning, but I cannot wait for it to come now. I have learned this evening whose hand lifted me from the deeps of poverty and discouragement—whose hidden bounty carved out a new path for me. Lisa, there is but one way to pay you; to give you myself and my whole heart, if you will deign to accept the poor return."

Lisa had grown very pale and quiet.

"No," she said, "I accept no mere tribute of gratitude."

"But, Lisa, the letter which I wrote to you before I heard these things—the letter asking you to be my wife—you must answer that now," he pleaded, refusing to let go her trembling hand. "You have said no to my second offer; what say you to my first?"

The roses had returned to Lisa's cheek, the soft light of her eyes, as she put the other hand willingly in Kirkwood's, and answered:

"Yes."—New York News.

Cold-Storage Cats.

The adaptability of rats and cats to all diversities of climate is exemplified by their presence and activity in the cold-storage warehouses of this city, where the temperature is never above thirty degrees. Strangely enough, their acclimation has been attended by marked changes in their appearance. The first rats which attempted to earn their subsistence in one of the Delaware avenue warehouses were unable to stand the exposure and died. However, an unusually hardy colony stuck to it, and their progeny are now provided with wonderfully long and thick hair, even their long tails being covered with fur. They have developed into fat old rascals, and the cats which were introduced to thin their ranks have also been equipped through nature's bounty. The cats have developed very close, thick fur, and their whiskers have grown to a length of six inches, probably because the darkness makes the use of their feelers much more important.—Philadelphia Record.

Reasoning From Analogy.

"Mamma," said the baby, "what are you soaking your feet for?"

"Because my head aches, dear."

The baby was evidently puzzled and remained wrapt in thought for a few minutes. Then he broke the silence again.

"Mamma, if your feet ached would you soak your head?"—Truth.

At the Front Door.

He—Can I see Miss Smith?

Servant (who knows him)—No, sir; she's out.

He—Out where? Out with some other fellow?

Servant—No, sir; she's out with you, sir. That's what she told me, sir.—Detroit Free Free Press.

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

AN AMERICAN CONTRALTO.

Mme. Belle Cole, the American contralto, who has gained so great popularity throughout England, is making an Australian tour, for which she receives $25,000 and expenses. A year ago she came all the way from London to participate in a concert for the benefit of the church which she attended when she lived in Jamestown, N. Y. She paid all her expenses of the trip and after the concert gave the church a check of $250.—Chicago Record.

VELVET WILL BE WORN.

Models are coming to town by every German, English and French steamer, and among the new styles are silk velvets. There seems to be a determination on the part of designers to force that fabric on Fashion, whether she will or will not. The opinion among ladies' tailors in New York is that it will take. The velvet coats are really very handsome. They are short, shown in fruit colors, superbly made, and intended to be worn with any skirt at matinees and other morning affairs.—New York Times.

WHY BLACK KID GLOVES CROCK.

All black kid gloves, even the best, rub off or stain. The cheap gloves "crock" so much that fidgety people often go about with blackened features. Unsalable colors are returned to the manufacturers, who dies them black and sends them back or to another market. Now, it is very difficult to make a painted glove take a black dye, and impossible almost to make it a firm or fast black. To keep the dye "set" the skin is oiled and when the oil evaporates the black runs or stains. It is for this reason that a fine black kid glove cannot be sold in this country for less than $1.75. Dealers who offer short gloves for less lose money in the transaction.

FIGURES ARE HER FORTE.

Miss Johnson, the brilliant lady mathematician, who is actually the Senior Wrangler this year at Cambridge, England, is not by any means a blue-stocking. She is a very rosy-cheeked, merry-eyed girl, who appears to spend the greater part of her time playing tennis and laughing with her fellow students. She never really studies hard, as mathematics are as easy to her as the five finger exercise to most girls, and she declars that she can scarcely remember the time when she could not master figures. She is of humble parentage, and has practically paid for her own education, as she has held scholarships ever since she attended a public school in Cambridge.—New York Journal.

'BLUET THE NEW CRY.

Bluet is the new cry. It is said that Paris is responsible for the bluet craze, but in reality it ought to be laid at the door of victorious Yale, since the bluet color is just the shade of the flags that the old college has been waving so proudly for some time. It means even a greater rage for the flowers called bachelors' buttons, corn flowers and bluets. Hats are trimmed entirely with bluets veiled in tulle of the bluet color, and the collet for the neck is made of bluet-colored tulle, shirred several times in the front with a large pompon of bluet tulle just forward of the ears. Bluet ribbons are used on black and white and cream color gowns. A burnt straw hat had a bird of a shade to match, veiled in bluet tulle and hats are trimmed entirely with the tulle in perfect clouds. If you do not wear bluet in some shape or other you are not up to the latest date.—St. Louis Star Sayings.

DAINTY LINGERIE.

Women who are fastidious concerning the daintiness of their lingerie will be pleased to hear of a new material for making fine undergarments. Heretofore French batiste has excelled all other fabrics in delicacy of texture; elegantes have for some time past refused to buy any other stuff. But really batiste is shockingly expensive, and besides it is too frail to endure the rough handling usually meeted out to one's clothes in the laundry. Fancy, then, what a boon is the discovery of China linen, imported direct from the orient and possessing every imaginable virtue. The goods is woven of attenuated threads of ramie, is thin and light, has a marvelous gloss and is cool as rose leaves next the skin. Its wearing qualities are surprising, and even from the crudest washing it comes out crisp and smooth as satin. The best grade is thirty-five inches wide and costs about ninety-cents a yard, and once used it wins and holds its own.

HOW MANY HATS TO HAVE.

Unless one can have a hat for every gown, fashion has decreed that the chapeaux shall match the toilet with which they are worn. If not of the same color they must at least have a touch of the same colors in the trimming. Women of moderate means would find half a dozen hats a matter of serious expense, but they get around it in a novel manner. If there are two or three girls in the family one of them spends a week in the spring and one in the fall in one of the big millinery houses, where they learn all the tricks of twisting ribbons and velvet and adjusting of feathers and flowers. The raw material is not as expensive as the "know how" to put it together, so it is much cheaper to pay $10 for a week's lessons, which will enable one to construct hats for a half dozen for a whole season at a trifling cost, than to pay out $10 for each hat and have the supply limited.—Washington Star.

FASHION NOTES.

Jet belts are very dressy to wear with silk blouses.

Fall bonnets will be without strings, but they have ample bows of silk or velvet ribbon.

Changeable mirror velvet will be popular this fall for trimming silk and fine woolen costumes and for fine millinery.

One of the Parisian novelties is a cream gauze ribbon, with white satin stripes and tiny bouquets of flowers in green, blue and yellow.

The bodice is often a sleeveless jacket of cashmere, worn over a full, silk blouse, with large sleeves finished with one, two or three puffs above the elbow.

Some new brooches are of single large stones, ruby, amethyst, topaz or emerald, set in gold, but in such fine designs that it gives out almost as many flashes of light as small diamonds.

Twisted folds of velvet are used to festoon, being finished at the top with rosettes. In making rosettes of material a circular piece and gather the edge and draw up close and fasten in the centre.

In Paris one of the newest fads is to have the silk petticoat match the colored blouse worn with a black silk skirt. Elaborate trimming, strange to say, does not obtain favor in this French centre of fashion.

Stiff bunches of tiny rosebuds are used on hats. They are invariably used in twin fashion and not infrequently make a pretty nest from which aigrettes, single quills or single narrow loops or ribbon stand defiantly erect.

Afternoon dresses of ecru grass linen in a dark shade of tan are made up into very dressy yet simple gowns, trimmed with bands of lace insertion and ribbon bows, and with hat, gloves, parasol and canvas shoes to match the lace the effect is very pretty.

A very stylish travelling suit is of dark blue silk of the waterproof make, with a hair line of black in it. The frock was very simply made, the style of the outfit being in the very modish and well-fitting dust cloak of the same material which accompanied it.

Black ribbon, satin and moire is used a great deal on all gowns. Even very light-colored crepons, ginghams, and percales have belts, bows and ends of black ribbon. The contrast is, while striking from its novelty, very effective, particularly on wash gowns.

A new dress material is called "Venetian," and is to take the place of cashmere, and a silk check called "Scotch llama," is very soft and fine in texture. Tiny checks are becoming very popular for walking dresses, bicycling costumes and dressy dinner gowns.

For travelling gowns the new waterproof silk has superseded those former indispensables, flannels and serge. These are still seaside favorites, but for car travel the smooth surface of the new fabric or the less expensive mohair prove themselves better dust shedders.

All new sleeves reach well over the hand, and do away with the necessity of the long-wristed glove. The short elbow sleeve that has been popular with young ladies for house wear will continue in neglige, in the elaborate dinner dresses and wherever a strictly tailor size is not de rigueur.

Washing fabrics are not having the run they had a few years since, when they occupied the places taken by the serge and tweed tailor made dresses with shirt or blouse. But there is a variety of zephirs and linens, and some charming self-color ribbed cottons of the pique style, but softer. In manye these make exquisite dresses.

Some of the new overskirts are pointed sharply in front and at the back, like those introduced early in the spring. These are made of two breadths of double-width cashmere taken cornerwise, one corner being cut off from each breadth and shaped in to fit at the waist front and back. One bias point is thus made to fall in the centre of the back and in the centre of the front. Sloping seams are taken in at the sides, joining the two breadths together. Sometimes band of satin ribbon trim these overskirts, and sometimes the reverse is the case, the trimming being confined to under skirt.

A Royal Infant's Cradle.

The cradle in which the infant son of the Duke and Duchess of York reposes is a gift from the Queen, and bears an inscription to the effect that it was made in 1840 for the Princess Royal, was used for all her majesty's children, and was given by the Queen to the Duchess of York in 1894. The Queen commissioned the firm of Edmonds & Orr, Wigmore street, to fit it up with pure white satin and Honiton lace, and as the bassinette is itself in white wood, there is no color about it. The Queen has also given a second cradle to the Duchess, made of mahogany, inlaid with fine gilding. This is fitted up with blue spede in delicately pale tones of color. The bedding provided for both cradles is of the softest and lightest description. The sheets are of Irish lawn bordered with Valenciennes lace, and the blankets are of Pyrenean wool, very white, and weighing very little, the texture more nearly resembling eiderdown than flannel. Two small eiderdown quilts have been provided for the baby's use, one white and one pale pink.—London News.

Plums as Olives.

In spite of the steady increase of olive orchards in California the demand is so far greater than the supply that great quantities of plums are used in their place. The plums are bought green, sold to the large packing-houses of the country and appear on the table as the best imported olives. They are now of the right size for treatment as French or Italian olives, as the demand may be.

The plum orchards of New York supply the greater part of these American olives. One grower has sold the crop of 7,000 trees, amounting to some 15,000 or 20,000 bushels, to an olive pickler. This represents only a small portion of the green plums that are sold for olive pickling by the fruit-growers of the State.—New York World.

Force of Habit.

Young lady (writing a love letter for the kitchen-maid):—That's about enough now, isn't it?

Kitchen-maid—One thing more, miss; just please excuse bad spellin' and writin'.—Philadelphia Life.

FOREST FIRES.

Why Their Destructive Fury is so Irresistible.

Fierce Heat Makes Vegetation Dry as Tinder.

An article on forest fires by F. L. Oswald, in a recent number of Lippincott's Magazine, explains why such conflagrations as those that have recently covered Minnesota with desolation are so irresistible in their destructive fury.

A fierce furnace heat precedes the forest fire, and prepares all vegetable matter for the flames by drying it till it is as inflammable as tinder. "At a distance," says Mr. Oswald, "of 300 yards from the actual flames of a forest fire near Rockwood, Tennessee, a Fahrenheit thermometer quickly rose to the top of the scale." "Sparks fell all around us," says a witness of a recent fire in Oregon, "and the air felt like a flame, though the distance to the next burning trees was about a quarter of a mile."

The futility of resistance is illustrated by the experience of a farmer during the Saginaw Bay fire of 1875. "He had surrounded his farm," says the writer, "with a clearing from sixty to eighty yards wide, in the hope of saving at least the main building, but the conflagration overleaped that barrier at the first attempt. The dwelling house, barn and stables caught fire almost simultaneously from a shower of flying sparks that swept ahead."

As the forest fire sometimes advances at the rate of fifteen miles an hour it often causes, in densely wooded regions, enormous losses before its progress is at last arrested. No exhibition of the elemental forces of nature so completely reduces man to helplessness.

The fire's advance is heralded first by a parching wind. The air is stifling. Wild animals, driven from their hiding-places, scurry by, seeking the open fields. Then there is an incessant crash of falling trees, mingled with a widespread crackling of the dry underbrush and the roar of the flames. The heat is most intense and searching.

In Allegany County, Maryland," says Mr. Oswald, "after a recent fire, dogwood roots were found scorched to a depth of eighteen inches, and a little ground squirrel was found dead in its burrow at a vertical depth of about two feet."

The manner in which the great forest fire is believed to be limited in its ravages is curious. According to the accepted theory, the air over a burning area, rarified by the intense heat, is pushed upward by the colder and heavier air of the surrounding area. This draught of cold air rushing in from all sides and becoming more and more powerful, at length drives the flames back upon the centre of the burned district, where the conflagration dies out for lack of fuel.—New York Recorder.

Flying Squirrels as Pets.

I discovered an old flying squirrel in a dead stump. I caught her by stopping up the hole through which she entered her nest and sawing off the top of the stump. I brought it home and tied it to the wall in a small room, which I used at one time for an aviary. I carefully cut out a square piece from the back of the stump, and held this piece in place by wire, so that I could easily look into the nest. I was surprised on the second day to find five young squirrels in the nest, and was still more surprised to find that the mother, wild and frightened as she was, continued to raise her young ones in captivity. She was very cross, and I had to wear heavy gloves to push her from the nest when I wished to see her young ones. She rarely came out to feed until evening. The squirrels did not open their eyes for nearly three weeks. Soon after that they began to scramble around outside. I had great difficulty in feeding them; for I could find nothing they liked, except hickory and hazel nut. I let the mother go, for she did not seem to enjoy captivity, but the young ones became tame and thrived well. I would like to hear if any one knows anything about the food of the flying squirrel.—Forest and Stream.

Ordered.

One day, a few years ago, Prince Bismarck was walking with the Emperor of Russia in the summer garden of St. Petersburg, when coming upon a soldier on guard in the centre of the lawn, he took the liberty of asking him why the man was stationed there. The Czar of all the Russias did not know. The soldier did not know, except that he had been ordered there.

The adjutant was then dispatched to ask the officer of the watch, whose reply tallied with the sentinel's—"Ordered."

Curiosity having been awakened, military records were searched without yielding any satisfactory solution.

At last an old servant-man was routed out, who remembered hearing his father relate that the Empress Catherine II. over 100 years ago, had found a snowdrop on that particular spot and given orders to protect it from being plucked. No other device could be thought of than guarding it by a sentinel. The order once issued was left in force for a century.—Edinburgh Scotsman.

To Revive from Fainting.

Fainting proceeds from different causes, the most common being a disturbance of the circulation of the blood in the brain. For an ordinary fainting fit lay the patient flat. Great harm has often resulted from the treatment by ignorant people in trying to make the patient sit up, or propping up the head on pillows. To send the blood back from the heart to the brain the flat posture is absolutely necessary. Let the patient lie so that the feet are higher than the head, throw the clothes about the chest and throat open, sponge the face with cold water and give some cold water to drink.—New York Advertiser.

The pecan trees of Texas yield every year 9,000,000 pounds of nuts.

FOR FARM AND GARDEN.

VALUE OF FEED.

Every farmer should make it a point to save every bit of feed possible. It will all be needed this year. The drought in the West has cut short hay, oats and corn over a vast extent of country, and lack of pasture has compelled feeding what should be laid by for winter. The lack of feed will cause an early rush of poor, half-fatted and inferior stock to market. Those who have the feed will do well to keep their stock till this rush is over. Good, well-fed stock ought to bring remunerative prices later on.—New York World.

POTASH AND SORREL.

Both lime and potash have been often recommended to clear land of sorrel. Both are good, but the reason often given therefor, that the alkali in potash and the caustic carbon in lime help to correct the sourness of the soil, is not a true one. The sour taste of sorrel is not the result of sourness in the soil, as it will grow on land that is sweetened with lime and potash. The reason why these minerals clear land of sorrel is because they make clover grow. When clover is thickly seeded and catches well it crowds out the sorrel. Clover needs both lime and potash, and wherever these minerals are plentiful in available form, sorrel will not be troublesome.—Connecticut Farmer.

A LAMB FEEDER.

A farmer for the past two seasons has used a lamb feeder that has given great satisfaction. It is nothing more than as many wooden pails as there lambs to be fed, all made to set firmly into a frame and just high enough to suit a lambs' convenience. At the bottom of the side of each pail a small hole is bored, and into this is driven a wooden plug with two tiny ducts extending through it, from end to end. The plug extends two inches beyond the pail, and has the outside end covered with a rubber nipple, such as are sold at drugstores for nursing bottles. It is not difficult to teach the lamb to draw its nourishment from the pail through the nipple. The original of the contrivance was a box with several plugs and nipples, but the farmer considers the pail an improvement, and he can know from its pail just how much food each lamb has taken, whereas when there was a common reservoir some got more than their share, and others went hungry.—Courier-Journal.

CLIMBING ASPARAGUS.

There is probably no decorative plant grown that has so rapidly gained in public favor as this lovely tropical vine. Being a native of warm climates it makes little growth in cold weather but will endure slight frost without injury. In a warm temperature, however, it grows rapidly, climbing up the strings stretched for its support to a height of 20 feet in a few months and will bear cutting two or three times a year.

Its use is chiefly for decorations at parties and weddings, and for this purpose it has the great advantage that it will keep fresh when cut for several days if the stems are kept in water.

For a pot plant for window decoration the asparagus is one of the most attractive of all ornamental climbers, its graceful and delicate foliage being remarkably beautiful, and its growth is always healthy and free from the many insect pests which often infest window plants. There are two varieties grown, the asparagus Plumoses and A. Tenuissimus; the former is altogether preferable.—Boston Cultivator.

SUCCESS IN MILKING.

The little Scotch girl's answer to her mother's inquiry why there was so great a difference in the milk yield of the lone cow they kept has a world of meaning in it. Her brothers Jamie and Sandy did the milking. Sandy was loud spoken and passionate, while Jamie was reserved and quiet. "Mither," said the little one, "when its Sandy's turn to milk he just bangs the cow wi' his pail and says: 'Heoist, you brute, out of that,' but when Jamie's milking he speaks coaxing and fondles the old cow like if she were a lass, and he always gets the bigger measure." All the philosophy of milking is presented here. The wide dissimilarity between milkers is also instanced. The law of kindness is the one that finds greatest response in man's intercourse with the animal creation. Gentleness is all powerful in that domain, while brutish force is practically impotent. The primary requirement of every dairy should be the ardest recognition of the fact that gentleness is of the highest value in the care and management of cows. On the principle that like begets like the gentlemen will permeate his surroundings with his mild rule, while the boisterous one will envelope himself in an uproar. Gentleness with dairy cows carries with it a feature of profit that is wanting where roughness prevails. Dairymen of the Sandy stripe are the unsuccessful ones, while the Jamie sort are those that prosper. The latter realize that gentleness lends a giant's strength to him that possesses it, and to use it judiciously benefits the possessor.—American Dairyman.

SADDLE AND ROAD HORSES.

The roadster, or high-grade saddle horse, is along with Hackney, among the most profitable to breed and grow, and that there is an active demand for them among a wealthy class of citizens in all the great cities of the United States. The equestrian art is taught in special schools organized to teach how to safely ride with grace and ease. Graduates from these institutions are everywhere seen on the boulevards and in the parks of Chicago, New York, Philadelphia and other metropolitan cities. Horseback riding is a healthful recreation and is highly recommended by the medical profession and is a luxury indulged in by all whose means will permit the gratification. Any grade of horses that classes as one of the luxuries of wealth, like the trotter, ideal road horse, hackney and carriage horse is certain to continue a staple article, and the business of breeding and conditioning them for market must prove a profitable industry. While it is true that the price of fine saddle horses has declined in sympathy with all other grades of horses the best specimens still command from $300 to $500. Kentucky and Missouri are the leading states in breeding saddle horses, although many fine specimens come from Tennessee. The breeding is a combination of thoroughbred trotting and pacing blood, the most popular strains being Denmark, Black Squirrel, and Montrose, all noted prize winners and great sires of saddle performers. An educated saddle horse is one who goes the saddle gaits—gallop, fox trot, amble, pace and march, or what is classified as the park gait, which is a measured, commanding walk. To all the gaits must be united a fine individual to comprise the ideal high-priced saddle horse. To break and educate the saddler to all the standard paces is necessary to reach the top prices. Some saddle horses are also broken to harness, and then grade as combination horses, although the highest grades are broken and used exclusively for pedestrian purposes. This branch of the live-stock interests of the country could profitably be enlarged, as all the finer specimens not needed for home consumption find quick sale for exportation.

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

Poor pasture and too much exercise cut down the profits.

Always keep salt where the cows can have easy access to it.

What farm stock is worth keeping is well worth keeping well.

Many farmers, in feeding, waste what, if saved, would make a good profit.

Keep the stock out of low, damp pastures, at night especially, during the fall.

When buying a horse for work on the farm make this a point—that it is a good walker.

In breeding, the individual merit of the sire should be taken into account as well as a long pedigree.

The greater the variety of grasses in the pasture the better far the thrift of the stock that feeds there.

Give a colt plenty of opportunity to exercise and he will grow faster and make a better horse when matured.

If all farmers cannot have registered stock they can improve what they have by good breeding and good care.

Generally a good looking horse will sell well, but with speed, in addition to good looks he will be more valuable.

Better supply the home market fully when eggs are cheap, and let high priced meat find a market elsewhere.

Much of success attained in business life is secured by being posted. Moral: Read your agricultural paper thoroughly.

If you have been buying beef at twelve cents a pound and selling eggs at six cents a dozen you have been losing money.

The Massachusetts Experiment Station found that feeding skim milk to calves and hogs was equivalent to selling the milk at thirty-five cents a hundred.

The beneficial effects of a clover sod are not limited to the nitrogen it contains, as the mechanical effect in loosening the soil is an important item.

Do not let up on furnishing "greens" for the poultry now that the dry weather seems to have come to a settled fact. And see that the fowls have plenty of water.

In many flocks moulting will soon begin. A little extra meat or a little oilmeal mixed in the daily ration will not be a bad thing to give the fowls. The sooner the moulting is over the better will the flock go into winter.

The man who expects to make money with (or from) poultry must attend to business. Buying a lot of hens and throwing them some sixty-cent corn twice a day will take money out of the pocket rather than put it in.

What is the relation of butter fat to cheese? Professor Babcock, of Wisconsin found that milk averaging 3.16 per cent of fat made 2.86 pounds of cheese; milk averaging 3.60 per cent of fat made 2.60 pounds of cheese, and milk averaging 4.53 per cent of fat made 2.39 pounds of cheese.

The day is past when money can be made by buying eggs in summer, putting them in a barrel, pouring a lime solution over them and taking them out two years after for sale. It is doubtful if they will sell for enough the winter following putting down to make money. Limed eggs sell very cheap these days.

Hens that steal their nests and bring forth a brood of young, downy chicks, usually live apart from the flock of chickens kept about the farm. They are inclined to be less anxious to associate with the flock, roaming more at large with their family of little ones, and more attentive to their charge, and less patient with those who would want to handle them.

Removed From Danger.

"You seem to be in splendid health," said his friend. "I thought you were suffering from dyspepsia."

"So I was," replied Swintless, but I got hold of the recipes which my wife got at a fashionable cooking school and burnt 'em."—Chicago Record.

A Confirmed Bad Habit.

Kittie—I heard today you married your husband to reform him.

Sarah—I did.

Kittie—Why, I didn't know he had any bad habits.

Sarah—He had one—he was a bachelor.

Good Hot Weather Drink.

For a steady, wholesome and thoroughly trustworthy drink when the thermometer registers ninety or thereabouts, we recommend, without hesitation, pure cold water.—Chicago Tribune.

Samoans on Sunday.

"Sunday mornings the church members file down the street to the church dressed in their finest apparel, all manner of costumes being visible. The swells wear in additon to their lava-lava a white shirt, collarless and flapping unrestrainedly in the breeze. The women wear their best Mother-Hubbard of brightest color, and perch on the top of their heads hats of a fashion absolete in Noah's time. At one end of the island I saw hats that were old, familiar acquaintances on my first visit years before; they had merely moved up the coast.

"The chimes of bells used to call the members to service are very unique. As a substitute for bell-metal, hollow logs are used. Each village has a large one dug out of some great tree, with natural partitions left in each end to form heads. The aperture is long and narrow, and the bell is rung by striking the edges in a peculiar manner with a short, heavy club, producing a dull booming sound that can be heard a long distance. This large bell is sounded for worship Thursdays, Saturdays, Sundays and the first day of each month. In addition to the large bell, the village has several small ones, dug out of small logs of various sizes, producing different tones. These are held in one hand and struck with a small hardwood stick; the performers marching about the village and drumming a tune to call to worship. Small children play these, but it requires a certain knack to sound large ones. Churches are built of coral rocks and bowlders laid in plaster made of burnt coral; they have low open widows and doors. A good share of the congregation make their entrance and exit through the windows. These little churches have sugar-cane thatched roofs and are located, some of them, on the extreme points of the beach."—"Land of the Bread-fruit."—Outing.

The House of the Future.

The ideal house of the future will be one that can be cleaned with a hose. This idea is not so unattainable as at first sight it may seem to be. The drawing rooms and halls of the most luxurious houses are now paved in mosaic. The use of Verona and Numidian marbles and of California onyx is not uncommonly found in wainscoting. Every year brings to light new American marbles. These, such as the green of Tennessee and a sort of crushed strawberry of Texas, have fallen in happily with the newest fashions in color.

For people of less means there are the enamel bricks that have caught the iridescence of soap bubbles, and tiles that look like tortoise shells. Encouraging news comes from the makers of artificial marble, who expect shortly to offer every quality and every tint within the reach of most people. The best hopes are, however, with the stained glass men, who are experimenting in stained glass mosaics and vitrified floors that are to be both beautiful and cheap.

The truth is that this season there are too many occupants of every house. There are nations of croton bugs that have colonized in the wood wainscoting of city houses, and regiments of ambitious creatures who want to be on too intimate terms with man. Housekeepers say that scarcely within memory has the warfare they have had to wage been so deadly and so stubborn. The real aim of architecture to them seems to be the contriving of houses that will accomodate only mankind. The hospitality of the modern house increases its drudgery one half. When the house can be cleaned with a hose the privacy of the family will be re-established.—Detroit Free Press.

Harpooning the Walrus.

The habits of the Atlantic walrus are quite similar to those of the Pacific species; but, according to all accounts, the former is possessed of a degree of courage and fighting temper quite unknown to the other. On land the unhappy sea-horse is as helpless as a snail, and any clodhopper can blunder up and plunge a spear into his vitals, or shoot him. But the Eskimo hunter, who takes a frail skin-boat, harpoon, and line, and seeks him in his native element, is a sportsman who gives him a fair show, and a chance to strike back at his only mortal foe.

To harpoon a big walrus and despatch him is no child's play, particularly when there is a herd of sympathizers on hand to watch the performance, and possibly take part in it. The hunter has only one thing to fear, which is that the huge creatures will attack his boat, and, by hooking their tusks over its side, either swamp it or smash it. This has actually occurred several times in pursuit of the Atlantic walrus. And it is quite enough to make any man a trifle nervous when a dozen tusked leviathans, weighing from a half a ton to a ton each, full weight, rise out of the vasty deep, surround his boat at close quarters, and threaten to climb aboard. It is then high time to pipe all hands on deck to repel boarders, and turn the Winchesters loose.—St. Nicholas.

Australian Obstruction.

In Australia great loss and inconvenience was experienced in telegraph construction by the depredations of the natives who have not only a fondness for the wire for bracelets, ear and nose rings, etc., but a fatal weakness for the porcelain insulators which they fashion into arrow heads and occasionally make a target of the linemen.—Atlanta Constitution.

A Difference.

Head of the house (to young man at front door)—Haven't I told you sir, never to call here again?

Young Man—Yes sir; but I haven't called to see Miss Clara this time. I have a three months' gas bill to collect.

Head of the house in a milder tone—I see. You will please call again.—Tid Bits.

Rebuking His Greed.

"I say Wattsey," said a tramp to his partner as the two stood watching the keeper feed the hippopotamus, "don't yer wish yer had a mouf like dat?"

"Bet yer I don't. It's too hard fillin' de one I got."

SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

The flattening of the poles of Jupiter can be seen through the telescope

Decapitate a snail and put the body in a cool, moist place and a new head grows.

White clothing is cool because it reflects the heat of the sun; black clothing is warm because it absorbs both heat and light.

Iron bedsteads are safe during a thunderstorm because, being good conductors, they keep the electricity from the body.

Sea shells murmur because the vibrations of the air, not otherwise observable, are collected in the shell and by its shape are brought to a focus.

The voice can be heard to a greater distance through a speaking tube than through the air because the sound is confined to the air within the tube and the tube itself is a good conductor.

People wink because the eye must be kept clean and moist, and by the action of the eyelids the fluid secreted by the glands of the eyes is spread equally over the surface of the globe.

Sounds can be heard over water to much greater distance than on land, because the smooth surface of the water offers less impediment to the passage of the air vibrations. On calm days the booming of artillery at sea has been heard for 250 miles.

A wound made by the tooth of the cobra species of serpent is a mere puncture and causes little swelling. The person bitten is killed by paralysis of the nerve centres. The danger of the rattlesnake bite, on the other hand, is from mortification of the injured part, which may proceed so far that the flesh actually putrefies.

In regard to the mammoth remains of Canada and Alaska, Dr. G. M. Dawson notes that in the northwestern part of the continent they are abundent in, if not confined to, the limits of a great unglaciated area there, comprising nearly all Alaska and part of the adjacent Yukon district of Canada. No mastodon bones have been reported from this region.

The toad is a higher animal than the frog, because it gives birth to little air-breathing toads, whereas the frog lays eggs that produce fish-like tadpoles. But the frog is in certain respects the most wonderful creature in the world. Think of a vegetable-eating fish with gills that turns into an air-breathing land animal, developing teeth and becoming a carnivorous quadruped. That is the life history of the frog.

The Fighting Tailors.

The Fifteenth Light Dragoons, whose brilliant feat of arms at Villiers-en-Couche was commemorated in the Pall Mall Gazette, had a very singular and, indeed, for a British cavalry regiment, a probably unique origin. When in 1759 it was decided to raise certain corps on the model of the Prussian hussars, Lieutenant Colonel Elliott, of the Second Horse Grenadier Guards, A. D. C.—to be famous, later on, as the "Old Cock of the Rock," and Lord Heathfield—was one of the officers selected for this service. The London tailors were on a strike at the time, and, with a disregard of prejudice which was amply justified by the result, the colonel enlisted a whole regiment of them, which was known as the First Light Horse.

On March 10 he was gazetted to the command of it. On August 1 it was at Minden, and every individual tailor in the ranks approved himself a horseman and a man. As the head of the First Light Horse, its colonel was thanked again and again by Prince Ferdinand for its services, and when, at the conclusion of the war, the regiment was reviewed by George III. in Hyde Park, the king was pleased to ask what he