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"The loss is slight. I love them

these black roses. They fascinate me

Suppose I should decorate the wayside

shrine with them at the garden gate!'

"The peasants would stone you for

"I shall put them by my bed now,

and ring for Santuzza to take away

these other flowers. I want my black

inlaid cabinet took out a fantastically

carved vase of rich green malachite

think they were overburdened. How

well they suit the vase! They shall

give me rare dreams! You are not

going back to the laboratory? It is

past midnight. Isn't this achievement

He kizsed her and went away, his

footsteps echoing along the stone cor-

ridor that led to the laboratory. She

stretched herself upon the bed, and

What was this in the bed!

lay for a long time between sleeping

and waking, the light from a swinging

lamp falling across her face, one heavy

black rose just brushing the pure

Her husband worked in his labora-

tory until the morning sun was gilding

the domes and towers of Florence

Tired out at last, by a prolonged and

unsuccessful experiment, he left his

work to go to his bedroom. As he

passed his wife's room he saw that

the door was ajar. He reached out a

hand to close it, lest the morning

sounds through the house should dis-

turb her; but in the act he caught a

glimpse of something by her bed

which made him turn faint with a sud-

den nameless horror. The roses in

the malachite vasc had become white

again, and were gleaming ghostly in

the pale radiance of the swinging

lamp. Kcowing the nature of the poi-

sons imprisoned-he had thought for-

ever-in the black roses, a terrible

fear possessed him. In making their

escape from those petals, now of inno-

"Rosamond!" His voice shook as

His tones were now loud and terri

led. No answer came from the dark

shadow of the bed. He drew nearer

cold with apprehension. Something

very black was outlines against the

whiteness of the linen. A great hor-

ror sickened him. For an instant he

paused, shaking as with ague. He

dared not go nearer, dared not look.

What was this in the bed! By a su-

preme effort he reached the window-

curtain, and pulled it aside. The

morning light streamed in, revealing

the form of his wife, quite dead, and

Do Not Whine.

Someone has said: "Whining is

poor business; it identifies you at

once as the under dog, and does not

get you any sympathy, after all." The

man who whines confesses his weak

ness, his inability to match his en-

vironment It is too much for him.

He cannot command the situation. All

he can do is to kick and complain.

The habitual whiner never gets any-

where, never accomplishes anything.

Cigarette Trust Reaches Out.

\$7,500,000 from Mexico for the use of

The eigarette trust wants to collect

black as it carved out of ebony.

cent pallor, where had they gone!

he called her name.

There was no answer.

'Rosamond! Rosamond!"

whiteness of her cheek.

In this she arranged the roses.

She crossed the room, and from an

"How heavy they are! One would

n witch, I fear. No. Rosamond, Leep

them in your bed-chamber."

roses to reign alone."

enough for one day?"

and dream of your roses."

The bareness of the lofty frescoed | stroyed the rose perfume in the proc ★ com hal been relieved by bangings | ess. if ancient tapestry where was porrayed in dim green tints, as of sea lepths, the story of Circe. Swingius t mps and yellow candles, thick at a nan's wrist, in tall, ecclesiastical can-Pesticks, cast a soft light o'er the ombre antique furniture. Great brass lowls of red roses made splashes of tolor in the deep shadows.

In a high carved arm-chair, by the ipen wood-fire a woman sat listenng and waiting. She wore a loose town of a soft, diaphanous material, those whiteness was thrown into remef by the mantle of black fur, just dipping from her shoulders. She, herrelf, was of a strange type of beauty, he clear pallor of her skin, like the etal of a white rose, being in vivid contrast with her jet black hare and lark eyes. She might have served to personify night.

After a time she arose and pared he room restlessly, pausing at the freat tapestried bed to turn down the soverlet, and to touch with her lips in instant the violets just beneath the thony-and-ivory crucifix at the bed's read. Then she drew aside the currins of a window, and looked out for i momen; on the moonlit garden, and in the lights of Florence, far below in he valley. They had lived in the rilla already three months, she and for husband, yet in that time they and visited the beautiful city but once. He was absorbed in his chemical exeriments, and she was absorbed in inn.

She heard his step now in the cortidor, and her heart leaped with exrectancy. He entered and stood for a poment in the shadow, a youthful igure still, despite his bent shoulders and furrowed brow, and the look of tge imparted by the skull-cap and long urred coat which he wor

For a moment she could not see what he carried in his arms, but she tivined from his air of exaltation that his latest experiment had been suctessful. As he crossed the room, a traceful figure in her long white drateries, he held out to her his precious surden, twelve coal-black roses. She tave a cry of delight.

"Oh, low beautiful! Basil, how lid you do it?"

He smiled as he watched her caress the abony petals with her write finger lips, and brush their soft blackness tgainst the pale oval of her cheek.

That I cannot tell any one-even rou! You wished for a black rose. Your husband is a magician," he went on playfully, "and you have your teart's desire!"

She sank into the arm-chair by the fre, the roses on her lap, a dark mass tgainst the delicate tissues of her tobe. Here and there the firelight aught the intense green of the anthanged foliage.

"What are they like?" she cried, tolding one against her face. "They tre witch-flowers now, uncanny midnight things. Ah! I know. They are ake the son of Lucrezia Borgia.

Her husband adjusted the black fur mantle about her shoulders.

"No, no, you must not call them ugly names, sweetheart, for I mean them o personify you. You are a dark tose-with your midnight hair and

"'Du bist wie eine Blume'? Ah. the poet never thought of such a flow-



"You have your heart's desire!"

er, I'm sure. They misnamed me who called me Rosamond. But tell me, Basic did you have to mingle a great many disons to produce this effect?" "Yes, a great many. But they have annulled each other, though they de jts patented machines. Directors Were Dumbfounded.

Once there was a rich man-a very rich man-who wanted to do something handsome for a struggling institution of learning.

He called the directors together and said to them:

'Gentlemen, I purpose giving your

institution \$5,000,000. "But," they said, after they had recovered from their surprise, "it will be impossible for us to raise the \$10. awkward, barbarous, bitter, blustering, 000,000 that will be needed in order to secure your munificent gift."

\$10,000,000," he replied; "the donation | melious, crabbed, cross, currish, dewill be unconditional.

Then the money will be invested in bonds or real estate, we presume, dry, dull, envious, execrable, fastidiand we shall be allowed to use the income in erecting new buildings and furious, grating, gross, growling, gruff, paying running expenses?" they fal-

"Not at all," responded the rich man. "The gift will be in cash, to be used in any way you please, and when it is all gone there will be another \$5,000,000 at your disposal, gentlemen if you have spent the first sum wise-

The directors consulted together in whispers and then quietly sent for au officer. The man evidently was insane.

Her Reward.

"The brute," exclaimed the bride of

"Have a cup of tea, dear," said her fondest friend, "and tell me all about it. What has he been doing now?" "You know I told you he has been encouraging me in learning to cook;

has praised my nice little entrees,

takes me to the theaters as an occa-

sional reward and all that." "No good ground for a separation in that, I imagine," said the dearest

friend, with slight sarcasm. "Your sympathy is worse than your tea." retorted the bride, who was obviously out of sorts. "But I'm going published in 1810. to tell you, anyway. Not long ago he promised me a surprise if I would turn out a nice dinner cooked all by myself, from soup to coffee. Last night I did so. Everything pleased

"'My pct.' he remarked, 'I believe "Dearest, I have another experiment I promised you a surprise on an occastill uncompleted. Go to your rest sion like this.

"'Yes, darling,' I answered. 'Oh, do tell me what it is?"

"'I shall discharge the cook at the end of the month,' he said."

One Scoffer Was There.

"Want to see the finest work of art nalist at the Austrian building Thurs- you." day afternoon

We're always wanting to see, so we done in greens and blacks. It was that of a girl asleep over a loom, Light seemed to be shining through the green blind that screened the window just beyond the loom.

The color the light took from the loom, and the great loom itself.

electric light.

it is the work of Svarisky, well known in European art circles. We only could do such work.

but one comment:

"Spinnage."

away .- St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Dr. Parkhurst Guided the Guide. The Rev. Charles H. Parkhurst

goes to Switzerland every year for his summer holidays and climbs the Alps. He has many friends among the Swiss guides, whom he warmly admires.

"Only once did I know one of these men fail in his duty," he said to a friend the other day. "I took him to guide me on an ascent, and was much surprised that he did not insist on my carrying a big flask of brandy for the party, as the guides usually do.

"But I soon found out the reason. He was hopelessly drunk already, and after he had staggered half a mile up the slope he sat down on a rock, looking utterly bewildered, and confessed that he didn't know where he was or where to lead me. He had been over the ground a thousand times, but ' had to guide the guide home.

Reckon We'll Git Thar Yit.

He wuz always a-sayin', when trouble come roun'.
"I recken we'll get thar yit!
Ain't enough rain for a lily to drown—
Recken we'll git thar yit!
Its Jest human natur' to growl an' complain; her have sunshine than oceans 'o Ruth rain: Bul—spite o' wild weather, I'm teilin' you

Reckon we'll git thar yit!" An' we carried that counsel the rough

way along—
"Reckon we'll git thar yit!"
It lightened the burden—made sorrow "Recken we'll git thar yit!"
ie wuz only a toller in bloom an' in
blight. With Hope's star a shinin', full blaze, in

his sight;
But he looked to the light, friends-he looked to the light—
'Reckon we'll git thar yit!"

Frank Stanton in Atlanta Constitution.

teacher of English in the Brooklyn high school, often entertains his friends with stories, the following being one of the most recent:

"I was laying down the law to a lot of fellows in the second," says Prof. Mitchill, "and happened to illustrate my remarks by a Biblical allusion. "'Keeping you in does no good,'

said I. 'I am going to heat the furnace seven times hotter, as they did with Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego. Do you remember their case? "'Sure!' said the fresh one of the class. 'And the fire never burt them

a bit! "- New York Times.

AN ALPHABETICAL PHOTOGRAPH.

One Woman's Eloquent Word Painting of Her Husband.

This woman composed the follow ing vocabulary to express the character of a husband, from her own experience, and which proves how copious our language is on that article: He is, said she, an abhorred, abominable, acrimonious, angry, arrogant, austere, boisterous, boorish, brawling, brutal, bullying, capricious, captious, careless, You will not need to raise any choleric, churlish, ciamorous, contutestable, disagreeable, discontented, disgusting, dismal, dreadful, drowsy, ous, fierce, fretful, froward, frumpish, grumbling, hard-hearted, hasty, hate ful, hectoring, horrid, huffish, humorsome, illiberal, ill-natured, implacable, inattentive, incorrigle, inflexible, injurious, insolvent, intractable, frascible, ireful, jealous, keen, loathsome, magotty, malevolent, malicious, maliguant, maundering, mischievous, morose, murmuring, nauseous, nefarious, negligent, noisy, obstinate, obstreperous, odious, offensive, opinionated, oppressive, outrageous, overbearing, passionate, peevish, pervicacious, perverse, perplexing, pettish, petulant, plaguy, quarrelsome, queasy, queer, raging, restless, rigid, rigorous, roaring, rough, rude, rugged, saucy, savage, severe, sharp, shocking, sluggish, snappish, snarling, sneaking, sour, spiteful, splenetic, squeamish, stern, stubborn. stupid, sulky, sullen, surly, suspicious, tantalizing, tart, teasing terrible, testy, tiresome, tormenting, touchy, treacherous, troublesome, turbulent, tyrannical, uncomfortable, unpleasant, unsuitable, uppish, vexatious, violent, virulent, waspish, worrying, wrangling, wrathful, yelping dog in a manger, who neither eats himself nor will let others eat. From the leaf of a book

## GIRL WAS UP TO DATE.

Her Engagement Symbol There, but Not Visible.

"So you're really engaged, Minnie, said the two dear friends who had just been announced by the butler. We would have come over to congratulate you last night, but we understood, of course, that Jim would be here. Let's see the ring."

"There isn't any ring," answered Minnie. "Engagement rings are as much out of date as congress gait- have full opportunities to damage. in this place?" asked a French jour- ers. But wait a minute and I'll show

After a temporary seclusion she came forth with a fine solitaire set in is "waiting for the machine," and as followed. He led us to a picture all a gold garter buckle. Her friends ex- his neighbors are in the same ex-

amined it. "Magnificent," was their comment.

the-er-nerve-

"Well, you know Jim. He detests grades. the commonplace. He told me be like to make a show of their senti ment, but they are no longer in vogue. looked; we admired; we talked of the pendants with the chain welded ability of a man who, with two colors around the neck and never to come off; also by armlets, which the be-One there was who disagreed. When loved locks and carries the key on improvement of its quality. our exclamations were done he made his watch chain. Oh, there are any number of ideas, but the garter buckle pleased me best. Besides, I'm But he was hushed and hurried going to get the mate to it when we're-well, you know."

The Homesick Consul's Fourth.

One of the big city department stores recently received an order from tion of pathos. Its sender was a the cheap wheat exported to mail order department of the big store crop year. into his confidence. He and his wife vere homesick, and they had decided to give an "At home" on the Fourth of July that would show the native for gradual marketing is evident. aristocracy and other foreign consuls | There is nothing which can be done just how such things are done in the States.

Among other things ordered were paper napkins with United States from the elements. As the harvest flags on them, paper cases in red. white and blue for holding bonbons. etc., plenty of fire crackers, candles galore, boxes of fancy crackers. The order ended with this injunction:

"My wife says to be sure and send us some of the newest favors for decorating the table-some of the same ence of 16 to 15 cents a bushel in sort that women up north are using this year, like candy fire crackers tied with ribbons, etc."

## Praise of Homely Women.

'rate not of pretty girls to me,
Of ruby lips and dreamy eyes.
That beauty cannot cease to be
An ever fresh and sweet surprise;
I care not the her face be fair,
And framed as in a weath of curlsFor pretty maids I do not care;
I sing the praise of homely girls.

sing of her whose nose is pug. Though even to the side 'tis tipped. Those figure's like old Omar's jug Which mourned the Potter's hand slipped;

And say you that she squints a bit?
What odds? And in her speaking halts?
Nay, girls who squint possess the wit
To squint a man's most glaring faults. A dainty, slender foot, no doubt,

Prof. Theodore C. Mitchill, head But husbands later find it out.

That larger feet are best to the state of t That larger feet are best to run Their little errands, fetch their shoes When home they come at day's demise, For dainty feet possess no wings-Big-footed girls are for the wise

The pearly, peach-blow cheek has fears Lest cooking spoil its lovely that, Cerulean eyes dare shed no tears, Or show of sympathy a hint; he hand of Venus smooths no Unless it be a Duke's or Earl's— And so when you would choose a frau Do not neglect the homely girls.—William Wallace Whitelock in Phila

delphia Press. Uncle Sam's Rolling Stock. Uncle Sam's passenger rolling stock

would make a solid train 500 miles long



Taking Care of the Crops.

The greatest handicap which can be placed on a miller is to have to contend with the off-grade wheat. Wheat that has been wet in the shock, sprouted, bleached, musty staff, mean to handle and impossible to grind, this is the worst of all evils which may beset the operative and one of the greatest sources of loss in running the mill.

There is also the wheat which has gone into the stack in apparent good shape and because of bad winds and heavy rains become soaked with water and then by heating become stackburned and mouldy, or gone into the bins in a damp condition and come out later as bin-burned wheat, which is not only deceptive stuff to buy, but which makes unsound flour and loss if by any mischance it reaches the rolls. No other subject is of more vital

importance to millers than the quality of the wheat they grind. The miller, by force of business necessity, has no use for poor wheat. Unlike the statistician or the crop estimator, he thinks less of the number of total bushels raised or the given number of bushels per acre than he does of the quality of the grain and the proportion of it which finally reaches his bins in a condition which will allow it to be milled into the pure, uniform product upon which his trade is in the settlement of a new coun-

try, where the production of wheat largely exceeds the local demand and the farmers are poor and have not the means to build granaries to held their crops, there is a heavy movement of wheat "from the machine" as the quickest and easiest method of getting the grain raised off their hands. To get the money it brings into circulation is the one ambition of the farmer. The greater the number of acres of wheat he can raise, the cheaper the cost of production, and the celerity with which it is rushed to market counts for more than quality of product. Under such conditions there is little stacking of wheat and all the rains and winds The most promising outlook of a fine quality of wheat will be ruined in a week of bad weather while the farmer little figuring and observation did the pectant attitude, a period of bad weather succeeding harvest will ruin but I can't imagine a man having good grain and cause the loss of thousands of dollars in the lowering of

The best and most successful farmblind was on everything in the room- would give me the usual solitaire ring ers have learned from years of exthe head of the girl, the cloth of her get-up if I wished, but advised me to perience that it pays to stack their make a few inquiries at the jeweler's grain, especially their wheat. That The effect was as if the picture first. I did. Engagement rings are mysterious process of going "through ere on glass behind which shone an still worn, of course, by girls who the sweat," by which wheat is improved in color and strength after being cut, had best be passed in the They have been supplanted with heart stack, for investigators and experts have found that the longer the period during which the berry remains in the chaff and straw the greater is the

The market depression which follows the custom of rushing the wheat to market immediately after harvest is too well known to need any comment. The supplies are temporarily larger than the power of absorption and prices are lowered in consequence, to the greatest detriment to the farmer himself. The miller later Central America that held a sugges on suffers from this cause by having United States consul and he took the brought into competition later in the

> The interests of the miller in taking care of the wheat and having the farmer hold it as long as possible to regulate or control the weather, but all arguments favor the best protection which can be given the crop season approaches farmers should be urged to stack their wheat and give it the best chance possible to be high in grade and dry and sweet when threshed. If threshed in a dry condition there is little danger of a loss of grade afterwards. A differprice because of quality alone is often the result of stacking wheat in a wet season. The farmer is the winner and the miller is glad to pay full prices for the best grain, and he don't want the poor stuff at any price.

The question of the best care of the crops is of increasing importance as milling demand requires more of the wheat raised. Advanced farming methods grow up side by side with increased milling facilities and both are benefited. There are no two classes which are in such close dependence upon each other as the miller and the farmer. The success of the one usually means the success of the other. In no other particular do the two interests harmonize as in the improvement of the wheat crop. No other element will improve the quality more than the care of the crop after cutting. It is in the interest of every miller to urge "stacking the wheat," and both will be the gainer by better qualities .- Milling and Grain News.

## Trial Orchards.

The growing of trial orchards in the different states is a practice that is proving immensely beneficial to the fruit growing interests of the states in which they are grown. Illinois now has eight of these trial orchards, and Wisconsin has four. They are placed in different parts of the states, and in

them are tried the varieties that are being placed on the markets by nurserymen, or that are to be placed on the markets. Our people would do well to familiarize themselves with the results of the work in each of these orchards, as it will save them from paying out good money for worthless trees. It is not a difficult task to find out what is in a variety, if it is carefully grown in such an orchard. A nurseryman puts a new variety on the market or an old variety that he claims to be a new variety. The man in charge of the trial orchard takes it, puts a few scions into a branch on a mature tree, and in two or three years has results. The fruit may be found to be only an old one under a new name, or a new variety that is worthless. The discovery of such a fact is of value; but of still more value is the discovery of what each variety of apple or other fruit will do on any kind of land. The experience of the men in charge of the trial orchards accentuates this fact very clearly. Some of the varieties that do well on a prairie soil are about worthless or timber soil, and the reverse is true-We think, from what we have seen, that the work of the trial orchards is very valuable, and that our legislators can well afford to expend the mon ey necessary to carry them on.

The Exact Food Required. It has been well demonstrated within the last few years that many of our animals receive far more food than they require or than they can use to advantage. As a result some of our skillful feeders have cut down the grain they were feeding to steers five pounds and found they got as good esults. We have taken it for granted that the more feed the animals ate the better it was for them, and the more force they were developing for their various needs. As well assert that it makes no difference how much fuel we use to do a certain amount of cooking. We know that in that case a vast amount of fuel can be absolutely wasted. One man that had a large number of stock to feed figured out the saving to himself in the feeding of oats. He made his figures on a hundred head of animals and with oats at 40 cents per bushel. By feeding just the amount of oats required be saved one pound per head per day over what he had been accustomed to feed. This meant 100 pounds per day for all the animals, 365 pounds a year per animal and 36,500 pounds of oats during the year. This weight of oats, at 32 pounds to the bushel, was worth \$456. That was pretty good pay for a little expenditure of thought. A

Olco In Iowa.

The Iowa Supreme Court has handed down another decision going to strengthen the position of the state aw on the question of oleomargarine colored to resemble butter. The state law prohibits the selling in the state of all oleomargarine colored yellow to resemble butter. A Chicago company appealed a case from the lower court on the contention that the law of lowa as it relates to the colore. matter in oleomargarine is unconstitutional, as the color in the oleomargarine came in naturally by the use of ingredients natural to the things fromwhich oleomargarine is made. The court holds that it makes no difference how the color got in; if the coloring matter is there in sufficient quantities to make the oleomargarine resemble butter it is an illegal product. The court goes further and declares that the state could, if it wished, prevent absolutely the sale of oleomargarine. The decision also recites that the original intention in the manufacture of oleomargarine was to make it so resemble butter that the consumer could not tell it from the thing it imitated and thus permit the dealers to sell it for butter.

## Feeding Pigs and Hogs When Being Pastured

It is always doubtful if it pays to try to feed swine on pasture alone. though this is often done. Pigs will make a growth on pasture, especially if it contains much clover; but we doubt if the farmer is getting as much out of it as he would be if he fed the animals an additional ration of a more concentrated feed. In a state of nature the animal is compelled to get its living from the herbage of the fields and from the roots in the ground, but in such a state it never develops enough flesh and fat to make it a profitable product for our meat trade. Its growth is then slow and its development muscular. It becomes wiry. No one wants to eat meat from a wiry hog. So we have to swing away from nature, and so feed that the texture of the flesh of the animal will be tender. To get this, quick growth is desired and this can only be obtained by pushing the development by the feeding of rations in addition to those obtainable by the animal in the woods and fields.

Disinfecting Curing Rooms.

Canadians that have charge of numbers of curing rooms follow the practice of washing the shelves with some disinfectant before putting on each batch of cheese. Both formalin and corrosive sublimate are used. The formalin is used at a strength of one part of formalin to ten of water and the corrosive sublimate at the rate of one part of the poison to 1,000 of water by weight. The formalin is certainly less dangerous than the other. The object of the treatment is to prevent the devylopment of mold spores, which make so muc, trouble in many of the places where cheese

No tile smaller than a four-inch should be used in any farm drain.

is ripened.