

EYES.

"She hath two eyes so soft and brown,
For tender thought and glances true,
Commend me to the eyes of blue,
For heaven's wide of sweet surprise,
Blue eyes! blue eyes!

For roguish snap and sharp attack
Commend me to the eyes of black,
For fiercest love where madness lies,
Black eyes! black eyes!

For grit to stand by what they say,
Commend me to the eyes of gray,
Their steadfast beam all change defies,
Gray eyes! gray eyes!

For eyes that smile, and eyes that frown,
Commend me to the eyes of brown,
The best of each their goods comprise
Devotion true within their lies,
All rapture sweet beneath the skies,
Brown eyes! brown eyes!

—Elizabeth Chalmers Martin.

A NOVEL COURTSHIP

It was three days before Christmas. So much in love was Van Story that, as he walked up the avenue, this fact did not have the same emphasis that it might have had under different circumstances.

The cool, buoyant air—with a certain crispness about it that the ocean allows even to the metropolis on occasional winter afternoons—might have been hot and sultry and the fact would not have mattered to Van Story.

To a man in love, summer and winter, spring and autumn, lose their variety. Her last look—the radiant, responsive smile—the slight pressure of the hand—a hidden language of the voice—what are seasons, wars, politics, earthquakes, or any other paltry human interests, compared with these?

And yet there was a certain seasonableness in Van Story's thoughts as he walked deliberately along—deliberately, and not with the impatience that love manifests usually, because he knew that on this particular afternoon Miss Pinkton was not alone.

"Is she ever alone?" he had thought to himself gloomily, when he had started out. "I can't talk to her on a walk with people all around, staring at us, and this is about the only chance I have. Oh, for half a day of last summer! Thirty minutes in that pavilion would be all I ask for. But what shall I give her for Christmas? Flowers and books are tame, and yet anything more

While he was engaged in his reflections, he suddenly came across his old chum Castleton, who was, by the way, Miss Pinkton's cousin.

"Ah, old man, whither away? But I think I can guess—" said that dapper individual, looking him over half critically. "Well, Dorothy is at home, and surrounded by all sorts and conditions of men. I've just come from there. And, by the way, you're wanted."

"Wanted where?—at Miss Pinkton's?" said Van Story—as if he didn't know.

"Sure," said Castleton. "There's going to be a church trimming to-morrow night, and Dorothy has agreed to take charge of it. She wants you to help—she told me to tell you if I saw you."

"Who else is going to be there?" Castleton took his friend by the arm, and for a moment they both turned and looked over the solid iron railings down on the snow-garnished little grass plot in front of the brown stone dwelling house as if, for one instant, they had mutually agreed to turn their backs on the world.

"Old man," he said affectionately, "I've been thinking about you all the way from Dorothy's, and hoping I should meet you. I suppose if you really could see Dorothy alone for an hour or so, you'd like it, wouldn't you?"

Van Story looked at his friend solemnly.

"You know how I feel about that kind of course," he said, "but this holiday town always stands in my way."

"I know it. I've been in the same boat myself—simply can't see her alone. People all around—at the theaters, restaurants, and at home brothers and parents and others are always crowding in. Oh, I've been there. But Dorothy's worth having. Dorothy's worth having. I take a personal interest in you, because I've known you since you were a little boy. It just occurred to me that this church-trimming affair would be a good opportunity for you to get her off in a corner, and get rid of the rest of the world in any way. Tell them it's your chance, old man. Christmas comes but once a year—make the most of it."

man. Christmas comes but once a year—make the most of it."

Van Story turned and grasped his friend's hand.

"There may be something in it, old chap," he said. "At any rate, I thank you. And now I must be off."

Van Story, when he arrived at the Pinkton mansion, was agreeably surprised to find that the crowd had diminished—there had been an afternoon tea, and this was the tail end of it.

"It was very good of you to come, even if you are late," she said. "You don't do this sort of thing very often, do you?"

"Not any oftener"—Van Story was going to add, "than I can help," but stopped himself for an instant. Then he thought it better to be strictly honest and so he added—"than I can help. I hate this sort of thing," he continued, looking her frankly in her blue eyes, "because, you know, it's so unsatisfactory."

"Sir," she pouted back, "do you mean to say that my tea is unsatisfactory?"

He nodded.

"For me, I mean," he added. He lowered his voice, although this was hardly necessary, as three women on their right—the left-overs—were discussing the opera. "I shall never be able to see you alone," he said.

"What makes you think that?"

"Well, haven't I been trying to for weeks?"

She smiled.

"If at first you don't succeed, try, try again. By the way, will you help us trim the church to-morrow night?"

"That's manual labor."

"I know it, and that's what I want you for. If you don't like teas, you surely will enjoy trimming a church. That will give you something to do. I know you are strong, because you used to play football, and besides, you look strong."

"Do I—really? So does a hired man."

She pouted again.

"Now, I intended that for a compliment, and it was horrid of you to turn it the other way. But you will come, will you not? You know the church—the large old-fashioned brick that sets off the avenue. The sexton will have the ladder, and the greens have all been ordered."

Van Story smiled at her enthusiasm.

"Who's going to be there?" he asked.

"Let me see. They've placed me in charge of the affair, you know, because I really felt I ought to do something this year, and there will be four others to help—the superintendent, Mr. Pumpston; the infants' Bible class teacher, Mr. Huddle; the assistant organist, Mr. Winger, and Vestryman Springer—that makes six in all, doesn't it—counting us in?"

Van Story arose.

"That's four too many," he said, as he held her hand. "Don't you think so?"

She flushed slightly.

"Yes," she said softly. "But—you'll be there, won't you? Surely?"

"I'll be there," he replied. "To-morrow night at eight."

As he walked back down the avenue Van Story almost shouted to himself in the exuberance of his new thought. Here at last was his opportunity, after so much waiting—after the long days spent in hoping against hope that the next time he might stand face to face with this beautiful girl and tell her how much he loved her—here, at last, was his chance. He hastily repeated over the names of the church-trimming party that he might not forget them. He would go to the sexton, find their addresses, and the rest was easy.

That individual was at his home, reading the afternoon paper, which he put down apologetically as Van Story entered.

"I am from Miss Pinkton, about

trimming the church to-morrow night. Have the greens been ordered?"

"Yes, sir; they will be delivered to-morrow."

"And the church will be open?"

"Yes, sir, I will open the side chancel door at seven-thirty."

"Good. And now will you be so kind as to give me the names and addresses of Mr. Pumpston, Mr. Huddle, Mr. Winger and Mr. Springer?"

The sexton called them out from his record book, and Van Story, armed with the precious paper, hurried off to the nearest hotel typewriter.

"I want this dictated on plain paper," he said to that imperturbable young lady, and he gave the following brief business note:

"Dear Sir—Owing to an unexpected and important engagement of the head of the Trimming Committee I am requested by Miss Pinkton to say that the trimming of the church, which was to have taken place to-morrow night, is postponed. You will, therefore, please not attend to-morrow night, but come on the night following. Yours truly, W. A. VAN STORY."

"I want that letter to be sent to each of these four addresses," he said, "at once," and as he hurried over to his jeweler he exclaimed gleefully to himself, "At last!"

The next evening they walked over to the church together.

"We must be early," she said, as she sat down on the steps leading up to the altar. The pulpit, tall and grim and stately, towered above her shapely head almost like a benediction. Far above them, the lights in the chandelier gleamed fitfully.

Surely, could there be a better place to love and be loved than in the sacred sanctuary, set within the beating heart of the sordid world and yet so far removed from it? And as she looked up at him, instinctively she felt that in such a place his words must ring true, and that she might trust him. He took her hand.

"Dorothy," he said, "I couldn't have told you how much I loved you before. I wanted your answer all to myself. Somehow the sea of city life seemed to shut out the sound of my voice. I longed for a quiet country lane, or the great silent ocean. But I could not wait. And here at last we are safe." He put his arm around her. "Do you love me?" he said.

Her head dropped silently down on his shoulder. And then followed that blissful moment, a moment that stands out in one's life forever after—the moment of life when love's dream is realized, and to these two it was as if the chorus of unseen saints was chanting their happiness. Suddenly she raised her head. There was a mischievous twinkle in her eyes.

"You have forgotten something," she said.

"No, I haven't," he replied triumphantly, misunderstanding her. "I have it here." He produced a tiny object that glittered in the dim light and sent out tiny shafts of lambent fire. "Your Christmas present," he said. "Two days ahead, none but less real. I didn't know what to give you, until I thought of this."

He slipped it on her finger.

"It is beautiful," she said at last, "beautiful."

There was a moment of silence, interrupted by a sound like the chirping of joyful birds. Then she spoke again.

"When I said you had forgotten something," she said, the twinkle coming back to her eyes, "I wasn't thinking of this." She held up the ring admiringly. "I was thinking of the others—why, they may be here any minute."

Van Story caught her hand in his once more.

"No," he said smilingly. "You see, dear, it was my only chance. I just had to do it. I sent word to all the others—wrote them each a note, you know, that this thing was postponed until to-morrow night, on account of an important engagement. You didn't mind, did you? It was the truth, wasn't it? I wanted to be alone with you. It was our only chance. Don't you see it was?"

She dropped her hands by her side suddenly. The color left her face and then came back again.

"You did that?" she said. "How could you? How dreadful! Oh, why did you do it? What can I ever say to them? You wrote and told them not to come to-night—did you do that?"

He caught her hands again in his. Above, the stately old church bells in the spire chimed out the hour.

"Yes, dearest," he said. "I did it and I'm glad of it. Nothing can ever make me sorry. I wrote the whole bunch of 'em not to come."

She raised her half-mourning, half-mercy eyes to his.

"Don't you see," she said—Waverley.

"Waverley?"

"Waverley?"

"Waverley?"

"Waverley?"

"Waverley?"

"Waverley?"

"Waverley?"

"Waverley?"

"Waverley?"

"Waverley?"

"Waverley?"

"Waverley?"

"Waverley?"

"Waverley?"

"Waverley?"

"Waverley?"

"Waverley?"

"Waverley?"

"Waverley?"



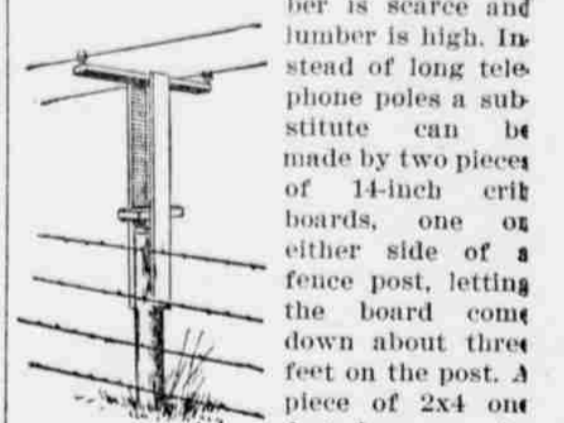
Winter Feeding of Lambs.

Whatever may be the ration given the lambs this winter, it must not be forgotten that exercise is necessary to their well-being. Don't turn them out into the cold to shift for themselves but provide a place on the warm side of the barn, protected from wind and containing a shed where they may go when they will and where they may be thoroughly protected from bad weather.

While they are in the exercising yard provide them with some roughage to pick over to keep them busy and contented, and also see that they have an opportunity to drink several times during the day. If the weather will not permit of this outdoor exercise then some place should be provided under cover where the lambs will have a chance to stretch their legs. Try the plan and you will find that it pays well.

Scantling Telephone Pole.

D. W. Fredmore, of Nebraska, describes a scantling telephone pole that may interest some readers where timber is scarce and lumber is high. Instead of long telephone poles a substitute can be made by two pieces of 14-inch crib boards, one on either side of a fence post, letting the board come down about three feet on the post. A piece of 2x4 one foot long can be nailed between the boards about four feet above the top of the post, and at the top of the post a piece of 2x4 two feet long. It will be seen at a glance the saving and yet it will answer the purpose.



Geese Are the Hardest. Geese are the hardest of all fowl after the goslings shed their down and assume their waterproof clothing. Being water fowls, wet weather, damp soils and extremes of heat and cold do not affect them. They will remain perfectly healthy and will grow fat without feeding on marshy ground where high land fowls cannot be kept. They require less housing or protection of any sort than other fowls. Geese are long-lived birds. There have been astonishing tales told of the extreme longevity of the goose. We believe about 40 years is the record. Geese become more prolific after their fourth or fifth year and lay more and larger eggs. The Toulouse is the most popular variety, being of large size not noisy, and are the best layers, but are not the best sitters and mothers.

Remedies for Roup.

Roup remedies are of but little avail as too much work is necessary in handling birds and administering the cures which are not always efficacious. A remedy often recommended, and which is simple and inexpensive, is to give the bird a pill of assafetida as large as a bean twice a day, and to inject at the same time two drops (using a sewing machine oil can) of the following mixture in each nostril, and four drops down the throat: Camphorated oil one dram; water, one dram; carbolic acid, ten drops. Keep the bird in a dry, warm place. Roup may be known by foul odor, discharge from the nostrils, hoarse breathing and sometimes swelled head and closed eyes.

Concentrated Feeds.

Corn is the basis of several of the best known concentrated feeds now on the market. Gluten feed, corn oil cake meal and gluten meal are all made from the best feeding parts of corn and in the process of manufacture are rendered almost wholly digestible. Recent experiments both in this country and Europe showed gluten feed to be from 96 to 99 per cent digestible and always reliable for feeding all kinds of live stock, insuring the most economical gains. It matters not whether the farmer is feeding for meat or milk it is true economy to feed a ration balanced with some of the digestible corn concentrated feeds.—Dairy and Creamery.

Silk as a Farm Crop.

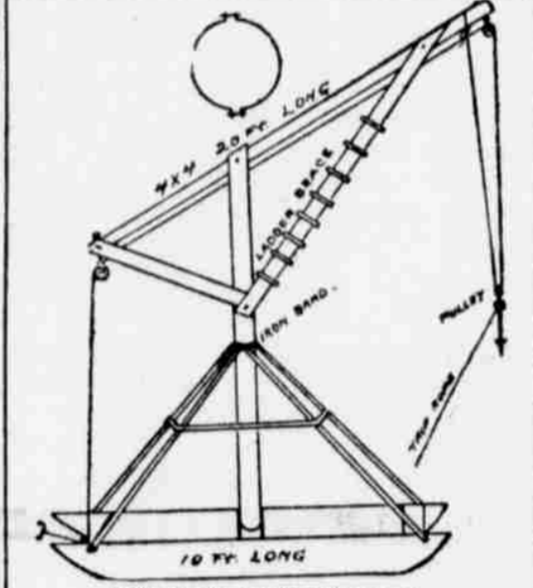
It is asserted on the part of the Department of Agriculture that a Southern farmer's family can earn more in eight weeks by silk culture than I could in a year by raising a crop of cotton. The one crop, moreover, does not exclude the other. Mulberry trees the leaves of which form the food of silkworms, can be grown along the fences of cotton fields and in odd corners of the farm. No great outlay is required for stock or plant. In fact silk growing can be prosecuted as a by-industry, like poultry raising by women and children.

Texas Itch or Mange.

Mange is caused by an itch mite which inhabits the horse, ass, mule or steer, and may migrate to man, where it may thrive as well. An old bulletin of the Minnesota Experiment Station says that, though very small, it can be readily detected moving along the scurf of an infected skin. If a strong magnifying lens is used. It forms small galleries beneath the scurf skin, in which it hides and multiplies. If the hide of an infested horse is warmed by the sun or in a warm stable, the mite becomes very active, and is found quite readily by those trained in such work. Like all burrowing itch mites, they cannot exist for a long time if removed from their burrow and exposed to the dry air; in moist places they can exist, however, for many days, even for many weeks. Horses invaded by such parasites show their presence by being restless, which is caused by their incessant itching about the head, mane, tail and back. Numerous open sores and scabs make the presence of the itch mite very certain and plain. As a remedy, remove the scabs by the use of soap and brush, and apply a tea made of boiling one and one-half ounces of tobacco in one quart of water. This application should be repeated after fifteen days to kill the new brood that may have hatched in the interval. Cleanliness in the stable is another important factor, and if a case of this disease has been found in a stable, all blankets and rubbers should be whitewashed with quicklime containing one-fourth pound of chloride of lime to one gallon of water.

Home-Made Hay Stacker.

Charles W. Jones, of Marlon County, Iowa, sends the Homestead a sketch and description for a device of a swinging hay stacker. The pole is made to turn in an iron band shown in the illustration, which is not solid, but held together by two bolts. The iron in the band should be one-half inch thick and two inches wide. The



SWINGING HAY STACKER.

pulley that is fastened to the sled can be put at any convenient point as needed, according to where the stacking is done. The runners of the sled should be staked down by four good stakes very much as horse power is staked down. Any blacksmith can make the iron for these stackers.

Use of Mutton Is Growing.

Mutton as human food is gaining rapidly in popularity. Good authorities predict that the time is rapidly approaching when as many sheep and lambs will be slaughtered in this country as there are hogs and cattle slaughtered now. History shows that in old countries mutton is the poor man's meat, because it can be raised at less cost than any other, and also that it is the best and most wholesome. It brings a good price, mutton is in demand, and the farm needs fertilizing. Why not every farmer grow mutton and those who feel so inclined have a sheep ranch? It is a paying business.

The Popcorn Belt.

There is more popcorn shipped from the State of Odehelt, Iowa, than from any other station in the world. In 1892 the crop amounted to 144 cars, and the crop of 1903 is estimated at 150 cars. The ruling prices, which range from 75 cents to \$1 per hundred bushels, make the popcorn crop worth \$30,000. An average bushel of popcorn is about a ton and a half, so that in average years the crop from an acre will bring \$100. The fodder is of good quality for winter feeding.