A TALE OF THREE CITIES.

Priscilla of these fin de siecle days
Who from old Pilgrim stock boasts her descent,
Reads Emerson and Browning and essays
A tilt with any sage at argument.
Goes to the symphonies, plays whist in Lent—
Yet in one way she patterns her granddames:
For when a bit of gossip you bestow
With all her basic knowledge she exclaims:
"I want to know!"

One has come down upon Manhattan Isle
Through a long line of trademark Vans.
To-day
She perches high upon the social stile
And plumes herself on being distingue
And on her etiquette; but if you say
A thing is thus and so, strange to relate,
If to the belle your news is a surprise,
She'll tell you: "You don't say!" as sure as fate,
With wide-open eyes.

A piquant cousin of the hearty West—
"We got the Fair from you, you know," said she;
"We've half your gelt and soon shall have the rest,
And no one bluffs about his family-tree."
Stunned by her nerve, yet anxious to agree—
"Our girls with all their style, cannot compare
"With yours for looks," he said. And thus she spake,
With elevated eyes, inquiring stare:
"For heaven's sake?"

—Kate Field's Washington.

ONE WOMAN'S DECEIT.

OLIVIA WALTON was a woman of ideas. No one who knew her could have disputed that even if he had the desire. But one would not have wished it, for she was not a girl who aroused antagonism. Her disposition was gentle and sweet, and though her mind was strong and bright and flexible, men never spoke of her as being a strong-minded woman. She was one of those rare women who know what the utilization of resources means and she never let an opportunity or an opening escape her.

But it was probably more the charm of her dainty personality and the perception of her sweet, womanly qualities than any reverence for intellectual capacity that drew Philip Armstrong to her side.

He was a noble-hearted fellow, but in disposition and attainments one of the most ordinary and commonplace of men. But it is wonderful what a capacity for loving these commonplace men have when once their affections become fixed. And Philip loved Olivia.

He had told her so and she had listened with pleasure and made him happy by her answer. It had leaked out in the usual way, and people had talked and commented on it. Some had even asked what she saw in him to attract her, and others had gone so far as to assert that it was a shame for a brilliant woman like her to throw herself away—yes, those were the words—on a commonplace man like Armstrong.

But Philip and Olivia, absorbed in the contemplation of each other's virtues, were oblivious to the chatter that went on about them, just as so many other lovers have been from time immemorial, and finally people ceased to talk of them, save in the old way.

They had been engaged for about a year, when one evening Philip said to her:

"I have decided to make a new venture, Olivia"—he was a merchant in a small way—"or, rather," he added, "to enlarge upon my old one. One of these bright days when you conclude that you are ready we'll be getting married, and"—smiling—"you know, when a man adds to his responsibilities by taking a wife he must add to his income also. Isn't that right, little girl?"

Olivia blushed, but remained silent.

"So I have concluded to enlarge my business. I can get additional floor space next door and the wall, or part of it, can be removed so as to throw both rooms into one. What do you think of it, dearest?"

"It would be so good, Philip, and I am sure that you deserve success. But do you think it would be perfectly safe just now?"

"Oh, yes; I have figured on it and I see where I can do it with profit. Besides, business is picking up everywhere and now is the time to get in with any new venture."

"I am glad of that," she replied, "both for your sake and my own."

"What is my sake is your sake."

"Yes, I know, Philip, but I didn't mean that way. I am thinking of a little venture on my own account."

"What, you?"

"Yes; you know father left me a little money and I thought I could put it to better use than allowing it to lie in the bank. Mrs. Vane is going to sell her millinery store and I thought I should like to buy it. The stock is all in good condition and her trade is excellent. She is only selling because she is too old for business."

"You a milliner!" exclaimed Philip.

"Why, I need not be there all the time. The clerks are efficient, but of course they would need a certain amount of attention and supervision. I fel confident that I could make it a success, and it would be such a help to us both when we are——" She paused and blushed.

"Your intentions are all right, Olivia," said Philip, "but this would never do in the world. Just try to trust in me and don't get any such notions into your head."

"I do trust in you, Philip, but that shouldn't hinder me from doing all I can to help myself."

"But think what it is to be a business woman; to be coming into contact with any and everybody. You must not do it, Olivia."

"But, Philip, I have set my heart upon it."

"You can give it up, though, since you see how much I wish it, can't you?"

Olivia hung her head and thought for a moment and then said: "I will try." Philip kissed her tenderly and so the cloud passed over.

Several months had passed and Olivia had set the date upon which she would become Philip's wife. It was still some weeks ahead, when one day he surprised her by asking its postponement until a later day. Heretofore it had always been she who had said: "Wait a little while." But his reason was soon clear to her.

"Olivia," he said, "I am afraid that I let my own hopes color my figures too highly when I thought of enlarging my business. Things have not gone as well as they might have gone, and although I don't apprehend anything serious, yet I shall be compelled to hedge very closely for a little while. Will you wait on me a little while longer?"

Would she? Did he even need to ask? She comforted and reassured him as only a womanly woman can. He left her that evening even under the adverse circumstances, in the love of so noble a heart.

But she was disturbed in mind. She fancied that Philip looked haggard and reproached herself that she had not noticed his troubled countenance before.

"What if he knew?" she asked herself. "What if he knew? Would he be angry with me for having deceived him?" She sat musing for some time, and then, stamping her foot with determination, she exclaimed: "I will do it! If help comes to him through my deceit, perhaps he will forgive me."

Next morning early she went downtown and was busy all day, but she came home in the evening with a radiant face and a sprightly step in spite of the long day's work, for there was a great joy in her heart.

It was nearly a week before she saw Philip again, and meanwhile things had gone very badly with him. Her heart smote her as she beheld his worn and troubled countenance. All the life and hope had gone out of it. She rose to meet him as he walked unsteadily across the floor.

"Olivia," he said, "I have come to tell you something—something that it almost kills me to say. May God grant that it may not cause you the pain to hear that it does me to speak it."

He paused a moment and bowed his head in his hands. There were tears in his eyes.

"I have loved you well," he went on, "and heaven knows that I have tried to do all in my power to make myself worthy of you, but either unwisdom or misfortune has undone me and I am going to give you back your freedom. I have no right to ask you to wait longer upon me and I cannot marry you now, for, unless there is a change by to-morrow night, I shall have to make an assignment."

"I am so thankful, Philip, that it is nothing worse than that. I don't want my freedom back. Your success or failure can neither kill nor affect my love."

"But I will not sacrifice you, my darling."

"And you need not." She pressed something into his hand and he flushed crimson as he looked at it. It was money, in large bills and small; enough to put him on his feet again and give him a start. But he held it out to her.

"Take it back, Olivia!" he cried, "I will not consent to use your money!"

"It is not my money. It is money procured upon the stock of 'Robinson & Co., milliners.'"

He looked up in surprise.

"Oh, Philip, can you forgive my deceit?" she cried. "My heart was so set on that store that I bought it in mother's maiden name; and it has prospered. I know it was wrong, after promising you, but can't you let the good it will do atone for the wrong?"

"Don't talk that way about it, Olivia; I was a blind bigot and you have just shown me how blind I was. I will accept your loan if you can trust it into the hands of such a blind blunderer as I am."

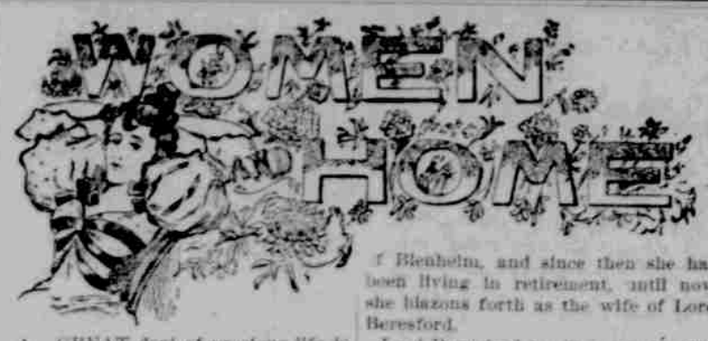
"I shall be only too glad to trust you if you can trust me after my deceit," said Olivia.—Chicago News.

The Riddle of the Cid.

A mediaeval condottier in the service of the Moslem, when he was fighting to fill his own coffers with perfect impartiality against Moor or Christian, banished as a traitor by his Castilian sovereign, and constantly leading the forces of the infidel against Aragon, against Catalonia, and even against Castile, he has become the national hero of Spain.

Warring aginst the Moslem of Valencia, whom he pitilessly despoiled, with the aid of the Moslem of Saragossa, whose cause he cynically betrayed, while he yet owned a nominal allegiance to Alfonso of Castile, whose territories he was pitilessly ravaging; retaining conquered Valencia for his personal and private advantage, in despite of Moslem and Christian kings, he has become the type of Christian loyalty and Christian chivalry in Europe. Avaricious, faithless, cruel and bold, a true soldier of fortune, the Cid still maintains a reputation which is one of the enigmas of history.—History of Spain—U. R. Burke.

We would admire the summer girl more if she didn't have such a hard time to stay pinned together.



A GREAT deal of precious life is fritted away worrying over trifles and over things that cannot be helped. Of course sound nerves and a good digestion have much to do with that philosophy with which we accept the discipline of fate; but nerves can be controlled and digestion improved by a rational regard for rest and proper diet. There is no such killjoy in the home as the fretting, complaining woman who sees only the dark side of things, upon whose world, apparently, the sun never shines. Everything is wrong and nothing is ever right. Husband and children are made to suffer for the shortcomings of circumstances, and there is for no one in the four walls of such a home one chance in a hundred for even the minimum of happiness.

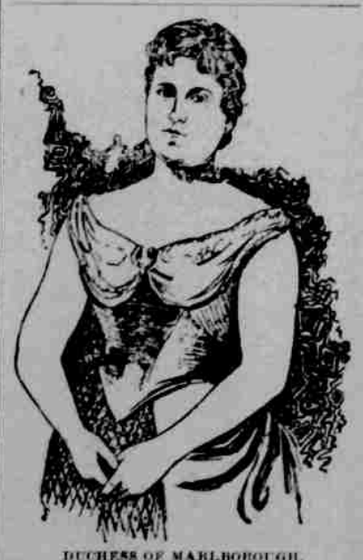
Many a woman of this depressing type began her married life a cheerful, light-hearted girl. Sometimes it has been physical suffering that has robbed her of her courage, and sometimes disaster and bereavement which were almost too much to be borne. But, nevertheless, the pain is not eased, the calamity averted, the loss made good by repining and murmuring. Some of the sunniest and most heroic souls have been those who have been racked with torture from which there was no relief—bed-ridden invalids, cripples confined to their wheeled chairs, whose corner is, by common consent, the family congregating place, because there they find, in the presence of brave and uncomplaining suffering, comfort, consolation, and unfailing encouragement. There are hundreds who have conquered fortune in the face of almost certain defeat, who have retrieved themselves after repeated and continued failure. It is much to keep on trying, even if success never comes—better than to sit down passively and acknowledge failure.

If the husband has grown indifferent, nagging and fretting will not reawaken affection; cheerfulness and a desire to please and entertain may. This cannot be accomplished by a constant harping upon the petty accidents of the kitchen and the ills of the laundry. These ought to be domestic state secrets—to be buried and never mentioned. There are enough delightful things to read about, to talk of and think about to exclude wholly the discusion of what is irrelevant and hurtful. And as for bereavement, there have been men and women who have, out of such sorrow, become so ennobled and strong that they became a blessing to all who came within their influence. Patience and moral courage are the two qualities which most of us need above all others, the lack of which has changed the course of history.—The Household.

The Duchess of Marlborough.

The Dowager Duchess of Marlborough, who recently married Lord William Beresford and so added yet another leaf to her numerous matrimonial experiences, started out in life as Lily Price, the daughter of Commodore Price, of Troy, N. Y., a very beautiful girl and equally poor. By some tremendous stroke of good luck she managed to marry Louis Hammersley, who accommodatingly died shortly after, leaving his widow an annual income of $250,000.

Mrs. Hammersley then took the next step of the ambitious wealthy American and began to angle for an English nobleman. She caught a big fish—at least so far as title went. The Duke of Marlborough was a descendant of John Churchill, the most successful general that ever led a British army. He was, to be sure, divorced from his wife, up to his ears in debt and possessed of such a reputation that few decent English houses were open to him. Still, he was a duke and possessed Blenheim Palace, one of the most splendid places in



DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH.

England, though then falling into decay and quite uninhabitable.

This man Mrs. Hammersley married in 1888. To restore Blenheim the new duchess paid $700,000—or, rather, she got into debt for that sum. It has never, it is believed, been paid, though countless lawsuits have been instituted against the duchess in regard to the matter. Well, her Grace of Marlborough struggled along through her noble husband's lifetime under this load of debt, to which was added the disappointment of being thoroughly snubbed by English society. At his death the new duke promptly turned her out of Blenheim, and since then she has been living in retirement, until now she blazons forth as the wife of Lord Beresford.

Lord Beresford has the singular distinction of being an English nobleman without, at the same time, being a blackguard. He is a brave and gallant soldier who won the Victoria Cross in Africa for his heroism. The duchess will probably find him a great improvement on her other husbands, and, if she keeps on at this rate, there is no telling what hero she may not get after a few more matrimonial experiments.

Take Care of Your Hair.

A girl's hair is one of her points of beauty, and it should never be neglected. Regular, steady brushing of the hair with a clean brush, fifty strokes before going to bed at night, twenty-five in the morning when dressing, will keep the hair thick, smooth, soft and lovely.

Once a month, at least, the tips of the hair should be clipped off, just the merest tip-ends at the edges, and once a month the head should be carefully washed with tepid water and soap, thoroughly rubbed and well dried. If mamma has time to take this sort of care of her daughter's hair, she will be repaid by seeing rich and flowing tresses, or sisters may easily do it for one another.

Do not cut your hair in bangs. It is very much prettier simply parted and combed back plainly, then braided in one or two long tails, and tied with a ribbon. Avoid essences, oils and pigments; the hair needs only cleanliness and much brushing. Keep your hairbrush clean by frequently dipping it into a bath of hot water and ammonia and drying it in the sun. Everything used in treating the hair must be scrupulously clean.—Harper's Young People.

Bicycle Suit.

A Sensible Hint.

Before deciding as to the color of your next new dress bear in mind the following rules, which have been given by a well-known artist: Choose always such tints as may actually be found in the hair, eyes or complexion.

For instance, a woman with blue-gray eyes should wear blues and grays; a brunette, creams, browns and yellows. Women with florid complexions look their best in plum and heliotrope, also in those grays which contain a tinge of pink and in red browns. Fair women should wear dead blacks, woolen stuffs or velvets. Brunettes always look best in satins or silks.

A military company composed entirely of girls has been organized in Milton, W. Va.

One of the first women to register in Wichita, Kan., was Mrs. Harriet McMurray, a giddy girl of 115, who knew Thomas Jefferson.

Down to the present century a part of the marriage ceremony in Hungary consisted in the groom giving the bride a kick to remind her of her subjection.

Sir John Lubbock's daughter is treading in her father's footsteps. "Some Poor Law Questions," an explanation of the workings of the present laws and proposed changes, by Miss Gertrude Lubbock, is announced by Murray.

At a church fair in Glasgow, Scotland, forty females engaged in a towel-washing contest for prizes. The quickest hands had their towels washed and hung in about three minutes, and the prizes were all won by single women.

Queen Victoria has just lost the last royal servant who knew her as a child. G. Fleming entered the service of the Duchess of Kent in 1830, and was transferred to the Queen's household in the year of her accession. He retired in 1886, and died March 3, aged 79.

The strangest story, "East Lynne," which so many of us know all about and yet so few of us have read, still leads in point of popularity all the novels in England. The London publishers of the book have just issued the four hundred thousandth of Mrs. Wood's novel.

Mrs. John La Farge, wife of the famous American artist, was a daughter of Commodore Perry, and her husband's first interest in Japan, which he has since celebrated in pictures and literature, began with his marriage into a family whose head had opened Japan to the rest of the world.

OUR RURAL READERS.

SOMETHING HERE THAT WILL INTEREST THEM.

How to Make a Reservoir for Irrigation Purposes—Crossing Old Races of Fowls Not Always Profitable—The New Double Horseshoe—Notes.

Windmill Irrigation.

Wind-pump irrigation will be depended upon more and more wherever the rainfall is apt to be deficient. The accompanying illustration taken from a photograph, represents a section of one of the many reservoirs in Meade County in Southwest Kansas which have been used satisfactorily for some time. The pump is larger than the average in this locality, having a 12-inch cylinder, a 12-inch discharge pipe and a 10-inch stroke; it lifts the water 14 feet at the rate of 175 gallons per minute.

The preparation of the reservoir is most important, and in order to assist any who contemplate such an addition to their farm improvements, I will tell how I made mine. Select a site higher than the ground to be watered. Lay out the reservoir corresponding in capacity to the power of the pump. The pump must be capable of filling it in two or three days. Remove all sod, placing it beyond the limits of the walls. Do not use it in forming the embankment. Then plow and scrape, dumping where the wall of the reservoir is wanted. Continue until the work is completed, driving over the wall. Leave the inside sloping so the waves will not injure it. When the excavation is of the desired size plow the bottom and pulverize thoroughly. Hitch a team to a block, road scraper or other suitable object, turn in the water and begin to puddle by driving along one edge and continuing until the whole surface is puddled. This will cause a precipitation of sediment which will fill the pores of the soil and enable it to hold water quite well. The bottom will then be 12 to 18 inches lower than the surface of the ground outside, but that much water must always be left in the reservoir to preserve the puddling, for if it gets dry or freezes the work must be done over again. If the reservoir is small, say 30x50x3 feet, some dirt for the wall must be obtained from the outside. An outlet can be made of four 2-inch planks long enough to reach through the wall. Saw the inner end sloping and provide it with a valve made of 2-inch board, and on the same principle as the valve in an ordinary pump.—E. D. Smith, in American Agriculturist.

IRRIGATION BY WIND POWER.

Sweet Potato Plants.

The bedding of seed sweet potatoes in spring is quite a simple affair, yet it is highly important, in order to get the best results, that it be done right, and well done at that. Make an ordinary hotbed with any rapidly fermenting manure, directs Farm News, level it down, raking the top even; pile down your potatoes in center of bed, then place them carefully, one potato at a time, as close as possible without them actually touching one another. Then put above them six inches of loose, dry earth, woods-mould preferred. The larger potatoes may be split in two, lengthwise, and laid cut side down, among the others. Water the beds every week (washing day) with good strong soapsuds, the stronger and dirtier they are the better for the potatoes. If a crust forms or bakes on the surface, keep it well fined (broken up) by hand. Don't have less than six inches of mellow earth above them, or your slips may be too short to set out well. Never set out the slips in very wet weather, puddling the roots or watering them. If you water them, pour a little water in the hole with the slips, then fill in on top with dry earth.

Let Subsoiling Go Down Deep.

The deeper we can penetrate down into the soil with the plow the more plant food we can draw up, and the greater quantity of water we can store there. Every rain storm now avails us very little, if the hard pan is formed a foot below the surface. It soon runs off, and disappears. The plant food that is buried up in the hard pan cannot be utilized by the roots of the crops, and a great deal of loss is experienced in this way. The question of inventing a plow that will penetrate from two to three feet below the surface and stir the soil up thoroughly every spring is very important, and one that will have a direct bearing upon the future of our agriculture. Meanwhile, we must break up the hard pan beneath our plowed fields the best we can. Our present subsoil plows partly solve the difficulty, and many of them run so hard that it almost requires steam to haul them across a field of ordinary compactness.

Crows and Growing Corn.

Crows and the corn field do not seem to have been on intimate terms last year, at least with E. W. S., who wrote the American Cultivator: "I planted four or five acres of corn on a field that had always been the favorite camping ground of crows. They annually pulled a quarter of the plants. Last year, after planting the corn and before it came up, I bought a 30-cent bottle of strychnine, dissolved contents in hot water and after cooling, added enough cold water to cover a peck of corn and let it remain in the solution two days. The corn was then sown broadcast over the field. The crows were constant visitors before sowing the corn, apparently expecting a rich feast as soon as the young plants appeared above ground. For two days after not a crow was to be seen on that field; on the third day, two were seen to alight, but they made a very short stop. Not one was known to sample the corn and in hoeing not a stem was found pulled."

Crossing Old Races of Fowls.

Fashion and the whims of showroom judges have influenced one way or another the modeling of types and

EMBDEN GOOSE. TOULOUSE GOOSE. EMBDEN-TOULOUSE CROSS.

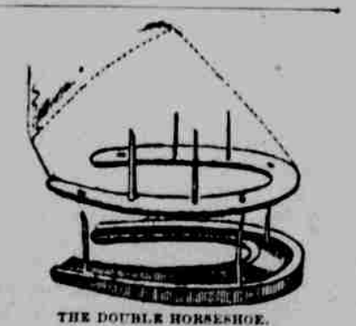
choice of colors for the fancy fowl, says the Orange Judd Farmer. Many old races, when kept pure, are really fine in appearance and valuable in productive qualities; but often when two pure old races are crossed, the product of the union of the two seems, after the first cross, not so productive as either of the parent breeds, and the appearance of the cross is coarse, never to be depended on for any specially desired points. The illustrations that accompany this article present portraits of two old races of geese—the Embden, the famous goose of the Germans, and the Toulouse, the splendid French breed, both grand races when kept true. In the third sketch is shown a specimen which suggests coarsely put together, the points of both, and probably the result of crossing both races. It fails to show the characteristics of the breed, and we should judge would make a farmer poor, though it might win money for fanciers.

Setting Fences in Spring.

Spring is the best time to make fences of any kind. The ground is soft for digging the holes in which to set posts, and after they are set there is time for the soil to compact before winter. If posts are set in the fall it is very hard to keep the fence straight during the first winter, as the posts will be lifted by freezing or blown over by heavy winds in early spring. When frost is out of the soil the best made fall fence will need more or less care. It is better to leave the making of the fence until spring. It can be done before the soil is fit to be plowed or worked in any way, and when other work is not pressing.

A Double Horseshoe.

The accompanying cut illustrates a shoe that is specially adapted to horses for training and racing. It is made in two sections, one light, the other heavier. The light section is permanently nailed to the hoof, and the heavy section is put on while the horse is in training. It not only gives the weight desired in training, but preserves the



THE DOUBLE HORSESHOE.

sharp edge of the light section, which is needed to prevent slipping.

It is claimed that this invention will also lessen the expense of shoeing, rendering it unnecessary to change as often as is done with the old style shoe. The illustration is taken from the Scientific American.

Agriculture as a Science.

The science of agriculture is in a great degree founded on experience. It is therefore of consequence that every farmer should know what has been done and what is doing by others engaged in the same ocupation, and that he should impart to others the fruits of his experiments and observations.

Sell Leghorns Early.

A cross-bred Leghorn will produce fine broilers, and even a pure-bred Leghorn chick is excellent, but they should be sold by the time they reach twenty-four ounces, as they do not grow as rapidly as the larger breeds after they are eight or ten weeks old.