

### THREE GOLDEN BALLS.

By Dorothy Dene.

It was such a tiny room, and in such a little house, and up such a narrow court, and hidden so far back, that even the sunlight was a long time in finding it out. A great high factory wall overshadowed the little house, and this made it all the harder for the sun to get near it. When he got to it at last he looked through the window just under the roof.

What he saw must have pleased him very much, for he came back after that whenever he could and stayed just as long as he could. He had a certain wonderful ivy which grew in a soap box in the window soon became great friends, and the visits of the sunlight were eagerly watched for by the graceful ivy.

Indeed, the sun seemed to have a fondness for everything in the little room. It used to wander over to the bed in the corner and touch its snowy white coverlet; then it would shine upon the little stove opposite the window. I must tell you here that I really think the stove was jealous of the sunlight. You see, it had such a polish that it shone itself, and when the sun was not about the fire in the stove seemed to burn brighter.

The old-fashioned bureau showed its age more than ever when the sun shone upon it, as old things and old people are apt to do when the sun shines on them. The well-worn deal table was always scoured so white and clean that the sun was very fond of it. The two things that he loved best of all, though, were the sweet-faced old woman who sat so much in the big rocking-chair and the ivy in the window. His last lingering glance was always at these.

He couldn't quite understand why it was that the old man he saw there on Sundays and heard talk in such a gentle voice to the sweet-faced woman was never there at any other time, until one day he saw him, in the early morning, going into a mill at the other end of the town. The old man was not very quick in his step, and his shoulders stopped from bending so much over the loom. His hair was white and his hands were thin, and the sunlight touched him very gently as he passed through the mill yard gate.

But there was much going on in the little room that the sunlight knew nothing of. The dear old woman, who was so fond of the shabby rocking-chair, was seldom idle. She seemed to have an endless number of stockings to knit; but these always disappeared as soon as finished. Her own stockings and James' (James was the old man with the gentle voice) needed careful mending to keep them whole. Sometimes the mending was done by candle-light; but James would shake his head, and the stocking would be laid aside. There was never any work done on Saturday night. That was the night



**HIS HEAD BURIED IN HIS HANDS.** when the old woman would sit with her hands resting idly in her lap, while James would placidly smoke his pipe, and between the whiffs read to his wife the news of the week.

They were old, these two, and life had gone hard with them, most would say; but their love only deepened as the years went by, and sorrow served but to bring them closer together.

The days came and went, and gradually the old man's step grew slower and slower and Margery's face more wrinkled. The fire tried its best to make things look bright and cheerful about the little room, but there was not much coal used these days, and it had hard work. The ivy was the only thing that did not seem to feel that something was wrong. It grew so high that there was danger of the sunlight's not being able to peep in the window if it kept on.

On Sundays, no matter what the weather might be, the old couple went to church. They were always neatly dressed; but their clothes were beginning to show signs of constant wear. Times were hard, people said, and many mills were working only on half time; some were even shutting down altogether. Winter was drawing on, and the outlook was gloomy.

The sunlight was surprised to find the old man at home one week-day near the end of the autumn, but as the winter wore on he grew accustomed to seeing him there.

One Monday he met James on the street, and saw him enter a shop in front of which three golden balls were hanging. He noticed that James looked about before going in; he felt ashamed of being seen. When he came out he looked very old, and the sunlight wondered what had become of the old silver chain he always wore with his big silver watch.

Strange, that parting with such a trifle should make a man look old.

When Saturday night came James went again to the shop with the three

golden balls, but when he came out he wore the silver chain.

Week after week this was repeated, and there never was a Sunday when James did not have his silver watch to wear to church.

The sunlight began to wonder why it was that nowadays Margery sat so often idle in the big rocking-chair; indeed, she seldom even rocked now. When her eyes were open they had a far-away look in them, as though her thoughts had wandered back to the days when her little ones were clustered around her. But the soft, gray eyes were rarely open when the sunlight came.

Later on he grew to look for her on the little white bed.

Once or twice he saw James going to church alone, and took a good look to see whether he wore the watch chain. Yes, there it was, but it didn't seem to shine quite as much as it used to.

Poor James! When he stood at Margery's bedside, after coming in from church, he would try to smile, so that the dear wife, as she lay with her hand on the pillow, might not know how he was suffering. Then Margery would ask faintly what time it was, and James would open the silver watch. Then the sunlight would make the dull silver shine so that Margery would smile up at James and say that she was so glad, so glad, that he could have it another Sunday.

Something would rise up in James' throat, but he would try to look glad. Margery didn't see his hand shake as he put the watch back in his pocket.

But when Monday came it was again in the shop with the three golden balls.

When Sunday dawned there was no frail figure lying on the little white bed, and James was sitting by the window with his elbows on his knees, his head buried in his hands. The sunlight lingered with him as long as it could, and when at last it had to go away James never missed it.

The next day it came again and found James still sitting by the window, his head still bowed and buried in his hands.

In the old churchyard, close by the gray stone wall, are two new-made graves. Growing over these, as though joining them together with its loving embrace, is an ivy green among whose leaves the sunlight loves to linger.

In the shop with the three golden balls they wondered for a time what had become of the stoop-shouldered old man who used to come every Saturday night for that old silver watch and chain. But they soon forgot all about it.

#### Three Blessings.

An old clergyman who formerly lived in a New Hampshire town was remarkable for his eccentric modes of speech. His way of asking a blessing was so peculiar as to sometimes effect the risibles of his guests, although he apparently was entirely unconscious of this fact. When he seated himself at the breakfast table, and saw spread upon it a meal greatly to his liking, he said: "Lord, we thank thee for this excellent breakfast of which we are to partake." A more simple meal, but one which he still regarded as comparatively satisfactory, would cause him to say, "Lord, we thank thee for this good breakfast set before us." But when the minister's eye roamed over the table and saw nothing which was especially to his taste, although the tone in which he uttered his petition was not lacking in fervor, his sentiments were clearly to be discovered. "Lord," he invariably said on these occasions, "fill our hearts with thankfulness, we beseech thee, for this meal set before us; for with thee all things are possible."—Youth's Companion.

#### An All-Around Man.

The Tifton Gazette has discovered a justice of the peace who "takes the prize." By arrangement with the ordinary he was authorized to issue marriage licenses. In these days the negroes were beginning to enjoy the luxury of marrying just like white folks, and the J. P. was gathering in quite a lot of shekels, as he not only pocketed the license fee, but also charged a stiff price for tying the knot.

One day a dark hued couple presented themselves as candidates for matrimony, and he soon sent them on their way rejoicing. In a few days the man returned and stated that he could not live "wid dat 'ar' oman."

"Very well," said the J. P., stroking his long judicial beard, "bring me \$15 and I'll give you a divorce."

The negro returned with the money in a few days and was solemnly divorced "by due process of law."

This is the only instance on record where one man exercised the power of an ordinary, a magistrate, a preacher, a clerk of the superior court, a judge of the superior court and twelve jurors.

#### A Traveler's Tale.

The tall man with the literary stoop in his shoulders then broke the silence. "The average native of Porto Rico," he began, "is so large that he will fill a good sized hoghead."

A loud protest went up from the loungers in front of the postoffice. The tall man cleared his throat again.

"I ought to add," he said, in a softened tone, "that he will fill the hoghead with dark-brown molasses."

Whereupon the hour for dinner having arrived the house adjourned until 2 p. m. without ceremony.—New York World.

#### Asking Too Much.

"I demand to be recognized!" screamed the memberess from the empty-eighth district.

"Impossible!" said the speakeress, looking freezingly through her lorgnette. "The lady is not in our set."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

### DAIRY AND POULTRY.

#### INTERESTING CHAPTERS FOR OUR RURAL READERS.

How Successful Farmers Operate This Department of the Farm—A Few Hints as to the Care of Live Stock and Poultry.



**D** LATE, fashionables in this country have taken to work in the dairy, says Chicago Chronicle. The fad is not new by any means. Marie Antoinette, when tired of court gowns, courtesies and intrigues, went to her dairy, which has a place in history. What "the beautiful Austrian woman" did was, of course, imitated, and French women of high degree were soon busy making butter.

The Princess of Wales, who had been brought up in the most democratic fashion by the sensible Danish king, found that actually milking the cows at Sandringham and superintending the dairy gave her better health than all the medicine of the court physician. The Princess Maud also learned to be an adept and no dairy maid in that British isle can beat young royalty making butter. Some time ago that favorite, Fanny Davenport, lost her health. Nobody saw or heard of her. A nervous prostration was said to be the cause of her retirement. Then came a rumor from her country place. She was milking two cows at dawn, skimming the cream off yesterday's milk, and finally churning a little blue-handled dasher in a little blue churn, until she could lift out great spoons of yellow butter. Then the report came that she was well again. The finest private dairy in the world belongs to Governor Levi P. Morton, who built it after his many daughters began to grow to girlhood. This dairy was for a long time managed by the family. A milkmaid would do the butter work and the Morton girls would help her. They lived at Ellerslie then, and part of every day was spent with the cows and the milk. To this day if they were sick or out of sorts they go to the farm and revel in the marble butter rooms for a day. When the youngest was taken to San Francisco for her health last winter she begged to go to the butter house instead. The little daughters of President Cleveland are also learning, in a small, sanded room at Gray Gables, the secrets of the dairy. There it is a common occurrence for the comely wife of the chief executive to be seen teaching Ruth and Esther how to churn. This summer the little tots can make butter to the tune of their sweet kindergarten songs, which they have studiously worked at all winter. This homely employment has been found a great panacea for the nervous of the emotional actresses as well as society women. Olga Nethersole has learned its value, and no better equipped dairy is found than the lovely young English woman comes into, after she has arisen at dawn to milk the cows. And Calve, the great Carmen, finds no greater happiness, when the singing season is over, than to fly to her farm where, feeding the chickens and milking the cows, she forgets all about the footlights.

#### Report on Skimming Milk.

Bulletin No. 42 of the Utah experiment station reports results of experiments in creaming, made by F. P. Linfield, B. S. A. The following are the conclusions drawn from the experiments:

1. As regards thoroughness of skimming, the effectiveness of the methods of creaming milk, according to our work, stands in the following order: (1) Separator, (2) shallow pans, (3) deep pans.
2. When the setting methods are practiced, the pans will give much the best results during the winter, or cold months.
3. There is no advantage, but rather the opposite, in moving the pans into the house during the cold weather, provided that they be kept in a place where the milk will not freeze.
4. Of the deep setting cans, those which are skimmed by drawing the skim-milk from the bottom, give the better results; but the Cooley or submerged can, as regards thoroughness of skimming, does not seem to possess any advantage over those not submerged.
5. From the results given it is evident that from a herd of ten good cows, a separator would be a wise investment. The extra butter obtained by its use, valued at 20 cents a pound, would pay 20 per cent. a year on its cost, as compared with results from shallow pans, and 50 per cent. a year as compared with deep setting.
6. With the deep setting methods the cooler the water is kept, in which the milk is set, the better the skimming. In fact, to do the best skimming it is absolutely necessary to use ice, and a sufficient quantity of it to keep the water at 40 degrees or below, at all times.

#### Fattening Ducks.

Perfect cleanliness must be kept up, if not their fitness will almost exceed that of the hog, says American Poultry Journal. If their pen cannot be kept clean any other way use straw. Do not let them paddle in mud unless you want to flavor them with it. Ducks will lay on fat very rapidly and often get so fat that they will drop dead from a sudden fright. Do not be afraid to give them a large yard as the exercise they take will increase their fat. It is a mistaken idea to pen any kind of fowls in small yards to keep them from running the fat off. Such an idea is contrary to natural science. In physi-

ology we are taught to exercise in order to assimilate our food and the greater the assimilating power the greater the amount of flesh laid on. Give them a large yard and never allow anybody or anything to frighten them. It is the undue exercise that exhausts the flesh and not the exercise they take for their own pleasure. As I have stated, keep them quite hungry for five days, then increase their feed, being very careful not to overfeed them, and you will be surprised at the amount of fat they will lay on. The time required to fatten a duck should not exceed fourteen days. As soon as they get fat they will commence shedding their feathers. Then pick out the fattest and dress them, as they will get full of pin-feathers in three days. If dressed at the right time the feathers will pull out very easily. If picked too soon they will be very tight and likely to fetch the skin along; while if too late the pin-feathers will be very numerous. They must be shaved. A shoemaker's knife with a quite narrow blade is the best. Grind it very thin half way to the back, then use a razor strop and keep it sharp enough to shave with. If the pin feathers are cut close to the skin they will not injure the sale in the least. I have reference to dry picking. Of course the pin-feathers can be pulled out when they are scalded, though it will pay to always dry pick as you cannot hold scalded stock, while dry picked stock will keep indefinitely, which means a great deal when the market is overstocked; and will sell for enough more at any time to pay for the extra trouble.

#### The Goose.

No fowl can be reared with so much profit and with so little care as the goose. After they have attained the age of four months but little attention is required other than supplying plenty of fresh water, a good grass range and a scrupulously dry roosting place, which must also be free from lice and other vermin fatal to the young, says Fancier's Review. If it is impossible to provide free range, the next best substitute is wire netting, which need be but about 18 inches high to confine them until mature. Give them fresh water twice each day, also green food such as turnip tops, celery and cabbage or allow them free range morning and evening. There is no doubt that there is profit in goose culture. When Thanksgiving time arrives you can generally dispose of the young goslings at ten cents per pound, and their average weight will be about ten pounds. Suppose, for instance, you have twelve "gooselets" at \$1 each, the receipts from the sale would be \$12 and the cost of feed has been but a trifle. It is safe to say that your profit will have been \$10 on the transaction. Of course they cannot always be disposed of at \$1 each, but on the other hand the price is often more than a dollar, hence we take it as a basis on which to figure. We doubt if fancy fowls would pay better, considering, of course, that we always have a ready market for our geese. By crossing a China gander on Toulouse geese, large goslings are obtained, quick to grow, nicely marked with medium length necks, yellow bills and remarkably easy to domesticate. My experience has clearly demonstrated that the rearing of geese should be done entirely separate from the rearing of fowls, as the old and young of both are naturally inclined to be pugnacious, especially so after the young are about half grown.

#### We favor hatching by hens, remarks the Fancier's Review, giving four eggs to each, and after one month the attention of biddy is no longer necessary. Late in the season if females are plenty we allow the geese to hatch her young and we give each a clutch of ten eggs. This number is sufficient for safety. If too large a number is placed under the goose some are liable to be broken. Geese are easily and profitably raised in the South. They are experts in riding a cotton field of grass.

#### New Poultry Houses.

It is often more work to fix up a poultry house than to build a new one. To attempt to work over one that has no end of projections and cross beams is discouraging in the extreme. Cracks here and there admit the air and are difficult to effectually stop. We saw such a house last winter, where the owner had attempted to paper up the apertures by which the wintry blasts found access. He had used felt paper, nailing it on over the joists and leaving a dead-air space between the paper and the boards. This had apparently been all right for a time, till the hens got to flying against it and thus tearing it from the joists. The tacks held on to the wood all right, but the paper was simply pulled over the heads. So we say that new houses are desirable where they can be secured. Matched lumber for building will doubtless pay best in the end, though it may cost more at first.

#### Color of Milk and Richness.

The color of cream does not indicate the richness of the milk, though it is sometimes thought to do so. A subscriber of the Fancier's Review had a number of cows that he determined to test. The milk of the best cow had a very light color, and previously to testing her he had not supposed that her milk was richer than that of several other cows. In fact, one of his Jersey cows that had a very rich colored cream had been looked upon as the one giving the richest milk. Her cream when investigated was found to be much less rich than that of the one giving the pale milk. This shows that the eye is not able to determine the real value of milk and cream, but that chemistry, as applied in the Babcock test, is the only reliable process.

#### After a good rain diligently use the hoe in the flower beds and your plants will grow all the better; but be careful not to hoe out the as yet poorly established plants when trying to remove an obnoxious weed growing alongside. Remove these with the fingers.

#### A Bird that Shaves Itself.

The lammergeyer, or bearded vulture, found throughout the whole mountain chains of the Old World, actually shaves himself. The expert barber who has for his customers crusty millionaires could not ply the keen-edged instrument to the stubby beard of his particular patron more deftly than the monarch of the mountain tops prunes his own bristly beard. The head of the vulture is clothed with feathers, and from the sides of the under mandible proceeds a row of black bristles. From this peculiar projection of feathers the bird derives its name. A layer of similar bristles begins at the eye and covers the nostrils, forming a fleecy mustache. With his strong and sharp claws which act as the razor, he trims his whiskers with great care and dexterity. He does this with great regularity and soon the downy beard and mustache give way to a full growth of bristly feathers.

#### A Balzac Museum.

From Gentlewoman. At Levallois-Perret, very near Paris, there is a museum formed of souvenirs taken from Balzac's home, destroyed some years ago. It is with great difficulty one obtains permission to visit this museum; but once there, an archaeological student finds much of interest. Among other treasures are superb carvings, which were once ornaments above doors and window pieces. One of these represents a man holding his head on his right hand; above are engraved in stone the words, "Plus Despoir." No one knows to whom the collection belongs, nor the reason for so much mystery.

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#### The Festive Fly.

Flies are despised, but if everyone was as persistent and as hard to discourage as a fly more people would succeed. When a fly creeps after a person it never knows when to stop. It may be scraped off fifty times, but it immediately comes back again and lights in about the same place. All efforts to kill a fly usually result only in personal injury. The Bible holds Job up as an example of patience, but we bet there were no flies in his time.—Acheson Globe.

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"How do you like the new preacher?"

"There's some of us that don't like him. We believe he's a gold bug."

"Has he been preaching politics?"

"Mighty near it. His first sermon was from the text, 'Whatsoever, therefore, ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them,' and blame it, everybody knows that's the golden rule!"

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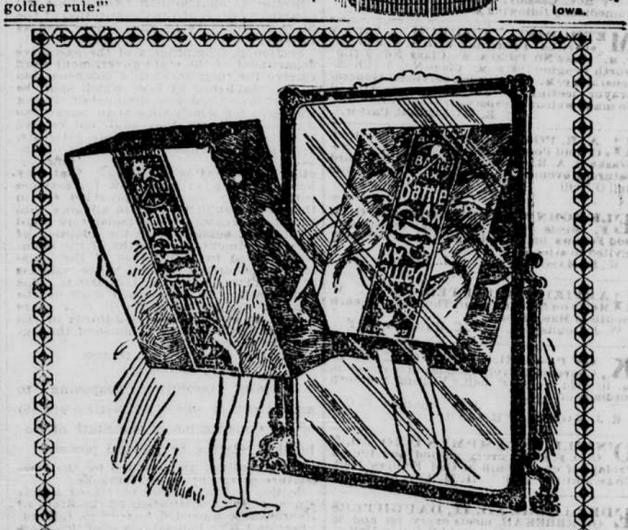
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