

VASSAR PIE

Give me a spoon of oleo, ma, And the sodium alkali.

Now give me a chunk of caseine, ma. To shorten the thermic fat.

Now pass me the neutral dose, mamma. And rotate the mixing machine.

A WESTERN WOOLING.

PEOPLE had become rather tired of the romance. Perhaps in part because it had ceased to be romantic.

Ira was 30, stout, stolid, fanatical, methodical. He was a successful man. This is hardly to be explained of a person with the characteristics mentioned unless one includes selfishness.

Harris, however, accepted her progeny and her affection much as he accepted the drought or the price of hogs.

A year after their acquaintance began he gave her an inkling of his sentiments. Her concurrence with his views was almost pathetic.

"Of course, Ira," she said, "land's land. And if my stepfather and your mother—who is mighty feeble, I notice—and the twins don't die there won't be any land for us worth mentioning, much less a marryin' on."

Nevertheless she felt as the years, two, three, four passed, that her acceptance of his suggestion had been a trifle overemphatic and unconsidered.

In this manner eight more years passed. She was 42. He was 45. He was stouter, more stolid.

The two continued to drive across the majestic prairies in all kinds of marvelous nights and days. But the prose of life had so eaten into their hearts they saw nothing of the beauty surrounding them.

He of the sunflowers, nor the first crackle of the frost, nor the breaking of the ice, nor the gossip of the wild grass, never—never.

Theirs were the years the majority of prairie people know. Always vague, unrestful, apprehensive, material. Never gay, never educational.

One day Ira brought Andulasia a letter. It was from her mother's brother who lived in Iowa.

"Shall I go?" she asked. Harris deliberated. "Has he money?" he questioned.

"Yes." "Then go." He saw her off the next day.

"The train was late. As they walked up and down the platform she talked to Ira steadily and monotonously.

"I heard her, but all the time he was watching a girl who played with the agent's children in a green patch near the station.

"And you won't forget about the chopped feed?" He gave her an intense glance.

"I'll attend to it." "You'll have Alys Markham pull purlsey for the young pigs?"

"And—O yes! If mother seems to feel another fit coming on you'll get her a bottle of Indian relief cure at the drug store."

He assured her he would. And all the time he was thinking what a wonderful way her hair curled about her temples—not Andulasia's.

The train steamed in. Andulasia went away. Ira did not kiss her. She was relieved—and disappointed.

When the train had pulled out and was well around the bend Harris, who had lingered on the platform, asked the agent to introduce him to his visitor.

Harris joined in the games of the children. He made himself clumsily delightful. Soda water was unknown in that particular small town.

He came to the depot the next day, the next, and the next. The little visitor with the fox-flower eyes and yellow hair smiled divinely.

"The children," she confided to the agent's wife, "are having such a good time. It is all great fun."

"Take me past your farm," she commanded. He grew red with ecstasy at the request. He explained apologetically many conditions of his property as they drove by.

"When I'm married," he announced with much determination, "I intend to live in town."

Three weeks passed—four. Harris had several letters from Iowa. The contents of the letters were chiefly relative to hogs, and pasturage, and baled hay, and discounts.

As for Alys, was there ever such an eye, such a hand, such a voice, such a foot, such a smile? To be sure he had once met Alys walking home from church with the lumberman.

"Poor devil!" he concluded commiseratingly, "it will be tough, but he will have to stand it."

He dismounted at the postoffice, which was also the general store and tin shop. There was a letter for him—a letter from Andulasia.

"Dear Ira: Things is all upset. Uncle Jake died a week ago.

"ANDULASIA STERBINS." Harris smiled curiously as he stuffed the letter in his pocket.

"Well, it's you, Ira. I'm clean beat. Put them things in the buggy, while I get some soya and yeast up-town."

"Up-town?" Miss Sterbins learned several things, chief of which was that Ira Harris had transferred his affections to Miss Alys Lane.

Her composure, the loss of her expected fortune, the witchery of Alys, all gave Harris courage.

He drove Andulasia to her home, but he did not again broach the subject. He went back to town that evening.

"I am honored, Mr. Harris, of course," she said. "But I always supposed you were engaged to Miss Sterbins.

"Fact is, Andulasia," he said, "it's you I want. I fancied for awhile I'd like that silly little thing. I must have been kind of hypnotized. I'm sure now it's you I want."

"I've just promised to marry Mr. Muggs. He asked me last night before he found out what you know?"

"What I know? Andulasia!" "Yes. The news that come in on the noon train about the will being found, and me getting \$7,000, and—"

"What a fine woman she was! Why had he never noticed that fact before?"

"But," he fairly howled, "I've been mending for fifteen years to marry you, Andulasia!"

"He remembered some lines he had once read. It would be quite safe to repeat them as original, for Andulasia never read anything.

"I feared my fate too much," he protested, striking his breast dramatically, "and my deserts was too small!"

"Go back," she counseled, "to that yell-hatted girl at the depot." He did go back, but not to the depot.

"All right—come any time." At 10:30 the young man returned and after a glance at him the druggist said: "So you didn't find your man?"

"No. But I feel to-night as if I'd got a chill. I'll take some straight."—Chicago Tribune.

"What's good for a black eye?" asked a tough-looking young man of a Michigan avenue druggist the other evening.

"I'll come later on—in about an hour from now. I'm hunting a fellow down to lick him and I thought I'd have things all fixed if I got a black eye. I'll probably drop in about 10 o'clock."

"No, he didn't black your eye, anyhow." "No, he didn't black my eye, but look here!"

"I don't know much about leeches, but I'll bet dollars to cents that they can't put these things back in my jaw! Guess the man I want to see is either a shoemaker or dentist!"—Detroit Free Press.

Oh, Georgy State is the land o' peaches—Just don't care how the screech owl screeches— Look away down South in Georgy!

From fat old Fulton, 'way past Fannin, Peaches gettin' ripe for cannin'— Look away, Look away, Look away down South in Georgy!

We'll all jest roll in lots o' money, Jugs chuck full o' peach an' honey— Look away, Look away, Look away down South in Georgy!

Oh, Georgy State is the land o' cotton, But the peach crop come, an' the rest's forgotten— Look away, Look away, Look away down South in Georgy!

Rivers—You don't need to buy a bicycle suit, Banks. Here's a gray flannel one of mine. It's too big for you, but you can take it to a tailor's and have it cut down. Banks (inspecting it)—That won't be necessary, Rivers. I'll just take it to the laundry.—Chicago Tribune.

AGRICULTURAL NEWS

THINGS PERTAINING TO THE FARM AND HOME.

Crops Properly Planted May Be Cultivated Diagonally—Have a Place for the Fowls to Roil—Good Dairy Cows Are Always Salable.

When the planting has been properly done there is often much advantage in cultivating diagonally between hills. This will cut corners which are left untouched when the cultivator has been run only as the rows are planted.

A Place for Fowls to Roil. The trouble that many farmers have in keeping fowls out of the garden is because they do not provide a substitute. It is natural for hens to seek a dusting place where they can clear off any vermin that may be on them, or without regard to this to take a dust bath, which is their way of keeping skin and feathers in healthy condition.

Crimson Clover and Potash. Analysis of crimson clover shows that it has a large proportion of potash. Some of the failures to grow it, especially on sandy soil, are probably due to a deficiency of potash. The common red clover frequently fails from the same cause.

Cutting Green Oats for Feed. The earliest crop that can be cut for feeding from spring seedling is one of oats or barley. It is good economy to cut oats green just as the head is forming and feed it to cows.

A Paying Business for Farmers. The most salable farm animal to-day is a first-class dairy cow. We often wonder how more farmers back on the hilly rough pasture farms do not make a business of raising heifers of good milking strains to supply milkmen in the milk-producing counties.

Devon Cattle. In choosing his breed of cattle the general farmer wants—if not a "general purpose" animal—at least a combination animal; that is to say, one yielding a satisfactory flow of milk and its products in butter and cheese, and at the end of her usefulness in this direction, a carcass for which the butcher will pay a good price.

Notes. There are ten "fruit schools" in France, where pupils are instructed practically how to cultivate and husband fruits.

Permanent sod, without fertilizing, is an injury to the orchard. This has been proved in the experience of nearly every successful orchardist.

Over 100 acres are given up to pickle growing in the vicinity of the town of Camden, Maine. The crop is a profitable one, usually yielding an income of \$100 to \$150 an acre.

String beans can be had throughout the whole summer by planting about once a month for successive supplies. The seed germinates quickly, and the plants grow rapidly.

The function of the queen bee, says a writer, is simply to lay eggs and thus keep the colony populous. This she does with considerable energy. A good queen, when at her best, will lay 2,000 or 3,000 eggs in a day.

A patented method to raise asparagus under a newly-invented cap, to bleach it and draw it up, can be tried on a smaller scale by putting empty flower-pots over the shoots. Asparagus shows an immense latitude in the degrees of tenderness and toughness; it all depends upon how it is grown.

The original snow apple tree, now 70 years old, is a production of Oakland County, Michigan. It still bears fruit. The tree was planted by Apollie Dewey on his farm between Birmingham and Pontiac, and brought forth a new apple, which for lack of any other name, was styled the "snow apple."

The Germans have lately been experimenting upon the effect of copper on potato vines. They found that a 2 per cent. solution of blue vitriol (sulphate of copper) in lime water, sprinkled on the plants, increased the amount of chlorophyll in the leaves, and increased the number and size of the potatoes.

All who have ever picked fruit from a step-ladder have experienced a sense of insecurity when leaning towards one side for a hold. The whole thing may topple over. There is a new invention, where the beam which holds the rounds in place runs in the middle, and, to balance the rounds straight across, a twisted, strong wire is run up both sides, making the ladder light and more secure by this middle hold.

To prove which is the more profitable market, the creamery or a milk association in Philadelphia, two dairymen reported to Dr. A. T. Neale, month by month—one sending his milk to Philadelphia, the other to a creamery which

paid by test. The one sent 32,214 quarts of milk to Philadelphia, for which he received 31c. per quart, or \$1,027.23, the milk averaging 4.3 per cent. of fat for the year. The other sent 33,214 quarts of 5 per cent. milk to the creamery, receiving \$1,076.84. Had the first sent his 4.3 milk to the creamery he would have lost \$101.04, and had the second sent his 5 per cent. milk to the city he would have lost \$49.63.

Greenhouse Pests. W. D. Philbrick says: "The aphid, the pest of greenhouses and hotbeds, thrives best in a warm temperature, especially if fed upon lettuce and cucumber plants. Smoking with fine tobacco dust frequently and carefully is the best remedy. The various mildews and rots of lettuce and cucumber plants are but little understood. The preventive comes first, says the Philadelphia Ledger. This is to clear the vacant greenhouse with a strong sulphur smoke, then fill with clean plants and keep them growing vigorously. The first crop in a greenhouse is generally the best it ever produces.

The most effective remedy for ants is slaked lime, dusted over the hills and strewn about where they are. To prevent worms and rabbits from harming trees, mix together turpentine and hog's lard, and apply on the trees. This kills the worms in the tree, and prevents the rabbits from gnawing. The lard kills the rabbit and the turpentine kills the worm.

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Some day, some gladder day, my hand will touch The chords that now are silent in my harp.

Some day the voices that have called to me Long from the mystic realms of shadow-land.

Some day, I know not where or when 'twill be, But all the radiant glow that lit the skies.

Some day, I know not where or when 'twill be, But all the radiant glow that lit the skies. Of my lost childhood will shine forth again.

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