VASSAR PIE

live me a spoon of oleo, ma, And the sodium alkali, for I'm going to make a pie, mamma, going to make a pie. For John will be hungry and tired, ma And his tissues will decompose o give me a gramme of phosphate, And the carbon and cellulose

Now give me a chunk of caseine, ma. shorten the thermic fat; And hand me the oxygen-bottle, ma, And look at the thermostat: And if the electric oven's cold, Just turn it on half an ohm. For I want to have supper ready As soon as John comes house

Now pass me the neutral dope, mamma, And rotate the mixing maching But give me the sterilized water first And the oleomargarane.

And the phosphate, two, for now I think, The new type-writer's quit. And John will need more phosphate food To help his brain a bit. -Chicago News.

A WESTERN WOOING.

DEOPLE had become rather tired of the romance. Perhaps in part because it had ceased to be romantle. When first Andulasia Stebbins had come out from Illinois to live with her mother and stepfather on the Nebraska prairie it was considered by the neighboring farmer folk quite proper, probable, and desirable that Ira Harris, whose half section joined that of her relatives, should full in love with her-which he promptly did.

Ira was 30, stout, stulid, loantish, methodial. He was a successful man This is hardly to be explained of a person with the characteristics mentioned unless one includes selfisitness To be supremely selfish is so frequent ly to be successful. At the time of their meeting Andulasia was 27. There are women of 27 and women of 27. She was one of the latter. With her square figure, her unequivocal complexion, her dull brown hair, and her calculating eyes she looked her years. One would pever excuse her mistakes on the ground of Immaturity. One could never condone them on that of impuise. Indeed, to attribute to her certain errors would be subtle flattery. She was not the kind of a woman who is ordiparity subjected to temptation.

Harris, however, accepted her propinquity and her affection much as he accepted the drought or the price of hogs. He was willing she should decline the company of other men on his account. He reasoned that if her stepfather, old man Solveriny, were to clear of the mortgage on his place and die, and if the two sickly young Solverinys died also, she would be wealthy in ber own right, as wealth is estimated in the Philistine West. Consequently it might prove a prudent proceeding to walt for Aadulasia.

Bo he waited.

A year after their acquaintance began he gave her an inkling of his sentiments. Her concurrence with his views was almost pathetic. It was alert, reciprocal, conclusive. Matrimony at some indefinite date they might look forward to. Such an indiscretion at the present time would be a data ka

tie of the sunflowers, nor the first crackle of the frost, nor the breaking of the ice nor the gossip of the wild gruss, never-never.

Theirs were the years the majority of prairie people know. Always vague, unrestful, apprehensive, material. Never gay, never educational. If hopeful, elated; if despairing, sullen; if contented, bovine. It is rather hard to be philosophical in a country the conditions of which one day promise prosperity and leisure, and after the next hail or wind storm express starvation. One day Ira brought Andulasia a let ter. It was from her mother's brother who lived in Iowa. He was dying. He wished to see her. She handed Ira the letter

"Shall I go?" she asked.

Harris deliberated. "Has he mon ey?" he questioned. "Yes."

"Then go."

He saw her off the next day. She wore a new dress that didn't fit in the back. The skirt was too short at the sides. Her shoes were dusty. The heat had taken the curl out of her bangs. She had forgotten to bring the

piece of chamois skin with the powder on it, which she was in the habit of using surreptitiously. Her nose shone as if polished. She wore kid gloves which were too large.

The train was late. As they walked up and down the platform she talked to Ira stendly and monotonously. She warned him about the brindle cow, and advised him concerning a piece of his fence which needed repairing. He 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. She was a little blonde sprite who had come from Omaha to visit the agent's wife,

"Of course," he said.

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

could 1?" "You'll see that Star gets well wa-

tered?" "I'll attend to it."

"You'll- have Alvy Markham pull pursley for the young pigs?" "I will"

"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. And how slim her waist was-not Andulasia's. And how pretty were the twinkling feet in the tan slippers-not Andulasia's. How fluffy and blue her gown was-and how deliciously merry her laugh rang out. And neither gown nor laugh was Andulasia's.

The train steamed in. Andulasia went away. Ira did not kiss her. She was relieved-and disappointed. The conductor and the train boy might have laughed. But then he should have

cared enough to risk that. 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. The agent did so.

Harris joined in the games of the children. He made himself clumsily delightful. Boda water was unknown in that particular small town, but Ira did the next best thing. He bought bananas and chocolate drops with a reckless liberality which would have made the absent Andulasia doubt his sanity could she but have been aware of his behavior.

tin shop. There was a letter for hima letter from Andulasta.

cle Jake died a week ago. They can't find no will, and I'm tired waiting for dead men's stockings. Meet me night after to-morrer. Your

"ANDULASIA STEBBINS." Harris smiled curiously as he stuffed the letter in his pocket. He was thinking of the little Omaha girl. The next night Andulasia arrived. She was fat ter than ever. Her Eton suit was crumpled. She wore a shirt waist. It was voluminous and not immaculate.

get some sody and yeast up-town."

Ira Harris had transferred his affections to Miss Alys Lane.

"I hear you reckon to marry Miss Lane.

Her composure, the loss of her ex pected fortune, the witchery of Alys, injury to a hill; but it can be done. all gave Harris courage.

avowed. He drove Andulasia to her home

but she did not again bronch the subincet. He went back to town that evening.

He met Alys at an ice cream sociable. He gained grace of heart and proposed. She inuched gently.

"I am honored, Mr. Harris, of course," she said. "But I always sup- bath, which is their way of keeping posed you were engaged to Miss Steb skin and feathers in healthy condition, bins. I am to marry Mr. Vail at Christ- A small place near the hen house mas."

exceedingly depressed, went to call on | may be dug with a spade in a few min-Andulasia. - He found her talking with utes. Then scatter and lightly cover a brother farmer, a widower with three enough grain to keep the fowls 'may. children. He asked to speak to her a It is astonishing how much of the time moment alone."

you I want. I fancied for awhile I'd the hen goes to the garden she makes like that silly little thing. I must have directly for the beds where the choicest now it's you I want."

he found out what you know."

"What I know? Andulasia!"

noon train about the will bein' found, and me getting \$7,000, and----"Andulasia!"

What a fine woman she was! Why had he never noticed that fact before? "It's true," she declared triumphant-

17. "But," he fairly howled, "I've been meaning for fifteen years to marry you,

Andulasia!" "Then, why didn't you?" inquired Andulasta.

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!" He did not impress Andulasia. She

turned scornfully away to where Mr. Muggs waited. "Go back," she counseled, "to that

veller-haired girl at the depot." He did go back, but not to the depot. "We "Eh?" said the saloonkeeper.

don't often see you, Mr. Harris.

which was also the general store and AGRICULTURAL NEWS

"Dear Ira: Things is all upset. Un THINGS PERTAINING TO THE FARM AND HOME.

> Crops Properly Planted May Be Cultivated Disgonally-Have a Piace for the Fowls to Roll-Good Dairy Cowe Are Always Balable.

Cuitivating Disgonally.

If the planting has been properly done there is often much advantage in cultivating diagonally between hills. "Well, it's you, Ira. I'm clean beat. This will cut corners which are left Put them things in the buggy, while I untouched when the cultivator has been run only as the rows are planted. "Up-town." Miss Stebbins learned It is well when this is done to have the several things, chief of which was that outer teeth of the cultivator made smaller, so that the cultivator next the plants should not run so deeply. It will require a careful horse and a man to run the cultivator who has a steady eye to do this work without occasional Such thorough cultivation will leave lit-"1-1 was figgerin' some on it," he tie or nothing to be done by hand labor.

A Place for Fowls to Roll.

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 nens 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 should be plowed and sown with grain. The following evening, Ira, feeling It need be only a few feet square, and this rolling place will be occupied and "Fact is, Andulasia," he said, "it's the garden will wholly escape. When ground has been most thoroughly pul-Andulasia smiled-a peculiar smile, verized. Give the hens as good a place Muggs. He asked me last night before no trouble in growing garden truck. no matter how many fowls are kept. But the strawberry patch must be en-"Yes. The news that come in on the closed. The fowls go there for a different purpose, and when they get a taste of the fruit it is hard to keep them out, however high the enclosure.

A Paying Business for Farmers.

The most salable farm animal to-day is a first-class dairy cow. We of ten 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. Let the milch cow pass the first two years of her life on cheap land, and not try to pay interest on costly land until she is able to give milk. Last year we told of a Massachusetts farmer, says the Rural New Yorker, who takes his helfers by rall to cheap pastures in

Maine every spring, wintering them on grain, hay and oil and cottonseed meals. These helfers are sold to milkmen with their first calf. We believe that a man could, in a few years, estaband be assured of a steady income. Some met, can make this pay better

its products in butter and cheese, and

at the end of her usefulness in this di-

rection, a carcass for which the butcher

vill pay a good price, says the New

York Times. In these respects the Dev-

on cattle are entitled to first considera-

tion. Even with ordinary care and

feed, a milking Devon will hold her

flesh well, and she is a good milker,

giving a satisfactory amount of milk

thorities to require less food than any

other thoroughbred known, and to be

almost as capable of taking care of her-

self when pasture is short, as the cele

brated Highland cattle of Scotland.

She is what is known in the West as a

The Color of Fruit.

Northern fruit growers know that the

solor of fruit is largely dependent on

vellow, with increased quality of fruit

So much iron filings probably made the

soll more open and porous. If the

iron served as plant food a small quan-

Potato Buge on Tomato Vinca.

Many people who are not botanists

do not imagine that the potato and

the tomato are at all related. But the

beetles from these are obiged to seek

A Dairy Test.

To prove which is the more profitable

sarket, the creamery or a milk associa-ion in Philadelphia, two dairymen re-

rted to Dr. A. T. Neale, month by

ding his milk to Phile.

other plants on which to feed.

tity would have been sufficient.

paid by test. The one sent 32,214 quarts of milk to Philadelphia, for which he received 3.1c. 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 creatuery, 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. "That is," says Dr. Neale, "in the city trade no distinction in price is made between a product with 5 per cent, and one with 4.3 per cent. of butter, yet in 33,214 quarts of milk this difference on a creamery basis represents \$150.67."

Re- 2 - 2 - 2 - 2 - 2

Greenhouse Pests.

W. D. Philbrick says: "The aphis, 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 Some day the voices that have called to smoke, then fill with clean plants and keep them growing vigorously. The first crop in a green house is generally

the best it ever produces. The most effectual 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 Some day the blooms of hope that would 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.

Crimson Clover and Potash.

Analysis of crimson clover shows that it has a large proportion of potash. Some of the failures to grow it, espe cially on sandy soll, are probably due to a deficiency of potnsh. The common been kind of hypternized. I'm sure seeds have been sown, for here the red clover frequently fails from the seeds have been most thoroughly pulor where this cannot be had, of muri-"I've just promised to marry Mr. outside the garden, and there will be ate of potnsh, will secure a seeding where without it there have been repeated failures of clover to catch. Heavy solls have usually a considerable amount of potash, but even on these a potash dressing often gives beneficial And smilax decks the chandelier, results, for it presents the mineral plant food in available form.

> Cutting Green Oats for Feed. The earliest crop that can be cut for solling from spring seeding 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. The stalk is then juicy and it contains the nutriment that a little later will be deposited in the grain if it were allowed to stand. The amount of green feed that will make a good ration for a milch cow would produce less than two quarts of oats if allowed to ripen as grain:

Vitality of Premature Peaches. Prof. J. H. Watkins, of the Georgia station, in his experiments with stones of prematurely ripened peaches, found them to be lacking in vitality. But the seedlings from such that he succeeded in growing produced fruit much earlier lish a reputation for good milking stock, than did the parent tree, and, in most cases, of improved quality.

Too Much Live Stock.



harp. And that sweet song that I could never ADDE Will burst in raptures from my happy heart. Some day, some happy day.

Long from the mystic realins of shadowland.

Will woo me nearer and my ears will catch

Some message sweet that I will understand,

Some day, some happy day.

not bear For me, though 'tended well, the rour

fruit Will bloom again about my pathway fair,

In summer climes will ripen rich and sweet. Some day, some happy day.

Some day, I know not where or when 'twill be,

But all the radiant glow that ilt the skies.

Of my lost childhood will shine forth again. And that to me will be fair Paradise,

Some day, some happy day. Memphis Commercial Appeal.

"Four to Six." Candles dressed in tiny skirts Prove themselves the worst of flirts, Roses nod to violets near, When pretty little Mrs. Trix Is at home from four to six.

Fifty looks forty, and forty just right, In the flattering glow of a rosy light; And even a simple cup of tea A halo wears, it seems to me When pretty little Mrs. Trix Is at home from four to six.

My little lady with eyes of blue Is charmed to see you-"Just looking for you!

And a tiny maiden smiles into your face, And offers you bonbons with daintien grace.

When pretty little Mrs. Trix Is at home from four to six.

Ladies trip by the score; Men? O, well, just three or four; They talk of art, the latest book. The weather, the departing cook, When pretty little Mrs. Trix Is at home from four to six.

Cupid doesn't come at all-Saves himself for the evening ball; Still life seems like a merry rhyme, You don't miss Cupid for a time, When pretty little Mrs. Trix Is at home from four to six. Mary Scudder in Munsey's.

"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 mentiouing, much less a marryin' on."

Nevertheless she felt as the years. two, three, four passed, that her acceptance of his suggestion had been a trifie overemphatic and unconsidered. Fate, she could not in justice rall against. One of the twins succumbed to ivy polsoning. The other, a few months later, was run down by the train. Andulasia's stepfather went the way of the apoplectic, and Ira's mother, with utter disregard for the sensation she might have caused, slipped from life in the most meek, genteel and unimpressive manner imaginable. Then there was only Ira on one farm, and Andulasia and her mother on the other. No apparent obstacle intervened. Still Ira did not speak, and it was seven years since Andulasta had come from Illinois. He frequently visited her, helped her, and deferred to her. He carried her butter and eggs nto town and "traded" them; when the circus was at the county sent, he drove ber there: he took her into the side show where the fat woman was on exhibition; he bought her pink lemonade, and peanuts, and hot candy made on the grounds. He escorted her to the merry-go-round at Mahaska and rode side by side with her on the spotted ponles He drove her into town twice week. They attended prayer meettogether. They both professed religion at the revival. He bought eleven tickets for her crazy quilt raffle. He was in all things her constant and dependable cavaller, but he never once entioned marriage-never once.

In this manner eight more years ed She was 42. He was 45. He was stouter, more stolid. She had enth, a reputation for irascibilityso a comfortable bank account.

The two continued to drive across e majestic prairies in all kinds of arvelous nights and days. But the of life had so eaten into their carts they saw nothing of the beauty ding them, beard none of Nae's mosic. For them there was no rau to the blossoming miracle of the yellow sweep of the ripe the translucence of the moon-the blue infinity of space, the t's gay vest, the fugitive

10/05/16/2

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

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

She even thought it was great fun when she went buggy riding with Mr. Harris.

"Take me past your farm," she com manded.

He grew red with eestasy 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."

"I have heard," she ventured innocently, "that there is no house vacant in town."

"I shall build one," he declared.

Three weeks passed-four. Harris had several letters from Iowa. The contents of the letters were chiefly relative to hogs, and pasturage, and haled hay, and discounts. Ira did not actually dread Andulasia's return, but he would have preferred to postpone it indefinitely. To be sure they had considered the possibility of an engagement once, but he had never been really engaged to her. He never could be now. It was only right she should understand that. She was a sensible woman. She would understand that in such a matter a man had a right to please himself.

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. But then the lumberman was only young and good-looking. It was well known he was conducting the yard for an East ern firm on a salary. To compare Vail to him-Harris-who was so "well fixed! There could be no comparison. One evening in late summer, when Ira was jogging into town, he settled mentally all minor matters to his sat isfaction. He decided to whom he would rent his farm, the kind of a nue be would be alld in town, the di tion his wedding journey would take, the brotheriy letter he would leave for Andulasis, and the invitation

he would send the lumberman to be present at his wedding. "Poor devil!" he concluded commis-eratingly, "it will be tough, but he will ty, "It will be tough, but he will have to stand it."

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

No Use for Leeches.

"What's good for a black eye?" asked a tough-looking young man of a Michigan avenue druggist the other evening. "Leeches are considered first-rate," replied the druggist, "but where is the black eye?"

"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." "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?" "Yes I did," was the reply. "But you didn't have a fight?" "Yes I did."

"Well, he didn't black your eye, any. how.

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

He held out five teeth which had been knocked out of his mouth, and his whole face wore a look of disgust as he pawed good "rustler." . them over with his finger and continned

"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 1 want to see is either a shoemaker or dentist!"-Detroit Free

Oh. Georgy State is the land o' peaches-Jest don't care how the screech owl screeches-

Look away.

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 was the land o' cotton.

But the peach crop come, an' the rest's forgotten-

Rivers-You don't need to buy a b ycle suit, Banks. Here's a gray fanne one of mine. It's too big for you, but you can take it to a tailor's and have it cut dewn. Banks (inspecting it)-That won't be necessary, Rivers. I'll just take it to the laundry.-Chicage Trib-

than ordinary dairying Devon Cattle.

Too much live stock is quite as bad for the farmer as too much land. Do In choosing his breed of cattle the general farmer wants-if not a "gen-

not crowd the stock, and do not keep more than can be fed well, pastured eral purpose" animal-at least a comwell and housed well. If you have bination animal; that it is to say, one more than this, sell off the surplus vielding a satisfactory flow of milk and speedily.

Notes

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

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

that, in richness of cream, is only a Over 160 acres are given up to pickle shade below the Jersey product, and growing in the vicinity of the town of where rough pastures and the ability to Camden, Maine. The crop is a profitasubsist largely upon rough forage is a ble one, usually yielding an income of consideration the Devon takes first \$100 to \$150 an acre. rank. She is admitted by the best au-

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 tay 2,000 or 3,000 eggs in a day.

the amount of available potash which A patented method to raise asparagus the soil contains. This with sunlight under a newly-invented cap, to bleach aids in the development of both color It and draw it up, can be tried on a and fine flavor. A Callfornia orange smaller scale by putting empty flowergrower has found that iron heightened pots over the shoots. Asparagus shows the color of his product and made it an immense latitude in the degrees of more salable. His oranges were originally very pale, but by using five tenderness and toughness; it all depounds of fron filings around his trees pends upon how it is grown. the color has been changed to a dark

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 Dowey on his farm between Birmiagoain 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 is place runs in the middle, and, to balance the rounds straight across, a twist ed, strong wire is run up both sides, making the indder light and more so cure by this middle hold.

A Dream. O, it was but a dream I had While the musician played-And here the sky, and here the glad Old ocean kissed the glade, And here the laughing ripples ran, And here the roses grew That threw a kiss to every man That voyaged with the crew.

Our silken sails in lazy folds Drooped in the breathless breezet As o'er a field of marigolds. Our eyes swam o'er the seas While here the eddles lisped and purled Around the island's rim. And up from out the underworld We saw the mermen swim

And it was dawn and middle day And midnight-for the moon On silver rounds across the bay Had climbed the skies of June And here the glowing, glorious king Of day ruled o'er his realm, With stars of midnight glittering About his diadem.

The sen-gull reeled on languid wing In circles round the mast; We heard the songs the sirens sing As we went sailing past. And up and down the golden sands A thousand fairy throngs Flung at us from their flashing hands The echoes of their songs. James Whitcomb Riley.

Early Friends.

met a man on the mountain As the sun was sinking low, When night seemed loath to hasten And the day unwilling to go.

Alone on the wild, wide mountain, We two, with the world below, And the love that marks true manhood For a moment forth did show,

No meaningless word was uttered, We met with the clasp of hands: Then each on his way departed, And thus the story stands

Away from man's narrow limits, Alone, yet God's own heart Throbbed as we knew each other, As men, and then did part.

What's the Use? What's the use to talk of sighing When the meadow shows its gree When the ripple's on the river And the lilies loll and lean?

What's the use to talk of sighing When the lark is in the loam, And the morning glory's climbing Up the garden gate at home?

What's the new to talk of sighis When the rose is sweet with When the mocking bird is sing And the violets are blue. -New York Herald.

potato beetle is a thorough botanist, at least so far as members of the solanum family are concerned. The egg plant is included in his depredations, and gardeners who grow either tomatoes or egg plants near where the potato is grown must look out for the ravages of the beetle. The early potato vines die down early in July, and the horde of

Look away, Look away, Look away, down South in Georgy! -Atlanta Constitution.

A New Version.