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## AN EVENING LULLABY.

The day is done and in the west  
The afterglow is gleaming;  
And sweet the nestlings are at rest—  
'Neath downy wings are dreaming.  
The owl hoots in the thicket drear,  
In the elm his vigils keeping.  
While mother sings in tones so clear  
And baby lies half sleeping.  
Sleep, sleep, gently sleep,  
While the owls their vigils keep.  
Jolly dreaming,  
Moonbeams gleaming  
While my baby lies asleep.

The soothing notes in cadence fall,  
And vesper bells are ringing.  
Dear mamma sings a madrigal  
While baby's arms are clinging.  
While rippling waves are flowing,  
Nocturnal winds are howling drear  
Still mamma sings to baby dear  
Sweet love seeds softly sowing.  
Sleep, sleep, gently sleep,  
While the stars from heaven peep;  
Wake not, dearie,  
You are weary,  
Sleep, my darling, gently sleep.

## WITH HIS OLD LOVE'S EYES.

"No, I do not admire the 'new woman' at all," cried Major Ashley, between the whiffs of a cigar.

"How is that?" inquired Lieutenant Bolton. "For my part I think a girl looks awfully jolly seated on a bicycle, or playing cricket."

The Major shook his head. "Give me the girl of twenty years ago, womanly and modest. The girl of to-day I do not care for; she is far too bold and well-masculine."

Charlie Bolton laughed heartily. "Look here, Major," he said; "I'll bet you anything you like that you'll end by marrying a 'new woman.'"

"I shall never at all, Charlie, my boy. I have cared for but one woman in my life, and I do not think I ever shall another."

Charlie rose and went over to the Major's side.

"Forgive me," he said, "I am afraid I have recalled some painful memory in your life. I might have guessed you had a reason for remaining single."

"You are right, Charlie," he replied, "by saying that you have called up a painful memory in my life, but do not apologize for doing so. Sit down, lad, and I will tell you all about it—this



CHARLIE ROSE AND WENT OVER TO THE MAJOR'S SIDE.

memory. It was nineteen years ago," began the Major, "when I first met Alice Dare—I had just reached the age of 21. She was 18 and very beautiful. I think I fell in love at first sight."

"She was with her mother at a garden party, where I was also a guest. She wore a simple white dress, with a cluster of golden-eyed marguerites at her throat, and a large hat trimmed with the same flowers."

"After that our meetings were frequent. She used to manage to steal out in the dusk of the evenings to meet me, her cheeks all aglow with blushes."

"One evening she came, not with her usual quick, light step, but slowly and sadly, her beautiful eyes full of unshed tears."

"O, Eric," she whispered, shaking like an aspen, "you and I are to be separated. My parents are forcing me into a hateful marriage with a man whom I abhor. I believe my father is in his debt, and unless I consent to be his wife my parents will be ruined and homeless."

"My indignation knew no bounds; I refused to give her up."

"It is a cruel sacrifice," she said, "yet it must be made. I cannot see my parents ruined. I must save them."

"Then I got angry and accused her of not loving me, of being a flirt; but all the while I knew that I was wrong, knew that her whole heart was mine. She did love me truly. Yet her duty to her parents stood before her affection for me."

"We parted, both broken-hearted. I never saw her again. Two years later news came to me of her death. She died, leaving a child—a girl, twelve months old."

"That is my 'love story,' Charlie; it happened nineteen years ago. I have never loved any woman in all those years. I don't think I ever shall."

"Just the day for a 'spin,'" said Eric Ashley to himself as he mounted his bicycle. "I'll take a jolly good turn round the country, have lunch at a wayside inn, get back in time to change

and catch the three o'clock train for London."

The Major had not swept well the previous night. Thoughts of the past had come crowding through his brain, banishing sleep until long after day-break.

It was scarcely six o'clock and the air was glorious. The birds were singing their sweetest, and all nature was fair to see. The Major had ridden about six miles, when he saw approaching him another machine.

As it came nearer he could see that its rider was a shabby, dirty-looking man, with steel-blue eyes. The bicycle



A SIGHT WHICH CAUSED HIS BLOOD TO RUN COLD.

was a very handsome one. But at a second glance Eric observed that it was a lady's. In an instant it had passed him.

Five minutes later, on turning a bend in the road, a sight met his eyes which caused his blood to run cold.

There upon the ground, with her arms extended, lay a young girl. Her face was deathly pale, and a dark blue mark shone out upon her forehead with ghastly vividness.

She was attired in a cycling costume of dark blue cloth, and a little peak cap lay a few yards distant.

It was the face of his dead love. He stooped and pressed passionate kisses upon the pale lips. Then he pulled his brandy flask from his pocket and poured a little of the spirit through them.

Presently the girl's eyelids quivered. "Do not fear," cried Eric, gently. "Two are safe, are you feeling better?"

"My head," she breathed faintly, "the pain is terrible." Then, suddenly remembering, she cried wildly: "That man, where is he? O, pray don't leave me. I am so frightened."

To delay medical aid would perhaps prove serious. He scarcely liked to leave her while he rode off for a doctor, yet what else could be done?

Stooping, he lifted the small form in his strong arms and bore her gently to the roadside, where the grass was growing fresh and green, and the hedge would shelter her from the sun's rays.

Ten minutes later the inhabitants of the next village were surprised to see a gentleman riding a bicycle, in his shirt sleeves, stop at the doctor's door.

"And to think that sweet girl is my Alice's child, Charlie, my boy," cried the Major, "and should be residing close to me for two years with her father, and I not know it."

"Fate, Major, fate," said Charlie Bolton, prophetically.

"She is a little darling," went on the Major, "with her mother's angel face and charming ways. What a brute that man must have been to have struck her such a blow. I hope the law will punish him as severely as it can."

"I am surprised at the young lady's father allowing his daughter to skir-mish the country alone."

"Her father! Bah! He does not care that," said the Major, snapping his



"WELL, THE TRUTH IS, I AM IN LOVE."

fingers. "She told me herself he was scarcely ever sober, and her life at home was wretched."

"Poor little thing," cried Charlie. "I say, Major, I have thought of something awfully jolly. Why don't you marry her, eh? But, perhaps, Major, you have a great objection to marrying a 'new woman.' I remember you said once that you did not admire her."

"Jessie is not a 'new woman,'" cried the Major. "She certainly does ride a bicycle, but in everything else she is womanly, modest and sweet."

"And you are in love, Major, without a doubt. No, don't deny it. You have

been an altered man since the day you found Miss Jessie insensible and hurt on that lonely country road."

At three o'clock that afternoon Eric presented himself at the house of the girl he loved. He found her leaning back in a large, cozy chair, with an open book on her lap.

"I am so glad to see you, Major," she said in her simple, unaffected way. "I was feeling most dreadfully dull. Papa has gone to the races. I don't think I am very bright. My head aches a good deal," she replied.

"Poor little head; I am so sorry. If you had been well enough, Miss Jessie, I should have asked you to have given me your advice upon a very important matter."

"My advice, Major Ashley! I am afraid it would not be worth taking."

"Oh, indeed it would," cried Eric. "Then please tell me all about this important business. I feel quite curious," said she.

"Well," he said, a little nervously, "the truth is I am in love with a young lady, but I am not certain about her affection for me, and I should like you to tell me whether you really think it is possible for a girl of 18 to love a man of 40?"

"If I were a man and loved a girl I should go straight to her. That is the only advice I can give you, Major."

"Then I will," said Eric, springing up and seating himself on the couch beside her. "Jessie, it is you whom I love—love to distraction. Will you be my wife, dear? That is, if you care for me well enough."

Jessie did not seem at all surprised, for she put her two little hands upon his sleeve.

"I knew it was me you meant all the while," she said, blushing. "You silly fellow!"

**He Could Shoot.**  
The Marquis de Mores, who was murdered by his native escort, while on an expedition in Northern Africa, was an intrepid and adventurous Frenchman, and many characteristic stories are told of his experiences in the Bad Lands of Western Dakota, where he carried on an extensive cattle business fifteen years ago. One day when the marquis returned to his shanty, according to one narrator, he found a couple of cowboys conducting themselves in a lawless manner around the place. They gave the Frenchman the laugh on his horsemanship, and one of the pair, nicknamed Broad Back Morris, mounted his pony with the remark that he would show the marquis how to ride. Digging in his spurs he began circling about the Frenchman, his companion following his example, the two firing their Winchester rifles and cursing the marquis to the best of their ability as they rode. The latter calmly rolled a cigarette and began puffing it.

"Drop that, you tenderfoot!" roared one of the invaders, pulling up his mustang with a jerk; "drop that, or I'll clip it out of yer mouth." At the same moment he lifted his Winchester.

De Mores turned half way in his saddle, took a deep inspiration and blew out a cloud of smoke. As it cleared away the cowboy took deliberate aim and fired. The cigarette was sent flying in fragments.

In an instant De Mores had drawn his long-barreled French revolver from his belt and pulled the trigger. The Winchester dropped out of the cowboy's hands. He had been shot through both wrists. The other cowboy was then on De Mores' flank. As soon as he saw him pull his gun he grabbed his rifle, but hadn't time to raise it before the marquis fired a second time. Just as his bronco gave a lunge and a buck. The man tumbled off with a bullet in his shoulder. De Mores then rolled another cigarette, lighted it and continued the conversation.

"Think."

To read for instruction is commendable, and to read for amusement is, under certain conditions of mind or body, almost equally so. The reading one finds it hard to defend is that which is done with no end in view but to "kill time." When one is tempted to this form of dissipation, it will be helpful to remember the suggestion ascribed to one of the merchant-princes of Canada.

Late in life, after his fortune had been made, Mr. S. took a young man into partnership. Entering the office on a dull day in the dull season, the millionaire found his partner yawning over a book.

"What's that you're doing?" Mr. S. asked.

"There was nothing else to do, so I'm reading," was the answer.

"Nothing else to do! Reading!" the great merchant repeated, in a tone that expressed wonder, amusement and scorn. "When you've nothing else to do, don't read. Think!"

**Codfish.**  
The dressing of codfish is an operation requiring skill and rapidity. A man called the "throater" cuts the fish's throat and rips it open and passes it to the "header," who removes the head and entrails; the "splitter" then splits the fish open and takes out a part of the backbone, and the "salter" piles up the fish in tiers in the hold of the boat and salts them.

When people try to show all the love there is in them, they are tried for insanity.



Cutworms and White Grubs.

The cutworm is commonly confused with the white grub, and is in many cases mistaken for the grub. The adult of the cutworm is a moth, and lays its eggs mostly in grass and other places. The larva or worm feeds upon grass and leaves of other plants—sometimes the roots—until full grown, when it enters the ground to transform, and in a few days or weeks the adult moth emerges. The moths are of various colors, and are quite common during the summer months. They are night flyers, and hide during the day in grass and other places. They measure about one to one and one-half inches across the wings, and are commonly called millers. The white grub, on the other hand, is the larva or worm hatched from eggs laid by the June or May beetles. The eggs are usually laid in grass, where they hatch in about a

month, and the little grubs feed upon the rootlets of various plants for the first year. They burrow down into the ground from 18 inches to two feet, where they remain over winter. During the second year the grub eats near the surface, and does great damage on account of its size and larger appetite. They spend the winter as before, and the third year they reach maturity. The grub passes its transformation in little cells in the earth, and the mature beetle emerges in the spring. The adult is a dark chestnut brown beetle,

the head often black, and the breast sometimes covered with yellowish hairs. The body is about an inch long, and the beetles are rapacious feeders. They appear in May and June, buzzing about certain trees at night. It is not an uncommon thing just at dusk, in May or June, to see thousands of beetles swarming about trees. They feed upon the leaves, and often defoliate large numbers of trees. Summing up, then, the adult of the white grub is the May or June beetle, and that of the cutworm a delicate moth. Grubs usually feed upon roots, and remain below the surface, while cutworms feed upon leaves and other foliage, eating at night and hiding during the day under anything that will conceal them. When these insects are numerous they are difficult to combat over large areas.

In gardens, cutworms may be destroyed by sowing green grass, clover, cabbage leaves, etc., between the rows and sprinkling with paris green in solution—

a teaspoonful to a pail of water. If this is done before the crops are planted, or the seeds have come up, many of the young worms may be destroyed before they can do any harm. In a small way tomato, cabbage and other plants can be protected by encircling their stems close to the ground with bands of tin or tanned paper. Rotation of crops may often be advantageous with field crops.—American Agriculturist.

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## ACROSS THE ROCKIES.

Much Engineering Skill Required to Set the Poles Properly.

Telephone construction in the Rocky Mountains is anything but child's play, and is attended with a great deal of hardship. The line built from Leadville to Aspen several years ago is a case in point. It took two months to cover the entire length, forty-eight miles. In ordinary construction the poles would be set forty-two to the mile, but at certain points, where sharp turns were necessary, the number would sometimes be increased to seventy-five to the mile. The members of the construction gang had to be as expert as axmen as they were as linemen, for when timber was encountered a path of 200 feet on each side of the line had to be cleared in order that wires might not be broken when trees were blown over by the terrific blasts which at times prevail in that region.

A great deal of the comparative slowness of the installation was owing to the inability of the workmen to labor in such a rarified atmosphere. At one point the wires were strung at an elevation of 12,000 feet above the sea level. In such an altitude the lineman soon becomes completely tired; after he has climbed two or three poles he has to take a rest to recuperate his energies. The preparation of the holes for poles, which would have been tedious in similar ground even in an ordinary atmosphere, was an especially slow and fatiguing operation. It was often necessary to blast a hole for the pole by the use of giant powder, and an examiner, who had had an extensive experience with explosives, was assigned to the job.

The digging of one pole hole would sometimes occupy him for a whole day, working honestly. Over 300 pounds of powder were used on the line for this purpose. When the continental divide was reached the poles had to be abandoned and the wires were placed in a submarine cable, which was buried in a two-foot trench for a distance of 7,000 feet. The advisability of abandoning aerial construction at this point was demonstrated by the experience of the company that maintains the Denver and Leadville line. At one point on that line, Mosquito Pass, the poles were originally set seventy feet apart. As soon as the wires were covered with sleet they promptly snapped and the line was useless. Double the number of poles were then used, with the same result. The space between the poles was then reduced to twenty-five feet, but as soon as the sleet came the line was swept down flat. Eventually an underground cable was laid for two and a half miles, and there has been no trouble since.—Denver Field and Farm.

**'Rastus' Birthday.**  
The oldest birthday celebration of which we have ever heard is thus described by a gentleman who has lately traveled through the South:

In the northern part of Georgia I came upon a negro cabin, and as I approached, it became evident that some extraordinary commotion was going on within. In fact, shouts and yells of terror succeeded one another so rapidly that I hastened to see what could be the trouble.

As I drew rein before the door, half-a-dozen ragged pickaninnies ran out. All but one of them were screaming and crying at the tops of their voices, while the odd one, as merry as the others were sad, began tumbling cart-wheels and standing on his head. At this moment a man, evidently the head of the household, appeared in the doorway, and in answer to my inquiries gave me the following explanation of the mystery:

"Yer see, sah, dis is 'Rastus' birfday," indicating the one whose joyful antics I have just mentioned. "Now, I see powerful hard up 'jes' at present, an' didn't hab no money ter celebrate in de usual way. An' 'I jes' bruk me all up ter see de res' habin' 'jes' as much fun on 'Rastus' birfday as 'Rastus was habin' hisself. So, times bein' so hard, de only way I could see was ter gib de res' all a-lickin', and 'dat kinder raises 'Rastus up ober de olders!'"

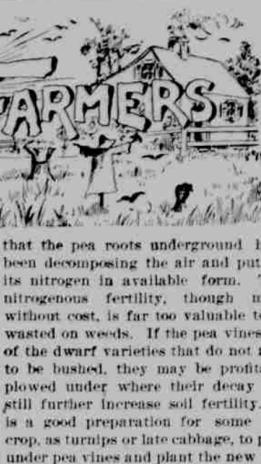
A quarter flung to 'Rastus proved a charm that raised him still higher, and dried the tears of the others in an instant. Happier children than these same pickaninnies as I rode away, a moment later, it would be hard to find.

**Grew on Sunday.**  
A little girl in Aberdeen brought a basket of strawberries to the minister very early on Monday morning. "Thank you, my little girl," he said. "They are very beautiful. But I hope you didn't gather them yesterday, which was the Sabbath day." "No, sir," replied the child, "I pulled them this morning; but they was growin' all yesterday."—"Quaint Sayings of Children," by the Rev. David Macrae.

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VARIATED CUTWORM.

a. Larva; b. moth.

