

THE WELCOME HOME.

When twilight bells are ringing sweet
And evening echoes greet me,
My happy heart seems singing sweet
Of some one who will meet me.
Of blue eyes 'neath a golden crown:
Dear eyes that watch and wait
And little footsteps pattering down
The pathway to the gate.

Though sad the toll in barren soil,
Though fortune has not found me,
I know that night will bring me light
And twice two arms around me.
And let the day be gold or gray,
What thought so sweet as this,
It drifts and dreams my darling's way,
Who keeps for me a kiss.

Oh, love of life, and strength in strife:
Oh, joy to sorrow given,
O, dear child eyes that make life's skies,
And earth as sweet as heaven,
I still can bear with grief and care,
And face the storms to be,
If love, the comforter, will share,
The crust, the crumbs with me.
—Baltimore American.

A SENSE OF HUMOR.



"GIVE me," said I, "before everything a sense of humor." "To him that hath" inquired Arabella. "Well," said I, "modestly, I hope I have. But I would desire even more." She smiled. "You may smile, young lady." "I'm not smiling." "Look in the glass." "I don't want to grow vain."

"Then look." "Evidently there is some joke in your remark. If I could see it. But you know I have no sense of humor." "Then you should cultivate it. It is a remedy for half the ills of life, and when you are my age you will realize it."

"When I am my grandmother" I am 33 and she is 20. "You wouldn't make that remark if you had any sense of humor," I retorted, earnestly.

"But I haven't, and I don't see that I should be any better if I had." "I admit it is difficult to imagine any improvement in you." "Is that humor or sarcasm?" "Oh, well! Humor is—er—well, it's—er—"

"Ignorance of itself?" Arabella has plenty of humor, you know. "Humor is a kindly appreciation of follies and incongruities. And—"

"I don't appreciate the kindness. How can you feel kind to people when you're making fun of them yourself?" "I don't see any difficulty. Why, I had an example this morning." I laughed at the thought. "I've half a mind to tell you."

"Oh, do!" Arabella is as curious as a woman.

"It was rather confidential, you see." I knew that would excite her interest. "But you might trust me." You may have noticed that the more attractive a woman is, the more she emphasizes the first person singular. Arabella almost puts it in capitals.

"In strict confidence?" "Yes—of course." "Well, a nice young fellow, whom you know, came to me this morning, and—"

"Who was it?" "That isn't material." "Oh, but it is, though! Very material!"

"But, my dear Arabella!" "If you will not trust me we are on distant terms." I've known her since she was in short pants.

"It really isn't relevant to the point of humor." "I don't care anything about the point of humor."

"Oh, well, if you don't want me to tell you—"

"But I do. There's a good—Tom." "It was Ted Naghton."

"Oh, how interesting. I like Ted awfully, don't you?" "Yes—oh, yes, certainly. I do, but I don't see why Arabella should."

"Nonsense, tell me." She clasped her hands round her knees and cocked her pretty head expectantly on one side.

"Well," said I, laughing, "poor Ted is in love." "With whom?" "I didn't say."

"Is that your sense of humor?" She looked at me as if I had made a plum pudding without the plums.

"I don't see that it matters." "Not matter! You don't care who it is!"

"Why should I so long as he's satisfied?" "Well!" Words seemed to fall her, which is fit with Arabella.

"Anyhow, she seemed to be the usual kind. There never was anyone like her, according to the love-lorn Ted. She was beautiful, amiable, accomplished, gentle, saintly—in short, perfect. They all are in these cases, you know."

"So they should be—to the lover." "Of course they should." Why, it's just what I think of Arabella.

"Where is the humor?" "I'm coming to it. Poor Ted. It seems, is very different in the face of such wondrous charms. He is burning to avow his passion to the young lady; but he doesn't know how to proceed. So he came to ask my advice."

"What do you know about it?" Arabella sat bolt upright, and put the question like a crucial thrust.

"Nothing—except a vague general idea. But he evidently thought I didn't have a little experience, but, of course, I wasn't going to tell her."

"Did you give him the benefit of your own general idea?"

"Oh, yes, poor beggar! Indeed, I put it into concrete form for him. It was very funny." "You are so humorous, you see." Somehow Arabella seemed a bit cross. "Please go on."

"We went through quite a little rehearsal, I assure you. They were to begin with the weather, of course. Ha, ha!" "Very humorous, certainly."

"Then he was to make some remarks about the weather, not mattering where she was. Of course, she would laugh and look down." Arabella laughed.

"I don't suppose she would." "She ought to, according to the laws of the game. Then he was to take hold of her hand and ask if she would make life all fair weather for him—and so on."

"And, then?" "Oh! he'd be able to go on from there. He's not a fool, you know, really. He's a very fine fellow, as a matter of fact."

"Did he do it?" "I expect so. Anyhow, he came back beaming like a sunflower, and threw up his hat when he saw me at the window; so I concluded they'd settled it." I chuckled.

"So that is humor?" Arabella settled over to the window, and her lips quivered as if I had hurt her.

"Why, whatever is the matter, Bell?" "I call it mean—horrid—cruel," she cried, stamping her little foot angrily. "To make game of a man when he's in love. I don't see that it's a subject for humor at all."

"But, my dear Bell—"

"Miss Murlson, if you please." And we had always been such chums! "I think that if humor is making ridicule of the most sacred thing in life, one is better without it," she continued.

"But I do not ridicule it, Bell. There was an element of humor in the case, all the same."

Arabella twisted her handkerchief round her fingers. Did she think that I had no serious affection for her, I wondered? Perhaps I had better tell her.

"Let me tell you something serious, Bell," I said, going close up to her. But she suddenly interrupted.

"You do not know her name?" "No. But if you want to know I'll—"

"I know." She turned upon me with her eyes flashing. "And I know that she is a very proud and happy girl." Good heavens!

"So perhaps we had better close the subject," she said. I felt as if the room was going round me. I had made a pet of her from the time she was 10, and I thought that she and all the family understood that I was only waiting for my promotion this year. But she must never know now, or she would be so grieved for me—for a very kind-hearted little soul is pretty Arabella.

"Well, my dear," said I, slowly, "I didn't think it was you, I confess. But Ted's a good fellow—almost good enough for you, even—and I congratulate you." I spoke so unsteadily that she must almost have noticed it, so I tried to laugh it off. "When you were a little girl, you know, you promised to be my sweetheart, so I feel a bit jealous—I felt nearly mad, to tell the truth. Perhaps the best amends I can make is to ask you to choose your own present. A piano—or a necklace and bracelets—or anything you like." Well, well—dear me! I couldn't pretend cheerfulness much longer. I must be off. "God bless you, little Bell!" said I. "He's a lucky fellow." And I made for the door.

Just as I was taking my hat she rushed down the stairs in her most reckless fashion, and ran right into me, so that I had to catch hold of her. "I believe I have a sense of humor," she said breathlessly. "It was young Sis he proposed to—not me. Hadn't you better go and offer her the piano?"

It was Ted and Sis who caught us ten minutes later, and my arm was round Arabella's waist.—Black and White.

She Didn't Want Much.
When Andrew D. White, now United States ambassador at Berlin, was our minister to Germany, nearly twenty years ago, he received some queer letters from Americans, asking for his influence in their behalf in court circles, says the *Youthful Companion*.

Perhaps the funniest of all was a very mandatory epistle from an old lady living in the West, who inclosed in her letter four packages of white muslin, each some six inches square.

"We are going to give a fair in our church," she wrote, "and I am making an autograph quilt. I want you to get me the autographs of the Emperor, the Empress, the Crown Prince and Bismarck, and tell them to be very careful not to write too near the edge of the squares, as a seam has to be allowed for putting them together."

Not Exactly the Words.
Irish orators frequently discount their own rhetoric through an imperfect appreciation of word values. A Home Ruler was haranguing on English terrorism, and after drawing a picture of babies speared on the points of bayonets, etc., he concluded: "If that's your civilization you may keep it. I call it most improper." This recalls the story of the Westerner who, having been absent from home for a day, returned to find his house and family swept away by a cyclone. Looking around him in amazement he exclaimed: "Well, I call this ridiculous!" The poor fellow had used what he considered the strongest word in his vocabulary.

Eating Contest.
An eating contest is to be held at Salt Lake, Ky., between two men, one of whom has a record of thirty-two hard-boiled eggs and a dozen onions. It is pleasant to see this sort of friendly rivalry succeeding the tall tale war in the Blue Grass State.

STYLES IN TRIMMING.

SKETCHES OF A HALF-DOZEN STYLISH GARMENTS.

Bodices Are Lace Trimmed—Blouse Waists Continue to Come, but in New Designs—Prompt Revival of a Recent Fashion.

Dame Fashion's Dictates.
New York correspondence.

REAL lace is very seriously misinterpreted by the way fashionable women interpret the current styles. It is made up with hand embroidery into bills and yokes, and in being thus disposed the lace and embroidery are cut shamefully, the idea being to display at once needlework, design, lace and embroidery.

But there is almost no need for this slaughter of fine nets. Very pretty blouses can be made—at home, if you like—without resorting to such foolishness. The one seen on the first picture was highly ornamental, yet it was embroidered white chiffon over white satin. Combined with other simple trimming it made a very pretty blouse of what was really a most unpretentious garment. The dress goods was merely a dark blue serge, the scalloped edges of revers, epaulettes and bodice were finished with black silk ribbon, and black braid ornaments appeared on the fronts. Almost as strongly flavored with extravagance is the current trick for trimming fine gowns with white satin that is banded with rows of narrow black velvet. Inside lapels are set on over jacket lapels, cuffs being made to match. A narrow fold of white satin follows the edge of the jacket where it



THREE OF THE NEW BLOUSES THAT ARE STILL APPEARING.

opens down the front to the belt, and this fold is barred with little lines of narrow black velvet ribbon, each bar ending in a loop of the ribbon. Panels are let in, glimpses of fronts show this black and white effect, and hats are also trimmed with black-banded white satin. Now and then other combinations are used. An example of this method of trimming was sketched in the second picture, though it was a typical only in the nature of the trimming, whose design was silver gray velvet. It was close fitting, and the mauve bands were spangled richly with gold. The bands crossing the bust served as headings for a fall of rich lace that reached to the waist. Yoke and collar were also of the spangled stuff, and lace and velvet both plain and spangled were tastefully combined in the sleeves.

Bodice waists keep coming in new designs, despite the big number of them that have already appeared. The Russian models have been passed by the procession long ago. They are seen



BEAUTIFUL BY COSTLY TRIMMING.

in plenty and are all right out of doors, but it is too late to plan new garments of that cut. Indoors more elaborateness is wanted, and women are getting it, too, with variety as a highly desirable side issue. The ingenuity of designers of the bolero era is being equalled now, and the blouse is a better medium for showing it off than the bolero was. Though a half dozen blouses can be fairly expressive the current range of blouse waists and effects, yet there is considerable variety in the accompanying pictures. In the second one the blouse suggestion is but

faint, coming in a fall of lace that masks a tight bodice, while in others the bodice itself hangs above the belt all around.

It is pronounced in the three models that are grouped. That at the left was made of scarlet satin. It had a plain scarlet yoke, but the collar was embroidered with black chenille. Other bands of the embroidery outlined the



PROMPT IN REVIVAL.

yoke, ran from yoke to hem of dress skirt with the princess pretence now so popular, and gave belt and cuffs. Below the yoke the plain scarlet material was arranged in deep pleats that overlapped the belt. The blouse next to this was dark red cloth, and the trimming on shoulders, revers and front—also on skirt yoke—was a vermilion pattern of embroidery done in black silk braid. Black cord frogs were placed below the revers. On the last of these three blouses there were

THE FARM AND HOME

MATTERS OF INTEREST TO FARMER AND HOUSEWIFE.

How to Properly Care for the Farm Team—Hedges Do Not Receive Sufficient Attention—Cob Coal for Hogs—Plants Need Lime.

Care of the Team.

A teamster, whose name is Rollie Smith, says that one of his employers kept three large teams, and gave orders to trot them whenever a level or the road permitted. One time, being laid up by sickness, the employer promised to give a suit of clothes when he got well to the driver who kept his team in the best order. Smith, who believed in walking large horses, resolved to win the suit. It was six weeks before the boss was around. The first day of walking, the horses having been trotted so much, were not very ambitious, and their trip was not completed until long after the other boys were through and their teams put up. The next night Smith finished his rounds earlier. In ten days the team would do as much in a day on a walk as either of the other two, which were jogged at every opportunity, and began to gain wonderfully in flesh and appearance. The same quantity of grain was given as before, but he thinks he rubbed them a little more—he could not help it, they were so handsome. He also frequently allowed them after working to roll in the loam of a freshly-plowed field or garden, which they greatly enjoyed. Then they were cleaned, first with a broom, then with a rice root brush, followed by a big cloth—rarely or never with a curycomb. When the employer was able to visit the stable he did not know Smith's team—could scarcely believe it belonged to him. After having all the horses hooked up to wagons and seeing this team walk away from the others, he gave orders to "walk your horses," and took "Rollie" to a first-class place and told him to pick out the best suit in the store, for the lesson learned was worth it.—Farm Journal.

Shearing Hedges.

There are comparatively few American farmers who take the pains required to keep a hedge neatly trimmed and within reasonable bounds of growth. Most of the hedges we see have become overgrown, and as their tops spire upwards, the undergrowth that is required to make a compact hedge near the ground dies out, leaving gaps through which most of the smaller animals readily pass. When pruning is done in this country it is most apt to be done in the spring or late in fall, when the buds are dormant. This only makes matters worse, as the more vigorously the top is then pruned the greater will be the growth of the upper buds. The only pruning of hedges to effect proper growth must be done in July or August when the hedge is in full foliage. This checks growth greatly. But this is just what is wanted. We have seen both Englishmen and Scotchmen doing this work on their own grounds, but never an American native born. The work comes just when all American farmers are busiest with haying or grain harvest, or when work among cultivated crops is most pressing. Long pruning shears are used, and the hedge is cut back so that an even cut will prune off something of this year's growth at the top and on each side. But the hedge, though pretty when thus trimmed, is, if kept in condition, more expensive than any other kind of fence.

Making Cob Coal for Hogs.

One who raises from 100 to 150 pigs should aim to save at least 200 bushels of corn cobs for charcoal. Make a pit 4 1/2 to 5 feet deep, 12 to 18 inches in diameter at bottom, 4 1/2 to 5 feet on top. Have a sheet iron cover made large enough to cover the pit and project six inches over the edge. Start a fire in the bottom with shavings and add by degrees a bushel of cobs, and let them get well aglow. Then add three to four bushels more, and when well on fire add more, and so on, until the fire is rounding full. If they burn faster on one side than the other side, lift the side that is burning least with a pole. If you have an old iron rod long enough, lay it over the center of the hole so as to keep the sheet iron from sagging. When all the cobs are well aglow, even blazing freely, cover the hole with sheet iron and seal the edges with earth tight and leave it until the next morning, and if the charcoal can be taken out, and if the job is well done there will be from nine to twelve bushels.—Farm, Stock and Home.

Lime on Acid Soil.

It appears to have been proved at the Rhode Island station that many plants need lime on acid soil. While a few are injured by it, particularly if they are grown the same season that the lime is applied, most of the plants usually grown in Rhode Island are either uninjured by liming or else benefited in a greater or less degree. The great benefit from lime upon the farm of the experiment station having been established, further experiments were conducted for the purpose of ascertaining if the form or combination in which the lime is applied to the soil has anything to do with its effectiveness. The various experiments conducted for this purpose have shown that lime, to be of the greatest possible use, must be applied to the land in the form of air or water slacked lime, or of calcium carbonate (carbonate of lime). When applied in the two first mentioned forms, most of the lime passes sooner or later in the soil into the form of carbonate of lime.

Experiment in Cow Feeding.

New facts about cow feeding have been learned by a remarkable experiment

conducted by Director Jordan at the New York station, the results of which, soon to be published, will make a sensation. Selecting a good Jersey cow and getting her in proper shape for the test, he fed her for sixty days with prepared foods that contained practically no fat. Everything that she consumed was weighed and analyzed, also the milk and all the excrement, solid and liquid. The figures show that this cow gave in her milk forty pounds more fat than she consumed, while she added thirty pounds to her weight and was in a good, thrifty, fleshy condition at the close. This indicates that the vital force in the cow has the ability to convert sugar and starch in the feed into fat. Should this fact be confirmed by repeated tests, it may upset some of the accepted theories about balanced rations. Indeed, some of the intelligent Western feeders contend that they get better results by feeding their cheap corn, grain or meal, with fodder—a ration that is quite deficient in protein or nitrogenous matter, though rich in fat—than they do when a well-balanced ration is given. Now if a cow can convert starchy elements into fat, as Jordan believes, why may she not increase the per cent. of solids in her milk, according as her food is varied? The fact is, we are beginning to find out that processes going on in the "innards" of a cow are "fearfully and wonderfully made," and but little understood.—Orange Judd Farmer.

Chemical Changes in Food.

When green material, such as unripe corn, is killed by frost the cells are ruptured and the aromatic oils escape very rapidly. The leaves become weak, dry quickly and drop off more easily than does corn cut at the same stage of ripeness before frost. Then, too, corn that is cut while green, if it be immediately shocked, especially in large shocks, as that most of the stalks will be shaded, goes on developing while in the shock; that is to say, as long as there is abundance of moisture in the plant the chemical changes which may go on improve the quality of the food, and hence stalks cured in this way are relished by the animals better than are those which have been frosted. It is believed—we may say proved—that the volatile oils of forage plants play an important part in promoting digestion. The apple which grows on the topmost branch and is properly barreled and ripened digests easily because it is not only mature, but because it carries with it an appetizing aroma, and instinctively we get a double enjoyment from such an apple, by smelling it, and by eating it; while the apple grown in the shade on the lower branches and left in front of the grocery store for two or three weeks before it is used contains very little distinctive aroma, is unpalatable and hard to digest for two reasons—it is not mature and it carries with it little volatile and aromatic oils.—The Cultivator.

Crooked Moldboards for Plows.

An Ohio farmer in a communication to National Stockman writes: "The other day I was watching the effect of a land roller in a field, part of which had been broken with a plow that had a crooked moldboard and part with a plow having a straight moldboard. The ground was broken when dry and hard, but the crooked moldboard so crushed and ground the soil while turning it that the roller left it in quite a little better condition than that which was wedged over with a straight moldboard. The latter draws the easier, but it pulverizes less. The more crooked the moldboard the more crushing the soil gets while being broken."

Orchards Kept in Grass.

It is possible by heavily mulching orchards, where grass is allowed to grow, to keep the surface moist and loose, so that the grass does no injury. But in such cases it will be found that the tree roots run near the surface where they naturally go to reach moisture and light. This makes such orchards very liable to injury by winter freezing. It is better to cultivate the surface soil to the depth of three or four inches, as that makes the best mulch, and also cuts off the tree roots near the surface. But a better plan is to train the head so low that the branches will come near the ground. This will cause the snow to lie as it falls, making further mulching unnecessary.

Co-operative Hog Killing.

The farmers of Maine have circumvented the beef trust. They have organized 1,000 fresh pork and beef clubs in that State, each club composed of ten members. The ten farmers belonging to a club arrange for a succession of butchers. That is, a hog is killed every so many days during the winter season and the fresh pork is divided into ten parts, each family getting one part. This does not include the hams and other portions of the animal, which are salted or pickled for future use. The arrangement amounts to a co-operative meat shop. The farmers lose nothing and they get fresh pork all the time.—Des Moines Register.

Nests Feet OIL.

Many farmers when they butcher a cow throw away the hoofs as worthless. They ought always to be used to make neat's foot oil. Put them in a kettle with plenty of water and boil until all the oil is extracted. A set of four feet will usually make a pint of the oil, which should be skimmed from the surface as it rises in boiling.

Harvesting Clover Seed.

The best way to harvest clover seed is to allow the clover to get fully ripe, then cut it with a self-rake reaper and throw it into piles. If the clover is heavy and partly green, cut it with the mower and cure it as you would hay. When dry, haul it into the barn at once. If it is to be stacked, cover the stack with a canvas sheet. The seed must not get wet.