

SHORT STORIES.

FOUND ON THE TRAIN.

"Well, well; it does seem kind of funny that this should happen again. I have come home for the last five years on this 5:30 train, still nothing of this kind has ever occurred before until the last week. It's queer; but I'll advertise this one—maybe they are mates." He drew the other from his pocket and compared them. "They are a pair as sure as I am Granville Baker—same color, size and all." He folded them and replaced them in his pocket, took the evening paper and settled down to read.

Mr. Baker was a bachelor and resided in W—, a suburb of Boston. He was a banker in the latter city, liked and respected by all who knew him. On two different occasions he had found on the train a glove, which, after investigation, proved to be a pair; so he determined to find the owner.

In a few days in the lost and found column appeared:

Found—On the 5:30 train to W—, a pair of gloves; owner can have them by calling on G. W. Baker, 218 T— street, City.

The first morning a light-haired dame arrived and asked in faltering tones if Mr. Baker was in. He smiled as he told her she was talking with that gentleman, but after questions were answered, the gloves still remained in his possession and the young lady left the office utterly disappointed.

The ad remained in the paper over a week, yet the rightful owner had not put in an appearance, so he made up his mind to have it removed.

It was nearly time for closing as Granville Baker sat at his desk and took the gloves out of the drawer. "I guess I'll take them home as a souvenir," for as he folded them it somehow brought to his mind bygone memories. "I wonder where she is now?" he mused. "Strange that I never meet her. Let me see. It is nearly ten years since we parted. How foolish I was to believe such false stories, but it's past and gone now, and I'm the loser." He returned the gloves to his pocket, closed his desk and prepared to leave, when a woman stepped to the door. "Is this Mr. Baker?" she asked. "Yes, madam, but we're closed now." He replied kindly, trying to see her face through the thick veil which concealed it.

"I didn't come to deposit—but came in search of my gloves." "Ah, did you lose a pair—can you describe them?" "Certainly, sir; they were light gray with pearl buttons." He drew them from his pocket and handed them to her. "Are they yours?" he asked slowly. She gazed into his face with a pitying glance and murmured: "Yes, thank you." "Was it imagination, or who did that look remind him of? He watched her as she left the office; then a feeling of remorse came over him as he seated himself in his chair and bowed his head. Why should the past come so vividly back again? Why should these gloves make him feel uncomfortable, and where had he seen that look, and why didn't he detain her a moment? But—he paused and drew out his watch. "Only eight minutes to catch my train." He took his hat, but had gone only a few feet when he stopped. "Who was that I saw at the door? How I tremble. I am tired and nervous. It is gone now." He buttoned his coat up tightly and hastened to the depot.

As he took the train and started to peruse the paper, his mind was too disturbed, so he laid it down and azed at the passengers. Opposite him sat the face he had seen at the door; it dazed him as before. Where had he seen it? Carefully he studied every outline and noted every change of expression, until he was fully convinced, then he took the seat beside her.

"Beg pardon, but are you not Miss Willmot?"

She did not blush, but sighed as she laid her hand upon his arm and gazed earnestly into his face. "No, I am not Miss Willmot now, but am still Grace. You judged me wrong years ago, but I know you have found out differently."

She ceased speaking, for she saw the words caused him pain. In a few minutes she began: "You remember how you sent me that letter of stinging rebuke? I never answered it because you accused me of so much. I went west with my father, and after he died I married for a home, but my husband was killed four years ago in Colorado, so now I have come east, hoping, perhaps to right a cruel wrong." As she finished his heart was too full for utterance, so he pressed her hand, for he knew her face betokened a sad life.

She was a widow, alone in the world. He was a bachelor, nearing his fortieth year, but the old flame of love was rekindled, and as the train puffed out of W— it left behind two happy hearts that had been separated for so many years. It is needless to say what took place, but now Mrs. Baker often smiles as she thinks of how her glove unintentionally restored her to her lost happiness.

A SPRING MEMORY.

How warm the air was! Though only April it might have been a day in midsummer. The ill-clad woman on the bench shut her eyes and lay back in momentary content. She drew in deep breaths of the soft wind, laden with perfume from gay beds of hyacinths and wall flowers, and felt refreshed as with wine after the close atmosphere of the small garret in the narrow back street where her eyes rested on chimney stacks that appeared on all sides through a thick haze

of smoke, and her ears were assailed by harsh voices of poverty-cursed mortals, whining children and the whistle of the railway hard by.

Now she opened her eyes and drank in the beauty of the scene before her, the sky clear and blue-flecked here and there with soft baby clouds, the trees just bursting into leaf, their buds of freshest green, the grass so smooth and trim and restful to eyes wearied with work and tears and dotted about with waving daffodils and blue hyacinths. There was a suggestion of nature untrammelled and free in the nature-scattered sward that pleased her better than the symmetrical beds with their carefully arranged blue-hued blossoms; yet these were lovely, too, and, oh, the scent!

Just opposite where she sat, and facing the park garden, was a row of houses, tall and commanding, with high pillars and carved balconies and flower-wreathed windows. She was especially interested in one of them, for it was the home of the lover of her youth and he was dying. She had heard this the night before, and had come to the garden that bright afternoon, moved by a strong yearning to be for an hour or two as near to him as possible. For in the heart of this pale-faced woman there was a memory green and fresh and fragrant after long years—the memory of a short-lived romance, of sighs, of parting and tears. That bit of her life stood out in strong relief—the rest was not pleasant to remember, for it had been filled with sin and shame, and latterly with broken health and grinding poverty. But that time, so long ago, when she was beautiful and pure and sweet, and he was still youthful, and only beginning to give promise of a fame that came later—there was a cherished memory, and for its sake she had come to watch beside him, and to breathe out in the spring sunshine a prayer for the passing soul.

Some parting words of his came to her mind, and she murmured them half audibly.

"Dear little Lou, remember, if you are ever in any difficulty or trouble, write to me, and if I am able I will help you."

Something had always kept her from taking advantage of that promise—some half-conscious desire that he should always think of her as she had been then, and not as she became later. Besides, men forget; it is only woman who remembers.

There was a sound of carriage wheels; she looked up. The vehicle stopped at the house, a footman appeared with rugs, and presently a lady got in and was driven away.

She remembered that he had been married about a year ago to a rich and beautiful girl, and there were rumors that the domestic relations of the two were not happy.

"If I had been his wife I would not have left him alone to hire people when he was so ill."

Then she gave a little scornful laugh as she spread her coarse red hands on her lap. Once they had been so fair and soft, and he had praised them. "A pretty girl I was, then," she thought sadly, "hair like ripe corn and eyes like forget-me-nots. I remember him saying so the day we went to the picnic in the country, and he painted me sitting by the brookside with my lap full of flowers. Good Lord! who would think it to see me now? and yet somehow I feel as if thinking about him makes my soul come back to the likeness of that time long since. If only one could set rid of their old, tired, ugly body and start fair again!"

"I never told a soul about him and me," she thought wistfully; "it might have done him harm, for they would not have understood. It's strange I've thought so much of him lately, but now I'm old and poor and tired, and no man—or woman, either—will ever again pretend to care for me even. It seems to make a happier look come into everything when I picture him as he was five and twenty years ago, bright and gay and loving, and eyes that looked at me so kindly, and such a different look to—ah! God have mercy on him, bear him in his trouble. If I could bear his pain for him I would—oh, so gladly—for he is the only man I ever loved—and I think he loved me once."

The light was fading, angry clouds were coming up and a cold wind bent roughly the tender stalks of the daffodil. The woman suddenly shivered and looked paler than before, for she had looked again at the windows, and one by one the blinds were being pulled down.

It was an hour and a half later, as the warning bell for the shutting of the garden gates was ringing, that the carriage containing the pretty young wife returned. The shabby woman paid no attention to either sound, for she seemed asleep—her head sunk on her chest. One of the attendants of the gardens came along and roughly laid his hand on her shoulder. She was dead.

TWO WEDDING RINGS.

man at the door, and leaned over the banisters to inquire if there were any letters for me.

There was no immediate response to my query, and I inferred from the suspicious silence that either Mrs. Metcalf or her daughter was inspecting my letters, probably reading the post-cards, if there were any.

One card came from my tailor to notify me of his removal; one from Louis Durande to tell me that he could not keep a certain engagement with me and a letter from Percy Cresmer who had warmed his slippers at the same college fire with me scarcely three years ago.

His epistle ran thus: "Dear Belton: I claim your congrat-

lations. I am to be married to the sweetest girl the sun upon. There's surprise number two for you. And I wish you'd get the diamond ring, size enclosed on a bit of paper. There's surprise number two. Seriously, old fellow, it will do me a great favor, for business matters here are complicated in such a way that I cannot hope to get to the city a day before the event; and, of course, I know that I can trust your taste and judgment equally with my own. Have the words 'Helen, 1896,' engraved on the inside, and please send by post without delay. Ever yours faithfully,

"PERCY CRESMER."
"P. S.—She's an angel."
"Well," said I to myself, laying down my old chum's letter, "here's a pretty commission for a bachelor. An angel, is she? I don't believe she's any more angelic than Pauline Brooks. But every man thinks his goose is a swan. I pity the poor fellow, I'm sure; he's clearly in a state of glamour that makes him see everything colour de rose. But I'm not one to desert a friend at a pinch—I'll buy his miserable wedding ring with the greatest pleasure in life."

So I locked my desk, put on my overcoat and went straightway to Silverman's.

Jones was behind the counter. I knew Jones; I had bought a gold bracelet of him for Pauline Brooks six months ago. Jones was a dapper little fellow, with a stiff waxed mustache, a cameo scarfpin and hair bedewed with some ambrosial perfume or other.

"Wedding rings, if you please," said I, plunging at once into the object of my visit. "Here's the size," producing my slip of paper.

"Any inscription, sir," questioned Jones, assuming so preternaturally knowing an aspect that I could have cheerfully pitched him in among the plated war in the big glass showcase behind him.

"Helen," said I brusquely, "1896."
"Very pretty name," smirked Jones as he wrote down the order. "Any particular style?"
"Simple and solid," said I; "that's all."

"Yes, sir, it shall be attended to at once. Shall I send it to your residence or—"

"I'll call for it tomorrow," said I. I crossed the park and hurried up Regent street, mentally gushing my teeth, and in my impetuous haste had near stumbled over Pauline herself, just out of a florist's with a tiny bouquet of violets in her hand.

"Pauline?" I cried, rapturously.

But Pauline drew back the least little distance in the world, thereby putting an invisible barrier between us that froze me like an icicle.

"Dear me, Mr. Belton, is it you?" said Pauline. "I congratulate you, I am sure!"

"Upon what?" I demanded, growing desperate.

"Upon your approaching marriage to be sure," said Pauline, with a smile like auroral lights hovering over a snowbank.

"But I'm not going to be married," protested I.

"Oh, excuse me, pray! Gentlemen do not usually buy wedding rings without a purpose," interposed Pauline. "Only I should think you might have paid such old friends as we are the compliment of some slight intimation of your impending marriage."

"Pauline," said I—"Miss Brooks—bear me. There is only one woman in the world I would care to marry, and she stands before me now!"

Pauline's lips quivered—the tears sparkled in her eyes.

"Mr. Belton," said she, "you may regard this all as a very fine joke, but surely it is not necessary to add any more insult to it—"

"Do you mean that you don't believe me?"

"How can I believe you?" retorted she.

Driven to a sort of frenzy, I dragged Percy Cresmer's letter from my pocket.

"Pauline," said I, "read that, and you will have a solution of the mystery of the wedding ring."

LADIES' COLUMN.

ONCE IN A WHILE.

It is easy enough to be pleasant when life flows by like a song. But the man worth while is one who will smile when everything goes wrong. For the test of the heart is trouble. And it always comes with the years. And the smile that is worth the praises of earth is the smile that shines through tears.

It is easy enough to be prudent when nothing tempts you to stray. When without or within no voice of sin is luring your soul away. But it's only a negative virtue until it is tried by fire. And the life that is worth the honor of earth is the one that resists desire.

By the cynic, the sad, the fallen, who had no strength for the strife. The world's highway is cumbered to-day. They make up the item of life. But the virtue that conquers passion. And the sorrow that hides in a smile. It is these that are worth the homage of earth. For we find them but once in a while.

COOKING RECIPES.

Eggs a la Polette—Mauke a cream sauce as for baked eggs, adding the juice of a quarter of an onion. Boil the eggs hard, cut them into quarters, pour the cream sauce over them, season with pepper and salt, and serve. This is a palatable first course for a luncheon.

Bread Cake—One pint of risen dough, a half cupful of butter, a coffee cupful of sugar, three eggs, well beaten, a pound of stoned raisins, carefully floured, a little nutmeg, and sifted flour enough to make a proper cake consistency. Place in pans, let rise fifteen minutes, and make in a slow oven.

Sweet Nut Sandwiches—Chop together one cupful seedless raisins, one cupful English walnuts, one-half cupful grated coconut, two tablespoonfuls grated chocolate, and mix well together, moisten with a little cream, spread between egg-shaped pieces of whole wheat bread previously buttered.

Macaroni au Gratin—One pound spaghetti—boil twenty-five minutes in salted, boiling water. Pour off all the water; put back on stove to simmer, then put in cream, a little Parmesan cheese, and pepper, and stir carefully. Then put on small tin dishes well buttered. Add a few pieces of butter on top; sift on Parmesan cheese; place in a quick oven to brown.

Mint Sauce—Pick leaves of fresh young spearmint from the stems, wash and drain them on a cloth, chop them fine, put them in a gravy boat, to three tablespoonfuls of mint add two tablespoonfuls of fine granulated sugar, mix thoroughly, let stand a few minutes, pour over this six tablespoonfuls of white wine vinegar. Prepare this some time before serving, that the flavor of the mint may be thoroughly extracted.

White Cake—Beat to a cream one cupful of sugar, half a cupful of butter and one-half of a cupful of cornstarch. When this mixture is perfectly smooth, without a lump, add the whites of three eggs beaten to a stiff froth. Flavor with essence of bitter almonds. Then stir in half a cupful of milk, add a cupful of flour sifted with two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Bake in a moderate oven, and frost the cake thick just before it gets cold.

Broiled Bird—Remove pin feathers, head, feet and wings; singe and wipe; split down the back, remove entrails and the breast bone; lay it on one-half a sheet of letter paper, buttered thickly, fold edges together and turn them over twice. Place in a wire broiler, and broil ten minutes over coals, lifting it frequently to avoid blazing the paper. Open paper, lay bird on hot toast, pour on the juice from the paper, add salt, pepper and butter, and garnish with water cress.

Dream sandwiches—Stew a cupful of prunes very tender, remove the stones and pass the prunes through a colander, sweeten to taste, and mix with one-half cupful of walnut meats and blanched almonds, which have been chopped fine, flavor lightly with vanilla, and add a speck of salt. Spread the mixture lightly on the end of a loaf of bread, and cut the slices off as thin as possible, remove all crust, and roll the sandwich up firmly. If the bread will not roll, cut in fancy shapes.

Olive Sandwiches—Stone a dozen olives, chop them fine, with a stick of celery and one small cucumber pickle, add a teaspoonful of catsup, one-half teaspoonful of made mustard, a salt-spoonful of salt, a speck of pepper, and a dash of cayenne; mix well and spread on thin slices of brown bread, press together firmly and remove all crusts. Other bread may be placed over the dressing.

WILD MORNING GLORIES.

G. R. C. asks how to rid land of wild morning glories.

It may be done without the loss of a crop or any additional expense by plowing the ground deep after removing a crop of small grain or hay.

August is the time and the dryer and hotter the better. If the weather is dry, which it is during August, the sun will burn through as deep as the ground is plowed and effectually destroy all roots of the glories, as well as other noxious weeds, as deep as the ground is stirred.

My word for it, two such treatments in succession will rid the foulest of land of glories. The first treatment if thoroughly done at the right time will catch nine-tenths of them. Try it.

The limits of the paragraph here about been reached in a Denver paper, which cites the case of a Colorado man whose wife became petrified and whom, despite death, he still regards as his 10th girl.

MISCELLANEOUS NOTES.

A hair mattress is better than a feather bed. Gold ornaments may be safely washed in soapy, warm water. Grass stains may easily be removed from any white material by washing the stained garment in spirits of camphor.

To brighten tortoise shell combs and pins, rub them with alcohol, and after drying with a soft rag, use bismuth powder to render them bright. If a moth miller is seen in a closet, it is a good plan to burn a little camphor gum very promptly. Frequently this simple precaution, if taken early in the spring, will rid that closet of moths for the season.

Perfume to Keep Away Moths—Take one ounce each of the following: Cloves, nutmeg, mace, caraway seeds, cinnamon, and Tongue beans, and six ounces oforris root. Grind almost to a powder and put in muslin bags. Put these among your clothes.

To Get Rid of Cockroaches—Have you ever tried spraying their holes with a strong solution of carbolic acid? Two tablespoonfuls of the acid to a pint of water is the right proportion. If the holes are sprayed with this every two or three days for a fortnight, the cockroaches will disappear.

To Clean Iron Bedsteads—The following paste is excellent for this purpose: Mix together one gill of paraffin, half a gill of naphtha, and enough Tripoli powder to make a rather soft paste. Apply with a bit of felt, rub till dirt is removed, dust with dry Tripoli powder and polish with a soft cloth.

Cleaning Gilt Picture Frames—An onion cut in half is the best thing to use for cleaning gilt frames. The dirt must be removed with this, and the frame then sponged with water and patted dry with a soft cloth. The less the frames are rubbed the better. If the frame has gone beyond cleaning, get a bottle of gold paint and apply according to the directions supplied with the bottle. Oil paintings should be sent to a regular cleaner.

Faded Carpets Re-Dyed—It may be news to some of the good housekeepers that, where dyeing establishments are easily accessible, carpets may be dyed, when faded and worn, just the same as many other things. This is often done, especially with hotel and apartment house floor coverings. Carpets are usually re-dyed in a solid color, what color will take best depending on the original hue. Through this fresh coloring the original design usually shows, but outlined as a darker shade of the new color.

To Keep Fresh Meat Sweet—Charcoal is of great value in keeping ice chests, store rooms and food sweet. Place a shallow dish of fine charcoal in the ice chest. If poultry or birds are to be hung in a cool place for a few days, remove the internal organs and partially fill the body with charcoal. Now wrap the birds in paper and hang up. If the outside of poultry is rubbed with black peppert will be still further protected from flies. Small birds, liver, kidneys, sweetbreads, etc., may be wrapped in Paraffin paper and then buried in a bed of charcoal. For keeping large pieces of meat and poultry here is a simple device: Have a large barrel or hoghead half filled with charcoal. Put meat hooks on a strip of joist and piece it across the top of the barrel. Have a netting spread over this. The barrel may be kept in a cool place, and pieces of meat hung on the hooks. The charcoal will keep the atmosphere dry and sweet, and the netting will be a protection against insects. Should there be danger from rats and mice, use wire netting.

THE HOME DOCTOR.

To extract live insects from the ear, pour in sweet oil, glycerine, or salt water. Sometimes the insect will crawl out if the ear is turned to a bright light.

Bathe the face and hands of a feverish person with warm water that has a few drops of common soda dissolved in it. A few drops of alcohol or cologne is often pleasant to use to bathe the sick.

A nurse should use care that no person having wet or even damp clothing should enter the sick room. Never get out of patience with the whims of an invalid, but try to coax and soothe without irritating him.

A form of treatment for poisoning from ivy, which has received approbation from scientific authority, is to wet a slice of bread with water, dust it with common washing soda, and apply to the eruption, keeping the bread wet from the outside. Half an hour of this treatment is said to effect a cure.

In the treatment of burns there is nothing better than the old-time application of pure lard and flour. It is well worth while for every housekeeper to buy some pure lard, render it with the utmost care, and put it, while piping hot, into pots or bottles, which may be hermetically sealed. A cupful of lard mixed with flour to form a soft paste may be applied to a burn without loss of time.

Virtues of Watercress—The watercress is a plant containing medicinal virtues. A curious characteristic of it is that, if grown in a ferruginous stream it absorbs into itself five times the amount of iron that any other plant does. For all anæmic constitutions it is, therefore, specially of value. But it also contains proportions of garlic and sulphur, of iodine and phosphates, and is a blood purifier.

Bishop Berkeley once wrote, "Westward the course of empire takes its way," but even Senator Beveridge misquotes the famous line, "misquoting 'star' for course."

FARM NEWS NOTES.

HOW TO DRENCH A COW.

Cows lend themselves much more satisfactorily to drenching with medicine than either horses, sheep or pigs. Drenching a horse is a somewhat risky operation, because of the liability to choking, and the administration of medicine to horses is in the form of a ball rather than as a draught or drench. There are, however, some diseases in which it is found more effective to give the medicine in a liquid than in a solid form. In drenching a cow there is no better appliance than an old horn; this is much better than a bottle, as the latter is liable to get broken should the animal prove excitable, and consequently lead to inquiries to the mouth or tongue. In dosing a cow the best plan is to pass the left hand over the animal's face and insert the two first fingers gently under the jaw behind the point where the lower incisors can be closed upon it. The head of the animal should then be gently elevated, and the horn or other drenching appliance introduced into the mouth. Care should be taken not to raise the head much above the level of the neck, and special care should be taken to see that the liquid which is being administered is given in a steady constant flow, as when a sudden rush of liquid is poured into the mouth a portion of it is liable to pass into the windpipe and thus give rise to a distressing cough. On the first sign of an attempt to cough the head of the animal should be released, and it should be allowed to stand quietly for a few minutes before the remainder of the dose is administered.—Dairy and Creamery.

IMPROVED FLOCKS.

It is generally admitted that improved poultry pays as well in proportion as the improved breeds of hogs or sheep; that is, on general principles. Of course, the great mass of poultry is raised and sold by the farmers. The carloads of poultry and eggs shipped from all over the west come from the farmers, and since the introduction of the improved breeds the supply is rapidly increasing. No farmer can longer afford to raise the common chickens. If they cannot have full-bloods they should procure thoroughbred roosters, and they will be so well pleased with the cross that they will soon work into pure-breeds. Pure breeds mature quicker, grow larger, sell for more money, lay more eggs and require a little more care, but with warm, clean, comfortable quarters, a variety of food and by not feeding too much corn eggs may be had all through the winter.

HARVESTING CORN.

There is now no question about the benefit derived from securing the corn crop in such a manner that the feed value of the stalks may be saved, as they are a valuable part of the crop, the most common estimate being that the stalks are worth half as much as the ears as feed.

Cutting corn in the old fashioned way by hand is the hardest work the farmer is called upon to do and each year sees less hand work in harvesting corn and more horse power used for this purpose.

The question of most importance now is how best to apply the horse power, or in other words what kind of a harvester it is best to use.

The writer has had experience in cutting corn by hand, cutting it with a sled cutter and harvesting it with a self-binding machine of the latest pattern, and I unhesitatingly say that at present the sled cutter is best, all things considered.

The corn harvester of the self-binding type is a very good machine for cutting sweet corn or for cutting corn that has been sown for fodder, but when it comes to trying to cut a field of corn where the stalks are ten feet high and the ears heavy enough to make anything above fifty bushels to the acre, the corn harvester fails to be economical.

With tall corn the ears come above the gathering chains and arms and as soon as the stalks are cut off by the knives below the stalks fall in every direction. This causes frequent choking, badly tied gavels and makes hard work gathering and setting up the corn. The corn-binder that will not knock off a large percentage of the ears and leave them scattered about the field has not yet been made.

With the sled harvester two men and one horse will do as much in a day in heavy corn as the best corn binder made will do with two men and two horses. Corn that is cut and bound by machine is bound so tightly that it will mold under the band unless the weather is very favorable. When it comes to husking corn the bundles must be opened and rebound or one must feel in among the stalks and hunt out the ears. I suppose the perfect corn binder will be made sometime, but up to last fall when I used one of the best had not put in an appearance.

It is noticed that pigs fatten very quickly on sweet potatoes, due to the large amount of sugar in the food, and sweet potato growers utilize the small potatoes for that purpose. The best also contains a large proportion of sugar, and should be grown for swine, as they are relished at all seasons, both cooked and raw.

"Teacher says that rubber trees grow wild in Florida," said a 7-year-old school girl. "Well, s'pose they do," rejoined her 5-year-old brother. "Nobody ever has any use for rubbers till it rains, and then it's too wet to go out in the woods and gather them."