

Moonshine.

Oh Miss Moon, she wink her eye
While she callin' from de sky.
Soss dem young folks han' in han'
Strallin' on the ocean san';
Hyuh dem talkin' foolishness
Like 'twas truth an' 'nuffin' less.
Jes' go on an' let 'em be—
Can't fool ol' Miss Moon an' me.

Talkin' 'bout de broken heart
Dat would come if dey should part.
Dat same gal was roun' las' year;
But nex' summer she'll be here.
Makin' up bes' she can
To a different young man.
Jes' go on an' let 'em be—
Can't fool ol' Miss Moon an' me.
—Washington Star.

The WRONG HOUSE

She had sweet eyes. That fact had impressed itself upon Tom Leslie's dulled brain, as he turned aside and let the young lady pass him. He knew well enough who she was—Tome & Tapes' new typewriter girl.

He was not interested in girls just now—in fact, he hated them.

What could have been more beguiling than Miss Sophie Silver, with her fair, fluffy hair, and her pink cheeks, and her darling little way of looking at you as if she would eat you up if she only had a silver spoon?

Fair, false little Sophie! She wasn't worth the intense discomfort she had caused him for the past four months. She hadn't cared a button for him; or for anyone else but herself, for that matter.

She only wanted him to think her pretty, and to be sure she could captivate him. She had allowed him to think they were engaged. Engaged! Well, she was three deep before she saw him. There was her dentist, and a theological student, and one of her father's salesmen dancing attendance upon her, each believing himself the favored one, when she met Tom, and immediately plinned him as victim number four.

Miss Sophie liked to please people; it wasn't a bit of trouble. She promised to marry most of the young men who asked her. As these affairs multiplied she sometimes wondered how they would come out, but never troubled herself any further.

When Tom realized all this, when he found her out, he could have beaten his head against the wall for a fool. But that would hardly have relieved the sting. It had been a little cruel. His dear old mother had died and the house was unbearably lonely, with the grimmest of housekeepers.

He had not a sister or cousin or young woman friend in the world. In fact, he didn't know much about girls. He was only three and twenty, and a little shy and awkward, though more than usually good looking.

In his loneliness he was led to join a social club called the Hyacinths, and Miss Sophie saw him and marked him for her own.

It was all over and well over. But young "Tom" felt old and dull, and when he saw a pretty girl he turned aside with a wry face.

But the young lady entering Tome & Tapes' office was not so remarkably pretty. Only she had sweet eyes, and "Tom" thought a little about them in spite of himself. He knew her name; she was Miss Arethusa Dacy. She was said to be a very nice operator. Mr. Tome was doing some business for him, and he mentioned her as a very exceptional young lady.

"Tom" wondered if she had ever fooled any of the younger men who had admired her. She did not look as if she had. She had a little air of reserve about her, and then those frank,



Knew well enough who she was.

innocent eyes, dark blue as pansies, and with curling lashes!

"But glasses and lassies are brittle ware," quoth "Tom," with a groan, as he recollected Sophie's smile and the little curls on her forehead.

He went home that night unusually depressed. He had seen a great many people during the day, and they had had the effect on him of making him feel more alone than he did before he saw them. It was a little relief to be at home. The rooms were the picture of comfort and neatness, though a little stiff, under Miss Pikestaff's

hand. She never allowed a book or chair out of its allotted place.

After tea he sat down to think. Was this solitariness to be forever the end of his happy hopes? Was Miss Pikestaff always to preside over his home? He hoped not.

It seemed unendurable as the bright coals tinkled in falling from the grate, and the pretty French clock ticked and echoed in the oppressive quiet.

Suddenly there was a ring at the door bell.

Tom started up, as much because his thoughts were unsettled as for any other reason, for the maid usually



"This must be the wrong house," answered the door; but they were at once pretty well concentrated on the lovely apparition there—a slender girl with flushed cheeks and sweet eyes, a small valise in one hand, a shawlstrap in the other.

"I am late, but—" she began breathlessly, in a pleasant young voice; then paused, with a look of surprise and an air of perplexity.

"I beg your pardon—I am afraid this is the wrong house!" she said, looking squarely at Tom.

Tom felt queer.

"I don't believe it is," he stammered. "Whose house did you wish to find, Miss Dacy?"

The girl flushed still more, but did not look displeased.

"Mr. Hall's. I am just come in to town to-day. I am going to board there. This must be the wrong house."

"Mr. Hall lives next door; but I don't think they are at home—perhaps they have gone away to a funeral," said Tom, astonished at his own duplicity. "Won't you come in, Miss Dacy? I believe I recognize you. I—I have heard Mr. Tome speak of you. I never have taken boarders, but—but my housekeeper would perhaps find it pleasant," supplemented Tom, eagerly, and nothing with satisfaction that the young girl put down her burdens as if she could carry them no longer. "Pray come in and sit down. You seem tired. I will introduce you to Miss Pikestaff. Perhaps we can accommodate you."

The flush of exertion died out. The young checks looked a little pale, and the sweet eyes Tom admired glanced rather wistfully about the cosy parlor.

"I must be settled to-night. I thought my boarding place was engaged. There must be some mistake if they do not expect me. Mrs. Hall's Mr. Tome's sister. I am not particular as long as I am comfortable, and it looks very pleasant here," Arie Dacy said to grim Miss Pikestaff, who softened under the sweet eyes, and said:

"We can take you as well as not, if Mr. Leslie is willing."

"Yes, certainly, certainly," responded Tom; and the matter was settled.

He felt rather guilty of misrepresenting the absence of the Halls to Miss Dacy, for he had seen them at the station and knew well enough that they were going in town only to the theater; but his little plot never came clearly to light, while Arie was very much pleased from the first with her new home.

She was grateful to Tom, and she thawed Miss Pikestaff into surprising kindness to herself; and the three sat down to breakfast the next morning a very happy family. Tom meant business from the first, but he dared not be in haste. He pretended that he liked a bachelor's life, and never told

Arie that he loved her until she had been the light of his home nearly a year.

"Do you love me, Tom?" she said, then—"you a rich man and I only a poor girl!"

"I am a poor man without your love, Arie. As for my money, you may have it all if you'll only marry me."

And when they were married she said:

"How strange I should come to be mistress where I stumbled upon the wrong house—"

"But I knew it was the right one from the start," interrupted Tom. "It is, isn't it, Arie?"

"It is the pleasantest home, and I am the happiest woman, I think, in the world," she replied.

"Granted, if you will allow me to be the happiest man," he rejoined; and for once in this unsatisfactory life, everybody was suited.—Chicago Journal.

FAT MEN SEEK BARGAINS.

Wax Chummy as They Turn Over Piles of Collars.

"This is the only time of year we catch the fat man at the bargain counter," said a salesman in the white goods department of a New York department store. "The man who wears anything above an 18-inch collar never trusts his wife to buy his collars or shirts. He never relies upon the number on the collar box. The fat man's way of buying a bargain counter collar is to pick it out of a job lot tray and try it around his neck. If it feels as though it would button easily he keeps it in his hand and delves in the pile until he finds another one. If it doesn't fit he throws it back. If the store opens at 8 o'clock the fat man who buys his own collars and shirts is sure to be on the doorstep a quarter before the hour. Ready-made collars are sold for 20 and 21-inch necks, but there are very few of them in comparison to the number of those of smaller sizes. A man who wears a 15 or 16-inch collar can take his choice from a bargain sale almost any hour of the day. The fat man must, and does, come early. Fat men are very chummy at bargain counters.

"What size are you looking for?" one customer asks another.

"Nineteen inches," is the reply.

"You'll find a bunch of them right down at the end of the counter. Saw them a minute ago. What are those in your hand—eighteen and one-half? Just what I'm looking for. Give them to me and I'll show you the nineteen."

"Catch women talking like that over bargains!"

Remarkable Work of Physician.

The latest American wonder is a complete skeleton of the human nerves, prepared after an incredible amount of work and patience by Dr. Rufus B. Weaver, professor of anatomy at the Hahnemann college, Philadelphia. There is nothing to equal it in any museum in the world. The nerves of the hand, the foot, or some portion of the human anatomy have been separated from the body and shown in the same fashion as the remarkable skeleton made by Dr. Weaver, but no one has had the patience to prepare a complete nerve chart, using as the material the actual nerves withdrawn from the body. A picture of the nerve chart has been sent to the Museum of Medical Curiosities at Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, and the creator of the chart has been congratulated by the great surgeons of London on having built up one of the most marvelous anatomical structures of the age.

The Czarevitch.

He doesn't know that God has been at pains To fashion him for splendor, lofty things; He doesn't know that there is in his veins The sacred blood that quickens only kings.

He doesn't know that millions of grown men Are whispering his name with awe to-day; He doesn't know a nation trembles when He, moving, from the nipple turns away.

By right divine raised high above the mean; The common ones, that hew and plant and spin; He doesn't know the difference between Divine right and an open safety pin.

How wonderful! And yet how strange withal!

Churchman's High Position.

The archbishop of Canterbury, now on a visit to this country, occupies the highest social position in England next to the crown and the immediate descendants of the king. He takes precedence after the prince of Wales and his son and above all dukes, earls, viscounts, above the lord chancellor, the premier and the secretary of state and all ministers from other countries to the court of St. James.

Bee Culture for Women.

Mrs. Fanny N. Berthe, who superintends the bee and honey exhibit at the St. Louis exposition, is one of the most successful apiculturists in the world. She has an apiary at Winona in Minnesota and for three years has filled the office of treasurer to the Bee-Raisers' association of that state. She says: "I consider bee culture one of the most pleasant and profitable occupations for women."

Is Double of President Lincoln.

Representative John Lind of Minnesota, who has twice been governor of that state and has been nominated for justice of the supreme court, is said to bear a marked resemblance to Lincoln. In fact, he seems a perfect double of the martyred president; even the expression of his face is similar, as well as its contour. He is extremely tall; and gaunt and has a shambling gait.

FARM ORCHARD AND GARDEN



[Mr. Wragg invites contributions of any new ideas that readers of this department may wish to present, and would be pleased to answer correspondents desiring information on subjects discussed. Address M. J. Wragg, Waukegan, Iowa.]

STORING APPLES.

Apple growers at this season of the year are thinking about storing their crop of winter apples and a few timely suggestions may not be amiss. Root cellars come in handy this time of the year and if the apple grower is without one he should take steps to construct one. The root or cave cellar should be located in a well drained situation, and if the fruit grower is favored with a hill side so much the better.

We have had success in making earth cellars, where stone and brick were unavailable. In the following way: Make an excavation such as you would for the foundation of a house. The depth should be not less than four feet. Place strong posts at the four corners and between these posts place others three feet apart, take rough hemlock boards a foot wide and one inch thick and paint them with two coats of lime, place these next to the earth. Fasten a 2x6 plate on top of the posts and cover with a double roof of hemlock boards painted with two coats of lime. Cover the roof with earth, leaving a place for a wooden chimney at the center for ventilation. This chimney should be so constructed that the opening made by it can be closed from within. The entrance to the cellar should be at the north. A double-boarded door should be placed at the direct entrance to the cellar, and a sloping trap door at the top of the steps. We have used such a cellar in northern Iowa for ten years without having to repair it.

Aside from furnishing an excellent place for storing apples, it affords an ideal place in which to store vegetables of all kinds. If the cellar is large enough, it can be partitioned off for different crops. Fruits and vegetables keep best when the temperature of the compartment in which they are stored is kept as near the freezing point as possible. By ventilating the cellar and using a thermometer it will be possible to obtain almost a stable temperature in the cave-cellar.

The venerable Daniel Webster was wise, of course, but he would be seized with frigid vibrations were he to drop into Colorado now and see our grand industries, like the beet sugar mills, humming along. Webster made the mistake of his life when he said: "I oppose the expenditure of a single penny by the government in the attempt to develop that great American desert beyond the Mississippi."

NO LONG VACATIONS.

"You don't have to work more than five or six months on a fruit farm," was a remark made to us recently by a gentleman, evidently not experienced in fruit growing. The fruit grower should have recreation in some way as well as workers in other lines, but there is very little opportunity for long vacations. As soon as the busy harvesting season is over the work of preparing for the next season should commence. There is always some profitable thing to be done out of doors when the weather permits and when it does not there is time to do the more of the most important part of the year's work which is thinking and planning. The fruit grower who does not keep a diary or memorandum book or record of some kind in which to jot down things to be thought of at a future time is not making the most of his opportunities, and will not be prepared with plans when the time comes for action.

Originally all the ostrich plumes in use were obtained by killing the wild birds. Thirty-five years ago it was found that these birds could be domesticated with the result that in South Africa to-day there are 4,000,000 tame ostriches, producing plumes of a yearly value of \$6,000,000. Within a few years the raising of these birds has been undertaken in California and Arizona with much success.

THE BARNYARD FENCE.

The best fence to put around the barnyard is one that is high, tight and strong enough to turn all animals. More or less stock will come up against this fence every day in the year, so that it must be built much stronger than field fences.

There is nothing better than boards placed one against the other to a height of 5 or 6 feet. These will turn the wind and make the yard much warmer during the winter. Posts should be set 3 or 4 feet deep and 5 feet apart. Barber wire is very objectionable, as horses are likely to get their feet in it and be seriously injured, while cows and other cattle are often badly cut. It is suitable only for hogs. Woven wire is not strong enough for a barnyard fence and does not turn the wind.

DRAINAGE IN IOWA.

Probably the most valuable bulletin ever issued by the Iowa experiment station is that on drainage. After several seasons of water-logged fields, its appearance is timely. The new drainage law has just gone into effect and the bulletin furnishes much important information which the land owners who contemplate an effort to establish ditches under the new law will appreciate.

The excessive rainfall of the last two years has helped to emphasize this subject, for it has made much land unproductive which, in ordinary times, is productive and has sharply called the attention of the owners of this class of land to the subject of scientific drainage.

Information which is conveyed to the public by the bulletin is compiled from valuable data secured by the soils department of the division of agriculture, supplemented by exhaustive notes and tables on drainage engineering, prepared by the civil engineering department of the division of engineering.

Prof. Curtiss says of the bulletin: "This publication is of special value to the farmer and the drainage engineer, and is an instructive handbook for students and others interested in this important line of investigation."

Iowa has vast areas susceptible of drainage and present land values will not permit the owners of these tracts to let them be unremunerative.

"Drudgery is simply work in which the body is solely engaged. Get the mind onto any subject, become thoroughly interested in it, interest sufficiently to study how to do it in the easiest possible way, and it ceases to be drudgery. Any kind of work that we do not like is drudgery; any kind of work which does not employ the intellect and for which there is not a good motive is drudgery. We can transform drudgery into pleasant, healthful toil by becoming interested in it and doing it, not as time service, but as a duty to be performed conscientiously. Drudgery kills men. Honest work performed with brains and skill actually lengthens life. Whether work is drudgery or whether it is a pleasure depends altogether on the spirit with which we perform it."

HOW TO PACK AND MARKET APPLES.

At the recent Illinois State Horticultural convention, C. H. Williamson said in part: The arts of packing and marketing apples are quite different in their scope, but yet are so related that it is quite within bounds to say that to pack well is half the art of marketing. Yet to pack well is not difficult if one has fruit that is fit to pack. These are a few principal rules to be observed: Do not face your barrel with stuff entirely out of character with that which is to follow. Don't make the face of your barrel a lie, which you do when you put two layers of fine apples on the face of the barrel and then fill the rest of the space with trash. Do not use barrels of different sizes, but be sure that the barrel contains room for three bushels. The apples should be alike in size and color, as much as possible. After each bushel is put in shake the barrel well, so the apples will settle, and when they are all in shake the barrel so well that little pressure will be needed when the head is put on.

Not every farmer is so situated that he can conveniently keep bees, but a good many who do not might just as well have a few hives. Their work as pollenizers is well known to fruit men and gardeners, many of whom have a few hives just for this purpose, and the honey is a very acceptable form of sweet, more wholesome to most people than sugar or syrups. Bees require some care, though not a large amount. An essential also worth remembering in other things than bee keeping, is to keep one's temper. They know when they are misused. If a man slaps at them a few times when around the hive, he is sure to be made sick of the bee business before long. Bees, like Pekin ducks, are so easily excited that they need no stirring up or loud talk.

THE TOWN POSSESSES NO "ADVANTAGES" OVER THE COUNTRY. It is an undesirable place in which to raise a family—it is false and artificial from start to finish. Hold to the farm, for in it is a living and a competence—a certainty which cannot be had by any other equal investment.

SHEEP ON WINTER RANGE.

The location of the winter range is naturally chosen for its proximity to the ranch house or to sheds or hay stacks. Where deep snows may be expected, the sheep must be kept near covered corrals and a supply of hay provided to prevent loss from starvation by being caught in heavy storms.

A large section of range country is very favorably located with regard to the amount of snowfall. Even where the temperature falls quite low, there is ordinarily little snow. Although sheep are able to maintain themselves without much extra feed, yet there is always a danger of heavy loss from big storms. Some way should be provided for a short period of feeding in case of a fall of heavy, wet snow that subsequently becomes frozen.

A backyard is sometimes uninviting, but it is generally supposed that no one sees it but the family. Let the family take pride in seeing that it is well kept and contains both grass and flowers. It is no place for a bobbed, old hoops and rubbish.

NOT THE SAME.

"Goin' shoppin', pears to me, Don't what it used to be. Used to drive up to the store, Leave the team out by the door, Trade our truck for calico, Tea and soap; and off we'd go. Nowadays ye're at a loss To pick out the real boss. They don't stop to tell you jokes. Never saw such dressed-up folks. An' the goods that they display Fairly takes your breath away. Everything's trimmed up so grand— Looks to me like fairyland."

Prof. L. H. Bailey of Cornell university is one of the highest authorities on horticulture. He says: "My conclusion is, after having had the question in mind for a decade, that a heavy application of lead paint is the best all-around dressing for common pruning wounds; and this, I believe, is the commonest opinion with careful orchardists."