# FOR THE FARMER.

Some Things Worth Knowing:

The agricultural college professor and farmer are coming nearer together every year. The professor is coming gradually down from his high throne of exclusive science, and the farmer is rising slowly up out of the vale of fogyism and prejudice. Both have learned many valuable lessons

In California the encalyptus tree is planted for fuel, being cut down rows. Bisulphide of carbon, poured three years after planting. The amount realized for each acre of trees is over \$200. The tree will thrive on nearly all kinds of soils and it may perhaps, be well adapted for fuel purposes here, though they would require more time for growth.

When mechanics and contractors figure on their profits they call their time worth a fixed price per day, and are allowed to take that into the column of expenses: but when a farmer makes his showing, he is expected to admit that he and his teams must live if they did not work, therefore what they get for labor is clear gain.

Sprains are among the most severe accident to which we are liable. When a joint is sprained, swelling comes on gradually. In dislocation, the swelling and loss or motion of the joint happen immediately after the accident. A sprained limb should be kept perfectly quiet. To prevent inflammation, use poultices of wormwood, hops or tansy.

Lime is a good disinfectant. It is especially valuable to place in cellars where vegetables have been stored especially such as have been put in wet or show signs of decay. The last fall has been so wet that more than usual attention must be given to cellars to prevent losses. By absorbing superfluous moisture the line in their relations. Indeed, good bedprevents the rising of foul odors that | ding is the prime | help to good | feeddampness with warmth is sure to ing generate. Most vegetables in cellars are better if covered with earth and the lime sprinkled over the top of the heap.

A pig's foot is small in proportion to its weight. If allowed to trample over wet ground in its pen, it must does not, but he cannot help it. By all means, give piggy a board floor overat least a part of his pen, and under cover. This he will keep scrupulously clean and neat, going outside in the coldest weather to void liquid or solid excreta. Very young pigs quickly learn this habit

I believe the liquid portion of manure, which commonly soaks into the ground and is lost, is worth as much as all the rest put together. "No man's experience can teach him all read, and get the experience." "The best profit is in the best products. An afternoon visit to market will find the best meat, butter, vegetables and fruits all sold."-Vermont Watch-

Horses that have itchy skin may be put in fine condition in a very simple and easy treatment, by giving them once a week a pint of linseed oil tion of such a horse will rapidly improve. If the case should be a bad in the feed night and morning will be daily, and the manure keeps in better greatly beneficial. One who has practiced this for a long while finds his horses are kept in fine condition.

When clover does not thrive where it has before borne good crops it indicates that the land is "clover sick." That is, it is in a fertile condition, rich in nitrogen, but lacking in some elements demanded the clover for some other crop. Corn is an excellent crop for the purpose, and potatoes may follow corn. By applying lime an advantage on all farms

Says the Mark Lane Express: "It is being made a complaint by Manitoba wheat-growers and wheat merchants that their exceptionally fine wheat are mixed with common sorts before shipment to this country. That is essentially their business and not ours, but wheat that is intended simply for consumption or export cannot be too clean and good; the enhanced price and lessened freight pay well for the extra labor.'

Those who grow fodder corn for ensilage or winter food should bear in mind that experiments at the Massachusetts Agricultural Experiment Station showed that corn cut at the stage when the kernel was just beginning to glaze furnished nearly twice the nutritive value of that cut when the tassels first appeared. It is better to plant the small, early varieties of corn rather than the large Southern varieties, as the forach their full nutritive value a month earlier than the latter.

It would do the black Spanish some enterprising breeder would import a few trios every year. They have been bred so close in order to secure the white face that they lost their vigor and stamina, and they their vigor and stamina, and they preciated the change, and brought all need fresh blood now more than any their horned companions from twenother class. The black Spanish are ty miles to enjoy the prickly sensa-very handsome and should be improved. They have done good ser- this twice as many poles were needed, vice in the past, and may do as well in the future with a little care and good management.

Jersey cows, though not at any long dry. It is this tendency, which further employment of a doctor unmilk, makes them favorites with those who only keep one cow and look to that for the family supply. They have bought a filter."—Philalelook to that for the family supply.

Every effort should be used to keep a young heifer up to her milking yield as long as possible. The habit of going dry early, if once formed, is impossible to break.

"I have used castor beans and poisoned carrots to exterminate gophers without success," writes a correspondent to Dallas, Oregon. A rag filled with sulphur and set well afire and then shoved into a hole, will genand have profited thereby.—Mirror and Farmer.

erally smother gophers and prairie dogs, or a small potato may be cut in two and a dose of Paris green inserted, and then strewn in the buron a rag and quickly poked down the burrows, which are to be at once stopped up, is usually effective. It vaporizes quickly and diffuses itself through the burrows, being fatal to

#### **Bedding For Stock**

It is perhaps impossible that animals confined in stables, sheds or or other close quarters should not be more or less affected by or contaminated with excrement and foul air, a condition of things that greatly affects their well being as well as dimminishes the value of their products This is a matter that every farmer should duly consider and strive to prevent or remedy for the sake of interest and tidiness, if not for that of humanity. He that keeps his stock well above a floor of filth by a liberal use of straw or other bedding, will kindly add to their comfort and greatly enhance his profits arising from them. If the reasonableness of a thing can teach one anything, than one should learn that animals would thrive most when comfortable. We have seen pigs making slow growth so long as they were kept in filthy, miry pens, take a new start in life, as it were, so soon as their dirty quarters were exchanged for comfortable ones, and this with no improvement

Good wheat or rye straw, perhaps, makes the best bedding, as the large hollow stalks will absorb large amounts of liquid; but straw is not the only substance that will make comfortable bedding for cattle or stock. Forest leaves are by no means a bad substitute. They are inevitably mire it up worse than any not so good an absorbent, but they other animals. Some think the pig make a better manure, and as they loves this condition of thing. He are for the most part plentiful and cheap, every farmer would do well to secure in the Fall large quantities of them for this purpose.

Another substitute for straw is sawdust. This is a good absorbent and makes a dry soft bed. In itself it does not amount to much as a a fertilizer, but when saturated with urine it ferments quickly and serves to make land more porous and open, as does sand, to the influence of light and air. In Winter, however, it does not make so warm a bed as straw, but this defect may be obviated by using it as an underbed, with an upthat is worth knowing; therefore per one of straw or leaves so used last much longer, and the air of the stable is kept purer by the greater absorbent qualities of the sawdust

Straw and sawdust may not be found in all localities, but something like alluvial soil or sod can be; and as these are very good substitutes, they should be used when other substances are not available. This alluvial, housed in a dry time, is a good obsorbent and adds greatat their night feeding. The condi- ly to the virtues of the manure, being itself rich with saline material. Another advantage in using soil for one a good condition powder given bedding is that it makes compost

condition-does not "firetang." Dry muck is sometimes used for bedding, but it is rather dirty. It is a good obsorbent of liquids and gases, but when wet it soils the cattle and gives them anything but a clean, tidy appearance. Neither is it so good a fertilizer as good alluvial

But, after all that can be said of other substances for bedding, most farmers will continue to rely on straw, and as this is usually cheap and potash the land can be put in and abundant, it should be used libclover again. Rotation of crops is erally. And finally, aside from the comfort it furnishes the animal and the addition it makes to the store of manure, the increased purity of the air of the stables is alone a sufficient reason for keeping stock well supplied with bedding.—James I. Baird in the Rural Home.

> Telegraphing on the Pacific Railroad. On the San Joaquin trail the dar ing engineers who had climbed crag and precipice to stretch their wires were outwitted by the long-horned Spanish cattle that graze in the valley. No timber graced the country and flies were troublesome. The cattle were tormented by these winged pests, and to get rid of them crowded to the telegraph line. They would rub against the poles and paw the earth away from the base. Heavy poles would be worn out in a few months, causing frequent interrup-

The line could not be fenced in, and it did not pay to hire vaqueros to drive away the stock. One of those brilliant ideas that change the fate of a nation suggested a cure for the evil. Spikes were driven in the poles, fowls in this country much good if and the ends sharpened so as to tickle the thick hide of the steers and keep them away from their daily

The theory wrs good, but it failed in practice. The cattle actually apand the spike feature was abandoned.

Philadelphia Doctor (despondent) -Just my luck. I have only recent. time giving large yields of milk, are | ly succeeded in becoming the regular generally so persistent that family physician of the Westends. during a year they are not very and they have taken steps to render combined with the richness of their necessary, or nearly so. Wife-Why,

### MRS. TRIPP'S CHINA

When good old Mr. and Mrs. Tripp died within a week of each other, there was, I regret to say, an immediate disagreement among their heirs over the small property left by the old

Such disagreements ar so shamefully common now, that this one might not have excited any particular interest had it not been for the some what peculiar nature of the article over which the cupidity of the various heirs had asserted itself.

Few, indeed, were the possessions Mr. and Mrs. Tripp left behind them. They did not own even the humble little brown house in which they had lived for the past ten years, and when their funeral expenses had been paid, there was not a dollar left of the sum found in an old pewter teapot on the top shelf of the red cupboard in the kitchen. Frugal as they had been, it was evident that this sum represen-

But Mr. and Mrs. Tripp had not always been so poor as they were at the last, and there was one of Mrs. ways exhibited with pride as a relic of her better days, and as undeniable proof of the fact that there had been a time when she "had had a plenty."

Over this her relatives now disputed What was it? Only a white china tea-set, each piece of which had a broad gold band around the rim.

"It's purechany," Mrs. Tripp would often say, with a thrill of pride, as she held a saucer or a plate before the eyes of her visitors. "See how thin it is; you kin look right through it. Solomon give it to me on our tenth wedding day. He was in the grocery buisness then, an' doin' well, an' he'd gone to New York to buy goods; an' when he come home, he brung this all packed so carefully in straw, that the' wa'n't a piece broke; until their return. but one of the sass dishes was cracked a little, an' I never used it none, so it aint never broke, either. I think the world an' all of my chany."

The dearly prized "chany" had for years graced an old-fashioned "whatnot" in a corner of Mr. Tripp's best room. There was nothing else on the whatnot but two big "chany" dogs, one a reddish brown, and the other a dark blue, which looked as though they felt themselves responsible for the safety of the dishes, and

intended being faithful to their trust. Mr. and Mrs. Tripp had no children, but they had some relatives—cousins and a second-cousins and more remote connectious. These relatives were numerous, however. Just how numerous they were was made manifest when it came to dividing the few personal belongings of the old people.

The "heirs', met at the house on their way home from the funeral. Hardly were they assembled, when Nancy Johnson, own cousin to Mrs. Tripp, said:

"Of course you all know that my father and Betty Tripp's mother was own brother and sister, and that made me and Betty own cousins. So it seems only fair that. I should at least have my choice of her things, speshly when I might claim 'em all; but I aint one to act selfish, and I'm willin' you should all have your sheer of what's left after I've packed up Betty's chany tea-set and"-

"I knowed that was what you was goin' to say," interrupted Mrs.Cephas King, "and I can tell you that Solomon Tripp was my own cousin, and the tea things was as much his as they was Betty's, and I've as much right to 'em as you have!"

A thin, sharp voice came from a corner of the room "Betty Tripp told me agin and agin," it said, "that she wanted me to have them dishes, when she was

done with em' She said"-"She told me the same thing!" interposed Mrs. Cyrus Masterson, who who was only a third-cousin.'

"I took more care of her endurin' her last sickness that anybody else! interrupted second-cousin Beulah Hovey, "and one day we was talkin' bout the chany, an' Betty says, says she, 'Beulah,' says she, ''bout that chany tea-set,' says she, 'I'd as leave you had it as any one, an' a little leaver.' '

"Them's the very words she said to my wife!" put in Mr. Ezra Simmons, a little old man with a feminine tace and voice, "an' Betty was a own cousin of mine.

"And of mine!" said a tall woman in rusty black near the whatnot on which the coveted china stood.

So the strife continued, until there was no posibility of an amicable adjustment of the claims of various claimants. They finally left the house and the china in the possession of Miss Selina Sharpe, a lady of about fifty years, who, although an own cousin of Mr. Tripp, had put forward no claim to the china, declaring that she had no wish to posses

"But there's one thing certain." said Miss Sharpe, as she closed the door behind the last of the "heirs," "there shan't one of 'em step their foot into this house again to touch the chany or anything else, until it's settled by law who has a right to em. I've rented the house myself of its owner, and I won't have my what geese we be!"

doors darkened by any of them."

Miss Sharpe adhered to this resolution, politely but firmly refusing admittance to several of the claimants who called during the following week, do it! "to talk it over" with her, and, possibly, to carry the china home in tri-

Beside the china, there was nothing among Mr. and Mrs. Tripp's tew in the crowd who turned the occasion poor belongings that the relatives into one of such merriment that even coveted, all of the furniture of any grim Mrs. Johnson was found chuckvalue having been sold or given in ling half-aloue, while Thyran Masterpayment of a few bills that came in son and Mrs. Simmons, being at after the funeral. Accordingly, heart good-natured and keenly sus-Miss Sharpe was soon left in undis-ceptible to even poor wit, laughed tion."

and the china, guarded by the faithful dogs, still rested on the old walnut whatnot three weeks after the couple, to whom it had given pleasure, had been laid away in the little cemetery behind the village church. Mrs. Cephas King and Nancy

Johnson had been next-door neigh bors and very warm triends up to the time the dispute over the china arose; but now, alas! they scornfully passed by without a word or smile of of recognition when they met, and the King children were forbidden to have anything at all to do with the Johnson children.

Mr. Cyrus Masterson lived directly across the street from Beulah Hovey and so frequent had been the friend ly, pleasant little calls the ladies had made upon each other that a smoothly worn path led from one house to the other. Now all was changed. The path was wholly disused, and Mrs. Masterson gathered ey on the street, lest they should suffer contamination by coming into contact with those her beloved neigh-

Mrs. Ezra Simmons returned a ted the sum total of their savings of certain basque pattern she had bor-many years coved of Selina Sharpe with a note stating that in "consequence of the course you have seen fit to pursoo in relations to my husband's own dear dead cuzzen's chiny tea-things, which Tripp's possession which she had al. | now rightfully belongs to Me, I return the inclosed bask pattern and would thank you for my cup cake resect and my polynay pattern, not desiring that anything of yours should remain in my possession and visa versy, and that we do not speak from this date.

So it was that there was discord and enmity where there had once been peace and harmony. Not one of the contending claimants conto the inheritance.

A month had passed, and the bad feeling was at its height, when Mr. and Mrs. Ezra Simmons one evening concluded to spend an hour with their friends, Mr. and Mrs. Drewe. The deacon and his wife were not at home when Mr. and Mrs. Simmons arrived, but Sally, the maid-servant, said that she was expecting them every moment, and invited the callers to wait

They had waited in the parlor a few moments when the bell rang and | pliable as new. Sally was heard to tell other callers afterward Mr. and Mrs. Cyrus Masterson were ushered in. Seeing the Simmonses, the new-comers haughtily withdrew to a corner of the parlor and sat down in silence.

A third ring of the bell and Mrs. Beulah Hovey appeared at the parlor door. She gave the previous occupants of the parlor a stony stare and then went to sit stiffly erect in the centre of a sofa, where she seemed to be engaged in studing intently the pattern of the paper on the wall.

Perfect silence ensued for a moment when the bell again rang and Nancy Johnson's voice was heard at the door. When Mr. and Mrs. Drewe followed all these callers into the parlor, strange as it may seem, they had was too courageous a woman to be in the least daunted by what she beheld. She calmly seated herself in a comfortable rocking-chair and composedly returned Mrs. Nancy Johnson's stare.

for the first time in many months. The fire-company consisted of those who could be first in getting to a small room in the rear of the postoffice, where there were six fire-extinquishers and a hand reel and hose.

The entire population of the village was in the street in less than five minutes after the first sounding of the bell, and it was soon known that Miss Selina Sharpe.

tenant of the cottage flying wildly around, throwing her few belongings into the street and screaming "Fire!" at the top of her voice.

When the occupants of Mr, Drewe's found the roof in flames and smoke pouring from the windows while the fire, company was still in the distance. "Has my chany been got out yet?" shrieked Nancy Johnson.

"Your chany!" said Cyrilla Mills, who was only a fourth-cousin. "I'd say 'my chany,' " said Beulah

"It won't be anybody's if it aint got out o' there right off!" shrieked

Ezra Simmons. At that instant the men appeared in the smoking doorway trying to balance the whatnot and its contents between them. The blue dog toppled over and fell to pieces on the stone step as they reached the door. The brown one threatened to do the same, and the cups and other dishes were swaying unsteadily from side to side. "Be careful of my dishes!" cried

Mrs. Mills. "Your-on!" "Oh!"

"U-0-0-0-h!" "It that aint too bad!" One of the men had stepped off the little porch sooner than the other, thus tilting the whatnot forward and

sending every piece of the cherished china down with a crash on the brick walk before the door. The several heirs looked at each other in silence for a moment. Then Beulah Hovey suddenly cried out, with an hysterical little laugh: "Well,

quiesced Ezra Simmons. "I'd never conversation after the execution is have made any fuss about the old chany only for Emmeline making me

in which every one joined.

There were several waggish fellows

turbed possession of what was left, loader than any one else, and walked home together side by side in the most amicable manner. That was the end of all ill-feeling over the china as well as the end of the china itself. -- Youth's Companion.

> Things Worth Knowning. 1. That fish may be scaled much easier by dipping into boiling water

about a minute. 2. That fish may as well be scaled if desired before packing down in salt, though in that case do not

scald them. 3. Salt fish are quickest and best

freshened by soaking in sour milk. 4. That milk which is turned or changed may be sweetened and rendered fit for use again by stirring in a little soda.

hence in preparing milk porridge, up her skirts when she met Mrs. Hov- gravies, &c., the salt should not be added until the dish is prepared. 6. That fresh meat after beginning to sour, will sweeten if placed out of

5. That salt will cardle new milk

doors in the cool of night. 7. That clear boiling water will remove tea stains and fruit stains. Pour the water through the stains

the fabric. 8. That ripe tomatoes will remove ink and other stains from white cloth; also from the hands. 9. That a tablespoonful of tur-

pentine boiled with your clothes will aid in the whitening process. 10. That boiled starch is much improved by the addition of a little sperm or a little salt, or a little gum

arabic dissolved. 11. That beeswax and salt will make your rusty flat irons as clean and smooth as glass. Tie a lump descended to speak to any ofher rivals of wax in a rag and keep it for that purpose. When the irons are hot, rub them first with the wax rag, then scour with a paper or cloth sprinkled

> 12. That blue ointment and kero sene mixed in equal proportions and applied to the bedsteads is an unfailing bedbug remedy, and that a coat of whitewash is ditto for the walls of a log house.

13. That kerosene will soften boots or shoes that have been hard ened by water and render them as 14. That kerosene will make tir

that her master and mistress would | tea kettles as bright as new. Satube in very soon and to invited them rate a woolen rag and rub with it. also to come in and wait. Directly It will also remove stains from the clean varnished furniture.

15. That cool rainwater and soda will remove grease from washable

# How a Paper Hanger Removes old Pa-

Early in the morning the paper

hanger and three assistants came in each with a whitewash brush and a bucket of boiling water. "This is the first move," he said, as they sat down their buckets and began going over walls with the brush and hot water, as though they were whitewashing In a very short time the four dirty with them Mrs. Cephas King, who walls were very wet; then the ceiling went through the same course, and when it was thoroughly wet they be gan peeling off the where they first begun to wet it. It came like strips of bark from an While Mr. and Mrs. Drewe were | pasy-peeling log. When a spot se emvainly endeavoring to start a general | ed not to come off easily it was a gain conversation, the village fire-bell rang | wet, and left while they worked at another part. They soon had it all off. In making the paste he put a quarter of a pound of cornstarch into a porcelain kettle, mixed it with a small portion of cold water, then added a lump of alum as large as cherry, then enough boiling water to make a thin paste, boiled it a few moments and removed it. I asked what the alum was for. "To keep the fire was in the little brown house mice or moths from destroying th lately occupied by Mr. and Mrs. paper around the edges," he said. Tripp, but now in the possession of The paste was put on with a whitewash brush. The first width (after The first comers found the present | the paste was put on and the lower end folded back so that it was lightly stuck to the edges, with both wrong sides together, so that its weight in lifting it would not tear it) was lifted up and the top edge held parlor reached the cottage they in place, while a dry whitewash brush was passed down the centre ofit, and when the folded under part was reached it was unfolded and fastened down in this same way. Overhead the only change was that an attendant held one end of t'e paper while the hanger put it on with the brush. The wall and ceiling were marked with a tape measure and chalk, the depth to be left for bordering, and an accurate measure of length of paper to be cut was made, making it impossible to have it either too long or too short.—Ohio Farmer.

# Don't Like Electric Execution.

The Western Electrician defines the position of most newpapers when it says: The daily press, as a whole, has taken a decided stand against that clause of the law providing for the substitution of electricity for the halter in New York State, which forbids the publication of descriptions of executions.

District Attorney Fellows of New York city holds that the provision is unconstitutional. He says: Among those whom the sheriff has a ight under the law to invite to witaess the execution, there is no reason why newspaper reporters may not be invited. In fact, they probably will be present. If they were not invited what is there to prevent myself or "So we air, Beuly, so we air," ac- any one present to recite the facts in over? To forbid that I should recite the facts would be to forbid free speech. And furthermore, what does a report-This frank confession of the ascend- er do but recite the facts to half a ency of Mrs. Simmons created a laugh, million readers, instead of to a group of friends. Of course, if an indictment should be found against an editor or a reporter for printing and reporting the execution, I should be compelled to prosecute, but in my opinion the judge would hold the law to be unconstitutional, or at any rate the trial would not result in a convic-

# Miss Ewald's Protege.

"He is handsome, he speaks cor rectly, and there is a kind of superb independence about him that 1 admire. What a pity he is only a farmer!" Miss Ewald mused looking over the fence at the reapers in the wheat field, and singling out Brian Jeffrey's straight, well-knit figure, in its cool, blue cotton overalls and

the scything-cradle around, the yellow grain falling before the glittering

Miss Ewald has been at Glasslands a week. She was twenty six and thoroughly disgusted with the world, or so she imagined when she elected to spend the Summer in the country, the usual round of gayety at the watering places. "I am tired of folly and fashion, of society-of everything," she had said, and packing her trunks went away to the loneliness, the cool, deep shades, and the and thus prevent it spreading over simple, primitive life of Grasslands. bewildering Farmer Jason and his comely wife with her beauty and grace and city toilets, and making aquaintance with Brian Jeffrey, the

> farmer's nephew. "He is probably as old as I am, but with as little worldly knowledge as I had at sixteen," shifting her white linen parasol a little, her eyes still fixed on the blue-clad figure in

> the field. A brilliant idea had shaped itself in her mind during the week. She would help the young man to a higher plane of life, point the way

into the intellectual world. "Why not?" she had reasoned. "Of course, my friends," with a slight curl of the lip, "would deride the plan, but I see no harm in it. He is here shut off from the world, and with no examples to stimulate ambition or make him desire culture."

The morning that she stood by the offer, with tact and delicacy, to loan him books and papers, and her aid in turning his thoughts into higher channels.

That evening as she stood on the verandagathering a bunch of creamy roses for the bosom of her light blue gown, he came and leaned against the column near her.

The fading daylight seemed to gather about her golden head and lovely purely colored face, and the young farmer's dark-gray eyes were fixed steadily on her. It was a good time and place to unfold her purpose

His face flushed, and he looked down at his shapely, sunburnt hands while she gently explained that all her books and magazines were at his service, and that she would be pleased to have him read with her sometimes. He seemed to catch instantly at her full meaning, and the light in his gray eyes almost startled her.

"Would you indeed be so kind to an ignorant poor wretch?" he mur-

Her fair face flushed "It is no great act of kindness, Mr. Jeffrey. I understand the limitations of your surroundings, and it you will

"I do, most gladly, gratefully!" he quickly interrupted. "In a country neighborhood, where all, or nearly all, are on the same level, where an almanac and the Bible constitute a library, there is not much hope for literary advancement."

It was a strange Summer to Rosa mond Ewald, one utterly out of the line of conventional experiences. Never had teacher so apt a pupil, and the lines of study took a much

wider range than she had ever imag-Favorite authors were invested with new interest, and she found all her own mental faculties stimulated and quickened. She forgot that she

had ever been weary of life. It was delightful to have such an intelligent, sympathetic protege. act of kindness could give one so much | days when we were young! A thorpleasure. I feel like a different creaeture from the languid, ennuied wom-

an who came up here.'

One evening she was suprised and voice sining "My Queen," with an his business, and, as a rule, induseloquence of expression unexpected. She stepped to the parlor door and saw Brian Jeffrey sitting before the small, almost tuneless old piano, playing and singing.

He stopped instantly at the sight "I did not know you could sing, Mr. Jeffrey," advancing into the

dimly lighted room. "Only a little, Miss Edwald,"he said, hastily, looking as guilty as if pigs afterward. His day was fourhe had been detected in a crime. wonderful expression.'

putting upon himself for days. leaping to his gray eyes. "I ought to sing that song well, with you always in my thoughts,"

Her Irank, warm praise overmas-

he said, in a low quick tone. Her startled eyes met his; she turned away, but he caught her hand. "I know what presmption, what or how to put corn in the shock. madness it is, but I love you, Miss | He could build wall, make cider. Ewald-Rosamond, my queen!'

She flushed and paled. your goodness to give you my heart, his services \$10, \$12, possibly \$15 a but it is an honest heart, and-" All the haughty Ewald blood Then, when he had worked eight or

from his grasp. tion! You presume unpardonably been at work far \$1 a week and saved upon my favor. Let me pass."

He grew white as death, bowed and of debt little by little, educated his stepped aside, and she went proudly children and sent them to the city to away to her own room, only to throw | preach law, or work in store or shop, berself on the bed when she arrived | while he stayed on the old comestend.

Never in her life had such contend ing emotions possessed her. Hot waves of crimson swept over her throat and face as she recalled his words, the passion of his eyes.

But she has taught him a lesson He treated her with perfect courtesy but there were no more delightful talks and readings. He held gravely aloof, meeting her only at their meals, and she found the time hanging heavily on her hands.

A feverish unrest took possession How easily and lightly he swung of her, and as the time for her return to the city drew nearer she grew

One day one of the children ran breathlessly in crying: "The cotten gin's bu'sted, and I spect Cousin Brian's killed!"

Rosamond started to her feet and ran bareheaded out into the yard, through the gate and down the lane toward the gin. Killed! Brian Jefinstead of going with her friends on frey, in all his strength and youth,

The hot sun beat upon her fair head, dazzled her eyes; she grew faint. "Miss Ewald!"

She stopped, looked up with a low ry, then held out her hands. He stood before her, untouched un harmed "Oh, Brian, Brian, they told me

you had been killed! Forgive my wicked pride, my cruel words, for I The truth was out at last, the truth she had been learning ever

since their estrangement. He caught her hands and kissed them passionately. "Forgive you? What could I not forgive you for those words, my dearest? As no lives were lost, l

thank heaven for the accident that has caused this betrayal of your Miss Ewald was at a reception. gowned in creamy silk, and with diamonds at her throat. It was the first reception of the season, and her

friends gathered around her, declaring that the Summer had mysteriously changed her, but the vivacious, laughing hostess bore her off to a pretty music-room. "I want to introduce you to a friend of my husband's, a fine musician, wealthy, cultivated, who has travelled and studied abroad as well

as in America. If you were not so fence looking into the wheat field, flinty hearted, Rosamond, I should she decided to speak to him about it, hope to make a match between you." Miss Ewald laughed softly as she thought of Brian Jeffrey, and turned the simple pearl ring he had placed

upon her finger. What would her fashionable friends say if they knew that she had promised to marry farmer, and loved him? The music-room was deserted save for a solitary figure standing before the grand piano. Not until the gen tleman turned, and her hostess said-"Mr. Jeffrey!" did she realize that it was Brian himself who stood before her in faultless evening dress, his face and hands still showing the sunburn

of his labor at Grasslands "You deceived me!" she cried, pale with conflicting emotions, when they

"My dearest, you decided yourself, by taking it for granted that I was an uncultivated tiller of the soil, and then it was too tempting to learn all your sweet nature as my benefactress. I made the family promise not to undeceive you. Are you angry, darling? I called at your home this evening to tell you of your mistake, to ask your pardon for the deception; and learning you were here, came on determined to see you. The owner of Grasslands is indeed my uncle, and I went out there to work this past season because I needed outdoor exercise, and because I like farming. Rosamond, it was the happiest Summer of my life."

"And of mine," she murmured at last, her lips meeting his. Then he sang "My Queen," in a way that drew half the guests to the room; and with a happy smile, Miss Ewald thought her protege would do her great honor.—Saturday Night.

# The Hired Man of Old.

Manchester, N. H., Mirror. This is the day when the "hired man" who is engaged to work on a farm for the season reports for duty, provided, of course, that there is somewhere a farm on which such a relic of a by-gone age as the hired man is to be found this year. What "I never knew before that a simple an institution he used to be in the oughbred Yankee; not a drop of im ported blood in his veins; strong and lithe, and active and tireless, intellidelighted at the sound of a tenor gent, fairly well educated, skilled in

trious beyond the belief of this ten-

hour generation. From the time he drove his ax into the woodpile in the door yard on the 1st of April until the close of the season, after harvesting, he expected to work, and he did work, not from sun to sun, but from dawn to darkness, and then did the milking and fed the teen, fifteen, even sixteen hours "You sing extremely well, and with long, and it never occurred to him that it should be shorter. He was no specialist. He tered the self-control he had been could do anything. He was smart with a scythe, handy with a hoe, cute He looked at her, a passionate fire with a cradle and experienced with an ax. He knew how much grain and grass seed were required to the acre, when grass was fit to cut, and when it was haved enough to "go in." and he did not need to be told when to drop turnip seed in the cornfield.

shingle the barn, make a hayrack, or doctor a sick hog. It was safe to leave "It may seem a poor return for all him to work alone. And he got for month, and saved three-fourths of it. flamed up. She snatched her hand ten seasons and had accumulated a om his grasp.

"Sir, you surely forget your stamarried the "hired girl," who had half of that, bought a farm, got out