

KISSING THE ROD.

O heart of mine, we shouldn't
Worry so!
What we've missed of calm we couldn't
Have, you know!
What we've met of stormy pain,
And of sorrow's driving rain,
We can better meet again,
If it blow.

We have erred in that dark hour
We have known,
When our tears fell with the shower,
All alone.
Were not shine and shower blent
As the gracious Master meant?
Let us temper our content
With His own.

For we know not every morrow
Can be said;
So, forgetting all the sorrow
We have had,
Let us fold away our fears,
And put by our foolish tears,
And through all the coming years
Just be glad.
—James Whitcomb Riley.

"THE OTHER ONE."



EVERY marriage is hazardous, but I can conceive of no greater risk than was taken by that same handsome, mild-mannered woman.

Judge Watson was speaking of a smiling, elegantly dressed lady, whom he had just bowed out of his office and to her carriage.

"She doesn't look to me like one who had gone through many severe trials in life."

"I am thinking of the chance she took, and what might have been. The story is worth listening to, although, perhaps, I will tell it badly."

"Let's have it by all means," I said. "Very well," answered the judge; "take a cigar, and, while we are smoking, I will try to tell you the story."

"The lady who just left has a twin sister, who is now abroad. When they were girls together it was impossible to tell them apart, and when they grew to young womanhood they were literally as much alike as two peas, and their mother was the only one aside from themselves that could tell which was which, when they were abroad in the same attire. They used to play lots of jokes on the young men, for, being so much alike, this was easy to do. They were pretty girls, and had scores of young beaux, ready and willing to have all sorts of pranks played upon them, for just the sake of their company."

"Howard Gleason was especially attentive to Maud, and he admits that he sometimes made the mistake of embracing the wrong sister when he happened to meet her suddenly in a poor light."

"The father, old Mr. Wardlow, was rich and proud, and only knew that Howard Gleason was courting one of his daughters. Now Howard was not blessed with this world's goods, and old man Wardlow was ambitious for his daughters; so he very promptly issued an ultimatum. The young man could have neither of the daughters until he had toiled. Sometimes he felt tempted to break his pledged word, and write to the girl, imploring her to send him a few words, if only enough to tell him that she was still faithful. And then his pride would come to his rescue, and he would say to himself: 'No, I will not write; if she can't be faithful to me, better I should know it now than when it is too late.' So he worked, and toiled, cheered always by the belief that a fair, sweet girl was waiting to welcome him home, and counting the hours just as he was doing."

"Luck was with the young man, and in little more than a year he and his partner 'struck it rich,' and he was half-owner of a mine that promised to become one of the richest in that country. Then he determined to go back home and tell the girl of his heart of his good fortune. He would be his own messenger in carrying the glad news, so without a word he put his things together and started east.

"Of course, having had no correspondence with any one in the town, no one was aware of Howard's good fortune, and when he arrived at his old home he came unheralded. He took only sufficient time to brush up a bit, and then he started for Mr. Wardlow's. Arrived at the house he knew so well, and the afternoon being warm, he found nobody about, save the old gardener, who was looking after his flowers."

"Where is your mistress? Howard asked.

"The old man hesitated.

"Can't you understand English? Howard said impatiently. 'Where is your young mistress?'"

"She's—she's—in the grove, sir, a-readin'," said the old man, bowing obsequiously, and without more ado Howard went to seek her. You can perhaps imagine the meeting. He came suddenly upon a fair young creature swinging in her hammock under the trees and reading. Coming up quietly behind her he swung his arms about her and caught her to his heart, as he covered her face with kisses.

"Then he held her off at arm's length and said:

"Maud, my darling!"

"While she answered 'Howard' and hid her face on his breast.

"Howard had waited sufficiently long for his wife, and so they were quietly married the next day and left at once on their wedding tour."

Here the judge ceased his story and

sat silent, puffing at his cigar, so long that the other said:

"Well, I don't see anything so very 'risky' in that."

The judge smiled, and then went on: "Wait. It was the 'other one' that Howard had married. Maud had succumbed to the charms of a foreigner, had married and gone away with him. The 'other one' loved Howard, had always loved him. When she found, too, that he had not the slightest notion of the true condition of affairs, she conceived the idea of marrying him herself, and explaining to him afterward. After much coaxing, and because she believed that her daughter's happiness depended upon it, Mrs. Wardlow consented to the plot. When they returned from their wedding tour Howard's wife told him everything. He's a sensible fellow and was quick to see that what had happened was all for his happiness.

"Five years have gone by and to this day he has never quit 'thanking his stars' that he didn't marry Maud, but married 'the other one.'"

QUER STORIES

Twelve million silk hats are annually made in the United Kingdom, worth five million pounds.

Russia possesses at least one luxury, in a breed of dogs which are said to be naturally quite unable to bark.

Liszt's great skill with the piano was in part due to his immense industry. For years he practiced ten hours a day.

The highest masts of sailing vessels are from 160 to 180 feet high, and spread from 60,000 to 100,000 square feet of canvas.

It costs \$5.74 per million gallons to pump water to Chestnut Hill Reservoir. The engines pump 893.8 gallons on one pound of coal.

The Sudbury River aqueduct in 359 days has delivered 14,857,300,000 gallons to Chestnut Hill Reservoir, and 35,500,000 to Lake Cochituate.

In Geneva, Switzerland, many buildings have been fitted with electric letter boxes which ascend and descend automatically in a shaft and deliver the letters destined for each story.

There is much trouble and conflict in the South over the proposition to put cotton up in round bales. Nobody is exactly clear as to the result. Several round bale compresses have been built.

There are 124 bridges in the city of Boston. The city owns and maintains sixty-four of this number. The railroads support thirty-three. Besides these there are also eighteen bridges which begin in Boston, but end in some other city or town.

Poisoned by a Stingaree.

There is a fish inhabiting tropical waters and often found along the Florida and Gulf coasts known as the stingaree. Along its back and tail are sharp spines which inflict serious wounds and at the same time poison the flesh. As a rule these wounds are very painful but not dangerous, being much like the sting of a wasp or hornet.

Dr. Charles Spratt, a physician living in Jacksonville, Fla., was fishing the other day at the mouth of the St. John's River, and caught one of these stingarees. While removing the fish from the hook he was stung on the left hand near the little finger. The pain was intense and Dr. Spratt ordered his boatman to row for Fort George Island, where Dr. McAuley lives. Before the island was reached Dr. Spratt was unconscious. Dr. McAuley was unable to restore the injured man to consciousness, so he sent for the surgeon on board the United States ship Wilmington, which was anchored near.

The doctor concluded that artificial respiration was the only way to save Dr. Spratt's life, and a number of negroes were employed alternately raising and lowering his arms. This was continued for ten hours, at the end of which time Dr. Spratt awakened up and in a short time was out of danger. This is the first instance in which the sting of the fish has threatened serious results.—New York World.

First Princess to Ride in Bloomers. Princess Louise of Saxony is the first princess to wear bloomers. The bicycling craze early took hold of the women of European royal families, just as it has of women everywhere. The King of Italy was opposed to it and Emperor William became angry when his sisters and cousins persisted in wheeling around the country lanes of Germany, but they were forced to permit it. Princesses cannot do as other mortals and so they had to forego bloomers and cling to the drop frame bicycle. But now Princess Louise has thrown over the conventions and rides in comfort. The princess is the wife of George, the heir to the throne and a brother of the king. She herself is an archduchess of Austria-Hungary. She is 55 years of age and has two sons.

French Device Against Fire.

The Theatre Francais, at Paris, has a peculiar device to insure the greatest possible safety for the audience. Not only can the scene be separated from the audience by a hermetically closing steel curtain, but the roof of the scene can be uncovered at a moment's notice so that a draught of air is produced which carries away the smoke and noxious gases produced in the fire. These it is said, constitute the greatest danger to the audience, often rendering escape quite impossible. It is on the scene that the fire usually breaks out.

Useful There.

"Hopemith ought to take his wiv with him to the Klondike."

"Any special reasons?"

"Yes; I've noticed she always does their snow shoveling at home."—Detroit Free Press.

The sweetest smile is always bestowed on somebody else.

AGRICULTURAL NEWS

THINGS PERTAINING TO THE FARM AND HOME.

After Producing Fine Fruit, Learn How to Sell It for the Most Money—Plymouth Rock Hens Have Many Points of Excellence—Brief Notes.

Fruit Growing. An apple tree will nearly care for itself, but the man who wants good trees in the future will thin his fruit. If a tree bore one hundred apples I should remove fifty. If the next year it bore two hundred I should leave one hundred to ripen, and the next, if it had a thousand I should leave six hundred. This will get the tree into the habit of bearing. A peach tree that will set a thousand peaches needs to have six or seven hundred thinned off. Thus you will get more bushels to the tree. The more you throw away the more you will have, and you will practically get \$4 for \$1.

After producing fine fruit learn how to sell it for the most money. The fruit which brings most is that which is neatest, fullest and most honestly packed. Pick your fruit carefully and in the cool of the day. Pack in a cool place and in tight packages, for the less air that reaches the fruit the better. Then put the crates in a cool place. In packing grade your fruit; the finest first, then medium, etc. The three or four grades should be uniform throughout. Ask your dealers what kind of packages sell best. Next get a good dealer and tell him you have a good thing. Have your commission man go and see your place. The business side of fruit growing means belief in yourself and then making those with whom you trade believe in you. Finally, do not go into the business until you have thought it out and made up your mind that you will succeed.—Grange Homes.

Profitable Hens

In my operations in the poultry line I have never found any breed to possess so many points of excellence, with the ordinary treatment of the average farmer, as the Plymouth Rocks. They pay me. I have had a flock of forty Plymouth Rock hens average me \$1.45 per hen for the year, with a country market for poultry and eggs. They had the run of the farm and barn, with an abundance of sour milk and such grains as the farm produced. This seemed to furnish all they desired, except grit, which was supplied in plaster scraped from the walls of an old house. Now, with a larger flock, I am feeding buckwheat mostly, raking it deep into chaff and straw, with bone and meat scraps obtained from butchers. The hens have plenty of warm water to drink, and they take lots of it, too. My hens are kept in what was once a hay bay, now fitted with windows and devoted to poultry. It is light, warm and roomy, joins the main barn floor by a sliding door, and the hens are let out a while each day and given the run of the entire barn, both for exercise and to save scattered grain. It works as well as a more costly arrangement and keeps the fowls in splendid vigor. Last spring there was scarcely an infertile egg in all my batch.—Maine Bulletin.

Straw Stack Stables.

Wherever grain is largely grown the straw left after threshing will make a cheap and warm stable for stock the ensuing winter. All that is needed is to set posts in the ground close enough together so that they will form a good support for a flat roof, and pile the straw over it and on at least three sides. The side not built up against may be used wholly as a door for stock to run in and out, or it may be boarded up, and one or two board doors made. Sometimes this straw stable is made against the side of a stack, and the animals are allowed to eat into it. This, however, is a dangerous practice, for late in winter stock may eat far enough so as to disturb the balance of the stack, bringing it over on them, and smothering them. Where the stack is built over a stout shed there is no such danger. It can be easily made as warm as any basement barn, and without much cost except of the straw.—American Cultivator.

Sowing Grass Seed.

One of the questions being discussed at the farmers' institutes is whether the old-time custom of sowing grass seed on grain is as beneficial of good results as sowing the seed alone. It is true that the grain shades the growing grass, but the stronger root growth of the grain crop must to a certain extent affect the young grass. Then there is the advantage, when grass seed is sown without using grain land, of thorough preparation of the soil for the grass crop, which is not the case when grain is seeded in the fall and grass in the spring. It is possible that if grass seed is sown on land that is fine and ready for the seed it will make much greater growth than when sown on grain and thus escape the effects of the dry season, which usually comes in the summer. On sandy soil clover and the various grasses may be seeded down in August, but on clay soil the frost may throw the plants out during the winter. It is a mistake, however, to suppose that a grass crop can not be grown from spring seeding without the aid of a grain crop.

Golden Rod.

This native plant deserves a place in all gardens, and especially in those having a collection of American plants. It is so hardy, so showy, and so easily grown that it deserves more attention than it often gets. Each little shoot broken away from the old plant in the spring and planted in almost any way or place will become quite a plant by fall. A clump of it lights up the corner

in which it grows like a bonfire. One of the chief merits of the plant is its late flowering quality. By its use we prolong the season greatly. With it should always be grown a variety or two of our late native asters. The two plants are boon companions, and one seems lonely without the other. Certainly the yellow glory of the golden rod is greatly heightened by the purple haze of the less showy but equally beautiful flowers, and between them there is a contrast that is full of most harmonious effects.

Sliding Barn Doors.

There should be no toleration of the old-fashioned swinging barn doors, which winds will soon break from their hinges, making it impossible to operate them except by lifting the door and carrying it around. The sliding doors on iron rollers are easily kept in order, and are worked so easily that a little child has power enough to operate one of them. They have also the advantage that the door may be slightly opened and kept in that position, which would be difficult to do with a door swinging on hinges. The sliding door came into use when basement barns were constructed. In such case the doors on the lower side, where they were 10 to 12 feet above the basement, had to be put on rollers. The convenience of the sliding door now makes it more desirable on barns, however they may be constructed.

Sowing Grass Seed.

Clover seed on grain is sown as early as it can be done. It will be an advantage to go over the grain field with a smoothing harrow, which will not only benefit the grain but prepare the ground somewhat for the seed. Do not try to seed by using the hand, but sow with a seed sower, a wheelbarrow seed sower being excellent. If the wheat plants have been loosened by frost sow the clover seed and run the roller over the land. The weather conditions must, of course, influence the matter. Many farmers sow clover seed on the snow, allowing the rains and melting snow to carry the seed down; but there will occur a large loss of seed, which will be eaten by birds, some will freeze and become worthless, portions will not be covered by earth and the "catch" will largely depend on spring conditions.

Potatoes After Corn.

It is possible to grow a good potato crop after corn if the latter has been planted on an old sod heavily manured. In such case a good deal of the virtue of the sod was not secured by the corn crop, and there is besides a dressing of well-rotted manure to be turned up by the spring plowing. It is much better to plant early potatoes on such land, and to plant them as early as a good seed bed can be had. Without a fresh sod and moisture in midsummer, the result with late potatoes would be that they dry up just at the critical time for making a crop.

Varieties of Peaches.

It is believed that failures with peaches in many sections are partially due to the proper varieties for each section of the country not being selected. To learn more on the subject the work of testing the varieties has been submitted to twenty-four experiment stations, and it is believed that the results will be very beneficial. One of the great difficulties in the way is that of procuring varieties true to name. It is seldom that a peach grower succeeds in procuring the exact varieties ordered unless he knows from whom to buy or has evidence that no mistake will be made.

The Best Turkeys for Breeding.

It is not surprising that turkeys should soon run out and become inferior in every way, when we remember how so many farmers choose their breeding stock. All the late birds stunted by corn feeding while young are saved, while those that are large and fine are sent to market. The idea is that the small bird will be fully grown, and as large as the largest by spring. But it never is. Saving the best birds for breeders insures earlier laying of eggs, and an early crop of turkeys next year.

Profits in Blackberries.

Perhaps it is safe in asserting that in proportion to labor and capital invested no crop pays as large a profit as blackberries. Growers who complain that blackberries do not pay should first estimate the expense. There are blackberry fields that have borne crops for ten years, which have never received a pound of fertilizer or manure, and, outside of cutting away the old canes, with rough cultivation in the spring, have received no labor. What blackberries would do for the grower if treated like strawberries is yet to be demonstrated by some.

Stock that Gains in Value.

One of the best rules for profitable farming is to always keep as much young-growing stock as possible, and to discard early that which because of age is declining in value. Food that makes growth is always much more productive than that given the fully grown animal which only requires to be fattened. In a hog the first 100 pounds cost less than the second hundred. After a hog gets to be 300 weight most of its food goes to maintain its present condition, and there is very little profit to the feeder.

Value of the Cow Pea.

Analyses made at the Colorado Experiment Station show that pea vine hay is richer in protein than either clover or alfalfa. The pea vines contain materially more nitrogen than alfalfa, and are valuable for green manuring. There is a considerable amount of pea vine hay made in Colorado. The variety grown for that purpose is known as the Mexican pea.



GOOD ROADS

The Need Is Felt.

The growing sentiment in favor of good roads for Saginaw County, Michigan, asserted itself at a recent session of the Board of Supervisors. Supervisor Gerber, a good roads enthusiast, presented a resolution providing for the adoption of the county good roads system as proposed by the State Good Roads League. The measure, which was finally laid upon the table, evoked a great amount of discussion, which showed conclusively that a majority of the supervisors are in favor of macadamizing the principal roads emanating from Saginaw as soon as the county is able to meet such an expense.

The good effect of stone roads is being unfavorably felt by Saginaw merchants. Since Bay County constructed something like twenty miles of stone road near the border of Saginaw County into Bay City farmers in the northern townships have abandoned the Saginaw market and are hauling all their produce into Bay City. The roads enable the farmers to market their goods regardless of the wet seasons.

Wm. L. Webber and "Zed" Rust, two of the wealthiest men in the valley, are earnest supporters of county road improvement, and offer to donate thousands of tons of chip stone for the work in the county. An effort will be made to adjust the present road tax so that instead of being worked by each farmer an equivalent in cash can be placed in a township fund to build stone roads.

Why Broad Tired Wheels Pay.

A wagon going up hill requires more force to draw it than when it is moved on a level. When a wheel sinks in soft soil there is an elevation of the ground in front of it equal to the depth of the sinking. When a narrow wheel sinks three or four inches in the ground the effect is precisely the same as if the wagon was going up the same incline when the broad wheel is used, but if it does not sink in the ground this obstacle does not exist. The surface of the wheel does not interfere in the least with the draft of a wagon even on solid, hard ground, and it must be evident that the broad wheel will not cut into a road as a narrow one will, and thus on soft roads must be easier draft. By the use of a broad-tired wagon when a new road is being laid out, it will soon be rolled hard and solid, so that even a narrow-tired wagon will not cut in, but attempt to make a road during the average harvest, winter or spring season with narrow-tired wagons and the job will usually prove a failure.—Roy Stone.

Good Roads Wanted.

There has been introduced in the New York Senate a good roads bill which provides for the construction through each of the counties of the State a macadam highway that shall follow the leading market and travel routes. The entire expense of the construction of such roads is to be borne by the State and the work is to be done under the direction of the State engineer. The only expense to the counties is the preparation of a detailed survey of the highways selected.

Bad Road a Continuous Tax.

Favorable results are reported from all the States that have systematically taken up the work of road improvement. The subject is one that will make its way if earnestly considered. No one can say exactly what a good road is worth, but all who use roads know that a bad one is a heavy continuous tax.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Indiana Activity.

The commissioners of Lawrence County have awarded the contract for fourteen miles of gravel roads to Amos Musselman & Co., of Anderson, at \$32,675. When completed Lawrence County will have about one hundred miles of first-class gravel roads.—Indianapolis Journal.

Farmers Agitate for Good Roads.

Lapeer County, Michigan, farmers are strongly in favor of the L. A. W. movement for good roads. They are agitating a plan for State aid, to be presented to the next Legislature. An L. A. W. book is being mailed to each farmer.

SELLING HIS MEMOIRS.

A Tramp's Brilliant Means of Raising the Price of a Meal.

The audacity and wit of the American tramp are proverbial and undoubtedly they often save him from harsher treatment than his merits or demerits entitle him to. A country house near Buffalo recently received a call from one of the species. The man was dirty, unkempt and unmistakably a tramp. He also bore the signs of addiction to strong drink and general worthlessness. The humorous touch that finished the picture, as he came up with a genial smile and a good deal of manner, was a round and fresh clerical collar, which had evidently been lifted very recently from the premises of the neighboring college.

"Madam," he said, "I am a missionary but lately returned from long years of service in China and other heathen lands. For the sake of health and relaxation I am renewing my acquaintance with nature and my native land in this unconventional manner. To help pay my way I am selling for the merely nominal price of fifteen cents this record of my missionary experiences."

The fellow made his speech with a look in his eyes that showed his enjoyment of the game. The volume was a

dirty castaway, rescued from an ash barrel, but still "The Life of the Rev. So-and-So, Many Years Missionary in the Far East."

"Dear, dear!" said one of the ladies. "Haven't you a clean copy?"

"Madam, there are others, but they are with my baggage. And they are twenty-five cents a copy." He added; "this is the popular edition!"

One of the company, charmed with the style and impudence of the scoundrel, went in to get the change. While she was gone the missionary and lover of nature leaned against the veranda post, wiped his brow with a shining handkerchief and cheerfully remarked: "Ladies, the Lord is giving us delightful weather, is He not?" Then he took his money, waved his dismantled derby affably, and went on along the highway. The incident was happily closed by the purchaser of the "Life" of the departed brother reading aloud, when she could catch her breath, these opening lines of the precious narrative: "I was born of humble parentage in the town of Glastonbury, Conn., March 18, 1792."—Buffalo Commercial.

Fruit of the Grape.

We learn from Pliny that there was in existence a famous wine made 200 years before. It was so thick that it had to be dug out with a spoon and dissolved in water.

Scarcely a nation on the face of the globe has not used alcohol in some form or other. There seems to be an innate craving in mankind for intoxicating liquors. The Greeks alone seemed able to use the beverages and keep sober. The strongest drink was natural wine, containing no more alcohol than our claret, yet they always added water to it. The wildest diners never drank wine that was not a third water, for they drank for exhilaration, not intoxication.

The Macedonians, however, overthrew Greek temperance. They were heavy drinkers and were led by the king himself. Once when a suit was being tried one of the contestants shouted: "I appeal." "To whom?" asked Philip, contemptuously. "I am the king." "I appeal," said the man, "from Philip drunk to Philip sober." The suit was retired the next day and decided to the man's satisfaction.

The later Romans cared more for their wine than for any other product. There were 125 varieties in use, eighty of fine quality. Common wine was very cheap, and it was a joke that it was less expensive than water. It was common to mix wine and various spices with the wine; a more surprising admixture was that of salt, which was supposed to improve the flavor. Another, and to us barbarous, habit was that of adding resin or turpentine. This is done in Greece up to the present day.

Among the Romans for a few hundred years people were temperate, wine was scarce and poor and was reserved exclusively for the men over thirty years of age. Women were forbidden to use it, under pain of death, for the alleged reason that it was an incentive to high living. Women were obliged to greet all their male relatives with a kiss on the mouth, so that it could be told if they had been to the wine cellar. Pliny quotes the case of one who engaged his wife to death for having sampled his wine and was pardoned by Romulus. Four hundred years later a Roman dame was starved to death by her relatives for a similar offense.—Chicago News.

Sparrow Lynched by Swallows.

A successful lynching took place on a farm in Michigan, the other day. In the barn a swallow's nest was seen clinging to the side of a beam, from which was suspended an English sparrow, hung by the neck with a hair from a horse's tail. While two men were sitting in the barn they noticed a sparrow go into the swallow's nest, from which he began pitching the young birds. Three swallows, attracted by their outcry, immediately pounced upon the intruder. After confining him to the nest for a few minutes, they threw him out. He dropped about a foot, there was a jerk, and Mr. Sparrow was hanged as nicely as though an expert hangman had been in charge. The hair was wound around his neck several times, and, after a few ineffectual struggles, he kicked his last.—Grand Rapids Herald.

Tunnel Under the Danube.

The Danube, like the Thames in England and the Hudson in New York, is to have a tunnel beneath its bed. The Hungarian Government has just completed the necessary arrangements for the construction without delay of a subway beneath the river at Budapest on the same principle as that of the new Blackwell tunnel under the Thames in London. There is to be a footpath for passengers and an electric railroad. The upper way will be reserved exclusively for vehicle traffic, and ventilation is to be provided by electricity.

Had an Answer Ready.

By his ready wit under adverse circumstances a Western Senator recently proved himself a modern Chesterfield. Although he rides a wheel, he is not yet an expert. Recently he was wheeling in Washington through the agricultural grounds, when he met a man and two women whom he knew. Quite properly, the Senator raised one hand from his wheel to lift his hat, and the next minute he had tumbled into a bed of flowers. "You did that very gracefully, Senator," was the comment of the trio of bicyclists. "I always dismount in the presence of ladies," instantly replied the Senator.

Theater Chat.

He—In China a play is six months long.

She—Dear me! What a lot of good shoe leather you save in not being there to go out between the acts.—Detroit Free Press.