

# Milly Jane's Romance

MILLY JANE'S head was full of semi-sensational thoughts, notwithstanding the fact that she was engaged in the unromantic occupation of washing dishes. The contrast between what she was doing and thinking struck her in a somewhat amusing light, and she couldn't help laughing over it a little. It did seem absurd to be sentimental at such a time. She felt as if the mood she was in ought to invest her occupation with a kind of poetical glamor; but somehow it failed to do so in real life. In her case, at any rate, and Milly Jane began to have misgivings about herself, because of it, the more she thought about it. Perhaps there isn't enough sentiment in her make-up; perhaps her ideas about love weren't what they ought to be. Anyway, she couldn't get rid of the idea that dish-washing was destructive of sentiment, or that sentiment wasn't strong enough to invest the daily task with a romantic halo.

Milly Jane's semi-sentimental thoughts were about their boarder, who was a young artist from the city. He had come to the country to make studies of pretty bits of scenery among the Berkshire hills, from which to work up pictures which he hoped would bring him fame as well as money, he told Milly Jane, in that charming, confidential way which goes straight to a girl's heart when it comes from some one whom she considers her social superior. She had an innate love of the beautiful, he knew. He could read it in her face. She could tell him where to find material for the sketches he was to make. He should expect her to show him all the points of interest about the neighborhood, and help him with suggestions which he knew she was able to make, notwithstanding she was as ignorant as she professed to be about art in the professional sense of the word. "A person may be an artist at heart without knowing the first thing about painting," he told her. "And you are one, I feel sure," he added, and he said it in such a genuine way that Milly Jane couldn't help believing that he meant it, and straightway began to feel her ideas of the beautiful expand, and to wish she might live in a more congenial atmosphere, by and by, if these ideas kept on expanding.

"I never dreamed I had so much sentiment in me until Max Fielding discovered it, and told me about it," Milly Jane said to herself, as she scrubbed the milkpan till it shone like silver. "But now I don't feel quite so sure of it. John's one of the best fellows in the world. He's too good for me, in lots of ways, but he hasn't that—well, I don't know what to call it, but anyway, he isn't like Max Fielding. I don't think I could be happy with him after knowing a man with a soul of an artist and the mind of a poet."

Milly Jane wasn't responsible for this winding up of her sentence. It was a quotation from Fielding. Now, Milly Jane, notwithstanding her recently discovered vein of sentiment, had a vein of practical common sense in her which "cropped out" every now and then, and the idea came close on the heels of the one just recorded that perhaps John Clarke's good sense and practical ideas about matters and things might "wear better," after all, and prove more satisfactory in the long run, than the more sentimental and poetic ones of the artist. "But I don't know as I ought to think of things in that way," said Milly Jane. "There's such a thing as being too matter-of-fact. One may starve the mind and cripple the soul in that way." This was another quotation from Fielding.

Milly Jane heard a whistle just then, out in the road, and it brought a fresh glow to her cheeks. It was John Clarke's whistle, and there was a blithe and cheery ring in it that she had always liked to listen to. She hadn't heard it very much since Fielding came to board with them. The fact was, she had almost, if not quite, snubbed her old lover since the advent of the artist, whom she was coming to consider as a new lover very rapidly. She felt a little disappointed because John did not seem to take her conduct a little more to heart. But then—it was better this way. She had too strong a friendship for John to want him to be miserable on her account, and yet she was too much of a woman to feel perfectly satisfied to have him seem so indifferent about it. Perhaps he hadn't cared as much for her as she had supposed he did, but she failed to get much satisfaction out of that aspect of the case.

She looked out of the window and saw John ride by. He looked almost handsome in his blue and white checked shirt, and brown overalls, and

broad-brimmed straw hat. He saw her, and gave her a friendly little nod, and sang out "Good morning," but didn't offer to stop.

"That young fellow would work in to a picture well," said a voice behind Milly Jane, and she turned to see Max Fielding at her side. "I must get him to let me sketch him. Do you think he would consent?"

"I guess so," answered Milly, with a little extra color coming into her face beneath the admiring glance of the artist.

"I'm going to sketch the valley this afternoon from some point on the hill," said Fielding. "I wish you'd go along and show me where the best view can be obtained. You will, won't you, Miss Milly?"

"Perhaps," answered Milly Jane.

"Well, then, I'll take that as a promise to go, and I'll give the forenoon to letter writing," said Fielding, as he broke off a cluster of June roses from the bush at the kitchen window and tangled them in Milly Jane's brown hair. "You are charming, just as you look now, and some day I'm going to paint you as a nymph of the woodland, or something like that, and I expect the picture'll make me famous if I do but half justice to the subject."

Milly Jane felt sure that he was going to follow up the compliment with a kiss, and she made an excuse to get away from the sink for a moment to avoid it. She didn't want anyone kissing her before folks, and her mother might happen in at any time.

The artist went upstairs to his room, and Milly Jane went on with her work.

By and by a page of note paper came fluttering down from above. It whirled about in the air like a feather, as if uncertain where to settle; then a current of air came along and brought it in at the window and deposited it squarely in Milly Jane's pan of dish-water before she could prevent the catastrophe.

"Perhaps it doesn't amount to anything," thought Milly Jane, as she lifted the paper from its bath. Just then she happened to catch sight of her name on the page, and in a moment her curiosity was aroused. "I presume he threw it out of his window," she said, "and if he did he wouldn't care if I read it."

She did read it, and before she got to the bottom of the page her cheeks were redder than the June roses at the window, and her eyes fairly scintillated fire. She knew that it was a page from some letter Fielding had been writing. It told about his flirtation with a pretty country girl "with the euphonious name of Milly Jane Potts;" of the impression he had made on her susceptible heart, and prophesied an unlimited amount of pleasure "with the fair country maid who saw in him a hero just stepped out of a novel."

"A hero, indeed!" exclaimed Milly Jane, with scornful emphasis. "A hero! Not a bit of it—rather a contemptible, conceited puppy! Milly Jane Potts, I wonder how you could have been fool enough to take a fancy to that thing! Why, John Clarke's worth a million of him."

Milly Jane finished up her dishes and elaborated a plan by which to "get even" with Mr. Fielding.

When he asked her to accompany him on his sketching trip that afternoon she declined, pleading work that must be done.

"Next time I'll be able to get away, perhaps," she said, with a bewitching smile, and the artist was forced to be content with that.

She went on an errand to a neighbor's that afternoon, and, as luck would have it, she met John Clarke on the road.

"I should think you'd be along with the picture man," said John, with a laugh that sounded as light-hearted as one could wish to have it. "I suppose we'll be likely to lose you before long. Old Mrs. Jones says we're going to, and she's supposed to know."

"Mrs. Jones knows more about it than I do, then," said Milly Jane. "John Clarke, do you think I'm fool enough to let that fellow pull the wool over my eyes? I suppose you gave me credit for more sense than that."

"I had to be governed by what I saw and heard," answered John. "I wouldn't blame you for taking a fancy to him. He's good-looking, and genteel, and comes from the city, and may amount to something, some day. As the wife of Max Fielding, the celebrated artist, you might cut quite a dash in society," and John's eyes had a merry twinkle in them as he watched the effect of his words on Milly Jane.

"John Clarke, if you ever talk like that again I'll never speak to you," cried Milly Jane. "I hate the fellow! He's conceited, and hypocritical, and—"

"Milly Jane," interrupted John, "I wonder if you'd say that about me if I asked you a question?"

"I don't know," responded Milly Jane. "It would depend on what the question was."

"Well, supposing it was one about your marrying me?" explained John.

"Ask it, and then you'll get an an-

swer, but not before," said Milly Jane.

"Well, then, will you marry me, or won't you?" said John, in a kind of comical desperation.

"I will, if you want me," answered Milly Jane, red as a rose, and then John kissed her, and she forgot to think it might possibly be "before folks."

"I really thought you cared a good deal for the city chap," said John, by and by.

"The idea!" cried this deceitful Milly Jane. "Why, John Clarke, you're worth a thousand Max Fieldings!" and then she gave him a look that made him feel happy all over, and the only way in which he could express his happiness was to kiss her again. Perhaps you think that this little episode between Milly Jane and John would naturally put an end to her flirtation with the artist. But it did not. On the contrary, she made deliberate efforts to be agreeable to him. She exerted herself to the utmost in being as charming as possible, and Mr. Fielding congratulated himself on the influence he had gained over her.

One afternoon Fielding asked Milly Jane to go sketching with him. She went. She felt as if her hour of triumph was near at hand. The "coming event" seemed to "cast its shadow before," and she was in high spirits, consequently more charming than ever. Mr. Fielding thought, as he sat on the knoll at her feet and looked up into her bright face in an admiring way. Suddenly—

"Milly, do you think you could love me?"

Milly Jane gave a little shriek.

"Why, Mr. Fielding, what on earth do you mean?" she cried, evidently more surprised than ever before in her life. "Do you mean to say that—that you love me?"

"Yes, Milly, I do mean that," answered Fielding, and he said it with such a show of honesty that Milly Jane wondered if he were fibbing, after all.

"Well, I'm sorry, very sorry," she said. "If I had known about it sooner I might have saved you the pain of a refusal. But the truth is, I'm engaged to John Clarke, and have been for some time. And John's just the best fellow in all the world, I think. Why, I wouldn't give him for a thousand like-like you, and I presume some women might think you a prize. It's all a matter of taste, of course, but my taste goes in John's direction, so I shall have to say 'no' to you, you see. I'm much obliged for the honor, and so forth, all the same."

The look that came over Max Fielding's face afforded Milly Jane a world of satisfaction, as she thought about it afterward.

"Sold," growled the artist, as he turned his back on the beaming face of the country maiden, "and by a girl by the name of Milly Jane Potts."

"I got even with the puppy," thought Milly Jane that night. "How could I have been such a fool as to take a fancy to him, after knowing John Clarke? Why, John's an angel compared with Max Fielding."—Chaparrone Magazine.

## CATCHING TROPICAL FISHES.

Captured in Bermuda Waters and Shipped Alive to New York.

Collecting of tropical fishes for various aquariums throughout the world, and especially for the New York aquarium, is now a recognized industry in the Bermudas. It is carried on at all seasons, though for obvious reasons the fish are shipped north only in the summer months. As there are more than 150 varieties of fish in Bermuda waters, and every variety is found in abundance, it is not a difficult problem to secure good specimens. Only a few varieties reach New York, according to the Post of that city, for the reason that tropical fish, as a rule, are unable to stand the trials of transportation. The ones on exhibition are the finest that can be caught.

The native fishermen go far and wide in search of specimens, for the aquarium will pay only for the best. Possibly the most voracious fish they have to deal with are the groupers and morays. The groupers have peculiar habits. During the month of June, which is their spawning or "snapping" season, they gather at two spots on the south coast, known as "grouper grounds," and rarely are caught elsewhere. At this period they are ready to bite at anything, from a bare hook to a live dog.

The home of the spotted moray is among the coral reefs, but the green moray lives in deep water. The latter is exceedingly powerful, with a jaw as strong as a steel trap. To bring a green moray ashore without doing it serious injury is no easy task, for it fights like a boa constrictor when taken out of the water. One of the earliest specimens captured for the aquarium bit a large piece from the end of a two-inch board before it was subdued.

Not many tropical fish are as ferocious as the moray, but most of the larger varieties are truly sporting fish. The hogfish, chub and bream are particularly game, and always fight to a finish. The fishermen sometimes go far beyond the outer line of reefs to secure the rockfish and red snappers. Their boats are provided with wells for preserving the catch, and the fish, although the confinement weakens them, invariably regain their strength when put into the reserve ponds at the aquarium station.

It costs more to keep a chafing dish than it does to keep a horse and buggy. What numerous lies are told under the title of "previous engagement!"

## ST. PAUL CHURCH NOW A WAREHOUSE

The fact that it had served as a place of worship for fifty-four years did not save the oldest church in St. Paul from falling into the despoiler's hands and being converted into such a place as once urged the Master to rid the temple of the money changers and to say: "Make not my Father's house an house of merchandise." It is already doing duty as a furniture warehouse and bids fair to continue so for years to come.

In 1849 the church was erected by the Methodists of the village, and until



OLD CHURCH, NOW A WAREHOUSE.

1875 it remained the principal sanctuary of the sect. Benjamin F. Hoyt occupied the pulpit as its first pastor. He was not a minister and attended to his worldly duties along with his religious matters.

The church was built with the first batch of bricks made in the State of Minnesota and was used at various times as a place for the getting of the "Almighty dollar." At one time even it was used as a drilling hall for the militia. There is hardly any doubt that the edifice has been accorded its last chance of ever being again sacred to the uses for which it was intended.

## QUEER STORIES

Cats and other beasts of prey reflect fifty times as much light from their eyes as human beings.

In Belgium there are no extensive forests or timber lands, and wood for all purposes must be imported.

The river span of the Brooklyn bridge is 1,595 feet long; the Forth bridge has two river spans, each 1,710 feet long.

Of the \$,500 rural free delivery routes in operation June 30 last Iowa led with 771. The other States having the largest number of routes were: Ohio 741, Illinois 706, Indiana 654. The average number of pieces of mail handled on each of the routes each day was 132.

After several unsuccessful attempts and three years labor, the unparalleled feat of cutting a ring out of a single diamond has been accomplished by the patience and skill of Mr. Antoine, one of the best-known lapidaries of Antwerp. The ring is about three-quarters of an inch in diameter.

In case both President and Vice President die or become incapable of acting, the Secretary of State becomes President, if eligible; after him, the line of succession runs through the Secretary of the Treasury, the Secretary of War, the Attorney General, the Postmaster General, the Secretary of the Navy, the Secretary of the Interior and the Secretary of Agriculture.

It has often been urged that man could not travel at a much greater speed than sixty miles an hour, as no driver could stand the strain upon the nerves. An experienced engineer has, however, it is said, declared that when a man is running his engine at a mile a minute he has reached the limit of mental strain, and an extra half-mile a minute could not add to his task. Further, the same authority gives the reassuring information that, if a train going at a rate of one hundred miles an hour were wrecked, the consequences would be no worse than if the speed had been sixty miles.

## Sounded Like It.



Mr. Howell—Time seems to die hard.

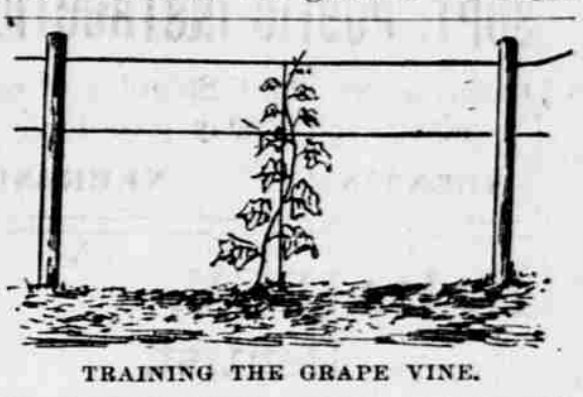
If an old maid loves children, and gets as high as \$40 a month, every merchant she meets sells her something.

Shortly after a married woman inherits money from her kin, her husband embarks on some new business enterprise.



## To Train Grape Vines.

It may be said that there are a dozen systems of grape vine training in use, all of which have their good qualities and each, perhaps, superior to all others under certain conditions. The system of training from a single upright growth is, however, admitted to be after the most approved lines, and it certainly gives results. The illustration shows how the vine is trained in its first year. It is cut back to two strong buds at the time of planting and is set so that the buds will be just above the surface of the ground. A slight



TRAINING THE GRAPE VINE.

stake is pressed into the ground near the vine and the vine is fastened to it with cord of a waterproof kind. If the trellis is built during this first year this cord is run to the first wire (the top one) and fastened. The vine will make the growth about as shown in the cut during this first year. The trellis is an important feature of the plan. The posts should be set eight feet apart, and so that they will stand about six feet out of the ground. Two wires are used in the position, as shown in the cut, the wires being fourteen inches apart. In training the vine for the second year cut off all that portion above the top wire, and as the lateral canes grow select the strongest opposite each wire, one on either side of the main stalk, and train them along the wires; this gives us two arms, so to speak, running along each wire at the end of the second year from planting. The third season the fruiting buds must be handled, and it is a good plan to select every other bud to supply the canes necessary for the upright growth from the arms. This upright growth is shortened in from time to time during the growing season, so as to throw the strength into the fruiting canes. This system of training requires labor, but it gives most excellent results.

## Temporarily Blinds the Horse.

It has long been known, and put to practical test time after time, that to get a horse out of a fire the best plan is to blindfold him.

and many an animal has been saved in this way which it was impossible to remove from the burning stable in any other manner. It is now proposed by a Nebraska inventor to apply

practically the same principle to control fractious or vicious horses and to stop runaways which are caused by the animal taking fright at some object on the street or road. While the blinder in common use on bridles prevents the horse from seeing objects on either side, there is nothing to shut out the view of anything approaching which might tend to frighten the animal, and it can also turn its head if it hears a noise; but with this new device the driver or rider has only to pull a cord lying parallel to the reins and a bellows-like curtain is drawn over both eyes to shut out the sight completely. In this condition the animal can only stand and tremble until the object causing the fright has passed, when the curtain is lifted by releasing the cord, and the horse travels on as before. The curtain is housed in a small semi-circular leather casing passing over the animal's forehead just above the eyes, and the operating cords are inserted in the bit rings before passing back with the reins.

## Small Farms to Be the Rule.

In the future small farms will be the rule. More and better products will be raised on 60 acres than are now on 120 acres. There are farmers to-day who plant a 40-acre field in corn who could take the same amount of manure they used and put it on a 20-acre field, and get a greater yield and of better quality. Besides this, it will take only half the time to plow and cultivate the 20-acre field, which would further add to the profits. What a lesson the market gardeners are constantly giving to us farmers. Why, some of them use more barnyard manure on 20 acres than some farmers do on 120 acres. The crops the gardeners get are enormous, and their land is constantly increasing in fertility.

## Cost of an Acre of Strawberries.

For plowing, \$3; harrowing, \$3; marking, 50 cents; plants (8,000) \$25; average price; plants are scarce this year. Trimming and preparing plants, \$5; setting plants, \$4; cultivating with horse, \$7.50; hoeing six times, \$18; fertiliser, half a ton, \$15; four tons of straw, \$20; applying straw, \$5. This makes the cost about \$100 for the first year. Of course the increase of plants can be used to set a new bed the following year, which will make the cost one-fourth less. The straw is worth as much as it costs almost to the soil. In these figures we are actually giving what it would cost the farmer to

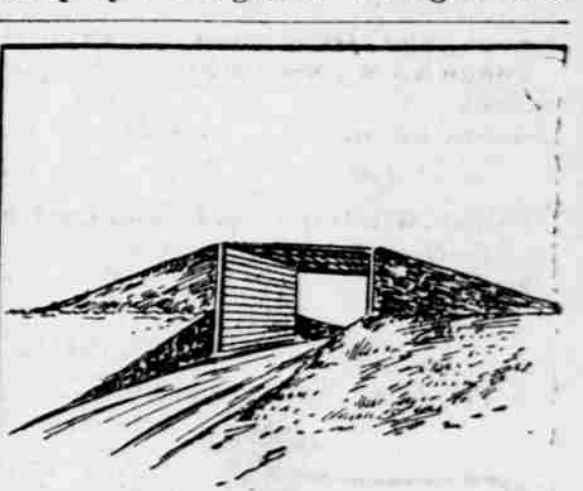
hire the work done by men who know how to do it. If the farmer does the work himself, he does not feel the cost any more than were he putting in a crop of potatoes. We advise setting the strawberry bed near the building so it can be attended to without going far. The usual gross sales from an acre of strawberries are about four times the cost of the acre for the first year.—Rural New Yorker.

## Connecting Pastures by Causeway.

It frequently becomes desirable to have the pasture so arranged as to let stock pasture on both sides of a highway. The pasture is sometimes located on one side of the highway and yard and watering place on the other. Much time is required to drive cattle back and forth.

The difficulty can be overcome in a very convenient way. Select a place where there is a little rise in the ground, say from 2 to 4 feet, the more the better. Construct a wide ditch from 10 to 12 feet, so it will easily admit a team to work with scraper down at bottom of it. Make it from 2 to 4 feet deep, as the natural condition of ground will admit. It must be constructed in such a way that it will have natural drainage at lower side, other wise it would fill with water after very heavy rains and be of no practical use.

A plank bridge is built across the opening and the sides planked. It should be made 5½ to 6 feet high to admit the passage of all kinds of stock or even horses below. The earth taken out in digging is used in constructing the grade on each side of bridge. The bridge, as well as grade or dump, must be made as wide as required by law. The deeper it is practical to make the ditch, the less it will be necessary to dump upon the grade. A tight fence



CAUSEWAY FOR CATTLE UNDER ROAD.

must be constructed from the pasture on each side of the passageway close up to the bridge. I have seen such a passageway constructed on the level prairie, but in such a case is only practical in every dry season, because in a rainy one the ditch will fill up with water.—Lewis Olsen, Kandiyohi in Farm and Home.

## Beets or Ensilage.

Corn ensilage and sugar beets were tested at the Nebraska station as to their value as succulent feed when given to dairy cows. The herd was divided into two lots, the same as in the experiment for testing alfalfa and wild hay. The results shown by this experiment were a little in favor of ensilage but the difference was very slight. It seems to be more a question of how cheaply the two succulent feeds are produced than of their feeding value. Both foods gave good results and were relished by the animals.

## Wool Not the Whole Thing.

While the wool crop is an element to be considered when estimating the value of the sheep it must not be thought the whole thing, and when the price of the fleece is low do not turn away from the flock or turn them off the farm simply because that product is not up to what it formerly was, says Wool Markets and Sheep. Think of the many other advantages to be derived in sticking to our white fleeced friends.

## Agricultural Notes.

Eggplant is a gross feeder, but easily cultivated.

Interest in the apple box grows apace in the east.

Bone black is said to be good fertilizer for parsnips.

Give a good, thorough cultivation between the rows of strawberries.

Beets will stand considerable cold weather and may be planted early.

In a cold frame or sprout bed is a good place to start lima beans on sods.

In butter and cheese making every effort should be made to suppress dust which, according to a dairy authority, carries more infection than any other source.

Bees carry pollen from one flower to another while seeking honey. The real benefactors are the bee keepers, many of whom keep bees for pleasure rather than for profit. But for the bees many fruit trees that blossom out full would produce no fruit.

Such crops as squash, cucumbers and melons should have all fertilizers applied by broadcasting over the surface of the ground. If manure is applied it will also give good results if worked into the soil, although well-rotted manure in the hills will assist the plants at the start.

It has been demonstrated conclusively that when an animal is fed on a variety, instead of on corn exclusively, a greater gain in weight is secured. Corn will excel in the production of fat, but bone and lean meat sell in the live animal as well as fat, rapid growth being a gain in weight.

Preventing the spread of fungus diseases could be accomplished better by destroying the branches and vines that are cut away from trees and bushes than by the use of other methods. It is not sufficient to remove the portions of trees affected with black knot. They should be consigned to the flames, as no remedy is as sure in the destruction of the spores as fire.