JOAN

A GREAT old sweet-smelling garden, and one little maid among the flowers and bees and butterflies. All alone she was, for mother did not come out into the garden much these days. Joan stopped before a tall pink hollyhock, and spoke.

"I don't therink this is such a nice summer as most," she said. "I used to say 'fink,' once—oh, years and years ago, when I was ker-wite a little baby, but say 'therink,' now, 'cause I'm most grown up, you see."

Then she walked on again down the little twisted gravel path, with her hands clasped behind her, and her brows grave with thought. For so Man Daddy used to walk when he was having a big "therink."

"But it's whole days—'most years—since Man Daddy went away," she said, stopping beside a gray green bush of lavender, "and he said goodby so hasty, he squeezed me so hard that he hurt, and his eyes were angry, and I hadn't been naughty at all. Are you sorry, sweet lavender?"

She buried her face in the fragrance, then trotted on down the little path, till she came to a tall foxglove. She tilted back her yellow head and gazed up at the white and red bells with wide eyed gravity, her hands still clasped behind her back.

"One day," she said, "a lady came to see mother. It was—it was a long, big time ago, afore you were borned, pretty ladies what bow, and she tried to kiss me when she was going, but I didn't like her, you see, and I would not kiss her, and I ran in to mother, and mother was ill on the—I forgot—the bed without covers in the drawing-room, you know, and the lady was smiling ever so, and her dress was as long as a new little baby's, and that was the day Man Daddy went away."

She bowed gravely to the polite foxgloves, and trotted on.

Before a group of tall, white lilies she stopped again. She came closer, and, stretching up her arms, pulled one gently down and laid her soft cheek against the snowy petals.

For a moment the baby lip quivered. "Man Daddy loved you the bestest of all. 'Queen of the Garden'—that's what he called you, you know."

Then a cry went up in the warm, sweet air. "I want Man Daddy—oh, I want him so bad!"

The little hands were unclasped only to be locked together tighter still. "For I'm most grown up, you see," whispered Baby Joan to the tall white lily, "and grown-ups don't cry, you know."

She left the lilies, and walked on in deep thought. At the end of the path her wee red sunshade was tied with a string to a nail in the wall. Such a long while it had taken to fix that sunshade "propelly," but Joan eyed it proudly now.

"Are you ker-wite happy?" she said, peeping round at the clambering white and pink convolvulus behind the little parasol. "Poor muslin ladies, didn't the wind blow you drefful?"

Then she watched a little blue butterfly as she fluttered about from flower to flower, and finally sailed over the wall.

"If I was a butterfly," she said to the convolvulus, "I would soon find Man Daddy." She sighed, so that her small muslin-pinafored bosom gave a big heave. "But then," with another thought, "I'd have to leave mother."

She sighed again. "Mother says, 'Don't worry, Joan,' when I ask when Man Daddy's coming home, and then she kisses me ever so, to make up."

She trotted on again with hands behind her back.

A woman looking from a window turned away in anguish from the small feminine imitation of Man Daddy.

Suddenly the chubby legs twinkled in wild haste up the garden, across the velvet lawn, out of the open gate into the road.

"I can go 'most as fast as a butterfly," said Joan, "and I'll find Man Daddy at the nice place where Fido was took when he was lost, where there were such a heaps and heaps of dogs. I know Man Daddy'll be there,"—with a gleeful chuckle that brought the dimples laughing to her cheek. "Mother never thought of that, I b'lieve it was the lilies what put the therink in my inside."

Along the hot, dusty road, meeting no one in this peaceful dinner hour, she trotted, her sunbonnet dragging behind and her yellow hair rivaling the glowing cornfield on either side.

In her desire to emulate the butterfly she got over the ground at a surprising pace. She put all her heart and soul into her endeavor, as she always did into everything she undertook. Life to Joan was a deep and an earnest thing. She hardly knew that her short legs were aching, or that her curls were sticking to her damp little brow. By the time the village dinner hour was over the village was left far behind by Joan's determined legs. She began to meet people, and a few asked her where she was going. Joan's beaming, moist smile and her answer, "Man Daddy—jus' there," with a grimy forefinger pointing apparently to the end of the road or lane, or field, satisfied them. But presently Joan stopped to talk to a great sunflower nodding its golden head at her over the railing of a little garden. It was when she caught sight of its friendly face that she knew how her legs ached.

"You see," she said, sitting down for just one minute beneath the sunflower and gazing up at it wistfully, "I'm not really a butterfly, and—my legs hurt a little."

The sunflower nodded encouragingly.

"It's a long way," said Joan. I've run miles and miles, pretty good lady—oh, miles and miles—miles"—her voice trailed off into a drowsy murmur—"miles!" she said, with a sudden jerk and sitting upright. She gazed up at the sunflower reproachfully. "I mustn't go to sleep," she said. "I've got to find Man Daddy in the big place where they took Fido when he was lost. It's jus' there," pointing down the road. "Goodby, gold lady. I must be quick, 'cause Man Daddy will be lonesome without me and mother, you see, and mother will be lonesome, too."

She started at a run, then looked back over her shoulder at the sunflower with a troubled little laugh. "My legs won't work propelly," she said, and struggled on. The sun had gone behind great threatening clouds, but Joan took no heed. All her mind was centered on getting on. She took no more rest till she came suddenly upon a group of poppies growing in the grass at the wayside; by them her legs stumbled and gave way, and she sank down on to the grass. She whispered to them in a little voice that was breathless and full of tears. "I want mother and Man Daddy!" she said, and then she lay still and set all her teeth together to keep the sobs back. But presently she sat up. "Dey's coming," she gasped, her grammar growing weak in her extremity. A sudden gleam lit her face.

"Grown-up angels cry to give the flowers water," she said, as a great tear rolled down her cheek, and kneeling, she bent over the poppies and sobbed her heart out, while the tears splashed on to the flowers. But other drops came and mingled with hers—great angry drops from dark clouds overhead—drops that beat the poppies shuddering to the earth. "The angels are crying, too," murmured Joan, sleepily, and rolled over and lay still.

The angel's crying was long and vehement. It woke Joan several times, but she was dazed with weariness. Once she murmured with a smile: "It's 'most a cold bath 'stead of a teppy to-day, mother," and went to sleep again.

II.

In the dimly lit room on the white little bed Joan tossed wearily from side to side. "You see, little blue ladies, it hurts bad in your stummick—jus' here," laying one hot little hand on her chest, "but I'm not crying, you know."

"No, my brave little darling," murmured the woman, bending over her.

"But you is, mother!" in an access of utter surprise. "I felt it on my head. I finked—therinked—grown-ups never—Oh, it—hurts, mother!" her fingers clinging around her mother's; "it hurts, you see," drawing a long, sobbing breath.

Presently she began anxiously: "That did sound like crying a bit, but," with a tremulous little laugh, "it wasn't—it wasn't, really—"

"No, no, dear—I know—try to go to sleep," and she began to sing a lullaby.

"You sing very nice, all of you," babbled the restless voice. "I do like flower singing—you can hear the wind shaking their voices—but Man Daddy won't come! One day, it was years and years ago, little pink ladies, I ran and ran—you see, I'm not really a butterfly, but, then, when butterflies use their legs they go quite slow, and I haven't any wings, you see—"

A frock-coated figure bent over the bed now, and the woman's eyes never left his face.

"Fever high—she must be soothed."

"I want Man Daddy—you're not Man Daddy—do you know, one day, when I was ker-wite little—I cut mine finger—I cried—wasn't it funny? But Man Daddy tied it up and I laughed, 'cause he said it was a dolly. Would he tie my stummick up if he was here? It hurts, you see—oh, it hurts!"

Anguished and broken came the woman's voice: "I do not know where he is."

The doctor looked grave, and presently he went.

"Darling, you are so brave and good, will you try to go to sleep, to—to be well when Daddy comes back?"

"Is he coming back, mother? Oh, it hurts!" with a sob. "It hurts so, mother."

"If you go to sleep, dear—oh, do try, Joan, do try!"

"I will shut mine eyes—tight, mother, so—"

The restless little body lay rigidly still.

"Think of the sheep, dear," said the mother, using a recipe she had found successful with Joan in a former childish illness. "Count them as they come up to the gate and jump over it. See, there they go—one, two, three."

Presently the great eyes opened with a piteously worried look.

"Mother," they stick! They won't jump over the gate at all!"

All the woman's pride had gone.

She racked her brain for some clew of her husband's whereabouts. At last she thought she had one faint and elusive, but she would try—she would telegraph. She crept from the room while Joan lay in an uneasy doze, and wrote her telegram, and sent it off with a wild prayer in her heart.

The night—so long that Joan thought after each doze that it was a fresh weary night begun again—passed; the sun rose in a glory that flooded the room and shone pink on the weary little face lying on the crumpled pillow; and then, when the pink glory had faded and left only one bar of gold peeping through the blinds, and resting lovingly on the yellow curls, he came. Straight to the little bedroom he came.

"You see, queen of the garden," babbled the restless little voice, "it hurts rather bad. He loved you the bestest of all; but he won't come—and I mustn't cry, you see. But it hurts!"

He bent over her, her tiny hand in his.

"Joan—"

Joan's beaming smile greeted him.

"He has come, queen of the garden—Man Daddy has come!" she said; with an infinite content, and fell asleep.

When she awakened the pain had "most gone."

"I knowed you would take it away, Man Daddy, but"—wistfully—"I didn't find you, did I?"

He glanced across the bed at the woman's down-bent head.

"Yes, Joan, you did. If you hadn't looked for me I should not have come."

She half smiled.

"But—"

"Never mind now, little one. It is all through you I am here."

"Honest Ingin, Man Daddy?"

"Honest Ingin, Joan."

She beamed, satisfied.

"If I hadn't looked for you, you wouldn't have comed. Aren't you ever so glad, mother?"

Low and earnest came the woman's answer:

"Yes, dear."

"May I go and tell the flowers now, Man Daddy?"

"Not yet, Joan."

"But you haven' tied up my stummick into a dolly—"

"Not this time. Lie still and be good, little one."

"Yes, Man Daddy. Kiss me."

He bent over her and kissed her.

"You, too, mother." Then suddenly she dimbled gleefully. "I want a jumble kiss," she said.

There was a little constrained pause.

"You haven't forgotted, Man Daddy?" in shrill tones of woe.

"No."

"Then be quick!" holding out her hands. "Come 'long, mother."

"We must humor her," murmured the mother, with downcast eyes. "It is a foolish game, but—"

The man kept his arm around her when the "game" was over.

"We must pretend well, she is so sharp," he muttered, weakly.

Joan lay and chuckled drowsily. When the long lashes rested on the baby's cheeks, the woman made a slight movement away from him; but his arm tightened.

"Suppose she wakened?" he said.

There was no sound then in the room save the ticking of his watch. Presently he spoke:

"Nora, I cannot go away again."

"Stay"—she breathed—"I do not believe that tale."

"God bless you, dear!"

Silence again. Then—

"I should have denied it, Nora."

"No—no; I was wicked to doubt you."

"I deny it now, before—"

But she stopped him with a kiss.

"Man Daddy, kiss me, too. May I go and tell the flowers in the mornin'? I am ker-wite well now."

"Go to sleep again, little one."

She shut her eyes obediently, then opened them with a gleeful smile.

"All the sheeps are jumping over the gate now, mother!" she cried—"every one of them!—"—Quiver.

WARDS OFF THE LIGHTNING

Clothing Warranted to Protect Wearer from Electric Strokes.

Thanks to the researches of a Russian savant, man may now, like Jove, defy the lightning's stroke. He has invented a garment that is said to be a certain protection against a stroke of the electric fluid. It is light and flexible and does not in the least interfere with the movements of the wearer. The garment is made of fine gauze, of brass threads, and consists of a shirt and trousers that reach below the feet. The sleeves end in gloves that are provided with buttons for fastening. A hood covers the head, buttoning on the body part of the safety garment.

When the wearer of this garment approaches too near the current of an electric machine, intead of harming him, the current is conducted to the ground by the suit of gauze and the person inside experiences no inconvenience. The wearer of this suit can stand between the two poles of a high-tension current of electricity and the sparks will pass from one to the other across his intervening body without shocking him, the discharge going through the metallic covering.

The inventor of the lightning protector donned his gauze garment and placed himself under a conductor that had a tension of 50,000 volts. With his hands, his elbows, his arms and his head he attracted brilliant sparks, but was not the least inconvenienced. He grasped with his hands two electrodes of 1,000 volts pressure and caused to pass through the protecting garment electricity amounting to 100 amperes, a current so strong that when he withdrew his hands an electric spark two feet long shot out from the machine. At the termination of the experiments it was found that the gauze garment had not been damaged by the sparks, with the exception of small holes at the points of contact, that did not impair the protecting action of the invention.

Tunnels Dug by Ants.

The ants of South America have been known to construct a tunnel three miles in length.

USES OF FRUITS.

Often More Useful Than Prescriptions of Physician.

Many of our common fruits are just as useful and much nicer than doctors' prescriptions. The apple, for instance. Not only is the apple an excellent purifier of the blood, but it is a cure for dysentery, and has also the peculiar effect of restoring an intoxicated person to sobriety. A diet of stewed apples, eaten three times a day, has worked wonders in cases of confirmed drunkenness, giving the patient an absolute distaste for alcohol in any form.

The pineapple is another fruit most valuable in throat affections. Indeed, it has saved many a life of a diphtheretic patient. The juice squeezed from a ripe pine is the finest thing in the world for cutting the fungus-like membrane which coats the throat in diphtheria, and is used in time never fails to cure.

After a severe attack of influenza the throat is often relaxed and the tonsils painful. An old-fashioned remedy still in use in many parts of the west of England is a conserve of roses. This is a sort of jam made from the hips of the common wild rose. It is not unpleasant in taste and certainly possesses strongly astringent properties.

To eat a grape a minute for an hour at a time, and to repeat this performance three or four times a day, eating very little else meantime but dry bread, may seem a monotonous way of spending the time. This treatment works wonders for thin, nervous, anemic people whose digestions have got out of order from worry or overwork. It is no mere quack prescription, but a form of cure recognized and advised by many well-known physicians. Grapes are, perhaps, the most digestible of any fruit in existence.

A cordial made from the blackberries is greatly recommended by the Devonshire country folk as a cure for colic, and many a farmer's wife makes blackberry cordial as regularly as elderberry wine. The latter, heated and mixed with a little cinnamon, is one of the best preventives known against a chill. The flowers, too, of the elder come in useful. An ointment made by layering them in mutton suet and olive oil is soothing in case of boils. Nowadays doctors forbid gouty pationts to eat any kind of sweet foods, but recommend them to eat at least a dozen walnuts a day. There is no doubt that walnuts are most useful to gouty subjects, or in cases of chronic rheumatism. Swelling goes down and pain decreases.—London Answers.

Worried by His Secret.

"A few weeks ago," confessed a man, "I became engaged to quite the most fascinating member of her sweet sex, but instead of being—as I ought to have been—the happiest lover in Chicago, I have been living ever since on thorns. The truth is, my conscience, such as is left of it, was uneasy, for before putting my fate to the test I omitted to tell the lady of my love that she was not the first idol who had been enshrined in my heart—in other words, I had been engaged before.

"Ever since I won her promise to be mine I felt that I should have no peace until I broke the dreadful secret to her, but how I dreaded to do it! Many a time the confession trembled on my lips, but it stopped at the tremble. At length, driven desperate, I forced it out, and it sounded all the more dreadful for its long imprisonment.

"In an agony of suspense I awaited my doom. It came at last in this form. First she looked at me in an amused way; then, to my astonishment, she burst into a peal of laughter—sweet, silvery laughter—and then, when she had recovered sufficiently, she said: 'Is that really all? Why, you silly boy, I have been engaged three times before ever I saw you!' "—Chicago Tribune

A Bridge of Coffins.

One of the most curious bridges ever built, perhaps unique in the history of the world, was that made by the British troops in China in 1860. They were marching on Pekin, but found their progress barred by a flooded river of considerable width and depth. A timber party was formed, but found nothing to cut down or borrow suitable for a bridge. At last a huge store of coffins was discovered in the village, and with these the Tommies built their bridge and crossed alive over the receptacles for the dead.

An Ant's Great Strength.

A. R. Miller recently weighed a small ant and a dead grasshopper, which it was dragging to its nest. The weight of the grasshopper was found to be sixty times greater than that of the ant. The force exerted by the ant in dragging the grasshopper along the road was therefore proportionately equal to that of a man weighing 150 pounds, pulling a load of four and a half tons, or a horse of 1,200 pounds a load of thirty-six tons.

Too Curious.

"There is never any uncertainty where I stand," said the pompous speaker at the ward meeting. "I am a stalwart!"

Whereupon the little man with a squeaky voice half arose, and, putting his hand to his ear, inquired: "What kind of a wart?"—Kansas City Journal.

The Merry-Go-Round.

Sidney—When I owe a man $5 I pay it as fast as I can.

Rodney—That's kind.

Sidney—Yes; he might owe $5—to some man who owes me $5.—Detroit Free Press.

Confession.

He—Did you think I would propose to-night?

She—I didn't dare.

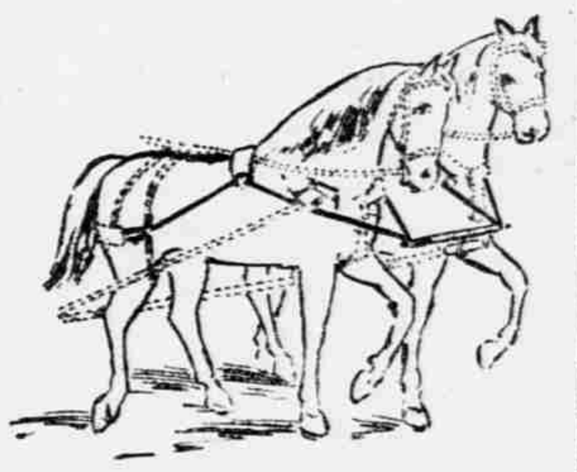
FARM AND GARDEN

Growing the Best Apples.

As time goes on the consumers of fruit in large quantities, which are mainly found in large cities, are becoming educated to quality. The time has gone when they are deceived by appearance. The writer has seen many consumers go to stores for apples and taste several varieties before buying. In this way they learn to fight shy of such fine-looking fruit as the Ben Davis apple, which is so devoid of quality. Then there is a decided increase in the consumption of baked apples in restaurants and hotels, hence the owners of these places have learned to buy those varieties that have good quality rather than good appearance, and, as a rule, are quite willing to pay for what they want. Growers of fruit should take this lesson home and make up their minds that in future the consumer must be catered to if fruit is to be sold at a fair margin of profit. The question of grades must also have attention, for these city consumers who are willing to pay for quality want that quality in size and perfection of fruit as well as in the flavor. There is a market for second and third grades as well as the first grade, but they must be distinctly separated to bring the best returns for each.—Indianapolis News.

Attachment for Team Harness.

There are but very few of the articles used by our great-grandfathers which still retain their old form, with little change or improvement, but among this number may be counted the harness which is used on horses for hauling purposes. Practically the same pattern of harness has been used for many years past, while other things introduced with it have been altered beyond recognition or displaced altogether. That there was still a chance for improvement is shown by the picture here represented, illustrating a change in the construction of a heavy team harness, which will at least add to the comfort of the animal. The principal advantage of this arrangement is that it does away with the strap passing around the animal's body, which of necessity interfered somewhat with the muscular exertion and added to the discomfort in hot weather. In this improvement a short curved strap is laid over the back, being held in place by a strap passing from the breeching to the collar, and only coming into play when the animals are backing. The traces are entirely free of the harness from collar to whiffletree, and afford a chance for a straight pull, without interference from any other portion of the harness. Frederick L. Ainsworth of Turner, Kansas, is the inventor.



AFFORDS FREE MOVEMENT.

Deep Plowing.

Much of the advice in favor of deep plowing is out of place on hill farms with the topsoil only six to eight inches deep. Plowing which brings much subsoil to the top is not desirable. But there are many fields with good depths of rich, dark loam that have never been properly worked. Such lands need never be called worn out until thorough plowing and harrowing again has enabled the plant roots to get at some of the locked-up fertility in the bottom layers. Simply to bring up the lower soil and then to turn it down again the following season is not needed so much as to thoroughly twist and fine the soil, exposing it to air and sun. For potatoes and root crops deep plowing is desirable, also to loosen the soil for root and tuber growth.—American Cultivator.

Some Insect Pests.

Dust asparagus beetles with lime or spray with paris green or hellebore. Stop the apple-tree borer by applying paris green in whitewash to the trunks and large limbs. For common fruit and leaf-eating insects keep the foliage covered with bordeaux and paris green mixture. Paris green will kill currant worms, cabbage worms, striped beetle, celery and tomato worm, etc., but hellebore is a little safer to use (one ounce in two gallons water). For cabbage and turnip fly dust with ashes. Tree and plant lice are killed by tobacco water or insect powder.—Exchange.

New Way to Make Butter.

L. H. Williams, vice president of the Akron (O.) Cold Distilling Company, claims to be the discoverer of a method of making butter without first removing the cream. He does not go into details, but says:

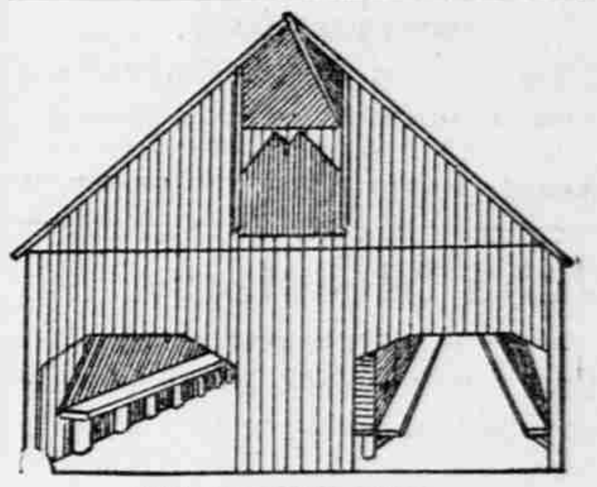
"The discovery is not one of mere chance, but is the result of a year's hard work. I was given the insight from our cold distilling process and have spent much time and study on it. I have tested the machine before several prominent capitalists of the city, and they are now back of me. We will build a plant and put the product on the market."—Creamery Journal.

Plan of Cattle Barn.

Eastman Bros., of Illinois, in the Breeder's Gazette, describe the plan of a cattle barn which they have used for several years.

The barn is 96 feet by 48 feet. It is a pole barn with posts 20 feet high, and a corncrib 80 by 12 feet runs through the center of the barn. The lower boards of the crib are hinged and feed boxes built on level with the crib bottom so as to make practically a self-feeder, especially when feeding shelled corn. Hogs sleep under the corncrib.

Hayracks on the sides are eighty feet long. Hay is put in at the ends of the barn. Sliding doors, controlled by weights, are used at the ends of the mow. They are closed when the hay is in the mow. There are doors along side of the haymow. When filling the mow we leave a space of four feet between the hay and the sides of the barn, which enables us to throw hay into the racks when feeding. The south end is open. The north end has doors which we close in bad weather. We have lots on the north, south and east of the barn and scales east of the barn, so we can weigh cattle any time.



THE EASTMAN BARN.

This barn will easily accommodate 100 cattle. We are now feeding 101 head, ninety-seven of which are Herefords. This kind of a barn is a great time and labor saver. We keep it well bedded and it is always dry.

Feeding Soft Corn.

Feeders who tried finishing cattle on soft corn reported very unsatisfactory results. But the Iowa experiment station recently marketed some cattle fed on soft carn alongside others fed on sound corn of the 1901 crop, and the results were decidedly favorable to the former feed. At the prices for soft and sound corn prevailing when the cattle were put on feed the advantage was with the lower priced corn. And the steers fed on it outdressed by a small margin those fed on sound corn. The difference in killing, however, is not greater than might occur in any two lots of cattle. Either the feeders have been wrong in their estimate of the value of soft corn or the Iowa station's experience is exceptional. Probably difference in the quality of the corn may account for it, as some feeders include in their definition of "soft" corn the light, chaffy, immature stuff of comparatively low feeding value.—Stockman and Farmer.

How He Keeps the Dogs Off.

"I have for several years used a preventive for sheep killing by dogs that has never failed to work," said G. J. Robertson, a Loudoun County, Va., farmer, to a man at the Arlington. "Farmers raising sheep are annoyed to a large extent by prowling dogs getting into their flocks and killing off many of the animals, to say nothing of running the flesh off the others. Until I devised the system I now practice I spent many sleepless nights watching for the prowlers, but without success. The nights I failed to watch I generally lost a sheep or a lamb. Finally I got some powdered cloves and put it in little bags, which I hung around the neck of each sheep. The dogs made one try for the sheep after the bags were put on, but since that time they have let my sheep severely alone. A small quantity of powdered cloves each year saves me many a dollar, I can tell you."—Washington Star.

Silage and Stover.

Where it is desirable to somewhat husband the silage and get best results from cut stover the latter is more relished if mixed with the quantity of silage to be fed and allowed to lie covered with sacks or blankets from one feeding time until another.

If not to be used in connection with silage, if mixed with cut hay in quantity sufficient for several days' feeding and well moistened with water and kept covered, or if treated so without being mixed with hay or other material, the cows will eat more and with much less waste than if fed dry.—National Stockman.

Poultry in the South.

The South seems to be coming toward the front as a poultry section. In Georgia during the year 1900 there were 4,549,144 chickens over three months old, 103,418 turkeys, 208,991 geese and 64,895 ducks, all valued at $1,458,055; the eggs produced were valued at $1,615,538 and numbered 15,505,330 dozen. Alabama, although a smaller State, produced 18,778,980 dozen eggs, which were valued at $1,825,978 during the same year.

Uniform Eggs for Hatching.

Don't try to hatch eggs from different classes of fowls at the same time. Hens' eggs and ducks' eggs, for instance, do not go well together. Neither do eggs from different classes, such as Leghorns and Plymouth Rocks. As a rule, dark-shelled eggs go well together, no matter what the breeds, and the same is true of white-shelled eggs