

Around the Hearthstone.

ON THE STAGE.

In the rosy light of my day's fair morning,
Ere ever a storm-cloud darkened the west,
Ere ever a shadow of night gave warning,
When life seemed only a pleasure given,
Why, then, all humor and comedy soaring,
I liked high tragedy best.

I liked the challenge, the fierce-fought duel,
With a death or a parting in every act,
I liked the villain to be more cruel
Than the basest villain could be, in fact,
For it fed the fires in my mind with fuel
Of the things that my life lacked.

But as time passed on and I met real sorrow,
And she played at night on the stage of my heart,
I found that I could not forget on the morrow
The pain I had felt in her tragic part;
And, alas, no longer I needed to borrow
My grief from the actor's art.

And as life grows older, and, therefore, sadder
(Yet sweeter, may be, in its autumn haze),
I find more pleasure in watching the gladder
And lighter order of humorous plays,
Where mirth is as mad, or may be made,
Than the mirth of my lost days.

I like to be forced to laugh and be merry,
Tho' the earth with sorrow is ripe and rife;
I like for an evening at least to bury
All thoughts of trouble, or pain, or strife.
In mirth, I like to be moved to the very
Emotions I miss in the life of the wife.
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

HERO OF THE HALL BEDROOM.

When I told my wife about it she exclaimed: "How utterly absurd! Why, I think you should have understood him all along."

"Mrs. Dockboy," said I, severely, "how was I to believe all his stories—his tales of prowess in matters of love, in feats of strength? Perhaps he did knock out O'Sullivan, the champion middleweight; perhaps he was the greatest halfback that ever played on the Cad university eleven; perhaps he did lead the West on account of the importunities of three beautiful millionaires; but even Lieutenant Swallow doubted the story of his capture by Apaches and his subsequent release by the chief's daughter."

"Swallow's retort," my wife said, "is always quite that horrid old thing? I think that he is himself inclined to exaggeration at times, whether unconsciously or otherwise, I cannot judge."

"Do not take my wife's view of the matter," I said, "I cannot see why the lieutenant and myself should have acted otherwise than we did."

"We were talking of Filkins—Filkins, who occupied the fourth floor rear hall bedroom in my old boarding house."

"The man that I spoke of. Come, let us get out. He is moving this way."

Swallow heard him, and, seizing him, he pulled him back into his seat, for he had made a mistake to go.

"Leave this point," he cried, "Filkins, you're a fool."

I looked toward the person whom Filkins had pointed out, and although I had never before seen him, from a series of pictures of noted society men which a certain paper had published I knew him to be Archibald Van Peyster.

"Yes, Filkins," I said, "you're a fool. Call me what you choose," he retorted, "but mark my words, there will be trouble if we stay. Time has been called and I, at least, had better go."

"Nonsense!" laughed Swallow. "We'll stand by you, old man, I promise to see this thing out. It'll be hot the next round."

"Indeed, it will," said Filkins, grimly.

"Well, here comes the certain well-known man," I chuckled, for Van Peyster was moving around my wife, and since Filkins had so boldly declared himself I determined to give him a few gentle thrusts. The opportunity was so good.

"I see him," he replied, quietly.

Swallow began to laugh and used a rather strong expression, but hardly was it out of his mouth when I heard a stronger one, and looking up saw Archibald Van Peyster right in front of us, glaring down at our companion. There was a pause. Then he deliberately raised his cane and brought it down toward Filkins' head. I sprang from my place and put out my arm to arrest the blow, but Filkins was too quick for me. He caught it on his left wrist, and shot out his clenched right hand, landing neatly on his assailant's chin with such force as to send him groping against the ring platform.

"There is the place where I heard a roar; a dozen men sprang between the two new combatants; a hundred others gathered around us, filling the air with their excited cries and inquiries as to what had happened.

Van Peyster's execrations were heard better and his name and address and send him home." Then in a lower tone he whispered to me: "Don't you think we had better go now?"

"I think we had," I said, and without another word Swallow and I followed him out of the place and home to the boarding house, where he bid us good-night and retired to his fourth floor rear hall bedroom.

I saw Filkins the other day. He was driving toward the park in a handsome victoria, two neatly liveried men on the box. At his side sat a pretty girl whom I had never before seen, but knew from the pictures to have been the great belle, Miss Emily Carusher. And when I told my wife about it she said that I ought to have known it all along.

"But I judged him from his other stories," I expostulated.

"Perhaps they were true, too," said she.—New York Sun.

Mosaic.
Mosaic floors, laid with small pieces of different colored stones set in regular patterns, were known in the Egyptian times. In the pyramids of Giza, this kind dated from 1100 B. C.

Peasant.—I spoke to our herb doctor and he advised me that I should—
Doctor (interrupting)—Oh! he gave you some idiotic advice, I don't doubt.
Peasant.—He advised me to see you—
Doctor.—Blessed if I don't see you—

TOPIKS FOR FARMERS

A DEPARTMENT PREPARED FOR OUR RURAL FRIENDS.

Suggestions for Brightening Farm Life—How to Secure Regular Selling of Cattle—Thorough Cultivation Will Kill Canada Thistles.

To Make Life Brighter.
We want to see more beauty and greater abundance in fruits about the farm house. We want to see more contentment and pleasure there. We urge the cultivation of flowers for the pleasure it affords, and the raising of more fruits and better gardens for the increased vigor and health such things impart.

We have a vineyard that begins to ripen its fruit about the first of August, when there is a certain amount of languor and listlessness in the atmosphere, a time when feverish heat is apt to take root in the system, and when every one feels more or less run down. But since our vineyard has been bearing, and we can go to it of an early morn, before breakfast, and eat the fresh, sweet, ripe grapes, there comes a revived feeling, breakfast tastes better, and the system is toned up for the day.

It is one of the joys of nature to give us grapes just at the time of the year when they are best suited to the health and appetite.

We urge the planting of vineyards and other small fruits. A fruit garden is of greater necessity, in so far as the health and happiness of the family are concerned, than the corn field. The peaches of Spain, it is said, eat fruit more than anything else, yet they are noted for their strength and vigor. Fresh fruit is filled with the very essence of the life-giving principle. It is nature's storehouse of the most beautiful and pleasant elements of the soil and the air, such as are bound to impart renewed strength to the consumer. It is beauty and vitality combined and condensed.

How much more of happiness and pleasure there is sure to be in the home that is surrounded by beautiful flowers, and fresh, sweet fruits! How superior in every respect is such a home in which to raise our children, compared to the dreary frame of the household and shiftings and shakings that give no better and more elevated system of living than that of cultivating nature in her higher branches. Think this matter over.—Columbian Rural World.

Salt Boxes for Cattle.
In order to secure a regular salting with a large herd of cattle it is necessary to have salt continually before them for use at their leisure. Many farmers use rock salt, scattering it about over the pasture, but even with this there is waste in wet weather, and some danger the cattle will lick out large lumps in such a way as to make a cavity, which sometimes will fill with water and become brine, and too much of this will produce more or less disorder. Where barrel salt is used there is much waste in wet times from melting. The "Denver Field and Farm" suggests a salt box for cattle where barrel salt is used that seems to meet the case, as follows:

"In salt boxes for cattle in pasture the writer likes the kind resembling in appearance an ordinary school desk. It is entirely home-made, and the stock will soon learn to lift the lid and help themselves. In order to reach them how it is done on a semi-circular opening in the top of the front side, just below the lid, and fill with salt so as it can be licked without raising the lid. They will come and taste the salt and keep helping themselves right along, lifting the lid to get to it. The lid protects the salt from rains and saves from waste and from getting packed in a hard lump. Fasten the box at the height that will be convenient for the stock, making fast to a post or a tree."

A box of this kind is easily made and is worth trying.

Ashea for Sandy Soil.
Almost all sandy soils lack potash. Even when it is present, unless there is also some vegetable matter in the soil to furnish carbonic acid gas, the potash forms a union with the sand, and therefor can only be released as it is some way made soluble. The benefit from applications of potash to sandy soil is direct. They supply the kind of plant food in which it is deficient. But the use of potash in the form of ashes is not restricted to sandy soils. Most heavy soils have more or less potash in insoluble form. As the caustic potash and the ash changes it makes the potash and phosphate in the soil more soluble, and thus potash will sometimes oblige the soil to supply to the plants the phosphates they require to make a grain crop. But in such cases the potash does not take the place of the mineral. It simply enables the plant to get phosphate that was in the soil but not in soluble form.

Killing Thistles with Hoed Crops.
One year's thorough cultivation will entirely eradicate not merely Canada thistle, but all kinds of perennial weeds. But the cultivation must not let up for a single week. If any sprout reaches the surface and gets to the daylight, it reinvigorates the root, and such half cultivation may be kept up for years without greatly lessening the pest. Wherever attempts are made to kill thistles by growing a crop of corn or potatoes on the land, the month of August will be found a very critical time. It will be necessary to creep in with the corn or potato crop in the hills. The cultivator alone cannot be depended upon to do this work. Hand labor, either literally with the thumb and finger or with the hoe, will be necessary several times in August and September after being fed so long to waste in cooking is by far the best shown to be in healthy condition. All animals in perfect health are composed largely of water. This is evaporated when internal fevers evaporate the internal moisture, and the meat is then said to be firm, solid and will waste little by cooking.

UNCLE DAVE'S SCHEME

He Enjoys a Siesta While Neighbors Dig His Well.

Blairtown, N. J., has a clever old farmer, who has evidently read the story of how Tom Sawyer cajoled his friends into whitewashing the fence for him. Blairtown has many of genius, however, made his friends dig his well gratis. His name is David Hennion, or "Uncle Dave," as he is familiarly known.

A few days ago he decided to sink a well, and determining not to have further trouble in obtaining water, made the well large and deep. He bought a windmill and the started to excavate. He went down and down, although the job was a slow and tedious one. Finally he struck a splendid stream of water and prepared to line the well with stone. He carried a large quantity of stone to the well side and dumped it. The weight of the stones or something else caused the sides of the well to cave in.

"Uncle Dave" viewed the collapse with chagrin and disappointment, for it meant much more hard work on his part to clear the well again. Finally he struck an idea and proceeded to carry it into effect. He obtained his coat and placed it near the excavation, then he placed his hat on top of his coat. This done he sat down on the hat and secreted himself. The neighbors had taken considerable interest in the well, and it was not long before one of them came along to see how the work was progressing. He saw the half-filled well and the hat and coat close by. Believing the walls had fallen in on him, "Uncle Dave" got up and asked "Uncle Dave" what he was doing there. "Uncle Dave" said he had taken considerable interest in the well, and it was not long before one of them came along to see how the work was progressing. He saw the half-filled well and the hat and coat close by. Believing the walls had fallen in on him, "Uncle Dave" got up and asked "Uncle Dave" what he was doing there.

GOOD ROADS

How Is It in Your Town?

A locomotive must get up steam before it can pull the train, but it should not spend all its time steaming up. It should do more or less pulling after awhile.

A certain amount of discussion regarding any topic is necessary to a waking public interest, but after about so much talk has been indulged in something more tangible should be done.

In every city and town there are people who are talking about good roads and clean streets. Talk is good enough for a starter, but it's no good for a stopper.

If you live in a town where a number of citizens reside who think something should be done along these lines, call them together and lay out a plan of action that will result in putting the theory into practice.

You can't pull much till you get your feet on terra firma. Your local newspapers will assist in the matter. Everybody wants good roads. How to get them is the only problem you have to solve.

Get your townpeople together and try. The chances are you already have a committee enough up to do considerable pulling, if only you will apply it.

Try it.—L. A. W. Bulletin.

DISORDERED DRAFTS

When the stomach dishonors the drafts made upon it by the rest of the system, it is poorly supplied by the fund of strength it very low.

When the stomach dishonors the drafts made upon it by the rest of the system, it is poorly supplied by the fund of strength it very low. Toned with Hester's Stomach Bitters, it soon better. Hester's Stomach Bitters is a powerful tonic, and it is the only one that is both a tonic and a cathartic. Hester's Stomach Bitters is the only one that is both a tonic and a cathartic. Hester's Stomach Bitters is the only one that is both a tonic and a cathartic.

EARLY CHINESE ROADS

While there are no good roads in China nowadays, there were one or two interesting relics of what were in and for their day most excellent roads.

While there are no good roads in China nowadays, there were one or two interesting relics of what were in and for their day most excellent roads. The first emperor of the Mings, some time during his reign of from 1368 to 1399, made a road from the bank of the Yangtze, opposite Nanking, to his birthplace in Anhui. The levels were carefully graded and the road carried across river valleys on well-built, arched viaducts. It remains today a very remarkable specimen of early engineering. The road from Peking to Tung-shan, built by the emperors of the Yuan dynasty away back in the dim ages, "remains as a vast effort of utility." It was paved with great blocks of granite, averaging fifty to eighty feet across surface each, all closely jointed. To-day it is worn into ruts a foot deep, and is almost impassable. With the exception of these two roads, no attempt of any note has been made to facilitate land communication throughout the empire. The stone bridges at Fukien and elsewhere, often instead as remarkable, are notable only as instances of the ability of the Chinese display in moving huge masses of stone by manual labor.—Chicago News.

USE OF ROADS

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According to Col. Albert A. Pope, the census returns show that there are in the United States about 15,000,000 horses, over 2,000,000 mules and 49,000 asses. The annual cost of feed for these animals is about \$1,575,000,000. The fine stone roads one horse can haul as much as three horses can haul over the average dirt road of this country. It is estimated that it would be necessary to build about 1,000,000 miles of macadamized road in the United States in order to have as good a system of public highways as is found in several European States. At \$4,000 per mile, this would involve an outlay of \$4,000,000,000. But if one-half of the draft animals could be dispensed with by the building of such roads there would be an annual saving of \$788,000,000 in the feed bill. This is 3 per cent interest on \$25,933,333,333; consequently if road bonds were issued bearing 3 per cent interest, more than a hundred million of macadamized road could be built without increasing the annual expenses one dollar. The people, Col. Pope shows, are actually paying 3 per cent on \$26,000,000,000 in order to keep up the present bad roads, while they would not cost one-sixth of that sum annually to build the 1,000,000 miles needed in order to put this country on par with France in the matter of good roads. Col. Pope is now abroad looking into the foreign bicycle market, but he will also interest himself in gaining still further information relative to foreign roads and the most advanced principles of European road building.—New York Tribune.

HAD TO WORK THEIR WAY

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THE BIG FIRE IN LONDON

The "great fire" in London broke out in a baker's shop in Pudding Lane, close to the monument, on the night of Sept. 2, 1666. It raged for four days and nights, destroying 89 churches, the city gates, the Royal Exchange, Custom House, Old St. Paul's and many other public buildings and palaces, together with 13,200 private residences and shops. The ruins covered 436 acres of ground, and 200,000 persons, whose homes had been burned, camped for weeks in the open air.

NOVEL WAY TO RAISE MONEY

A mammoth artificial mosquito adorned the New Jersey State booth at the Washington convention. At the close of the convention this was sold and the proceeds were devoted to the Armenian relief fund.

HEAVY TIE

She knew not what she meant; She little guessed the dreadful ties That held him while she went; For though with love his heart was filled, He moved to no extent— Because he sat where some one spilled A tub of kumquat!

COOPER'S FORESIGHT

Maudie—I think Cooper must have foreseen this craze for bicycling among the women.

MARIE—WHY SO?

"Did he write the 'Leather Stocking' tales?"

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