

WHY THE COWS CAME LATE

Crimson sunset burning
Over the tree-fringed hills;
Robe dashed the rills;
Golden are the meads.

Jennie, brown-eyed maiden,
Wandered down the lane;
That was ere the daylight
Had begun to wane.

Loving sounds are falling,
Hushward now at last,
Speckle, Bess and Brindle
Through the gate have passed.

A SUMMER AMUSEMENT

Sitting in the airy "company cham-
ber" two nights after the arrival at the
Mountain Farm, Royce Worthington
wrote the following letter:

"MY DEAR MURIEL: I can fancy you
all in your shewn and chimner of satin
and gems to night at the hop—flirting
desperately with some poor victim, who
does not imagine that the sole possessor of
your heart is in the room all alone and
lonely high up in the Green Mountains
writing to you. Well, go on, my dear,
flirt to your heart's content, and your
victim's despair—your time is short.

I have been two days at my new
home. The air here is delicious, bracing,
invigorating, a tonic and a stimulant
in one. Already I feel benefited,
and trust that six weeks of this atmos-
phere will completely rout the last
vestige of the malaria which has made
life a burden to me for months. But
think of me—a man who has been in a
whirl of business and social life for
thirty years—to be exiled to this lonely
mountain for a whole season! The
family consists of Mr. and Mrs. Roberts,
and one daughter, a rather sweet-faced
girl of perhaps twenty. She has only
lifted her eyes to mine once, and then I
thought them pretty, a dreamy dove-
color. She seems to stand a little in awe
of me, and is evidently a perfectly un-
sophisticated maiden. Even if I make
her acquaintance, she will be but a poor
substitute for the companionship of
your own brilliant self. Pity me
then, and write me often. I have only
my dog, my gun, my books and my
memories to make the tedious time en-
durable, remember while you have all
the world at your feet, and all the
majesty of the ocean beyond.

"Yours until death,
"ROYCE WORTHINGTON."

Just one week later he received the
following reply:

LONG BRANCH, July 15.
"MON CHIEF: I have just time for a
line before I dress for the hop. I am
really sorry for you, my poor boy, to be
so far away from all that renders life en-
durable; but I know it is the only thing
for you—the only treatment to over-
come that horrid malaria, which was
spoiling your complexion. I am enjoy-
ing myself as usual—yes, Royce, I sup-
pose I am flirting with a handsome
Englishman, who is setting all the ladies
wild. But, of course, you can trust me;
and now I will be equally fair with you.
Why don't you begin an interesting
flirtation with that wild mountain
flower you wrote me of; twenty years
old—inexperienced—unsophisticated?
Why, it is high time some one has
taught her a little of the world. You
are the proper person, Royce—so I give
you full permission to amuse yourself.
But, of course, never forget your own."

"MURIEL LACY."

Royce Worthington's smile settled
into a slight frown as he read the letter
to its close. Just a little heartless the
tone of it seemed, somehow—this light,
laughing instruction that he should go
deliberately to work to—what?
Simply to win a simple girl's heart and
break it. So for a moment the better
nature of this selfish man of the world
reasoned and rebuked the writer of the
letter. But an hour later, when he met
Celeste Roberts in the mountain path
that led to the spring, he relieved her of
the pain upon her arm, and walked by
her side to the spring, smiling down
upon her with his most dangerous smile.

"Do you know I am very envious over
something?" he said, as they walked
along. "Something upon which you
alone can satisfy my curiosity."

"Why, what can it be?" she asked
wonderingly, lifting her long lashes for
a moment.

Royce laughed—a merry, musical
laugh it was!

"There I am answered already," he
said. "I have been wondering over the
color of your eyes ever since I came
here. You have never allowed me to
see them but once before, and then only
for a second. But I see that I was right
in my conjecture. I thought they were
dove-color and they are."

my eyes have troubled me a little—ever
since the fever which depleted me so."
"Would you like to have me read to
you an hour or two every day? I could
if it would please you," Celeste said with
a modest shyness of manner, and the
suggestion of a blush in her cheek.

"I would be delighted, only it seems
too great a favor to ask of you."
"But you did not ask it, I offered. I
feel it to be my duty, since you were sent
here for your health, to help you to re-
gain it. It is for the credit of Mountain
Farm that I do this," and she laughed
merrily as a child.

"Well then, I yield a willing assent.
I am sure Dr. Kingman would feel con-
fident of my recovery if he could know
into what hands I have fallen. He sent
me here assuring me that it was the only
air and the only place to regain my
health and strength."

"Yes, so father told me. A sister of
Dr. Kingman's came to us last year sup-
posed to be beyond hope of recovery—
almost every disease in the list of human
ills seemed to have possession of her
poor body. Yet she left us quite well
after three months. Surely you ought
to become robust in a few weeks."

"I begin to fear that I shall recover
too rapidly to please me," Royce re-
sponded. But Celeste made no reply to
this—indeed she did not seem to have
heard him. Her dove-colored eyes were
fixed in the purple and amethyst sunset
that was touching the mountain tops
with glory.

"Of what are you thinking?" queried
Royce after a moment's silence during
which he watched her lifted face that
wore the look of a saint. He discovered
that Celeste was more than a pretty girl
—she was beautiful.

"I was thinking of the world that lies
beyond those mountain tops," she said.
"The world of which I know so little. I
wonder if I would be happy there?"

Royce watched her smiling; already
was there a "vague unrest" in her gentle
bosom?

"It is a wonderful world," he said,
"and there is much in it for one like you
to enjoy. Pictures, operas, plays, fine
works of art—yes, you would like the
world beyond your mountains."

"But I have all those things here,"
Celeste answered softly. "All and none
of the petty annoyances, the heart-aches,
and the strife which I would find in the
world."

Royce looked puzzled. "I do not un-
derstand you," he said.

"She smiled—her saint-like, child-like
smile.

"Don't you? Well, what picture could
be grander than that yonder—where the
sun touches the mountain peaks with
fingers dipped in glory? I think there is
no other world that describes a mountain
sunset but that one—glory. And what
opera could be finer than a storm in the
mountains when the wind crash through
the great pines and unite with heaven's
orchestra—the thunder. And what play
can equal the weird and wonderful dis-
play of the clouds above the mountain
tops, changing, shifting, never the same,
yet always beautiful or terrible? And
what works of art can compare with this
mountain scenery on every side? Surely
I have a world as wonderful as that
which lies beyond the mountains."

Royce was silent. The girl's face was
transfigured, her soul was shining from
her eyes. That night he wrote to Muriel
Lacy.

"My Mountain Maid is to read aloud
to me an hour every day. She reads very
well, but so unwarily, so 'unspotted.' I
wonder if she can belong to the same
race of beings to which you and I be-
long."

And to Miss Muriel replied:
"I judge from your remarks concern-
ing the Mountain Maid that your flirta-
tion is under full headway. I doubt if
she will ever be as unworshipful when you
leave her. Poor child, how her heart
will ache, yet it will do her good in the
long run. Every woman's heart must
ache some time, and you must be amused
during your exile. It must be stupid
enough for you at the best. The Eng-
lishman continues to play the devoted,
but I am rather weary of him. I must
confess there is nothing like an agree-
able American, one I wot of especially."

Again a frown of displeasure con-
tracted Royce Worthington's white brow,
and he tossed his betrothed's letter down
with the little impatient exclamation:
"Is the woman heartless?" he mused;
but he did not fail to make himself as
agreeable as possible to Celeste an hour
later, when they drove down the steep
mountain road to the village two miles
away.

It was a memorable drive; for a sud-
den storm broke upon them, on their re-
turn, and they were obliged to take shel-
ter under a great oak while it swept
over. They had brought no warning in
the fair blue heavens of the approaching
storm when they set forth. And now
Celeste insisted upon removing a light
shawl she wore, and wrapping it about
Royce's shoulders.

"Indeed, you shall do no such thing,"
he said. "Instantly I have half a mind to
make you take my coat."

"But I am perfectly well," pleaded
Celeste. "I was never ill an hour in my
life, and you are an invalid seeking for
health. If you were to take cold, and it
were to settle on your lungs, you would
be an easy victim for lung fever or pneu-
monia. Please let me wrap this shawl
across your chest and shoulders."

Royce was obliged to consent, and as
he felt the light weight of her hands
upon his shoulders as she adjusted the
shawl, a thrill shot through his veins, a
thrill of pleasure so keen it was like
pain.

like the veriest trash to him after his re-
cent experience.

He did not mention Celeste in his next
letter, or his next.

There came one from Muriel which
closed with the query: "Have you
reached the grand denouement of your
mountain romance, that you are so silent
concerning it, or has it lost all interest
for you? Did the fair maiden prove
too easy a conquest, or what has hap-
pened; pray tell me?"

"A conquest?" Royce repeated the
words over to himself. Was Celeste in-
terested in him other than as a friend?
He wished he knew. They were much
together now and had grown to be most
cordial comrades. He was growing
stronger every day, and now he read to
her sometimes, while she sewed, or at-
tended to her household duties. She was
such an appreciative listener to his
favorite books.

They drove together to the village and
they spent long delicious evenings in the
moonlit veranda. Yet for the life of him
Royce could not tell if Celeste was grow-
ing to love him. Somehow he had found
himself unwilling to practice those ordi-
nary arts of flirtation upon her, and had
consequently been simply his most agree-
able self. But he knew very well that
all women found him fascinating. He
had been a woman's darling from his
cradle. And now to be in doubt if he
had made an impression upon this sim-
ple girl.

"But, of course, she must care for me,"
he thought. "She has never been away
from home since her sixteenth year,
when she returned from a boarding-
school, and all her life has been associ-
ated with these simple mountain villages.
She must, she shall care for me."

Yes, it had come to that with Roy
He was piqued by her manner which
veiled nothing of her feelings, and he
grew selfishly determined that Cele-
ste should grow to care for him. And
result—but he did not stop to rea-
son about that. That evening Royce fol-
lowed her in the little sitting room sing-
ing softly while she accompanied her
upon the cottage organ.

"You have a sweet voice," he
standing where he could look down at
her face.

"Have I?" she asked. "I love to sing,
but I am never quite sure that I sing
all well." Royce often wondered
she did not blush more readily. "I
not the composure gained by con-
tact with the world," he resumed, "and
not from any lack of refined feeling;
nothing seems to confuse her."

It was quite true. Celeste possessed
that perfect unconsciousness of herself
that is sometimes found in very young
children; and it was this remarkable
quality which accounted for the pecu-
liarity so puzzling to Royce.

"Yes, your voice is fine. With a little
cultivation it will add materially to your
many attractions when you take your
place in the world where you belong—
in my world."

Royce's eyes were on her face as he
spoke these words slowly and with mean-
ing emphasis. To his surprise and de-
light, she lifted her eyes quickly to
his for a second, then dropped them,
and a burning scarlet dyed her
face and throat. Then she hurriedly
turned the leaves of the music, as if
looking for something she could not find.

Royce enjoyed her confusion. He was
satisfied; she cared for him; and his
reference to her ultimate place in the
world had betrayed her well-guarded
secret.

After that he spared no pains to use
every fascination in his power to com-
plete the work so well begun.

It was almost time for him to go back
to the city. Muriel Lacy had flown from
the watering resorts, and was growing
impatient for his return. They were to
be married in the spring, and there were
many plans to talk over. Muriel was
anxious to go to Europe and spend the
winter—the Englishman was to be in
Paris. Still Royce lingered at the
Mountain Farm. If Royce desired to
see her before her departure he must
come at once. Royce announced his
intended departure that evening after
her letter came. He watched Celeste's
face narrowly. It betrayed nothing.

"I shall miss you so," she said.
That was all.

"But we shall meet again," he said.
"Trust so," she answered, and again
she shyly lifted her eyes, and that
crimson wave swept over her face.

Royce felt his face paling. His heart
throbbled, his blood swept through his
veins. He longed to say to this girl
who stood before him that she was a new
revelation of womanhood to him; that
she had awakened depth in his nature of
which he had never dreamed; that he
loved her tenderly, truly, passionately,
and wanted her to be his wife. This is
what he longed to say, for it was the
truth, the truth that he had known these
last days.

He said good-bye hurriedly and with
white lips. That dreary ride back to the
city he never forgot. Yet he was going
to his betrothed, the brilliant belle,
Muriel Lacy.

She found him a languid and distrust-
ful lover. After one week of his society,
during which time he had never once
mentioned their marriage, she said to
him:

"I believe you left your heart in the
mountains, Royce. You are not your
old self at all. And if you did I really
wish you'd go back and find it. You bore
me with your stupidity. I have been
accustomed to a more entertaining gal-
lant."

Royce was silent a moment and seemed
making a resolve. Then he spoke: "You
are right," he said. "I did leave my
heart in the mountains. I love the girl
you bade me amuse myself with."

friend will join us in Paris soon. He
asked me to marry him, Royce, and I
knew he would be more useful to me in
Paris if I left him in hope. I shall very
possibly marry him now—he is very
much in love with me. So we are both
well provided, for he seems."

"And we will always be good friends,
Muriel?"

"Why, of course, Royce. Better
friends than if we had married each
other, probably."

"So they parted—Royce to hasten back
to Mountain Farm with the mad impetu-
ous haste of a boy lover. He looked ten
years younger than when he last went
over that route. Celeste was at the
spring dipping up a bucket of water
when he came down the mountain path.

"Is it a ghost, or a reality?" she cried,
laughing, as he sprang lightly down be-
side her.

"A solid reality," he answered, gather-
ing both her hands in his. "Oh,
Celeste, Celeste, say you are glad to see
me."

She looked up with her sweet, honest
eyes full of wonder—surprise, alarm.

"Glad! oh, certainly. I have missed
you very much."

"Missed me? Can you not say more
than that? Oh, Celeste, you are my ideal
woman, my light, my life. I came back
to tell you that I love you, that I want
you for my wife."

Celeste drew back in sudden alarm,
and a shocked expression drove all the
warmth out of her face.

"Mr. Worthington, you are beside
yourself," she cried. "What reason have
you for saying so?"

"I never discuss my private affairs
with strangers," Celeste answered,
quietly. "Beside, I supposed you knew
ever after that day at the organ, when
you spoke of my singing, you referred
to the time when I should take my place
in your world. Your tone and manner
were so meaning that I at once thought
you referred to my engagement. Then
again, when you went away, you said
you should meet again, and I interpreted
your words in the same way."

Royce stood a moment in silence. Oh,
how he had deceived himself—how blind
he had been in his vanity and selfish-
ness! He turned and gave his hand to
Celeste.

"Good-bye," he said. "I have been a
blind fool, but I deserve my fate."

Then he was gone. He saw not Celeste
again until they met in society and she
was Kingman. That same week he re-
ceived the Parisian which contained a
marked item. It was the announcement
of the engagement of Muriel Lacy to
Albert Mumpstead, of London, England.

SENSE AND SENTIMENT

The award to M. Nerot, a French
artist, of the prize of \$10,000 for a de-
sign of a monument to Victor Emanuel
at Rome, has at last been confirmed, de-
spite the determined opposition of the
Italian public, to whom the idea of that
honor and reward going to a foreigner
was very distasteful.

There is something appalling in the
statement that twelve and a half million
false teeth are made every year in Phila-
delphia, and that gigantic total is still
more impressive when considered in con-
nection with the fact that the same city
produces annually five tons of tooth pow-
der, designed to prevent the necessity of
false teeth.

The Queen of Madagascar has ordered
the framing of a prohibitory law in her
dominions forbidding the manufacture
and importation into her territories of
brandy. A breach of the ordinance will
entitle the forfeiture of ten oxen and \$10
fine. If the penalty cannot be paid by an
offender, it must be worked out at nine
pence a day.

Says the Denver News: "The Sioux
are reported to be preparing for an at-
tack upon the whites in Dakota and
Montana. This would be a good time
for Secretary Teller to begin his policy
of disarming the Indians. There has
been a great deal of talk about that
policy, and the people are anxious to see
it tried."

That is a very sagacious young gentle-
man at the head of affairs at Port Said.
Being called on by Admiral Seymour to
state whether he supported Arabs or the
Khedive, he politely referred the ques-
tion to the submarine port. And when
the gallant Admiral finds out which side
the porte sympathizes with he will be
wiser than he is now.—[Phil. Bul.

Walter Malley, since his acquittal, has
been making himself obnoxious by point-
ing out one of the State's witnesses on
the street. If the Malley boy's don't be-
have themselves pretty quietly now, they
will find their homestead an unhealthy
place. The New Haven people are not
any too well pleased over that verdict,
anyhow.

At a late term of the Supreme Court,
held at Alfred, Me., an old gentleman
who was somewhat deaf was on the wit-
ness stand. The Judge had occasion to
question him. "Hoy?" said the old man
his hand at the back of his ear. The
Judge repeated his words, when the old
gentleman innocently said: "I guess
you'll have to step this way, Judge, I'm
a little hard of hearin'."

During a trial for assault in Arkansas,
a club, a rock, a rail, an ax handle, a
knife, and a shotgun were exhibited as
the "instrument with which the deed
was done." It was also shown that the
assaulted man defended himself with a
revolver, a scythe, a pitchfork, a chisel,
a handsaw, a ball, and a cross dog. The
jury decided that they'd have given a
dollar apiece to have seen the fight.

The Magic Face.

Although always possessed with strong
metaphysical tendencies, I am by no
means a believer in ghosts, spirit mani-
festations, or in any order of superna-
tural demonstration. Concerning all
manner of visitations from the Other
World I have ever been a skeptic, and
often an open scoffer. And I have been
so because in my investigating experi-
ences I have found credulity to be the es-
sential stronghold, and reason and science
the intractable antagonists of all such
beliefs.

Once, and only once, in the course
of my life have I encountered anything of
a nature calculated to unsettle my natu-
rally intense materialistic convictions,
and then under the influence of such
peculiar anterior conditions as to incline
me—as I glance back and review the in-
cident in all its unearthly weirdness—to
pronounce it a purely mental hallucina-
tion.

I have never undertaken to transcribe
on paper the startling sensations that
were accompanying features of that
strange visitation, and shall only venture
to do so now under the mental reserva-
tion of treating the subject as a matter of
fact occurrence, on strictly matter-of-fact
grounds.

I was a visitor at the time—now some
years since—at the residence of a near
relative, who was an eminent and unusu-
ally successful physician. He was a
professed Spiritualist, and claimed to
write his prescriptions at the dictation
of the deathless part of a famous old
Dutch disciple of Galen, whose perish-
able body had centuries ago mingled its
particles with the universal elements of
nature.

The public mind was at that time
wildly credulous on the possibility of in-
tercourse with the inhabitants of the
spirit realm through the mediumship of
mesmeric and odic forces that were sup-
posed to exist between the material and
eternal worlds. Being the possessor of
extraordinary natural insight and varied
learning, the doctor was enabled to pre-
scribe to the necessities of his numerous
patients with a clearheadedness that went
far toward sustaining his pretensions to
miraculous prescience.

The day preceding the evening on
which I am about to relate transpired
had been remarkably calm and
sultry. Sitting at the open western study
window, my head thrown idly back
against the casement, eyes and
thoughts made far pilgrimages into the
ineffable serenity of overhanging space.
Early sundown deepened imperceptibly
into dusky twilight. Star after star
dropped silently into the broad blank
of purpling blue until the ethereal arch
was a waveless sea fretted with countless
isles of glittering glory.

Wrapped in a delicious reverie, such
as outward quiet and absolute inward
content always induce, I was gradually
sinking into a blissfully profound slum-
ber, when I was suddenly and regretfully
aroused by the doctor's ringing voice:
"Awake, sir, somnolent, awake! The
mystic moon is just slowing the tips of
her silver horns above the eastern hori-
zon, and comes to further adorn a night
already too transcendently beautiful to
be profaned by such vulgar sounds as
snore. Take a cigar, and let its subtle
aroma woo your wandering soul back to
your crooked body. Awake! behold! ad-
mire! or never more presume to the pos-
session of attributes worthy of immortality."

Inwardly and fervently wishing the
hospitable donor in pursuit of a distant
and wealthy patient, I accepted the pro-
ffered cigar, and mechanically set about
converting it into a burned offering.
Seating himself opposite, the doctor com-
placently proceeded to enwreath himself
in a fantastical shifting cloud of tobacco
smoke, from which he opened a masked
fire of conversational queries that at first
drew from me but sententious and vacant
responses. It was impossible, however,
for the most indifferent mind to be long
under the magnetic influence of his rare
colloquial powers without becoming in-
terested. In a few short hours his fore-
enriched intellect brought me in contact
with all the arts, sciences and fallacies
that had gained sway over the human
heart since the earliest traditions of the
race, and I became more than ever im-
pressed with admiration for his extensive
scholastic attainments and the intensive
profundity of his thoughts. My percep-
tions were never more acutely awake than
when we parted company at midnight.

Once in the privacy of my room, I
placed the lamp on the stand, and throw-
ing myself carelessly on a chair beside it,
with my head resting on my hand, and
my eyes fixed on the brightly flaming
wicks, I passed the evening's conversa-
tion in leisurely review. I had been so
engaged for perhaps fifteen minutes when
my attention was diverted to the light,
which had grown less and less brilliant,
until but a sickly blue halo flickered
feebly at the ends of the wicks. At the
same moment, the door leading from the
room into the hall suddenly flew open
and swung back against the wall with a
loud slam.

Naturally surprised at these unwonted
and unaccountable occurrences, I sprang
nervously to my feet and went and closed
the door. I then returned to the stand,
took up the lamp and shook it vigorously
in order to induce it to burn more freely.
The desired effect being produced, I re-
placed the lamp on the stand, and pro-
ceeded to disrobe. I had removed my
outer garments when the light suddenly
diminished to the same deathly, sickly-
blue halo as before, and the door
again sprang ajar with redoubled vio-
lence.

With a suppressed exclamation I was
hastening forward to close the door, when
I experienced a sensation that would not
have seemed particularly awful had it not
been so unusual. I cannot vividly
describe that sensation, I can only say
that it was akin to what one might ex-
perience on being brought in contact
with a mighty, invisible living principle,
no less palpable because felt rather than
seen.

Under the influence of this indescrib-
able something, an apathetic numbness
took possession of my body and deprived
me of all power of volition. Sensation
and warmth gradually receded from my
extremities, and my limbs and arms be-
came as rigidly insensate as though hewn
out of marble. Involuntarily my eye-
lids dropped down over my eyes and as
sumed the tense stiffness of sheet iron;
yet, instead of being deprived of sight,
my vision seemed to be perpetually
strengthened.

One by one the vital organs ceased

their normal play. Slower and slower
throbbled the heart, as though oppressed
by a heavy yet painless weight, until its
beating was no longer perceptible. The
soul seemed to have withdrawn from all
the inferior parts of the body and con-
centrated itself within the brain. I saw,
as though standing apart from it, that
my earthly form was inanimate and cold.

A fascination that was terrible in its
blind irresistibility fixed my attention
on the black void beyond the yawning
door, as though from that direction was
to come the solution of my strange con-
dition; and I soon discovered near the
top of the casing, at about the height of
a grown person's head when standing a
globular-shaped luminous mass, of the
size of a full moon, at first hazily indi-
cated—as the moon would appear when
seen through a thin cloud—but gradu-
ally growing brighter and brighter, as
the moon would when the cloud passed
away.

Every instinct of fear forsook me as I
contemplated the marvel, as a feeling of
eagerness, security and happiness took
possession of all by faculties.

As I stood gazing transfixedly at the
brilliant globe, it paled centrally, and
grew brighter at the extreme edges, until
it resembled a white, vapory veil of mist,
surrounded by a continuous rim of living
fire.

Distinctly as ever I beheld my own
face in a mirror, I beheld one form with-
in that circle of fire, behind the misty
veil. First, two large, calm benignant
eyes; then a smooth, snowy, angelic fore-
head; beautiful nose, mouth, chin,
cheeks, and long, flowing, shadowy hair;
composing altogether a feminine counte-
nance of sweet and rare supernatural
beauty in outline and expression. I saw
the luminous lips move as if in articula-
tion, and—although I cannot say that I
heard anything—these words were for-
ever dagnerreotypied on my brain: "My
Son."

I must have fainted. When conscious-
ness returned I was lying on the floor,
the light burning brightly and the door
closed.

It was several days before I spoke of
the affair to any person, preferring to
brood it over for a while within the soli-
tude of my own mind. When I did
speak it was with the doctor. He listened
without comment until I described the
features of that magical midnight face,
when, he gravely remarked that it was
a correct—though somewhat beautified—
likeness of my mother, who had died
during my infancy; and then and there
by tacit consent we dropped the subject.

I am still a disbeliever in the superna-
tural, and the lineaments of that seraphic
countenance are as indelibly en-
graved on my memory as are those of
any of my living friends upon which I
gaze from day to day.

The Jersey Butter.

The claims of the well-bred Jerseys
are well summed up in a recent article
in the Country Gentleman. The Jersey
cattle are very popular in California,
especially in the suburban districts and
in the towns where persons wish
to keep but one or two cows; and without
disparaging the claims of the fine Hol-
steins, Alderneys, and other valuable
cattle, the Jerseys will always hold their
own. A good registered Jersey cow will
sell for from \$150 to \$200, and fancy
stock will sometimes bring \$400, or even
as high as \$1000. Now, there is a
reason for all this. Though the Jerseys
are under the average size, and have
few of the milk and meat points which
farmers are accustomed to admire, still
they have won this high rank, and it is
because they profitably produce the best
of butter. It is as much a thorough-
bred as any breed of cattle
can be, and responds to gener-
ous treatment just as readily.
It transmits, in breeding, the good
qualities of one or both of the parents,
at least in most cases. The butter made
from the product of the Jersey is best
known. The globules of the butter
have a larger size in Jersey milk, the
cream is thicker and churns quicker.
The color of the butter is better than in
the other breed except the Guernsey.
The Jerseys "come in" at twenty or
twenty-two months of age, thus saving
a year over the other breeds. The "dry"
period with the Jerseys is less than any
other breed. Two months being long-
er than the average period. They thrive
in all climates and in all sorts of pastu-
res, as well as any other breeds. The
"glit-edged" butter sold in the Middle
and New England States is three-fourths
of it made from Jersey cows. There is
no better stock for the mountain dairies
of California than the Jersey. Good
grades can be obtained and gradually
bred up towards higher rank.

Lucretia Rudolph Garfield.

Lucretia Rudolph Garfield.
I shall show you how divine a thing
A woman may be made.

On the 11th day of November, 1858,
James A. Garfield married his first and
only love, Lucretia Rudolph. He had
originally met her at her home
seven years before when he
was a poor student striving
mightily for an education at Hiram.
They studied together, they read to-
gether, they built castles together, and
it was not long before the firm friend-
ship, which was based upon common
taste and aspirations, blossomed into the
grand passion. Before he bade her
good-bye, as he left Hiram to enter
Williams College, he had told his love
and the maiden of his heart had engaged
herself to him.

The match was made in heaven. These
two were intended for each other in
all that words imply. He was to her a fond,
devoted, chivalric husband. She was in
the best sense his helpmeet, his constant
inspiration and comfort. Many and
many a time during their married life he
bore emphatic witness to the immeasur-
able service which she rendered him.
He declared that whatever success he
gained among his fellows was largely
due to her wise counsels, her unflin-
ging sympathy, her abiding love. He named
her his better self—the crown of his
being—and so they went down the years
hand in hand and heart to heart, with
their path none upon by a never-waning
honeymoon.—[Albany Evening Journal.

Measures were being taken to supply
Litchfield, Ill., with coal gas when an
enormous flow of natural gas from an oil
well near by showed the people a cheaper
and better means of illumination. The
former project has therefore been aban-
doned and the new one taken up.