

WHISPER OF THE CORN.

Have you lain beneath the cottonwood and drunk the charmed air in some quiet country corner on a grand, fresh August morn, While the tinkle of the distant bells made mellow music rare— And heard the tall sheaths stirring in the whisper of the corn?

Have you felt the inspiration of the meadow lark's clear note As it flung a care free anthem from some height beyond our bourne, While the ruddy god, Olympus, set his million beams afloat, Till we almost saw the spirits as they whispered in the corn?

Did you ever in the great world have a dream so sweet and pure, Such a vision in the cloudland with not one dark dread forlorn— Where the future was all glowing, like the sunrise on the moor, And your blood ran fast with fancy at the whisper of the corn?

We can well-nigh see the landscape of the days of long ago, Wondrous near the quaint old farmhouse and our hopes that met no scorn— Though the lamp of life be fading and the light is turned down low, Memories thrill us as we listen to the whisper of the corn.

—Omaha World-Herald.

Delay in the Mails

THE course of true love is never smooth. There must be a little wounded vanity and injured feelings, trifling misunderstandings and ephemeral quarrels, which all clear up of their own accord, and the sky is as serene as ever. But now and then there is a more serious falling out, which can only be righted by a confession of having been in the wrong and a prayer for forgiveness. Sometimes both youth and maiden are owners of a pride which they would rather die than humble, and their two lives are irremediably severed for lack of a simple, "I was to blame; forgive."

Bessie Winthrop and Albert Hedges had parted in anger. They had been engaged for nearly a year, and, though many petty altercations had arisen from time to time, they both felt that now all between them was over, if they pursued their usual method of letting matters drift. One of them must bend, and from Bessie's knowledge of her lover she was quite sure that it would not be he. The tears welled up as she remembered the ugly humor in which he had left her. He was always so hasty, but perhaps she had exasperated him a little. Perhaps she was more to blame than she at present realized. At any rate she would try to bring about a reconciliation; she would write him a note telling him that she was sorry, and asking him to forgive her. Reason urged that he was more at fault than she, but he would never see it in that light, and—well, she loved him, that was all; and what will not a woman do to win back the man who is her "whole existence."

So, in spite of the fact that Cousin Henry, who was her favorite cousin, had come to bid the family good-by previous to his departure for the Klondike, she stole away from the parlor to write the letter which would restore matters to their old footing. She did not spare herself, nor did she reproach her fiancé in the least. It was a self-condemning appeal, such as only a woman can write, and which would make the man who had called it forth feel ashamed of himself, if he had a conscience. She was positive, as she handed the letter to Cousin Henry to mail, that Albert would rush to see her as soon as he received it, and everything would be all right forever after. They would both have learned a lesson, and would take care to avoid a repetition of the incident.

But what perverse spirit is it that sometimes enters into men? Whenever the bell rang the next day her heart throbbled with eager expectation, but the door opened only upon disappointment. When night came there were great red circles around her eyes.

There must be something wrong, for Albert certainly would not so absolutely ignore her note! Perhaps he was out of town. Another day passed, and then a week, and then several weeks; but he did not come. She saw him twice on the street. Once she knew he saw her, but he quickly turned his face the other way; and once—for a moment her sorrow gave place to the wild fury of the "green-eyed monster"—he was walking with another girl.

Then rumors of his attentions to Nita Ross began to reach her ears, and ere many months had passed the pitiless black and white announcement of their engagement appeared in the morning papers.

She had spells of inward rage, when she would accuse him of shallow-heartedness and unworthiness; but her mind never failed to drop back into its normal calmness, and then her only thought was, "In spite of all I cannot help loving him."

Albert Hedges and Nita Ross were married before the year was out.

There was never any mistaking the fact when Henry Jesup was in the house. His tongue wagged from the moment he crossed the threshold until he was well started down the street on his way home. Some persons hold that it never did stop wagging. They insisted that he talked to himself when he had nobody else to talk to, and that he could be heard mumbling incoherent phrases even in his sleep. But these persons were mostly babbling autocrats themselves, who were utterly outclassed and unable to get in a word of their own when Jesup was around. Consequently their opinion was somewhat prejudiced.

Now that he had just returned from a three years' sojourn in the Klondike, the unruly member made itself heard more than ever. Yard followed yard, from the perilous to the amusing. Cousin Harry was in jovial spirits, for his gold-seeking enterprise had netted him much worldly increase.

The conversation, or rather his monologue, had drifted to the subject of the infrequent and interrupted mail service in the Arctic regions.

"Speaking of the mails," he said, "reminds me that I have a little peccadillo to confess to you, Bess. You remember the night I started for the North you gave me a letter to mail? Well, here it is. It has been camphorized in the pocket of this coat ever since. I really ought to send you a bill for having preserved it so well all this time. Look at it; it's just as good as new. Cousin Henry laughed boisterously at his wit.

Poor Bessie Winthrop said nothing. Hastening to her room, she locked herself in. Then she threw herself on the bed and sobbed.—New York News.

RECALLS FIERY TORNADO.

Maine's Forest Flames Brings Miramichi Blaze to Mind.

The widespread devastation of Maine's forests by fire has recalled to the minds of the older lumbermen the great Miramichi fire which raged over vast areas of Maine and New Brunswick in the year 1827, says the Philadelphia Record. It started on the headwaters of the Miramichi river in New Brunswick, from where it swept across the country to the southernmost limits of Aroostook County in Maine, devastating a tract 200 miles long and fifty miles wide.

The summer of 1827 has always been known in this region as "the dry summer." No rain fell in May or June of that year, and in July only a few slight showers, so that when August opened the woods and fields needed but a spark to set them all aflame. Early in August the fire started on the headwaters of the Miramichi and for six weeks it raged, a tornado of flame and smoke.

It was in that same year that what is referred to as Maine's great "official bonfire" occurred in Mount Chase. The State land agent sent a man named Jim Chase up to the Haybrook region to burn the hay and grain stacks of some timber thieves. Jim burned better or more than he had dreamed of, or the State intended, for the fire raged away through the forest like a whirlwind, laying a dozen townships in ashes and sending the wild beasts in a stampede of terror for the nearest water.

Destructive as it was, however, this furious fire kindled by Jim Chase at the instance of the State of Maine did more good than harm, for it stopped the Miramichi fire and thus prevented far greater destruction. Burning toward each other, the two fires met, and thus each put a stop to the other. Thousands of deer, moose and other animals were burned alive or smothered in the Miramichi fire, while vast numbers of wolves, which were at that time a terror in northern Maine, were driven out to the frontier settlements along the St. John, where they were slaughtered by the Acadian French. The Indians who lived along the Miramichi were driven from their homes and fled through the forests to the nearest settlements, where they were kindly received, and few of them or their descendants have ever returned to their original haunts.

Drew It to Some Purpose.

On a certain occasion, while Thomas Hill, the artist, was rusticated up in the White Mountains, he was commissioned by a wealthy farmer named Perkins to paint the old homestead, and was particularly requested to give a large maple tree standing near the house a prominent place in the picture. A few days after the completed picture had been delivered Mr. Hill heard the following dialogue between two rustics in the neighborhood:

"I hear that artist fellow has been up and draw'd Perkins's tree."

For a moment there was a pause, then a drawling voice said:

"He has, eh? Well, where has he draw'd it to?"

Careless Money Senders.

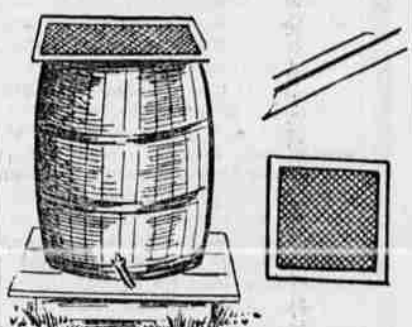
The income of the British postoffice from money in envelopes having no or insufficient address is \$30,000 or \$35,000 a day.

Those who are looking for the easy berths usually get the hard ones, but those who don't mind the hard ones soon get the easy ones.



Water at the Barn.

If one has a pump located in or near the barn there is, of course, no difficulty in obtaining all the water needed for all purposes in the barns. If, however, it is necessary to carry water for the stock, then some plan should be put in operation whereby water may be obtained for other purposes, such as wagon washing and the cleaning of harnesses, without carrying it any great distance. The rainfall may be

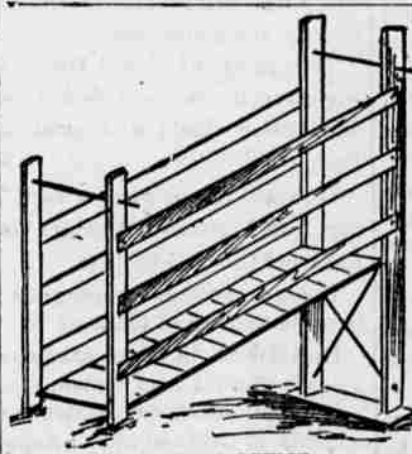


TO SAVE RAIN WATER.

utilized by placing a barrel which is water-tight on a box or other platform and, by the use of a simple and cheap V-trough, carrying the water to the barrel from the eaves of the barn roof. A faucet should be placed in the barrel, as shown, so that the water may be drawn off readily when wanted. Over the top of the barrel is placed a frame, covered with the finest mesh wire obtainable. This will keep out vermin and small animals, and yet permit sufficient air to circulate over the water to prevent it from becoming stagnant. The illustration shows the plan, which is an excellent one and very inexpensive.

Loading Small Animals.

When one raises stock of any kind and is obliged to cart them to market there should be some device for loading the animals into the wagon without the exercise of too great labor. The



A LOADING DEVICE.

loading crate shown in the illustration is one of the best appliances of the kind one can have. It should be made strong, yet light so that it can be easily handled. A frame is made of two by four material and the floor made of inch lumber with cleats nailed on eight inches apart. The upper end should be well braced and the incline should not be too sharp. With a loading rack of this kind little trouble will be had in handling sheep, swine or calves.

Salt Kills Weeds.

For the destruction of chickweed raking the lawns or sowing them with salt, or both methods combined, were found effective at the Vermont station. The application of two quarts of salt to the square rod, followed by thorough raking of the chickweed and a liberal sowing of grass seed, was completely successful in exterminating chickweed and in securing a full stand of grass. It is suggested that where salt is used on a lawn it should be done cautiously on a small scale, as the effects will vary in different soils and seasons. For the eradication of the crab grass the authors of a recent bulletin suggest care in selection of seed to avoid the introduction of this plant, which is an annual; the use of grass seed, fertilizer and water freely so as to keep the grass in vigorous growth; and the hand weeding of the crab grass if it should appear.—American Cultivator.

A Land of Small Farmers.

From a recent report on agriculture in Germany, it appears that of the total agricultural area of 125,000,000 acres in Germany three-fourths are actually under the plow or in cultivation as meadows, pastures and hop gardens, and less than 1,000,000 acres are cultivated for market garden and vineyard produce. The area is divided into 5,500,000 holdings, and is principally in the hands of small peasants and farmers. These peasant holdings of from two and a half to five acres form the backbone of German agriculture.

The Wonders of Modern Farming.

All the great crops are now planted, and all except cotton are gathered by machinery. Let us follow a crop throughout a season's work and see the changes that have come in its treatment.

The plowman no longer trudges slowly and wearily back and forth across his field. He rides a sulky plow with a spring seat. There are special plows for every need—turf plows, stubble plows, subsoil plows, plows for heavy work, plows for light work, and gang plows turning three furrows at once. So simple are many of them that a boy may drive one. Plowing by steam is not commonly practiced in the Middle West, but out on the great wheat ranches of the Pacific coast it is common. On the tule lands of California a sixty-horse-power traction engine drawing twenty-one feet of disk plows will break the ground to a depth of ten inches at the rate of forty-five to sixty acres a day. With mold-board plows designed especially for this work a strip twenty-eight feet wide can be broken. This means that a man and a pair of horses with a single mold-board plow would have to cross a field twenty-eight times to do the same work that the traction engine does by one trip of its plows. A farmer in the Central West who uses a small traction engine and a gang of four fourteen-inch plows says that it costs him from 50 to 62 cents per acre to break his ground. He considers steam economical.

The land made ready for the reception of the seed, machinery still does the work that muscle used to do. The sower goes forth to sow, but not as he once did, dropping his seed into the soil, trudging backward and forward from dawn until twilight. His grass or his grain is broadcasted or drilled in with mechanical evenness, and the machine automatically registers the acreage sown. In like manner his corn is drilled in, listed or planted in hills, his potatoes are planted, and even his cabbage, his cauliflower and his tobacco plants from the seed beds are set out by machinery, and the work is done better than it could possibly be by hand—this, besides the saving of time and toll. Even in the vegetable garden seeders for all kinds of seeds are now extensively used. The machines are pushed in front of the operator, and they automatically drop and cover the seeds at the desired distances and depth, and at the same time mark off the next row.—W. B. Thornton, in World's Work.

Farm Notes.

Corn may not be the whole thing, but it is the principal ration for fattening hogs.

The man or woman who does not know how to keep up a rotation in the garden crops is not up to present day privileges.

It is a very good plan to keep all grain sacks and similar property marked or branded. It is not a matter of proving dishonesty, but a matter of convenience to have them so marked. There are times when they will accidentally get lost.

The commercial fertilizer used annually in the United States amounts to between \$40,000,000 and \$50,000,000. Most of the States have provided for official inspection of fertilizer to protect the farmer from fraud. The heaviest applications are made in the Southern States. In some of the prairie States hardly any commercial fertilizers are sold.

The finest and softest wool is always on the shoulders of sheep. An expert in judging sheep always looks at the wool on the shoulders first. Assuming that the wool to be inspected is really fine, the shoulders are first examined as a part where the finest wool is to be found, which is taken as a standard, and is compared to the wool from the ribs, the thigh, the rump and the shoulder parts, and the nearer the wool from the various portions of the animal approaches the standard the better.

The longer the calf is left with its dam the harder it will be to teach it to drink. The longer it is left with the cow the harder it will be to wean, and the more foolish the cow will act when weaning is attempted.

If there is anything that is better than another on a hot day it is water from a jug. One never knows when to let go. The feeling is that one would like to "freeze to it," and enjoy it forever.

If a strip of light burlap is fastened around a milk cow's body loosely to keep the flies off in fly time she will give more milk, says an Indiana farmer, who adds: "I have noticed how cows stand and fight flies and eat little, but when thus protected they put in their time at eating. I milk with much more comfort since adopting this plan, which costs little."

NAMED FOR MENOMINEE CHIEF.

Semi-Centennial of Oshkosh, a Prosperous Wisconsin City.

The fiftieth anniversary of the incorporation of the city of Oshkosh, Wis., was celebrated recently. Relics and



CHIEF OSHKOSH.

appliances of the pioneer days were discovered, brought out and given a prominent place. The Menominee Indians, who were the original occupants of the territory, were the guests of the city. The first settlement was made in Oshkosh in 1832. That was on the tract now occupied by the largest sash and door factory in the world. William Powell was the man whose adventurous spirit brought him to the land of the Menominees and Foxes. This place was later abandoned, and the honor of being the first permanent settler of the city of Oshkosh is awarded by the histories to Webster Stanley, who was in the employ of the government, and who made the site of Oshkosh his permanent home in 1836.

Others followed, and in the winter of 1839-40 the settlement was named. Three names were proposed, the rejected titles being Athens and Osceola. Oshkosh was the name of a Menominee chieftain who had been very kind to the settlers and who remained so to the day of his death. His grandson, Reginald Oshkosh, a graduate of the Carlyle School for Indians, was present at the celebration and delivered an address.

The semi-centennial celebration and the agitation that has resulted from it have brought into existence a movement to remove the bones of Chief Oshkosh from the Keshena Indian reservation, where they now lie, to the city that bears his name, and above them to erect a monument.

HER HEART WAS TAKEN

OUT AND REPLACED

Alma Toomey, 16, is the attractive, as well as fortunate, survivor of a rare surgical operation. She left the St. Louis City Hospital sound in health after her heart had been lifted out, examined and replaced. The dangerous operation was performed to save her life. An aged man, infatuated with the girl, had attacked her with a knife.



ALMA TOOMEY.

The blade severed arteries near her heart. To get at them and sew them together the surgeons literally took out her heart. Two ribs had to be removed to get at this vital organ. The operation, however, was in every way a success.

CONDUCTOR'S WIFE GETS \$200,000.



MRS. R. S. BURNETT.

A \$200,000 windfall is about to drive Mrs. R. S. Burnett from the pastime of doing her own washing. She is the wife of a Chicago & Northwestern conductor living in Chicago, and has been left an estate by her great uncle in Seneca County, N. Y.

Bell's Garden.

Now in our little garden plot Belle digs and plants with joy; I wot it will not tire me much to hoe— For most seeds don't come up, you know.

—Philadelphia Ledger.