

TRIBULATIONS OF THE HUNTER.



—Cincinnati Post.

WOMAN'S LOVE.

O! say not woman's love is bought
With vain and empty treasure;
O! say not a woman's heart is caught
By every idle pleasure.
When first her gentle bosom knows
Love's flame, it wanders never;
Deep in her heart the passion glows,
She loves, and loves for ever!

O! say not woman's false as fair;
That like the bee she ranges;
Still seeking flowers more sweet and rare,
As fickle fancy changes.
Ah, no! the love that first can warm
Will leave her bosom never;
No second passion e'er can charm;
She loves, and loves for ever!
—Chicago Tribune.

Noughts and Crosses.

WE began to play first on a scrap of paper which I had utilized to make a diagram of the neighborhood to show her the relative position of our respective homes; that is to say, of her home and the little house which I had bought and furnished in the somewhat wild hope that she might one day by becoming its mistress convert it into my home. On that occasion she had treated the diagram very flippantly by guiding my hand to make a nought in the area which stood for my front garden, and her mischievous look conveyed to me that the cipher was meant to represent the sum of my worldly goods.

Accordingly, I responded with great independence by making a big cross—the symbol which I believe is popularly supposed to denote a kiss—on either side of the little square, which, in my amateur drawing, stood for the front door.

She resented this because she said I had played out of turn. She thereupon drew the correct figure for a game that she termed noughts and crosses and instructed me how to play in accordance with rule. The figure was very simple, merely two perpendicular strokes crossed by two horizontal ones, and there was no skill required, it seemed. One merely put a nought or a cross into one of the little spaces and did one's level best to get three in a row, which counted one point. It was a very childish pastime, and yet after that day I found myself playing it with her at every opportunity; and it had at least the merit, like mediocre music in a drawing room, of affording cover for conversation.

"I don't think," she said one day, in an interval which I spent sharpening her pencil, "that I'm exacting; but one naturally expects something out of life, either love or money, and you can't give me either."

"At least," I said, in a low voice, "I give you love."

"No; that's where you make the mistake. You think that in loving me you give me love. But you don't—not an emotion even! Cross out love!"

"I shall do nothing of the kind," I responded, indignantly.

"As for money," she pursued, "I don't think, I don't really think that \$400 a year or so is the height of my ambition. Put a nought for money."

"I decline," I said, "for I can at least look to the future with tolerable certainty."

"It's no good looking too far ahead," she said; "you must remember we've got to live in the present."

"You're right," I said, mildly, "and it's not much consolation to me at the present moment to reflect that you'll certainly be sorry some day that you've let such a chance slip."

She paused, looked hard at me, and resumed.

"To put the matter in a nutshell, you really have nothing to offer me. Nothing, that is to say, except marriage; and I don't think that of itself sufficiently attractive."

"I might suggest," I ventured, "that you are scarcely in a position to judge. Now if you would allow me to play the part of devoted husband to you for at least a year, at the end of that time you might really be able to give an opinion on the subject."

She shook her head and put a nought into the middle of a new diagram and I responded belligerently with a cross underneath.

"As regards the money," I said, "you can't expect me to make a fortune without ever having an opportunity."

"That depends," she said, "upon what you call opportunity."

"Well," I remarked, "I think Miss Arnold gave me a pretty good opportunity the night of the dance when I sat out with her in the conservatory."

"Miss Arnold?" she asked quickly. "What Miss Arnold? Do you mean Jessie Arnold? Oh, I always said she was a most atrocious flirt!"

"I don't know her christian name," I said, vaguely. "I called her 'darling' and I don't suppose it's any Miss Arnold that you know."

"Jessie Arnold," she said solemnly, "would be the last—mind, I say the very last—girl to make a wife for a poor man."

"Oh! no; the Miss Arnold I mean told me she understood economic housekeeping thoroughly."

"Jessie's mean," she said earnestly, "and she'll never give you anything but a cold luncheon. Her way of economizing will be to starve you!"

"Whether one succumbs to starvation or a broken heart," I observed, darkly, "it will be all the same a hundred years hence."

"And in the meantime you've always got the house," she said, thoughtfully.

"But, you know, I haven't much to keep it on," I said, and I crooked my forefinger and thumb to represent nought—nothing.

"I suppose," she murmured, "one would sooner succumb to starvation than a broken heart."

"Could you," I asked with a sudden inspiration, "subsist on such Spartan fare as bread and cheese and—er—crosses?"

"I think I could," she said, softly, "if you provided it." — Black and White.

TOTE IS A GOOD WORD.

Southerners May Be Distinguished by the Use of It.

"Speaking of provincialisms, I notice that a New York paper has discovered that all Southerners can be easily recognized because they use the African word 'tote,' said a man who takes an interest in words in the New Orleans Times-Democrat. 'The paper declares that Westerners say 'pack' and Southerners say 'tote.' Well, we could admit it without blushing. 'Tote' is a good word. It describes the thing. It is short, straight-cut, stands well in its boots and, in fine, meets all the requirements of the situation. Even the habit of 'toting' is not a bad one if you are careful about what you 'tote.' There is very little difference, so we are told by men who are in position to know, between the physical energy required to 'tote' and to 'carry.' Of course, if you 'tote' a thing instead of 'carrying' it there may be a difference of several pounds in the weight, but we have every reason for believing the difference would not be great."

"So far as known, though we are not particularly well posted on the legal aspect of the question, the law

does not make any marked distinction between the words 'tote' and 'carry.'"

"We have read somewhere that it has been held by some judge or other that if a preponderance of proof shows a man 'toted' a pistol, for instance, the necessary inference would be that he also 'carried' it, though we do not recall at the moment exactly where we read the announcement. So, too it has been held that an indictment that a man 'did steal, take and 'tote' away

for his own use and with felonious intent, one ham, was good in both form and substance, and was not quashable because of the use of the word 'tote.' 'Tote' and 'carry' are for all practical purposes understood to be synonymous. 'Pack' is also a good word, but a bit more confusing than the word 'tote' became—and the same may be said of the word 'carry'—its duties have increased since it came into use."

"We stand for the word 'tote,' not because of any pride in its origin, but because it means what it says. 'Tote' is definite. And we make bold to say that few words now in common use have stuck with more tenacity to the text than this same word. It doesn't mean one thing to-day and another thing to-morrow. It is absolutely constant and always unambiguous. Since we have permitted 'tote' to slip into our vernacular, as a result of our processes of assimilation in the matter of speech, we will stand by it, though we had hoped that Webster, who has honored the word with a place in his book, had gained a much wider circulation than he seems to have gained, if we may form a judgment on the criticism in the New York paper."

HIS FORTUNE IN AN ORCHID.

Steward of a Sugar Steamship Believes He Has Found Lost Species.

The steward of the sugar steamer Abergeldie, which, after doubling the Cape of Good Hope, has tied up at the Arbuckle refinery, near the foot of Pearl street, Brooklyn, believes he has a specimen of a long-lost valuable orchid.

Through the taste of the steward for orchids Captain Keith's dining room became the attractive shelter of a rare horticultural exhibit.

If the steward's surmise, based on the description of the bloom which the natives gave him, are correct, he expects to become so wealthy that he can buy up half the top-priced orchids in England and corner the market.

At Macassar, the chief port on the Island of Celebes, the Abergeldie's steward, H. Dedekind, was presented by a Chinese clerk with an orchid seedling, which he planted in gravel within a cocoanut husk.

The Macassar seedling is developing finely, and in five years will break out, said the Chinaman, into white blossoms, and may then be worth \$500.

At Sourabaya a native came off shore with palms, and the steward asked him if he could fetch some orchids. A few days later the native returned with some parasitic seedlings growing out of moss on the rim of a tree.

The collector had detached the bark with moss and orchid. The Malay said that he had collected the specimens at the risk of his life, having robbed the graveyard of a village near Sourabaya to get the unpromising looking roots.

From the description of the gorgeous bloom to come, Dedekind believes it to be an orchid which accidentally arrived in England fifty years ago from an unknown origin and was lost.

The Recipe.

"What's in a name?"
"Well, that depends. If it is a Russian name there is usually 'sky' or 'vitch' in it, at least."—Detroit Free Press.

FARMS AND FARMERS



Mammoth Bronze Turkeys.

The accompanying picture shows a perfect type of the male and female bronze turkeys, the largest and perhaps the most generally bred of all the thoroughbred turkeys. The males often attain a weight of forty-five or more pounds, and the females thirty-eight. They are the result of a cross of the wild turkey, though they have become thoroughly domesticated.

It is sometimes said that they grow too large, and are not desirable for market, but while this would doubtless be true of old fowls, it is not the case with young ones. April and May hatched bronze turkeys will be just the right size to bring the best prices at Christmas, and it is doubtful if any



BRONZE TURKEYS.

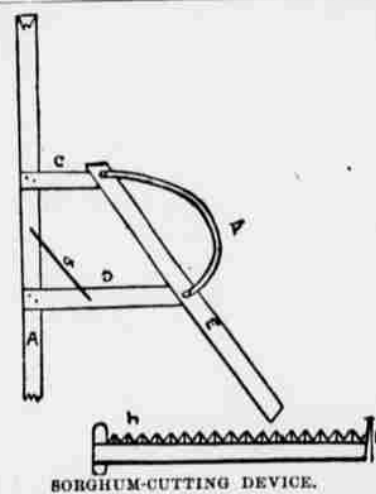
other breed can ever supplant them with those who raise turkeys for profit.

Root Crops for Pigs.

It has been demonstrated that seven or eight pounds of mangels have as great feeding value as one pound of grain, when given to pigs or hogs, and that sugar beets have even a greater value, so it is hard to understand why pig raisers are so careless about growing root crops for their animals. Not only have the root crops a high feeding value, but they do more for the good health of the hogs than one can estimate. In regard to their feeding value it has been demonstrated time and again that when mangel or sugar beets, or both, are fed in connection with light rations of grains, using middlings instead of bran, pork of high quality can be produced cheaper than in any other way, with the possible exception of the substitution of ensilage for the root crops. If root crops can be bought at reasonable prices, better have some for feeding this fall and winter, and next season grow your own supply.

Device to Cut Sorghum.

The accompanying sketch shows a device for use on a mower to prevent sorghum and other rank growths from becoming tangled when cut. In cutting drilled sorghum it will leave the cut row leaning against the next stand-



SORGHUM-CUTTING DEVICE.

ing one in excellent shape to pick up and shock. This is a great improvement over letting it fall at random. A is the tongue of the mower, C, D and E are pieces of 1x3 wood, the circle F is made from old buggy tire, and the brace G, of 1/2-inch iron; H is the cutter bar of the machine.

Poultry Pickings.

The mongrel is a thing of the past in profitable poultry culture.

An overfed hen is stupid, lazy and unprofitable. The eager, active, hungry hen is the profit maker.

Every poultryman should be a student. He should by careful study and close observation equip himself to master the emergencies that are certain to arise sooner or later.

If living on a farm, don't fail to lay aside a few bundles of unthreshed grain. The hens will enjoy tearing it to pieces next winter and the increased egg yield will pay you for the trouble.

A hundred lice in a poultry house will multiply to a thousand in a short time, and to a million within a month, unless checked. It's much easier to kill the hundred than the million.

fowls must have a variety of food to do well. No one grain will long be relished by the fowls if made an exclusive diet.

In breeding high-class fowls it is quality, not quantity, that counts. A combination of both is desirable, but not always obtainable.

The early-laying pullet should be marked and kept for the breeding pen next season, provided she is otherwise a good bird. In nearly all cases the pullet that begins to lay early in life is the one that will lay the largest number of eggs in a year.

Every poultryman should own a good bone cutter. It will pay for itself in a short time in increased egg production and growth and general health of the flock. Fresh ground bone should be fed twice a week at least, about an ounce to a fowl at each feed.

Any man or woman of ordinary intelligence, with the proper application of industry and perseverance, can make a success of the poultry business. The man who says "can't" simply admits that he is lacking in the qualifications that are essential to success.

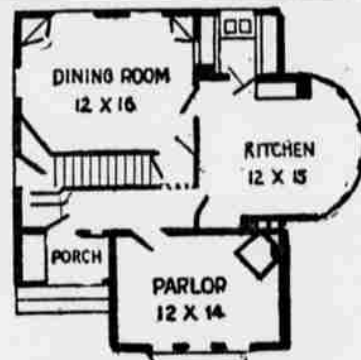
Feed Mill on the Farm.

On any farm where there is stock to feed, whether cows, sheep, hogs or poultry, the feed mill or grinder is one of the best economizers of food one can have. These mills are made in various sizes and suited to the large or the small farm. With such a mill one is in a position to give variety in form of feeding that is impossible unless one is prepared to buy various kinds of ground food.

Where corn constitutes the main food as is the case on most farms it is plain to see that it is not advisable to feed it in the same form all the time. With the feed grinder it is possible to mix the several ground grains in small quantities which one would hardly buy. Where poultry keeping is a part of the farm industry there will be found abundant use for the feed grinder and it will pay a good profit on the investment.

Plan for Country Cottage.

A very modest, neat and attractive plan for a quite small family or for your farmer's cottage is herewith presented. It consists of three rooms with pantry and hall, the kitchen light-



GROUND PLAN OF COTTAGE.

est and cheeriest room in the house, as is quite right when the best of its occupants spends much of her time there and three good bedrooms above. This cottage should be built in good style for \$1,200. The walls may be either shingled or plastered.

Head-Work on the Farm.

One of the best farmers keeps a slate hanging up in the barn, and on this slate makes entries something like this:

Weak place in west field fence; Joe repairs it at once.

Take cultivator shovel to shop next time buggy goes.

Repair Jack's harness and Bob's bridle first wet day.

Red cow will probably be in heat May 15; watch her closely.

Frank, see Smith, and tell him to bring log chain home.

Two sows due to farrow May 16. keep sharp lookout.

Bunch of red sorrel in south field near shade; for self.

Woodpile must be watched; haul some first chance.

Keeping Butter.

A New York dairyman writes that he has kept butter successfully both in summer and winter by simply filling it into jars, covering the top neatly with cloth, putting on salt and pressing down hard with the hand so that no air can get in. Often a paper is put over the top. During warm weather it may be necessary to add more salt once in four or five weeks.

Fruit Preserved in Peat.

Successful experiments have been made by a French company in shipping tropical fruit to France protected simply by a covering of peat. Ripe fruit of perishable kinds after several weeks of transportation is claimed to have arrived in a safe and sound condition. The effect is ascribed to the presence of gallic acid and tannin.

A little linseed meal in the mash occasionally will tend to add luster to the plumage and promote digestion but it must be fed sparingly.