

IN THE FIRELIGHT.

The fire upon the hearth is low,
And there is stillness everywhere,
And like winged spirits, here and there
The firelight shadows fluttering go,
And as the shadows round me creep,
A childish treble breaks the gloom,
And softly from a further room
Comes: "Now I lay me down to sleep."

And somehow, with that little prayer
And that sweet treble in my ears,
My thought goes back to distant years,
And lingers with a dear one there;
And as I hear my child's Amen,
My mother's faith comes back to me—
Crouched at her side I seem to be,
And mother holds my hands again.

Oh, for an hour in that dear place,
Oh, for the peace of that dear time,
Oh, for that childish trust sublime,
Oh, for a glimpse of mother's face!
Yet, as the shadows round me creep,
I do not seem to be alone—
Sweet magic of that treble tone
And "Now I lay me down to sleep."
—Eugene Field.

The Point of View.

ANYTHING the matter with you, Jim?" And Ruth surveyed her brother keenly.

"No."
"What's the use of fibbing to me?" she demanded with sisterly frankness. "Something's gone wrong. I can see that clearly enough. Any trouble at the office?"

"No."
"Well," impatiently, "what is it, then? You always tell me things in the end, so you might as well go ahead and save me the trouble of dragging it from you."

Jim stared moodily out of the window and vouchsafed no reply.

"You've not quarreled with Clarice, have you?"

A swift change in her brother's face told Ruth that she had touched on the truth, and she followed up her advantage promptly.

"That is it, I know. Now, what was the fuss about?"

"There was no fuss and no quarrel, my sapient sister, only—"

"Go on, do!"

"I made a trifling error when I supposed she cared for me, that was all."

"Are you crazy, Jim? I am sure that Clarice cares for you. Don't jump at conclusions."

"I didn't jump at any conclusions, I assure you. I asked her to marry me and she flatly refused."

"But why? why? why?" Ruth asked in honest bewilderment. "I know something of girls and I am positive that Clarice cares for you."

"I had sometimes entertained such an idea myself, but you see that we both made a slight mistake."

"Don't be so maddening, Jim, dear; tell me all she said. I am awfully sorry for you, but I cannot help feeling that there is a mistake somewhere."

"Not much chance for it," Jim Rutherford said grimly. "She had fifty unanswerable arguments against marriage. She liked me, she was good enough to say, but she did not dare try the trials and tribulations of domestic life with any man. Servants were always leaving on a moment's notice, and generally, too, when the mistress was ill. She had seen so many men act like brutes on such occasions that she had not the courage to face it. I tried to laugh her out of the mood. I told her to ask you if I did not behave like an angel in all crises of that kind."

"You really do," Ruth interposed warmly.

Jim nodded his thanks and then resumed his story with a discouraged air.

"It was all no use, for Clarice said that she had observed that men's natures changed after marriage, and that some who had been models of courtesy to their mothers and sisters were the embodiments of selfishness and inconsiderateness toward their wives."

"Well, of all things!"

"Oh, there was lots more of it, too, and she was in deadly earnest. I never saw her in such a mood. I had a good business, but I was not rich, and I would probably expect her to run the house and dress herself, too, on about five dollars a week—Ruth, I say," breaking off suddenly with a pathetic appeal in his voice, "what do you suppose made her talk so?"

"I haven't the least idea. I've not seen Clarice for three or four days, but I cannot see how she could have altered so radically in such a short time. I'm going to see her, though, before I am an hour older and find out the truth."

"I don't suppose that there is anything to find out. She seemed to know her own mind," Jim returned gloomily.

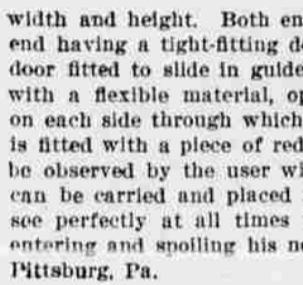
"Now that is just what she didn't do. It is no use for us to argue, Jim, but if I can find a grain of comfort for you I will. The whole thing is beyond my comprehension."

When Ruth Rutherford (an alliterative name which the girl detested) was putting on her wraps preparatory to a belligerent call on her friend, she heard



Photography, like bicycling, jumped into popular favor with amazing rapidity. Every family has at least one member who takes an interest in photography. When first introduced a camera was a luxury, but now it is within the reach of everybody. To obtain good results a photographer must have a suitable dark room in which to develop his negatives. Few can obtain a room at home especially for this purpose, and to those who are so situated the portable dark room shown here will be of interest. Anyone could make one, as the parts are few, with no mechanical apparatus to worry about. It is really a frame cabinet, which can be made any size that would be most convenient, preferably like a small box, longer in length than it is in width and height. Both ends of the frame are left open and free, the back end having a tight-fitting door and the front end having a doorway, with a door fitted to slide in guideways on the side. The entire frame is covered with a flexible material, openings being allowed in which to fit a sleeve on each side through which the operator passes his hands. The sliding door is fitted with a piece of red glass, so that operations within the cabinet can be observed by the user without the admission of actinic rays. This cabinet can be carried and placed in any place desired, the operator being able to see perfectly at all times what he is doing, with no danger of any light entering and spoiling his negatives. The inventor is Brady W. Stewart, of Pittsburg, Pa.

MAKES DEVELOPING EASY.



Clarice's voice in the hall below. She went down hurriedly to meet her.

"Come into the library," she said hastily, knowing perfectly well that Jim was in the room just beyond.

"Now, I want you to give an account of yourself. What have you been doing to Jim? He is just about broken-hearted, for he believes all the nonsense that you were talking to him yesterday. What did you mean by it, Clarice? You know that you think that Jim is kind and lovable and brilliant—"

"I don't—" Clarice flashed indignantly, although her voice trembled a little, "he is not brilliant at all! He is the most stupid man that ever lived."

"Perhaps you will kindly explain," Ruth said coldly.

But this Clarice stubbornly refused to do, and it was not until Ruth put off her dignity and descended to tender coaxing that she drew the truth out of her friend.

"He—he came around yesterday morning—and I had been suffering for three days with an ulcerated tooth. I didn't have a wink of sleep during all of that time, and I was too great a coward to go to a dentist at first. Well, Jim came then, and of course my nerves were all on edge and the world looked blue and I was all unstrung, and I couldn't see anything in its proper perspective. Everything was distorted and out of proportion—oh, you understand how I felt—"

"Perfectly," said Ruth, with sympathetic comprehension.

"You called him brilliant just now, but it seems to me that even a man might have known better than to make a proposal of marriage at such a time. I thought at once of all the skeletons I had seen in married lives, and of every warning I had ever received from any one on the subject—and well—of course I would not listen."

"I should think not, indeed," Ruth said promptly. "I do not wonder that you called him stupid. I hope that tooth is all right now, Clarice; it has done mischief enough, I should say."

"The tooth has been pulled and I have had a night's sleep, thanks."

"Then perhaps you would not object to hearing the story over—Jim," raising her voice. "I think that you may come in now."

Jim came, obedient to the summons, and Ruth, after a murmured "Bless you, my children," had the good taste to leave the room hastily.—Waverley Magazine.

TROPICAL TREES LITTLE KNOWN

This is a Much-Neglected Field of Botanical Study.

According to an expert in the bureau of forestry in the Department of Agriculture, there is, comparatively speaking, little known concerning tropical trees, and this, despite the fact that naturalists and botanists are constantly exploring the regions near the equator. Indeed, it is stated, says the Philadelphia Record, that there must be many hundreds of varieties that have been little known and that are unidentified by name.

This curious fact is due to the exceptional conditions of the tropical forests. In temperate zones forests are fairly open and, generally speaking, include trees of only a few varieties. Thus there are oak forests, hickory forests, etc., but rarely any forests where three or four kinds of trees exist in any number.

In the tropics, on the other hand, the case is exactly the opposite. Forests composed of one variety of tree,

or even of only three or four kinds, are practically unknown. So many different sorts of trees grow closely together that frequently more than 100 varieties may be counted within a short radius. Moreover, all these grow together in great confusion. They tower to extraordinary heights, each tree, it would seem, striving its best to reach the sunlight. Consequently the trunks are extremely long and thin, because each tree is reaching to get higher than its neighbors, in order to escape the twilight of the primeval tropical forest. Leaves and branches are so confused that in many forests one can see neither sky nor sunlight for miles, the crowns of the trees interlacing and forming a thick, impenetrable roof.

To add to this confusion great vines and creepers and hundreds of varieties of vegetable parasites overgrow the trunks.

It is said that it is well-nigh impossible to cut down any one tree for purposes of examination, for the reason that the forest is so dense that there is insufficient room for the tree to fall, even after its trunk has been cut through. It would be necessary to clear a great space, and that is impracticable from the standpoint of the naturalist or botanist. Hence the world is still in comparative ignorance of the wonders of the tropic forest.

A Useless Craft.

"It does beat all, Michael, what they're teaching girls now in these city schools," said old Mrs. Millikin, laying down the advertising section of a big daily which she had been reading closely for the last half-hour. "Of course when Jamie went to the farm school and they gave him digging and chores and such, it seemed right enough, for he was a boy, and was fitting himself for making a living off the land."

"But what I can't make out is why ever city folks, and girls at that, and ones that don't need to be scratching to make ends meet, should be paying twenty-five dollars extra, as the paper here says, just to learn fencing."

"Does seem kind of queer, ma, come to think of it," returned the old man, at the other end of the table, "but seems like of late I've been hearing a lot of talk 'bout nature studies and 'back to nature' and simple lives and such, and maybe that's the city folks' way of getting at those things, though it 'pears to me as if 'twould come handier for 'em to take a jaunt out in the country where real fences was, if they're so mighty anxious to be learned 'bout the building of 'em!"

The Professor's Function.

An Oxford professor, distinguished for scholarly habits of the most pronounced description, remarked to his companion at table that he had accepted the invitation of a well-known peer for a week's shooting in Scotland.

"Why, Prof. Blank," exclaimed his companion, "I didn't know you were a gun!"

"I'm not, my dear," said the professor. "I'm a knife and fork."

Macaroni in America.

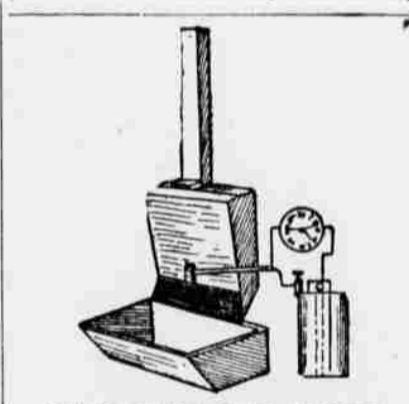
French and Italian parties contemplate manufacturing in Canada, on a large scale, all kinds of pastry food, but particularly macaroni. As the present output of macaroni in the United States consumes 3,000 barrels of flour daily, such a project should have the attention of those engaged in the milling industry.

Too many people are trying to make honest dollars dishonestly.



Automatic Poultry Feeder.

An Illinois farmer, evidently a poultry raiser, has patented the automatic poultry feeder which is shown in the illustration. As soon as daylight appears, chickens are about and ready for their morning meal, and to produce good stock their wants must be attended to. This means that the poultry raiser must be awake early in the morning to feed them, and this automatic feeder is designed to do it for him. It consists of a hopper having an outlet, this outlet being closed by means of a partition or diaphragm, which is independent of the walls of the hopper and being pivotally mounted at its lower end. This partition or pivoted door can be adjusted to any



HOME-MADE SUBSOILER.

intermediate point, so that the capacity of the hopper may be varied and an unobstructed discharge maintained. A latch arm is connected to the pivoted door, this latch arm being controlled by an electro-magnet. The latter is operated by a clock, so that the contents of the hopper can be emptied at any predetermined time.

Home-Made Subsoiler.

A very serviceable and practical subsoiler may be constructed with but little work. The beam and handles are the same as any other plow stock. The two uprights which support the plow point can be made from pieces of old wagon tire, each two feet long. The point bar should be about the same length and about two inches square from one upright attachment to the other. The front end should be made with good steel, well tempered and drawn to a point which is best if made wide and flat. The uprights are attached to the beam by stirrups or clamps made of three-quarter-inch iron rod. The front upright should be sharpened on its front side, which will assist in cutting the old roots and thick clay.

This plow will break the bottom of a

furrow made by any two-horse breaking plow. If made for one-horse, it should be constructed lighter, and need have but a single upright. It is especially adapted to loosening up sod which has become very solid from long tramping.—Farm and Home.

Keep the Young Stock Growing.

The calves, the colts, the pigs, all from the time they were put in winter quarters until spring, should suffer no cessation in their growth. The calves or yearlings and colts should be kept steadily vigorous and growing; not merely holding their own, but increasing in size and proportion; not necessarily the laying on of fat, but the enlargement of frame and muscle, with a healthy vigor.

About Sugar Beets.

A report comes that the percentage of sugar in beets has been largely increased through a selection of seed. A few years ago the percentage of sugar was 12 per cent; last year it is said to have run from 15 to 18 per cent. People who are posted say that sugar manufactured from beets is not nearly so sweet as that manufactured from cane.

The Colt's Feet.

When the colt is growing, the hoofs should be looked to occasionally to see if they do not require trimming.

Water for Farm Animals.

It is admitted that water is essential to the well-being of humans, and if this is so, why should anyone presume to think that animals can get along with little or no water? Yet that is the plan on which many farmers work. The cows and horses are, perhaps, properly watered, but the other farm animals are given little water. In a series of experiments carried on by the writer a number of years ago it was found that sheep, swine and poultry gave us nearly 20 per cent better returns when regularly and carefully watered than when the water was given but occasionally.

That is, the egg supply was larger from the hens, and the sheep and hogs kept to the desired weight. More than this, we found there was less trouble with diseases, particularly those that had the stomach for their base of attack. It is now a regular practice to give all the animals on the farm regular supplies of clean water. In watering the sheep and swine, troughs are provided and kept for the purpose. After the animals have drunk, the troughs are removed, so that there is no chance of them being defiled. It will pay every time to water all farm animals regularly and with clean water.—Indianapolis News.

Harvesting Cowpeas.

The New Jersey Agricultural Experiment Station used the following method for harvesting and curing cowpeas needed for certain experiments: They were cut with a mowing machine and allowed to wilt thoroughly. This required two days. They were then raked in windrows and placed in small cocks made narrow and about the same diameter throughout in order to insure an even cure. The hay remained in these cocks for five days. The cocks were then turned over for a couple of hours to dry the bottoms, which had taken up moisture from the soil. The hay was then hauled to the barn in excellent condition. The leaves retained their green color, and nearly all were preserved. The hay, even at this time, felt a little damp to the touch, and to one who had never had experience with the crop, it doubtless would have appeared unfit to store, but it saved perfectly and was eaten greedily by the animals in the test with scarcely any waste. An average crop of cowpeas showed a yield of two and one-half tons per acre.—Home Monthly.

Useful New Insects.

Among the useful bug importations of the Agricultural Department, besides the ladybird, introduced successfully among the California fruit groves to destroy the dreaded San Jose scale, a small parasite comes from South Africa which in like manner destroys the black scab, another formidable pest doing great injury to the Pacific coast orange crop. The newcomer goes at its work in a businesslike manner, and promises to be the means of rescuing almost from destruction an important industry. The importation of protective bugs is sure to expand, as their potencies are made known and occasion for them rises.—American Cultivator.

The Amateur Poultryman.

The amateur who is just starting into the poultry business must be willing to begin at the bottom and work up. He will encounter many obstacles, but if he has a sufficient amount of stick-to-it-iveness in his makeup he will succeed. His rise may be slow, but there is room at the top. The mushroom poultryman is short lived.—Commercial Poultry.

Sorting Pays.

I had a remarkable crop of 7,000 bushels of apples this year, says A. D. Appletree Barnes of Wisconsin, and by careful assorting and handling was able to sell them for \$1,215. I tell you there is nothing like systematic sorting and careful handling to make apples pay.

Poultry Yard Pickings.

Cheap food is always at the expense of quality. Quality in food for poultry is what gives it value.

No food is cheap that does not bring paying results. Damaged food invites indigestion and various bowel troubles.

Lack of grit when snow covers the ground endangers the flock's health. Provide plenty of nests where there are many hens or pullets.

Grit, either oyster shells or crushed granite, should be kept under cover accessible to the poultry in all the houses during the winter.

Keep the cockerels and pullets separate until a couple of weeks before you commence saving eggs for hatching. Both will be the better for the plan.