

THE WINDS.

When sluggish lags my pulse, I plead
The rigorous North will rouse and
blow,
Clearing the far horizon's blur,
Starting the rune-chant of the fir,
And bringing for mine earnest need
The bracing tonic of the snow.

When I incline to dreams, and fain
With half-shut lids, would lounge and
see
The boughs swing languorously
above
To low, thrush litanies of love,
And ripples goldenly the grain,
The South for me, the South for me!

When melancholy suits my mood,
I long to list, 'mid lapsing leaves,
The misty East discourse of pain
In its thin minor, and the rain,
With plaintive sorrowing imbued,
Make plaintive patter round the eaves.

And when the pilgrim zest is strong
For brackened pathways mounting
high
Along the hill slopes to the crest,
Then would I have the ardent West
Fling me his buoyant welcome song,
Toss me his old ecstatic cry.

So with the varring winds that sweep
The empyrean I am one;
Feeling close kinship unto each,
Soul-sympathies of spirit-speech,
Blow they or shrill, or low, or deep,
Across the face of God's white sun!
—Youth's Companion.

THE AWAKENING.

JUST before the game began Dunmore rode over to the trap in which Mrs. Porter and Gertrude Remsen sat chatting with a group of young men. Mrs. Porter, the soul of discretion, scrambled from her seat and managed to lead the young men away.

Dunmore removed his cap and looked smilingly at the girl, whose face displayed the faintest trace of annoyance. "Forgive my intrusion," said Dunmore in apology, "but I've just heard you are leaving us to-morrow. I wanted just one last word. You'll grant me that won't you?"

"I suppose I must," she said rather ungraciously.

Dunmore's bronze face became suddenly grave. He leaned toward her,



"THIS IS GOOD OF YOU TO COME."

and something in his eyes made her frown deepen. "I want to ask you once more to reconsider—" he began.

"It is quite impossible, Mr. Dunmore," said she, coldly.

"Why?" he asked. "Am I so terribly inelligible?"

"Your life at present is very full," she said. "There is no room in it for—a wife." The color came into her cheeks at the last word.

"Do you think these things really count with me?" he asked quickly, "these horses and this polo and all the rest of it?"

"Perhaps for the moment you think they don't," said she. "But they do. They have a hold on you that no woman ever could hope to rival. She would be a side issue."

"You don't really believe that?" said he.

"I do," she averred.

The whistle sounded from the field. "The only thing that really counts in all the world is you," said Dunmore. "I can't seem to make you believe it, but it's God's truth."

He rode out into the field, leaving the girl strangely ill at ease. As the game began, Mrs. Porter returned and climbed into the trap. With her, came the omnipresent group of satellites.

"Gertrude, I do hope—" she began in a whispered aside to the girl, but Miss Remsen was talking to the young men with a vivacity that, to Mrs. Porter, seemed a trifle forced.

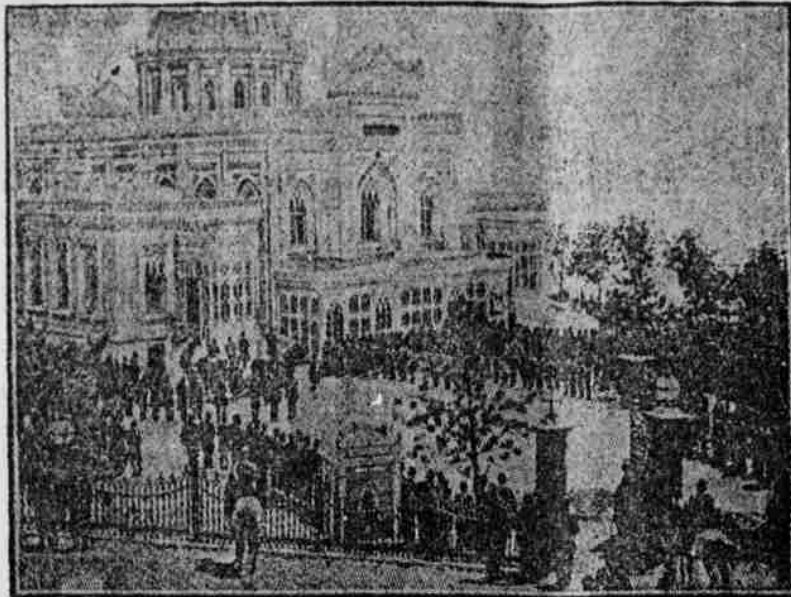
All during the game the girl's eyes were seldom on the field. Although the play was fast and furious and she was known to be a devotee of polo, she seemed to prefer the platitudes of the men grouped about the trap to the excitement of the play.

Once only did she follow the game, and that was when a man beside them said excitedly, "Just look at old Tommy Dunmore! He's doing his best to break his precious neck!"

Mrs. Porter glanced at her niece suspiciously.

"My dear—" she began, protesting.

SCENE OF ATTEMPT ON SULTAN'S LIFE.



THE SULTAN LEAVING THE MOSQUE WHICH WAS WRECKED.

The recent attempt on the life of the Sultan of Turkey seems to have been of a very determined character. His majesty was descending the steps of the mosque when an explosion took place among the crowd which was gathered behind the railings, and was heard all over Constantinople. Of the spectators from twenty to thirty were killed, while nearly one hundred were

more or less seriously injured. The windows of the mosque were shattered. Fifteen carriages were blown to pieces and over fifty horses were killed. The windows of the mosque, of the ambassador's kiosk, and of the palace were shattered, while fragments of the bomb, pieces of horses' and human bodies and debris of the carriages were hurled great distances.

ly, but with a shrug of her shoulders Miss Remsen resumed her gay chatter.

A moment later, she heard a little murmur of horror. Mrs. Porter half rose from her seat and caught her breath sharply. The girl turned her eyes toward the field.

Near one goal, a group of riders was drawing apart, and on the ground lay a man beneath his pony. Four men ran into the field, drew the fallen man from beneath the pony and bore him to the club house. The pony scrambled to its feet, and was led limping away. A substitute galloped onto the field and the game went on.

When the momentary excitement had subsided Mrs. Porter turned to her niece. The girl's white face shocked her.

"Gertrude, dear, what is the matter?" she asked.

"Please take me home," said Miss Remsen in an odd, quavering voice.

One of the young men took the cob by the head and guided them through the tangle of carriages. Then silently they drove across the club grounds to the road. Mrs. Porter, being wise in her day and generation, said nothing.

When they were nearly home, the girl suddenly burst into a storm of fears.

"Oh, auntie," she said, "I didn't know until I saw him lying there all white and bloody! Please, please drive to the club house."

Mrs. Porter waited in the big hall, while a gray-haired physician led Gertrude up the stairs to a sunny room overlooking the grounds. Then, after he had opened the door and bowed her in, he discreetly withdrew.

On a couch by the window lay Dunmore, his head swathed in bandages, and one arm rigid in ungainly splints. With the opening of the door he raised himself on his sound arm, and beheld the girl standing there, like a frightened bird poised for flight.

"Why, hello!" he called gaily. "This is good of you to come."

The girl's face flushed. She was groping darkly for words.

"I was afraid you were badly hurt," she faltered.

"No, indeed," said he. "The Dunmores are a braw lot. They don't die easily. Just a few scratches, that's all."

She drew a few steps nearer, halted irresolutely, then went to his side.

"Tom!" she said, gently.

His eyes widened. She noticed that he was trembling.

"I—I didn't know until—until it happened," she said. "And then. Oh, it seemed as if the world had stopped—as if the sun had been blotted out in darkness. It's dreadful to care so much—and—and—to find it out!"

She knelt beside him. Her cool hand was stroking his face.

"Perhaps I shall be only a side issue," she half-sobbed. "But, Oh, Tom, dear, let me be that much, anyway."—Indianapolis Sun.

DOCTOR COINS A NEW WORD.

Physician Uses "Smog" as Descriptive of London's Reeking Atmosphere.

This word "smog" which was coined in London last week and which describes the condition of the atmosphere there when laden with fog and reeking in smoke has surely come to stay. It is the invention of a physician in London who was serving as delegate in the British Congress of Health. The new word meets all the requirements of the case. It is pointed. Its echo of sound to sense is perfect. It is a better word than "fog" to describe a London morning—or, for that matter, to describe a morning in New York, Brooklyn, Pittsburg or Chicago. In all big manufacturing cities the smoke

mingles with the fog and produces darkness. Can you not see that the word is destined to live and become "classic"? It will, we are sure.

The word "quizz" (which is a dictionary word now) owes its origin to a wager made by an Irishman named Daly that he could coin a word to which the public would give the definition he intended. He is said to have bet £100 on this original wager, which was accepted by a friend. Then this original word colner set to work marking on every dead wall that he could find in Dublin the four letters—q-u-i-z. "What does it mean?" asked the first man who saw it. "It means to question," answered the second. Within twenty-four hours the public had fastened the signification on the new word, which was that fixed on by the colner himself. So he won his bet and enriched the English language with a sound good word which is universally admitted today to the company of words derived from the original Latin, Greek, Hebrew and other tongues.

We are not surprised to hear that the new word "smog" was hailed with "applause" at its first utterance before the health congress. The doctors were quick to see the wide use to which "smog" could be put. "It is a smoggy morning," "The air is full of 'smog.'" A few weeks ought to be sufficient to introduce these phrases everywhere that they are available throughout the English-speaking world.

If the man who causes two blades of grass to grow where but one grew before is to be honored how much worthier is he who makes two words where only one existed in the vocabulary before? All honor, then, to the medical word colner and honor, too, to his coinage—"smog!"—Utica Observer.

He Decided Not to Wait.

"Lucinda," said Mr. Melstrum, who had just returned from a visit to a farmer friend in the country, "while I was at Longley's I ate some whole wheat, boiled. I like it better than anything I ever tasted. He gave me a small paper sack of the wheat, so we could cook some ourselves. How long will it be before supper is ready?"

"About half an hour," answered Mrs. Melstrum.

"Well, we'll have some boiled wheat, if you please. Here's the paper sack."

"But, Joshua, it will have to be cooked in a double boiler, and—"

"I don't care how you cook it. I'm hungry for some more boiled wheat."

"But see here, Joshua! It will take—"

"It will take a lot of cream and sugar; I know that. But we've got plenty of both. Put it on right away, will you?"

Without another word his wife took the wheat, washed it, emptied it into the "double boiler," and set it on the fire.

At the end of half an hour Mr. Melstrum became impatient.

"Lucinda," he called out from the sitting-room, "isn't that wheat ready yet?"

"Not yet," responded Mrs. Melstrum.

"How much longer is it going to take to cook it?"

"About eleven hours and a half. That's what I was trying to tell you, but you wouldn't give me a chance. Do you want to wait for it?"

The Light that Failed.

"She told him she must not see him any more."

"What did he do?"

"Turned out the light!"—New York Herald.

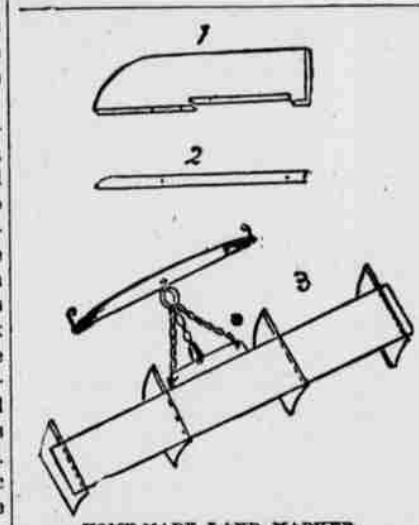


HOME-MADE MARKER.

The marker shown is a handy tool on any farm and while it is especially useful in the garden, it may be operated for larger areas. The marker is shown complete at figure three in the cut. Cut a plank twelve inches wide by two inches thick, the desired length. The runners are cut from plank in the form shown at figure one.

By cutting a groove as shown in the runner just wide enough to let in the plank greater strength is secured than would be possible if the runners were simply nailed to the plank. As the horse pulls forward the notch offers considerable resistance which prevents the runners from being knocked off should the marker strike some obstruction.

At figure two is shown a piece of hoop iron which is designed to nail over the top of the runner and plank thus giving additional strength. A marker made as directed will last for years



HOME-MADE LAND MARKER.

and do excellent work. It is so simple in construction that any man who can handle tools can make it.—Indianapolis News.

The Effect of Nitro-Culture.

Erroneous statements which have recently been appearing in the public press regarding the free and unlimited distribution of inoculating material for leguminous crops is likely to cause those who apply for these cultures to be disappointed. A circular of the department of agriculture now announces that the results obtained with pure cultures in inoculating leguminous plants has resulted in such a demand for this material that the facilities of the department have been taxed to their utmost, and for some time it has been impossible to meet the demand.

The patent which the department holds upon the method of growing and distributing these organisms was taken out in such a way that no one can maintain a monopoly of the manufacture of such cultures and so as to permit of its being taken up and handled commercially. The commercial product is being handled quite generally by seedsmen. Upon application the department has furnished all necessary information to the bacteriologists representing properly equipped concerns, but it cannot assume to make any statement which could in any way be regarded as a guarantee of the commercial product, nor is it prepared to indorse each and all of the somewhat extravagant claims occasionally made for this discovery. The latest of the department's authorized statements may be found in farmers' bulletin 214.

Japanese Phoenix Fowl.



This type of long-tailed Japanese Phoenix fowl is owned by S. G. Egger, Lewisville, O.

Perpetual Garden Peas.

The perpetual pea is a wonder. It was planted at the same time with the early peas, which are all dead and gone and other crops planted in their place. We are now eating the second crop from the perpetual, and it is still growing fresh and green, and in bloom for a third crop. We are watching this pea with a good deal of interest, not only because of its productiveness and long bearing, but on account of its size and fine quality. We had some friends at dinner a few days ago and all were delighted with the quality of this pea.

Big-Boned Steers Not Best.

There was a time, though it was many years ago, when the big-boned steer that weighed 1,800 to 2,000 pounds, was looked for by the buyers of beef, but now the animal that is sought by the butchers is one that weighs from 1,200 to 1,500 pounds.

We have long since found out that the cheapest meat is made on young animals, and the money thus invested is soonest ready to be turned over. Not only is the money tied up longest in old animals, but the cost of producing meat on them is so great that our best beef feeders are no longer attempting to do that. The method now is to keep the animals growing right along from birth to the period when they weigh what the market demands.

Steers are now ready for the market at two years old or under. If all the animals shipped to the stock yards were of this kind there would not be much complaint about poor returns in stock breeding and beef-making. A good many farmers are still trying to make profitable beef on old steers. But the young steer is the only animal that gives us any promise of a profit.—Exchange.

Cow Feeding.

The food supplied to the dairy cow is designed to serve two purposes. The first, and the one that always does and always must take precedence, is the keeping up of the machinery of life. The animal heat must be maintained, and the constant wear and waste of the bones and tissues of the body must be replaced. All this must be done whether any milk is produced or not. If suitable material then remains it will be utilized for the second purpose of the food, which is the production of milk. The man who gives his cows but little food can obtain but little milk from them, simply because they have very little material from which to make it. This rule applies just as fully to the best cow in the country as it does to the poorest one.

The Cost of Making Butter.

In a recent report, published by the Iowa State Dairy Commissioner, the average cost of producing one pound of butter is given as follows:

In the creamery that makes 40,000 pounds of butter per year it costs 4 cents to make one pound of butter, and in a creamery producing 50,000 pounds it costs 3.4 cents to make one pound, while in creameries making 150,000 pounds per year it costs only 1.85 cents. In some of the very central plants that are producing over 200,000 pounds of butter per year it costs 1.4 cents per pound.

These figures clearly show that the larger the creamery the cheaper butter can be manufactured, and they also show that it takes about 400 cows tributary to one factory before a profitable creamery business can be established.

Liming Eggs.

Take one pint of lime, half a pint of salt, one and a half tablespoonsful of cream of tartar, mix these well in a porcelain kettle. Pour two gallons of water over them and stir until dissolved. When cool put in a stone jar (will not keep in wood), then set away in a cool place in basement or cellar. Have the eggs perfectly clean and fresh. Wash them if soiled. Put in cool, clean water when taken from the nest and then into the brine. Large jars are best. I generally put up about thirty dozen in this way in July and August and use them through the winter and until next June for bread, cake, etc. The only difference from a fresh egg they show is that the white is a little thinner and tastes very slightly of the lime.—Orange Judd Farmer.

Breeds of Sheep.

The question of breed should be largely one of fancy and environment, says American Sheep Breeder. All breeds have merit when kept in the right place. If the fancier has a poor, rough, rugged farm some of the smaller breeds would be found to do better than the heavier breeds. It would be too much to expect the Lincoln, for instance, the product of low, fertile lands, to do well on the bleak, sprays-grassed highlands of Scotland.

Immigrants Wanted on Farms.

The new information bureau established by the New York State Department of Agriculture is trying to solve the problem of farm labor for New York farmers. Said Secretary Larmon: "New York State wants five thousand farm hands and they can command wages of \$150 to \$250 a season." It appears that the best class of immigrants are going through the State West, where wages may be a trifle higher, but other attractions less favorable. There will be attempts to distribute some of the best foreign arrivals among the farmers of this State.