



HIGH INTENT.

A steadfast high intent is bankable
On this or any other plane.
A fenshish motive, found at last, will tell
The criminal, and prove him sane.

'Tis the red fury in the very blood
That gives the color to our life,
And the intent, whichever, had or good,
Begets the broods of love or strife.

Happy for us, if we can, fold by fold,
Unwrap God's universe, and see
Where refuse only is, and where the gold,
And which is best for you and me?

If there might early dawn on our dull
eyes
The sweet repose of boundless hope,
So that the soul serene might realize
Its enormous destiny and scope?

If its enormous claims would early give
The high chivalric sense of right,
And marry this to wisdom, we might live
Empurpled in the robes of might.

And thus, with quenchless faith in noble
things,
And the infinitude of good,
Our high intent will spread its heavenly
wings,
And mount where whitest saints have
stood.

Then we shall herd no more with mur-
muring ones,
But cut the sinews of our grief,
And hearken to the sweet inspiring tones
Of an enrapturing belief.

And live, with room enough for self-de-
nial,
And trust enough for each event,
And God enough to cheapen every trial
And glorify our high intent.
—Charles W. Fairington, in Rockford
Register-Gazette.

A CLEVER MAKE-UP.

HENRY APPS, of Hoxton, completed the fixing of the wires on the lawn of Haslegh Court. He looked up at the dim light in the dressing-room, and chuckled softly as he bent the last yard of wire.

"A trip in time," says Mr. Apps, "saves time."

He threw the rope ladder gently in the air, and at the first effort it caught the projecting nail.

"Once on board the lugger," quoted Mr. Apps, facetiously, as he mounted the rope ladder, "and the girl is mine."

He opened the window very gently and soon stood inside the dressing-room. Near the table in the corner of the room was an iron safe.

"Well, I'm jiggered," exclaimed Mr. Apps. He loosened the flaps of his fur cap and mopped his brow with the back of his hand. "Well, I'm jiggered! If they haven't been and left the key in for me, I might have saved myself a lot of trouble if I'd known."

Mr. Apps swung open the heavy door of the safe and listened to the music downstairs. Young Lady Staplehurst was giving (as Mr. Apps very well knew) a dance, a fancy dress dance, on her return from the continent, after her term of widowhood.

"I'll just see first of all," he said, "that the coast is absolutely clear, and then—then for a bagful."

Henry Apps stepped out into the broad passage. He slouched, with his jimmie sticking out of his capacious side pocket, a few steps toward the stairs. Suddenly a girlish figure turned the corner.

"Bless my 'art!" cried Mr. Apps. "Why, how do you do?" said the young lady, stepping forward. She gave a soft laugh that was very pleasant. "This is really delightful. Do you know, I recognize you in spite of the costume?"

She held the hand of Mr. Apps for a moment, causing that gentleman to gasp for breath, and calling one of the maids.

"Just bring me a pencil and a card," she said. "I must arrange for a carriage to take Captain Norman back to his hotel in the morning. I wasn't sure that he would come."

"I can wait," remarked Mr. Apps, with restored self-possession.

"I won't hear of it. When shall we say, now?"

"Say in an hour's time," said Mr. Apps. "I can go upstairs again alone, change my togs and do all I want to."

"And can't you stay longer?"

She gave the card to the maid and ordered it to be dispatched at once.

"I've got a busy night before me," urged Mr. Apps, excusingly. He thought of his dog waiting on the lawn, and feared it might give an inopportune bark. Besides, the safe was still open and the diamonds were waiting for him. He had noticed with satisfaction that Lady Staplehurst was wearing none.

"You were always an active man, Captain."

"Always a-doin' something," agreed Mr. Apps. "If it isn't one thing it's another." He shook his head reflectively. "I often wonder I don't write a book about it all."

"I don't believe you will know anybody here, Captain Norman," she said, as they walked downstairs, "but I couldn't help sending you a card, seeing how friendly we were on Peshawar. Do you remember those evenings on deck in the Red Sea?"

She was really a very fine young woman, and in her costume she looked extremely well.

"Do I not?" said Mr. Apps, with much fervor. "Shall I ever forget 'em?"

"And then the journey from Brindisi, you know, and that funny little German—you remember him?"

"He was a knookout, that German was."

"And the girl who played the banjo, and—"

"It was great," agreed Mr. Apps—"great."

The large ball-room was very full. A small covey of brightly dressed young people flew toward the young hostess to complain of her temporary absence from the room, and a broad-shouldered gondolier shook hands with her and took up her card with something of an air of proprietorship.

"I thought I had left the key in the—excuse me." The young hostess took back her card from the gondolier. "I am engaged to Captain Norman. You don't know him? Allow me."

"Pleased to meet you," said Henry Apps.

"Ow's the world using you?"

"That's an original costume of yours, Captain Norman," remarked the gondolier. "I don't know that I've ever seen anything so daintily neat before."

"Well, wot of it?" demanded Mr. Apps, with sudden aggressiveness; "wot's the odds to you wot like to wear? You needn't think you're—"

"Captain Norman," interposed the young hostess, laughingly, "you mustn't overdo your part. Look here, I've put your name down for this waltz, but if you like we'll sit it out—that is, if you promise to keep up that diverting East End talk. I like it. Do you think you can manage to do so?"

"Rather!" said Mr. Apps.

"And it is a capital make-up, Captain Norman," she went on. "Do you know that at first, just for one moment, I thought you were a real burglar."

"Fancy that now!" said Mr. Apps. He was relieved at seeing an obvious way out of his difficulty. "There's nothing like doing the thing in a proper, strident way."

"And," said Lady Staplehurst, with her fan on his arm as they walked across the room, "you have got the East End accent capitally."

"Tain't so dusty, is it?"

She beckoned to the gondolier.

"Captain Norman and I are great friends," she said in an explanatory way. "He has not been long home from abroad, and he knows scarcely any one."

"Not a blessed soul," echoed Mr. Apps.

"Isn't it capital?" asked Lady Staplehurst of the gondolier, delightedly. "How much more interesting it would be if every one would make only talk to me in their character."

"Well, blow me!" said Lady Staplehurst, screwing her pretty mouth in her effort to imitate the cockney's accent; "blow me if this ain't a fair take—I mean like dah," she laughed. "It's no use, Captain Norman, I can't talk as you can."

"It's a gift," said Mr. Apps, that's what it is.

"You don't want to be introduced to anybody here, I suppose?"

"Not me."

"You have heard of—"

She pointed in the direction of the gondolier.

"All I want to."

"He's really making a big name in the house, you know. I watch his career with great interest."

"Thanks a jolly lot of himself."

"Oh, I think a lot of him, too," remarked Lady Staplehurst, pleasantly. "And is that a jimmie sticking out of your jacket pocket? This is, indeed, realism. You don't know how it works, I suppose?"

"Well, I've got a kind of hide," said Mr. Apps. "Look 'ere. You put this end in and—"

Mr. Apps found himself getting quite excited in the explanation that he gave. It was a new sensation to meet one who showed an intelligent interest in his profession, and he could not help feeling flattered. Looking up, he saw the gondolier gazing at him.

"He don't look 'appy, that chap," said Mr. Apps.

"Will you excuse me for one moment?"

"Wot are you going up to?" he said, apprehensively.

"I want to speak to him."

"Oh!" (with relief) "I don't mind that."

While Lady Staplehurst was making the gondolier resume his ordinary expression Mr. Apps thought and thought. The couple promenading after the waltz looked curiously at him.

"You are in the worst fix you were ever in," "Enery," said Mr. Apps; "you're a 'aving 'em on toast, you are; but you'll be glad to get upstairs agen. You want them diamonds, that's wot you want. Time means money to you, 'Enery."

Lady Staplehurst hurried toward the doorway. A murmur of amusement went through the room as the guests saw a new arrival in the costume of a police constable, accompanied by a man in plain clothes. Mr. Apps, thinking over his exploits, gazing abstractedly at his boots, regretting their want of polish, did not see them until the plain clothes man tapped him on the shoulder.

"What, Apps again!" exclaimed the man.

"Yus," said the burglar, disconcertedly. "Yus, it is Apps agine, Mr. Walker. And vurry glad you are to see him, I've no daht."

"Always a pleasure to meet a gentleman like you," said Mr. Walker, cheerfully, as he conducted him to the doorway. "I've wanted to run up against you before."

Much commotion in the ball-room at the diverting little scene. General agreement that Lady Staplehurst was a perfect genius at entertaining.

"But, loveliest," said the gondolier confidentially to Lady Staplehurst, "isn't this carrying a joke rather too far? That's a real detective."

"I know," said the loveliest girl, trembling a little. "That's a real burglar, too."

"A real—"

"Yes, yes. Don't make a fuss. I don't want the dance spoiled. Take me down to supper, like a good fellow."—The Columbian.

BETS THAT ARE SURE THINGS.

Feats that are seemingly easy, but impossible of performance.

Bets to be avoided by those who are cock-sure they can do all things are those relating to athletic feats. It would seem that a good runner could easily give a start of fifty yards in 100 to a man who was doing the fifty yards by hopping on one leg. But few runners, if any, can afford to give that amount of start to any man who is at all strong on his legs. For the first five yards or so they go at precisely the same pace, so that to run ninety-five yards while his opponent is hopping forty-five he has to go more than twice as fast, and it is a weak man indeed who cannot hop fifty yards in ten seconds.

An ordinary wooden match is easily broken in the fingers, but, although there are many who will bet they can do it, none succeeds in accomplishing the task if the match is laid across the nail of the middle finger of either hand and pressed upon by the first and third fingers of that hand, despite its seeming so easy at first sight. No one can crush an egg placed lengthwise between his clasped hands—that is, if the egg be sound and has the ordinary shell of a hen's egg. It is safe to bet a man that he cannot get out of a chair without bending his body forward, or putting his feet under it if he is sitting on it, not at the edge of it. Another equally certain wager is that a man cannot stand at the side of a room with both of his feet touching the wainscoting lengthwise. It is safe to bet any man, save one, that he cannot stand for five minutes without moving if he is blindfolded.—New York Press.

Unwise Marriages.

The test of equality, such as should exist between man and wife, must be applied to character, to intellect, and to taste. For example, it is quite conceivable that a woman may be more fortunately placed than the man with whom she falls in love, that her mode of life when under her father's roof may be considerably more comfortable, or even luxurious, than the life she can hope to live during the earlier years of the married state, and that her pecuniary resources as her father's daughter may seem to dwarf the income of her husband, and yet the real inequality between the pair, in later years, may take the form of wifely inferiority. The husband, by his type of character, his energy, his force of mind, his adaptability to work that carries personal distinction, may rise to a position which his wife may fail to adorn, to even to passably sustain. The advance of the man may carry him beyond the woman, and so difficulties may grow with the years. The only safeguards against such results are to be found in power and adaptability of character, intelligence, fine and receptive taste, and general good sense. Where these exist husband and wife will develop together. Woe to them if they do not! For love in a somewhat inferior person is sensitive, jealous, resentful of its position and rights, and the continual assertion of these produces continual bickering and final unhappiness.

Pictureque Havana.

Havana is dilapidated and picturesque, and the traveler will find as much of the bizarre and unique in a stroll up the Prado and about the lesser streets as he has perhaps ever encountered in a like distance anywhere. To me the most interesting hour in the day in one of those antique towns is in the very early morning, when the place is just getting awake and the hucksters are coming in.

These country people arrive in all sorts of ways for the daily market. One group comes afoot, with tremendously heavy loads of fruits and vegetables, carelessly balanced on their heads or swung on their backs. Here is a swart fellow leading a horse bearing capacious reed panniers of fruits and stalks of sugar-cane. Lumbering wains come straining into town, drawn by heavy-necked yokes with restraining nose-bitches. A four-team of these cattle and their great cart will alone block the average side street, so the country ox-carts rarely get very far into town. When two of them meet there is an ably conducted debate on road rights and considerable native profanity. An ambulating haystack adds a picturesque touch to the scene and a breath from the fields. As the diminutive horse under the load swings down the way the grass often brushes the houses on either side and crowds the footmen to the extremity of the eighteen-inch sidewalks.—Woman's Home Companion.

Light from Lamp Sugar.

The curious discovery has recently been made that light may be procured from common sugar. All you have to do is to get a few pounds of lump sugar and put it in the open sunlight for some hours. On taking it into a dark room it will begin to glow, faintly at first, but afterward with quite a bright light. So strong is this luminous glow that photographs have actually been taken by the light. These sugar-light photographs are quite distinct, even if not quite so clear as ordinary photographs.

Possibly some men never marry because they realize that almost every woman looks better in black than in anything else.

Lower rents—those in the knees of the small boy's trousers.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

A DEPARTMENT FOR LITTLE BOYS AND GIRLS.

Something that Will Interest the Juvenile Members of Every Household—Quaint Actions and Bright Sayings of Many Cute and Cuddling Children.

Everything seemed out of its place in mamma's room. The twins had been playing "ladies," and had left all their toys in the middle of the floor. What a sight it made! Mamma felt dizzy as she stood in the door and contemplated the disorder.

The twins had tired of play, and were looking at pictures in the corner; each had dragged a pillow from the sofa to sit on.

Mamma picked up Antoinette, the one-armed doll, but on second thought put her again on the floor.

"Who wants to learn a fine new game?" she asked.

"I do!" cried Maggie, while Mary clattered, "Tell it, tell it!"

"First," began mamma, "put the pillows up, Mamma, and you, Maggie, lay the book on the shelf, where it belongs. Now," she said, after she had obeyed her, "come and learn the new game."

So she sat down in the midst of confusion and took up her Afghan work.

"I'll be umpire and decide who bents," she added, as the eager faces regarded her expectantly.

"The name of this game is 'Tidy Game.' You both look about to see what you can find out of its place, and put it carefully away, for every article that is not put in its proper place counts a point on the other side. The one who puts away the most things wins the game."

"I'll put up the piano!" cried Maggie, seizing it and hurrying off while Mary gathered up the dollies. For several minutes they ran to and fro busily opening and shutting doors and drawers, and occasionally laughing when their hands reached for the same article, or heads bumped from their great haste. Mamma meanwhile calmly worked on, while the twins did the tidying she usually (and unwisely) did for them.

Maggie was hurrying off with the dolls' bathtub, when Mamma shouted: "Every single thing's put up!"

"No," mamma replied, "I see a very tiny thing not tidied."

The twins began to search.

"Maggie is warm; Mary is cold. Now Mary is getting warmer," said mamma. Both were very much excited, and flew around looking frantically in corners and behind the sofa.

"Both are warm, warmer, hot. Oh, Mamma, almost burning up!" exclaimed Mamma.

Then they moved away, and she said they were cooling off.

Finally, Maggie's foot struck something, and Mary, looking eagerly and very much puzzled (for mamma had just called that she was actually smoking from the heat) saw her sister poking down on Marie, the tiny china "nigger" doll, lying under the rug all but one hand.

The successful little searcher ran off, crying triumphantly.

"I bent! I put away nineteen things, and Mamma only eighteen."

"Can't you see anything else?" asked Mary of her mamma.

Mother smiled; usually it was very hard to persuade the twins to tidy up, cheerfully, after a game.

"We will play it every day," she answered; and after that she had only to call, "Tidy Game," when away would run the twins with every naughty thing that was out of place.—Weekly Courier.

The Honeymoon Couple.

Mr. Frog and Mrs. Mouse

Were wed in sunny weather,
And started out to find a home.

Where they could live together.

The frog picked out a lily leaf
That spread upon a pool.

And thought that they could settle there
And always keep quite cool.

The fieldmouse, though, preferred a nest
Secure from every storm,
Down in the long, dry prairie grass,
Where they could keep quite warm.

O'er this they quarreled long and loud,
With many a creak and squeak,
Till each one rushed back home in rage,
And now they never speak.

Joe and His Little Dog.

The teacher of a district school in Maine tells a story that reminds one of Mary and her little lamb, only it is of Joe and his little dog.

Joe was a boy about 8 years old, and was devoted to a small, lank puppy. Out of school hours boy and dog were inseparable, and Joe apparently could not reconcile himself to the necessity of leaving the dog at home. For several mornings the teacher allowed the puppy to remain at Joe's feet under the desk.

Then there came a day when the small dog could not be kept quiet, but frisked about to the delight of the school and the dismay of the teacher.

"Joe," she said, firmly, "you must take that dog out."

Joe looked at her mournfully, but picked up the pup, and with his head against his cheek started for the door.

The boy's feelings were evidently hurt but he said nothing until he reached the door, then giving the teacher a reproachful look, with a plying glance toward the dog, he said slowly, "And he's named for you."

The Little Red-Apple Tree.
The Little-Red-Apple Tree!
Oh, the Little-Red-Apple Tree!
When I was the little-est bit of a boy,
And you were a boy with me!
The bluebird's flight from the topmost boughs,
And the boys up there—so high
That we rocked over the roof of the house,
And whooped as the winds went by!

Ho! the Little-Red-Apple Tree!
With the garden beds below,
And the old grape-arbor so welcomingly
Hiding the rake and hoe—
Hiding, too, as the sun dripped through
In spatters of wasted gold,
Frank and Amy away from you
And me, in the days of old.

Ab! the Little-Red-Apple Tree!
In the edge of the garden-spot,
Where the apples fell so lavishly
Into the neighbor's lot—
So do I think of you,
Brother of mine, as the tree—
Giving the ripest of your love
To the world as well as me.

Oh, the Little-Red-Apple Tree!
Sweet as its juiciest fruit,
Spangled on the palate spicily,
And rolled o'er the tongue to boot,
Is the memory still and the joy
Of the Little-Red-Apple Tree,
When I was the little-est bit of a boy,
And you were a boy with me!
—James Whitcomb Riley.

Just Held His Breath.
Boys are odd conglomerations, and few there are who understand the emotions that prompt their actions.

A certain little fellow had his picture taken, and when the family got the negative of it they were horrified to see the face of the boy all puffed out and the eyes bulging, and exclaimed in a body: "Why, what on earth did you do to make your face look like that?"

"Didn't do a thing," said the innocent little fellow, "but just see if I could hold my breath until the man got through taking my picture."

Knew Arithmetic Anyhow.
A teacher of music in one of the public schools in the South desired to impress the pupils with the meaning of the signs "+" and "-" in a song they were about to sing. After explaining that "+" meant forte, he said: "Now, children, if '+' means forte, what does '-' mean?"

Silence reigned for a moment, and then he was astonished to hear a bright little fellow shout:

"Eighty!"

Would Not Change Methods.
The intense conservatism of the British character is illustrated in the story of a young Englishman who came to America to seek his fortune and found it in a new process for manufacturing lamp black.

The principal market for his product was Germany, but he found that the German buyers, in turn, sold it in England. So he conceived the logical idea of going to England and selling the lamp black direct, which appeared to be certain of success, for he was able to say to the English firms: "Instead of buying my lamp black through Germany and paying for unnecessary transportation, to say nothing of the middleman's profit, let me send you the product direct. You can then buy even cheaper than the Germans, to whom you now pay a profit."

The head of one of the largest houses replied:

"Really, Mr. Smith, our house has always found the goods bought in Germany satisfactory. This house has been in existence 200 years, and we can see no reason for changing satisfactory methods, you know."

Poor Mr. Smith got this reply on all sides and his trip was a failure.—Kansas City Star.

Couldn't Be Done.
At one of the gatherings in an electoral campaign Sir Ellis Ashmead Bartlett was frequently interrupted by a man in the body of the hall who resented his uncompromising remarks upon political opponents. The knight bore his trial with admirable good humor, till, seeing an opening for scoring a point, he said:

"Now, I am going to tell you something about the late Liberal Government that will make my friend's hair stand on end," indicating, with a smiling nod, the vigorous critic in the body of the hall.

"Wrong again!" shouted the irrepressible one, removing his cap and displaying a head as smooth as a billiard ball. "It can't be done."

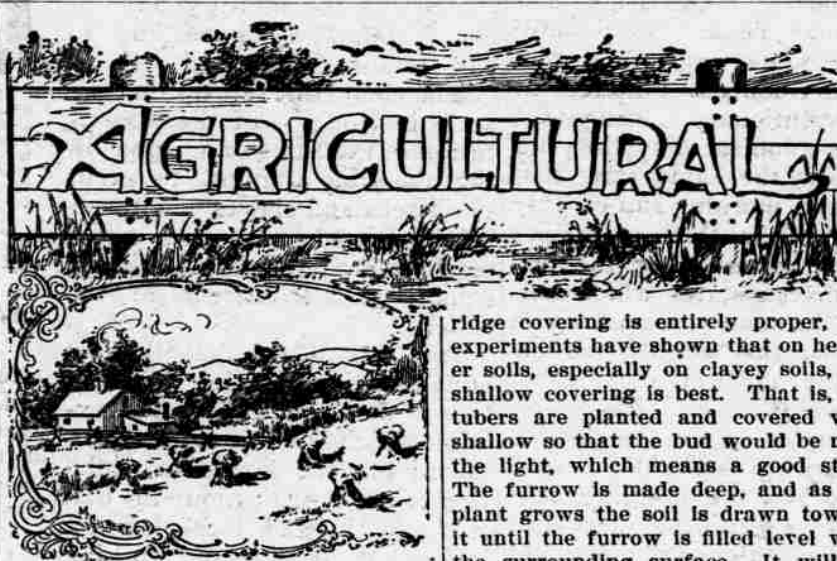
Dewey's Discipline.
Admiral Dewey was always a strict disciplinarian, and occasionally inflicted punishment in curious ways. Once while in a foreign port he suddenly ordered the heaviest tackle to be got out of the hold without delay. After two hours' hard work his order was carried out, and he then directed that a large chew of tobacco which had been thrown under one of the guns be hoisted overboard. Never again on that cruise was such an unpardonable offense committed.—Chicago Chronicle.

Tempting Fate.
"I have come," said the young man, to ask you to let me have your daughter."

"Never!" shouted the millionaire.

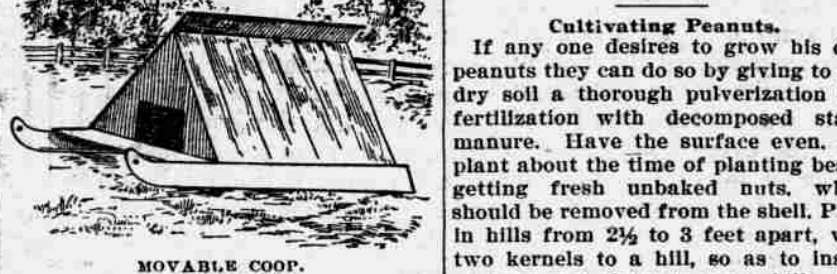
"Thanks," answered the other, as he hurried away. "Up to this time she has refused to smile upon my suit. When I tell her that you object to me she will be mine!"—The Columbian.

See the Work.
According to an eminent professor, some persons see mentally in print every word they hear uttered.



AGRICULTURAL

ridge covering is entirely proper, but experiments have shown that on heavier soils, especially on clayey soils, the shallow covering is best. That is, the tubers are planted and covered very shallow so that the bud would be near the light, which means a good start. The furrow is made deep, and as the plant grows the soil is drawn toward it until the furrow is filled level with the surrounding surface. It will be found that the crop is much easier to harvest, particularly where a machine is used, for it is almost impossible to work a digger in heavy soil where the tubers were set deep. General directions count for little in such work as the above, for the farmer can learn more to his own satisfaction on his own grounds in a single season than by reading the arguments on both sides for a year.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

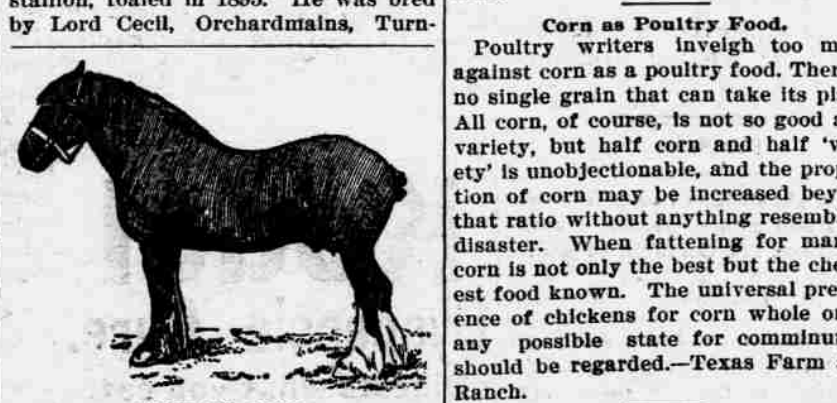


Movable Poultry Coops.
The principal defect of the ordinary poultry coop is that it soon gathers filth unless it is cleaned out at short intervals, and this gives too much work for the average keeper of fowls. Even the professional one needs as a matter of economy to study the art of keeping his fowls clean with the least expenditure of labor. The kind of coop used is of the greatest importance. Of course it must be of such a kind as will secure dryness, cleanliness and safety. All these are attached to the two kinds of coop here shown; the first is in every respect desirable, and if kept in a dry spot from which the water will flow off in all directions, as the top of a small knoll, it will satisfy every need of the chicks. Indeed this kind of coop makes an excellent nesting place for fowls, and especially for turkeys; when they have chosen a nest this coop may be set over it, and thus furnish every means of safety to the old bird and the brood. There is no need for any floor. It is better without, as every new location will give a clean, dry floor for the coop. The open one is easily closed in by a sufficiently large piece of fine wire netting, for safety during the night.

Future Wheat Crops.
And now Sir William Crookes of England is figuring out a future scarcity of food, or at least of the wheat supply. He says that in 1897-98 the wheat crop of the United States was 540,000,000 bushels, and with less than 75,000,000 population, we were able to export 217,000,000 bushels to Europe. But by 1931 we shall have 130,000,000 people to feed in the United States and will have no surplus to export, and the millions in Europe must go hungry if there is not some other source of supply, which he sees no prospect of there being. We are not worried, because we do not expect to be here in 1931, but some of our readers of to-day probably will be, and they will probably see a much larger surplus of wheat for export than there is now. If no larger area is sown than now, we have little doubt that better methods of selecting seeds, fertilizing the land and caring for the crops will before that time give us a crop which will be double the average amount per acre grown in 1897. If from 540,000,000 bushels we could sell 217,000,000, besides feeding 75,000,000 people at home and seeding our land, from 1,080,000,000 bushels we can feed 150,000,000 people at home and then have about 400,000,000 bushels to sell. Nor will it do to leave the great northwest of British America, or the broad steppes of Russia now lately opened up by the railroad to China, out of the calculation. Their productive capacity is almost incalculable, and we think no one living now will ever see the time when the world's supply of wheat will not be sufficient to feed the world's population, if it can be properly distributed.

Clyde Stallion.
Coeur-de-Lion is a bay Clydesdale stallion, foaled in 1895. He was bred by Lord Cecil, Orchardmalms, Turnbridge, Kent, England, and is now the property of Sir Jacob Wilson, Belford, Northumberland. He has been very successful in the show ring, having won a number of first prizes.

Covering for Potatoes.
There is always considerable argument as to whether covering potato seeds deeply by the ridge method when planting or covering shallow is the better plan. There is little doubt but that on light and rather sandy soils the



Basin of Creameries.
Commissioner Norton of Iowa thinks that the man who imagines that all the attention should be paid to the immediate interests of the creamery has an entirely wrong idea of dairying. He argues that the basis of the creamery industry is not the man who makes the butter and sells it, but that the cow and the man who milks her constitute the basis and that when they do not produce milk at a profit there will be no use for creameries.