



WHEN I WAS A BOY.

When I was a boy, oh, the fruits were so sweet,
 And the melons so luscious and fine;
 The cherries were redder, and richer their meat,
 And the berries were simply divine.
 There was nothing but joy—when I was a boy.

What beautiful, soul-thrilling song birds there were;
 How much sweeter the song of the old robin,
 The mocking bird's carolings hallowed the air,
 Which with Eden delights was afresh.
 There was nothing to cloy—when I was a boy.

The dogs and the horses were far better then,
 And the game in the woods; and the guns
 Were as much above those of to-day as are men,
 And the bliss could be measured by tons.
 There was then no alloy—when I was a boy.

In that good and that glad bright day
 That is gone,
 Flowers had sweeter perfume, and the birds
 Wore plumage more gay, while the sun
 Brighter shone;
 Braver men uttered kindlier words,
 There was small heart annoy—when I was a boy.

Like angels from heaven were girls
 Of that day,
 Modest, sweet, and so pure and so true;
 All honor and virtue illumined their way;
 They were then far more beautiful, too,
 And their ways were so coy—when I was a boy.

I know I shall never see times like the old,
 Giving peace, to the day that I die;
 Reclaiming these women, so overly bold,
 Who with men and the devil now vie.
 But had no such employ—when I was a boy.

When I was a boy, a man's riches and wealth
 Were not solely his money and lands;
 There were riches of character, riches of health,
 And the wealth of the work of his hands—
 I had riches of joy—when I was a boy.

HER UNCLE'S JOKE.

N O, Kitty; you must never marry without my consent. You are not in love now, are you?"

"Why, no, uncle. How could I be when I don't know any one?"

"That's so. You didn't have much chance to fall in love at school and your vacations were spent with me. Now, Kitty, the man I want to marry is Mr. Wright."

"Mr. Wright?"

"Yes, I have never seen him?" he asked, his eyes twinkling.

"No, I don't know any Mr. Wright."

"Well, he's the man I want you to marry, and if you do you shall have every cent of my money."

"But, uncle, I have never seen him and might not care for him, and if I did perhaps he wouldn't want me."

"Oh, you'll fall in love with him fast enough, and as for him not wanting you—why, I'd like to find the man who couldn't want Kitty Clinton, even if she didn't have a nice pocketful of money. But don't worry your pretty head about him, for there's lots of time. Charlie Emery is coming here next week and you can have a good time with him and we will see about Mr. Wright later on. You remember Charlie, don't you?"

"Yes, indeed, I remember Charlie. I haven't seen him since I was 14 and he was 20. How nice he was to me, although I was so much younger. But do you know, uncle, he was in love with some one, for one day a picture of a young lady fell from his pocket and I ran away with it." She laughed as she thought how he had chased her through the fields, and when worn out she had dropped down under a tree to rest and had a look at the picture until he came up, tired and cross, to claim it. He had blushed as she handed it back, asking, "Is that the future Mrs. Emery?"

"No, it is Miss Emery, my cousin."

"Well, you needn't blush so. I'm sort of a cousin, too, but you never carry my picture with you," she said, getting up and going quickly toward the house.

"Why, Kitty," he said, following her, "I think—"

"Oh, I don't care what you think," she said, as she started to run. "You can marry her for all I care, and she had gone in the house and never appeared until at dinner, when she was her old mischievous self again. He had left the next morning and she had never seen him since, but she had heard of him frequently. After graduating from college he had gone abroad and but lately returned. Miss Emery had married a college friend of his. Where did he keep that picture now?"

"Now, Kitty," said her uncle, "run away and don't worry about Mr. Wright. He'll be your ideal, I promise you."

"Well, well," he said as she left the room. "I thought she'd see through the joke. Guess I'll let it go now. My experience is that if you want a wife to marry, make them think it impossible, and then nothing can prevent them. Bet she'll go and fall in love with the man I want her to, thinking Mr. Wright really exists."

But Kitty did not let it worry her, and again and again she questioned her uncle about Mr. Wright (as she believed his name to be), but his answers gave her little or no satisfaction. Finally she determined she would forget him while Charlie was with them, anyway.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

THIS IS THEIR DEPARTMENT OF THE PAPER.

Quaint Sayings and Cate Dolage of the Little Folks Everywhere, Gathered and Printed Here for All Other Little Ones to Read.

Mr. Wind thought he would have a bit of fun.

"There's Mr. Brown coming along," said he, "how very cross he looks! Now, I really think I must blow his hat off. Here goes!"

But Mr. Brown got hold of the brim just in time, held on to it very firmly and looked crosser than ever.

"Never mind," said Mr. Wind. "I'll have it off yet, when he's not thinking, but I'll wait a bit. Ah! here come two little girls and (blowing very hard) off the wind's amusement."

She the smallest one's hat. Ho, ho, ho! why, she is enjoying it as much as I am. How merrily she laughs as she runs after it! I really believe she would like me to blow it off again. So the other little girl has put up her umbrella to protect herself from me. Now what shall I do to show her that I am the master? I know—I'll wait till she turns the corner and then I'll blow her umbrella inside out! Won't that be fun? and after that I'll have another try at Mr. Brown's hat, and if I succeed this time I'll send it ever so far away."

RAM'S HORN BLASTS.

Warning Notes Calling the Wicked to Repentance.

LITTLE men can never do great things.

It is only external piety that fears a shower on Sunday.

Riches on the heart are a burden; under the feet, a blessing.

Heaven is not in streets of gold, but in hearts of peace and love.

The prayer is never a monologue.

"Down street" is usually the devil's resort.

Prayer meeting piety needs office practice.

The follies of fashion are the fool's spindlers.

Worn and battered gold is better than newly polished brass.

The counterfeit is often better looking than the genuine.

The devil does not need to fight those who will not fight him.

Prosperity tests character as a heavy harvest tests the granary.

The faith of the world depends on the works of the Christian.

The man who really cares to, will always dare to do the right.

Much of the music of life depends on your touch and your time.

There is no true human fraternity without the divine fatherhood.

What Christ saves us to is as important as what He saves us from.

It takes no more than one serpent of cherished sin to strike the heart.

Fame offers no so glorious a vision as that of bearing shame for Him.

God neither asks for more than we can do nor expects less than the most.

It is possible to be a glass-eye Christian, a dead member in a living body.

God sees to it that the cheerful giver never has to go out of the business of want of capital.

There isn't any use in going into the church to work for the Lord, if you let the devil hold your purse.

Hope believes less of man on account of what he is than in what he may be on account of what God is.

The greatest mistake in life is seeking to improve the circumstances without regard to the character.

To the aged saint heaven looms up brighter every step, and amid a chorus of hosannas angels escort him to a conqueror's crowning.

THE WIND'S AMUSEMENT.

Girls, won't one of you bring in the evening paper?" said grandpa.

There was hardly a moment's pause before Grace went to the piazza for the paper, and placed it open and smooth upon the old gentleman's knee.

"Mattie, please bring my scissors from the sewing room," says mamma.

"Oh, Grace, you do it; I'm all nicely seated now." And Grace leaves her piano practice and goes for the scissors.

"Papa wants one of you to take a note to Deacon Lewis, girls. Which will you go?"

"Oh, I don't want to, mamma," says Mattie.

"Oh, I want to read my new book," says Grace, "but I will go for papa."

"I want to take one of the girls home with me for the holidays, sister," said the girls' aunt. "Which can you best spare?"

"Oh, Mattie, by all means. Grace is your household comfort and solace," said the mother. "But which would you rather take?"

"I hoped that you might choose to let me have Grace. I really want her, and I think, sister, she needs and deserves the outfit."

So Mattie stayed at home, and pouted and said it wasn't fair, and wondered why "everybody always wanted Grace."

The girl who is thoughtful and obliging is the one that is wanted at home, at school—everywhere. No one wants the girl who is always seeking to please herself.

THE FAVORITE.

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TAKING CARE OF A GUN.

Some Hints Which Young Sportsmen Would Better Observe.

A veteran hunter lays this down as a point which must be carefully attended to: "Never under any circumstances lay away your gun at night without cleaning. Never mind how tired you are, attend to it at once. There should be no 'next day' about it."

Not a few of the older hunters would profit by accepting this advice. The veteran quoted above says he got this idea from his father, who loved his guns and dogs almost as well as he loved his children. The old man gave his boy a single barrel muzzle-loader, which was for many a day the youngster's treasure and pride, and was never allowed to get rusty. Before being put away for the winter it was carefully cleaned and oiled and was once in a while taken down and examined. If a speck of rust appeared anywhere it was at once removed. After an outing among wild pigeons, squirrels or grouse, he removed the barrel from the stock, swabbed it out with hot water and wiped it out with a clean rag. Then he fired a little powder, just to be sure that no moisture was left, after which an oil rag was used assiduously. Then stock and barrel were rejoined and the weapon was put away for the night. The breech-loader is much less troublesome, but the same principle obtains in both cases. By using care such as indicated this hunter has for fourteen years kept a gun in first-class condition, though it has done a great deal of work.

THE CZARINA'S TOYS.

Curious Russian Fashion in the Giving of Easter Eggs.

Among the most precious and curious things to be seen in the Russian section of the Paris exhibition are all the Easter eggs which have been received by Maria Feodorovna, the widow of Alexander III, and Alexandra Feodorovna, the wife of Nicholas II. The French consider, with perhaps a certain amount of reason, this envoi of the illustrious ladies as the greatest proof of their love for their nation and a symbol of the solidarity of the alliance between the two countries. As a matter of fact, both empresses felt a certain amount of uneasiness at the prospect of sending into the wide world their treasures.

It was always the custom for the Czars to present to their imperial spouses each year, at Easter, an egg containing a surprise gift, in keeping with some particular event, public or private. When the czaritch—now Nicholas II.—was sent round the world with the double aim of completing his education and forgetting, if possible, an unsuitable love, his father presented to the Empress a large Easter egg in jasper, covered with curious ornaments in gold and diamonds; inside was a tiny ship, the model of that in which the boy was sailing. It was made in gold and mounted on a beryl stone; masts, cables, anchors, decks, everything was complete; there were even two small guns, perfect in all their details. It was the work of an old Finisher, who had devoted ten months of his life to the completion of this masterpiece.

In the year of her coronation the granddaughters of Queen Victoria received from her imperial husband an Easter egg in pink enamel on gold. Inside was the model of the gala carriage which conveyed the young Czarina to Moscow Cathedral. Nothing is wanting, not even the cushions of the seats, which are made of red enamel, and the tiny silk curtains, which move on small golden wires. The imperial crown, in diamonds, surmounts this miniature of the gorgeous coach.

This year's egg contains a heart made of sparkling multi-colored stones and the inscription: "The heart of my Czarina." The heart is surrounded by twenty-five tiny portraits, all representing the members of the Russian imperial family.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

FARMS AND FARMERS

Selecting Seed Wheat.
 This very good suggestion comes from the Kansas Experiment Station, and wheat growers should bear it in mind. It is also applicable to other grain crops, as barley and oats. It is common among corn raisers to maintain or improve a given variety by selection of the seed. Ears showing desirable characters are set aside, and furnish seed for the succeeding crop. Though not so convenient, this method can be applied with equal success to the selection of seed wheat. The Experiment Station of the Kansas State Agricultural College is endeavoring to breed up improved varieties of wheat. There is no reason why the simple method of selection should not be applied by the individual wheat raiser. We would advise the following procedure: Before harvesting, the grower should go into the wheat field and select a number of the most desirable heads. The basis of selection depends upon the wishes of the individual, but is carried on as in the case of corn. Usually it will be upon the basis of yield and quality. In this case the heads selected should be large, well formed, and with plump, uniform grains. The grain derived from these heads should be grown upon a plot of ground under the most favorable conditions. The grain gathered from this plot furnishes the seed for the third year. But, before harvesting, a selection of suitable heads should be made from this for the next seed plot. In this way the seed is each year improved or at least maintained at its present standard. The size of the seed plot depends upon the total area of wheat to be grown. Furthermore the seed plot may be given more careful treatment than is applicable to the field. It is best to have the seed plot within the main field so as to be entirely surrounded by wheat. This lessens the loss from grasshoppers and other insects, and gives the plants better protection.

Sweet Potatoes.
 Have any of the readers tried perfectly flat culture for sweet potatoes? We should as soon ridge up and sell for onions as for sweet potatoes. Experimenting along this line, we first made beds 9 or 10 feet wide by back-furrowing. On these beds the plants (yellow Jersey) were set out in rows 33 inches apart. A small one-horse cultivator, supplemented by a small amount of hand work, kept the plants free from weeds and in excellent condition until the runners took full possession of the beds.

Later, it was found that even the bed system was superfluous, and for some years the ground is prepared as for onions, the plants put in rows 33 inches apart. At harvest time the vines are cut between sets of three rows, and with weed hooks and prong hoes rolled like strips of carpet into bunched and dried for fodder. If you have never tried sweet potato forage, well cured, for your cows, horses and swine, there is a new experience in agriculture for you.—Farmers' Advocate.

Shorthorn Bull.
 The Shorthorn bull Royal Chief is a roan, calved January 2, 1899, sire, Prince of Masters (73365). He was bred by J. Maxtone Graham, of Red-



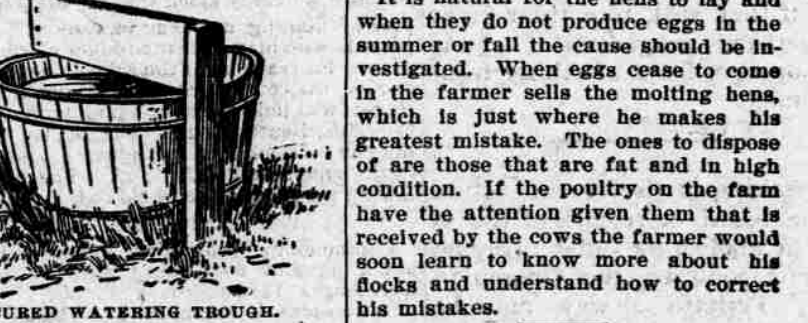
ROYAL CHIEF.

gorton, Perth, and sold to D. McLennan, Buenos Ayres, for 230 guineas, or about \$1,200.

Concerning Pastures.
 The fences between pastures and cultivated fields should be made strong in the spring before the cattle are turned out, but it is well to keep watch of them at later times, especially if the pasture grows scanty. Then a look over the fence at a field of corn or waving grain is a temptation that should be guarded against, as it may not be easily resisted. Then in some localities there are a class of trespassers who think little of throwing a stone off the wall or letting down a rail in the fence to make an easier passage for themselves when they go about gunning, fishing or berry-picking. Such parties should be punished, but it is not always easy to detect them. We have seen a half rod of stone wall that had been thrown down, apparently to get out some woodchuck or rabbit, and left, as if the ones who had done the mischief thought there was no good of any wall there.—American Cultivator.

The Mule Trade.
 For January, 1900, there were exported 5,759 mules, against 538 head in January, last year. The export of mules for the seven months ended January, 1900, comprises a total of 22,394 head, against 4,834 mules for the corresponding period in 1898, the former valued at \$1,047,214, and the latter at \$431,372. Evidently the wars are of advantage to the horse and the mule growers, and the end of the wars will not end all, because the whole horse and mule supply is reaching a low point and it will take a number of years to catch up with the demand.

Watering Trough.
 Many pastures and farmyard watering troughs are half hogheads set upon the ground. They are in constant danger of being upset by the cattle, which also fight each other away from the water. A plan to obviate, in part, at least, both of these evils is shown in the illustration. Two posts are driven beside the tub and a wide board nailed across, as shown. This holds the trough firmly to the ground and also separates the cattle while drinking. The same plan can be used with any shape of trough.—Farm Journal.



SECURED WATERING TROUGH.

Sell the Wrong Hens.
 It is natural for the hens to lay and when they do not produce eggs in the summer or fall the cause should be investigated. When eggs cease to come in the farmer sells the molting hens, which is just where he makes his greatest mistake. The ones that are fat and in high condition. If the poultry on the farm have the attention given them that is received by the cows the farmer would soon learn to know more about his flocks and understand how to correct his mistakes.

Washing Wool.
 Sheepmen are quite generally abandoning the washing of wool on the sheep or any other way. The price received for washed wool is much higher than for unwashed wool. The centrifugal machines that wash the wool so quickly and thoroughly are too keen competitors of the shepherd. Perhaps the washed wool is really a little more valuable, but if it is the buyer is unwilling to make inducements in the way of better prices.

Fertilizer Values.
 According to the director of the New Jersey experiment station it has been estimated that if nitrate of soda is rated at 100, blood and cottonseed meal would be about 70, dried ground fish and hoof meal 65, bone and tankage 65, while leather, ground horn and wool waste range from as low as 2 to as high as 30. From these figures it is to be seen that nitrate of soda is the most effective form of nitrogen.