

WHO ARE THE HAPPY?

Who are the happy, who are the free?
You tell me and I'll tell thee;
Those who have tongues that never lie,
Truth on the lip, truth in the eye;
To Friend or foe,
To all above and to all below;
These are the happy, these are the free,
So may it be with thee and me.

—London Times.

Dave's Triumphant Marriage

"That little Allie Elsie is a dear!" said one matron to another. "Watch her, now, over there talking with Dave Ethbert. See how Dave brightens. Allie is really a magnet for smiles; never saw her like."

"Nor" said the other. "Allie is beautiful; an unusual type, anyhow—small, black hair, blue eyes, rosy. She and Dave will come to a proper understanding some day, I hope. Did you ever see another man who looked more like a figure on a tailor's fashion-plate than Dave does? The rooms will soon be crowded. Here comes Mr. Channing and Caroline Coree."

The two thus singled out passed to where Allie and Dave were, their group soon becoming the most animated to be seen.

"My husband thinks that Mr. Channing is already the most important lawyer in town," continued the matron's monotonous flow of speech. "I suppose he will eventually take his father's position. It is time that the old Channing mansion should have a mistress. How do you think Caroline would do?"

"The best in the world," the other affirmed. "That high-lady air of hers would suit the grand proportions of the place. It's a pity she isn't pretty."

"Not pretty? Why, Caroline is lovely!" she declared.

"No. She is too much like dozens of others; brown hair, gray eyes, fair, plump. I think Caroline's chief attractions are that she looks straight at you when she speaks to you, and that her dresses always fit her as if made for her and not for another. Her hair is an attraction, too; fluffy as Allie's, yet done up in a style that makes one sure it is not coming down, and that the curls are going to stay exactly where she places them."

The other lady smiled. "You observe very closely," she remarked. "I think her pretty, despite your ideas."

When Caroline reached home after the entertainment, she and Mr. Channing seated themselves in her quiet parlor for what they thought was to be the happiest chat of the evening. It was only a few minutes, however, accidentally, the conversation turned to personal affairs. The two had been friends since the days of childhood, but it had been only within the last year that Mr. Channing had discovered that Caroline was deeper to him than any one else. He had never told her, and there was a noticeable difference in his mien as he said: "It is good to be alone with you, Caroline, and to feel safe from interruption. To-night I want to talk of myself, but I don't talk to one but you. May I do it?"

"You may begin," she permitted, smiling. "I may have to stop you since I am in the dark as to how you mean to handle your subject." She settled her elbow on a pile of cushions in the corner of the settee, and nestling her cheek in her palm, looked at him, awaiting his words. Her ease was disconcerting. Moving his rocker sideways, but in front of her, he said, a little awkwardly:

"You look so provokingly nonchalant, Caroline, and I feel so serious. I always do in a genuine home. You know I have never had a home. Even when I was a kid, there was only that big house of ours, full of furniture and an all-invasive housekeeper. Father would come at night, and leave in the morning. I certainly did have a bleak boyhood." He turned his eyes from an almost unconscious survey of the pretty room to surprise on Caroline's face, a responsive expression.

"You poor fellow!" she said, with charming intonation. "I have thought about you as homeless in that big house! Haven't you always been friends? I used to feel dreadfully sorry for you when we went to school together."

"Since then, also," he asked, quickly.

"Yes, since then, also," she admitted, reluctantly.

"I have needed it," he said almost sternly. "Have needed it most of all in the last two years, because in that time I have not even had father. Do you know, Caroline, I am glad you have been sorry? It does not sound well, but I am glad. It even makes it easier for me to tell you that in the last year I have come to know that I love you. I am afraid, now that you know, because, if you do not love me, Caroline, my life can never again have any rest to it. Was it because you care for me that you have felt sorry for my loneliness?"

Without changing her position, Caroline had looked away from him during his last few sentences, and an expression near akin to sadness was on her face. A new womanliness was about her as she turned again to him, waiting.

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Harold and Caroline had agreed, when they broke their engagement, to continue their lives in accustomed grooves. If possible, hoping thus to escape publicity. It was Caroline's wish especially, for she hoped that her father would never learn of the affair. Thus each attended the same social gatherings, even conversing together whenever it would have been noticeable to keep silence. At such times, however, only each heart knew how the tones of the other voice hurt; while both became conscious that their every

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The bridal party were to leave for a northern city an hour after the ceremony, and an informal supper was served in the meantime. The guests saw Allie depart to don her traveling dress; they soon became conscious of some unusual excitement among members of the family. First the parents left the room, then her sister, and at last even her cousins. Questions and suggestions went the rounds as the minutes increased in number and the guests were still left to themselves. Some thought that something had gone wrong with Dave Ethbert. He had been seen standing alone on the front sidewalk before the marriage, but no one had seen him since. Train-time came and passed, and the guests could scarcely control themselves. None of the family were yet visible, though there was a constant passing and re-passing some on upstairs. Just when

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AGRICULTURAL

The Garden in Spring.

The first thing to do with a garden plot is to plow it, and harrow the land until it is as fine on the surface as it can possibly be made. If the work is to be done with a horse the longer the rows the better. Use only plump and sound seed, procured from reliable sources and use too much seed rather than too little, as it is easier to thin out the surplus plants than to replant the vacant places. Use only well-rotted manure, and work it well into the soil. If fertilizer is used, let it be broadcasted and harrowed in. The saving of labor will largely depend upon watching the weeds. If the weed hoe or wheel cultivator is used just as the weeds are appearing above ground the soil will always be kept fine and loose, and fewer weeds will appear after each cultivation. Cultivated in that manner, an ordinary garden can be worked in an hour or two; but if the weeds are allowed to grow until they are several inches high they will injure the garden plants and increase the labor fourfold. That is the main point—to cultivate as soon as the weeds germinate. Do not put in the seeds too soon while the ground is cold, as they may fail to germinate. When the apple trees are in bloom is the best time for planting the garden crops, as the ground will then be in excellent condition, warm, and the danger from frost past. Vegetables and small fruits cost less than corn, wheat and oats in proportion to area occupied and the labor bestowed.

Profit in Squash.

A squash breeder says for the past year our squashes have averaged us a fraction over sixty cents a pair. Now with an average, as he places it, of about a year, we have a return of \$2.00. The cost of breeding can be brought inside of ninety cents a pair, if bought in large quantities. It would be well to allow 25 cents a pair for labor and supplies, as grit, charcoal, tobacco stems, etc., although the manure will, we think, offset this if sold to the best advantage. Although some of the large profit stories in the squash business are absurd, it seems as if the inexperienced breeder should get a profit of \$2.00 a year from such pairs.

Improve the Well.

Those who remember how pure the water used to taste when it was drawn up from the old open stone-walled well will welcome any plan of improving our present wells. The sweet, satisfying taste which it possessed is not now very characteristic of much of the farm well water. The fact is that people, as a rule, are very careless now-

days about the source of drinking water. Wooden curbing, absolutely no ventilation in many cases and poor soils for the purification of water have brought about the change. A farmer who holds that plenty of pure air in the well will aid much in the purity of the water gave us the following plan: The frame for the support of the platform is made of 2 by 4's, allowing a space of four to six inches between the lower and upper parts of the sides. This space is covered on the inside with two screens. The first is a large mesh, to keep out large vermin. Over this is a fly screen, to keep out dirt, insects, etc. The well never becomes frozen. In winter the platform is covered with straw and snow.—Iowa Homestead.

Spraying for San Jose Scale.

As a result of experiments with lime-sulphur washes in the control of the San Jose scale, the author of a bulletin by the Georgia Board of Entomology, recommends a boiled lime-sulphur wash. Salt does not appear to be necessary or desirable, but the lime should be a calcium lime rather than a magnesium lime. Self-boiled lime-sulphur washes are often used with good success, but are more expensive and not quite so satisfactory as boiled washes. For spraying on a large scale, steam-boiling outfits are most satisfactory. It is recommended that lady-fingered orchards be sprayed in the fall and in the spring, but where two sprayings are impossible the applications should be made in the spring.

Ration for a Horse.

It is claimed that 2 per cent of the horse's weight of good, nourishing food is all it should eat in a day. By this rule a horse weighing 1,500 pounds should receive 30 pounds of food, but it must be considered that something depends upon the amount of labor performed, as well as the digestive capacity and appetite of the animal.

Thinning Fruit.

It is not a good indication, when loads of fruit trees are propped, to prevent the loss of limbs. When a tree is propped it is being compelled to do too much work. It will always pay to thin off the surplus fruit on the tree will be better quality and a larger crop the result the succeeding year.

The Watering Trough.

The stock water trough needs a thorough washing and scrubbing and flushing occasionally, if the water is to be free from disease. The watering trough is one of the sources from which all the diseases on the farm are spread.

Sheep-Killing Dogs.

Dogs that become addicted to sheep killing do so from pure viciousness. In a majority of cases the dogs do not eat any portion of the carcass, but will kill a dozen or more sheep for the delight of so doing.

LIKE OLD SHIPPING DAYS.

Three Big Windjammers Reach New York Together After Long Trip.

Three large sailing ships came into port Sunday a short time ago—an unusual number for one day, and an old sailor on the Battery said it reminded him of old times, according to the New York Times. The first to drop anchor was the three-masted ship Avon. She has been carrying coals from Calcutta to Surinam, Dutch Guinea. Following her came the British ship Lucretia, ninety-two days out from Alagoa Bay, Astora of her was the J. D. Everett, from Buenos Ayres.

The Avon, Capt. Arthur Fox, tied up at Beard's stores, Brooklyn, having docked in the morning. Her crew was glad to get in, for the ship has been through a trying experience since she left Calcutta Oct. 23. Her cargo on the trip to Surinam was 500 coals, indentured to the Dutch government for five years. Eight died on the trip.

While in the Bay of Bengal the Avon ran into one of the worst cyclones that Capt. Fox in his years of going up and down the world has ever experienced. For two days the coolies—men, women and children—were kept under hatches. They were almost completely shut out from the other part of the ship and in the darkness of the hold they thought that death was coming.

A rapid falling of the barometer and heavy gales marked the beginning of the cyclone, and when the storm came the vessel was hoisted on the starboard tack under three lower topsails. At 4 o'clock the next morning there was a terrific gale, sending the water flying high over the bow, and as the ship lay to before the wind great quantities of water came over the leeward quarter. A lifeboat and many of the ship's sails were carried away in the gale.

The Everett made the trip to Buenos Ayres from Boston, taking there 1,800,000 feet of Canadian pine.

AMIR'S UNAMIALE WIFE.

She Has Three Husbands Charged Against Her in Times.

Though subject to Great Britain in all its foreign relations, Afghanistan is independent in its internal affairs and the Amir is an absolute monarch. The country covers an area about equal to that of the New England States plus New York. Its population is estimated at nearly 5,000,000. The present Amir was born in 1872 and succeeded to the throne in October, 1901.

The Amir supports a considerable harem. It is not known how many concubines he has, but there are four regularly recognized wives, the chief of whom, known as the queen wife, enjoys an allowance of \$375,000 a year. The allowances of the other wives are \$200,000, \$150,000 and \$75,000, according to seniority.

There is also a queen mother in this complex family, and it is well known that the young monarch has a monkey and a parrot. True it is in maintaining domestic discipline. The queen wife, who was formerly a slave girl and whose beauty infatuated Habib Ullah while he was yet a prince, is a terramant of the fiercest description.

She is mainly jealous, obviously with cause enough, and has not viewed the accession of other wives with any degree of equanimity, but she cannot help herself, because the Amir maintains, and the law justifies him, that his rank entitles him to at least four wives. So the queen wife takes it out on her attendants. She chastises them freely and frequently, and thus far has killed three of them with her own hand. Abominable as this may seem in the eyes of western civilization, the worst of it is so far as the Amir is concerned, that the queen mother, the queen wife and all the other wives are forever interfering in politics. Their jealousies and conflicting intrigues keep the court in turmoil, and tenure of office is precarious. Habib Ullah is not celebrated for firmness. He is good-natured and prone to avoid trouble by yielding to it.

She Forgot Her Name.

"Never, never shall I venture into that shop and face that clerk again," said a December bride as, in the company of a woman friend, she passed a fashionable stationer's downtown.

"About three weeks before I was married," she explained, "I stopped in there while downtown to order visiting cards, which were to be engraved with my name. At the appointed time I called to receive the cards and pay for them, but, completely forgetting the change of nomenclature, I asked for those of Miss Aline Smith.

"Of course, no such entry could be found, as I had formerly had mine struck off at another house. The clerk searched through all his books, made all possible inquiries, with many apologies for the oversight, which he was totally at a loss to account for. It occurred in all a good fifteen minutes' time. Then it flashed the awful truth dawned on me. I got as red as a bunch of beets, and suffered all the agonies of bridal stage fright in advance. But there was nothing to do but own up. In a few words as possible I explained that the name to be looked for was Mrs. Morton Brown. Of course I got them immediately, but the look on the face of that clerk I shall never forget."

—New York Press.

Indian Cure for Neuralgia.

Here is a simple method of curing neuralgia. If the neuralgia is in the right side of the face the left should be placed in a basin of water as hot as can be borne. Or if neuralgia is in the left side of the face then the right hand should be placed in the hot water. It is asserted that in this way relief may be obtained in less than five minutes. The explanation is that the two nerves which have the greatest number of tactile nerve endings are the fifth and the median nerves. As the fibers of these two nerves cross any impulse conveyed to the left hand will affect the right side of the face, or if applied to the right hand will affect the left side of the face. This is an account of the crossing of the cords.—East Indian Review.

Nothing makes a young couple so vain as a lot of wedding presents.

LEGAL INFORMATION.

One who is at work by the year or month is not obliged to work Sundays or holidays, nor can he recover for work performed on those