

A MODERN INSTANCE.

Maud Muller on a summer's day
Was helping to put the wheat away.
And she sighed sometimes for distant lands
Where the girls don't assist the harvest hands.
The judge rode by—a man of note—
To see how her father meant to vote.
And he craved a drink and she coyly
Laughed at his compliment as he gazed and quaffed.
His heart beat fast. But he said "good day."
Then remarked, "Giddep!" and pursued his way.
She watched him go and she softly
Sighed, "Tis a lucky lass who becomes his bride."
And the judge sighed too with his brain
Awful!
"Maud Muller's a stunningly handsome girl."
The years passed on and the usual fate
Came to those who mix in affairs of state.
Maud's family labored from dawn till dark
As the price of wheat reached the dollar mark.
And her bright eyes shone with a fresher
Charm,
As she lifted the mortgage off the farm.
While the judge, he owned with a dismal
Sob,
Was a politician without a job.
—Washington Star.

HIS ARR-ESTING ANGEL

Which shall it be? I must destroy one or the other. I can't send a love letter to the dearest, truest girl on earth at the same time I am consenting to be an accomplice in a common burglary." This was uttered by a young man standing before his desk, on which lay two letters; one addressed to his fiancée, Miss Margaret Taylor, the other to Bob Kracker.

There was nothing to distinguish Ernest Bixby from any one of a dozen ordinary young men, except, perhaps, his eyes; they told one he was a dreamer; but also that he had the power to make his dreams come true; in fact, he was a genius, an inventor, to be exact.

He took the letters out of both envelopes, as he spoke, and spread them before him. Once he had Kracker's letter in his hand and was about to tear it; but he caught himself and threw it onto the desk again. "No," he muttered, "I have as much as promised and I'll not go back on it. The money belongs to me; yes! a great deal more than we'll get is mine, and I'll have it if I have to take it as a common thief! He'll find that if we lack suavity which enables him to rob with impunity, we are not entirely without redress." With the last words, he snatched Miss Taylor's letter from the desk, and as if afraid to trust himself, to think, tore it quickly into tiny bits, threw them into the waste basket, hastily put the other letter into an envelope, sealed it and saying: "Now, I'll mail this before I change again," he fiercely jammed it into his pocket and quickly left the room.

Tuesday afternoon, Margaret Taylor and her mother were sitting in their cosy library, Mrs. Taylor sewing while Margaret read aloud. Mr. Taylor interrupted them by entering and handing Margaret a letter. "From Ernest, I believe," he said, and sat down to read his paper. He had read but a few lines when an exclamation from his daughter caused him and his wife first to look and then hasten toward her. She sat as if rigid, with the letter she had opened held tightly in one hand staring at it as if it were an apparition. At her mother's startled question, she roused herself, and extending the letter toward her father, said in a dazed manner, "What does it mean?"

Mr. Taylor took the note. "Why! What! Is this from Ernest?" he ejaculated as he read, "This is incredible! But it's too plain to leave room for any doubt. He has written to this B. K., whoever he may be, and then, like himself, in a fit of absent-mindedness, has addressed the note to you."

"Do tell me," interrupted Mrs. Taylor, "what is it about?"

"Listen," said Mr. Taylor, "I shall not allow this letter to leave my hands until I have placed it with the proper authorities. If you care to have me, I'll read it to you."

"Well, do that, at least," said Mrs. Taylor, while Margaret covered her face with her hands as he read:

"B. K.: I have thought of your proposition—in fact, that's about all I have thought of since I saw you last. I am ready, if it can be done soon. I can't stand this strain much longer. Let us say Wednesday night. I'll meet you as arranged, and you had better take all the booty off with you. I'll return to my rooms and go on as usual for a while, then meet you in the stipulated place."

"Sorry to disobey instructions, but I lost our code, so had to write as usual. Yours, E. A. B."

"P. S.—Remember, you promised positively that no one is to be harmed."

"E. A. B."

Margaret understood her father thoroughly, so, controlling herself as best she could, she asked: "What shall you do, father?"

"Well, you see," he replied, coldly, "he doesn't give any clue as to the person to be robbed; so all I can do is to go to S—, watch the scamp and await developments. B. K. won't receive this word, at least, so the job will undoubtedly be postponed."

Margaret's face had lost all vestige of color as her father spoke. "Nothing can change your purpose," answered her father.

Mrs. Taylor then asked Margaret in a solicitous voice, if she felt like making the visit she had planned.

"Why—yes, mother. Father, try to treat Ernest as you would wish a son treated if you had one in such a position," she said as she left the room.

As the door closed, Mrs. Taylor abruptly turned to her husband and said: "Seth, I don't understand this. You can't believe that Ernest Bixby is planning any such thing as that note appears to indicate. Why, you must be crazy!"

"On the contrary, Sarah, there is no other interpretation possible."

"Then all I have to say is, that you must see him and learn what untoward circumstances have led such a boy as Ernest to contemplate such a thing. Go, Seth, and have him from this first step—remember—"

"First step!" interrupted Mr. Taylor; "what right have you to say it is his first step?"

"If you need any proof—his letter is enough," answered his wife.

"Bosh! he may have been in this business for years. Besides, this is just the opportunity to get the young scamp out of the way."

"Why, Seth, what do you mean? One would think, to see and hear you, that you were delighted at this shocking news."

"Well, of course, that isn't true; but as he is a young scamp, and we should have learned it sooner or later, I am glad we did learn it in time to save Margaret from marrying him. Then, don't you see, now that she is rid of Ernest, very likely she'll be willing to listen to Mr. Wilson. Well, you needn't look incredulous and disgusted; he told me, last week, the day that saw him Margaret's fiancé I should have half a million to use as long as I needed it; and that means our fortune is as good as made."

"You wouldn't sacrifice your only child for money, even if we were not perfectly well provided for?"

"Sacrifice nothing—I'd like to know if she wouldn't sacrifice a great deal more by marrying that youngster with his head full of dreams which will

never be realized—to say nothing of this!" as he held up the note.

"I don't think Margaret would marry Jim Wilson, if he had a billion."

"Nonsense, didn't you see how philosophically she took what I said?"

"Well, I see it is useless to talk to you. I must go and see if I can help her with her packing."

When Mrs. Taylor reached the door, her husband said: "Sarah, I shall expect you to make Margaret see that I am doing only my duty, and that the best thing she can do is to put Ernest out of her mind as quickly as possible."

Ernest Bixby, all unconscious of any miscarriage of his letter, was pacing his room in an agitated, nervous manner, at about 9 o'clock Wednesday evening, wishing himself well out of the business that was before him. A knock at his door made him start guiltily.

"I thought I told him not to allow any one up here, to-night," he muttered, as he went toward the door.

"Margaret!" was all he could gasp as he staggered back, on opening the door to find Miss Taylor standing before him.

"Yes, Ernest. Let me in. Oh! I thought I should never get here! Ernest, don't look as if you were afraid of me—tell me I am not too late! You haven't done it yet!"

Ernest threw himself on his knees before her, and taking her hand in his said in a broken voice: "No, thank God, and I never shall do it now. Don't cry, little girl, tell me, how did you hear of it?"

"Take that chair, Ernest," commanded Margaret, indicating one that stood near her. When he was seated she began. "Do you remember, on Monday, you wrote two letters, one to me and the other to B. K., whoever—"

"I see," interrupted Ernest. "I wondered where that envelope addressed to Kracker came from that I found on my desk, Tuesday morning."

"I'm afraid, dear, that you are much too absent-minded to make a success of it—Oh, Ernest, I can't use that word in speaking of you—" and she choked back a sob and went on. "Didn't you write two letters?"

"Yes, Margaret, but I destroyed yours. I couldn't bear—"

"Good. But, Ernest, tell me how did

you ever become interested in such a scheme?"

"I will tell you the story, and I shall make no endeavor to justify myself in your sight. As far as you and I are concerned all is over between us. I give you your freedom now, Margaret, before you have heard the story."

"Thank you, mister, but, if you please, the lady likes the privilege of breaking an engagement; so if you'll just take back my freedom—until I ask for it—I'll be pleased to listen to your story," answered Margaret, smiling through her tears.

Ernest began: "Mr. Stewart, the railroad magnate, became very much interested in me, when he found I was working under difficulties, and threw open his laboratory—yes, and his home—to me. He treated me as a son. When my invention was perfected, he said that if I wished he would take charge of securing the patent and finding a market for it. I haven't seen him to have a talk with him, since then. He's been away most of the time, and seemed very busy when he did happen to be home. I didn't think anything about it, until I met this Bob Kracker, one evening. I had no idea that he was a professional thief, of course, until later. By degrees he convinced me that Stewart's interest had been not so much in me as in my work, and proved to my satisfaction that I had been an easy dupe, and that Stewart had appropriated for himself—while I thought he was thinking only of me—the fruits of my seven years labor. Can you imagine the rage I was in! The rest doesn't need telling." He was walking as he talked. "I was ready to get a part of what belonged to me in any manner—but you," and he leaned over the back of her chair and kissed her reverently, on the forehead, "my arresting angel, were sent to save me. Think! By morning I should have been a—"

"Don't, Ernest! I can't bear it! I wish you had come to father with your story, Ernest. I'm sure if he had known that you lacked so little of being a success, he would have helped you. But it's too late for that now. You see, I was so overcome when I read your note that I permitted him to see it."

This was a blow that Ernest had not expected, but he tried not to let Margaret see how it affected him.

"I can understand that easily, but how is it you are here? I know, of course, your father doesn't know it. Didn't my letter kill all your love for me? How is it you have risked so much to come to me?"

"I came to you because I love you, dear," and she leaned toward him and took his hands in hers and pulled him down to her and kissed him. "Because you needed me as you probably will never again need me."

"I shall need you always, Margaret, but I can't ask you to marry me now."

"You don't have to; you did that a year ago, and I haven't released you."

"Even though I was willing to accept your sacrifice, dear, your father would leave no stone unturned to put an end to our engagement," said Ernest.

"There only is one thing which would compel father to be with us instead of against us. You know his family pride? Well, when he comes to see you, to-morrow morning, he must find a son-in-law!"

In less than half an hour Margaret and Ernest might have been seen alighting from a cab before the Rev. George C. Grace's parsonage. A short time later, they entered a hotel, and Ernest registered: "Ernest A. Bixby and wife." If he had glanced up the list a few lines, he would have seen: "Mr. Seth Taylor," written in a bold hand.

Early the next morning Mr. Taylor came down to the hotel office. "What papers have you?" he asked. "Just these, sir," said the clerk, "there'll be others in directly."

"Didn't hear anything of a robbery, last night, I suppose," he said, nonchalantly, as he scanned the headlines, then turning the paper, he glanced hastily through the second and third pages until something arrested his attention, and he fairly gasped as he read.

"Do you know anything about this?" thundered Mr. Taylor, showing the clerk the article he had been reading.

"Simply that the couple are our guests," he answered, taking his pencil from behind his ear and pointing to "Mr. Ernest Bixby and wife" on the register.

"Send word to Mr. Bixby that Mr. Taylor wishes to see him here, immediately," he said, in an imperious tone.

As Ernest entered the office through one door, in answer to the summons, a messenger boy opened the other door. "I've been looking for your, Mr. Bixby," he said, as he handed him a note.

Ernest opened it, after excusing himself, and read:

"Dear Bixby—I am happy to be able to tell you the Keeningsway National Car Company has made you an offer of \$875,000 for your patent, if you sell it outright. However, see me before deciding; I think you can do even better."

"With heartfelt congratulations,"

"HENRY R. STEWART."

As he read the words, his first thought, naturally, was how pleased Margaret would be, then came the awful recollection of how nearly he had outraged not only his own manhood, but the great friendship this busy man had manifested toward him; all for an imaginary wrong.

But he was young, and nothing in face of such good fortune could depress him. With a joyous smile, realizing the bearing it would have on this heretofore dreaded interview, he handed the note to Mr. Taylor: "Read that, father, and congratulate us," he said.—Pennsylvania Grit.



The New Farmer.
The President's address last month at the Michigan State Agricultural College is so clear an expression of the conditions of modern farm life that a future historian may turn to it to read our times. All national leaders have told us that the farmer is the backbone of the nation. Washington and Jefferson were farmers, and good ones. The Illinois that bred Lincoln was one vast farm—Chicago was then only a small town. The President of to-day, not bred in farm life, although he has been a practical ranchman, is the first to express the unity between farm labor and all other kinds. The farmer to him is an expert mechanic and business man, whose problems are precisely those of the workman in the town, who depends for success on industrial and social co-operation. He must be an educated, aggressive participant in the work of life, competing with the farmer of Europe, inviting to his workshop of many acres the most skillful young men, learning from technical students and the practical experience of his neighbors the best that is known about his business. City workers, meeting in the friction of crowded life, have always learned their craft from one another. The farmer has until recently been in social and business isolation. Now he is a citizen of the world, often closer in point of time, to the nearest city than his grandfather was to the farmers of the adjacent town. The difference between the townsman and the countryman in educational and intellectual opportunities and in industrial responsibility is rapidly diminishing. That means the diminishing of the old real or fancied disadvantage of farm life which drove ambition and initiative to the city for opportunity to show themselves. The advantage remains and increases, for no matter how near together modern instruments of unity, the trolley and telephone, bring city and country, broad acres still remain broad, and produce the conditions of free and independent life.—Youth's Companion.

To Destroy Insects.
The grayish black squash bug is difficult to manage. Gathering the eggs and the old bugs early in the spring is laborious but sure, if thoroughly done. The bugs will crawl upon a piece of board laid among the vines, and may be gathered and caught. The use of poisons will do no good in the case of the bugs, as they do not eat the leaves, but pass their beaks through the outside of the leaf to suck the juices, and will not consume any of the poison. In a series of experiments in the method of preventing the attacks of the squash vine borer the preventatives employed were paris green at the rate of half a teaspoonful to two gallons of water, corn-cobs dipped in coal tar, and the kerosene emulsion; the application of the paris green and the kerosene was repeated after every hard rain until September; the cobs were dipped in coal tar again once in three weeks. All three of the applications seemed to be beneficial, with perhaps a little something in favor of the corn-cobs as being cheapest and most convenient. The odor of the tar has no effect on the insects, but sometimes repels the moth, causing her to lay her eggs elsewhere.

Weed Cutter and Gatherer.
Weeds are a constant source of trouble to the gardener, cropping up quicker than he can cut them down, and spoiling the appearance of the lawn. A Massachusetts man has invented an implement intended to help him solve the problem and lighten the labor of stopping and digging up the roots.



NEW WEED CUTTER. It is a combined weed cutter and gatherer, as shown in the accompanying illustration. The cutter is adjustable, and is operated by a lever which terminates close to the handle of the implement. The gatherer is placed in the rear of the cutter. In front of the cutter are a pair of small, light wheels. It will be seen that after bringing the implement close to the weed a pull on the lever is all that is required to operate the cutter. As the implement is pushed on to the next spot, the weed is gathered up by the rake and carried on.

Care of the Hedge.
When the hedge plants begin to die out the cause may sometimes be traced to lack of plant food. There is considerable wood removed from hedge plants every year when the hedges are trimmed, and this annual loss cannot be sustained by the plants unless they are assisted. Apply wood ashes freely every fall.

Destroying Burdock.
Like all biennials, the burdock is easily destroyed in cultivated fields. It is in by-places, such as fence sides, lanes, corners around the buildings, pastures, and the borders of woodlands, that burdocks give trouble. But even in these they are not difficult to destroy. Farmers who go over their fields twice a year will soon have no burdocks. In cutting them care should be taken to strike below the crown. Every plant cut in this way must die. The cutting may be done at any time of the year when the ground is not frozen, and it is, of course, much more easily done when the plants are young. While it is not difficult to cut off a small tap root with the knife, it is much more difficult to accomplish the same when the root has attained a diameter of an inch or more. Two or three years of persistent cutting will remove nearly all burdocks from the by-places of farms.

To Give Pigs a Bath.
The unfortunate pig has always had the reputation of being the most uncleanly animal in existence. This is not entirely the fault of the pig, as his environment is generally unaccountable for his cleanliness. Pig raisers seldom attempt to give the pigs a bath, as it is almost impossible to catch and hold them, even for a minute. Nevertheless a Missouri stockman tackled the problem and succeeded in planning an apparatus by which the pigs are given a good washing before they are slaughtered. It should also prove equally as useful at other times. The construction and operation of the dipping tank, as it is called, will be plainly evident by a glance at the accompanying illustration. Resting on the ground is the water tank, which is connected to an inclined inlet and outlet. On the incline of the outlet are tiny stairs to assist the pig in ascending. In preparation for his "annual" the pig is forced down the incline into the water, and if his common sense does not direct him on the incline, he is prodded from behind with a bar. In fact, in time this device may become very fashionable with pigs, and it would not be surprising to hear of them taking their daily "dip" hereafter.

Vermont's \$1,000,000 Sugar Crop.
Various reports indicate that this has been the best maple season for years. The average sugar per tree tapped ranges from 2 to 4 pounds. Last year 5,000,000 trees were tapped, and as large a number this year. Five thousand tons of sugar worth \$1,000,000 is a crop of importance to the Green Mountain State, remarks the Country Gentleman, especially as the national pure food law (which ranks second only to the oleo bill as bringing about an immense reform in the direction of common honesty in mercantile transactions) absolutely forbids the selling as Vermont maple sugar syrup and product that which is not actually and entirely what it professes to be.

Highway of the Future.
The "future American highway," according to an inventor whose pamphlet is reviewed in Engineering News, will be a paved roadway 120 feet in total width, divided by longitudinal curbs into eight separate roadways, four for passage in each direction. He provides two 16-foot roadways for animal traction vehicles and a 4-foot walk at each side for the stray pedestrians who may still indulge in the antiquated method of locomotion that nature furnished. The rest of the width is devoted to automobile roads. As the cost of this remarkable highway would amount up to between \$100,000 and \$200,000 per mile, the inventor does well to call it a "highway of the future."

Cabbage Rot.
Black rot has been very destructive on cabbage and cauliflower for several seasons, and means of relief, even slight, will be welcomed by growers. Recent investigation by the New York station at Genesee show that the germ of disease may be carried over winter on the dry seed, a fact previously doubted by scientists, and that these germs may produce the disease when inoculated into the healthy plants. It is, therefore, a wise precaution to disinfect the cabbage seeds, as removing one possible source of infection. This can be done very cheaply, easily and safely by soaking the seeds for fifteen minutes in corrosive sublimate solution of 1 to 1000-strength.

"Wild Silk."
Among the peculiar products of Manchuria, which are becoming better known to the outside world since the opening of that country, is "wild silk," produced by an insect named Antheraea pernyi, which lives upon the Mongolian oak leaves in southeastern Manchuria. The annual production for a few years past is estimated at 15,000,000 cocoons. In Shantung this silk is manufactured into pongee.

"POEMS ASKED FOR."

Leading Citizens in Atchison Have Great Yearning for Verse.
We have often referred with admiration to the Kansas City Star's department headed "Poems Asked For." It is valuable as well as interesting, says the Atchison Champion. Everybody knows what it means to retain in the memory a fragment of a song or poem and be unable to secure the balance of it. The Star's admirable department helps you to get the lines you are suffering for. We have been so much impressed by this department that we have decided to establish a similar one in the Champion. When our determination was made known, a great many leading citizens sent us communications, some of which appear below.

N. H. Todd wants some kind friend to send him the poem which opens as follows:

"He stood on the bridge at midnight,
As full as a son of a gun;
And two moons rose over the city;
Where there should have been but one."

D. E. Good writes us: "When I was a boy, I was very fond of a song that was popular in those days. I remember only a few words of the chorus, but in order that the measure may be preserved I interpolate sundry syllables which have no particular meaning or relevance. If some dear sister of the Cozy Corner would send me the correct words of this beautiful song my gratitude would be overflowing:

"And if in the lumpy-tum battle I fall,
A lumpy-tum's all that I crave;
O bury me deep in the what-you-may-call,
And plant thingumbobs over my grave."

W. V. Ingham writes: "I would cheerfully pay 50 cents for the four stanzas of a poem which moved me to tears when I was a young man. I have forgotten the name of the poem as well as the name of the author, but some sister of Our Home Circle may be able to identify the following verse, and send me the companion verses:

I took her little hand in mine,
I clasped her beautiful form;
I vowed I'd shield her from the wind,
And from the world's cold storm;
She turned her hazel eyes on me,
Her tears did wildly flow,
And with her pouting lips she said:
"Confound you, let me go!"

Capt. John Seaton sends us the following as the first verse of a very curious poem that he knew when he was a boy. Read it carefully and you will see that it is simply a string of contradictions. Capt. Seaton informs us that he will give a large bar of strictly pure pig iron to anybody who sends him the other two stanzas:

'Tis midnight, and the setting sun
Rises in the far glorious west;
The rapid rivers slowly run,
The frog sits on its downy nest;
The pensive goat and sportive cow
Hilarious leap from bough to bough.

D. E. Farnsworth asks us to try to recover for him a beautiful poem which, he says has influenced his entire career. He cannot remember the name or any of the words of the poem, but he would be profoundly grateful to any person who can send the rhyme to him.

Jacob George asks for the words of a poem beginning "Beneath a spreading smilthy tree the village chestnut stands."

W. R. Nelson of the Kansas City Star writes that he would like to cooperate with us in this matter of recovering lost poems and expresses his anxiety to secure a very old rhyme which opened as follows:

She sang soprano sweetly, her voice was like a lye;
But one Sunday she ate onions and busted up the choir.

WORKS OF A WATCH.
All the Parts Are but the Expression of One Idea.

To one who has never studied the mechanism of a watch its mainspring or the balance wheel is a mere piece of metal. He may have looked at the face of the watch, and while he admires the motions of its hands and the time it keeps he may have wondered in idle amazement as to the character of the machinery which is concealed within. Take it to pieces and show him each part separately, and he will recognize neither design or adaptation nor relation between them, but put them together, set them to work, point out the offices of each spring, wheel and cog, explain their movements and then show him the result. Now he perceives that it is all one design; that, notwithstanding the number of parts their diverse forms and various offices and the agents concerned the whole piece is of one idea. He now rightly concludes that when the mainspring was fashioned and tempered its relation to all the other parts must have been considered; that the cogs on this wheel are cut and regulated—adapted—to the ratchets on that etc., and his final conclusion will be that such a piece of mechanism could not have been produced by chance, for the adaptation of the parts is such as to show it to be according to design and obedient to the will of one intelligence.

A Frank Reply.
"Why do you insist on asking me how I got my money?" asked the ex-boss.

"Thought maybe I could go there and get some myself," answered the candid political opponent.—Washington Star.

Invariably the Case.
Strive on, O teller, as you may,
To make mankind your debtor;
Some other man will always say
He could have done it better.
—Washington Star.