

**THE WEB OF LIFE.**

A pitiful piece of patches and shreds—  
But stay your passionate grieving—  
Is it late to pick up the broken threads  
And change the pattern of weaving?

The warp was dyed in the wool and  
drawn  
To the loom without your willing;  
But the shuttle that flies from dawn to  
dawn  
Carries the thread of your filling.

The fabric of life by which you are  
known  
Is not, perhaps, of your choosing;  
But the matter which gives it light and  
tone  
Is the color you are using.

Over the dingy ancestral dyes,  
Over and under, and over,  
The gold of your shuttle tints as it flies  
The bluish it may not cover.

Forward and onward; you may not pause,  
In your own work disbelieving,  
For still by the force of its unseen laws  
The loom goes on with its weaving.

And your inmost thought is caught in the  
snare  
By a law that no man knoweth;  
And your purpose, be it false or fair,  
Shows in the web as it groweth.

Well for you and well for us all, sweet  
friend,  
When, at last, our shuttles falter,  
If the weavers beginning where we end  
Find naught in the pattern to alter.  
—Youth's Companion.



Robert Montagu walked slowly down the quiet country road. He was within a few miles of the great metropolis, but in this peaceful Hertfordshire village he felt a thousand miles from the hub of the universe. And yet he had but lately returned from a very distant country—the western part of Canada—where things had prospered exceedingly with him. He had, in short, come home with his pile—a rich man at last, and had returned to the old country for a well-earned rest, with an idea at the back of his busy mind that it might be very pleasant to settle down at home—if he could find someone to settle down with!

He looked about him with interest as he made his way down the deserted road, which he remembered so well, many, many years ago; and when he came in sight of a square, ugly white house standing on a little eminence, approached by a handsome carriage drive and surrounded with prosperous looking outbuildings and a big garden, he slackened his pace a little.

So this was where Adela was living. Things had gone well with her and her stockbroker husband evidently. How would they receive him? He glanced down at his clothes, which though neat were by no means new. His heart yearned for a little affection; he had lived so long without it. Adela had a string of children; perhaps some of them might take him to their hearts, though if they resembled Adela, his elder sister—well, she had never cared for him.

The gay strains of the newest waltz floated up to the top story of the Henderson abode and penetrated to the schoolroom, where, in rather a dismal light and beside a very poor fire, Margaret Verney was trying to concentrate her attention on a book which lay on her lap. But it was not easy to read with that seductive music filling the air, and almost unconsciously her foot beat time softly to the delightful rhythm which she loved so well. If only she could have joined the dancers! A smile touched Margaret Verney's pretty lips as she thought of the past—not so very far from her—when she had danced and done all the things girls love, and had not known a care or any anxiety. Well, that was all changed now. She had to fight her way in the world.

Perhaps she was not the only unhappy person in that house, for, from what she had heard one of the girls said about their newly arrived uncle, it was very evident that he was by no means a welcome guest.

"Imagine him coming now of all times," Amy had said, in her high fretful voice, "bringing disgrace on us all, and making Arthur think what queer relations we have! He must be kept in the background as much as possible."

And the sharp words had reached the uncle's ears; Margaret Verney had caught sight of him at that moment, and she knew the bitter speech had stung him. A great pity and sense of comradeship seized her at that moment, and the smile with which she had looked at him was perhaps the only welcome he had received.

The fire blazed up with a pleasant burst of flames, and Margaret Verney—lost in her own dreams, gazing into the heart of the fire—did not hear the door open quietly, and she started violently when a hand touched her softly and a voice said, with a familiar accent:

"Moping all alone, Miss Verney? That's too bad. You ought to be dancing with the rest."

The girl got up with a little shudder of dislike as her eyes fell on the tall, good-looking young man who had stolen in upon her. She cordially disliked her employer's nephew, who had chosen on more than one occasion to pester her with his unwelcome and insolent atten-

tions, but young Henderson was quite impervious to snubs.

"I have told you before, Mr. Henderson, that I will not be pestered with your insulting attentions. If you do not immediately leave the schoolroom I shall summon assistance."

The man colored darkly, and before Margaret was quite aware of his intention he had seized her in his arms.

"You'll keep your distance, you young cur," said a quiet voice, and a strong hand flung him aside with astounding ease, while Margaret Verney drew a long breath of relief.

"He didn't hurt you?" asked Montagu, turning to her.

"No, thank you so much. I—I—"

"And you'd better clear out," said Montagu wheeling round and facing the infuriated young man, "unless you wish to be—horsewhipped. Get out!"

"And leave the field clear for you, eh? Well, I wish Miss Verney joy of the returned prodigal—the beggar man from Canada," muttered Henderson, maliciously; but he went out of the room all the same.

"Does he annoy you often?" asked Montagu sharply. "Because if so I will lodge a complaint with my sister."

"Well, it is not the first time Mr. Henderson has tried to annoy me," she confessed; "but please, Mr. Montagu, don't trouble about it. He will be leaving in a few days, and then—it will be all right."

"And you don't join the rest down stairs?" he asked suddenly, after a short silence.

"Oh, no; I have other things to do. And you're happy?"

"Well—as a rule, yes. Of course, one has dreams—"

"Yes, we all have dreams," he said; "some of us realize them—some don't. What are your dreams, Miss Verney?"

"To get back my old home. It is in the market now; we were obliged to sell the place when my father died, leaving me and my sister almost penniless. That is why I am here, and I long so for the wild moorland of my native Yorkshire and the free country life."

"I see. And I can understand. Where was your home exactly? You and I should be friends, Miss Verney, for we are both rather in the same boat. Nobody seems to want me much."

That was the pleasantest evening Margaret Verney had known since her coming into the Henderson household.

"What are your dreams?"



and a friendship sprang up in that short hour between her and the beggarman uncle—as the children called the newly returned relative—which time would only cement. And to Montagu himself some new and altogether delightful thing had come into his life during that short hour.

He was very busy for some weeks after that, but he managed to see a good deal of Margaret Verney. And all the time his plans were maturing and the property on which Miss Verney's early youth had been spent—the home she loved so well—passed secretly and quietly into the hands of the latest millionaire. And then, when everything was quite ready, he asked Margaret Verney to be his wife.

"You don't know much about me, perhaps," he said ruefully, "but I can promise you a happy life, sheltered and cared for. I love you dearly—I will be good to you always—if you can only care a little, when I care so much. Would you be content to marry a poor man, Margaret?"

"If I loved him I would," she said, very low.

"And you care just a little?" he said eagerly.

"Oh, I care so much," she whispered. The rest was silence.

They were married very quietly a few weeks later. And later in the day the newly married couple set off on their journey to Yorkshire.

"We will visit the vicinity of your old home," Montagu said to his wife, and it was with a strangely fluttering heart that in the warm summer evening the girl found herself alighting at the familiar little station.

A handsome motor with a couple of men in dark livery stood in the station yard, and Margaret, to her amazement, found herself being hurried into it, while her modest luggage was put into a luggage cart, in charge of a smart groom.

"But where are we going?" she asked in amazement, as the car glided swiftly away to where Hallenby Hall reared its gray mass from out of a sheltering plantation facing the limitless sea.

"We are going home," said Montagu, tenderly. "Are you glad my own?"

"But I don't understand," she said, faintly. "I—thought you were a poor man, and—"

"Well, my sister and her family made the same mistake," said Montagu, quietly. "You see, they took it all for granted—and so did you. I had my own reasons for not wishing to unde-

ceive them for the present, and—here we are at home, Margaret."

And that was how Margaret Montagu came back to her old home.—London Tit-Bits.

**INITIATING A SENATOR.**

Page Shows Him How to Get Around the Capitol Quickly.

There are many ways in which the new Senator learns when he gets past the Vice President's desk, and one of the most fruitful and unreserved sources of information is the Senate page, says the Washington Herald.

The Senate page is an institution without a parallel. The dozen or so young Americans who enjoy the honor of running errands for the solons are bright and by no means backward, and they are philanthropically ready at any moment to impart information to the new Senator.

The new member of the Florida delegation, Senator Milton, who was sworn in recently, took a lesson from one of the youthful Mercuries that day, accompanied with an actual demonstration of its effect.

Mr. Milton found his way about lunch time to an elevator, intending to refresh the inner man in the dining room down in the basement. When he reached the shaft a sprightly young American in blue serge Norfolk jacket and a pair of bloomer trousers stood there. The boy immediately started in to get acquainted. Delicately imparting the information that he knew the Senate, was a "new one," the page proceeded to show him how to ring for an elevator.

"You see," he said, "three rings means that a Senator wants the lift, and that he don't have to wait long, either. No matter who or how many may be in the car, the elevator man starts for the Senator's floor and takes him up or down, wherever he wants to go. Then he lets the other people off where they want to go. See—this way."

Three rings jingled through the corridor and the elevator was there, with half a dozen passengers.

"We want to go down," said the page, with a familiar flourish of his hand toward his protégé. And in they stepped—Senator and page—and down they went.

**IN NELL GWYNNE'S OLD HOME.**

Lady Churchill Penning Her Reminiscences at Salisbury Hall.

Mrs. George Cornwallis West, formerly Lady Randolph Churchill, practically lives the life of a recluse at the present time in Salisbury Hall, St. Albans, where she is completing her reminiscences, which began some months ago in the Century Magazine. The splendor of the beautiful house in which this literary work is being carried on must be seen to be appreciated. The last home of Nell Gwynne, the place is crowded with interests and associations of King Charles' favorite. Outwardly the residence is much the same as it was in the olden days. Its walls are closely covered with creeper and the lawns and drive and doorways are unpretentious as one approaches from the road, says the New York World.

Within the house everything is in direct contrast to the simple exterior. Hall and stairs are paneled with some remarkable tapestries which Nell Gwynne left. The drawing room, dining room and bed rooms are paneled with brocades which Mrs. West picked up in Italy and Paris. These fabrics are all old and in thorough accord with the low ceilings and old-world air of the house itself.

Mrs. West's own bathroom is the finest of its kind in England. To make it she threw two large bedrooms into one. The floor is covered with rose pink carpet specially woven of double texture and softness. Plain pink satin walls harmonize with the floor covering and mezzotints of great rarity are hung at intervals all round. In the center of the carpet three marble steps descend into a white marble bath, which is kept covered. No faucets, pipes or things of that kind are to be seen, as they are manipulated from the floor below. Around the bath glass shelves are fitted. Beneath them crystal bowls for soaps extend right round three sides. The shelf is covered with crystal bottles with pomades, essences and sweet oils to perfume the bath, and, above all, rows of crystal covered boxes filled with gigantic powder puffs and sweet-smelling powders.

**Talk that Sells Well.**

They were a group in the St. Francis lobby talking Rawhide prospects, says the San Francisco Chronicle.

"Let's go up to Bonneau's room," suggested one of the gathering. "Too many people down here listening to everything we say."

"And you claim to be a Nevada mining man?" asked Frank Bonneau, in a low voice. "Talk like this means sales, man. We stay right here as long as there are interested listeners."

Then, resuming his normal voice, he laughed and continued: "Well, right after he made that lucky strike he flashed a new suit which was a wonder. He had hooped it out to Nevada without a bean. Now look what he's worth. Front of a saloon one day a fool practical joker slipped out behind and lighted his celluloid collar. Jury brought in 'justifiable homicide' and he gave the joker's family a cool \$50,000, which was big money for them, but nothing for him, with his rock running \$900 to the ton."

Even a cheap young man may cost his parents a lot of money.

It's a wise dentist who knows his own teeth.



**Quality of Seeds.**

As the result of tests of alfalfa, red clover and grass seeds secured in the open market Chief Galloway of the bureau of plants industry makes a report that is certainly of interest to farmers.

**Red Clover.**—Of the 1,217 samples of red clover seed secured 405, or one-third, contained seed of dodder, 424 contained traces of yellow trefoil seed, and 135 bore evidence of having originated in Chile.

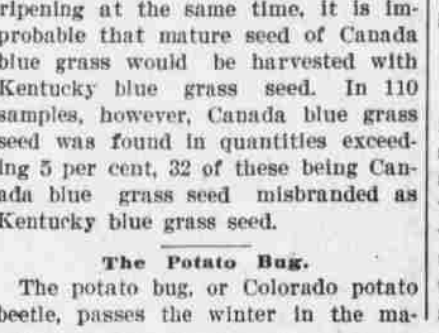
**Alfalfa.**—Of the 339 samples of alfalfa seed secured 191, or about one-half, contained seed of dodder, 135 contained a trace of yellow trefoil seed, 120 contained a trace of sweet clover seed, and 16 contained a trace of bur clover seed.

**Bromus Inermis.**—Of the 55 samples of Bromus inermis seed obtained 15 contained seed of cheat, or chess, 28 contained from 2 to 3 per cent of seed of the wheat grasses, several contained seed of meadow fescue and one contained more than 24 per cent of meadow fescue and rye grass seed together.

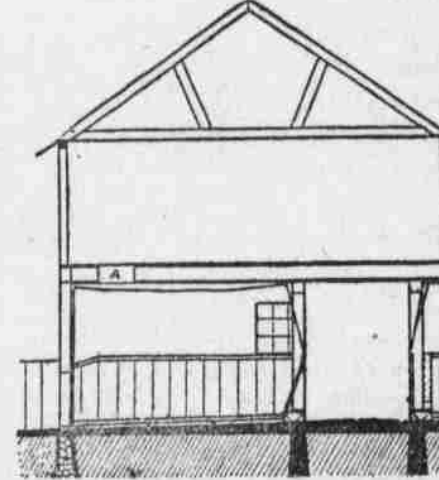
**Kentucky Blue Grass.**—Of the 429 samples of Kentucky blue grass seed obtained only 8 were found to be free from any trace of Canada blue grass. In most of these samples the trace of Canada blue grass found was immature seed, showing that it was harvested with the Kentucky blue grass seed. The seeds of the two plants not ripening at the same time, it is improbable that mature seed of Canada blue grass would be harvested with Kentucky blue grass seed. In 110 samples, however, Canada blue grass seed was found in quantities exceeding 5 per cent, 32 of these being Canada blue grass seed misbranded as Kentucky blue grass seed.

**The Potato Bug.**

The potato bug, or Colorado potato beetle, passes the winter in the ma-



**FARM-BUILDING CONSTRUCTION.**



**PLAN OF A PIGGERY.**

The above diagram shows a cross section of a piggery building thirty-four feet wide, which may be of any desired length. The foundation is of stone, but may be built of concrete to be in keeping with the floor and the piers, which are concrete. The floor is in two layers, the lower three inches being comprised of coarse gravel seven parts and cement one part, the upper inch being mixed three parts sharp sand to one of cement. The alley running throughout the center of the building is six feet wide, with a crowned floor one-half inch higher in the center, to insure its being kept perfectly dry. The floors of the pens are given a fall of two inches from the alley to the outer doors.

The partitions are constructed of one and a quarter-inch boards cut into three-foot lengths. These are placed in an upright position, the bottom ends resting on a two-by-four and the tops capped with similar material. The loft above is about eight feet high at top posts and furnishes an abundance of room for storage of straw, crates, crate materials, etc. No meal feed should be stored here, as it is likely to become contaminated.

The illustration shows the ropes and pulleys by which the doors and ventilators are opened and closed from the feeding alleys. On the right side the door and ventilator are open; on the left side closed.

As soon as the potatoes are up these bugs begin feeding and laying eggs on the young leaves. The young that hatch from these eggs, as well as the next brood, are the ones that do the damage. Therefore, it is necessary that treatment should be begun as soon as the young beetles appear on the vines. Dust the plants while the dew is on, with a mixture made of 1 pound Paris green to 10 pounds of slaked lime or cheap flour.

Another good method is to spray the plants with a composition of 2 ounces of Paris green in 50 gallons of Bordeaux mixture, spraying the vines two or three times. For this purpose the Bordeaux mixture should be made out of 3 pounds of bluestone and 5 pounds of lime to 50 gallons of water. This mixture will not only kill the beetle, but also prevent the early blight from destroying the leaves and stems of the vines.

**Farm Notes.**

When the wheels get so dry that they rattle, have the tires properly set; do not try to chink up the spokes.

With all classes of stock the value of the feed is the same, whether it is supplied to the scrawnies or the best of thoroughbreds.

Teams that have been partially idle for some time should come into work again gradually and their shoulders bathed with salt water.

The cutworm is the larvae of a moth; the worm is of a brown color, fat and sluggish, about an inch long, and feeds only during the night.

For bumble-foot in poultry joint the corn liberally with tincture of iodine daily for a week. If this is done in the early stages the corn can be spread.

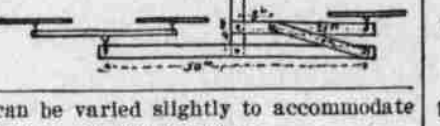
If given before the hogs get past the eating and drinking stage, the following is claimed to be an infallible cure for hog cholera: To a barrel of good sloop add one pint of Venetian red and one pint of kerosene oil. Mix well.

The first rule for getting a good profit from poultry is to get the chicks hatched early, and the next is to keep those chicks growing so fast that they will reach laying maturity before the commencement of cold weather.

The garden should contain most of all of the common medicinal and flavoring herbs. Most of these can be grown with very little trouble, and the herb plot should include such useful plants as sage, hoarhound, caraway, saffron, pennyroyal, tansy and others that will suggest themselves.

**Three Horse Doubletree.**

A doubletree attachment to binder or sulky plow can be made according to the plan shown. The dimensions



can be varied slightly to accommodate horses of different sizes.

**Seed Germination.**

It requires from 20 to 30 days for asparagus seed to germinate; beans, 5 to 10 days; borecole, broc-coll, Brussels sprouts, cabbage and cauliflower, 5 to 12 days; carrots, 14 to 21 days; celery, 14 to 20 days; corn salad, 14 days; corn, 8 to 14 days; cress, curled, 3 to 5 days; cress, water, 12 to 14 days; cucumbers, 5 to 10 days; eggplant, 8 to 20 days; endive, 3 to 7 days; lettuce, 3 to 5 days; melons, cantaloupes, 5 to 10 days; melons, water, 8 to 15 days; mustard, 3 to 6 days; onions, 7 to 14 days; parsley, 20 to 30 days; parsnips, 8 to 14 days; peas, 5 to 10 days; pepper, 8 to 20 days.

**Wood Ashes.**

Ashes made from hard wood are more valuable than those made from soft wood. It is claimed that some ashes from soft wood have not enough value to make it worth while to bother with them. It has also been discovered that the value is largely governed by the part of the tree from which the ashes are made. It is declared by

**THE WEEKLY HISTORIAN**



1471—Edward, Prince of Wales, son of Henry VI. of England, killed at the battle of Tewkesbury.

1685—The principle of the appropriation act adopted by the Commonwealth and definitely established.

1747—William of Nassau appointed Stadtholder of the Netherlands.

1776—Rhode Island declared itself free of Great Britain, the first of the thirteen American colonies to take such action.

1779—Norfolk, Va., occupied by the British.

1794—U. S. Postoffice Department established by Congress.

1799—Bonaparte defeated at St. Jean D'Acree... Seringapatam taken by the British and the empire of Hyder Ali extinguished by the death of his son, Sultan Tipoo Sahib.

1804—Dutch surrendered the island of Surinam to the British.

1806—Robert Morris, the financier of the American revolution, died in Philadelphia.

1813—Americans evacuated York, Canada, after setting fire to the city.

1814—Oswego, N. Y., taken by a combined force of British and Canadian troops.

1826—Ex-Empress Eugenie of France born in Granada.

1828—Test act repealed by the British Parliament.

1840—Many lives and much property lost by tornado in Adams county, Mississippi.

1846—Gen. Taylor, in command of the army of occupation in Texas, marched to the relief of Fort Brown.

1852—Charles Warren Fairbanks, Vice President of the United States, born.

1853—The Geneva, the first Atlantic steamer that Quebec, arrived at that port.

1854—Sultan of Turkey gave a banquet in honor of Emperor Napoleon.

1857—The Indian mutineers seized Delhi.

1858—Minnesota admitted to statehood.

1864—Battle of the Wilderness began... The Danes defeated the Allies in a naval battle off Heligoland.

1865—Last fight in the Civil War at Palmetto Rancho, Texas.

1868—Argument in the impeachment trial of President Johnson closed.

1870—The ironclad ship Isereaire launched.

1885—Battle at Batoche.

1886—Six policemen killed by anarchists in the Haymarket riots in Chicago.

1900—Pearcy discovered the northern coast of Greenland.

1902—Revolutionists in San Domingo deposed President Jimenez.

1904—The Japanese captured Fengwang-cheng, the Russians retreating without giving battle.

1905—More than a score of lives lost in a tornado near Marquette, Kan.

1906—The Dominion government took over the defenses at Esquimaux.

1907—Ernest W. Haffcut, legal adviser to the Governor of New York, committed suicide... Gen. Kuroki of Japan and the Duke of Abruzzi visited Washington.



Rosen, once a peerless sprinter, was badly beaten at the Aqueduct track in his first start this season.

The two Cornell four-oared shells crashed into each other on the river and both were put out of commission.

There seems to be every probability that an English lawn tennis team will play in America during the coming summer.

Many turfmen believe that a hard fight will be made in the Tennessee Legislature next winter to repeal the anti-pool selling laws.

The farmers at Ames, in their track squad, are developing some men in the weight events who may make a showing in the conference meet in Chicago.

Tom Jones leads the first basemen of the American League with 591; Williams leads the second basemen with 1000; Lord leads the third basemen with 1000, and Wagner of Boston the shortstops with 1000.

Notwithstanding the anti-race track laws enacted in the last Legislature in Tennessee, Montgomery Park and Billings Park, respectively, the homes for running and trotting horses at Memphis, will remain open as homes for the horses.

Indiana university is to have another world's champion if present prospects prove a success. "Long John" Miller, the varsity high jumper, bids fair to win as much fame as Le Roy Samse, who became the world's champion pole vaulter while a student there two years ago. Miller recently cleared the bar in the high jump at 6 feet 2 inches.