

THE AUTUMN SONG.

The flowers are dying and birds are flying,
Where skies are sunny and ever blue;
The chill winds strengthen and shadows lengthen,
As early fall thro' the evening dew.
The fruit is mellow, and eids are yellow
With goldenrod, while the tinted leaves
Are softly falling, when winds are calling,
And reapers garner the ripened sheaves.

The tall sunflowers grace Nature's bowers,
The grapes hang heavy upon the vine;
The corn is turning, and youth is yearning
For fun and frolic at husking time;
Then life is beauty as well as duty,
And voices echo the heart's gay tune,
With light feet dancing and soft eyes glancing,
Beneath the glow of the harvest moon.

All Nature's story is full of glory,
A golden glory that fades ere long;
For time is flying, and hearts are sighing,
And brooks are singing a farewell song.
There's much of gladness and much of sadness,
We sometimes laugh and we sometimes cry;
The bloom is palling, the light is falling,
And south winds whisper a soft good-by.
—Inez May Felt.

Mrs. Smith's Honeymoon

She was leaning against the railing gazing wistfully down upon the sea of faces on the landing down. Despite her 30 years there was something girlish in her shrinking figure—a suggestion of the incipient emotions of youth. She descended to her stateroom. At the door she found the stewardess, who inquired if she was Mrs. L. Smith.

"That is my name, and I am going to be ill."
"Lie down at once. And about this bag? I thought it would give you more for the gentleman's

bag? I thought it would give you more for the gentleman's...
"I can't go up—I can't, indeed."

The stewardess spoke with professional encouragement. "Oh, you're all right," she remonstrated. "Here's the gentleman now, he'll help you."
Some one lifted her, and in a moment she was on deck and in her chair.

"Perhaps you would like yesterday's paper?" said a voice.
The man in the next chair leaned toward her, holding a paper in his hand.

"I am ill," she answered, and in a moment his glance wandered to the card upon her chair. "Odd, isn't it," he questioned.

She followed his gaze and colored faintly. Then he pointed to a similar label upon his own chair, hearing in a rough scrawl the name "L. Smith."

"It is a very common name," she remarked absently.
He laughed. "Very," he admitted. "Perhaps your husband is Lawrence Smith also."

The smile passed from her lips.
"My husband is dead," she answered, "but his name was Lucien."

For a time they sat silent. Then, as the luncheon gong sounded he rose. "You will have chicken broth," he said distinctly.

A little later the broth was brought. That evening they lay side by side in their steamer chairs. He was gazing out to sea, where the water broke into waves of deepening gray. Suddenly he spoke, his voice ringing like a jarring discord in a harmonious whole.

"Five days ago a man called me a devil," he said, "and I guess he wasn't far wrong. Only if I was a single devil he was a legion steeped in one. What a scoundrel he was!"

The passion in his tones caused her to start quickly. The words were shot out with the force of balls from a cannon. "Don't," she said pleadingly.

"Don't what?" he demanded roughly. "Don't curse the blackest scoundrel that ever lived—and died?"

"Don't curse anybody," she answered. "It is not like you."

"I never had much use for belief," he returned. "It is a poor sort of thing."

She met his bitter gaze with one of level calm. "And yet men have suffered death for it."

"Well, believe in me if you choose," he said.

"How about your faith?" he inquired one day after a passing tenderness. "Is it still the evidence of virtues not visible in me?"

She flinched, as she always did at his flippancy. "That is not kind of you," she said.

"But, my dear lady, I am not kind." Her mouth quivered.

"Do you mean to say," he asked, adjusting the rug about her shoulders, "that it makes any difference to you?"

The fragment of a sob broke from her. "Of course it makes a difference," she answered—
His face was very grave. The hand upon her shoulder trembled. "I hope it does not make a difference," he said. "Look! There is a sail!"
They rose and went to the railing, following with straining eyes a white sail that skirted the horizon.
He leaned nearer. His hand brushed hers as it lay upon the railing.
"Did love make you happy?"
She raised her lashes. "Love?"
"That husband of yours," he explained almost harshly, "did you love him?"

"He was very good to me," she replied. Then she hesitated. "But I did not love him in the way you mean. I know now that I did not."
He bent toward her swiftly, then checked himself with a sneering laugh. "I'll give you a piece of valuable advice," he said. "Don't allow yourself to grow sentimental. It is awful rot." And he threw himself into his chair. He drew a notebook from his pocket and when she seated herself he did not look up.

An hour later their glances met.
"When you love, love a virtuous, straightway plodder," he said. "Love a man because he is decent—because he is decent and plain and all the things that the romancers laugh at. If you ever find yourself loving a man like me, you had better make for the nearest lamp post and—hang—"
"Hush!" she cried, her cheeks flaming. "How dare you?"

Her voice broke sharply, and she fell to sobbing behind her raised hands.

"My God!" he said softly. She felt his breath upon her forehead and a tremor passed over her. Then his hands fastened upon hers and drew them from her eyes. Then she felt the man's lips close upon her own.

He drew away from her. "You are too delicate for my rough hands," he said.

"Am I?" Then a rising passion swelled in her voice. "I should choose to be broken by you to being caressed by any other man."

"Don't say that," he protested hoarsely.

"Why not, since it is true?"
"There is time yet," he said, "to withdraw a false play. Take your love back."

"I cannot," she replied.
He stretched out his arms as if to draw her toward him. Then he shrank



back. "What a mess you are making of your life!"
"How will you prevent it?"
"By an appeal to reason."

"What love was ever ruled by reason?"
"Great God!" he retorted passionately. "Look things in the face. What do you know of me?"

"I know that I love you."
"I would give two-thirds of my future—such as it is—if I had not known you."

"And yet you love me."
"My love is a rotten reed," he said. "Listen!"

"From the beginning I have lied to you—lied, do you hear? I singled you out for my own selfish ends. All my kindness, as you call it, was because of its usefulness to me. While you looked on in innocence I made you a tool in my hands for the furtherance of my own purpose."

"There is not a soul in this boat but believes me to be your husband. I have created the impression because I was a desperate man and it aided me. My name is not even Lawrence Smith."

"Stop!" she said faintly.
"I left England a hunted man. When I reach the other side I shall find them still upon my tracks. It is for an act which they call an ugly name. And yet I would do it over again. It was justice."

Her quivering face was turned away.

"I reached Southampton with the assistance of a friend. He secured a stateroom from an L. Smith, who was delayed. I took his name as a safeguard, and when I saw yours beside me at table I concluded he was your husband and I played his part in the eyes of the passengers. It succeeded well." He laughed bitterly.

Then before her stricken eyes his recklessness fell from him. "Oh, if I could undo this," he said, "I would go back gladly to stand my chances of the gallows."

"Hush!" she said wildly.
"You must believe this," he went on passionately, "that at the last I loved you. You must believe."

"No, no!" she cried. And she fled into the obscurity of her stateroom.

When she came upon deck next day it was high tide, and the steamer was drawing into New York.

"There is no harm in good-by," said a voice at her side.
He was looking down upon her, his

eyes filled with the old haunting gloom. "Good-by," she answered.
"And you will go home like a sensible woman and forget?"
"I will go home."
His face whitened. "And forget?"
She looked up at him, her eyes wet with tears. "Oh, how could you?" she cried brokenly. "How could you?"
"Don't think of me," he responded. "It is not worth the trouble."
Then a voice started them.

"So you have got your wife safely across, Mr. Smith," it said, "and no worse for the voyage."
It was the ship's surgeon. "I am afraid it was not the brightest of honeymoons," he added.

A man with a telegram in his hand passed them, glancing from right to left. He stopped suddenly, wheeled round, and came toward them.

All at once her voice rang clear. She laid her hand upon the arm of the man beside her. "It is a honeymoon," she said, and she smiled into the surgeon's face, "so bright that even seasickness couldn't dim it. You know, it has lasted eight years."

The surgeon smiled, and the strange man passed on.

Someone took her hand, and they descended the gangway together.

"For God's sake," he said, "tell me what it means!"
"It means," she answered, "that I am on your side forever."

His hand closed over the one he held. "I ought to send you back," he said, "but I cannot."
"You cannot," she repeated resolutely.

Then her voice softened. "God bless that detective!" she added fervently.—Mary Lucas in Ideas.

MONEY BURDENS.

The Sons of Prominent Financiers in Training for Future Work.

Great fortunes in the United States will have in most cases trained guardians when the men who have made the fortunes or are now in control of them have passed away. William K. Vanderbilt, Jr., has to a large extent relieved his father of business burdens. George F. Baker, Jr., has taken much responsibility from his father's shoulders. Ogden Mills, the son of D. O. Mills, has shouldered his father's responsibilities in eight railroad and steamship lines. John D. Rockefeller has turned over a large part of his interests to his son, as have James Stillman, William Rockefeller, James J. Hill, Jacob Schiff and J. Pierpont Morgan. Averill Harriman is learning the railroad business from the bottom up. Kingdon Gould, the heir presumptive of the George Gould millions, is learning the practical side of mining in Colorado. August Belmont, Jr., is taking practical lessons as a clerk in the severely respectable and conservative banking office of August Belmont & Co. Walter Hill, the youngest son of James J. Hill, is learning the railroad business, beginning at the bottom. Young H. H. Rogers has already assumed his father's burden. William Rockefeller will leave behind him William G. Rockefeller and Percy A. Rockefeller, who will divide the place he has left vacant. John D. Archbold will some day step aside for John F. Archbold. Stuyvesant Fish, Jr., will be equal to the responsibilities which will eventually devolve upon him. Watson Webb, son of Dr. Seward Webb, is a clerk in the office of the assistant superintendent of the Northwestern Road in Milwaukee. Gaspard Bacon, son of Robert Bacon, of the firm of J. P. Morgan & Co., and one of the biggest stockholders in the Northern Pacific Railroad, is learning the railroad business in the West. Augustus Barstow succeeds Frank Q. Barstow, who died a few weeks ago. H. H. Rogers, Jr., is "making good" under the tremendous responsibilities that were suddenly thrust upon him. J. Pierpont Morgan, Jr., has taken over a great share of the financial responsibilities of his father, and in time will be the head of the house of Morgan & Company. Mortimer L. Schiff is being trained to assume the responsibilities of his father, Jacob Schiff, one of the biggest money powers in the country of the day. Allan A. Ryan and Clendenin J. Ryan, sons of Thomas F. Ryan, are fitting themselves to take up their father's work by learning the methods of Wall Street.

Mountain Climbers Escape.
Plunging headlong from the rocky side of a mountain in the Olympic range, near Lake Cushman, a distance of fully 500 feet, and yet escaping without a broken bone, is the experience that befell Ferd Baker, says the Aberdeen correspondence of the Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

In company with several others from this city Mr. Baker climbed the mountain yesterday. About 4 o'clock the party started downward and had taken but a few steps when Baker lost his footing and plunged over a precipice. How far he fell he does not know, but he was rendered unconscious by the fall, and in this condition his body rolled down the mountain until finally caught by a bunch of shrubs.

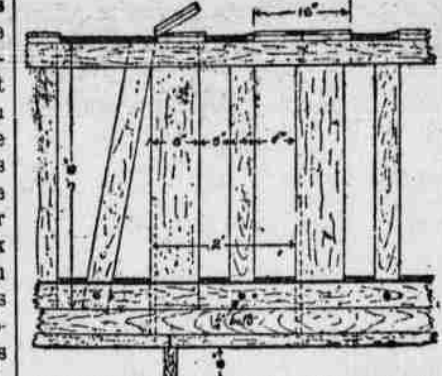
There he lay until found by W. J. Patterson, one of the party. With the application of snow and ice Baker was revived and after a time walked to camp, where his wounds were attended to. He was frightfully bruised about the body and face and suffered much pain. He was made as comfortable as possible and at daybreak this morning the start for the city was made in an automobile. The party reached there about 4 o'clock, and Baker's injuries were attended to by a physician.



Calf Mangers.

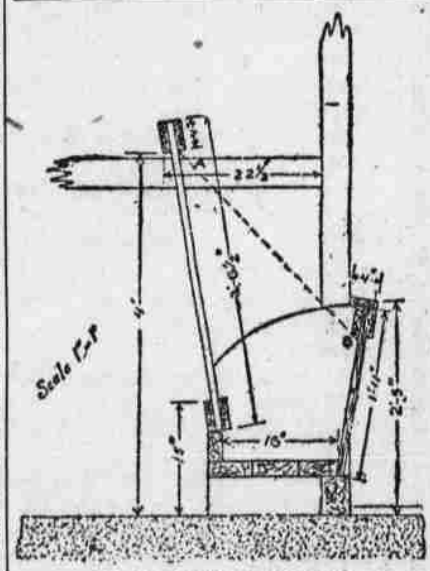
A form of combined stanchion and manger for calf feeding is illustrated in a bulletin published by the Michigan Experiment Station and is recommended as being very convenient. The principle on which the stanchion is built is not claimed to be new; the use dates back a number of decades, but the special application and adjustment of the one hereafter described presents some new features. This particular model is produced as the result of three years' trial, having undergone several changes since the first one was installed. This appliance can be adjusted so as to accommodate the calf from birth up to twelve months of age. The calves are confined in the stanchions at feeding time only. After the calf has been secured the milk bucket is placed in the manger; when the milk is consumed the bucket is removed and ensilage and meal supplied, followed by hay. By using this stanchion method of feeding the maximum number of calves can be kept in a minimum amount of space in a clean, healthy, thrifty condition, providing they are given access to outdoor yardage. The average size of the four calf pens in the dairy barn, including manger space is 15 feet three inches by 12 feet three inches. Each pen accommodates eight calves up to five or six months of age. The average size of two pens in the grade herd barn accommodating six calves each, is 9 feet 9 inches by 14 feet 10 inches, and three occupied by five each are 10½ feet by 11 feet 9 inches. Of course, in all cases except one the calves have access to yardage at will. Referring to the illustration for detailed description, the bottom of the

of the stanchion resting on it. The top part of the manger over which the calf feeds is 15 inches above the floor and should not be made higher, as even this is rather high for the new born calf. The youngest calves can feed over this, but should not be left fastened during the day, as they could not lie down comfortably. The side of the manger next the feed alley is



VIEW SHOWING STANCHIONS.

practically 2 feet high and 2½ feet above the floor; the slope given to this part of the manger is a very decided advantage, especially in placing and removing buckets while the calf is fastened in the stanchion; even more slope than that indicated would be well. The manger is partitioned off every two feet; this should be the minimum width, for while it is ample room for the young calves, even more room would be desirable for the roughage of the older ones. The manger partitions extend upward as far as the curved line shown in the illustration, but this is the most faulty feature of the fixture, as it is possible for one calf to reach over and suck another one's ears if the meal and ensilage is not promptly supplied after the milk is consumed, though this rarely happens. A more perfect manger division will be made by boarding up from the manger to the dotted line shown between A B. The front or stanchion part of the fixture is 3 feet 6½ inches high and slopes away from the manger to increase its capacity and give the calf the benefit of a little more spread in throwing the head up to remove it from the open stanchion. The stanchions are made of well-seasoned 1-inch elm and no breaks have occurred thus far. The youngest calves do not require more than five inches space for the neck when confined. The stanchions are bored with a number of holes so that the movable upright pieces can be shifted according to the size of the calf. As calves approach the yearling stage and their horns interfere with the working of the stanchion the movable piece may be removed and the animal allowed to go free while feeding. This system has given the utmost satisfaction, permitting calves to be fed individually according to their needs and entirely preventing the many bad habits so frequently acquired by the pail fed calf.



VIEW SHOWING MANGER.

manger, 18 inches wide, consisting of 2-inch hemlock, is 6 inches above the floor. As the front of the manger is built on rather than against the bottom it leaves the inside bottom measurement of the manger 16 inches. The side of the manger over which the calf's neck is placed in feeding is 8 inches above the bottom, one-half of this distance being taken up by a 2x4, the balance by the bottom frame-work

Materials for the Silo.
Ensilage is being used more and more for general farm stock, being fed to some extent to the calves, the market steers and the horses. It probably requires a little higher grade of skill to manage a farm with the silo system. There is room for judgment in putting up the silo, in handling the crop and filling the silo, to say nothing of its management winter and summer and the right plan of feeding. There is considerable to learn for the farmer who has always practiced the hay, grain and roots system. Yet the experience of those who have made the change seems to indicate that there is no need of making serious mistakes even the first year, while the new system nearly always gives satisfaction under the circumstances mentioned. Perhaps not every dairy farmer needs a silo, but it can not be denied that a great many more silos are needed than have yet been put up.

The Yolks of Eggs.
The color of the yolk of the egg seems often to be effected very noticeably by a change in the food. When fowls are closely confined in winter or summer, it often happens, especially if a ration is deficient in green food, that the yolks are pale colored. In one instance a much deeper orange color in the yolk followed a change in feeding to green clover and alfalfa. One lot, where pale colored yolks were the rule, laid eggs with orange colored yolks after they had been given the run of a barn floor covered with dry clover chaff and leaves. A change in color of butter is often noticeable in the same way when cows are turned to pasture after dry feed.

Rubber Covered Roads.
Experiments with rubber asphalt roadways covering a period of six years are reported to have shown very satisfactory results. Rubber asphalt is claimed to be more plastic and more adhesive than pure asphalt and resists higher temperatures. This product, which is manufactured under a patented process, permits cold applications of the asphalt, which are said to possess all the advantages of hot compressed asphalt without its drawbacks.

Getting Rid of Stumps.
Since the discovery of that region constituting part of the present State of Washington the fir stump has blocked the progress of civilization west of the Cascades, from Oregon to British Columbia. Science has found ways to span the State's rivers, tunnel its mountains and irrigate its deserts, but until recently it has been unable to cope with the fir stump. Bulky, firm-rooted in the earth, and so saturated with pitch that it will not decay, it has defied everything but dynamite, and that costs about \$3 a stump, with an equal amount to cover the expenses of the donkey engine necessary to remove the roots when the main body of the stump has been shattered. Clearly such a costly process can not be used for agricultural purposes in a heavily timbered country.

Such was the situation when, three years ago, an enterprising farmer conceived the idea of burning out the stumps by forced draft. After many experiments he finally got a 4 horsepower donkey engine, attached a 6-inch American blower, and over this he fitted a tin case with twelve tubes leading from it. To these he attached pieces of garden hose and to the ends iron pipe. Then he bored a hole in the stump, and, dropping in a live coal, inserted a pipe and started the engine. In a few moments the hole was aflame, and soon a dozen stumps were blazing, although it was the wet season and the monsters were sodden with water.—Technical World.

Farm Notes.
It is better to sow rutabaga turnips in rows than broadcast.

The best cows are the ones that the careful dairyman raises for himself.

Rotation must be practiced in the garden or truck field to obtain the best results.

Black Winter or Spanish radishes should be sown in August or September with turnips.

It has been said that "weeds are the devil's flower." Certain it is that they play the mischief with a crop.

It is a look a long ways ahead, but just make up your mind now that you will attend your state and county fair this year.

BOHEMIAN TWINS MARVELS.

Two Girls Joined Together by Peculiar Bonds of Flesh.

There have just arrived in London from Liege the Misses Rosa and Josefa Blazek, who are, no doubt, the most extraordinary examples of human abnormality in existence.

Probably no physiological curiosity of equal interest has been seen, says the St. Louis Post-Dispatch, since Eng and Chang, the Siamese twins, were exhibited by Barnum about forty years ago, before settling down in a southern state, where they married two sisters, who reared healthy, normal families.

The physical condition of the Misses Blazek differs little from that of the late Siamese twins. The bodies of the latter were connected near the chest; in the case of these young women the adhesion occurs for some distance up the side, terminating slightly above the waist. Their heads are not quite on a level, Josefa being somewhat the taller of the two. Although the girls of necessity spend their lives side by side, they cannot look into each other's faces. The most that is possible is a sidelong glance that Rosa is enabled to take of her sister.

Physically their actions are interdependent, but mentally the girls have a separate existence. Nor do their tastes, inclinations or temperaments coincide. Consequently they live in a state of constant compromise—appear very happy and contented.

The sisters enjoy the usual complement of limbs. They walk with a sprightly, nimble movement, but, of course, four feet are seen in operation, and when the necessity arises for them to lift a heavy article four arms and hands are extended for the purpose.

Born in Prague, the capital of Bohemia, the twins are 26 years of age. They speak no language save their native Czech. Franz Blazek, the father, is a successful farmer. His eldest daughter, who is quite normal, married some four years ago and has now four children. Mr. Blazek has also a son, 17 years of age.

Legal Information

An acceptance of a building or structure that has been completed and which contains latent defects either in the character of its workmanship or the quality of material used, is held, in Steltz vs. Armory Co. 15 Idaho, 551, 99 Pac. 98, L.R.A. (N.S.) 872, not to amount to waiver of such latent defects; but, on the contrary, it is held that the owner may maintain his action against the contractor for breach of the contract at any time as he discovers the extent of the defects, or after he has had reasonable time and opportunity, by due diligence, to have discovered the same.

The mere affixing of a price to each bushel of a crop contracted to be threshed is held, in Johnson vs. Fehsefeldt, 106 Minn. 202, 118 N. W. 797, 20 L.R.A. (N.S.) 1069, not to be sufficient to make the contract severable.

An agreement by a retiring partner "not to engage for the next two years" in the same city in competition with a business sold, in "the manner aforesaid," is held, in Siegel vs. Marcus (N. D.) 119 N. W. 358, 20 L.R.A. (N.S.) 769, to be violated by the entering of such partner into the employ as a managing clerk, of a third person whom such retiring partner was instrumental in procuring to open a rival business adjacent to that of the original firm, and it is held that such violation should be enjoined at the suit of the purchasing partner.

The South Carolina Code provides that no party to an action shall be examined respecting a transaction or communication between him and a person at the time of the examination deceased, as a witness against a party prosecuting or defending the action as executor, administrator, heir at law, etc. The agent of appellant in selling to respondent, the owner of a small store, a fire insurance policy, had assured him that it was not necessary for insurers of small stocks of goods to comply with that clause of the policy which compelled the keeping of the books in an iron safe. Before the trial the agent died. In Berry vs. Virginia State Ins. Co., 64 Southeastern Reporter, 859, payment of the insurance was refused on account of the violation of the terms of the policy. The South Carolina Supreme Court held the representation of the agent a waiver of the iron-safe provision in the policy, and the defendant, not defending the action as "executor, administrator, heir at law," or any other person named within the statute, it does not apply, so as to make inadmissible the testimony of the conversation of the deceased agent."

Experience Teaches.
Lover (haughtily)—Is it a matter of astonishment, sir, that I should want to marry your daughter?

Father (apologetically)—Not at all, young man. I wanted to marry her mother once. The astonishment at the idea comes later.—Baltimore American.

Cause for Suspicion.
"When a man dat's tryin' to trade horses wif me stabs braggin' 'bout how honest he is in his dealin'," said Uncle Eben. "I can't help suspectin' dat he's gettin' ready to make an exception in my case."—Washington Star.