LOVE REGNANT.

Where'er I read in mournful history
  How all things crumble at the touch of time,
  And even great deeds, renowned in mighty rhyme,
Show but as cities buried 'neath the sea,
Which, in calm days, men gaze on awfully,
  My heart grows heavy; but one thought sublime
  Rises, and therewith the uplifting chime
Of morning stars comes back rememberingly:
Woman, thou art that thought, in whom I know
  That I alone gave Time his tyrant might,
Dropping my foolish lids of clay too low,
For, looking up, I see great Love, far, far
Above all changes, like a steadfast star
  Behind the pulsings of the northern light.

—James Russell Lowell.

An Incomplete Introduction

The express to the north was on the point of starting. A girl was leaning expectantly out of the window of a carriage containing only one other occupant—a man, in the far corner, who was looking with undisguised admiration at the girl's charming, animated profile. Another girl came running along the platform.

"Here are your papers, Ethel; I thought I should not be in time."

"Thanks, Marion, and good-bye!"

As they shook hands, the man in the corner came forward.

"Why, Stanley!" cried the girl on the platform. "Going to Trevor grange?"

The guard's whistle sounded. There was a banging of doors.

"Why, of course, Ethel—Oh, I forgot you have never met." The train began to move. "I must intoduce you," she cried, running to keep pace with the moving carriage. "Ethel, this is my cousin, Stanley Mortimer——" But the train having gathered speed, she was left far behind on the platform.

In the carriage, the two laughed.

She had heard much of Stanley Mortimer. That he was a very handsome

HE WONDERED WHO SHE WAS.

fellow, she could now judge for herself; but she was wondering whether, as she had been told, he was such a consummate flirt, captivating girls easily, making love and leaving victims on his path wherever he went while he himself remained untouched by the tender passion.

He wondered who she was. How silly of Marion not to have begun the introduction in time to inform him of his companion's name. Anyhow, he would have first innings and make headway with her before any of the other fellows at Trevor grange should even have a chance of looking at her.

She smiled sweetly, making some remarks on the length of the journey.

"Oh," he observed, it cannot be too long for me."

"Indeed?"

"Under present circumstances, yes."

"You mean, of course, the return of fine weather," she said, innocently.

"I mean," he answered, "the privilege of the society of a charming fellow guest."

"Oh, well," she laughed, "you will have the pleasure of many charming guests' society at the journey's end; the house party is to be a large one."

"Still, I should prefer to retain the present delightful situation as long as possible."

"Would you? I suppose you have stayed at the grange before?"

"Oh, yes, some time ago, before Harry Trevor was married. He has just returned from abroad and is to be there with his wife. You know her?"

"Very well indeed," she replied, smiling.

"I have never met her, but I hear glorious accounts of her."

"People exaggerate so," she remarked.

"From which I may infer that you are not a blind admirer of Mrs. Harry?"

"I daresay she is all right. Of course," she continued, "you are acquainted with most of the guests you are to meet?"

"I have seen one of them, at any rate, and by the time that we [illegible] our destination I h[illegible] will have rip[illegible] ant my claim[illegible]

three hours' tete-a-tete should be equivalent to many days in ordinary circumstances."

"Perhaps so," she admitted, laughing.ing. "Besides, I have heard so much about you, that I seem to know you quite well; your reputation is a wide one."

"Indeed!" He laughed, well pleased; he was proud of the name of ladykiller. "But, as you remarked just now," he said, "people exaggerate so."

"Still one is bound to be a little prejudiced by what one hears."

"You mean that you believe me to be a flirt?"

"Well—aren't you?"

"Not a bit of it," he assured her. "You see, I believe that a man is bound to meet the one woman in the world whom he must love. Until he does, he naturally, in the hope of finding her, goes from one to the other. If his quest is a long one, he is accused of flirting with all the girls he knows, which is unfair. Such a man's love is far more worth having than that of a man easily won by the first pretty face he encounters."

"Still, is it necessary that this man while trying to find the woman who is to fill his life, should make love to girls whom he knows are not the one ideal?"

"You must admit," he replied, lightly, "that some girls are so ready to be made love to that they mistake ordinary courtesies for something different."

"Do they? Then all the more reason why men should be more circumspect."

"You may be right. My attentions to girls might, in reality, have been flirtations; my excuse is this: that was before I met you."

"Have I converted you, then? Are you really never to flirt again?"

"You understand, do you not, that having met the one woman I longed for, my flirting days are over?"

"And how many times before now have you thought that you had found her?"

"I may have thought so more than once," he admitted, laying his hand softly on her gloved one, "but I do not think so now—I know."

She gently disennaged her hand. He thought he had gained an advantage, and tried to pursue it.

"You will believe," he said, impressively, "that you are the one woman for whom I have waited."

They were approaching the country station to which they were bound.

"At any rate, we may consider that you have secured the friendship which it was your desire to claim at the end of the journey."

She fluttered her handkerchief out of the window. "That is the car from the grange," she explained.

Again he tried to secure her hand.

"Friendship? I want more than friendship; I want your love."

"I am afraid I could not promise you that."

"Do you mean that there is no hope for me? Ethel—you will not forbid me——" The door of the carriage flew open.

"Here you are, Ethel; had a good day in town?" said a cheery voice. "Why, here is Mortimer, too! How are you, old boy? Let me introduce——"

"Mr. Mortimer and I traveled together, Harry," interrupted Ethel. "Marion introduced him to me in London, just as our train was starting; it made the journey so pleasant, and we have become such great friends, have we not, Mr. Mortimer?"

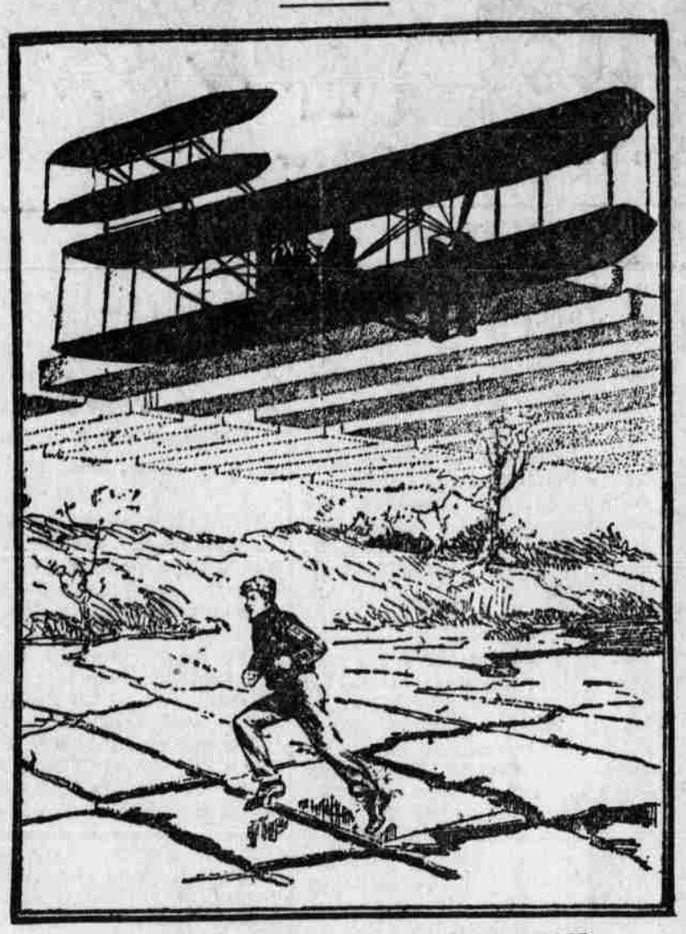
Mortimer followed, smiling to him- [illegible] said such gracious stress [illegible] ew-formed friend- [illegible] so brilliant [illegible] her previous [illegible] could only have been prompted by coquetry. Victory was at hand!

They were approaching a large motor, where sat a nurse with a one-year-old child on her lap.

Ethel took a quick step toward it. "Oh, the darling," she cried! "Let me have him, nurse."

"Harry," she said, "Mr. Mortimer has not seen our son yet; isn't he a love?" and she held up the lace-swathed child for Mortimer's inspection.—Ladies' Field.

SECRET OF AEROPLANE'S FLIGHT.



MOVES SO FAST IT HAS NOT TIME TO FALL.

Suppose you had to cross a lake covered with cakes of ice so thin that if you were to stand upon any one of them you would sink. To cross the lake you would have to run from cake to cake, so that you would not give yourself time enough to sink on any one of them. An aeroplane is very much in the same position. It must move so fast that it never has time to fall through any given section of air. Motion, therefore, is the secret of an aeroplane's flight.—New York Times.

THE YOUNGEST SOVEREIGN.

China, the oldest of nations, is ruled, if the expression may be allowed, by the youngest of sovereigns, a boy of 3. He is a nephew of the late emperor, and until his accession bore the name of Pu-yi, although the royal astrologers have selected as his official title Hsuan-t'ung, which means "General Proclamation." The boy, says a writer in the Overland Monthly, is in delicate health, and the Chinese are inclined to attribute this to his birth on the unlucky thirteenth day of the first moon. In order to escape the evil influence as far as possible, it has been decreed that his birthday shall be celebrated on the 14th of the month.

Further, he is to be brought up more hygienically than his predecessor was. He will have plenty of fresh air, and will not be expected to appear at the midnight audiences which are the fashion at the Chinese court. His first appearance in public—at his enthronement—was not a success, for he cried loudly; and henceforth his father, the prince regent, will attend all official functions alone, and will receive dignitaries of state, and offer up the required prayers for snow or rain.

He will also be responsible for plowing the first furrow at the spring festival at the Temple of Agriculture, for the worship of the Lord of Heaven on the white marble altar of the Temple of Heaven, and for the propitiation of the local deities who watch over the old city of Peking.

But the little emperor, although relieved from these duties, will not be allowed to forget that he is an official baby. He may no longer live with his own family, or see his parents except in the presence of the whole court. Twenty-four nurses will keep watch over him, and he has three wives already, aged 10, 12 and 13 years, each of whom receives an allowance of $400 a month.

The exact meaning of his new name, "Hsuan-t'ung," is difficult to render in translation, but the character Hsuan is considered very fortunate. A certain emperor of the Ming dynasty called himself "Hsuan Te," of "Proclamation of Peace," and the symbol is common on old Ming pottery.

Optimistic officials read into Hsuan-t'ung, or "General Proclamation," a reference to the promised constitution; and it is confidently expected that this child emperor, when he comes of age, will inaugurate a new regime of progress and reform in the government of China.

Cause and Effect.

The census bureau tells us that there is an overplus of women in the cities and a shortage in the rural districts. Merely in a desultory way it may be mentioned that there are not so many show windows in the country as in the city.—Cincinnati Post.

Hindoo Playing Cards.

The Hindoo playing cards are nearly all circular, and each card represents some historical or religious event

A SOLDIER'S LONG RIDE.

He Carried Report 832 Miles on Horseback for Gen. Kearney.

"Gen. Kearney was ordered from Santa Fe across to California with the dragoons and wanted to get his report back to Washington as soon as it could be done," relates Thomas Tobin in Outing, "and asked me if I would carry it to Fort Leavenworth. I agreed to do it and started with only a day's notice.

"I carried on a blanket, a lariat, knife, Hawkins rifle, with about a hundred rounds, a dragoon pistol and about two spoonfuls of salt. I depended on my rifle for meat and on finding Indian herds for fresh horses. I weighed about 140 pounds and was tough as leather. I got my first remount from St. Vrain at Mora, about eighty miles from Santa Fe and rode it two days, till I found a camp of Utes hunting buffalo and got a fresh horse from their herd in the night. I had to be very careful about falling in with any Indians, for they would have killed a lone man for his outfit, and half a dozen times or more I hid in some draw on the prairie till night or rode miles off the trail to keep away from their hunting parties or camps. It was very risky, too, riding into their herds, and roping a fresh horse and I always led him away some distance before I tried to change my saddle, so that if he made any noise, it wouldn't stampede the herd and wake the camp.

"I didn't dare to make a fire in the daytime but at night could cook a little meat on the coals and the little I slept was while lying on my lariat, so that my horse couldn't get away with it out of my reach. I followed the Arkansas as far as Big Bend and then bore off across the country to Council Grove and from there northeast, following the plain trail to Fort Leavenworth; in all, 832 miles, as measured later. I rode it in little less than eleven days and used nine horses; the last two I got from government trains which I overtook after leaving Arkansas."

WONDERS OF THE DEEP.

For the traveler crossing the Atlantic to fancy that his passage is to be a time of rest is a mistake, declares Alan Dale, in "The Great Wet Way." He says that as soon as one establishes oneself comfortably, determined to get the good of the trip, this is what happens:

An excited passenger rushes up, and begins:

"Come to the other side of the ship! Quick! For goodness' sake, don't miss it! Everybody's there. Come on!"

He helps me up, and drags me with him to the other side of the ship, where it is blowing a gale, and it is hateful. All the passengers are there, in agitated groups. Emotion is in the air, wind-tossed. Men and women are talking in all kinds of voice; they are armed with opera glasses, field glasses and telescopes. It is a busy moment.

"Look!" cries my chaperon. "Look! See where I'm pointing? Follow my finger. There! You've got it. You must see it!"

But I don't. I see nothing. There is plenty of water, and there is plenty of sky, but not more than usual of either. There are also many clouds. I see all that, and nothing more, and I say so.

"Nonsense!" he exclaims testily. "Here, take my glasses and look straight ahead of you. Now do you see?"

I see a black speck on the horizon. I hate black specks. A year ago I saw so many of them that I went to a doctor, who told me that it was indigestion. I had to take pepsin after meals for three months. Now this idiot appears to be intensely rejoiced because he has forced me to perceive a black speck on the horizon.

"It is a boat!" he cries, joyously. "There is no doubt about it at all. If you look carefully, take your time, old chap, you'll see the smoke. Yes, it's a boat, a boat, a boat!"

If he could see a Brooklyn trolley car, a Strand omnibus, or a touring automobile, I should be able to understand his excitement. But a boat! One would think that a boat was the most extraordinary and dramatic thing that had ever happened. One expects to see boats, for ours is not the only vessel on the Atlantic Ocean.

Paste Jewels.

A ton of coal is worth a churchful of charity.

A secret that you can't tell is as bad as money you can't spend.

Cast your bread upon the waters—it may save your whole family from dyspepsia.

There are men who would be reconciled to death if they thought that could get their pictures in the newspaper.

No man can be secretly religious.

There are plenty of men who think when they put a penny in the collection plate that they ought to hear a 100-pound sermon.

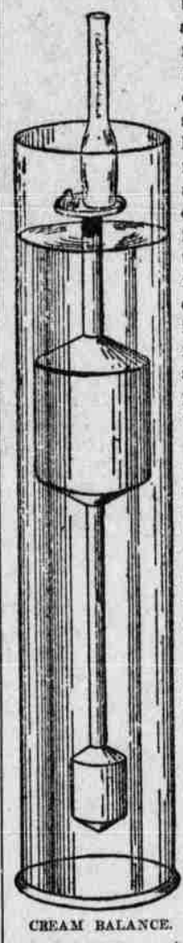
Ah, was he not truly brave! He walked out without a single tremor to discharge the cook. But, being a kind-hearted man, before he reached the kitchen door he reconsidered the matter and decided to give her another trial!—New Orleans Picayune.

Disabled teachers in Munich receive pensions of 75 per cent of their salaries, and a schoolmaster's wife who loses her husband gets three-fifths of his salary, with an allowance for every child under twenty.

FARM AND GARDEN

For Cream Test Balance.

A simple and sensitive weighing instrument to be known as the Wisconsin hydrostatic cream balance has been devised at the agricultural experiment station of the University of Wisconsin. This instrument meets the long recognized need for a simple and accurate method of weighing cream in the Babcock test bottle for testing. The ordinary cheap scales are inaccurate, and the more delicate balances are too expensive for general use by farmers.



CREAM BALANCE.

The new invention consists of a specially devised brass float, similar to a dydrometer, which is placed in a cylinder of water. The instrument floats steadily in a vertical position, and supports a platform on which a cream bottle and a nine-gram weight are are placed. Small, one-tenth gram weights are placed on the platform until the float sinks to a line marked on the spindle. The nine-gram weight is then put into the bottle with a pipette in a sufficient amount to again sink the float to a line of the spindle. This gives the weight accurately and the devise is so sensitive that it is offected by a sngle drop of cream. The weighing can be done rapidly, however.

Skim Milk.

At the West Virginia experiment station it has been found that skim milk for feeding laying hens is worth from 1½ to 2 cents a quart. Other experiments have fully proved that it has equally as great value for feeding pigs.

Figuring at this rate, the milkman who sells whole milk is selling from 60 to 80 cents' worth of skim milk to each can, and the general market prices of a can of milk is close around $1.25. Now, this can of milk contains enough cream to make four pounds of butter, which is worth about $1, leaving only about 25 cents for the skim milk sold, or a loss of from 35 to 55 cents on each can over making the cream into butter and feeding the skim milk. Also, when the milk is fed on the farm more fertilizer is made, which makes the difference still greater in favor of keeping and feeding the skim milk.

Where ine can secure select trade for whole milk at extra price it will pay to sell the whole milk and buy extra feeds and fertilizers, but selling whole milk at less than $1 for a 40-quart can is not profitable when one considers the future of the land on which he is dairying.

New Corn Feeding.

Not all farmers appreciate the value of feeding new corn. When handled properly more good results can be obtained from it than from any other crop grown. When fed in the green stage, from the time when grains are in the milk till they become hard and the blades dry up, horses and cattle will eat almost, if not all, of the entire plant, and sheep and hogs will eat much of it, utilizing to advantage all there is in the crop. New corn, just after it has passed the roasting ear stage, is one of the best feeds for poultry, both young and old, and hens will lay eggs much better than on old corn. There is no feed much better for fattening horses and colts, as well as cattle, than new corn.

We always plant some very early, medium and the patches of corn to be cut and fed whole in late summer and fall. In this way we have the best of feed for the stock in August, September and October, one-fourth of the year. While the new corn is being fed none of the stock requires much other feed, and the grain in the bin and the hay in the mow are saved.

Farm Notes.

Get busy with the wobbly colt and teach him that you are his friend and master. It will be easy.

The average ewe requires from 3 to 5 pounds of salt a year, the variation depending largely upon the amount of natural salts contained in the pastures.

The bees should have plenty of water. They consume a great deal, and will travel a long distance to get it. Should there be no running stream or lake of pure water near, it is well to place a pail of fresh water near the apiary every day. Water is used by the bees to dilute the heavy, thicky honey left over from winter to make it suitable for the young larvae and also to make the cell wax pliable.

Waste

The number [illegible] believe, who, [illegible] their fault son[illegible] ous nature has only to attach [illegible] parties. This [illegible] thoughtlessly a[illegible] good faith. T[illegible] ourselves and n[illegible] ing another.

A patron o[illegible] Wisconsi[illegible] recentl[illegible] some vigorous tests against [illegible] products. It t[illegible] spired that t[illegible] creamery was not [illegible] the wrong, ex[illegible] so far as the management put f[illegible] in a few of the patrons of the creamery. Several of them had t[illegible]oughtlessly turned their herds into [illegible]abbage, rape and turnip patches imm[illegible]ediately after the first heavy frosts, [illegible]nd the milk thus tainted was sent in, [illegible]ith the result of causing inferiority in the creamery's output.

Aside from t[illegible]e fact that we should not judge too h[illegible]stily or be too ready to charge moral [illegible] turpitude, the discerning farmer will [illegible] understand from the case in point t[illegible]at feeding the stock any old thing [illegible] prevent waste may be the means o[illegible] producing greater destruction.

Dairyin[illegible]g in Winter.

There are man[illegible] advantages in having cows come fr[illegible]sh in winter, when all dairy produc[illegible] sell at a high price. In many plac[illegible] the price of butter is from 25 [illegible]o 50 per cent higher in winter than [illegible]n summer.

When th[illegible] cows calve in the spring they [illegible]enerally milk well until the pastures dry up, when the flow of milk quickly falls off, so that by the time stable feeds begin the cows are almost dried up. Now, if the cows come fresh in the fall, they produce a good flow of milk during the winter months, and in the spring, when they are turned on the grass, this acts as a second freshening and thus lengthens the period of milk production.

Another distinct advantage in winter dairying is that during this season the farmer is not so busy with other work, consequently he can give more time t[illegible] the care of the cows, the milk and [illegible]e cream than is possible during t[illegible] busy season of the year. When [illegible]inter dairying becomes more generall[illegible] practiced, the subject of winter feed[illegible] will be given more attention. Of these silage is one of the most importan[illegible] since one acre of good silage material will yield as much feed as three acre[illegible] pasture.

Combs.

No ma[illegible]ultry may excel in shape [illegible]ze, a malformed comb [illegible] will detract from the [illegible]ccess, especially in the n[illegible] Mediterranean breeds, wh[illegible]ornamental headgear, or co[illegible]aspicuously attractive. T[illegible]any kinds of combs, as w[illegible] the accompanying illus[illegible]ons, which are deserving of notice, chief of which are

the single serrated comb, as seen in such breeds a[illegible]morcas, Leghorns, Orpingtons, P[illegible]h Rocks, Langshans, Dorkin[illegible] different sizes; the rose-comb, bea[illegible] [illegible] rugated, and [illegible] small points, as seen chiefly in [illegible] Redcap, Hamburg, and Wyandotte family. Then there is the pea comb, or triple comb, that is, three parallel ridges (or very small combs), as seen in the Brahman or the Indian Game.

Water and Air in Soil.

There must be a proper balance of air and water to have the soil work go on. Exclude either and there is failure. Soil work is stopped when the soil becomes so dry that the water films around the soil particles are destroyed. Then is when the plant food ceases to be elaborated, and what plant food there is in the soil is no longer carried to the roots of the plants.

Great losses in crops are annually recorded because these simple fundamental facts are not fully understood. There must be a balance. Drainage will often do much to bring about a good condition of aeration of soil; but in some soils something else is needed. Thus a sandy soil that is so light that the moisture film soon disappears to a depth of [illegible] foot or more will produce nothing. In such a case other things must be incorporated with the sand of the soil, such as muck, lime, humus, fertilizer, to give it the power to retain the moisture film.

Keeping Sweet Potatoes.

There are several different methods for storing and keeping sweet potatoes which have proved successful. Potatoes, when first dug, have a large amount of moisture in them, which must evaporate. When the weather is good they should be left out in the field until this evaporation is complete; otherwise the moisture and the intense heat generated by their [illegible] in a hill will cause rot. When [illegible] not possible they should be piled [illegible]ly in a dry house for a week or [illegible] They may then be stored in the [illegible] of a building or in a room where [illegible] temperature will be such that [illegible] not freeze.