NANCY.

Not softer clouds shade evening skies
Than deepen in her shining eyes;
Nor gayer than her laugh at me
Is morning sunlight on the sea!

Like mountain air 'mid dewy grass
The musings of my little lass!—
With her my dusty thoughts regain
Greenness like leaves in tender rain.

Ah, yes, you smile! But I confess
I simply dare not love her less,
Or scorn heaven's well-inverted plan
That makes the child protect the man.

Sin, strong as boa's living snare,
Glides past, surprised to find her there,
The stealthy ills that suck my breath
Draw hers in mine, and feel it death.

But if I gravely stoop to kiss
That little mischief-loving miss,
She scampers off, with teasing spite,
And furtive glances of delight!
—Spectator.

The New Leaf

John Henry Billington walked slowly along the dusty road, his prospecting tools slung over his back. The hot sun beat down pitilessly and intensified the headache which he had fairly earned the night before. The debauch had not been his first, and he was too experienced a hand to consider it his last. And yet he abused himself roundly as he walked the unfamiliar road. He had shaken the dust of Jimtown from his feet, and bidden goodby forever to that paradise of the iniquitous.

He stepped to one side of the road, at the sound of wheels, without looking up.

"Whoa!" sounded a cheery voice, as the brake grated on the wheel. "Hev a lift, stranger?"

John Henry smiled up out of a pair of very honest blue eyes. "Wal, I guess—rather," he answered, flinging his pack into the wagon and climbing over the wheel.

"All set?" queried the driver.

"No—hold on a minute," said John Henry, reaching his long arm for his battered property. "Thank you," he said, cordially, as he clambered down.

The man drove on, mystified, while John Henry explained his reasons to himself. "It was kind of him to offer it, an' you didn't like to hurt his feeling's by gittin' down. Oh, no!—nor your own neither. That war the principal thing—your own. Now, you lazy, drunken, worthless old reprobate, hit the trail. You lost your chance for a lift last night. Foot it."

The John Henry who ordered John Henry to "foot it" smiled whimsically at the feet of the one who obeyed him. The shoes, which had danced the night before in Billy McGuire's saloon as badly as they had been fitted for it, were yet less fitted for travel. "Hard lines, old man," laughed John Henry. "But pay up, pay up square. Will ye be a coward as well as everything else?"

As he strode along, he thought it all over. What a muddle he had made of things. Five years of prospecting and nothing to show for it—not even a decent pair of shoes. Well, he had had some fun—rather!—even if it had left a bad taste in his mouth, and made a fool of himself times without number. What had started him on his jaunt he hardly knew—the impression had been too vague. And his wits had not been collected enough to know that a girl's gray eyes, looking up at him through the smoke in McGuire's saloon, were just the shade of another girl's eyes, though the girls were as different as light and darkness, thank God!

He laughed a little as he recalled the events of the preceding night. A big fool he had been—as usual. Of what use had it been, emptying out his hard-earned gold dust, into the little soiled hand that closed greedily over it? Imploring her with drunken, maudlin tears and paternal embraces to "take it and return to her father."

Well, she would return—to Billy McGuire's saloon, or some other—and so would he. At least, as soon as he had seen Martha—his little Martha—his little, brown Martha, with the clear gray eyes, whose lips knew no guile; who had believed in him when the others had cast him off as the too plentiful crop of wild oats flourished and grew tall. Yes, he understood quite well now the longing that had been on him. It was just to see Martha that he had started out—not that he had right or wish to seek her—but just to look at her once more, himself unseen, and remember forever after that God had made some women good. Twenty miles and forty miles, twenty again, a scant eighteen, and there you were. Not many miles to have separated two so widely.

He stepped out briskly, and as the night closed in saw just ahead of him the twinkling lights of a little town. He stood for a moment, watching, then turned aside and lay down on a little bank, his hands clasped under his head. Failure marked every milestone he had passed, but a sense of victory possessed him, as he knew a town—a mining town—lay just ahead of him. "You'd like to, you skunk," he upbraided himself, "an' still I won't let ye. If ye stand by Martha's gate, it'll be as a man five days sober."

On the second day the old shoes refused to acompany him further, and he "traded" his prospecting tools for an ill-fitting pair. He felt strangely better afterward. He had burned his bridges; it was the end of the gambler's life, the gambler's unrest. He would till the soil as his father and his father's father had before him. And perhaps, in time, he could live things down—and after a while—perhaps—Martha. So the man's thoughts and feet strayed in pleasant ways.

Of the chances gone, he thought not at all—or at least with only a regretful sigh that he had so little to offer. He would turn—he had turned—over a new leaf. The very words brought back the day of his leaving, five years before. He had used them in earnest to Martha's Aunt Jane—Aunt Jane, who would not allow new leaves to be turned; who would not even let them write to each other.

It was night as he drew near the farm house. It was early, though, barely six—the country supper hour. As he opened the gate there was a rush, a bark of joyful recognition. John Henry knelt down and hugged the dog. "Why, you, you darned old Don!" the man sobbed, "ef you ain't remembered me."

It was easy, with the friendly dog, to creep up to the kitchen window, where, as he remembered, the shades were never drawn. From his great height it was possible to peer in the window. It was all as he remembered it, though a mist shut it for a moment from his eyes. The very dishes were the same; the snow-white cloth; the vase of flowers; the shining stove. How well he remembered it.

As he gazed, fascinated, an inner door opened, and he saw Martha. His knees trembled under him, and yet he went forward and tapped with his shaking hand upon the kitchen door.

A flood of light fell over him as Martha opened the door.

"Why, Jack! Why, dear Jack!" she said, putting out both hands; "you've come home."

She drew him inside and shut the door, talking, laughing, but asking no questions—Martha knew when a man could not speak. "Poor Aunt Jane is dead, you know, Jack," she said, after a moment.

"No—no. I never heerd."

"Yes. The winter after you went away," Martha continued, after the faintest possible hesitation. "She left a message for you. I often wanted to write it to you, but I didn't know

IT WAS ALL AS HE REMEMBERED IT.

where you was. She marked it in her Bible. I can't remember it."

"Yes, you can," said John Henry.

"You can always tell, Jack," laughed Martha. "I do remember it, at least some of it, but it ain't polite."

"Tell away."

"'When the wicked man turns'—there, that's all I know, and it's awful to tell you that much."

"No, it ain't. It fits me all right. I'm a wicked man and I've turned, Martha——"

"And Don remembered you," she interrupted.

"Yes—an' you."

"We don't forget old friends. You'll think I knew you was coming, when I tell you I've a strawberry shortcake for supper. Do you remember how you always liked it?"

"I don't forget nothing," said John Henry. "An', Martha—an' Martha—when the wicked man turns—is there—can he—Martha?"

She understood. A flush came to the soft brown of her cheek, and she started to answer, but a quick step sounded outside and she threw open the door.

"Well, little woman——" the man began, brightly, but stopped awkwardly at sight of the stranger.

"Will, this is Jack——" But "Will" interrupted her, taking John's irresponsive hand in his own.

"Introduce *us*. I guess not. This is the fellow I told you about, that jest set in the wagon and wouldn't take a ride. Ef I'd only known who ye wuz, an' where you wuz comin' you woudn't hev got away so easy. We often talked about you. The wife told me all about you. The boy's named after you. Lord Marthy, go an' wake up little John Henry."

His face was shining with good will John Henry's dry lips moved. "It—you're too good—both o' ye. A welcome like this—a man ain't no right to expect it—especially when he's jest dropped in casual—jest casual. But I appreciate it—don't think I don't—though I've got to get along—got to immediate. There's a little place I'm due at, so I'll have to bid ye both goodby."

He stood up gravely and with no trace of awkwardness. Nature had dealt kindly with him. The face she had planned looked on them; not the face of the man he had become. He shook hands with them both. In Martha's he left something. "For the little fellow," he said, softly.

After he had gone, Martha, with dim eyes, looked into her own, that smiled back from the little gold locket. As for John Henry, no emotion shone on his face. But when he reached the gate, he knelt down and let Don lick his hands. Then he resolutely set his face toward the road, which led, eventually, to impious Jimtown.—San Francisco Argonaut.

DUTIES OF BRITISH KING.

Character of His Position and the Qualities Expected in Him.

A king of England is the grand chairman of the nation. He is crowned and hereditary president of our republic, the royal lord protector of our imperial commonwealth. His example is more powerful than his edict. He must have kindliness, the sympathy of comprehension as well as the sympathy of approbation; dignity, and the gentleness that is compatible with firmness. All these things the nation marked in Queen Victoria and in him for whom we now grieve. If one thinks what the ideal chairman of a meeting of ordinary Englishmen has to be, one has a very fair picture of the virtues needed in a British king, the London Spectator says. He must be considerate to the minority; he must never allow them to think that as chairman he is seeking safety on the side of mere numerical strength; yet he must insure the prevalence of what he judges to be the opinion of the majority. He must be patient and courteous and yet never allow a fanatic or a firebrand to impose upon him. He must never appear to stifle discussion and yet he must insure that discussion shall be relevant; he must keep order firmly and yet he must make it appear that in doing so he is only acting as the agent of the meeting whose chief interest is orderliness.

It is a notoriously difficult office to fill. And in this crowded republic of ours all parties which have any power have come to the deliberate conclusion—and this after some earnest questionings at the time of the French revolution—that the grand chairman of the nation is best drawn from a special family which is, so to speak, bred for the purpose. Having had just the qualities we required in King Edward VII, we look with confidence to see them reproduced in King George V, who is not only his son but his disciple. We, who are of this opinion, think that we leave on the whole less chance than is left in republics, where the presidents cannot have been specially trained for the position which they are chosen to occupy. It was said in the late king's life that if England suddenly became a republic he certainly would have been elected its first president.

Kingliness in the English conception must be marked by courage and self-sacrifice and yet there is no room for those kinds of courage and self-sacrifice which have distinguished the rulers of some other countries. We do not want the masterly interference and severe, if well intended, dragooning of a Frederick the Great, nor the passion for splendor of a Louis XIV, nor the policy of enlightenment by cruel compulsion of a Peter the Great. We desire to be allowed to live our own lives in our own way, guided only by a wise head which has studied the rules of our procedure and can be relied upon to interpret them fairly. A Prussian ruler would be quite out of place here and even if we thought his martial bearing "kingly" at first, we should soon find out that he was the very reverse of what in the back of our minds we hold to be a kingly man.

THE UMPIRE.

Did You Ever Hear the Fans Cheer Him for His Work?

There is one unique phase connected with the life of the umpire which perhaps has never occurred to most lovers of baseball. You have often been to a theater and seen the hero or heroine—yes, even the villian—win round after round of applause for some excellent bit of acting.

You have been to a football game and heard some ball gladiator cheered to the echo for making a long run that resulted in a touchdown or for a flying tackle that prevented imminent defeat. When some player is injured they convey their sympathy to him by cheering his name.

You have been to a ball game and heard the fans cheer some crack pitcher because in a pinch he fanned some mighty batter. It's just the natural way of the American to show admiration and appreciation.

Rack your brain, think your hardest, recall every game you have ever attended, then see if you can remember a time when the umpire drew applause for his work. Have you ever heard the fans cheer the name of the umpire after he has worked a fifteen inning game which fairly bristled with close and unusual plays and got away without a kick? If you can recall such an incident, just dot in down in your notebook that you were present at a very, very unusual happening.

Do they cheer the umpire's name when he stops a foul tip with his shin or has a swift shoot bounced off his mask? Yes, they do—not. Any injury to the umpire usually gets a round of derisive laughter from the crowd. Generally, if he has been going bad, some leather lunged individual requests that he be killed or chloroformed. Of course there are many people in the stands who sympathize with the umpire. Their sympathy is usually silence. That isn't much balm to his injury or feelings.

Applause would sound so strange to an umpire's ears that he would probably become so thoroughly frightened he would jump the back fence.—Billy Evans in New York Tribune.

No man ever got a pension without thinking thereafter that it ought to be increased

Round Dairy Barns.

The Illinois Agricultural Experiment Station has sent to press a bulletin in which the economy of the round dairy barn is discussed at considerable length. Comparison of the cost of round dairy barns is discussed at considerable length. Comparisons of the cost of round barns with rectangular ones, including the amount and cost of material, the cost of construction, the amount of stock that can be sheltered, the convenience in storing, handling, and distributing the feed, etc., are brought out very clearly.

The bulletins include cuts and plans of several round barns in actual use, an itemized statement of the cost of a 60-foot round barn, and cuts showing how the round barn at the agricultural college was built, etc. The conclusions arrived at by the author of the bulletin are that the round barn has a great advantage over a rectangular barn in convenience, strength and cheapness.

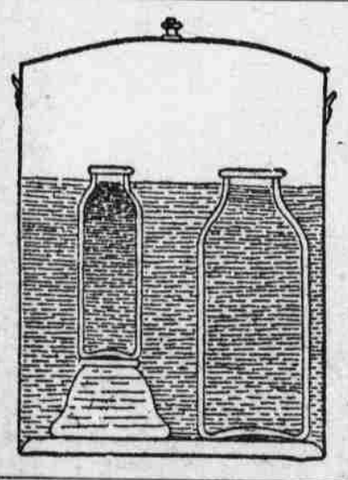
It is found that the round barn is more convenient because of the compactness wtih which it is built and the ease of getting the feed to the cows. Investigations show that the round barn costs from 34 to 58 per cent less than the rectangular barn containing the same amount of space and built of the same grade of material.

Pasteurizing Milk at Home.

If milk is not drawn under the most sanitary conditions it is not advisable to feed it to children without being pasteurized. It is very easy to accomplish this wtihout any special apparatus.

Put the milk in a milk bottle. Take tin pie plate and punch the bottom full of holes. Turn this upside down in the bottom of the kettle and set the bottle on it. This will prevent bumping when the water is heated.

Punch a hole through a piece of cardboard and insert in the top of the bottle. Through this hole suspend a thermometer. A good thermometer



with the scale etched on the glass should be used. Heat the water until the thermometer registers 155 degrees.

The bottle should be then removed and allowed to stand for twenty or thirty minutes. Cover the bottles with a towel to make them cool off slowly. After twenty or thirty minutes cool the milk as quickly as possible by setting it in cold water.

Tree Ventilation.

The people of the New England States are proverbial for their veneration of trees, and in these days of ruthless destruction of woods it is refreshing in the extreme to hear of a case like the resident of Kennebunkport, Me., who, rather than to disturb an old tree which grew on his farm upon a site desired for the location of a barn, built the structure around the tree. The barn wall completely circumscribes the tree, but lies at sufficient distance to give the tree plenty of air. The age of this particular tree is not accurately known, but it is one of a pair which is said to have been full-grown trees at the time of the American revolution.

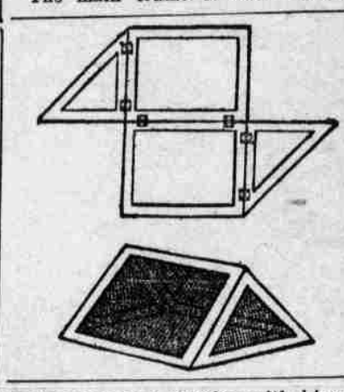
Three Kinds of Corns.

Three kinds of corns to which horses are subject are generally recognized: The dry, moist and suppurating. The dry corn is recognized by the blood-stained horn and is not attended with excessive inflammation. Moist corns are recognized by the large amount of inflammation, shown by the fluid accumulating in the region of the corn. Suppurating corns are the moist corns which have become infected with pus germs.

Collapsible Chicken Coop.

The average chicken coop made of a soap box or some other small box is not always convenient for carrying around, and use in different places. An A-shaped coop is little better than an ordinary box. The accompanying sketch, says a Georgia writer in Popular Mechanics, shows a collapsible A-shaped coop that can be folded and stored away or carried set up for use anywhere.

The main frame is made in four

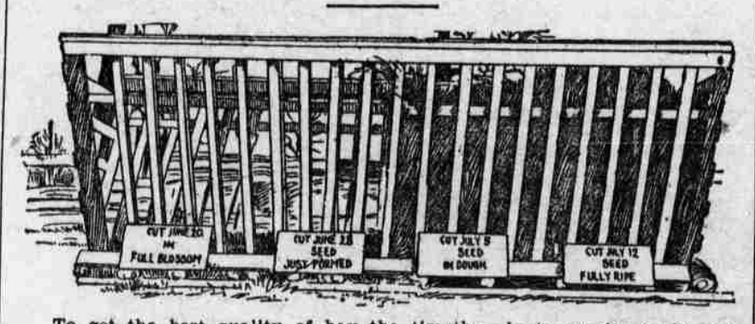


parts and joined together with hinges as shown in Figure 1. The frame can be covered with wire netting or boards on top part with netting on the ends. The hinged frames provide a way to open either end. A small hook and eye sholud be provided at each end to hold the parts in place.

Alfalfa Needs Food.

It is important to know that there is little difference between successful alfalfa growing and the successful growing of other crops. Poor farming never brings big crops, nor will poor land produce as big yields as the more fertile. Failure to restore to the soil the necessary elements of which it has been robbed means the same in New York, Kansas, Virginia or anywhere else. Every farm plant, to prosper, must find in the soil, readily available, the elements needed for its development. If a farmer finds the soil lacking in elements needed for certain crops he should either supply the deficiency or not attempt their raising. This is true of corn or wheat, cotton or tobacco, no less than alfalfa.

BEST TIME TO CUT HAY.



To get the best quality of hay the timothy plants require to be cut when in full bloom. In an experiment made by Prof. Waters of Missouri racks were filled with hay cut in different stages of ripeness. As shown in the illustration, all the early-cut hay was eaten before the late-cut was touched. The largest yield of dry matter was obtained by cutting at the dough stage.

To Control Gray Rot.

For the prevention of gray rot of grapes one investigator recommends a treatment which he claims is very simple and efficient. This consists of thinning the leaves on the north side of the vines and spraying with Bordeaux mixture, to which soap is added to make it more adherent. The treatment should be made about July 25, or at the stage when the grapes have just about reached their full size. If the fungicide is thoroughly applied at this time no further trouble may be anticipated from this disease.

Paper Milk Bottles.

The new paper bottle for milk is attracting some attention. It is shaped something like a large jelly glass and made of stiff paper parafined and water proof, and folded in such a way as to protect parts through which leakage could occur. Cost is expected to be small and the bottles are to be thrown away after once being used, thus saving labor of cleaning and insuring a fresh bottle each time.

Wide Wagon Tires.

As to the desirability of the use of the wide tires there can be no question. The most casual observation will suffice to convince any one of the damage which a heavily laden wagon, equipped with the ordinary sharp, rounded, narrow tires, will produce on any road. There is also another, and perhaps even greater advantage to be gained by the use of the wide tires—viz., the increased hauling capacity attained.

Forecasts for Farmers.

The Weather Bureau has arranged to give daily weather forecasts by telephone to farmers in Texas. At noon each day rural subscribers are called up, and the weather forecast is announced to all simultaneously. Subscribers in towns and cities can obtain the weather forecast at any time of the day after 11 a. m. by calling up central.

Rural 'Phone in the South.

Merchants in the South have awakened to the value of rural telephone lines, and are seeking to develop them, with a view to increasing their trade among the rural population. In certain sections they have made large contributions to aid the farmers in building their lines.

Collecting Nitrogen From the Air.

Nitrogen is contained in great quantities in the air above us, but it cannot be purchased and used with profit in farming, except under special conditions. Clover and other leguminous plants can draw all they require from the atmosphere by means of bacteria that live on their roots

SOLE SURVIVOR OF A CIVIL WAR SHIP TRAGEDY.

Michael S. Brockett of Enfield, Ill., is believed to be the last survivor of the little group of men who escaped from the steamer General Lyon when it was burned off the coast of North Carolina, March 31, 1865, going down with 480 passengers. The disaster, now almost forgotten, was one of the most appalling of the closing days of the Civil War.

Brockett is living in retirement on a farm. He was disabled for life by injuries received when rescued from the wreck of the burning steamer, and was allowed a pension of $8 per month for twenty-nine years, and ten years ago, by a special act of Congress, this was increased to $30 a month. The wreck followed four years of service with the Fifty-sixth Illinois Infantry, Brockett and his brother going home on a furlough to recuperate from sickness.

THEIR FINAL QUARREL.

She Said It Was Irrevocable, but He Knew Better.

It was all off. They had quarreled, finally and irrevocably. It doesn't matter now what it was about. The chances are that in their anger neither remembered anything except that he had disappointed her in some awful, unforgivable way and she had seized the diamond engagement ring from a dainty, slender figure and thrust it upon him with a gesture of infinite scorn.

For an instant he held the circlet in his hand ruefully. For another instant he paced the porch, hands in his pockets, head low, his voice quivering with emotion as he pleaded. Suddenly he stopped in front of her.

"That's final, is it?" he inquired.

"Final?" she replied, icily. "No man with a spark of—"

"All right!" he snapped. "This thing's no use to me, then."

His right arm shot out like the arm of a ball pitcher, and a second later the tinkle-tinkle of metal on the concrete walk half a block away told her he had thrown the ring away.

"Oh!" she cried, and there was sudden anguish in her heart, "I didn't mean it! We must find it—at once."

"I don't care for it," he said, stubbornly. "Life has mighty little now to make—"

"Silly!" she cried. "Help me—immediately."

He couldn't let her go alone, with night coming on, so, after proper reluctance, he followed. In the eagerness of searching all her anger melted. It took a long time, but finally he stooped quickly, and, exclaiming, "Here it is!" held up the diamond ring.

What happened in the next hour is nobody's business except their own. The human, masculine part of the story was disclosed to his bosom friend late that night in the quiet of their room.

"Had it in my pocket all the time," he said. "Threw a quarter down the street. And, dad bling it, I didn't find it, either!"

But it did the work.—Kansas City Times.

Thought It a Language.

"The self-made man is splendid," said Andrew Carnegie at a dinner in Washington, "if he makes himself a mental and spiritual, no less than a financial, success.

Too many self-made men neglect the intellectual side. This sometimes—at commencements, for example—puts them at a disadvantage.

"I know a self-made man who said at a commencement to his nephew:

"'Well, Tommy, my son, what do they teach you here?'

"'Latin and Greek,' the boy replied, 'and German and algebra.'

"'Dear me!' cried the self-made man. 'And what's the algebra for turnip?'"

Not Unhealthy.

Yeast—Do you think high-heeled shoes unhealthy?

Crimsonbeak—Oh, no. Our goat got away with a pair last week and he seems to be getting along all right!—Yonkers Statesman.

The Touring Club of France has spent $4,000,000 on public roads.