

AT THE SUMMIT.

He started when the days were fair
And all the stars were glad and green.

A MODERN CINDERELLA

The Story of the Prince Who Won Her.

"Mamma, mamma, what do you think?" cried Lydia Stuart, as she rushed into the room.

"Why, you kept one of two of my evening gowns, you know, mother, and I am sure the white one would be beautiful."

"Oh, I know I shall be in it, and not of it, but that does not matter. I shall enjoy wearing it, and hearing the music."

"We will see what your brother says, dear," Mrs. Stuart answered.

"She would have been lovely, indeed, to deprive this daughter of it, as of any pleasure that might come in her way."

"The next day, they scanned the papers for some mention of the tickets, but none appeared."

"That night Lydia was all excitement. The white gown had required very little alteration."

"How do you like me, Tom?" Lydia asked as she entered the little sitting room.

"You are grand," he exclaimed, framing her head. She laughed happily, taking innocent pleasure in his astonished admiration.

"I know you were good-looking, Lydia, but you are quite too stunning to-night, isn't she, mother?"

"She does look pretty, but we must not turn this little head with too much flattery. Remember it is only for one night."

"Tom wished that his own head were a trifle stiffer. It had been aching most fearfully all day, but he would not say a word to mar Lydia's pleasure."

"He felt rewarded for the effort he had made when he saw how much Lydia enjoyed her novel experience."

"Tom feared that dancing might tax his powers of endurance too far, and was wondering what excuse to make to Lydia, when a heavy voice exclaimed: 'Why, if it isn't Tom Stuart!'"

"Lydia was soon gliding around with this friend of her childhood. She natively explained to him how they happened to meet the ball."

"Flushed and happy, she finally went to prepare for her home-going. When she emerged from the cloak room she expected to find Tom waiting for her, but he was nowhere to be seen."

"As she looked rather anxiously about for her brother who happened to encounter the gaze of a man who stood near by."

"When a man is asked to trust himself, you can't blame him for being suspicious of others."

As she looked up he seemed to realize that he had been staring at her, for he started a little and turned away.

"What could Tom be? If only one of the men she had met would pass that way, her indignation increased."

"'Why, Tom, what is the matter?' she questioned anxiously, noting his pallor."

"Hugh Thurston stepped aside, wishing devoutly that 'Tom' had not appeared quite so soon."

"'Why, I had a sort of giddy, faint spell, little girl,' Tom explained hastily. 'My head has bothered me all day. Awfully sorry—hope you have not been frightened.'"

"'I was rather, but it's no matter. I am so sorry you are ill, why didn't you say so, and we could have gone home sooner?'"

"Tom turned to Thurston and thanked him briefly, explaining his own delay. Lydia bowed a slight acknowledgment as they passed, but something in his eyes as they met hers made her heart give a sudden bound and beat with a deeper flush to her cheeks."

"'Who on earth can she be?' Thurston wondered. Evidently they had not come in a carriage, for she wore a hat, and a dark netter hid her hair, and he knew from her accent that she was English."

"Looking down he saw a little gold pin lying in the corner where she had stood while waiting for her brother. Picking it up, he hurried downstairs and searched the corridors for her, but she was nowhere to be seen."

"Thurston started to raise the pin to the desk, but he changed his mind and tucked it away in his card case. Then he went back to the ballroom and tried to find out who she was, but no one seemed to recognize his description."

"In such a crowd, in fact, there were many who might have answered to it, so Thurston was forced to leave without obtaining any clue to her identity."

"He searched at the depth of the impression that this girl's face had made upon him. His wealth and good looks won him so much favor among women that he had come to regard them with great indifference."

"He inserted an advertisement concerning the pin, but to answer ever came, and he strove to forget the owner, but many times the blue eyes seemed to look at him through the smoke rings, or some unbidden between him and a printed page."

"The day after the ball, poor Tom was in a raging fever, and the weeks which followed were anxious ones indeed in the Sturats' little home, for Tom had a bad case of typhoid."

"Their small savings dwindled rapidly, and Lydia worked incessantly to renew resources. Mrs. Stuart became so worn by her vigil at the sick boy's side, that the doctor feared that she, too, would be attacked by the disease."

"Lydia, worrying about her mother, grieving because she thought that she had aggravated Tom's illness by taking him to the ball, and working even harder than usual, had grown thin and pale, and there were heavy circles under the blue eyes."

"One afternoon, as she was drowsily putting the finishing touches to some dinner cards that were to be called for that day, the bell rang."

"'Come in,' Lydia called softly, thinking it was the doctor. 'Go right in, please,' she added, without turning her head. She was not willing that she should see the traces of years that would bring over occasionally and impede her progress."

"'I beg pardon, but my sister sent me for the cards,' said a voice that was certainly not the doctor's. She rose quickly."

"'Oh, pardon me,' she exclaimed, then stopped short as she recognized her 'ball man,' as she had whimsically termed him."

"Hugh Thurston started eagerly forward. 'You!' he cried, with a glad ring in his voice, 'you! I have so often tried to find you since the ball. But, child, taking her hand gently in his as he saw her pale cheeks and tired eyes, 'why have they done to you?'"

"The cheeks became so crimson and the eyes so wide with astonishment that he came suddenly to himself and dropped his hand."

"'Of course you don't understand,' he explained rather lamely. 'You've probably never given me a thought.' The blue eyes were suddenly veiled. 'You didn't leave any slipper behind that I might know of?—I found your pin after you had gone, and I wanted to find the owner.' He had pulled out his card case while he was speaking, and now he handed the pin—a lover's token with a diamond center—to her."

"'But it is not mine,' she said, looking up with a devious half smile. 'I beg pardon, but I am surprised. It is my mother's, though—somebody has taken it for me. I've done before that the 'Mamma Eye' found the pin,' and as their eyes met, the picture flashed back to the white had come—New York News."

"Of course not. When a man is asked to trust himself, you can't blame him for being suspicious of others."

"A Chicago merchant tells the Tribune of this city that he uses various methods of advertising, but nothing else until his newspaper space has been completely full. 'No other medium brings such immediate or such large returns. Considering the results, it is by all odds the cheapest.'"

AGRICULTURAL.

The Ailing Calf.

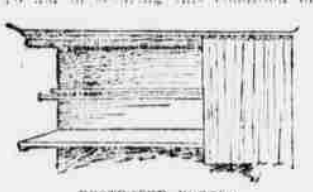
When calves are first fed on butter-milk they are apt to suffer from indigestion, the same effect follows at times the feeding of meat unless it is thoroughly well boiled.

Planting the Crops.

There are customs which are rigidly adhered to in the sowing or planting of the staple crops. Clover is usually sown on the wheat land in the spring, the seed being scattered over the ground when it is covered with snow in order to facilitate the work.

Keeping Poultry Warm.

Poultry can hardly be kept too warm in winter, especially at night when not exercising. If the hen from their bodies can be kept confined about them they will be very comfortable indeed.



PROTECTED ROOSTS.

Things the plan shown in the cut can often be used. Place a board at the ceiling in front of the roosts and have the platform below the roosts come out so far from the roof wall as is shown in the board. Stretch a wire in front of the board, close to it, and hang a curtain of burlap upon the wire.

Apple Culture.

When well managed the apple orchard is the most profitable part of almost any farm, but we must do more than plant and nurse both into good condition from the start. Old neglected orchards can be repaired and made profitable, but it is always easier to start a new orchard and begin at the foundation.

"We must remember that nature keeps up the fertility of her forests by adding to the soil year after year the leaves and crops of fruit, which with the exception of the small amounts devoured by birds and animals, goes back to the land, and keeps up the fertility. If we are going to harvest big crops of good apples we must feed the soil, and feed it systematically, and then make every effort to make the plant food immediately available."

Practical Farming.

No farmer can progress unless he is willing to study and learn. In all our occupations there is a mighty factor for education, it is considered essential to success. The farmer of today who maintains that only practical farming is worthy of his consideration, and who believes that his sons can learn all that is necessary about farming on the

farm itself, daily witnesses the loss of those outside of farming deriving knowledge in institutes in which instructions in mechanics are imparted. The best engineers, machinists and wood-workers endeavor to enter their sons in schools or colleges, at which they can be taught all that is possible from a theoretical standpoint.

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Key to Profits in Poultry.

The vigor of farm poultry must be kept up in order to have profitable stock, as weak fabled stock does not thrive or lay well. There is a mistake made in calling for extremely heavy weights in a brood. Select birds about the standard weight for the chosen breed, and get them thick-fleshed and solid.

"Give little feed, and make them take lots of exercise. A very light mash of clover chaff, bran and oat-ground fine, mixed stiff is used in the morning, as it readily is assimilated by the fowl, do not feed more than a quart to a dozen hens. Feed all grain in litter, and for non-laying egg tables and meat in some form. Bad odds and ends of butchering rather than feed to dogs. Keep them well supplied with grit and clean water."

"The secret of winter eggs is comfortable roosting quarters, meat and exercise. Young hens lay better than old ones, and some strains excel in egg production. Hatch chickens as early as possible. The early ones catch the worm for either egg basket or market. Don't feed chicks till from twenty-four to thirty-six hours old. Then give them stale bread, soaked in sweet milk and spiced. The best feed we have ever used is one-half cornmeal, two-thirds bran, mixed stiff in milk, either skim or whole. Sour milk will not hurt after they are a week or ten days old. Don't let feed stand. They will rot with unashed potatoes, oatmeal, dry or soaked, for a change, and meat in some form. If they can't get green grass give them other vegetable food."

"Keep them busy and growing. The whole secret of successful poultry raising is in the first six weeks of vigorous brooding. The market requires a brood if best prices are to be obtained. Don't allow male birds, such as roosters, to be too powerful. In the case of brooding eggs with chickens in the shell, have eggs clean and sorted for size and color. In every town and city a person who can contrive excellent fresh and steady can contrive a profitable business. The cities and tourist trade would be more profitable if the proper quality was produced. It is astonishing to see the black-skinned sort that is offered for sale in the cities. The English market would take a thousandweight of dressed poultry every year—Myron A. Geo., in the Criticist."

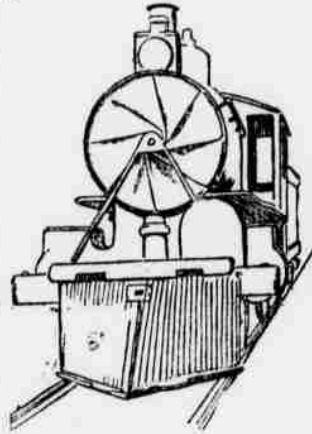
"A Missouri farmer who bought seed in Mexico has raised some stalks of corn seventeen feet high."

Chapters of Life's Oddities.

STRANGE STORIES GATHERED FROM MANYWHERE.

WINDMILL ON A LOCOMOTIVE.

A novel way to get electricity for lighting a railway train is described by Cassier's Magazine. The favorite method nowadays is to provide each car with a small dynamo, which is driven by the axle. The current is first led to a storage battery composed of only ten cells, so as to have a supply of electricity when the train is



standing still. A less satisfactory plan is to put the dynamo on the locomotive and drive it with steam from the boiler. The scheme which Cassier reports is a variation of this latter one. It includes a dynamo that is located on the engine, perhaps under the pilot, but the power for it is derived from a rotary fan or windmill immediately above, under the headlight. As the locomotive travels at the rate of twenty, thirty or even forty miles an hour, a breeze of corresponding velocity is developed. The current is conveyed to small accumulators under each car of the train. It may be assumed that when these are fully charged the current is automatically cut off. Tests are said to have been made with an outfit of this kind, and the results are said also to have been encouraging, contrary to what one might be led to expect.

THE SMALLEST HORSE IN THE WORLD.

What is said to be the smallest horse in the world has just been brought to Tampico, Mexico, by Tabalato Esposito and sold to A. J. Morrison, of Los Angeles, Cal., for a large price. This Tom Thumb of equines, which is ap-

propriately named "Lilliputian," stands just high enough to reach to his owner's knees, and weighs only seventy-three pounds, though fat and plump. The pony is seven years old and is twenty-two and one-half inches—five and a half hands—tall.

WHAT IS IT?

This is not a puzzle picture nor a



SMALLEST OF HORSES.

As she is seventy years old her friends feared that this sudden and terrible outburst of anger would injure her, but instead it completely cured her of her deafness."

"SPOOKED" ELECTRICITY.

Storms of colored rain and snow which have occurred in foreign lands from time to time should give rise to the best wonder that a storm which occurred in the United States had been seen, and which may well be called a storm of "electric light."

Newspaper First.

A Chicago merchant tells the Tribune of this city that he uses various methods of advertising, but nothing else until his newspaper space has been completely full. "No other medium brings such immediate or such large returns. Considering the results, it is by all odds the cheapest."

every flake was charged with electricity to such an extent, indeed, that when it came in contact with the hair of the mule on which the lieutenant was riding, it discharged electric sparks with slight detonations.

When the storm increased in fury and the flakes came down thicker and faster, each flake emitting a spark of electric light, the sight was truly magnificent. After the flakes reached the ground or other resting place the electric display ceased, until the snow was again put in motion, when the discharges were repeated.

By shaking his finger tips, beard or nose or ears the lieutenant was able to produce a shower of electric sparks, while a wave of his arm produced an effect like the sweep of a flaming sword through the air, every flake of snow touched giving out its little spark of light and the consequent slight explosion.

SPECIES ON ITS WINGS.

One of the most remarkable curiosities in the world, probably, in the bird line, is the kaimori, the wing of which is armed with spurs. This odd creature is found in Brazil, Guiana and Colombia, and inhabits the deepest forests along the water courses.

This large black bird is very remarkable for the strength of its voice, which has powerful and peculiar guttural notes. It bears on each wing two powerful spurs, and on its head a pointed horn, three or four inches long. The two spurs on each wing are directed forward when the wing is folded.

These spurs are the outgrowth of the metacarpal bone, and arise from the anterior part of the two extremities of this bone. The upper spur is larger and is triangular, about two inches long and slightly curved at the end.

A party of explorers and naturalists captured one recently, which is now in the London Zoological Garden. It is very tame in its demeanor toward human beings, but puts itself on the defensive as soon as it sees a dog. It knows how to make such good use of its spurs that it can put the enemy to flight by a single stroke. Besides these weapons on its wings the kaimori has a very strong beak and hard and resistant claws.

ANGER CURES DEAFNESS.

Here is a novel cure for deafness. According to several Dutch papers a deaf woman, who resides at Kroningen, had a quarrel a few weeks ago with some of her neighbors, and as a result got into a violent passion.

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