

THE RIGHT SORT OF GIRL.

There was sweeter than the petals
She was fairer than the lily:
And she pretended to turn up her
"Jack, I pray you,
"I must go in. Excuse me." Saying
this Alice fairly flew to the door,
and from there to her room. She had
had a shock, and she needed solitude
to measure the hurt. The man smiled
gently, sauntered on to the river side
and looked at the sunset alone. He
could afford to wait. He was sure of
her.

In the meantime things were not
going well at the machine works. The
engineer had always been reliable, and
with him in charge of the great engine
that drove the ponderous machinery
all over the immense works no one
gave a thought for his personal safety.
But this day, no one knew how it hap-
pened, the engineer lay in a stupor on
the ground, and the pressure of steam
was so great that the whole place
trembled as the wheels whirled
around. Before the danger was dis-
covered it was almost too late. Hun-
dreds of lives were at stake, and there
was no one to save them. John sprang
to the engine to find that the safety
valve was closed and out of order.
He leaped up and seized the bar with
his bare hands and bore his whole
weight upon it—though he felt it
burn its way to the very bone.

He never knew how long he held on
to the bar that let off the steam, but
when he regained consciousness, he
was lying outside on the grass. One
by one the faces he knew dawned
dimly out of the mist before his eyes.
After awhile they took him home and
a doctor dressed the burns.

Next morning John was sitting
propped up in an armchair with both
hands bandaged. His face was pale
and dark rings around his eyes showed
his suffering, but his thankfulness for
the safety of all those men over-
balanced his pain. And yet there was
little hope that he would ever use
those hands again—hands that had
been so clever to fashion wonders in
steel and iron. He closed his eyes.

Alice had heard the story that same
night. She could not go to him. She
had no right. But in the morning
she saw clearer, and, rising, she went
into the garden and plucked another
bud from the same bush and hastened
with it in her hand toward John's
home. On the way she met Charles
in his immaculate morning costume.
Something new and decided in Alice's
face caught his attention. He ad-
vanced jauntily, saying:

"May I walk with you? I suppose
you are going to visit our mechanical
friend?"

"Thank you, no. I am going
alone."

"Ah! Well, I will say goodby, as I
leave here tonight." He watched her
face and saw it clear, as if relieved.

"Then we will say goodby," and
she walked on, as if in haste.

Something like a mist came into his
eyes and a choke in his throat as he
murmured:

"I am sorry, for she is as good as
she is beautiful, and she deserves a
better fate than stagnation here."

Alice was soon standing by John's
side. He opened his eyes to see her
handing him a rosebud, while tears
rained down her cheeks.

"What is it Alice? What troubles
you?" he asked.

"Oh, John, John! I am so sorry
for your hands."

"Don't cry, Allie, don't cry. They'll
be well in a few days."

But Alice sunk on her knees and
went on crying and kissing the band-
aged hands until John put those
maimed members around her and
lifted her face to his. She laid the
rosebud on his lips and he reverently
kissed it, and as he did so it unfolded
of itself to perfect beauty.—Chicago
Record.

—Chicago News.

III THE SOUL OF A ROSE.

BY OLIVE HARPER.

There were thoughtful shades in
the soft brown eyes of Alice Dorrence
as she walked slowly along the path
ending from the river's edge to the
grove. Her white dress and pale pink
ribbons fluttered in the afternoon
breeze, and made a sharp contrast
with the vivid green around and under
her feet.

Just now she was trying to solve a
problem such as has been presented to
most women in their time. Two men
loved her, each for different qualities.
John Strong had been her friend and
protector ever since she could remem-
ber, and she knew his loyalty and
goodness—but he was a plain, un-
assuming person, caring little for society
or appearance. His leisure hours were
given to the study of mechanics. He
worked in a machine shop as though
proud to wear the overalls and apron.
It is true that he looked like one of
the sculptured gods as he stood car-
ving some part of a great intricate
machine, but—

The other was a rich man's son, and
his long, slender hands were never
stained with toil.

Alice thought of both these men,
contrasting them, weighing them and
sometimes almost deciding in favor of
one or the other. One was educated,
but a workman. The other was pol-
ished, but an idler. As often as she
thought she had decided some new
question would force her to begin all
over again. She had neither father
nor mother, and lived with her aunt,
who had just married a widowed
clergyman with such an array of noisy
children that Alice felt that she really
could not bear to remain, and she
could think of no better way out of
the difficulty than to marry.

If she married John she would go
to live in the house near the big works
where his father had lived. She would
always have enough of everything,
but unless John invented something
valuable he would never be rich. If
she married Charles Sturgess she
would go to New York to see life as it
is in the best society. Her imagina-
tion pictured this as an existence of
fair-like beauty with no seamy side.

Still she walked and thought, but
came to no decision. She turned to-
ward the lawn leading to the beautiful
Hudson and had gone but a few spaces
along the path when she came in sight
of Charles Sturgess standing beside a
rose bush, whose buds were just un-
folding. He stood a moment looking
at the bush then chose the most per-
fect and loveliest bud of all and broke
it off short without a stem.

Alice stepped forward just then, and
as he bowed and spoke he tore the bud
apart and pressed it to his nostrils.
He held it thus for a brief space in-
haling the fragrance, then cast it
down out of sight with his heel.

Alice felt a chill pass over her. He
must have noticed, as he smiled and
said:

"I love roses so."

"I shouldn't think it."

"But I do. I love to choose an un-

opened bud and tear it apart and in-
hale its very soul."

"And throw it away after."

"Why keep it? But let us return
to the river. The sun will soon set
and we can see the glory from—"

"I must go in. Excuse me." Saying
this Alice fairly flew to the door,
and from there to her room. She had
had a shock, and she needed solitude
to measure the hurt. The man smiled
gently, sauntered on to the river side
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Cactus as a Sustainant.

Arabs find the cactus to be an ex-
traordinarily useful plant. They find
in it food and drink and also fodder
for their cattle and camels. The Arab
eats the figs and drinks the abundant
supply of juice in the fleshy leaves.
The camels chew up eagerly what is
left over.

FOR FARM AND GARDEN.

Kill the Old Hens.

The keeping of poultry is a profit-
able industry, but it will not be so if
the farmer persists in having a lot of
old hens that are merely pensioners,
and ought to have been in the fricassee
pot years ago.

Depth of Cultivating Corn.

At the Indian station cultivating
corn one and three inches deep gave
better yields than cultivating two and
four inches deep. The average re-
sults for nine years have been in favor
of cultivating one inch deep.

Growing Watercress for Market.

A good deal of money may be se-
cured from many small streams where
watercress either grows naturally or
could be made to do so by judicious
seeding and planting. The cress
seeds abundantly after its season of
growth is over, and when a stream is
once stocked with it the growth of the
plant is apt to increase. In some
places gardeners have made artificial
beds which they have planted with
the cress, running from the stream
into little coves which can be easily
kept under water. The first cress of
the season brings fancy prices at the
large hotels and restaurants. The
cress has a sprightly spicy taste that
is almost universally liked, and it is
believed by many that it has medicinal
virtues that give it especial value as a
tonic to the stomach when it first
makes its appearance.

The Value of the Separator.

A. X. Hyatt tells in the Indiana
Farmer his opinion of the separator
after using one five years. He bought
it that he might be able to feed better
the twenty calves a year that he de-
sired to raise, and he says:

"The separator gave us at least two
pounds more butter a day than we
could get by deep setting. We got
from three to five pounds more butter
a day by running it through the sep-
arator at home warm than we were
credited with for the same milk at the
creamery. Two hundred pounds of
milk fresh from the cow and warm
from the separator seemed to make
more gain with young pigs and calves
than double the pounds as we got it
from the creamery. Microbes and
flies and rinsings do not seem to set
well on the stomachs of young stock.
The separator would save us a trip
every morning to the creamery, and
often an hour or two waiting for our
milk. It would save our aerating and
cooling our night's milk. It would
save three or four cents for making
our milk into butter, and we could get
three or four more cents for our but-
ter if we made it than Elgin prices, or
from the factory."

That is strong testimony from a prac-
tical dairyman, and he adds that the
first year he raised thirty-six calves
instead of his usual twenty, and the
extra sixteen could have been sold for
enough to pay for the separator.—
American Cultivator.

Well Bred Bees.

The apiarist is usually a very care-
ful breeder of bees. He rears queens
only from choice stocks, those that
have the qualities he wishes to more
fully develop, and thus produces a
strain of bees much ahead of the ordi-
nary. All breeding in this line
centres in the queen. If a colony of
bees do not come up to standard re-
quirements the queen suffers the pen-
alty, and when she is dispatched an
entire change of stock takes place,
providing a new queen is introduced
in her place. Great is the difference
in colonies of bees or bees produced
by different queens. This is true not
only of different races of bees, but
colonies of the same race or variety.

Since the introduction of the Italian
bees into this country, color has be-
come an important factor in breeding,
as by color only can we designate the
Italian bee from any other at first
sight. Color of itself is not the only
difference, however, for the charac-
teristics of the Italian bees are quite dif-

ferent from the native bees. It is
generally conceded that the Italian
bees have more desirable qualities
than any other race, and the expert
breeder adopts this race as a founda-
tion to breed upon and thus improves
on the line of certain qualities he
wishes to attain.

Many good points may be obtained
to considerable degree in careful
breeding, namely, energy, prolific-
ness, gentleness, non-swarming, en-
durance, color, etc. Some colonies of
bees are more energetic than others,
and the result is they store a larger
surplus of honey than others when
the conditions are the same. Some
queens and strains of queens are more
prolific than others, and fill their
hives with brood and bees rapidly and
early, and are in the field with more
laborers when the honey season opens
and naturally store more honey. The
gentle bees allow themselves to be
handled and manipulated in the hive
without resistance, and a much better
job of work can be done with them.
The non-swarmers continue to store
honey as long as they have a place to
store it, and do not lose any time
swarming or attempting to swarm if
the apiarist does his part.—Farm,
Field and Fireside.

Cultivating Asparagus.

A moderately light soil is prefer-
able for the culture of asparagus, but
any good garden soil will answer. Put
on all the well-rotted manure you can
plow under; and work the soil fine to
a depth of eight or ten inches. If the
soil is well prepared on the start it
will require less work to keep it in
good condition. Plants one or two
years old should be used, never those
taken from an old bed. Set the plants
18 inches apart in the row, and the
rows three feet apart. This may seem
like considerable room, but it will be
found sufficiently close, for the roots
will entirely fill the soil in a few years.
Make the holes large, so that the roots
can be spread out in their natural
position. Set the plants so that the
crowns will be from five to eight in-
ches below the surface, according to
the character of the soil. The heavier
the soil the less covering they should
have. Cover only a few inches deep
at first, firming the soil well about the
roots, and allowing the remainder to
be worked in by the subsequent cul-
tivation.

Give thorough cultivation during
the growing season, and in the fall cut
the tops and burn them on the ground
to destroy the seed, which, if allowed
to grow, will make a mess of young
plants—the worst kind of weed in an
asparagus bed. The following spring
put on a good coating of fine manure
and spade it in with a spading fork as
early as the ground will work well.
In spading, care should be taken
not to injure the crowns of the plants.
This treatment should be repeated
each succeeding year. If the plants
have made a good, strong growth the
first season, they may be cut a few
times the following spring, but it is
better to let them grow two years be-
fore cutting, that they may become
well established and have a good,
strong root system. In cutting, use a
sharp knife and sever the stalk a
couple of inches below the surface of
the soil. Always cut everything clean,
even though it is not fit for use, be-
cause when a few stalks are allowed
to grow up, the plant will cease to
throw out new shoots.

For the first few years the bed
should not be cut for more than three
or four weeks, but after the plants
have become strong and the crowns
large, the cutting may be continued
until the middle or last of June with-
out injury. Then allow the tops to
grow and assimilate food to be stored
up in the roots for the succeeding
crops. Fifty or 100 plants, if well
cared for, will after three years' growth
produce all the asparagus an ordinary
family can use. It comes early in the
season, when everyone is hungry for
something green. It is very easily
prepared. The stalks are in the best
condition for use, when they are from
three to five inches high. When they
get too old they become tough and
woody. They will be tender when
cooked if they will snap readily when
bent.—American Agriculturist.