

THE WAIF.

With words as sweet as violets
I wove a dainty song for her;
My fingers stole across the frets
And set the golden chords a-strir.
They quivered with a passion true
That told my heart was hers alone;
But, oh, her love was like the dew,
A flash at morn, ere noonday flows!

Yet I will keep my lay,
And bide another day;
The bird that flies
To other skies
Returns to greet the May.

Mayhap some day her merry glance
Shall fall to meet the light it throws;
Some day her happy heart, perchance
May feel the thorn beneath the rose;
And if neglect should pain the breast,
That nature only formed for grief,
With aching heart that longs for rest,
My little Love may fly to me.

Then will I rise and say:
Let naught my sweet affray,
Love's beacon burns,
My bosom yearns;
The old love lives for aye!
—Samuel Mintum Peck, in Transcript.

stakes, y' see. Y've been a good pal,
Dick alright and I'm sorry to leave
yer. But fore I go, I'll tell yer to
watch the north end of the mine.
And in the old box, yer'll find a pack-
et 'dressed to the old mother in Wis-
consin.' He paused for breath as
Dick supported his head and wet his
lips with the medicine. "I'll surely
send it on to her," said Dick.

"Thanks, pardner, yer were al-
ways a good pal. So long—pard-
ner—watch the north end. The vein may
run—"

The rest of the sentence was lost
in a mutter as old Bill crossed the
great divide.

Bill's mates in the mine all attend-
ed the simple funeral and erected a
rough cross at the head of the grave.

The days passed into weeks and
Dick worked on in the Carstairs mine.
The machinery on the Wyndham
property still lay idle, a monument
to hasty judgment. The whole story
of the failure was now known. The
original owners of the claim had fol-
lowed the assayer's clerk who was
carrying samples of ore to the assay
office. Finding him asleep, with the
ore in a leather bag under his pil-
low, they forced the sharpened point
of a syringe through the leather and
sprayed the samples of ore with chlo-
ride of gold.

Toward the end of August Dick
was working in the north of the
Carstairs mine. He was feeling par-
ticularly despondent, and was con-
sidering leaving the mine, drawing
the few thousand he had left in the
bank at Chicago and again going
back to the humdrum of a Wall street
clerkship. He was wielding his pick
almost automatically, scarcely heed-
ing where he struck.

A new deep vein of ore had been
laid bare for some minutes before he
was aware of the fact. Then he
dropped his pick, and groping on
hands and knees, he carefully exam-
ined the vein. A few more strokes
of his pick and he had grasped the
situation.

Carefully covering up the vein
again, he worked hard for a few min-
utes breaking up worthless rock with
his pick and carrying it over to the
new vein. Piling rock painstakingly
upon it, he worked away till the bell
rang for the end of the eight-hour
shift. The cage seemed to Dick to
be crawling up to the top, and when
it had deposited its load on the sur-
face he hurried to his tent. Dressing
himself in the raiment of former
days, he hired a "backboard," and
drove off to the town.

"Reckon young Dick must be go-
ing to see a gal over to Charville,"
remarked an astonished spectator.

"Naw, he don't go anything on
gals," commented Si, the saloon
keeper. "He's more likely goin' over
after some books or magerzeens. He's
a queer cuss, is Dick."

Dick further astonished the min-
ing community by quitting work at
the mine.

"Allers thought yer'd quit," sen-
tentially remarked Si, "yer ain't
the pick and shovel sort. But it's
been good experience for yer. Bet-
ter come into the s'loon, I need a
new hand and yer'd be husky enough
to keep the boys straight."

Dick reported that he needed a
rest and change and was going away
in a few days.

But it was many days before he
left. For the next day the manage-
ment of the Carstairs mine discov-
ered that their latest and richest
vein ran straight through into the
abandoned Wyndham property. "Old
John" made haste to buy, but was
informed that the deeds of the land
were in the possession of one Richard
Leigh, Esq., of New York, who had
bought the abandoned machinery a
few days previously for some thou-
sand dollars and had had the deeds
of the property thrown in.

"Old John" was wise and as yet
scarcely any one had been allowed to
hear of the new vein. His agents
approached Dick and offered him an
extra thousand for the machinery
and land. Dick dismissed them with
the information that he would speak
to Old John himself. That elderly
mine owner was much surprised to
find that Dick had inside information
as to the vein and that Dick was
further prepared to begin mining op-
erations himself.

It was about a month after the
new mining firm of Carstairs, Leigh
& Company has been incorporated
that Frances, from her old position
on Dick's shoulder, was talking over
old times.

"And I said you would find the
mine, didn't I, Dick, dear?"

"Of course you did, Frances," an-
swered the man of mines, "mine at
last by a mine."—A. J. Thomas, in
Canadian Graphic.

CHAPTER II.

The great event of the mining sea-
son was the collapse of the Wynd-
ham Mining Company. The mine
has not proved as rich as the assay
had shown. In fact, as old Bill had
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a good buildin' stone." The bankrupt-
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There came a day when Bill no
longer went to the mine, but tossed
about in the delirium of a fever.
The young doctor told Dick that "it
was just drink. Constitution wrecked
by liquor. He won't last very long."
"Dick, old pardner, I'm off on the
last trail. It's time for me to pull

Popular Science

The average rigidity of all the
sun's layers is more than 2000 times
that of nickel steel.

Cadmium gives protective coat-
ings for iron much superior to zinc.
The coat has the same aspect as zinc,
but is much more adhesive, and
harder.

Palladium has about the same de-
gree of hardness as platinum. It
may be easily rolled into sheet, and
is usually found in commerce in the
shape of thin sheet or foil.

In the recent war the advantage
of the Japanese was inversely as the
cubes of their height and breadth.
The average targets offered by each
to the enemy are as the cubes of
1585 and 1642, or as 106 to 118, an
advantage in favor of the Japanese
of about twelve per cent.

Much concern has arisen among
the ostrich farmers of South Africa
from the prevalence of a defect in
the growth of the feather. It is
technically known as "barring," and
takes the form of a series of narrow,
chevron-shaped bars or malforma-
tions across the whole feather.

The farmers in some English dis-
tricts say that, owing to the dust
raised by motor-cars settling upon
grass, it now takes a man two days
to cut an acre with a scythe, whereas
it only took one before motor-cars
came into existence. The dust dulls
the edge of the scythe, and necessi-
tates frequent sharpening.

The entire stomach was first suc-
cessfully removed by Schlater, of Zu-
rich, in 1897. B. Vassallo, a surgeon
of Argentina, reports having now
performed seventeen pylorotomies,
and considers the gravity of these
operations more apparent than real.
Four months after the last complete
removal of this organ the patient
was in excellent health, with no in-
convenience except the necessity of
eating often and but little at a time.

A remarkable hair ball from the
stomach of a young girl has been
brought to notice by Professor von
Bramann, of Halle. She had a habit
of swallowing ends bitten from her
long hair, forming in a time a bulky
accumulation, though felt only as a
slight pressure, and when the mass
was removed by an operation it was
found to have shaped itself to the
cavity, like a cast in a mould. Iron
tonics had changed the light color to
black.

Sickness is proven by Dr.
Charles Davison to be a common ef-
fect of earthquakes. The feeling of
nausea may be produced by shocks
lasting not more than eight or ten
seconds, and whose vibrations have
a total range of only a small fraction
of an inch, and in one slight English
earthquake—too small to injure any
buildings—about one observer in
fifty was affected. The feeling usual-
ly lasts a few minutes, though some-
times persisting an hour or more.

Soothing the Celebrity.

"I am requested, ladies and gen-
tlemen," suavely said Colonel Handy
Polk, addressing the beauty and chiv-
alry of Zorpidville, in the Grand Old
Commonwealth of Kansas, assembled
to enjoy the third in the Lyceum
Course's series of entertainments, "to
introduce to you, in a—er—h—m—
few well-chosen words, the distin-
guished gentleman who will—ah!—
edify us upon this occasion; a man
whom we all know so well by repu-
tation; whose name is a household
word from one bound of this broad
land to the other; whose delicate
satire has amused and entertained
the whole nation; whose wealth of
humor is the laughing link betwixt
the North and the South, and—er—
ah!—well, I have now done so. Ladies
and gentlemen, I thank you for—but
—ah—h—m—(turning to the celeb-
rity)—by the way, what did you say
your name was?"—Puck.

Happiness.

Many of us miss the joys which
might be ours by keeping our eyes
fixed on those of other people. No
one can enjoy his own opportunities
for happiness while he is envious of
another's. We lose a great deal of
the joy of living by not cheerfully
accepting the small pleasures which
come to us every day, instead of
longing and wishing for what belongs
to others, says a writer in Success.
Life has its full measure of happi-
ness for every one of us, if we would
only make up our minds to make the
very most of every opportunity that
comes our way, instead of longing
for the things which come our neigh-
bor's way.

The first woolen cloth made in
England was manufactured about
1330, though it was not dyed and
dressed by the English until 1367.

SOUTHERN FARM NOTES.

TOPICS OF INTEREST TO THE PLANTER, STOCKMAN AND TRUCK GROWER.

Raising Mules in Georgia.

It is certainly refreshing to meet
up with a man in the South who is
making a success in raising live
stock. It is quite a common thing to
find a farmer who is raising hogs and
some cattle, but it is very rare to find
one engaged in raising mules. Last
week we met Mr. J. McWhorter, of
Beardstown, in Oglethorpe County,
Georgia, who is a successful merchant
and farmer. In conversation with
him he informed us that he was rais-
ing mules on a small scale and was
very much pleased with the result.
He has six mares and raises six mules
a year. This spring he sold one of
his raisings for \$210.10. The mule
did not cost him any greater outlay
of money than he would have had to
expend in raising two bales of cotton,
and yet brought him just twice as
much. The farmers are right in not
having any but large, heavy mules.
It takes power to pull the plow deep.
Paying \$200 and more for a mule
has begun to open our farmers' eyes
to the vast drain upon our cotton
crop that is annually being made to
keep up the enormous supply of
mules. Now, let us go a step fur-
ther and begin to raise them. Per-
cheron mares make fine working ani-
mals and will breed large mules.
Every man who has as much as 200
acres of land or a good pasture should
also have at least two good mares to
raise mule colts. A fine jack should
be in every county site in our South-
land. The mule will always be large-
ly used by our cotton producers, then
why not raise them, since rye, wheat,
oats, peas, velvet beans, sorghum,
Bermuda, alfalfa will grow here with
us just as well as any where on
earth if we only give them a good
chance? We feel a deep interest in
Mr. J. L. McWhorter's venture. We
hope he will persevere, and we trust
hundreds of our successful farmers
will join with him in this important
and long-neglected branch of farm-
ing. We feel better since we know
there is one man raising mules in
Georgia. In LaGrange they have a
fine jack, and many farmers are rais-
ing one or two mule colts, but we
don't know of any man who has as
many as six brood mares. So many
are talking of the scarcity of labor.
Build good Bermuda pastures and
raise mule colts. They will gather
most their food themselves and con-
vert it into a valuable and saleable
shape. Here's to the Georgia mule,
may his tribe increase. And so may
the enterprising number who will
join Mr. McWhorter in his effort to
diversify our farming and to render
our South more sustaining.—South-
ern Cultivator.

With One Eye Open.

Grease is cheaper than axles or
horse-power.
A little lime scattered about will
help some.
Those second-crop potatoes will be
among the best things on the table
next winter.
Entomology makes great divisions
in the family of mosquitoes; but they
all seem to have about the same
manners.
Right along now is a good time to
make out the program for next year.
The ancients consisted of two
classes: 1st, those who were willing
to learn. 2d, the others.
A good sort of education is that
which enables one to do the right
thing, at the right place, at the right
time.
If the mosquito bills are too sharp,
pour a few drops of kerosene on any
surface water about the premises.
Plowing wet land is working for
nothing and taking money out of the
crop with which to pay for the privi-
lege.
We are all failures, now, aren't
we? The difference is that some
give up while the others keep going.
—Postal, Pitt County, North Caro-
lina, in Progressive Farmer.

How to Deal With the Ducklings.

To raise young ducks successfully,
the best way is to treat them almost
like a pig, confine them in a small,
grassy yard with a coop or a box for
a roosting place. Feed them four or
five times a day or more, from the
"left overs" from the dinner table—
cold vegetables, etc. Mix this with
buttermilk and feed in a trough as
you would a pig, not forgetting to
provide them with one-third the bulk
of their ration with sand, for they
do not pick grit as does the chicken,
but eat sand or even mud with their
ration.
They need no exercise, and only
enough water to drink—none to
swim in, or even get the down on
them wet. They delight to fill their
craws full, then sit quietly down
near the trough and cut their eyes
up to the sun, first one side then the
other, until the spirit moves them
again to hit the feed trough. A fat-
tening hog is modest in its demand
for food as compared with a flock of
healthy Pekin ducks a month old,
but then it is not watch Charlotte, but
the ducks grow.—Uncle Jo, Mecklen-
burg County, North Carolina.

Why Legumes Enrich.

According to the scientific experts
each acre of your farm has 75,000,000
pounds of nitrogen suspended in the
air over it. That nitrogen is worth
fifteen cents a pound to you, and
each acre has \$11,250,000 in nitro-
gen value floating over it.
Your land can not directly draw
the valuable nitrogen from the at-
mosphere and utilize it in the grow-
ing of crops. You have no available
mechanical or chemical means by
which you can force the air to drop
its nitrogen upon your soil. Never-
theless, nature makes it possible for
you to draw to a certain extent upon
the vast stores of nitrogen above
your farm. One class of plants, the
legumes, is endowed by nature with
the power to draw nitrogen from the
atmosphere and store it in the soil
for a time. The familiar clovers, the
cowpeas, the soy-beans and the won-
derful alfalfa belong to this valuable
class of plants, and you can use them
to draw from the air in the nitrogen
your soil needs and must have in
order to be able to produce large and
good crops. An acre of legumes will
draw from the air about 200 pounds
of nitrogen, and it will enrich your
soil in the most effective way at the
lowest possible cost.

Destroying the Blue Thistle.

E. V. C. Vesuvius, writes: I have
a field that had wheat on it that was
out in June which is nearly blue with
the blue thistle. Several persons
have told me to dig them up and
burn them. I want to sow wheat on
the land this fall. How would you
advise me to get rid of the thistles?
Answer—If the thistles have not

A MINE EPISODE.

All John Carstairs' money was
made from mines, and was still com-
ing out of mines in a golden stream.
From "Old John's" point of view
this was a very pleasant fact, indeed.
Mrs. Carstairs was enabled to shine
in all the brilliance of New York sea-
sons and Newport indolence.

But Frances, embellished with all
that Parisian costumes and the skill
of French maids could possibly add
to the beauty of her graceful figure,
and the witchery of her way brown
hair and deep brown eyes, had grave
doubts as to the unalloyed desirabil-
ity of this wealth. For there was
Dick to be considered.

Dick was not rich; not exactly
poor, but certainly not rich. And
when one is wealthy and beautiful
and twenty-one; and when one's
mother thinks it is time to consider
one's marriage, and so many youths
with all the necessary banknotes and
bonds have expressed their adoration
and been refused; and all this with
the result that one's mother is be-
coming impatient, while Dick is the
only one that will suit but is not rich;
naturally the problem assumes seri-
ous proportions.

Of course Dick was also a doubter.
To keep himself at all cheerful he
had day dreams of becoming sudden-
ly wealthy and boldly demanding
Frances' hand from "Old John."
Frances, from a comfortable and be-
coming position on Dick's shoulder,
would agree that such an event
"would be perfectly lovely."

"But how are you going to make
it happen, Dick, dear?"

Now that was just what Dick
didn't know himself.

Then came a time when Mrs. Car-
stairs' coming softly into Frances'
room at night introduced another fac-
tor into an already perplexing prob-
lem.

"Frances, dear, it is time you were
thinking of marrying and having a
house of your own."

"I suppose so, mother."

"Now, of course, Frances, I can
quite understand all this foolishness
and sentiment about Dick Leigh. It
is all very well for a young girl just
out of school, but when a girl comes
to your age, Frances, she must look
at things sensibly."

Mrs. Carstairs continued: "I will
admit Dick is a very fine young man
and I have no doubt would make a
reel husband. But, my dear, he has
no money and is never likely to
have. You must forget all about
this boy-and-girl affair. Several
young men of admirable character
and with the necessary means to
make you happy have spoken to your
father, and we expect you to make a
choice before long."

"Yes, mother," almost inaudibly
from the cushions.

The new developments in the case
having been tearfully reported to
Dick, that young man was more per-
plexed than ever, but could offer no
advice except to wait for a while.
The "waiting" lasted for nearly
three months, until Mrs. Carstairs
announced to Frances that her hand
had been promised to Mr. Wyndham,
whose money was also obtained from
mines.

"My dear, it is now March, and
since Mr. Wyndham as well as your
father and I would like you to be
married quietly at our country house
I have fixed the date for September."

After a short pause she continued:
"Now, Frances, I have given Dick
Leigh to understand that you are en-
gaged to Mr. Wyndham and are to be
married in September, and he has, I
believe, left the city for the West this
morning. I expect, Frances, to hear
nothing more about this old love af-
fair. If I do, you will regret it."

She swept out with the full con-
sciousness and pride of victory. But
as she departed Frances' maid now
came with a letter from Dick. Shorn
of endearing epithets and caressing
phrases, the letter said that he was
off to the West, the land of the
mines, and was determined that "a
mine will soon be mine, and then
you shall be mine again. Always and
forever thine, Dick."

Frances spent an hour in reading
those portions of the letter which
she had omitted, and then plunged into
the delights of shopping with her
mother, for Dick would find his mine
and she might as well prepare for
the wedding now, and while her
mother stopped with Mr. Wyndham

in mind, she could feel it was for
Dick.

Such implicit confidence in Dick
was flattering, but it was doubtful
if such faith in abilities reposed in
his own mind. Equipped with pros-
pector's pack and guide, he arrived at
the little hotel near Carstairs Mine.
He decided to explore the country
five miles to the north of "Old
John's" mine, and so informed a
miner who had struck up an easy
Western acquaintance with him.

"Prospect them there hills to the
north. Why, by the six-shooter of
Moses, yer crazy, pardner."

"Why?" demanded the crestfallen
Dick.

"There ain't no gold rocks there,
naw, not even good buildin' stone.
A man's plumb leery-eyed foolish to
prospect them hills. Baiter strike a
job workin' in the mines for Old
John Carstairs. Yer a chunky look-
ing specimen, pard, and \$3 a day's
good pay. Come in," with a jerk of
his dirty thumb over his shoulder.
"Come in, pardner, the drink'll be on
me."

It was not long before Dick discov-
ered that he couldn't tell gold ore
from a macadam roadway, and de-
cided to take the advice of his hospi-
table friend with the thirst. Work-
ing in the mines, he would learn
enough about ores to continue his
prospecting trip. Therefore, it came
about that Dick Leigh, sometime sui-
tor for the hand of Frances, was
wielding the pick in her father's
mine.

Dick spent all his idle time wan-
dering about the property adjacent
to the Carstairs mine, and discovered
one day that it had been staked out
as a claim. Bill, the friendly miner
with the thirst, hastened to reassure
him.

"Don't you worry, pardner, you
ain't lost nuthin'. I knows all about
that there claim, for I've broken
more'n one hammer tinkerin' round
them rocks, and by the bronco of
Bimelech there's no gold on the top
of that claim. Naw, nor for a long
trail down into the ground neither.
But, pardner, yer a good friend of
mine. I likes yer ways, d'ye see, and
I'll tell yer what'll be between yer-
self and me. 'Old John's' mine,"
lowering his voice cautiously, "is
likely to have a vein run down un-
derneath that there new claim."

"Well, then," said Dick, "we are
too late."

"Naw, nary a bit. 'Taint likely
anything will happen for three or
four months yet, and they'll get
enough of that claim fore then."

This conversation occurred in late
April, when men were boring in the
new claim. There was excitement in
the camp, however, when it was ru-
mored that some paying ore had been
struck. It was later announced that
Wyndham, the mine owner, was talk-
ing of buying the property as soon as
an official assay of the ore had been
made.

These were bitter days for poor
Dick. Old Bill would reassure him
in his hours of despondency. "That
there ore won't assay worth a floor-
scrubber's cuss, yer'll see."
Even Bill was nonplussed by the
later news, that the ore had assayed
remarkably rich and that there was
a rush to buy. "I don't see how it
happened. That there assayer must
be gone loney. I saw some of that ore
myself and it ain't worth a quid of
chewed buccy."

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