

WEDNESDAY

You are my friend, for you have smiled with me,
My help and hope in fair and stormy weather;
I like you for the joys you're willed with me,
I love you for the griefs we've wept together.

I've held your hand when life was gold to me,
And shared with you its every gracious greeting;
You've brought me cheer when earth was cold to me,
And made me feel your warm heart fondly beating.

Though all the world was deaf and dark to me,
And long the night, and bleak the winds and biting;
I know full well that you would hark to me,
And set my path with lamps of Love's glad lighting.

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—Nixon Waterman.

LOVE'S VICTORY.

By BARRY SHIEL.

"Well, there's only one course left open to me now, my dear fellow, and that is to marry money." I've staved off the evil day as long as possible, but I'm cornered at last. So you will probably hear the engagement of Maurice Algeron Davenagh to a certain heiress whom we know of announced at an early date.

The speaker yawned, leaned back in his seat with a complacent air, and watched the smoke curling fantastically eastward from the business end of his cigar.

"The dickens it will!" exclaimed the Honorable Claude, looking up in surprise. "And who, if I may ask, is the—or fortunate lady?"

"Miss Violet Hunstan."

"What! Old Chicago Hunstan's daughter? Maurice, my boy, you're in luck!"

"I'm sure I hope so," drawled the other languidly. "But there's nothing really settled yet. As a matter of fact, we were only introduced three days ago. She's quite a child, you know, and probably hasn't made up her mind. But I have!"

"You seem strangely co-sure about it," remarked his friend, laughing. "But you won't have the field to yourself forever. A girl with twenty thousand a year gets plenty of offers these days. Not but what you'd stand as good a chance as most, mind you, especially if the lady happens to be satisfied with a tolerable amount of good looks and the beaver of an ancient name."

"Thanks awfully for the compliment," drawled Davenagh. "Claude, my boy, you shall be best man at my wedding."

"Right! But, I say, you mustn't lose any time, old man. If I were you, I'd push the business; pile on the presents, see her every day and pretend to be in deadly earnest."

"There won't be any pretense about that," interrupted Davenagh, with a laugh. "The lady has, to be exact, nineteen thousand, five hundred pounds a year, and I have—let me see now—three or four moderate reefs waiting sale, a cantankerous uncle with a passion for longevity, a bag of debts and—the clothes I stand in!"

"Not to speak of fairly decent conversational powers, nice eyes and a well-bred air—"

Davenagh picked up a bulky volume from the table and poised it threateningly. "The Honorable Claude laughed and, straightening his long legs, rose to depart.

"Well, anyhow," he said, "I wish you luck, old man. Go in and win. You couldn't do better and the girl might do worse. Well-ta-ta! See you again in a few days."

As the door closed behind his friend, Maurice Davenagh pulled himself up slowly from the depths of the chair. He

thought that if this man loved and wooed, how terribly irresistible he would be! Meanwhile the man beside her was gratulating himself on the progress he had made in making her his wife; even now she could hardly meet his gaze without drooping her eyes. What an unsophisticated miss she was, to be sure! It seemed almost a shame to deceive her.

He took his leave at last, but that visit was only the first of many. Lady Cheyne was wise in her generation. She never mentioned his name to her marriage; but always kept a seat at the opera and a place in her carriage for the young man whenever he might choose to avail himself of them, which, to be candid, was not seldom.

Thus the weeks sped on, and Maurice Davenagh's bill at the florist's grew by almost daily items. His friends, of course, congratulated and chaffed him, each in accordance with his particular temperament; but one and all envied him. He was in for a good thing, they said; with scarcely a thought for the fair, young victim who was dreaming her first love dream.

Oh! Heaven. How sweet it was! Ob, that she need ever awake!

"And it is for me?"

The girl caught her breath as she looked at the star of brilliants lying in its velvet case and her eyes sparkled. They were "sitting out" in the conservatory; within the dancing was in full swing.

"For you," he said. "You think it is pretty?"

"It is perfectly lovely. But—"

She stopped abruptly and averted her face.

"Not of any great value, eh?"

"You say that because I am a millionaire's daughter, and can buy what I choose; but one doesn't always value a thing according to its intrinsic worth."

"Thank you for that speech," he said, earnestly. "Then you accept my offering?"

"Willingly," she answered. "My only regret is that I can give you nothing in return; at least, nothing that you would care for."

"Nothing?"

Maurice took the white fingers in his own and compelled her to meet his gaze. Was the time ripe? Should he try his fate tonight?

"Nothing that you really want," she half-whispered.

"And if I really wanted something—"

He tightened his hold on her fingers and bent lower till his breath fanned her cheek. What an emotional little creature she was!

Quite different from what you would expect.

There are only three national holidays in Japan. January 1 is one of them, and the birthday of the reigning emperor, November 3 is another. But February 11 is the greatest of the three dates, for it is the anniversary of the coronation of the first Emperor, Jimmu.

New Yorkers are in the habit of thinking of everything west of Buffalo as "the West." A Philadelphia man who had been to Salt Lake City made a falo as Western, but not so out in the casual acquaintance on a street corner there. After some talk the Philadelphian said he was an Easterner. The other replied: "I'm from the East, too. My home is in Oklahoma."

The Japanese Cavalry.

A correspondent of the London Times writing from Gen. Nogi's headquarters says: "From a discussion of the training and organization of the Japanese cavalry. It is interesting to turn to their performances during the war. It has been assumed that the cavalry has done nothing because it has not ridden the Russian communications, or otherwise emulated the proceedings of Mishchenko and Rennenkampf. But in merely preserving its existence in face of greatly outnumbering numbers the Japanese cavalry has performed a mean feat. Far from being content with merely holding their own, however, they have patrolled and reconnoitered the enemy's country and daring and spirit on many occasions. The results have not been great, because the numbers employed were necessarily small, and such damage as was done has been carefully concealed by the Russians."

A Little Parable.

Hatred and selfishness fell in love with each other because they saw that their deeds were alike evil.

So they sought Beelzebub and asked him to marry them.

"I will do it," he said, "but it must be on one condition."

"What is the condition?" they asked.

"That the two of you, then legally made one, shall take a new name."

"It is agreed," they said.

The tramp raised his sick threateningly, and his grip on the girl's slender wrist tightened to an intensity that was painful.

Violet Hunstan—for it was she—was trembling violently. In the middle of the road lay her bicycle, and she was covered with dust from head to foot. She gave a frantic look up and down the long road, but there was not a solitary being in sight.

"Dye hear me? I ain't got no time to waste. Wot? Yer wot? Hol we'll see!"

Gripping her arms the ruffian forced her back against the bank, through a black hand over her mouth, and with the other began fumbling with her dress. The poor girl felt her senses going. She ceased to struggle, a queer

hand came before her eyes and then, then something big and dark loomed up there was the sound of a heavy blow, followed immediately by something between a curse and a groan, and then—darkness!

"What a lucky thing you happened to be passing! I should never have forgiven myself otherwise."

"Thank Heaven I was in time!" answered Davenagh, as he laid the unconscious girl on the sofa in Lady Cheyne's boudoir at the hotel. "Ah!"

At that moment Violet opened her eyes, and as Maurice bent over the couch, Lady Cheyne discreetly withdrew. The girl looked up at him with a startled expression; then, with a shiver, closed her eyes again. Nothing daunted, however, the man stooped down and gathered the shivering form in his arms.

"My darling," he cried, "can you ever forgive me? Dearest, if you only knew how I have suffered! If you only knew how I love you!"

The girl looked up wonderingly, wistfully, and then she knew! Those dark, deep eyes above her told their own story.

Lady Cheyne's house in Mayfair was reopened again, and society only knew that Sir Maurice Davenagh had been out of town for a month and that his rich uncle was dead.

Of that tragic interval—the time between—they knew nothing. They never dreamed that he had left London because he had fallen in love with the girl he had vowed to marry for her money, and that but for the underlying propensities of a certain individual of the tramp fraternity, he would probably never have seen her again.

These secrets are the joint property of Lady Cheyne, who is discreet, and the wife of Sir Maurice Davenagh who is, as she firmly believes, the happiest woman in the world.—New York Weekly.

Wink Bone.

One of the common troubles in hog raising in the corn belt is that of breaking down. Weak legs are due to improper feeding. The pigs will do pretty well while with the sow provided they do not get too much corn, and they will develop very well on good pasture, but when confined to a corn diet they can't develop good, strong bone. Milk and grass contain bone making material, but corn does not. Bone meal, soft coal, wood ashes alfalfa hay or grasses, and such feeds as contain plenty of bone building elements, will balance the corn diet. Go easy on corn except when putting on the finishing touches of market hogs. Just because it is an easy feed to throw out does not make it a proper feed.

Turn your hogs and pigs out on a good pasture and keep them on grass till fall. Don't feed wheat. They will spend too much time squealing at the gate. Give them good water.

Those hogs will look large boned and gaunt all summer. You may be ashamed to show them to anybody, but stick to grass and water. In the fall, when corn is fit, feed it; or, better still, start them on old corn gradually and then watch these slab sides porkers fill in the chinks. And they will do it so rapidly and so cheaply you will be surprised. There's no sense in feeding corn all summer—if you have pasture.

For Barb Wire Cuts.

When a horse has been injured on the first thing to do is to stop the flow of blood; this may be done by a rubber band or by a tight bandage. It may also frequently be best to apply powdered alum or common saleratus, both of which will generally be found effective. In a few hours considerable swelling will set in; this should be reduced either by applying cold water frequently, or what is really better, apply pure kerosene oil not only to the wound but also to the swollen parts. No bandage should be kept on where kerosene is used as it will then cause the hair to fall off temporarily and as soon as it is safe to do so, the sore should be carefully washed with soft water and castile soap. This ought to be repeated daily until the sore heals. One of the best healing medicines for horseflesh that I have ever used can be put up at any drug store, as follows: One-half pint of alcohol, one-half pint of spirits of turpentine; one ounce of pure glycerine; mix all together in a large bottle and shake well before using. Apply only with a feather at morning and night. The sore should never be bandaged. By daily washing it will in this way heal up very rapidly. I can personally testify to the effectiveness of this simple remedy as we have made use of it in numerous cases with the best results where every other remedy failed to heal up the sore on the horse.—Lewis Olsen in the Epitomist.

Care of Stock.

According to the wicker care given them will the pigs, colts and calves be worth the raising or not. According to the care received they will be worth much or little in the spring.

How often we see runt, stunted calves and colts arising out the first and best years of their lives in a barn or on a pasture. Some are sure to die before spring and those that live through the winter will not be worth half what they should have been; and no amount of care and feed can ever make up to them for their first starved years. If your colts and calves are round and plump in the fall it will cost you far less to winter them through and they will be one-fourth larger next March than valuable calves and colts that you let them be in the spring than if you let them be in the winter thin in flesh and with colts that stand the wrong way. If the colt, calf, pig or lamb is worth raising at all, it is worth raising well. Some people have the mistaken notion that even if farm animals are starved the first year or two, they will likely come out and make a fine sized animal in time. Young stock should be thrifty; they should be kept growing. Care should be taken that their growth is never checked at any time. To do this they should have plenty of feed.

A Hard Winter for England.

Birds winter make mistakes in their weather forecasts. Arctic sea birds and all sorts of web-footed and wading strangers have been and are now arriving upon our shores, fully a month or more before their time. If we are not going to have a "good old English winter," then all the signs and portents of bird-life will be belied.—Sporting and Dramatic News.

The late Sig. Tammago, in spite of his lavish generosity, managed to amass a larger fortune than any other of his time.



To Cure Halter Pulling. Buckle or tie a long halter strap around the horse's forehead just above the knee, pass the strap through one ring of the bridle and tie the other end to hitching post. After a time they may with safety be hitched in the ordinary way.

More About Alfalfa. There has been much said about the difficulty of starting an alfalfa field that after my experience this season I feel it my duty to tell about it for the benefit of those who hesitate to try this crop. After studying the question for four or five years, I came to the following conclusion: First, sow without a nursing crop; second, sow at same time you would oats in the spring; third, use plenty of seed. I tried it on land that I was not acquainted with, but consider that I have a sure thing of it now. I sowed about one-half acre April 20, using twenty pounds of seed that tested 85 percent fertile; cut the first time June 20 and cut again August 15, and today, August 19, the ground is green as can be seen. This ground slopes slightly to east and north; had been used for garden truck, was very weedy as land could be, and was rather wet. We have had a very wet season, but no water stood on it. It has had a fierce fight, but has seemed to have the best of the game from the start, having had a good cool and growing fast. It was beginning to blossom at second cutting. August 17 I put the first fertilizer on it as follows: Two hundred pounds wood ashes, unsteamed; 180 pounds 2-8-10 commercial fertilizer.—O. J. B., in Rural New Yorker.

On other fields, on the same kind of soil, where these three systems have been followed for twenty-eight years, the largest corn yields were 22 bushels per acre where corn has been grown continuously, 36 bushels of corn after oats in the two-year rotation; and 53 bushels of corn after clover in the three-year rotation.

The yields of the fields thus cropped for twenty-eight years have fallen below the yields of the fields cropped for only 26 years, as follows: Eighteen bushels decrease (40 to 22) where corn is grown continuously; 12 bushels decrease (49 to 35) where corn follows oats in the two-year rotation; and 16 bushels (75 to 59) where corn follows clover in the three year rotation.

Where ground limestone and steamed bonemeal are being applied in the three year rotation, the yield for 1901 being 96 bushels of corn per acre.

To see one field of corn which yields only 22 bushels and another which yields 53 bushels, and to see the same kind of soil, and from the same kind of seed, and both receiving the same kind of cultivation is an object lesson not soon to be forgotten.

Fat and Perseverant Milker. W. K. S., North Bennington, Vt.: I am sixty years old and have dealt in horses all the days of my life. I want you to tell me just how to feed and take care of a three and a half year old cow. I know little about cows, and I raised this one for the fun of seeing it grow up. The sire is a Durham, the mother a Devon. She is a good sized red cow, always fat. She came in last year on September 10, and had no trouble; she gave lots of milk. I tried to dry her off six weeks ago, as she is coming fresh soon, but I could not entirely. She commenced making bag about September 15. Now she has got quite a bag full. She has a good pasture. She has had all summer two quarts of bran, wheat and corn twice a day until September 1. Then I stopped. Now I give her a pumpkin at night and one quart of coarse bran, a pint of ground oats and a gill of oilmeal very wet in the morning. I thought this would keep her bowels in better shape. She is fat. The front quarters of her bag are full, the hind ones not so full. I am keeping her in the barn all night. If you will let me know what to do when she comes in and after I will be very much obliged.

I have carefully looked over your letter and manner of feeding and care of this cow and I have no better advice to give you than to keep on as you are doing. This cow for her breeding is a remarkable milk producing cow. If you have any trouble with her it will be, I think, with her going back in milk flow after she calves.

As she has been milking up so near to calving I would not advise you now to try to dry her up, but continue to milk her right along. After the calf is born, slowly increase her feed, but let it be largely wet middlings and wheat bran, with some oats added. Corn in a cow with an inherent tendency to lay on flesh is not called for. Should she go beyond certain limit in laying on flesh her milk flow will diminish rapidly and she will simply become a beef cow, or a cow that either will not come in heat, or if she does will not get in calf. As you are milking her right along you have little to fear from milk fever (parturient apoplexy).—C. D. Smead, V. S., replying to above letter in Tribune Farmer.

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THE PULPIT.

AN ELOQUENT SUNDAY SERMON BY THE REV. W. J. THOMPSON.

Subject: Warp and Woof.

Brooklyn, N. Y.—Sunday Simpson M. E. Church celebrated its sixty-first anniversary. The subject of Pastor W. J. Thompson's morning sermon was "The Warp and Woof." The text was from I. Thessalonians 1:3. Mr. Thompson said:

The warp consists of the threads running lengthwise through the entire fabric. The woof consists of the threads crosswise, and prompted by the weaver's fancy, may vary with each shot of the shuttle.

The warp of the Christian Church is that which through these sixty-one years has remained unchanged and is unchangeable. The woof, comprising pastors and members, by inexorable necessity undergoes constant and desirable changes and evermore must change.

Faith is a prominent thread in the warp. Co-scientious of our spiritual growth we reach out after God. If we are to be true to Him, we must be true to His will. God is not found out by searching. The fertility of the quest adds welcome to Jesus who reveals the sought-for God as the Father. We must be true to the Father as the Father of God and our relation to Him as the light of the world.

Absorbed in His talks and walks, we are caught up in His life, and by His life conform to His likeness. This Jesus saves men by His life. Also by His death. The obstructions to the tunnel-boring under Manhattan and the rivers, overcome by the engineering genius of the men who devoted their lives to the task, are the obstructions to the life of the soul.

Christ's sacrifice of His life revealed His complete love for His ideal, the salvation of man, and makes that salvation possible. We must be true to His ideal as He was true to His ideal. Christ's sacrifice of His life revealed His complete love for His ideal, the salvation of man, and makes that salvation possible. We must be true to His ideal as He was true to His ideal.

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brance of a young man radiant with hopes that are stifled; the long-for Messiah, Son of God, founder of a religion, whose life was all for human weal, crucified in the populous capital of His nation as a malefactor and the tragedy of Calvary becomes pathetic in the extreme. If the Oberammergau plays is so heartrending, the loved disciples of Jesus must have had an experience in pain rarely felt by mortal. It is a wonder some of them did not die from sheer pity.

To-day we observe Passion Week and the forty days of Lent. Art, literature and dramatic literature the pathetic profile of Jesus and melt our hearts. The courageous man of Calvary is less viewed, and wisely so. We need to be infused with the passion-synopsis to give us the heart to feel. The melted heart first.

Darwin ruled sympathy out of order in this world of struggle. A recent reputable sociologist shows how sympathy evidences in future the world made possible the life of the animate world and the progress of man. In the highest form of life the offspring is feeblest and weakest. It is only by the aid of sympathy that the young are able to survive. The Darwinists say that the struggle for existence is the law of life. The Darwinists say that the struggle for existence is the law of life. The Darwinists say that the struggle for existence is the law of life.

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