

KNOWING HOW.

I've sometimes heard my grandpa tell The folks who know just how to do it Can get the summer from one rose, Or from a little breeze that blows.

MOIRA.

One day when her aunt was specially busy, Moira went to the Riding Academy. It was at luncheon that Aunt Laura said: "This is my afternoon to visit the half-orphan's class in manual training."

Moiras said yes, and her aunt praised the Talbot girls. She said it was nice for Moira to have them to ride with. Then she told her niece all about the manual classes and what the assistant rector had said and done.

Moira was sorry. The keen longing in her heart had been for plenty of space, a road, a long road, and a something of spry muscle, steady stride, and obedient intelligence under her; something called a horse, not those mindless creatures the Talbot girls rode.

She went to her room and put on her habit, crowding back the memories which leaped from her. She slipped on the gilded gloves, leaped from the gold-knobbed chair, and "Moira" scratched on it in her father's hand.

She looked very calm and sweet as she met Aunt Laura in the hall below. And her aunt put up a longnet and said in pleased surprise: "A really well-cut garment, my dear. And not made in New York? Well, really!"

Then they got into the broadroom with only the top of one window down; not any air must come in on the side where Aunt Laura's neuralgia was, and they drove off behind the fat horses and the fat backs of Thoms and Burns.

vision; developed and fixed as he rode along; penetrated his unpleasant reflections and would not leave him.

He shook his head impatiently as if to rid himself of something that prevented him from returning to his thoughts; thoughts that weren't pleasant ones, but which haunted, threatened, tempted and reproached him.

Finally he wheeled his horse and galloped down the drive. The three girls had tugged also and were cantering back, the two grooms the right number of lengths in the rear.

Moiras face had brightened a little. The fresh air and the exercise, even if inadequate and in unsympathetic company, had given a tinge of color to her cheeks. But she was lonely, desperately lonely.

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in a voice that shook just a bit. "Your people shouldn't give you a horse like that."

Moiras said, and her voice shook a little, too, that she didn't have any people except an aunt and a guardian, and that they had bought her a little sheep called Maud, and it was because she had to ride this other animal on Thursday that she had been obliged to buy Bold Billy.

Moira raised grateful eyes. "I'll be very careful," she said, softly. Then he turned abruptly and she rode towards home.

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"There was, had been, someone who had made me reckless. I could not have what I thought I wanted. Then I saw you and I knew I had never wanted anyone before. Do you believe me?"

"I believe you," "There will never be anyone but you, Moira." She turned and looked at him. "I don't want there to be," she said in a whisper.

He drew her glove from the hand nearest him; the soft little palm turned to his. He took from his finger a seal, a ring heavy and massive.

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FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN. DAILY THOUGHT. When a wise man bestows a favor he immediately forgets it. When a fool receives a favor he does likewise.

Boots are higher this season than they have been for several years, and the fad is a very sensible one for cold weather. What is known as the "seven-inch boot" is extremely popular.

Black veils must not be worn with very light hats or gowns unless there is a touch of black somewhere about the costume. Match the hat in the veil whenever it is possible, but don't make a fright of your self in doing it.

Blue is worn a great deal, too. It is a satisfactory color and becoming to so many people. Royal and sapphire blue and what are known as the ecclesiastical shades are among the popular blues.

Check or plaid suits have vests and collars of black moire, braided in soutache braid. Many of the plain colored suits have the moire vests and the collars either in self-color or in black.

Colored umbrellas are coming into favor. They are in brown and green and their varying shades to match the new winter costumes. Some of the most striking of the umbrellas have a border of a contrasting or harmonizing color.

When putting away tea and coffee pots which are not in daily use, lay a little stick across under the cover. This will let the air in and prevent the mustiness which is sure to result if the pot be closed before it is absolutely dry.

FARM NOTES. -To have your cows milk long, milk them clean. -Keep the farm separator clean, inside and outside.

-Uneven salting and working makes streaky butter. -Do not keep over small batches of skim milk. Feed it while it is sweet.

-When the butter sticks to the worker, the latter was not scalded properly. Rub it with salt and scald again. -Dehorn, and stanch the blood with chloride of iron; better, however, to start with the young calves and stop growth of horn.

-There is no longer any question that the earlier the calf is taken from its mother, the easier it will be to teach it to drink. -Milk regularly and as quickly and clean as possible. Some cows will let their milk down better while eating; banish them.

-Some expert grape growers contend that for the first two years the grape vines should be closely pruned down in order to secure a good root growth. -In order to make a success of raising the calf on skim milk, the condition of the milk must be uniformly sweet. Nothing, perhaps, will contribute more to produce scours in calves than to feed sweet milk one day and sour milk the next.

-Interest on a note runs night and day and never stops until the note is paid. Give the dairy cow the right kind of feed and while you sleep she will be turned into butter fat worth four times as much as the feed, and have it all ready when you get up in the morning.

-The fertilizing value of bran is about \$11 per ton. After the food properties have been absorbed, there remains fifty pounds of nitrogen, worth 16 cents a pound; fifty-three pounds of phosphoric acid and thirty-two pounds of potash, most of which is available for fertilizer.

Heart's Bullet Verse.

Ambrose Bierce Tells Why the Quatrain was Written.

About 20 years ago, writes Ambrose Bierce in the Washington Herald, I was living in Oakland, Cal. One day as I lounged in my lodging there was a gentle, hesitating rap at the door.

"I am from the San Francisco Examiner," he explained in a voice like the fragrance of a violet made audible, and backed a little away. "Oh!" I said, "you come from Mr. Hearst."

And then that unearthly child lifted its blue eyes and cooed, "I am Mr. Hearst." His father had given him a newspaper and he had come to hire me to write for it. Twenty years of what his newspapers call "wage slavery" ensued, and although I have had many a fight with some of his editors for the right to retain my self-respect I cannot say that I ever found Mr. Hearst's chains a very heavy burden.

Twenty months after his quatrain appeared in the New York Journal McKimley was assassinated. Was that more than a coincidence? Undoubtedly; the crime was the natural consequence of the kind of politics and the kind of justice against which the verse was intended as a protest and a warning. The author of it had repeatedly and bitterly denounced the murder of Goebel, and was friendly to McKimley. I ought to know, for I am he. Well, we all remember what happened to Mr. Hearst and the Journal immediately after McKimley's death, and has continued to happen ever since, with a special and particular revival by Root, and some of us have good reason to remember the rascally use made of my indignant prophecy, garbled and perverted to suit the occasion. Doubtless those lines cost Mr. Hearst tens of thousands of dollars. I have not hitherto cared to mention the matter, and this is what I am coming to—Mr. Hearst has never mentioned it to me. I fancy there is a human side to the character of a man like that.

-Tommy, said the hostess, "you appear to be in deep thought." "Yes'm," replied Tommy, "ma told me something to say if you should ask me to have some cake or anything, an' I bin here so long now I forgot what it was."

-Little Boy: My mamma has so much money that she can buy everything she wants to. Little Girl: That's nothing. My mamma is so rich she can buy all the things she doesn't want.

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