

THE BLOTTED PAGE. The Angel with the Book That holds each word and deed, On my page let me look; And as I blushed to read—

GOD KEEP YOU. God keep you through the silent night and guard Your pillow from all perils, dear. From dark to dawn I pray His love toward And watch you, hovering ever near.

HELLO, BLACK GIANT! "Hello, Black Giant!" I said, lookin' through a knot-hole in the board fence. "You mustn't walk through our alley on P'day."

"I am Jack the Giant-killer," I told him. "You're just a solemn little scamp." "Fe-d-fu-fum!" I answered.

"I wish you wasn't so serious, an' would run an' about like other boys. You give me the blues. Now I'm goin' out to tea, an' you'll find your supper on the table."

"I am a miser," I answered, "an' don't let people know what I'm doin'." "My ma says you look like a tramp," he said.

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to take him in hand an' teach him it's his duty to be playful an' affectionate, after we—" He took my mother's hand, an' I wondered she didn't have a chill, but she only said with a little laugh.

"Dear Augustus, I'm sure you'll make a noble boy of him." This made me feel so cold all over that when I went to bed I even covered up my head.

The very next day the boy dog came sniffin' along the fence, an' was as frisky as that when his master came by I said: "Hello!" an' as he stopped, "If you tell me somethin', you can walk through our alley."

"I shall whip you if you speak to people passin' again." "I was only askin' him how to be a miser," she gasped. "What have you done? Though he is one, an' a dreadful mean, cold-blooded one, too; but now he will pay us less than ever."

"I was so sorry when she left me that I set down with my chin on my knees, an' I made up my mind to eat a beetle if I could find a lean one, when there was a knockin' at the fence, an' I called out, "Come in."

Sledge, the Giant, put his head over. At first he scowled, but when he saw I looked pretty far gone he held out something with a hoarse whisper: "Take it: it's a iron ring I got away from 'em. Then battered places is where the baby giants whet their teeth."

"I don't know much about 'em, ole Giant-killer; maybe they're too small an' mean for us to consider." "I'm sorry," I said. "I was a miser myself once, because I thought they was all right, an' I told him what I'd done."

"I don't know much about 'em, ole Giant-killer; maybe they're too small an' mean for us to consider." "I'm sorry," I said. "I was a miser myself once, because I thought they was all right, an' I told him what I'd done."

"You cruel devil!" he said, fierce as a giant; then looking hard at my mother, who was pale and scared, "I was his father's friend." He turned away slowly, glancin' back over his shoulder, as my mother said faintly:

"You can't take him away. My dear little boy!" But Mr. Mullett set her a black look—I felt he was glad to get rid of me, an' the miser said:

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up listenin', as if somebody called me, an' looked into the other room. There the miser lay on the cot, and Sledge, the black giant, sat with his head between his hands, where the moonlight came in through the lattice window.

The miser was speakin' very low: "It was my fault as much as here; I was much older than she, an' somehow we'd disagree on many things. I didn't want a divorce on account of Tad—such things are awful hard on children—but she insisted on it."

"I did all you could," mumbled Sledge. "I'd get hungry for the sight of him," said the miser.

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FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN. DAILY THOUGHT. O woman! in hours of ease, Uncertain, coy and hard to please and variable as the shade

There are but two new points in the spring and summer coats for the very little child, and also for the girl from 4 to 12 years old—two points so old that they are new every year, and so important that they should be reiterated to costmakers each incoming season.

Coats to suits are somewhat shorter, and, except for that, they follow generally the lines of those which we have been wearing this winter.

When buying new furniture, insist on having ball-bearing casters. They wear for ever and never stick. No furniture equipped with them is too heavy to move easily.

For summer the dining room should be furnished as simply as possible. The less there is in it the better. Dining tables, chairs and sideboard there must be, but longcases, small tables, pictures and bric-a-brac may be dispensed with.

It is interesting to note the strides that have been made in the ready-made costume department. Not only are they well made, but, in many cases, they are of distinctive designing as those that are made to order.

At present the sleeves match the body material of the frock, because, no matter how infatuated we may be with a style, its charm falls as soon as it has become common, and gimpes must be placed in that category.

Invariably roses should be planted by themselves, for they thrive poorly unless allowed to absorb the entire nourishment of a rich soil. Indeed, many growers believe that certain varieties do best when living apart from even their nearest kin.

The girl who wears bar pins, belt buckles, sleeve links and watch chain of different colored stones at the bottom and one of silver at the top is too often seen and is always wrong.

FARM NOTES. —The Poultry Yard. The house is a night hawk. —Rush the broilers along. The quicker you can get them on the market the better for you.

—What is prettier than a bunch of thrifty chicks, all of one color and breed, and as much alike as so many peas? —As every chick hatched carries the blood of the male, it is important that great care be taken in selecting the head of the flock.

—Corn is a good crop. In spite of large crops, it has been very high for the past two years. It is likely to be as high, if not higher, next year.

—Some folks think that hens do not need oyster-shells when they can run out. Just try giving them some and see how that is. You will be wiser after that.

—The best feeds for sheep are clover, alfalfa, sorghum, cowpeas, corn fodder, oats straw, turnips and beets. All of these used in connection with light feeds of corn or oats will insure sound, healthy sheep.

—My method for keeping lice from troubling the poultry at night, is to suspend the roosting poles by wires from the rafters of the house. If the poles are smooth, the lice will not remain on them if they are there at all.

—Turkey hens are profitable until five years old, but it is a good plan to change the gobblers every year. It requires twenty-eight days to hatch and, and seven eggs are considered a setting. The nests should be on the ground.

—Advertising was a great invention," said the successful business man. "I wonder who was the first to advertise his manufacturer," answered the farmer, "but I guess the hen's the person you're looking for."

—A fowl house should not be a foul house. Wake up and clean up. Lice and disease germs thrive in filth. When cleaning up look in the cracks and crevices about the walls and roosts for mites. These pests do not stay on the birds except when hunting for food.