

OL LARK OF THE SUMMER MORNING.

I love to lie in the clover With the lark like a speck in the sky...

THE LIVING AND THE LIFE.

The door opened softly, and a large man in black entered quietly. Seeing the room full of people, he turned and was about to pass out again...

"Uncle Marcy!" A young man separated himself from the company, then a younger, and a younger, each speaking the name with lingering affection...

"The elderly man who had been furtively tugging at his wife's sleeve now took her resolutely by the arm and pushed her on before him."

"Ev'nin', sir; ev'nin', sir," Mr. Parker mumbled, passing the big man with great little bashful bows.

"It is so long since you have seen one another, that it's no wonder you have all forgotten," Carrie apologized, a great pity weighting her voice and softening the glance which rested upon the heavy-lidded eyes.

"Day before yesterday morning," responded the eldest. "He spoke often of you—Uncle Marcy—especially towards the last" gravely observed the second son.

"We had almost given you up, sir," remarked the youngest, stiffly. "It meant a great sacrifice to come," conceded the large man, even then jerking out a massive old mustache.

"You are not going back to-night, sir?" exclaimed the eldest, stirred out of his shyness. "You'll wait for the services?"

"To be sure, to be sure," cried the large man, irritably. "I had a directors' meeting to-night at eight, an important one, and I don't want to miss it."

"We had hoped Aunt Helen might come with you," said Carry, gently. "Is she well? We have always wished we might see her."

"Oh, no, Mrs. Grant could not come. That is, yes, your aunt Helen, to be sure! She's not well. She's been at the White Springs a couple of years now, I should say. Nervous trouble—nervous, very."

"He fidgeted with drawn brows and quick-tapping toe. "No, no. Trowbridge has no talent for business. He's in Europe. Been there—oh, a number of years. A—didn't know but you saw it in the papers—married a girl over there a couple of years ago—sort of a professional. Suppose you don't know much about that sort of thing down here, though—"

"He turned that hard blue gaze full upon the pitying face, and for an instant Carrie thought she saw the pleading eyes of the boyish Marcy Grant of the red plush frame on the mantel."

"No, we don't, the voice fell soft as the touch of a mother hand. "And we seldom see any papers except our State paper and the Scranton Chronicle. She rose and walked to the bay window and stood beside the long silent black box."

"Don't you want to come and see him now, Uncle Marcy?" Uncle Marcy started violently, and, as if needing a grip on something, caught again at the great gold chain hanging on his waistcoat.

"The dead man's three tall sons stood up. "He hasn't changed much, Uncle Marcy," one of them said, cheerfully. "The neighbors were all saying he looks as young and handsome as he did when he and mother were married."

"Yes, yes, your mother!" Uncle Marcy rose heavily to his feet. "She—"

"She died five years ago," answered one of the boys. Approaching that silent alcove, Uncle Marcy drew out his handkerchief and wiped his forehead. "Fine girl, Mary French was. An unusually fine—girl. Fine enough for a king. And now you've lost your father, too."

"A hand stole around Uncle Marcy's arm—the purest, tenderest hand that ever spanned that costly sleeve. "We haven't lost him," corrected the gentle voice. "We could never lose father."

"He hasn't changed." The raucous tones grew husky. "Looks just the same as he did thirty-nine years ago, except he's gray. Kept his good features. I haven't kept mine. A man's mouth tells the story. Davy's got mother's mouth—large and strong and well closed. Couldn't get round to her funeral. I was out in Chicago then, and there was a big deal on, and I needed what I'd get out of it. Didn't get round to father's either. We were just sailing for Europe when the telegram came, and your aunt Helen—some people going over she wanted to get in with. I knew it wouldn't make any difference to father, then. It wouldn't have done mother any good, either, if I had come, and after we got back from Europe I found a letter from Davy, saying mother had gone wrong in her head. A sigh that was half a sob stirred the huge frame. "Davy was a good man, a good man, but he never made much of a living."

A fibre of firmness crept into the quiet voice. "But he made a life, Uncle Marcy." "Yes, yes," hastily assented the big man. "His life was all right—plod, plod, plod. Don't suppose he left much!" The slender form straightened, and there was a ring of pride in the quick given answer. "He left a splendid name without a single tarnished spot on it, and he left us the memory of fifty-eight honest, industrious, faithful years."

"The big man sighed again. "Yes," he maintained, a trifle sharply, "but you can't live long on that. Fact is, Davy cut his own throat when he decided to go into the old store with father. I wouldn't do it, and look at me today! Why, even those old fellows we used to play with were overcome at the thought of the figure I stand for. I've made a living!"

The slender woman smiled in the quick of her stalwart brother as they stood in embarrassed silence, she bent a swift look upon her dead, and spoke deliberately: "Thirty-nine years ago, grandpa learned that the man he had trusted in his store had been robbing him systematically, but because that man had a sick wife and a young family he would not bring him to justice. Grandpa told you boys how matters stood, but he said you boys had your own lives to live, and that he would never stand in your way. You chose to go out into the world, father chose to put his strong young shoulder under grandpa's load and help him carry it. Perhaps you remember that father had scholarly tastes, and that his boyhood's dream was of college training and then a lifelong opportunity for study and research in some profession. All his inclinations were away from the life of a country storekeeper, but he went into the store, and by hard work and rigid economy he helped grandpa save the business; and together they saved the dishonest man from dishonor and his family from ruin. Then, as you know, grandpa's death unsettled grandpa's mind, and for fifteen long years father and mother cared for her here at home. What that care meant, nobody but the boys and me can possibly imagine. You say he made a bare living—this plain little home shows it—but he made a life. All through the country, David Grant's word was as good as his note; the poor and sick for miles around knew what it meant to have David Grant's little buggy drive up; widows and orphans never went hungry if David Grant knew it; Scanton is clean of beer kitchens and cigarette sellers largely because of David Grant's determination; Scanton's two schools stand with the best in the State because David Grant would have them so; our little church is a gem of comfort and harmony partly because of David Grant's work and sacrifice. He can say tonight that David Grant made only a humble living judged by some standards, but he made our mother one of the happiest women in the State of Maine, and he made his children constantly glad and grateful—he made a life. The one thing he didn't make was a match along without. He taught us that we had not lost mother, that we could not lose her while we loved the things she loved, and lived to be noble and helpful as she was; and so we know we have not lost father. He was everybody's friend, but he kept his family in the warmest of his heart, and we are there yet, and you are there, Uncle Marcy. He left his love and a message for you—"

"And as the great men bent to catch the message, Carrie knew that she saw again the light which shone strong and clear in the boyish eyes of the Marcy Grant on the mantel. "He said—father was old-fashioned, you know—he said, 'Tell Marcy I'll meet him in the home over there.' That we'll have time enough then to talk things over and get to know each other again, and that we'll find each other just the same as we did when we used to creep up into the loft together, nights, stiff from coasting, and lay up close in the old trundle bed to keep each other warm. Tell him to come—I'll be watching for him."

The great man caught his breath in a choking sob. "God grant," he murmured, dashing away the tears that rolled down his cheeks.—By Minna Stanwood, in Harper's Bazar.

Early Use of Iron. The iron age is commonly believed to have begun in Africa or Asia, says the Chicago Tribune. The latest investigations prove that it was worked in Egypt until the ninth century before the Christian era, or in Lydia until 450 B. C., that the Semites adopted its use still later, and that it has been known in Uganda only with the last five or six centuries. In China iron is mentioned in 400 B. C. Bronze weapons were employed in China until 100 A. D., and in Japan until 700 A. D.

According to a Mr. Ridgway, who has investigated this subject, the metallurgy of iron must have originated in central Europe, especially in Noricum, which approximately represented modern Austria and Bavaria. Only at Hallstett and in Bosnia and Transylvania, from which countries the Achians and Dorians are supposed to have migrated to Greece, are found evidences of a gradual introduction of iron, at first as an ornament applied to the bronze, which it ultimately displaced. Everywhere else iron was introduced suddenly, a fact which implies a foreign origin.

Meteoritic iron was known in Egypt in remote antiquity but no doubt it was worked as flints were worked, by cutting or chipping, and was not smelted. In other words, it was the metallurgy, not the knowledge of iron, that originated in central Europe.

Byker—I attended a successful slight of hand performance last night. Pyker—Really? Byker—Yes, I lent a conjurer a counterfeit half-dollar, and he gave me back a good one.

First Child—We've got a new baby at our house. Second Child (contemptuously)—We've got a new pa at ours.

Speak For Yourself, John.

The Lord Leicester of a century ago had no sons by his first marriage and, being well on in years, was anxious to see his heir apparent, a nephew, happily wedded. His wish was that a charming daughter of his neighbor, the Earl of Albemarle, should be the future Lady Leicester. With her and her sisters he used to enjoy his morning rides. One morning she came alone, and during the ride he asked, thinking to forward his nephew's interests, "Anne, my dear, how should you like to be mistress of Holkham?" "There is nothing I should like better," she replied. "Then I shall send my nephew William to court you," said the earl, glad that the fates seemed to favor his project. But the lady calmly and gravely answered, "I shall never be mistress of Holkham on those terms." "Why," exclaimed the astonished old gentleman, looking the lady hard in the face, "you don't mean to say you would marry me?" "Yes, indeed I would," was the answer, "and nothing I should wish better." And as a consequence the nephew did not succeed to the earldom.—London Chronicle.

Water Under Deserts. Some of the most curious phenomena of the world are the underground water supplies beneath deserts. In the Rajasthan deserts water is held in vast quantities in sandstone beds under the scorched surface and is drawn up from wells sunk into the strata. Bikaner raises its walls in the midst of a weary, almost rainless waste of sand and depends on these hidden cisterns for its very existence. Whence it comes, where is the outfall and what quantity runs under the baked sand remain a mystery. In one well at Bikaner it has been ascertained that the water supply is equal to 20,000 gallons an hour, which is held in point to the conclusion that there is an enormous subterranean flow and that the snow fed rivers of the Himalayas must be the source. People in Bikaner say that pieces of wood dropped into one well have come up in another. The idea of an underground river opens up a wide range of possibilities to the imagination.—Times of India.

The Landscape Near Jerusalem. The country about Jerusalem is essentially a pale country. Indeed, I often thought it looked stricken, as if its pallor had come upon it abruptly, had been sent to it as a visitation. I was not sorry that I saw it first under grayness and swept by winds. The grayness, the winds, seemed to me to emphasize its truth, to drive home its reality. And there was something noble in its candor. Even nature can take on an aspect of trickiness at times, or at least a certain coquetry, a daintiness not wholly free from suggestions of artificiality. The landscape in the midst of which Jerusalem lies is dreary, is sad; in stormy weather is almost forbidding. Yet it has a bare frankness that renders it dignified, a large simplicity that is very striking. The frame is sober, the picture within it is amazing, and neither, once seen, can ever be forgotten.—Robert Hichens in Century.

What Happened to Bill. Mrs. Dixon was putting Frank, aged six, and Willie, aged four, to sleep with a bedtime story when she was suddenly compelled to answer the doorbell. Hastening away with the intention of immediately returning, Mrs. Dixon was detained by a caller. The boys grew restless. Finally, running to the top of the stairs, where he knew his mother could get a perfect view of him, Frank used nearly all his small stock of diplomacy in trying to attract his mother's attention without disturbing the visitor. After several futile attempts at gesticulations he called out in a loud whisper perfectly audible to both ladies below, "Mamma, you'd better come up," then in a most awfully inspiring tone adding, "Cause Bill's nose is comin' unspiced!"—Youth's Companion.

Tibetan Penal Code. The Tibetan penal code is curious. Murder is punished with a fine varying according to the importance of the slain, theft by a fine of seven to one hundred times the value of the article stolen. Here, again, the fine depends on the social importance of the person from whom the theft has been committed. The harbinger of a thief is looked upon as a worse criminal than the thief himself. Ordeals by fire and by boiling water are still used as proofs of innocence or guilt, exactly as was the custom in Europe in the middle ages. And if the lamas never inflict death they are adepts at torture.

Taken Literally. The tramp approached the pompous gentleman and asked for a copper. "Go to the sut, thou sizzard," quoted the gent. "Tain't no use, mister," answered the weary one. "We aunts' list as tight fisted as me uncle and me other relatives."—Exchange.

The Boy Told Him. Father (after a long search)—Well, here it is. I wonder why one always finds a thing in the last place one hunts for it? Bright Boy—I s'pose it's cause after people find it they leave off looking.

She Still Lectures. Mr. Tile—Your wife used to lecture before she was married. Has she given it up now? Mr. Mills—Well—er—yes—that is, in public.

Tommy's Reason. "Tommy," the schoolma'am asked, "why are you scratching your head?" "Cause nobody else knows just where it itches."

To bear is to conquer our fate.—Campbell.

A Gastronomical Joy.

Of all the superb victuals which, by their great variety and unique collection, make Maryland the Eden and Arcadia of every man who loves good eating, the planked shad is probably the most powerful and poignant in its appeal to the senses. The wild duck, though it sets the palate to vibrating like an aeolian harp, has no thrill for the eye. It is a small and unlovely bird of a dull color and ungraceful outline. So, too, the diamond back terrapin. It has no more beauty in flesh than a plate of soup. And certain other exquisite delicacies, for all their sweetness, do not soothe the sense of smell. Of such are the raw oyster, the boiled hard crab and the Magothy river cabbage. But the planked shad—ah, here we come to a delicacy which enchants us alike through the eyes, the palate and the nose! As it comes upon the table it has the imperial dignity of a Charlemagne. Its noble head moves one to reverence; the epicycloid curve of its tail is like the curl of a great comber upon a coral beach. And it radiates a perfume as of Araby.—Baltimore Sun.

Dashing into Danger. "When I was younger," a big Broadway traffic cop remarked, "I used to dash at everybody who insisted on dashing across the street in front of a car or truck. I cuss the act still, but not the person. Fact is, I've learned that a majority of people just can't help it. An approaching vehicle about to cross their path is like a red rag to a bull. It's a sort of challenge, a dare. And the impulse to defeat its purpose can't be controlled. There isn't any plan of action. It's a case of dash first and think afterward, and sometimes, of course, the thinking is done in a hospital.

"It's a sort of disease of the nerves. I guess, because the head of a business house will do this fool thing just as quick as his errand boy will. But the cop and the driver are to blame whenever there's a miscalculation."—New York Globe.

A Memory of Edwin Booth. My season with Edwin Booth was the dearest and most pleasant of my profession. He also possessed what I consider a great quality—simplicity of manner. Some stars have the idea that it is necessary to be haughty and inaccessible with the members of their companies. They put on airs. They like to crush their fellow actors and pose as a kind of divinity before them.—From Mme. Modjeska's "Memoirs" in Century.

A Story of Robespierre. The story is told of Robespierre that at one time when at the height of his power a lady called upon him, beseeching him to spare her husband's life. He scornfully refused. As she turned away she happened to tread upon the paw of his pet dog. He turned upon her and asked, "Madam, have you no humanity?"

On the Safe Side. "May I see your father's record?" asked the new student. "He was in the class of '77." "Certainly, my boy. What for?" "He told me when I left home not to disgrace him, sir, and I wish to see just how far I can go."—Buffalo Express.

The Advantage. Tenant—Look here, that house I took from you is extremely damp. House Agent (bluntly)—Well, don't you see the great advantage of that? If it gets on fire it won't burn.

Right and Wrong. Things should not be done by halves. If it is right, do it fully; if it is wrong, leave it undone. Every day is a little life, and our whole life is but a day repeated.

A really great man is known by three signs—generosity in the design, humanity in the execution and moderation in success.—Bismarck.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

Oh conscience! conscience! man's most faithful friend. Him canst thou comfort, ease, relieve, defend? But if he'll thy friendly checks forego, Thou art, Oh, woe for me! his deadliest foe!—Crabbe.

Where morning frocks are concerned, sweet simplicity is the leading note, although it may be a costly simplicity, nevertheless, and one which is very deceptive to the eye of the mere man, who has an idea that a simple little cotton gown need not cost more than a dollar or so, whereas—but let us dissemble. This is not the place for these revelations.

Suffice it to say that the dainty old world muslins and gingham have come into their own again, and that they are prettier of all perhaps in soft tones of lavender, and in pale leaf-green and pink. Some of the most successful of these summer frocks for sunny mornings are made in a delightful jeune fille style, with skirts that are innocent of any kind of trimming, beyond, perhaps, three tucks and a hem, or possibly two or three small flounces, and semi-fitting blouse or pinafore bodices, finished either with turned-down collars and cuffs of embroidered lawn or finely-pleated lace, or with neat little chemisettes, high collar-bands, and undersleeves of tucked esprit net.

For chilly and rainy days, which, alas! too frequently form a part of our summer, tailored coats and skirts will remain, as ever, the only wear, and in the making of these gowns, also, commendable simplicity of design will prevail, and many very neat costumes will play their part in summer's pageant, carried out in small black and white check woolsen materials, and also in black and white, and in gray and white stripes, with perhaps just a touch of color in the shape of a collar and cuffs in emerald-green satin, or turquoise-blue corded silk.

Paisley effects predominate everywhere, and many of the smartest afternoon frocks are being made in either plain or spotted foulard, with broad Paisley borders, printed in many subdued colorings, but chosen so that the most prominent shade in the Paisley border is in perfect harmony with the plain or spotted center of the material. Foulards have been prepared in endless variety, and will be more than ever worn this summer, showing sometimes a perfectly smooth satin-like surface, sometimes woven with a crepe de Chine effect.

The Paisley-bordered foulards are likely to be the most popular of all, since they solve the question of trimming most satisfactorily. The multi-colored borders serve to outline the tunic effects now enjoying so great a vogue, while they can also be arranged to great advantage on the fichu and pinafore bodices of the moment, and may even do duty placed around the hem of the skirt. Similar frocks carried out both in plain and in bordered Shantung will be very useful for afternoon wear, arranged with hats, the crowns of which are covered with the Paisley fabric.

Hand-embroidered and lace-trimmed lingerie blouses will be quite a feature of the summer fashions, while for morning wear with tailored gowns in black and white check woolsen fabrics, or in any of the striped gray and white tweeds, which are likely to be so popular, shirt-blouses made in a more simple style will be de rigueur. These will be carried out in heavy white Japanese silk, an arranged with wide tucks or single box-pleats, and a turned-down collar of the same silk, with perhaps a touch of bright color introduced in the shape of a small cravat of crepe de Chine in emerald-green, or the new Baltic blue.

Blouses in plain Shantung silk will again be popular, chosen in colors to match exactly the coats and skirts in whose company they will be seen; while for smart occasions many very effective blouses have been made in soft satined foulards, with Paisley borders; and also in Paisley crepe de Chine, with deep turned-down collars of frilled net and lace, and cuffs to correspond at the elbow.

A home for deserted wives is the newest charity institution. More than \$250,000 has been bequeathed for this purpose by an English woman. The woman was Mrs. Ruedel, of Halstead, Kent, England. She died in March last, leaving practically all her property in trust for the maintenance of a home for "lonely ladies who have been deserted by their husbands."

Never see yourself as a sick person; never speak of yourself as a sick person, never think of yourself as a sick person, unless likely to become sick in the future. And never act like a sick person, Unite yourself, mentally, with health, for the present and for all time to come; look into the future and see yourself as a perfectly healthy and very strong person, says Wallace D. Wattles in the Nautilus.

Now the transparent overdraperies are so much in vogue, those women who possess a half worn lace gown should resurrect it. White or cream chiffon should veil faces in these shades, but black may be used under black chiffon or a dark color, such as dull wine red.

Colored laces may be covered with tulle in the same color, using a different tone—lighter or darker, as considered the better choice—or a color harmonizing with the lace.

Rhubarb and Orange Marmalade—Wash and cut in small pieces one quart tender rhubarb, peel thin one-half dozen oranges and cut the yellow rind into thin shreds, removing the white pith. Cut in slices and remove seeds. Put the rhubarb in a pan with the oranges and peel and one pound and a half of granulated sugar. Place over a gentle fire, stirring frequently until reduced to the consistency desired. Turn into marmalade pots and leave uncovered until the following day, then cover with paraffine and seal. This is excellent and keeps well.

Cheese Souffle.—Make a white sauce, using two tablespoons of butter to one of flour, half a cupful of warm milk, a speck of cayenne and a salt spoonful of salt. When cooked smooth, stir in the yolks of three eggs, well beaten, and one cupful of grated cheese, and set away to cool. When cold, fold in the well-beaten whites of the eggs, and bake in a buttered dish for half an hour.

FARM NOTES.

Be sure to make successional sowings of sweet corn, peas, etc.,—say two weeks apart. Then all the crop won't ripen at the same time.

At the end of a bed of seeds, drive down a stake and slip the empty seed bag over the top of it to help you remember what you have sowed there.

Flower stalks on rhubarb plants should be removed whenever seen, so that the plants' strength will not be wasted in the useless formation of seeds.

Most consumers will agree with Dr. Wiley, who claims that all food should be sold by weight and not in packages. In France eggs and most other foods are sold by weight.

Shallow cultivation is best,—about two inches deep. All fruits that are not mulched need to be hoed or cultivated at intervals of ten days or two weeks. Try to do this work soon after a rain.

Make the rows long and straight, so as to use the horse-cultivator or the wheel hoe to the best advantage. Stir ground after planting, often—after each rain, or about once in ten days anyhow.

The poultry products of the United States are just about on a par with the best of any other country. The combined value of the three last years was around two billion dollars, an average of over \$671,000,000 each.

Do not plant big blocks of any one variety of fruit. Mixed plantings of different kinds help the trees to fertilize each other's blossoms. Remember that the blossoms of some varieties are more or less sterile.

More than 10,000 bushels (34 carloads) of sunflower seed were raised in Hamilton county, Illinois, last year. The crop brought \$3.50 per bushel, or a total of \$35,000. The seeds are used for medical purposes and for bird and stock food.

Organic matter is the life of the soil. It is the heavy soil that produces corn as it rots, not the thin sod. Instead of waiting to apply fertilizer to the corn crop, the profit in thing to do is to apply fertilizer to the grass and make the soil heavier.

All fruit trees need pruning immediately after planting. Make the tops correspond with the roots. Peaches need the most trimming after setting; trim these to mere switches about two feet high and without side shoots longer than one inch.

In the United States Army the forefoot of a balky horse is held up for three minutes, at the end of which time the horse has generally forgotten that he was being held up. Quickly readjusting the harness, or tapping the forefoot, or rubbing the legs will often start the horse.

The farmer often delays to cut grass in the hope of getting a greater bulk of undergrowth. Especially so in dry season. The nutriment of the plant passes into the seed and much of it is lost as the seeds fall off when the grass is ripe and are wasted. The point is to cut the crop while the grass is in flower, thus securing the nutriment and increasing the digestibility of the hay.

Hubbard squash should be more generally grown and used on town and country tables. When properly cooked and seasoned it is a delicious vegetable and is available for use from October until June. The bluish variety desired can be secured by its use, is preferred by some. The other ingredients of kainit are valuable to some extent. German kainit is composed of sulphate of potash, 25 per cent.; sulphate of magnesia, 15 per cent.; chloride of magnesium, 12 per cent.; chloride of sodium, 32 per cent.; moisture, 14 per cent.; insoluble matter, 2 per cent.

The tiller of the soil should keep in mind that each soil calls for fertilizer especially adapted to it. That what might prove to be a good fertilizer on one field may make a desert of another field close by. It should also be generally known that humus in the soil may be destroyed by strong alkalis like lime. Acid soils alone will stand lime, but even on an acid soil too much lime may be used. Lime will break up clayey land, made it powdery, and put into shape to yield what plant food it contains and to receive benefit from fertilizers. Very loose soils, in which sand predominates, may be compacted considerably by the use of lime.

Swampy muck is not as a rule fit to be used without treatment. It is acid, and the acidity must be corrected before the muck can be utilized. Wood ashes may be considered a doubtful fertilizer unless the farmer can get the unleached article.

It is time to get out our window boxes for summer. Of course many have been rejoicing in window boxes for some time, but these early birds will hardly last through the summer without replenishing. And one must remember that window boxes require constant care. "Sweet are the uses of adversity" may apply to some things, but never to window boxes, nor, indeed, to plants in any situation whatsoever. To begin with the box it is usually too wide and too low. The wood should not be too thick, and there must be three to five holes for drainage. Pieces of broken flower pots should be placed in the bottom to a depth of one or two inches. Plants require air as well as water, and the air follows the water. Hence the drainage must be perfect.

One expert says people who paint the inside of a window box greatly endanger their plants; the oils and turpentine may do actual chemical injury.