

THE LEAVES.

"Come, little leaves," said the wind one day.
"Come over the meadows with me, and play."
Put on your dresses of red and gold—
Summer is gone, and the days grow cold.

THE ARROW AND THE SONG.

I shot an arrow into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For, so swiftly it flew, the sight
Could not follow it in its flight.

DE PROFUNDIS.

The incalculable benefit of wireless telegraphy as a life-saver in maritime disasters was forcibly demonstrated in the rescue by its agency of seven hundred passengers of the ocean-liner "Republic," which was sunk in a collision at sea on January 23rd.

At ten o'clock that particular evening Marcus Floyd entered the operating-room of the Cape Cod station of the International Wireless Company.

"It's thickening up outside," remarked young Floyd, as he divested himself of his top-coat, upon which the condensed moisture from the sea fog lay in glistening globules.

"For perhaps half a minute Mark Floyd stood gazing steadfastly into the night. Somewhere behind that thick curtain of darkness a dead ship lay rolling upon the lampless waste of sea, and men and women were waiting the moment of their last agony."

"It's one thing to graduate at the head of a college class," remarked Mr. Caldwell, thoughtfully, "and they tell me down at Princeton that you're clever. But this is business; you will begin again at the bottom."

"Try me," Mark had answered, confidently. Now, at the end of his two years' apprenticeship he had gained sufficient practical experience to qualify as an operator, and this was his first month of really responsible duty.

"He is clever, right enough," decided this Spartan relative, "and I think that he has the stuff in him. If he has, it'll show for itself; we'll wait and see."

"S.S. Sirius—four days out—Liverpool to New York. Port engine wrecked—explosion low-pressure cylinder and ship's hull badly damaged. Water gaining—heavy sea running—small boats—impossible—May get afloat—daybreak—"

Mark reached for the maritime register and looked up the call letters of the Sirius, Black Ball liner. They were W. S. S. He began sending with the coil, and a vicious spark leaped crackling across the gap as he pressed the key.

"This is Cape Cod," rapped out Mark. "Where are you?"
"Mid-Atlantic. Unable to get sight for two days, but probably to south of west-bound lane. Water close to fire-boxes. Heavy sea running and pitch dark. It has just struck three bells."

Mark wiped his damp brow and considered. "She must be close to longitude 41 degrees," he decided, "and possibly as low in latitude as 39 degrees, 50 minutes." He picked up the entry sheet, turned over to him by Gray, and studied it attentively.

"Can't get King Harold," reported the Sirius man. "Captain Ward desires to send this message to his agents. Will you take it?"

A brief official statement of the accident to the Sirius followed, and Mark transcribed it with painstaking care. It was like taking down the last words of a dying man, and his hand trembled as it raced over the writing-pad.

Mark pushed back his chair and went to the door; the atmosphere in the little room had become close and choking and he must have air. He flung the door wide open and looked out; the fog jumped at him as though it had been some gray, misshapen monster waiting for its prey.

"For perhaps half a minute Mark Floyd stood gazing steadfastly into the night. Somewhere behind that thick curtain of darkness a dead ship lay rolling upon the lampless waste of sea, and men and women were waiting the moment of their last agony."

"Are you ready?" asked the steamer's operator, and Floyd answered, yes. There were perhaps a couple of dozen messages, and all were brief and characterized by a remarkable restraint of feeling.

"I was coming back to you," the signature was "L. G."
Mark bent down and felt of the soles of his boots. They were quite dry again, and the assurance brought with it a distinct sense of relief.

"I want to speak to Miss Gaydon, one of your first-cabin passengers. The message she sent was addressed to me, Mark Floyd." He spelled the name out carefully. "Have you got that? Please repeat."

of the myriad that crowded to his lips. "She knows who it is?" he began.
"Yes, she knows, and—" here the message broke off abruptly.

Mark sounded the Sirius call once, twice, thrice; but he realized that communication had ceased entirely. There was but one explanation: the water must have reached the fire, and the dynamo supplying electric power to the Marconi instruments had stopped working.

"You had a nasty knock on the head," answered the nurse, "and just the barest touch of fever to superintend. Want to sit up? Why not—no, today is Wednesday, the 14th."

"The ship's cabin, as Floyd saw it, was tolerably well fitted with people. For the most part they sat about quietly, and there was but little conversation, and that only in undertone. Of confusion or distress there was not a trace."

"Thank you, sir," said the steward, softly, and went back to his dark passage-way. "You're still to the good, and I may call King Harold any time. She can't be more than fifty miles east or west of you—probably nearer. But just one moment—"

"Remember that mother will not let anything hurt you," she added, in a whisper. Floyd turned quickly away.
A tall, gray-haired man—she looked as though he might be some hopeless invalid going home to die—paced monotonously up and down, and Mark fancied that the roses in the carpet were being worn and faded where his restless feet had passed and repassed; probably he had been walking in just that fashion for hours past.

"Why, pa, did you get the reel of thread and the pink gingham for my dress?"
"Ye—yes."
"And the crock for butter, and the bag of flour, and the vanilla flav'ring?"

"Did you get the harper mended and shoe old Jinny?"
"Ye—yes."
"Anything else ye ought to have brought back."

"In a moment—after I have tried for King Harold again," returned Mark. He began sending out the latter's signal—A E A—in monotonous iteration, and as he did so he picked up his entry-pad to run over the messages that he had taken down. Incredible as it may seem, it was only then that he realized that one of them bore his own name and address; he read the half-dozen words it contained.

"I was coming back to you," the signature was "L. G."
Mark bent down and felt of the soles of his boots. They were quite dry again, and the assurance brought with it a distinct sense of relief.

"I want to speak to Miss Gaydon, one of your first-cabin passengers. The message she sent was addressed to me, Mark Floyd." He spelled the name out carefully. "Have you got that? Please repeat."

"I-o-y-d. Right. I remember meeting you once at the International New York office. My name is Wood. I have sent for Miss Gaydon to come to the operating room."

"What am I to tell her?"
"Miss Gaydon is here," he announced. "Mark stopped for an instant to consider; what one word should he choose

took the hypodermic syringe from his pocket and turned to his patient.
The girl's breath came hard and quick. "If only some one knew," she whispered to herself.

To get to the operating table Mark had to pass directly in front of Miss Gaydon; he could have put out his hand and touched her, but the deeper instinct restrained him. Yet she seemed to understand that it was he who wanted her to do; she sat down at the instrument without any hesitation and pressed the key; the current was still on in full force, and a detonating spark followed. A E A was the signal, and it was sent out twice in rapid succession. Then came a response.

"You had a nasty knock on the head," answered the nurse, "and just the barest touch of fever to superintend. Want to sit up? Why not—no, today is Wednesday, the 14th."

"The ship's cabin, as Floyd saw it, was tolerably well fitted with people. For the most part they sat about quietly, and there was but little conversation, and that only in undertone. Of confusion or distress there was not a trace."

"Thank you, sir," said the steward, softly, and went back to his dark passage-way. "You're still to the good, and I may call King Harold any time. She can't be more than fifty miles east or west of you—probably nearer. But just one moment—"

"Remember that mother will not let anything hurt you," she added, in a whisper. Floyd turned quickly away.
A tall, gray-haired man—she looked as though he might be some hopeless invalid going home to die—paced monotonously up and down, and Mark fancied that the roses in the carpet were being worn and faded where his restless feet had passed and repassed; probably he had been walking in just that fashion for hours past.

"Why, pa, did you get the reel of thread and the pink gingham for my dress?"
"Ye—yes."
"And the crock for butter, and the bag of flour, and the vanilla flav'ring?"

"Did you get the harper mended and shoe old Jinny?"
"Ye—yes."
"Anything else ye ought to have brought back."

"In a moment—after I have tried for King Harold again," returned Mark. He began sending out the latter's signal—A E A—in monotonous iteration, and as he did so he picked up his entry-pad to run over the messages that he had taken down. Incredible as it may seem, it was only then that he realized that one of them bore his own name and address; he read the half-dozen words it contained.

"I was coming back to you," the signature was "L. G."
Mark bent down and felt of the soles of his boots. They were quite dry again, and the assurance brought with it a distinct sense of relief.

"I want to speak to Miss Gaydon, one of your first-cabin passengers. The message she sent was addressed to me, Mark Floyd." He spelled the name out carefully. "Have you got that? Please repeat."

"I-o-y-d. Right. I remember meeting you once at the International New York office. My name is Wood. I have sent for Miss Gaydon to come to the operating room."

"What am I to tell her?"
"Miss Gaydon is here," he announced. "Mark stopped for an instant to consider; what one word should he choose

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

DAILY THOUGHT.

Jealousy is sustained as often by pride as by affection.—Colton.

Frocks for Schoolgirls.—Schoolgirls' frocks for very small girls nearly all show combinations of color. Plain and plaid effects or those of plain fabric combined with checks, are perhaps most frequently seen. Just now taffeta is used to trim cloth, and cloth to trim taffeta; moire or velvet will be combined with almost any material, either as a mere touch or as a substantial portion of a dress.

The correct birthstone for September is the sapphire. It is generally thought of as blue, but it occurs in many colors. Yellow, pink, white, green and innumerable shades and hues. Those other than blue are designated as fancy sapphires. They are the most popular of the semi-precious stones.

Among the new Eton suits sent out by the Paris dressmakers may be noted cream-colored moire suits with square black sailor collars, mouseline de soie, and also black satin suits with white cloth sailor collars, finished with a double row of gilt buttons down the front of the short jacket.

A new note in the tailored suits is the shawl back on coats. The back of the coats showing this are cut rather broad, shaped a bit into the waist-line, and then flared just a trifle. The coats will be cut this season to a line just below the hips.

With all the fluffy charm of furs and the light, airy attraction of feathers, our friend marabout comes back again with renewed favor in the eyes of both modiste and wearer.

It is hinted at here, because, perchance, you are hesitating with a piece of marabout in hand, wondering just where you will put it away for a few years. The advice is don't.

As single edging for the handsome satin scarfs for evening it has no equal. Tulle, chiffon, veiling are all capable of bearing the weight of this fluffy trimming, and its richness of brown, gray, black or colored tones harmonizes successfully with any shade of material.

Evening dresses are trimmed with marabout on sleeves and tunics—a revival of the vogue for far of last season. Evening wraps and capuchons are also under the sway of this soft down of the eastern bird, and entire turbans, with very high pointed crowns, will be worn by those who cannot flaunt a genuine mink toque on the street.

Marabout is decidedly not an imitation of anything; it is just marabout. It is its own excuse for being used as trimming, which is only another way of saying that it is very beautiful.

In the new display of fall footwear there are to be seen several changes as compared with last year's fashions, both in regard to the styles and the materials employed. It is expected that the most popular shoe will be the cravenette. The fabric is waterproofed and, owing to the ease with which it can be cleaned and the general softness of a woven material, it is reasonable to expect it will meet with women's approval.

The heels are in Cuban style, but are rather than those worn last year. From one and one-half to two inches high is the average.

Another new walking shoe, or rather boot, is made from buckskin. It has all the appearance of suede, but will wear much better and is also heavier, making it more suitable for autumn wear. It has the favored short vamp and is 12-button length. The heels are high.

For strictly dress wear afternoons and evenings, boots of velvet or satin are the newest. The satin is of a very dull nature so that the feet will not look unduly large. The buttons are of cut jet and either shoe can be had in both light and heavy soles. The velvet is supposed to be a little warmer than the satin.

FARM NOTES.

—Never lead a colt at the end of a long strap. Men have been killed in this way.

—As soon as the cockles are of good size select the ones you wish to keep and send the rest to market.

—Wood ashes or lime should not be applied mixed with, or in direct contact with, stable or hen manure.

—Cut your clover while it is in the bloom. Dead-ripe clover is just about spoiled so far as feed is concerned.

—Don't throw out apples, potatoes or turnips where stock can get them, and choke. Either bury or slice them.

—The average cow produces only about 165 pounds of butter yearly. She would produce more if she had the chance.

—Throw some corn fodder over the fence to the cows if you can't spare the time to put them in the barn and feed them there.

—Unless you are raising eggs for hatching purposes, almost any breed will do to start with, provided you give the fowls proper attention.

—It is the opinion of extensive peach growers that thorough cultivation is more essential to the peach tree than either pruning or spraying.

—Save pumpkins and stock beets for succulent stock feed next winter. When the pasture does not furnish grazing beets and pumpkins will greatly assist animals.

—Incubators, like all machinery, do not run themselves altogether. They need almost constant attention, and the better attention they receive the better the results.

—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 self-sterile.

—A careful orchardist will see that any tree which has been injured receives prompt attention. Wounds made by careless cultivators should be covered with grafting wax or cow manure and bound at once until the scar is healed.

—On some soils it does not pay to plow too deep. For instance, take it where the plow-point strikes hard-pan; no use to pull the horses to death and tire ourselves all out to bring that to the surface. It is not worth while after we have done it.

—It requires a daily ration for a dairy cow containing about 29 pounds of dry matter. Of this 2.5 pounds should be protein, 13 pounds of carbohydrates and one-half pound of fat. The carbohydrates should be about 5.5 to 1 of protein.

—According to the London Globe J. F. Hocking, of St. Cleer, Cornwall, had a goose, of which he kept a careful record, that lived to be 53 years of age, and was then killed by a horse stepping on her. At the age of 52 she laid regularly and hatched eight monster goslings.

—To get the best results from the milk set in the breeder if good layers are obtained. Buy those fowls which have been bred to lay. Hatch your chickens early, as the egg will be well matured by fall. Then feed them properly, provide them with good quarters and they will lay eggs in the winter when prices are highest.

—Whatever you do, do not pile wood ashes over or close around the body of the plant. That would be almost sure to kill it. The best way is to sow the seeds before the plants are set and harrow them into the soil. However, if the foliage is dry and the ashes are not sown too thickly, no injury would be likely to result.—From Farm Journal.

—A stock raiser says that he has found that a chicken-eating hog may be cured by feeding it a well-balanced ration. Digestion, containing animal ingredients, will satisfy the hog's appetite for animal food, and hence will cure it of eating chickens. From the fact that a few catches and eats chickens shows that the animal is not securing a variety of feeds.

—Tarring corn: In coating seed corn with coal-tar as a protection against worms and blackbirds, put the grain into a pail and pour on enough warm water to cover it. Add a teaspoonful of tar to a peck, and stir well. Throw the corn out on a sieve or in a basket to drain, and then stir in a few handfuls of land plaster (gypsum). Do not pour the tar on the dry seed.

—The great demand for dairy products has caused the price of good dairy cows to be very high. Reports from associations of dairymen show that it is impossible to buy first-class dairy cows at even \$80 a head. With such a demand for cows in old dairy districts, there will be few good cows moved into new dairy territory. So, the only way new districts can be supplied must be by breeding up the common stock by the use of good dairy-bred bulls.

—It is now time to think about fattening turkeys for Christmas. As the frosts destroy the insects on which the turkeys thrive, they should be given good rations. At least twice a week they should be fed some kind of animal food to take the place of the bugs and insects. They should be fed twice a day and after the first week in November they should be forced by giving them four meals a day—and they will eat. Cooked vegetables with ground corn and bran makes a good feed morning and evening. Give them a variety and cause them to eat plentifully. They should have plenty of water; also fresh air and charcoal. Turkeys require more fresh air than any other class of poultry, consequently do not crowd them, if possible, to avoid it.