"JUST YOU."

You say that the world's misused you, That everything goes dead wrong: That right is not triumphant, That the weak bow to the strong. Look up. oh, despairing brother ! Why take such a morbid view? Don't blame the world for your troubles, It isn't the world-it's you!

You say the world oppresses That it will never treat you square; That evil and vice are rampant That the misery is everywhere You argue you have no chances Of working your passage through; Did you ever stop to consider?

It isn"t the world-it's you! You hold that all days are dreary, That life is a burden here; That sunshine is never present. That the world is forlorn and drear. You say that it is cold and cheerless. And a world that is never true: But sizing things up correctly,

It isn't the world-it's you You tell me the world is fickle, And wicked and harsh and stern, That everything's set against you, No matter which way you turn. But why be so pessimistic Get wise to my timely cue; Don't growl at the world, my brother,

It isn't the world-it's you!

SUDBURY'S WEDDING JOURNEY.

-Ex.

I was standing in the La Salle station, waiting for a friend to arrive on a train the West, when one from East pulled in. The cars began from disgorging their occupants, and, as is my wont as a student of human nature, I stood by the gates and observed the varied types of humanity. Suddenly I saw Ame Sudbury. I hadn't seen him for eight years-not since he bade me a sad farewell and started forth as a journeyman printer to emulate Horace Greeley. (Please put the accent on "journeyman. Eight years ago the tramp printer had not been entirely crowded out by linotype machines.) Ame Sudbury had harkened to the call of the open road, and he also had succumbed to wanderlust. When you figure the thing out, it really is make a living by lording it over the force of a little country newspaper office. But of a little country newspaper office. But the Ame I saw was not the Ame of old. The Ame of old was not careful as to his apparel, he always had a half-handful of fine-cut ensconced in his cheek, and he that you would be here,' she said. 'Mamonly combed his hair on national holi-

Now he wore a wrinkled frock suit, upon his feet were patent-leather shoes whose iridescence was something won-derful; a silk hat and a white tie added to his disguise. The fact that he also wore a collar was startling. But I knew him. He was for passing me without stopping. I knew he did not see me. In his eyes was the hunted look of a windblown deer. Evidently he was in a hurry

fat lady with five or six packages in her arms, dropped his grip, and was ready to run. But when he saw me he sighed a sigh that started away down in his patentleather shoes, and went limp with relief. "Take me somewhere, and take me quick!" he said, clutching my hand with

the despair of a drowning man.
"Come this way," I said, leading him out through the carriage entrance, down Van Buren Street, and into a quiet place. I did not ask any questions. I knew perfectly well that when a man looked as he did, that man wanted to be taken somewhere away from the public eye. put him across a table from me, in the corner of a little side room, and asked. What are you doing here, dressed like

"I'm on my wedding trip, he explained,

"Where is the happy bride?"
"She's—she's—I hope she's not coming
on the next train." he answered, desper-

"Tell me your troubles," I suggested, kindly. "Are you sure no one will find us here? Sure she can't trace us?"

"Women don't come here."
"She would if she knew I was here. You don't know her." Sudbury leaned across the table, grasped me feverishly by the hand, and appealed:

"Promise me one thing. Don't you ever marry a widow with a pretty daughter and lots of money. Don't you do it! Will you?'

I told him that as a special favor to him I would not, and then get some more restorative for him. When he had taken the restorative he wiped some of it off

his stringy yellow mustache, and began:
"I've been living in West Aurelia, for
the past year. I don't know where East
Aurelia, North Aurelia, South Aurelia, or Aurelia proper or improper may be. I do not care to visit either of them if they resemble West Aurelia. I got married in West Aurelia at ten o'clock this morn-

"It is now 5.20 p. m., I observed. "I left West Aurelia surreptitiously at 12.01 this said and same p. m.," Sudbury replied, "and a simple, though rapid, mental computation will show you that I have been moving ever since.'

"Is your bride back at West Aurelia?" "I hope so. I only hope so. Listen. I strolled into West Aurelia one year ago, content with my lot as I had outlined it for myself. Up to that time I had only visited towns that were connected by good roads, and had done my traveling when the walking was good. Well I got a sit in West Aurelia. The West Aurelia Clarion was in sore need of a capable, competent, sober, reliable printer, one who could set straight matter, sale bills, fancy job-work with borders and ornathat the supply houses haven't had in stock since the war, and who could in stock since the war, and who could also kick a job press, and feed the hungry maw of the hand cylinder press each Friday. Board, two dollars a week at the home-like boarding-house of Mrs. Lucretia Hobbs. Let that name sink into your memory until it makes a dent —Mrs. Lucretia Hobbs. She was the Library with the holds this mention. The rest of that day I was painting mental pictures of Pearl and myself living on fried chicken and hot biscuits and cheering up poor mother! I wasn't the only one who had such an idea, either, for that evening one of the village Romeos named Philip Smith, son of the carriage repository and is at the edge of town, but then West Aurelia is all edge. The late lamented Mr. Hobbs went to his reward about three years age, and left Lucretia to manage four farms and their daughter Pearl, who was seventeen when he died and on the conversation. I was mentally who was seventeen when he died, and on the conversation, I was mentally consequently was and is twenty plus to-

day. Do you know what four farms in to leave young Smith in the same posiday. Do you know what four farms in the vicinity of West Aurelia, Ohio, are tion as Napoleon after Waterloo. Mrs. worth? They are worth over one hundred Hobbs excused herself along about ten worth? They are worth over one hundred dollars per acre—and I have inside and confidential information that there is oil under three of them. Why, man, I would have been a Rockefeller if-but wait. Hobbs-Lucretia-Mrs. Sudbury, that is, at this moment—is about thirty-nine years old. I say 'about.' She is fat, and nobody knows the age of a fat wom-an after she is thirty-five. Mrs. Hobbs has a crayon picture of herself at the age of twenty, hanging over the piano in I had a chance to banter merry quips and the parlor. She thinks she still looks like jests with Pearl, talk about shows I had the picture. Maybe that will help you to figure her age. What do you think?" I told Sudbury her age was not import-tant at the moment, and he continued:

'Why did she take in boarders? She did't need to, with four farms being worked on the shares. She took in boarders in order to have some one to talk with of ging of his exploits? I used the same evenings. I, being a stranger from the method. Youth Smith had never done great out-side world, was doubly welcome. Travellers do not usually linger in West tack on the dressmaker's window one Aurelia. As a general thing they go

right on through.
"Pearl Hobbs—say, you ought to see her! Just nineteen, plus a few weeks, up to walk to the gate with him, and I that of her mother twenty years from moonlight and he could see us. I made and we needn't worry about what may we were in the brightest patch of moon-happen in that length of time. When the light, and she squeezed my arm and her editor of the West Aurelia Clarion sent silvery laughter rippled to the ears of me to Mrs. Hobbs' to board he assured young Smith, while she looked up into like the place. Pearl was swinging in with mother. novels. I have read all of them, and he but for a genuine, white-teethed, dimplecheeked, ruby-lipped, azure-eyed, golden-haired dream, Pearl smothered anything that ever was in print. As I was saying, when I came up the walk from the gate, Pearl got out of the hammock.

'You are Mr. Sudbury?" she asked 'Call me any names you like,' I begged. 'Everybody else has to call me Sudbury, but there is no restriction whatever

upon you. "Oh, in my rambling hither and you I flatter myself I have picked up quite a lot Indian talk like Monsieur Beaucaire! She laughed prettily when I told her she could call me things ad lib

ma is expecting you.'

mamma-Lucretia--Mrs. Hobbs-Sudbury -is fat. Not side-showly fat, but heavy. She carries herself well. In fact, any one possessing her flesh and carrying it at all is entitled to honorable mention. She was glad to see me, too. In all my career I never have been received so enthusiastically anywhere. I was given the front room, up-stairs, over the porch. Clematis vine and woodbine clambering about blown deer. Evidently he was in a nurry to go somewhere. He had the air of a man who fears pursuit. So I caught him by the arm and said, "Hello, Ame!"

It does not explain it, partly," he said, the window. Elegant view of one of the signing deeply. "It does not explain it, partly," he said, she smiled, and she called Pearl in and informed her that I was to be her new by the arm and said, "Hello, Ame!"

It does not explain it, partly," he said, she smiled, and she called Pearl in and informed her that I was to be her new papa."

Pearl to make you understand the rest of Pearl to make you understand the res been running a boarding-house for some it. It happened one evening about six time, she hadn't had any boarders except a minister, who came to fill the pulpit of one of the churches temporarily, and a young-lady school-teacher, who married the local druggist. You see, not many strangers come to West Aurelia.

"I had my workshool in a griceach want of the pulpit of ing down a shady street, and I was pating down a s

roses!"

ance in Chicago.

I reminded Sudbury that while all this

"It does not explain it, partly," he said,

months ago that Pearl and I were stroll-

" 'Every bit of it,' she declared. 'His

will was very peculiar, some of us thought, but the lawyers said it was per-

tectly clear.'
"Bill, there are times in a man's life

when, just at the moment when all that is high and noble in his nature should

possess every bit of him, he allows the

meaner side of him to come uppermost and rule him. He does things that he ought to be ashamed of, and which he

will regret all the days of his life. Right then was when I should have taken Pearl

in my arms and told her that without her

farms I loved her still. That was the

relia, Ohio, and sauntered homeward with Pearl. Sauntered—not a strolled.

There's a difference. When you saunter

"It was the very next day that I began

I came down-stairs and asked her if she

wouldn't like to go with me to see a mov-

ing picture show that had just opened its doors in West Aurelia, giving the town,

Young Smith was there with

"I had my wardrobe in a gripsackthis one here at my feet. I have a good deal better wardrobe now-but it is at

how they do.

"Well, I had one rather nifty suit in should not be happy,' I said to her. 'You He choked on the word "home." my gripsack, and I shaved and fixed up a bit, and wore that good suit when I every woman begins life as well fixed as my gripsack, and I shaved and fixed up a bit, and wore that good suit when I came down to supper. There were me and Pearl and Lucretia—I mean Mrs. Hobbs. Or, rather, Mrs. Sudbury, as she is now. Mrs. Hobbs made me sit at the head of the table and serve the fried head of the table and serve the fri head of the table and serve the iried said, chicken. Also, there were mashed potatoes, cream gravy, hot biscuits, stringbeans, apple pie, along with jelly, and jam, and pickles, and other things too "But wasn't it odd of poor, dear to leave all his property to mamma "All of it? I almost gasped." numerous to mention. We got along swimmingly for a while. Then Mrs. Hobbs said.

'Doesn't it seem nice to have some one at the head of the table, Pearl?'
"Pearl said that it did, and she said it with a smile that shot right into me and curled around my heart and made me tingle all over. Then Mrs. Hobbs suddenly began to cry and got up and left

the table.

"'Poor mamma!' Pearl said, sympathetically. 'She always weeps when she sees some one at the head of the table.' "I expressed due and proper sympathy for poor mamma, and Pearl said:

"'I hope that you and I may be able to cheer her up. She needs it.' "I at once declared my willingness to make a life-work of cheering up her mother. By and by, Mrs. Hobbs came in again and apologized for her display of grief, and we went on through the supper to the pie without further interruption, save for the merry badinage indulged in between Pearl and myself.

"Next day Melvin asked me how liked my boarding-place. Of course I told him the truth. I told him that for home comforts and appetizing menu it made the St. Regis look like a free-lunch counter. Melvin talked right along to me all morning. I was straightening up his job and display cabinets for him, and he sat there with his feet up on one of the imposing stones and told me the history of the late lamented Philander Hobbs, of his excellence as a farmer, how he had acquired four of the best farms in the county and the handsome residence at the edge of town. He had built that a few years ago, in order that Pearl might have the advantages of life and schooling in

some tomatoes in that manner for my supper. She did. Instead of sitting on the porch with Pearl after supper, I lingered in my room until I heard Mrs. Hobbs come out of the kirchen and then West Aurelia "'Good chance for a single man to marry well there,' Melvin remarked, with a knowing smile, knocking the ashes out

of his pipe into the hell-box. "The rest of that day I was painting blushing bride this morning. Her house proprietor of the carriage repository and is at the edge of town, but then West emporium—as per the sign on the front

West Aurelia you know what it means her again entering the state of matriwhen a widow begins going out socially mony all his property was to revert to his with a man. I presume half the popula-beloved daughter Pearl. His dear wife tion saw us either going or coming or at the moving picture show, and before morning the other half knew of it. Melvin kidded me about it, and added injury to legal duties incident to the transfer of ferred batter cakes or ham and eggs for breakfast. We decided on both, and then I went out to the porch and met young insult by saying that it was just as well I Mr. Smith. Pearl said she was glad I should set my cap for some one nearer had joined them, and introduced him to

o'clock, after asking me whether I pre-

sassing the editor of the Cincinnati En-

quirer, and being fired from the compos-

me as joyfully as though she expected my age. him to fall on my neck with joy. He "Well Well, you know that courting widows and courting girls is different. A girl didn't. He became filled with deep, dark pretends not to suspect your intentions, jealousy immediately, and consequently just seems to think you are only being nice and friendly and that you enjoy buying her soda-water and candy, and walkseen and books I had read, tell about ing around with her and talking to her, but a widow, having been through all that, knows what you are about. She ing-room of the Columbus State Journal for setting up an editorial so that it fact, she has the verdict framed before favored the election of Bryan. You know

you state your case.
"I shall skip lightly over the events of how Othello won Desdemona by bragthe past five or six months, but before I approach the climax let the young man anything more daring than to put a tickbring another of those high glasses with Hallowe'en, so I had him licked from the the ice and fixings in them. I signalled to the young man, and he start. He bade us a stiff good-night about

half an hour after I met him. Pearl got brought the restorative. "Well," Sudbury resumed, squinting at her! Just nineteen, plus a few weeks, when I arrived. Plump, pretty, and pleasant. Possibly that plumpness may be a premonition of a personality resembling as we strolled back to the porch. It was moonlight and he could see us. I made ways propose in the evening? I never the proposed to Lucretia— to Mrs. Hobbs. Say, why does a man always propose in the evening? I never the proposed to Lucretia— to Mrs. Hobbs. Say, why does a man always propose in the evening? I never the proposed to Lucretia— to Mrs. Hobbs. Say, why does a man always propose in the evening? I never the proposed to Lucretia— to Mrs. Hobbs. Say, why does a man always propose in the evening? I never the proposed to Lucretia— to Mrs. Hobbs. Say, why does a man always propose in the evening? I never the proposed to Lucretia— to Mrs. Hobbs. Say, why does a man always propose in the evening? I never the proposed to Lucretia— to Mrs. Hobbs. now—but twenty years is a long while some funny remark to Pearl just when understood it. Anyhow, I proposed to ed it to Pearl and we needn't worry about what may we were in the brightest patch of moon-her. Now, there's a difference between "'Now ever proposing to a single girl and to a widow, just the same as there is in courting editor of the West Aurelia Clarion sent silvery laughter rippled to the ears of the me to Mrs. Hobbs' to board he assured young Smith, while she looked up into my face. Huh! I began to wonder me I would like the place. The first person I saw was Pearl—and I knew I would son I saw was Pearl—and I knew I would with mother. "So it went along: I decided to settle girl in all the world. The reason she the hammock on the lawn as I came into So it went along. I decided to settle girl in all the world. The reason she the yard. I will say for Pearl that she is down in West Aurelia, Ohio, for the rest thinks you have deceived yourself is that one of the few girls I ever knew who of my natural life. I acquired the habit she is too modest to believe all you say could get out of a hammock easily and of having my hair trimmed once in a gracefully. Usually they either fall out while, and I ceased to regard one shirt a you to go on record. Mrs. Hobbs, after or tell you to look the other way. Pearl was reading a book when I arrived. It was one of Charles Major's historical was one of Charles Major's historical was one of Charles Major's historical was need to regard one shirt a you to go on record. Mrs. Hobbs, after five months of ardent wooing on my part —and it was up-hill work at the first—suddenly became coy and undecided. suddenly became coy and undecided. got to Chicago. Man, it was enough to throw you into a such as commerce, literature, and art! always has a heroine who could win a One pretty girl, with a cooing voice and fever! Here I had been thinking all the beauty prize without the aid of cosmetics, beauty prize without the aid of cosmetics, but for a genuine, white-teethed, dimple-civilization in a community than a Car-'Will you marry me?' and she would say, negie library, an art museum and a wing 'Yes,' without a moment's hesitation. But of the steel trust. I quit the fine-cut- she was different. She said that while actually stopped using tobacco. Pearl was saving the bands on ten-cent cigars. ly given me her affections, still she could

was always insisting on my taking Pearl Of course, right then I lifted my right to the church socials and things like that. hand and vowed by the sun, moon, and Said she wanted her to see that I met stars that I meant what I said. "'But,' she sighed, 'how do I know you the young people of West Aurelia, and entered into the social life of the com- are not a mercenary man? How do I munity. Young Philip Smith was also know you are not dazzled more by my

"And Mrs. Hobbs encouraged us. She not be altogether sure that I was sincere

keen for the social life of the community, little wealth than anything else? and as he knew all the other young folks, four farms—'
he wanted Pearl for his companion. But "I didn't let her get any farther. Feelhe wanted Pearl for his companion. But I got a percentage of three best out of ing sure that the title deeds to the four four right along. Pearl confided to me that while Philip was a nice young man, of good family and had a good heart and around her waist as I could and murould call me things as its.

"' Mr. Melvin of the Clarion telephoned all that, he was lacking in some respects intellectually. She said she had always has expecting you.'

"Then I met mamma. As I have said, "The Moving Finger writes; and having writes all that, he was lacking in some respects intellectually. She said she had always heard that it took a smart man to be a printer. I told her it did, but that if he have her, life would be as dreary and have her happy. was only a little smarter at the start he barren as the middle of the Desert of would not be one. Whenever I would Sahara on Sunday.

"'Then you love me for myself alone?' say anything like that to Pearl she would laugh merrily. Say, her laugh was like— she asked me. like silver bells ringing in a room full of "'I do!' I vowed. "'Then, Amosdarling, I am yours!' she cried, and tried to fall in my arms. It

was interesting it did not explain either his wedding finery or his sudden appear- us from falling through the window on to the porch. 'Let us give the glad news to Pearl!'

> to the waiter, who came softly with an where the card bears the white button, acid is called for; if one expects to take other restorative. Ame swallowed it, and so on.

wanted to see her and her mother happy.
She was sort of half-way cuddling up to mine I have created the impression that she is very fat, let that impression remy side and listening intently. You know main. And promise me, don't you ever marry a widow with a pretty daughter!
Will you!"

The promise was again given. "So-we were married. This morning it happened. Several times yesterday and last night I was inclined to back out, but the thought of the four big farms would come to my mind and I would bolster up my waning determination. The wedding occurred at the house-at the home of the bride. I shall not describe it to you. I noticed among the guests Mr. Timothy Webster, the leading and only lawyer of West Aurelia, Ohio. After the minister West Aurelia, Ohio. After the minister had slipped my ten dollar bill into his vest pocket, and the assembled populace had kissed the bride and shook. my hand in sympathy, Mr. Timothy Webster came to me, took my hand solemnly, and in the warm tones of an undertaker directing the audience how to file out of the church, told me that he wished to have a church, told me that he wished to have a few moments of my time in company with Mrs. Sudbury—Mrs. Hobbs that was. He led us into a side room. Pearl was there. He invited us to be seated, and Mrs. Sudbury—Mrs. Hobbs that was—seated herself beside me on the sofa and took my hand and leoked soulfully and took my hand soulfully and took m farms I loved her still. That was the psychological moment, and I knew it—but! While Cupid had been whispering in one ear. Cupidity had been murmuring in the other, and Cupidity can always make you give Cupid the busy signal. In that instant my whole attitude toward Pearl changed. I decided right there that where the farms were my heart was also. I turned out of that shaded by street into the main street of West Aurelia, Ohio, and sauntered homeward took my hand and looked soulfully at me. "Mr. Timothy Webster took some flat

papers from his pocket, unfolded them, cleared his throat, and said:

"I have here the last will and testament of the late Philander Hobbs." "I did not think that was the merriest time in the world to spring the last will and testament of the former husband of the blushing and buxom bride, but owing to my naturally delicate nature, I did not

say so. I simply returned the squeeze which Lucretia gave my hand. Mr. Webster went on: "By the terms of this instrument, the late Philander Hobbs gave and bequeathed to his dear wife. Lucretia Hobbs—'

"I looked at Lucretia. She was trying my blandishments upon Mrs. Hobbs. Did you ever eat fried tomatoes, with a cream at one and the same time to smile lovingly at me, and to sigh mournfully over the late lamented Philander. Out of sheer sympathy I squeezed her hand warmly and she squeezed back. gravy made of the tomato juice, and hot biscuits to dip into the gravy? That was a dish Mrs. Hobbs could make. It was her prize and pet culinary effort. I asked her, as a special favor to me, to prepare

"'To his dear wife, Lucretia Hobbs Mr. Webster explained, with another clearing of his throat, 'all his real and personal property in whatsoever form and wheresoever located. This, I may say, includes all his farms, farm implements, stock, and so forth, and his town residence, as well as all moneys in bank, and ecurities, notes, and bills receivable!'

"At this, Mr. Timothy Webster paused that Philip Smith was on the porch with Pearl by that time, and I argued with Mrs. Hobbs that while grief was a sad and solemn duty upon the bereaved, it was not in human nature that she should be expected to immure herself forever with sad repining over the sad and solemn duty. I still down on Lucretia's hand with a squeeze that showed her how strong my devotion was, and she shut down on mine with a squeeze that showed that nothing in all the world should ever shake her devotion to me. Pearl sat across from us and listened and watched patiently. impressively. I shut down on Lucretia's hand with a squeeze that showed her how sat across from us and listened and watched patiently. Mr. Timothy Webster then swung the axe.

be expected to immure herself forever with sad repining over the dear departed. In time my arguments prevailed, and she went with me to the moving-picture will and testament of the late Philander Hobbs,' he said, 'this property was be-queathed and given to his dear wife, Lucretia, only during such time as she remained unmarried. In the event of "If you have ever been in a town like

having now remarried, it becomes my legal duties incident to the transfer of the property.

"Bill, something inside of me dropped right through me, from the crown of my head to the ends of my toes. It may have been my hopes, but I think it was my heart. I know I chilled all over and trembled like an aspen leaf. Lucretia bravely squeezed my hand, but I had not strength to squeeze back. She looked at me reproachfully, and I managed to squeeze her fingers weakly.

'Mr. Webster took another folded paper doesn't demand so much evidence. In from his pocket, unfolded it, took out a fountain pen, fixed it for action, and handed, it to Lucretia, saying. 'Mrs.-er-Mrs. Sudbury, please sign

on the first line.' "Lucretia took the pen in fingers that were as steady as though they were carved from granite, and wrote 'Lucretia Sudbury' in plain, simple, easily read characters. Webster then handed the pen to me, and I signed on the second line. Man, it was awful. Even Robespierre did not make his victims sign their own death warrants. Webster then blotted the signatures, folded up the paper and hand-'Now everything belongs to Pearl,'

Lucretia gurgled. 'Everything!' I stammered.

"Everything but me, dearest,' she simpered, trying to lay her head on my breast, while Pearl and the lawyer went

"Ten minutes later I was leaving the house by the side door, unobserved. I made my way through alleys to the rail way station and lingered behind the freight-house until the train pulled in. I climbed aboard on the side away from the station and stayed in the smoker until we It will absorb a limited amount, but a

'What are you going to do now, Ame?" I asked.

"I am going to stay right here," he answered, "and drink these things until it is good and dark, and then I am going to take a train for the wilds of British Columbia, where an earnest, honest, sober, industrious printer can find an occupation, and where there are no fat widows with pretty daughters."

"And-what about Pearl?" I asked, as I prepared to shake his hand in farewell. 'Pearl?" he echoed, sadly. "Pearl? Oh, she and young Smith are to be mar ried this evening at eight o'clock."-By Wilbur D. Nesbit, in Harper's Weekly.

> FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN DAILY THOUGHT.

The Moving Finger writes; and having writ.

Do you want to have a lively party? Try this: Have tables to accommod four at each, and in the centre of each table put a pile of buttons. It is wise to remembering: Nitrogen or (ammonia) cull out all those with very small eyes or encourages strong leaf, vine and bush "shanks," and also cloth buttons. This growth; potash makes firm tuber, bulb part of the fun is an individual contest, the players being assigned to the various four plain white buttons, four black, four smoked pearl, four shoe buttons, etc., and at each table have a card on which soggy and tomato vines lack sturdiness Ame fell silent, and moodily looked at varieties. The four players having white tomatoes, melons, grain and cotton fail t the bottom of his glass. I gently signalled buttons, will find places at the table "set" plenty of seed and fruit, phosphoric

"I have hinted to you that Mrs. Hobbs is fat. My dear friend, if by any word of Do not make the thread more than 18 No. 7) threaded with double white cotton. in the fertilizer; if potatoes or onions are inches long, as it is apt to tangle. Wax- abundant corn, wheat, cotton balls, ing the thread is also a good idea. At melons, peaches, strawberries or tomathe tap of a bell the players begin to toes are wanted, see to the phosphoric thread buttons, using only one hand. Naturally, if both hands were allowed, several buttons could be picked up and threaded easily; but with one hand a button might be pursued with difficulty. At the tap of the bell the threading ceases, and the one who has succeeded in making the longest string is declared

winner. Of course this may be played progressively, the buttons being unthreaded and left on the tables each time, and tally kept by means of score cards. In this case clever score cards can be made by using the large two-eyed buttons used on underwaists. Glue them on cards, and required to solve is presented, and there paint nose and mouth, hair, and eyela on the buttons, letting the two holes serve as eyes. Then paint bodies on the order of the "goop," and you will find it very easy to make most comical-looking

Thread a needle, and stitch through the card, leaving a strong knot on the wrong side. Let the needle hang down, and, at each progression, thread on a small button of some peculiar sort; gilt beads might be used, and put the needle threath the card again so that the button. through the card again, so that the but-ton will stay on.

Another contest that makes much

merriment is this: Match your guests by buttons alike or buttons sewed on matching ribbons, and then furnish each couple with a box containing a square of cloth, six buttons, a needle, and a yard-long price of thread. The requirements are piece of thread. The requirements are that the girl must hold the needle while the boy threads it; then she must hold the cloth while he sews the buttons on. The couple first accomplishing this feat are declared winners.

Awards might be a dainty button-bag or a set of lingerie-buttons for the win-ning girl, and a pair of sleeve-buttons or a pretty collar-button box for the success

ful boy.

The little button-goop cards make cunning place-cards, and may be further ornamented by jingles setting forth the story of the lass or lad represented.—

Wester's House Companion. an's Home Companion.

Silks will be even more popular than heretofore during the coming spring sea-

Several new silken fabrics have appeared in the shops and these will lead in popularity for the handsome afternoon and evening gowns, while the better known weaves will continue in favor for

one-piece every day frocks. Glace and chamelion chiffon taffetas are alluringly beautiful, especially when com-bined with fine lace and hand embroidery for trimming. These are accepted novel-ties and will be used for the dressier

taffetas: they will be much worn, made

[Continued on page 7.]

FARM NOTES.

-Soils destitute of humus and nitrogen are impotent to produce clover.

-Stop the churn as soon as the butter granulates if you want to work out all the butter milk

-What has become of the old-fashioned farmer who used to keep a savage dog to catch his hogs?

-The Nebraska station, in studies of the water requirements of plants by a new method perfected by the station, has found in two dry years that there was a distinct economy of water with narrowleaved corn as compared with broadleaved. The strains with a high-leaf area yielded 43.6 bushels per acre, while those with a low-leaf area produced 52.1

-A sur serie for scratches is to wash the affected part with soft water and castile soap and dry thoroughly. Then mix equal parts of hog's lard and gunpowder and apply. In a few days the horse will be well. For sore shoulders, bathe the sore and dry. Then take the charred coal that remains of any old burnt leather, powder fine and apply freely. This will cure it.

-An important consideration in determining the feeding value of corn silage as compared with that of corn stover, fodder corn or bundle-corn, is that in ensilage the whole of the plant, including the stems, is converted into succulent and nourisning food. When fed in any of the other forms the stems are rejected, and are of value only as they gradually add to the humus of the soil.

-Unslaked lime is recommended to absorb excess of moisture in the cellar in which fruits and vegetables are stored. good cellar drain, together with good ventilation, will take care of ground water. It is a good thing to air the cellar on mild days in winter, closing the openings at night. The ventilators may safely be left open for several hours when the outside temperature is several de-grees below freezing.

-The Southdown is one of our popular mutton breeds of sheep, and is quite ex-tensively bred. The breed is hornless; the face and legs are of a gray-brown color. The best rams, when fat, often weigh from 175 to 200 pounds, the ewes from 125 to 150. The body is rather blocky. This breed furnishes a fleece of good quality, weighing from six to seven pounds. The wool is rather short, but of medium fine texture. The mutton is of excellent quality. The Southdown ewes produce more than one lamb at birth, often two and sometimes three. They are a very valuable breed for early lambs as the lambs grow rapidly. The South-down is an English breed, taking its name from the Southdowns, the broken and hilly lands of Sussex, and neighboring counties of England.

-Here are fertilizer facts well worth and fibre; phosphoric acid makes blooms "set," and seed and seed pods form abuntables by means of similar buttons. Pass dantly; if the wild growth on the farm is around a little dish or tray on which are profuse and the tomatoes and melon vines run to leaf, the soil is rich in nitrois sewed a fifth button of one of these of stalk, the soil needs potash; if your from the land a crop rich in leaf, as let-On the tables place four needles (about | tuce, increase the proportion of nitrogen desired, provide plenty of potash; if toes are wanted, see to the phosphoric

-One of the prime objects in mating farm animals is to increase the hardiness. No matter what other merits the sire or dam may have, if they are not strongly constituted they will not impart that vig-or which is so necessary for successful growth. Strictly thoroughbreds are not always in the pink of condition; they are very apt to have a weakness that if imparted to the offspring will result in failure. So that when it comes to mating farm animals one of the most intricate stould not be any rash ventures made.

Those who are affected with the cross craze, whether in hogs, cattle or horses, should select the breed that suits them best. As a general thing the best breed for any one is the breed one likes best, or of which one can secure well-bred sires with the least trouble and expense. If a man likes Poland China, and can get good sires of that breed, he should by all means breed Poland Chinas; if Chester Whites, he should select that breed. If he likes Tamworths for the good they can do, especially if he has his pigs come in May and June and keeps them through the year, then he should get the Tamworths.

Then, in selecting males, always have the breeder give an extended pedigree— that is, a pedigree that will show the breeding for at least four generations on each side. Note how often it goes back to some particular sire. Running back two or three times would not be objec-tionable, possibly would be desirable; but one should be sure that he is not breeding so close in line as to injure the vitality

Cattle breeders sometimes make the mistake of crossing breeds for the pur-pose of combining the excellencies of each breed. Cases are cited where Jersey bulls were mated to common cows or grades in the hope that the milking qualgrades in the hope that the milking qualities of the Jersey, and the beef qualities of the Shorthorn or Aberdeen Angus, as the case might be, would be secured. The result was that the progeny were not particularly good for beef, nor worth much for milk.

It is not uncommon to see horses that have trotting-bred legs and draft bodies, or draft legs and trotting-bred bodiesthe worst mongrels that could possibly profane good grain and grass by eating it. There are so-called breeds so closely related that crossing is not objectionable; for example, the Clyde horse and the Shire, which are simply types of the same original breed, the variation being caused ly local environment.

Extra emphasis should be placed on the importance of breeding straight. By this reference is not necessarily made to pure-breeds only, but to grades. It is up into gowns and suits.

Satins are still strong and the fancy striped messalines are good for dresses designed for the younger people.

pare-freeds only, but to grades. It is rather unfortunate that a cross between two breeds, as a rule, results in vigorous offspring, for the reason that that fact creates the temptation to carry on that practice too extensively.