

THE END OF THE WAY.

Written by the late Thomas Waddle when eighty-four years of age.

My life is a wearisome journey, I am sick with the dust and the heat, The rays of the sun beat upon me, The briars are wounding my feet, But the city to which I am going Will more than my trials repay, And the tolls of the road will seem nothing When I get to the end of the way.

LITTLE LUCY ROSE.

(Concluded from last week.)

"Don't worry, Edward. I can manage him," said Sally. But she was mistaken. The very next day Jim proposed in due form to little Lucy. He could not help it. It was during the morning intermission, and he came upon her seated all alone under a hawthorn hedge, studying her arithmetic anxiously. She was in blue, as usual, and a very perky blue bow sat on her soft, dark hair, like a bluebird. She glanced up at Jim from under her long lashes. "Do two and seven make eight or ten? If you please, will you tell me?" "Say, Lucy," said Jim, "will you marry me by and by?" Lucy stared at him uncomprehendingly. "Will you?" "Will I what?" "Marry me by and by?" Lucy took refuge in her little harbor of ignorance. "I don't know," said she. "But you like me, don't you Lucy?" "I don't know." "Don't you like me better than you like Johnny Trumbull?" "I don't know." "You like me better than you like Arnold Carruth, don't you? He has curls and wears socks." "I don't know." "When do you think you can be sure?" "I don't know." Jim stared helplessly at little Lucy. She stared back sweetly. "Please tell me whether two and seven make six or eleven, Jim," said she. "They make nine," said Jim. "I have been counting my fingers and I got it eleven, but I suppose I must have counted one finger twice," said little Lucy. She gazed reflectively at her little baby-hands. A tiny ring with a blue stone shone on one finger. "I will give you a ring, you know," Jim said, coaxingly. "I have got a ring my father gave me. Did you say it was ten, please, Jim?" "Nine," gasped Jim. "All the way I can remember," said little Lucy, "is for you to pick just so many leaves off the hedge, and I will tie them in my handkerchief, and just before I have to say my lesson I will count those leaves." Jim obediently picked nine leaves from the hawthorn hedge, and little Lucy tied them into her handkerchief, and then the Japanese gong sounded, and they went back to school. That night after dinner, just before Lucy went to bed, she spoke of her own accord to her father and Miss Martha, a thing she seldom did. "Jim Paterson asked me to marry him when I asked him what seven and two made in my arithmetic lesson," said she. She looked with the loveliest round eyes of innocence first at her father, then at Miss Martha. Cyril Rose gasped and laid down his newspaper. "What did you say, little Lucy?" he asked. "Jim Paterson asked me to marry him when I asked him to tell me how much seven and two made in my arithmetic lesson." Cyril Rose and his cousin Martha looked at each other. "Arnold Carruth asked me, too, when a great big wasp flew on my arm and frightened me." "Cyril and Martha continued to look. The little, sweet, uncertain voice went on. "And Johnny Trumbull asked me when I most fell down on the sidewalk; and Lee Westminster asked me when I wasn't doing anything, and so did Bubby Harvey." "What did you tell them?" asked Miss Martha, in a faint voice. "I told them I didn't know." "You had better have the child go to bed now," said Cyril. "Good night, little Lucy. Always tell father everything."

was impressive when he assumed it. "Really, Martha," said he, "don't you think you had better have a little closer outlook over that baby?" "Oh, Cyril, I never dreamed of such a thing," cried Miss Martha. "You really must speak to Madame," said Cyril. "I cannot have such things put into the child's head." "Oh, Cyril, how can I?" "I think it is your duty." "Cyril, could not—you?" Cyril grinned. "Do you think," said he, "that I am going to that elegant widow schoolma'am and say, 'Madame, my young daughter has had four proposals of marriage in one day, and I must beg you to put a stop to such proceedings?' No, Martha; it is a woman's place to do such a thing as that. The whole thing is too absurd, indignant as I am about it. Poor little soul!" So it happened that Miss Martha Rose, the next day being Saturday, called on Madame, but not being asked any leading question, found herself absolutely unable to deliver herself of her errand, and went away with it unfulfilled. "Well, I must say," said Madame to Miss Parmalee, as Miss Martha tripped wearily down the front walk—"I must say, of all the educated women who have really been in the world, she is the strangest. You and I have done nothing but ask insane questions, and she has sat waiting for them, and chirped back like a canary. I am simply worn out." "So am I," sighed Miss Parmalee. The pale and visibly tremulous. The children were all shrieking in dissonance, so it was quite impossible to tell what the burden of their tale of woe was; but obviously something of a tragic nature had happened. "Well, what did Madame say about Lucy's proposals?" "She did not say anything," replied Martha. "Did she promise it would not occur again?" "She did not promise, but I don't think it will." The financial page was unusually thrilling that night, and Cyril Rose, who had come to think rather lightly of the affair, remarked absent-mindedly: "Well, I hope it does not occur again. I cannot have such ridiculous ideas put into the child's head. If it does, we get a governess for her and take her away from Madame's." Then he resumed his reading, and Martha, guilty but relieved, went on with her knitting. It was late spring then, and little Lucy had attended Madame's school several months, and her popularity had never waned. A picnic was planned to Dover's Grove, and the romantic little girls had insisted upon a May queen, and Lucy was unanimously elected. The pupils of Madame's school went to the picnic in the manner known as a "straw-ride." Miss Parmalee sat with them, her feet uncomfortably tucked under her. She was the youngest of the teachers, and Miss Acton headed the procession, sitting comfortably in a victoria driven by the colored man Sam, who was employed about the school. Dover's Grove was six miles from the village, and a favorite spot for picnics. The victoria rolled on ahead; Madame carried a black parasol, for the sun was on her side and the day very warm. Both ladies wore thin, dark gowns, and both felt the languor of spring. The straw-wagon, laden with children seated upon the golden tresses of straw, looked like a wagon-load of blossoms. Fair and dark heads, rosy faces looked forth in charming clusters. They sang, they chattered. It made no difference to them that it was not the season for a straw-ride, that the trusses were musty. They inhaled the fragrance of blooming boughs under which they rode, and were quite oblivious to all discomfort and unpleasantness. Poor Miss Parmalee, with her feet going to sleep, snoozing from time to time from the odor of the old straw, did not obtain the full beauty of the spring day. She had protested against the straw-ride. "The children really ought to wait until the season for such things," she had told Madame, quite boldly; and Madame had replied that she was well aware of it, but the children wanted something of the sort, and the hay was not cut, and straw, as it happened, was more easily procured. "It may not be so very musty," said Madame; "and you know, my dear, straw is clean, and I am sorry, but you do seem to be the one to ride with the children on the straw, because—" Madame dropped her voice—"you are really younger, you know, than either Miss Acton or I." Poor Miss Parmalee could almost have dispensed with her few years of superior youth to have gotten rid of that straw-ride. She had no parasol, and the sun beat upon her head, and the noise of the children got horribly on her nerves. Little Lucy was her one alleviation. Little Lucy sat in the midst of this boisterous throng, perfectly still, crowned with her garland of leaves and flowers, her sweet, pale little face calmly observant. She was the high light of Madame's school, the effect which made the whole. All the others looked at little Lucy, they talked to her, they talked at her; but she remained herself unmoved, as a high light should be. "Dear little soul," Miss Parmalee thought. She also thought that it was a pity that little Lucy could not have worn a white frock in her character as Queen of the May, but there she was mistaken. The blue was of a peculiar shade, of a very soft material, and nothing could have been prettier. Jim Paterson did not often look away from little Lucy; neither did Arnold Carruth; neither did Bubby Harvey; neither did Lily Jennings; neither did many others. Amelia Wheeler, however, felt a little jealous as she watched Lily. She thought Lily ought to have been queen; and she, while she did not dream of competing with incomparable little Lucy, wished Lily would not always look at Lucy with such worshipful admiration. Amelia was inconsistent. She knew that she herself could not aspire to being an object of worship, but the state of being a non-entity for Lily was depressing. Wonder if I jumped out of this old wagon and got killed if she would mind one bit," she thought, tragically. But

Amelia did not jump. She had tragic impulses, or rather imaginations of tragic impulses, but she never carried them out. It was left for little Lucy, flower-crowned and calmly sweet and gentle under honors, to be guilty of a tragedy of which she never dreamed. For that was the day when little Lucy was lost. When the picnic was over, when the children were climbing into the straw-wagon and Madame and Miss Acton were gently disposed in the victoria, a lamentable cry arose. Sam drew his reins tight and rolled his inquiring eyes around; Madame and Miss Acton leaned far out on either side of the victoria. "Oh, what is it?" said Madame. "My dear Miss Acton, do pray get out and see what the trouble is. I begin to feel a little faint." In fact, Madame got her cut-glass smelling-bottle out of her bag and began to sniff vigorously. Sam gazed backward and paid no attention to her. Madame always felt faint when anything unexpected occurred, and smelled at the pretty bottle, but she never faints. Miss Acton got out, lifting her nice skirts clear of the dusty wheel, and she scuttled back to the uproarious straw-wagon, showing her slender ankles and trimly shod feet. Miss Acton was a very dry, dainty woman, full of nervous energy. When she reached the straw-wagon, Miss Parmalee was climbing out, assisted by the driver. Miss Parmalee was very pale and visibly tremulous. The children were all shrieking in dissonance, so it was quite impossible to tell what the burden of their tale of woe was; but obviously something of a tragic nature had happened. "Well, what did Madame say about Lucy's proposals?" "She did not say anything," replied Martha. "Did she promise it would not occur again?" "She did not promise, but I don't think it will." The financial page was unusually thrilling that night, and Cyril Rose, who had come to think rather lightly of the affair, remarked absent-mindedly: "Well, I hope it does not occur again. I cannot have such ridiculous ideas put into the child's head. 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her," Jim had pleaded; and Sally, in the face and eyes of Madame, had gathered the little trembling creature into her arms. In her heart she had not much of an opinion of any woman who had allowed such a darling little girl out of her sight for a moment. Madame accepted a seat in another carriage and rode home, explaining and sniffing and inwardly resolving never again to have a straw-ride. Jim stood on the step of the victoria all the way home. They passed poor Miss Martha Rose, still faring toward the grove, and nobody noticed her for the second time. She did not turn back until the straw-wagon, which formed the tail of the little procession, reached her. That she halted with mad waves of her parasol, and when told that little Lucy was found, refused a seat on the straw-wagon because she did not wish to rumple her best gown and turned about and fared home again. The rectory was reached before Cyril Rose's house, and Cyril yielded gratefully to Sally Paterson's proposition that she take the little girl with her, give her dinner, see that she was washed and brushed and freed from possible contamination from the Thomases, who were not a cleanly lot, and later brought home in the rectory's carriage. However, little Lucy stayed all night at the rectory. She had a bath; her lovely, misty hair was brushed; she was fed and petted; and finally Sally Paterson telephoned for permission to keep her over night. By that time poor Martha had reached home, and was busily brushing her best dress. After dinner, little Lucy, very happy and quite restored, sat in Sally Paterson's lap on the veranda, while Jim hovered near. His innocent boy-love made him feel as if he had wings. But his wings only bore him to failure, before an earlier and mightier force of love than his young heart could yet compass for even such a darling as little Lucy. He sat on the veranda step and gazed eagerly and rapturously at little Lucy on his mother's lap, and the desire to have her away from other loves came over him. He saw the fireflies dancing in swarms on the lawn, and a favorite sport of the children of the village occurred to him. "Say, little Lucy," said Jim. Little Lucy looked up with big, dark eyes under her mist of hair, as she nestled against Sally Paterson's shoulder. "Say, let's chase fireflies, little Lucy." "Do you want to chase fireflies with Jim, darling?" asked Sally. Little Lucy nestled closer. "I would rather stay with you," said she, in her meek fute of a voice, and she gazed up at Sally with the look which she might have given the mother she had lost. Sally kissed her and laughed. Then she reached down a fawn hand and caressed her boy's head. "Never mind, Jim," said Sally. "Mothers have to come first."—By Mary E. Wilkins Freeman, in Harper's Monthly Magazine.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN. DAILY THOUGHT. "Gentleness and cheerfulness, these come before all morality; they're the perfect duties."—R. L. S. The style committee of the National Cloak, Suit and Skirt Manufacturers' Association recommended skirts from three to four inches shorter than at present for the 1920 season, in its report at the closing sessions of the annual convention. The committee decrees that skirts next season will be seven to nine inches from the floor. They are now four to six inches high. Skirts, the style-makers say, will be "frankly short," but without abbreviation. Tunic and plaited skirts will be worn. Fullness at the hips will be a feature of many of the smart spring suits. Sleeves will fit snug and close to the tailored suits. The three-quarter length sleeve will be favored on the Etons and short jaunty models. Sports suits for spring and summer wear are recommended. Novel belts of leather and metal, and a new type of collar—long, slender and rolling—will be a detail of the suits. The Lord Byron and Peter Pan designs will be popular. The newest wrap for women is not unlike the old Roman toga, a graceful enveloping garment that can be tucked up and pulled together. "Prices of coats, suits and skirts will stay up," said Michael Printz, of Cleveland, chairman of the style committee. Wedding Anniversary Hints.—The first anniversary is cotton. The table can be very funny if you will use little pickaninny dolls for the decoration. Get the small ones at the five and ten cent store, and dress them in straight little dresses of red and white striped or checked gingham. Use the same gingham for a table cover or make two runners of it, and cross them on the white cloth. In the center have a bale of cotton, instead of the usual bowl of flowers, with the little pickaninny swarming over it. Have as many dolls as there are guests at the table and run a narrow ribbon from each doll to the place cards. The menu could consist of real southern dishes: Maryland chicken, rice or candied sweet potatoes, hot bread, etc. When you have been married five years you can give a wooden wedding. It will be great fun decorating for this affair. A very appropriate centerpiece could be built of those wooden construction blocks that little boys love to find in their Christmas stockings. A windmill could be easily put together by following the directions. Use wooden candlesticks. The dollies could be cut from paper of the birch-bark pattern, and the little dishes that hold the fruit cocktail that should be on the plates when the guests sit down could be made of this same paper, lined with waxed paper. Fold it into little square boxes, after the kindergarten pattern. The place cards would create a great deal of fun, if you used plain white cards and glued to each one a wooden animal from a toy Noah's Ark. It wouldn't be easy to have a party on one's seventh anniversary. That is the woolen anniversary. You could choose your color scheme, for example, pink, and have a bowl of pink roses or carnations in the center of an old fashioned crocheted mat. Then you could make several small fluffy balls out of pink yarn and hang them from the chandelier from different length cords. The place cards could be little squares of perforated cardboard, the sort used in kindergarten, with the guests' initials worked on them in pink wool, or you could have a plain white card at each place wound with pink wool, and one of those little spoons on which children love to knit reins and mats, and after dinner you could have a contest and see who could knit up his or her yarn first. Of course, the yarn must all be cut the same length. The eighth year of marriage is the rubber year. This would, of course, make a funny table top. Dollies could be made of black oilcloth, and in the center could be a small rubber plant, its pot wrapped in the black oilcloth and tied with a bright red bow. Dolls' rubbers could be tied with red ribbons to the place cards. The tenth year is the tin year. This is very easy to arrange for. A very pretty centerpiece can be made to represent a bridal bouquet. Buy a large tin funnel and fill it with flowers. Put some paper lace about the edge, wind the stem with green ribbon and from varying lengths of the ribbon for a "shower" tie small tin dishes, a shiny new spoon, a small aluminum salt shaker, a cookie cutter, a nutmeg grater, etc. You will be surprised to see how pretty this can be made. Place it in the center of the table with four tin candlesticks around it with candles to match the flowers. Some one else might give the party and present the bouquets to the "bride" after refreshments have been served. For the fifteenth anniversary, the crystal, cover the table with a white cloth and place in the center a bowl of goldfish. Use glass wherever possible. A very pretty favor would be one of those slender glass bud vases at each place containing a pale pink rosebud. Or a tiny doll's mirror could be tied to the place card with rose ribbon. It would add greatly to the fun if you would tuck into each mirror a fortune written in mirror writing; that is, written by looking into a mirror instead of on the paper. This would cause a little mystery at first until they discovered that they could read it in their mirrors. You might make up little fortunes yourself, like the following: A bit of news will change your course; 'Twill come by the way of a chestnut horse. In sixteen days from tomorrow night Be prepared for a sudden flight. The twentieth anniversary is china, the twenty-fifth silver, the thirtieth pearl, the fortieth ruby, and the fiftieth golden. These are all more dignified than the earlier ones, and, of course, the decorations are more beautiful—flowers, soft linen, silver, gold, etc.

FARM NOTES. —There is nothing so vital to the soil as humus, unless it might be texture and drainage. Humus has a multitude of effects; the same as every other factor in the soil. Its office is not only to supply plant food, but it conditions the tilth of the soil and assists the supply of moisture and air, together with the adjustment of the temperature of the soil. Humus keeps the soil loose and friable, and thus enabling the roots to readily penetrate to considerable depth. There is no problem that confronts the average vegetable grower that is more acute than humus, largely due to the passing of the horse to make place for the automobile, thus cutting down the supply of manure in adequate quantities from the city stables. —For enriching the soil too much importance cannot be placed upon the natural manure of the animal, provided it is properly balanced by the other factors of plant growth. Manure is not only a source of humus, but also a source of plant food elements. The functions of these two groups of materials must not be confused. It is possible to secure the food function in commercial fertilizers, but for humus we can find no substitute, and when it is not possible to secure it from ordinary stock manure we must resort to the growth of green manure plants. —The starting point in keeping up humus in the soil is to conserve and utilize the residue of the crops normally grown, such as leaves, stems and roots that are not marketed. The larger the crops grown the easier to keep up the supply of humus. The growth of crops does not in a large measure draw heavily on the organic materials in the soil. The organic substance of the plant is primarily built up out of the elements of air and water, and notwithstanding that one-fourth to one-half of the total growth of the plant may be taken to market, the remaining residue still affords a gain in organic substances to the soil. In general, it is advisable to plow under the roots, leaves and stubble of plants, rather than to burn or remove them. —Crop rotation is closely allied to humus. The vegetable grower, as a rule, is inclined to continue growing the same crop year after year on the same land, generally because it is particularly well adapted to that crop. The fact is well established that the same crop will not make the maximum growth year after year on the same soil, although some crops will follow themselves with better results than others. This is not a matter of the exhaustion of plant food or a lack of water supply, but more a problem of weed control and primarily due to the fact that the waste of a plant is more or less poisonous to itself, in the same way that the manure of an animal is ungenial to that animal. A bulletin has recently been published by the Rhode Island Experiment Station giving the results of an experiment in which the same crops were grown in rows for a few seasons, after which the same crops were run crosswise of their former position. It was found that certain combinations were improved in growth, while other combinations were very seriously depressed. These data have a peculiar significance to the vegetable grower. The greater variety of crops he can grow on the land, the more certainly is he able to continue his operations. Here, too, is connected the problem of growing legumes, not necessarily clovers, but the legumes among the vegetables, such as the pea and the bean, because of the ability of these plants through their root nodules to gather nitrogen from the air. —Sooner or later the vegetable grower must seriously consider the green manure proposition. Recognizing the importance of maintaining the humus content of his soil at a certain fairly high level, if this cannot be accomplished by means of the crop, remains and such stock manures as may be available, the only recourse is to grow crops for manure purposes. Any plant may be a green manure and many factors must enter into the selection of green manures, with the preference shown in favor of the legumes. Green manure may be grown on the same land on which the regular crop is grown, but that is not strictly necessary. It is quite as permissible to grow a crop upon one area and spread it upon another area as it is to grow a crop on the land, feed it to an animal and apply the manure to some other area with this added advantage, that there is little or no loss of organic material where the transfer is made direct. It has been common practice to permit the green manure crop to shift for itself. But a pound of plant food (say nitrogen) is capable of producing 50 pounds of organic matter, and the pound of nitrogen is not thereby lost, so that it is even better practice to fertilize the green manure crop than the regular crop.—Philadelphia Record. —The hen's greatest egg-producing periods are the first, second, and third years, depending upon the breed. The heavier breeds, such as Plymouth Rocks, may be profitably kept for two years; the lighter breeds, such as Leghorns, three years. —Market white-shelled and brown-shelled eggs in separate packages. Eggs irregular in shape, those which are unusually long or thin-shelled, or which have shells otherwise defective, should be kept by the producer for home use, so that breakage in transit may be reduced as much as possible. —All cockerels not intended to be kept or sold for breeders should be marked when they reach suitable size. Such birds confined in a home-made fattening battery or coop and fed a fattening ration for a week or ten days will not only increase in weight but bring a better price on the market, because of improved quality. —Eggs from "stolen" nests should not be marketed; they are of unknown age and quality and should be used at home. —When taking eggs to market, protect them from the sun's rays in warm weather. Ship or deliver eggs twice or three times weekly.