

WEAVING.

My life is but a weaving
Between my God and me;
I may but choose the colors—
He worketh steadily.

WHAT DREAMS ARE WORTH.

Maive wasn't deeply interested in any of his stories. She had got from him on his first visit the news she wanted most.
"Here was a friend of yours on board the ship," he told her. "Cordova—a Mayor in the Something or other. Very friendly indeed, he was. I thought at first he loved me for myself alone, but later I found out he only wanted to get your address from me. I gave it to him. You don't mind?"

trapped and kept for domestic purposes, but never quite at home.
Jack Stapleton had bought a practice at Hazler's Cope, attracted there mainly by the fact that Maive loved the place and had been a girl there. There were lavender bushes in the little garden, and the nightingales sang louder there, they say, than anywhere else in England. Maive went down to inspect his new house and came away homesick, full of memories of those old days before Aunt Jill had died, and of the east wind that had gone whistling down the village street and away to the woods where the nightingales sang.

I wanted to marry her. But she wouldn't have me."
He took out his pocketbook. There was a picture there, and he looked at it, a queer, little smile on his withered face. Then he took something out of the flap and held it in the hollow of his hand. It was a white silk rose with a green silk leaf. Funny and old-fashioned now, like the tawdry ornament of a doll's bonnet, it seemed to Maive. But in its day it, too, had been a thing of beauty.

He had come back. But she knew that only part of him had come back. Part of him remained out there in the bleak places of the earth, where the tents huddled white in the plains and a bugle awoke you at dawn.
She thought, "Only when I get out there with him shall I have him entirely."

in the village that the doctor had been, of late, a trifle fine-drawn and testy as to temper.
He started when he saw her.
"Here is a late nightingale sings here, even at this time of year, he said unsteadily. "I came out to see if I could hear it."

FARM NOTES.
At this time of year the seed stalks of rhubarb are starting to develop. To throw the strength of the plant into leaf and root development, these should be broken out as fast as they appear. There is little value to rhubarb seed as a means of propagation of the plant, since from the seed of one plant you may get a dozen different types of rhubarb.
Dairy calves should be carefully and liberally fed. Well-fed calves develop into large and more efficient cows than do those which are stunted when young. If doubtful as to methods in feeding get a bulletin on the subject from the county agricultural agent.