

THE POET'S DREAM.

Silence hath mysteries which we dream not of;
What is it but the memory of sound?
Deep in its chambers, hidden far away
We know each song a separate place hath found.

WHICH SHALL IT BE?

She stood there among the corn,
The poppies and cornflowers,
Motionless as a statue, somewhat smart
As she always was, with an attempt at gentility
That made me smile, as I noticed
The long cotton gloves, the lace fichu,
The would-be fashionable pokebonnet
That looked so out of harmony
With her surroundings.

she was engaged to be married to Jim Taylor.
"You must go this afternoon and congratulate her, Flo," he continued, quite unaware that Kate and I were not on speaking terms.
But this state of things could not continue, so I took his advice and went down to Hawthorne Farm in the afternoon to offer my congratulations and tacitly cry Peace!

fellow, Kate?" I continued, somewhat maliciously.
"No more I can," she answered, flushing. "I hate them!" Oh, I hate them!
There was a passion, a fire about her as she ejaculated these words that puzzled me and made me at once go back with her.
We found Walter still lounging on the pretty chintz-covered sofa, but my presence seemed to make Kate brave, for she said to him:
"Now just go about your business, Walter and take your nasty pipe out of this room when Miss Florence is coming into it."

were rich and would let father live with us, but now—in a whisper—you know—yes, you know—
"Wha, Kitty? Say it aloud."
"Wha, you know that I love you."
That is word for word as Kate told the story to me. She is a comely matron now, with half a dozen children about her. I am still Miss Florence, not having yet found the man equal to looking after me.

"Take the year right through," said a feather dealer to a reporter yesterday afternoon, "and you'll find by observation that San Francisco ladies wear feathers on their hats to a greater extent than they are worn in any other city of the size in the world."
"How's that?" asked the reporter.
"It's the climate, I suppose—the cool, even temperature of this peninsula, which permits sealskins and winter-fashions hats to be worn during the greater part of the year."
"But the dealers in fancy feathers don't complain on this account?"
"Not they. It's a very good business here, except during two or three months of the year, when people are well supplied or have gone into the country with their flower and ribbon trimmed straw hats. A good deal of my trade is, with ladies who have old feathers to dye or curl or cut up into tips."

It is noticeable that a larger number of burning barns is mentioned by the periodical press in the summer than at any other time. Some of the fires are undoubtedly caused by lightning, the moist vapor from the uncured hay making a favorable conductor for the electric fluid.
But there are barn fires which cannot be attributed to lightning, to lighting of matches, to light from lanterns, nor to the invasions of careless tramps. It may be that the spontaneous combustion of hay is as possible as the spontaneous firing of cotton waste.
All fibrous material, when moist, and compressed, and defended from the cooling influences of the outward air, is subjected to a heating similar to that of fermentation and in some instances the degree of heat is sufficient to cause actual, visible combustion.
In the case of recently "cured" hay this danger is as great as, in similar circumstances, other materials may be. Frequently the grass is cut in the early morning, while wet with dew; is turned twice during the day, and gathered and packed in the "mow" or the "bay" before nightfall, with perhaps a sparse sprinkling of salt.
Such a compressed mass of fibrous, moist matter will heat. How far the heat will go toward generating a combustion may be inferred from a foolish trick which the writer witnessed several years ago.
A large meadow of hay had been cut, cured and cooked, previous to removal. A shower threatening, the cocks were covered with caps of canvas and left for the night. While getting the hay in, the next day, one of the workmen dropped an unlighted match from his pocket into a cock of hay, and in a few minutes it was ablaze.
It afterward was ascertained that he had spoken of the warmth of the hay as he lifted it on his fork, when a companion remarked that it might be hot enough to light a match, on which he put a match into a rick, and before they had passed on five minutes the rick was on fire.

Everybody conversant with farm-life, where hay is a permanent and an important crop, know that for weeks after getting in the hay the barn is warm when the doors are opened in the morning. There is an amount of heat that is absolutely unpleasant when the thermometer outside registers 60 deg., but which is quite welcome with the outside temperature at 40 deg.
This barn heat is undoubtedly from the moist hay, compacted and enclosed. The cure for the possible danger of spontaneous barn burning would seem to be the thorough curing—drying—of the hay before it is housed. We dry all our herbs and some of our vegetables without injuring their peculiar and individual qualities. There is no reason why hay or other fodder material stored in large masses should not be rendered equally innocuous to the influences of heat by thorough drying.