

THE STACK BEHIND THE BARN.

September is here with the ripened seeds,
And the homely smell of the autumn weeds;
My heart goes back to a vanished day,
And I am again a boy at play
In the stack behind the barn.

Dear memory of the old home-farm;
The hedge-rows fencing the crops from harm,
The cows, too heavy with milk for haste,
The barnyard, yellow with harvest waste,
And the stack behind the barn.

Dear, dear, dear, the old garden smelt,
Sweet William and plox that I loved so well,
And the seeding mint, and the sage turned gray,
But dearer the smell of the tumbled hay
In the stack behind the barn.

In the side of the stack we made our nest,
And there was the playhouse we loved the best,
A thicket of golden-rod bending and bright,
Filled us with glory and hid us from sight
In the stack behind the barn.

Then, when the stack, with the year, ran low,
And our frosty, morning cheeks were aglow,
When time had forgotten the dropping leaves,
What joy to jump from the barn's wide eaves
To the stack behind the barn.

O, childhood years! Your heedless feet
Have slipped away with how much that's sweet!
But dreams and memory master you,
Till the make-believe of life is through
I still may play as the children do
In the stack behind the barn.

—Charles G. D. Roberts in Truth.

BROWNING'S BOOKKEEPER.

"Arthur," said Mr. Luther Browning, of the firm of Browning, Burgess & Co., to his only son, who had just entered the office. "Johnstone's ill—very ill, with the typhoid fever. You will have to take charge of the books for a day or two, until I can get some one else."

The young gentleman addressed slugged his shoulders, without replying, and then seated himself in an arm-chair by the table, and took up the morning paper.

But the old gentleman—Mr. Browning—was a widower of fifty-five, and that's considered old, now-a-days, you know—didn't seem satisfied with this mute reception of affairs, over which he had been fretting for nearly two hours before his son's arrival, and after flitting about in his chair for a few moments, he broke out with:

"I declare it's trying—the luck I have with my bookkeepers. There was Tom Tilton, who swore by his honor that he'd stay by me for years if I'd give him the situation, and then went flitting off to California at the end of six months. Then came that rascal, Ware, who deserted me just at the end of the year, and left the books in a hubbub. Since I've had Lane, and Fulton, and Dick Andrews—luckless scamps, every one of them. And now Johnstone's sick, and—"

"Oh, well, father, don't fret," said Arthur, looking up, nervously from his paper. "Of course, it's not Johnstone's fault that he's ill. Here, I will write an advertisement which will come out in the morning, and you'll have applicants enough for the situation before the week is out. And until you get some one, I'll take charge of the books. Only don't scold and worry."

So the young man wrote out an advertisement, and sent it to the publishing office. In the course of the next day there were several applications for the situation, but Mr. Browning, being somewhat particular, and knowing the books were in good hands, was not suited. But on the third morning, a lady called at the store and asked to see the proprietor. She was directed to the office, which was in the rear of the salesroom, and where sat Mr. Browning. That gentleman rose at her entrance.

The lady introduced herself as an applicant for the situation of bookkeeper. As she spoke, she threw aside her veil. Mr. Browning glanced earnestly at the young and pretty face thus revealed, and Arthur, after a glance in the same direction, left his desk and walked to a window near by.

She had never been regularly employed in the business, she said, but she had assisted her uncle, who was a merchant, and kept his own books, and she thought herself capable of assuming the situation and giving satisfaction. She could also give satisfactory references, she believed. Mr. Browning seemed pleased by the lady's manner, and at the end of the interview requested her to call again at the last of the week, before which time he would call on the persons she had referred him to.

"There," said he, rubbing his hands, a way he had of expressing pleasure. "There, Arthur, I've a presentiment that there is the right one, at last. Quite an odd idea for us, isn't it? Having a lady bookkeeper."

"Yes," Arthur said, going to his desk again and falling to writing vigorously. During the next day Mr. Browning satisfied himself that the young lady's character was unexceptionable, and when she called at the appointed time the situation was given to her.

The next Monday morning she commenced work. At first she required some little assistance, which Arthur gave her, very courteously, and after that she went on alone. Mr. Browning

"kept an eye on her" for a day or two, as he expressed it, and then rubbed his hands again and nodded approvingly. Really, that gentleman's satisfaction seemed intense. He had a habit of sitting before the table with a paper across his knees, and his eyes fixed, thoughtfully, on the new bookkeeper. He never missed an opportunity of speaking with her, and always smiled graciously when he addressed her. Perhaps it was because the lady herself always smiled when she spoke; and, by the way, her smile was very pleasant, and revealed a row of teeth as white as milk. She was very industrious, too much so, Mr. Browning thought, and ventured to ask her, one day, if she were not wearying herself.

"No," she said, "she was used to steady labor."

But one morning Mr. Browning entered the office to miss the thoughtful face with its smooth hair, at the desk in the corner. Miss Harding had not come in, and it was not long before a little boy called, to say that she was ill.

"Oh, dear," said Mr. Browning, fidgeting about, when he was told of it, "I am really sorry; I wish you'd step round to her boarding place, and see how she is, Arthur—if it's anything serious."

Arthur was engaged in reading, and though he nodded and said: "Yes, father," pleasantly enough, he didn't seem to be in a hurry to start, and after watching him a few minutes, Mr. Browning put on his hat and went on the errand himself. He hadn't walked more than half a dozen blocks, however, before the young gentleman sprang up, and giving a lusty peep at the mirror, grasped his cap and started into the street.

Mr. Browning rang the bell at Miss Harding's boarding-house, and she was shown into the parlor, where he awaited the lady's appearance. She entered in a little white, looking sweetly, in a morning wrapper of white muslin, with a tiny bow of scarlet ribbon at the throat and waist. Her employer was not a man much given to complimenting ladies, but he certainly made Miss Harding a very pretty speech on her taste in dress. She received it with a slight smile and quiet bow, as if it were a matter of course—something she was quite accustomed to. Her indisposition was nothing more than a headache, she said, in answer to his inquiries, but it had been very severe all night, and she felt hardly able to attend to business that day.

"Quite right, quite right," Mr. Browning said. "He never wished her to exert herself when she was not quite well. He had noticed her looking pale for a day or two; she must not over-work herself."

His face was quite flushed with earnestness, and Miss Harding gave him an odd look from under her long lashes as he spoke. Suddenly the door was thrown open, and Mr. Arthur Browning was announced. On entering, that young gentleman started, and opened his eyes very wide at the sight of his father, while Mr. Browning, senior, expressed as much surprise and more confusion. Miss Mary Harding blushed, as she gave Arthur her pretty hand. But after a few explanations, the three got along very well together, though Arthur was rather more quiet and thoughtful than usual. The gentlemen did not stay long, however, and as they were on their way to the store again, Mr. Browning observed, suddenly:

"A very nice girl, Arthur."

"Yes," Arthur assented heartily, and then blushed up to his handsome eyes, but his father was too busy with his own thoughts to notice it.

"I admire her very much," said Mr. Browning. "Ahem—in fact, Arthur, I have thought of making her my wife, if she would accept me."

"What! You marry Mary Harding?" exclaimed Arthur, excitedly, and then he cursed his lips as if in derision.

"Really," Arthur, I had no thought that you would take it so," said the elder gentleman, apparently somewhat hurt. "Why do you really object to my marrying this young lady?"

"Yes, father, I seriously and emphatically object, and if you value my love and respect, you will give up the idea," and unhooking his arm from his father's, the young gentleman separated from him at the door of the store.

"O dear!" said Mr. Browning, alone in his office: "how proud Arthur is! He considers such a marriage beneath me, I suppose, but the girl is intelligent and well educated, and I think there would not be much sacrificed. She came of good family, too. Perhaps Arthur will change his mind. I'll do all I can to overcome his prejudices. I think the trouble is, that he doesn't appreciate her. They must get better acquainted."

And forthwith it seemed to be the first and most important thought of Mr. Browning's mind, to get Arthur in Miss Harding's company. He invented every possible way to draw her out before him, but he often found it no easy matter, for the young lady seemed as shy of Arthur as Arthur did of her.

Matters were in this state—and Mr. Browning fretted over them very much—when Miss Harding informed him one evening that she should like to work until ten o'clock at night. He consented, supposing that she had sufficient reason for the request, but it was not until the hour arrived for him to go home—for he never spent his evenings at the store—that he happened to recollect that it would be unsafe for her to go home alone.

"I hate to trouble you, Arthur," he said, privately to his son, "but it would not be right to allow her to be out so late alone, and the evenings are getting so cold now, that I don't like to be out with my rheumatism, though I would go rather than she should be alone."

"O well, father, I'll go, of course. Don't fret; I'll see her home," said Arthur, amiably.

"Arthur's a good boy," said Mr. Browning to himself, as he walked the length of the long salesroom. "I've no doubt that it's quite a sacrifice for me to make, but he made it without any wry face. Yes, a very good boy."

Mr. Browning—dear, honest, blinded man—listen to me. After you had gone your son jumped up from his chair where you left him reading, tossed his book hither-skelter behind a table, ran across the room to where pretty Mary Harding was sitting, and taking her up, arm-chair and all, carried her to a place before the fire, and put a screen between her and the gaslight. Then he dragged a stool up before her desk and fell to writing. In less than an hour the work was done, for he was fresh and earnest, and she had been suffering all day with a headache. Then he brought her overshoes—how did he know where she kept them? I'm sure you couldn't have told—put them on for her, wrapped her in her shawl, tied her pretty rigolette beneath her dimpled chin, and finally tucked her little hand beneath his arm, and marched down the street in the direction of her home. What! you won't listen?—actually walking away while I am talking! O, you obstinate old bat! Well, would you have been convinced if you had been awake and heard Arthur come softly into the house at half-past three?

One day, in the latter part of November, Mr. Browning's bookkeeper didn't make her appearance as usual. Nobody seemed to know the reason. At last Arthur came in.

"Arthur," said the old gentleman, where can Mary be?"

He had lately taken to calling her by her Christian name.

"I believe she is at the Tremont House."

"At the Tremont House?"

"Yes," replied the young gentleman, taking up a newspaper. "She became my wife last evening, and you won't see her here any more. Johnstone is well now and will be in in the morning."

"O, you scamp, you rascal! I thought you were at your club rooms all night."

There, Mr. Browning! now will you believe what I told you?

CAN LEAP THIRTY FEET.

The Kangaroo is a Remarkable Animal in Many Particulars.

Leather made from the skin of the kangaroo is one of the new products in the leather line. It is soft, strong, and the light grades are particularly well adapted for light summer shoes and for the shoe tops, while the heavier grades will bear more usage than any other leather finished on the grain side. The light skins are made into the finest of brilliant glazed kid and in dull finish for ladies' fine shoes, and the heavy ones are finished for men's fine work. Much of it is crimped and sold for tongue boots. Shoe leathers of good qualities are also made of it.

The skin of the kangaroo has a wonderfully muscular fibre, which contributes largely to the strength of the animal, enabling the female to carry their young in their pouch until old enough to take care of themselves, and aiding the kangaroo in his long leaps when in motion.

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

ITEMS OF TIMELY INTEREST TO THE FARMERS.

Mexican Method of Using Corn Fodder.
Farmers, Don't Move to Town—Food for Lambs.

FERTILIZERS
Fertilizer for gardens: Ammonium sulphate, ten parts; sodium nitrate, fifteen parts; ammonium phosphate, thirty parts; potassium nitrate, forty-five parts. For lawns: Potassium nitrate, thirty parts; sodium nitrate, thirty parts; calcium sulphate, thirty parts; calcium superphosphate, thirty parts. For fruit trees: Potassium chloride, one hundred parts; potassium nitrate, five hundred parts; ammonium phosphate, five hundred and seventy parts. Of this mixture, two and a half pounds to be used for one tree.—New York Ledger.

SELF-BLEACHING CELERY.
Self-bleaching celery will not endure banking up with earth. It tends to rust in the ground. It must be protected from the sun by boards. Large gross receipts per acre are obtained from celery culture, but it is a very expensive crop to raise. It is a prodigious feeder and requires great quantities of fertilizer. Celery raised on ordinary rich land is tough and stringy and sells very low, if at all. A correspondent of the Florida Agriculturist says that successful grower applies a ton of cotton seed meal to an acre when setting his plants, followed by a ton of high grade complete fertilizer, and later by about 400 pounds of nitrates between the rows. The new method of bleaching by planting so close that the plants touch and crowd each other requires still higher feeding. But truck farming is a business by itself. The ordinary farmer can successfully practice it only after learning it.—San Francisco Chronicle.

THE GOOSE.
No fowl can be reared with so much profit and so little care as the goose. After they have attained the age of four months but little attention is required other than supplying plenty of fresh water, a good grass range and a scrupulously dry roosting place, which also must be free from lice and other vermin fatal to the young.

If it is impossible to provide free range, the next best substitute is wire netting, which need be but about eighteen inches high to confine them until mature, says a writer in the Fancier's Review. Give them fresh water twice each day, also green food such as turnip tops, celery and cabbage, or allow them free range morning and evening.

There is no doubt that there is profit in goose culture. When Thanksgiving time arrives you can generally dispose of the young goslings at ten cents per pound, and their average weight will be about ten pounds. Suppose for instance you have twelve "gooselets" at \$1 each, the receipts from the sale would be \$12 and the cost of feed has been but a trifle. It is safe to say that your profit would have been \$10 on the transaction. Of course they cannot always be disposed of at \$1 each, but on the other hand the price is often more than a dollar, hence we take it as a basis on which to figure. We doubt if fancy fowls would pay better, considering of course that we always have a ready market for our geese. By crossing a China gander on Toulouse geese, large goslings are obtained, quick to grow, nicely marked, with medium length necks, yellow bills and remarkably easy to domesticate.

My experience has clearly demonstrated that the rearing of geese should be done entirely separate from the rearing of fowls, as the old and young of both are naturally inclined to be pugnacious, especially so after the young are about half grown.

We favor hatching by hens, giving four eggs to each, and after one month the attention of biddy is no longer necessary. Late in the season if females are plenty we allow the goose to hatch her young, and we give each a hatch of ten eggs. This number is sufficient for safety. If too large a number is placed under the goose, some are liable to be broken.

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FOOD FOR LAMBS.
When the lambs will not eat grain food of any kind give it to them through the ewes. That is, give the ewes a pound of mixed bran and linseed oil meal in equal parts. It will help both, and through the two the cost will be got back with interest and profit. You should get the lambs up to eighty pounds if possible, and it may be done in this way. The writer has taught lambs to eat grain thus: Some oats and corn was ground finely together, and a lamb was caught and held until it was quiet, and then a little of this meal was given in the hand. At first the food had to be put into its mouth and sweetened a little with molasses. After two or three trials in this way the lamb followed its feeder to get its ration, and the others crowded around to see what was doing. Lambs are curious little things, and in this way others got a taste, and very soon it was necessary to get a lot of troughs ready for them. The trouble was over then, and the lambs came on finely. It is easy to get them to eat three or four ounces each, which is enough to begin them. Try some rape seed, the fall kind, or some white globe turnip seed, which will come on quickly.—American Sheep Breeder.

FARMERS, DON'T MOVE TO TOWN.
For a number of years there has been a strong movement of population from the country to the town. Many evils come to agricultural districts because of this practice, while it is doubtful if the town is permanently benefitted or if enough happiness is found in town life to repay those who have long lived in the country for making the change. Men move to town and consume the savings of a lifetime. They sell their farms to former hired men who have proved themselves honest and industrious and who then become farm owners, but incur a debt which requires a lifetime for its liquidation. This is why so many farms are mortgaged and the calamity cry is so difficult to appease. These new proprietors exhaust their farms trying to pay interest, and if after a life of toil and self-denial, they succeed in lifting their mortgages, they in turn move to town, and the story is repeated.

Permanent homes in the country are not contemplated. Instead, a cheap house does duty as a shelter, and it is often so close to the road that the passer-by may gaze in, and in addition fill it with dust. Farmers build near the highway so that they may save every rod of ground. There is no room for a forest tree or a lawn that will indicate leisure or taste. Rents are high because landlords must have money to live in towns. Country churches languish and finally have to be abandoned because there is none to support them. Without any purpose but to escape the country, the farmer moves to town. How much better it would have been for him to remain where the experience of a lifetime would be of greater value than the labor that has gone before, and where he may be a blessing to a community in numberless ways.

MEXICAN METHOD OF UTILIZING CORN FODDER.
Much has been written about handling corn fodder, but we have a method in use here in Arizona, writes S. M. Hall, which is much superior to anything suggested. The corn is cut and shocked in the usual way. When it is cured and ready to husk, we prepare a large number of strigs about a yard

long, made of baling rope or large rope unraveled. A loop one inch long is tied in the end of each string. It is best to handle the fodder after a rain, while it is yet somewhat moist, as the blades waste when very dry. Very wet fodder, however, must not be baled or stacked, as it will spoil. Husk the corn and lay the fodder in bundles about as large as a man can hold in his arms, placing the cut ends all one way. Encircle the bundle with the string, slip the free end through the loop, pull the bundle up tight and firm and the security. These bundles are easily handled for stacking and feeding and there is very little waste. It is most usual to stack the bundles in a circular stack, decreasing to a cone, leaving the cut ends of the stalks out. Large, square stacks keep equally well if topped out carefully, and are harder to feed from. The bundles are easily removed for feeding and may be hauled or carried with little waste. Corn fodder in bundles sells as readily as when baled, and is more cheaply put up. Cane and various forage plants are handled in the same way.—New England Homestead.

AFRICAN ETIQUETTE.
The Wisest Plan to Follow in Visiting the Big Native Chiefs.
In African travel it is always wise to visit the biggest chief in any part of the country. One can always learn from other points at a distance whothey are and something of their character. In approaching them, always send word of your coming, and get, if possible, information in advance of the feeling of the chief toward whites. Upon hearing the village, send an ahead to announce your arrival, and wait until your messenger returns with some of the villagers to escort you to their chief. Greet the chief civilly, and ask him to send one of his people to show you a good place for your tent. If you decide to camp in the village, which I have done invariably in this country, though it is not always advisable in every part of Central Africa. When you have rested, the chief will come to see you. Then state to him your business, talk frankly with him and explain plainly your needs, whether you want guides or to buy food.

I seldom stayed in a place more than one day, and generally the first night I called the chief privately into my tent, had a long talk with him, and gave him a present, consisting generally of a good cloth, four yards of American, four of white blue, four of narrow calico, and about an egg-cup full of beads, and sometimes an empty bottle or two. Invariably I received next day the cooperation of the chief in every way, and also a big goat or sheep or bullock, and fifty or sixty pounds of flour. Sometimes I gave a small additional present before leaving. If the chief took a fancy to any particular thing, and I could spare it, I did so. Sometimes one wanted a sheath knife, and another a hat. Old Kanabudi was determined to have a shirt. He wanted a candle, matches, and needles, which I gave him; and as I had previously given him cloth, I suggested, as a feeble sort of joke, that as he now had cloth and sewing materials and light, he might sit up at night and make a shirt. Immediately the old fellow replied: "It is the candle that is interfering with my success. Here take back the candle, and give me the shirt." I finally yielded, and gave him a much-patched garment, which satisfied him.

A Big Circulation.
A statistician has learned that the annual aggregate circulation of the papers of the world is calculated to be 12,000,000,000 copies. To grasp any idea of this magnitude we may state that it would cover no fewer than 19,450 square miles of surface; that it is printed on 781,250 tons of paper; and, further, that if the number 12,000,000,000 represented, instead of copies, seconds, it would take over 333 years for them to elapse. In lieu of this arrangement we might press and pile them vertically upward to gradually reach our highest mountains. Topping all these and even the highest Alps, the pile would reach the magnificent altitude of 490, or in round numbers, 500 miles. Calculating that the average man spends five minutes reading his paper in the day (this is a very low estimate), we find that the people of the world altogether annually occupy time equivalent to 100,000 years reading the papers.

Mourning Wear for Gentlemen.
Some one has asked about mourning wear for a gentleman. This is seldom assumed except for a wife or a mother, and then it is worn for one year. During the year the business suit is of rough black cloth, and the frock coat, assumed for afternoon, is of the same material. The latter puts a black band, which is of fine cloth and not crepe, on the hat. The gloves are black glazed kid, and the handkerchief is all white. The scarf should be of dead black silk and no pin should be worn. The cuff links are of white enamel or black onyx. The watch chain is a black silk guard.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Rhomberg's Coat of Arms.
The first man who made a name as a woman's dressmaker was Rhomberg, the son of a Bavarian peasant from the neighborhood of Munich. One day in 1730 a beautiful carriage appeared on the boulevard in Paris with an escort in the shape of a pair of coarces and an open pair of scissors painted on the panel of each door. This was Rhomberg's coat of arms. He owed his rapid success to his genius for concealing and remedying defects of figure. He left an annual income of \$10,000 a year to his heirs.

Seventy Men to Make a Knife.
"In the manufacture of knives," says one of our scientific exchanges, "the division of labor has been carried to such an extent that one knife is handled by 70 different artisans from the moment the blade is forged until the instrument is finished and ready for the market."

Less than seven hundred years ago, or twenty generations back, each person now living had ancestors numbering over a million. Nine generations back his ancestors numbered over a thousand.