

THREE DAYS.

So little done; so little done!
Yesterday I saw the sun
Shine down the vaulted gray—
The ghostly ghost of yesterday.
So little done; so much to do!
Each morning breaks on conflicts new;
But eager, brave, I'll join the fray,
And fight the battle of Today.
So much to do; so little done!
But when it's o'er—the victory won—
Oh! then, my soul, this strife and sorrow
Will end in that great glad Tomorrow.
—[James R. Gilmore.

ADMIRABLE ARRANGEMENT.

"I don't want him at all," said Mrs. St. Julian.

"Then why not tell him so?" returned her husband from behind the outspread Times. "Surely you needn't stand upon ceremony with Ted."

"But I must get some one to talk to him, Tom. I can't have him on my own hands all day. Let me see. Maud Affleck's at home—I think I'll ask her over. She knows nearly as much about the Mongols as he does. I will write to her at once. She must come on Monday afternoon. Ted proposes to arrive by the 7.15."

The house party assembled for the Cambridge cricket week—consisting of the famous Cambridge Double Blue—Norman Harding and his eleven; the maidens invited to admire the prowess of these heroes: Miss Affleck, and the St. Julians themselves—was gathered together in the long library when Prof. Alleyne entered it at 8 o'clock on Monday evening. His entry, very quietly made, was followed by a general sensation of disappointment. The youthful company hungrily awaiting his appearance to adjourn to his dinner, had expected to find in him a more typical specimen of the professional genus; it had looked for a long-haired scholar of fifty, who should have stooped and worn spectacles and an ill-fitting coat. Now Alleyne (who appeared to be about five and thirty and was by no means ill-looking) had a singularly upright figure; his clothes were perfectly well cut; he used no glasses and actually boasted a mustache. Maud Affleck, who had been promising herself deep draughts at the fountains of his erudition, reflected sadly that his profound knowledge of all things Mongolian had probably been much exaggerated by report.

Miss Affleck, wise in her generation, let the Mongols severely alone—and not for that evening only. She refrained from mentioning them for two whole days, during which she made herself so unobtrusively agreeable that the Professor began to forget she had ever studied at Girton, and to wonder how his cousin Laura could have described her hair as "odd." But on the third morning she commenced the subject, in a fashion that showed she meant business. No sooner had the great Harding and his team (attended by Mrs. St. Julian and her bevy of girls) started for the cricket ground after breakfast than she descended upon the Professor, who was peacefully smoking under the great cedar tree on the lawn, with her arms full of papers, and her fine eyes alight with eagerness.

"Mr. Alleyne—you are so kind—I'm sure you won't refuse to help me?" This appeal was uttered with a tremulous confidence, which some men would have found extremely engaging. Not so the Professor. He knew too well all that such an appeal portended. Reluctantly he made room for the newcomer on the bench beside him and looked ruefully at his pipe.

"I wanted to ask you—oh, please go on smoking! I like it. Your cousin tells me you are writing a great book on the people of Northern Asia."

The Professor could have groaned aloud. Perfidious Laura! What! even this last secret delivered into the hands of the enemy. Perhaps, he thought, this very pushing young woman would presently demand to see his unfinished manuscripts.

"Because," the pushing young woman continued, "I am writing something on that subject, too. Oh, not a great book, of course. Quite a small one. And I thought, perhaps you would kindly help me with the spelling of the proper names. You see, I know nothing of the dialects."

There was nothing for it but to accede to this exceedingly good proposal. Alleyne took the sheets and began to run his eyes over them, indicating an error here and there. Suddenly, at the bottom of a page, he stopped short.

"That is a novel idea."
"Which? Where?"
"Here, on page ninety-one. You suggest that the Ostyaks—"

The approach of a servant with a note for Miss Affleck caused the Professor's sentence to remain unfinished. Maud, when she had glanced over the scrap of paper addressed her, heaved an impatient sigh.

"Laura wants me to join her; I suppose I must go. There is nothing I hate quite so much as a cricket match. May I leave these with you? or shall I—"

"Pray leave them—by all means." The Professor's tone had grown quite cordial. It seemed this girl did know something of the Mongolian problem after all, and had opinions of her own on certain varied points connected with it. He turned the page with some curiosity.

"Very good. Very good, indeed. Remarkably well worked out." The Professor read on, ignoring the misspelt proper names, and was covered with confusion when the owner of the manuscript returned to claim it.

"I'm afraid," he stammered, "that there are still some corrections to make. The truth is, I grew interested in the subject matter. Perhaps you will leave the sheets with me a little longer?"

Maud accepted this kind offer with alacrity, and went to get ready for luncheon. The Professor remained behind and took out his note book. That hint about the Ostyaks wandering had set him thinking, and he felt that his thoughts were worth setting down.

Suddenly the pencil fell from his hand. Good heavens! What was he about? This train of ideas was absolutely new. But for Miss Affleck's manuscript it would never have risen in his mind. The Professor was a man of honor; a cold sweat of dismay broke out upon his forehead as he realized the nature of the crime he had been near committing. He, to pick a girl's brains. He shuddered at himself.

He shuddered. Yet he was sorely tempted to look again at the half-read chapter. For, if the theory put forward in it would hold water, well, the best half of his second volume was just so much waste paper. He pushed the temptation from him to the opposite end of the bench. Then he fell to writing busily on certain slips of paper.

These slips—together with her manuscript in a neat parcel—he took occasion to present to Miss Affleck the same afternoon at tea time.

"What is the meaning of these hieroglyphics?" she inquired. (The Professor wrote an execrable hand.) He explained, reddening slightly, that they were "rules for transiteration, which he thought she might find helpful."

"They will enable me to correct my spelling myself, I see. I suppose you did not read any further, Mr. Alleyne?"

"I left off," returned the professor, getting redder than before. "In the middle of the chapter on the Ostyaks. Will you take toast or tea cake?"

Maud was bitterly chagrined. She made no secret of her mortification to Mrs. St. Julian, and that impulsive young woman, moved with indignation, seized the first opportunity of finding herself alone with her cousin to remark:

"Ted, how could you be so horrid to that poor girl about her book?"

"I suppose you are speaking of Miss Affleck. I gave her all the assistance she asked."

"Yes, and refused to discuss the subject any further. Let her performance be ever so contemptible."

"I did not say it was contemptible." "You might have condescended to speak of it, one would think! What has Maud done that you should snub her so unmercifully? If she were a rival authority on—what do you call them?—Mongols, you could hardly have treated her worse."

The Professor was silent.

"Ted! Do you consider her a rival authority?"

"An 'authority'! My dear Laura! It's impossible for any young woman of Miss Affleck's age to have more than the most superficial acquaintance with such a large subject. But a novice occasionally stumbles—by chance—on a solution of some difficulty that has long been a puzzle to experts."

"And that is what Maud has done! I understand! Forgive me for laughing; but really this is too funny!"

"I do not see—to use your friend Mr. Harding's favorite expression—where the fun comes in exactly, Laura. The labor of two years rendered vain by a girl's random guess, which it probably took her a couple of mornings to elaborate!" muttered the poor Professor, casting dignity to the winds in his irritation.

Mrs. St. Julian heroically stifled her amusement.

"There is only one thing for it that I can think of. You two must marry, and—fuse your warring books into one."

"Laura!"

"Why not? She is pretty and well bred. Eventually she will come into a good deal of money."

"If this is intended for a joke, Laura," the Professor interposed severely, "excuse me for saying that it is an extremely bad one."

"I never was more serious in my life," his cousin protested. "It would be an admirable arrangement. Do think about it."

But this the Professor indignantly declined to do.

It was well for his pride that he showed himself thus obdurate from the beginning, for Miss Affleck's demeanor for the next few days made it plain that his thinking—supposing he had weakly consented to take Laura's unscrupulous plan into consideration—would have been to no purpose.

The ex-student of Girton, having had quite enough of learned society for the present, proceeded to unbend her mind in the company of Mr. Norman Harding, who had by this time awakened to the charms of her hair.

The Professor often glanced at her across the table—Mrs. St. Julian no longer sent them into dinner together—wondering how any woman with a mind could endure the irresponsible prattle of that brainless giant. Miss Affleck endured it with cheerful stoicism. She exposed herself voluntarily to the infliction, accompanying the big man on rambles in search of wild flowers and suffering him to give her billiard lessons on rainy mornings.

By the end of the week Alleyne had serious thoughts of going back to Oxford. He made up his mind to this step on Monday morning (Mr. Harding having shown himself peculiarly insane, and Miss Affleck more than ordinarily tolerant of his insanity on the preceding Sunday), as he smoked his after-breakfast pipe in the shrubbery. And he had no sooner done so than a sudden winding of the shrubbery path brought him plump upon Miss Affleck, seated upon a rustic

bench. She had a writing board upon her knees and a pencil in her hand.

"The book?" inquired the Professor, with a sickly smile.

She nodded. "My poor little book! which you wouldn't even deign to criticize."

Her garden hat was very becoming and her blue cambric dress gave the utmost "value" to her auburn locks.

"I didn't—feel confident," stammered the Professor.

"Was that why you wouldn't read it?"

"No."

Miss Affleck's expressive face was one large note of interrogation.

THE FARM AND GARDEN.

Items of Interest on Agricultural Topics.

Millet as a Catch Crop—Poultry in French Orchards—Bottom Heat for Planting, Etc., Etc.

MILLET AS A CATCH CROP.

Millet is a valuable catch crop; can be sown late and yet give a large yield of good hay if cut in season—about the time the seeds form and before they are sufficiently matured to grow—and the hay properly cured and secured. Ripe millet makes poor hay, the nutritive elements having entered the seed, which, by the way, should never be fed to horses because of its effect upon the kidneys. —The Epitomist.

POULTRY IN PEACH ORCHARDS.

Except when its fruit is ripening, the peach orchard will not be injured, but only benefited by being made the free range for fowls. If the soil around the tree is kept loose, and an occasional handful of grain thrown in, and covered, the fowls will spend much of their time scratching around the trees, and will effectually prevent the borer from depositing its egg. The hens like a change of diet, and with some grain will eat all kinds of insects they discover in the soil or around the trees.

BOTTOM HEAT FOR PLANTING.

The difficulty with early spring planting is always because the soil is too cold. This causes the seed to germinate too slowly. But so soon as the seed begins to sprout warmth is generated by the act. Carbonic acid gas is developed, and this aids in making the soil warmer. Hence the advantage of putting some manure under the seed when it is planted early, so as to hasten germination. There is the further advantage of doing this early in spring, because the abundant rains that fall then make the manure soluble, and greatly increase its effectiveness.

STOCK IN RAINY WEATHER.

Stock at pasture in summer often suffer more from cold in wet weather than they do from the cold of winter. The constant evaporation of moisture which is hastened by the warmth generated by the body chills the skin, and gives the animal what is known as cold, but is really intercal fever. Milk cows and those heavy with young suffer most, as they cannot so well run around and thus keep their blood circulating. Every farmer has noticed that after rain has fallen all day the milk yield shrinks if the cow has been exposed to the wet. For this reason a shed in the pasture field may be a good investment. Better still is it to get the cows up to the barnyard under shelter and cut some grass for them, giving a bran mash to increase the nutrition. Wet grass in field or out does not have the proportion of nutriment to its bulk that the same grass has in dry weather with only its own natural juices in it.

ODOR IN MILK.

To determine whether an odor in milk is due to bacteria or otherwise, writes F. W. Mossman, set a pail of milk at a temperature of say seventy degrees in a room known to be free from odor. After three or four hours go to the milk, stir it briskly, and notice whether the odor has increased or not. If the former, then the trouble is of bacterial origin. If the latter, it is an odor from some outside source and can probably be traced to the stable or milk room. At all events clean everything thoroughly. If the cause is bacteriological, that is, there is an undesirable ferment present in the milk and the cleaning does not remove it, go to some one who has milk that is known to be all right. Get a quantity after it has become sour, bring it home and put a little into all the pails, vats, strainers, churn, etc. In fact, wash them in this sour milk, leaving some in to act as a starter to correct the bad fermentation when more milk is introduced. The most troublesome ferments may be got rid of by such a course. Bad ferments broken uncleanly work. By far the best of all remedies is prevention, and prevention is obtained by cleanliness.

COW PEAS FOR SEED.

Before harvesting let the pods of the peas get fairly dry, but do not allow them to stand until shattering will result. Of course all will not ripen evenly. Some pods will be dry before others are fully formed. Judgment must be used as to the exact time of cutting. Peas do not shatter very readily, so it is best to let them get pretty thoroughly ripened. Cut with a mower, rake up and pile in small cocks until the vines have dried. If the weather is not rainy or damp they will dry out completely. But it is best to haul to some open shed or the barn and spread out on the floor or racks until threshing time. If there is any tendency to mold, turn over occasionally. With dry air there will be little difficulty in getting them thoroughly dried.

If a bean thresher is owned in the neighborhood, run the peas through this and they will come out cleaned and ready for storing. The straw will not eat readily, but put it somewhere in the feed lot so that the animals may pick it at will. If no regular bean thresher is available, an ordinary wheat thresher can be used by taking out about half the concave, then prop-

erly arranging the screens. If a barn floor is available, the peas can be tramped out with horses and cleaned with a fanning mill. This, of course, is a somewhat tedious process, but where only a few bushels are wanted for seed it answers very well.

Store the peas in a dry place, putting in sacks or bins. If there is any danger from the pea or bean weevil, put into a tight bin, or better, a tight box and place an open vessel containing carbon bisulphide on the top. The bisulphide being heavier than the air, will settle down through the peas, effectually destroying all insect life. —New England Homestead.

HARVESTING OATS ON A SMALL SCALE.

I like to cut oats before they are fairly ripe. If harvested when the kernels are just beginning to harden, the straw will be almost as good to feed as hay and the grain will be bright and rich, says F. L. Vincent, of New York.

I usually let my oats lie in the swath for a day or two, until well dried out. Then they are raked, bound and set up in shocks of ten bundles. There is room for a great deal of care in this part of the work. Grain carelessly put up will in stormy weather become wet easily. My way is to set up eight bundles "two and two." Then I take two bundles and standing them on the butt end, split them by pulling the heads down toward the ground until half the bundle has been treated in that way. Then I turn the handles over the top of the shock, one on one end, and one on the other, butts together. These form a cap which will, after fairly settled, greatly protect the shock from injury by storm. Some hold the bundles against their bodies while preparing them for caps, and others bind part of their bundles with the band nearest to the butt, and use these for caps. No doubt they do make better caps. The Dutch cap is made by setting the bundles in a round shock, and opening one large bundle so that it will stand with the butt upward, covering the entire top of the shock. This is a good way to put up grain.

After the grain has stood for a week or two, depending upon the weather, it will do to go in. If the shocks seem damp, it may be necessary to set them apart for a few hours in the sunshine.

Of course, if one has a large crop, and uses a reaper and binder, it may be necessary to let the grain stand a little longer before cutting, but even then it may be done before the crop is dead ripe. It will not shell then, the grain will be much finer, and the straw a great deal nicer. Oat straw is coming to be valued much more highly than formerly. It used to be common to see great stacks of straw rotting or burning down in the field or near the barn. We have learned that straw has a good market value, and that we may add many dollars to our receipts for the year by cutting oats early and properly caring for them.

PREPARE EARLY FOR DROUGHT.

Almost every season, no matter how abundant the supply of moisture in the early months, there comes a period of drought in July, August or early September which shortens many crops, taking away all the profit. The effect is usually more noticeable if the drought follows a spring and summer marked by excessive precipitation, for the ground has been packed by the heavy beating of the rain and the chances are that in the anxiety to get to work in the spring, the fields have been plowed and harrowed while wet. Such land is in poor condition to withstand dry weather later in the season unless very judiciously handled. If the rain should continue throughout the season, of course there will be little need of special treatment, but this condition of affairs seldom exists.

The best possible preparation for drought is to plow the ground to a good depth, thoroughly pulverize the seed-bed, compact it and then with a light harrow loosen the upper two or three inches of soil.

For small grain crops as well as newly seeded grass fields, this is about all that can be done. In other words, the drought has to be prepared for entirely before seeding with these crops. But not so with corn. The method of culture has much to do with the ability of the crop to withstand drought. Cultivate as little and as shallow as possible consistent with the keeping down of weeds and preservation of a dust mulch. It is a common error to cultivate deeply the first time, but if the corn has attained a height of four or five inches, roots a foot or more long will have been formed and many of these will be broken by the cultivator shovels if they are run deep the first time. The best way for the grower to convince himself of this is to trace out the root systems of corn plants at different ages. It will be an object lesson and do more to prove the necessity of shallow culture than hours of scientific explanation.

Cultivate the corn as often as the surface becomes compact. This may seem unnecessary at times, but determinations of soil moisture in fields stirred frequently and those given ordinary cultivation show that the frequent stirring conserves water much the best and the crop yields are correspondingly greater. After the crop is "laid by" a heavy beating rain will frequently form a hard crust, to the great detriment of the corn plants. If this crust can be broken up by the increased yield will more than pay for the labor. This work can only be accomplished by using some implement that one horse can draw so that the rows of tall corn will not be injured. One section of a spring toothed harrow answers very well. There are several single cultivators on the market which do the work very nicely.

Where corn is raised on a large scale, this loosening the surface soil after the crop is too large for the cultivator is seldom practiced, but it pays, and in neglecting this one of the great leaks on the farm remains unstopped.

With small fruits and orchards the cultivator or weeder, the latter consisting of a beam to which is fastened a large number of springy, heavy wire teeth, must be kept going from spring until fall, at least until the fruit has been gathered. Blackberries and raspberries are especially susceptible to drought and require particular attention. Young orchards and nursery stock thrive best when given such treatment, and the same is true of currants and gooseberries.

Gardens flourish under the same treatment. As a rule, garden soils are very high tith and do not suffer so much from lack of careful culture in dry weather. Where the soil is very loose and friable it may be necessary to compact it, then loosen up the surface to prevent evaporation. A constant stirring will prove beneficial to those garden crops which grow through the late summer months.

TALES ABOUT TABBY.

In Naples cats are kept in the many churches to catch the mice that infest them. They are supported by the authorities, and they may be often seen during the services sometimes walking sedately before the altar during mass or purring at the feet of the worshippers.

A cat was brought to Shelbyville, Ind., some months ago from Topeka, Kan., but becoming dissatisfied with its new location went back to his old home, performing the journey on foot, a distance of 600 miles.

Some time ago a learned professor made the important announcement that cats possess a distinct language which he declared is much like that of the Chinese, being "musical, melodious, and pleasing to the senses." He claimed to have discovered sixty primitive words in the cat language, and spent most of his nights in the backyard looking for more.

The cats on the Isle of Man have no tails. This singular circumstance is accounted for by a tradition which says that a cat while going on an errand of mercy had its caudal appendage seized by the devil, who pulled that member off close to the body. Since that time Manx cats have been tailless.

Solomon is said to have had a cat which he taught to hold a candle so that he could read at night. One evening while thus engaged an attendant entered with some mice, which he liberated in the room. When the cat saw them she gave chase, candle in hand, but, finding she was very much handicapped, she threw the light on the floor, leaving the wise man in darkness, while she proceeded to the extermination of the rodents.

In Lorraine, if parents wish to discourage the addresses of a young man to their daughter, they send him a kitten. But sometimes love laughs at kittens as well as locksmiths.

According to Australian mythology, the moon was formerly a cat, who fell in love with another man's wife, was discovered and beaten by the injured husband, and ran away and has been wandering ever since.—Chicago Tribune.

In Boys' Reformatory Institutions.

I visited several of the reformatory institutions to see what was being done for the younger boys in regard to manual training. I found very little systematic instruction. The principal occupation was caning chairs, knitting stockings by machinery and other purely mechanical work. In none of the schools was there systematic instruction in manual training as it is now carried on in educational institutions. In fact, there were so many young boys who could not be kept busy at machine work that a large part of the time which might have been usefully employed was spent in idleness. During these hours the boys found occupations on their own account for their hands to do to a limited extent.

In one institution the boys had taken from their husbands the broad steel wires which kept them in shape, broken them into pieces from three to six inches in length, ground these upon the door-steps or walls of the buildings and used them as knives to whittle such bits of wood as they could pick up about the yard or secure from the janitors when they made the fires. They made a handle by winding on the ravellings of stockings or binding two bits of wood on either side. Little boats, paper knives and household furniture were rudely shaped by these crude instruments. Some of the boys were put there for wrecking trains, for burglary, etc., and their tendencies were sometimes expressed in the things they tried to make, for instance, pistols, small knives and weapons such as boys might use in Indian raids, etc. —Altruist Interchan

Paul Revere's Weathercock.

You remember, of course, all about Paul Revere and his wonderful ride—"Listen, my children, and you shall hear Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere."

Well, some workmen have just been taking down a funny old weathercock from the steeple of an ancient Methodist church in Watertown, Mass. It was over two feet high, with a pewter body and a copper tail, and tradition says that it was made by Paul Revere when he was a young man. It will be preserved by the historical society of the town, and if you ever make a visit there you may pay your respects to Paul Revere's weathercock.

Some people owe their good reputations to the loyalty of their friends.