

THE BLUFF THAT WON.

"I would not be a wife," she said. "A perfect slave for life," she said. "The wedded pair leave pleasures fair, And face the hard world's strife instead, So I'll be gay while yet I may. If once we two were married, then You'd want your way, I'd not obey— It is so hard to please you men. The coming years will bring their tears:

I know that happy lives are rare, The cares of one I wish to shun, And don't want those of two to bear.

"I grieve that you think so," he said. "Alone our troubles go ahead; When two unite, their cares grow light Dividing them, you know," he said. "Each helping each, 'tis thus we reach The best and purest joy and peace; Your pleasures pass away as smoke, But love when true will never cease. Though care you shun, ere life is done, Each one you'll learn must have a share:

The sun may shine, the day be fine, But days are always not so fair.

As you won't wed, good-bye," he said, "A sailor's life I'll try instead, I soon shall be upon the sea. For danger now I do not dread." "You might be drown'd and never found:

That fear," she said, "would make me fret; Such dreadful care, I would not bear, So dear, you must not leave me yet. And then that maid her love betrayed, By clinging to him oh! so fast, "Cares come and go," she whispered low,

"But love like yours, I know will last."

Mrs. Mansfield, Strategist

"I have made a discovery, John," said Mrs. Mansfield, looking up from her knitting.

John Mansfield, retired merchant, alderman and Mayor of Pimperne, looked up from his paper.

"A discovery, my dear?" he said, assuming his best magisterial manner. "Pray what is the nature of this remarkable occurrence?"

"I find that Miss Anson has a photograph of yourself, which she treasures in secret."

"What do you mean, my dear?" exclaimed Mr. Mansfield.

"This morning," explained Mrs. Mansfield, "I entered Miss Anson's room and found her absorbed in the contemplation of some object which she held. She had evidently not heard my knock, but the noise of my entrance startled her, and, as she hastily hid something in a drawer, a photograph fell to the floor. She snatched it up, flung it into the drawer and closed it, but not before I had recognized it as your photograph. I pretended not to have noticed the photo, preferring to have an explanation from you."

Mr. Mansfield was the picture of helpless amazement.

Miss Anson, it must be explained, was a bright and charming young lady, whom Mrs. Mansfield had recently engaged as a companion.

"I am quite at a loss to explain the affair," said Mr. Mansfield, in tones quite unlike those of the Mayor of Pimperne. "Possibly it was given to her by a mutual friend."

"Then why should she make a mystery of it, and gloat over it in private?" demanded Mrs. Mansfield grimly.

"My dear," said Mr. Mansfield, with a return of dignity, "I do not understand you! If I mistake not it was something she hid in the drawer which she 'gloated' over, not the photograph."

"I am not sure which it was," said Mrs. Mansfield, with strained calmness.

Now that the first shock of amazement was over, Mr. Mansfield's pomposity returned rapidly.

"Ah, very possible, my dear, Miss Anson, whom I have every reason to think is a young lady of good discernment and sound judgment, has found something in my public life which she has been good enough to admire. Miss Anson has had every opportunity of studying my work for the past three months, and also the general course of municipal life in what, I think, may be regarded as a noble borough. What more natural, then, that this young lady, seeing the portrait of a gentleman, clad in the robes and insignia of the office of chief magistrate of this borough, displayed in the photographer's window, and recognizing in that gentleman myself, should purchase that photograph?"

Mrs. Mansfield listened with immovable features.

"A very good explanation," she commented, "if it had been one of your official photographs. But the one in Miss Anson's possession is one of those you had taken about two years ago, before you were elected mayor. We ordered only a few of them, I remember, and I thought we had disposed of them all. The question is—how did Miss Anson obtain one? I did not give it to her."

"Then I can only say that you must be mistaken, my dear," said Mrs. Mansfield, with asperity. "On your own confession you only saw it for an instant. How can you be certain that it was a photograph of myself?"

"If you think my eyes deceived me, perhaps you will believe your own! The photo is still in the drawer; Miss Anson has had no opportunity of re-

moving it, for I sent her on an errand. It is in the first drawer of her dressing table, if you wish to satisfy your curiosity."

"Mrs. Mansfield, do you think that I am going to steal into a lady's room and pry into her private affairs?" cried the magistrate, rising. "You forget yourself, madam!"

Mr. Mansfield went upstairs in high dudgeon to make some alteration in his dress preparatory to going out.

He was forced to acknowledge himself quite at a loss to account for that photo being in Miss Anson's possession, which admission was rather extraordinary on his part.

He prided himself on his keen insight, his strict impartiality, and his firmness in discharging his magisterial duties. But an exhibition of these qualities was not confined to the bench. Of the latter he had made a lavish display in his home, as Mrs. Mansfield found to her cost.

It was only twelve months ago that his unbending will had driven her only son, Jack, to South Africa.

Mr. Mansfield had determined that his son should marry rank and beauty in the person of a daughter of a local magnate.

But handsome Jack Mansfield elected to manage his own matrimonial affairs, and upset all his father's brilliant plans by falling in love with a pretty nobody, whom, Mr. Mansfield had never even set eyes on—a governess in a house where he was visiting.

Finding all arguments, persuasions, and commands alike useless, Mr. Mansfield finally told his son he must either fall in with his wishes or leave his home forever, and look for no further assistance from himself. Jack chose the latter course, and within a week set sail for South Africa.

The loss of her only son was a source of great grief to Mrs. Mansfield. But all her tears, pleadings and reproaches could not prevail on her husband to relent, and as time rolled on her importunities ceased.

Having dressed himself to his satisfaction Mr. Mansfield left the room.

Suddenly his progress was checked by the sight of a wide-open door. What tempting fiend could have left the door of Miss Anson's room so invitingly open, displaying, as it did, the very drawer in which the much-discussed photograph was supposed to lie?

Mrs. Mansfield had, as she well knew, struck her husband's weak spot when she mentioned curiosity.

"It would be the work of a moment," he reflected, "to take just one glance into that drawer to satisfy himself of the truth of Jane's story."

With a cautious look round, he noiselessly entered the room, partially closing the door behind him. He opened the drawer boldly, and—yes, there it was—the very first thing that caught his eye—his own photograph!

It was as his wife had stated, one of the few he had had taken about two years ago.

Horror! Somebody was coming! A light step on the stairs, and a sweet voice humming the refrain of a song, heralded the approach of Miss Anson herself!

What was to be done? Could he allow her to find him in her room, prying about like a curious housemaid? He, Alderman Mansfield, Mayor of Pimperne! There was only one thing to be done.

Miss Anson entered and closed the door behind her. Mr. Mansfield could hear her moving about the room, still singing lightly to herself.

"She is taking off her hat and jacket," he thought. "In a few minutes she will leave the room. Then I can slip out unobserved."

Everything, no doubt, would have happened just as he wished, had Tiny—Mrs. Mansfield's darling pug—not followed Miss Anson into the room.

The spirit of investigation was strong in Tiny. In the course of his present explorations he naturally looked under the bed. He immediately sent up an ear-splitting series of barks and yelps, at the same time dancing about with every canine token of delight.

Mr. Mansfield responded to Tiny's joyful recognition with silent curses, and, hearing Miss Anson's expressions of surprise, and that she was approaching the bed to learn the cause of Tiny's excitement, he slowly emerged with a very red face and a very ruffled appearance generally.

"Don't be alarmed, Miss Anson, I beg," he cried, seeing that that lady looked dangerously like shrieking. "Er—my unexpected appearance fills you with amazement, no doubt."

"Mr. Mansfield!" she ejaculated, in tones of incredulous astonishment.

"Er—I must, of course, explain, and humbly apologize for my despicable conduct!"

His worship then proceeded, with abrupt and jerky sentences, quite devoid of their usual flowery trimmings, to explain his presence in her room.

Greatly to his relief, she did not look very angry when he had finished. She said nothing at first, but, opening the fatal drawer, produced somewhere from its depths two more photographs, which she put into his hands, saying:

"You see, I have photographs of other members of the family as well." Mr. Mansfield gazed at them in astonishment. They were pictures of his wife and son!

"Why, who gave you these, Miss Anson?"

"Jack," she replied simply, with lowered eyelids and a pretty flush on her face.

"Jack!" he cried. "My son?"

"Yes," she whispered. "But I—I don't understand! I was not aware that you had ever met him! He is in South Africa!"

"It was for my sake he went there," she replied softly.

There was silence for a few minutes. "Then you are the young—er—lady whom my son wished to marry in opposition to my wishes?" said Mr. Mansfield severely.

"Yes," she murmured.

Mr. Mansfield thought deeply for the next few minutes. After all, he liked Miss Anson immensely; and if he still proved obstinate, she would, of course, leave the house, and perhaps this morning's ridiculous adventure might be mentioned, and—yes, he would be merciful.

"Well, Miss Anson, I need hardly say that your story has astonished me beyond measure. But I will not disguise from you the fact that during the time you have been with us you have won my highest esteem, and, in fact, I regard you with feelings of paternal affection. We must write to that young scamp and have him home. Meanwhile—"

With a cry of joy Miss Anson flung her arms around his neck and imprinted a kiss on his nose.

At that moment the door opened, and Mrs. Mansfield stood on the threshold, with hands uplifted in horror. She could not have timed her entrance with greater precision had she been waiting, with eye at the keyhole.

"John! Miss Anson!" she gasped.

Mr. Mansfield looked frightened.

"My dear," he cried nervously, "I am going to write and tell Jack to come home. She is, in fact, the young lady about whom we had that foolish quarrel."

It took Mr. Mansfield quite a quarter of an hour to make his wife understand clearly the facts of the case. But when she did understand she burst into tears and rapturously embraced Miss Anson, assuring her of her undying affection.

Mr. Mansfield at length managed to slip away, congratulating himself on the success with which he had extricated himself from an unpleasant position. After all, he was glad of an excuse to welcome his boy home again.

But perhaps if he had heard what passed between his wife and future daughter-in-law when they heard the hall door close behind him he would have realized that they had scored on all points.

"Dear, darling Mrs. Mansfield!" cried Miss Anson, embracing Mrs. Mansfield afresh. "How good of you to have me here as your companion, and then to devise this clever plot! Why, it was quite a drama!"

"In which you played your part very well, my dear," replied the old lady, patting the girl's cheek affectionately.

PROGRESS OF OUR RED MEN.

Difficult to Overcome Indian Prejudice and Conservatism.

Before leaving Washington, writes W. E. Curtis, in the Chicago Record, I asked Miss Reel, the superintendent of Indian education, how much money the Indians spent for beads and other gewgaws these days in comparison with the money that is being devoted by the government to their education.

As the Indians buy their gewgaws and articles of finery from post traders and others out of their annuities or allowances for other purposes," she replied, "it is impossible even to approximate the amount of money that goes to personal adornment. They are becoming civilized, however, and have made much progress in their style of dress. Excluding the members of the five civilized tribes and the Indians in Alaska, there are 185,947 Indians in this country, of whom 90,960 now wear citizens' dress wholly and 40,605 in part. The tepees are rapidly disappearing and being displaced by comfortable cabins. The Indians cannot readily sell their wares unless they are prepared crudely or decorated after method of their savage ancestors. That retards development. Many of them have artistic ideas and mechanical training, yet to dispose of their primitive designs of their forefathers. They are going back to beaded leggings because curio-hunters will pay more for the rude and gaudy articles. Instead of manufacturing their own dyes as formerly, they now use patent dyes. A pottery was recently established at Zuni, in which it was proposed to instruct the Indians that they might improve and arrangements were made for them to glaze their wares. But they refused, because the unglazed, old-fashioned pottery sells better, and porous jugs are preferred because they keep the water cooler.

"It is difficult, at times impossible, to overcome the prejudices and conservatism of the Indians. Not only is this an obstacle in the work of inducing the adults to undertake farming, stock raising and other profitable pursuits, but you encounter it in our schools, where the young Indian, who is willing to accept and care for a calf, is ridiculed by the other children and called 'squaw.' The work of the white man is regarded as servile, and the Indian children come to us prejudiced against it. We are gradually removing the old ideas, are making the children ambitious and are instilling the advantages of individual ownership in their minds. A number of the children now own cattle, help upon the farms, and show a progress which, in my opinion, will be more far reaching in results than has followed the higher education of some of those at the normal schools."

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

ITEMS OF INTEREST ON AGRICULTURAL TOPICS.

Rats and Mice—Plowing Corn Land—Permanent Pastures—Two Ways to Raise Calves—To Grow Cucumbers Properly—Etc., Etc.

Rats and Mice.

No decently fed horse or cow will eat food which the mice have worked in much. The odor which they leave behind them is enough to disgust them. This is one objection, and perhaps the only one, to the use of oat hay cut when the grain is in the milk. It is almost impossible in some barns to keep the mice from working in it, and while the amount they eat is considerable, the damage they do by causing the farm stock to reject it is tenfold greater. We do not know any way to keep them out if they are abundant on the premises, and those who have this pest will do well to try for hay that the mice are not so fond of. And they like millet almost as well as oats.

Plowing Corn Land.

Land for corn cannot be plowed too deep, provided the work is properly done, for the deeper the plowing the deeper the roots will penetrate, and the better will the plants resist drought. The feeding roots will penetrate the entire depth of the loosened soil. Shallow preparation encourages surface feeding roots, that are often torn by even shallow after-cultivation. Deep and thorough preparation and shallow cultivation is the process approved by all experimenters. The time for deep plowing differs with different soils. Soils that run together after heavy rains may be plowed late, while stiffer lands should be plowed early. It is not necessary that the soil be light and loose; the roots will penetrate a quite compact soil after it has once been torn up and settled again.

Permanent Pastures.

The easiest way that we know of to keep a permanent pasture in good condition is to stock it hard enough so that the grass will be eaten before it throws up a seed stock or becomes hard and woody, and then give extra feed at the barn so that the animals will return at least as much fertility to the soil as the grass takes from it. Of course manure or fertilizer may be carried out, and spread on the pasture, but that costs money, and many farmers are often at a loss to obtain fertilizing elements enough for their mowing lands and cultivated fields. If they buy feed to use in summer when cattle are in the pasture, they hope to and usually do get enough in the way of growth, fat or milk production to pay for it, and look upon the increased quantity and extra quality of the manure heap as an extra profit. In this matter of overstocking the pasture it is best done and produces best results where there are two pastures, so that the animals can be changed from one to the other about once a week, or as often as the feed is eaten down smooth. This helps to prevent them from gnawing so closely as to destroy the roots, which they may do in some favorite spots if they are kept too long in one pasture.

Two Ways to Raise Calves.

There are evidently two ways to raise calves, and each has its followers. It must be understood that a calf is at birth endowed with great strength of constitution, and is, under almost any kind of treatment, ready to live. Whether life means healthy growth, depends on the kind and quality of food it receives. A course of semi-starvation may be prolonged until the calf develops a grass or hay-digesting stomach with sufficient capacity and power to assimilate vegetable food; in such event it lives a shrinking, bawling, stunted runt. Sufficient and proper nutriment, like whole milk, will support life and growth until the same stomach development is attained, and the result is a square-backed, growing youngster, a joy to the eye.

I have lived in a dairy district long enough to understand that there is a difference between raising a calf upon hay-tea and middlings and no milk after the first day, and raising another calf on a proper quantity of whole or separated milk. In the spring I can drive through the country and pick out the "hay-tea" calves by their constant and piteous bawling—nature's outcry against slow and cruel starvation.

I submit that a calf will do immeasurably better on such a ration than those who frequently proposed, made by hay tea, hot water and middlings, with no milk. I think you should come squarely out against these methods of raising calves by any other means than on appropriate and abundant food.—Emory A. Prior, in Country Gentleman.

To Grow Cucumbers Properly.

No one but the person who has gone out early in the morning and picked a nice fresh cucumber while the dew is on and eat it immediately can realize the full value of the cucumber as a table article. Every one, whether farmer or not, ought to have at least a small bed of them, and here is an excellent account of how to grow them, which is taken from the American Gardening:

Sow cucumbers in hills four feet apart each way, eight or ten seeds to the hill, and thin when they become strong to three or four plants. Take out the points of the shoots when the plant makes two or three leaves. The cucumber needs plenty of moisture and feeding; a few shovelfuls of rotten manure in each hill will help to supply this. To get the best returns they should be constantly looked after by thinning out the shoots where they are

weak or too thick and stopping or taking the points out of the strong ones to encourage bearing. The fruit ought to be cut as soon as fit, and also all deformed or useless ones, as they are a drain upon the strength of the plants. In very dry weather they will require plenty of water to keep them growing and bearing, and are greatly benefited by a mulching of manure. If successful sowings are made on moist land where a partial shade can be had, from such things as corn, etc., they will give a nice succession to the early one planted in a more open place.

Points of Success in Fruit Culture.

There is a general consensus of opinion among good fruit growers that there is profit in the business if conducted properly, but not more than every other man really follows the business with a just conception of his needs. While local differences may make rules and advice concerning crops and methods of culture inapplicable for all sections, there is, nevertheless, certain advice that will be of service all over the country. To go into these points of success in detail it is necessary in the first place to give not only good advice to the fruit trees and bushes during the growing season, but intelligent and methodical cultivation. Let the experience of one year teach something that will make the work of the next more satisfactory. Good cultivation means also good fertilization, which can best be done by planing forage crops in the late summer and covering them under in the spring. Such green crops help to keep the land warm in winter, and improve the mechanical conditions of it. Trees and tender vines and bushes need mulching in winter, and this should be done after some system that will make it simple but effective. A grower of large quantities of fruits must have work of this kind so systematized that it can be done with the regularity and swiftness of a machine.

When the growing season comes the orchard must be protected from the worms, blights, mildews and other pests. There is no half-hearted work that will do this, but every ounce of poison used in spraying should be for a purpose and intelligently applied. A good deal of money is wasted in spraying away in applying fertilizers. If you do not know what the spraying is for it is better to leave it alone until you do. Study and observe the work of others. There is no question more important to fruit growers than that of thinning out the fruit. It is hard for some people to pull off fruit that might be sold at a profit. But the era of poor fruit has gone by forever, and to secure first-class fruits it is necessary to thin out many from every tree. By rigidly applying such a system one is bound to get fancy fruits that will command the highest market prices. These fancy fruits are the ones that make the profits in the best markets. If we spend as much time in raising fancy fruits as we do in cultivating inferior kinds we will surely find a way to make something more than a living. Fancy fruit packed and marketed properly will always find purchasers even when other fruit is a drug in the market. Sometimes it is necessary to find special markets for such products, but in the end our reward will more than repay for the energy given to the work.—C. L. Backus, in American Cultivator.

A Test Case.

I might mention the experience of a farmer who a few years ago entered a corn contest. The first thing he did was to buy the latest work on corn culture. One fact alone was worth all the study he gave; he learned that, contrary to the general impression, the roots of the corn plant grow to a great depth; that experiments in Wisconsin proved that when the corn plant is eighteen inches high its roots cross in the middle rows forty-two inches apart; when the plant is tasseling the roots go three feet deep in the ground, and when the ear is ripe they have gone four feet and literally billed the soil from the surface to that depth. He learned enough to win a prize, and in consequence of that book his crops have steadily increased until in 1908 he gathered from one measured acre 163½ bushels (shelled grain), and his entire crop averaged 115 bushels to the acre. This result a few years ago would have been regarded impossible.

The same farmer gave his son, a 12-year-old boy, the turkeys on his farm to raise on shares and furnished him the latest work on turkey-raising. The boy read the book, pursued intelligent and up-to-date methods, and raised about \$200 worth of turkeys; from one flock of 68 he raised 64. It pays to know how, and this is all that scientific means.—Atlanta Journal.

Much Prized Horn.

The most magnificent of the wild cattle of Europe (called Urus or sometimes Anrochs, a name more often given to the bison) was described by Caesar as having nearly the size of an elephant, and seems to have become extinct between two and three centuries ago. It was probably domesticated by the Swiss lake dwellers, and modern breeds of cattle being at least partially descended from it.

Its immense size is evident from a skull in the British Museum, which measures a yard in length, while the span of the horns cores is 3½ feet. A horn of this splendid animal is a unique relic that Dr. Nehring has just reported from a peat bog in Lower Pomerania. Such horns have been unknown of late, although they were quite common at public resorts in South Germany and Alsace-Lorraine until a quite recent date, one known in the Strasbourg Cathedral as late as the first French Revolution having measured 6¼ feet.

THE JOKERS' BUDGET.

Retribution.

The Boer stood on the rocky veldt And calmly swept the kopje. "I never," said the Briton, "fidget Such firing. Hey, there! Stopjet!"

"Oh, no," the wily Boer replied, "You have attacked my trek, And sought to steal my gold beside. What did you, then, expect?"

What He Most Desired.

Squire—You say he's a good retriever, Jorkins? Jorkins—Yes, sir. Squire—Well, I wish he would fetch the money I paid for him, then! Ally Slopier.

A Real Treat.

Daisy (taking her first meal in the country)—Mamma, what is the matter with this currant jelly? Mamma (in a whisper)—Hush, dear! It's the real currant jelly.—Chicago Tribune.

A Faith Preventive.

"What is an exit, pa?" "Exit, Freddy? Well, it is a Latin placard hung around on the walls in theatres and opera houses to keep people from thinking they smell fire."—Indianapolis Journal.

Perhaps.

"Why, it's nothing but her last year's dress with one of those latest trains tacked on to it." "I suppose she thinks 'all's swell that ends swell.'"—

A War Relic.

He—That's a peculiar ring you are wearing. Has it a history? She—Yes; it's a war relic. He—Indeed. Tell me about it, pray. She—Oh, there isn't much to tell. I won it in my first engagement.—Chicago News.

He Modified His Tone.

Critical Husband—This beef isn't fit to eat. Wife—Well, I told the butcher that if it wasn't good I would send you round to his shop to give him a thrashing, and I hope you'll take some one with you, for he looked pretty fierce, and I didn't like the way he handled his big knife. Husband—Humph! Oh, well, I will say I've seen worse meat than this.

One Advantage of the Automobile.

The owner of the top-lofty automobile that had capsized in a strong gale climbed out of the overturned vehicle and straightened out the dented places in his stiff hat. "It's all right," he said, defiantly. "It doesn't run away and drag me all over the neighborhood when it upsels."

As the Child Understands.

The reasoning of children is sometimes akin to logic: "Papa," said small Gracie, "why does the minister always have a glass of water on the pulpit?" "To quench his thirst, I suppose," replied the father. "Oh," said the little observer, "I thought it was because his sermons were so dry."—Tit-Bits.

The Suburbanite.

Smythe was showing a friend around his new suburban residence. "What is that?" inquired the friend. "That? Oh, that's the cowshed." "And that?" "The woodshed." "And that?" "The bloodshed." "What?" "Yes, that's where we kill our chickens."—Chicago Daily News.

Ready to Edit.

"Where's that music Dolly was playing this morning?" asked Mr. Cumrox. "On the piano," answered his wife, "what do you want with it?" "I'm going to fix it up. I got Dolly to show me the marks that mean 'repeat,' and I'm going to take this eraser and rub 'em out."—Washington Star.

Proof Sufficient.

Mother—Are you sure you love him? Daughter—Am I sure? Do you see this dress? "Of course, I do. What of it?" "Will you kindly tell me if it bears the slightest resemblance to the present fashion?" "Well, really, it—er—it—" "No." "Well, I'm wearing it because he likes it."—Tit-Bits.

A Mean Revenge.

Mr. Peckham—Let me introduce you to my wife, Mr. Billows. Mr. Billows—Oh, Mrs. Peckham and I are old acquaintances. We used to attend the same Sunday school. Mr. Peckham (seeing a chance to even up a few scores)—Ah, indeed! Were you a member of the infant class she used to teach?—Chicago Times-Herald.

Life Is Earnest.

"I thoroughly dislike to see a man who has no occupation," said Mr. Meepton's wife. "So do I, Henrietta," was the reply. "I always said that no matter how rich a man may be, he ought to open up an office, so's he can go away from home during the day and not interfere with the societies his wife may have at the house."