

CALLED.

I am coming, I have heard you, I am coming, O my dear!

I have heard you in the morning, Heard you whisper at my ear;

Come once again and call me; Call me very clear and loud,

I have waited long and lonely, So lonely, O my dear!

I have done with time and sorrow, I am ready for you, dear;

THE ROOM-MATES.

"How do you like it, Ginnie?" Miss Virginia Vane turned the white, fleecy pile over and over,

"Well, it will do," said she. "It's rather yellow, isn't it? And I wish you hadn't put quite so much starch in it."

"I had to dry it in Mrs. Perkins's back room," said she. "The week has been rainy, so of course it couldn't look so white."

"I dare say it will do," said Ginnie, indifferently. Flora hesitated a moment.

"If you could give me the twenty-five cents now—" she began. "But I can't!" sharply interrupted Ginnie Vane.

"I don't think it would make much difference to anybody whether they lived or died." The umbrella-mender looked hard at her.

"Young lady," said he, in his quaint way, "you have a face like one of God's angels, but you talk like those that herd with Lucifer."

"Come along, Flo," said Virginia, with a freezing glance at the old man. "It may do very well for you to patronize this sort of thing, but I mean to spend all the money I want when I am married to Will Ormond."

"Ormond," said he—"Will Ormond! It is not a common name. Is this young woman engaged to William Ormond, of the Orient Suit Factory, in Penroge street?"

"What business is it of yours?" she retorted, losing her presence of mind still further. "Nothing," said the umbrella-mender.

"Only he happens to be my nephew." Virginia escaped from the little store, dragging amazed Flora after her.

"I would ruin my hands," said she. "I like to have aristocratic hands, if I am only a working girl!"

impromptu lunch furnished by the head of the firm. But she, poor child, would have to wear a simple blue gingham, freshened up by a few yards of new ribbon,

"I shouldn't wonder," thoughtfully observed Ginnie, as she walked down the street, side by side with Flora,

"Do you think he loves you, Ginnie?" "Oh, I've an idea or two on the subject!" said the beauty, with a conscious toss of the head.

"Dead men's shoes," quoted Flora. "You remember the proverb? 'It's ill waiting for them!'"

"I'm having a parol repaired here," said Flora. "It won't detain us a moment."

"How is the poor woman on the floor above?" asked Flora. "Better, a deal," said the umbrella-mender.

"The old man shook his head. "Dead," said he. "I gave the mother the dollar you left. It helped to buy decent grave-clothes."

"I don't call it throwing it away," she said. "And you're actually going to the picnic with that shabby old thing!" said Ginnie, disdainfully cying the repaired parasol, which the old man had now produced.

"It's all nonsense, Flo, you're running after the poor," declared she. "Let the poor take care of themselves, say I."

"I don't think it would make much difference to anybody whether they lived or died." The umbrella-mender looked hard at her.

"I got at least a dozen good blows all over my eyes and body before I could wake and escape from the bedclothes and that hardwood cane. I was covered with black and blue welts for a week, and the old gentleman was happy for at least three days."

"Have you ever noticed," inquired an observant young man with whom I was lunching the other day, "how few Americans eat mustard?"

"I confessed a lack of study in that direction, and he continued: "In England mustard is the great national condiment. An Englishman will never eat beef, bacon, ham or steak without it, and many of them season mutton with it."

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"Other people's hands don't signify, I suppose," drily remarked Flora. Ginnie laughed.

Flora, too, was thinking of the picnic on the river which the girls were to have—the long, cool sail on the blue, sparkling water—the grove, the dancing, the

he. "Why have you never spoken of it to me before? And if she says 'yes' to you, you'll have an angel to walk side by side with you all the days of your life."

"She says she never dreamed that Sandy Dowd was any relation to Will Ormond, or that Will could possibly care for her!" said the excited beauty, "but of course I know better. She meant to draw me out and make me say what I did, and here she's living in her own house, with a perfect wardrobe given her by that very old umbrella man for a wedding present, and me toiling on in that hateful suit factory just the same as ever. It's too bad!"

"And the tears sparkled on the beauty's cheeks like diamonds on a newly blossomed rose.—Saturday Night.

His Grandpa Got Even.

"It is hard to fix the exact date when a man forgets that he ever was a boy, but it is usually about the time his oldest son's two boys get big enough to cut up and be as saucy to their gran'ther."

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"We had a pet coon. It was funnier than a cageful of monkeys. One day it got into the old gentleman's early vegetable garden and dug up some cucumber vines. He caught it by the chain and broke its back with his cane. We had to have revenge. It was a plain case of murder. That coon was in our eyes more of a human being and a good deal more of a Christian than he was."

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THE FARM AND GARDEN.

IMPURE AIR IN THE STABLES.

Now that horses will be stabled at night, or should be, the most perfect cleanliness should be observed. The floors, if of wood, should be frequently drenched with water, and then sprinkled with finely ground gypsum (plaster), by which the strong, pungent odor common to stables will be neutralized and absorbed.

NECESSITY FOR FERTILIZERS.

The necessity for some kind of fertilizing additional to the barn manures is absolute, and the element of nitrogen is the most important of all. How to procure this is the most serious question that presents itself. It costs about seventeen cents per pound in its most available condition, and as it is furnished in the best artificial fertilizers. This cost is a heavy task upon the farmer, which is to be avoided if possible.

MERITS OF CHEESE.

With a uniform grade of manufacture, what influences tend to produce variation in the flavor of cheese? Since I became a practical manufacturer, says a writer in the Prairie Farmer, this point has become more clear to me than formerly, hence I will attempt a lucid explanation.

VARIOUS BREEDS OF SHEEP.

Having bred various breeds of sheep, says a writer in Breeders' Gazette, a little experience on paper may be of use to somebody. My experience has been in Central Ohio, with the exception of a few loads sent into Texas, to which I do not care to allude.

LEAKS ON THE FARM.

The leaks in the roofs of the farm buildings are not all that many farmers have to contend with. We see many farmers buying high-priced implements, and when through using them for the season, leaving them where last used, either in furrow or in the stubblefield, until wanted the next spring, and losing valuable time in going to the shop for repairs, or what is worse, going to the store for new ones.

Americans and Mustard.

"Have you ever noticed," inquired an observant young man with whom I was lunching the other day, "how few Americans eat mustard?"

The Bug That Saved the Orange Trees

The Australian ladybug has apparently accomplished its mission in Sierra Madre, and is becoming very scarce here. It is less than three months ago that this wonderful little insect was first introduced by placing colonies in a few of our orange orchards, and without further care or attention they have multiplied and spread, and have at absolutely no cost done what, without them, could not have been accomplished with unlimited money and a vast amount of labor.

TREATMENT OF MILCH COWS.

Nearly every dairy has its quota of kicking cows, and every cow in the land, says George E. Newell in the American Agriculturist, is liable to switch her tail across a milker's face during fly time. The human irritation aroused thereby rebuts on the herd to its positive injury.

A Contented People.

"The most contented people I saw in Europe," says an American traveler, "were the Austrians, and they are the most intelligent. They have more public libraries than any people in the world and they have a good Government—almost the same as a Republican Government. They have a beautiful country and a delightful climate, and they look happy and contented."

ner to resent fancied or real provocation. Nothing but the gentlest and kindest treatment should rule in the dairy; so, to cure a cow of this disagreeable habit, a brusque manner should be avoided.

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The Diplomatic Maiden.

"Don't love me for my wealth or brains?" He asked the maid with words intense. To which she made this wise reply: "I love you, dearest, for your..."

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NEWS AND NOTES FOR WOMEN

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There are 62,000 women in the United States interested in the cultivation of fruit.

The free public library at Concord, N. H., is to have a statue of the late Louis M. Alcott.

An English lady has left \$50,000 to be devoted to photographing the stars, planets, and nebulae.

A handkerchief in the possession of the Czarina is said to have cost \$2500. It took seven years to make it.

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