

SONG OF A HEART.

Dear heart—I love you! all the day I wonder
If skies are rich with blue,
Or bending black with tempest and with thunder,

OLD ROSES' ROMANCE.

T was a barren country, and Wadgerly was generally shriveled with heat, but he always had roses in his garden, on his window-sill or in his button-hole.

It was not otherwise inapt, for there was something antique about him, though he wasn't old; a flavor, an old-fashioned repose and self-possession.

Victoria Dowling, the maid, lifted her chin slightly from her hands, as she leaned through the opening between the bar and the sitting-room, and said: "Mr. Merritt, Old Roses is a gentleman, and a gentleman is a gentleman till he—"

"Oh," was the quiet reply, "a woman—the commonest woman—knows a gentleman by instinct. It isn't what they do, it's what they don't do; and Old Roses doesn't do lots of things."

"Right you are, Victoria; right you are again! You do the Jumping Sandhills credit. Old Roses has the root of the matter in him—and there you have it!"

They went to lay the thing before him. They found him in his garden. He greeted them smiling in his enigmatical way, and listened. While Dickey spoke, a flush slowly passed over him, and then immediately left him pale; but he stood perfectly still, his hand leaning against a sandal tree, and the coldness of his face warmed up again slowly.

After a moment of silence and inscrutable deliberation, he answered that he would do as they wished. Dickey hinted that he would require some information about Lord Malice's past career and his family's history, but he assured them that he did not need it; and his eyes idled somewhat ironically with Dickey's face.

When the two had gone Old Roses sat in his room, a handful of letters, a photograph, and a couple of decorations spread out before him; his fingers resting on them, and his look engaged with a very far horizon.

The Governor came. He was met outside the township by the citizens and escorted in—a dusty and numerous cavalcade. They passed the inspection house. The garden was blooming, and on the roof a flag was flying. Struck by the singular character of the place Lord Malice asked who lived there, and proposed stopping for a moment to make the acquaintance of its owner, adding, with some slight sarcasm, that if the officers of the Government were too busy to pay their respects to their Governor, their Governor must pay his respects to them.

But Old Roses was not in the garden nor in the house, and they left without seeing him. He was sitting under a willow at the Billabong, reading over and over to himself the address to be delivered before the Governor in the evening.

The night came. Old Roses entered the dining room quietly with the crowd, far in the Governor's wake. According to his request, he was given a seat in a distant corner, where he was quite inconspicuous. Most of the men present were in evening dress. He wore a plain tuxed suit, but carried a handsome rose in his button-hole. It was impossible to put him at a disadvantage. He looked distinguished as he was. He appeared to be much interested in Lord Malice. The early proceedings were cordial, for the Governor and his suite made themselves most agreeable, and talk flowed amiably.

After a time there was a rattle of knives and forks, and the Chairman arose. Then, after a chorus of "hear, hears," there was general silence. The doorways of the rooms were filled by the women servants of the hotel. Chief among them was Vic, who kept her eyes mostly on Old Roses. She knew that he was to read the address and speak, and she was more interested in him and his success than in Lord Malice and suite. Her admiration of him was great. He had always treated her as a lady, and it had done her good. He had looked earnestly and kindly into her brown eyes, and—

"And I call upon Mr. Adam Sherwood to speak to the health of his Excellency, Lord Malice."

In his modest corner, Old Roses stretched to his feet. The Governor glanced over carelessly. He only saw a figure in gray, with a rose at button-hole. The Chairman whispered that it was the owner of the house and garden which had interested his Excellency that afternoon. His Excellency looked a little closer, but saw only a rim of iron gray hair above the paper held before Old Roses' face.

Then a voice came from behind the paper: "Your Excellency, Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen—"

At the first words the Governor started, and his eyes flashed searchingly, curiously at the paper that walled the face and at the iron gray hair. The voice was distinct and clear, with modulated emphasis. It had a peculiarly penetrating quality. A few in the room—and particularly Vic—were struck by something in the voice—that it resembled another. She soon found the trail. Her eyes also fastened on the paper. Then she moved and went to another door.

Here she could see behind the paper at an angle. Her eyes ran from the screened face to that of the Governor. His Excellency had dropped the lower part of his face in his hand, and he was listening intently. Vic noticed that his eyes were painfully grave and concerned. She also noticed other things.

The address was strange. It had been submitted to the committee and though it struck them as out-of-the-wayish, it had been approved. It seemed different when read as Old Roses was reading it. The words sounded so ineluctable as they were chiselled out by the speaker's voice. Dickey Merritt afterward declared that many phrases were interpolated by Old Roses at the moment.

The speaker referred intimately and with peculiar knowledge to the family history of Lord Malice, to certain more or less private matters which did not concern the public, to the authority of the name and the high duty devolving upon one who bore the earldom of Malice. He dwelt upon the personal character of his Excellency's antecedents, and praised their honorable services to the country. He referred to the death of Lord Malice's eldest brother in Burma, but he did it strangely.

Then, with acute incisiveness, he drew a picture of what a person in so exalted a position as a Governor should be and should not be. His voice assuredly had at this point a fine edge of scorn. The aides-de-camp were nervous, the Chairman apprehensive, the committee ill at ease. But the Governor now was perfectly still, though, as Vic Dowling thought, rather pinched and old-looking. His eyes never wandered from that paper nor the gray hair.

Presently the voice of the speaker changed.

"But," said he, "in Lord Malice we have—the perfect Governor; a man of blameless and enviable life, and possessed abundantly of discretion, judgment, administrative ability and power; the absolute type of English nobility and British character!"

Then he dropped the paper from before his face, and his eyes met those of the Governor, and stayed. Lord Malice let go a long, choking breath, which sounded very much like immeasurable relief. During the rest of the speech—delivered in a fine tempered voice—he sat as in a dream, yet his eyes intently upon the other, who now seemed to recite rather than read. He thrilled all by the pleasant resonance of his tones, and sent the blood aching delightfully through Vic Dowling's veins.

When he sat down there was immense applause. The Governor rose in reply. He spoke in a low voice, but any one listening outside would have said that Old Roses was still speaking. By this resemblance the girl Vic had trailed to others. It was now apparent to many, but Dickey said afterward that it was simply a case of birth and breeding—men used to walking red carpet grew alike, just as stud-owners and rabbit-catchers did.

The last words of the Governor's reply were delivered in a very convincing tone as his eyes hung on Old Roses' face. "And, as I am indebted to you, gentlemen, for the feelings of loyalty to the throne which prompted

this reception and the address just delivered, so am I indebted to Mr.—Adam Sherwood for his admirable language and the unusual sincerity of his speaking; and to both you and him for most notable kindness."

Immediately after the Governor's speech Old Roses stole out, but as he passed through the door where Vic stood his hand brushed against hers. Feeling its touch, he grasped it eagerly for an instant, as though he was glad of the friendliness in her eyes.

It was just before dawn of the morning that the Governor knocked at the door of the house by Long Neck Billabong. The door opened at once, and he entered without a word.

He and Old Roses stood face to face. His face was drawn and worn, the other's cold and calm.

"Tom, Tom," Lord Malice said, "we thought you were dead—"

"That is, Edward, having left me to my fate in Burma—you were only half a mile away with a column of stout soldiers and hillmen—you waited till my death was reported, and assured, and then came on to England; for two things, to take the title just made vacant by our father's death, and to marry my intended wife, who, God knows, appeared to have little care which brother it was. You got both. I was long a prisoner. When I got free, I knew; I waited. I was waiting till you had a child. Twelve years have gone; you have no child. But I shall spare you yet awhile. If your wife shall die, or you should have a child, I shall return."

The Governor lifted his head wearily from the table where he now sat. "Tom," he said, in a low, heavy voice, "I was always something of a scoundrel, but I've repented of that thing every day of my life since. It has been knives—knives all the way. I am glad—I can't tell you how glad—that you are alive."

He stretched out his hand with a motion of great relief. "I was afraid you were going to speak to-night—to tell all, even though I was your brother. You spare me for the sake—"

"For the sake of our name," the other interjected, stonily.

"For the sake of our name. But I would have taken my punishment, taken it in thankfulness, because you are alive."

"Taken it like a man, your Excellency," was the low rejoinder.

"You will not wipe the thing out, Tom?" said the other anxiously.

Tom Hallwood dried the perspiration from his forehead.

"It can never be wiped out, for you shook all my faith in my old world. That's the worst thing that can happen a man. I only believe in the very common people now—those who are not put upon their honor. One doesn't expect it of them, and unlikely as it is, one isn't often deceived in them. I think we'd better talk no more about it."

"You mean I had better go, Tom?"

"I think so. I am going to marry soon." The other started nervously.

"You needn't be so shocked. I'll come back one day, but not till your wife dies, or you have had a child, as I said."

The Governor rose to his feet and went to the door. "Whom do you intend marrying?" he asked, in a voice far from regal or vice-regal, only humbled and disturbed. The reply was instant and keen. "A barmaid."

The other's hand dropped from the door. But Old Roses, passing over, opened it, and, mutely waiting for the other to pass through, said: "Good day, my lord!"



WASHES FOR TREES.

The application of washes to keep the borer from trees may be effectual, though we never knew of one that was invariably so, and we should prefer to trust to making a careful inspection from two to four times a year, and thrust a wire up the hole where the borer had entered than to any of them.

INSPECTION IN CATTLE.

Among the results of long-continued dry weather and an absence of green food is impaction of the omasum or third stomach in horned cattle. Obstinate constipation is indicated by a grunt as of pain, loss of cud, persistent refusal to lie down, more or less tympany, grinding of teeth, staring coat and dazed look about the eyes.

In treating the disease, plenty of drinking water is essential, and an aperient should be administered and the food should be of a laxative nature. Bullocks once affected by this disease should not be exposed to its causes a second time, as they would then probably develop chronic indigestion.—New York World.

CLEAN THE WAGONS FREQUENTLY.

Any vehicle that is allowed to remain spattered with mud for weeks and months is wrongly treated. The luster of the varnish rapidly deadens, the oil is absorbed from the paint, and when the dirt is removed by washing, the vehicle presents a grimy appearance.

Driving a wagon covered with mud when the roads are in good condition presents to the observer that you either are shiftless or extremely busy. However if you are busy with your work, and of course attending to it, for the money or profit to be gained thereby, you would find it paying investment to spend an hour's time in removing the mud, also properly oiling the axles of both heavy and light vehicles. In washing a wagon it is best to apply water to the muddy surface several moments before the sponge is used. If a force pump or hose can be used most of the dirt can be thus removed, and will not scratch the surface, as the sand on a sponge or rag will do.—American Agriculturist.

IS SALT NECESSARY FOR CATTLE?

The first thing to be said in favor of common salt is that it is nature's vermifuge and very destructive to all, or nearly all, intestinal parasites. All herb and grain eating animals are preyed upon by such parasites, especially when enfeebled by hard work, exposure to cold storms, or want of nourishing food; in fact, anything that enfeebles invites the attacks of internal parasites, for, while they are always present in some form, the healthy and vigorous animal is able to resist their attacks. It is true that horses, cattle, sheep, and other domesticated animals may live and thrive, apparently, without receiving salt in its crude form, but this does not prove that they have benefited in any way by being deprived of saline rations.

What animals may endure and live no doubt is of greater interest to some men than the opposite conditions, and they are usually prone to make experiments in the way of exposure to cold storms, and short rations when shelter and full rations would greatly conduce to the health and happiness of their stock. Salt gives sapidity and relish to hay, grasses, and other kinds of raw food. It acts universally as a stimulus to digestion, renders coarse food more nourishing, and mixed food less injurious, and often recalls the appetite more speedily than any other tonic. Wild horses, cattle, and sheep, as well as all other herbivorous animals, seek salt-licks and saline marshes and ponds where they can satisfy their natural desires for salt. When animals are kept in confinement or removed to localities where they cannot get to salt springs, they should be given an equivalent in the form of common dry salt.—New York Sun.

SUBSTITUTES A FINGER FOR A NOSE.

Fred Darcy, a boy eighteen years old, is at St. Mary's Hospital, Rochester, N. Y., recovering from the first stage of a peculiar surgical operation. When young, necrosis of the nasal bones destroyed his nose, leaving an unsightly depression. Doctor John O. Rowe, a Rochester specialist, undertook to provide an artificial nose. He has done so by amputating the third finger of the left hand at the first joint and taking the bone of the middle finger for the bridge of the artificial nose. The skin of the face was raised and the finger put in place and stitched to the tissue above the nose. In order to secure circulation and maintain life in the finger the hand has been bound to the face for a week, but will be released on Sunday by an amputation at the finger's second joint, after which new nostrils will be established in connection with the old. Doctor Rowe has had one case of the kind before.—Chicago Record.

HOMEMADE FERTILIZER.

A fertile soil is one that contains, in a soluble and available form, all the needed elements of plant food. Of these, potash, phosphoric acid and sulphuric acid, silica, nitrogen and carbon are the soonest exhausted by cultivation, and therefore the most necessary to be supplied by artificial means. If the farmer will take good care to return adequate supplies of these in his soils, nature will, in almost every case, furnish an abundance of the others. The art of maintaining a soil fertile, lies in returning to it annually enough at least of humus, potash and phosphoric acid to make up for the loss of these elements occasioned by cultivation and cropping. The farmer can do this much for his soils by several economic methods. Humus, or decaying and decayed organic matter, is most readily and cheaply supplied by growing upon the soil and turning under such green crops as clover and field peas. Every farmer knows the

value of these. But it is not everyone that utilizes them to the extent that he should.

In place of the green crops, or as an adjunct thereto, let him also make liberal use of forest mold and litter. These should form the bulk of every compost heap, and the bedding for all his live stock.

Of potash and phosphoric acid, the best and richest home source is wood ashes. Only apply a moderate dressing of ashes about once every ten years, and any soil, other things being favorable, will remain fertile. Any farmer, if he will, can obtain, by home means, enough unleached ashes to top-dress at least one field annually, and so rotate around until finally all are thus treated. Wherever there are logs and dead timber, and turf, sods and rubbish generally upon a farm, there are the materials for the ash supply. It is a fact not as well known as it should be, that burnt and smoke-impregnated soil, turf, peat, clay or muck is, of itself, a valuable and lasting fertilizer. During the leisure spells, when the woods are not so dry as to render the escape of fire probable, the farmer should be burning the waste material of the farm, in order to increase the stock of ashes. After the logs and large timber are well on fire, let him throw on whatever turf, sods or leaves may be convenient to the pile, making the fire with that end in view. Of course this burnt dirt substitute for ashes is not as good a fertilizer as pure ashes, but mixed with ashes, it is a good and lasting manure, and it increases the bulk of ashes, enabling the farmer to get enough annually to top-dress at least one field. This form of ashes makes a capital top-dressing for clover, grass, small fruits, vine yards, orchards and fields of grain on any soil needing potash.—American Agriculturist.

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

Cooked turnips are good for ducks. Mix a little charcoal in the soft feed. Langhans do better if permitted a large range. Half a dozen chicks are a fair hatch from thirteen eggs. Never get your stale eggs mixed with your fresh ones.

If you wish your eggs to sell well, sort them as to color. It is better to give the milk to the chickens before it sours. Light Brahmas, like all great scratchers, are a hardy fowl. Spray the poultry house occasionally with the Bordeaux mixture. It will pay to thoroughly fit the ground before you put in the seed. Draughts are very apt to bring on attacks of roup in the poultry yard. Fowls need as careful and intelligent breeding as sheep or any other kind of stock. Give your poultry plenty of fresh air and clean, cool water during the hot weather. It costs just as much to keep a poor animal (and sometimes more) than it does a good one. Do not attempt to raise chickens in a breeder unless you are going to see to the temperature regularly. Fowls are very fond of mustard, which is one of the best and cheapest green foods that can be grown. A person does not get rich very fast by running in debt for everything. Cents make the dimes and dimes make the dollars. If you want eggs you must not permit your hens to get fat, neither must you keep them hungry. Keep to the golden mean. Ducks allowed to swim in cold water become stiff and rheumatic. Pekin ducks are considered peculiarly sensitive to cold and dampness. The greatest loss of young turkeys is due to the large gray lice, which work on the heads and throats, but which cannot be seen except by a close examination. It is not necessary to have a palatial residence on the farm, but it is necessary in more ways than one to make your house and home as pleasant and attractive as you can. There is a kind of sheep that the more a man has of them the worse off he is. It is a pity that a man can't buy a share of sheep sense as easily as he can buy some good sheep. If you are so made that you have to have a dog on the farm, take pains to have the sheep so well acquainted with it that they will not be scared at the presence of a dog in the yard. There are lots of sheepmen that are "not in it" when progressive breeds and methods are sought for. They talk progress and look for progress in other men, but do not practice it themselves. There has been an unusual activity in importing Dorset sheep into this country this season. The importers are all men of high character, and their selections are exceptionally good in every respect. It is found that the finest fleeces grow in the warmest climates as often as otherwise. This is in marked contrast with the old theory that cold is essential to the growth of fine wool, and that warm climates are unsuited to any but the coarsest fleeces. The French Army prefers Irish horses for its cavalry.

Few Beds in Russia.

Not until recently have the inhabitants of Russia known the use of beds, excepting in the case of the luxurious patricians who were able to purchase them. The peasants slept in the large bakeovens to be found in nearly every house, while the soldiers were provided with a sort of cot without bedding. The middle classes and the students, on the other hand, contented themselves with wrapping a blanket about them and lying down near rather primitive-looking stoves.

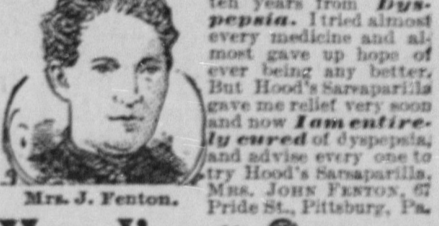
Deafness Cannot be Cured

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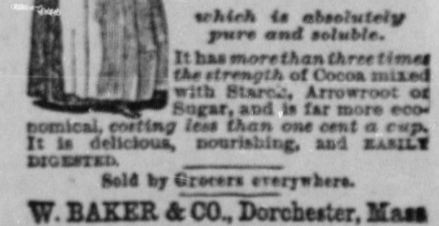
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