Bing a song o' happy days-Sing it all the time! Roses bloomin' in the ways-Bells that sweetly chime ! Right or wrong. Still sing the song-For happy singing pays !

Sing a song o' happy years-Sing it day and night; Let the rain shed all the tears-Let the heart be light! Right or wrong. Still sing that song-

And keep the harps strings bright! Sing a song o' happy lives-

Sing it loud and long!

Brothers, sisters, sweethearts, wives, Join the thrilling song! Right or wrong, Still sing that song, Till angels to the chorus throng ! ? -F. L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

MY NEW FOUND COUSIN.

BY ARTHUR JONES.



O begin with, no felam always discover- on her account." ing more. Iseldom ge anywhere without adding a new short, I am no longer surprised at any-

thing in this direction. Last year I was studying at the School of Fine Art, in Paris, adding the finishing touches to my education my work and took little share in the social affairs of the American colony. The novelty of living in this free, out-I missed very little the society of the to be a reality." drawing-room.

Late one afternoon the postman brought me a letter, postmarked Paris | cousins, and that's different." and addressed in an interesting feminine hand: "Mr. Arthur Jones, Rue de Sevres, No. 163."

"Who can this be from?" I asked myself as I scanned the envelope and ado. "Daisy Tillotson," I read, looking first at the end. "Who on earth is Daisy Tillotson?"

the original, which is still in my pos- tunate one." session:

Boulevard Haussmann, No. 72, Paris, April 17, 1893.

Mr. Arthur Jones : I will explain at once who I am, and then you will understand why I write you. Your mother is a favorite cousin of my mother's,

gave me your address at the Fine Arts.

I shall be here several weeks with my friends, the Paynes, of St Louis, and I hope I may see you soon. Yours sincerely, DAISY TILLOTSON.

"Daisy Tillotson, Daisy Tillotson," she said, a little you're my cousin." I repeated to myself. "I don't remember of any Tillotsons in our That's the trouble with having so many relations. I suppose I'll have have to call a second time."

So I added a few careless touches to dents had made me affect the extreme neglige style of dress- walked to the of an Arc de Triomphe 'bus.

Ah! what a spectacle that is-to sit perched on the top of a great lumbering, careening, three horse bus and way.

Boulevard Haussman, No. 72. very respectable apartment house. Mrs. Payne received me. "Oh, yes, you're Miss Tillotson's cousin. She's expecting you. I almost feel as if I knew you myself, Mr. Jones. I've heard Daisy rave so over your pictures." And she shook hands with me with regular Western cordiality.

There was a rustle in the next room. A girl appeared in the doorway. She was dressed in red, a warm red. My critical eye at once saw that it just suited her. I though then I had never seen a prettier girl, and certainly I have not changed my mind

"Daisy, this is your cousin, Mr. Jones," said Mrs. Payne. "Now, you can have a good visit together."

We got on from the very first. me half a chance, though I do close up like a clam when I come in contact you a little suspicious?" with an unresponsive object.

my life I had never heard that the Tillotsons were relations of ours. And hardly to be wondered at.

But we didn't have to confine our-We found common ground enough seemed as if we had known each other history of the United States Army a lifetime. been home for a year, and she told me all that had been going on in art and music meantime. She was thoroughly and the maid brought a card in to Mail and Express.

subjects. She was herself a student Jones." of the piano. So there was enough to "Do talk about.

I looked at my watch. I was after eleven o'clock. How the time had passed! Three hours had slipped away and I hadn't realized it. What better proof that I had found my newly discovered cousin absorbing. It was a new sensation for me-me, who, with my surfeit of fair cousins, had always been inclined to take the society of women at a discount.

"Why, I do believe I am actually a little in love with this girl," I solilo- him. quized on the way back to my lodgings. "But it will do no harm. She's my cousin." So interested was you," I returned jocosely. I in the subject, however, that at that late hour I sat down upon reaching home and wrote a letter to my mother in New York, telling her all about Daisy Tillotson. She was an acquisition to the family, I said.

I had arranged to take my cousin to the Luxembourg gallery the next day. Then we would go to the opera in the evening. This was my plan. I called for her in the morning with a carriage. Think of me riding in a carriage! Why, like a true bohemian, I ness of introducing myself." low was ever more had always hated anything less plefortunate than I in beian than a public omnibus or a bihaving a host of cycle. But then, "she's my cousin," pretty girl cousins. I argued to myself, "and I must make And what's better, I her stay in Paris memorable. It's all

Yes, she certainly did look pretty, that fresh, inspiring April morning. She must have studied to look her one to my list. In best. I took this to myself as a compliment. In turn, I had myself given unwonted attention to my toilet and had spent some little time trying to decide which cravat I should wear.

"What a romontic and unconventional situation fate has thrust us into. in art. I was thoroughly devoted to Miss Tillotson," I remarked as the carriage rolled off toward the Luxembourg. "Here are two young people The few people I cultivated were of who have never known and scarcely the bohemian world, mostly students heard of each other before, cast sudat the Fine Arts or the University. denly together, far away from home and left to each other without sponsor door atmosphere was so absorbing that or chaperon. It sounds too bookish

"Yes, I've been thinking of it," she answered, "but you know we're

"After all," I persisted with the idea of teasing her-for I'm a confirmed tease-"are you perfectly sure of that? You never knew me. Jones is a common name. There may be address. I tore it open without more half a dozen painters in Paris by the name of Jones. In fact, I know one myself. You picked me out at ranom. Perhaps I'm not your cousin at But here is the letter, copied from all. Maybe the other Jones is the for-

"Oh, you're just trying to tease me," she responded, "and I shan't be teased. I know you'd like pretext to get rid of me, but it's quite a privilege to have a cousin in Paris who

I'm going to call you Daisy. May I? and I claim you by right of discovery. 'Miss Tillotson' is so long, you know."

she said, a little coquettishly, "if

It was a gala day for me. How I family. However, she seems to know. enjoyed telling her what I knew about the pictures. And in the evening, how I enjoyed hearing her talk of the to look her up, or Mother will never opera-it was "Carmen." Music was forgive me. I'll call at once, to-night as familiar ground to her as art was to for now--I've nothing special on -- and get it me. And how often we found that a off my hands. She's probably one of truth was as applicable to one art as lotson became Mrs. Arthur Jones, if those formal creatures, and I shan't to the other. We had both been progressing in the same field-art in the abstract-along different but parallel my toilet -- for my life among the stu- paths; and the comparisons of views were interesting and broadening to us both. Ponder the subject well and Place Chatelet and took a seat on top you will find that there are numerous essential analogies that run through pictorial, musical and literary art.

For two weeks I scarcely touched a brush. During that time the doors of see the world of Paris, from one end the Fine Arts knew me not. My art to the other, pass in review before had been temporarily eclipsed. "Oh, you! The lights along the Rue de Rivoli have just been lit. The shops a cousin every day," I urged to myself are closed, but the cases are bustling in excuse for my neglect of study. I The spot where grayness begins differs with pent-up expectancy, for Paris is was trying to persuade myself that I just beginning to wake up for the was interested in Daisy Tillotson night. But I must not tarry on the simply because she was my cousin. But I knew better. I began to wish

she were not my cousin. We were very frank with each other. There was no reason to be otherwise. One afternoon we were out at St. Gray hair in most cases is very becom-Cloud-out under the budding horse chestnuts whose shade Napoleon so a very distinguished appearance-esloved. I had been reading "Paul and pecially if the face and coloring of the Virginia" to her in French, I remember. "You have no right to be my tion stage is very trying, and no cousin, Daisy," I said. "What a per- woman likes finding her first gray versity of circumstance. Here you hair; but, once it is completely gray, are the only woman I have ever come she may get to delight in the "summer across that has forced from me any snow."-New York Dispatch. real affection of the tenderer sort. And you are my cousin."

"But maybe I am not your cousip," she responded with a merry twinkle. in Birmingham can now be placed in are not sure of it. Perhaps I am that city, and practically take part in am the easiest fellow in the world to for you and baited it with this cousin ers at the other end of the system can get acquainted with, if you will give pretext so as not to frighten you hear the tolling of the bell, the prayaway. There's no telling. Aren't ers, the responses, the singing and

yet ours is such a large family, it was come more than casual acquaintances. With it we had been almost like brother and sister from the very first, selves to talking over family matters. and here at the end of two weeks it

conversant and in sympathy with these Daisy. It read: "Mr. Anthony

"Do you know him? Is he a relative of yours?" asked Daisy, handing the card to me. "Know him?" said I. Know Tony Jones? I ought to. He's an artist, too. He's the one I spoke of. We've been up into Normandy sketching together more than once. But he's been in Munich since Christmas. Perhaps he's the cousin you were looking for when you found me, Ha! ha!"

Just then Mr. Jones, the other Mr. Jones, entered. Daisy rose to meet "Why, how are you, Mr. Jones?" said he, seeing me; "I didn't expect to find you here." "Nor I

"Let me present you to my cousin, Miss Tillotson," I went on. Tillotson-Mr. Jones, Mr. Anthony

Jones." "Your cousin?" said he inquiringly. "Why, she's my cousin, too, then. I must explain, Miss Tillotson. My mother is a cousin of your mother's, I believe. She has written commanding me to call upon you and make myself known. Fortunately Arthur, here, has relieved me of the awky a d.

"I'm sure I am very glad to see you, Mr. Jones," she mustered self-command enough to say. "I'm afraid I have made a terrible blunder, though, unless you are both my cousins,'

I came to her rescue and explained the situation to the other Mr. Jones. "Why, it's very theatrical," said he, laughing; "it's very much like a come-But which of as is the real cousin, and which the impostor. Or, are we both her cousins, and so ourselves cousins of the tenth degree or thereshouts.

"I don't see any way to decrae for the present," said I. "Miss Tillotson, I'm afraid, will have to remain in uncertainty until our credentials can be compared."

Jones, that is the other cones, was an admirable fellow, and it was not long before we were all laughing and chatting freely over the humor of the situation. Daisy brought Mrs. Payne in and we all had a game of whist together. Whatever our relationship might prove to be, it was a jolly, conjenial party, that's certain.

The next day I received a letter from my mother in answer to the one I had written two weeks before. She had no cousin of the name of Tillotson, she said. There were no Tillotsons in the family that she had ever heard of.

"Well, well, what an amusing mistake! I'll go and explain it to Daisy -Miss Tillotson, I mean-at once, thought I. "It's due to her. I'll tease her about it. But it's no more than a good joke anyway, and no harm's done.

So I went and told her! What a good laugh we had over it all. "But we're not cousins any longer," said I, New York to hunt you up—which I am doing in the best way I know of.

I sincerely hope you are the Mr. Jones, for I don't know your arst name. I only knew you were studying art in Parls. They gave me your address at the Fine Arts. suddenly drawing myself up with

name is Arthur-to my cousins. And she said. "I found you, you know, Miss Tillotson' is so long, you know." A friend when once found is too valu"I don't know why you shouldn't," able a thing to be thrown away, and I shan't be the one to disclaim our friendship, begun though it was purely by chance.'

"Bless you," I said. "I'm glad, after all, that you're not my cousin, and I wouldn't change places with the other Mr. Jones if I had the chance,

So it was, you see, that Daisy Tilyou must know. Oftentimes her cousin Tony, the other Mr. Jones, comes to see us, and we have another laugh over the whole affair. If you should happen our way we'd be glad to see you. You can find the address easily enough. Only be sure not to get the wrong Mr. Jones. - The Path-

The Phenomenon of Gray Hair.

Gray hair by no means shows a premature decay of the constitution. It is a purely local phenomenon, and may exist with great bodily vigor. with the individual. As a rule a woman's hair begins to change color at the temples at five-and-thirty, but a severe attack of neuralgia will whiten the hair over the part affected in a few weeks. A very severe illness will also diminish the coloring matter. ing, and, when really well dressed, has complexion be still young. The transi-

A Telephone in Church. Supporters of the telephone system "You have said often enough that you | communication with Christ Church in some adventuress who, counting on the service. The telephone wire runs your brilliant future, has set a trap right into the pulpit, and the listenthe sermon. Even casual coughing And so we kept up the sentimental among the congregation can be dis-My mother and her mother, it skirmish. It would have been a real tinguished. There are many classes seemed, had been schoolmates together, though I didn't ever remember, not stood between us. And still I ture confers a great boon. The sick ever having heard my mother speak of it. Strange thing, too, that in all barrier that made me so bold, and her prevented from attending any place

> Amazons in the Civil War. Late statistics in odd things in the

CULTURE OF THE GOOSEBERRY.

This shrub needs coolness and shade. The bright, hot sun produces mildew, which stunts the growth. The bushes are, therefore, best grown in the shelter of some building and in cool, moist soil. Some native varieties are moderately free from this mildew, but American-grown berries will probably equal the fine ones grown in the cool English climate. - New York Times.

A DROUGHT-PROOF CBOP.

Lucky is the farmer who in this year of droughts has planted some sorghum as a fodder crop. It is much better to resist protracted drought on account of roots striking deeply into the soil, while corn is shallow rooted, and suffers whenever dry weather comes. At the West, where droughts are much more severe than here, sorghum is commonly planted for feeding. Its early growth is slow, but so soon as its roots strike down the stalks shoot upward, and two months after planting the sorghum will be larger and yield more tons per acre than will any kind of corn. - Boston Cultivator.

HOG CHOLERA. Feeding hogs green cornfodder will not produce cholera, as an inquirer intimates, says Professor J. H. Shepperd of the North Dakota Agricultural College. That disease is caused by specific germs or micro-organisms which are in this case small plants. There are a great many kinds of disease germs, as well as germs that are beneficial in many ways. Most persons not acquainted with hog cholera could not, therefore, be persisted in. call almost any swine disease by that name, and I feel sure that hops are in many cases thought to have cholera when in reality they do not. I have known of no serious results from judiciously feeding green corn fodder. Many tons are annually made use of in this manner. It is a succulent food, and a sudden change to an exclusive diet after feeding dry food might cause serious scouring of pigs. The change should be gradual. In cases of reported deaths from using this feed I would be inclined to think that a derangement of the digestive system was the cause and not cholera. It would not be advisable to confine pigs to this diet exclusively, but given with a small quantity of dry corn or with bran and shorts I would not expect serious trouble.

BAD TEMPER IN THE DAIRY.

d a rough guess at it, I would say that bad temper was the cause of more loss in the dairy than all other sources of loss put together. A man may have fine cows, a good stable, the best dairy implements and a good time simply because he loses his temper when a cow gets contrary or acts begins to swear and yell and act like out for a squall. Nature never meant | cheese making. that man should abuse the softer sex. either woman or cow, without being made to pay for it. Just how the woman gets the better of a man when he acts the fool we all know. All men do not know, though, just how the cow gets in her fine work under the same circumstances. She takes her revenge in a negative shape by not grass. giving as much milk as she would have given had she been better treated. Not seeing his loss, the man does not years ago? appreciate how heavy it is until he comes to sum it up at the end of the season when he good naturedly to himself attributes his losses all to bad luck when it should be to fool temper .-- Home and Farm.

SMALL PLOCES OF POULTRY.

Farmers often keep too many hens in one place. Fifty is all that should be kept in one flock as the food will cost less, and more eggs will be laid in winter than if 100 are kept. The right way to do, where more than fifty fowls are to be kept, is to have another in some out-of-the-way place. provement in the horses produced. If the houses are two or three hundred yards apart, fences will not be required. The houses need not be expensive, and most farmers have old for twenty years? lumber lying around, or an old shed that ought to be torn down, and all this can be worked into the poultry houses. The houses should, at least, be twenty-five by fifteen feet for fifty fowls. Have the roof firm and tight, and then line the house inside with good, stout building paper. Little cracks in the sides of a house or dampness is the cause of sick fowls during the winter season. The front and southside of the house should be seven or eight feet high and have two ordinary sized house windows therein, while the back or north side should be four or five feet high. The reason why the house should be large, light and dry, is because during the cold or stormy days of winter the fowls should be confined therein; and if plenty of litter is kept on the floor, and small interested, or should be, in having grains are buried under this, the fowls will be kept busy and happy all day. large flocks. One good cow will serve This means plenty of eggs, and plenty of the purpose of two inferior ones, and of eggs in winter means plenty of where space is limited every additional money just when money is most quart of milk or pound of butter is needed. Do not be afraid of shutting the house up as tight as possible at single animal.

night, but durif the day, when the hens are confine open the windows and give plentyd air, using wire netting to keep throwls from flying out. It must be remobered that hens are dressed just as savily in the daytime as at night, and kept too warm during the day the will feel the cold of night more, ar sickness will be the result. The dippings should be kept by themselves id not be allowed to be scratched a over the floor, and the roosts shoul be all on a level and not more than ghteen inches or two feet up from he floor. The roosts should be threor four inches wide, a two by five-inc joist making an excellent roost.-American Agricultur-

POTATES FOR COWS.

The Veterinry School of Lyons, France, has ben making some experiments in the us of potatoes for feeding dairy cows The results are summarized as follows:

Dairy cows, when deprived of all other nourisment than potatoes (which should be given raw and cut) will consume per day an average of seven per cent of their live weight. Under the inflence of this exclusive regimen there was an increase in the quantity of mic and a notable loss in live weight; the result was very clear and remarkaba Cooked potatoes were more readly taken by the cattle, but when they were given alone, and every othe form of nourishment was excluded, amination was affected or stopped, and digestion was hin-Whether they are raw or cooked, potatoes shoull be mixed with some other food to enstitute a convenient ration, both from the double point of view of milk production and for fattening purposs. This mixture of rations is also fovorable to the mechan-

ical and chemcal acts of digestion. From observations on a lot of dairy cows fed with a ration of which potatoes formed the half of the total dry matter, and or another lot where they only formed wenty-two per cent., it was fully recognized that the first or larger quantity was clearly preferable to the second or smaller. From other experiments it appeared that raw potatoes favored the production of milk, while an equal quantity which had been cooked fattened and increased the weight of the animals. Under the influence of a ration of which cooked potatoes formed the basis, the amount Has any one ever figured up the of sugar in the milk was found to rise, cost of bad temper in the dairy? If but the increase did not continue of sugar in the milk was tound to rise,

when the ration was changed An analysis was made weekly during nearly four months of (1) the milk of eight cows whose ration contained about forty-four pounds of potatoes and (2) of another lot to which twentymarket, yet he is losing money all the two pounds had been given. In the first case there was a decrease of density of the proportion of dry extract in some way to irritate him. He then and caseine, and in the second an increase of butter and mineral matters. a general idiot. Now, a cow is a The practical use of these experiments good deal like a woman in one respect. on the introduction of the potato into You yell at her and she instantly loses the ration of dairy cattle will be reguher head. Her judgment is all gone lated by the fact of the milk being and her nerves are on top. Now look | sold off the farm or used for butter or

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

Are you mowing around the same bushes that you were twenty years Remember shade trees in too great

profusion injure the quality of the Are you plowing about the same

little swale that you were twenty Do not make the horse carry a heavy

halter in addition to the bridle when at work on a hot day. Time put into farm improvements is

a better patrimony than money in the bank for your children. That pasture needs drainage for either sheep or for cows if health and

best results are to be expected. Are you not wasting time that, if applied, would in a few years fit your

farm for all modern machinery? The demand for good riding horses will increase in proportion to the im-

Are you plowing around that same rock, that an hour's time would remove, that you have plowed around The most vigorous and healthy foli-

age of the strawberry plant is not an indication of the best fruiting plants, according to Professor Lazenby. Cross, unrestrained dogs in the country prevent the free movement of

the country boys and girls; let these be first and dogs last in full liberty. A writer says that many fail to understand while yet it is the fact, that when cows are on good pasturage is when they need salt the most. The

better plan is to keep the supply in a convenient piace where they can help themselves. One advantage with rock salt is that it does not waste to any great extent if left exposed.

The owner of a small farm who keeps only one or two cows is more choice animals than those who own The Hour Fly.

The hour fly, originally noticed in Texas and also in Kansas, has within a few years been frequent in Canada. We have noticed it at Brunswick, Me., the past season, where it has been very abundant, collecting in great numbers on the sides and heads of cattle, and forming at times dense rings around the base of the horns. It has also been annoying at night to horses in their stalls. It was first noticed on the Maine coast in the summer of 1893, but may have been migrated there a year or two previous. By sprinkling insect powder over the backs of horses and cattle while in the barn, the flies have been kept off. The creatures are about half the size of the common horse fly, and, like the stable fly, it is provided with a long, slender, hard beak, with which it makes a deep bite. - New York Independent.

A Means Out of the Difficulty.

Any strain or bending of the back for any length of time leaves it in a weakened condition. A means out of the difficulty is always handy and cheap. Do as was done by Mr. Herman Schwaygel, Aberdeen, S. D., who says that for several years he suffered with a chronic stitch in the back, and was given up by doctors. Two bottles of St. acobs Oil completely cure i him. Also Mr. John Lucas, Elnora, Ind., says, that for several years he suffered with paens in the back, and one bottle of St. Jacobs Oil cured him. There are manifold instances of how to do the right thing in the right way and not

The smallest telegraph facilities are pos-sessed by Paraguay, Uraguay, Peru and

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Of Fall present so many variations of temperature as to tax the strength and make a pathway for disease. Hood's Sarsaparilla will fortify the system against these dangers, by making pure, healthy blood, "Sores

Hood's Sarsaparilla I lames came out on my limbs. I tried different mediures me. At last my moth-er heard of Hood's Sarsaparilla. After ing part of a bottle the sores began to heal and after a short time I was completely cured. We keep it in the house most of the time. As a blood purifier I know of nothing better." LEON ST. JOHN, Fairmont, Minn.

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