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An effort will be made to cultivate the sugar beet in the South. Texas is harder on shoes than 'per capita' than any other State in the Union.

Professor Graham Bell's claim that he "can talk a million miles on a sun-beam" sounds to the Chicago Record like moonshine.

The common belief that fine white bread contains less nutriment than coarse brown bread is a mistake. So says M. Girard, the eminent French chemist.

The German law now requires that contracts for futures in agricultural products be made a public record, and subjects all dealers in futures to a substantial tax.

Says the American Agriculturist: "We believe none of the reports to the savings banks commissioners of our Middle States classify the occupations of their depositors and borrowers."

At the congress of the deaf mutes lately held in Geneva, the surprising fact was developed that these unfortunate in general disapprove of the comparatively new labial system of instruction which in many schools has been substituted for the old method of digital signs.

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THROUGH FIELDS OF CORN.

In solemn hush of dewy morn, What glory crowns the fields of corn! A joy and gladness in the land...

To fields of corn the summer brings The rustling blades, the blackbird's wing, The abandoned locust's strident tune...

In banners fields of corn unfurled God grows the manna of the world; He waits to bring the yellow gleam...

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TWO HEARTS' NEGATIONS.

BY FRANCIS M. LIVINGSTON.

IBYLLA ASHLEY sat at her desk and scanned a letter she had just finished. It was written in a fine, decided hand...

A young girl appeared at the door almost instantly. She was tall as Sibylla, but had not her superb figure.

"I want Joe, Letty," said Sibylla as she pressed the envelope on her blotting pad.

"Joe drove grandfather into town this morning," replied the younger girl.

"Call Absalom then. I want to send a letter."

"Absalom has a boil on his foot and can't walk."

"There is Chrissy," said Letty, tentatively.

"I won't have her; she bungles everything. It is very provoking that I can find nobody to do so simply an errand."

"Sibylla rose and walked to the window, where she stood looking woefully out upon a lawn that was better kept than the lawn of most Virginia country houses."

"Well, send her here; I suppose she'll have to do," said Sibylla, after a moment.

"Julien! It simply cannot be. I do not love you as I ought. I have known this for a long time, and I have honestly tried to feel differently, but I cannot."

"You little beggar, have you no better clothes than those? Mercy, what a messenger!" and Sibylla burst out laughing in spite of herself.

"Yes, do, for heaven's sake—try to make yourself decent and clean. I want you to carry a letter for me. If you succeed, Miss Letty will give you that little gray garden coat of mine."

"Oh, Miss Sibylla!" cried the child, and in a moment she was stumbling down the staircase.

In a short time she was back again. Her face and hands were clean and her tangled locks had been combed into something like order.

Chrisey did so without a mistake. "That is a simple thing; see if you

can't remember it until you get to town."

"Dead I'll do just 'zactly as you say, Miss Sibylla."

After the child had gone Sibylla sat for a while with her hands clasped above her head, the sleeves falling back around her two perfectly moulded arms.

Then she took a book from the table, and opening it, stared at it absently for a few minutes.

"Come here, Letty," she said, closing the book and holding out a hand toward where her sister sat quietly sewing at the other side of the room.

She drew Letty close to her and laid her head against the younger girl's arm. "I want you to kiss me," she murmured.

Letty flushed with pleasure, and taking the beautiful head between her hands kissed Sibylla's mouth.

"I am not going to marry Julien, Letty. I have just broken the engagement."

Chrisey trotted along the three-mile stretch of road between the Ashley homestead and the town, Sibylla's letter tucked in her bosom.

She skipped and laughed at the intoxicating thought of the beautiful gray coat at home.

She drew in great breaths of the sweet early summer air, and trumpeted shrilly in imitation of the elephant she had seen at the circus.

Her heart beat with the very joy of living, and she knew nothing of the heavy tidings she bore in the bosom of her pink frock.

She longed to chase butterflies through a wood, like that lovely little girl in the story Miss Letty had read to her.

She looked to left and right, but saw no butterflies. A little way ahead were two cows grazing by the roadside.

Cows were not butterflies, but Chrissy must chase something, and the cow was at hand.

"Hi, hi!" she cried shrilly, and ran down the dusty road, and every few steps leaping high in the air.

"Hoo, hoo!" she roared, like a lion. It was great fun. The placid animals lumbered heavily along before her, but not fast enough for Chrissy.

She had taken Sibylla's letter from her bosom for greater security when she began to run, and now held it in her hand.

"Woo, woo! It's wild beasts after you!" she shouted. One big, dun-colored cow rebelled at a further chase, and turning out tried to climb the bank by the road.

"Hoo!" cried Chrissy, in hot pursuit, waving her hands.

The desperate animal turned and made down the bank directly toward the girl. "Go way, go way!" she hawled, and Sibylla's letter fell to the roadside on a choice spot of moist earth.

Just where, a second letter, a heavy bovine hoof pressed it into the mud.

Ashley's eyes when a man told her, in effect, that he did not want her, but would take her if she insisted.

That flash of lightning which almost blinded him as he reached the Ashley gate was pale in comparison.

For a moment he thought of riding by. He wanted to postpone the interview—he needed more time for thought.

Then he threw his head up and his shoulders back as he turned his horse and rode through the gate.

"It is the act of a brave man or of a coward; I shall not make it the act of a coward," he said.

After Sibylla had been left alone she sat for a while and wondered how Julien would receive her letter.

She hoped he would not. Sibylla wanted to hear no criticisms; she dreaded a scene. It would be so much better if Julien would write a sorrowful, manly note and accept her decision.

Then they could meet after that as friends. Of course, he would be unhappy for a long time; she expected that. It made Sibylla herself feel a little sad, now that it was done.

She wondered how far Chrissy was on the road, and if Julien would be at the hotel when she arrived.

She went down stairs and walked on the lawn as far as the gate, where she had so often parted from him.

She saw the rain-clouds gathering and returned to her room. She tried to read but could not. She heard the sound of a horse's hoofs below the window and looking out her lips turned pale.

Julien threw his bride to Absalom, who was hopping about on one foot before the door.

In the hall he met Letty, who with soiled eyes told him that Sibylla was at home, and ran upstairs to warn her sister.

When Sibylla entered he was at the window. She closed the door and stood looking at him in silence.

The color had not yet returned to her cheeks, and Julien, she saw, was very pale. For a long moment they stood looking into each other's eyes.

"Will you not give me your hand, Sibylla," Julien said at last in a voice unlike his own.

"Why should I not do so?" she said kindly, and advancing placed her hand in his.

"Perhaps after to-day, Sibylla, you will never give me your hand again, for the words I have come to say to you are surely the hardest that man can speak to woman."

She reached out gropingly to take Letty's hand again. Sweet Letty simply faded out of the room, and it was Julien's hand that Sibylla clasped.

"Letty, I know he will ne—never come back! I asked hardly a word, but looked so miserable! How tight you are holding my hand—you hurt me, Letty!"

She suddenly sat upright, Julien was kneeling beside her, his arms were around her waist.

The storm was passing, and there were already glimpses of the sun behind the low hanging clouds.

grandfather's, and he never lent it! How ridiculous!

Swiftly she crossed the room and opened the door. "Julien, I cannot let you go in the rain," she said.

Captain Booth was at the front door. He did not trust himself to speak, but waved his hand without turning his head.

Julien walked rapidly toward the barn after his horse. He heard a patter of bare feet and became aware that a small colored girl was running beside him trying to hold a big gingham umbrella over his head.

The young man stood for a long time staring out at the brilliant green of the dripping shrubbery, underneath which the chickens, ruffled and sullen were huddled.

He started out into the rain again and darted back to the house. Chrissy still ran at his side.

"I sent him away in the rain, Letty," he behaved so beautifully—so nobly. . . . I did not think it could be so hard."

"Don't cry, dear," said Letty. "It is better so, since you do not love him."

"But—but—I do love him. I didn't know how much till now that I have lost him forever."

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THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

STORIES THAT ARE TOLD BY THE FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

The Craft He Took—A Lucid Explanation—Had Found It Out—No Reason for Change—Blased, Etc., Etc. A maiden stood upon the sands of Narragansett Pier.

A LUCID EXPLANATION. "Ann! Lucy, what is eccentricity?" "It's the queer things that other people do."—Chicago Record.

REBUFFED. Gentleman—"My lad, can you direct me to the Bank of England?" Shoeblack (with withering scorn)—"Go on, do yer fink I should be doing this if I was a bank director?"—World's Comic.

DEAF MUTE LOVER (speaking through finger signs)—"Please sing for me, dearest." Deaf Mute Loved One (ditto, regretfully)—"I can't dear; I have a sore thumb."—Judge.

HAD FOUND IT OUT. She—"Did you know that Mand has a dark room on purpose for proposals?" He—"Well, rather. I developed a negative there myself last night."—Comic Home Journal.

NO REASON FOR CHANGE. Stern Parent—"You must understand, sir, that I want my daughter to have as good a home after marriage as she had before, sir." Jack Bluffington—"Well, you're not going to sell out, are you?"—Baltimore News.

ONE WAY. "They say the minister preaches sensational sermons in order to directly reach the most depraved classes." "How can that do it?" "Why, now the reporters have to hear him."—Life.

THE BEST THEY COULD DO. "I found a fishworm in my hydrant this morning," said the wrathful citizen. "Yes," said the official of the water company, "that is the best we can do just at present. We can't afford to furnish fish—all we are able to furnish is bait."—Indianapolis Journal.

THE RULING FASHION. Gus—"Jack, old boy, it breaks me all up to tell you, but the doctors have decided against you." Jack (very sick)—"What do they say?" Gus—"That you've only one chance in a hundred to get well."

GEORGE ALL RIGHT. Anxious Mother—"My dear, I'm afraid George is getting into bad company. He is out very late nearly every night." Observing Father—"Oh, he's all right. He goes to see some girl or other. Shouldn't wonder if he'd announce an engagement soon."

WHAT OUR ARTIST HAS TO PUT UP WITH. Major Blunderbore (who has just told our artist a regular side-splitter)—"Well, that's a good 'un, ain't it? Anyhow, it's quite new and original, for it was said only last night by a clever little girl I know—a niece of my own."

A SUPERBITIVE DISTINCTION. The hypocritical man flung down his paper in disgust. "There it is again," he exclaimed. "Somebody has once more made use of that inexcusable phrase, 'unconscious bias!'"

IF I KNEW. If I knew the box where the smiles are kept No matter how large the key Or string the bolt, I would try so hard, 'Till I opened it for the first time. Then over the land and the sea, broadcast, I'd scatter the smiles to play, That the children's faces might hold them fast For many and many a day.

HUMOR OF THE DAY. She—"Am I the first woman you ever kissed?" He (surprised)—"Why, no! I have a mother."—Norristown Herald. Artist—"That man Bacon offered me \$12 for that largest painting of mine." Galler—"Oh, then you've had it framed?"

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MARRIAGES and death notices gratis. All bills for yearly advertisements collected quarterly. Temporary advertisements must be paid in advance. Job work—cash on delivery.

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Man in the First Row (at theater)—"I don't think much of that comedienne." Man in the Second Row—"Nor I; he didn't ride in on a bicycle."—Pack. "You have nothing to regret, brother?" tentatively asked the minister. "None," said the dying ronder. "I ain't leaving a cent."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Mr. Graymar—"Do you remember the night you asked me to marry you? The moon was full." Mr. Graymar—"So was I."—Cincinnati Enquirer. "Overcoats are to be short and trousers tight this winter." "Well, I'm all right; only my trousers will be short and my overcoat tight."—Buffalo News.

He was reading aloud—"Bears, it is said, have a vicious propensity for hugging." "Oh," she interrupted, "how I wish you were a bear!"—Detroit Free Press. Tired Byard—"De constin' part of bicyclin' is all rite. Yer don't haf ter work de pedals. Weary Wally—"Yes, but yer haf ter hold on an' steer, don't yer?"—Judge.

"I suppose this campaign requires all the oratory of our politicians!" "It requires very little oratory; what bothers us is the man in the audience who asks questions."—Pack. She sat on the beach and gazed meditatively at the rings which adorned her fingers. "Know all men by these presents," she murmured, "that I am a summer girl."—Pack.

Dolly—"I told Mr. Nicsefellow that I bet Leggie twenty kisses our boat would win a race at the regatta." Daisy—"Well, wasn't he shocked?" Dolly—"No. I let him hold the stakes."—Boston Globe. "You don't mean to say that that stinky old maid has given you ten marks for telling her fortune?" "Indeed I do. I told her she would meet with an accident before she was twenty-four years old."—Pittsburg Black-Letter.

"Dennis, did you mail that postal card I gave you?" "Yes, sor, an' Oi tuk the liberty, sor, of puttin' a two-cent stamp on it, sor. Ye wrote so foine an' got so much on 'er 'yard Oi thought it might be 'overweight, sor."—Harper's Bazar. Mrs. Nabbins—"My husband is a perfect brute." Friend—"You amaze me, Mrs. Nabbins." "Since the baby began teething, nothing would quiet the little angel, but pulling his papa's beard, and yesterday he went and had his beard shaved off."—Tit-Bits.

Professor—"Do you know, madam, there was a time when men wore corsets; but they found that were injurious to health, and so—Mrs. Wrong-righter—"Yes; and so they gave them to their poor, weak, helpless wives and daughters."—New York Weekly. "I am tired to death," declared Mrs. Matronly as she reached home from down town the other evening. "What's the matter?" asked her husband. "Been having baby's pictures taken. They have a way of taking them instantaneously now, you know." "How long were you at it?" "Three hours and a half."—Detroit Free Press.

Cause of Fog and Mist. Owing to the clear sky that prevails within reach of high pressure, the radiation of heat from the ground or the ocean surface and from the lowest stratum of air proceeds more rapidly, and, as is well known, during such periods mist and fog are formed in the lower air. Radiation proceeds uninterruptedly during the night time from the upper surface of foggy air, and the depth of the layer of fog steadily increases, so that ultimately the heat of the sun, in the middle of the day, is not sufficient to dissipate the fog formed at night. It has often been remarked that the look-out at, or above, the main top overboards the ocean of fog. In general, a dense fog implies clear sky above it, and by attention to the movement of areas of pressure it becomes possible to predict fog on our coast.

A Hygienic Writing Paper. Among the latest things in stationery is a writing paper which is especially manufactured for the prevention of the spreading by letters of various forms of infectious diseases. Every one is aware that in receiving letters from disease-stricken places, at home or abroad, they run a certain amount of risk. This stationary is said to be rendered innocuous by a special disinfectant. The paper is so impregnated with antiseptics that all deleterious organisms which may be carried on the surface, even though a fever-stricken person writes or touches the letter.

Washington Star. "It is rather old," replied his wife in a sympathetic tone. "I don't object to the age of it," was the petulant answer; "what makes me indignant is its insecurity. The oyster in its native state is a bivalve. But before it is fit for consumption somebody has to go at it with a knife and a hammer and pry at least one of its shells off. Then it may be acceptable as a luscious viand. But it's a universal law that as long as it remains a bivalve I defy anybody to digest it unless he has a gizzard like an ostrich."—Washington Star.