

THE JEWELS OF CASTILE.

Heart-sick, yet moved with thought sublime,
Columbus waited long at court,
That he might voice in worthy sort
The "vision splendid" of his time.

But with the king war ruled supreme—
In such wild schemes ill might abide—
And so he lightly moved aside
The dreamer and his dream.

Not so the queen. With kindly heart
She listened to the tale once more—
That tale of far, fair western shore—
Then bade her messenger depart.

"For mine own kingdom of Castile
I undertake the task," said she,
"And if, mayhap, the need should be,
I pledge my jewels for its weal."

And so began that famous quest
Upon the mighty unknown sea;
And so the queen's hand gave the key
That opened wide the wondrous west.

Dust, dust are queen and court today,
And "gilded dust" the pride of Spain;
But still across the western main
The Old World millions take their way.

In far, strange lands new peoples rise.
New flags they fly, new songs they sing;
And, brave and free, each man a king,
They rear their mansions to the skies.

Whate'er the banner floating high
O'er lofty dome or tower grand,
We, dreaming of that far-off strand,
The colors of Castile descry.

O gracious queen, so brave, so leal!
In these wide lands of fair renown
Behold the jewels of thy crown—
The living Jewels of Castile.

—Hester P. Brown in Youth's Companion.

Into The Storms

By Adela Louise Kimball

Shirley stood gazing eagerly toward the dark, angry clouds which moved swiftly across the farm lands. Now and then a lurid flash flung out its ominous promise but all the restless, emotional clamoring of her young, uncurbed nature seemed straining to meet the coming tempest.

She looked a little uncertainly toward the home of David Auburn, but with a squaring of her shoulders walked swiftly forward. Above the low, rumbling drone of darkening clouds she heard her name called and looked up to see Auburn framed by the open doorway.

She stopped and laughed softly, holding out her hand as he came toward her.

"I was going out to meet the storm," she explained. "I wanted to feel the rain beating upon my face, to imagine myself a part of the plank."

He looked at her frankly incredulous. "It is beginning now," he said in a low tone. "Come in by the fire until it is over."

Then the storm burst upon them, whirling in a fury of dust and rain. He drew her to the open doorway, where she stood, looking uncertainly from the alluring glow of the fire to the stretch of fields beyond. At length she stopped slowly over the sill and smiled a little wistfully.

"Why, David's it's home!" she declared. "I've often wondered how you lived. It makes me feel better about leaving Westmere."

"You are going, then—soon?" he cried out sharply.

"Yes, tomorrow."

He was silent for a long time, then slowly placed her chair before the fire. "I'm glad, then, that I'm to have today. You will, at least, have sat by my fireside, Shirley, and told me what it is in the life out there which takes you away from it—and me, what it is than can hold you so against me."

She leaned a little heavily against the mantel. "I wonder, too, David?" she said half sadly. "I love this free, fresh life, the great plains of Westmere, and I love—you. But I should hate you both if I had to stay always, if I knew that I could not go back." She turned and looked at his strong, bronzed face and met the grave, honest scrutiny of his eyes. "I wish that I could stay, David, you believe that, don't you?"

He laughed with a tinge of bitterness. "It is hard to believe only that, Shirley. But, come, I'm spoiling my day. Shall we make tea? I'd like to watch you doing things for me here—just once."

Her eyes filled at the break in his voice, then she slowly removed her gloves and placed the kettle above the embers. The soft glow seemed to fling a halo about her and suddenly David bent down, placing his hand with a timid, reverential touch upon her shoulder.

"Shirley!" he pleaded, huskily, "I have dreamed of seeing you there, doing things for me, little things, that only a woman can do."

She shook off his hand with a quick, despairing gesture and arose to her feet. "I cannot, David. I was only pretending. I do not like to do those things."

"You do!" he exclaimed. "I saw it in your face! Your dear, radiant, woman's face!"

She moved hastily to the door and flung it open. She stood framed by the doorway, looking back toward her vacant chair, then walked swiftly across the fields, straining against the blinding downpour of rain.

In a few moments David had reached her side and she turned to him with a faint suggestion of appeal. "Would you follow me, then, even into the

storms?" She spoke reluctantly, as if a guilty heart sought to pull back the words from her lips, yet she went on with an undercurrent of eagerness, "Would you, David, even out there, into the storms of which you know nothing?"

As the import of her words became clear he stood quite still, letting his eyes meet hers steadily with a glint of sternness.

"It would mean selling the farm, Shirley, bartering all that I've lived to gain, but would it mean—you?"

Her mind made a quick survey of the turmoil into which such a life must lead him, and then retreated to picture the calm wholesomeness of the life which he now led. The moment had been given her in which to shape his destiny and hers. Should she permit her better nature to rise and joint the material instinct which sought to shelter him, or should she lead him into the whirlpool of her gay, inconsequent little world of music and laughter?

David's eyes remained fixed upon hers. "It is your life or mine," he said "but it must be together."

She turned her face upward to the rain. "Then, come, David," she breathed, "out into the storms."

It was a year later when Shirley turned to David, holding out trembling arms.

"Take me back to Westmere," she entreated. "I see this life through new eyes—yours, David, and it sickens me. I seem to be losing you and all that was yours which I loved, the big, high-souled manliness of you, which is stifled here."

He stood apart, regarding the soft, out-stretched arms, with a sad, yet critical gaze. When he spoke the tinge of coldness in his voice caused her to wince and regard him with wide, despairing eyes. His former attitude of deference which had once made its vain appeal was replaced by a curt, familiar intonation which cut through her surface lightness, stinging far into the latent softness of her nature.

"We can't go back, Shirley," he said in a low-voiced repression. "Not—together. Here in the glare you dazzle, hold, compel me but there—" His voice fell. "Ah Shirley it is a sacred place, that old home, and the halo which I once placed about you there could not merge into the elements which have formed your life."

Then, with a bitter cry, she shrank back, understanding all that his lips did not voice, realizing that she could take her place only in the storms, while the sanctuary of his soul must lie beyond her in the land of his boyhood dreams.—Boston Post.

AS TO WHISTLING.

Street Car Conductor and Others Guilty of a Bad Practice.

A day or so ago an elegant, refined and delicate woman, a wife and a mother, a passenger on a street car in this town, addressed a gentleman, also a passenger, and her neighbor and friend, to this effect: "It is a regulation that nobody shall expectorate on a car like this we are riding on. It is a good and a wholesome provision and made on behalf and in promotion of public health. But that conductor there, who took my fare just before you got aboard, is whistling; I would much rather that he should spit on my dress. I could have the garment cleaned of that; but how will I ever have my nerves mended of the torture he has inflicted on them? You are a newspaper man. Can't you stir the District building up to stop whistling as well as spitting?"

And that newspaper man then and there called to mind a conversation he had thirty years earlier with Yankee Bly, the famous detective of Louisville, Ky., who said that he had run down, captured, prosecuted and had convicted many a malefactor whom he would never have suspected of crime unless he had heard him whistling on the street, which nine times in ten is a cloak of nonchalance put on and worn by a guilty heart.

And then it is opined by men of "anagosity" that James G. Blaine would have been President had he not been given to the practice of putting his hands deep into his trousers pockets and whistling. Perhaps he was the only great man of our country who was guilty of that sort of enormity. Can you imagine George Washington whistling, or either Adams, or Jefferson, or Jackson, or Cleveland, or either Harrison? No abler man than Ben Harrison was ever President. He could not whistle.—Washington Post.

Hard Luck.

"What did you tell that bill collector?"

"That you were out," replied the office boy.

"And what did he say?"

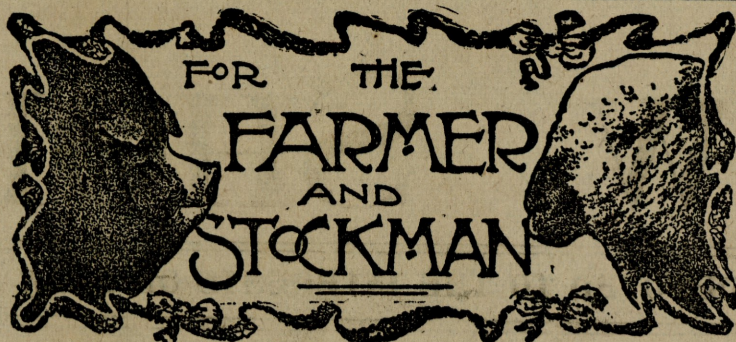
"He said he was sorry, as he had given up his old job and had come around to pay a bill that his new boss owed you.—Washington Star.

Felt Cheap, Too.

Jinks—I saw something cheap at a bargain counter today.

Binks—What was it?

Jinks—A man waiting for his wife.—New York Press.



Feed Potatoes to Hogs.

I would like to know the feeding value of potatoes. I have about 2000 bushels and plenty of hogs. I can get but forty-five cents per bushel for potatoes and corn is worth seventy cents. Can I afford to cook them for hog feed. I have been a reader of your valuable farm paper for many years. Can you answer through your paper?—Wm. P. Beckett.

Answer: A number of tests have been made at the experiment stations and by other feeders with potatoes. It has been found that potatoes when cooked and fed with corn, or corn meal, compared as follows: That four pounds of potatoes were equal in such feeding to one pound of corn. In his book on Feeds and Feeding, Prof. Henry, good authority, says that four pounds of boiled potatoes are equal to one pound of grain in feeding pigs, and that in all these tests the hogs so fed made a good quality of pork.—Indiana Farmer.

Bacon Hogs.

It is generally understood that what is frequently called bacon in American markets is not identical with the article sold as bacon in Great Britain. This will appear from the following statement: A writer in an exchange states that bacon hogs in England weigh from 160 to 230 pounds, while bacon hogs in the United States weigh from 155 to 195 pounds, and light mixed hogs weigh 150 to 220 pounds. It is very evident that the hog that furnishes such bacon as the English consumers want is a better grade animal than that which is used for bacon in the United States. The average weight for the former is given as 190 pounds, whereas the average weight of the latter is only 175 pounds.

There is too much of an inclination in our markets to separate hogs that are unfinished and to classify them as bacon because of their leanness. This, of course, does not truly represent the bacon hog when put upon the market in finished form. The bacon hog, though not what may be termed fat in the sense in which the lard hog is fat is not, on the other hand, lean, in a sense in which the unfinished hog is lean. It occupies middle ground between the two. The flesh is firm; indeed, more so than that of the fat hog. In other words, a lack of firmness is very objectionable in first-class bacon. Because of the lack of proper discrimination in the application of the terms, the bacon hog has suffered somewhat on our markets. The term bacon has been applied in a careless sense as pointed out above, consequently it has been applied to animals that do not bring top prices in the market, hence the idea has gone out that bacon swine do not bring so high a market price relatively as other types. In time, no doubt, this will be corrected, but in the meantime it should be taken into the account of those who are taking notes with reference to the relative market prices.—Weekly Witness.

California Privet Hedges.

Throughout the city—and the whole of the State, for that matter—there is general complaint that the California privet hedges were killed by the severe winter. That this shrub is really too tender for Indiana planting has been said repeatedly in the Indianapolis News. Long acquaintance with it by those who are thoroughly familiar with its demands has proved conclusively that the plant "winter-kills," so far as the tops are concerned, even if the roots survive our colder temperatures.

The California privet gained its popularity primarily because it is the main shrub used for hedge purposes at Newport and other summer resorts similarly situated. For seaside planting, no shrub surpasses it, but it must be remembered that the water tempers the atmosphere and that many shrubs will succeed splendidly at Newport that will not survive our winters here. In Indianapolis and Indiana, California privet should never be planted.

The Amoor River privet resembles the California variety very much and is perfectly hardy. Some notes on the subject of hedge plants adapted to Indiana follow. They are from the pen of E. Y. Teas, a well-known nurseryman of Centerville, Ind.

The Amoor River privet, from Asia, resembles California privet very much and has never been known to be injured by our severest cold, even in the tips of the branches, where the California was killed to the ground. The Amoor River is not quite so near-

ly evergreen as California, though it retains its foliage until mid-winter. There is a Southern form, grown and sold as Amoor River that, it is believed, does not possess the hardness of plant nor beauty of foliage that is characteristic of the genuine Amoor River.

Regelianum privet seems to possess the hardness of the Amoor River, and, in habit of growth, arrangement of the branches, and peculiar shape and conformation of the foliage is one of the most striking of shrubs. The Japanese privet is a strong grower, with remarkably large, glossy foliage, that is more persistently evergreen than any other privet. We think this will become popular either as a hedge plant or for ornamental planting.

The Japan berberis (B. Thunbergii) is justly very popular as an ornamental hedge plant. It is of rather slender, compact, bushy habit, with small, glossy, bright green leaves that attain a brilliant crimson color in autumn. The plant is loaded with berries that assume a bright red color when ripe and remain on the plant through the winter. We have never heard of this plant being injured by the cold anywhere. Last, but not least, for ornamental hedge, we will name Spiraea Van Houttei, a plant of extraordinary hardness, and beauty in habit of growth, as well as of special beauty when loaded with its wreaths of white flowers, as easily transplanted as a tomato, as hardy as an oak. We have hedges of it twenty years old, of perfect form, from the ground up which, when in bloom in June, are strikingly beautiful. By cutting back, just after the flowering season, the hedge may be kept at a height of two, three or four feet, as may be desired.

Noble Hotel Keepers.

Hotel keeping is a fancy of the moment. Besides Lord Leitrim, several well known people have gone into business in this direction. Lady Aberdeen is president of the Green Lady Hostel at Littlehampton, Sussex. This is arranged for workers, who are charged ten shillings a week for board and lodging. Lady Burton has built and fitted out a splendid hotel at Aviemore, which commands a fine view of the Cairngorm Range in Inverness-shire, and the widowed Lady Augusta Orr-Ewing has started a first rate hotel, with good golf links, at Dunskey, her home near Stranraer in Wigtownshire. Lord Dunraven has built a hotel for golfers close to Adare Manor, his place in Limerick, and Lord Inchiquin is the owner of a hotel at Arranmore, Milltown Malbay, also in Ireland. Then Lord Claud Hamilton, who is chairman of the Great Eastern Railway, takes a keen interest in the Sandringham Hotel at Hunstanton in Norfolk, and Douglas Tollemache, great-uncle to Lord Tollemache, is much concerned in the welfare of the Felix Hotel, Felixstowe, which was built after the design of Helmingham Hall, Lord Tollemache's place in Suffolk. — Gentlewoman.

Socialism Would Begin.

A clear understanding of what Socialism means and what it seeks to do will tend to arrest the spread of its doctrines, now furtively making their way to a broader acceptance among dreamers and visionaries and children, and, above all, among those who are altogether uninformed as to what Socialism is. It is well, therefore, that there should be a clear understanding that the Socialist government would begin, must begin, by wholesale confiscation of property.—From Charles R. Miller's "Why Socialism is Impracticable," in the Century.

The Unkindest Cut.

A country barber cut a customer's cheek four times while shaving him. "Oh, dear me, how careless!" exclaimed the razor-wielder after the infliction of each wound.

When the shave was over the customer took a glassful of water and at every mouthful shook his head from side to side.

"Anything the matter?" the barber asked.

"No," was the reply; "I only wanted to see if my mouth would still hold water without leaking!"—Philadelphia Inquirer

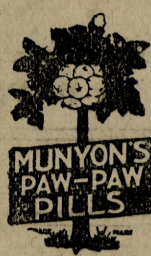
As the Country Cried.

"Johnny, can you tell us why Washington is called the Father of his Country?"

"Cause he walked the floor a good many nights when it was still young, I guess."—Chicago Record-Herald.

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The best Stomach and Liver Pills known and a positive and speedy cure for Constipation, Indigestion, Jaundice, Biliousness, Sour Stomach, Headache, and all ailments arising from a disordered stomach or sluggish liver. They contain in concentrated form all the virtues and values of Munyon's Paw-Paw tonic and are made from the juice of the Paw-Paw fruit. I unhesitatingly recommend these pills as being the best laxative and cathartic ever compounded. Send us postal or letter, requesting a free package of Munyon's Celebrated Paw-Paw Laxative Pills, and we will mail same free of charge. MUNYON'S HOMOEOPATHIC HOME REMEDY CO., 53d and Jefferson Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

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If it Could Be Done That Way. Ethel (finding the sermon tedious and thinking it high time for the collection)—Oh, mother, do pay the man and let's go home.—Punch.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Sugar-coated, tiny granules, easy to take as candy. 18

Fireworks for Scarecrows.

The great grain field of the Sandborn ranch in Shasta county, Cal., are ingeniously protected at night from the vast flocks of wild geese and other aquatic fowl that do immense damage to crops by means of display of fireworks. Skyrockets and roman candles were bought in large quantities by the management of the ranch, and men are stationed at various points. Whenever a flock is heard honking in the distance several skyrockets or a shower of colored balls from a roman candle are sent upward, and, as a result, the birds give the ranch a wide berth.—Popular Mechanics.

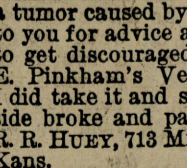
Catching Rare Birds.

A bird expert has returned to Europe from the West Indies with over 200 captives. He boiled down tree sap into a thick, sticky mess, and put it on shrubs and branches at places where birds took food and drink. Once they grasped the sticky perches they were fast and could not fly away, says the expert. Some were caught by tying to a string large grains which birds swallowed, and there they were. Among the captures are starlings, finches, pigeons, doves, herons and canaries.—New York Press.

DOCTOR ADVISED OPERATION

Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Galena, Kans.—"A year ago last March I fell, and a few days after there was soreness in my right side. In a short time a bunch came and it bothered me so much at night I could not sleep. It kept growing larger and by fall it was as large as a hen's egg. I could not go to bed without a hot water bottle applied to that side. I had one of the best doctors in Kansas and he told my husband that I would have to be operated on as it was something like a tumor caused by a rupture. I wrote to you for advice and you told me not to get discouraged but to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I did take it and soon the lump in my side broke and passed away."—Mrs. R. R. Huey, 713 Mineral Ave., Galena, Kans.



Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, has proved to be the most successful remedy for curing the worst forms of female ills, including displacements, inflammation, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion, and nervous prostration. It costs but a trifle to try it, and the result has been worth millions to many suffering women.

If you want special advice write for it to Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass. It is free and always helpful.