AT LOVE'S DOOR.

I heard a sound, in the deep of night,
Unlike aught heard before;
It was a lost heart knocking at Love's door.

I saw a sight in the dawning light—
May I not see it more!
It was a dead heart lying at Love's door.

—The Criterion.

A Berkshire Ghost Story.

BY ITTA ALLEN FELLNER.

Timothy Dole, or "Old Tim Dole," as he was called by his associates, was a great and powerful blacksmith in a quiet little village among the Berkshire hills.

Tim was an honest, hard working, kind hearted man, and a great favorite with all the country people for miles around, in spite of his being morbidly superstitious and a firm believer in spirit rapping, haunted houses and ghosts.

Tim's dearest friend, farmer John Davis, or "honest John," as he was everywhere known, was always chiding Timothy about his belief, or, as John would put it, his "foolishness."

Still, whenever they had an hour to spare, they were sure to get together and the talk always turned to "ghosts" and "spirit rappings."

All through the winter months they were much together. It was Tom's delight to close his shop early and drive to his friend's house and spend the long wintry evenings by the fire in the farmhouse kitchen, expounding his favorite views on spiritualism.

Although John Davis professed to be an unbeliever in spiritualism, and was known as "honest John," he could vouch for more bloodcurdling ghost stories and thrilling adventures than any other man about the country; and Tim was an earnest listener.

One of their most horrible tales, horrible for a "true story," was about a haunted house, of course, haunted by a headless ghost. The old house still stood in the neighborhood, but no living being could occupy it, for whenever the housewife attempted to prepare the morning meal there always appeared beside the kitchen stove a man without a head, but with a scarred and bloody neck. It was most horrible! There was only one cause for such a ghost—murder.

Years ago, the story ran, a terrible crime had been committed there; a most brutal murder it was, too. A simple, honest peddler, who merely sought a night's repose beneath that humble roof, had been beheaded with an axe while awaiting his breakfast. Then the fiend who did the awful deed escaped by stealing a horse from the barn behind the house.

The years had come and gone and the murderer had not been found, and to this very day no one had yet been able to live in that house, or even use the barn. The horses stabled in that barn, no matter how securely fastened, would become untied during the night by some mysterious hand, and scamper wildly away, even when strong ropes or heavy iron chains were used.

John Davis had never fastened a horse there himself, but his father, who had been a very religious and just man, had often tried to do so, in years gone by, without avail.

Even John's own mother, who had been a noble Christian woman, had actually seen the headless man sitting beside the fire in that old haunted house upon two different occasions, and although John said he did not believe the tale himself, he always added, when telling it:

"And father's word was as good as Bible truth," and "everybody knew that mother could not lie."

And Tim believed it all, and would hardly have ventured home at night if he had not kept his horse with him to keep him company.

Now it happened that as these two old men would often meet and tell their tales, they sometimes had a listener, a young man who loved humor and occasionally dropped in to hear their stories. His name was George Cowee. He was a slender youth with much learning and refinement. He was a nephew of Deacon Cowee, a wealthy farmer living a short distance from the Davis place.

He always agreed with Tim, but he had no more faith in "Tim's views" than John himself, but he liked Tim and he liked to hear him talk. It was very amusing.

The night before Christmas he happened into John's kitchen, and there he found Tim, who, as usual, was telling about "the dead coming back" and "communicating with their friends by rapping on tin pans," and as usual John loudly declared it was all "bosh" and "nonsense."

Tim had just been down to the city, where he had attended a full fledged spiritual meeting, and he was stronger than ever in his belief, and had many wonderful things to relate.

When George Cowee arose to go that night he said to them:

"I am going away tomorrow—out west." Then he added mischievously, slyly winking at John: "Tim, if I am killed before I return I will let you know it through the spirit. I will rap on the head board of your bed at night. Spirits are always around at night, and I shall rap very softly at first, then louder than a bass drum, so that you will know that it is I, George Cowee, and no matter what hour it is, you must hasten here to John's house and tell him. I am sure that if he believes it he will at once be converted to your views."

Just then an old clock upon the kitchen shelf struck 10, and the young man added:

"Ah, John, that you may also know that I have passed away, I will ring that clock. I will ring it for an hour, and wake you and your wife up and keep you awake the whole time." George Cowee was only jesting, and he smiled as he went west.

Weeks and months went by, and nothing was heard from him.

It was now the beginning of May.

As there was much horse shoeing to be done in the springtime, Tim was kept very busy. John Davis was also hard at work. One Tuesday, May 4, John had plowed all day, and when night came he was unusually tired, and went early to bed.

In the middle of the night he and his wife were awakened by the striking of the clock in the kitchen. They thought it was 12 o'clock, but the clock did not stop when it had struck 12, but struck on and on.

"What in thunder ails that clock?" he exclaimed, and he got up and went into the kitchen. He shook the old clock, but it would not stop ringing. He took it down from the shelf and laid it on its back upon the kitchen table, but he could not stop it from striking. It rang fully an hour, until John was tempted to throw it out into the yard; then it ceased as suddenly as it began, and was as quiet as a mouse.

"The old clock is worn out!" John said. "I must get another one," and he returned to his bed and slept.

It was hardly daylight when he heard a team driving into his yard. Going to the door he beheld his old friend Tim. Tim was all excitement and his voice trembled as he called out to John from his buggy:

"Did your clock ring in the night last night?"

"Well—yes," John answered; "but how did you know that?"

"Don't you remember George Cowee, and what he told us about his spirit manifesting itself to us? If you don't I do, and I am sure George Cowee is dead!"

"Nonsense!" John cried. "The young rascal is probably alive and kicking."

"Nonsense or no nonsense," Tim said, "I believe he is dead, for all night I could not sleep. About 12 o'clock, when I was thinking about the spirits, there came a rap upon the headboard of my bed, faintly at first, and then when I asked if it was George Cowee's spirit, such a thumping and bunmping you never heard. It was louder than a bass drum. As soon as daylight I made haste to come to you."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed John; "you had the nightmare, sure enough," he said. But Tim sadly shook his head. He knew it was the "spirits."

"Come down to my shop this afternoon, and we will talk about it," Tim said as he drove away.

That afternoon John went down to the shop.

"Not because I want to talk about ghosts," he said, "but to have Tim put a new shoe on my mare."

As Tim worked on the mare's foot they fell to talking, and naturally the conversation drifted to the strange events of the previous night.

Before they had finished talking about the rappings on Tim's head board Mr. Maxon, the station agent, came into the shop, and he held in his hand a folded paper.

"I saw your wagon out here, Mr. Davis," he said, "and I thought if you were going right home I could get you to deliver this message that has just come for Deacon Cowee."

"Certainly I will deliver it," John answered, and the agent handed him the paper and departed.

As soon as he was out of the shop the old men drew near each other and looked at the telegram addressed to Deacon Cowee, and this is what it said:

"Denver, Col., May 5.

"Your nephew, George Cowee, was killed in a railroad accident here last night."

Both old men stared into the fire, silent, sad, thoughtful.—Waverley Magazine.

Hospital Patients Spanked.

A very useful adjunct to the paraphernalia at the Hahnemann hospital, Philadelphia, is known as "the awakener." This is a wooden paddle about two feet long, designed to restore consciousness to patients who have either taken poison or who have lapsed into a comatose condition from the effect of too much liquor.

This little instrument is decorated with such legends as "The way of the transgressor is hard," "Slumber, sweet slumber, nit!" and similar sentences purporting to be in a jocular vein. "The awakener" is used upon the soles of a patient's feet. The shoes and stockings are removed, and then the paddle is applied with full force. Most of the patients respond to this treatment within 10 minutes, but sometimes, where drugs have been used, "the awakener" is kept busy for an hour, or even longer.—Philadelphia Record.

A Cruel but Effective Lesson.

Nature is giving us a most valuable object lesson in the common sense of dress and diet. And "us" in this case means about two-thirds of the population of the United States.

This enormous heat ought to hasten the of late years rather rapid progress of shedding kinds of clothing so long worn upon the absurd theory that New York and America had mild summers.

Also it ought to hasten the adoption of a summer diet of fruit and vegetables, with nothing stronger than water to drink, and that water chilled only and not iced.

Nature has a very crude way of teaching her children. But she produces results.—New York World.

New Ideas in Toilettes

New York City.—The dainty breakfast jacket that suggests perfect comfort at the same time that it is tasteful and becoming appeals to every

BREAKFAST JACKET.

woman and always find a place. The attractive May Manton model illustrated is suited to dimity, batiste lawn and the like, and to such light weight wools as cashmere and albatross, but in the original is made of white lawn with frills and bands of needlework.

The fronts are tucked to yoke depth, then allowed to fall free and form folds, but the back is laid in pleats that are stitched in tucks and produce a tapering effect. At the neck is a sailor collar and the sleeves as shown, are tucked and in elbow length, but the pattern also includes those of full length that are cut in slight bell shape.

To cut this jacket for a woman of medium size four yards of material twenty-seven or thirty-two inches wide, or two and a half yards forty-four inches wide will be required, with four and a half yards of embroidered bands and seven yards of edging to trim as illustrated.

ONE OF THE SEASON'S POPULAR COSTUMES.

A Popular Costume.

The fancy blouse with accessories of lace and the like is essential to correct formal dress and fills an important place in the well-kept wardrobe. The charming and stylish May Manton model shown in the large drawing has the merit of suiting both the entire costume and the odd bodice. As shown it is of white batiste with cream Cluny lace and black velvet ribbon held by small jeweled buttons, but the design lends itself to silk and soft wool fabrics as well as to all the dainty cottons and linens with equal success.

The foundation is a fitted lining that closes at the centre front. On it are arranged the round yoke, the full under portion and the graceful bertha. The yoke closing at the left shoulder extends to form a narrow vest that closes under the left front. The sleeves are in elbow length, terminating with flaring cuffs, but can be extended to the hands.

To cut this blouse for a woman of medium size one and a half yards of material twenty-one inches wide, one and a half yards twenty-seven inches wide, one and a quarter yards thirty-two inches wide, or one and a quarter yards forty-four inches wide will be required, with three and seven-eighth yards of all-over lace and ten yards of velvet ribbon to trim as illustrated.

The graduated circular flounce gains in popularity as the season advances and has the merit of being singularly graceful as well as smart. The admirable skirt shown in the large drawing is shaped with five gores and fits with perfect smoothness over the hips while it flares freely at the lower portion. The two flounces are cut with precision and care, and include just the amount of fulness required by fashion. The original is made of embroidered pongee, but all the season's materials are suitable. Thin goods, such as mohair Swiss and grass linen, are charming when so made and hung over a separate foundation, while both silks and wool are well adapted to the style. The skirt is cut full length and can be used plain or with a single flounce when desired.

To cut this skirt for a woman of medium size ten and five-eighth yards of material twenty-one inches wide, ten and a quarter yards twenty-seven inches wide, nine and a quarter yards thirty-two inches wide, or six yards forty-four inches wide will be required.

Bronze Boots and Shoes.

Bronze boots and shoes are to be seen in the shops, but they are not worn to any extent. It is only when one wants to have things match that they are worn once in a while. A woman wearing a girdle of bronze silk not long ago with a light silk gown wore also bronze shoes and stockings to match.

A Quaint Pin.

The moss agate, which is but little seen now, forms the head of a quaint pin. The flat stone is set in a frame of gold on top of the pin, like a sign board on a post, supported underneath by two odd little fishes.

Woman's Fancy Blouse.

The white silk blouse trimmed with lace in bolero is a marked and deserved favorite of the season, and is becoming to by far the greater number of figures. The very pretty May Manton model shown includes a big fancy collar and is made of white India silk, with trimmings of lace applique, shield and collar of lace, and is worn with a big white ribbon bow and narrow black velvet necktie, but all soft pliable materials are appropriate, whether wool, silk or cotton, and the trimming can be varied in many ways.

The foundation for the waist is a fitted lining that closes at the centre front. To it is attached the shield and over it are arranged the smooth back and softly full front. At the throat is a regulation stock that is unlined, and the open neck is finished with the sailor collar that is shaped in points. The lower line of lace gives the bolero effect.

The original includes mousquetaire upper sleeves that puff over the elbows, but this portion can be omitted in favor of plain ones trimmed as

FANCY BLOUSE.

shown in the back view. When the lining is omitted the shield is attached to the right front, beneath the collar, and worked onto the left.

To cut this waist for a woman of medium size four and a half yards of material twenty-one inches wide, four and a quarter yards twenty-seven inches wide, two and three-quarter yards thirty-two inches wide, or two five-eight yards forty-four inches wide will be required, with five and a quarter yards of applique and one-half yard of all-over lace to trim as illustrated.

Farmers' Corner

Fresh Water for Swine.

Slop will not take the place of pure water for hogs. During the warm season swine should be liberally supplied with fresh water and the food should consist of weeds, grass and vegetables rather than grain. A mess of bran and skim milk may be given at night, but corn is too heating.

Why Ducks Are Profitable.

One reason why the duck brings in money is that the flesh is generally liked for table use; in other words, the market is sure.

The duck is a good eater and gets his living more largely than other fowls from insects in air and water and from the fields. So his keep is cheaper.

This characteristic implies another that is important: it is a hardy fowl. Once start them well and your flock of ducks is much more likely—all of them—to mature than is the case with the less hardy turkey. In profit a duck is put ahead of either the turkey or chicken.

The Pasture for Poultry.

The pasture is important for poultry as well as for animals. During spring and early summer, when the fowls can secure an abundance of insect food, as well as a variety of green substances, the production of eggs is greater than at any other season of the year, but when drought injures grass there is less opportunity for the fowls to secure a large proportion of the required materials for egg production. They should during the periods of scarcity of grass be given a mess at night, which should not consist of grain only. Meat, cut bone and cooked potatoes thickened with bran will be relished. To every quart of bran used may be added two ounces of linseed meal, which will also be relished by all kinds of poultry.

Feeding Dairy Cows.

The call for good grass butter is urgent today, and consumers actually long for the spring season when grass-made butter makes its first appearance. So delicate and attractive is the color and flavor of June butter that all like the product and hold it above that made at any other season. Packers and merchants store this June butter and hold it all through the winter season, selling it gradually at an advance over all others. If it was needed other evidence could be cited to show that grass is the most natural and best food that can be fed to the dairy cows. Good June grass performs a work in the economy of nature that no artificial methods have yet duplicated. Nevertheless, some dairymen show such dense lack of appreciation of this that they fail to have a decent grass pasture on their farms. Dairying without good pasture fields is very much like playing Hamlet without Hamlet. It is impossible for the farmer to produce the desirable results which he may have vaguely in view.

Grass and hay, then corn and other succulent foods, should be the relative order of foods which the dairyman should keep constantly in mind. His farming should be based upon a proper conception of the value of these foods, so that when he plants a crop he knows exactly what he will get in return for it. A good pasture farm is a small fortune to a dairyman, but the science of keeping up this pasture to its full production is worth more to him. And yet there is no great secret in the question. It is merely the application of common sense, knowledge and judgment in furnishing the grass crops with the right to keep them going. Robbing the soil and starving the grass roots must always be followed by poor grass and hay crops sooner or later. Neglect the crop this season and we will have to pay for it next. Sometimes the payment comes sooner than we expect, and again it is postponed for some indefinite time. When an overdraft is made upon the soil it is always wise to make restitution as soon as possible. Put on an extra supply of fertilizers this year, and do not neglect it until too late. We cannot take from the soil more than there is in it, but we can cultivate crops so that the full food supply is developed and expanded. A good deal of the food supply of any soil is wasted, as a rule, through lack of cultivation and a proper method of utilizing it. These secrets should be known and then used to their utmost.—A. B. Barrett, in American Cultivator.

Why Dairymen Prosper.

One reason why the people engaged in dairying are prosperous is because dairying is a cash business. There is no credit with the old cow. You feed her today, and tomorrow she pays you back in cash. The dairyman does not have to tell his hired man that he can pay him when he sells his wheat, or when he sells a bunch of lambs, or when the peaches are marketed. He has the cash every week or every month. The dairyman need not run a bill at his grocery or anywhere else. His business is a cash business, and he can pay as he goes. This is one of the basic principles of prosperity. Run up no debts, pay as you go. It gets a man into the habit of doing business on business principles, and when he does this he has started on the road to prosperity.

Again, the dairy business is a continuous business. It brings in cash every week in the year. The fruit man or the wheat man, or the steer man or the lamb man, gets his money in large sums and at irregular intervals. This tends to extravagance in expenditure. When people have lots of money they spend lots, and when the source is cut off they feel it severely. The dairyman's income is more uniform and steady, and he governs his expenditures accordingly. He is not flush at one time and totally strapped at another, but has a modest, uniform, continuous income, and is thereby made prosperous.

Dairying is a safe business, and therefore brings material prosperity to a person or a community. People have been financially ruined by fattening lambs or cattle, and, in some instances, by growing fruit or wheat. But no one ever heard of a man becoming bankrupt in the dairy business. These other businesses may at times bring a larger profit, but there is a large element of speculation about them. The dairy business is almost devoid of speculation. It is a rather slow, humdrum sort of business, but it is safe, and one can put his money into it with the assurance of a modest profit from year to year.

If crops fail in almost any other kind of farming the farmer is flat, but even if all the dairyman's crops should fail, if he has a good herd of cows he can buy all his feed and still pay expenses and have a small profit besides. Diarying may be a little slow, but it is sure.—Dairyman and Creamery.

The Disposal of Farm Produce.

It is a common saying among some producers of merchantable articles, that to sell well is the principal part of the business. The salesman is the chief officer of the manufacturer, and the personal advertisement, as it may be called of a producer, is the agent who sells the products. Why should not a farmer follow the lead of other producers, the thousand and one makers of many articles of domestic use, who all keep agents on the road to peddle their products? This part of the business has heretofore given profitable employment to many thousands of active men, who of course, have really been paid by the purchasers in the prices they have given for the products purchased by them. Indeed, to change the method of distribution of products is alleged to be the moving principle of the common modern associations called trusts, which are said to be formed in the interest of the consumers or purchasers to lessen cost of sales. It may be so, but facts tend to show that these great corporations formed, and still forming, are expected to pay big dividends on the inflated stock, and, as a rule, in this world the parties on one side of a business transaction are not generally fretting themselves very much about the advantages gained by the purchasers of their goods.

Why should not the farmer fall into line with these modern improvements in trade, and reduce costs in the way of the disposition of his produce? He may follow the lead of his bigger competitors and say, "We intend to dispose of our produce directly to the purchasers, and so give them considerable advantage in price gained by the discarding of useless distributing agents, and so go directly to them and sell what we have to dispose of." There is no difficulty about it, for like that noted person Barkis, the other party is willing. Producer and consumer then come into actual contact, and so business is done at the least cost and most profit to both parties.

Some foresighted communities offer encouragement to the farmers to do business in this way by providing conveniences and facilities for direct trade between the farmers and the townspeople. When residing some years ago a few miles from New York, I found it very convenient to send a wagon load of sweet corn, melons, cucumbers, and all sorts of vegetables and dispose of the stuff to any one who would purchase. The purchasers were cheifly the small storekeepers who sold out the produce the next day to the neighboring residents.

When living too far from that city in Pennsylvania, and adjoining a large town, I was the first to start a direct trade with the townspeople, and I did it in this way: Having a large surplus of strawberries above my own necessities, I got a convenient hand truck made, and loaded it up with boxes of strawberries, just picked in the garden, and sent a boy to the village to try to sell them, with instructions if no one would buy them to give them away to any family who might be likely to use them, stating that if they wanted any more they would be supplied. Very soon the boy came back with the empty truck and boxes, and said he could sell twice as many more. These more were gathered and sold, and in this way, the ice being broken, the trade increased until every thing I had to spare was disposed of, and out of it grew a house-to-house trade in cream, milk, butter, and indeed everything that could be made that was good. The next year much larger preparations were made, and the business good. The next year much larger preparations were made, and the business increased until some neighbors were induced to join in, and so the custom became quite common. With the present conveniences as to the telephone, how much may such enterprises be extended.—H. S., in the Country Gentleman.

May Slip Up on It.

Almost everything seems to have been thought of in the way of food products, but now, thanks to the inventiveness of a French planter, we are to have banana flour. It really sounds quite promising, although, owing to the capriciousness of the human palate, it may turn out a complete failure.—Boston Transcript.