

THE GARDEN

By THEODORE ROBERTS.

Was ever worn so calm a port,
So sweet an anchorage as here?
For fifty years the same best shrubs
Have flagged the sailings of the year.

With ensigns of a peaceful race,
And signals not in any code;
Amid the currant bushes hangs
A brown bee grumbling with her load.

Was ever won so calm a port?
And yet—and yet, tho' no sea run
Nor anchors drag, was ever heart
So sore afflicted under sun?

The sailor paced the garden round;
His brown hands plucked the hanging
"I do not know the tickle," he said,
"And wind's will is a woman's way."

"What charts are there to help me now?
Where break the reefs I do not know?
I laid my course by sun and stars—
God's tested marks—a year ago."

"But now the gentle inland breeze
Wife! I feel down the ways of bliss,
I drift. There are no lights to guide,
A wilful heart my compass is."

The sailor paced the garden round;
The apple-bloom swung close beside,
"Is there no pilot here," he asked,
"To con me through this hoveved tide?"

He turned, and saw her in the path—
Sweetest than all the garden bloom,
"I cannot find my way," he said,
"Through this uncharted garden room."

"The sun swims down a rosy fog;
And love burns lights I cannot read;
The choice means life—or death, and I
Know not which flower-flags to heed."

She said, "Love's light should be
Clear."
Was ever voyage so brave as this,
Sailed in an inland garden place,
Between a heartache and a kiss?
—Woman's Home Companion.

The Pale Blue Cashmere Gown.

BY SARAH S. PRATT.

THE Reverend John Lawrence sat at his study table, leaning on his elbow, his usually busy pen held idly between his fingers. He gazed far over the plains, a trancelike expression in his thoughtful eyes; he believed that the time was coming when those plains would be peopled, and, with the hopefulness which made his missionary life beautiful, he seemed to see the church leading, inspiring and ministering to these people. Already he had visions of a school wherein his own wife should be the ruling spirit; visions of a hospital, a guild-house and club-rooms, where these savages might grow less savage. Even the fact that thus far only one poor little wooden church building was to be found in many miles did not in the least interfere with his dreams.

How long he might have dreamed, no one knows, but he was recalled by a gentle voice calling to him: "I am waiting, two inches around the waist, John, and my skirt length is forty-three. You know you asked me yesterday."

"Sure enough," he answered, with a little start, taking up his tape-line, which lay conspicuously on his desk. "I must get that letter off today; but I'd better measure you myself. You probably measured with a string. That's the feminine way, I believe."

His wife came in, feather duster in hand, and as he drew the line about her waist, he dropped a kiss upon her forehead. "I hope they will send you something pretty."

Mrs. Lawrence burst into laughter. "The idea of anything pretty in a missionary box, John! Who ever heard of it? It's against the nature of things. Perhaps it is wicked, but I have sometimes thought that they made them as ugly as possible. Do you remember the snuff-colored dressing jacket with the black fringe?"

"Wasn't that pretty?" he queried. "I always thought it was very elegant, except when the fringe dipped in the coffee."

"You dear dreamer! You don't know what is pretty. You don't see anything but your beloved Sunday school and night classes and sick people. A rheumatic old Indian woman is beautiful to you!"

"If she is a Christian! Yes, I admit it," he said gently; "all of God's creatures are beautiful to me, and one of the greatest beauties of all is the love that gave her a loving carer and resumed his work."

"Sheets, pillow cases, street suit for my wife, clerical suit for myself, overcoat—I hate to ask for that, but it is such a necessity in this bleak land."

He read once again the friendly letter, in which he had been urged to make known all his needs, assuring him that they would be supplied, so far as possible, by a branch of the Woman's Auxiliary.

again? Her frowns were long and exhausted, and now she eyed and moved and laid her being in black things and brown things, and all things that wouldn't show dirt. Oh, dear! but—blessed afterwards! wouldn't she rather be the wife of John Lawrence in black brilliants and brown scarves, than anybody else in the world?

The president of St. Mary's Auxiliary was wrapping gently for order. She was brooding a letter saying that the Reverend John Lawrence would be deeply grateful for a suit, an overcoat, et cetera. It was when she came to the overcoat that the confusion arose; for one lady had a practically new overcoat which her present coachman, being stout, could not wear. It was exactly the Reverend Mr. Lawrence's size, but being a surtout she questioned whether it would be the correct thing for clerical wear. The entire auxiliary set itself to argue this point when the president stopped them.

"Ladies, we are discussing this matter later. Let me finish reading this letter. Where was I? Sheets, pillow cases, table linen, and—what is this?—a pale blue cashmere gown? Had she asked for an automobile coat the request could not have produced more surprise. There was a deep silence. Even the president found nothing to say for some time.

"A little unusual," she finally said. "Well, I never had a pale blue cashmere gown in my life," gasped some one.

"Pale blue! So perishable!" another said feebly. "And cashmere! So out of style!" a third added.

"She must be some poor little country soul," the secretary said. "Well, whoever she is she ought to be reprimanded. The idea of such worldliness in a missionary's wife!"

"He should have known better than to have asked for it!"

"The idea of our money going for a pale blue cashmere gown!" So the comments went around, till everybody had had her say; some of them had two or three "says," and they were seemingly gasping for breath, to say something even more severe, when a bombshell fell in their midst.

"Why shouldn't she have a pale blue cashmere gown? She is probably a young woman, and maybe has not a single pretty thing! Oh, gracious!" and the speaker grew so energetic that she arose and stood facing them, her face rosy with excitement. "I have helped with box after box in this society, and never have I seen a really pretty thing go into them. They are so deadly practical. How it will wear, how it will wash, whether it will show dirt—I sympathize with this young woman away out there among those Indians, dependent on us hard-hearted things for the little she wants. God knows," she added, even more earnestly, "where they get the grace to sustain them in their work. As for this gown"—her voice trembled a little—"let us give it to her. Cashmere is cheap, and just imagine her pleasure; and do you know, I think a pretty gown would have a cheerful effect on both herself and her husband. Perhaps it might even convert a few more Indians." She sat down, a little embarrassed by the feeling she had shown.

"We might make her a mother husband if you are so bent on it," some one said doubtfully. "Made up plainly it would not cost much."

"But it mustn't be a mother husband, I wouldn't doom even a woman living among the Indians to that. If we send it at all, let it be pretty. Let us put our hearts into it and make it a beautiful surprise for her. She will probably expect something ugly, if she expects it at all."

"I don't know why we should discriminate this way in favor of Mrs. John Lawrence. We have never done it before." A severe voice threw a damper on the proceedings.

"Mrs. John Lawrence," echoed another; "pray let me see that letter. Mrs. John Lawrence was an honor student in my class at college in 1880, and I believe I am safe in saying that there is no one here who could surpass her in either intellect or beauty. I remember now that she married a missionary enthusiast and went out to those wilds cheerfully. The speaker crossed the room rapidly and approached the advocate of the blue gown. "I will gladly help you with the gown, and we will make it beautiful as a dream."

How quickly the idea became affectional! Everybody to do something or to give something. It was almost as delightful as dressing a doll!

St. Mary's Auxiliary had turned out many a box, but never had anything aroused such interest as this new bit of work. It became a fad; with its silken linings, its dainty frills of lace, its "fagoting" and exquisite accessories, the beautiful Empire gown lay complete. The Auxiliary women who were packing the box stopped frequently to admire and almost to caress it.

"I hate to see it go," said the secretary. "It has done us more good than anything we ever did. What a lovely idea it was!" the treasurer said. "I don't begrudge the money at all."

"Let me fasten this box!" Some one bent over the gown and stuck in a little snob of violet. "And I must slip this handkerchief into its bosom!" another deftly stuck an embroidered kerchief into the folds. "I have written this note to my dear old friend, and have told her what a pleasure this has been," and the note, too, with little final adjustment, and pats of admiration, the blue gown, soft and rustling and enveloped in white tissue paper, was put into its individual box, and shipped away, with more practical frills, to the hands of the Indians and the plains.

Mrs. Lawrence came home somewhat discouraged from her sewing school one afternoon. She found her house in great disorder. Everything was covered with clothes; it seemed. The box had come and her husband had lost no time in opening it. The street suit for which she had asked confronted her from the looker-on, dark, neat and serviceable. She examined it with enthusiasm.

"They were so good, weren't they, John?"

"Good? My dear, the Auxiliary's always good. Now don't say anything about your brown sack with the black fringe!" The Auxiliary—well, you know what I think of it! See! They give me everything, even to the last thing on the list—your blue cashmere gown!" He handed her the box.

"My pale blue cashmere gown?" John Lawrence. You didn't really write that, did you? Oh, what must they have thought!" She sank into a chair, pale and distressed.

"I think the dress tells what they thought!" He brood the delicate garment as if it were a baby.

"SHE! Laces! Perfumes! A train! John, I can't believe it is mine! And I can't help crying. I didn't mean it. I said it in a half-joking, half-cynical way, never thinking you would ask for it, and see how they have repaid me for my faithfulness! Everything is so beautiful, so dainty! There's so much love in it, John! That's what touches me. It means the love of women who saw in me only a servant of God. When you write, tell them this means more to me than anything that ever happened."

That night she sat with her old friend's note. She had written a long, heart-full letter. She turned to her husband with moist eyes.

"I don't believe I ever told you before, John; but it is very sweet to be a missionary's wife."—Living Church.

Jade as Medicine. Everything in China of any rarity-whenever it is certain to be dragged into the pharmacopoeia of the Chinese physician. Jade is no exception to the rule. It may be swallowt as a powder or in little pieces, the size of hemlock seed for various stomachic complaints. Even peckmarks and worms may be obliterated by being daily rubbed with a piece of pure jade. It is also considered to be of a moist nature, and we read of an imperial favorite of the eighth century who was cured of an excessive thirst by holding a fish jade in her mouth. And so when the tomb of the great commander, Ts'ao Ts'ao, third century, A. D., was opened 200 years after his death, among the usual objects found in such circumstances was a large silver bowl full of water. That the water had not dried up was accounted for by the presence in the bowl of a jade boy three feet in height.

Jade is chiefly brought from the Kunlun or Koukun range, between the desert of Gobi and Tibet; from Khotan or Ichi in Yarkand, and from Lan-tien, on the Geluragh Mountains, still farther to the west. In the tenth century, A. D., the latter was actually known as the Jade hills district, though it does not appear that any jade has ever been found there.

Fast Steam Trains. The recent experiments in Germany to test the practical speed limit of electric traction trains, has been followed by an investigation of the highest steam train movements by some students of that country. The subject was taken up by others connected with the University of Chicago, and results tabulated in a railway publication. The superiority of American train service was conclusively established. It was shown that the fastest trains in the world were run by the Pennsylvania and Philadelphia and Reading systems, between Philadelphia and Atlantic City—the Reading flyers standing at the head of the list. It was found that four different trains upon these lines, running between Atlantic City and Camden, make these high figures per hour, respectively, 64.44, 66.90, 69.92 and 67.96. The maximum speed shown by Europe was between Paris and Calais, 59.72.

Beleaguered by Ice. Nantucketers will long remember the winter of 1903-4. Three different times has the island been isolated by ice, weeks in all. No one person could buy two pounds of sugar or more than one quart of kerosene. Only island beef could be purchased at the markets. Captain Killen, a well-known islander, after figuring the price of grain and the amount of milk he was getting, and then learning the price that lean cow meat was bringing, decided to kill old Sal, his favorite cow, and she fetched from thirty-eight to forty-four cents a pound. The assistant keeper from Gray Point light, a distance of twenty miles, something that never was heard of before by the oldest inhabitants—and some of them are past ninety.—Waywax Magazine.

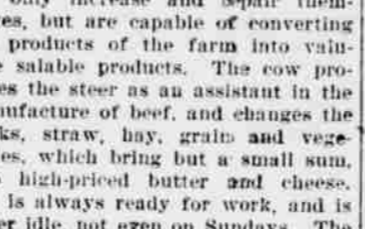
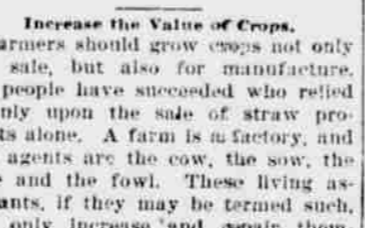
AGRICULTURAL

Runs For Early Lambs. More than a little of the trouble sheep raisers have is due to the wrong sort of care given to lambs. Properly, perhaps, lambs are considered rather delicate and needing considerable care. On the other hand some men leave the lambs with the ewe too long, and expect her to provide all of the nourishment they need. This is not right, for the lambs soon get beyond the capacity of the mother's milk, and need food in the shape of ground-oats and a little fine hay. They will learn to eat quickly and early, and if a place is provided for them to feed in which the ewe can not reach they will thrive wonderfully. As soon as the grass is in shape to pasture the lambs should be given a chance at it, but only for a little time each day at first unless one is prepared to doctor scours.

Can You Raise Horses? It is surprising how general the belief is that there is not money in raising horses. The feeling is that the number of bicycles and automobiles in the market and the increasing interest in these machines together with the gradual abandonment of horses for use on street railways, means that the supply of horses greatly exceeds the demand. Apparently it has not been considered that vast numbers of horses are yearly and many more are used up in the wars that have taken place since the introduction and general use of the bicycle. It is stated by a good authority that upward of 20,000 horses die annually in the State of New York, and certainly New York does not make this loss good from horses born and raised in the State. It is fair to assume that the same state of affairs obtains in other sections. If a farmer is so situated that he can raise horses and understands the work here certainly will be great profit in a few years to come. Look into the matter if you are able to raise good horses.

Increase the Value of Crops. Farmers should grow crops not only for sale, but also for manufacture. No people have succeeded who relied mainly upon the sale of straw products alone. A farm is a factory, and the agents are the cow, the sow, the ewe and the fowl. These living assistants, if they may be termed such, not only increase and repair themselves, but are capable of converting the products of the farm into valuable salable products. The cow produces the steer as an assistant in the manufacture of beef, and changes the stalks, straw, hay, grain and vegetables, which bring but a small sum, into high-priced butter and cheese. She is always ready for work, and is never idle, not even on Sundays. The ewe produces lambs, and with the others can make mutton of the scrubbage of the waste places in addition to that which may be allowed her in the shape of better provender. The sow, with her produce, fills the pork barrel and affords a supply of meat at a season of the year when it gives the best returns. And even the hen, small as she may appear, not only adds her carcass, but daily deposits her egg during nearly all seasons, thus contributing a daily supply of cash that may be required for immediate necessities.

A Simply Made Steady Sawhorse. When sawing wood is a matter of considerable work to get out the pieces, measure and fit them together to make an ordinary sawhorse. The one shown in the cut from New England Home-wood can be built in twenty minutes.



if one has some strips of hardwood board at hand of the proper width. The crosspieces are firmly nailed together, and six strips of the same board put on to strengthen and hold the ends in place. Such a horse will prove very rigid and serviceable.

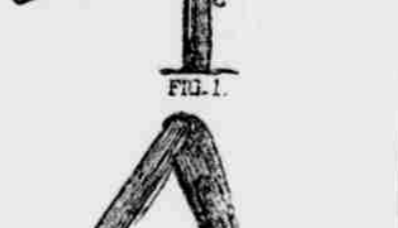
Labor on the Farm. The difference between the original cost of the unmanufactured products and the manufactured is much greater than the cost of labor that may be demanded during the process. If the farmer determines to succeed, then he should take advantage of his privileges by selling only articles from the farm in their manufactured condition, if such course can be followed. This may not be possible with wool, perhaps, but as the wool in this case may be considered as manufactured from the food it, too, may be a valuable article to produce. A stack of straw, which is often trampled in the mud, may be made, in connection with better food, a valuable adjunct of the material which can be used in the living factories in the barnyard. The farm should be a busy place. Nothing should be wasted, and the farmer may rid himself of the annoyance of glutted wheat markets and fluctuating prices by feeding his crops to stock. By so doing his farm will become more fertile and more stock can then be kept. The greater the crops the more stock can be kept, and the more stock the larger the crop, but a farm upon which only grain is grown and sold in its original condition cannot improve, except at a large cost for plant foods.—Philadelphia Record.

Selection of Seed Corn. It is only within recent years that even expert corn growers have fully realized that there exists a vast difference in the productiveness of different ears of the same variety, even when their outward appearance is almost identical. It was formerly considered that the selection for seed should be based on the best and most

perfectly formed ears from the crop of the previous year. This was good as far as it went, but it did not go far enough. Experiments have proved that frequently there was a difference in the crop of more than one-half between the kernels selected from two ears that were apparently identical.

This being the case, no one will fail to see the importance of making the selection and closely watching the results. In other words, if one has several ears of corn that seem to the eye to be all that is desirable, plant the seed from each ear in a row by itself, mark these rows for identification and harvest the crop from each row by itself and then compare the results. In many cases the results will be so surprising as to be almost startling. The plan is worth trying, not only this year, but every year, then, by the careful reselection each year one may have, at the end of a few years, a type which will yield enormously and the end of the idea that the size of the corn depends wholly upon the condition of the soil.—Tudianapolis News.

A Wagon Jack. This wagon jack, according to a correspondent of the Ohio Farmer, was patented over thirty years ago by a Canadian, but has been in public use since the patent expired. It is widely used in Canada. It is strong, simple and easily handled. It is three by three inches and three and a half feet long, and has wooden or iron pins in upper side the proper distance apart for the axle to rest on. The lever B is of inch stuff, six inches wide where the bolt through the standard is inserted and



three feet four inches long. The standard C is three feet by three inches and two and a half feet long. The arm A is placed under the axle, the latter resting on one of the pins; then the lever is pressed down to position, as shown in Fig. 2, and a bolt in B and C (not shown in cut) holds it in place. The distance between the bolts at the upper end of A and B is five inches. Put the bolt hole through A one and one-half inches from the upper edge and through B one and one-half inches from the lower edge. Use tough, hard wood.—Connecticut Farmer.

Poultry Notes. Sour, tainted or wet land will slaughter more fowls and chickens than will the drenched ground.

In feeding flusseed meal use one-tenth of the linned to nine-tenths of corn-meal. All feed dealers sell it. A great deal of sickness among poultry can be traced to polluted soil. This is especially so in cases of cholera and kindred ailments.

It is not essential to have a male bird with a flock of layers. Eggs from unmated hens will keep longer than eggs laid by mated hens.

Long legs do not indicate impurity of blood in any breed. An occasional bird of any variety may grow tall, but such freak specimens should not be used as breeders.

No, we do not recommend crushed glass for grit, it is dangerous. If you can not get natural grit in the form of gravel, better buy the commercial article; it is not expensive.

The floor of the duck house should be raised above the surrounding ground and kept well littered with dry chaff or straw. Ducks and chickens should not occupy the same house and yards; they do not mix well.

Fancy appliances do not always produce good results. Some have spent large sums of money in appliances which have not produced as good results as the old, dilapidated henhouse, made of old boards, owned by some who studies henology.

The old roosters may be good weather prophets, fine looking and well bred, and it is easier and less expensive to keep these old folks than it is to replace them with others not related to the flock. However, this is not a very good way to secure healthy fowls and good hatches later on.

In every lot of young broilers there are always some big, lusty fellows that grow faster than the others. They run over the weaker ones, get more than their share of the food, in fact, the best of everything. The weak ones are afraid of these pugnacious chicks, and will not thrive with them. The proper thing to do is to separate them, give the quiet ones a chance for their lives in a separate pen, and the strong ones can fight it out among themselves.

Hygienists all agree in telling us that we do not eat nearly enough fruit, which is infinitely more productive of health and beauty than sweetmeats and pastry. Ripe apples are especially healthy, and children may eat them without danger. Some doctors say that an apple at bedtime produces sleep. Pears are more tasty than apples, but not so healthy unless cooked. Prunes have medicinal qualities which cannot be denied. They are better cooked, however. Apricots are also more healthy cooked than raw. Peaches are very good, but the most health-giving of all fruits are grapes.

The Production of Coffee. An average coffee plantation contains seventy-three and a half acres, with 36,735 trees, which produce one and three-fifths pounds of coffee each, or 800 pounds per acre. One person at an annual salary of \$63 attends 818 trees, from which he gathers and prepares 1300 pounds of coffee.

NEW IDEAS in TOILETTES

New York City—Eton jackets are to be noted among the most fashionable coats and are jaunty, becoming and



ETON JACKET.

ed in bodice and sleeves, and or wide long band serves as a sash with long flowing ends. The beautiful effect of frosty-looking net in this capacity can be imagined.

Red and Pink Combined. A combination of colors most people would exclaim at has become very popular this season. It is red and pink, and brunettes may consider this a blessing, as it is particularly becoming to their type. Pink is used for the foundation of the frock, and it is trimmed with clusters of cherry or deep poppy shades that blend with it. The effect is very rich, and a handsome gown is the result if care is taken in the shading of the color.

Buttons Match Hat. Movable buttons attached to the coat in such a manner that they can easily be changed to match each hat are the latest whim.

Smart Raincoats. The newest raincoats are very smartly made of men's suitings.

Fancy Blouses. Box pleats combined with tucks or shirrings are among the novelties that are generally attractive. This May Manton one includes the tuck vest effect that marks the latest designs with full sleeves and the drop shoulders that give the broad line of fashion. As shown, it is made of wood brown broadcloth with brown and tan, but white and white braid, being white cloth braided with brown and tan, but all suitable materials are appropriate and the vest can be one of many things. Oriental embroidery is much liked, brocades and lace are seen and wide braid is used.

The jacket is made with fronts and back and is fitted by means of single darts, shoulder and under-arm seams.

A Late Design by May Manton



The little vest can be applied over the edge and finished, with the braid, or the jacket can be cut away and the edge of the vest arranged under it, then stitched to position. The sleeves are gathered and are laced to the drop shoulders, the seams being concealed by the braid and are finished at the wrists with lace cuffs.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is four yards twenty-one inches wide, three yards twenty-seven inches wide, or two yards forty-four inches wide, with three-quarter yards of vesting, five yards of braid and three yards of lace to trim as illustrated.

Colors For Hats. Shades of blue, shades of Bordeaux, shades of green, shades of pink, are all favorite ideas for the entire straw toque. It seems agreed that costume and hat shall make a compact as to color, and on these lines one notices that the new sleeve frills are of chiffon, matching the fabric of the frock or the coat and skirt in question. And this will be a very pretty fashion, of which a charming variation may be found in having the chiffon flowered, although the groundwork matches the material of the frock. For instance, with a black frock, frills or rose-patterned black chiffon, with a dark blue, frills of white and pinky-colored dark blue chiffon, and then lace and chiffon, may be blended.

A Coming Mode. Fine Brussels net, or footing, is going to be largely used to beautify our thin frocks. More than one dainty creation displayed in smart shops is trimmed only with this footing. Bands of it are set around the organdy or Swiss skirt, in place of tucks, insert-

ganterie cuffs make noteworthy features, and the crushed bolt is both fashionable and in harmony with the design. The back blouses slightly over the belt, but can be drawn down snugly when preferred.

The waist consists of the lining, the front and backs which are arranged over it. The yoke is separate and is arranged over the waist after the sleeves are sewed in, the closing being made invisibly at the back edge of the yoke and beneath the box pleat. The sleeves are the favorite ones of the season and form soft full puffs above the cuffs, but are tucked to fit the upper arms snugly.

FANCY BLOUSE.

twenty-seven inches wide, or two yards forty-four inches wide, with one-half yard of silk for belt and one-third yard of all-over lace.