

DOLICE FAR NIENTE.

A little time of silence in the heart,
A little time of innocent delight,
A little slumber at her gentle feet,
Who brings enchantment and excess of light;
A little languid dreaming in the sun,
And, ah, how simply happiness is won!

Long have we toiled in dusty city ways,
To snare the flying form that will not turn
And bless us, all our bitter, artful ways;
Long have we borne with hearts that throbb and yearn,
The sting of sorrow, every human we,
Has stricken us, and yet we did not know.

We did not know what happy dreamers guess,
That only when the busy hands are still,
And thought contents itself in idleness,
Is she subservient to our grasping will.

Then, 'twixt a slumber and a sigh, man hears
The merry haunting music of the years.

A little time shut in with flow'rs and leaves,
A little space to watch the clouds go by,
Drafting in depths of blue, and sadness leaves
The heart as fresh and radiant as the sky;
And she who scorn'd us when we could but weep,
Visits our hearts when they are prone to sleep.

—Pall Mall Gazette.

THE BRIDGE.

SONNY lived in a land of dreams—that beautiful life of anywhere. Her lines were cast in places that admitted of an almost total exemption from the sordid affairs of domesticity. When, as it occasionally chanced, plain, practical Mrs. Pontiff requested from her some serious demanding action, the look of gentle surprise she turned upon him, made him feel that he was a man of clay. Her eyes, like old folks' memories, excelled in sights at long range. With ears, eyes and thoughts for away she was a combination of amiability, absent-mindedness and visionary abstraction.

One morning Mrs. Pontiff received a telegram from an en route sister. "She will have to be met, Helen," he said, impressively.

"We will meet but we will miss her," murmured Mrs. Pontiff.

"Her train arrives at 12.50, don't forget, Helen."

"She can remember that, because it'll be ten to one if she catches it," argued Sonny.

"I'll telephone up to you when it is time to start," said the head of the family, ignoring the interpolations of his offspring.

"It's such a beautiful day, I think I will walk to the station," said Mrs. Pontiff sweetly.

"I fear you will forget your destination," said her husband anxiously.

"Oh, Henry, I am not quite as bad as that," faintly protested Mrs. Pontiff. "You really exaggerate my falling."

"Helen," replied Mr. Pontiff earnestly, "I couldn't do that. When I recall the time you neglected from the street car and left little Sonny to take five round trips before you remembered his existence, I do not feel as if there was anything you could fasten in your memory."

Mrs. Pontiff sighed. "That was some years ago. There are times now when I wish I could forget Sonny for that length of time."

"Her forgetting me wasn't half so remarkable as her squandering eight cold dollars on a pair of slippers to wear to the charity ball and then forgetting to take off her rubbers," chimed in Sonny.

"Now, who is it, Helen, you are going to meet?" asked Mr. Pontiff warningly, as he started for the office.

"Your sister," she replied triumphantly.

"And what time does her train arrive?"

"One-ten," she said, hesitatingly, while Sonny laughed in his delight.

"Oh, Helen, 12.50," prompted Mr. Pontiff.

"Now, Sonny surely said one-ten."

"Never pay the slightest attention to what Sonny says."

"She had better this time, if she is going to walk to the station. Now, mother, don't try to swim across the river or look for a ferry. You know they tore up the bridge six months ago to build a new one, and people are using a little foot bridge."

"Why, I didn't know they were building a new bridge," exclaimed Mrs. Pontiff in surprise. "But then, I haven't been on the street in a year."

"Why, mother! It's the widest bridge in the United States!"

"How perfectly foolish to build the widest bridge in the country across the narrowest river in the world!"

"Well, then, don't you see?" laughed Sonny, "that it is then the shortest bridge in the world, so it is as broad as it is long."

"You are getting into deep waters, Sonny," interposed Mr. Pontiff. "You remind me of a man who was President of a street car line that was only a mile long. He was posing at a national meeting of the Street Car Association as a magnate. He made a speech, and in one of his most impressive passages some one sneered: 'Sit down! Your road's only a mile long!'"

"True," he said, "true, my road is only a mile long, but it is just as wide as any road in the world."

The day was one of those indescribable links between late spring and early summer. There were delightful promises in the air of coming beauties, and Mrs. Pontiff, as she made her way stationward, felt at peace with all mankind, even unto her coming sister-in-law.

She walked on in dreamy forgetfulness of all about her save the liquid sky, the soft air and the delicate breeze until she came to the river. Must she cross on that single narrow beam extending from shore to shore? She looked helplessly about her. It was the noon hour and no one was in speaking distance save a solitary laborer on the opposite bank. She could never get her courage to walk that plank. Then she recalled what Sonny had said about people using this temporary foot bridge.

"I ought to be ashamed," she reasoned, "to be afraid to do what probably thousands of people do daily. I suppose every man, woman and child in Silkton have tripped across this

river on this plank. I am always the last one in town to do anything."

Encouraged by these self-suggestions, she put one slender, unsteady foot on the beam. Then another tremulous step and she poised on the brink.

"Oh, I can't!" she wailed.

Then she remembered Henry's tales of how his pioneer mother, in her early days, went to a Western wilderness to live and used to cross the river on stringers.

Reinforced by this colonial recollection, she took a few steps. Then the effect of the stimulating recollections passed away and left her weak, helpless and scared dimway across the sluggish, mild stream, which now seemed to her a roaring torrent. "How could I have ever said it was the narrow river in the world?" she thought.

She was now utterly paralyzed from terror and unable to take another step. There was only one thing she could do, and she did it strenuously. She screamed. The lone laborer working on the opposite side turned and saw her.

"Well, wouldn't that get you?" she ejaculated, and then called out: "Hold on there! I'm a-coming," and he hastened toward her.

Never in the world had anything looked more beautiful to her than the sight of this stogy, red-faced, blue-overalled, black-piped laborer approaching her with a step of ease and air of security. When he reached her he turned about.

"Put your arms around me," he said, "shut your eyes and hang on tight."

She obeyed these instructions so implicitly that the laborer felt as if he had an electric rheumatic belt about his waist.

Mrs. Pontiff had always been conscious of an instinctive shrinking from the "common people," but she followed this plebeian coarse-garbed toiler blindly and willingly.

"Here we be!" he announced cheerfully, and Mrs. Pontiff opened her frightened eyes to find herself once more on the beloved terra firma. With a hysterical laugh she sank down on a pile of lumber.

"Say, was you doing it on a bet?" asked her rescuer, curiously.

"What?" she exclaimed, staring at him.

"Well, I heard Kit Dooligan and one or two women say how they were a-going to be the first to walk the plank, and the fellows about town have been giving them dars and putting up money on them, and I thought maybe you society folks was doing the same. You're a winner, though. The first but me to cross that ere plank."

Mrs. Pontiff shuddered. "What do you mean? Isn't that the bridge people use right along? How do they cross?"

It was his turn for a shock now. "Great Scott!" he ejaculated. "Didn't you see that bridge over there?"

She followed his index finger. On the other side of the piers of the proposed bridge were terraced steps leading down to the water's edge, where had been constructed a snug little bridge securely rafted.

She was silent a moment. Then she turned to him.

"I was getting dizzy when you came to my help, and in another moment I should have fallen in and drowned. I wish you would take this! It's all I have with me," and she put a ten-dollar bill into his surprised hand.

"Yes," she said, in reply to his faint protestations, "it's little enough, and please never tell any one."

As she hurried on to the station, she thought:

"I wouldn't have Henry and Sonny know about it for the world!"

At the station she encountered her husband paving the platform.

"Why, right on time!" he said in a pleased, surprised tone. "I telephoned to the house, but you had left. I got another telegram from Carrie, and she can't come to-day."

Mrs. Pontiff made no response. "I'll ride up home with you," he said, halting a carriage.

When the cabman had closed the door, Mrs. Pontiff burst into tears.

"Why, Helen," remonstrated her husband, "you can't be disappointed at Carrie's non-appearance, or are those tears of relief?"

"My-ye she will come to-morrow," sobbed Mr. Pontiff.

"Well, never mind! Don't cross bridges until you come to them!"

At this injunction his wife, to his surprise, changed her tears to laughter.

"Helen's nature is even more delicate and sensitive than I thought," he reflected. "I must be more careful of her."

That evening Mr. Pontiff picked up the Evening Journal and Sonny did likewise the Herald. Then there issued from each an exclamation of surprise.

With dread forebodings, Mrs. Pontiff hastened to look over her lord and master's shoulder.

Then she fell into his arms more terrified than she had been during her

trial on the river. For in startling headlines she caught the words: "She stood on the bridge! A plucky woman! Mrs. Pontiff the first person to cross the first plank of the new bridge!"

"What does it mean, Helen?" he gasped.

Between her sobs and laughs she related her experience.

"It's all my fault, Helen," he said soothingly. "I shall take better care of you after this."

"You had more grit than Kit," exulted Sonny.

When Mr. Pontiff had succeeded in quieting his wife, he took Sonny one side and threatened him with punishment dire if he ever by look, thought or deed alluded to the matter to his mother or to any one.

There were times when Sonny sorely longed to sing "There's One More River to Cross," but he forebore—Belle Maniates, in the New Orleans Times Democrat.

Three Scotch Stories.

A shoemaker came to the minister asking his advice because "that sweep, his landlord, had given him notice to quit and he would have nowhere to lay his head." The minister could only advise him to lay his case before the Lord. A week later the minister returned and found the shoemaker busy and merry. "That was grand advice give me, minister," said the man "I laid my case before the Lord, as ye tellt me, an' noo the sweep's deid."

At a funeral in Glasgow a stranger, who had taken his seat in one of the mourning coaches, excited the curiosity of one of the other three occupants, one of whom at last addressed him: "Ye'll be a brither of the corp?" "No, I'm not a brither of the corp," was the prompt reply. "Weel, then, ye'll be his cousin?" "No, I'm not that," "No! then ye'll be an' at least a frlen' of the corp?" "Not that either. To tell the truth, I've not been weel myself," and as my doctor has ordered me some carriage exercise, I thought this wad be the cheapest way to tak' it."

A clergyman was rebuked by one of the ruling elders for sauntering on the Sunday along the hillsides above the manse. The clergyman took the rebuke in good part, but tried to show the remonstrant that the action of which he complained was innocent and lawful, and he was about to cite the famous example of a Sabbath walk, with the plucking of the ears of corn, as set forth in the Gospels, when he was interrupted with the remark, "On ay, sir, I ken weel what you mean to say, but for my part I hae never theot the better o' them for breakin' the Sabbath!"—Gleikie's "Scottish Reminiscences."

The Use of the Toothpick.

Commenting on a controversy that is progressing in its columns on the use of the toothpick in public, the New York Herald says: "One writer this morning defends the use of the toothpick in public restaurants, which was vigorously denounced by a correspondent in Wednesday's paper. The author of this morning's letter contends that its use, if sufficiently inobtrusive, is a duty of cleanliness and hygiene. Care of one's dinner table is a similar duty, but a person of refinement confines his performance to the 'manicure parlour' or the privacy of his chamber. Officers may be seen performing that 'duty' to cleanliness and hygiene' in street cars and other public places. Surgical operations with toothpicks in public places are usually offensive in these days of advanced taste and sensitiveness. The grande dames of Queen Elizabeth's time considered it the correct thing to carry their silver-handled scratch-backs with them to the play, but the sight of a woman plying such an implement in a box at the Metropolitan Opera House would be startling. The conspicuous wielding and chiving of a toothpick in public places belongs to an era of toleration that has passed away."

A Pet Ferret.

Warren Shaley, a young son of Dr. O. C. Shaley, of Independence, is the possessor of a full grown ferret, a present from some place out in Kansas. The animal has the appearance of an elongated white rat with a kitten's tail, and is not only thoroughly domesticated, but is about the most calculating house pet imaginable.

It plays with a string like a kitten and is very fond of music, dancing in a kangaroo sort of fashion when his young master whistles a lively tune. It seems especially fond of a zither owned by Master Shaley, and never seems quite so well satisfied as when resting its long, pinkish body across this instrument and scratching the strings with its claws. In addition to being a rare pet, the ferret is sure death to rats and mice, not to mention chickens. It is said to be able to kill any dog that attacks it, its method of protecting itself being to fasten its needle-like teeth in the dog's throat and then to cling there, until it has sucked away the animal's life blood. Master Shaley's pet, however, seems friendly enough to his big sheepdog, the two playing together in perfect comradeship.—Kansas City Journal.

A New Poison.

A new poison, many times more powerful than prussic acid, has been discovered by an English chemist, and has named it cyanide of ceroid. It is a white powder, melting at thirty-three degrees and boiling at 140 degrees, and when exposed to the air gives forth a slight vapor, the inhalation of which is instant death. A combination of potassium acetate with white arsenic, producing a fuming liquid called cyanide, was made a number of years ago by a French experimenter, and this the English chemist has further combined with cyanogen, a radical of prussic acid, producing the deadly substance named, the most potent so far in the records of chemistry.

A Criticism.

Rosa Bonheur had just finished the "Horse Fair."

"Fine," cried the critics, "but why don't you paint the dark horse who will get the nomination?"

Perceiving a lack of artistic temperament, she was fain to disdain the criticism.—Saturday Evening Post.

The Farm

Corn Well Digested by Poultry.

Tests made in Germany in regard to the digestibility of Indian corn by chickens show that 92.5 of the protein, 84.4 of the fat and 91.7 of the starchy material is digested, also 43.3 of the mineral matter. It appears that chickens can digest grain more thoroughly than the animals, hence the grains possess somewhat higher feeding value on this account.

Care of the Horse.

Speed horses are always trained down before they enter races. Football players train and diet for months, in order that they may be in prime condition; that their muscles may be hard and their endurance extended, but how many farm horses there are that are not even given a thought about conditioning before entering the heavy harvest and fall work, says Farm Review.

Where horses are worked more or less continuously there should be no trouble whatever in bringing them into good condition and keeping them there, but with those that are turned to grass the problem is not so easy. Grass is good for horses, but when turned on, and this accompanied by feeding at random, with a little work now and then, will not get or keep a horse in condition. If on grass the horse, if he works more or less, should be given his grain feed regularly. In any case pains should be taken to have the horse hardened and in condition by the time hard work begins. If such is the case, both man and beast will enjoy the harvest more than if the horse is poor and soft.

Field Culture of Cabbage.

Cabbages, which are often considered superior in feeding value to turnips, are cheaper to grow than a root crop, and constitute excellent food for sheep and dairy cows. Deep, adhesive loams are best, but the crop is suitable for the stiffest soils, provided they are deeply worked.

Liberal manuring is essential, from twenty-five to thirty tons of barnyard manure per acre being a good dressing. This should be supplemented with from 200 to 300 pounds superphosphates. Top dressings of from 100 to 200 pounds of nitrate of soda are profitable when the young plants have well started, and again when the heads have begun to form. The lighter the soil the greater the quantity of manure required. Seed may be drilled in rows or started in a seedbed. The former method is both cheaper and better in the end. Drill four to six pounds per acre. From one to two pounds sown on a rod of good seed will produce enough plants for an acre. The rows should be about twenty-four inches apart, and the plants a like distance asunder in them. The enemies of the cabbage crop are in some degree identical with those of turnips. The cabbage worms cause great loss by eating the leaves. Hand picking is the surest remedy, though it is cheaper to spray or dust the attacked plants with one of the standard insecticides used for soft bodied caterpillars.—B. A. in the American Cultivator.

The Best Turkeys.

Always use as breeders turkey hens over one year old. Be sure they are strong, healthy and vigorous and of good medium size. In no instance select the smaller ones. Do not strive to have them unnaturally large. The male may be a yearling or older. Do not imagine that the large overgrown males are the best. Strength, health and vigor, with well proportioned medium size, are the main points of excellence.

Avoid close breeding. New blood is of vital importance to turkeys. Better send a thousand miles for a new male than to risk the chances of inbreeding. Secure one in the fall, so as to be assured of his health and vigor prior to the breeding season.

No matter what variety of turkeys may be selected for keeping, they should, above all things, be strong, vigorous, healthy and well-natured, but not akin. Better secure the females from one locality and the male from another to insure their non-relationship, rather than run the risk of inbreeding. In all fowls it is well to remember that size is influenced largely by the female and the color and finish by the male. Securing overlarge males to pair with small, weakly hens is not wise policy.

A medium-sized male, with good, fair-sized females of good constitutional vigor and mature age will do far better than the largest with the smallest females.—G. E. Mitchell, in The American Cultivator.

Effect of Grooming.

The skin of the horse, like that of other animals, is an active excretory organ. Supplied with almost an indefinite number of pores, through these, if kept open, a continual discharge of watery fluid, and such other waste matter as is carried there by the blood, occurs. It also contains myriads of minute glands, secreting an oily fluid that is essential for rendering the skin soft and flexible, as well as furnishing the nourishment needed by the hair and keeping it soft and glossy.

It will not do, therefore, for these pores to get clogged, for in that case the skin would soon become dry, rough, hard and diseased; nor is there much danger of it except when the horse is hard at work. Then the secretion of watery fluid is heavier than when the animal is idle, and if the sweat is allowed to dry on the skin, dust will accumulate, mixing with it, and if not cleaned off, fill and clog the pores. As a result the skin will not only become diseased, but the whole system more or less deranged. The impurities, unable to escape through the skin, will accumulate in different places and give rise to blisters, which, if neglected, may lead to blood poisoning, or something else nearly as bad. By regular, thorough grooming, however, all this will be prevented, the pores kept open, and a healthier, thriffler condition of the animal maintained.

A horse having a thick, tough skin will endure a tolerably sharp curry-comb, which, used on another with a thin, tender skin, would be a positive injury. Whatever accumulations of dirt may be on the hair after the use of the skin should follow by the aid of a good brush.

New Ideas in TOILETTES

New York City.—Pretty frocks that are suited to dancing school and party wear are always in demand for young girls. The best are made on simple yards of all-over lace for yoke and cuffs when high neck and long sleeves are desired.

An Everyday Suit.

A neat little everyday suit is made of navy broadcloth, the jacket and skirt trimmed with wide flat silk braid. The collar and belt are of velvet and are edged around with the braid.

"Leg o' Mutton" Sleeves.

The "leg o' mutton" model makes the latest fashionable sleeve, but is shown in many variations, always retaining its essential shape, which is large above the elbow, snug below. The two shown are among the best and are peculiarly well adapted to remodeling, as well as to the new gowns and waists. The sleeve to the left is shown in cashmere with the cuff of velvet, but will be found exceedingly effective, with the plain portion of lace while the upper is of the material, whenever such combination is desirable. The sleeve to the right is made of crepe de Chine and is full for its entire length, in mousquetaire style, and can be finished plain, as illustrated, or with a ruff at the wrist, as may be liked.

The sleeve consists of the fitted foundation, which is the same for both, the mousquetaire sleeve and the sleeve that is shaped cuff. The mousquetaire sleeve is gathered at the seam edges and again at the top and arranged over the foundation, the inner seams being closed together. The sleeve that is



GIRL'S PARTY DRESS.

Lines and rendered attractive by means of light colors and dainty work. This one fulfills all the requirements and allows a choice of the low neck with

A Late Design by May Manton.



three-quarter sleeves or high neck with long sleeves. As illustrated it is made of pale pink silk and wool crepe de Chine with crepe lace, but there are many materials equally appropriate. Cashmere will be very appropriate the winter through, and is charming for all frocks of the sort, albatross is also available and the very thin simple silks are quite correct.

The frock is made with the waist and the skirt. The waist consists of the fitted foundation, which can be faced to form a yoke or cut out to give the low round neck as desired. The waist itself is made with fronts and backs gathered at both upper and lower edges, and can be finished with the bertha or with a simple flat band, as shown in the small view. The sleeves consist of full puffs with circular portions, which fall over the gathered frills. The skirt consists of an upper portion, cut in deep points, and a gathered flounce, which is straight at its upper edge and joined to the upper portion above the points, the latter falling over it between the shirrings.

The quantity of material required for the medium size (ten yards) is ten yards twenty-one inches wide, eight and one-half yards twenty-seven inches wide or five yards forty-four inches wide, with twenty yards of insertion to make as illustrated, three-fourth



wide, two and one-fourth yards twenty-seven inches wide or one and one-eighth yards forty-four inches wide, with one-fourth yards of velvet for cuffs.

"LEG O' MUTTON" SLEEVES—SMALL, MEDIUM, LARGE.

All Over Laces.

All over laces are again exceedingly fashionable, especially the finer qualities. Allover Valenciennes, Mechlin and Alencon are in great demand for waists, and even entire gowns. These allovers are accompanied by flouncing in the same mesh and patterns, to finish skirt, bertha and sleeves with. Among the novelties of two-toed-laces are sea willow green, at crepe, champagne and Delft, lilac, cream, ivory and "butter" color.

The Wash Petalinet.

An immense amount of individual attention is being bestowed on wash petalinetts, and it has consequently become almost an unapproachable sin to fall feebly back upon the commonplace embroidery quality. Delicate self-colored cambrics generously flounced and finely tucked carry the insignia of the season's best approval, and these have the further attraction of a reasonable price, as also the spotted variety on a white ground, the flounces of the latter buttonholed round their edge with fine flat thread.

Fruit Garnitures.

Women may yet own hats trimmed with new potatoes and fresh lettuce, and be proud to wear them, if the fad for fruit garniture continues. Already one may expect to encounter hats bearing branches of gooseberries, or hard, gnarled, green apples. A smart model in a Fifth avenue shop window had a delicate, semi-transparent crown of white currants, with the palest of green foliage, while another, which flanked the first, was made of green apples and Catawba grapes in regular harvest home style.