

# ALL A MISTAKE

BY WILLIAM MOORE.

"I WONDER," thought Mrs. Syblett, as she threw aside the latest magazine and glanced at the miniature clock on the mantelpiece, "I wonder what it is that keeps George so late? Twice this week he has been detained by what he calls business. I should think he could get home earlier if he chose."

When at length Mr Syblett came in, his wife's countenance wore a troubled expression. He did not appear to observe it, but said:

"Emma, I'm sorry, but I can't stay to tea just now. I must be off at once on particular business."

"Business? I don't see what business you can have after office hours," said Mrs. Syblett, coldly.

"No—women never do understand such things, so it's no use trying to explain. I'll be back in about a couple of hours. Don't wait tea for me; and if you feel lonesome, couldn't you send over for your 'chatterbox' friend, Mrs. Glanvill?"

"I thought you didn't like Pollie?"

"Well, I don't particularly admire her, but if you like her society, I've no objection."

"Well, I don't like to hear my friends abused," said Mrs. Syblett. "And, at any rate, Pollie is quite as nice as that bald-headed, red-faced Mr. Crews that you're so fond of, and are always asking to dinner?"

Mr. Syblett laughed good-naturedly. "He's a capital fellow, is Joe. You'll like him better some day. Where's my other coat?"

And he hustled about and got himself ready, just as Joseph Crews drove up to the door. And the fine pair of horses of which Mr. Crews was so proud carried off Mr. Syblett, leaving his wife to spend the evening alone.

"I wonder where they are going?" she thought, turning from the window whence she had watched them. "This looks more like pleasure than business, and George seems in uncommonly good spirits."

Her eyes fell upon her husband's coat which he had carelessly thrown across a chair; the end of a morocco-covered notebook protruded from an inside pocket. She instantly pounced upon it.

Here might be found a hint or clew to the "business" which had kept George away from home the last few evenings.

She removed the elastic band and eagerly scanned the pages.

There were plenty of memoranda, and mysterious records, and notes of various matters, as unintelligible to Mrs. Syblett as so many Egyptian hieroglyphics.

But as she handled the book something carefully wrapped in tissue paper slipped from a little pocket and fell at her feet. Picking it up, her horror-stricken gaze rested upon the photograph of a beautiful woman.

A storm of mingled jealousy and indignation swept over her. She dropped the picture, and was standing stonily gazing at it when Bridget announced Mrs. Glanvill.

"Show her up!" said Mrs. Syblett, as she sank hysterically on the lounge and began to beat the carpet with her feet and clutch the cushions with her hands.

And Bridget, well knowing these symptoms, hurried down with a report which speedily brought up the visitor.

"My darling Emma!" exclaimed Mrs. Glanvill, bending over her friend, "what has happened? What is the matter?"

For answer Mrs. Syblett pointed to the photograph upon the floor.

"I found it in—in his pocket!" she sobbed.

Mrs. Glanvill's eyes sparkled. She yanked up her lips and looked long and curiously at the picture.

"Oh, Pollie, what am I to do? Isn't it dreadful?" wailed Mrs. Syblett.

"My dear," answered Mrs. Glanvill, with ominous calmness, "it's only what I have been prepared for. Don't you remember how often before your marriage I warned you not to trust George Syblett?"

This was true, for Mrs. Glanvill, then Miss Maw, falling in her efforts to entrap Syblett, had done her best to prevent his marrying her friend.

"It is only during the last week that he has been so changed," moaned Emma. "He hardly comes home at all now, and neglects me shamefully."

"We can understand why," said Mrs. Glanvill, glancing significantly at the photograph. "Have you any idea, Emma, who this is?"

"Not the least; but it looks like some brazen actress or ballet dancer."

"It's very handsome, at least," said Pollie, with a half-malicious side glance at her friend.

"Handsome! How can you say so? Only look at the short, snub nose, and the enormous mouth, and the low, idiotic forehead! It looks quite coarse and vicious. And then the figure! Did you ever see anything so shabby?"

"Shocking, indeed; but, then, some first-class society women are no better—those Holloworthys, for instance, who imagine they have such good figures. I'm sure nothing on earth could induce me to make such a display of myself in public as those girls do!"

Anyone who had glanced at Mrs. Glanvill's figure would have been convinced of the sincerity of this declaration.

"How did you happen to find this?" resumed Pollie, curiously.

"I was looking over that little notebook there just to see if I could find out what business detained George in the evenings, and the photo slipped out of a cunning little pocket in the cover."

"And you did find a clew?" inquired Mrs. Glanvill, eagerly.

"No, I had just commenced looking. It is a sort of memorandum diary, I believe."

"In that case the last week's entries might afford some information," suggested Mrs. Glanvill.

Mrs. Syblett opened the book and glanced over the last written page.

"There's something here about 'au-

tion,' and 'Foster & Co.,' and a 'consignment,' and some figures. I'm sure I can't make out what it all means. And here"—Mrs. Syblett's eyes became fixed very intently on the page—"Just look over this—do, Pollie."

Mrs. Glanvill read aloud: "Mem.—Foster & Co.—consignment—see Fanny—jewellers—Ch. Supr.—L. Cr."

"What?" cried Mrs. Syblett, starting upright on the lounge. "See Fanny? Oh, the deceiver! Who would ever have thought of it?"

"No doubt," said Pollie, her eyes gleaming with triumph, as she held up the photo, "no doubt we're at last got a clew. This is Fanny, and I declare—the date is the fifteenth—this very day! Why, it must be to see her that he has gone!"

Mrs. Syblett gave a hysterical sob, ending in a suppressed scream.

"Don't worry yourself about it, Emma, I beseech you," said her friend, bathing her hands and forehead with cologne water. "It's just like the rest of the men. Not one of them to be trusted. I've always said so; and I pity you—indeed I do!"

"Oh! the old, deceitful hypocrite!" gasped Emma. "To neglect his own wife, and pay attention to a creature like that!"

"And making her presents of jewelry," sneered Pollie.

"And the 'Ch. Supr.'—what can that mean?"

"Why, champagne supper, of course! Anyone can see that. And the 'L. Cr.'—some letters I can't make out, but it looks like ice cream."

"The wretch!" cried Mrs. Syblett, indignantly. "To think of his spending his money in that way, at the very time that he assured me he couldn't afford to get me that basket phaeton and pony that I've been longing for. He's richer than Eva's husband, and she has a pony phaeton. There never was any wife so ill used as I am!"

"Indeed, dear, you must have the weakest and most patient of dispositions to submit to it. I couldn't be such an angel."

"I won't bear it any longer!" cried Mrs. Syblett, in sudden indignation. "I'll leave him. I'll go home to me, and I'll get a divorce!"

"No one could blame you, I'm sure," said her friend, sympathetically. "Only—do you think that your husband will let you go if he knows of it?"

"He shan't prevent me. I'll go now—this very night!" exclaimed Mrs. Syblett, desperately.

Mrs. Glanvill strongly approved of this resolution. She had never forgiven George Syblett for marrying Emma instead of herself; and it was balm to her feelings to think of such a punishment befalling him.

followed by the oddest expression imaginable.

And when she concluded he sank into the nearest hall chair, tried to speak—apparently in explanation—and then, leaning back, laughed long and loud.

"Sure, it's an unfaillin' baste he is, intirely!" muttered Bridget.

Then Syblett calmed himself, wiped his eyes, and addressing his wife in a voice still quivering with suppressed mirth:

"Emma, do you know whose picture this is?"

"Don't presume to speak to me—don't!" sobbed Mrs. Syblett.

"But, my dear, allow me to explain. Don't you remember expressing a wish to have Mademoiselle Ferlini's picture, to see what she looked like? Well, in coming home this evening, I observed some pictures in Bland Brothers' window, and purchased one, but in my haste forgot to give it to you. This is her photograph."

Mrs. Syblett looked up incredulously. "You are deceiving me," she said.

"If you doubt me, go down to Bland Brothers—to-morrow, and satisfy yourself. And now, as to Fanny—do you know who Fanny is?"

"Don't mention her to me—the horrid creature!"

"Fanny isn't horrid at all, Mrs. Syblett. She is a perfect little beauty, with bright eyes and dainty limbs—gentle as a lamb, and graceful as a fairy. I fell in love with her at first sight."

Mrs. Syblett gave a convulsive scream, and beat her feet upon the floor.

"And so will you, dear, when you see her. She is the prettiest little pony in the market, and just suited to a lady's basket phaeton. I had intended it for a surprise on your birthday," added Mr. Syblett, gently; "but that unfortunate notebook has spoiled my plan."

"Oh, George, you don't mean it?"

"Well, you'll know better next time," he answered, soothingly; "and we will both learn not to have a secret from each other. It's the best plan, after all, as Crews hinted to me from the first."

"What has he to do with it?"

"Why, he has taken the greatest interest in it all along. He's a good judge of horses, you know; and it was he who found Fanny for me, and took me to see her. He was quite interested in thinking how pleased you would be, provided—I could keep it a secret from you till the right time."

His wife flushed a little. Then she came closer to him, and said, in a subdued tone:

"George—"

"Yes, Emma."

"Ask your friend to dinner next Sunday."

"Certainly."

"And—any other time that you like."

"I'll remember."

She still looked thoughtful; then said, doubtfully:

"But about the jewellers, and the champagne supper and the ice cream?"

Syblett glanced over the memoranda. "I made a memorandum to call at the jeweller's for my watch, which I had left for repairs—here it is. I had also to call on the chief superintendent at the gas works, whom your imagination has converted into a champagne supper. And, Emma, you must have liked my friend better than you admitted, else you would never have taken 'Joe Crews' for 'ice cream'."

"How ridiculous! But it was all the fault of your careless writing."

"Well, I didn't expect it to be criticised by a lady, you know."

Mrs. Syblett blushed.

# The Farm

## New Way to Pack Butter.

A Minnesota creamery man has invented a new way of packing butter for private customers, and describes his method in Wallace's Farmer. He makes special paraffine cloth bags holding one, two, three and five-pound lots of butter, and has invented a machine which will stuff and seal these bags quickly and inexpensively. These make airtight packages, keeping the butter pure and proof against moisture and odors. It is said that this scheme has proven quite successful. It was invented over a year ago, and butter packed in this way went through the cold storage season last year in fine condition. The first experiment was in the line of packing butter in sausage cases, but these were abandoned.

## Root Crops as a Ration.

While many, or indeed most, of the root crops contain considerable food value, it is not claimed by those who advocate feeding them that they contain elements which will make them a prominent ingredient in the balanced ration. Not understanding this, many dairymen, especially, have objected to root crops for their cows, hence have discarded a most valuable adjunct in the ration for milk cows. In their way roots supply to the cow the same essential succulent feed that does silage, and there is nothing better for keeping the bowels in perfect condition, to say nothing of the value of roots as an appetizer.

Take the average daily ration of cornmeal, wheat bran and oil meal, with the necessary roughage, and a daily feed of even a small quantity of roots will add greatly to the appetite of the cow, keep her in excellent condition and materially assist in increasing the quantity of milk given. Add to this sort of feeding a clean, light and well ventilated stable, with plenty of salt and plenty of clean fresh water daily, and one has given the cow every possible opportunity to produce results, and on a most economical basis. Those who have tested root crop feeding properly, without materially cutting down the regular rations, know the value of them, and would not think of cutting them out of the regulation feed.—Indianapolis News.

## Why City Farmers Fail.

An anxious city man writes that he is earning nearly \$50 a week in his city work and asks if it would be a wise move for him to throw up his job, move onto a farm and go into debt about \$2000. Here is a case where we can advise strongly in the negative. The unfortunate part of the proposition is that the man in question says he is able to save but little money. This being the case, he had best do some rigorous pruning on the expense side of his account. Many men are similarly located in a large city, but within daily reach of his business, though few of them enjoy such an income.

In similar cases it would be an excellent plan to buy a smaller farm near some live town and with easy reach of the city so that he could go back and forth daily. Keep the city position, move onto the farm and use a portion of the income to hire a good farmer to run the place. This can be done, and if he and his family are fairly economical, he will find his weekly salary will readily cover all expenses, assuming that the farm yields no income, which would be a supposition hardly fair. This plan would enable him to have a general supervision of the farm night and morning, his family would be healthier and happier and soon the farm would yield a fair income. A young friend, on a salary of \$30 a week, is doing this same thing and is paying for his farm out of its returns, together with the saving of his salary over previous expenses. Others can do it if they go about it right.—Indianapolis News.

## Dairy Dots.

Have regular times for taking care of milk cows.

A dairyman who treats his cows as enemies will soon have reason for it. There is skill in milking a cow. A poor milker will make a poor milk giver of a good cow.

A food that is not relished by a cow will not give good results because it will not be well digested.

No section in which Bermuda grass thrives can find a good reason for saying that dairying cannot be made a success.

Have all dairy products agreeable to the eye. People buy with their eyes and to a large extent eat with their eyes also.

When raising a heifer for dairy use her future value may be greatly increased by treating her in a kind and friendly manner, so that when she becomes a producer she can be easily handled.

When milking is begun do it quickly. Do not let the desire for rapid work cause rough milking, but begin and continue at the cow as though the milker meant business. She will fall into the spirit of the occasion and perform her part of the work so as to give the best results.

The disposition of a dairy cow is an important element. She may be an otherwise excellent animal, one capable of producing much butter or milk, but have so bad a disposition as to be hard to handle. This may not only cause much trouble and anxiety on the part of the dairyman, but may also cut down her yield.

Excellent butter may be made by using the hand separator, by putting the cream in an atmosphere of seventy-five degrees till it develops a slight acidity, by then reducing the temperature to something near sixty-two degrees and churning it till it forms in pellets the size of wheat or rice grains, and by then drawing off the butter-milk.

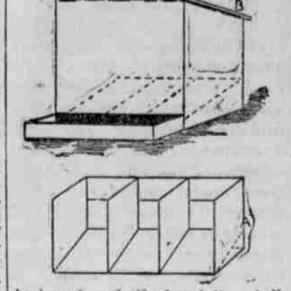
Dairying enriches the soil, while the production of cereals impoverishes it. For these reasons no other branch of agriculture should be encouraged more than dairying. In the rip belt the lands are still new and just at present there seems little need of looking after the fertility of the soil. But it is easier and more profitable to keep the soil rich than it is to impoverish it and then to restore its fertility.—National Fruit Grower.

# The Farm

## Balancing of Rations.

All poultrymen are firm believers in balanced rations for poultry, but there is considerable difference of opinion as to whether the balancing should be done by the feeder or the feed turned over to the fowls for them to do their own balancing. One of the advocates of the latter plan furnishes the following suggestions for making such a feeding box and the reasons why the fowls should balance their own food. In order to protect the grain a small house is built with a roof slanting so that there will be no drip of water into the feed provided the feeding box is not under shelter. A number of compartments are provided inside this house, one for corn, one for wheat and a third for another whole grain or a mixture of several grains, as desired.

Some poultrymen use the third box for grit and change the grains on alternate days. The feeding box is arranged so that when the feed is poured in it rolls down the sloping floor to a tray at one end, which is also divided. The fowls are thus at liberty to eat of any grain they prefer. The plan is a good one and worth trying to ascertain if it will work with one's individual flock. In the illustration the top picture shows how the roof slopes



backward, and the dotted lines indicate the divisions of the feed boxes. Letter B indicates a board on the roof, which is hinged to the regular roof boards and is lifted when the compartments are to be filled. Letter A indicates the divided compartments.—Indianapolis News.

## Handling Pigs.

From weaning time till they are from six to eight months old one should feed the pigs to secure the greatest possible growth and development of bone, the framework which is to carry the muscle and fat necessary to successful marketing. But very little carbonaceous food should be given. Corn has its place during the fattening period, but should be used very sparingly during the season of their growth. I use skim milk freely in feeding my pigs directly after weaning. For various reasons I prefer to feed it while still sweet. The pigs seem to relish it more, and it is not a source of indigestion as sour milk so often proves to be. The milk is always mixed with shorts or wheat middlings to the consistency of thick cream and fed several times a day.

I always provide pasture of some sort for my growing hogs. They not only grow faster on green feed, but they mature earlier, and where the pasture is supplemented by skim milk and ground grains the best results possible are obtained. While the hogs are growing they should be given the run of a large wood lot with plenty of shade and water. Exercise is as necessary to their growth as proper food. It is well to have some succulent crop, such as sorghum, sweet corn or even field corn, growing, so that in case the pasture provided happens to run low, these may be cut and fed in late summer or early autumn. I usually place the rapidly maturing shorts on a corn diet gradually, but never during the entire time do I withdraw the succulent ration. They are given green cut feed after they are confined to the feed lot. I run the ear corn through the sheller and shovel the grain into barrels, where it is carried with fresh water at least twelve hours before it is to be fed. It is then dipped out and placed in troughs of which there is always a sufficient number in each pen to prevent crowding. I have always found that soaked corn is more thoroughly digested and fattens more readily than the dry grains, as the latter is seldom so well masticated that it partly passes through unchanged.

A good time to begin to fatten hogs of the early maturing breeds is at about six months of age if they have been kept growing rapidly from their advent into the world. They may be gradually brought up on a liberal grain diet by feeding a month or so before being confined to the fattening pen. I have always considered it best to keep them shut up in a small lot, provided they have good shelter, plenty of water and a well drained run so that they are not compelled to wallow in the mud during fattening time. They fatten quicker than if given free range.

During this period an occasional feed of shorts also is greedily devoured by the shoats. They do all the better for an occasional change in the diet. The animals should be fed often and should always come to their feed with a keen born of a keef appetite, for once they get "corn sick" nothing but a change of diet will bring them back to their feed without a loss of time and flesh. For this reason I believe in feeding often just what they will eat up clean at the time and no more. At marketing the hog should weigh not less than 200 pounds, and if he has been properly cared for and of good blood he should weigh, fattened, at eight months old, between 250 and 300 pounds.

It goes without saying that the farmer can not afford to keep any scrubs on his place, scrub hogs being a poorer investment than scrub cows.—C. B. B., in Indiana Farmer.

## Alpine Ascendents.

It is not the skilled English Alpinist, nor even the comparatively unskilled one who knows the limitations of his experience, who falls a victim to the perils of mountain climbing, but the inhabitants of the country bordering on the Alpine region, with whom familiarity has bred contempt.—Country Gentleman.



THE EX-EMPRESS EUGENIE. Who is Spending Her Last Days at Cap Martin, Near Mentone, on the Riviera.

## The Unfortunate Eugenie

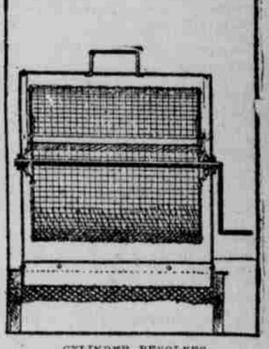
There is to-day living quietly in Paris, bereft of husband, son and empire, and for many years an exile, the aged woman who was once the beautiful and brilliant Empress Eugenie.

France, now more than thirty years a republic, no longer forbids its former sovereign to pass her closing days amid the scenes of her triumphs and her disillusionment. The brief and glittering glories of the ill-omened Second Empire are too wholly faded to invest with any dangerous suggestion the presence of her who once was the most dazzling of them all. They and she belong to history now—so much so, and so little to the present, that young students who read eagerly of Sedan and the Commune and the flight of the Empress from the Tuilleries are often startled to find that she still lives.

"Why," exclaimed a young high-school girl, looking over a recent issue of the Century Magazine, "is the Empress Eugenie alive? I shall expect the next thing to be told that Marie Antoinette has taken a little flat in a quiet quarter where there are no elec-

## ASH SIFTER.

In a short while heaters will be in operation, and again the householders



CYLINDER REVOLVES. Will be presented with the problem

## Framer of Railroad Rate Bill.



CONGRESSMAN CHARLES E. TOWNSEND, OF MICHIGAN, WHO PREPARED THE MEASURE WHICH PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT URGES CONGRESS TO PASS.

tries, and entertains the ghosts of the guillotined at five-o'clock tea every afternoon. Why, it seems preposterous!"

The very interesting article which provoked her comment was taken from the forthcoming autobiography of the late Dr. Thomas Evans, of Paris, who assisted Eugenie in her flight.

Poor empress and poor mother! Few women have lost more than she. An empire fallen disgracefully; a husband dead in exile; a son slain uselessly by savages; nothing saved to her of all she had except—irony of ironies!—her fortune. For the old ex-empress is very rich, and will leave her great wealth, it is said, to the young English princess (granddaughter of her faithful friend, Queen Victoria) who is her namesake.

## Uncle Tom's Bard Luck.

Uncle Tom was reading to little Eva. "Say," she interrupted, "mamma says you've got to read the Six Best Sellers next."

Fearing to protest, Uncle Tom took it out in hoping that Legree would hurry up and buy him.

of sifting the ashes. To make the work lighter and easier a Virginia man has invented an ash-sifter which is easily operated, and one which effectively prevents the dust and ashes from flying about. It is made in the form of a square frame, having a rounded top, the whole being made of sheet metal, and adapted to be placed within a box or barrel, and supported above the same by flanges on the sides. A circular sieve is mounted on a shaft within the frame casing, the sieve being made of wire netting. A crank is secured to a shaft operating the sieve, the upper part of the latter being removable. In use the upper portion of the casing is removed, also the upper part of the sieve, and the ashes placed within.

The covers are then replaced, and the crank turned to rotate the sieve and separate the cinders from the ashes, the hood or casing preventing the dust from flying about. Being of comparatively simple construction, the apparatus is easy to operate, at the same time being strong and efficient.

Piracy still flourishes on the coast of China.