

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 nursed 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."

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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 Ferlin'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 jeweler's, and the champagne supper and the ice cream?"

Syblett glanced over the memoranda. "I made a memorandum to call at the jeweler'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.

"Sure," said Bridget, "he's turned the tables intirely, and it's ashamed of himself I am. And, please, murr isn't a bit of supper the matter would like—and him comin' home so late?"

"A good suggestion," Syblett admitted.

And as he walked into the dining room, with his arm around his wife's waist, some one whisked out of the side door, and they heard the hall door close.

"It's only Pollie Glanvill," Mrs. Syblett explained. "I had entirely forgotten her."

"Ah, indeed! A mischief-making chatterbox! That explains your contemplated journey," said her husband, looking enlightened.—New York Weekly.

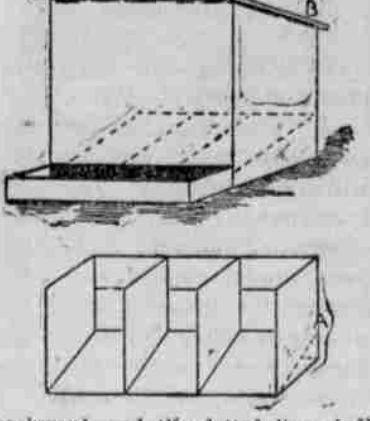
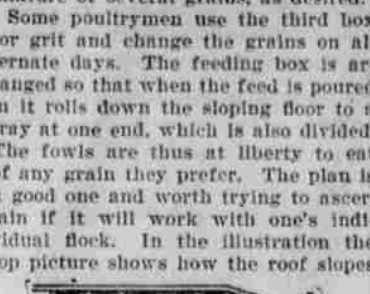
The Farm

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.

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



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

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.

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.

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.

Creeks' Medicine Man.

The medicine man of the Creeks will not eat anything scorching or cooking; in treating a gun or arrow shot wound he will as well as the patient will fast four days, only drinking a little gruel.

How He Knows.

The lady had nothing less than a sovereign to offer the car conductor for her fare. He had not sufficient change, and it was arranged that he should "set her again."



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The Unfortunate Eugenie

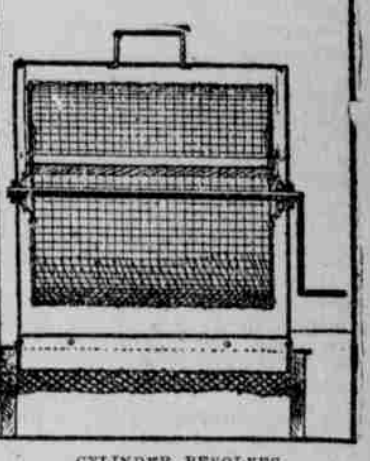
There is to-day living quietly in Paris, bereft of husband, son and empire, and for many years an exile, the aged woman who was once the beautiful and brilliant Empress Eugenie.

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 householder



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.

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.

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."

Alpine Accidents.

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.