

### A SONG OF ALFALFA.

What makes the landscape look so fair,  
What blossoms bright perfume the air,  
What plants repay the farmer's toil,  
And will enrich the worn-out soil?

What makes the swine so healthy feel,  
And never raise a hungry squeal,  
That wholesome food that never fails  
To put three curls into their tails?

What makes the poultry good as gold,  
When eggs are at a big price sold,  
What makes the happy colts all play,  
While mothers graze through the day?

What grows in loam and clay and sand,  
What lifts the mortgage off the land,  
What crop is cut six times a year,  
And no foul weeds in it appear?

What makes all other stock look nice,  
And bring the highest market price,  
That fills the milk pail, feeds the calf,  
And makes the old cow almost laugh?

What is the crop that always pays,  
And will mature in forty days,  
Resisting drought, the frost, the heat,  
Whose roots reach down one hundred feet?

## The Magical Bamboo.

By G. R. O'Reilly.

There were three of us—two South American Indians and myself—sitting over our camp-fire one night, in the mountains of Eastern Venezuela, overlooking the Gulf of Paria.

As well as on the farther bank. Tired with scrambling through the thicket, we sat down in the shade of those bamboos to rest.

"I've had many marvelous escapes from snakes," said Saturnino—"poisonous ones, I mean. Boa constrictors and anacondas I don't much mind, unless they are over fifteen feet long; but the snake I dread the most, and by some ill luck encounter oftenest, is 'the sleeper.'"

The river tumbled noisily by us. It was in flood; and on its yellow water drifted wood and floating rubbish went bounding swiftly seaward.

"The sleeper," said I. "Is he about six feet long, a yellow fellow with a big head, a great biter, aloft in the branches coiled up and sleeping all day?"

"This ought to be a good place to come upon a sleeper," said Cipriano, as he paused and looked about him.

"Yes, yes," said he, "that's the very one. Many a fine root of orchids I've had to lose on account of those same sleepers. I dread them more than I do the rattlesnake, or even the bushmaster."

"Well," said I, fearing that they might refuse me their assistance in catching the snake, because of their anxiety for my safety.

"They made our uncle drink rum until he couldn't hold any more; and it was four days before he recovered. It cured him completely, and he never swelled a bit, either."

"How are you going to get him? Don't you see that his bamboo reaches out from the farther side, so that he hangs just over midstream?"

"Well, then, my dear friends," said I, "they came very near to killing your poor uncle—poisoning him with rum. The very fact that the bitten part didn't swell was enough to show that the snake was not venomous at all; because if he were venomous, all the rum in the world would not have prevented the swelling."

"All right!" said I. "I promise!" Now the river was fully sixty feet across, and as the bamboo, in the tip-end branches, of which the snake was coiled, hung out over the water to about midstream, that would make the distance between us and the snake about thirty feet.

"The plan which I was now about to try I had used before on the Caroni River, in the Island of Trinidad, and I felt sure of success if I could depend on the steadiness of nerve and the strict obedience of my two red-skinned companions."

"Look here!" said I. "I will do what I've said if you will obey me exactly in what I'll tell you to do. There will be no danger whatever to either of you, or to me, either. I'll not allow the snake to get at any time nearer to you than fifteen feet."

"We must have gone on thus for fully two hours without seeing any snake. Then we came to a long stretch of open ground."

"So he stretched up his head and neck to climb higher. He found only leaves and twigs, too thin and yielding to climb on; but among them he found the strong top of the Indian's pole."

"Aha! This is convenient," thought he, and he reached his chin over it.

Just then I touched the coiled part of him again, and he drew himself farther up on the pole, for he had nothing else to climb up. A little touch on his tail made him draw himself yet farther up on it; and soon he lay with his entire body stretched along it.

"Keep just as you are now," said I to the Indians. "I am going to take the pole from you."

"Now," said I, "both of you move off very slowly up-stream for a few steps. And you, Cipriano, take up my pole and gently touch his tail with it whenever I tell you."

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### HOPE.

Desire wedded to expectation,  
The optimism of the soul,  
The sun shining through a sorrow,  
Warning to-day's hands at the morrow's fire.

Love's Labor Lost Indeed.  
It was misdirected zeal and patience that moved Mrs. Lena Wilson, of Brazil, Ind., to write a sentence of eight words 1716 times on one side of an ordinary postal card.

Knows Her Mind.  
The Spaniards are beginning to realize that Victoria is made of stronger stuff than her husband and, despite her open leaning to English ideas, she continues to gain in popularity.

Whom Kissing Girls is Not Improper.  
The matter of when it is proper for a man to kiss a girl is undoubtedly an important one.

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## Woman's Health.

although the act may be questioned. It is better always to err on the side of being over reserved rather than too familiar.

Try to Be Sweet.  
Do try to be as sweet and charming at home as you strive to be elsewhere, says the New York Herald, speaking to girls.

Take Warning, Girls.  
Cupid is always painted with wings, perhaps to show how easily he can fly away.

Goes Into Detail.  
It is cause for a man to go along the streets calling to people to look out for their horses: A Woman Who Goes Into Details is visiting in town.

Bacon and Eggs.—With a broad-bladed knife slice bacon as thinly as possible. Cook in a hot frying pan until bacon is crisp and brown, turning frequently.

Our Cut-out Recipe.  
Paste in your Scrap-book

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## Household Matters.

To Take Out Mildew.  
Wet the cloth and rub on soap and chalk mixed together, and lay in the sun, or lay the cloth in buttermilk for a short time, then place in the hot sun, or wet with lemon juice and treat the same way.—Boston Post.

On a Lobster Plate.  
Crustacean dishes are ready for the serving of newburgs and other dainties of lobster origin, the big red lobsters being posed picturesquely on white china plate, bowl or platter.

Dainty Hangings.  
Lawn, batiste, etamine and like materials in palest white are not only prettiest and daintiest for bedroom hangings, but they are fashionable.

To Preserve Shoes.  
Patent leather shoes are not an economy in cold weather; their life is as precarious as is the new born kitten's in a cat-hating household.

A Kitchen Cabinet.  
I am very much interested in your Household page, and having derived much help from it, I thought, perhaps the following might be of use to some one.

Spice Cake Without Eggs.—One cup of sugar, three-fourths cup of lard, two cups of sour milk, one spoonful each of allspice and cinnamon.

New Dress For Wash.—Heat a pint of grey left from a pot-roast to make a real brown gravy, and in a cup each of boiled spinach, chestnuts and French mushrooms.

Japanese Rice.—Put one cup of rice which has been thoroughly washed over the fire with five cups of boiling water.

Print Jelly.—Soak one-half package of gelatine one-half hour in one-half pint of cold water.

When Corn Paper Comes.  
Every cornstalk in the field is as likely now to consider itself the agricultural column of some newspaper.



## Religious Truths.

From the Writings of Great Preachers.  
AFTER COMMUNION.  
The Lord of Glory  
Who dwellest in glory,  
Hath made His home within my breast.

Sons of God Now.  
Sonship is a present experience. Our hearts tell us so. "The Spirit of God witnesseth with our spirits that we are the children of God."

Life's Basis.  
When the mason carries up the wall, the course of brick which he laid yesterday is the foundation on which he is laying to-day's course.

The Meet Reward.  
I do not care how or where I live, or what hardships I go through, so long as I can gain souls for Christ.

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Household Recipes.