

THE LIVING SEA.

How like the city is unto the sea:
The mighty waves of commerce break and beat
In restless surges through the noisy streets,

On the Distant Prairie.

By J. E. GIBBERD.

"Hi! Hi, there! Hi!" Henry Frankson shouted. "Drat these rags," he murmured to himself, as he looked himself up and down and repeated, "Drat these rags!"

He turned inside and laid a plain meal on the old packing-case that did duty for table and cupboard in one. But in that outlandish place the heartache of the exile was too strong for appetite. He rose off his stool and stamped.

"This won't do at all," he exclaimed; "I'll just go mad. Better go over to the Emery's for an hour and shake it off." Harvest was coming on, and he would have to barter labor and machinery. His athletic stride along the level track soon made the shanty look smaller and smaller to his backward glance.

The Emery's farmstead lay six miles due west. On his way the faintest of distant sounds reached his quick ears and arrested him. He turned himself in the direction of St. Winton, and caught sight of Henry's improvised signal. It took each of them a Welsh mile or more to meet.

Wilfred was not one to turn a man off scurvily, but he took no liking to Henry at first. Apparently they were about the same age, and Henry spoke well, and Wilfred knew that where men are scarce clothes are of less account; but he found Henry's gloomy brow and sinister eyes so suspicious as half to neutralize his obvious anxiety to make a good impression. Still, there was a chance of companionship, an educated man out at the elbows and begging for work. He directed the stranger to his shanty, and resumed his walk to the Emery's.

Notwithstanding his high spirits over his engagement, Wilfred turned rudely remote and gruff during his evening walk back with Henry, who was at an utter loss to divine the cause. But as evening advanced Wilfred grew worse, and the next day he was sullen as a bear. Henry bore his absent-mindedness and silence for days, till patience was well-nigh spent. As they sat down side by side after work on a bench outside the shanty, Henry was in the mind to ask Wilfred whether he had given offense or what was the matter with him—anything, indeed, to end the gloomy situation. But Henry got the thrust he meant to give. For Wilfred burst out suddenly and fiercely that he'd like to know how Henry's mother felt about his running away and hiding himself.

"Look here, Henry," he said, "this can't go on. It's got to be settled! It's wrong and unkind. It's unjust and cruel."

"Wilfred, don't hurry me. Don't, please. I can't tell yet."

"If you feel like that about it I suppose I must give way," Henry said, "or else I must go on the tramp again." His voice was hard and dry. "Don't go," Wilfred answered. "I'm a brute. My folks are in the dark, too."

By a common impulse both men sat up, looking straight before them, neither daring for awhile to speak, while each battled with the tempest of feelings that surged in him and tried to calm himself. A light came into Henry's face that banished, once for all, the cloud which caused uneasy suspicions.

"The sooner it's done, the better," he said. They rose simultaneously and entered the shanty together and wrote. Then while the twilight deepened and the stars looked down upon the prairie they walked five miles to St. Winton to post their letters, and five miles back, feeling how, in due confession, fetters loosen and restraints dissolve. They reached home whistling the songs of English boyhood.

Harvest was over and the farmers had begun their preparations for the hard winter. Wilfred strolled out with Milly, while Henry entertained the rest indoors with stories of England and merry songs.

"Milly, dear," Wilfred said, "do you love a naughty lad enough to forgive him?"

"Forgive, Wilfred? I've nothing to forgive—unless I forgive you for wasting yourself on a prairie girl."

The Farm

Feed For Live Stock. Every farmer who has live stock to feed should come in touch with cowpeas and soy beans as good as any other can be used to good advantage. Both plants are rich in protein and make excellent crops for supplementing carbonaceous food-stuffs, such as corn.—Farmers' Home Journal.

Use of Corn. Our most important stock feeding problem in the United States is the most profitable use of corn. Corn appears to be particularly poor in mineral nutriment, especially so in calcium, the oxide of which we know as lime. Our most profitable use of corn demands that we consider not only protein, but also mineral supplements. The subject is of greatest importance, as it relates to growing or milking animals and also to those raised most largely on corn, namely, hogs and poultry.—Farmers' Home Journal.

Potted Berry Plants. Potted plants are largely advertised every fall and are very interesting to amateurs. Any one who has a few small flower pots, two and a quarter or two and a half inches, at his disposal, may grow these plants for himself.

The Cow's Coat. It is an easy matter to tell by the condition of a cow's coat in the winter time whether she is getting silage, as its succulence has the same effect on a cow's system that pasture grass has, and it keeps her thrifty and in the best of condition for her everyday work. Silage is also more digestible and nutritious than the same amount of dry feed.

Crows Killing Chickens. The Rhode Island Experiment Station has received a number of reports where crows have caused serious losses to poultrymen. In one case twenty-five per cent. of the chickens hatched were destroyed by crows, all sizes being taken from the time they were just hatched until they were a pound in weight. Various efforts were made to keep the crows away, most of which were ineffectual.

Poisonous Plant Investigation. For several years the Forest Service, in co-operation with the Bureau of Plant Industry, has been making poisonous plant investigations on the National Forest which have been of distinct value to stockmen. The annual loss from poisonous plants in many localities is quite heavy, and some ranges are becoming practically useless on account of these plants, or if used, the losses by death are so heavy as to materially cut into the profits of stock raising.

Alfalfa Will Grow Everywhere. While experts have been declaring that alfalfa would only grow in certain soils and in certain climates it has proved its adaptability to nearly all climates and almost all soils. It produces with a rainfall as scant as fourteen inches, and in the Gulf States flourishes with sixty-five inches. It gives crops at an elevation of 8000 feet above sea level, and in Southern California it grows below sea level to a height of six feet or more, with nine cuttings a year, aggregating ten to twelve tons. An authentic photograph in possession of the writer shows a wonderful alfalfa plant raised in the (irrigated) desert of Southern California, sixty feet below sea level, that measured considerably more than ten feet in height. Satisfactory crops are raised, but on limited areas as yet, in Vermont and Florida. New York has grown it for over 100 years in her clay and gravel; Nebraska grows it in her western sand hills without plowing, as does Nevada on her sagebrush desert. The depleted cotton soils of Alabama and rich corn lands of Illinois and Missouri each respond generously with profitable yields to the enterprising farmer, while its accumulated nitrogen and the sub-soil

Danced the Minuet. The minuet, which is to be a feature of the Bath pageant, was ever the aristocrat of dances. Before the lady of the eighteenth century elected to step the dainty measure she had many points to master, for to dance the minuet was to court criticism. The plunge was taken, she wore a lappet on her shoulder to tell the company she proposed to make or mar her ballroom reputation.

First and Last. When a girl begins to call a man by his first name, it generally indicates that she has designs on his last.—Lippincott's.

READABLE LORE ABOUT ANCIENT BASE BALLS.

The Famous Veteran, A. J. Reach, Tells Who Made the First Ball Ever Used in the National Game. The famous old-time player, A. J. Reach, now president of the A. J. Reach Company, the great baseball and sporting goods manufacturing concern, was recently queried by a California customer as to the original balls used in the infancy of baseball. Here is Mr. Reach's answer, which possesses a certain historical interest and value:

Philadelphia, Pa.—My dear Mr. Beckett: Replying to your favor of the 19th ult. regarding baseballs etc., you say Mr. Lowry would like to have, will give you some thoughts from memory. As to the first baseballs, my recollection of them dates from about 1855 or '56. The most popular baseball in those days was the Ross ball; Harvey Ross, the maker, was a member of the Atlantic Baseball Club, of Brooklyn, and a sail-maker by trade; his home was on Park avenue, where he made the balls. John Van Horn was a member of the Union Club, of Morrisania, New York; he had a little boot and shoe store on Second avenue, New York City. These two makers turned out the best baseballs for some years, and they were used in nearly all of the match games that were played up to the early '70s. E. I. Horsman, of Brooklyn, N. Y., also made balls in the early '60s for the market, not having the success, however, of the Ross and Van Horn balls among the experts of that day.

The popular clubs of those days, as I remember, were the Gotham, Eagles, Empire, Knickerbocker, Mutual and Union, of New York City, most of them playing at the Elysian Fields, Hoboken; the Atlantic, Excelsior, Eckfords, Putnam and Continental were all of Brooklyn. These mentioned are the oldest contesting clubs that I remember, having no date at hand at present. As I look back to those early days of our National game and remember the great interest displayed then by the crowds on match days in all the movements of the players, I do not wonder at its growth, and that it now takes a field in those same cities with a capacity to take care of the crowds of from twenty-five to forty thousand people, and they will even grow from these figures. Then the playing field was a pretty sight, being fully two-thirds surrounded by carriages and wagons filled with people, and inside of the line of carriages was the crowd sitting and standing until they almost encircled the playing field. I am referring back to the days when no entrance fee was charged, so while there was no money there was no lack of interest and lots of excitement when the strongest clubs got together. With best wishes, I am, yours truly, A. J. REACH.

What We Don't Know. What we know about the home of the Martians makes a short story, but considering that it is 141,000,000 miles away from us, it is wonderful that we know so much. The year there lasts about 687 days, nearly twice as long as ours, but the days are almost exactly the same. The diameter of Mars is about seventy-one-hundredths that of the earth. It has two small moons, the nearest of which goes around it in seven hours and thirty-nine minutes. The density of the planet is considerably less than the earth. There are snow caps at the poles, which increase and lessen with the seasons; there are reddish patches which look like land; there is an atmosphere and there are numerous long, straight lines which, it has been assumed, are canals artificially made for irrigation. This assumption, which it can not be said has been established, has been made to serve as conclusive evidence that Mars is inhabited. It is far too soon to have any definite opinion on the subject, but it is safe to believe that the next generation will know a great deal more about it than we do.—Cincinnati Inquirer.

Overworked Snake. The new and very stringent prohibitory law which goes into effect in Kansas has revived an old story on the subject. A stranger went into a Kansas drug store and asked for some whisky.

"I can't sell you any whisky," said the druggist.

"But I'm sick," persisted the stranger.

"That won't help any," replied the druggist. "It don't make any difference. I can't sell you any whisky for being sick."

Household Matters

A Hasty Fruit Salad. For a hasty fruit salad when fresh fruit is not at hand open a can of peaches, drain it and arrange the halves of the fruit on lettuce leaves, sprinkle them with shredded almonds and a few cherries if they are at hand, and dress them with mayonnaise. If nuts and cherries are not at hand the peaches are excellent alone.—Indianapolis News.

Lemon Sponge. Soak one ounce of gelatine in a pint of cold water for six hours, then dissolve it over the fire. Add the thin peel of two lemons, the strained juice of three lemons and one-half pound of sugar. Let all boil two minutes; strain it and leave till nearly cold. Beat the whites of two eggs to a froth, add them to the jelly and whisk all for ten minutes, till the mixture becomes the consistency of sponge. Pour into a mold and set on ice.—Washington Star.

Plums, Fresh and Preserved. While the finer varieties of plums make beautiful dessert, being rich and luscious of flavor, they are not quite so wholesome uncooked as their next kin, the peach. When it comes to pickling and preserving, plums can hold their own every time. The fruit is found in nearly every part of this country, and the provident housewife finds that there is something decidedly lacking in her store of preserves has not its usual good supply of plum jam, plum jelly, plum cheese and plum conserve. For these are many delicious desserts to be made from plums, fresh or canned.—New York Telegram.

Scrambled Eggs With Asparagus. Six eggs, two heaping tablespoonsful butter, one gill of asparagus tips, two tablespoonsful cream, salt, pepper, paprika and grate of nutmeg. Boil the asparagus tip in boiling salted water until tender, drain well, put them in a saute pan with one tablespoonful of the butter, and saute over the fire for five minutes. Break the eggs in a basin, add the cream, season with a little salt, pinch of pepper, paprika and nutmeg; beat up well, put in a saute pan with the remaining tablespoonful of butter, stir over the fire for ten minutes, then add the asparagus, stir again until the eggs begin to set. Dish up on a hot dish, garnish with parsley and serve hot. Slices of cucumber in place of asparagus points will be found a nice change. A pinch of sugar should be added when sauteing the cucumber.—New York Press.

Meringues. To each white of egg allow two ounces of sugar. Whip whites till on taking away the whisk the egg froth stands up in solid points or is so stiff that it can be cut in two with a knife. Stop beating at once when this point is reached; stir in two ounces of sugar to each white of egg. Lay it in spoonful on a baking sheet rubbed all over with white sugar. Dust them with a little white sugar and leave them in an oven for two or three hours, or until quite crisp and dry. The oven should feel just warm to the hand. If to be filled with cream or jam take them out of the oven before the bottoms are quite firm, press each of these into a hollow with the back of a spoon, then return them to the oven, bottom side uppermost this time, to dry them properly. When quite dry put aside to cool before filling them. These meringues can be kept if put in a tin.—Washington Star.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

To acquire a straight back remember to keep the abdomen in and the chest out.

Cold water dashed on the face and chest each morning gives the same tonic effect as the cold plunge without danger of shock.

Nothing relieves the sting of mosquito bites or the intense itching of hives like bathing in a weak solution of carbolic acid and water.

Learn to relax if you would be free of lines in your face and cheat old age. Most of us keep ourselves at tension, mental and physical.

If relaxing exercises will take the kinks out of your face, relaxation—the kind best suited to your taste—will remove kinks from your soul.

Do not neglect the value of fruit in improving the complexion. Nothing equals the juice of oranges and lemons to clear up skin and brighten eyes. The latter must be diluted and taken without sugar; a half-lemon to glass of water.