

REVIEW.

Dimly the spent days arrange themselves in rows; Backward we look upon the scribbled files; And what strong heart would faint recall the blows, Fate-struck—the weariness, the tears, the smiles?

Lonely Miss Barbara.

BY MRS. T. GODFREY.

From envy, hatred and malice, and all uncharitableness.

The rector's rich, full voice floated down the hushed church, arousing echoes in Miss Barbara Lynn's shriveled heart.

"Good Lord, deliver us!" Then she covered down with a shiver, peeping at the girl in front of her between her fingers.

Miss Barbara's eyes moistened. Something in the girl's rosy face reminded her of days long dead.

The swift movement of the small, brown hand as it slid confidently into the young man's, under the pew ledge, sent a quiver of exquisite pain into the old maid's breast.

"Do you know Oregon well, then, Mrs.?" She paused. "Dale—Margaret Dale," said the girl smiling.

The sense of her shortcoming overwhelmed her with horror, and although force of habit made her chime in with the congregation, her mind was in a country lane, her heart throbbing with the remembrance of a tall youth, with sun-kissed curls and blue eyes like the blue of heaven.

For years she had not so let her mind dwell on such things, but had lived her quiet life feeling that she was "going softly," that nothing pained her much nor gave her excessive joy, imagining that her heart had died in the lane flecked with dancing shadows of leaves and the golden light of the setting sun, when her lover had kissed her good-by, long years ago.

And lo, the sight of a strange, handsome young couple had awakened the old aching pain, and reminded her of what might have been!

The rustle of the rising crowd swept through the building like the rush of a hurried sea. Mechanically she rose also, her sweet face flushed by the pink of emotion, her eyes shining dark through unshed tears, her snow-white hair ruffled by nervous hands.

She must be brave. Lovers still thronged the world, though she had had her day and was no longer young. She opened her hymn book and held it upside down, for the girl's hair claimed her attention.

She opened her hymn book and held it upside down, for the girl's hair claimed her attention. It shone like burnished brass, and here and there a captured sunbeam dazzled the enchanted eye with elflike mischief.

Miss Barbara's hands trembled so violently as she looked, that she dropped the book into the seat before her. The girl turned quickly and handed it back, with such a smile of bewitching charm, and sparkling dimples, that Miss Barbara quailed.

The blue dancing eyes pierced her to the soul, and sent her bewildered thoughts circling back to the forbidden year.

When the voice of the people soared up on high, Miss Barbara's remembrance silent. The thrill of the music added to her emotion, she closed her eyes, and imagined she was looking once more into those like the blue of heaven.

Then, suddenly, a cold wind swept over her, and the murmur of voices fell on her ears. With a shudder she raised her heavy eyelids and stared around in surprise, for she was out in the sun-baked churchyard, on the soft, green grass, and the blue-eyed girl was bending over her, anxiety in her pretty face.

"Do you feel better?" she asked. "Yes," stammered Miss Barbara, her cheeks unflinching the flag of confusion as her gaze fell on the young man, who was supporting her in his arms.

He helped her to her feet. "You fainted," he explained, "and we brought you out." She smiled, wondering what they would say if she told them she had not fainted, that she had merely rested in the arms of her long-lost love and said good-bye once more.

"It is good of you," she murmured. "I felt queer, I remember. This is the first time I have ever done such a foolish thing. Thank you very much for your kindness. And now I will go home."

But in spite of her protestations they insisted on accompanying her up the long village street. And as she walked between them, a tiny, dainty figure, with her sweet, wildrose face, and silver hair, her heart regained its calm and she met the girl's blue eyes with a thrill of pleasure.

At the little white cottage, covered with roses and ivy, where Miss Barbara lived with one faithful maid, the trio parted the best of friends. "I will come and see you to-morrow," said the girl, laying her fresh lips on Barbara's soft cheek, "if I may."

"Yes, do. Come to tea, both of you," added Miss Barbara shyly, as she glanced back into the youth's dark face.

Then, for a moment, she stood

watching them as they turned away, and the girl's voice floated back to her on the breeze, thrilling her with its music.

"Isn't she a pretty darling, Eric? Now if father's Miss Babs were like her how delighted I should be!"

The next afternoon when Miss Barbara sat in her little parlor, looking more than ever like a Dresden china figure, with her soft gray silk gown and snowy fichu, and softly piled silver hair, the girl came alone.

"Eric has gone fishing," she explained. And as she sipped the scented tea out of the precious eggshell china and nibbled the homemade dainties, she chatted merrily to the little lady.

"We've taken the house on the hill—the one that looks down upon this—we shall see a lot of you, I hope. We've been married three months, and have never settled down anywhere yet, but we like this quaint little place, and the people, and the country. After Oregon it's such a change!"

Miss Barbara's heart jumped at the name of Oregon, then she blushed.

"Do you know Oregon well, then, Mrs.?" She paused. "Dale—Margaret Dale," said the girl smiling.

ROOSEVELTISMS FROM THE EX-PRESIDENT'S BERLIN SPEECH.

The play of new forces is as evident in the moral and spiritual world as in the world of the mind and body. Forces for good and forces for evil are everywhere evident, each acting with a hundred or a thousand fold the intensity with which it acted in former ages.

One of the prime dangers of civilization has always been its tendency to cause the loss of the virile virtues of the fighting age. When men get too comfortable and lead too luxurious lives there is always danger lest the softness eat like acid into their manliness of fiber.

We cannot afford to develop any one set of qualities, any one set of activities, at the cost of seeing others, equally necessary, atrophied.

There has never been a greater need of a high and fine religious spirit than at the present time.

It would be worse than folly on our part to ignore our need of intellectual leadership.

Unjust war is to be abhorred; but woe to the nation that does not make ready to hold its own in time of need against all who would harm it.

Finally, this world movement of civilization, this movement which is now felt throbbing in every corner of the globe, should bind the nations of the world together, while yet leaving unimpaired that love of country in the individual citizen which is essential to the world's well-being.

"Yes, I've lived in Oregon all my life until the last year. Father—you'll see him soon, for he comes to-morrow—left Ohio as a young man. He says he left his heart behind, but, for all that, he married, and I'm his only child."

The heavenly blue eyes thrilled Miss Barbara again. Her lips trembled slightly.

"It is rather amusing to hear of father's love affair," continued the young bride, with a chuckle. "He's searching for his first love now. Of course he's quite serious, but I can assure you are not. Think of it, Miss Lynn; he wants to find the girl he loved twenty-five years ago. He does not realize that she is now probably a fearful old frump, with a long, thin face, flat feet, no waist and a wig."

"My dear, my dear," quavered Miss Barbara, a sharp pain at her heart, for twenty-five years back she also had loved her blue-eyed youth, and although she had grown old, she did not think she was a frump.

She looked furtively across at her reflection in the mirror. She was old, yes, seen by the girl, but frumpish, never! How hard and unsympathetic was happy youth!

"You may laugh," continued Margaret, "for you are so pretty, so sweet yourself! But think of my dear father remaining faithful to such a scarecrow! Can we allow him to find her?"

"If your father married he did not always remain faithful," said Miss Barbara, demurely, her heart swelling with fellow feeling for the lonely frump. "And are you sure that she is so objectionable?"

Margaret laughed. "No, but we suppose it. A soiled, disappointed old maid. Oh, don't you know the type?"

"I'm an old maid, also," said Miss Barbara, stiffly.

"You, my dear, are one of God's prettiest creatures. Now, if you were Miss Babs, well and good, but you aren't, worse luck."

Miss Barbara started. Then, in a low voice, she asked: "Is that her name?"

"Barbara is her Christian name. I don't know her surname. Dad would never tell it to me. Miss Babs he calls her, but we say, 'Babs the Impossible,' for she is quite impossible, I am sure."

Miss Barbara smoothed out the folds of her dress with trembling fingers and averted eyes.

"Does he love her very much?" she quavered.

"He's mad to find her. Yes, he loved her and she loved him, but her father wouldn't allow them to be married, and she hadn't the strength to go against his will. In those days girl feared their fathers, strange to tell! So father said good-bye, and went away, intending to return later and ask for her again, but he heard that she was married, and—why, how pale you are! Do you feel ill?" she exclaimed, springing forward, so that she looked as if she were

"No, no!" whispered Miss Barbara. "Go on. This story interests me. I have heard of one so like it." "Well, as a man mustn't remain faithful to another man's wife, father married also. My mother died two years ago, and father retired then. Soon after we came to Ohio, and he heard that his first love had never married. It was her wicked old father who had spread the lie. So now father is looking for her."

A long silence succeeded her words. Miss Barbara sat stiff and straight in her chair, one bright spot on either cheek. She dared not move, for the room seemed swimming around, and hundreds of eyes, the blue of heaven, looked at her from every corner.

Through a fog came Margaret's laughing voice: "And of course she'll be a frump—a sour old thing! Ah, if she could only be like you!"

Twilight descended upon the house, whiffs of newly mown hay came in through the open window, one ray of the setting sun threw a shaft of light across the room. It fell on Mrs. Dale's upturned face, and for a moment, Miss Barbara held her breath.

For in the girl's place she saw her lover, as he looked long years ago.

"Yes, I have heard a story like that before," she said, in tremulous tones; "perhaps I know Miss Babs. And, if it is the same, she loves him now, as then. She may be a frump, my dear, and sour—for life is hard to the lonely—but if she can give him the love he craves, if he can give her the joy a father robbed her of, would you still wish them apart?"

Margaret dropped her burning face. "No, perhaps not. If it were love, such love as that I know. But can it be? She is old and rusty, perhaps."

"His love will rub hers bright. Once she was young, like you. Could your love die? What is your father's name?"

"Carroll Lyle. Colonel Carroll Lyle." The drumming at Miss Barbara's heart quickened, and the hot blood hissed and boiled within her brain. She seemed to hear the clash of thunder, and stood one more in the tree-

shadowed lane, his arms around her, his lips on hers.

The next day, after her lunch, Miss Barbara climbed into her attic. Here, as elsewhere in the cottage, not a speck of dust was to be seen, not a sign of disorder.

Miss Barbara opened an old oak trunk, and bent over its contents with a smile. Gently she raised soft folds of white drapery, and shook out a dainty muslin gown. Pure and simple, it seemed ready for immediate use.

Then, ere she turned aside, she drew out a packet of weather-worn letters. From them there fell the miniature of a young man—the man she had thought faithful to her long years ago. Glad tears sprang to her eyes as she gazed into his, then she raised it to her lips and kissed it tenderly.

When Marion, the maid who had grown old with her mistress, carried the tea into the little parlor, she stopped short on the threshold with a cry.

"Miss Babs, you have gone back thirty years!" she gasped, setting down the tray and staring at Miss Barbara open mouthed, for in the middle of the room stood her mistress clad in a white girlish gown, a blue ribbon in her silver hair, a bunch of roses in her belt.

"Miss Babs!" repeated the old servant, tears streaming down her cheeks, "but for your white hair I'd say you're eighteen again. I'd—"

"And so I am, Marion, for he, Carroll, is coming back to me," whispered Miss Barbara.

Marion threw up her hands and fled to her kitchen.

"Lord help her!" she sobbed. "She's dat! Thinks herself young again and talks of him, her faithless lover. May the Lord help poor women who eat their hearts away, and drown all men in the tears they make them shed!" she added vindictively, rocking herself to and fro in her great despair.

Meanwhile in the parlor, Miss Barbara drank her tea with longing glances at the steep, white road leading past the windows to the house up on the hill.

And Margaret's parting words rang in her straining ears: "You must dine with us to-morrow. I'll send father for you, and you'll be able to tell him about Miss Babs."

As she repeated the sentence to herself for the thirtieth time, a quick step sounded on the path outside, and she rose palpitating.

The next instant a tall, weather-beaten man stood on the threshold, a man with short, crisp, silvery curls, and eyes like the blue of heaven.

And as these same eyes fell on the little trembling figure before him, a great joy sprang into them, and with a loud cry of "Babs! My little Babs at last!" he took the no longer lonely Miss Barbara to his heart,



Mrs. Choate Resigned. Mrs. William G. Choate resigned as president of the Woman's Exchange at the last annual meeting. The exchange was founded by Mrs. Choate thirty-two years ago and she had served as president ever since. Since its foundation it has paid more than \$1,500,000 to consignees. During the year just closed its sales amounted to \$78,000, of which \$68,588 was paid to consignees. Mrs. W. V. Lawrence was elected to succeed Mrs. Choate, and Mrs. Catherine Lambert succeeded Mrs. Lawrence as vice-president.—New York Sun.

Don't Marry the Man—Who is selfish. Who is a spendthrift. Whose word you cannot rely upon. Who never works unless he has to. Whose highest ambition is to become rich. Who is namby-pamby, weak and effeminate. Who has no sympathy with your ideals and aspirations. Who is always making excuses for not meeting engagements. Who believes that all courting should be done before marriage. Who believes that a woman should have no interests outside her home. Who is unsympathetic, cold and deaf to any demands outside of business. Who loses his temper and indulges in profanity on the slightest provocation. Who is always thinking of himself and expects everybody else to wait on him. Who regards a gambling debt as a debt of honor and a tailor's bill as a nuisance. Who lets his landlady wait for her rent while he puffs out the money in expensive cigars. Who is so dreamy or impractical as to seriously impair his ability to support a family. Who thinks that a comfortable home and plenty to eat and wear should satisfy any woman. Who thinks that the woman who gets him for a husband will be lucky beyond the rest of her sex. Who is secretive and constantly

Suffrage Settlements. Professor Frances Squire Potter and Professor Mary Gray Peck are to be at the head of the work of organizing suffrage settlements throughout the country. The settlements are to be under the auspices of the National Woman's Suffrage Association. The idea is said to have originated with Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont, who at her own expense established two in New York, one in Harlem and the other on Henry street. Baltimore, Chicago and Spokane caught the idea at once and settlements have already been established in all three cities.—New York Sun.

Diamonds May Be Engraved. A Parisian inventor has devised tools for the engraving of the surface of diamonds, and thus has opened up a new field in jewelry. Wonderfully beautiful effects can be produced. The new instrument enables a skilled engraver to portray flowers with all their foliage on a diamond, and designs of various kinds. It has enabled a diamond cutter to cut a diamond into the form of a ring, polished on the inside, and cover the upper surface with artistic designs. Another diamond has been carved like a fish. The design of a bicycle has been en-

graved on another diamond. Though it formerly was possible to polish only flat surfaces of diamonds, French workers have perfected a method for polishing concave parts. They have tools that produce straight or curved lines. It also now is possible to pierce holes in diamonds and still retain the brilliancy. Accordingly, diamonds now may be placed on a string. The inventor spent many years in perfecting his tools for doing such work.—New York Press.

What Cissie Did. The attractive young women who had been selected to take the offerings in the progressive Chicago church were about to start up the aisle. Suddenly the fair young captain of the squad held up her hand. "Edith," she whispered, "you will change places with Cissie Pinkley." "But I like the second aisle much better," pouted Edith. "Hush," murmured the captain. "I will explain later. All ready, March!"

When they came back it was found that Cissie Pinkley's plate showed very much the best yield. "The slender captain smiled. "This is all due to a profound knowledge of masculine nature," she explained. "When I counted up the audience I noticed seventeen dark young men sitting along the second aisle. Edith is a brunette. Cissie is a flaxen haired blonde. The dark young men wouldn't be impressed by Edith, but you see what Cissie did to them."

And she smiled complacently as she added up the totals.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Age of Woman. Professor Arthur Keith, of the Royal College of Surgeons, deserves to be congratulated; he has correctly ascertained the age of a woman who refused to disclose it. It is not very gallant of him to declare that she is 600,000 years old, but he is willing to stake his scientific reputation on the accuracy of his assertion.

The British savant has unearthed a prehistoric skull at Gibraltar, and he argues from the size and strength of the jaw that it is a skull of the feminine gender. The brain cavity is unusually large, from which it is further inferred that the lady was strong minded—a cave-dwelling precursor of the type known to-day as the militant suffragette. Professor Keith says that the men who were the contemporaries of the prehistoric woman had comparatively short legs and very long arms. This would seem to indicate that they could not run very fast or very far to escape the voluble tongue of the large-brained and strong-jawed helpmeet. The long arms, however, would enable them to do very well at the washbowl or the ironing board under the lynx-eyed supervision of the real head of the household.

Thus it is seen that the "emancipated" woman is, after all, a type not so strange and new as was supposed. She has existed, it would seem, for 6000 centuries. While the last pterodactyls and ichthyosaurs were still roaming at large and acting the tops of the tallest trees without having to climb them, the prehistoric lady and her long tresses were abroad in the land that had lately emerged from under glacial ice or out of the bottom of the deep. Cries of "Votes for

women," in the uncouth prehistoric language, resounded from crag to crag, like thunder in the Alps. The old woman that Professor Keith has discovered and the new woman that has discovered herself are sisters across the centuries.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Scrambled Eggs on Milk Toast and Eggs a la Bucking-ham.—Five scrambled eggs poured over milk toast make a delicious dish; then, again, for another change, sprinkle the eggs with one-fourth of a cupful of grated mild cheese. In this event it is well to have the eggs slightly underdone, and put the dish into a hot oven to quickly melt the cheese and finish cooking the eggs.

covering up his tracks and on his guard lest he betray his real self. Who bosses his sisters, and does not think it necessary to show them the same consideration as other girls. Who is always talking about what he will do when "the old man" is dead and he gets control of the property. Who lets women hang on to straps in the street cars while he keeps his seat and hides himself behind a newspaper. Who regards his cigars, drinks and other dissipations as necessities, but who would consider his wife's meagre allowance a luxury. Who would be likely to humiliate his wife by making her beg for every shilling she desires for herself and to tell him what she is going to do with it. Who is domineering and arbitrary and tyrannizes over the weak and all who are under him, while he cringes before the rich and powerful.—Vogue Chat.

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The Auto Question. I have received several letters from parties asking as to my plan to control automobiles, control of roads, etc. My plan is to form civic leagues and enforce the present laws, patrol all roads and compel all parties to comply with our existing laws. I mean all travelers, be they autoists or farmers, and I mean all travelers. If you or any other man in Indiana can suggest anything better or more just write me. This has been my reply to all private letters.—J. J. New.

If the people are satisfied with the present laws, and if they can be induced to organize, as you suggest, your plan may work, but these are big ifs. We don't believe either of them can be compassed. But let us hear from others on this subject.—Indiana Farmer.

Bushel of Corn and Butter. Cows of fair quality only, such as will make 250 to 300 pounds of butter per year, when properly fed make three pounds of butter each bushel of corn or oats, when the two grains are ground together and fed. Surely that is a better market for corn than when sold as grain is sold on the market. Referring to this matter Hoards' Dairyman says:

"There never was a time when it paid as good a profit as it does to-day to feed a cow well. Think of it. Three pounds of butter in a bushel of corn. That is nearly \$1 worth of butter. What kind of a farmer must a man be that will not turn grain into butter at that price? One great trouble is that these farmers have not taken pains to breed good cows that it will pay a big profit to feed well. If ever a farmer fed well he should do it now."

Wintering Farm Horses. At the Michigan Experiment Station an experiment was recently conducted for ten weeks using a variety of cheap substitutes for oats and timothy hay as a feed for horses. Six horses at work received a regular ration of timothy hay and oats at an average cost of 29.6 cents per day, estimating the feed at current prices. The horses lost on an average of eleven pounds each. Six horses were fed a cheaper ration, consisting of shredded cornstalks, oat straw, hay, ear corn, oats, beet pulp, bran, oil cake and a few carrots, the average cost of which was 17.7 cents per day, and the horses gained on an average fourteen pounds each. Four horses were also fed the cheaper ration, but as they were at rest part of the time they were not fed so heavily as the other lots. The average cost of maintenance in this trial was 12.9 cents, and the average loss in live weight for each horse four pounds.

The Sow in Farrow. Nothing is so certain to produce a small and unprofitable litter of pigs as to have the sow in farrow to share her lot or bed with a pen of half grown shoats or with other sows. In summer she will go off to some secluded spot to make her bed and thus escape the danger of crowding. In winter or early spring, however, she cannot overcome the habit of huddling up with the lot even up to her time and thus endangering her offspring.

The thrifty farmer will provide separate pens, or lots, and plenty—not too much—of straw and shelter from rain. After the pigs are a week old two or three sows may be run together. Of course, it takes more time to water and feed the sows separated this way, but it pays to do it.

It is a great disappointment and a real loss of time and feed to have your promising brood sow turn up with only one or two pigs. If it is your fault you cannot make it up this season, and by another the golden opportunity may have passed.—Farmers' Home Journal.

Prevention of Disease. One of the greatest causes of disease among fowls is from lice and not disinfecting the poultry houses properly. I have never had a contagious disease among my fowls. Eighteen years ago I lost quite a number from limber neck. I did not know the cause then, but by sad experience learned a lesson that has been worth a great deal to me. I never allow any dead chickens or any other kind of flesh to lay about where the chickens go. It is sure death to them if they get maggots from any kind of flesh.

For destroying lice and mites * Quinolate and sulphur, usually do this on damp days, and is better if done once a week. We not only believe it is good for the fowls, but for people. We have not had a spell of fever since we have been fumigating with tobacco, while so many of our neighbors have fever every year. This promises to be the greatest year in poultry business, yet in my experience have never known eggs as high as they were last winter. I have never had such a demand for eggs and chickens; can't near supply the orders for the last five or six weeks. If you want every mail to bring in orders and inquiries advertise in Farmers' Home Journal and you will have all the work you are looking for.—Mrs. Emily Gibson, in the Farmers' Home Journal.

Cleanliness in Hog Feeding. The hog responds as readily to cleanliness and care as any other animal on the farm. Not long since I was greatly impressed with the lack of sanitary conditions around the yards and houses of a man who has been growing hogs more or less successfully for ten years. His feeding troughs were foul with decayed food.

An electric machine has been made to wash and purify the air in any room.

