SECORAD GARDOSE

"To fit me to die or teach me to live."
Fwar words, maybe, I have let loose,
Waiting, at night, for the old caboose

Stretched, at last, on the olicioth seat. The shoes removed from my aching fewhile many lanterns their vigil kept. There, exhausted, I've soundly slept. Slept, to dream that I took a ride Over Niegara's feaming tide, Over the cataract, sans a grean, Hitting my head on a big flat stone. Then I awoke, and my teeth were loose. Twas only a jerk of the old caboose.

Weary, again, I close the eye, Dreaming of Klondike's mountains high; Plains piled full of ice and snow, Mercury seventy-five below;

Kerosene held by a fire to thaw,
Whisky served with a cross-out saw;
Shivering, chilled with the bitter cold,
Crawling down in my ulster's fold.

Ah! The stove is a poor excuse,
The fire is out in the old caboose.

a brakeman comes and builds a fire. To dream of hades, yawning red.
A pit with coal and brimstone fed.
The heat becomes more torrid now,
The sweat-drops roll from off my
In midst of tortures after death
I roll about and gasp for breath
Till Mornbrus lets my eases loose. Till Morpheus lets my senses loose. Lo—the blushing stove of the old cabo I've shivered with cold or I've reasted

with heat, A thousand times been jerked from my reat.
I've sworn I never again would ride.

Shade of G. Washington! There I lied!
As jerked my toethpick down my throat,
It's jerked the buttons all off my coat.
I've been thumped and pounded in every

part
Till I hold my breath to see it start.
So facts beat sentiment. What's the use
To talk about leving that old caboose? gay it is felly, or call me weak, When the bumpers hang and the axion

squeak. So I love it! I love it. The ragged Deuce Can't tear my soul from the old caboose. There are chunks of coal in the murky air, The passengers grean and the brakemen swear;

On a side track long for hours we lie,
While later trains go whiming by.
And then, when the engine gots in its work,
A-down the train comes that awful jork.

—Jeseph Bert Smiley, in Chicago Inter

MAYNE PERRIN'S THREAT.

OT WELEN MEKNAN ********

I tossed my head with curling ilp in defiance to those words, as Mayne Perrin uttered them, his eye flashing, his tall form drawn to its full height.

"It is very much what I expected, that you should condescend to threats, Mr. Perrin," I said, "but a condition of things, nevertheless, not likely to immediately bring about the desired denoument.

I was but 18, and I spoke with the impetuous fearlessness which belongs only to youth. Ah, had some kind hand but for one moment drawn saids the veil of futurity, I might have tried even then ago Mayne Perrin and I had been friends, on the borderland of lovers, a borderland his foot had crossed as mine had retreated. Rumors had reached me in regard to him-rumors which I had asked him concerning, and which he had not denied.

"What if I do play cards for money?" he had answered me. "I neither lie nor chest, nor owe any man anything. I won't make any the worse husband for it, Nannie, if I can gain the prettiest girl in the village for my wife." "If you mean me, Mayne Perrin,"

answered, "I would rather see myself lying in my coffin than a gambler's wife. A man who will gamble will do anything "You have made me love you," he said,

slowly, his face whitening, "with your coquettish ways I could not understand. Did you do it for this end?"

"I never did it," I indignantly exclaimed. "I liked you-yes, I loved you -never; but bad I given you all my heart I would still have courage to stretch my hand into the fire and enatch it from the flames, though it was a scorched and stricken thing forever."

"Then, even were I not a gambler, as you term me, your answer would be the I wondered at his calmness, though I little dreamed the effort it had ost him and all that lay beneath.

The same," I said, curtly. "And dare you judge another?" The words burst forth with seething, hissing soorn. "You dare say you have not taught me to love you by the arts of which only a woman is master? For your future and for mine you are responsible, but-you will be sorry for

Then it was he uttered the threat, and when by my answer I had but torn still wider apart the bleeding wound, he turned once more, while I stood on the steps of the porch, to repeat the words,

iteps of the porch, to repeat the words, his face livid with passion, and then strode down the path.

"An idie threat," I thought to myself, "As though my happiness would ever jie within Mayne Perrin's grasp." I sould have laughed aloud in my accurity and my forgetfulness of the truth that in some degree lay hidden in his words, the truth that when the young, handsome stranger came to our villages. handsome stranger came to our village.

I had accepted with a smile and a blush the attentions he had showered upon me, attentions which in my girlish assurence and vanity were of no little worth that when the many heart lay of my feet I could would build buildedly spout to make the many spout to the state of the

Did I decerte my pu

wiser, my life's happiness came to me in the love which flooded my path with cumbine. For the first time, trembling with the weight of my own joy, I re-membered the suffering I had caused snother, remembered with a new ability to guess at its measurement, remem-bered it with regret. But had I wished it, I could not have put that regret into words. I had never seen Mayne Perrin since that day. He had disappeared, no one know whither.

"He said I would be sorry, and I am." I thought once, amid the preparations for my wedding, "I wish I had said one kind word," and after the thought, fleet-

ing as the sorrow, came forgetfulness.

We had been married two years—two
happy, happy years—and Will and I
were lovers yet. We had a pretty farm
a few miles outside the village, where I was joyous as a bird and busy as a bee from morning until night. One afternoon in May Will came in on his return from town, saying, even as he kimed me: "I have brought an old friend of yours, Nannie, home with me. He is very anxious to see you."

An old friend! Neither Will nor were backward in hospitality, and I quickly followed him into the parlor. Did a cloud darken the sunshine, did the air suddenly grow chill, or did merely a presentiment of evil greet me on its threshold, as with band outstretched and a smile of welcome, Mayne Perrin came forward to receive my greeting. tried to make it cordial, but I fear I failed. Even my husband seemed embarrassed. The stranger was the first to put us at our ease.

"I was scarcely surprised to hear of your wedding, Mrs. Brayton," he said. "I trust it is not too late to offer my congratulations."

The evening passed pleasantly and quickly, and I could see that Will was good-night and seek the rest and quiet sorry when our guest rose to leave. From that day Mayne Perrin was our constant visitor. Once when we were alone he even touched lightly on the past, with a laugh at his own hurt. It tell him of that after regret of mine, so rather see myself in my grave than a I said nothing; but spite of fil, I could my lear wife," rang in my ears, and mot feel at my ease. Perhaps it was that my heart grew hard and bitter. once or twice I caught his glance fixed on me, when he did not mean I should detect it, with a light of mocking malice in his eye, but I was not well this summer, and was apt to have foolish fancies. Then, too, Will had grown so fond of him that he would only have laughed or reproved me for indulging in such folly.

So the summer wors away, the harves was gathered, and the leaves shed their requium of color over the land, but in my heart it was springtime, now with hope and promise, for in my mother arms lay the little helpless messanger of God's goodness and love. All my pride, all my happiness, Will shared and it seemed as though this we



daughter of ours but seemed to closes knit the bond between us. Still my time now, of course, was baby's, and when several times through the winter Will did not come home until baby and I had been long saleep, I tried to still the anxlous feeling at my heart by remembering that this was so, and that he, a man. needed change. But after I had undressed baby and laid her away in her little crib, the hours would pass slowly and wearily until I could not sleep if I heard from Will were utttered when he baby unless you kill me too." and watching for the sound of his hall.

I saw less of Mayne Perrin in these knew these evenings were spent with him. When the first suspicion of how they were spent came to me I knew not; but it grew and grew until certainty took its place. Will had grown silent anxious, abstracted, fitful and moody Even bany failed to rouse him, and l watched him with a sinking heart, longing to speak, yet hardly daring. Alas!

it was for him to break the silence. One day I put into his hands \$2,000, my little all, asking him to deposit it for me. It had been sent me the day pefore on the selling of some bonds from which he had determined to withdraw

"It is baby's nest egg," I said, with smile. "If her father prospers I hope it may be her dower. If not, we have it for a rainy day."

"All right, little wife," he answered "I will be back early to-night. Don't put baby to sleep until I come."

How bright and cheery looked the little parlor as the hour drew near when I expected him. Even baby seemed to know her blue ribbons had been put on for an especial purpose. But beby's bedtime had long passed, and baby's cyclids were fast closing, spite of her anxious endeavors to keep "the candman" away, and still he came not. At iss! I knew the latter endeavor fruit-less, and so I sadly wated the blice re-

n her crib. My supper was untasted; could not cat. A strange, terrible op pression was creeping over me. Mid-night had long struck, and still I was alone. Baby had awakened and been hushed to sleep again. I could not read, I could not work, I could only pace wearily to and fro, and watch and wait. At last, as the dawn was breaking, the distant sound of a horse's hoofs broke the stillness; but when, a few moments later, my husband entered the room, I started back. So changed was he I scarcely could have recognized him. Tonight he uttered no word of reproach

at finding me waiting, but threw himself down with a groan.
"What is it, Will?" I questioned. "Tell me, dear. Is not your trouble mine?"

Then he told me how the money I had given him that morning had been lostnot a dollar saved. Mayne Perrin had met him, tempted him as he had been tempted 20 times before, and as before he had yielded, playing on and on with the gambler's vain hope of redeeming what he had lost, until nothing was left. Our nest egg, baby's dower was gone.

I could not reproach him. I could only soothe and comfort, praying with him that the lesson might be one he never would forget.

Spite of our loss the next few weeks were happier, for Will was more at home, and seemed relieved to have made

full confession. In March we went over to his father's, whose farm lay distant from ours some seven miles, to spend the anniversary of our wedding. We had a bright, happy dinner, baby—now six months old—the honored guest. The next afternoon Will rode into

town, promising to return early, as the next day we were to start for home. We waited supper a full hour, then sat down without him. His mother's anxious questionings, his father's wonderment as the evening wore away, drove me almost wild, and I was glad to say of my room. Slowly the long hours wore away, while I wrestled on my knees in agony for full well I now knew what this absence meant. Once more the tempter had been at work. The would have seemed bitter mockery to sentence I had once uttered: "I would

"He has been detained," I said as bravely as I could, when we met at breakfast. At noon the sky grew threatening, and a severe anowatorm was predicted, and when the first flakes were falling one by one, Will burst in upon us.

"Are you ready?" was all his greeting. We will have to hurry to reach home before the storm." In vain they urged him to wait. "I am going." he answered. "Nannie can do as she likes."

"I am ready, Will," I replied, and with baby in my arms took my place by his side. For an hour he was silent, the snow falling faster and thicker. Then be burst out abruptly:

"You think you are going home. Do you know that you are homeless, houseless, penniless, and your husband is a thief? Nannie, Nannie, would that I "!eib bluos

The reins fell from his hunds. In the keen, biting air and the clouds of snow. his head fe'll forward on his breast and sob after sob rent his frame. For a moment I was appalled. Then it seemed as though I had known always this must come, as though all my life I had been looking forward to this moment.

"How did it happen, Will?" I questioned.

"It was my first loss," he answered, that of your money, that troubled me and when Mayne met me yesterday and asked me if I would not win it back something said 'try.' I played all night, Nannie, alone with him, and when he had won everything from me he laughed in my face and told me to tell my wife that he had made good his word; that with him she would at least have had a home."

"Ought not the house to be in sight?" questioned, roused into action by the growing cold and darkness, the present engrossing the future. Will started to his feet and looked anxiously about. then fell back with a groan. "Fool that I am!" he muttered. "I have lost the

Colder and darker it grew every moment. I hushed baby's faint cries on my breast, though my heart sank with terror. Could she survive this exposure?

"It is just as well," I said, bitterly, "since we are homeless, that the end tried, and the first harsh words I had should be here, only do not dare kill my

found me, wide-eyed and pale, weiting . But just then something glimmered in the darkness. It was the light from horse's hoofs or his welcome step in the our own hearthstone, which ere long we had reached in safety, but when I had laid my sleeping child in her warm times, but, though Will never said so, I nest, the ice about my heart melted, the bitterness fied, and I crept sobbing to my husband's breast, murmuring words of forgiveness and love. For well I knew, whatever ill the future held in store for us, the tempter would hereafter tempt in vain. But the next day we waited in vain for Mayne Perrin to claim the deeds and money he had won, until at nightfall we learned that we were saved. He, too, had set out in that storm, had lost his way and perished. Remembering how near death had come to us, yet passed us by. we tried not to rejoice that our free dom had been bought at such a price. while the prayer came from both our hearts that in that last solitary hour he had sought and won peace and forgive ness from his God.—N. Y. Ledger.

No Pity for Pirates in China. They make short work of pirates in China. In July last a vessel in charge of Chung Kwei, the son of a wealthy merchant at Singapore, while on its way to Canton was select and run aground by pirates and leeted of its full cargo of silks and money. The Canton authorities immediately sent a gunboat down the river and the pirates, 20 in number, were captus They were taken in triumph to San Ling, near Canton, and were con-demned by a military tribunal and be-

The Lades' Home Jo mal for 1898.

"the best of all the years; the most cheerful and helpful magazine that a woman can possibly in her home," is the purpose of its editors as disclosed by a prospectus outlining a few of the projected features for the coming year. While the Journal will be more useful and practical then ever before, it is made apparent that its lite ary features will be strengthened, and that torially it will be more attractive and artistic

A namble featu e, "The Inner Experiences of a Cabinet Member's "ife," a series of letters from the wife of a Cabinet member to her sister. will, it is said, reveal some startling and graphic pen-pictures of Washington social and officia-life. They are so realistic that the letters will be published anonymously and are likely to attract National attention. The biographies of President McKinley, Mrs. Cleveland, Mark Iwain, Thomas A. Edison, and useph Jetteron will be pres 'nted in a novel way by a ser' es of anecdotes, giving the vital characteristics of each Rev John watson, D. D. (" lan Macaren"), will con ribute a series of articles on satte s close to the interest of every man and woman; Edward W. Rok will have a speci page for young men, in addition to his neual untorial discussions; Lilian Bell will continue her bright, crisp letters from European capitais; ra, Burton arrison will describe society at the beginning of the century, and ex-Presiden Harrison is to write on "The Flag in the Home."

Two fiction issues, in al over thirty short tories, are promised during the year. The stories will be by Mark Twain, F Marion Craword, Hamiston Garland, Mary E. Wilkins, Julia wagrud r. Clara sorris, ars A. D. T. V hitney and other well-known authors.

Toe musical announcemen s for next year in clude Sousa's newest composition, "The Lady of the white House, ' dedicated by special pernission to Mrs. weKinley; sacred songs and hymns by Fanny Crosoy, the blind hymn-writ er : Ira D. Sanky, and others quite as promin out in their respective fichts.

"Inside of a Hundred Homes" will be continud and supplemented by other articles upon fiting, furnishing and beautifying the home; and in addition to the Journal's "Moderates out House," churches, schools, farm buildings, etc., will be given-with detailed plans and specifica-

Mrs. S. T. Rorer, it is announced, will couinue to write exclusivery for the Journal. In sudittion to her '. ooking Lessons" she will write of foods, their value and their healthful ness. Special articles for children - young and middle grown-on need ework, fashious, home entertainments, church work, etc., are al. pronised. This is but a passing glance at the 1898 Ladies Home Jonrasi, which is aimed to meet the literary and practical needs of every member of the Household. By The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia. Ten cents per copy; one dollar per year.

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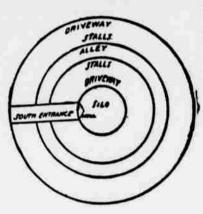
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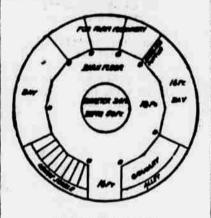
Round barns are becomming quite common in some parts of the country. T. c. e seems to be an economy of space in a circular structure and the fact that it is possible to have a sile in the center, away from the effect of the changes of temperature, is a great advantage, particularly in dairy districts where the greater number of these round barns are found. The plan of one is given in the illustrations. The frame of the uter wall of the first story is made of 2x12 inch studding three feet apart. Above the sec-



BASEMENT OR FIRST FLOOR PLAN. inch drop siding. On the first floor is a row of double stalls facing a 9ft al-

ley. The gutters back of the stalls are 20 inches wide and five inches deep on the south side of the barn, reaching a depth of 7 inches by the time they get sures of Mr. Warner at his home, and with other round to the north end, so as to furnish drainage. A liquid manure cistern is situated just outside of the

The main entrance to the first floor is on the south side, where a wide, open space extends clear through to the silo. A chute extends from the silo below, through which the feed is thrown. On the second floor there is room for hay, farm machinery, grain, horse stalls, etc. Scaffolding just above the second story adds greatly to the



SECOND PLOOR PLAN.

hay capacity of the barn. A commodious milk room is located in the northeast corner, where the separator stands. Milk is run through the separator simply to clean and aerate it, after which it is bottled for market.

The silo walls are made of studding 2x12 inches and covered on the inside with three thicknesses of 4-inch boards, with a layer of building paper between the courses. The outside is covered with sheathing, merely to create air spaces between the studding, which insures perfect ventilation. After being filled the contents of the silo are merely wet down on top with 40 or 50 pails of water every other day until five or six applications have been made. The total cost of this barn and milk house was about \$3,000.

Grading Up the Flocks.

Two often the farmer starts from the standpoint of the fancier. A farmer who has a flock of common stock that pays fairly well, kills them off and replaces with fancy stock, purebred fowls, giving them no extra care, will find they prove a failure. Scrub stock will endure privation better than stock that has been bred for the showroom. What the farmer wants is not pure-bred poultry but pure-bred males to cross on common stock. He is after best returns, not beauty. The best market in the future for pure-bred stock will be for pure-bred males to cross on common stock. The breeder, who could appreciate the situation could sell all he could raise. The male is half the flock. By using purebred cocks and the best and most thrifty of the common hens, the flocks may be graded up and the grades have the special qualities of the male's ancentry and the hardiness of scrub females. But the mixed males should not be used for breeding. Always breed the grade hens back to purebred males. In getting stock for crossing it pays to give good prices for good birds. The choice of individuals is as important as the choice of breeds. Secure the best out of a large flock if possible.-Agriculturist.

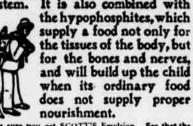
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