

RYHME AND JINGLE

Two women went forth in the glory of dawn. Their heroes returning from battle to meet. And one was in white, with a rose at her breast. And one was in black from her head to her feet.

"All is well!" High o'er my weary day a melody is ringing. Like fairy bells afar upon the upper air. Joy-bells that call with gay harmonious swinging.

When first to Dorothy I was wed One morning unto her I said: "The pies that mother used to make, And likewise, too, her bread and cake."

There is a legend of a house that stands Alone amid th' eternal calm and stress Of teasing waters—narrow, windowless—Set on a storm-swept isle by unknown hands.

In the Meadow. Why should I ask of any love A relic or a wreath? I know the sky is blue above—The meadow green beneath.

Notes for the Apiary. The greatest hindrance to large honey crops is letting the bees run short of stores in spring.

What if we're growing old? We have been young together. O'er fields of fragrant hether, By sunny ways we've strolled.

So why should we care whether Some years have past us rolled? I'll wear, by love consoled, A gay as a feather.

The World of Thought. You think your world a narrow sphere. And long to follow fancy's flight, Which makes the outside world appear More far than that which lies so near.

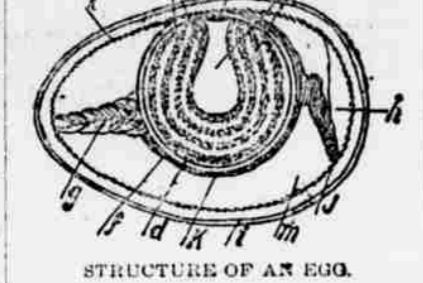
As You Look at It. My neighbor's girl's a nuisance. And I wish that they'd move away: They've purchased a piano, And she's learning how to play.

My boy has got a fiddle. And he's learning how to play: I expect that he'll be getting Rich and famous, too, some day.

HANDLING THE BEES.

No one should think of opening the hives and working with bees in cold weather in winter, or in cool weather in summer. There are but few days during the winter that one can do any successful work with bees.

STRUCTURE OF AN EGG. An interesting picture showing Cross Section of a Hen's Egg Before Incubation.



layers arranged around it, the outer layer of white yolk lying just beneath the vitelline membrane, d. Outside this membrane is f, a layer of more fluid albumen; g, chalazae; h, air space; i, shell membranes; j, shell; k, layer of thicker albumen outside the yolk; l, boundary between outer and middle parts of the albumen or white of the egg.—Orange Judd Farmer.

How to Confine Ducks. Use wire netting 18 inches wide. Every six or eight feet nail a sharp-pointed stake to the wire. The pointed end should extend down below the bottom edge of the wire, 10 or 12 inches. Such a fence is easily set, and when not wanted the stakes can be pulled out, and the wire and stakes can be pulled up and put away for future use.

Helped by a Tip. "I don't see how it happens that you get the start of your business rivals so often," said the man to the prosperous undertaker.

That Was All. Weary Clerk (after cutting off 25 samples of dress goods)—Is that all, madam? Miss Grabbe—Um—I would like one more sample. My piece is so particular. Cut me off a piece from that roll under your hand.

A Bookish Pair. Professor Jones was old and bald. Of habits sedentary. He was so wise that he was called A walking dictionary.



Tramp—I reckon you'll know me when you see me again, starin' so hard. Countryman—I shan't if you wash yourself.—St. Paul's.

So Small. "Some awful stroke has caused relapse," The anxious doctor said. The patient paid the modest bill And promptly fell down dead.—N. Y. World.

Uncanny. Little Virginia—My mamma says you live in a haunted house. Little Winnie—The idea! We don't either. Nobody ever heard of a ghost being inside of our house.

Averting a Tragedy. Chapple—Averted twiddle twanged just now. Chollie—No! How? Chapple—Man said he would pound me to mince if I did not give him half a cown, and I gave him half a cown.—Tit-Bits.

His Only Opening. Mrs. Johnson—Don't yo' feel terrible, Mrs. Jackson, 'cause yo'r son Mose bin arrested fo' stealin' chickens? Mrs. Jackson (sobbing)—Y-ya-is. De poor fellah won't be good fo' nuffin' after dis disgrace except in politics.—Judge.

A Talented Youth. Johnnie—I wish I was Tommy Jones. Mother—Why? You are stronger than he is, you have a better home, more toys and more pocket money. Johnnie—Yes, I know, but he can wiggle his ears.—N. Y. Journal.

The Way Men Are. Lillian—Marie, does your husband get vexed if you interrupt him when he's talking? Marie—No; but he gets furious if I interrupt him when he's eating or sleeping.—Detroit Free Press.

Wrong All Round. He—I'm not at all pleased with that new party dress of yours. She (coldly)—Aren't you? He—No, the dress itself is altogether too low, and the bill for it is altogether too high.—Somerville Journal.

Judging from the Sample. Handout Harry—When I wuz a little kid dey use say I wuz de best boy in de village. Tjepass Teddy—Gee! Dat must 'a' been a tough village.—N. Y. Journal.

Couldn't Crow Over Him. Boy on the Fence—You ought to see the rabbit's foot I've got at home. Boy in the Next Yard—That ain't nothin'. My little brother's got a hare-lip.—Chicago Tribune.

It Was Cheaper. Landlady—It is our custom to return thanks each meal. New Boarder—Well, I rather think I will like that better than the old way of paying cash.—Indianapolis Journal.

Keeping a Close Watch. Tom—Edna and May appear to be inseparable. Carrie—Yes; each is afraid to trust the other out of her sight.—Town Topics.

A Libel Refuted. "Women are cats," snapped Jarley, viciously. "Nonsense," said Dawson. "Did you ever see a woman try to climb a fence?"—Harlem Life.

Labeled. "Look! There's a colored messenger boy running." "Sure enough. They ought to advertise him as 'warranted fast black.'"—Philadelphia Bulletin.

WHO IS TO BLAME. Women as well as men are made miserable by kidney and bladder trouble. Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root the great kidney remedy promptly cures.

MODERN FRUIT FARMING. It Pays Where a Fair Proportion of the Crop Can Be Sold Directly to the Consumer.

That well-conducted orchards, including the small fruits, are more profitable than ordinary branches of farming is a fact that thousands of farmers are beginning to learn. But it is not the natural conservatism of average farmers that keeps them from making this change.

If the farmer has money enough to tide over nonproductive seasons, will it pay him to set his whole farm in fruit? We believe it will if the farm is reduced in size, so that one man can do all the work of cultivating and caring for trees until fruit-gathering time.

With better understanding of the means for fighting insects and fungous diseases, the growing of fine fruit is much less hazardous than it used to be. Much, however, depends on having a good location and with the small fruits, on a good near retail market.

Her Estimate. "You ought to be very proud of your husband," remarked a caller to the wife of a great man. "Proud?" was the response of the worried-looking wife.

She Was Right. "I cannot sing the old songs now," She trilled in alto, cracked—And those who heard her try, all vow She couldn't for a fact.—L. A. W. Bulletin.

One Sort. "You sold this dog to me for a bird-dog. He doesn't know a bird when he sees one. I took him out yesterday and he wouldn't look at a bird." "Well, how was the bird cooked?"—Brooklyn Life.

Injustice of Fate. "A man can't do much without money." "No, and when he has money he doesn't need to do anything."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

She Merely Retaliated. Paterfamilias—Nelly, I want an explanation from you. I saw you kiss young Johnson this evening. Nelly—Well, papa, he kissed me first.—Harlem Life.

A Friendly Tip. Parke—Did you see that scurrilous nasty attack on you in the paper? Lane—No; you're the first friend I've met to-day.—Town Topics.

A Pertinent Question. Scribbler—I—ah—write for a living, you know. Miss Pert—How interesting! Do you get it?—N. Y. Journal.

No Place for Bickering. "A balloon club has just been organized in Paris." "Well, let's hope the members will not fall out."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

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