

When Daylight Dies.
When daylight dies how sad the summer view,
When shadows hide the fields' most lovely hue,
And darkness veils the arching skies,
And day no longer night defies,
But shows her saddened eyes to you.
When stars are distant and their rays are few,
When light seems ever to have said adieu,
The bluebird now no longer flies,
When daylight dies.
But live in hope, faint heart, nor woo
Dark Lethe's stream, but kiss the dew
And feel that tho' the daylight dies
Beyond are still the summer skies
And other days will dawn for you
When daylight dies.

—(Bernard Emery, in Terpsichore.)

THAT CAT.

BY JOHN P. SJOLANDER.

"That cat is what keeps them apart," was the general verdict.

Everybody knew everybody's business on Magnolia Creek, and it was no secret that Janie Brownlow and Mark Peters had fallen out about the latter's cat, just as they were about to get married.

The Brownlow and Peters homesteads were adjoining, a brush fence only separating them. The houses, primitive log structures, were not more than a hundred yards apart, for the builders of them had been friends, and had moved to Magnolia Creek together. They had brought their young wives with them, and had begun the battle in the wilderness bravely, determined to win homes there for themselves and their loved ones.

When Janie and Mark were about one year old, the war between the states broke out. Peters and Brownlow went into the thick of it and never returned, leaving two widows and two orphans behind them to fight the battle of life as best they could. The two women made a living somehow, and raised their children to manhood and womanhood. Then they laid down their cares forever to take eternal rest.

Up till the time Mark and Janie were completely orphaned, it is doubtful if love or marriage had ever been thought of between them; but then came a time when they were in a manner dependent upon each other. In the course of a year they saw that it would be best for both of them that they make their future one, and everything was settled between them in a sort of matter of fact way, altogether unlike the courtships described in books.

But one morning the storm broke loose, and reared an apparently insurmountable wall between them.

Mark had a fondness for cats, a masculine trait of character not often met with, and he took an ill deed done his cat as an offence committed against himself. Janie, on the other hand, rather disliked cats, but kept a good dog instead, who followed her about constantly, ever ready and willing to do her bidding.

One morning Janie found Mark's cat among her chicks in the yard, and as some of them had been missing for several days, Thomas was looked upon with suspicion as a thief. Now, when he was detected almost in the act, Janie's anger was aroused, and she called Rover to her side.

"Catch the plagued cat," she cried. "Catch him! catch him, Rover!"

With Rover to hear was to obey, and the cat and dog had a close race to see which would reach the brush fence first. Thomas won by the length of his tail. Then commenced a fight in which Rover was at a disadvantage, for every time he poked his nose into the brush the cat spit, scratched and clawed him until his yelps of pain brought his mistress to his assistance.

Janie had no more than made her appearance upon the scene before Mark arrived also. Their glances met and anger flashed out of their eyes.

"Call off your dog!" Mark demanded.

"Shan't do it," retorted Janie.

"If you don't call that yelping cur away, I'll kill him."

"I'd like to see you do it. I set him on that thieving cat of yours, and you'll have to kill me first before you fill my dog."

Just then the cat made the dog yelp most pitifully, and Janie ran to his assistance. She picked up a stick and attempted to throw it at the cat, but, with the proverbial marksmanship of her sex, she missed, and hit Mark instead.

Then Mark lost his temper completely. He sprang over the fence, and with the first thing that came to hand, which happened to be a stout pole, he began to belabor the dog most memorably.

It was a disgraceful affair, and it was whispered around in the neighborhood that Janie even went so far as to pull Mark's hair.

The cat finally made his escape and ran toward his home. Rover would have given chase, but he was too busy just then keeping out of reach of the pole in Mark's hand, and in a short time even he made good his retreat, leaving Janie and Mark sole combatants in the field.

"You're a brute, Mark Peters, and I'm glad of this chance to tell you so!" cried Janie.

"That's all right, Janie. I'm glad I found out your temper before it was too late."

"You was, eh? Didn't know before that I could take care of myself, did you? Well, that just shows that you ain't as bright as you should be, having known me all your life."

"Oh, that's all right."

"That's just what it is, and it will always be so, too, for I wouldn't marry you now, not if you was the last man on earth."

"I reckon I gave you the first chance, and I am thinking it will be your last one, too," Mark retorted.

"Never you mind. You go and take care of your cat."

"You go and keep company with your dog."

"I will. Between Mark Peters and Rover, I had rather have Rover for steady company."

By that time both were retreating toward their respective homes, and their words grew to be mere mutterings.

From that day Mark and Janie slunked each other, and though they were such close neighbors, lived like total strangers.

It is only natural that, after a while, both were sorry in a manner that the quarrel had occurred, but neither would acknowledge it openly. On the contrary, when some good neighbor offered to step in and bring about a reconciliation, the offer was rejected on both sides with so much scorn, that the experiment was never tried again by the same person.

The neighbors were about equally divided in taking sides with Mark and Janie, but on one thing there was only one opinion, which was, that the cat was to blame for it all.

Mark too seemed to acknowledge that much, to himself at least, for there were times when he would chase his pet out of the house, and shut him outside for hours at a time. On such occasions the cat would climb to the roof of the house, and give voice to his sorrow in long and dismal wails.

"Oh, plague take your picture," Mark would mutter, "now you know how it feels yourself. I took up your quarrel, and I am shut out, too. If I was a cat, I would climb up on a roof and howl, too, but I am a human being and dare not do it."

It was in the latter part of the winter, and Mark was sick at heart with the pain parting with Janie gave him. The evening was cold and damp, and he was sitting before the fire in the huge chimney, watching the logs burn down slowly and crumble to ashes. His thoughts were of Janie, and he was debating with himself for the ten thousandth time whether it would not be best, after all, to go to her and beg to be reinstated in her heart and affection once more. He had almost decided to give in, when the cat, as was his habit, jumped up on his knee, purring softly.

Mark was startled. For the time being he had entirely forgotten the cat. The cat must have felt it, and thought it was time to receive some recognition. But for once the cat's judgment was at fault, for instead of being petted and stroked, he was picked up and flung out of doors.

In a few minutes the cat was on the roof of the house, bewailing the cruel treatment he had just received at the hands of his master. Mark, however, only gritted his teeth, stirred up the fire, and sat down before it, determined to let the cat stay outside for the rest of the night.

And so the hours passed away one after the other, and Mark still sat before the fire. The only movement he made was to stir up the fire occasionally. The cat had been quiet for a long while, and Mark had sunk into a reverie again wherein Janie was uppermost in his flitting thoughts.

"That quarrel must have been the work of Old Nick," he muttered. "I shouldn't wonder if he hasn't taken up permanent abode here with me, for I am just about suitable company for him."

Just then something came tumbling down the chimney, scattering fire and brands and ashes all over the room. Then an unearthly scream, such as Mark had never heard before, rang in his ears; at the same time something, looking like a ball of fire, sprang out of the fireplace into the room.

"The devil," screamed Mark, and fell to the floor.

It was several days after when Mark regained consciousness and found himself in bed. He was in total darkness, and wondered where he was. He put his hands up to his face to rub his eyes, when he found there was a bandage over them, and that he was blindfolded. He was about to tear the bandage away when Janie's gentle voice spoke to him.

"Don't, Mark," she said. "The doctor said not to remove the cloth until he came back. He will be here again shortly."

"What is the matter, Janie? What has happened?"

"Your house burned down the other night, and it was only through a miracle that I got you out of it alive."

"Yes, I remember now. Satan came down the chimney, and kicked the fire all over the floor. It must have set the house on fire; but I can't remember anything more about it."

Mark got well in time, and married Janie. The cat, it was supposed, must have perished in the burning house, for he was never seen again after the fire.

Janie often laughs softly when her husband insists that Satan burned him out of his house that night. "But," she says to herself, "I bet it was the cat."—[Yankee Blade.]

Stringed Instruments.

The violin has for many years held the leading place among stringed instruments. With scarcely any modifications, the same instrument exists today that charmed the senses of hearers centuries ago. From the early part of the sixteenth century to the ending of the eighteenth the forests of Southern Tyrol were ransacked for trees, which were cut down late in the summer, carried down the Garde and then down the Mincio to Mantua. From Como they were brought to Milan, from Lake Maggiore down the Ticino and Po to Cremona. The Brescian makers preferred the pine and ash, while the Cremona artisans preferred the maple and sycamore. With rare skill dealers would reserve pieces for this or that leading artisan, who insisted on choosing only the best. Since their day violin makers have followed their methods of construction, copying as best they may the lines of a Stradivarius, an Amati, a Guarnerius or a Bergonzi. It is true that the violins of today are, throughout, precisely the same as the violins of three centuries ago. The sound-bars have been modified to stand the strain of modern pitch and new necks have been devised to meet the demands of artists skilled in technique and intricate execution. But, after all, the swell of the body, the principle and arrangement of the sound-post, remain what they were even to this day.—[Public Opinion.]

Life Among Birds.

The distinguished German biologist, Weismann, has pointed out that there is less exact knowledge on this subject than might be expected, considering how many in number are the ornithologists and the ornithological societies. Small singing birds live from eight to eighteen years. Ravens have lived for almost one hundred years in captivity, and parrots longer than that.

Fowls live from ten to twenty years. The wild goose lives upwards of one hundred years, and swans are said to have attained the age of 300. The long life of birds has been interpreted as compensation for their feeble fertility and for the great mortality of their young.

From the small island of St. Kilda, off Scotland, twenty thousand young gannets and an immense number of eggs are annually collected; and although this bird lays only one egg per annum, and is four years in attaining maturity, its numbers do not diminish. Obviously, as Weismann observes, such birds must reach a great age, or they long ago would have been exterminated.—[Scientific American.]

Poisonous Honey and Wax.

There are certain plants which produce flowers which make not only poisonous honey, but also poisonous wax. Cases often occur of persons being made ill after eating honey, and the cause is sometimes attributed to indigestion, but more frequently the reason is found in the honey itself, the bees having fed upon poisonous flowers. In some parts of South America there are flowers which produce honey and wax of a bluish green color, and it is said that both honey and wax are more poisonous than the same quantity of arsenic. No such poisonous honey is produced in the United States, though it is known that the quality of honey is frequently greatly impaired by the flowers of certain trees on which the bees greedily feed.—[Boston Transcript.]

FOR FARM AND GARDEN.

BEANS FOR HORSES.

There is no better food for horses than beans. They contain more nourishment than oats; and in Spain, Italy and in some parts of Austria horses are fed on beans regularly, as we feed our stock on corn. The use of beans for horses and cattle produces a beautiful, soft, sleek coat; the animals like the beans better than they do any other form of diet, can do more work and gain more flesh while doing it than if fed on any other sort of food.—[St. Louis Globe-Democrat.]

TURKEY EGGS UNDER HENS.

Turkeys should not be allowed to brood the first litter. Their eggs are too valuable early in the season to stop their production by incubation. If kept from setting the hen turkey will, after a few days, lay a second litter, and the process may with old hen turkeys reach a third setting. If set under hens nine eggs are enough, as the egg is larger than a hen's egg, and the young in it are easily killed by a little exposure to the cold. Common hens make better mothers for young turkeys than those of their own kind. The latter wander too far and do not keep quiet while the dew is on the grass, thus dragging their young and soon killing most of them.—[Boston Cultivator.]

HANDLING FRUIT.

Fruit, when in its natural state on the tree or vine, writes A. P. Reed, is always kept at a comparatively cool temperature, in ever so hot weather. This result is brought about by evaporation, not only from the surface of the fruit but from the leaf surface to which the moisture comes from the roots. As soon as the fruit leaves the tree or vine, or as soon as it is dead ripe, it no longer receives this supply, but takes the temperature of the atmosphere, and ripens or decays according to its condition, at once.

Reasoning from this understanding of the case, I would suggest that cold storage is demanded immediately for all fruits plucked when the atmosphere is warm, which it is desirable to keep any length of time. A hot sun should strike it as little as possible if we would have it reach market in the best condition, or in a condition to please. Fruit plucked when half-grown may often be ripened in a warm place, but the same fruit could be kept unchanged in cold storage a great length of time.—[Massachusetts Ploughman.]

HOW A GOOD COW LOOKS.

A writer in Hoard's Dairyman describes a good butter cow as follows: She is of a medium size, has a long face, broad muzzle and strong jaws, a slim, even neck, thin, sloping shoulders, large girth and immense abdomen. She has a sharp, high backbone, thin hams, giving room for her large udder, which runs well forward as well as back. She is a voracious eater, gives a good quantity of rich milk, which never makes less than seven pounds of butter to the 100, and sometimes considerably more. She has a general loose, relaxed and bony appearance. She never had, and I do not believe ever will have, an ounce of surplus flesh on her. She is very sensitive to cold, cannot bear rough treatment or exposure of storms or inclement weather. She is so far from being hardy enough to withstand the fare that some farmers give their cows that she would probably die on it, while the scrub cow would seem to do fairly well. But she has got the kind of hardness that will enable her with right feeding and care to produce three pounds of butter per day. That is the kind of hardness that pays.

It may interest our readers to note the difference as shown by a modern as against an ancient writer on this subject. Columella, a Roman author, who lived several centuries before the Christian era, describes a good milk cow in the following way:—"A tall make, long, with very large barrel, very broad head, eyes black and open, horns graceful, smooth and black, ears heavy, jaws straight, dewlap and tail very large, hoofs and legs moderate."

PRUNING THE PEAR.

Orchard trees vary greatly in the benefits or injurious effects occasioned by pruning, advises a Morgan county (Ohio) orchardist. In the case of the apple occasional prunings are indispensable for keeping the tree in good shape and for the production of a good quality of fruit through the removal of superfluous sprouts and branches. On the contrary, the pear requires very little pruning, and no tree is more liable to be injured by too much of it. At the time of transplanting

there will usually be some pruning required to preserve a proper balance between the branches and the roots. I would always make this as little as possible by great care in taking up the young trees and making the loss of roots so small that a very severe pruning of the top would not be required. The pruning back at planting should be made with reference to a symmetrical, well balanced tree, and the after pruning should not be frequent or excessive. Where it is desired to prune to pyramidal form or shapes to please the fancy, cutting back or shortening the yearly growths will be necessary; but for fruit production I would avoid that kind of pruning. In the case of interfering branches the one least promising should be the one to be removed, but after the tree has become well established the less pruning the better. In the present condition of pear blight, enforced pruning or cutting off of diseased branches often must be resorted to, no matter what the effect may be on the symmetry or productiveness of the tree.—[New York Herald.]

PEAS AS SHEEP FOOD.

There is no better sheep food than peas, and as about as many peas can be grown on an acre, if mixed—so as to be half oats—as when grown alone, and as the oats will, in ordinary years, hold the peas up so they can be cut with a mower, it is better to mix them in the proportion of two bushels of the small Canada field pea to one bushel of oats, choosing a kind of oats with pretty stiff straw. The best way to prepare the ground and sow the peas is to use good land. Corn stubble, if one has it, is best, but if sod ground is used have it fall-plowed, or plowed as early in spring as possible, and, as soon as it is in good working order harrow lightly and sow two bushels of peas per acre; immediately plow from four to six inches, so as to cover the peas at least four inches deep. Wait a week and sow one bushel per acre of oats, and give a thorough harrowing. This will leave the peas deep in the soil and the oats near the surface, just as they should be; it will not injure the peas, will kill all weeds that have started and will give each an even send-off to insure the largest yield. It is a good plan to roll the ground after the oats are harrowed, as it will leave it smoother for the harvesting. Soon after the peas get beyond the eating stage, and while still green enough so that the pods will dry down holding peas, cut the crop with a mower, and when cured, so they will not mold, but not enough so as to lose the leaves, put them into cocks of 200 or 300 pounds, and after a week of good curing weather they can be simply aired out and put into mows; or they can be put into good-sized stacks without cocking, but the stacks should be topped, or capped, with any cheap hay or swamp grass, put on when no more than half cured; otherwise, they will wet half through, and much will be spoiled. This crop may be threshed with a machine, but for sheep feeding it will be better to feed without, as the sheep will eat everything clean; and the farmer can feed according to his judgment, and the hain will not be broken.—[American Agriculturist.]

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

Ducks and turkeys should rarely be turned out until they are at least two weeks old.

If duck eggs are set under the hens from this time on it will be best to make the nest on the ground.

Whenever there is a considerable number of young chickens it will pay to provide a separate place for them to roost.

As the weather gets warmer lice will begin to be more troublesome. Unless kept down the chickens will not make a thrifty growth.

It shows the ignorance of honey-buyers that they prefer the white comb to the darker, but honey-sellers have to humor their ignorance.

Nobody yet seems to have found out exactly the right temperature for a cellar in which hives are wintered. The best rule yet given is that temperature is best in which the bees seem quietest.

Pigmy Hogs.

Specimens of the smallest known species of hogs are now quartered at the London Zoological gardens. They came from the southern part of Australia, and are known as "the pigmy hogs of the antipodes." They are well formed, frisky, and about the size of a muskrat. They are real hogs, and not to be confounded with guinea pigs, which are a species of rodent.—[Chicago Times.]

FOR THE HOUSEWIFE.

FRICASSEED TRIPE.

Cut a pound of tripe in narrow strips, put a small cup of water or milk to it, add a bit of butter the size of an egg, dredge in a large teaspoonful of flour, or work it with the butter; season with pepper and salt, let it simmer gently for half an hour, serve hot. A bunch of parsley cut small and put with it is an improvement.—[Boston Cultivator.]

A MOUNTAIN BREAKFAST DISH.

In that delightful middle-aged book, "Quits," which the Passion Play set everybody to hunting up and reading, travelers in the Tyrol are often regaled with schmarn. Some readers wanted quite as much to know what schmarn is as to know about the wood carvers, so here it is: Take a half pound of flour, the yolks of four eggs, a little salt, a teaspoonful of sugar, either nutmeg or grated lemon, with cream or milk enough to make a rather thick batter. The batter must be light and smoothly mixed. Lastly, add the whites of the eggs whisked to a snow. Melt a tablespoonful of butter in a stewpan, place it over a brisk fire and into it pour the batter. Cover the pan and let it stay over the fire until a nice brown crust has formed at the bottom. As soon as this is done, break up the schmarn with a little iron spatula or fork, and let it set and brown again; then break up smaller by tearing it lightly apart, and serve it without delay.—[Farm and Garden.]

GENUINE NANTUCKET CHOWDER.

A celebrated New England dish is the genuine Nantucket chowder. The dish usually served under that name, a mixture of potatoes, crackers, etc., is more properly a stew or fish fricasse, a palatable compound, but not chowder. This is the genuine article. Get a codfish, fresh caught and weighing about five pounds. Don't buy it unless its eyes are bright and its gills a bright red. Have it cleaned as for boiling, leaving the head on. Cut it into five pieces, the head forming one; wash clean and leave the pieces in cold water slightly salted. Take three-quarters of a pound of clean, fat salt pork, cut this up into fine dice, the finer the better, and put into a pot over a slow fire. While it is slowly frying out cut an onion very fine, and when the pork is a rich brown turn in the onion, stirring it frequently, and after the onion is cooked lay the fish on it and cover with boiling water. Wet two tablespoonfuls of corn starch in half a pint of milk and add salt and pepper to taste. When the fish has boiled fifteen minutes add the thickened milk. Boil five minutes and serve with pickles, olives or celery.—[Washington Star.]

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

To purify water, hang a small bag of charcoal in it.

Vinegar bottles may be cleaned with crushed egg-shells in a little water.

For toothache, try oil of sassafras, and apply it frequently, if necessary.

Scorched spots may be removed from cotton or linen by rubbing well with chlorine water.

If the color has been taken out of silks by fruit stains, ammonia will usually restore the color.

A good liniment for inflammation, rheumatism, swellings, etc., is olive oil well saturated with camphor.

To brighten carpets, wipe them with warm water in which has been poured a few drops of ammonia.

Acids, wine or fruits may be extracted by first being moistened with ammonia, then washed in chlorine water.

To clean straw matting boil three quarts of bran in one gallon of water, and wash the matting with the water, drying it well.

To remove brown spots from black fabrics, pour spirits of ammonia on the spot, drop by drop, and rub gently round and round with the finger.

Onions should not be cooked in an iron pan; if they are very strong, boil a turnip with them. They are always best scalded before chopping for gravies or sauce.

All vegetables are improved by laying them in a pan of cold water before cooking. They should be put to cook in boiling water, and quick boiling in an uncovered pan will preserve their color. Never allow them to stand in the water after they are done.

For soft frosting, use ten teaspoonfuls of powdered sugar with one egg; beat thirty minutes. Lay the frosting on with a knife, which if frequently dipped into cold water, will give the icing a gloss. A little cream of tartar will hasten the hardening.