

The Heart of the Tree.

AN ARBOR DAY SONG.

What does he plant who plants a tree?
He plants a friend of sun and sky;
He plants the flag of breezes free;
The shaft of beauty, towering high;
He plants a home to heaven nigh
For song and mother-rook of bird
In hushed and happy twilight heard—
The treble of heaven's harmony—
These things he plants who plants a tree.

What does he plant who plants a tree?
He plants cool shade and tender rain,
And seed and bud of days to be,
And years that fade and flush again;
He plants the glory of the plain;
He plants the forest's heritage;
The harvest of a coming age;
The joy that unborn eyes shall see—
These things he plants who plants a tree.

What does he plant who plants a tree?
He plants, in sap and leaf and wood,
In love of home and loyalty
And far-cast thought of civic good—
His blessing on the neighborhood
Who in the hollow of His hand
Holds all the growth of all our land—
A nation's growth from sea to sea
Stirs in his heart who plants a tree.

—[H. C. Bunner, in the Century.]

A THRUSH'S SONG.

BY AGNES T. HOUSTON.

It was the close of a midsummer afternoon, and there were few travelers on a country road leading from the drowsy little town of Hallowell. A winding, stony road it was, but it led over picturesque bridges and clear rivers, through woods that were dark and cool, and fragrant with the breath of pines, out again past comfortable farmhouses, and suddenly up steep hills from whose tops a charming landscape was visible.

The air was clear and full of a certain bracing quality that makes Maine a delightful sojourning place in summer.

So at least it seemed to Mark Houghton, as he breathed the air of his native state for the first time in twenty-five years. He had purposely left his coming unannounced, that he might enjoy the luxury of a walk over the old road, whose every scene had once been so familiar to him. Memory plays strange pranks with the most strait-laced of us at times, and assuredly it was only her magic that made this New York lawyer enjoy a dusty country walk for auld lang syne.

A sudden turn and he came upon the little schoolhouse, just where it used to stand, and but little changed in outward look by the inevitable wear and tear of years.

"It holds its own better than I had hoped," thought the lawyer, and moved by a sudden impulse he turned from the road and went up to the door. It was not locked, and in a moment he stood inside. Here he saw numerous changes that altered the aspect of the place. Desks and seats of a more modern style replaced the rude benches he remembered, and the walls were covered with blackboards and maps. Walking over to the teacher's chair he sat down and thoughtfully regarded the little room, which had the desolate look peculiar to empty school-rooms.

Here he had learned his first lessons in days that returned to his memory only in fragments and half-remembered incidents. Here, as he grew to be a larger lad, he had wrestled with many a "knotty" example, or surreptitiously planned frolics for recess. He recalled, too, some of his boyish day-dreams of "great things to do by and by," and smiled half bitterly as he contrasted them with the prosaic, self-centred life of his after years.

Then there were the later days when, as a young collegian, he came back to spend his vacation, and taught the little school himself to help meet expenses at college. What a humdrum life it was, to be sure, sitting there through the long summer days and hearing the rural lads and lassies stumble through their lessons! What a stupid lot of pupils they were—all but one of them.

And here Mark Houghton came chronologically to the thought that had been running with more or less self-assertion all through his musings the thought of Leah Hastings. She was the brightest of his older pupils, and had even shared with him some of the studies he was trying to "make up" during the summer. But it was not as his pupil that he remembered Leah, it was as the gray and light-haired yet womanly girl, with her great, serious eyes and frank smile.

"A curious mixture she was, indeed," thought the lawyer. "Our love seems like some faraway dream, some bright idyll. I wonder, if we had not quarrelled, how she would have changed my life, with her high ideals and happy nature?"

A slight sound at the open door startled him; he turned his head and saw a woman standing there, half hesitating, on the threshold.

"I beg your pardon," she began, "I thought"—but something familiar in the man's face stopped her.

As for him, he knew from the first moment that it was Leah Hastings. With all the change that time had wrought in her—and they were not few—he could not mistake that long-remembered face. In a moment, she, too, recognized him, doubted fully at first, but with a growing certainty in her face as she studied him.

He realized with some satisfaction that he had the advantage of her in self-possession, since she could have had no thought of seeing him, while the meeting was to him quite within the realm of possibilities when he arrived in Maine.

"Well, Miss Hastings," he began, "this is indeed an unexpected pleasure. Who could have thought that yours would be the first familiar face I should see on my return to the old place?"

As he spoke he advanced towards her, holding out his hand. She put hers in it, saying composedly:

"Am I indeed the first? Your coming is unexpected, then?"

"You do not say that you are glad to welcome me back. But I remember that you never would be conventional," he said, taking a subtle pleasure in the confusion which he could see she was trying hard to conceal.

But those few words, half in mockery, half in challenge, put Leah at her ease. Looking him directly in the face, she responded:

"Why should we be expected to welcome people whom we have long learned to live without, and whom we never expected to see again? It is like the sudden stopping of a train; it gives you a backward jerk that isn't altogether agreeable."

"True," he answered, rather sadly, "I suppose I've lost all claim to any one's interest down this way. I only hope my brother won't think so, too, when I walk in on him unannounced."

There was a moment's silence. Mark looked at the woman before him, noticing the changes in her. The beauty of nineteen had faded, but enough of it yet remained to make, with the added strength and character of later years, a face that was attractive.

"I said 'Miss Hastings,'" began the lawyer again. "Was I right, or have you laid aside the old name with other relics of the past?"

There was the faintest possible flush on her cheek as she answered:

"I have kept my name, with my un-conventionality."

"I had fallen into quite a reverie, as I sat here, over old scenes and faces. Do you recollect the first day I taught school here, and what a peck of trouble those little tow-headed Briggs children gave me? It was a long struggle, but I subdued them before the end of the term."

He went on reflectively and in an indifferent tone, as if he were talking of some one else:

"There was another pupil, though, who gave me more trouble than any of them and whom I never fully conquered. What a little flirt you were anyway, Leah!"

"You know I never was that," she said gravely.

"Well, no, to do you justice, you weren't. I believe you really thought you were in earnest for a while. Yes, I'll do you the justice to think you deceived yourself as well as me."

His tone was more serious now and he glanced furtively at Leah to see how she was taking his words. But she remained silent, nor could he read her thoughts in her face.

"Leah," he began, abruptly, "I wish you would explain your action—there at the last I never could see why—and now, after all these years, I should just like to have it cleared up. Won't you listen to my side and tell me yours?"

For a few moments she did not reply, but stood looking off over the hills, where the sun was just sinking from sight.

"What is the use?" she said at last. "It is all over long ago, and we have come to an age where we can overlook—and forgive—without explanations. We both misunderstood and unjudged each other—of that I have long been sure. Let it rest at that."

But I cannot be content with that. I thought I had put it all out of my life, Leah. It has been a busy life, and I have taken care that I should have but little time for thought. I schooled myself to keep all thought of you from my mind, and for the most part I have succeeded. I thought I could go on to the end—but now that I see you again the years that lie be-

tween our youth and now are as if they had never been. Leah, I can't believe but that you care yet, too. Let us rectify our mistakes and end our lives as we should have lived them—together!"

"No, no," she said, putting out her hands as if to push the thought away. It is too late. We have been learning to live alone. We have each made our own life and found a certain happiness in it. It is too late to make a change. What have our lives in common—yours, a lawyer's, busy and studious, passed in a great city, and touched on all sides by interests of whose very existence I am ignorant; mine, a quiet, country life, spent almost in solitude, with cares and pleasures that to you would seem petty? They would clash if brought together."

By some trick of fancy, Mark Houghton remembered that that instant that it was at this door they had first told their loves. That was at sunset too, and not far away a brown thrush was singing his joyous vespersong.

"You will thank me for what I have said when you get back to New York," Leah continued, her voice trembling a little, but her eyes looking steadily into his.

And in his heart he felt that she was right—right at least as to the difficulty of welding their two lives into one. But for a little while he continued to urge her to reconsider. She only shook her head and said gently:

"It is too late. We must not add to our folly by making a greater mistake than that of our youth."

At last he turned to go.

"I hope I shall feel one day that you are right," he said. "Good-by."

At that moment a brown thrush on a tree-top near by broke out into a flood of melody. He sang as joyously as if all the world were young and the only natural conditions were happiness.

At the sound Leah turned her head with a startled look of recollection. Her eyes met Mark's.

"It is not too late, Leah!" he cried, catching her hand. "Listen! our old friend advises us just as he did the first time—love and be happy! There is time enough yet, is there not?"

And somehow she could no longer find it in heart to say "No."—[New York World.]

A Queer Chinese Feast.

Of the many feasts of the Chinese the most remarkable is known as "The Feast of Lanterns." It is celebrated on the fifteenth day of the first month of each year. On this occasion every person is obliged to set out lanterns at his doors and windows, the size, number and colors of which depend on the financial standing or the fanaticism of the devotee. During this festival they spend their time in attending all sorts of entertainments, such as balls, plays, fan-tan assemblies, dancing halls, etc. The millions of different colored lanterns are each provided with from two to a dozen, and some of the largest (which are in some instances as big as a small house) are provided with 107 candles, never more, and surrounded with bon-fires.

The Chinese ascribe the origin of this festival to the following melancholy occurrence: One evening, as the daughter of an old Mandarin was walking by the side of a river, she fell in and was drowned. The disconsolate father, in order to recover the body, which had been observed to float out into the ocean at the mouth of the river, put to sea, attended by all the people of the neighborhood, each carrying a lantern; but, after a fruitless search, they were forced to return without the body of the girl. The old Mandarin was a man much beloved by the people, and ever since, upon the annual recurrence of the day when the child was drowned, the people of that vicinity take lanterns and stroll up and down the seashore and back a way from the mouth of the river, each lantern-bearer pretending to be in search of something. The custom of lighting the lanterns gradually spread all over China. The people outside of the immediate neighborhood of where the girl was drowned, however, do not go to the trouble of doing more than light and set out their lanterns.—[St. Louis Republic.]

An Exception.

Mr. Sportifello—There is talk of having a regular Spanish bull-fight at the World's Fair.

Miss Tenderness—That would be terrible, horrible, disgusting, wicked—unless the bull is to be the one that chased me last summer.—[New York Weekly.]

The value of the product of American manufacturing for the year 1899 is estimated to have been \$7,315,000,000.

FOR FARM AND GARDEN.

MANAGEMENT OF CALVES.

The young calves will be very thankful for a small allowance of mixed meal and bran, given once a day. If this is given by hand, in a dish, it will tame the young things and make them so docile that there will be no trouble when the calves grow up to cow's estate, and must be milked and handled. A heifer coming in should never need to be broken. This training, not breaking, should be done early and in the winter when the opportunities are plenty, and if well done there will be no bad habits to be broken. The care should be to lead the young animal by degrees from one stage to another to perfect familiarity with its keeper. There will be no vicious or refractory cows in a dairy managed in this way.—[American Agriculturist.]

GROWING SMALL FRUITS.

To grow small fruit plants, like strawberries, raspberries, etc., from the seed, requires a good deal of painstaking work, which is done mainly, if not solely, for the purpose of producing new varieties. The method is as follows:

The fruit is gathered when perfectly ripe and manipulated so as to mash the pulp thoroughly and yet not injure the seeds. The seeds are then washed out, dried and sown either broadcast or in drills. They can all be sown in the fall, though, with the exception of strawberries, they will not usually germinate until spring. So they can as well be sown in the spring. When grape seeds are kept until spring, it is best to soak them for 24 hours in tepid water before sowing, as the outer shell, or covering, becomes very hard, and soaking is necessary to soften it, in order to give a good germination. Sow in a sandy loam, well prepared, and cover the seeds an inch deep. The work of cultivating will be easier if the sowing is done in drills or rows. There is so much uncertainty about the quality of the fruit from the seedling plants that this mode of propagation is advisable only as an experiment for the purpose of developing new varieties. It is practiced mainly by nurserymen.—[St. Louis Republic.]

CHOOSING A BREED.

Many failures in practical-poultry-keeping are due to the choice of the wrong breed of fowls. For the fancier, who breeds for pleasure, the advice to select the breed he likes the best may be sufficient, but for the practical poultryman such advice is not sufficient. He should choose a breed, first, for the special object in view, whether eggs, or poultry, or a combination of the two; secondly, for the requirements of his market whether the eggs must be white or colored, or the skin of the poultry yellow or white; thirdly, for his situation, whether it be a cold and exposed one, or a warm and sunny one, as some breeds will do admirably in one situation and but indifferently or wretchedly in another. The Dorking, for example, is a failure in a damp situation but in its native home it is a great success.

Having selected for these reasons, he can usually give play to his fancy in colors. Many breeds have several varieties—the Leghorn, for example, has no less than nine, the Cochin four and so on. If the breed answers his purpose, usually one variety of that breed will be nearly as well suited to that purpose as another, and he can select the variety he likes best. But if one variety be better suited to his purpose than the others of the breed, even if he likes some other variety better, he should select the one best suited to bring the results he is seeking. To do otherwise is to adopt unbusinesslike methods, and invite failure.—[American Agriculturist.]

MAKING GARDEN.

It is worth while to give a little careful attention to getting the ground ready for making garden. On the first day when it is possible to get out, rake up all of the odds and ends into a pile in one corner of the yard. Leaves, stalks, old roots and the like may be piled up, a little earth thrown up around the sides of the heap, leaving the top open. Upon this pour all of the suds from the weekly wash and any dish-water or slops that are to be thrown out. This will serve a double purpose by keeping the water from the back-yard and also preparing a most useful and valuable fertilizer for the garden-beds. Any bits of sod or decayed vegetables are a useful addition to this heap, provided they are thoroughly soaked and kept at some distance from the house.

A pail of strong potash or soda-water will do much toward hastening the process of disintegration, and the

potash is an invaluable agent for destroying any germs of disease that may possibly lurk about such a place. A little care in this direction will provide a number of bushels of the most useful compost. This is excellent for lettuce and radish-beds and should be worked in to about three or four inches of the top soil. On heavy or clayey lands this may be still further improved and increased by the addition of ashes either from coal or wood. The ashes should be passed through a fine sieve so that no cinders or coal will remain in them. Add this to the compost heap, work the mass thoroughly into the garden beds, and the results will repay the time and trouble of preparing it.—[New York Ledger.]

CARE OF SHEEP IN THE SPRING.

One important item in sheep management, writes a correspondent of the St. Louis Republic, is to keep in a good thrifty condition. It is only when being fed for market that it is necessary to fatten them. In the spring it is not a good plan to turn the sheep out into the pastures until the grass has made growth enough to furnish them with a full feed.

The early growth of grass is nearly always watery and on this account furnishes but little nutriment, and when, in addition, the sheep must be content with short rations the results are rarely satisfactory. With all kinds of stock it is quite an item to make the change from dry to green feed gradually. While a variety is always best, it should be understood that all radical changes should be made by degrees, and no change is of more importance than that of getting on dry feed in the fall and changing to green feed in the spring.

In most cases it will be best to continue giving dry feed for several days after the sheep are turned into the pastures. A very good plan of management with sheep is to pen or shelter them at night and feed dry feed and then let them run in the pastures during the day, at first turning them out for only a short time and increasing as they become accustomed to the change.

Sheep at this season should be kept out of the rain, and it is better to confine rather than to allow them to be exposed to wet. Keep salt where they can help themselves. This is especially necessary when they are first turned out on the pastures. They should also have access to plenty of water. It will pay to continue giving the ewes that are suckling lambs a light feed of grain daily, and it will also be best to do this with the lambs that are intended for early market, as it is especially an item with these to push as rapidly as possible.

It is nearly always best to shear as early as the season will admit. Whenever the weather is warm and settled the work should be done; in fact, it will be best to shelter at night, and on rainy days a few times rather than let the sheep carry their wool after the weather gets warm.

Before the sheep are turned into the pastures all the lambs should be docked and the males castrated. This is necessary not only in order to maintain health, but also to avoid the loss of more or less wool. After the sheep get accustomed to the grass they will usually need very little attention until time to shear, and should under ordinary conditions make a rapid gain.

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

Do not expect an incubator to hatch a better percentage of eggs than the hen.

Millet is a good grain to feed whole to young chickens.

A selected lot of a dozen hens will lay as many eggs as the average farmer will want for hatching.

If possible set duck eggs under hens, as they make better mothers and will find feed for the ducklings, which a duck will not do.

If it is too often the case that when pullets are yarded with the old hens they are only half fed.

Plymouth Rocks pay best when two years old and should nearly always be sold when past three years old.

Oats form a good diet to reduce the fat of hens that are too fat to lay.

If given her liberty the turkey hen will nearly always make her nest away from the farm buildings.

Just before the eggs are expected to hatch it will be a good plan to examine the nests and eggs for lice.

Where stock is properly kept, the cheapest growth is made under one year old.

It is useless to keep stock for profitable beef production unless good stock is secured.

FOR THE HOUSEWIFE.

TO DESTROY ANTS.

Families troubled with ants can get rid of them as follows: Take a medium-sized bath sponge, wet it and wring it out; sprinkle about a tablespoonful of fine white sugar on the sponge and work the sponge between the hands in such a manner as to force the sugar into it; put the sponge in the place infested by the ants and every two or three hours pour boiling water on the sponge, after placing it in a basin.—[New York World.]

MILK FOR INVALIDS.

The use of milk and eggs as a diet or an aid in building up a patient is often a trial to the nurse. Many patients will take milk slightly warm, or even hot, and digest it readily, when cold milk causes distress. It is an excellent plan, suggests The Nurse, to rinse the mouth with cold, cool or hot water, as preferred, before and after drinking milk. The taste left in the mouth of many persons after a drink of milk, especially a small quantity often causes the patient to dislike it. The secret of success is giving milk and eggs to those who would rather not take them is to prepare them in different ways. For a delicate stomach the white of the egg, well beaten, added to hot or cold milk sweetened to taste, will often prove tempting when even the sight of the milk with milk is unpleasant. After a time a little of the yolk may be used, the white of the egg being added last and not stirred into the milk, but left at the top of the glass for ornaments.

HYGIENIC PIE-CRUST.

A cooking-school formula for a flaky, light and hygienic pie-crust consists of one measure of shortening, one-half sweet, fresh lard, and one-half good butter, and three measures of sifted pastry flour, made from winter wheat. The shortening should be cold, having stood in the refrigerator or other cool place at least an hour before using. Put the given ingredients into a chopping bowl, and with the knife mix the butter and lard well through the flour. Do this as lightly as possible and in a cool place. When the shortening is all in pieces or flakes, no larger than a pea, pour on a little ice water here and there and mix and pick the dough up lightly with a fork. Add about three-fourths of a measure or cup of ice water in mixing.

The exact quantity will depend on the quality of the flour. The mixture should be wet enough to make the dough hold together. Add a dust of salt, dust your board with flour, and turn out the dough. Dust the top so that the rolling-pin will not stick, and flatten the crust lightly with the rolling-pin. Fold the crust in three and roll again; this should be done three times in all; the third time rolling on the crust thin enough to bake, and fitting to the tins. The crust should only be rolled hard enough to make the flakes adhere, not enough to mix.—[New York Post.]

RECIPES.

Kloppe—Chop fine sufficient cold chicken, veal or mutton to make one pint. Add one teaspoonful salt, dash of red pepper and whites of three eggs. If eggs are too large two may answer. The meat must be simply moist. Make into balls, drop into boiling water, cook five minutes. Serve hot with oyster sauce or sauce supreme.

Sauce supreme—Put one tablespoonful of butter and one of flour in a saucepan. When melted add half-pint of white stock. Stir until boiling. Add two tablespoonfuls cream, yolks of two eggs, half teaspoonful salt, dash of pepper and a tablespoonful finely chopped parsley. Do not boil after adding yolks.

Beef Balls—The beef is seasoned as for sandwiches, and rolled between the hands into balls the size of marbles; place a plate in the oven or on the stove until hissing hot; polish with salt, so as to render it perfectly smooth; then having shaken off the salt, place the balls on the plate and toss until lightly seared. This is the most digestible and agreeable manner of preparing raw beef.

Logical.

Mrs. J.—John, what time is it?
John (half asleep)—Ugh?
Mrs. J. (twenty minutes later)—John, what time is it?
John—Ugh?

Mrs. J. (one hour later)—John, what time is it?
John—Seven o'clock.
Mrs. J.—Well, why couldn't you have said so an hour ago?
John—Because it wasn't seven o'clock then.—[Harper's Bazar.]