

### Day of Days.

One day of days my lover came,  
And lips and cheeks were all aflame  
With maiden blushes, 'neath his eyes;  
Love answering love in sweet replies,  
That day of all days!

Then days of days, a little head  
Was nestled in his cradle-bed;  
Bowing above, we wondered why  
Such joy was given to you and I,  
Glad days of days!

See many days of days, our girls  
Wore lover's knots among their curls;  
Our boys had grown to stalwart men;  
And we alone, were once again,  
Sad days of days!

Now, day of days, we all beside—  
Just you and I—the friends;  
Please, God! may there be always two;  
You, dear, for me, and I, for you,  
Each day of days!

When day of days, a silence deep,  
O'er tired eyes doth gently creep;  
"Together," may the children say,  
"Father and mother went away,"  
God's day of days.

—[Alice H. Rich, in Frank Leslie's.]

## A KITCHEN ROMANCE.

Delia was sitting in her rocking chair in a corner of the kitchen, reading aloud to the other two girls. Maggie was mending a stocking, and Bridget was making a dress out of a piece of calico which Mrs. Randol had given her. Delia had found "Sir Charles Grandison" in the course of her clearing up, and it amazed the two older girls to hear her excited intonations and marvellous pronouncements, as it would have amazed Mr. Richardson himself. Delia was a nice-looking girl, and she was intelligent; her choice of books being, as we have seen, faultless. The other girls were older and stouter, but they had not outgrown their taste for romances, and they listened bravely to what they could understand.

A dark shadow appeared at the window. Delia stopped reading long enough to say:

"It's only Phil Crowley; never mind him, and then continued. Mr. Crowley saw that he was discovered and entering the kitchen, took a chair with a nod of recognition to his three hostesses, while Delia went on. "And that will do for to-night," she said, at last, putting the book down with the consciousness that her auditors would like to hear more, but stopping because—well, because she pleased, Delia was an autoerit.

You might have expected the visitor to begin a conversation, but no. Phil Crowley looked at Delia in an admiring way, but never opened his mouth. Maggie soon went off to bed, but Delia persuaded Bridget to stay.

So Bridget sat at her work, growing sleepier and sleepier, and there was a pause for a while. Finally Phil spoke in an earnest whisper, leaning forward and looking hard at Delia.

"I come up tonight, Delia, 'cause—well, 'cause I couldn't help it, an' I might as well tell ye all about it. Sure I can't sleep o' nights for thinkin' of ye, an' I think more of ye than all the world an'—an'—d'ye think ye can ever care a bit for me, Delia?"

Delia looked quickly round at Bridget, who was dozing over her work, and then said:

"Aw, Phil, man, what's got into ye? I don't want to marry any one, an' I'm sure it's not you that I'd take if I was to choose. Sure ye must a' been out o' your head when ye said that. Don't try romanticizin', for ye don't understand it. You're off? Well, good night to ye!"

Phil was already at the door. "Good night, Delia," said he. "I wish ye a pleasanter night, an' a better sleep than I'll have, bad luck to me!" Then he turned and went away. Delia sat down again and thought awhile, then she rose. "Come on, Bridget, it's bed time," said she and the two went upstairs together.

The next evening Delia and Phil were to have gone to a dance given by the Westminster Boat Club. As night came on, Delia wondered whether her escort would make his appearance. In the 6 o'clock mail she received the following letter:

MISS MCGONIGLE.—I can't take you to the Ball tonite, as I have sumthin' else on hand. As you was not very glad to see me last night, maybe you don't care.  
P. CROWLEY.

Delia studied over this a good while. It took her a long time to master the spelling, for though her own was eccentric, it was very different from Phil's. The meaning, too, puzzled her. One thing was certain, it was not polite. Miss McGonigle, indeed! Something else on hand! Well, Mr. Phil should see that she could get on without him.

She knew a girl in the next house, who was going to a ball, and some hours after receiving Phil's letter she called on this friend and they went together. They were a little late, so that the ball was already begun; and

—oh, shameful—there was Phil dancing around in the happiest way with a little girl with red hair. He did not take any notice of Delia when she came into the hall, and she pretended not to look at him.

Delia was a favorite, and plenty of young men danced with her, but Phil was not one of them. As to the little girl with the red hair, he danced with her a great many times. Everyone sang her praises, except Delia, who was unable to see anything attractive about her.

After the dancing had gone on for several hours, Phil stepped up and asked for a dance. He was a good dancer, but Delia said she had a headache, and then danced with the next man who asked her. She was vexed that Phil had not asked her before and she wanted to punish him. But Phil would not be punished. He danced and laughed in a very lively way, especially with his little red-haired friend, Miss Sullivan of Dublin, who was certainly the belle of the evening.

Delia went home early with the girl who had come with her. She was exhausted and cross. She went to bed excited and tired, and one may imagine, without being certain, that Miss Sullivan, of Dublin, played a considerable part in her dreams.

Three days went by in which Delia saw no more of Phil. On the morning of the fourth she awoke with a headache; but rose early and went to church, as she did every day, coming home to do her morning tasks. After breakfast, when Mrs. Randol was giving her orders to Bridget, Delia happened to be downstairs blacking Mr. Randol's boots. She came into the kitchen as Mrs. Randol was speaking.

"So I think we must have a man to fix the furnace. It is too much for you and Maggie. Do you know of any one whom we could have, Bridget? Oh, Delia, don't you know of any one?"

Delia reflected. "There's a person I know," she said, "who's an honest, straightforward sort o' man. He's a little stupid, but I think he'd do it well, ma'am. I'll tell him, if ye say so, and he'll be up to-morrow."

"But how do you know that he'll come?" inquired Mrs. Randol. "I can only afford to give him \$2 a week."

"Oh, he'll come, ma'am," said Delia. When her work was done she sat down and wrote as follows:

DEAR PHIL.—You was kinder impolite in your last, but I thought I'd forgive you just once. Mrs. Randol wants a Man to Fix the furnace, 2 dolls a week. Do you want the job? You come up here twice a day.  
Cordially yours,  
DELIA.

Delia always omitted her obnoxious second name in her correspondence. The next day she received a note from Phil:

DEAR DELIA (if you'll excuse the familiarity)—My business is now changed from Odd Jobs to Groceries and provisions, 2083 Market St. All orders from Mrs. R. promptly attended to. No time for formalities. Saw Miss Sullivan of Dublin to-day. She sends love. Never felt so well in my life. Your obt. servt.

P. CROWLEY.

The tears were in Delia's eyes when she told Mrs. Randol that the man whom she had proposed as a furnace fixer would not come. She was too angry to recommend Phil's groceries and provisions.

As the twilight of that day came on, Delia sat at the kitchen window, sewing. She was putting on a button for Jack Randol, while he looked up. This was just the time of day that Phil Crowley used to drop in; but he had not appeared since the night before the ball. "I don't care; I hope he won't come," said Delia to herself; and her eyes, which were not quite dry, showed how little she did care. Bridget came in, and Jack asked for a piece of gingerbread.

"Oh, I wish ye was married!" said Bridget. She did not mean that Jack had arrived at a suitable age for matrimony, but only that she wished him somewhere else. Before long she yielded to his persuasive powers, and he departed with his button securely fastened on and his gingerbread in his hands.

Delia looked up from her work, and out of the window. She could see down a narrow alley to where it joined a larger one, and thus she could, as it were, take an instantaneous photograph of every one who passed along the main alley. She heard footsteps; two figures passed. They were Phil and Miss Sullivan of Dublin. His arm was round her waist. Delia did not shriek, as actresses do, when their lovers desert them. She only left the kitchen and went up to her own room.

It was more than a week before Phil came to call again. Delia had been schooling herself to the proper coldness of manner every evening that he did not appear; and now, when he

really did come, she felt disposed to melt. However, she nerved herself to the encounter, her little heart, I don't doubt, thumping uncomfortably as she entered the kitchen.

"Good evening, Delia," said Phil. "Good evening," said Delia. "I hope you've enjoyed the last week and a half." She stopped and bit her lip.

Neither spoke again till Bridget had gone out to see to the furnace. Then Delia took a little package from her pocket. "I've got some things for you, Phil," she said, her sternness of manner having entirely disappeared. "I thought ye might want 'em back, now ye don't come here no more."

Her eyes began to glisten.

"There's those letters ye wrote from Narragansett last summer when ye was drivin' the hack, and here's the bangle and the ear-rings ye gave me last year."

Here she trembled for a moment before her last effort. "I thought Miss Sullivan of Dublin might like 'em, a poor girl like me's not fit for 'em; an'—an' I hope you an' Miss Sullivan—will be happy—an'—an'—" here poor Delia broke down and began to cry.

Phil came up and took her hand. "Why Delia, child, d'ye care for me a little bit, thin? I hadn't no idea of it." He was going to put his arm round her, but she withdrew.

"No! Ye musn't," she said, looking at him with gleaming eyes. "She wouldn't like it."

"Delia," says Phil, "just listen to me." Then he goes up and whispers in her ear:

"Nellie Sullivan's my half-sister." Poor Delia is perfectly agast. "Oh, Phil, Phil," she says, "an' I've gone an' shown ye that I don't quite hate ye arter all."

"Yes, me little girl," says Phil, "an' I shan't forget it now I know it; but ye can't think the tin-thousandth part o' me that I do o' you."

Then, with the eloquence which characterizes his race, he went on: "An' I pray the Almighty God an' all the blessed saints ye may never suffer like I did for the next twenty-four hours arter ye sent me away."

"Twenty-four hours?" said Delia. "Why twenty-four hours arter that was the night o' the party. Why wasn't ye unhappy thin? Sure, I was cross enough to ye."

"Ah, ye sweet thing, don't ye see that that's how I began to think ye might care just a bit for me arter all?" says Phil. "An' now good by, Delia, an' before long I'll hope to see ye Mrs. P. Crowley."

"Fine groceries an' provisions," says Delia. "Well, Phil, I guess I'd better yes, if it's only to change my name." —[Boston Budget.]

**The Hatching of Butterfly Broods.**  
It would be difficult to picture a more elegant or more interesting sight than the hatching of the butterfly broods in the "Insect House" during the past few days of almost summer heat. The glass cases, filled with damp moss and earth, and adorned with portions of tree trunks or plants suited to the habits of the moths, are peopled by these exquisite and delicate creatures, as one after another separates itself from the chrysalis case in which it has been sleeping all the winter and, fluttering upward with weak and uncertain movements, exposes its full beauties to the light. The wings of the largest kind, such as the great orange-brown "Atlas" moth, are as wide as those of a missel-thrush; and the great size of this and other species increases the strange likeness to bird forms which is so marked even in the smaller English hawk-moths. The giant moths of the tropics, unlike the rest of the insect world, have faces and features not devoid of expression. Some resemble birds, others cats. Some are covered with long, soft plumage like the feathers of the marabout or the plumes of swans. Others are wrapped in a silky mantle like an Angora kitten, or clothed in ermine and sables. The depth and softness of these downy mantles make the impulse to stroke them suggest itself at once yet, when the head keeper lifts them from the branch on which they rest, as a falconer lifts his hawk, the feeling that they are neither moths nor animals, but long-winged birds is equally irresistible. —[London Spectator.]

**Chinese Love a Fish Diet.**  
The waters of China abound in fish, and it is estimated by high authority that one-tenth of the people of that empire derive their food from the water. The coasts are crowded with enterprising and industrious fishermen, and beside the net and the hook a great number of ingenious expedients are used to capture the fish. In the eastern provinces cormorants are trained in great numbers to catch fish, which they bring to their master, who sits in a boat from which he watches at the same time fifteen or twenty of the birds. —[Chicago Herald.]

### FOR FARM AND GARDEN.

#### HARROWING CORN.

There is no danger in harrowing the young corn if it has made a growth of five or six inches and has well rooted. The harrow used for this purpose is made of light half-inch steel teeth and kills the weeds and loosens the soil, thus pushing the crop ahead greatly. A second harrowing may be given before the plants get a foot high. This reduces the after work considerably. But there is no need to wait until the plants appear above ground, as the rows may be cultivated with a small V-shaped harrow with light steel teeth. The teeth in both cases should slope backward forty-five degrees. —[New York Times.]

#### NEGLECT CAUSES DISEASE.

Nine-tenths of all the diseases which infect the poultry yard are due to neglect, and the other tenth to carelessness. A natural condition is one of health, and only when man interposes unnatural conditions does there follow disease. Some of these may be enumerated as follows: Overfeeding, impure water in fowl dishes, bad air caused by the accumulations under the roosts, drafts of air caused by poor ventilation, open cracks or broken windows, filthy vermin, the result of neglect in cleansing the pens, and weakened constitutions following indiscriminate in-and-in breeding. —[New York Observer.]

#### A GOOD HORSE NEEDS GOOD CARE.

A good horse is entitled to good care. When the time comes for a work horse to rest, his surroundings—that is, his stable—should be so arranged as to promote restfulness. On many farms the opposite is the rule and, added to unrestful stables or stalls, is the lack of proper care, particularly in the matter of grooming. The best horse stall is the box stall. This allows free movement of the horse and gives him an opportunity to lie down in different positions. The doors of the stall should be wide, and there should be plenty of ventilation, so finished as to be warm and cool in summer. The floor of the stall is a very important consideration. If it is on the ground, the earth should be dug out a foot or two and this space filled in with stones and these covered with sand or gravel. This makes a dry, well-drained floor for the stall. If board floors are used, they should be built on an incline so that the urine may run away and not make the bedding damp and wet. Rye straw is the best to use for bedding purposes. —[New York Independent.]

#### A CHEAP HOME-MADE SPRAYER.

I have seen nearly all the different spraying machines for spraying grapes, writes John Burroughs, from the knapsack sprayer to the large automatic sprayer on wheels made by some Western company. I am best satisfied with one of my own devising. I took the wheels and axle of an old mowing machine, rigged a framework upon it to support a cask lying horizontally, attached heavy shafts, and thus quickly and cheaply had a cart just suited to the purpose. Upon the cask I placed a force pump, arranged with two lengths of hose and two nozzles. The man who drives the horse walks behind the cart and works the handle of the pump; two men, or boys, on either side man the hose and put the spray just where it is wanted.

The horse walks slowly, and the work is hard for neither man nor beast. I spray both sides of the row, use about 300 gallons, and take about two days in going over 6000 grape vines. I spray six times, at intervals of ten or fifteen days. Out of thirty-six tons of grapes last season I did not lose five pounds by rot. But I shall spray, rot or no rot. Spraying adds greatly to the health of the vines, and consequently to the size and beauty of the fruit. The knapsack sprayers, as a rule, fail to produce a fine enough spray; it is a mist we want and not a fine rain. —[Western Stockman.]

#### FLAVOR OF EGGS.

The flavor of eggs depends very much on the kind of food given to the poultry. When hens are fed largely or almost exclusively on milk, the yolk is lighter in color, the white has a milky look, and the whole egg is watery and less firm in texture than those laid by grain-fed hens. The taste of the egg is also affected, being inspired and unsatisfactory when boiled or poached, and less fine for ordinary cooking purposes even. There is no use in saying that the idea of the quality of eggs being influenced by the food of the hens is a mere whim; since it is a well-known fact that the eggs of fowls kept in the neighborhood of the sea, and fed almost entirely on fish—taken as they come, embracing the strong and

only as well as the more delicate sorts—have "an ancient and fish-like" taste, if not, "smell"; and eggs coming from those regions sell for less in the market, in some instances, than those coming from districts farther inland.

The reason why hens fed on "slops" of milk, etc., are able to give no better eggs to their owners is because the "old, old story" is repeated in their case. You demand the "tale of brick" of your servants, but you give them no straw to make them with. Curd hardly comes under the head of milk, and there is little danger of having it in large quantities to offer to your fowls. It contains all the best and most nutritious portions of the milk, without its objectionable, watery qualities. But the true feed for laying fowls is one-third or one-quarter Indian corn, ground or otherwise, and oats or wheat, together with milk and whatever scraps from the house are obtainable, and as much green vegetable food as they will eat, and with these, combined and fed properly, your eggs will be of the true gold and silver—when the cook's fire has refined them, and prepared them as a relish for your breakfast table. —[Poultry World.]

#### WHY ANIMALS NEED SALT.

There is a reason for everything. And let us ask why it is that salt is so much needed by animals. Every owner of animals should inform himself of their manner of nutrition and of the manner in which the vital functions are performed, and of the wastes of the system that are removed. Every moment of the life of any animal, at every motion and breath, some part of the tissue is worn out and is to be got rid of, as must be the ashes of a furnace. And necessarily this worn-out tissue must equally be replaced. The replacement is by the food, the waters are ejected by the excretory organs.

As every part of the tissue contains salt, when the nitrogenous and carbonaceous elements of the system are used up in the maintenance of heat and muscular force, the refuse ash, it may be called, is discharged with the surplus water. And more than this, certain secretions are needed for the use of certain organs, as the tears for the eyes, the mucus for the protection of the tender membranes, and the synovial fluid for the joints and tendons. These all contain salt. The quantity of salt thus used or ejected from the system must be replaced, and it can only be done by the food. And as the food of a gaminivorous animal does not contain salt enough to supply this constant waste, this is to be made up in other ways.

It is for these reasons that a regular supply of salt is indispensable to any animal's health, and if it is not supplied the animal cannot help but suffer. Thus it becomes a paramount duty of the owner of farm animals to provide them with a sufficient quantity of salt, not now and then, by fits and starts, but as regularly as the system disposes of it. The instinct of animals leads them to seek a daily supply, and it should be thus given to them. Physiologists have determined that the waste from an ox is two ounces daily, a horse needs one ounce, a sheep a dram, a pig less when it is fed on milk or able to get animal food, but when on pasture or confined in pens these animals must be supplied as their needs may be. —[New York Times.]

#### FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

Drying the roots is killing the plant.

There will be another short crop of pigs this year.

It is said that the texture of Australian wool is changing.

Variety of food gives the best results with all kinds of stock.

The prize-taker is as good as any onion for general field culture.

Don't neglect your stock if you expect to make money out of them.

Hedge for disappointments and the unexpected, and then you will be better prepared for them if they come.

Make your purchases for cash as much as possible, or pay with truck—avoid "book accounts" or giving "your note."

If you cannot get in corn for fodder, sow millet. If neither is done, cut or plow under the weeds before or while in bloom.

Thousands of farmers who have no silo grow few or no roots, when a few acres would prove very profitable. Sow turnips.

#### A Disappointment.

"Maud," whispered May, "can you keep a secret?"

"Yes," returned Maud, eagerly.

"So can I," whispered May. —[Herbert's Bazaar.]

### PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

Cupid is a bachelor.

A broken heart shows in the face.  
A rose in the hand isn't always a rose.

Charity is a rose that blooms all the year.

What a man is, he was in the beginning.

A man who will starve in this country deserves to.

June is prettier in poetry than it is in the thermometer.

Behavior is a mirror in which every one shows, and might see his own image.

Love laughs at locksmiths, because locksmiths have been in love themselves.

When a man has passed his three score and ten he thinks less of time and more of eternity.

Duty does not consist in suffering everything for duty. Sometimes, indeed, it is our duty not to suffer.

Readers are of two sorts—One goes carefully through the book; the other, carelessly, lets the book go through him.

There is not a heart but has its moments of longing—yearning for something better, nobler, holier than it knows now.

As ceremony is the invention of wise men to keep fools at a distance, so good breeding is an expedient to make fools equal to wise men.

How many questions are asked for want of something to say. The questions of intelligent curiosity are few compared to those of politeness.

The path of duty lies in what is near, and men seek for it in what is remote; the work of duty lies in what is easy, and men seek for it in what is difficult.

What we truly and earnestly aspire to be, that in some sense we are. The mere aspiration, by changing the frame of the mind, for the moment realizes itself.

Never did any soul do good but it came readier to do the same again, with more enjoyment. Never was love or gratitude or bounty practiced but with increasing joy, which made the practitioner still more in love with the fair act.

#### Moral Training in Japan.

The moral education of Japanese children is conducted partly at home and partly in school, and is based largely upon the teachings of the history of the country. Intrepid valor, zeal, sobriety, directness of speech, extreme courtesy, implicit obedience to parents and superiors, and deferential reverence and regard for old age—these are among the chief characteristics looked for in boys; while industry, gentleness, faithfulness, and cheerful demeanor are required of girls.

Little or no importance is attached to the religious training of children. Whether the parents be Buddhists or Shintoists it matters not, for in any case the children rarely take any part in the religious life of their parent, or elders, and indeed usually grow up in blissful ignorance as to what it is all about. True, they may be occasionally taken to the temple, and taught to rub their palms together, clap three, and incline their heads toward the shrine, as they toss their offering of rice through the wooden grating of the huge money till. They may have some vague notion that there is something meritorious in all this, but nothing more, although every Japanese home has a latticed niche, or kamidana, dedicated to the service of the household Lares and Penates, or Daikoku and Ebisu as they appear in Japan. These quaint figures—Daikoku with his bag of rice, and Ebisu with his wise smile and accompanying fish—are regarded more as symbols of good luck than supreme beings, and are retained, in many homes at least, in the same spirit as our Occidentals would fasten a horseshoe over a doorway. —[Popular Science Monthly.]

#### An Eatable Shell.

Dr. D'Alvigny comes to the front with a very peculiar variety of the English pea family. This new pea, which he showed to a Constitution reporter, has the appearance of a green locust. Dr. D'Alvigny says that he and his family ate a mess of these peas this week, and that they were delighted with them. The peas were cooked without having been shelled, and as the shell is the largest part of them it doesn't take many of them to make a dinner. The doctor says that the flavor of the shell is equal, if not superior, to that of the peas. The seed from which he grew his present crop cost him 5 cents a piece. He has only eight vines, but he says that they are weighted down. —[Atlanta Constitution.]