

A Song of a Heart.

Dear heart—I love you! all the day I wonder
If skies are rich with bliss,
Or bending black with tempest and with
thunder,
Dear heart, dear heart, o'er you!
Dear heart—I love you! when pale stars are
gleaming—
(Sad stars to me, and few.)
I wonder if God's loveliest lights are streaming,
Dear heart, dear heart, o'er you!
Dear heart—if life had only one bright blossom,
One rose to meet the dew—
I'd kiss it, clinging to your restful bosom
And wear its thorns for you.
—FRANK L. STANTON in Atlanta Constitution.

Leopold Leverton's Love.

Leopold Leverton was in love once more! Ever since his quarrel with Laura Gray in the summer he had been paying desultory court to Dorothy Pearson, and now, hearing that Dollie had just inherited a sweet little legacy from a recently deceased maiden aunt, Leopold—or, as his friends were wont to style him, Poly—had come to the conclusion that her charms were utterly irresistible.

If Leopold did occasionally experience twinges of remorseful regret for the old delightful days, he carefully concealed his feelings, and with all the impetuosity of his nature he resolved to beat George Speedman out of the running, win the fair Dollie—and her legacy—for his own, and live happily ever after.

As Leopold sauntered through the town a happy thought struck him. He would send Mrs. Pearson a gift—something which would influence her to countenance the proposal he intended making to her daughter at the earliest opportunity.

What should the "something" be? A goose?

No. That might suggest odious comparisons.

A turkey?

Yes. That is the very thing; a turkey it should be.

He immediately proceeded to put his design into execution, and after examining a considerable number of obese gobblers he finally selected a fine fat fellow eminently qualified to arouse Mrs. Pearson's housewifely admiration and mellow the heart of her rotund little spouse.

"Just give me a scrap of paper and I'll write you the address to which I want it sent."

"Certainly, sir. Here you are, sir," and the shopkeeper handed Leopold a memorandum sheet.

Now, it chanced the poulterer's errand had been one of those poetic little souls, who, in accordance with the eternal fitness of things, are to be found in all parts of the civilized globe, engaged in the most prosaic and ungenial occupations, and he had, in an idle moment, inscribed upon the back of the slip of paper a line of Longfellow's which had taken his fancy. This inscription, however, escaped notice.

"That will do capitally," said Leverton, and he proceeded to write:

"No. 71 Trotterville terrace, Park road. With Leopold Leverton's compliments."

"There," said he, "that will do. I'll just pin it to the turkey. You'll send it at once won't you?"

"Immediately, sir," replied the tradesman, briskly. "No. 71 Park road, sir. Right sir."

By a curious coincidence—or it may have been a fatality—George Speedman strolled leisurely up, unseen by Leopold, who walked off light heartedly before him.

"No. 71 Park road!" said Speedman, mentally. What's Poly been ordering for No. 71?"

He turned and looked into the shop. "What does this weigh?" inquired George, indicating the one Leopold had just purchased and which still lay on the stall with the scrap of paper conspicuously attached.

"That one's sold, sir. Here's one that 'ud pass as twin brother to it."

"Ah," said George, perusing the lines which his rival had penned, "well, weigh me that one."

Oddly enough, the same happy thought had occurred to him which had been conceived by Leverton.

"Thank you, sir. Where shall I send it to?"

"Oh, I'll take it, thanks," replied Speedman. And straightway he trudged off to Park road with his burden.

There was a puzzled look on his face as he picked his way through the crowds of holiday makers that thronged the town, and it was still there when, having left the shops and throngs behind him, he stopped for a moment to light a cigar.

Hardly had he proceeded a dozen yards along Park road, however, when the cloud suddenly lifted.

"By Jove! I have it!" he exclaimed

aloud, with a gesture of satisfaction, much to the surprise of a young lady who chanced to be passing him at that moment.

After relieving his feelings by the outburst just recorded George Speedman quickened his pace and in a few minutes later was standing in the presence of the fair Dollie's maternal relative, presenting with the most graceful and insinuating manner he could command, the unfortunate bird, which he relied upon to wing him into a favorable position for laying siege to the daughter's heart.

What his success was may readily be surmised from the fact that when, in response to Mrs. Pearson's invitation, he arrived later in the evening of the same day to dine with the family the good lady met him at the hall and whispered that Dollie was alone in the drawing room.

George entered the room with a quickly beating heart, and what passed there is best known to Dollie and himself, but it is a significant fact that when, half an hour later, the young couple emerged in response to the summons of the dinner gong Dollie's cheeks were in hue like the deep heart of a crimson rose and there was an extremely long silken hair clinging to George's manly waistcoat.

Just prior to the announcement of dinner Leopold Leverton had arrived in a condition of pardonable anxiety as to the result of his stratagem.

It was doubtless very considerate of Mrs. Pearson to keep him engaged in conversation with herself in order that the privacy of the more fortunate gentleman who had come to woo might be uninvaded, but he was extremely perplexed and chagrined that Mrs. Pearson made no reference to the superb turkey.

"You will stay and take dinner with us, Mr. Leverton?" she said, still without mentioning his gift. It was passing strange.

"Thank you," he responded musingly.

Then a terrible fear took possession of his heart. Had the dealer forgotten or omitted to send the bird? He could bear the suspense no longer.

"I—ah—did—you—ah—receive—a—turkey this afternoon, Mrs. Pearson?" he stammered.

"Yes, indeed, and a fine one it is. Ah, there is the gong. Come, Mr. Leverton."

At that moment Speedman entered the dining room with Dollie leaning upon his arm.

"Mrs. Pearson—Mr. Pearson—congratulate me. Dollie has promised to be my wife."

It was George who spoke, with sparkling eyes and triumphant tone. Leopold could scarce believe his ears.

"What?" he cried, while Dollie hung her head and blushed bewitchingly.

"Yes. May I congratulate you on having resumed your engagement with Miss Gray?" answered George, seating himself beside Dollie.

"Wha—what do you mean?" stammered Poly, hopelessly bewildered.

"Oh, nothing. Only I thought as you were sending them a turkey you must have—"

It was now George's turn to look surprised.

"I don't understand. There's some mistake. I ordered one to be sent here, hoping Mrs. Pearson would accept—"

"The one I saw was addressed to 71," interrupted George, thinking he began to see light.

"Yes. This is 71, I noticed the number on the garden gate as I passed this morning."

"No," chimed in Mr. Pearson. "This is 171. I noticed the other day that the first figure was almost washed out. We must have it repainted."

"Then my turkey has gone wrong," exclaimed Leopold. "I must see about it."

He was, as has been previously remarked, an impetuous young man, and before the others could recover from their surprise he was hurrying down the road.

"Who lives at 71?" asked Mr. Pearson after a short interval of silence.

"The Grays," answered George promptly. "Moved in last week."

Had Leverton stayed one moment to reflect on Speedman's words it is probable that he would have sacrificed a dozen turkeys rather than risk meeting the wrathful pater of his discarded lady love, but so bewildered was he that the possibility of such a contretemps never entered his mind.

The advent of the fateful fowl, with Leverton's note attached in the Gray household had caused almost as much bewilderment in that homestead during the afternoon as Leopold was himself experiencing at that moment.

Mrs. Gray unspinned the scrap of paper and read it.

"Why, Laura, Laura!" she called

running up to the room where her daughter was dressing for a walk.

"Mr. Leverton has sent us a turkey!" Laura let fall the brush she was using and stood gazing at her mother in silence. Then the color mounted to her cheeks, but she did not speak.

Laura read the lines and returned the paper. She was still strangely silent, and her mother anxious to have an expression of opinion from some one else, trotted off down stairs again to consult Mr. Gray as to what should be done. Laura followed her closely.

Mr. Gray took the slip of paper, in his own hands, read it carefully, reread it, and then turned it over as though seeking further enlightenment.

His eyes fell upon the line which had been written by the lad with the poetic soul:

Let the dead past bury its dead.

"I suppose he means he would like us to let bygones be bygones," replied Mrs. Gray, slowly. "Don't you think so, Laura?"

"Yes," said Laura very softly.

The afternoon wore swiftly away. A faint appetizing odor arose from the kitchen and gradually permeated the apartment.

As time passed this faint odor gradually intensified until at the hour when Leopold Leverton, having with some difficulty discovered the real No. 71, panted up to the hall door thereof, the fact that a turkey was being prepared for table might have been guessed by any chance passer who happened to be gifted with a critical discrimination in the way of odors.

Steps sounded in the vestibule, the handle rattled, the door was thrown open and a dark figure stood in the doorway.

Poor Poly in his impetuosity had never thought of how he would explain his errand, and now as that savory scent floated from behind that dark figure and struck him full with a sudden warm gust, he began to stammer something about "a mistake" and "a turkey."

Mr. Gray, attributing his confusion to the awkward predicament in which he found himself through having broken so shabbily with Laura and thinking, with an accession of that "good-will to all" which often comes over men to help him out of his difficulty, put forth his hand and half dragged Leverton into the house.

"There, there," he exclaimed, "you're a strange fellow, but if you can make it up with Laura all well and good."

"Mr. Gray," said Leopold, regaining the use of his tongue as his outdoor garments were taken from him, "it has all been a mistake."

"Yes, yes," interrupted Mr. Gray, "but you will find Laura in the drawing-room. Explain it to her while dinner is being served."

He pushed the unresisting young fellow into the drawing-room, and himself remaining outside, closed the door behind him.

As Leverton entered a lady rose from the fanteuil upon which she had been seated. It was Laura.

Somehow at sight of her standing there, looking so fair and sweet in her evening costume, Leopold forgot all about the lady of the legacy, and a sudden feeling of shame stole into his heart, and caused the warm blood to rush up into his cheeks.

There was a moment's awkward pause, and then he said bravely:

"Laura, I have been a fool. Can you forgive me?"

"It was I who was to blame," she murmured brokenly.

So he dined off that erring turkey after all, and that is how it came about that when George and Dollie were married in the ensuing summer there was also a wedding from 71.—[Boston Globe.]

"It's A Diver."

It was in the Italian section of the Liberal Arts Building, and I was looking at a fine piece of armor well set up,—helmet with vizor, breastplate, greaves, etc.—when a woman's voice behind me exclaimed: "It's a diver. I've seen 'em. Ain't he natural looking?"

They were evidently an elderly country couple, and she had just caught sight of the armor. I wondered what the smith who had wrought with such patient art would have said could he have heard the exclamation, and have seen the couple walk on perfectly satisfied that they had seen a diver, the husband delighted with his wife's knowledge. The very resemblance, which made the mistake not altogether inexcusable made it all the funnier. Doubtless amusing mistakes like this have counted up into the millions at the Fair; yet in spite of these it has not failed in its function as an educator.—[Century.]

FARM AND GARDEN.

TO PREVENT KICKING.

It is said that a cow which has acquired the kicking habit can be readily cured by inserting a ring in her nose. A cord passed through the ring should be fastened to the wall in such a way as to hold the animal's head up. This being properly attended to, the milker can proceed with his work in peace. After a time it is said that the cow will become so docile that the rope may be dispensed with.

This device is so simple that it seems surprising that nobody has thought of it before. The idea is that a cow always lowers her head preparatory to kicking. In her surprise at being unable to do this she forgets to kick.—[New York World.]

MANAGEMENT OF A YOUNG ORCHARD.

The training of young fruit trees consists of pruning out the surplus growth of the first year to three main branches, or four, if it will unbalance the tree to leave only three. The small branches that grow inward are all taken out and any that cross each other. The object is to lay a foundation for a shapely tree, rather than try to make a tree of the young plant. Thus the pruning may appear to make a mere skeleton of the tree, but this is precisely what is wanted, to get a framework, as it were, to build the mature growth upon, so that very close pruning is practiced in this forming of the tree. All extra long branches are shortened so as to bring the head to an even, symmetrical form. In this pruning the cutting should be done so as to leave the leaf bud on the outside and prevent the growth of the branches to the inside. The most danger during the winter is from mice, which may eat the bark. This is avoided by painting on the trees a thick white-wash of lime, with some carbolic acid in it, enough to give a perceptible odor to it. This, if applied again in the spring will keep the borers from the trees. Mulch is undesirable as it attracts the mice, and thus increases the risk of damage. If this is feared it will be advisable to set traps, made by boring a hole into a block of wood two inches deep, and putting some paste with arsenic in it at the bottom of the hole. A number of these traps scattered about will kill off a great many mice.—[New York Times.]

EGG PRODUCTION AND MOLTING.

When hens are molting they cease to lay. This is due to the fact that nature does not compel them to perform two duties at the same time. It would indeed be a severe task on a hen to clothe herself in an entire new suit of feathers and at the same time contribute her quota to the egg basket. In the production of feathers nearly all the elements are required, and it may happen that the growth of feathers is so rapid as to debilitate the fowl. At some periods the hen is completely naked, and is therefore more susceptible to cold rains and exposure than at other times. To have the hens finish molting and begin to lay in the Fall, and keep at it through the Winter, they should be fed well and given dry quarters. Oily substances are beneficial in assisting the hens to molt, and nothing can excel linseed meal for that purpose, as it not only contains oil, but assists in supplying the hens with the nitrogenous and mineral elements necessary for rapid feathering. A gill of linseed meal to ten hens once a day, two or three times a week, should be included in the ration, and the results will be found very satisfactory.—[Mirror and Farmer.]

JUDGING THE QUALITY OF MILK.

The richness of milk is not shown by its color, nor always by the amount of cream. Even the latter, say, in rising, carry with it a quantity of milk, which increases the bulk, but adds nothing to the proportion of fat, which is the basis of all value in milk. The chemical test is the only sure means of finding out how much butter is contained in milk or its churnability. It is quite the custom of cow owners and of those who handle milk, to form estimates of its worth by its appearance and characteristics judged through the eye, and it is not uncommon to hear the assertion made that certain cows in the herd gave very rich milk and are consequently great yielders of butter, though no sort of experiment has been made upon which to base their opinion, sole reliance being placed upon the appearance of the milk as it is drawn from the cow. In very many cases such opinions are entirely sincere and originate more from the force of habit, than from any wish to deceive, either those who entertain them or others, but a practical test will be convincing of the utter unreliability of this method of determining the relative richness of milk. No correct idea whatever can be formed of the quality of the milk by looking at it; that which appears to be poorest and thinnest may yield under the influence of analysis, or through the churn, the most butter, and the handsomest, yellowest milk may be strangely deficient in that quality.

The orange color of itself is not an indication of the presence of fat, though this is too often accepted for the truth, and the owner or buyer of a cow producing this kind of milk is liable to be deceived. It is not always so, but it happens often enough to cause a good deal of mischief, and the practice of forming the judgment from such a condition should be abandoned.—[Indiana Farmer.]

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

A good appetite is the size of goose health. The day for large and old hogs has gone by. Keep ferns shaded and give plenty of moisture. Rape comes in very heavy for fall pasturage or winter feed. Old plants, like old hens, are less digestible than young ones. Good butter largely depends upon the care taken in ripening the cream. Keep all weeds cut close this season and you will be apt to see less next year. Cream should be of uniform consistency and ripeness when it is out in the churn. Give the fattening swine all they can possibly eat at each feeding, but do not allow any to remain over. There is a difference of opinion among dairymen as to whether butter fat can be fed into the cow. Experience has proved that cows which had a due allowance of salt gave richer milk than those that went without. Do not let the young pigs roam with the fattening hogs. The reason is that they lay on too much fat to grow well. Mutton of the finest quality can be made of nibbles here and there of such stuffs as would otherwise be a waste. Whenever the weevil is to be feared in the wheat do not fail to thresh right out of the field, and send to the mill without delay. Straw board in the future will be made from the undigested food taken from the stomachs of cattle in the slaughtering establishments. An occasional application of manure water is excellent for fuchsias. They should be kept partially shaded and well syringed with water to prevent red spider. The hot summer months, when the grass gets short and flies torment, is hard on the cows. They need shade and green food of some kind to help tide them over. There is no special advantage in having growing and breeding animals fat. In almost all cases better results will be obtained if they are kept in a thrifty condition. We should appreciate the shade of our vines and resolve to plant more next year. Let us make a selection of those which bloom freely rather than the flowerless sorts. A low-wheeled wagon for use about a farm is very convenient; hauling all sorts of crops, manure, wood, fencing material, farm machinery, etc., is thus made easier as they are not lifted so high. Are you planning to set any shrubbery this fall? Now is the time to prepare the soil, for with a crop that a life time does not see the final harvest of, the soil can not be too deep, too rich or too mellow. Pick up pieces of old boards, broken fence rails, fragments of posts, and like material and burn in the cook stove. These make good fuel and it may save a horse or some other animal being crippled. An occasional coat of paint on wagon wheels will cause them to look better, last longer and may save annoyance or accident with loose tires and broken wheels. It prevents alternate wetting and drying and consequent shrinkage. Sheep take hoven or bloat very easily from eating too much rape or clover. It is advisable to allow them to feed only for a short time at first, gradually increasing the length of time they are allowed to feed until they become accustomed to it. Cornell University has adopted the following daily ration for the dairy cows on its farm: Eight pounds of concentrated grain, consisting of a mixture of two pounds of cottonseed meal, two pounds of bran, four pounds of oats, fed with all the hay or cut corn fodder the cows will eat up clean.

A Little Love Song.

The world, my dear, hath millions—
Its gold climbs to the skies;
But one light is hath trillions—
The light of thy dear eyes!
Dear eyes! that are so tender,
No riches can replace
One gleam of their bright splendor—
The sunshine of thy face!

The world, my dear, with wonders
May wake thy wild surprise;
But shine above its thunder
The rainbows of thine eyes!
(Dear eyes! that are so tender—
That light the years to be;
One ray of their rare splendor
Makes earth a heaven for me!)

The world, my dear? * * * This dreaming
Lo! Leave the dream dimes;
I wake: the light is stream-
Bright from thy beautiful eyes!
Dear eyes! the kind—the splendid!
Far over land and sea,
Shine soft, till life is ended—
Shine sweet, dear eyes, for me!
—FRANK L. STANTON in Atlanta Constitution.

HUMOROUS.

A billiard ball oft gives a kiss for a blow.

Horse Dealer: "I always pick my customer." Friend: "I was told that you skinned them."

A cat may look at a king, but she wants to keep both eyes open when she looks at a family hotel janitor.

Beggar—"Could you spare me a trifle, kind gentleman? I've got five little children at home—all twins!"

"Oh, tut! That's a tramp scheme." "Tramp scheme? What the dence do you mean by a tramp scheme?" "Oh it won't work."

It is interesting to see how sorry the man who went to the country for a vacation and the man who stayed at home are for each other.

When the millennium comes the butcher who keeps one foot on the bottom will quit telling her friends she has really learned to swim.

"Great Caesar," thought the fisherman, beside the waters blue,
"I only wish the fish would bite
As these mosquitoes do."

The familiar advice, "Let dogs delight to bark and bite," is perhaps the only instance on record where a dog fight has been encouraged by the muse.

"How does Dempster always manage to look so cool this awful weather?" "He makes out a long list of the things he'll have to buy next winter, and it nearly gives him a chill."

Dairyman, to applicant for situation—"You have had experience, have you?" Applicant—"Oh, yes, Mr. Urvin." "On which side of the cow do you sit to milk?" "The outside, sir."

Tailor—"You promised me faithfully yesterday morning that you would call in and settle for that suit last night, if it rained pitchforks." Gus De Smith—"Yes, I know; but it didn't rain pitchforks."

Mr. Chimpanzee—"That ostrich eats enough for two birds. What do you suppose makes it so greedy, Mrs. C.?" Mrs. Chimpanzee—"I heard the keeper say it swallowed a pair of strong eye-glasses yesterday, and they magnify its appetite."

Dangerous Pets.

I never liked pet tamed leopards, and I will only warn young officers in India against keeping them as pets. They may be very well behaved to their masters, but when a visitor comes to call, not knowing anything about the existence of a leopard in the house, it is very unpleasant to him to find a huge beast coming snuffing up to him and raising its head as if to lick his face. The visitor is probably seated in the darkened drawing room, and the servant who introduced him has gone off to call his master, who is said to be dressing or bathing.

I remember an exceedingly bad quarter of an hour that I spent in a certain subaltern's bungalow with a strange leopard as my only companion, for the servant did not come back to the drawing room, as he had a holy horror of the leopard on his own account. When at last my young friend appeared he could hardly believe that any one could be afraid of such a harmless, playful animal as his leopard. I thought otherwise, and did not repeat my call. Before the end of a month this leopard bit his own master—of course in play; but the warning was taken, and the master had the skull and skin very handsomely set up as a souvenir of his old pet.—[Longman's Magazine.]

Things Would Be Different.

Proud Young Woman.—"No! I wouldn't marry you if you were the last man in the world."

Fond Youth (rejected but not crushed)—"You can bet your sweet life you wouldn't! I'd have too good an assortment to select from.—[Chicago Tribune.]