

It Might Have Been.

A withered leaf, a silted trout,
Some grasses frail and sere,
Are lying desolate and dead
On Love's fantastic pier.
But yet a ceaseless song they sing
Of cruel, hopeless pain;
For, in the sweetest thoughts they bring,
I hear the sad refrain:
"It might have been!"

A glove that dropped from fingers fair,
A ring with rubies set,
A little tress of golden hair
With tears of sorrow wet,
Her heart was light, so mine alone
Hath learned to love and grieve;
And so through life's dull monotony,
The golden tress doth wave—
"It might have been!"

The boat lies idly at my feet,
The sky is blue above,
The sunlit waves make music sweet,
And all is fair but Love;
And in the cup that memory takes
I taste again the lees,
And one long silent chord wakes
And whispers to the breeze—
"It might have been!"

The fondest love the heart has missed
May come again some day,
Though eyes that wept and lips we've kissed
Have coldly turned away;
But in the love that lives apart,
Through waste of weary years,
A voice will haunt the aching heart,
And murmur in its ears—
"It might have been!"

HIS GLASS EYE.

He was tall, dark and, to my taste,
altogether charming.

Last evening, for the first time, we
walked in the winding walks of the
park. The straight avenue, which
stretched itself within view of the
house, had been, until now, the only
witnesses of our confidences.

I loved dearly this avenue, with its
great oak trees at regular intervals
apart the benches for talking quiet at
one's ease, the green grass all around
and beyond. When one wandered off
a bit, the high window panes seemed,
by the light of the setting sun, great,
wide open eyes, all smiling at our hap-
piness.

That evening, however, my head was
turned, and something tugged at my
heart-strings—he was to leave the next
day to hunt up some paper necessary
for our marriage.

Eight days without seeing him?
How could I live! And he, taking
advantage of my trouble, made me
turn into the damp, narrow walk
which, by the way, in spite of bad
reputation, seemed to me as dry as
possible.

"My Angele, you are not going to
forget me during these eight days?"

"Raoul, you love me, do you not?
Well, then, I wish to tell you all my
fauna. I shall be more tranquil if
you know them beforehand. You
would see them sooner or later; so
listen. I am very willful. I will not
yield to you. You may as well make
up your mind to it. Then I am as in-
flammable, as gunpowder. I stamp
my foot, I scream, I even cry at times.
Happily, all this passes quickly. Be-
sides that, I am a coquette, like all
women. You will not be jealous, I
hope. And then what else? I can't
quite tell—a little gourmand at times,
not wicked, not deceitful—I find
nothing else. So much, then, for the
moral side. As to the physical, what
can I have wrong there? You must
know that also. Ah! one of my fin-
ger-nails is not quite the same as the
others. Look; but it seems to me
that isn't too ugly.

And releasing my hand I showed
him a little pink nail, a little squarer
than the others, a very innocent ec-
centricity of nature. Raoul laughed
and wanted to kiss it, but I drew
away my hand.

"I have also lost a wisdom tooth,
which is gone forever, alas! so I can
never altogether be wise. They took
it out because it came too soon. Now
sir, it is your turn. Confess your-
self."

Raoul, visibly embarrassed, re-
mained silent.

"Go on, have courage. You may be
quite easy—I shall not scold. I do
not know your faults, but it is quite
certain you have some. In the first
place, you are near-sighted, for you
wear a monocle instead of an eye-
glass, with which it seems to me, you
would see much better. Mamma says
that that glass causes you to make such
fearful faces but I don't think so; you
please me as you are. However, take
out the eye-glass so that I can see how
you look when your face isn't
crooked."

I had seized with a little, gentle ges-
ture the string of the monocle, when
Raoul stopped my hand.

"No, my little Angele, leave it
there. Without it I should no longer
see you. I am near-sighted, very
near-sighted, it is true; and I want to
see you, Angele, for you are the joy
of my life."

The next day he was gone. What a
frightful moment this departure,
when, standing on the front steps, I

had turned away my head, so as not to
see James gather up the reins, the
horses pull together, the victoria
away; in a word, so as not to see they
were taking him away from me.

Papa had gone with him to the sta-
tion, while mamma and I breakfasted
alone together. It was dismal in the
extreme.

Mamma ate as usual, which I
couldn't understand. As for myself,
I ate only a very little, just enough to
sustain me, and even that with diffi-
culty. Every mouthful stuck in my
throat.

In the midst of the breakfast Jus-
tine opened the door.

"Madame, Monsieur de Valente has
left his glass eye in his room. Shall I
send it to him?"

Had the heavens been opened to let
fall on the table the sun and the moon
I couldn't have felt a greater shock.
The end of the world will, perhaps, be
nothing to equal it. I repeated
with horror:

"His glass eye, Justine?"

"Yes, mademoiselle; it is on his
washstand."

Mamma grew pale, but remained
calm.

"Very well, Justine, you may leave
the room. We will see if it is neces-
sary to send it to him."

I had only two ways to express my
intense emotion—either to faint or
burst into convulsive sobs. I chose
the latter.

"Mamma—mamma, he has a glass
eye! Good heavens, is it possible?
How horrible! I shall never console
myself! I shall die of grief."

"Calm yourself, my child, calm
yourself. It is ridiculous to put your-
self in such a state. This gentleman
has deceived us, that is all. I always
thought he had rather a queer expres-
sion."

Mamma had risen, and I was sob-
bing on her breast.

"Why did he not tell me? I, who
had avowed all my own defects—the
wisdom tooth, and the anger—all—
everything! Dear me! How unhappy
I am! And only last evening he had
said 'You are the joy of my eyes.' He
should have said, 'You are the joy of
my eye.' Ah, it is dreadful—dread-
ful!"

"Come, calm yourself; don't cry
like this. I tell you it is ridiculous.
Think no more about it; try to restrain
yourself. How unfortunate it is that
things have gone so far. Only eight
days before the wedding, and every-
body ready! Well, it is lucky we
found it out in time."

I hardly listened. One question
burned in my throat.

"I am sure he must have lost that
eye in some honorable, magnificent
way; it is a wound of which he should
be proud; in saving some one, perhaps
from a fire; in sacrificing himself, it
is certain—he is so good, he has such
noble sentiments. I quite understand
he would dislike confessing it."

"What do you say? Are you crazy?
Do you think I am going to allow you
to marry this man with such an in-
firmity? You, beautiful as you are,
and only seventeen, and with your
fortune, too? No! a thousand times
no, my child. Do not weave for your-
self a romance of devotion and sacri-
fice, it is perfectly useless. I will
never consent to your marriage with
a man with one eye. Should he lose
the other he would be quite blind, and
how agreeable that would be!"

"But, mamma, I will be his faithful
dog; I will lead him. I will take
care of him, and I will love him in
spite of his infirmity, in spite of every-
thing which interferes to separate us."

I was in an extraordinary state of
exaltation. My sobs began again
harder than ever, and did not promise
soon to stop, when Justine re-entered
the room, her honest face showing
every expression of astonishment and
stupefaction.

"It isn't possible that mademoiselle
can put herself in such a state because
Monsieur de Valente has forgotten his
eye; at all events, he can buy another
if he needs it before this evening, and
he won't throw himself in the river
because he hasn't that thing in his
face."

And Justine showed me, hanging
delicately at the end of her fingers,
Raoul's monocle that I knew so well,
with its round glass, encircled with
tortoise shell, which seemed to me for
the moment like a luminous halo.

My emotion forbade me speaking.
Mamma, however, went quickly toward
Justine.

"Is that what you call a glass eye,
Justine?"

"Certainly madame; it seems to me
that's the name for it. In any case, it
doesn't suit Monsieur Raoul, and
mademoiselle would do well to give him
spectacles when they are married. It
is strange that men of the present
day thing it pretty to look with one
eye like that; it must be difficult to

keep it in place. I should never know
how." And Justine with a comical
grimace, stretching her mouth and
turning up her nose, tried to intro-
duce the monocle underneath her
right eyebrow.

I could contain myself no longer.
My tears and sobs turned to idiotic
laughter—I was so content—so happy.

Raoul had been an excellent hus-
band—quite as unendurable as that
order of individual always is. He has
worn spectacles now for a long time.
The monocle is buried in a bureau
drawer. I keep it as a relic of tears
and laughter, and shall will it to my
grandchildren if God gives me any.
My daughters are engaged, and I have
already told them that the walks in
the park are cold and damp in the
evening! Each one has his turn in the
world—life passes, and very soon
there will be nothing left of our
household but my fiancée's Glass eye.
—From the French.

Their Last Song.

A letter to Lord Gifford from his
son, sent through Reuter's agency,
gives a touching incident of the re-
cent battle in South Africa in which
the English force under Major Wilson
fell in their attempt to capture the
Matabele king, Lobengula. Mr. Gif-
ford obtained the facts from an In-
duna, who was an eye-witness of the
fight.

Major Wilson and his party, num-
bering thirty-five men, were surround-
ed by nearly three thousand of the
Matabele. The Indunas ordered their
men to shoot the horses first, but the
Englishmen piled them up as ramparts
and fired over them.

The battle lasted three hours. The
Englishmen refused to yield in spite
of the fearful odds, and so sure and
steady was their aim that the Matabele
warriors lay dead around them in
heaps.

The Induna states that as the after-
noon wore on and the sun went down,
large reinforcements arrived for King
Lobengula's army. One by one the
Englishmen had fallen, and their shots
became slow and fewer. Their am-
munition was giving out.

At last there were but a half-dozen
of them left alive, among whom was
Major Wilson himself, a large man
who was streaming with blood and
who fought desperately. Presently
the shots ceased altogether. The last
cartridge had been fired.

"Then," the Induna said, "they all
stood up together, shoulder to shoul-
der, and taking off their hats they
sang a song in English, like those the
missionaries sing to the natives. They
sang until the Matabeles rushed in
and assainged them."

What was the hymn they sang will
never be known. But whatever we
may think of the cause of the Matabele
war, its justice, or its wisdom,
the picture of the half-dozen English
soldiers, helpless in the midst of
armies of savages, and facing an in-
stant terrible death, standing with
bared heads, shoulder to shoulder,
singing a hymn to God, which they
had learned at their mothers' knees,
must quicken our faith in the power
of Christian sentiment to sustain men
in the most trying hours of life.—
Youth's Companion.

He Got the Position.

Alertness of thought and the ability
to adapt knowledge to any case
which may arise, stood an applicant
for a lucrative position in good stead
a short time ago. When the applica-
tion was made the applicant was told
that the position had just been filled,
and that the prospective employer was
very sorry, but that there was really
no more room. The applicant imme-
diately turned to a water-cooler, which
was at hand, and filled the glass to the
brim.

"Is there any more room in that
glass?" he asked.

"No, sir. Another drop would make
it run over."

He turned again to the cooler and
put in just one drop and said: "There
was room for one more."

The employer saw the point and
placed the man on the pay roll at once.
—Philadelphia Call.

Prepared for the Jump.

Two Young fellows once entered a
Western train and took seats. They
were unaccustomed to railway travel,
and were constantly on the watch for
some accident. Every few minutes
they would raise the window and look
out. Presently as the train came
around a curve, one of them saw a
fence which he seemed to suppose
crossed the track. Jerking his head
head in, he said in a frightened tone,
loud enough to be heard by every one
in the car:

"Hold on tight, Bill, she's goin to
jump a fence." Milwaukee Wiscon-
sin.

FOR FARM AND GARDEN.

TRAINING A COLT TO TROT.

The way to train a colt to trot is to
trot him. He should be driven far
enough to steady him and not far
enough to discourage him. If Nature
gave you the requisites for a trainer
you will learn to guess each day what
the colt needs, for no two are alike,
nor is the same colt alike every day.—
New York World.

A READY MARKET FOR THE BEST.

A ready market always exists for the
best. When the farmer produces a
better article than the market con-
tains, he will not only secure a good
price therefor, but the market will
seek him the next season. The amount
of fruit and vegetables, butter, cheese
and poor animals shipped to the large
cities is enormous, and prices fall be-
cause such articles cannot be sold.
Aim to get good prices by selling
nothing but what is in demand and of
the highest quality.—Home and Farm.

PROFITABLE CEREAL CROPS.

As a result of a five years' contin-
uous culture of wheat and oats, eight
trials of wheat and twenty-one of corn,
on soils varying widely in character,
the Ohio Station has reached the con-
clusion that at present prices of cereal
crops and of fertilizing materials re-
spectively, the profitable production of
corn, wheat and oats upon chemical
or commercial fertilizers or upon barn-
yard manure, if its costs be propor-
tionate to that of the chemical constitu-
ents of fertility found in commercial
fertilizers, is a hopeless undertaking
unless these crops be grown in a sys-
tematic rotation with clover or a sim-
ilar nitrogen-storing crop; and the
poorer the soil in natural fertility the
smaller the probability of profitable
crop production by means of artificial
fertilizers.

HARVESTING BUCKWHEAT.

Buckwheat is harvested in a special
manner on account of the slow drying
of the grain and the ease with which
it will heat in a mass, as when it is stored
in a bin. The cut crop is left in a field
until it is dry enough to thrash, which
it does quite easily on account of the
thin and slender pedicels, or stems,
of the grain, which snap with exceeding
ease when they are dry. So that it is
not usual to wait until the straw is
quite dry to thrash the crop in the field
or at the barn directly from the field,
as it is hauled. Then the still damp
grain is to be treated with caution to
prevent heating, which will occur very
easily. So the grain is stored on the
barn floor in a shallow heap, or in hol-
low bins, and frequently turned until
the cold weather removes the danger
of heating of the grain.—American
Farmer.

A HORSE THAT DROPS HIS FOOD.

When a horse slobbers when eating,
and drops the food when it is partly
chewed, the cause is in the teeth. The
teeth of any animal are subject to all
the wear and tear that our own teeth
are, and more especially when the
animals pasture on sandy land, as the
sand on the herbage grinds the teeth
very fast. Besides, the condition of
health has much to do with the teeth,
and they will become sore or decayed
when the health is not good. The
remedy is to examine the teeth, and
if any have broken and left sharp
edges or are decayed, the mouth is
inflamed and sore, they should be at-
tended to. In the former case, the
teeth must be made smooth with a
rasp made for the purpose, and that
may be procured at the tool stores or
the harness-maker's. In the other
case, the teeth must be extracted or
otherwise treated by a veterinarian.
or in many cases some cooling laxative
medicine will remove the trouble, the
most appropriate being Epsom salts
in one-pound dose, one given three
days after the other. Soft food, as
cut hay and meal, wetted, with mash-
es, will be required until the teeth are
in good condition.—American Farm-
er.

SUGGESTIONS ON MILKING.

In the course of demonstration on
butter making Thomas Smith, dairy
instructor for the Butte county council,
Canada, delivered an address. In re-
lation to the operation of milking and
the udder of the cow we make syn-
opsis as follows:

To milk a cow "clean" has always
been the ambition of the milker, and
when the end was attained he was
perfectly satisfied. But to milk a
cow in a cleanly way, although of
equal importance, did not, in a large
percentage of cases, come within the
scope of his consideration. I have for
example, seen good dairy cows quite
spoiled through bad, careless milking,
and have been quite astonished to
learn how few milkers, comparatively,

there are who understand anything
about the cow's udder or milk ves-
sel. A word or two on this point
may not be out of place.

The udder of the cow is divided in-
to two chambers by an impervious
membrane. This dividing substance
runs in the same direction as the back-
bone, and the milk from one chamber
cannot pass into the other. For this
reason it is advisable that the milker
should operate, say, on the front and
hind teats on the side next to him,
and having emptied one chamber of
the cow's vessel, should then proceed
with the other. This is not, however,
the general practice. It is customary,
I believe, to operate on the teats of
different chambers simultaneously, on
the ground that the method of pro-
cedure preserves the natural state of
udder, whereas such a contention is
quite contrary to fact. I am fully per-
suaded that the method of milking—
according to this notion—is mainly re-
sponsible for much of the malforma-
tion in the udder of so many cows.
This, of course, is a great evil, as it
detracts from the appearance of the
animals and lowers their money value
when offered for sale.

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

Use tobacco dust and bone-meal lib-
erally about the squash vines.

Wax or bush sorts of beans must be
planted repeatedly to have a succes-
sion.

Not more than four good melon
plants should be left to each hill.
Keep the ground well cultivated about
them.

A little grain in addition to the lit-
tle pasturage some stock get these
days will help a great deal in keeping
up the flesh.

An Iowa stock grower says that the
"keynote of profitable stock growing
and farming can be summed up in one
word—clover."

Ohio farmers have been investing
heavily in a special variety of onions,
and find themselves raising a superior
crop of jimson weeds.

An animal that cannot yield a profit
has no place on the farm; the more a
farmer keeps of such the sooner he
will mortgage the farm.

Do not let the steers begin to "fail
a little" during hot days. Keep push-
ing them right along till the corn
comes for their finishing off.

The man that can improve his stock
without introducing new blood, proves
himself worthy of using the best thor-
oughbreds that money can buy.

If you have not made provision for
a crop to cut green, it is not too late
yet to prepare for a drought. Corn,
oats, clover, spring rye and such crops
are good.

Tobacco dust, freely applied, will
drive away the flea beetle, slug, green
worm or the maggot and cut worms
from cabbage plants you have set for
winter use.

For potato bugs, spray with a mix-
ture of from four to six ounces of
Paris green to fifty gallons of water
to which has been added a pint of
glucose or syrup.

Celery plants will need hoeing and
perhaps an occasional thorough water-
ing. Prepare the ground for the
fall and winter crops. Set plant five
inches apart in the rows.

The first time a man ever plants a
flower garden you can't persuade him
for a while that the florist hasn't
swindled him by selling him the germ
materials for a lot of weeds.

The disease known as club root in
cabbage is always the result of grow-
ing them on the same ground in suc-
cession. It is also the most prevalent
on land which is deficient in lime.

The earliest strawberry runners
taken up carefully and set in a new
bed will give a fair crop of fruit the
next season, especially if attended to
and encouraged to grow after they
have been set out.

The hog that runs in a clover field
or blue grass pasture waits on himself
and makes at least a healthy growth if
not a very fast one. A little grain
given in connection with good pastur-
age will help to increase the growth
materially.

Turnips may be sown any time be-
fore the tenth of August. They should
be sown on very well-prepared ground,
and if sown just after a rain they will
come up and make a rapid growth.
Soot will sometimes drive the flea
beetle from them.

Those who prefer branched rasp-
berries should top the young canes
when about three feet high. If per-
mitted to get almost full grown be-
fore being done, the branch only from
the top, becoming top-heavy when in
fruit, thus defeating one of the ob-
jects of the process, which is to make
them of a self-supporting nature.

The Bright Side.

Lookin' on the bright side
That's the way to go;
All the time the right side,
Summertime or snow!
Clouds is got a light side—
All the bells will chime!
Lookin' on the bright side
Gits there every time!
When the weather's hazy
Light the lamps an' still—
Think you see a daisy—
Hear a whippoorwill!
When you're out o' money,
Smile an' take your ease!
Think about the honey
That's a-comin' with the bees!
—Atlanta Constitution.

HUMOROUS.

A sirius necessity—the dog pond.
High strung—the suspension bridge.
By the sunshine of prosperity many
people are sunstruck.

If a girl is homely, it is safe to as-
sert that she is a great deal of help to
her mother.

One of the hardest lessons to learn
is that we are made out of the same
kind of clay as other folks.

"Bankley is taking a great interest
in music these days." "Is he study-
ing the piano?" "No; the baby."

He—If I should propose to you,
what would be the outcome? She—It
would depend entirely on the income.

Jack—What are you going to take up
as your career—law medicine, or what?
Wild Marigold—Matrimony, I think.

Sweet Sixteen—Do tell me, Elsa,
when my accepted lover asks for the
first kiss, how many shall I give
him?

He—Will you think of me when I'm
gone? She (yawningly)—Yes, Mr.
Staylate, if you will give me an oppor-
tunity.

"There's a ring around the moon,"
He whispered in lover's gloze;
She sighed, and murmured dreamily,
"How happy the moon must be."

First Drummer—Say, business is
looking right up again, isn't it? Sec-
ond Drummer—Well, it ought to; it's
flat on its back.

"I saw a very curious thing today."
"What was it?" "A woman driving a
nail with a hammer instead of with the
best hair brush."

Mr. Smallwort (sleepily)—What is
the matter dear? Was I snoring? Mrs.
Smallwort—No, you were not. That's
what made me wake.

Uncle—So you have several debts of
honor, eh? Come, tell me honestly
how much you owe. Nephew—Just
as much as you are able to pay,
uncle.

The following appears in a small
provincial paper: "The bridegroom's
present to the bride was a handsome
brooch, besides many other beautiful
things in cut glass."

At a country summer resort. Wil-
bur—Do they always keep that big
bell on the cow? Papa—Yes, Wilbur.
Wilbur—I suppose it is to keep her
from falling asleep in this quiet place.

Who steals my purse steals trash!—
So on my feelings never tramples.
But he who steals my wife's purse steals
A wondrous lot of samples!

"There are no flies on me," said the
fresh young man, with idiotic gayety.
"No," said the sedate girl, with an air
of great thoughtfulness, "I suppose
they are some things even flies can't
stand."

He was a countryman, and he walked
along a busy thoroughfare and read a
sign over the door of a manufacturing
establishment: "Cast-iron Sinks." It
made him mad. He said that any foo
ought to know that.

Mrs. Liteheart—My husband gave
me some money this morning. Mrs.
Spendit—And are you going shopping
today? Mrs. L.—No indeed no shop-
ping for me today. I am going down
town to buy something.

"Yes, I should like to have seen my
daughter married this fall, but I'm
afraid it can't be," said the lady on the
summer-resort piazza. "Why not?"
said the lady next her. "Why, you
see, the foolish girl's gone and got her-
self engaged."

Mamma—Well Tommy, did you
give the poor dog his medicine while
I was away? Tommy—Yes ma. I
read a receipt, and it said the com-
pound could be mixed on an old
broken dish. I couldn't find such a
dish, so I had to break one.

William M. Evarts, being at the top
of Mount Washington, began a speech,
which the crowd of visitors had begged
from him, with this felicitous pun:
"We are not strangers; we are friends
and neighbors. We have all been born
and brought up here!"

The descendants of Queen Victoria
are either now in possession of, or
will in the natural course of events
come to occupy seven thrones in Eu-
rope.