

### That's The Way.

Take the old world as she comes—  
Think that times are brightening;  
Dance to all the thunder's drums,  
And read the news of fighting!

For time's soon gone,  
And the world moves on;  
No keep a close watch on the stars,  
And meet the sun at dawn!

Take the old world as she comes,  
Say she's still entrancing;  
Hum the song the fiddle hums,  
And dance while she is dancing!

For time fits fast,  
And a life's soon past,  
So let the heart beat gladly,  
And keep singing to the last!

—FRANK L. STANTON in Atlanta Constitution.

### LARRY'S OLD FOSSIL.

There was so much talk about Professor Chesney before he arrived, that Larry declared herself sick of the subject.

Larry was the only one of the family who had not met him, and with her usual perversity, made up her mind not to like him. He was learned in mathematics, which only scored against him in her eyes.

"The calculating power alone would seem to be the least human of qualities," she quoted, her small nose in the air. "There is something wrong about a man whom everybody likes. My prophetic soul tells me I shall not take to him, at least."

The Wednesday the professor was expected Larry went for a long walk; she met Ned Erskine and Harry Winthrop, two young artists with whom she was good friends, and enjoyed herself very much, getting in barely in time to dress for dinner.

They were all assembled round the table when she slipped into her place, and there was a reproof in her mother's voice, as she said, "my third daughter, Larinda, Professor Chesney."

If there was anything that her third daughter hated, it was being addressed by her baptismal name. With a pout of her red lips she bowed hastily, and it was not until she had disposed of her soup that she looked at her opposite neighbor.

A tall, thin man, with brown hair, and a short brown beard and moustache thickly streaked with gray, a large, dome-like forehead, and near-sighted gray eyes that looked kindly at her through his spectacles.

He was a little surprised at the hostile expression in the brilliant brown eyes, which surprise deepened into astonishment when, in answer to a low-voiced remark from Jim, the young lady replied, also in a low tone, but so distinctly that he heard every word, "I think he is an old fossil!"

Notwithstanding this, several times during the meal his eyes strayed to the white-robed figure, the bent, shining brown head, and once, in the midst of a remark from Augusta, he turned quickly to listen to a peal of merry laughter from Larry.

Several of her friends came in during the evening, and she devoted herself to their entertainment, completely ignoring the professor. When she kept up this behavior for nearly a week, it attracted the attention of her family as well as that of the visitor; and when gentle hints were scorned, Larry was severely reprimanded.

"You are positively unadmirable!" said Mrs. Austin; "and I insist on, at least, civility. He must think you an ill-mannered child."

"I daresay I do seem a child to his advanced years," saucily answered Larry.

"You are exceedingly impertinent!" answered Mrs. Austin, who was now very angry. "I insist on your being polite to Professor Chesney, and doing your share toward entertaining him, or I shall certainly complain of you to your father. Leave the room, miss!"

A little ashamed and wholly angry, Larry whisked out of the room, almost into the professor's arms, with such force as to rather stagger him.

With a hasty "Excuse me," she sped along the corridor and up the stairs, while the "estimable gentleman" stood and looked after her.

An old fossil!" he murmured, with a slight smile, stroking his beard.

Shortly after this, to the surprise of all, Larry suddenly changed her tactics, and at dinner one day addressed the professor. He answered courteously, and very readily joined in the argument between herself and Jim. Her remarks were bright and amusing, if somewhat crude, and the brown eyes and changeful face were very attractive. In the evening she played and sang for him, and was as bright and bewitching as the heart of man could desire, much to the surprise of some, and the annoyance of others, of her family.

"She means mischief!" thought Jim, uneasily. "Are you beginning to succumb to the professor's charms?"

he whispered. "You know I gave you a week."

"I am thinking of getting up a collection of fossils," she answered, with a mocking laugh, "and this is too fine specimen to lose. Don't you dare interfere!"

"Poor wretch!" rejoined Jim. "He has my sympathy!"

Unable to account for the change in Larry's manner, the professor nevertheless found her very agreeable; and, though never neglecting any one else, it soon became evident that she was the attraction. The other two reluctantly gave way to her, and she it was who went with him to picture-galleries and lectures and concerts; who was the life of theatre and opera parties—saucy, wilful, charming.

With all his gravity and erudition, it was plain that he admired this ill-regulated young woman. He had never before been thrown closely into companionship with such a nature. He admired her beauty, her dainty costumes; even her girlish extravagance of speech and saucy disregard of his opinion pleased him better than Augusta's unvarying politeness, or Gertrude's cleverness. His eyes followed her every movement, a wistful light in them sometimes that touched Jim.

Larry was curled up in a deep window-sill, overlooking the park, basking in the sun, for she was a veritable Persian in her love of sunlight, when Professor Chesney came into the room. He leaned against the side of the window, looking at the picture she made in her quaint puffed and furbelowed gown, the sunlight falling on her brown head.

Larry looked up, nodded with a smile that showed her small white teeth, and settled back in her original position, waiting for him to speak; and so he did, after a while, but not as she expected.

"I am going away tomorrow, Miss Larry," he said. "My pleasant visit has come to an end all too soon."

"Tomorrow!" echoed the girl, sitting up straight. "I am very sorry you are going."

And, much to her own surprise, she realized that the remark was perfectly sincere.

"I am glad to hear you say that," said the professor, trying to keep his voice steady. "It makes it a little easier to say something that is in my heart."

Then he told his story in warm, eager words, very unlike his usual calm ones—words that stirred Larry strangely. There was a queer expression on her pale face as she stood before him.

"Professor Chesney," she said, with quivering lips, "I am not worth the love you have offered me. You'll realize that when I tell you that I have only been pleasant and civil to you all these weeks, not from any liking for you, but to—plague the others."

Thoroughly ashamed, she bent her head, unable to meet his eyes.

"You mean that you have deliberately played a part all these weeks? You, whom I thought so frank and true? How could you do it? Then you've not the slightest love for me in your heart—that, I suppose, is out of the question?"

There was a hurt shocked tone in his voice that touched Larry keenly.

"I don't love you," she answered, "but I shall be very grateful if after what I have told you, you will let me be your friend."

She put out her hands and moved a step nearer to him; but, to her mortification, her extended hands remained untouched.

"I did not ask for friendship," he said, unsteadily; "and just at present I want only what I ask for. By-and-by I may be able to appreciate your offer; I shall try, but you've taught me a hard lesson, Larry, one I'm not likely to forget. Perhaps I ought to have known better; but—with a break in his voice—"I'm not used to women. I'm only an old fossil, after all."

And, without another word, he left her.

Up in her room Larry was still more surprised to find a bit of crying necessary. She could not account for the unhappy feeling that took possession of her as she reviewed the past weeks, and realized that the kindly, pleasant companionship she had accepted so heedlessly was at an end.

"I suppose he'll hate me now and forever," she thought, between her sobs. "But how could I say I loved him when I didn't?"

Then she sobbed all the harder.

The professor left the next afternoon, while Larry was out.

A box of white roses lay on the table addressed to her, a card attached, on which was written "From your friend, Roger Chesney." That was all; but she guessed dimly what an effort it cost to write it.

With trembling fingers she made three parts of the flowers, and gave them to her mother and sisters.

"I don't want them," she said, proudly, in answer to her mother's remonstrance. "I was only civil to him to please you all."

Jim noticed that the brilliant eyes were full of tears, and that she took the card away with her.

"It must be a relief to you to have him gone," he said, as they stood for a moment in the hall. "Association with such a serious man must have been a trial to you."

He was unprepared for the way she flamed out at him.

"Such a trial as makes me more willing to accept the statement that man is made after God's own image, and possesses some Godlike attributes. Now go."

And he did, a lurking smile under his moustache, and a most emphatic "By Jove!" upon his lips.

One bright morning, early in June, Jim opened the door of Mrs. Austin's sitting-room. Larry was there alone. She had an industrious fit on her, and with the sleeves of her blue morning-dress turned back, displaying two prettily-rounded arms, feather duster in hand, she was whisking the dust off some rare pieces of old china.

"Larry, here is an old friend of yours," Jim announced. "Treat him well, for he sails for Egypt tomorrow, never to return. I'll be back in a minute."

He vanished, and there, inside the closed door, stood Professor Chesney, thinner, grayer, but with the old kindly smile on his lips that she remembered so well. Startled out of her self-possession, Larry stood with her duster suspended over grandma's hundred-year-old teapot.

"I sail for Egypt tomorrow," said the professor, taking a few steps into the room, "and I may never return. Won't you wish me Godspeed, Larry?"

Crash went grandma's priceless teapot in a dozen pieces on the polished floor, and the next thing Larry knew she was crying.

The professor approached her.

"Are you crying because I am going away, or because you have broken the teapot?" asked the visitor.

"Both!" cried Larry, with a convulsive sob, which was smothered in the folds of the professor's coat, as the arms of that "estimable gentleman" closed around her.

"How about your prophetic soul, Larry?" Jim asked, later on. "I thought you called him a fossil?"

"So I did," answered the young lady, quite unabashed. "But I also said I was getting up a collection of fossils, and recognized the fact that he was too fine a specimen to lose. Don't you remember?"—Bow Bells.

### A Mystery Explained.

Griggs—I called on that girl last night that you introduced me to.

Griggs—Did you?

Griggs—Yes. And she's a nice girl, old fellow, but she treated me very strangely.

Griggs—How so?

Griggs—Will you believe it, she showed me into the dining-room, said she really hoped I would excuse her. No other room in order, etc.

Griggs—Well, that was rather strange.

Griggs—But that's not the worst of it. In a few minutes in comes her younger sister. We talked a little, and then she got up and went out, leaving her younger sister to entertain me. You can bet I didn't stay there long.

Griggs—Well, I'm very sorry.

Griggs—Oh, that's all right. You couldn't help it. But what the mischief did she want to show me into the dining-room for?

Griggs—I'll tell you if you won't give it away.

Griggs—All right. What for?

Griggs—Well, you see, I was in the parlor.—Harper's Bazar.

### The Cormorant.

There is a bird in China—the cormorant—which is domesticated, trained to wonderful intelligence, and employed in catching fish. These birds are reared and trained with great care. A pair costs from five to six dollars. They are taken out on the lakes and rivers in a small boat; one man to every ten or twelve cormorants. The birds stand perched on the sides of the boat, and, at a word from the man, they scatter on the water and begin to look for fish. They dive for the fish and then rise to the surface with the fish in their bills, when they are called back to the boat by the fisherman. As docile as dogs, they swim to their master and are taken into the boat, when they lay down their prey and again resume their labor.

### FOR FARM AND GARDEN.

#### PREVENTION OF LEAF BLIGHT.

Experiments of the Geneva, N. Y., station in spraying the with Bordeaux mixture for the prevention of leaf blight of plum and nursery stock were most successful. The plum trees were treated in 1892 and again in 1893.

The good effects of the treatment were shown in the increased growth of both tops and roots and in the healthier foliage. The foliage remained attached to the branches about a month later than did the unsprayed foliage.—New York World.

#### USING STRAW FOR SHELTER.

Wherever grain is largely grown, stock of any kind need not suffer from cold or wet in winter. We have often seen farmers who had more stock than they could stable in the barn, make an improvised shelter, building before threshing time a platform set on posts firmly placed in the ground, and then making a stack on each side of this except one, coming to a point over the platform. Cows and horses will winter under such a shelter as comfortably as on a basement barn. It is well to have the enclosure built up on the inside so as to keep stock from eating their way through the straw before warm weather comes. Under such a shelter the droppings of animals will not freeze, and the constant addition of straw enables the liquid and solid excrement to be saved without exposure to the elements.—Boston Cultivator.

#### CHEAP IMPERISHABLE FENCE POSTS.

In the year 1868, writes an expert agriculturist, I built a square picket fence in front of the lawn on my fruit farm near Morris, Ill., using dry, small sized, round arbor vitae (white cedar) posts, treating them as follows:—The bark was stripped off and the rough places smoothed off with a drawing knife. They were then set on the lower ends in a kettle of boiling coal tar, and with an old broom were thoroughly coated with it for two and a half feet from the bottom, taken out and at once rolled in dry, clean sand until no more would adhere. In a few days they were set in the usual manner, about two feet and three inches deep, tramping the earth well about them. They were afterward painted with two coats, letting the paint lap on to the tarred surface of the ground. On visiting this farm a few weeks since for the purpose of making improvements and repairs, I examined this fence and found all the posts as sound and firm in the ground as when set. The cost of preparation did not exceed five cents per post.—Western Rural.

#### BALKY HORSES.

When a horse acquires the habit of being balky, at that moment it is for general purposes reduced one-half in money value. There is no habit more disagreeable or vicious except that of the runaway or the kicker. The worst feature of it is that the driver is, nine times in ten, the cause of balkiness in horses. Too frequently it is caused by overloading or working them until weak and wearied, and as they find relief in resting they resort to it oftener than the driver desires. The whip is applied, and if the animal is of a nervous disposition it resents it, or starts with a jump. If the load does not move promptly, the horse flies back and twists about. Another trouble is working horses with sore shoulders. This is observed after a few hours or a night's rest. The muscles are sore and inflamed. The pain causes them to flinch, and unless the driver is very considerate, trouble is liable to ensue. This is more especially observed with colts or young horses. Hence, be on guard yourself, also impose great caution on the driver, for too frequently a careless driver will reduce the market value of a horse fifty dollars in an hour.—American Agriculturist.

#### SOWS EATING PIGS.

A sow in perfect health will never eat her pigs. Constipation or indigestion is the direct cause, being caused by improper feeding. No harm will be done the swine in giving them the run of the feed lot with the other stock, horses and cattle. Give them a corn ration with an occasional feed of bran and ship stuff. If it is where they can get it, they will occasionally chew on fodder and corn-stalks. Three or four weeks run in the clover field before farrowing will bring them through all right. It is not unusual for a sow to eat a pig that has been crushed or born dead, and we are not alarmed to see them do it, but prefer to have their systems in such a state of perfect health that they may have

### The Windfalls.

"Children!" "Yes, Ma'am."  
"Early in the morning  
You will gather up the apples that have fallen  
from the trees;  
For thro' the heated term  
A chicken—for a worm—  
Would spoil a market apple though in buck-  
wheat to his knees.  
Children, do you hear me?"  
"Yes, Ma'am."

"Children!" "Yes, Ma'am."  
"Early in the morning  
Each will to the orchard his bushel basket  
take;  
Tho' no bigger nor a germ,  
For a little, worthless worm  
A chicken spoils an apple though in barley to  
his throat.  
Children, do you hear me?"  
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"Early in the morning  
Gather up the apples that have fallen from  
the trees;  
To lose them is a pity;  
I will sell them in the city,  
An, perhaps I'll buy you something that will  
tickle you and please.  
Children, do you hear me?"  
"Yes, Ma'am."  
—Toronto Mail.

### HUMOROUS.

He (passionately)—You are my life.  
She (practically)—Have you got it insured?

There is only one man now from whom star actors will take any talk, and he is the prompter.

Perhaps some expert in color effects can explain how it is that a man often looks bluest when he is in a brown study.

"When did you discover that you truly loved Mr. Jones?" Stella—When Fido would allow him to come in without growling.

What it speaks to us in dreams!  
Is it a voice from evermore?  
Or is it something that we ate  
The night before?

Caller—Can I see Miss Snuggles?  
Servant—She's engaged, sir. Caller—Of course she is, and I'm the man she's engaged to. Servant—Oh!

Brown—Smith ain't at all suave and polite to his typewriter. Jones—That's rather unusual, isn't it? Brown—I don't know about that; she's his wife.

"Do you have a good deal of trouble changing servants?" "No, indeed; the last only stayed an hour and the one before didn't even take off her hat."

"I could a tail unfold"—began the frog. He paused and seemed wrapped in thought. "That is to say, I could last week. But I am no tadpole now, thank you."

"I have misfortunes," cried the youth, "Of almost every kind,  
Since my moustache is down in front,  
My necktie up behind."

"I know my faults, Harry, and I'm trying to overcome them. Harry—Well, all I've got to say is, you have a good deal of courage to face such a multitude alone.

Featherstone—I hear that you are going to move, Ringway. Ringway—Move! I should like to know where you heard that. Featherstone—Your landlord told me.

Proud father (looking at his first)—Isn't he sweet? Mother—Yes, indeed. "Weetst itty sing as ever was. Proud Father—Looks almost human, doesn't he?

One day in the bliss of perfection we'll live  
And avoid all these troubles and shocks;  
More starch in our shirt fronts the laundress  
will give  
Instead of so much in our socks.

"You will doubtless bear me out," he insisted, "when I say that I love you." "No," she rejoined, coldly, as she touched the bell, "either papa or the coachman will do that."

"Do you find it very hard to get your husband through the telephone?" inquired Mrs. Boggs of her friend, Mrs. Scoggs. "I never tried it," answered Mrs. Scoggs, "he weighs 200."

Mrs. Yeast—Do you believe that fish makes brains? Mrs. Crimsonbeak—Of course I do. Why, when my husband goes fishing the next morning his head is that big his hat won't fit him.

The hog looked at the butcher  
With a sad and pensive air,  
And asked, when near the packing-house,  
"Will you 'meat' me over there?"

Baker (disconsolately)—I never saw times so hard. Wife—You have plenty of trade. Baker—Ye-es, but flour has got so cheap that I will either have to stop baking bread or lower the price.

Lawyer—On what do you base your opinion that the defendant is naturally of a peaceable disposition? Witness Wall, he lived for two years alongside of a family with ten children and he never shot any of 'em.

Savage Party (annoyed by yelping dog)—If I kick that dog in the ribs perhaps he'll stop barking at me. Yelping Dog's Owner—Perhaps he will. He never wants to bark when he's got his mouth full.

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