

The Little White One.

"My kiddles!" and the wee maid pressed
Their fur against her cheek;
"See, this one is as black as jet,
And this light-gray is prettier yet;
This has a snow-spot on its breast,
And this, a dappled streak.

"This one in black-and-buff is dressed,
But O," she said, and sighed,
While great slow tears began to fall,
"The one I loved the best of all,
The dearest and the prettiest,
The little white one—died!"

Ah, from how many a cherished nest
Of human hopes and plans,
Ambitions, friendships, loves, delights,
The dearest dreams of days and nights,
The brightest and the preciouslest
Of woman's life or man's.

Some watching soul has missed the best,—
Some grieving heart has cried
Over and over, sore bereft,
And careless of the blessings left,
"Ah me! Fate snatched the loveliest!
The little white one died!"
—ELIZABETH AKERS, in Youth's Companion.

A MASCULINE WOMAN.

I hate that woman," said Captain Millet. "Boasting of her prowess with whip and oar, and fond of dogs and horses. She told us at lunch today that she could 'swim like a fish.' You heard her."

"The idea of hating a woman, a good-looking girl like that too! it's unnatural, Cap," said his friend. "Don't you remember how, once or twice during the war we huzzaed at the mere sight of a woman's face?"

"I remember," said Captain Millet, and he had some cause to remember, as the empty right sleeve pinned to his breast seemed to attest. "I don't think I ever even disliked a woman before; but this is not a woman; it is a sort of boy in her dress."

"Rather a charming boy," said Paul. "But for another pretty girl, who is even more charming, I'm not sure that I should have made my escape with a whole heart from this merry, good-natured brunette."

"The plainest woman here has more charms for me," said Captain Millet.

When Mrs. Silverspeer, Captain Millet's married sister, had invited a little party to spend some weeks at her home, she had, as she supposed, carefully avoided inviting people who would fall out with each other. A pleasant young married couple, who were always to be seen in the distance arm and arm, four pretty young ladies and four gentlemanly men made, as she hoped, a delightful assemblage, with a hospitable host and hostess, ready to make their guests happy in any possible way that might be suggested. And when in writing to "Cap," as all his relatives were fond of calling her brother, she told him that Miss Mattie Bell would be sure to come. She had felt that Cap would fall in love with Mattie as soon as their eyes met; for eyes of velvet brown like Mattie's and eyes of blue like Cap's often do great execution on each other.

But Cap had arrived languid, and a little out of sorts; and seeing upon the porch a plump young damsel, boastfully declaring that she had ridden some incredible number of miles that day and was "famished," he had regarded her with a certain astonished elevation of brow, which has made the quick-witted creature secretly but bitterly wrathful.

"What a disgusting puppy!" she had said of him, in private converse with a friend. And you know how he spoke of her.

It was secretly known by every one that this state of affairs existed. It was a little joke among the others; only the hostess chafed at it. The guests had paired themselves off so delightfully, and the repugnance which Mattie and the Captain felt for each other—other made a ridiculous contrast to the general good-will.

"Besides," said Mrs. Silverspeer, "it must be so dull for Mattie, to be either a third party or boresome; and, for the matter of that, it's dull for 'Cap, too."

"It's his fault, you know, my dear," said Mr. Silverspeer. "Mattie is a nice girl!"

And this even Cap's sister felt obliged to admit.

Every other man liked Mattie, but she was not one to take advantage of this fact. Budding courtships were blossoming there at Silverspeer, and she had no wish to blight them.

There was Paul Holden half in love with her. A glance, a touch, a look would have made it wholly so; but she was merely a merry friend to him. Little Bella Grey's heart would have broken, as she knew, if anything had come between Paul and herself. And Miss Rodman would marry Mr. Nichols, as she would not; then why hold flirtation with the man? And Prue Hill wore an engagement ring on her finger, that Richard Dillon had given her. So, if Richard Dillon was traitor enough to wish to whisper

to her on the balcony, she was not the traitress to abet him.

The only single man was the Captain and they hated each other.

"What a pretty girl she is!" said Richard Dillon's little betrothed. "And how odd that she doesn't attract the gentlemen."

But Mattie, though noble in love affairs, was no angel. She liked to provoke the captain, by assuming twice the fondness for masculine sports than she really had; and he, exasperated by her chatter and her perfect disdain of his displeasure, expressed his opinion of what woman should be, which was precisely what he thought Mattie was, not with the greatest freedom.

The captain, despite his good looks, made himself immensely unpopular among the ladies by his persecution of their friend, and on the day when we first met him upon the bridge, had decided to return home forthwith.

When he had read his book in the grove he sauntered off to discover some solitary means of passing the afternoon; and finding on the shore an old man with a rickety sail-boat, feed him liberally to take him on board.

Meanwhile Paul Holden escorted Mattie home to Silverspeer.

Mrs. Silverspeer and Mrs. Cooley the other married lady of the party, were preparing to go to a certain sheltered nook of the river to bathe. Their bathing dresses were on their arms, and their great hats flapped over their eyes. Mattie proposed at once to join them and the three women hurried away, laughing and chatting about all manner of things, on the way, and enjoying the ridiculous figures they made in their hideous flannel bathing dresses, when they were at last equipped in them, and their muslins hung suspended in the little dressing house at the top of the sandy stretch which lay between it and the sea.

Mattie loved the sea. She plunged into it fearlessly. She went out to meet the waves as though they were friends. She floated on her back, and dipped under, to the terror of her friends. Her laugh as silvery as the chime of bells rung well in tune, went out over the water and caught the ear of a gentleman reposing with a cigar in his mouth upon the deck of a rickety sail-boat.

"Hang it!" said this gentleman. "That woman again. There's no getting rid of her. Put me on shore old gentleman. You're rather too tipsy to go much further with under any circumstances."

"I'm not tipsy, yer honor," said the man who had much ado to speak at all. "No marrer, all ri'. We'll talk about." And he proceeded to "talk about" at once, the Captain lying with his eyes closed and his cigar between his lips. The next moment the patched and dirty sail dipped into the sea, and the boat turned bottom up, and its occupants of course went with it. The old man had grasped the edge of the vessel and clung to it. The Captain clung to nothing. He had put out that remembrance of a right arm which was all he brought from Seven Oaks, but it scarcely served him. By the time he remembered that the sleeve was actually empty he was in the water. He could not swim. His heavy clothes weighed him down. The tipsy boatman could not help him.

"It's over with me," he thought.

Then a strange, undefined thought flitted through his mind. He could not have analyzed it, had there been time. It was a somehow softened and regretful thought about the girl of whom he always spoke as "that woman."

Meanwhile "that woman" looked out from the bathing nook in the arms of the shore across the water, and cried out with an exclamation of concern and anxiety:

"Look! it's Bogle's old boat, and one of our gentlemen in it. It's your brother, Mrs. Silverspeer. How clumsy! How stupid! What are they trying to do? They'll be over."

"Old Bogle is drunk, I suppose. How could Cap go out with him," cried Mrs. Silverspeer. "Cap can't swim; he never could. And since he has lost his arm, of course—Oh, my dear, they are going over."

"They're over," cried Mattie, and at that moment the sail dipped into the sea.

"My brother, my helpless brother," cried Mrs. Silverspeer. "Oh, help! help! Why am I not a man? Help! help! help! Cap is drowning."

"Run for help," cried Mattie. "I'm not quite sure how long I can hold out, but he shan't drown. I can swim." And with a wronch she tore the sleeves from her bathing dress, flung her hat away, and dashed into the water.

At the door of the quiet room where her life hung in the balance, he waited

many an hour. When she grew better, he sent her flowers and messages of interest. And when she was well again, he became her shadow. That woman was beginning to be the greatest object of interest to him in all the world. So one autumn day found them together in the grove, sitting upon a rustic chair, he looking in her face, she at the mossy leaves strewn around. Suddenly she spoke:

"Do you really think it wrong for a woman to drive, and row, and swim?" she asked.

His face flushed scarlet.

"It would be scarcely gracious of me to find fault with one of these accomplishments," he said.

"Don't talk of that," she murmured. "But actually, you were so fierce about my tomboyishness once. I know you meant me all the while."

"I was an insolent brute."

It was a sight to look upon—those round bare arms, white and glittering in the sunlight; the unbound hair flung back and lifted by the strong sea breeze; the face growing white also, in its eagerness, turned toward that spot where the drunken boatman clung to the boat. She knew her danger well, but she never shrunk from it for a moment. She remembered that this was her enemy, but she remembered also that he had been a brave soldier—that he was now in a measure helpless.

The Captain had sunk twice. He was rising for the last time, when a white arm flung itself about him.

"Be quiet," said a clear voice. "Don't clutch me, or we are dead."

Then a maid or some fairy of the sea bore him shoreward. Half way there a boat met them, with two gentlemen who had been called to the spot by the lady's screams. It met them just in time. Mattie's strength was gone. She could not speak to those who her home. But she had saved the Captain's life and he knew it.

She checked him by a touch of her hand.

I wanted to tell you how I came to be an adept on such things," she said. "It was poor brother Ben. I was his friend and comrade. There were but two of us. We were very fond of each other, and our home was a wild country place. Had I sisters, I might have been fond of other things; but I grew to be half a boy. He died five years ago. Poor Ben! Dear Ben! I shall never love any one so much."

At that an arm crept about Mattie's waist.

"Don't say that," he whispered. "I—I do not want to believe that that is so. Couldn't you love me a little? Mattie, couldn't you love me a little?"

"The eyes, still full of tears, turned upon him tenderly; the soft white hand touched his cheek.

"I think I could—the least little bit in the world," she answered.

And Cap took "that woman" to his heart and kissed her. And the two went home through the bright autumn sunlight hand in hand.—New York News.

An Omaha Real Estate Story.

They tell a story of a man who came into Omaha one day and wanted to trade his farm for some city lots. "All right," replied the real estate agent. "Get into my buggy and I'll drive you out to see some of the finest residence sites in the world—water, sewers, paved streets, cement sidewalks, electric light, shade trees, and all that sort of thing," and away they drove four or five miles into the country. The real estate agent expatiated upon the beauty of the surroundings, the value of the improvements made and projected, the convenience of the location, the ease and speed with which people who lived there could reach town, and the certainty of an active demand for such lots in the immediate future. Then, when he was breathless, he turned to his companion and asked:

"Where's your farm?"

"We passed it coming out here," was the reply. "It's about two miles nearer town."—Chicago Record.

A Witty Old Doctor.

A correspondent sends us a story told of an old country doctor down East. In the latter years of his life his ankles became very weak, necessitating the wearing of a pair of steel braces. One day, as the old gentleman was shuffling along on Exchange street, in Bangor, Me., some young wag called out: "Hi, doctor, hi, you are interfering!" "Not with other folks' business, young man!" retorted the doctor.—Medical Record.

Where His Fun Came In.

"Well, my daughter, what advantage will it be to me if you marry the young man?"

"Why, don't you see, papa, you could have me and a son-in-law to boot."—Detroit Free Press.

FOR FARM AND GARDEN.

PASTURING CLOVER IN BLOOM.

Young clover should not be pastured in the fall unless it gets forward enough to blossom. If it does this pasturing is better than to allow the clover to seed. But a still better way is to cut the clover evenly, but not closely. This will leave the roots well protected, will cut down weeds, and will provide the very choicest hay for young calves or breeding ewes.—Boston Cultivator.

BALTING SHEEP.

Do not be in a hurry when you salt your sheep, says American Sheep Breeder, but stand and watch them closely for ten or fifteen minutes. Have the crook in hand, and if you see one limp, even a little, catch it and examine it. The chances are there is only a touch of scald-foot, which a little cleansing out and sprinkle of powdered bluestone will remedy.

But the chances also are that, if you do not attend to it, by next week there would be ulceration and maggots; then you would have to fight for weeks to get the animal cured. The best way to catch a sheep in the field is not to put down any salt at first, but let them cluster around you until the one you want gets close enough, then pick him up with the crook.

THE DUCK-HOUSE.

Ducks lay the larger portion of eggs produced by them early in the season, and lay nearly every day. During the summer months they reduce the number of eggs very materially and begin to moult. It is supposed that any kind of quarters will answer for ducks in summer, but when it is considered that they do not roost and are compelled to rest on the floor, the importance of keeping the floor clean and well littered with straw is apparent.

Nearly all the ills that afflict ducks are due to the floors upon which they remain at night. While the duck delights to have access to ponds, yet it is quickly affected by damp quarters, becoming lame and unable to walk. If they are laying but few eggs, it is best to turn them on grass and use no grain, and they will keep in excellent condition. They are greedy feeders, and will accept food at all hours, becoming too fat. This condition in summer is not desirable. They should receive but little grain unless they are laying, and the grain should be given only to the ones that are producing eggs.—Manchester Mirror and Farmer.

CARE OF HORSES.

The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals makes the following suggestions as to the care of horses:

Keep your harness soft and clean, particularly the inside of the collar and saddle, as the perspiration, if allowed to dry in, will cause irritation and produce galls.

The collar should fit closely, with sufficient space at the bottom to admit your hand; a collar too small obstructs the breathing, while one too large will cramp and draw the shoulders into an unnatural position, thus obstructing the circulation.

Never allow your horse to stand on hot, fermenting manure, as this will soften the hoofs and brings on diseases of the feet; nor permit the old litter to lie under the manger, as the gases will taint his food and irritate his lungs, as well as his eyes.

Do not keep the hay over the stable, as the gases from the manure and the breath of the animal make it unwholesome.

Kindness will do more than brutality, therefore do not use harsh language to your horse, or lash, beat or kick him. Bear in mind that he is very intelligent and sensitive, a willing servant and deserving of your kindest treatment and thought.

Remember that horses are made vicious by cruel treatment; that it is speed which kills; that more horses are lame from bad shoeing than from all other causes; that a careless application of the whip has blinded many horses; that more fall from weariness than from any other cause, and that no animal should be ever struck upon the head.

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

Jack Frost loves green corn. Cut in ahead of him.

Are you going to try to winter fifteen cattle on scant food for ten. What will be the result? You won't get profitable returns from five!

The circus style of hog has pretty well gone out of fashion among progressive farmers. It is not profitable to feed for lean meat and long frames when hogs are selling at \$6 per hundred weight.

Proper moisture is more essential than fertilizers, for there is always some plant food left in the soil. Proper drainage and the supply of humus, by turning under copious vegetable crops, have much to do with reviving sluggish ground.

Usually, upon a finely prepared bed, an inch is deep enough to set the drill for wheat, but if the season is very dry it is better to set it a half-inch or inch deeper, that it may germinate. Shallow drilling is the better if the ground is moist.

An amateur gardener has discovered a way to produce late strawberries. The first flowers were cut and a new set was now formed for two weeks. The crop was not so large as if left unmolested, and the average market gardener can hardly afford the treat,

all, and found that there was a loss of seven per cent in dry matter where the ears were picked off and dried and the stalks siloed more than where the corn, ears and all, was siloed. In feeding out the corn it was found that the cows ate a little more of the silage containing the ears and also drank a trifle more water while on this food, but the difference in either case was small. They also ate a little more of the silage containing the ears than of the other feed which had the dried ears added to the silage.

The cows, however, produced more milk and more butter when fed the silage, ears and all. The difference in milk yield was 411.6 pounds, or 3.6 per cent, and of butter, 16.5 pounds, or 6.9 per cent. Figuring on the basis of the amount of dry matter it was found that 100 pounds of dry matter in the siloed corn ration produced 68.9 pounds of milk and 3.18 pounds of butter, against 68.3 pounds of milk and 3.08 pounds of butter from the ration composed of siloed stalks and dry ears. Add to the greater feeding value of the corn when siloed, ears and all, the greater amount of dry matter attained by preserving the corn in this way, and the difference between the two methods is more marked. Then taking into consideration the extra labor of picking, husking, drying the ears and grinding the corn, the economy of siloing the ears with the stalks is very apparent.—Farm and Home.

STUMP AND BRUSH FILES.

Both stumps and piles of brush are an unsightly incumbrance to any land, and should be removed as soon as practicable. Brush piles are soon obliterated by the use of fire; but stumps are expensive to remove. When once loosened and out of their former nest, stumps are easily disposed of by burning. Most hardwood stumps, as the hickory, maple and oak, soon lose their grip on the soil by the rapid decay of their small roots, hence, unless the land is at once needed, it is the cheapest plan to let them remain undisturbed for several years. In the meantime the land may be pastured with sheep, thus keeping down the bushes and sprouts that may spring up, by eating off the leaves soon as they appear. When land is encumbered with pine stumps, they send up no sprouts or suckers, and the presence of much pitch in the fiber of the wood makes them well nigh indestructible. Such stumps can be removed only by burning or pulling.

The former plan is not thorough on account of the multitude of roots near the surface, and pulling is a tedious, expensive operation. Often a few stumps mar the appearance of an otherwise presentable field, and many farmers have for years plowed, sowed, and reaped around the obstructions without an apparent thought of removing them. The time thus spent, and the grain and grass that would have grown upon the portions of the field thus occupied, would have covered the expense of removing them several times. When stumps and brush heaps are removed, sow the land immediately to grass seed. When intended for pasturage, or to be mowed for hay, rake off the ashes upon the adjoining soil as soon as the fire is out. Seed thus sown and raked into the soil will grow, whereas, if the ashes were allowed to remain the alkali from them would destroy the seed germ.—American Agriculturist.

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We Ain't A-Goin' to Cry.

It's mighty curious weather—been a-prayin' for a rain,
When there came a reg'lar deluge on the mountain an' the plain;
They opened all the windows in the ever-lastin' sky,
An' drowned us completely—but we ain't a-goin' to cry!

It's mighty curious weather in the country tur an' near,
For the wind has blowed the bollworms on the cotton everywhere;
An' they're eatin' all the profits of the corn an' of the rye,
An' it kinder looks like trouble—but we ain't a-goin' to cry!

For what's the use in frettin', or in spendin' time in sighs?
One day the sun is settin', an' the next, he's on the rise!

We kin hear the sweet bird's singin'—see the blue that bends on high,
An' the happy bells are ringin'—an' we ain't a-goin' to cry!

—Atlanta Constitution.

HUMOROUS.

Humidity is to the weather what stupidity is to the mind.

Caller—Is Mr. Brown at home? Yes, sir; you will find him at the club.

Marie—Is that Chollie's sister? Louise—No. He hasn't proposed yet.

Fathers are always telling their children yarns that make their wives mad.

Jinks—What is experience, anyway? Hinks—It's what the other fellow leaves you.

What a delightful place this would be, if it were full of people who would agree with us.

The conceit of a man and the deceit of a woman are responsible for a great many marriages.

What has become of the old-fashioned woman who set the bread before going to bed at night?

If China continues to get the worst of it in this war she will be sorry she ever invented gunpowder.

"I want the earth," he once did state;
His greed somewhat relaxes
Whenever he stops to calculate
The trouble with the taxes.

"Yes," said Mrs. Newrich. "Fido got very sick yesterday and I had to call in a vegetarian sturgeon."

A good many worthless husbands are in the mother-in-law business. With them marriage is matrimony.

Johnny.—My papa's taking lessons on the trombone. Jose.—I know it; and my papa is taking lessons with a shotgun.

"Can I see you a part for a moment?" "You mean alone, don't you?" "Yes; a loan—that's it, exactly. I want to borrow five."

"So Miss Fullcash did not marry Lord Luckrocks after all?" "No; she came back the same peerless beauty she always was."

Bruddle—That little dog of mine is a great saving. Little—Is that so; how? Bruddle—Why, don't you see, he's most always on the cur-tail.

Jones—A man's success is according to the square of his honesty. Brown—Do you mean that the less square the honesty the greater the success?

My porcine friend, some men declare
Thou'rt foul and ugly. Yet methinks,
There ne'er was anything so fair
As thou disguised in sausage links.

Tramp—I have seen better days, lady. Lady (with scornful doubt)—When? Tramp—Right on this spot, lady, two weeks ago, when I got a whole pie.

Proud Father (to friend)—This is my youngest boy, Frank, this is Mr. Jackson. Frank (brightly)—Is that the man of whom mamma said yesterday that he had more money than brains?

Carrie—What did you accept Mr. Murray for, Lucie? Lucie—I had to. Papa owes his father a great deal of money; Jack owes his brother a thrashing; sister owes his sister a snubbing, and mamma owes his mother a party call.

"My dear," said a German peasant woman to her husband, "next week we celebrate our silver wedding; will you not kill the pig for the occasion?" "Why should I," said he. "It isn't the poor animal's fault that I married you twenty-five years ago."

That Ended It.

Maud—What was the last discussion of that Young Ladies' Debating Society of yours?

Marie—Oh, we took up the old question of "Is Marriage a Failure?"

Maud—Well, what was the result of the debate?

Marie—A committee consisting of the entire membership was appointed to try it and see?—Truth.

Heilbronn (Germany) authorities forbid the sale of American corned beef which is not accompanied by an American certificate.