

ANNIE LAURIE.

Across the sea a fragment, Blown with the spray and mist, Shoresward from rocky distance, Where shades and shines hold tryst, An old song set in colorings Of gold and amethyst.

A ship on the horizon Where misty curtains cling, Lightly to clearer levels Her sails of violet swing: A schooner nearing the harbor, Listen! The sailors sing:

"Maxwilton braces are bonnie Where early fa's the dew, 'Twas there sweet Annie Laurie Gave me her promise true." O, the rainbow lights of boyhood Kindle my skies anew.

"Maxwilton braces are bonnie, How sweet that old refrain, The promises of morning Break into bloom again, And on the lowly roof I hear The music of the rain.

"Maxwilton braces are bonnie, There's mother at the door, The cattle down the dusky lane Are coming as of yore, And mounted on the pasture bars, I swing and sing once more.

"Maxwilton braces are bonnie, O, bonnie maid of mine, Thro' all the mists of distance Again the dark eyes shine, The world is full of music, And living seems divine!

Across the sea a fragment, Blown with the spray and mist, Shoresward from rocky distance, Where shades and shines hold tryst, A vision and a memory, In gold and amethyst.

Jennie Bodge Johnson, in Lewiston Journal.

THE Forging of the Daisy Chain.

Mr. Travers, pretending to rinse plates in the river Thames, looked perpetually toward Miss Daisy Middleton—industriously engaged in packing dishes. Over the meadow the rest of the picnic party was dotted mainly in pairs, as if pleasant to look upon at a picnic. If the truth were known, Mr. Travers was pleased to see Miss Middleton sternly packing, for of late she had seemed to bestow too much of the honey of her smiles upon a certain bee (to give him no worse title) of the name of Congreve; and Miss Middleton was rejoiced to see Mr. Travers pretending to rinse, since she had a certain undefined objection to hear his praises sung by others of her sex—as recently.

People entertaining such approximate sentiments have no business to be separated by a distance of at least 20 yards. So at any rate Mr. Travers thought, for he left the meadow sweets that stuck in the eddying stream behind him, and bearing the cleaned plates as a peace offering in his hand, approached the lady.

Miss Middleton lifted her eyes out of a hauper, and, perceiving his humility, smiled. "With fingers heavy and worn," he began, "and eyelids weary and red—as you perceive, Miss Middleton—a man answering to the name of Travers has been standing in midstream—more or less mid—on an undeniable rickety stone for half an hour—torments foaming about him—fatal plunge imminent—and has rinsed picnic plates till he could do no more."

"During which time," she asked, "he broke—how many?" "That is hardly generous," said Mr. Travers, gravely. "How many exactly I started with I don't remember. One—I admit it—came to pieces in my hand, as the kitchen maids say. Another I was compelled, morally and intellectually, to throw at a grasshopper that came up impudently to sniff the wayonaise. A saucer or two, by nature amphibious, started down stream. But what would you? I have four here as clean—"

"And I gave you 11," said Miss Middleton, sternly. "It's better than picking daises, like Congreve," said Mr. Travers, slyly. "Would you like to clean some knives?" she asked, willing to change the subject. "They don't break so easily, and we shall want some for tea."

"It's no relaxation cleaning things that don't break," said Mr. Travers, discontentedly. "You intend simply to be idle till tea?" she asked, scornfully. "If you think I deserve a little recreation for cleansing all those plates," he said, "Breaking them!" "Let us split the difference and say 'leaving them.'"

"You crack a joke and a plate in the same breath," she said. "Don't you think I might take you out in that canoe?" he persisted. "It's rather late," she said, doubtfully. "We might find some of the floating saucers," he urged. "The grasshopper got on one and was plating it magnificently."

"But canoes are so unsafe. Perhaps if Miss Maltby would come with us, it would be steadier." This was a distinctly unkind reflection on Miss Maltby, whose attractions, in the opinion of many, were not detracted from by her weight, Mr. Travers, however, saw light in the unkindness, and willingly sacrificed a victim.

"Without in any way wishing to deny the merits of Miss Maltby," he said, "she would add more than a feather-weight. Besides, in adopting an invention like canoes, from the Choctaws, one must conform to their custom."

"Which is?" asked Miss Middleton. "Based on the tribal motto—'Two's company.' The canoes were constructed accordingly, and only hold two."

"Then there would not be room for Mr. Congreve?" she asked. "I fancied he was making daisy chains," said Mr. Travers. Now, if Miss Middleton had been adverse to the voyage, this foolish remark would have left Mr. Travers solitary. But she was not. She suffered herself to be constrained—not too readily. Yet since, when once the canoe was launched, Mr. Travers seemed to sink into abstraction, Miss Middleton took up the ball. Since this is the very simplest story, devoid of incidents or criticism, is sufficient to say of Miss Middleton's conduct, "such is life," and to report her remarks.

"You'll be very careful, won't you?" she said. "I'm like a cat—very frightened of water." "What cat's avers to fish?" quoted Mr. Travers, irrelevantly. "That is—I mean—I wouldn't let a drop of water touch you for—what I really mean is, the canoe's perfectly safe. It would hold five with ease."

"I thought that the Choctaws—" hinted Miss Middleton well pleased with herself. "Oh, yes, that's all nonsense," he said, distractedly. "I should say I am talking nonsense now. What I meant was that if five people were in it, it couldn't be safer."

"It does sound rather nonsense," said Miss Middleton, unmercifully. "It is not clear why maidens at these critical times are so much more apt to keep their heads than are men. Mr. Travers thought it a hard dispensation of nature, and sought refuge from his distraction by joggling the canoe."

"Aren't we shaking terribly?" asked Miss Middleton. "Not at all," he answered. "Canoes seem very frail," she explained. "A girl I knew," said Mr. Travers, thoughtfully, "used to tell me that she was quite nervous until she had tried a canoe, but in the end she thought otherwise. She even wanted to get engaged in a canoe."

"Did you gratify her wish," asked Miss Middleton, with a rush of dignity. "The girl was my mother, you know," said Mr. Travers, scenting a mistake. "It was a reminiscence of hers. She was wondering how I should some day—"

"Yes, yes—don't you think we ought to be going back?" asked Miss Middleton. "I should like to know your opinion of a boat as a popping place," he persisted. Miss Middleton supposed that a square, solid sort of boat in the style of Noah's ark—guaranteed not to upset—might not be unsuitable.

"But would you not approve of a canoe?" he asked. "It would rock so terribly," she said. "Why should it rock?" "Suppose," she said, "the man wanted to go down on his knees—just to emphasize his wishes—that would set it rolling to begin with."

Mr. Travers was willing to entertain that supposition. "Then suppose the girl said 'No?'" Mr. Travers preferred not to suppose anything unpleasant. "Still, if she did," said Miss Middleton, "the man would start up in a very bad temper and begin stamping about."

Mr. Travers was positive that no man would be guilty of such conduct. Miss Middleton failed to see how Mr. Travers could answer for men in general. Mr. Travers admitted that he was, thinking of a particular case, which caused Miss Middleton to go on hastily: "Then, again, if the girl didn't say 'No,' she would probably expect—"

"What?" asked Mr. Travers. Miss Middleton had unfortunately forgotten the sequence of her sentence. "But I must know, Daisy," he said, earnestly. He ceased to paddle and the canoe began to roll. "Would she expect—"

Continuous was the rolling of the canoe. "We shall be over I'm sure," said Miss Middleton—"please—yes—yes—yes—"

"At any rate the man expects—" said Mr. Travers, and the rolling continued. When some time later the canoe returned to the meadow from which it had started, the voyagers were grieved to perceive the tea was already almost finished. The others observed that punctuality was particularly important at a picnic. Mr. Congreve especially insisted on this.

"You shouldn't have been making daisy-chains, Congreve," said Mr. Travers, irrelevantly. "What does he mean?" Mr. Congreve appealed to Miss Middleton for a solution. "Mr. Travers has also been making daisy-chains," she said.—The King.

Microbes of the Sea. From the study of phosphorescent microbes, which has greatly interested students of sea phenomena, zoologists have now passed to the study of sea microbes in general, and are announcing their results with much enthusiasm.

The inference is that aquatic life produces a more interesting variety of microbe than do the circumstances with which we are more familiar. Some of the luminous or phosphorescent microbes, for instance can live comfortably at a temperature of zero, centigrade. Others give out beautiful colored liquids during their period of development. Many of the ocean microbes are also capable of spontaneous movement. As to form they are varied and have been found in almost all shapes.

The greatest number of microbes are to be found near the shore, the number decreasing toward the sea.

FOR WOMAN'S BENEFIT.

A Novelty of the Hour. A trifle fantastic but still extremely novel are the queer new stockings of silk, on which a garter shaped piece of black or white silk is woven just over the ankle as the article would be worn outside of a shoe. These new devices are among the extravagances of dress, and not likely to become a popular fashion. Still it must be admitted that they are novelties of the hour.

An Atty Fairy Effect. In an airy fairy arrangement in white organdie for a girl of 14 years, the nine gorcs of the skirt are set together with Valenciennes insertion, and each breadth is laid in tucks three quarters of an inch wide, said tucks being stitched down two-thirds of the depth of the skirt, which is edged with Valenciennes edged organdie ruffle. The same sort of ruffle is round the yoke and the arm holes, the dress being worn with a gimpes formed of alternate rows of Valenciennes insertion and clusters of organdie tucking. A sash of five-inch ribbon with hemstitching stripes is knotted with long ends at the back.

The Fashion in Hair Ornaments. Combs and ornaments, curved combs, combs with glistening ornamental headings, large shell pins with coronets, jeweled gauze butterflies, jeweled cigarettes, ostrich tips mounted on gold pins, diamond wings from the centre of which rises an osprey, a silver band from the centre of which a couple of diamonds quiver at the end of upright wires, play a conspicuous part in up-to-date coiffure.

Flowers are also fashionable for the hair. Nothing is prettier for young girls than a single natural rose nestling against low coils. Tiny wreaths made of very small blossoms and green leaves, such as trailing arbutus, wood anemone, etc., are equally becoming. Many girls pin down their locks with gold or silver prongs topped with some minute colored device. Nothing has such a place in the young girl's heart as the hairpin decorated with microscopic peacocks in all their colors, dragon flies, green enameled shamrock and luck clovers, and a thousand other we figures that convert a new hairpin box into a veritable casket of infinitesimal curiosities. Just as many of these prongs are necessary are used to settle the coiffure nicely, and in consequence the debutante's head is a matter of awe and interest to masculine or unenlightened bachelors.

About Women's Appetites. Beauty is not so absolutely necessary to a woman in the year of grace 1900 as it was in 'the '30s,' and the small appetite, which was formerly one of beauty's attributes, is out of fashion. Athletic exercise for women has quite killed the idea that a small appetite was what our grandmothers would have described as genteel, and women now eat what they want without affectation.

There is no doubt that the girl who cycles for miles in a day, and who plays golf as energetically as her brother, needs more food than the young woman of 50 years ago; but those who take little active exercise should eat more sparingly.

If a woman would be bright, attractive and healthy she must be extremely temperate in the matter of food. Of course, if she does not mind having a muddied complexion, a double chin and a dull brain, she can eat whatever and whenever she likes, but doing so is about as wasteful of her strength and beauty as if she were to take frequent doses of some harmful drug. Those who wish to change their diet so as to make it what it should be must not forget the plentiful use of fruits and vegetables. Salads should be eaten daily, and apples, figs and oranges should be used freely. As a rule American people eat too much meat and are far too fond of stimulating their appetites by the use of condiments.—Chicago News.

Two Girls on a Ranch. Gussie and Louise Lamn ran a sheep ranch covering 50 miles of California mountains. They run it both mentally and physically. Both the financial and out-of-door work they do themselves, and it is a success. "How did I come to begin this sort of life?" Gussie said, as we sat on the steps. "Well, it was five years ago when wool first went so low. Before that father had three men, but after he could only afford one Indian. I was at home on my Christmas vacation. It began snowing and it snowed all day and all night and was still snowing, and father and Sam were out trying to get the sheep in. They did not come to dinner till after 4 o'clock, and when father came in he was so tired he could hardly get off his horse."

"About 700 of the sheep were in the snow down in the gulch back of Chinese mountain. They would just die down and die unless they were driven out. 'Father, I'm going to help get those sheep in,' I said, and just made him let me. We worked in the snow till every sheep was out and safe. They were wet and chilled, so we had to keep them moving till they got some life into them. It was nearly daylight when we went home, and mother was waiting, asleep in her rocking chair, but with lots of hot coffee and a blazing fire in the kitchen stove. Such a sight as I was! Every time I jumped off that horse I caught my skirt, and it was torn from top to bottom and I off the hand, and I was wet to my neck. When I woke up next morning father was getting ready to ride the range to see how the other sheep had stood the storm. You

know he was an old man past 60, and it was at least 30 miles hard riding. I put on his clothes and went, and I have been doing it ever since. I don't think it is half as hard as mother's work, and I know there is not one thing about it which hurts any girl, and we like it, don't we, Liechen?"—Courier Journal.

How to Make Gardens Pay. The growing of seeds and bulbs for the general and local markets is a comparatively new field for women, and one of pleasure and profit. Few women have taken up this branch of gardening, and an expert horticulturist expresses surprise that so fertile a field should have been so long neglected. Seed growing and hybridizing to produce new and finer varieties of plants than those at present in cultivation is fascinating work and peculiarly adapted to the artistic gifts of womanhood. Several women have succeeded in this line of work, and all began with little capital and little assistance or experience. Study, energy, watchful attention and specialization are the requisites for success in this work. One woman has a seed farm from which come special choice things—notably wonderful pansies of a glowing red shade found nowhere else. One woman who makes a specialty of petunias now enjoys the distinction of growing the finest petunias in the world. She began her work six years ago, and in that period has evolved from the dull colored flower of old fashioned gardens blossoms that rival orchids in their delicate beauty. Others are of such gorgeous tints that they look like living flames. She shades and blotches and tints the flowers in her garden with almost as much certainty of result as if she were using a brush and colors. The cosmos has been developed in another woman's garden from a tiny blossom into a great, satiny flower four inches across, showing a wide range of colors.

Hybridizing is a source of steady revenue. There is a constant demand for better forms and new or finer colors of standard flowers, and there is practically no limit to the possibilities of their development. The nasturtium is old fashioned and common, but a well known seedsmen paid \$100 for one plant in a beautiful coloring, and many times that sum would be paid for a pure white nasturtium.

A small beginning in the seed business need not imply much outlay. It is better to have an eye to the local market at first or to select something that will meet a certain demand, all the while keeping in view some specialty for the future. There is one grower who deals exclusively in cacti, but the demand for these curious forms of vegetable life is never met, and at least one cactus grower in every city could find a profitable field. There would be a distinct field in the growing of tropical fruits for window and decorative plants. Most of them are as hardy in the window and as easy of cultivation as geraniums, and their novelty alone is bound to attract attention. The woman who will educate people to the decorative value of tropic succulents—the aloes, agaves, semper vivums and yuccas—will find herself reaping a ready harvest. Their artistic possibilities are far beyond those of palms, made common by use, and most of the plants named will grow and thrive under conditions ordinarily favorable to plant life.

In every state there should be a good business in preserving the beautiful wild plants of the section and bringing them within reach of all gardens. Certain vines and shrubs plentiful in some localities are listed at extravagant prices by seedsmen as choice novelties, and there is a remunerative field in collecting such things for large dealers. It may be said on the best authority that a thorough knowledge of hybridizing is always a reliable means of gaining a livelihood.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Use of Feintistry. Black and silver is a coming popular combination. Buttons set with real gems are the correct thing if one can afford it. Separate waists and not "blouses," are what fashion dictates for the season.

Separate belts are no longer good form, as everything now savors of the princess effect. In the transparent yokes of the newest gowns there is no apparent shoulder seam. Palm leaves bid fair to rival the ever popular polka dot for fontinals, India silks and challies.

Red tulle, spangled with red paillettes, is likely to become exceedingly popular for evening frocks. "Mitten sleeve" done in fine shirred chiffon will be used to the exclusion of gloves during the season.

A lattice work of jets, beads or jewels, which, unlined, is used to cover arms and shoulders, is a late novelty for waists for semi-formal occasions.

Aguinaldo Once a Prisoner. There is a story in circulation among some of the army officers who have just returned to Washington from Manila that the army actually captured Aguinaldo in Cavite Province, put him in jail for 15 days as a suspicious Amigo and then released him only to hear of his identity after he had gotten away. The ability of the Philippine leader to make up as a Chinaman, or "Chino," as they are called in the Philippines, is said to be remarkable, and only a fellow native is able to penetrate such a disguise.

The Cowardice of Some Men. Most men are afraid of their babies, only they are more afraid to admit it to their wives.—New York Press.

KEYSTONE STATE NEWS CONDENSED

PENSIONS GRANTED.

Darlington Brick and Mining Company Organized—New Industry for Jeannette—Minor Happenings of the Week.

Pensions granted last week—Levi Shotts, Vandergrift, \$6; Andrew Donaldson, Mercer, \$8; James L. Dunn, Pittsboro, \$10; Edward Weaver, Conneaut Lake, \$6 to \$8; Henry Dial, Scottsdale, \$6 to \$8; John R. Kingsley, Cambridge Springs, \$6 to \$8; William Jellison, Irwin, \$6 to \$8; Benjamin Reichard, Sharpsville, \$14; Mariah Hawk, Irwin, \$8; Alexander H. Waring, Philipsburg, \$6 to \$8; Carson Malone, Burgastown, \$6 to \$8; James M. Chubbick, Waynesburg, \$6 to \$8; Jacob Fletcher, Somerset, \$6 to \$8; William P. Foust, Somerset, \$3 to \$10; Daniel S. Oyer, Chambersburg, \$6 to \$8; J. C. Bradley, Ebensburg, \$8 to \$10; Abram W. Shorts, Franklin, \$6 to \$8; George Winkup, Kane, \$9; Nancy S. Fulton, New Florence, \$8.

The reorganized Darlington Brick and Mining Company, with a capital of \$100,000, has purchased the old brick works at Darlington, and will proceed to fit it up with modern machinery, so that its capacity will be 10,000,000 bricks per season. The new company will go extensively into mining, having secured control of valuable coal lands in the vicinity of the brick works. A charter will be applied for.

The disappearance of Rev. J. H. Deyo, a retired minister of Saegertown, is still a mystery. He left his home on Monday, April 9, saying he would return in four hours, but is still absent. When he left the house his wife was lying at the point of death and two days later she died. Her funeral was held last Friday.

A gang of Italians and Huns who were set to work to exhume the bodies from the old Conneautville graveyard and to move them to the new cemetery, were first body. A gang of negroes then went to work, each wearing a rabbit's foot. But their superstition was so strong that they have also quit, pending negotiations for more pay.

Fire completely destroyed the Sharon fire brick works, owned by James V. Rose, causing a property loss exceeding \$20,000. The fire started in the south end of the plant, where the fire kilns were covered by a shed. The plant was practically new and there was less than \$100,000 insurance on it. Over 100 men are thrown out of employment.

The William G. Price Lead and Pipe Company, whose plant is in West Jeannette, has been reorganized and will be known as the American Foundry and Pipe Company. The new firm will manufacture pipe, cast iron, soil pipe and fittings, and will employ about 150 skilled workmen.

Some foreigners at work in a coal bank at Loyalsburg, near Lytbroe, found the body of an infant almost a year old, buried under some rubbish. The body apparently had been there several weeks. The coroner is investigating the matter.

Ligonier is to have a new industry for the manufacturing of all kinds of turned wood. The promoters are George E. Huff, Greensburg, president; J. N. Boucher, Greensburg, secretary. John Anderson, of this place, will be the manager.

Mary Hardy, a servant girl at the home of Clifford Hull, Irwin, had her right arm badly gashed by a knife in the hands of a tramp, in whose face she attempted to close a door after he had made a demand for food. The tramp escaped.

Russell Bros.' No. 5 oil well, on their farm near Plummer, Crawford county, is doing 150 barrels a day. The territory was very prolific in the early days. This latest strike is causing considerable activity in the surrounding territory.

After a fight lasting for several weeks the Grove City council decided to accept the offer of a \$30,000 public library from Andrew Carnegie, the town being required to furnish a site and a guarantee of \$1,500 a year for its maintenance.

David A. Carle, manager of McKee Bros.' factory at Jeannette, has been appointed manager of the flint glass factories under the control of the National Glass Company in Pennsylvania, Maryland, West Virginia and part of Ohio. William Carle will succeed him.

Clarence Corey, 10 years old, was killed, and Richard Bryant, another boy, fatally injured at Waymart, while coasting down an abandoned railroad plane. The car broke and the boys were hurled to their death.

The People's Water Company at Beaver Falls has let the contract to Alva Funkhouser for the construction of the new reservoir in the hills tops west of town. Its capacity will be 1,000,000 gallons.

The miners at the Madison and Claridge gas mines returned to work Monday morning, the operators having agreed to pay the same scale as at Irwin, abolish the standard weight and recognize pit committees.

Mrs. Pavarde, a dressmaker at the Morgana reform school, died at that institution Monday night from burns. She was standing near an open grate in the morning and her clothing became ignited.

FARM TOPICS

Keep Files and Use Them.

Every farmer may save in work performed by the men much more than the small cost of the files by keeping his hoes, shovels and spades well sharpened all the time. A dull hoe makes a dull hand behind it. No one can perform as much work with dull implements or with as much ease to himself as though he had sharp ones. Therefore, both the employer and employe are the losers by using them. A good strap or cross cut saw file costs but a few cents, and it is just the thing for sharpening a hoe. The farmer ought to carry a file with him to the field and keep all hoes sharp. There is economy in sharp tools of every description.

Feeding the Colt Correctly.

Good care, ample food and judicious exercise are the essentials in feeding the colt. By ample food is not meant overfeeding. Some grain should be fed during the summer, but not so much that the little fellow will be indisposed to eat freely of grass or other bulky food, for the latter is necessary to the proper development of his stomach and digestive organs. Two pounds of oats a day should be given to the colt after weaning, and he should be allowed to learn to eat some even before weaning. Vary the grain feed with barley or aven corn; and if, occasionally, ground grain in a thick slop is given, the effect will be good. But this feeding should be moderate, and not calculated to develop too much fat.

Changing Plans.

The farmer who is continually changing his breeds of stock or his favorite crops is very seldom a money maker. He is apt to find out that he made the change just a little too late. He sees some one making money on beef cattle, and he abandons dairy farming to breed fat cattle, only to learn that he ought to have bred hogs. He tries hogs, and becomes convinced that sheep are more profitable. He gives up a crop that he knows how to grow to take up some specialty that his neighbor has found a profitable one, and a few years' experience teaches him how to grow it, but it also teaches him that he could have bought his experience much cheaper. We do not mean that a man should not change his breeds of stock, his crops or his method of farming, but he will do well to make his changes gradually, and not part with a good thing every time he thinks any one else has a better thing.

Starting the Turkey Crop.

Turkeys hatched in April and May are the most profitable. The eggs are very frequently placed under some common domestic hens and the turkey hens are kept at laying. While this is frequently done, it is not the best plan, as the common hen makes a poor mother for the young turkeys, owing to their disposition being too active. Turkeys were expressly designed to take care of their offspring, and they know how to do this part of their work to perfection.

It requires twenty-eight days of incubation to bring out young turkeys. But the first twenty-four hours after they are hatched they require no food, but should then be removed from the nest to a clean, roomy coop and given their first meal of millet seed; after that, feed them for the first few weeks with stale bread moistened with milk, and some milk curd in connection with the millet seed. Cooked rice and oatmeal is also excellent food for them while young; their feed should be seasoned slightly with salt and pepper and a little bone meal added twice a week will be found beneficial.

Right Foundation With Boards.

When small buildings are erected upon the farm, there is a temptation, in the interest of economy, to omit the tight stone foundation and put the building on posts. This leaves the

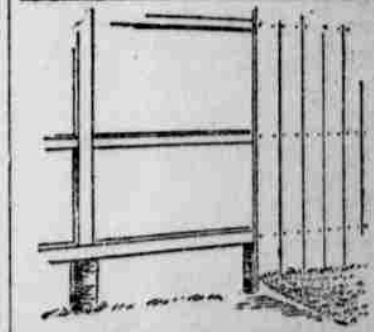


FIG. 1.—UP-AND-DOWN BOARDING.

building open beneath and permits the cold winds to reduce the temperature of the building. A plan is shown in the cut, Fig. 1, which obviates this. The walls are boarded up and down, using matched cedar boards, and allowing these to extend to the ground, as shown. A little soil is then banked up against the lower end which is grassed over quickly, making a light foundation, that will last many years.

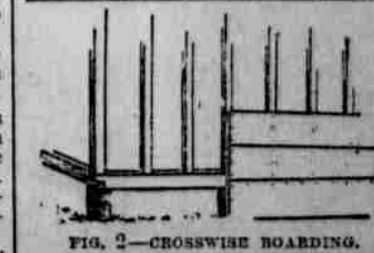


FIG. 2.—CROSSWISE BOARDING.

If the framing is made to use crosswise boarding, put on the latter as shown in Fig. 2, using a wide cedar board to extend from the sill down to the ground, and bank with a few inches of earth as then mentioned. The building can then be shingled or clapboarded.—New England Homestead.