

A LEAVE-TAKING.

Forgive me, but I cannot rest; My feet grow eager for the street; The God of roads and stars knew best, And wanted we should meet—

Why on each other's faces pore, And die but midway of our kind; While yet so much lies spread before, So little, friend, behind?

The Comedy of a Haystack.

By ADAM LILBURN.

Alice Fairburn and Margery Henderson were more like sisters than cousins, until a man came to interfere with their affection.

in' like that w-h-e-n my h-e-a-r-t's about breaking." (This with a sudden sob.) "I used to think she was fond of me. Never mind! She's shown herself in her true colors. It's not fair, after me saving up and buying her that nice lace collar. Those were sweet words Dan said to me last night as I came from the well. My word, wouldn't she be in a tantrum if she knew?"

But even the remembrance of past delights could not extract the sting from present sorrow; and Margery's song, sounding from the stairs with a note of defiance in it, drove the love-lorn damsel out of the house, hands to ears. She fairly ran until she reached the stackyard, where she paused, breathless.

Alice and Margery were accounted the two most attractive girls in the neighborhood and formed a charming contrast; Alice being of the fair and sentimental type, while Margery's eyes were dark and absolutely sparkled with fun and mischief.

The place was deserted, for the men were all off at the village, as is customary on Saturday nights. Looking around for a secure hiding place, she presently espied a haystack from which a huge pile had been taken away at the top. Whoever it was that had been last engaged there had left standing the ladder by which he had mounted; and this served Alice's purpose, for she ascended to find herself the sole inhabitant of a snug and lofty little world.

This until Dan Hedley sowed suspicion and jealousy where before was caught but love and kindness. He was playing a risky game, making love to both of them, but the danger added zest, and it is possible that he did not know his own mind.

He laughed rather unsteadily. "I cannot help what folks choose to say, or to think either, if she's said anything of that nature to you, you may take my word for it because she's jealous. Don't believe her! I've said nothing to her that the world might hear."

As neither of the girls was of the nature to tolerate or find amusement in infidelity, Dan required to exercise considerable tact to steer his course, and how he eventually intended to steer clear of shoals, since bigamy is a punishable offense, is not known; for fate took matters into its own hands and brought Dan's double courtship to a somewhat abrupt termination.

"It was not kind of Alice to take things that way," she said, as she got down the milk pails preparatory to going milking; "she knows I mean no harm, if I have a sharp tongue. Silly girl! But I'm terribly sorry, all the same. She's not as strong as I, and like enough she'll cry herself into a fever tonight. Oh, I wonder if Dan's worth all this bother?"

A strained condition of affairs was perceptible between the cousins one afternoon in late summer. Margery began it by finding fault with Alice for spending too much time in making the butter, and consequently keeping the expressman waiting who called for it every week.

"What's the matter?" cried the girl below; "father's now passing; look sharp or he'll see you."

Now if there was one thing more than another upon which Alice prided herself it was the perfection of the butter she sent to market, and as the morning had been sultry she had experienced considerable difficulty in bringing her present lot up to the mark.

"So I'm a silly girl who couldn't tempt a fellow like you?" exclaimed the owner of the said eyes. "I'll tell you what. If you come a step nearer I'll overturn the ladder and break your neck. That's how silly I am, you conceited fool!"

"If you're not satisfied with my work I think it's high time I went elsewhere," she exclaimed, her cheek flushing, and her blue eyes shining through a mist of tears; "I dare say there are folks that would suit you better, even if they should make butter like cart grease! As for me, there's no need to be beholden to you, while I've got hand to work for my bread. Ah, it's you that's mistress here, though you never made me feel that before!"

"Save us," groaned the man, as he scrambled to earth again. "If I'm not betwixt the devil and the deep sea!" Margery made a mocking bow. "And which is which, Dan?" she inquired with a burst of merry laughter. "My word, but it's a terrible business this! Now isn't it a shame you can't marry us both?"

"It's not far you are thinkin' of traveling," retorted Margery, sharply; "but it's never safe to count your eggs as chickens. Ay, an it's nasty of you to be blowing about your position. My conscience is clear on that point, anyway; father's treated us both alike, hasn't he, now?"

Dan looked sheepish as he slunk off, but he recovered his spirits pretty soon and declared that the best thing that a fellow could do was to marry a woman with money, especially now that farming paid so badly.

"Oh, yes, but your father's not you, Margery!" There was a retort on Margery's tongue, but she managed to suppress it. Her superior position as daughter of the house had its responsibilities, but had also its disadvantages, for Alice took an exasperatingly humble tone, and the pride that apex humility can be extremely offensive at times.

"But Alice and Margery slept that night with their arms around each other, and learned to laugh over the comedy of the haystack.—New York Weekly.

"What? Is it me ye're upbraiding? Margery, woman, if you could just take a peep into my heart at this

A DEMAND FOR GROOMS.

Breeders of horses are continually on the lookout for good men, men whom they believe they can trust to go ahead and do the work aright and who will take a proper interest in their charges.

A COMPETENT MAN GETS HIS OWN TERMS FROM BREEDERS.

There is Room in the Business for All Grades of Intelligence—Not a Hard Apprenticeship—The Rewards Are Great and Sure.

That good groomers are scarce may be discovered quickly if a search is made. That they can command good pay is equally a fact. It is strange then that the supply is not equal to the demand. There was a time perhaps when there was somewhat of derogation attaching to the groom's position, but nowadays nothing of the sort obtains, providing that the man himself is of good class and conducts himself as such.

For the last few years men capable of feeding and fitting show cattle, sheep and swine have been turned out in fairly large numbers by the experiment stations, but we do not know of one individual who has come from such a school with any extensive knowledge of feeding and conditioning horses for show or work.

She looked tenderly at him, and he managed to leave a very creditable sigh. She was beginning to really enjoy the part she was playing, and feel delighted at her ability to play it.

A great many different qualifications are included under the general head groom. The man who may be an expert in the care of one sort of horse may know very little about the care of other sorts; indeed the men who are competent to condition properly light and heavy horses are scarce indeed. There is no reason why this should be as the same general principles apply in the care of all horses.

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This necessity for education becomes all the more apparent when it is considered that a man must be intelligent to make a good groom. The duffers never graduate beyond the stage of cleaning out the stalls, carrying water and the like. From the position of groom to that of foreman is not a long step; from that of foreman to manager is no longer, but to be a really good manager, the man must thoroughly understand how the work should be done and to do that he must be able on a pinch to perform the tasks himself.

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There is no difference in social grade among the Indians, no social ostracism, no "four hundred." All meet at the dance on an absolute equality. The dances are usually held in tepees, two of them being pitched facing each other. In one of them half a dozen Indian bucks are squatted around a drum, each furnished with a stick for the purpose of making "music," and this is the entire orchestra. Each man has a particular place on the drum to beat.

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The men find their way to the tepee where the drum is beating and the women squat around the tepee that has been arranged for dancing. When the crowd of would-be dancers is thought sufficiently large, the women intimate what they would like to dance and the drummers begin their monotonous beating.

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It is curious, but it is also a fact that at all of these Indian dances the leader is always a woman. The women all squat around the tepee until sufficiently inspired to take the center of the floor; the woman that does this first is the leader for that figure. She will dance around all alone for a moment or two and then up to some buck whom she chooses for a partner; then they dance around for a while and each takes a partner of the opposite sex. This continues until there is room for no more couples.

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This is continued for perhaps 20 minutes, when the music ceases, the partners separate and each returns to his or her former place. There are any number of very pretty "figures" danced in this way. One that I recall is the "sign dance." After dancing around for a few minutes a woman will take a man, lead him into a circle, placing him on opposite her, both in the meantime dancing hard. Then she will talk to him in the sign language of the red men something after this manner:

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"What do you think of me, my buck; I am ready for you to make love to me."

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His answer is in the sign language and he is at liberty to respond as he desires without giving the least offense. Frequently these sign conversations during the dance are outbursts of wit and sarcasm, which are received by the onlookers with great shouts of laughter and applause as the little thrushes are sent home.—Indianapolis Sentinel.

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There is no doubt that the demand for competent grooms will remain active from this time forward. There is room for all high grades of intelligence. Some men are not born to reach beyond the grade of foreman. Some are not born to reach even as high, but the young man of average mind can readily master the principles required. This is not an argument to prove that there is nothing much in the care of horses, for there is, but there is no sleight of hand nor hocus focus about the business. It is merely straightforward work which must be learned somewhere, somehow.

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Turning now to the ramifications of the business it is not necessary to enumerate all the various lines in which a groom may succeed. A few of these branches will suffice. There is the head man in the thoroughbred stable, the head man in the trotting stable, the feeder of draft horses, of hackneys, of coach horses, the man who can show horses well in the ring, and a dozen others, all of whom earn excellent wages and whose services are in constant demand. It is within four knowledge that a sustained search to find a man competent to educate and show coach and hackney horses in the ring has borne no fruit during the last three months or more. Wages have not been considered. A competent man might name his own terms, but he has not been found. We are aware also of an unsuccessful attempt that has been made to obtain a feeder of draft horses competent to do a little rough work on some, rather backward animals and despite the proffer

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A WOMAN ON THE TRAIL.

The Ideal Dress for an Outing That Will Suit Every One.

My husband was always a fisherman and a hunter, and like other outdoor men, never knows when to come home; so that despite my entreaties and "tussing," as he called it, he was always coming in long after dark.

SCIENCE NOTES.

A new Swiss watch contains a tiny hard rubber phonograph plate which calls out the hours loud enough to be heard 20 feet away.

The amount of albumen necessary in man's food has been proven by French physiologists to be much less than has been supposed. From three to five ounces daily was once thought to be required, but later investigators found that 2-1/2 and even 1-1/2 ounces would suffice.

The world's greatest collection of meteorites have been those of Vienna, London and Paris, but the largest number of falls is now represented in the Ward-Coolley collection in its temporary New York home. Of about 680 meteorites known, this collection contains 603, of 43 masses than the Vienna collection. The specimens number about 1600, with a total weight of 5509 pounds.

Eucaine, the new local anesthetic, is adapted for many operations where chloroform cannot be used on account of heart weakness. It is injected under the skin at the point of incision. Cutting may begin in a few moments without pain, and more of the drug is dropped in at intervals of a few minutes as new portions of tissue are exposed. A recent successful operation in London was continued an hour and a half.

The accelerometer, designed for measuring the power exerted in starting a train and to indicate the proper speed for curves, is the invention of F. M. Gilley, a teacher of physics. It consists essentially of two glass vessels connected by a tube and containing liquid such as mercury and a red alcohol. As the train starts, the liquid passing from the forward glass to the rear one—shown by suitable graduations—indicates the force exerted, and in the same way the instrument, when placed on its side, makes evident the jerk or centrifugal force in rounding a curve.

Heat is radiated faster than it is received, causing frost. The temperature has to be 32 degrees at the point where the frost forms, but it is not necessary for the air above to be at the same temperature. Frost at 45 degrees is extremely rare, and would only occur in low valleys and on a night on which the air was full of moisture, the sky clear and the wind still. The cooler air being heaviest settles into the low places, and the cloudless sky permits rapid radiation of heat, and frost could form on the ground where the temperature would be 32 degrees, although up above in the air the temperature might be 45 degrees.

Any woman will find this outfit with perhaps some slight modifications, to fit her own individual taste, almost the ideal dress for an outing trip anywhere.—Rena A. Phillips, in Outlook.

Too Much George Sand. "We are sated with George Sand and her centenary these days," continues Fifi. "The non-romanticists consider it rather a bore. The book stalls have a dozen new books about her and an ocean of reminiscences in newspapers and reviews. You have to face every day long articles about Sand and her lovers, Alfred de Musset, Jules Sandeau, Chopin, and Ducot Pagello of Venice, likewise concerning Maurice Sand's puppets at No-hant and his mother's pet animals, favorite dishes and views on politics.

"Sicard's beautiful monument to George Sand was unveiled in the Luxembourg garden in the presence of a large company, which included the two granddaughters of the authoress, Jules Claretie unveiled the statue, and in a brief speech, thanked the authorities for the site.

"Then the Comedie Francaise produced 'Claudie,' her second play, for the first time. It first saw the light at the Porte Saint-Martin in January, 1851, and was very successful.

"We are next to have a Musset revival, which will be fairly interesting. De Musset, although once denounced as a feeble Byron, is still read and appreciated.

A Matter of Postage. "Postage is something of an item in our business," said the general manager of a corporation that supplies one of the necessities of life. "We have 20,000 accounts which have to be squared every month. We mail a statement—2 cents; the customer mails a check—2 cents; we mail a receipt—2 cents. Thus it costs our customers \$400 a month to settle their obligations, or \$4800 a year. Naturally, we are in favor of one cent postage. A two cent stamp is a small matter in the abstract, and people who write a few dozen letters a year don't mind it, but when a correspondent requires the purchase of 48,000 stamps a year the item assumes a magnitude that commands respect."

The Remains of Strauss. The remains of John Strauss, the first of the family to win great musical distinction, have been exhumed from the old cemetery at Dobling, which is to be closed. The body was in almost perfect preservation, though his violin, which was buried with him, had decayed to dust.

Artistic Tooled Leather. Tooled leather is one of the latest types of decorative work to which self-supporting women are turning their attention. The decoration is applied to skins to be used as covers for the library table, divan or chair; also for sofa pillows and portfolio and book covers. The effect is like carving, and sometimes illumination is employed with excellent results.

Brown leather forms an excellent background when oak leaf sprays are used for a design, and this is most effective for a library table cover. Maple leaf sprays are good also, and so are chestnut leaves and hurs. A sofa pillow showing a design of peacock feathers, the leather trimmed at the edge and laced to the pillow with slender leather thongs, is beautiful. Gold feathers are illuminated, and gold touches are introduced here and there into them.