

**THE TREMBLING HEART.**

I lift my head and walk my ways  
Before the world without a tear,  
And bravely unto those I meet  
I smile a message of good cheer;  
I give my lips to laugh and song,  
And somehow get me through each day;  
But oh, the tremble in my heart  
Since she has gone away!

Her feet had known the stinging thorns,  
Her eyes the blistering tears;  
Best woe her shoulders with the weight  
And sorrow of the years;  
The lines were deep upon her brow,  
Her hair was thin and gray;  
And oh, the tremble in my heart  
Since she has gone away!

I am not sorry, I am glad;  
I would not have her here again;  
God gave her strength life's bitter cup  
Unto the bitterest drug to drain.  
I will not have less strength than she,  
I proudly tread my stony way;  
But oh, the tremble in my heart  
Since she has gone away!

—Ella Higginson.

**Home Again.**

The lately acquired suit case actually belonging to Parkin Jones was lying on its glossy, bright, yellow side, just as it had been dropped, with the more familiar scuffed family valise, between the dining table and the wall, in defiance of all rules of order. Parkin Jones' new derby hat reposed on the table cloth. Parkin Jones himself was pinned in the faded Morris chair with the comfortably broken springs by young Parkin and Lauretta, who were crumpling all shape out of his smart new suit. Baby Jones was gnawing at the extended tip of his patent-leather shoe, unregarded by his fond mother, who, flushed with the glow of the recklessly flaring gas log, sat at Jones' feet with one plump hand on an unoccupied part of his knee.

"You looked so grand coming along we hardly knew you," said Mrs. Jones, with a loving little pat on the burdened knee.

Jones smiled complacently. "Pretty swell guy, ain't I?" he said.

"Ouch! How many new teeth has that infant accumulated since I've been gone? Quit it, you sneeze! What makes him so fond of shoes, I wonder?"

"It's the blacking," explained young Jones. "It's got sweet in it. I tasted it."

"I knowed you, papa," said Lauretta, burrowing into his shoulder with her curly head. "I knowed you desse ve moment I saw you."

"Did you, sweetness?" asked Jones hugging her. "Well, tell me what's been happening, mother."

"There's three new puppies over at—" began the boy.

"Hush!" said his mother, raising a warning finger. "Let your papa talk. My! nobody can get a word in edgeways. You've got to tell first, father. Tell us all about every-thing."

"Tell us!" begged the chorus.

"Can't you wait?" asked Jones.

"Aren't you going to give me time to get my breath?"

"No!" was the shouted reply.

"Very well, then," said Jones. "I started last Monday week, went away, away off to Pittsburg and got safely back home five minutes ago. Now tell me about the puppies, son."

"There's three of them—"

"Des as cute!" added Lauretta.

"Children!" said Mrs. Jones.

"Wait now. We'll hear all about the puppies later on. I want to hear what your magnificent father has been doing with himself. I have my suspicions."

Jones pinched her cheek.

"Tell me, dear, did everything go all right?"

"Smooth as velvet," replied Jones.

"There wasn't any work to it—hardly. It was just a pleasure jaunt—regular junket the whole time. Private car going down."

"What!" ejaculated Mrs. Jones.

"That's what I'm telling you. Why, what do you think? Do you suppose that the great and only Burmerly was going to travel like ordinary mortals in just a common ordinary Pullman? Well, I guess not. I hardly think he would have requested Parkin Jones, esquire, to give him the pleasure of his company if he hadn't been prepared to do the thing in the style to which the Honorable Parkin Jones has been accustomed."

Jones chuckled at this joke and Mrs. Jones joined heartily. The children went into shouts of laughter, whereat Jones and Mrs. Jones laughed the more.

"Private car," resumed Jones; "private cook, private porter and Burmerly's own private vally."

"Was he nice to you?" asked Mrs. Jones, rather anxiously.

"The vally? Well, yes, considering his position. He unbended quite a little."

"Goose! I mean Mr. Burmerly."

"Treated me like a prince. I hadn't any idea he could be so nice. He's all right, for all that hang-you-don't-care-to-presume way he's got. Once or twice he was almost jolly. Yes, it was 'anything you want, touch the button,' and the meals we got on that trip! Whew! Game, fish, steaks three inches thick, and—say! I never knew there were such steaks. And I ate right with his imperial nibs."

"I should think you did!" said Mrs. Jones, with a flash in her pretty dark eyes. "The idea!"

"I didn't know but he'd give me a handout on the rear platform," said Jones, jocularly. "And I met all manner of magnates."

"I'm so glad you got that suit," murmured Mrs. Jones.

"It did happen pretty well, didn't it? Made me feel good, too. Two hours to get ready wasn't much notice, eh?"

"I should think not. Then you think he liked—"

"I know he did. As I say, there wasn't much work to do, take it all round; but once or twice I had to hustle. The old gentleman's a fiend for setting a pace, but when we got through he gave quite a successful imitation of a smile. 'We cleaned that up in pretty good shape,' he says. 'Jones, how long have you been with us?' And when I told him he says, 'Hah!' and looked thoughtful. Another time he said: 'I don't seem to miss Ridgely at all.'"

"Really?"

"Honest. And when we met Gibbuns at Hookerburg, he introduced me as if I had been an old friend of his and began to talk business right away. Gibbuns raised his eyebrows and sort of looked at me and Burmerly said, 'You can talk before Mr. Jones.' You see I'm Burmerly's confidential man."

"You ought to have said, 'Yes, I'm paid well to be trusted—\$25 a week.'"

"I know that's what I should have said," said Jones, smiling. "But I have a foolish streak once in a while; I just kept my head closed. But I have what is known as a bunch."

"Papa," said Jones, junior, "those puppies—"

"Parkin!" said his mother.

"We stopped at the Gibbuns mansion palace in Clydale—automobiled out there, and if you had seen my room! Such a magnificent! Rugs so thick and soft it was like walking on I don't know what. Furniture! Gorgeous bathroom with silver faucets and pier glasses. Servants and flunkies and table cloths with lace edges and china that scared me to death. Man came up to know if he could help me dress. Oh, maybe I wasn't treated well! I saw Ridgely's wife, Style!"

"What did she wear?" asked Mrs. Jones, looking down at her own bargain silk waist.

"Don't ask me," replied Jones.

"Suppose some day we had all those things," mused Mrs. Jones. "If Mr. Burmerly has taken such a fancy to you he'll give you something better now, and then—What a beautiful time you must have had!"

"The darnedest, most uncomfortable time I ever had in my life," said Jones. "Here, I want my old coat and slippers—my old slippers. Get off me, you scaramouches. Mother, what have you got the cloth laid for? You don't mean to say you are going to feed me! What's for supper?"

"I suppose after all the lovely things you've been—"

"What's for supper?" reiterated Jones, embracing her.

"It's—It's Irish stew," faltered Mrs. Jones.

Jones took his hat from the table, threw it in the air and dexterously caught it. "Hooray!" he cried. "I thought of it, but I hardly dared hope for it. Now I'll have a square meal at last. Children, leave my legs alone. Let's all go out to the kitchen and help mother. There's no place like home. Irish stew."—Chicago News.

**THE HAWK AND THE SQUIREL.**  
A Contest in the Wilds of California Related.

Driving down the gentle slopes of Sonoma Mountain—the mountain is 2340 feet high—we observed a very large hawk—the largest of the hawks, a large brown-spotted fellow, perhaps rightly an eagle—perched on the fence by the roadside. As we approached, he flew quartering toward us, dove down at the foot of a rocky hill and arose in the air carrying a full-grown gray ground squirrel in his talons. This squirrel is nearly the size of the timber gray squirrel of the east, and looks very much like it, except that it usually has several light-colored bars on its sides, and old specimens are of a lighter earthy gray. It lives in holes in the ground, usually in dry, rocky places.

The hawk flew about fifty yards, when the squirrel reached up and bit him on the leg. This squirrel has a very tough hide, sharp, strong teeth, and is a fighter from away back. The hawk at once released his talons, but the squirrel hung on with his teeth quite a little time, and then dropped to the ground and started for his rocky home. The hawk flew down 100 yards further and alighted on the fence. The squirrel was injured somewhat, but made very good time back. The hawk waited until he was within a few yards of home when he darted for him again and arose with him. This last flight of the hawk showed with what wonderful velocity the great bird could pass through the air. The hawk had flown only two or three rods when the squirrel bit him again, and he dropped it. The poor squirrel was now badly used up, but he did his best to get under cover. The hawk again perched on the fence. The squirrel had reached within a few feet of its burrow when the hawk started for him again. This time he seized the now well nigh helpless squirrel securely with both feet and sat down on his tail—the hawk's tail—stretched out his legs to their fullest extent and stretched his head and neck away back out of danger, and so held his victim until his struggles were over, and then he flew up on an old tree to enjoy his dinner; and the show was over.—California, in Forest and Stream.

From the hawkbill turtle of the Caribbean Sea comes the tortoise shell of commerce.



**FOR THE FARMER AND STOCKMAN**

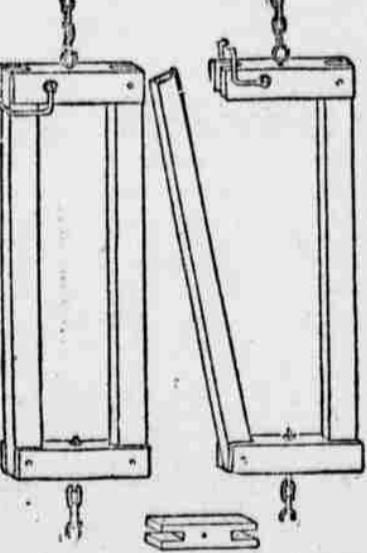
**Sell Poor Cows.**

The figures of really representative herds must mean something to the thoughtful farmer. The herd of low production and the individual cows that do not return the owner a net profit of \$12 or \$15 per year scarcely justify this investment of money, time and labor in keeping them. A study of these herds shows that the economical thing to do is to sell the poor cows to the butcher as fast as they can be replaced with better producers. The latter can be accomplished either by more judicious buying or by raising the heifer calves of high-producing mothers mated to a pure-bred sire having a line of such mothers in his ancestry.

This is not so difficult to do when once the dairyman sets his standard of a cow, determines definitely what kind of a cow he will buy or produce, and goes after that cow instead of taking something else that may be cheaper or easier to get. The greatest practical difficulty is in discovering what cows are poor and how poor they are. This is quite easily done—in just one way—by weighing and testing the milk of each cow often enough throughout the milking period to get a fair estimate of her worth. Scales and a Babcock test cost but a few dollars and their use may easily lead to an improvement of the herd that will add hundreds to the profit annually. Should not every dairyman ask (and answer) the question, "On which side of the profit line—and how far from it—is my herd and every individual in it?"—Indianapolis News.

**Home-Made Cow Stanchion.**

F. G. Semple, a Canadian farmer, furnishes Farm and Fireside with his plan of making cow stanchions. He says he has used both chains and the old stationary stanchion, but has come to consider his plan superior to either of them. The figure at the right in the illustration shows the stanchion closed. The one at the left represents the stanchion as it appears when open.



Plan of Making Cow Stanchion.

The two sides are made of hardwood four feet long, one and a quarter inches thick and two and a half inches wide. The end pieces are of hardwood, and are one foot long and three and a quarter inches square. They are mortised to receive the side pieces, as shown in the sketch at bottom of illustration. The sides are fixed to the ends with bolts, which being loose enough so it is movable. When the side falls, as shown on the figure on the right-hand side, the clevis raises and when the side comes back into position again the clevis falls as shown in the left-hand figure and holds it securely. Mr. Semple says this stanchion, including material, labor, etc., should cost from sixty to seventy-five cents each.

**Thinking of an Orchard?**

Numerous apple orchards are planted from which no adequate returns are made for the amount of work performed. Oftentimes the trees are purchased from some pettipec and irresponsible tree peddler. The trees are planted according to the best methods, but a failure to protect them against rabbits or other vermin causes the destruction of probably a fourth of the number the first winter after they are planted.

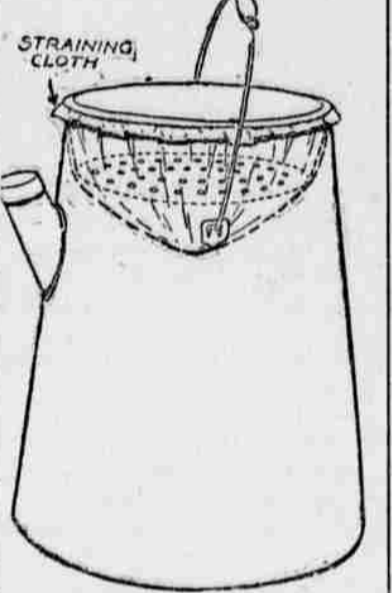
The following summer the land may be planted in some crop requiring clean cultivation, as potatoes, tobacco, cabbage or tomatoes, and in the plowing of these crops it often happens that more pains are taken to protect a cabbage or tobacco plant than a fruit tree.

The result is that many are skipped by the singletree or trace chains and irretrievably damaged. If such a tree should survive, it will never prove healthy or prolific in the yield of apples. After the trees are large enough to be in full bearing, no efforts are made to protect them by spraying against the numerous insect enemies. The bark of the tree cracks, and these cracks soon encircle the tree and the tree dies. An orchard, to be profitable, requires the greatest care. The land must be fertilized from time to time. Weeds, bushes and briars must be kept down. The trees

must be watched carefully, and any appearance of disease must be arrested by proper remedies. Unless the orchard receives careful attention, it will prove a waste of time and a lumberer of the land.—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

**The Yankee Milk Pail.**

While cities are demanding a better quality of milk and health officers are doing their best to make the farmer sit up and take notice, my method of obtaining the simon pure article may be of interest. Dust proof ceilings and walls, whitewashed interiors, clipped cows, white duck suits, etc., are all well enough, but farmers are few who will pay any attention to such rules. The combination of the Hoard stall (plans for which appeared in the Tribune Farmer not long ago) and the covered milk pail produce the desired result for me. The first essential is a clean cow. The Hoard stall will take care of the cow—she couldn't get dirty if she would. Our



The Yankee Milk Pail.

cows come out of the barn in the spring as clean as they are when on pasture. Make no mistake about the stall; this stall is the ideal method for tying up cows.

Next in importance is the covered pail. Mine is made after my own ideas, and looks something like an ordinary milk pail turned upside down—small end up. The top is seven inches in diameter. A shallow pan two inches deep fits tight in the top and is fastened there. A few holes one-sixteenth of an inch in diameter in the bottom of the pan near the centre let the milk run through into the pail. The spout of the pail has a tight fitting cover. One or two thicknesses of strainer cloth are slipped under the pan before it is fastened in place, and the result is a dust and dirt proof pail. There is no patent on this pail.

To work this combination I proceed about as follows: I take my pail and stool and sit down by the cow, tie her tail, milk out the fore-milk, wipe her sides and udder with a cloth, and proceed to milk into the shallow pan. The milk strikes the holes in the pan, through the strainer cloth and into the pail, where it is practically sealed from outside conditions. It comes in contact with the air of the barn only while it is passing from the teat to the pan—a distance of perhaps six inches. I have received many helps from the Tribune Farmer, and hope this will point the way for cleaner milk for others.—L. R. Hall, in the New York Tribune Farmer.

**Farm Notes.**

Whatever may be said for or against the practice of dehorning, breeding the horns off is the better way.

The farmer should take active interest in the condition of the roads of his town. Their excellence increases the value of the farm.

The entomologists of the Department of Agriculture have found that the common red ant and the larvae of a wasp fly are the best parasites for the boll weevil.

Probably not half the farmers give lime in any form to their fowls. Those who do not can hardly expect the fowls to be particularly generous to them in the supply of eggs, or in thickness of shell on those they do furnish.

Wherever sheep feed new sweet grasses flourish and weeds are destroyed. For this reason farmers should raise more of them, if for no other. But there are several other and equally good reasons why every farm should have its flock of these useful animals.

When feeding meat to hens do not use the fatty parts. The object in feeding meat to hens is to supply them with nitrogen and albumen and not fat, as the grain contains all the fat and starch they require and in a cheap form. If the fat is fed it does not assist in any way to provide material for eggs, but rather retards than assists laying.

**POPULAR SCIENCE**

Gold beaten out into a leaf 1-200,000 of an inch in thickness becomes translucent, and the light rays penetrating it give it a greenish hue.

The Prince of Monaco is again afloat on science bent. This time he has called for Spitzbergen to prosecute his investigations as to the currents of the upper air.

Glass bathtubs are being made in Germany and are said to have advantages over the metal and enamel, the principal one being that they are much cheaper. They are made in solid piece, and one can be turned out complete in about five minutes.

Carbon dioxide is a colorless gas. It can be dissolved in cold water. It possesses a pungent smell and an acid taste. If you inhale it you die in a very short time from asphyxiation. Yet your lungs exhale it continually as long as life lasts. It is a product of respiration. Physicians use it carefully to cure whooping cough, asthma and hiccoughs. Surgeons use it as a local anaesthetic. In solution—as in soda water—it is an excellent refrigerant and stomachic. It cools and tones the system.

Cut glass makers explain why it is that there are frequent reports of cut glass suddenly breaking or crumbling on a table, shelf or sideboard in homes and elsewhere although the glass was not in use. They assert that whenever the tone of any cut glass article comes into contact with its responsive chord the life of the glass will go with the tone by which it is affected, and the glass collapses or crumbles. It is on record a famous opera singer could break cut glassware by reaching high C in her singing.

Although the production of crude petroleum in America is making enormous strides every year, the bulk of this comes from new territories which yield heavy oils containing little or no spirit. In fact, the fields which have in the past supplied the world with petroleum spirit and the high-class illuminating oils are, it is said, falling, so much so that the centre of production is no longer in the Eastern States, but lies equally between the Gulf States and California. Recent work in the mid-continental fields shows, however, that there is a prospect of the supply of high-grade oils being increased.—Engineering.

**POSSIBILITIES OF THE TROLLEY.**

**Strategy Proposed for the Conquest of the Suburban Traffic.**

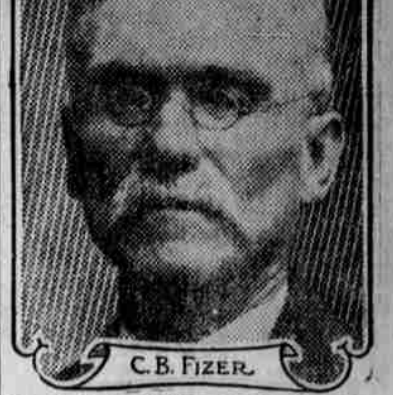
Transportation by trolley has gone through three stages, and will in due time enter upon a fourth. The first of these was the intra-urban traffic, in which passengers were carried from place to place within the same city. The second stage was that of suburban traffic, which became necessary with the growth of outlying districts adjacent to the cities in which the lines had been laid. The third stage was the inter-urban traffic, begun originally to connect nearby cities, such as Minneapolis and St. Paul, and gradually extending further and further until cities of the first rank, such as New York and Boston, were connected by continuous lines. Projects are now under way to unite many more of the larger cities north of the Potomac and Ohio in a network of trolley connections. More progress has been made in the Central West in this phase of development than anywhere else in the country, with the possible exception of New England.

The fourth stage might be described as that of the trunk line. Within the last few days an announcement has been made of a proposed air line electric route between New York and Chicago, reduced to a distance of 742 miles, the run to be made in ten hours. The Pennsylvania Railroad line between Chicago and New York is 912 miles. The electric air line route would thus cut off 170 miles, or 18.6 per cent. of the steam road distance.

Assuming that an electric trunk line between Chicago and New York is financially and otherwise practicable, and this is open to question, the strategic value of such a project is such as possibly to have a far reaching effect on the whole trunk line situation. If electric lines could eventually parallel the trunk lines to the Atlantic and Gulf seaports their influence on the railroad situation might not stop with passenger traffic. They would begin to tell sooner or later on freight conditions. They would not simply figure as feeders of the railroads, as they are now generally doing, but possibly reduce the ton mile rate of freight to a new low basis of cost. The average revenue per ton mile for the year ending June 30, 1903, was 0.762 cent, and for 1904, 0.789 cent. This is the lowest average cost of any railroad system in the world, but cannot be accepted as finality. The probable effect of electric line construction on railway rates would not only be found to influence through freights, but might be still more marked in its effect upon local freight rates. This is doubtless a far look ahead, but the development of electric power has been so rapid and marvelous that its possible future growth becomes a subject of fascinating interest.—The Wall Street Journal.

**KIDNEY TROUBLE**

Suffered Two Years—Relieved in Three Months.



**C. B. FIZER.**  
M. R. C. B. FIZER, Mt. Sterling, Ky., writes: "I have suffered with kidney and bladder trouble for ten years past. Last March I commenced using Peruna and continued for three months. I have not used it since, nor have I felt a pain."

**Peru-na For Kidney Trouble.**

Mrs. Geo. H. Sinsler, Grant, Ontario, Can., writes: "I had not been well for about four years. I had kidney trouble, and, in fact, felt badly nearly all the time. This summer I got so very bad I thought I would try Peru-na, so I wrote to you and began at once to take Peru-na and Manalin. I took only two bottles of Peru-na and one of Manalin, and now I feel better than I have for some time. I feel that Peru-na and Manalin cured me and made a different woman of me altogether. I bless the day I picked up the little book and read of Peru-na. It is the business of the kidneys to remove from the blood all poisonous materials. They must be active all the time, else the system suffers. There are times when they need a little assistance. Peru-na is exactly this sort of a remedy. It has saved many people from disaster by rendering the kidneys service at a time when they were not able to bear their own burdens."

**Alcohol From Sawdust.**

Samples of alcohol made from sawdust have been sent to the Department of Agriculture from one of the big sawmills, where the work is being done on a commercial scale; that is to say, a distilling plant has been installed, which is turning out several barrels of alcohol daily, though no figures are available as to the actual cost of manufacture compared with wood alcohol or that from grain. The interesting point about the sawdust alcohol is that it is a wood alcohol, having none of the properties of that fluid, but is an ethyl alcohol that cannot be told from that made from grain. The difference is that the sawdust has been treated with an acid, transforming it into dextrose, and is then distilled in the regular way. If the work can be done at a profit, and the indications from the work of the company point to this being a fact, it will not only make a valuable by-product out of the sawdust that has heretofore been an intolerable nuisance to the sawmills, but it will open up a way to make alcohol profitable from straw, cane, cornstalks and almost any other vegetable refuse.—Kansas City Journal.

**Why Alligators Are Scarce.**

Alligators are scarce and the children of the wealthy are largely responsible for it. The demand for young saurians has greatly increased since it has become a fad to carry them stuffed as playthings. It is not unusual on pleasant days to see children, accompanied by nurse maids, carrying a young alligator by the tail. The mouths of the creatures are wide open, and they are made as realistic as the art of the taxidermist can render them. Most of the stuffed pets are from a foot to 19 inches long. Their appearance, especially when they are taken to the enclosure where real alligators bask in the sun, at first fills the beholder with wonder and dismay.—New York Times.

**If You Read This**

It will be to learn that the leading medical writers and teachers of all the schools of practice recommend, in strongest terms possible, each and every ingredient entering into the composition of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery for the cure of weak stomach, dyspepsia, catarrh of stomach, liver complaint, torpid liver, biliousness, chronic bowel affections, and all catarrhal diseases of whatever region, name or nature. It is also a specific remedy for all such chronic or long standing cases of catarrhal affections and their results, as bronchitis, throat and lung disease (except consumption) accompanied with severe coughs. It is not so good for acute colds and coughs, but for lingering, or chronic cases it is especially efficacious in producing perfect cures. It contains Black Cherry bark, Golden Seal root, Bloodroot, Stone root, Mandrake root and Queen's root—all of which are highly praised as remedies for all the above mentioned affections by such eminent medical writers and teachers as Prof. Bartholow, of Jefferson Medical College; Prof. Hare, of the Univ. of Pa.; Prof. Finley, of Howard, M. D., of Benning Medical College, Chicago; Prof. John King, M. D., of Cincinnati; Prof. John M. Scudder, M. D., of Cincinnati; Prof. Edwin M. Hale, M. D., of Hahnemann Medical College, Chicago, and scores of others, equally eminent in their several schools of practice.

The "Golden Medical Discovery" is the only medicine put up for sale in any drugstore for like purposes that has any such professional endorsement—words more than any number of letters or testimonials. Open publicity of its formula is the best possible guaranty of its merits. A glance at this published formula will show that "Golden Medical Discovery" contains no poisonous, harmful, habit-forming drugs and no alcohol, opium, or any other deleterious ingredients. It is pure, triple-refined glycerine in its base. Glycerine is entirely non-toxic and besides is a most useful in the cure of all stomach and intestinal, throat and lung affections. It is the highest medical authority in use in all such cases. The "Dr." is a concentrated glyceric extract medicinal roots and is safe and reliable. A booklet of extracts from medical authorities, endorsing this medicine, free on request. Dr. E. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.