

Love led the way with roses and the sunshine in her hair.  
 And her lithe songs were blended with the perfume in the air.  
 One by one she dropped her blossoms, strewed with dew drops, at my feet—  
 Throwing backward smiles and laughter, just as she came to greet.  
 And the way grew sweet to wander, for we were a pair of eyes to care—  
 When she led the way with roses and the sunshine in her hair.

Love led the way with roses, and the roses, whispering said:  
 "With our petals we will point her eyes and cheeks a burning red;  
 We will keep her like the lily, keep her heart as pure and white."  
 As the dew sent down from heaven through the windows of the night,  
 And her cheeks, they found the color of the blossoms, rich and fair,  
 And the dew drops found her heart—the dew love led the way with care.

Love led the way with roses, and she led them at my feet  
 Till her arms were empty, lonely, with no smiles for me to greet.  
 The blossoms took the bushes that were intruded in her face,  
 And left her with the whiteness of the lily in their place.

Love led the way with roses—and the way was sweet we pressed—  
 So love must sleep with roses—sleep with white ones on her breast!

—Will F. Grimm, in Milwaukee Sentinel.

## MARION'S ONE ENEMY.

By HILDA RICHMOND.

"What a whopper!" said Jay, almost before the door closed behind Mrs. Walden. "Have I lived to see my sister a double-eyed deceiver?"

"Nonsense!" said Marion, sharply. "It wasn't a whopper at all."

"You said you would be delighted to wash dishes for Mrs. Walden, and, if that isn't a whopper, I don't know one," persisted Jay.

"I said I should be delighted to help her, and I will," said Marion. "Mrs. Walden was lovely when mamma was sick. I do despise to wash dishes, but I'm glad to help."

"Well," observed Aunt Mary. "I should think, Marion, you would learn to conquer your dislike. The young people of to-day are not brought up right."

"That was what Aunt Margaret advised," said Marion, with a wry face, "but I only got into more trouble. I learned to wash dishes so well that my reputation spread, and I am in demand among our friends now when it comes to taking care of fine china at receptions and parties."

"If your mother had made you wash dishes when you were little, you wouldn't feel that way now."

"Aunt Mary, I have washed dishes since I had to stand on a stool to reach the pan. I used to break the plates until my wise mother took the price out of my allowance. If I ever keep house, I shall serve the meals on paper plates and buy prepared things in tin cans."

"He that hath a thousand friends hath not one friend to spare."

But she that hath one enemy shall meet him everywhere,"

quoted Jay with broad grin. "You'll have to fall in love with dish-washing. Say, if you ever expect to free yourself from it."

"That expresses my fate exactly," sighed Marion, "but I never shall learn to like the job. There's one thing about teaching, and that is there's no kitchen work connected with it. I wouldn't have Mrs. Walden know how I feel for the world, but I am often tempted to smash her exquisite cups because they are too precious for the hired girl to touch."

"Better take my advice," said Jay, comfortably; but his sister shook her head and ran to hunt up a gingham apron.

"You may be glad you know how to do housework," was Aunt Mary's parting warning, as she set out for Mrs. Walden's. "I hope you will be able to fit yourself for teaching; but, if you don't, a good cooking school pays and you do cook very well for a girl."

"We're going to have a picnic next week, Marion, and you must be sure to come," said Cecil White, a butterfly of a girl who had been asked to help pour the tea, and certainly looked like a fairy in her lovely snowy frock, as she hovered about Marion in her big apron with hands red from dish-water. "We are to go to View Point before the season opens, and spend the day. We are to take easily prepared things, for the picnic is to be very informal. Don't forget, it's next Tuesday."

"I'll go if there's to be no dish-washing," muttered Marion, looking after Cecil with something like envy. "Picnics are a lot of bother."

But this one proved the exception to the rule, for the boys of the crowd generously bought cold chicken, doughnuts, pickles, cake, ice-cream, and all the other good things from Mrs. Wingate, who sold home-made dainties; and for once the girls planned to have a fine time without trouble.

"Just opening the hotel?" said Jay in surprise, as they neared the huge frame structure in the grove. "I supposed the season opened earlier."

"Let's be thankful it doesn't," said one of the girls. "We can have the whole lovely place to ourselves for once."

"And enough boats for once," said Max Lanning. "Suppose we fish first before this June sun gets too warm."

All were agreed, and Max soon brought the big row boat around to the tiny landing. "If you girls are as noisy as this all morning, you'll have to go in boats by yourselves," declared Max, ungalantly.

How it happened no one knew exactly, but the rotten edge of the landing crumbled away a little just as Max was helping Marion into the boat, and both were thrown into the water. The girls shrieked wildly, but the boys dragged them out before they suffered anything more than a bath in the shining water.

"Come right up to the hotel," said Mrs. Walden, the chaperon, briskly. "We must find some clothes until these dry. We have great reason to be thankful that it was no worse."

Marion had often read of beautiful heroines rescued from watery graves;

and, when she saw herself in a mirror she felt that any one who could be beautiful and dripping wet deserved all the praise of story writers. Her new dress was ruined, her shoes squeaked with water, and her hat allowed red and green streams to give her the appearance of an Indian. Max was being helped into dry garments by his friends, and in less than half an hour the two young people made their appearance none the worse for their bath.

"You go on," said Marion, half vexed and half laughing. "You don't need to let us spoil the picnic. No, indeed! I wouldn't think of going out in these clothes," and she looked at the cello wrapper provided by a woman in the hotel kitchen. It was large enough for two girls of her size, and the carpet slippers were enormous. "I'll stick to the kitchen, thank you, until my clothes are dry."

"Yes, get out of here," said Max, amid the merry laughter at his appearance. His trousers were turned up six inches, though he was no dwarf, and his long arms protruded from the sleeves. "Do you hear? We're tired of furnishing amusement for the crowd. Say, don't forget us at dinner-time if the clothes should be dry. Do you hear?"

"I'll put your shoes at the edge of the bake oven," said the woman in the kitchen, kindly. "They'll dry sooner." She waddled away with the soaked shoes, and amid much laughter, the "washing" was spread on the grass to dry. The woman also set on some iron, so that at the first possible moment the garments could be assisted in the drying process.

"Isn't this dreadful?" said Max, after they had forlornly watched the laughing crowd troop off. "How on earth are we to put in the time?"

"I'm going to help Mrs. Trent with these dishes," said Marion, rolling back her wrapper sleepily. "Not that I love dish-washing, but I like idleness in a place like this still less. Better take a towel and dry them, Max. It will help pass the time. I think until the end of my days I shall be indebted to some one and be trying to repay by washing dishes."

"Something smells fearful," said Max later, taking his sixth towel. "I wonder what on earth it can be."

"Open the doors wider," said Marion. "This is horrible!"

"Your shoes!" said Mrs. Trent, coming in. "Who shut that oven door?"

A cloud of smoke rolled out as she jerked the oven door open, and dragged out the remains of the shoes. "It's a wonder you didn't smell the leather."

In spite of their troubles Max and Marion laughed till they cried. Marion looked down at her carpet slippers, and Max took note of his number tens, and then they shrieked again. "We're doomed to stick to the kitchen all day," they said, finally, and fell to dish-washing. The dozens and dozens of dishes unwashed since the season before, dusty, sooty, and fly-specked, were reduced to orderly piles of shining ware, which Mrs. Trent thankfully returned to the cupboards she hastily cleaned.

"This is something like," said the manager, pausing in one of his flying trips about the hotel. "Where did you engage these helpers, Mrs. Trent? I'll put them on the force at five dollars a week if they keep on working like this."

In spite of the flattering offer the carpet slippers and number tens thankfully climbed into the carriage for the homeward journey. Mrs. Trent was profuse in thanking them for their aid, and it was a very jolly party that arrived home just at dusk.

"I have such good news for you, Marion," said Mrs. Morton, the instant her daughter entered. "Mr. Randolph wants you to be companion to an old aunt of his at thirty dollars a month. And that isn't the best of it," as Marion's eyes shone. "She lives in a college town, and is willing you should take as many studies as you can manage when you are not with her. Mr. Randolph says she is peculiar, but very kind-hearted, and you will have no trouble in getting along."

"Any dish-washing in the job?" inquired Jay.

"Of course not. Marion is to read to the old lady and drive out with her when she cares to go. Five hours a day will cover the necessary work. You will have a good home, and plenty of time for study, Mr. Randolph says."

So to Petersburg Marion went, and found Mrs. Randolph apparently delighted to see her. "I do enjoy young girls," she said, kissing Marion heartily. "We will have good times together, my dear."

Marion was surprised to find the house almost barren of feminine

touches in the way of pillows, fancy work, and pictures. The rooms were furnished in the plainest furniture, guileless of anything that could catch dust. Dinner was served soon after her arrival, and she was much afraid her hostess would discover that her plate was wet and not over clean. However, Mrs. Randolph chatted and laughed as she urged the young girl to eat, and the meal passed off pleasantly.

"I suppose you will find the house rather bare," said Mrs. Randolph, "but you will soon learn to like living in this simple way. My mother was a great housekeeper. I used to despise housework, and I made up my mind that, if I ever had a home, the work should be simplified as much as possible. I have no draperies, and our food is plain and wholesome. I want to show you some labor savers in the kitchen—my own inventions for lightening the duties of my maids."

Behind Mrs. Randolph's back the jolly cook made a face at the elaborate rack that was the pride of the mistress, and Marion found herself sympathizing with the poor woman who must use such a device. "You simply arrange the dirty dishes in this rack, soak them well, and then rinse with hot water," explained Mrs. Randolph; and Marion no longer wondered at the appearance of her plate at dinner.

"This saves all the work of wiping and washing the dishes. We haven't had a dish-towel in the house for years."

"As often as you can, sneak into my kitchen, and you'll get a clean bite," said the cook one day, when Mrs. Randolph was out calling. "I bake pies after she's safely in bed nights, and keep my own dishes clean; but you can't learn her nothing. It gives me cold chills to nuss with them cold, clammy things. Give me a good, big dish-rag and plenty of hot water, I say."

"It's a good place, and I'm getting along well in my studies, but I can't stand the endless round of canned meats and vegetables," sighed Marion. "I should be glad to wash the dishes myself, if she'd only let me. I am starved for some good roast beef and gravy."

"No roast beef" said the cook, positively. "The roaster is hard to rinse, and that means drudgery. If she'd only come down with the rheumatism we'd get along all right, or, if you could persuade her that opening cans is drudgery, she might have fresh meats."

At the end of a year Marion had a good position offered her in a home school. The family noticed that she seemed to enjoy helping. To a question about her ancient enemy from Jay, Marion gave a reply that astonished the family.

"Hate dish-washing? I dearly love it. If you had eaten off dirty dishes for a whole year, it would cure you of ever saying a word about drudgery, wouldn't it? My one enemy no longer meets me everywhere, for it is now my friend."—Christian Register.

### QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

The oldest member of the New York Stock exchange is William Alexander Smith, elected December 17, 1844.

If New York city should receive no more water in its reservoirs its present supply, at the usual rate of consumption, would last 15 weeks.

In one day recently, 3720 dozen eggs were shipped from the small town of Brooks, Me. Poultry is a paying industry in that section of the state.

The population of the world, as given in the latest estimate, is 1,400,000,000. It is a logical inference that the present population of the earth exceeds that of any former period.

The first legislative body of Englishmen in America, a representative character, met at Jamestown, Va., on the 13th day of July, 1619, in a little old wooden church 50 by 29 feet.

It is a matter of wonder to many persons why all of the necessities of life excepting the one item of rent are cheaper on Manhattan island than any place within 200 miles of it. The highest prices on the island are the upper west side.

An orange tree will bear fruit (all 150 years old, and there are recorded instances of orange trees bearing when 500 years old. In Malta and Naples 15,000 oranges have been picked from a single tree, and one in the Sandwich Islands was estimated to bear 20,000.

The Dutch discovered the island of Manhattan in 1609. The first Dutch name of the region discovered was New Netherlands, and of the settlement, New Amsterdam. The New Netherlands was finally surrendered to the English in 1664, taking the name of New York.

The idea of the census is almost as old as history itself. King Amasis of Egypt took a census of his people 500 years before Christ. The Athenian Solon established a census for the purpose of facilitating taxation. We learn that about 443 B. C. Servius Julius took a census of Rome. During the chaos of the Dark Ages the census dropped into oblivion, but was revived again about the beginning of the 18th century.

Opulent Texas Onion.

The onion harvest is almost over. A great pile of onions has been converted into a big pile of dollars. The onion crop of the Nueces valley this season will turn loose nearly \$100,000 in Cetaula.—Cetaula Record.

## GARDEN, FARM and CROPS



**Let the Hogs Root.**

That is what the hogs have the stout nose for. However if you feed plenty of salt, ashes and charcoal, they won't root so much. Even small pieces of coal and coal ashes will be eaten by the hogs when they are shut up in close quarters.

**Selection of Birds.**

Don't make a mistake in the selection of birds for next winter's layers. Many farmers sell their largest, earliest hatched birds to hucksters because they are in good demand and will bring him a good price. Keep the earliest hatched, best developed birds for your egg producers and breeders. All that are left are the late hatched pullets and cockerels that go undeveloped into winter quarters. Breeding from such birds will degenerate any flock of fowls if you persist in such methods long enough. To have early winter layers the birds must grow to fertility. The early hatched healthy chick makes the good winter layer.—Indiana Farmer.

**Intensive Culture.**

The question is often asked if intensive culture as applied to small tracts of land or in different lines of gardening can be applied to large areas as well. We have never seen any reason why it could not be if the same amount of energy and painstaking was carried out in every detail. We know of a gardener who gave intensive culture to a piece of ground twenty feet square in onions and he produced over five bushels. At this rate it would be nearly 3000 bushels to the acre. Possibly this could not be carried out in the same ratio to the acre, but it shows what can be done when the proper conditions are carried out. We know of strawberries being grown at the rate of 250 bushels per acre, but we see no reason why this is not possible. Intensive culture means feeding the plants to their utmost limit and getting everything out of the soil possible.—The Twentieth Century Farmer.

**Cause of Soft-Shell Eggs.**

Poultry writers, since the time the Shanghai rooster first invaded Boston, have been repeatedly telling us that soft-shelled eggs were caused by an insufficiency of lime in the food consumed by the hens. Such, however, is not the case. The soft-shelled egg is a case of arrested development, due to nervous interference with the functions of the oviduct. The laying of incompletely developed eggs corresponds to abortion in mammals, and can likewise be brought about by extreme mental disturbance.

In experiments conducted at the Kansas Experiment station the writer was able to cause the production of soft-shelled eggs by continued excitement of confined hens. It was also shown, says the Scientific American that the hen's system on an ordinary diet contains enough calcium carbonate for the formation of about five or six eggs. If lime was withheld from the food, the hen after having laid this number of eggs, will stop laying. When lime was given in limited quantities the hen laid apparently normal eggs, but only as frequently as the lime furnished would supply shell material. Careful weighings proved that eggs thus produced, though apparently normal, were actually thinner shelled than normal eggs from the same hen. But little is known about the process and control of egg formation, and further study should yield facts of both scientific interest, and practical bearing.

**Cherries a Paying Crop.**

The old notion of planting cherry trees in the fence corners only and leaving them to shift for themselves is exploded. Cherries are a profitable crop, and it will pay to give them the best of treatment.

Scarcity of labor for harvesting our fruit in Ontario makes it unwise to plant too freely of any one kind. The wisest plan is to plant so as to have a constant succession, and thus employ a certain number of hands with some degree of regularity the season through. In cooking cherries I would plant about equally of the following three kinds to cover the whole cherry season, viz.: Dyehouse, which is earlier than the Richmond and ripens about the middle of June; the Montmorency, the great main crop picker, coming in about the first week in July, and the English Morello, ripening about the middle of July. The latter is not so much in favor as the other two; still it is an excellent cooking cherry, and prolongs the shipping season about a week. This will give a month of cherry picking, and will occupy a gang of pickers from the close of strawberry season until raspberries are well upon us.

The picking of the cherry crop is the great bugbear in the way of growing it on a large scale; and yet a full crop of cherries is as easily and as quickly gathered as the same number of quarts of strawberries, barring, of course, the climbing. The usual cost of picking cherries is fifteen cents an eleven quart basket, when the crop is an average one; if not, about twenty cents.—L. Wolverton, in the American Cultivator.

**Sheep as Money Makers.**

At a meeting of the Illinois Live Stock Breeders' Association, Mr. Jacob Ziegler, a prominent sheep breeder and feeder, said:

If live stock of any kind pays for raising and feeding in Illinois and sister states, sheep do, for they give us good returns, and, in general, better, for the amount of food consumed than any other.

I am convinced that it pays better in a period of years to feed our grain to good stock and sell it in a finished product than to sell it in a raw state, especially if the fertilizer is considered of value, and which value cannot be ignored in the success of good and profitable farming that no one doubts.

Sheep are on the decrease, while cattle and hogs are on the increase in spite of the annual increase in nut consumption over that of beef and pork.

I had that sheep have natural advantages that cattle and hogs do not possess and offer more sources of profit than either of the others.

1. They are prolific and raise their young on the most inexpensive food, with the least care.
2. Their flesh costs the least to produce and brings more on the market than any other; besides, it is a most healthful food for man.
3. They grow annually from six to ten percent of their normal live weight in wool, which sells for more than three times as much as the flesh of any animal, and furnishes a splendid cover for the body in the winter, as well as gives employment to thousands of skilled laborers to convert it into fabric for the use of man.
4. They return more and better fertility to enrich the soil and distribute the same more evenly than any other animal. They help keep the land free of weeds and convert the same into a valuable commodity. They are the most easily managed animals and do not tramp and tear up the field and lots like others, and one can turn them into fields to pick up waste where other animals could not be tolerated, and thus save a vast otherwise actual loss; and they can be retained in enclosures that will not hold either of the others. They thrive and fatten on pasture without any grain, but do not thrive in a pasture without grass. Sheep give, on an average more pounds of meat per bushel of grain than either hogs or cattle.

For example: The last flock I raised and fattened was seventy-one yearling wethers and six ewes from 2 to 6 years old—in all, seventy-seven head. Their average weight when I commenced feeding on December 15, was 131 pounds, and in March, when shipped, was 165 pounds. They made a gain of thirty-four pounds per head in seventy-seven days. They were fed three bushels of corn per day and what clover hay they wanted, and occasionally a feed of oat straw or cornfodder instead. You see in seventy-seven days they ate 231 bushels of corn, and gained 2618 pounds, an average gain of 11-1/3 pounds per bushel.

My cattle have never done that on dry feed, and not often on grass and corn.

**Farm Notes.**

Don't spoil a mellow field by starting the cultivators at once after a heavy rain. Give the ground time to dry off a little.

If the corn pasture is short, place out with sweet corn. A choice bit of food at milking time will induce a better flow of milk.

If you put hogs in yards where the fences are poor, don't be surprised if you have a job chasing them three or four times a day.

Hogs will do well on rape any time after the plant is eight or nine inches high. By turning in at this stage the hogs seldom show any bad effects.

Properly fed and cared for, there are no better winter layers than the Light Brahma pullets or yearling hens. They lay a large egg of a rich brown color.

Pure water is as essential to the dairy cow as to man, and if she is forced to drink impure water, the quality and quantity of milk average the injustice.

Make friends with the young heifers, especially those from the best cows of the herd. In a few years they will be milking cows, and it does not pay to have to tame them with the milking stool.

It is not the shoes that injure the horses, but the way they are put on.

The selling qualities of a pair of draft horses are greatly added to by previous careful drilling, training to work.

**The Great African Railroad.**

The Cape-to-Cairo railroad now extends northward from Capetown, a distance of 2100 miles, a regular train service being operated over the road. While it has not yet begun to show any profits, traffic is increasing, some 2000 tons of zinc ore alone being handled monthly. It is stated that during the current year large amounts of rolling stock and equipment will be ordered, as also will a great deal of building material for the extension of the line northward.—New York World.

## The Bright Side.

By TOM P. MORGAN.

"After all, the life of the horny-handed son of toil has its recompense," a bit grimly remarked the honest but eminently astute agriculturist. "It is true that our angular agriculturists are cartooned in the comic papers, lampooned, and occasionally babooned on the stage, and are frequently run over by automobiles, and the poets sing-ho, sing-heh, and a rondelay, without any special provocation as far as I can see, about us, and we are kept pretty busy horning off agents of various kinds and being everlastingly licked for our impudence in the best magazines by cleaned-limbed young college men with pale, dissipated faces, and are considerably kicked by the lowing kine, stung by the busy bee, and are forever losing our wallets and our equilibrium every time we get as far as seven miles from home; but still, I admire to say that I believe we are about as well off as the city men, who, according to what I read in the papers, suffer from the social ambitions of their women-folks, the slings and arrows of them they elect-to office, the wiles of adventuresses, plots and all such as that on their escutcheons, and the thousand and one fads, follies and fobbles that afflict people who feel that they must keep up appearances, and a lifelong warfare with first mortgage bonds, second mortgage bonds, improvement bonds, refunding bonds, blanket mortgage bonds, common stock, preferred stock, treasury stock, watered stock, the old Kulekbocker stock, consolidated first, second and third mortgage bonds, and incidentally, in a good many cases, the galling bonds of wedlock.

"I believe I'll stick to the old farm for a spell yet. It ain't near as picturesque as the city, but it also lacks quite a good deal of being as strenuous."—From Puck.

**WORDS OF WISDOM.**

Logic is the geometry of the intelligence. Logic is essential to thought. But thought is no more the product of logic than a landscape is the product of geometry.—Victor Hugo.

Evil is somehow a stepping-stone to all our good. Heroism, piety, tenderness, have been born out of pain. The expectation of a hereafter gives hope that no individual moral germ is lost, and we see that the crowning victory of life is the persistence of man's good against the evil.—George S. Merriam.

What is love? I think the genuine article is wise, unselfish interest in other people's welfare, interest in other lives than my own; it is to be happy in their happiness. If I have but little happiness of my own, this is one way to borrow some—by being glad in the gladness of others.—Charles G. Ames.

Build your social intercourse on the things that are real in all our lives, not on the commonplaces. Make the law of your being a law of sympathy, not one of repulsion; and, so sure as the daylight is stronger than the night, you will find that life becomes larger and sweeter for you continually.—Henry Wilder Foote.

Conventionalities are hard to deal with, and that is because they are not all wrong. In fact, it is only realities which pass into conventionalities. Conventionalities are not created as such. The history is this. Realities are seen to be so good that everyone is expected to express more or less of them in his life. It is only the insincerity with which that is done that makes them mischievous. It is not the saying "I go, Sir," that is wrong, but the not going.—Archbishop Benson.

What is not serious is science superior to the infant. People have come to the point of wanting to see everything and touch everything, like idolaters. We have already noted this singular coincidence. Induction and intuition are held in suspicion. Induction, the great organ of logic; intuition, the great organ of conscience. To admit the visible and the palpable alone is the condition of observation. This is elimination and nothing else. And who knows? It may be elimination of reality.—Victor Hugo.

**The Needy Spot.**

A sense of humor is a saving grace in a schoolmaster. Used wisely it is a far more effective weapon of discipline than the ferule. Dr. Dewey, principal of the old high school of Rochester, N. Y., counted it among his other excellent attributes, and Jenny M. Parker, in her book on the city, quotes several instances of its efficacy.

A boy in Dr. Dewey's room had arranged a complicated mechanism by which the lid of his desk could be held open, exposing a mirror. One day the lad, behind the shield of this cover, was elaborately brushing his hair and admiring its effect in the glass.

Smoother and more carefully he plastered down his shining locks, utterly oblivious to the rest of the world. Unbeknown to him Dr. Dewey had stolen quietly up behind his chair and was gazing at the process with great amusement. Suddenly he remarked:

"Smith, it's the inside of your head that needs brushing."

Smith jumped a foot or two from his seat and the desk lid came down with a bang.