

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

### 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 engage 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 he 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, and you must be sure to come," said Cecel 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 Cecel 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;

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 like 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.

### GARDEN, FARM and CROPS



SUGGESTIONS FOR THE UP-TO-DATE AGRICULTURIST

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-Shelled 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.

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 that on their eschusions, 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 Kulekerbosker stock, consolidated first, second and third mortgage bonds, and incidentally, in a good many cases, the galling bands 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 Pack.

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 mortal 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 infinite. 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.