THE HOUSE OF TOO MUCH TROUBLE.

In the House of Too Much Trouble
  Lived a lonely little boy;
He was eager for a playmate,
  He was hungry for a toy.
But 'twas always too much bother,
  Too much dirt and too much noise,
For the House of Too Much Trouble
  Wasn't meant for little boys.

And sometimes the little fellow
  Left a book upon the floor,
Or forgot and laughed too loudly,
  Or he failed to close the door.
In the House of Too Much Trouble
  Things must be precise and trim—
In the House of Too Much Trouble
  There was little room for him.

He must never scatter playthings,
  He must never romp and play;
Every room must be in order
  And kept quiet all the day.
He had never had companions,
  He had never owned a pet—
In the House of Too Much Trouble
  It is trim and quiet yet.

Every room is set in order—
  Every book is in its place,
And the lonely little fellow
  Wears a smile upon his face.
In the House of Too Much Trouble
He is silent and at rest—
  He is silent and at rest—
  With a lily on his breast.
—Albert Bigelow Paine, in the Juvenile.

MRS. KERRISON'S HEART.

--(A Short Story.)--

When I heard that Tom Frisby was married the news came as a great shock to me. I asked Jack Goney, my informant, "Is he married much?"

"Oh, frightfully!" said Goney.

"Who is the creature?" I inquired, after a tense pause.

And when he replied, "The eldest Miss Carruthers," I was more shocked than ever. That Lillian—my beautiful, wild white dove—should consent to become a mere tame domestic fowl—and for Tom Frisby's sake, galled my sensibilities. I remembered how I had laid the offering of my own unfledged affections at her feet, and how she had danced on the elaborate embroidery of the words in which I had clothed my passionate avowal.

"I shall go and see them," I told Goney.

I found that Lillian—no, Mrs. Frisby!—was already by way of becoming a social success. She was developing into that dreadful thing, an ideal hostess. She was obtrusively tactful and offensively managing. It was said of her that she had a knack of bringing the right people together, which, being interpreted, means that she strove to pair off her guests as if they had been vases.

Frisby himself was boisterously happy and rosily content and, moreover, most beautifully trained to obey his wife's lightest word.

"Ah," he said; "you will find your affinity some day."

"If both of us find my affinity," said I, "there will be trouble."

But he was in nowise disconcerted. He merely waggled his fat head at me and said: "We must look out for a wife for you."

And from that moment began the unconscionable crusade against our cloistral bachelorhood, in which both Frisby and his wife took a meddlesome part, and which terminated in the lamentable contretemps that it is the purpose of this story to detail. She, of course, was the more subtle sinner.

One night Frisby and I were talking as man to man. We had been telling each other that we were both rather blackguards really, but deuced fine fellows notwithstanding, and we were consequently in a fine glow of self-satisfaction.

"One thing I've forgotten to say to you," he remarked. "It really is serious."

"Serious for whom?" I asked.

He paused, and then, dramatically, "For her," he said.

I dropped the poker into the fender with a crash. "For her!" I repeated. "What are you driving at?"

"Perhaps I ought not to have broached the subject," he faltered.

"You haven't," said I.

"It's not fair to her," he jerked out. "And yet it's all due to that odius trick you have of talking to every woman you meet as if she were the only one of her sex in the world."

"I don't think they find that particularly odious," said I.

"But lookers-on do," said he. "And it is a bit rough on 'em, you know, old chap. Of course we who understand you, know it's only your way, but girls—innocent, young, unsophisticated——"

I rose also. "Good night," I said, abruptly, offering my hand.

"I'll tell you her name, then," said he. "It's little Miss Kerrison—if you must know."

"Oh," said I, rather disappointed. "I know—the girl who is so awfully conscious of her profile."

"My wife's cousin," he said stiffly.

"And you mean to say that foolish chit is in love with me?"

"Oh, come! Well, I suppose so. But confound your complacency, anyhow!

"Poor thing!" I murmured. "Poor silly thing! Pretty, too! Well, what would you advise me to do about it?"

He shrugged his shoulders. "I don't presume to advise at all," he replied.

"Best way, I suppose, would be to put her out of her misery at once," said I.

"There are worse girls than Nina Kerrison," he said.

"But do you think they would suit me better?" I asked him.

"No," said he. "You are not so bad."

"You overwhelm me," I observed, "with those touching tokens of your approval."

And then we talked of other matters.

I had had not the least intention of going to the Chandlers' dance the following evening, but now I determined to go after all, since Miss Kerrison was bound to be there, and it were best to get this painful business over at once.

In the conservatory I made out a dim, rounded form in filmy white, and came face to face with Miss Kerrison. She sat there motionless, her hands in her lap, as if awaiting her fate in the person of myself.

"All alone?" I said, lightly.

"I prefer to be alone," she said, hastily, and rose as if to go.

But I understood what an infinity of meaning the studied curtness of her words would have fain concealed, and I whispered, 'Please don't forsake me. I—I came here to look for you."

"Why?" she asked. A most awkward question.

"Why?" I repeated slowly, to gain time. "Oh, because those people in there bore me. And you—you never do that, Miss Kerrison."

"Well, it is something to be a harbor of refuge," she remarked. "Thank you. Then, by the way, is it really true, this time, that I am to congratulate you?"

"On my good fortune in finding you here, do you mean? Why, certainly," I said.

"I did not mean that," she said. "I meant that—that—well, the usual rumor is out concerning you."

"Indeed!" I exclaimed. "But which of the usual rumors do you refer to?"

"There is only one—isn't there—that is commonly linked with the name of an eligible young bachelor. But is it true?"

"Believe me," I assured her, "it is not true."

"I am so glad," she breathed softly. "Poor girl! At least—that is——" She wouldn't have covered up her indiscretion, but perceiving that it was now too late, she paused abruptly and lapsed into silence.

"Why are you glad?" I asked. "I had not intended to proceed on exactly these lines, but I found it difficult to be sufficiently brutal now that the necessity confronted me."

"Oh," she drawled, with a woeful affectation of indifference, "I think, as the song says, 'You are owre young to marry yet,' you know."

"I wonder what your wife will be like," she went on presently. "I do hope she will be a nice, helpful sort of girl, and not a mere society butterfly—like me."

"If she were like you——" I began, and stopped.

"She won't be," said Miss Kerrison quickly.

"I mean," she explained, "that the object of our first fancy is so seldom the person to make us truly happy, if we but knew it."

I remembered then that some one had told me this was Miss Kerrison's third season.

"First love is the only love," I said firmly. I had temporized with my conscience too long already. She must now be made to realize the sad truth in all its ghastliness.

"That is not so," she said. "Believe me, Mr. Craven, when I tell you that you are as yet far too young to know what is best for your welfare."

"Anyway," said I, "when my fate does come along——"

And there I made an abrupt end, for she had suddenly begun to laugh. There could be no doubt about it. She was laughing—not hysterically, either, but with unmistakable enjoyment, as at an irresistible jest.

"Mr. Craven," she said at last, more seriously, "I think I'll be frank with you. My honest dealing may conceivably cost me your good opinion, but only for a time. You'll like me all the better afterward. And I am sure you have enough common sense, really, not to think me unwomanly or immodest in saying what I am about to say to you now."

"Miss Kerrison," I cried in sore distress, "forbear, reflect, consider. Don't speak yet. You may save us both much pain if you keep silent."

"Nonsense!" she exclaimed sharply.

This was an affront. "Go on, then, if you will," I said sternly.

"I've an idea," she said, "that we are at cross-purposes, and that it is all the fault of those dear, foolish Frisbye. Mrs. Frisby has said something to you about—well, about me, hasn't she? Please be straightforward, Mr. Craven."

"No, she hasn't," I answered.

"Mr. Frisby, then?"

"Yes."

"What did he say?"

I turned on her in desperation. "How can I repeat what he said?" I cried. "Miss Kerrison, let me implore you to say no more. Let me entreat——"

"No," she replied. "I will tell you what they said. They told you I—well—had a penchant for you."

"They were wrong!" I exclaimed, still eager to spare her.

"Of course they were," she rejoined. "As wrong as they were when they told me—well—that you were—in love—with my unworthy self. But——" And she began to laugh again. "This woman, I tell you, had no sense of humor, or of decency, either, I should think. "But they meant well, I suppose. And there's no harm done—except to our vanity, perhaps. Anyway, the path they would have us tread hardly leads to the Wicked place, does it?"

And she smiled at me inscrutably, and I think she would have added some pleasant, salving words. But just then a man poked his head round the bead curtain and she darted up and went forward to greet him. I heard her call him "Frank," and I guessed then that it was for him she had been waiting so meekly, all alone. And at last I understood—I knew—that I—I had merely provided some comic relief from the tedium of her vigil.—The Sketch.

FOREST PLANTING.

A Circular Issued by the Forest Service to Urge and Advise.

Recognizing the great need and demand throughout the New England States, New York, New Jersey, all of Pennsylvania except the western portion, Michigan, Wisconsin and the eastern portion of Minnesota for reliable information concerning the planting of the most desirable tree species, the Forest Service has gathered together the necessary information and has issued it in the form of a circular which can be obtained free upon request to the Forester of the United States Department of Agriculture, Washington.

While the necessity for tree planting has not been felt in this part of the United States so keenly as it has been, for instance, in the treeless West, yet sufficient planting has been done in the past to prove that the growing of wood crops is entirely practicable. Large areas of land in this region are fit for forest growth only, and from an economic standpoint it is important that these lands be put into a state of productiveness. Extensive investment in forest planting has thus far been unduly discouraged by present methods of taxation, and, in parts of the region, by difficulty in securing adequate fire protection. The true value of forest land and its rightful place among the permanent resources are, however, becoming appreciated, and an enlightened public sentiment is rapidly making this form of investment safe and desirable.

Throughout this region there are large lumbered areas on which successive fires have destroyed all young trees of valuable species. Inferior trees, such as aspen, fire cherry, scrub oak and red maple, as well as shrubs, have sprung up. This land is worthless in its present condition, but where adequate fire protection can be provided forest planting will bring it again to productiveness.

There is a large amount of land, particularly in New England and Michigan, which was first cleared for farming, but has since deteriorated in value either through loss of fertility or through neglect or abandonment. Throughout Massachusetts, Connecticut and New Hampshire many of these abandoned farms and old pastures are now covered with white pine. But this crop is rapidly being removed and little natural reproduction will follow, because seed trees are lacking. These lands offer exceptionally fine opportunities for forest planting, owing to their nearness to market and to their freedom from brush cover.

The barren sand plains of Connecticut, Rhode Island, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, New Jersey and Michigan, which cannot be tilled and are a source of expense to their owners, will in many instances support a good growth of white pine or at least one of the more hardy species of pine.

The protection of city watersheds demands urgent attention. The annual spring floods, which bring destruction to thousands of homes in the lower lying fertile valleys and are generally followed by epidemics of serious diseases, would in a great measure be prevented were the slopes covered by forest. Forests regulate the flow of streams, prevent erosion and turibidity and make waste areas beautiful and productive, besides insuring a source of pure water supply. Wherever natural reproduction cannot be depended upon to cover the denuded and burned-over lands of most of these watersheds tree planting operations must be undertaken. While the immediate object of this reforesting will be protective, timber crops will eventually be produced which will yield good profits on all such investments.

Nearly every farm has at least a few acres which are of little value for growing agricultural crops. This land should be set aside for a woodlot and devoted to the production of fuel, fence posts and timber for farm uses.

The species best suited for plantations of these various sorts, as well as planting directions and advice as to protective measures, are given in the circular.

Old-Time Coach.

Lately one of the stage coaches on the North road ran from London to Stamford, a distance of ninety miles, in nine hours and four minutes. The passengers, four in number, breakfasted and dined on the road, so it must have run at the rate of twelve miles an hour all the time of traveling.—Sporting Magazine, 1807, Quoted in Bailey's Magazine.

A uniform system of municipal accounts is in force in the State of Iowa.

Popular Science

A new invention has been introduced in Newcastle by which it is feared the lamplighters of the city will lose their vocation. A German inventor has placed a machine at the local gas works which will enable the gas company to light and extinguish all the street lamps simultaneously.

Coalite is the latest novelty in the fuel line. As made in Newcastle, by a process similar to that employed by the gas companies for the production of coke, it makes no smoke and gives off, it is claimed, about twice the heat of coal, while a coalite fire lasts forty per cent. longer than an ordinary fire.

A Cleveland skyscraper twenty stories high will be topped by a Goddess of Liberty holding a torch, from which a leaping flame of gas will be burning at all times. The exact hour of the day and night will be indicated by causing the flame to shoot high into the air during the minute preceding each hour.

Dr. Fortin, of Paris, has reported to the Academy of Science a new contrivance which he believes is to be of great service in eye diagnosis. The physicians found that the light from a mercury vapor lamp passing through two sheets of blue glass and reflected into the eye of a large lens reveals the internal condition infinitely better than the ordinary white light. By placing a screen with a pinhole between the light and the eye a magnified image of the vessels at the back of the retina, which have hitherto been almost invisible, has been obtained.

Tinfoil, which is extensively used for wrapping tobacco and other articles of commerce, is a combination of lead with a thin coating of tin on each side. It is manufactured in the following way: First, a tin pipe is made. This pipe is then filled with molten lead and rolled or benten to the thinness required. In this process the tin coating spreads simultaneously with the lead core and continuously maintains a thin, even coating of tin on each side of the sheet of lead, even though it may be reduced to a thickness of only one-thousandth of an inch or less.

AMERICAN GARDENS.

A Japanese Woman Thinks Them Pretentious and Characteristic.

"We see in every human production a touch of individuality peculiar to the worker, and so it is with American gardens," says a Japanese newcomer to this country. "When I first saw those smooth lawns, with only some gorgeous flowerbeds and well grown trees bordering them, I believed that they were merely the front grounds, as we call them in Japan, and that there surely extended behind the house gardens of more individual taste and design. But as time went on it became evident to me that no such cultivated part existed in any back grounds, and that simple, plain green was the only and universal style of garden in America. Now, as I pass along the country roads looking at the gardens, all much the same in appearance, the striking display of national characteristics appeals to my interest.

"First of all, the exposure of a private garden to the public enjoyment—cultivating it in front of the house, along the street, with no high barriers to seclude it—seems to reveal a spirit of co-operation and friendly open-heartedness. What a boundless benefit it is for the public to have the roadside thus brightened and beautified with various flowers and greens, which man adores by nature! A wretched beggar may enjoy the smile of spring as much as the owner of a garden; poor tenement house children may be as familiar with nature as any favorites of fortune. Here continental magnanimity is exhibited, in decided contrast to our self-seeking seclusion, natural to all islanders.

"But I have a slight discontent in this full decoration of front grounds, for, besides its lack of artistic design, I see in it—perhaps because of prejudice—the same motive displayed as in making an array of dishes on dining room walls or in having all one's beautiful pictures in sight at one time, the exhibition of all one's choicest possessions, which does not accord with the Japanese idea of liking to use silk lining for cotton clothes.

"On the whole, however, there are greater advantages here than I see in Japan. And, moreover, only such a form of garden could keep harmony with these commanding American houses and their practical inhabitants. How incongruous it would be if miniature rocky mountains, artificial ponds, with log bridges and antique stone lanterns, were settled upon these sunny, open grounds before enormous, colored buildings! Nor would a flowery American woman prove to be a fitting figure in those quiet colored, shady scenes of a Japanese garden.

"It is to be hoped for Japan that the practical gardens of America will be more frequently adopted, and, on the other hand, our imaginative gardens, together with our lowly thatched cottages, may furnish some pleasure ground suggestions to this country."

FOR THE FARMER AND STOCKMAN

Corn For Fodder.

There is going to be a great deal of late corn this season. The crop is practically out of the hands of growers, and about all we can do is to hope for a good ripening season. Thousands of acres of this late corn will be cut up for fodder. If the crop will mature enough to well dent the kernels, and if one has plenty of stock, this no is the best way to handle late fields.—Indiana Farmer.

White and Brown Eggs.

Some markets demand eggs with white shells, and others want brown. Why? That is a question best answered by the word "because." The white-egg breeds are Leghorns, Anconas, Minorcas, Andalusians, Spanish, Polish, Hamburgs, Redcaps, Houdans and games. Those laying brown eggs are Plymouth Rocks, Wyandottes, Rhode Island Reds, Javas, Dominiques, Brahmas, Cochins, Langshans, Dorkings, Indian games and Malays.

The Male.

Do not be surprised at a price of two or three dollars for a pure-bred male. The value added to a flock of hens by the introduction of a pure-bred male is nearly a hundred per cent., says Farm and Fireside. The mongrel is thus crowded out, and the flock becomes more uniform. The new blood gives vigor, and a larger proportion of the chicks will be reared to render service next year, and they will produce more eggs and meat proportionately than the present flock. There is nothing in which a farmer can more profitably invest a few dollars than in pure-bred males.

Wrong Way of Planting Fruit Trees.

Two years ago I passed a neighbor's farm when he was having a lot of fruit trees set out. The man setting them would dig a hole about eight inches across and same depth, then he would huddle the roots of the tree together and crowd them into the hole all in a bunch, then pack the dirt around them. The lot was in grass when the trees were planted, and in grass it remained. A few days ago I passed the place again and looked at the trees. Most of them were dead, and the few that remained had grown but little. It is simply a waste of time and money to set trees and neglect them in this manner.—Correspondence in the Practical Farmer.

The Minorca Fowls.

The Minorcas are considered one of the best of the breeds as layers. There are two colors—black and white—dividing them into Black Minorcas and White Minorcas. The Blacks are of a glossy green black color, as lustrous as possible, being similar to the Black Spanish in shape and size, but possessing a red face. The Whites differ from the Blacks only in color.

They are regarded as superior layers, and are a valuable acquisition to the list of breeds. They lay very large eggs, are non-sitters, and are very hardy, considering the fact that they have large single combs. There are also rose-comb varieties, which possess no advantage over the single-comb varieties.—Farm and Fireside.

Food Value of Corn.

In a report from the Geneva Station concerning the feeding value of corn at different stages of growth, it was found to be of but little value until nearing the wasting stage, and at its best when just glazed, while ten days previous to this date there was a deficiency of twenty per cent. in feeding value. Taking this as our basis, we can safely figure a loss of one-fifth of the corn crop in this country. Many fields planted for the silo are either planted too thick if it did ear. Consequently, under the above statement, we readily see enormous waste from this promiscuous planting of corn. And still we continue and wonder why our dairy returns are so unsatisfactory.—S. Gordon, in the American Cultivator.

How to Kill Slugs.

The so-called slugs that skeletonize the leaves of the cherry, plum and pear trees and rose bushes during the summer are all comparatively easy to destroy.

As the slugs devour the surface tissue of the leaves in each case, they may be killed by a thorough application of any of the arsenical poisons, such as Paris green, London purple, or arsenate of lead. Upon low plants, it is equally as well to mix the dry poisons in twenty times their own weight of common flour and then dust them upon the plants through a cheesecloth sack held in the hand.

In case of the fruits, especially cherries, where it is not safe to use the above poisons, white hellebore powder may be used instead. If applied as a spray, put three ounces of the powder in one gallon of water; as a dust, it may be used without dilution in a cheesecloth sack and a light application made. The best time to apply the hellebore is towards evening.

The slugs can be removed from cherry, pear and plum trees by thoroughly sifting fine road dust, or freshly slacked lime over the foliage in the middle of a warm day, when the slugs are upon the upper side of the leaves.

Begin in time, be thorough, and do not let the slugs destroy your trees or roses.—C. P. Gillette, in Indianapolis Farmer.

Modern Farm Methods.

The scarcity of labor on the farm during the busy season would be more keenly felt by farmers, in these times, if it were not for the many ingenious labor saving machines at the service of agriculture.

One man now, through the aid of modern farm devices drawn or operated by horses, can do the same amount of work that years ago, required from two to ten men to accomplish in the same length of time.

Formerly haying and harvest required many days of hard labor. Modern farm machinery has made these operations simpler, less arduous and of short duration, much to the satisfaction of the farmer, his wife, family and hired hands.

Farm methods have been completely revolutionized through science, discovery and invention in the last half century. More advance has been made in this important profession, all things considered, than in any other calling in that time. This is so because the field for development and improvement was broader and because it was one of the last of man's occupation to receive the rejuvenating effect of scientific effort and systematic study.

As the years go by, more noticeable will be the advance along agricultural lines, besides intensive farming will be in order to supply the necessities of life to the great masses living in the cities. The farmers of our land are meeting the demands made upon them now for these necessities and through thrift and intelligence the greater demands of the future will also be met.—Indiana Farmer.

Crop Rotation.

System in farming is the thing to be advised if the very best results are desired. This may be in the management of the crops grown, and also in the stock kept. It includes both stock and crops taken together, if the view point is how the farm can maintain all the stock that the land is capable of sustaining from the products of the farm. The best or most successful farmers, where grass and grain crops are the dependence for profit, are those who grow farm animals of all kinds in such number that all the hay, straw, fodder and grain are consumed upon the farm, if indeed, there is not more or less bought, and fed also.

Stock farming, or the growing of farm animals, presupposes that all waste from the farm is eliminated. That is to say, there is opportunity to use everything that can be produced for food. There is great economy in so doing. The amount of fertilizing material is also greatly increased and this properly used increases production. The more manure rightly handled, the more grain and grass, and this makes it possible to increase the amount of stock. Along with this is to be considered the vast amount of fertiling material drawn from the atmosphere. The land grows richer year by year, and the whole movement tends toward building up both stock and crops.

On a well regulated system of farming to use all the products as food for stock, an abundance of grass, both for pasture and hay is of great importance. Clover and timothy mixed, are fine for both grazing and for making hay. If there is an abundance of ground, permanent blue grass pastures are very fine. It is advisable to grow corn, rye and oats, in considerable quantities. Use all the manure that can be made, on the meadow lands. This will give a very large yield of hay, and forms a heavy sod for a corn crop. Break this kind of sod ground for corn each season, and follow the corn crop with small grain in autumn or with oats in the spring, and then sow down again in grass. This kind of rotation will insure increased fertility of soil even without applying manure, but the manure should be applied carefully also.

Systemize or classify the animal so as to grow cattle, horses, sheep and hogs, and make it a point not to dispose of any kind of animals until they are mature. Raise the calves, colts, lambs and pigs, by keeping a abundance of the best breeding stock upon the farm, and feed judiciously until they have arrived at the age and size that will insure a good money value. The larger the farm the more successful can systematic stock and grain farming be made, but it pays even on a small scale.—C. in Indiana Farmer.

The One Wanted.

A general ad is better than none, but it is the one thing, straight-to-the-point ad, changed daily—not weekly—that will win in the long run, and in the short run, too.—Current Advertising.