

THE DEAD CLOWN.

By two and two the dumb clods dunching fall,
The plashed spades are piled and piled above;
The sly contemptuous crow's a meekly dove,
Lugubrious in the willow 'gainst the wall,
But one thing hurts; I'd hoped (as I recall),
At "Dust to dust" my pretty perfumed love,
Might not think shame to soil her tiny glove;
But, as for that, I do not care at all.

Not much, that is; and now I must be sure
To try and sleep, and not to think of her
Who loved me in the wondrous nights of old.

I have it now, my hard-won sincere,
But somehow Life, I deem, is cheerfuller,
And though I'm happy here, the ground is cold.

—James E. Richardson, in The Reader.

A BARGAIN OF LOVE.

By AUSTIN MAITLAND.

"I am supposed to meet him to-night," she said.

"And what will happen then?" he asked, with amusement in his eyes.

She shrugged her shoulders.

"Father will keep an eye on me and see that he takes me in to supper. He will point us out to every one and make me feel horribly uncomfortable." She threw her head back in annoyance. "The sense of duty about it all is so odious," she added.

"I can quite understand it," he said sympathetically, and then amusement crept into his eyes again as he remarked: "And what will you do?"

She clasped her hands about her knees and looked out between the curtains that protected the alcove in which they were sitting from the hall. Through them she could see into the ballroom, where a gay waltz was in riotous progress. Everybody seemed careless and happy there. There was no one condemned as she had been. If there had been no binding in the arrangement, it might all have been so different, she might have felt even her curiosity awakened to such a pitch that it would certainly have been interesting. But to be compelled by circumstances—she who, until the calamity had come to her father's financial affairs, had been accustomed to every wish being gratified—to be compelled to marry a man, whom she had only heard of from very vague and indefinite sources, merely because it was a family understanding—it was quite a different matter. Its advantages were those which, at her age, she could not realize at their full value. That she would be left penniless, if she did not comply with the agreement, was almost incomprehensible to her. The duty of supporting herself had never fallen to her lot, and now when it came to self-interest—almost self-preservation—she felt the irksomeness of its being thrust upon her shoulders.

"And lastly—to make it all harder still—Cyril Foster had been staying with them for the Easter holidays, and for the ball, which, for the last few days, she had learned to look upon as a fatality. She had never heard of him before as a friend of her father's. It would have made very little difference if she had, for he had already won a higher place in her estimation than any man had ever occupied before.

In a moment of regret, as she looked at his face, she had told him all about the doom that was hanging over her, and, unlike other men, whose sympathies would have jarred upon her, he had tried to laugh it into forgetfulness.

"It hasn't come to the point yet," he said, "and people are given moments like these to enjoy themselves in."

As she sat with her hands clasped over her knees, she thought over his question. What would she do? She scarcely knew. It was really unkind of him to ask her.

"Oh, I should be a fool if I didn't marry him," she said. She may have hoped to make him jealous, and he may have seen the effort, for he leaned forward and looked into her face.

"You will marry him if he comes?" he said.

"I suppose so," she said, as indifferently as she could.

He took out his watch.

"Is he the only man who could make—" he hesitated, fearing to hurt her feelings, "who could make you happy and comfortable?"

"Happy?" She laughed a little in disgust, at the word being applied to such a case. "It's the old, old story of his land being next to ours, and the combination would keep father well off for the rest of his life," she said. "Horribly sordid, isn't it?" she added.

He looked at his watch critically, but said nothing.

"You don't help me in the least," she said. "Why don't you suggest something?"

"I thought that you'd made up your mind?" he said, smiling.

She sighed petulantly, thinking he might have known that she did not mean it.

"What time is he supposed to come?" he asked after a pause.

"Oh, no special time," she replied.

"Most men turn up late—and I don't suppose his anxiety is so very great."

"Are you fond of making bargains?" he asked—it seemed a little irrelevantly. "Most women are."

"How do you mean?" she asked, looking at him in surprise.

He took up her program, where it

was hanging from her fan, and toyed with the pencil attached to it. "Well," he said, "I've got a proposition to make to you."

She felt almost an exaggerated curiosity about what he was going to say.

"What is it?" she asked.

He held his watch out in front of him, so that both of them could see it. "It's now a quarter to 11," he said. She nodded.

"The possibilities are that he will come any time between this and 12; there's not a train after that, is there?"

"No," she replied.

"Now, I make this suggestion," he said, still holding the watch in front of him, "in all earnestness, not thinking that I am helping you out of a difficulty, and probably only throwing you into another one, but because—he took her hand—"because I love you, Connie—and it is a bargain. Now, the man who proposes a bargain is always the one who is going to gain by it, and I shall gain everything."

She was leaning back in the wicker chair, and her breath was coming faster with each word that he said.

"What do you propose?" she asked, almost in a whisper.

"When the hand gets round to there," he said, pointing with his finger to the face of the watch, "what hour will it be?"

"A quarter to 12," she replied, wondering.

"Just an hour from now?"

She nodded and smiled sadly.

"Well, if when that hour is over, and he has not come then, will you marry me instead?"

"I said that he might come at any time till 12," she said, smiling in spite of herself.

"I know you did, and that quarter of an hour is my interest on the bargain. I am quite fair with you. I offer you all the happiness of my love—against the comfort that you will gain with his money—not that you will be a pauper with me. And the advantage that I have over him lies in that quarter of an hour. Will you consent?"

She looked at him questioningly.

"What do you think you will gain if he does not come?" she asked.

"All the happiness in life," he answered.

"Are you sure that you are thinking only of me?"

"No—nearly all for myself. You will think of yourself when you give me the answer."

"Then I will consent," she said, "and"—she placed her hand in his—"I hope that he will not come!"

It was twenty minutes to 12, and she felt her heart beating with each stroke of the clock that stood in the hall. He had not come yet, and all her newly found love was yearning that he might not come at all, or be late in coming.

She was sitting in the same alcove, but with another partner, whose conversation she could barely pay attention to. And then in one moment all life seemed suspended in her body—a cold chill penetrated her very bones. The bell at the front door had pealed across the music that was throbbing in the ballroom. It could be no one but he at such an hour. She watched the door narrowly, in the fear of anxiety, as the butler went to open it. There was a rush of cold air, and she shivered—partly it seemed with anticipation.

Then she turned away as a figure that she dared not look at came into the warmth of the hall.

"Aren't you well?" her partner asked, and almost before she could answer him she heard her father's voice speaking and she turned her face away.

"I'll go and get you some tea," her partner said anxiously, and before she could tell him not to mind about it he had left her. Still she did not look round until she heard her father say as he reached the alcove and stood outside the curtain, "God bless you, my boy." And then the shadow of a familiar figure fell on her eyes.

It was Cyril Foster.

"Then it wasn't he?" she cried, a new happiness in her voice.

"Yes, it was," he said, "but he knew that under another name only could he hope to make you love him. Let's call the bargain settled."—New York Weekly.

Relics of Marie Antoinette.

A most interesting presentation has been made to the town of Paris by a certain Mme. Blavet. It consists of the furniture which was used by the royal family during its imprisonment in the Temple. Among the items are included the bed of the Princess Elizabeth, the quilt which was used by Marie Antoinette and a box of toys of the little Dauphin. Chairs, tables and books are also included, and finally the locksmith's instruments with which the unhappy King passed his time while awaiting execution. The entire collection will be lodged in the Musée Carnavalet.—Dundee Advertiser.

Second Choice.

There is a Washington lad who, it would appear, assents to the old proposition that it is well to have more than one string to one's bow.

The boy was being catechised one day by a well meaning visitor to the house.

"Well, Harry," said the lady, "don't you think you have a chance to be President of the United States?"

"Oh, I don't know," answered Harry, carelessly. "Maybe I'll try for it after I get too old to be a pitcher."—Philadelphia Ledger.

William T. Stead's latest hobby is the bacteriological regeneration of barren land in England.



New York City.—Such an attractive blouse waist as this one is sure to find its welcome from any normal minded girl, for pretty clothes are as essential to youthful happiness as is



the sunshine. In this instance plaid taffeta is trimmed with velvet bands and combined with a chemisette of simple all-over lace, but the blouse can be utilized for a great many ma-



terials and in a number of ways. It is just as appropriate for the entire dresses as it is for the separate waist and it can be made from almost any seasonable material. Crepe de Chine, lousine and taffeta are favorite silks for the separate blouse, but for entire dresses the plaid taffetas, veillings, cashmeres and light colored broadcloths all are being used, while the model is adapted to each and all. The tucks are arranged after a most becoming manner and the little chemisette always gives an air of exquisite daintiness. It could be of lace, of tuck silk or of lingerie material as liked. Again, the sleeves can be either long or in three-quarter length so that the model seems to fulfill a great many requirements. The collar can be made with the new points back of the ears or straight as may be found more becoming.

The blouse is made with the smoothly fitted lining and itself consists of front and backs. The chemisette is faced onto the lining and its edges are concealed by the shaped trimming band. The long sleeves are gathered into deep cuffs, the three-quarter ones into bands.

The quantity of material required for the sixteen year size is three and five-eighths yards twenty-one or twenty-four, three yards twenty-seven or one and three-quarter yards forty-four inches wide with one-half yard of all-over lace and one-half yard of silk or velvet for the trimming.

Gray and Black Coat.

The note of harmony between a gray skirt and black coat is struck in the gray braid trimmings of the coat.

The Farm

Food For Poultry.

An experienced poultryman says three parts of ground sunflower seed and one part cracked corn is a fine mixture for fattening poultry. Where only a small quantity is grown the best results are obtained by throwing the heads to the poultry and let them have the exercise of picking out the seeds.—Farmers' Home Journal.

Grow Forage and Feed It.

One of the greatest helps, then, to the farmer in cheapening the cost of his crop is the production of forage of high feeding value and the feeding it to cattle, thus adding the cattle to his sources of income, and from their manure spread broadcast on his land increasing the humus content and furnishing a valuable plant food.—Progressive Farmer.

Kick the Barn Door.

One writer advises his readers not to kick the cow when they get mad, but to go and kick the barn door. A farmer may be considered insane who would kick the barn door, but there is about as much sense and a great deal more benefit to the cow in so doing than to give the cow a sound thrashing for something she cannot reason out.—Florida Agriculturist.

To Measure an Acre.

To measure an acre, tie a ring at each end of a rope, the distance being sixty-six feet between them; tie a piece of colored cloth exactly in the middle of this. One acre of ground will be four times the length and two and a half times the width, or the equal of sixteen rods one way and ten rods the other, making the full acre 160 square rods. Keep the rope dry so it will not stretch. A rod is sixteen and a half lineal feet. An acre is 4840 square yards, or 42,560 square feet.—American Cultivator.

The Farm Horse.

I find it is cheaper in the long run to keep the farm horses in a healthy, thriving condition. Neglect sooner or later is apt to bring on heavy cost.

Poorly ventilated and damp stables are liable to bring on coughs and colds and other diseases.

Regularity in feeding is more important than I used to think it was. If horses are disappointed by failure to feed them at the proper time they become uneasy and do not thrive so well, while irregular feeding with different kinds of food is more liable to bring on colic and indigestion.

The food should be regulated according to the work done. A great deal of food is wasted through the winter by overfeeding and careless feeding.—J. C. C., in the American Cultivator.

Money in Good Management.

By having good pasture as many months in the year as possible, one will be able to carry his dairy cows through the twelvemonth at small cost, and they will supply fertilizer to improve the plowed part of the farm. Supposing that one-half or one-third of the farm was used for cultivated crops with such management, it would be possible to make that one-half or one-third yield as much net profit as all the farm under the system of farming that is all too common now, and the direct profit from the pasture or dairy would remain as so much extra profit. That good management would materially aid in the paramount problem of fewer acres and more bales, bushels or tons per acre, with more net profit got more certainly.—Progressive Farmer.

Rats.

My experience quite agrees with the remedy of H. C. B., which you published recently. For readers who have not complete files this seems worth repeating. It is a radical and absolutely clean cure, as follows: In a dwelling the rat holes will be found in the cellar against the foundation wall, and be sure to find all the holes and pour into and around each one a good supply of pine tar, not coal tar. In forty-eight hours there will not be a single rat in the house, and they can be kept out by replenishing the tar when it becomes hard. A two-quart can of tar will keep the house clear for a twelvemonth. The writer, many years since, drove out and kept out of his house a great body of rats for all the years he lived in that house after he learned how.—A. J. P., in the Country Gentleman.

Farm Tools Lost.

Many farm tools are lost because the farmer has no definite place to keep them and could not find them when wanted. These lost tools often come to light in course of time unless spoiled by rust and neglect. Many an implement has to be replaced in a year or two which would have lasted a long time if given proper care. Besides the injury to the tools it is probable that most farmers waste more time searching for tools that are wanted for use than would amount to the damage done to tools by neglect. It is not difficult to get into the habit of keeping each tool and implement in a convenient place and returning it to that place after use. It is much easier to walk a considerable distance to one known place than it is to go here and there in the attempt to locate a tool that has no place in particular for storage.—American Cultivator.

Pure Food For Animals.

George B. McCabe, solicitor of the Department of Agriculture, remarks that the national pure food law is for the benefit of beasts as well as human beings. The following example is cited: Suppose a farmer living in Indiana, near Chicago, should haul his hay into the Illinois metropolis for marketing. Suppose, also, that this farmer claims his hay to be timothy. If he sells it under this claim and the purchaser discovers that the hay contains red top the farmer is liable to prosecution under the pure food law. Quite proper. Likewise, presumably, the faithful horse who at the dinner hour finds shoe pegs served, when the menu calls for oats, will have quite as good a ground of complaint under the law as the unsuspecting housewife upon whom the unscrupulous peddler foists nutmegs made of basswood. In this war on the sale of fraudulent foods let no guilty man escape.—Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.

Pork Raising.

To sum up the few essential elements involved in profitable pork production they include good quality in the breeding stock, as the pure-bred sire is the farmer's best friend in all live stock breeding, although some do not realize this fact and think that a common-bred sire will do as well. The pure-bred sire is prepotent and will have a uniform class of offspring, possessing quality, while the other will impress or intensify upon his offspring lack of quality or perfection and the difference in the price of the two will not justify the results.

Provide range, an abundance of grass and succulent feed, a well balanced ration, regularly fed, also charcoal, ashes and salt and an abundance of pure water. If not blessed with natural shade in the summer provide it. Have dry, clean, comfortable pens, with abundance of sunlight, stock kept free from vermin, good troughs and clean feeding floors, and success invariably will be the reward.—R. E. Roberts, Corliss, Wis.

Crimson Clover.

Can it be sown in summer in growing corn, to plow under the following spring, without injuring the corn? J. B. A., Logansport, Ind. Answer: Yes. Sow ten pounds of seed per acre immediately preceding the last cultivation. If that is done with an implement with eight or ten moderate sized teeth, similar to a spring-tooth cultivator, it will be better than if the last cultivation is given by an implement having fewer and larger teeth. Ordinarily, clover seeds sink into the ground and grow without being covered, but at the season when it is proposed to sow it the ground may be dry, and heavy rains may not supply sufficient moisture; therefore it is best either to harrow or cultivate in the seed, although success frequently comes by sowing immediately after the cultivator when heavy rains quickly follow the sowing. It will not injure the corn to any appreciable extent. We are inclined to believe that the shade the clover furnishes is a compensation for the moisture and plant food which the roots take from the soil. Frequently this crimson clover is killed during late winter and spring, but this need not discourage you from sowing it, since the quantity of nitrogen and other plant food which it will gather or set free for the use of following plants is very large, although there may be no clover in May to plow under. If it lives through the winter nicely, so much the better. The seed may be sown from horseback, the horse being muzzled if the corn is tall.—Country Gentleman.

Chicks Dying in the Shell.

It is nearly time for those who have incubators to begin to put them to work. The papers and incubator catalogues are full of reports of wonderful success with incubators, and there must be good results as a rule or people would not buy them, but we seldom hear of the failures. Mrs. Gomperts, writing to the Florida Poultry Journal, gives a bit of her experience as follows:

My experience with incubation may be of benefit to some one. I would be glad if some one else would try it and make a report through our paper, in order that notes on results might be compared, perhaps profitably for all of us.

I can't remember just how many infertile eggs I had—fifteen, I think. They were eggs I ordered, and I was afraid I would get them too hot, so I run the incubator rather low.

I have noticed that when I run the incubator a little high—that is, a little past the mark—and had plenty of moisture I got better hatches.

Every fertile egg, except three, hatched one time, and every one except five at another time. These were my best and they were hatched when it was warm and I kept the temperature up as high as I dared.

I take time in turning and cooling eggs. I leave them out and then leave the door open, unless it is cold, until I trim and fill the lamp. Then I bring the temperature up slowly, but surely.

Now, I do not mean that I run the temperature as much as one-half degree higher than the directions, but full up to a hair's breadth past the mark which is given in the instruction book with your machine. I firmly believe that low heat is one cause of egg weakness. I always turn the eggs twice daily from the day they are laid until the day before they are hatched.



which the net and the silk are arranged on indicated lines.

The quantity of material required for the jabot is one-half yard of material eighteen or twenty-one inches wide with one and five-eighths yards of insertion and two and one-half yards of edging; for either bow one-eighth yard eighteen or twenty-one inches wide with three-eighth yard of insertion and three-quarter yard of edging for the square bow; for the collar one-eighth yard any width with one-half yard of silk for the folds.

There are vests that end at the waist line, and others above it.