

THE AFTER WORD.

How can I write, dear heart? What shall I say?
This is a pleasant place? The hours run fast!
I have forgotten that there was a past
Where you and I once held high holiday?

That love's an episode, and we recover?
That love's eternal, and we're hurt past death?
That life's the drawing of each separate breath
Alone, my more than friend and less than lover?

How can I prove the tempest of my tears
Was more than to entreat my soul's desire—
A plea for words that would have set you higher
In the warm niche that's held you all these years?

You were so dearer than my pride to me,
I could not judge you with a heart too wise.
The glory of the vision filled my eyes
And I was blind to what the end would be.

But now that I am patienter with pain—
For joy that once was mine—I see the worth
Of gifts in giving, and the kindly earth
Shows us no flower may bloom—and die—in vain.

—Mary Manners, in *Aimée's*.

Watson's Advice.

By
GRETE HAHN.

"I'm tired of this sort of life," said Sylvester to his friend Watson.

"What sort of life?" asked Watson.

"Why, my life—the life I'm living."

"What's the matter with it?"

"It's rotten. I hate it."

"Come, you've got nothing to grumble at, surely."

"You mean because I'm rich, and all that sort of thing?"

"Yes—particularly all that sort of thing, by which I take it you mean your exceptional mental and physical—"

"Don't be an idiot! I tell you, I'm sick of myself—sick of the whole beastly show, sick of eating, and drinking, and sleeping, and enjoying myself. I suppose a man was meant for something better than that."

"Of course, but you're not doing yourself justice, old fellow. Eating and enjoying yourself isn't the sum total of your existence. Every child on the estate knows better than that."

"That's nothing," said Sylvester, hurriedly. "I'm bound to look after the estate, of course, but—it's an empty existence, all the same, Watson. I'm a miserable, lonely man."

Watson gave a prolonged whistle. "So that's what's the matter with you," he said. "Now I understand, Sylvester, who is the lady?"

"There is no lady," replied Sylvester, flushing beneath his tan.

"Then I'm on the wrong track. It isn't matrimony you're hankering after?"

"To tell you the truth, I believe it is," murmured Sylvester, sheepishly.

"Then why, for goodness sake, don't you marry?"

"Well, I—I mean to. That's what I want to talk to you about."

"Why not talk to the lady?"

"There is no lady," repeated the other. "Not yet, at least," he added, confusedly.

"You mean to say there is no one you care about?"

"No; at least—well—no. That is, I'm not in love with any one, you know."

Watson laughed. "I'm beginning to understand," he said. "There are lots of girls you like, and you don't know which to fall in love with, eh?"

"It sounds idiotic, doesn't it?"

"Not at all. You're not the first man who's felt like that."

"I'm a very bad judge of women, Watson."

"Oh! Perhaps you want me to recommend a wife to you?"

"Well—yes. At least, you understand," he added, quickly. "I'm not such a conceited ass as to imagine I can choose a wife as I should choose a horse."

"No; of course not."

"In fact, I dare say, I shall have to ask a good many before anybody will have me. But, of course, one has to make up one's mind whom to ask."

Watson looked at his friend in amusement mingled with admiration. Sylvester had spoken with the utmost simplicity. There was not the slightest suspicion of mock modesty in tone or manner. "And yet," thought Watson, "he is a man few women would say 'no' to."

"Look here," he said, aloud, "you're sure there's no one you've made up your mind to ask?"

"No," replied Sylvester, hesitating a scarcely perceptible second.

"What a pity Nellie's made up her mind to marry Lowry. I could conscientiously recommend her!"

"Of course. Your sister's a prize. However, Lowry's the happy man in that case."

"How about Rita Vernon?" asked Watson. "You were rather struck in that quarter, weren't you?"

"With her good looks—yes," said Sylvester, "but—well—have you ever seen her in a temper? I have."

"That settles her, then. There's Mollie Branson. She's amiable and good-tempered, as well as pretty."

"She's too good for me."

"Which means that you don't care for her. Well, then, have you thought of Blanche Lester?"

"I have to think of her," returned Sylvester, with a whimsical smile.

"Then there is some one, after all!" exclaimed his friend.

"You don't understand. My relations with Blanche Lester are of a strictly business-like nature. She writes letters asking for donations to her various charities, and I answer them."

"What of Edith Vaughan?" demanded Watson, after a moment's pause.

"I admire her—at a distance," said Sylvester, solemnly.

"You're hard to please, man. Cissy Talbot is a nice girl," remarked Watson, studying the ceiling.

"She's charming," said Sylvester, with enthusiasm. "Pretty and clever, too."

"Then what's to hinder you from—"

"Watson," interrupted Sylvester, "there's some one you haven't mentioned yet."

Watson gave a start. "Is there?" he asked.

"Yes. It's curious, because I happen to know her rather better than any of the others. You know whom I mean, don't you?"

"Not little Lucy Summering?"

"No," replied Watson. "You've said nothing about her."

"No," replied Watson, in a mechanical tone. "I've said nothing about her."

Sylvester stared. "What's wrong?" he asked. "Don't you like Miss Graham?"

"I have the greatest admiration for her," said Watson, quietly.

"My dear fellow, so have I!" said Sylvester. "She's splendid, isn't she? She's the only really beautiful woman I know."

"And I believe she's as good as she's beautiful. Watson, I think I could love that girl."

"Has it only just occurred to you?" asked Watson, coldly.

SO LIVE THAT EVERY THOUGHT AND DEED MAY HOLD WITHIN ITSELF THE SEED OF FUTURE GOOD AND FUTURE MEED.

Sylvester looked sheepish. "I—I never realized it properly until now," he stammered.

"I think I understand," said Watson.

"Watson, old man, do you—do you think she could ever learn to—care for me? I know I'm not worthy of her, but—"

"No man is," interrupted Watson. "I mean," he added hastily, "no man is good enough for any good woman. But we all know that. I suppose—in a strained voice—"Miss Graham is going to marry somebody, and I don't know any one more fit than you are."

Sylvester flushed like a schoolboy. "Thank you," he said, simply. "It isn't true, though. There are heaps of better fellows. Watson, do you think there's a chance for me?"

"Of course I do. Go in and win, old fellow."

"I say, Watson, will you do me a favor?"

"Well?"

"Your sister's very friendly with Miss Graham, isn't she? Do you think she'd—she'd put in a good word for me? Women understand that sort of thing."

"I'll ask her," said Watson, turning away his head.

"He's the best fellow in the world, Nellie."

"H'm."

Nellie Watson cast a swift glance at her brother from beneath her long lashes.

"If any one deserves Frances Graham, he does."

"H'm."

"He's the best match in the neighborhood."

"From a worldly point of view, yes."

"I thought you liked Sylvester, Nellie."

"So I do."

"And there's no reason why Miss Graham shouldn't like him."

"No."

"Well, then—?"

"Jim, can't you guess why I don't want Frances to marry Mr. Sylvester?"

"Nellie! You don't mean you're—"

"In love with him?" laughed Nellie. "Don't be silly. I've got what I want. No, it's you I'm thinking of."

"What do you mean?"

"You know very well what I mean," retorted Nellie, a trifle sharply. "You've got as much right to Frances as Sylvester, and if I were in Frances' place I should know which of you two to choose."

"You're joking, Nell. A poor beggar like me has no right even to dream of Miss Graham."

"Don't be absurd. You talk as though you actually were a beggar."

"I am, compared to Sylvester."

"If a woman is worth anything, that makes no difference to her."

"But it does, it should, to the man. He has no right to ask her to share his poverty."

"Not even if she knows she loves him?" asked Nellie, slowly.

"Nellie! He doesn't know it. He can't know it! It's impossible."

"Impossible!" repeated Nellie, with an odd smile. "Impossible that she should love him? Queerer things than that have happened, Jim."

Watson made no reply.

"Still, I suppose you know best," Nellie went on, in a tone of gentle irony. "And so you really want me to intercede with Frances for Sylvester?"

"Yes."

"You want me to tell her what an excellent husband your friend would make?"

"Yes."

"You want me to point out to her how handsome he is, and how rich, and how—ahem!—altogether irresistible?"

"Well, yes—something of that sort, in a delicate, tactful sort of way, of course. You'll know how to do it, Nell. Women understand that sort of thing."

"Do they? Perhaps. But not in the way you think."

"What do you mean?"

"Never mind. Well, I'll follow your instructions, Jim."

"Thanks, old girl."

"Jim, how stupid you men are!" And Nellie began to laugh, for no apparent reason.

"May I come in, Mr. Watson? Nellie told me I should find you here."

Watson jumped from his chair in surprise. "Miss Graham! I thought you were at Farnleigh."

"So I was. I came over to see—Nellie, on important business."

"Oh!"

"And I came partly to see you, too." Miss Graham's tone was perfectly matter-of-fact.

"That's very nice of you," replied Watson, stupidly.

"Please don't mention it," returned Frances, demurely. "You see, I felt I ought to thank you personally for the kindly interest you have taken in my welfare. But how did you guess that I was looking for a husband?"

"Miss Graham, I beg your pardon, I had no intention—" began Watson, in confusion.

She interrupted him with a little wave of her hand. "Oh, don't apologize," she said. "I'm very much indebted to you, really. To tell the truth, I had no idea Mr. Sylvester was such a paragon of all the virtues."

"You see," Frances went on, calmly. "Mr. Sylvester isn't a bit in love with me. He fancied he was, but I pointed out his mistake. I described to him at some length all the sensations of a man who is really in love, and he had to admit that he didn't feel like that at all. Mr. Watson, when you declared just now that you had done your friend more harm than good, I contradicted you."

"Yes," said Watson.

"I only meant to say," she went on hurriedly, "that you had made no difference in his prospects, one way or the other. That if I had loved him, nothing—you or anybody else could have said or done would have made any difference. The man I love—"

She stopped, and her face flushed a rosy red.

Something in her eyes quickened the beating of his heart.

"The man you love," he repeated, in a low voice. "What of him?"

"He is so proud," whispered Frances. "He will not speak, and yet—I have told him that I know—everything."

"Frances! You can't mean—"

"Must I speak more plainly still?" she asked, tremulously.

Without a word, he held out his arms to her, and she sank into them unresistingly.—*New York Weekly*.



The American Museum of Natural History has received samples of the hair, wool and hide of a mammoth, probably the only samples of the outer covering of this extinct animal now in America. They are from Elephant Point, Alaska.

To raise a heavy door slightly on its hinges, when about to lubricate them, says the Scientific American, place an ax on the ground with its edge toward the door, and open the latter so as to force it up the thickness of the ax for about a quarter of an inch. The ax will hold the door with the pintles exposed while the lubricant is applied.

The technical man says there isn't any such thing as suction between vessels. That as a matter of fact two vessels passing in close proximity are shoved rather than drawn together. He illustrates his point with a tube with two bulging ends and a channel, half the size of these equal ends, connecting them. When water was pumped in at one end, or at any point in the tube, the pressure was found to be twice as great in either end as in the slender middle portion.

A Parisian metallurgical engineer claims to have perfected a process of welding copper to steel wire so as to make a non-corrosive coating. Many advantages, it is said, will result from the use of this new wire, such as high tensile strength and elasticity, combined with smaller surface exposed to wind and sleet than would be the case with iron wire of the same conductivity. This wire is especially useful over long spans, as pole intervals may be much greater when it is used.

Oxygen, named from the Greek *oxus*, sharp, is the most abundant of all substances, constituting about one-third of the solid earth, and forming about nine-tenths of water and one-fifth of the atmosphere. It is the supporter of animal life and of combustion. Without oxygen we could not even light a match. Nitrogen is, in a way, equally important, as it is the indispensable element in food and in the soil, from which all food primarily is drawn.

Practical photography first saw the light in 1839. On February 21 of that year Talbot, who had obtained permanent prints and camera images as early as 1835, published his process. Daguerre's was published on August 19, and somewhere between those two dates Ponton, in a paper read at the Royal Scottish Society of Arts, made known to the world his discovery that soluble organic matter, in the presence of an alkaline bichromate, was rendered insoluble by exposure of light—a discovery the value of which was not recognized for some years, but which is the basis of all that is included in "process work."

His Shoe Was His Bank.

W. S. Webb, cashier of the Missouri Savings Association Bank, had an unusual experience with a depositor this morning. The depositor had three \$20 bills. The bills were worn through at one end, evidently from contact with nails in the heel of a shoe. The depositor said he had been carrying the bills in his shoe since the financial stress began. The bills were sent to Washington for redemption.—*Kansas City Star*.

Killed in Queer Accident.

A somewhat remarkable death took place recently in one of the large ovens at Tunstall, Staffordshire, England, used for firing pottery, the deceased being Albert Cotton, aged twenty-four. A man named Enoch Goodwin went up a ladder to the top of the oven, when he fell and alighted on Cotton, killing him on the spot.



Keep the Hogs Clean.

In no place on the farm are disinfectants so necessary as in the hog house and yards. Whitewash should be used about the houses at least once during the year. Every two or three weeks the houses, feeding floors, troughs, etc., should be sprayed with a disinfectant. The tar disinfectants are the most convenient to use. These should be used in not less than two percent water solution. An occasional spraying or dipping of the hogs in a one percent water-solution should be practiced.—*Weekly Witness*.

The Sheepfold.

There is no stock on the farm that should be so generously fed as the lambs.

A variety of feed is necessary for the most profitable growth.

If a lot of fodder is thrown on the ground, and the sheep run over it once or twice, they will eat no more of it, even though they are suffering from hunger.

If put in quantities in racks, and they have breathed on it for a short time, they will leave the racks and bleat for food.

Feed little and often, and any hay that is left in the racks should be cleaned out before more is put in.—*Indianapolis News*.

Alfalfa Yields.

In co-operative tests with farmers at the Maryland experiment station the reports received show yields ranging from two and a quarter to seven tons per acre. One farmer reported a yield of five tons per acre on a field of 66 acres seeded twelve years ago. The results of inoculation tests showed the value of using alfalfa and sweet clover soil for this purpose.

Of the farmers reporting 122 had good stands at the time of making their reports, while 36 had been unsuccessful. Of the successful parties 91 used manure, 66 lime, 57 commercial fertilizer, 39 commercial fertilizer and lime, 52 manure and lime, 33 manure and lime and commercial fertilizer, 7 a nurse crop, 41 soil inoculation, and 82 seeded in the fall.—*Weekly Witness*.

Protect the Hens.

When warm weather comes we must look out for the hen lice. I clean my henhouse out every week all winter and give a general cleaning twice a year.

As the roosting rooms are lined with tarred paper I seldom have many lice, and the few that there are can be destroyed by the use of insect powder, kerosene and whitewash.

In an old building the little red mites are sometimes worse than lice, these stay on roosts and in cracks of building during the day and may be destroyed by liberal applications of whitewash, aided by carbolic acid.

When you set a hen, dust her and the nest with insect powder and keep a constant lookout for the lice. If any get on the young chicks, put a bit of oil or grease on the chick's head, but do not grease them all over and then apply sulphur. I try to have the hen free from lice before the eggs hatch. It is not well to put grease on the sitting hen as it may injure the eggs by closing up the pores in shells.—*John Upton, in the Farmers' Home Journal*.

Management Is Half.

There is as much in care and management as in the food. Keep the hens busy all day and then give them enough to fill the crops at night. In this way one can have healthy fowls and avoid many bad habits. If a hopper is used to feed mash, supply a light feed of grain in the litter in the morning; stir it in well so that they have to work to find it. At noon open the hopper and let them help themselves until four o'clock, when it should be closed and the hens fed an abundant feed of grain. If some grain is left in the litter they will search it out the next morning. If moist mash is fed it should be given at noon and then in moderation, as the hens are very fond of warm, crumbly mash in cold weather, and may engorge their crops if fed too much. Aim to have a constant supply of fresh water. Do not allow the fowls to get too hungry but endeavor to keep them comfortable, busy and contented. By strict adherence to these rules one should be able to make strong, vigorous pullets lay well all the fall and winter.—*Poultry Bulletin of Michigan Experiment Station*.

Grain With Pasture.

There is no way in which a shoat can be made to gain so fast as by feeding corn or other grain in connection with grass. A little soaked corn fed daily while the shoats are on clover puts the animals in marketable condition. Feeders should remember that no one kind of feed is as good feed alone as when combined with one or two other kinds of feed. Both grass and corn are natural and excellent hog feeds, but neither one is as good as when combined with the other. Corn makes fat very fast when the system is in a healthy, thrifty condition, and nothing equals grass as a conditioner.

Grass and corn feeding combined keeps the animal in good condition to be marketed at any time after June to the middle of August. The best

market is often during the summer months, and when the hogs are ready it can be taken advantage of and the grass used for younger animals.

If pasture is not available, rape and corn make a splendid combination. Also peas and oats and corn. Whatever the green feeds, give the animal some grain with it, and hurry them along before the fall rush comes. A good allowance of slop twice a day, made of wheat shorts and water (milk if available), is excellent.—*The Farm Star*.

Green Food For Dairy Cattle.

Dairymen should give much attention to green crops, whether they use the entire pasture or not. Green crops afford a large variety and cost less than any other food, giving large amount of forage and assisting in keeping the land in good condition. Rye, crimson clover, cow peas, green corn, rape and oats are all suitable for producing green food in abundance and, as rye and crimson clover give a supply in the spring, before grass has made growth of any consequence, they should be in the line of rotation. Oats and peas broadcasted together, may be seeded very early if the ground is not frozen and they will give a larger amount of green food on one acre than can be secured from three or four acres of pasture and the forage may be cut off and given to the animals at the barn. When the green food is no longer suitable for cutting, sheep may be turned on the remainder and will find a fair proportion of food. Later cow peas may be sown and they will leave the land in better condition than before. Essex rape is also an excellent early forage and as many dairy men and farmers have not given it a trial, those who will make the experiment with it as green forage will not fail to give it a place on the farm hereafter. It can be cut or eaten off several times during the year and yields enormously, all kind of stock being very fond of it.—*Epitomist*.

Farm Notes.

For injuries to the teats or udder of the cow an ointment made from a mixture of fresh butter and tar is excellent.

The average length of a hen's egg is 2.27 inches; diameter at the broad end, 1.72 inches; weight, about one-eighth of a pound.

Plant standard apple trees 40 feet each way, with peach or pear trees as fillers between them. When the filler trees are well grown they will have plenty of room without crowding the standard ones.

Sal soda is excellent for removing fat and grease from milk pails, cans and separators, but soap is best for dirt alone. Sal soda is neither poisonous nor corrosive. Use with water in small proportions.

A mule's hoof, being smaller and tougher than that of the average horse does not need shoeing unless on hard roads a great deal. Better not shoe if confined to work on the farm, unless used to haul loads on frozen ground.

Sheep manure is the best manure and will improve the land faster than any other kind of manure made on the farm, with the possible exception of that made by fowls, which is quite frequently termed "American guano."

Professor Rommel of the National Bureau of Animal Industry, says his investigations show that the sows of the Poland-China breed have increased in fecundity during the past 20 years. A 10-year experiment shows that while the Poland-China litters average 7.52, the Duroc-Jerseys average 9.26.

An iron weight with a strap attached to it should always be carried in the farm wagon. The moment the horse is stopped and the driver is to leave the team, the weight should be dropped on the ground and the strap fastened to the horse. This will make it safer than to allow the team to stand unhitched.

All fruit trees should be sprayed while dormant, with lime, sulphur and salt, as a preventive of San Jose scale, to destroy the fungi. It is also claimed that this preparation is a good fertilizer, and will help to keep the trees healthy. Quite a number of insects attack only dead or decaying trees, and these form a breeding place for many other varieties of insect pests.

Here is a well-recommended whitewash: For 10 gallons use 25 pounds of common lime slaked with boiling water; 5 pounds of clean wood ashes; 10 pounds of melted beef tallow; 3 pounds of common salt, and one-half pound of glue, dissolved. Add any dry mineral paint to color, such as burnt umber, yellow ochre or mineral red. Mix all while hot and apply while warm, keeping it well stirred.

Wanted the Sheets.

A weary guest at a small and not very clean country inn was repeatedly called the morning after his arrival by the colored man-of-all-work.

"See here," he finally burst forth, "how many times have I told you I don't want to be called? I want to sleep!"

"I know, sub, but dey've got to hab de sheets, anyhow. It's almos' 8 o'clock, an dey's waitin' for de table-cloth."—*Pittsburg Press*.

Cardiff exports twelve million tons of coal yearly.