

## A QUESTION.

Canst thou, if heaven thy wisest choice refuse  
And cross thy plans, however thy course flags,  
Do with thy might the work thou dost not choose,  
Walk in the dust and wear the very rags,  
While one, no worthier, lifted from thy side,  
Holds thy wished place and lives in ease and pride?

Canst thou without reward, save in thy mind,  
The calm content that springs from duty done,  
See all thine honors strip away, and find  
Another with the prize thy most won—  
Untouched by envy while the many wrong  
His name with praise that to thine belong?

Canst thou, when foes wax strong and friendships cease,  
When men with evil words thy good defame,  
In patience keep thy soul, hold fast thy peace,  
And let thy life put slander's tongue to shame,  
—Sure of the inward verdict, without heed,  
How the great world may look upon thy deed?

Rejoice, O friend, and deem thy fortune rare!  
Whate'er thine outward lot, thy cup is brimmed  
With richest blessing; kings no jewels wear  
Upon their brows whose light would shine undimmed,  
Matched with the lustre of that attitude  
Wherewith the highest heavens have crowned thy soul.

## LILA'S REVENGE.

By MRS. ALEX. McVEIGH MILLER.

He came down from the Capitol and boarded the electric car on Pennsylvania avenue, a handsome man of thirty-five, stately, but with the pallor of dissipation on his aristocratic features, and with clothing of the shabby genteel type.

The only other occupant, a middle-aged man, with a soldierly air, started, looked twice, then smiled.

"Claude Merrill, is it not?" and they shook hands cordially.

"Major Graves, I am indebted to your kind remembrance. It must be quite ten years since we met, and I thought I had altered beyond recognition. I am down on my luck, you see," fishing with the consciousness of the warm overcoat that kept off the cold of the winter day.

"Ten years! Why, it must be twelve!" cried the soldier, ignoring the latter part of the speech. "Wasn't it in the White Mountains I saw you last? That summer you were so sweet on the little dark-eyed girl with the prisoned song-bird in her white throat. I forgot her name, but it is Mrs. Merrill, now, of course?"

"No."  
"Possible? So, then it was only a flirtation! 'Pon honor, I thought it a genuine case of 'spoons,'" laughed Major Graves.

"Don't, Major! I cannot bear to remember those old days!" and Claude Merrill sighed from the bottom of his heart.

"You don't mean to say she died?" in a tone of awe. "Yet it must be so. She would never have jilted you; she loved you too well."

"And I worshipped Lila Lake, Major Graves, but I never asked her to marry me."

"Did she marry some one else?"

"I don't know. I never heard what became of Lila, but I'm a bachelor still, and if I knew where to find her now, I'd beg her to forgive me and to share my altered fortunes, if she would."

"She is dead, perhaps," said the soldier.

"I have often feared so—dead perhaps of a broken heart—poor little Lila," sighed Claude Merrill, dropping into pathos, and thinking of Tennyson's hero weeping over the grave of his broken-hearted little love:

"There I put my face in the grass,  
Whispered; 'Listen to my despair;  
I repent me of all I did.  
Speak a little, Ellen Adair!'"

Major Graves began to look greatly interested, but the car stopped just then to admit several more passengers, and Merrill continued, in a lowered voice:

"I see you're curious, and I wouldn't mind telling you the whole story, only—I must leave you in a few minutes. I get off near the White House, to call on Senator Lorton, who lives up that way. I was at the Capitol to see him, but the doorkeeper told me he'd gone home to help his wife receive her guests in the entertainment she gives for the foreign legation this afternoon."

"Oh, yes, Lorton's from your State, splendid speaker, and young, too, they say—little over thirty. Friend of yours, of course?"

"Do I look like a Senator's friend?" with a sarcastic glance downward at his shabby clothing. "No, I've never met Lorton, but I'm trying to secure his influence to get me something under the Government—high-toned position if possible—if not, anything! I'm ruined—have run through my fortune, and must work now, for I've an aged mother and an invalid brother to support, you see, and I can't afford to be particular."

"No," assented the soldier.

"But I'm not sanguine of success," continued Merrill, gloomily. "I've no real claim on Lorton, only that I voted for him, and am from his State. Then too, he must know of my family—the highest in the county, and once the richest. But I may fall. How is it with you, major? Have you any influence you could use for me?"

"None at all, I'm sorry to say. You see, Merrill, my politics and the President's are of a different complexion entirely, and that cuts me out of any influence. But come and join me in a little supper tonight, and tell me what luck you had with Lorton—you must!" handing Merrill his address.

"Well, then, I will, thank you, major. But this is my corner. Au revoir."

"Who is he, major?" asked an acquaintance, as Merrill left the car.

"Old acquaintance—Claude Merrill, from down South. Quite a grandee once—down on his luck now, and seeking government work."

"Oh, ah?—I wish him luck!" and the subject dropped, but the major looked forward impatiently to the little supper that night.

The old days had their pain and their charm for him, too; for, unknown to all, the major—it had been plain captain then—had secretly cherished an affection for the beautiful girl who had, as he said, "a song-bird in her white throat." But Claude Merrill had monopolized her so completely that every one else seemed quite out of the running.

"And he let her go, after all, the fool," the major muttered to himself, as he impatiently awaited his guest that evening.

The door opened. Through the curling blue smoke of his cigar he saw Claude Merrill's face, pale, strangely excited.

"Congratulate me!" he cried, in a strange voice.

"With all my heart," and they shook hands.

"Tell me all about it," cried the major.

"Well, I saw the Senator. He was very kind. I am successful beyond my hopes. I get a good berth in the Pension Department with a big salary!"

"No wonder you look excited! Why, man alive, your face is pale, your eyes wild, as if you had seen a ghost."

"Perhaps I have, major."

He drew a deep breath as he lighted a cigar and threw back his handsome head. His gray eyes glittered strangely.

"The ghost I care most to hear about is Lila Lake," said the soldier. "You promised this afternoon, you know—"

"Yes, I will tell you all," said Merrill. "Hark to the wind, how it raves! A stormy night, my friend."

"Yes, yes; but it cannot penetrate here, and supper will be served presently. Let us have the story first. Why did you not marry Lila? A lover's quarrel?"

"No."  
"Then why the deuce—"

"Softly, major. Your excitement makes me suspicious."

"A fig for your suspicions! I loved Lila Lake myself! There! I thought you meant to marry her, or I would have offered her my hand."

"I wish you had, Major Graves. I was a better match perhaps then, as money goes, but your heart was the truer. Listen, then, and despise me."

Outside the winter wind raved wildly, moaning along the broad avenues like a dirge. The two men gazed at each other eagerly.

"You know my family, Major Graves. The best blood ran in our veins, and we were rich, too. I was a catch in those days."

"Yes."

"And when I fell in love with Lila Lake, who was summering in the White Mountains, I never dreamed but that she was of my own rank in life. Young, lovely, gifted, she was my ideal, and you know I spared no pains to win her heart."

"And you succeeded," said the major, with a groan.

"Yes, her beautiful dark eyes and every tone of her sweet voice when she spoke to me told me that. I was so sure of her answer I was in no hurry to speak, and the day that she left to return to the city I told her I should follow her the next week, and asked permission to call on her at her home."

"Yes."

"She looked at me with such a sweet and trusting smile and gave me a card with her address. It was on such an obscure street that I looked at her in uncontrollable surprise."

"She hushed, and murmured half-proudly:

"I don't live on Beacon Hill, you see. I am only a working-girl, Mr. Merrill."

"She a working girl!—that incarnation of beauty, grace and talent! The ground seemed to reel beneath my feet. I stared at her, almost offensively. I know, in my great surprise, for she drew herself up proudly, and said, in a stiff little voice:

"I ought to have told you all about myself before, but I did not think it was anyone's business unless—unless they were particularly interested in me—and you—you have been very friendly—she blushed warmly here—so I will be frank with you, and then—then you can call or not, as you please, when you return to the city."

"She told me then that she was an orphan. Poor little girl, only seventeen and an orphan! She lived with a widowed aunt at the address she had given me. But they were poor, and Lila, dainty, beautiful Lila, with her refined manners and elegant bearing, worked in a store—sold gloves and even tried them on miming fine ladies at the glove counter."

"And on Sundays I sing at the cathedral, and I get as much for my contract in the choir, for one single day, as I do for my whole week in the great Boston store," she added, with a little air of pride. "Indeed, only for the singing I never could have saved money to come to the mountains and rest. It is very tiresome at a glove counter, you know. One's side gets to aching so badly from leaning over and trying on people's gloves."

"She said it with a proud, sweet air, like a princess, and if I had not been a fool and a coward, I should have taken her in my arms and told her that her weary, toilsome days were over and that she must soon be my bride. But I was horrified; my pride rose in the major."

"Yes," the major said, dreamily, through his cigar smoke.

"We parted in mutual constraint, Lila wounded and very quiet. I saying simply that I would call on her when I passed through Boston on my way South. I do not think even then she believed me, for she was very proud, very quiet. I saw her sweet lips trembling when she tried to smile a gay good-bye."

"And you have never seen her since?"

"Oh, yes, for I came through the city and stayed two weeks. But I did not call on Lila. A struggle was going on in my mind between love and pride. How could I, the proud, aristocratic Claude Merrill, take for my bride a little salesgirl from a glove counter? My proud relations would have disowned me. My dead ancestors would have turned in their graves."

"So you came away?"

"Yes, after two weeks, during which I saw her daily, myself unseen. I was at the cathedral when she sang. I was at the grand emporium where she sold gloves. I saw how sad and pale the lovely face had grown. I heard the accents of despair in her sweet-young voice. My heart was breaking, too, but I could not relent from my cruel pride. I came away at last, and made no sign."

"Poor Lila!" murmured the major. "I wonder if I could find her in Boston now."

"No; I wrote there years ago in a quiet way. Her aunt was dead. Lila had left the city. No one knew where she had gone."

"And that is the end of her little story of love and sorrow. Poor Lila!" and the major's head drooped on his breast.

There was a strange smile on Claude Merrill's face.

"Now tell me tell you about my call on the Senator," he said.

"Is there anything more? You have already said it all. You get the place under the Government."

"Not much more. But it was a grand success, was it not? Major Graves, you know that many a poor devil has hung about the lobby of the Capitol for years, and never got anything half so good as this for his pains, though he lay in the very dust at the Congressmen's feet. Well, you know my influence must have been strong."

"Very—but how was it?"

"They were in the very thick of the grand entertainment when I sent in my card to Senator Lorton. His flunkies were incensed at my cheek, but I insisted, and I did not care for a hundred legations. I'd been running after the Senator and writing to him for a week. I was determined to get a hearing."

"And he saw you?"

"Yes. He came to me in the library. He was very proud at first, and I fancied half contemptuous. My blood began to boil then. I saw him putting some sort of restraint on himself, and he said quietly that he had not thought he could help me at all when he first got my letter—the place was actually promised to another man, and he could not see just how he was going to make it up to the other fellow, but a lady of his household had interceded for me, and as he could refuse her nothing, he had agreed to get me the place."

"Then he looked at me a little coldly out of his splendid blue eyes, and asked me if I ever knew a Miss Lake—Miss Lila Lake."

"I told him yes, and that I would give the world to see her again."

"Perhaps she can see you a few moments. I will go send her to you, and you must thank her for the appointment you will receive tomorrow morning. It is all her doing," and he bowed himself out of the library."

Major Graves threw down his cigar in high excitement.

"Ah, now I see how it will all turn out!" he cried. "Lila was the governess, or perhaps even a relation. She loved you still, she interceded for you, you found her still young and lovely—after all, she could not be quite out of her twenties yet—she forgave you, and will yet be your bride."

Claude Merrill smiled a ghastly smile, almost a sneer.

"Major Graves, how you run on," he said, abruptly. "But, yes, I found her still young and lovely—indeed, more beautiful than ever. And she was dressed like a queen, in silks and laces and diamonds, all snow-white, like a bride. You remember how gay and bright she was at the White Mountains? She was just the same now. The years that have turned you and me gray, dear major, have only lent her the added charm of ripened beauty."

"She came to the library alone, she gave me her little white hand, all dazling with jewels, and cried:

"Do you remember little Lila Lake? I have never forgotten you. As soon as the Senator mentioned your name, I remembered you and spoke up for you. No, not one word of thanks. I owe it to you for helping to make that summer in the mountains so bright and happy. And I wonder what became of dear Captain Graves? I liked him very much also, you know. And you never called when you came through Boston, as you promised, Mr. Merrill? I thought I saw you once at the Cathedral and again at the store. But I was mistaken, of course. At first I was very much disappointed, but—I got over it in time. And you are married now, I suppose?"

"I stammered out something ridiculous that makes me grow hot and cold now. No, I was not married yet. She was the only woman I had ever seen that I could love like that. I had written her that in Boston four years later, but she had gone away, and I could learn no more. Could she ever forgive me?"

"Her smile was sunshine itself."

"Four years ago? Why, I was in Europe then. You see, it was two years after I first knew you that Senator Lorton heard me sing, and fell in love with my voice. He sought my acquaintance, and—he was not a Senator yet, you know—and I lost my heart to his bonny blue eyes. We were married soon and went abroad. What! did he not tell you that? Why, I have been Mrs. Lorton these ten years!"—From Good Literature.

## QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

The electric post is to be tried in Italy.

Cardiff exports twelve million tons of coal yearly.

Steel rails average 130 tons of metal to the mile; iron, 145 tons.

The tariff of the Indian railways are lowest of any in the world.

The entire native population of Siberia does not exceed 700,000.

Four and a half tons of cotton rags will make 24-5 tons of paper.

Over one million exiles have been transported to Siberia since 1840.

There were 9914 new books published in 1907, or 1311 more than for 1906.

In most large cities death rate in winter is much greater than in summer.

The census of the lawyers of New York City shows that there is one for every 250 persons.

The first secretary of the Chinese legation in St. Petersburg remarked the other day that the Chinese government has a stronger hold on its people than the Russian has on its own, and that the Chinese people are less cultivated and more oppressed.

One would think that a writer whose stories have reached the enormous sale of 5,000,000 copies would be known to everybody, yet the name of Mr. Nat Gould is probably not at all familiar to the most of the ordinary novel-reading public.

Justin McCarthy, the historian and ex-leader of the Irish party, is now living in retirement at Westgate-on-Sea. McCarthy is still busy, but his sight has become greatly impaired. He dictates for an hour or two every morning to an amanuensis.

At the recent meeting of parochial school principals in the Columbus, Ohio, Roman Catholic diocese, it was decided to take practical steps for teaching Gregorian music in the parochial schools in order to make easier its introduction into the churches.

The rails on the Belt line road in Philadelphia are the heaviest in the world. They weigh 142 pounds to the yard, and are seventeen pounds heavier than any rail ever used before. They are ballasted in concrete, and nine-inch girders were used to bind them.

To the uninitiated the various grades of railway uniform are bewildering. The London & Northwestern Railway company alone has no fewer than 130 different forms of caps in issue at the present time, the various trimmings, bands or lettering of which indicate the position of the wearer.

## To Collect Post Cards.

A Danish girl living in her father's home in Denmark, having probably heard something about Sydney, and anxious to add to her collection of postcard views from this state, hit upon a plan the success of which will probably astonish her.

Having selected a card with a very pretty rural scene of the home in which she lived the little maiden addressed the card in English—"To the cleverest girl in the biggest school in Sydney, and would she please send a card in return?"

The card was delivered by the postman to the Girls' High school in Elizabeth street. The pupils, numbering some 500, are going to forward each a card to their unknown Danish friend. She will therefore receive 500 post-cards.—British Australasian.

An ingenious Yankee made a locomotive run his toy factory not long since when repairs were necessary in the power plant and there were large numbers of rush orders on hand.



## Dairying Enriches the Farm.

Something of the importance of live stock and especially dairying on the farm is seen in the fact that only 10 cents of fertility leaves the farm in 800 pounds of butter sold, but \$18 of fertility goes from the farm for every 100 bushels of corn sold from it. This is the difference to the farm in grain farming, when considered as a final analysis. And herein are the reasons why dairy farming enriches the farm, as it does, while grain farming impoverishes it, without live stock to return fertility.—Indiana Farmer.

## Squab Raising.

The most successful squab raisers are those who have begun in a very small way, and increased their stock and equipment as the business grew. The work is not particularly exacting nor arduous, and an extensive plant is unnecessary. Common pigeons should not be considered. Homers or homer crosses probably are the best for the amateur. Pigeons always go in pairs, and if there is one extra male in the pen, he will constantly cause trouble by disturbing the mated pairs.—Suburban Life.

## Spreading Manure.

When manure is not decomposed in the heap it must be decomposed in the soil before the plants can utilize it as a food and the sooner the manure is spread the better it will be for the crop. As it is difficult to spread manure on plowed ground, owing to the labor of hauling over the rough, soft ground, the method practiced by those who plow twice is to spread the manure on the unplowed ground in the trough 'not harrowing' and when the land is cross-plowed later on the manure is more intimately mixed with the soil.—Epitomist.

## Good Cultural Methods.

All general staple crops such as cotton, corn, wheat, etc., can be largely protected from serious insect damage by what is known as cultural methods. This means a good, deep, thorough preparation of the land,—the use of good seed,—planting at the most favorable time, fertilizing properly with barnyard manure or commercial fertilizers, and rotating your crops so that one crop does not inherit the insect enemies of the preceding crop. These methods all tend to make a strong, vigorous, quick-growing plant which will quickly recover from slight attacks of the insects; whereas, if the crop is in poorly prepared and poorly fertilized soil, it will be sickly and weak and will succumb readily to the attacks of insects.—Progressive Farmer.

## Living on an Acre.

The wonderful possibilities of rich soil combined with irrigation are well set forth in an article in the Century Magazine, in an account of a one-acre ranch at Clarkston, Wash., by Mr. Wm. H. Kirkbride. The little farm is owned by a retired railroad engineer, who could find nothing more congenial than farming, in this small way. He finds also that, by means of abundant water applied at the right time, he is able to support his little family and lay up some money each year. He does all the cultivation by a hand wheel plow. Among his crops are peaches, pulms, apricots, cherries, English walnuts, chestnuts, small fruits and all kinds of vegetables; besides these products he keeps quite a chicken ranch, which yields him \$200 to \$300. He is well content with the farming, and says of himself and his business:

"I am my own horse and plow and farm hand, and even my own rain maker. With irrigation and careful supervision, there is nothing in the way of profitable producer that can beat the small farm."

So much in favor of irrigation; without it the rich soil and careful tillage would help but little.

## Horses and Alfalfa Hay.

It takes a good while to break away from other methods and prejudices. Occasionally it is stated that it will not do to feed alfalfa hay to horses. The Utah experiment station has tested comparative horse feeding on timothy and alfalfa hay. One horse in each of two teams of draft horses was fed timothy hay and the other horse in each team was fed alfalfa, for three months from January to April. The grain ration was bran and shorts. The horses weighed about 1400 pounds each. During this period one horse on timothy lost 47 pounds and the other 77 pounds. One horse on alfalfa gained 4 pounds and the other lost 8 pounds. From April to January the two that had been fed on alfalfa were put into timothy, the other two that had been fed on timothy were given alfalfa. During this period one horse on timothy gained 5 pounds and the other lost 65 pounds. One of the horses on alfalfa gained 50 pounds and the other gained 25 pounds. Again for two periods, the feeds were reversed during each period with results favoring alfalfa. The horses were moderately worked during the entire experiments.

This experiment tends to disprove the theory that alfalfa cannot be fed

to working horses successfully. Horses fed on it performed the same work on the same grain ration as horses fed on timothy hay, and showed gains in weight during the test while the timothy-fed animal in all but one case shows a decrease. In feeding it, care should be taken to guard against over feeding. It is much relished by horses and for that reason it is more necessary to be fed carefully.

## Feeding Tobacco to Sheep.

The first suggestion after tobacco feeding is, that in a day or two there would be a job of pulling wool. But Dr. J. M. Miller—a doctor, remember—says that feeding sheep tobacco will kill all parasites, inside and out, ticks and all, and that it is his own experience for a year. Commenting on this claim of the doctor, Wallace's Farmer says it will not be necessary to feed the sheep fine cut, or expensive tobacco, but simply stems from the cigar makers cut up fine and mixed in their feed in order to get them to eat it, as like most other animals, except men, sheep are "agin" tobacco as a regular diet, and must be coaxed with such mixing. The Farmer, in its comment finally says:

"While we have no experience in this, we think it is entirely probable that if tobacco is fed liberally to sheep through the winter and in the early part of the summer, they will be comparatively free from parasites. Many farmers feed their horses tobacco to get rid of intestinal worms. We once owned a colt which became so fond of it that it would hunt the tenant's pockets to get a nip at his fine-cut. There are worse uses of tobacco than feeding it to sheep."

## Green Cut Bone.

I am a reader of the Farmer and much interested in the poultry department. I read the article of J. G., at Ohio Institute on "Feeding for Eggs" in number of Feb. 15, page 12, and would like to ask J. G. where he gets the green cut bone, that he talks about. He says at one cent a pound it is cheaper than grain. There is nothing of that kind on the market here at Mentone, which is my trading point. If I could get it I would give it a trial or do any of our readers know of it?—W. H. D.

There is no doubt but that green cut bone does make hens lay. The testimony to this fact comes from all sides; there is no disputing it. But the bones must be bought fresh from the butcher, and ground at home. If ground in a wholesale way it would not keep, and would injure the fowls if fed to them. But here comes the trouble—what bone cutter to buy. We cannot tell you. All the cutters we know anything about are either too expensive, or are too difficult to work. They are generally very hard to manage, requiring two persons, and the one who turns the crank must be a stout one. It is hard work. A good, strong, easily worked bone cutter at a reasonable price, is a much needed machine, on every farm where eggs are grown for the market. Who will invent one?—Indiana Farmer.

## Notes for the Farm.

A pound of poultry can be grown at less cost than a pound of beef and is worth more.

Keep the poultry houses clean, and give them an occasional whitewashing and the fowls will be free from lice.

Feed plenty of charcoal to the hens for their health and the fine cinders for grit; supply fresh soil and ashes for their dust bath.

The homeopathic remedy for roup with its characteristic cough, tenacious mucus about the beak, with difficulty in breathing, is to give aconite. Put one drop in a gill of water and give this to the sick bird to drink. This treatment will have a marvelous effect.

Dryness, when we have heavy show-ers, is an important requirement in the poultry house. Diseases often originate through dampness produced by a leaky roof. When fowls are confined in a close, wet apartment, it is impossible to keep them in a healthy condition.

If a scaly looking gray powder is seen around the roosts or nest boxes, you may be sure there are mites there. Where coal oil is objected to, use strong brine, hot or cold, or hot lye water to rout the mites. Whatever is used, apply again in a week or ten days, for a new crop will be "on" by that time.

For the poultry amateur, who has not the present means to build a scratching shed for the hens, adopt this simple plan: Make a framework of any old material that may be scattered about the place; weather-board all but the south side with corn fodder. Make a roof of the same. Prepare a little of straw for the floor covering and a few nests half filled with straw, and the egg supply will be increased. The fodder may be fed to the stock after cold weather is past.

The smallest quadruped in the world is the pigmy mouse of Siberia.