

## THE LILAC.

The scent of lilac in the air  
Hath made him drag his steps and pause;  
Whence comes this scent within the Square,  
Where endless dusty traffic roars;  
A push-cart stands beside the curb,  
With fragrant blossoms laden high;  
Speak low, nor stare, lest we disturb  
His sudden reverie!

He sees us not, nor heeds the din  
Of clanging car and scuffling throng;  
His eyes see fairer sights within,  
And memory hears the robin's song  
As once it trilled against the day,  
And shook his slumber in a room  
Where drifted with the breath of May  
The lilac's sweet perfume.

The heart of boyhood in him stirs;  
The wonder of the morning skies,  
Of sunset gold behind the firs,  
Is kindled in his dreaming eyes;  
How far off is this sordid place,  
As turning from our sight away  
He crushes to his hungry face  
A purple lilac spray.

—Walter Pritchard Eaton, in the American Magazine.



Old Adam Hardburn was always accounted very eccentric, but when he adopted Malone's boy people thought that his eccentricity amounted to madness. The Malones were a bad lot, and this boy was not, as far as any one knew, better than any other of the family. Moreover, he had fallen from a tree which he was robbing of peaches in his youth, and crippled himself so that he must always walk with a crutch. What did old Adam want of him? But Adam cared nothing for criticism; he knew that no one ever pleased all the world yet, and when his friends prophesied that he would be sorry he laughed in their faces. Old Malone was dead, two of the boys were in jail, one gone away upon a voyage. He had found Dan deserted in the miserable hut they had inhabited, friendless, with no one to help him to such work as he could do, and he had taken him home.

"There could not be a better boy," old Adam said, and after Dan had been with him two years he was still so much of this opinion that he made a will in his favor. Dan Malone, the old ruffian's lame boy, had come to be the prospective heir of the largest estate in the place.

He was a gentle looking boy, who grew refined in manner and learned rapidly, but even when he had come to be one-and-twenty people were still prejudiced against him. Adam's venture might turn out well, but they doubted it.

At last something happened that seemed to prove that they were all right.

Old Adam was very fond of fishing. Sometimes he spent long days beside a certain trout stream, and often his boy, as he called Dan with him, but one summer day Dan was not well and Adam went out alone. The hired man was chopping wood in another direction, and the old woman who washed and cooked kept to her kitchen. But about 8 o'clock that evening Dan, very pale and with a strange look in his eyes, came into a neighbor's house.

"I came because I wanted help," he said. "Mr. Hardburn went away to fish this morning. I was sick. I grow giddy when I try to stand. I can't go after him, and he's not home yet. I wanted Simon to go, but he says his master is old enough to take care of himself, and has probably gone somewhere to supper. But that's not like Mr. Hardburn; besides he had on his fishing hat and a linen jacket. I wish some one would do what I find I am unable to do. I'm alarmed—very much alarmed."

The neighbors were kind. The men started out for the trout stream, and the women comforted Dan, telling him that good news would soon come; that it was too cool for sunstroke, and that the stream was too shallow to be dangerous. But the young man sat palling and shivering, partly with illness and partly with anxiety, until news came. It was the worst news possible. Mr. Hardburn had been found dead, shot through the head. A pistol lay near him, and his pockets were turned inside out, and his watch was gone.

When Dan heard the news he fainted away, and for awhile every one sympathized with him. But soon the tide turned.

Detectives came down from the city and made explorations and inquiries. The watch was found in a hollow tree and all along the soft wood path were very peculiar footsteps. They traced them from the woods to the gate of the old man's home; the mark of a shoe, and where the other shoe print should have been, a puncture. Some one has been here who walked with a crutch was the conclusion.

In the whole village was but one who used a crutch—young Dan Malone. The clouds of suspicion began to gather. Dan declared that he had been ill in bed all day, but Simon, the man, knew nothing of Dan's whereabouts from the time he left home until he returned, and Betty only knew that he had not come home to dinner. The pistol with which Mr. Hardburn had been murdered was one that was always kept in his own dining room. And finally Dan, and no other, had an object to attain by the old man's death.

Poor Dan was arrested, and his agony was very great. "What do they think of me?" he cried. "Is money anything in comparison with a friend such as I have lost? I had all I wanted. He was

like a father to me. How can you think I would harm a hair of his dear head?"

But say what he would, no one believed him. They had no proof that he had been ill in bed; no proof that he had not been to the woods; indeed, there were the marks of his crutch, and that the watch had been hidden, not carried off, was the proof that no thief had been the murderer. So Dan Malone lay in prison for awhile, and was at last brought to trial. The facts which the jury had to consider were these:

No one had seen Dan after Mr. Hardburn left home. A pistol which was in the house had been used to shoot him with. Dan declared that he had not crossed the threshold, yet there were the marks of a crutch from the gate to the woods, down to the spot where the murdered man lay and back again, and Dan came into a fortune on his death.

During the trial his manner, his words, his pallid face, his evident terror, even before Mr. Hardburn had been found, were all described and set down against him. One of his brothers was in prison for manslaughter, and the race was bad.

The jury only brought in the verdict all expected when they brought in that of "Guilty of murder in the first degree," and when asked what he could say in his own defense Dan only answered:

"How could any one believe that I could kill him?"

So Dan was condemned to hang by the neck until he was dead, and all the world said it was only what might be expected of Malone's boy—that he should turn and bite the hand that fed him. Even when the dreadful day came there was little pity felt for him. Such a traitor, every one felt, deserved hanging.

Simon and Betty both came in for a comfortable legacy, and the property went to a charity in case of Dan's death, and Simon took his legacy and lived in a little house that he bought, and for a man of humble station was very well off. He lived thus ten years, adding to his means by driving people to and from the station when he felt like it, and married a buxom wife.

One day, however, the wagon of which he was so proud came to grief. Simon was thrown out and taken home in a dying condition. As he lay on his bed, attended by his weeping wife, more than bodily torments seemed to rack him, and he begged for a priest. The priest came, and at the end of the confession to which he listened summoned the magistrate.

This is what was taken down in his presence and that of the priest from Simon's own lips:

"Father Steek says I must tell the truth before I leave the world or I can have no absolution. I wouldn't tell it if I had a chance of life, but it doesn't matter now.

"I lived with old Mr. Hardburn ten years ago. I'd lived with him quite a time, and he thought a good deal of me. At last he took a boy to live with him—Dan Malone, a lame fellow—and he thought of no one else after that. I hated Dan; he was no better than I, and the old man made a will, leaving him all he had. He put me in the will for \$3000, too, but I wasn't satisfied. One day the old man got a lot of money paid him. It was a mortgage; he put it in his pocket and went to fish. I knew he was down in the woods alone, and I thought if any one could knock him senseless he could get the money, and then I thought of my legacy. If he was dead I could have that, too. Dan Malone was sick that day; I saw him in bed; he was asleep. I went and got a pistol there was in the house, and then I saw Dan's crutch outside the door; he'd got so he could walk about the house pretty well without it. He'd had costly doctors called in to him, and I thought a minute, and I took it. I wasn't going to have my shoes measured if anything happened to the old man, and the crutch seemed to be a good thing to knock him on the head with, too. I tied my leg up by a handkerchief and went down into the woods, leaning on the crutch as if I was lame. No one saw me. The old man was fishing. I went behind him and bit him on the head and took his money and his watch as he lay senseless. I wouldn't have killed him if he hadn't come to and called out, 'Good heavens! it's Simon!' Then I had to. I hid the watch in the tree, meaning to get it again some day, and I limped home as I had come. If any one saw me from a distance they thought it was Dan. I left the crutch where I'd found it. No one was near. No one suspected me. Dan was arrested and tried and hung. I would have saved him if I could without hurting myself, but that was not possible. I here swear that he was as innocent as a babe, and that I did the deed he was hung for."

Simon lived just long enough to sign this confession, and long ago repentant hands set a stone over poor Dan's neglected grave with his sad story upon it. It was a poor atonement to the victim of circumstance.

—From Good Literature.

### Automobiles Prohibited in Bermuda.

Consul W. Maxwell Greene, of Hamilton, reports that the act prohibiting the use of all motor cars in the colony of Bermuda, and to be in force indefinitely, passed both houses of the Legislature, and on May 11 it received the signature of the Governor and therefore became a law.

### Female Superiority.

It isn't that women are more sympathetic than men, but that their eyes are keener, their voices sweeter and their hands softer.

## Nothing Too Small To Do Well

By Beatrice Fairfax.

**W**e all have our hours of doubt and despair as to whether we are making anything of ourselves, and it is a very good thing that we do, otherwise we would hit back in smug satisfaction and never amount to a row of pins.

We must be dissatisfied in order to progress. If, however, we do the best that we can, there is no occasion for us to be in a constant state of depression.

Dissatisfaction comes from the knowledge that we are not putting our best foot foremost. If you want to succeed you must put your best effort into every undertaking.

Nothing is too small to do well. Big undertakings are the fruit of small undertakings well done. Whether your duty be washing dishes or keeping books, there is a right way to do it, and that is the only way to do it.

You can't slur over the little things and expect to make any success with the big ones. If you are doing your best and still you have times of doubt as to your usefulness, you must meet them philosophically.

You must say to yourself, "I am doing the best I know how; I wonder if there is some way in which I can do better."

Do not be too easily cast down and discouraged, and be sure that your way is wrong before you change it.

Constant change works against success. Don't ask advice from every one you know or you will live in a turmoil of indecision.

When you need advice go to the person whose common sense and opinion you most respect and ask for it.

Never talk about the big things you intend doing unless you really mean to attempt them.

People have scant respect for the person who is always talking big and never doing anything.

Actions, you know, speak louder than words, and you will make a far greater impression on people by doing things than by talking them.

The really successful man is rarely a blow-hard. It sometimes happens that a man is doing the very best he can, following the course that duty and honor dictate, and still he may be much criticised and censured by the world.

In a case of that kind there is nothing to do but carry the burden bravely and uncomplainingly.

But there will be many dark and hopeless hours to face and fight, and the only consolation for him will be the knowledge that he himself knows that he is in the right.

It takes a brave man to stick to his own convictions in the face of contrary advice and criticism, but if he is quite convinced that he is in the right he had better keep to them until it is proved that he is in the wrong.

Nobody is as much interested in what you do as you are yourself, and so you must learn to think and act for yourself.

You are the "captain of your soul," and your success lies in your handling of opportunity.—New York Evening Journal.

## NOT A Cooking a Pleasure, DRUDGERY, Once the Art Is Acquired

By Gabrielle Stewart Mulliner.

**I** AM a strong advocate of schools to teach cooking, and in my professional life I advise every woman who comes to me for advice as to her future to learn to do the things which make for proper housekeeping and home-making. As long as the race exists, men will have to eat, and some one will have to do the cooking.

Women should study the art of cooking and should do cooking rather than any other one thing that they are doing in any line whatever. I believe that if women could learn to cook well at proper schools so that they know how and why they do the various things in preparing a meal, the doing of it would be a pleasure and not a drudgery.

One of my father's pet stories is how one day he came into our home for lunch, and found me, sitting in the kitchen with a cookbook on my lap, crying great tears into the pages while I tried to find out what to get him for lunch. He thinks it is a good story, but I know the trouble was that I never attempted to do a thing I did not understand, and was declaring that I never could and never would cook. After we finished that meal of bread and milk, I went at it with a will and learned to cook properly, and stuck at it under Mrs. Rorer and my mother until I could cook everything in the usual family menu, and as soon as I learned how I loved to do it. And I never have since then heard a woman decry cooking who was herself a good cook. Watch that point, and see if it is not so.

Anything a woman can do well, she enjoys doing. And it is because I believe that firmly that I advocate teaching young girls to cook well. If she goes into a kitchen mistress of her work, she will love it and take her pleasure in life in producing good things to eat. If she enters upon household duties not understanding her work, fearing failures, spoiling good raw material, fretful, uninterested, she will find it a great hardship, and will flee from it into some shop, tell every girl not to do housework and help to spread the panic.

Housework done intelligently is not drudgery. Cooking done well is as great a pleasure as painting a picture. Serving a good meal cooked by yourself is as great an achievement as arguing a case well in court. And the woman who can do so, and lets her servants have the benefit of her knowledge, has no trouble with her servants.

So I suggest that every woman who does not herself know all about this great art of cookery should learn it, make it fashionable to know how, and soon you will find some one quite inadvertently, you know, forget to take off her apron when you make an afternoon call.

## A System of Mnemonics.

By G. F. Williamson.

**I**T may interest your readers to know of a never failing method of calling to mind the names of places and of persons perhaps long forgotten and yet that at one time seemed to be indelibly printed on the tablets of memory.

Like many others, no doubt, I have on occasions too numerous to mention been "stumped" to recall for the moment heretofore well known names of places, persons and things in general, but I am glad to say that by adopting the very simple method which I practise when my memory fails me I invariably get instant relief and seem to be lifted out of the quagmire and mist of forgetfulness. This is my method:

Suppose, for instance, that you wish to recall the name of a person named "Ross." Simply concentrate your mind on the individual and go down each letter of the alphabet, beginning with "a," then "b" and so on, using the vowels in conjunction, a, e, i, o, u. For instance, say "a" to yourself five times, bringing in a, e, i, o, u. First aa then ae, ai, ao, au. If there is nothing in the sound suggested by repeating the above several times and there is certainly nothing to suggest "Ross," pass on to "b" and say ba, be, bi, bo, bu. When "r" is reached—providing you are concentrating your mind on the person you wish to recall—it will be a simple matter to recall the name. When the fourth vowel is reached the sound of the letters "ro" would suggest Rowe, Rowland, Roach and lastly if not firstly Ross.

I am aware that the five vowels used in conjunction with the twenty-six letters of the alphabet will not suggest all names and words like "chair," for instance, for one, but they will fill the bill in many cases when memory is lacking. As a last resort one then goes down the alphabet beginning with "a" and say aa, ab, ac, and so on, then ba, bb, bc, etc. When "c" is reached the word "chair" will come to us when we try to pronounce "ch."

### Actress's Tribute to Garrick.

Mrs. Clive was eminent as an actress on the London stage before Garrick appeared, and, as his blaze of excellence threw all others into comparative insignificance, she never forgave him, and took every opportunity of venting her spleen. She was coarse, rude and violent in her temper and spared nobody.

One night, as Garrick was performing "King Lear," she stood behind the scenes to observe him, and, in spite of the roughness of her nature, was so deeply affected that she sobbed one minute and abused him the next, and at length, overcome by his pathetic touches, she hurried from the place with the following extraordinary tribute to the university of his powers. "O confound him! I believe he could act a gridiron."—T. F.'s Weekly.

### Heid Up the Army.

The battle was going against him. The commander in chief, himself ruler of the South American Republic, sent an aide to the rear, ordering Gen. Blanco to bring up his regiment at once. Ten minutes passed, but it didn't come. Twenty, thirty, an hour—still no regiment. The aide came tearing back hatless, breathless. "My regiment! My regiment! Where is it?" shrieked the commander. "General," answered the excited aide, "Blanco started all right, but there are a couple of drunken Americans down the road and they won't let it go by."—San Francisco Argonaut.

The German empire has about 4,000 duels a year. France about 1,000, and Italy 270. Most of them are fought with swords.

## The Farm

### Packing Fruits and Vegetables.

My experience in this line has been largely in the capacity of receiver. Consequently, I should rather suggest than dictate.

In my long experience as receiver, I note very little change in methods of packing. No package is properly put up for shipment that contains an article in several stages of growth or maturity.

Take tomatoes, for instance. The common practice is to put half-grown and ripe in the same package. The consequence is, the half-grown never ripen and the ripe ones rot. Of course tomatoes that are put up for shipment to distant markets should not be perfectly ripe, but should be at least fully grown.

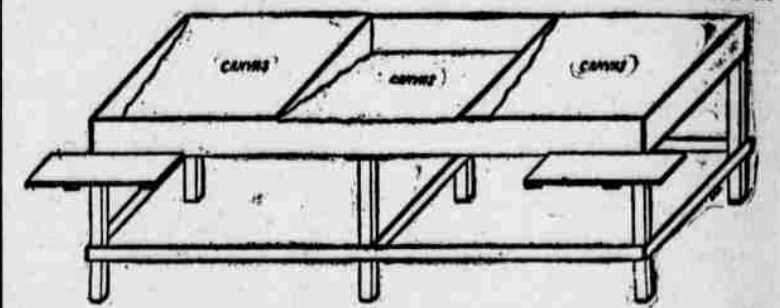
All spotted and deformed stock should be rejected. The six-basket carriers or the flats make satisfactory packages.

Lettuce should receive especial care. It should not be allowed to wither, but packed as cut. All decayed leaves should be picked off and in packing use both hands to tuck the outer leaves around the head to preserve it. Pack in layers with a side pressure. Thus packed it will carry long distances, and keep fresh and crisp.

Beets should be packed with the beets in centre of barrel instead of outside, which is the common practice.

Radishes should be put up same as beets, as nearly as possible. About 100 bunches to the hamper.

The great error in packing lies in the fact that the grower will not resist the temptation to put a few inferior or worthless specimens in his package. I cannot conceive why they persist in doing it when it should be as much to the grower as it is to the receiver, that a few inferior specimens will often make a two dollar package sell for one-fifty. I have paid \$1 per hamper on a shipment of radishes that could



A SORTING TABLE FOR PACKING PEACHES.

not be sold for twenty-five cents. Each hamper contained about twenty-five bundles of weeds and grass and about 200 wormy radishes in each bundle.

Of course not all growers are so careless, but enough are to bring distrust on the whole business.

The time is at hand when the Southern grower to be successful must identify himself with his products. His name and address on his packages should be a guarantee that they are properly graded and packed. If the Southern grower could visit our receiving centres and see how certain marks and packs were sought after he would be surprised. It is not a surplus of desirable stock that gluts our markets at times, but an accumulation of unmarketable trash which is a loss to the shipper and a hardship to the receiver.—W. J. Grounds, in the Southern Fruit Grower.

### Enemies of the Moth.

The work of fighting the gypsy and brown-tail moths by the use of parasites has produced encouraging results. The insects brought here from Europe have increased rapidly, and are likely to make themselves at home all through the moth section in the course of a few years.

Professor Howard, of the United States Department of Agriculture, who is carrying on the work in association with Professor Kirkland, thinks it will be several years at least before the new insects will begin to make much headway against the moths, probably not less than five years, and possibly not for ten years. As there are many species of the insects which feed upon moths, it seems likely that some of them will thrive and multiply fast enough to keep the moths in check as they do in infested regions of Europe and Asia. A week or two ago about eighty thousand of the parasites of the brown-tail moth were liberated.

The moth officials are also making very interesting studies regarding the diseases which infect the moths. It is thought that it may be possible to prepare a spray mixture containing germs of these diseases and to spread them among the moths by spraying. There is a disease which produces a fungus thread-like growth in the brown-tail moth and which seems to spread very easily, almost exterminating some colonies of the moths. It is possible that this new idea of poisoning by the use of diseases may produce extremely important results, not only in fighting the moths, but in getting the best of other harmful insects.—American Cultivator.

### Oats Hay and Cow Peas.

I have tried this mixture for several years and have found it to make an excellent hay. Last year I tried another plan that worked admirably, furnishing an abundance of excellent feed, besides greatly increasing

### Ink For Rubber Stamps.

Ink for rubber stamps is made of aniline dye mixed with glycerine. The dyes can be obtained at druggists' shops.

### The Deadlier Jaw.

A cynic says that the jaws of death have no terror for him—he only fears the jaws of life. He is married. —Sporting Times.

### Good Growth on Skimmilk.

For several years E. R. Towle, of Vermont, a correspondent of the American Cultivator, has been using fresh, warm separator milk very successfully for calves and pigs. The milk is fed right after separation. He writes in a dairy paper as follows:

The present season we are raising double the usual number of heifer calves, as they are half-blood Guernsey and we wish to change into that breed as fast as possible by grading up. They are in warm quarters and have been kept dry and clean, an important factor in itself. They are of all ages from six months to one year and are fed accordingly.

They are very thrifty and are growing nicely. Some care is needed at