THE TEACHERS.

Give me a tree that I may watch it rise Up, ever upward to the eternal skies, And learn from it the leason it doth tear in patience e'er for higher things to read

Give me a tiny rill, a rivulet That speeds along unminiful of regret; That dashes onward to the mighty sea. Attitut of that great whole a part to be!

Give me a sturdy peak that proudly rears Its head aloft whatever storm appears, To fill my soul with that great strengthfulness That holds it steadfast in the hour of stress.

Give me a star to look at far above, A star that sheds its mallant rays of love, And sparkles fairest in the blackest night, And sends down through the dark its song of light! -John Kendrick Bangs, in Harper's Weekly,

A SOLDIER STORY.

By ROSEMARY HOAR.

The snow was falling thick and fast, ther for their silver wedding day. Only and to him who sat by the fire within this afternoon they had taken her away that lonely room every flake was hurry-

ing relentlessly down to cover a new made grave. It was twilight, the hour when she was ever wont to sit beside him, in summer upon the porch, and in this sort of weather on the other side of the open grate where the empty chair stood now. The funeral had tak en place that afternoon, friends were kind, very kind; old comrades had pleaded with him to come to their homes or to let one of them stay with him. But with gentle resistance he had refused all their well-meant companionship, and was according to his advice, alone. What his plans for the future might be did not matter; for tonight no one should intrude upon his sacred communing.

It had happened. Hardly did he realize it yet, and, being a man of slow perception and deliberate action, he needed time and solitude to adjust himself to changed circumstances.

Besides, he was not lonely, no storm of grief had as yet rent his being. It may be that he had not felt aright but true it was that not even when brought her in from the street they dead had a tear rolled down his cheek. Dead! Why should he say that word? Why, there she was in her chair on the other side of the blazing logs; he could see her knitting in the dusk and hear her say, "Yes, John, dear, I think it is time to make tea." Was not that she now, moving about in the next room, tinkling china? The kettle was singing upon the stove; was it not awaiting her, too? Yes, and she was coming; he could tell her step in a million; it was scarce heavier than forty years ago. Forty years ago! The half-burnt log gave a sudden lurch and he stooped to fix it. Forty years ago! Why, that was way back before the war-yes, he remembered now. It was when she wore that lilac dimity, when her curls were sunny brown. A mere slip of a girl she was then, and elender and frail always. And his daily prayer had ever been that he should be spared to protect her, that Martha might never be left alone.

Plants are different; some strong by themselves, others are of a twining nature, yes, he had prayed that Martha be never left alone-without him. That was the way he had put the request; but what the granting of it might mean to him, he had never dared formulate. And he never sus pected that her secret supplication was a similar concern for him.

Never overstrong for some time back Mortha's heart had fluttered like a frightened bird, too much and too frequently. Still, only three days ago, in | twofold in value when doubled in quanthe afternoon, seemingly as well as tity, but such is not true of all good

and now he was alone. The ace of the girl with sunny brown haid peeking out at him from the oval gilt frame had brought back many scenes of the misty long ago, and tonight he would live them all through again. No wonder Dick Heaton loved her! Any man well might, and Richard was a good man, too, good and generous; he proved it afterward. But Martha never loved Dick; she never loved anyone but him, common, ordinary John Reynolds, with only a pair of stalwart shoulders and a good heart and soul to recommend him. Nothing of cleverness was there in his make up; why had Martha Hadley loved him so? Impossible to tell; it might have been because her people did not wish her to; they were determined that she should marry Richard Heaton. Dick was a good fellow, but Martha did not love him. So much was sure. But she was a child of strong and righteous people, inheriting traits of self-denial and forbearance, reared in the spirit of setting aside desire for duty. She had all her life yielded unquestioning obedience to stern parents, and when they had persisted a sufficiently long time in their opposition to John Reynolds, she succumbed, and, locking her rose of joy tightly within her heart, consented to marry Richard Heaton. And she did so. But to do justice o Heaton, he did not know-not then. She, poor child, thought it possible to keep her secret forever, and smile and be dutiful to her chosen husband. Keep such a secret a lifetime! What a task! Of course, he guessed it, but she did not know that. After she blushed at the hypocrite he must have thought

her when she smiled upon him daily and suffered his caresses, how should she know that he had discerned the truth when his manner remained unhanged? Poor artless girl!

The unwonted dissimulation was beginning to tell upon her; John Reycolds knew it, for he saw her from time to time as she went here and there to the village gatherings with her husband. And his honest face burned and his good heart ached that she should suffer the most of all. He hushed his own cry of pain, and even hoped that she might forget him, for her own sake, and stamp out his memory from her heart.

He pitied Richard Heaton, too, for something told him, that the man must one day awaken to the truth. He would far rather be in his own position, beloved as he knew himself to be, than in Dick's although Heaton was her husband. Some blessings are over, she had put on her little bonnet things. That woman is indeed rich with the soft lavender velvet bow and who possesses the love of an honest man; Martha, with the love of two, might as well, or better, suffer a dearth of affection, and the pretty timid face faded, too, as both John Reynolds and Dick Heaton observed, but neither remarked it except to his own heart. The gilt-framed picture of the brownhaired girl had brought it all back to-

beat a death march as Gaptain Heaton led his company away.

Southern skies were hot, the marshes sickening and fever-laden. Forced marches, battles, retreats, thundering cannon, shot and shell, wounds, groans and death were all about him, yet he was spared, he who might be better Why was he not taken instead dead. of that brave one falling at his side, whose last breath was a prayer for wife and children, whose death meant another widow and more fatherless children in the world. It was not until the last day at Gettysburg that he fell, and strange to say, it was not until that same day that the gallant young captain was wounded also-wounded unto death.

But in the letter which the kind young lady wrote to Martha there was mistake. It told her that John Reynolds was hopelessly shattered and could live but a few days at best, and that Richard Heaton, with a serious but not mortal wound, was close by in the same hospital, and a source of great comfort to him. Such an easy thing to do to slip in one name where the other ought to be, when the writer knew not the personality or the where abou's of either.

It was at Heaton's request and wholly unknown to Reynolds that she wrote and may God forgive the pale young wife if when the letter came to her New England cottage, there was a single traitorous or rebellious thought, a spirit, even transitory, other than that of renunciation! She had been loyal to her husband, devoted and true; she would remain so, faithful for a lifetime. But he was dying. Was it wrong that she flew there as fast as trains could take her, fuming with unwonted impatience at every delay and obstacle, praying God to spare him breath until her arrival? What she had renounced for a lifetime might she not indulge for a moment? Only to place her hand upon the brow, and look into the eyes she loved once more! Then it would be over-all-for ever.

Small wonder if John Reynolds concluded that he must have been suddenly taken with some sort of illusioning fever, when, as sitting with great effort-for his own wound was painful enough-by the cot of Richard Heaton, trying to solace him whose life had all but gone, he discerned advancing the one loved face and form that was always present in his waking and sleeping dreams. Could Dick see it, too, and was it a vision sent to solace his dying moment? Could it be that he was awake and heard aright when the nurse was telling Richard Heaton that his wife had arrived and was then waiting outside the door for the announcement to be gradually and gently made?

It was not so very strange in her confusion that she klssed two men instead of one; no wonder she wept and smiled and blushed and sighed and wept again, for emotions followed swift upon one another, joy for the one when she perceived the very evident mistake, and sincere concern for the other who had never been aught but kind and devoted to her. And when John Reynolds would have moved away to give husband and wife privacy Heaton's feeble hand was raised detainingly.

"Do not go, John," he said, the words coming between struggling gasps. "Ihave-something to say. I want you to take care of Martha when I am gone. She loves you-I was blindeddid not know-until too late. She has been true and kind to me-will be to you. Sorry I kept you apart so long. Take her now, John; Martha, give him your hand and promise me.'

It seemed as if every word he uttered shortened his life a space; the struggle was painful to him and them. The pledge given, he had no more to say, "Comfort her!" when he saw his wife's slight frame shaking violently with sobs.



No Money In Milk.

Owing to the poor feed in the pastures and the high price of grain, no money was made in milk production last year. The day of cheap grain is past and in the future the producer must plan more to raise his own grain. The price of milk has advanced somewhat in proportion to that of grain and is one-third higher than it was eight years ago, and is now higher than at any time in the past twenty years .--Secretary W. A. Hunter, Worcester County, Mass., in American Cultivator.

Memorandum Book,

When writing to the various fertilizer and implement concerns ask them for a free memorandum book, and use these handy little volumes for jotting down the odd jobs whenever you think of them. Then re-arrange the jobs so they can be taken up when there is a chance and put through to the best advantage. Pay special attendion to items that can be done on stormy days; put them by themselves, and see that the materials and tools are ready in advance. Work that can be done on stormy days and in the evening hours seems like clear gain to the ambitious farmer .- American Cultivator.

Flues For Barns,

Every barn should have a system of flues, or, if they are the expensive, cotton windows. More trouble of garget and udder disease results from sudden drafts than from any other causes. In the outgoing flue the area should be in proportion to the number of cows, about one square foot to a cow, and should be opened at the top of the barn. Inside the barn the opening in summer should be up high and in winter lower down. The incoming flues should have the same area, but there should be more of them, necessarily making them smaller. The air should come in from the outside near the sills, and to the barn from under the eaves. -Prof. H. E. Cook, in the American Cultivator.

A Method of Preserving Eggs.

Using as a theory that an egg decomposes owing to the entrance of bacteria through the shells, an English firm has adopted a method of preserving eggs by first disinfecting them and then immersing them in a vessel of hot paraffine in a vacuum. The air in the shell is extracted by a vacuum and atmospheric pressure is then allowed to enter the vessel, and the hot wax is pressed into the pores of the shell, which thus hermetically seals it. Evaporation of the contents of the egg, which has a harmful effect, is thereby prevented, and the egg is practically sterile. The yolk of pickled eggs and others artificially preserved will frequently break on being poached, but the eggs preserved by this novel process, it is stated, are quite free from such fault,-American Cultivator.

Spade the Yards.

Spading up the yards is more important in summer than in winter, but as the cold weather sets in, the yards begin to flatten or harden prohibiting any moisture, waste food, refuse litter and droppings from becoming incorporthan is needed to make a good healthy growth, and a leaf that will bear s slight approach to good burning qualitles.

Don't be afraid to use lime or ashes on any of your soils, for every bushel you use will help in making your soils finer, thus aiding each and every kind of plant to make a more perfect growth. Try to grow a little more grass and hay or good fodder to increase the dimensions of your manure piles for stable manure not only grows fine crops, but it helps through its chemical processes to tear holes into every grain of sand it comes against.

It has been said that salt applied to wheat will prevent it from lodging down, not perhaps because the saline mass enters into the plant, but the salt rusts so many of the sand grains that much of it is taken up and formed around the outside, thus making the glazing thicker therefore giving the straw or stall; more stiffness to resist the action of nature in the form of wind and storm .-- C. R. Crafts in the American Cultivator.

Special Uses for Cement. A sack of portland cement is a very useful thing to have for making quick repairs. A hole in a drain pipe can be stopped in a few minutes with a little coment mixed with water thick as putty. A crack in a barrel can be stopped this way. Hardwood floors may patched and nail holes filled so that will not leak.

A waterproof floor can be alid over an old floor in a short time. Sweep the

old floor clean and dry and nail down the loose boards. Cover with a layer of heavy wire netting, tacking it down occasionally. Over this lay a layer of concrete of one part portland cement, three pants clean sand, mixed with water to a thin paste.

Emooth thoroughly, but it is to be used by stock brush with an old broom to make it rough, then let it dry thoroughly before using the floor. Gutters may be put in where necessary. Holes in an old shingled roof can be quickly stopped by forcing a little cement putty through the shingle where the leak appears.

Some special uses to which cement is being put are the making of bee hives, brick for pavement and ordinary foundations, cement shingles for 01 roofing, grain bins in the form square box-like and round barrel-like receptacies, etc. The use of this excellent material for farm structures is only just opening up, and it is destined to became the most important material for general farm building .- American Cultivator.

Farm Notes.

Early spring calves pay best because they are ready for market before the prices go down.

Good men are still hard to obtain. but there is a fair supply of the inexperienced, easy-going sort.

Onions are kept best in a dry loft so arranged that the air can circulate among them. Cold hurts them but little.

Be careful about the commission house that offers higher prices than the regular market. Ut may be all right and it may not.



Women who suffer with backache. bearing down pain, dizziness and that



constant dull, tired feeling, will find comfort in the advice of Mrs. James T. Wright, of 519 Goldsborough St., Easton, Md., who says: "My back was in a very bad way, and when not painful was so weak it felt

as if broken A friend urged me to try Doan's Kidney Pills, which I did, and they helped me from the start. It made me feel like a new woman, and soon I was doing my work the same as ever."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

RELICS OF TITIAN FOUND.

Will and Other Documents of Artist

Held by Poor Widow. Berlin.—Titian's will and other rel-ics of the great artist have been discovered in the possession of a poor widow at Schonberg, a suburb of this city. There are 43 documents, all of which have been pronounced authentic.

Besides the will which covers eight pages, there is another interesting document, a letter written by the Emperor Charles V. to Titlan, informing him that he has been enobled, under the title of Count of the Oberpfalz, and that certain curious privileges have been conferred upon him. This letter is countersigned by Titian himself.

What a Woman Will Not Do. There is nothing a woman would not do to regain her lost beauty. She ought to be fully as zealous in preserving her good looks. The herb drink called Lane's Family Medi-dine or Lane's Tea is the most efficient aid in preserving a beautiful skin, and will do more than anything else to restore the rest to than anything else to restore the roses to faded checks. At all druggists and dealers, 25c.

Encourage Rat Killers.

The Japanese government is waging a successful war on rats by paying for every dead one brought in and giving each rat slayer a ticket to a lottery with valuable prizes.

To Break in New Shoes.

Always shake in Allen's Foot-Ease, powder. It cures hot, sweating, aching, swollen feet, corns, ingrowing nails and bunions. All druggists and shoe stores, 26c, Don't accept any substitute. Sample mailed FREE. Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y. 12

An Orgy of Sound.

If we can believe the German ad-mirers of Richard Strauss, the com-poser, his new opera, "Electra," is poser, his new opera. "Electra," is not only the latest thing in art, but exemplifies in the most advanced degree the music of the future. Incidentally, we are told that the "Electra" orchestra, includes eight French hours, seven trumpets, an E flat clarinet, two basset horns and a some-what unusual instrument of aural torture called the heckelphone. It also appears that the bass, drum is at times brutally hammered with a birch club, and a Chinese gong is the subject of a cruel assault at the hands of the wielder of the triangle It is not surprising to learn rod. that with these accessions the music is likened at times to an orgy of noise in which the human voice vainly endeavors to make itself heard. The instruments shriek, and they wall, and then they crash in a roof raising cyclone of unshackled sound. The 200 critics who were present at the first performance appear to have left the royal theater in Dresden dazed and more or less stunned. One of the best known of these critics, the music editor of the Dresden Anzeiger, a paper which is understood to be under municipal control, is

fur coat, preparatory to going down town. He had protested for it was bltter cold, and a wind was coming up. But Martha was laughingly rebellious and would have her own sweet way. refusing even to let him accompany

"Why, I'm sixty years young," she exclaimed, with an echo of the old night. youthful ring in her voice. "Can't I go down street alone and do a little away. He went to get another, and as shopping?"

And she kissed him and called him a great followcat, and was off. He could see her now as she went through the doorway; he had watched her admiringly and anxiously to the end of the street, where she stepped upon the and once again a few months ago, when Why had he let her go? Why CET. had he not kept her with him while he could? Perhaps it was better nothe would try to think so-lest Martha should some day be left alone. And having seen her take the car safely, he returned to his chair by the fire, wondering what her little surprise He had forgotten that it was now was his birthday, and did not think of it even now. It was not until they brought her back through the same doorway and laid her upon the old he remembered that she was not there, horse-hair sofa-dead. Dead! Was but in the oval gilt frame, wearing a it really so? Martha dead and he slone by the fire?

He would not remember his birthfay then, but they gave him a small parcel that had been clasped in her arms when she fell. It was a daintily colored photograph in a gilt frame, the picture of a sweet-faced girl in a lilac dimity, a laughing girl with sunny brown hair! It must have been made from that old daguerreotype of her, taken a few years before the war, a that they had somehow mis laid and had not been able to find for many years back. She must have come upon it recently and kept the discovery a secret to have this done as birthday surprise.

Then many things happened in which he had no part. People came and went, did things and said things; but he only knew that she lay there cold and still, with her pale face gentle as ever, r hair soft and silvery, wearing the other onlookers and soldiers we know ack satin dress that he had bought not, but these three hearts seemed to

The log on the fire was crumbling he did so staggered a little. It might have been from the rigidity of his long position, he thought; it could not be from weakness, for he was a strong man. He had never been ill in his life, save after the wound at Gettysburg. he had suffered a sort of shock. It was that last sickness of his that had made Martha's heart palpitate so badly. He had not been just exactly as spry as usual since. But he was a strong man and not seventy yet.

The fresh log cracked and sent out sparks. He set the screen in front of t, for the sparks might set fire to Martha's dress, Martha! Where was she? He leaned forward and placed his hand upon the vacant chair. Then lilac dimity and sunny brown curls just as in the days before she was Richard Heaton's wife. And a good wife she was too, and meant to be alwaysalways.

Dick was the best of husbands, but when the war broke out, of course, he had to go; Heatons had fought for centuries back and their blood flowed through his veins: He was made cap tain of the village company in which John Reynolds was a private. And at least one woman's prayerful benediction followed both into battle; Reynolds saw her on the street in the midst of others, watching as they tramped away. She saw him, too, at the same moment; that was all. Both were full sure that they should never meet again on this side of the shadowy border; each sent up a spontaneou prayer to God for the keeping of the other. What were the feelings of the

And John Reynolds had wept with her, too, if there were any comforting in that. Wept! He was weeping now, in the lonely room before a lightless grate. His own great sobs aroused him: he was cold and numb; his arm had that "needles-and-pins" sensation which he had first experienced a few months ago.

Well, he would sit there a bit longer and finish his dream. Since the war was over, since-since then-until three days ago when he saw her tie on the little bonnet with the soft lavender velvet how, he had not been from her side a single day. Why had he not zone with her-it was so cold-when she set out alone, laughing and saying that she was sixty years young! She came back-they brought her back -her and the lilac dimity girl in the gilt frame-and both were with him still. One had silver curls and the other sunny brown; both smilled and smiled and beckoned-he smiled back through his tears and answered that he would come.

In the morning his nearest neighbor, who came in early to be sure that he had some breakfast, found him in the chair before a fireless grate. She call a doctor, for he was but partially conscious, who pronounced him to be suffering from a stroke, due probably to shock and grief. In a few days they laid him to rest beside Martha, whose secret prayer had been that John should never be left alone .-Springfield Republican.

Unkind.

Mrs. A .- Mrs. Baker says she'd give a good deal to know where you get your clothes.

Mrs. B. (smiling)-She likes them, then, doesn't she?

Mrs. A .- No. She thinks they wear wonderfully .- New York Times.

An advocate of the vegetarian diet has stated that the nut trees of the world are capable of supplying food. all the year, to the population of the globe.

ated in the soil, and there must be some means of getting rid to this unhealthy condition.

When the ground is allowed to get in a filthy condition, the fowls become susceptible to diseases of all natures. and it is then that the loss commences. Spade up the yards and scatter lime over the surface of the ground. Lime prevents gapes, roup and cholera and also serves as a disinfectant. Of course if the ground is frozen, to dig up the dirt will be impossible, but the yards can be cleaned and fresh dirt and litter added at least twice a week .- Farm and Fireside.

Care of the Horse.

The horse blanket should always be ready to use after a hard drive, for a horse will chill very quickly if left standing in a cold wind. Forgetting to take the blanket along has caused many a horse to develop lung trouble that no veterinarian has been able to cure.

The shoes are carefully looked after by every experienced horseman. The horse that is to be kept in the barn much of the time in winter should be guarded against becoming soft. Some farmers try to save money by feeding their idle horses in hay during the period of slack work. The result is that they begin work in the spring with soft muscles and little energy. Some grain should be given during all the winter, enough to keep the muscles in good form. Exercise is absolutely necessary to keep a horse in good trim, and there is no system of feeding that can be developed that will carry a horse through an idle winter and into spring with good, firm, muscles.-Farmers' Home Journal,

Lime On Tobacco Land.

Sow lime on your land at least every two years, if not every year, to try and imagine how many grains of soil it will help to disintegrate, making the soil finer and the plant food more readlly taken up, to make the stalk strong, so that it may be more able to bear the load of the leaf that you expect to be grown upon it. I don't believe that the plant will use more of the lime

Mixing three grades of apples as a price getter is a back number. You will always get the price of the lowest grade for all three.

Good farm hands are scarce, bat farmers have to put up with it by using better machinery and exchanging help with their neighbors.

The Winesap is one of the best market apples for our Southern mountain region. It has the advantage of being at home and requires no adaptation.

A healthy, clean cow in a clean barn, milked by a clean man into clean utensils and immediately cooled and kept cool is the secret of our present supply of clean, certified milk.

If you want good seed buy from dealers who regard their reputation. If farmers and gardeners will adopt this rule generally there will soon be less complaint about bad seeds.

To prevent moisture collecting in the henhouse we pack the space between the roof and the rafters with fine straw. The straw takes up much of the moisture and helps keep the house dry.

"The Queen's Quair."

At a certain dinner party, a well known writer who was present was asked by one of the company what he thought of Mr. Maurice Hewlett's novel, "The Qucen's Quair." "Don't you think that the author was a little -er-improper-in "The Queen's Quair?" was the question. The gentleman thus interrogated pointed out that the mauners and morals of the time fully justified Mr. Hewlett's work, and the conversation was changed to other topics. When the dinner was nearly over a mild-looking gentleman sitting next to the writer whispered, "I beg your pardon, Mr. what did Mr. Hewlett do in Queen's Square?"-M. A. P.

Chicago the Great Skunk Market. Onicago is the greatest skunk fur market in the world, and in fact some authorities assert that the word Chicago is a corruption of an Indian word meaning skunk .--- Chicago Tribuno.

said to have forfelted his position by his scoffing references to the Strauss work, and forbidden entry to the royal theater. Naturally, the Dresden music lovers are divided into two classes. Strauss and anti-Strauss, and the violent squabble over the Wagner music of forty years ago, threatens to be duplicated.

If this prodigality of noise is really to be the music of the future, th unaccustomed human tympanum will require strengthening and thoughenining as well as schooling. But the Wagner music was finally assimilated and the old accusation of boisterous dissonance is rarely heard. Perhaps it will be the same way with Strauss.

DIDN'T REALIZE

How Injurious Coffee Really Was.

Many persons go on drinking coffee year after year without realizing that it is the cause of many obscure but persistent allments.

The drug-caffeine-in coffee and tea, is very l.ke uric acid, and is often the cause of rheumatic attacks which, when coffee is used habitually, become chronic.

A Washington lady said recently: "I am sixty-five and have had a good deal of experience with coffee. consider it very injurious and the cause of many diseases. I am sure it causes decay of teeth in children.

"When I drank coffee I had sick spells and still did not realize that coffee could be so harmful, till about a year ago I had rheumatism in my arms and fingers, got so nervous I could not sleep and was all run down.

"At last, after finding that medi-cines did me no good, I decided to quit coffee entirely and try Postum. After using it six months I fully recovered my health beyond all expectations, can sleep sound and my rheumatism is all gone." "There's a Reason."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. The are genuine, true, and full of hums interest.