

NOON.

Charmed into silence lay
The forest, dimly lit;
No wind that summer day
Moved the least leaf of it;

No choric branches stirred
Its calm profound and deep,
Nor voice of any bird,
But silence dreamed like sleep.

Like dew upon the grass
It fell upon my soul;
Loosed it to soar and pass
Beyond the stars' control.

Vague memories it woke,
Shapes far too frail for touch;
And then the silence broke,
Lest I should learn too much.

—Frederic Manning, in the Atlantic Monthly.

The Future Mrs. Witherspoon.

By KATE L. WILSON.

There is a story by one of our American favorites about a man who assisted matrimony by making an advance entry in his diary: "On this day I met my fate." I received my inspiration from that story, and having made up my mind to take a wife, and having been so unsusceptible as never to have fallen in love, and seeing not the slightest prospect that I ever should, I determined to let fate manage the affair for me. So I opened my diary at random, and carefully refraining from observing the date, I wrote: "On this day I met the future Mrs. Witherspoon." With a load removed from my mind I closed the book. Now let the lady keep the appointment and she would find me no laggard.

The weeks passed by, and each morning I opened my diary with an expectant eye for my prophetic entry. One day in the late spring I received a letter from Clara Crawford inviting me to spend a week at her farm in the Berkshires. She was to have a house warming of old friends, she said. I certainly came within that class. We had known each other ever since she was little more than a baby and I sported long yellow curls. She was a mighty fine girl, full of energy and resources for doing the unexpected. Her father had left her a snug little fortune, sufficient to have enabled her to have nervous prostration at once and enter upon a life of uselessness if her inclinations had lain in that direction. But Clara, after graduating from college, took a course in law in order that she might manage her own property and save herself from the possibility of dishonest or stupid advisors. Her strenuous life had seemed to prevent my seeing much of her after she became too old to play "Have and Hounds," "Prisoners' Base" and other like games. She taught sewing to a class of girls and algebra to a class of boys in the college settlement, and in the meantime took lessons in every conceivable thing herself. After skirt dancing, fencing and boxing her delighted female friends excitedly demanded: "What will she do next? Her 'next' was the farm, and this was my first notice of it. As I came to think of it, Clara had sort of dropped me from her invitations of late. She used to ask me on her yacht, but I always had something else on hand. She invited me to dinners and suppers while she was going to cooking school, and said she wanted to try things on her friends, but I nearly always had an engagement. As I thought this all over going up on the train, it occurred to me that Clara had not been too busy to forget me, though I had, with the rudeness of an old friend, paid little heed to her courtesies. "By Jove," thought I, "I've treated her shabbily. I wonder she asked me to her house warming. On account of 'old lang syne,' of course. I wonder who the others will be." Then with sudden interest I thought of the entry in my diary. Perhaps the future Mrs. Witherspoon would be there! So I fell to dreaming of what she would be like and forgot all about my hostess.

Clara was at the station with a smart little buggy and a spirited young horse. She was good to look upon in her white linen and correct gloves and shoes as she flashed her broad smile at me, displaying her fine teeth and deep dimples. "So you did come, after all," she laughed as I scrambled in, while the young horse plunged and reared at a passing electric. "I wouldn't believe it till I actually saw you. You won't be sorry you came when you see the nice girls I've invited."

"One nice girl was inducement enough," I replied, with an admiring glance that was genuine. I was the first guest to arrive, it seemed. After supper, Clara, leaving her aunt knitting on the piazza, took me over the farm and pointed out all the boundaries. I had never noticed before what a handsome girl she was. She must be getting along in years, too, I thought. I'm five years older than she is, and I'm thirty-five. She must be thirty. By Jove, but she doesn't look it.

"Dolly Bingham is coming up tomorrow," said Clara, as we walked back to the house. "You must look out for yourself. She's a widow and dangerous." By the time she had told me all about Dolly and the other girls that were coming it was time to retire. Upon opening my diary the next morning I confess to a thrill of excitement as I read: "On this day I met the future Mrs. Witherspoon."

Clara and I drove the span to the station for Dolly Bingham that afternoon. She was from Chicago, but Clara had assured me she was a genuine "old widow." Certainly she was

a beauty. She looked to be about twenty-five, and as in my experience a woman is always at least ten years older than she looks I set her down at thirty-five or forty. She seemed very much interested in me, regarding me with a sort of sizing-up expression in her brown eyes. She was demure in her manner, and it seemed to me she was inclined to patronize me a little. On the whole she was charming and I was by no means disposed to fly from fate.

Other guests came from time to time, and as Clara's time was much taken up in showing them over the farm and explaining the fine points of the stock, I was thrown much with Mrs. Bingham. Theoretically I should have been transported by this arrangement, but I found myself restless when Clara was not about and began to realize how attractive her direct gray eyes and unaffected ways were becoming to me. I was grateful for the few tete-a-tetes she granted me in the turkey run and while feeding pig weed to the fat Yorkshires, but I wanted more of her society.

The fascinating widow devoted herself to me, but down in my heart rebellion was brewing. "Hang fate! I'll marry whom I choose."

"Your father's coming up to spend Sunday," said Clara. "Isn't he a dear? He'll give me lots of points." Dad arrived Saturday afternoon. He had charge of the Chicago office of our firm and I hadn't seen him since visiting him in his "widower's hall" in the Windy City some months back. It was a real pleasure to meet him.

The ladies were not on view when he arrived and we repaired to our rooms to make the simple toilet required for the evening meal. I must have gone silently, for the couple standing by the rail did not move till my step struck the boards. I had time to see my father with an arm about the slender waist of Mrs. Bingham, and Mrs. Bingham with an arm about my father's noble coat collar, before they quickly moved apart and, turning, met my embarrassed surprise.

"Don't go," said my father with a merry look in his eye. "I want to present to you the future Mrs. Witherspoon."

I was glad it turned out like that, as it didn't require any breach of prophesy on my part or any expunging of the record. I was desperately in love for the first time in my life, and but for dad's unexpected revelation the prophetic page would have been ruthlessly torn from my diary.

Before I went home I was engaged to Clara.—Boston Post.

How Women's Hats Preserve the Mississippi Levees.

It is difficult to see the connection between women's hats and the levees along the Mississippi River, nevertheless, absurd as this may appear in a bare statement of fact, it is the truth. During the past fall and winter feminine headresses, in the form of the fashionable fur turbans, have indirectly been instrumental in preserving intact the great stretches of embankment which restrain the powerful Mississippi from sweeping over the surrounding country. The medium through which this interesting state of affairs has come about is the muskrat.

In practically every instance the original cause of a crevasse along the river front has been traced to a muskrat's hole, and though the State of Louisiana has tried in numerous ways to exterminate these pests, their numbers seemed to increase. Unwittingly the milliners of New Orleans came to the rescue when they purchased several hundred muskrat furs from trappers in the neighborhood, and this new trimming for the jaunty little turbans immediately sprang into popularity. Hunters quickly learned of this demand for "rats," and great numbers of pelts were poured upon the market, bringing an average price of twenty cents apiece. Without great difficulty an experienced trapper might secure several dozen skins daily, and this industry became decidedly more profitable than gunning for ducks and other game. It now appears very probable that Louisiana may rid herself entirely of the burrowing rodents which have endangered her cities and cost the State many thousands of dollars annually.—Harper's Weekly.

Standard Oil Butter. It is bad enough to serve to the poor of the country the abominable oleomargarine produced by the beef trust, but the limit of popular patience will be reached and there will be a great rumpus if an attempt is made to feed the masses with Standard Oil butter, which is nothing more than the coagulated and deodorized grease of coal oil. If the Federal Government has no sympathy for the consumer, it should have some consideration for that noble and inoffensive animal, the cow, and prevent her from being driven out of business by a heartless monopoly.—New Orleans State.

Where "Uncle Tom's" Was Written. The old Kentucky homestead at Covington in which Harriet Beecher Stowe wrote the first chapters of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is to be torn down, says the Cincinnati Commercial Tribune. The house was built in 1787, with loop holes and lookouts. The heavy oak doors and window shutters still bear heavy indentations made by tomahawks and dozens of arrow heads are still embedded in hewn log sides.—St. Louis Republic.



GETTING A GORILLA ALIVE.

Captain Fritz Duquesne, the Boer ivory hunter, was commissioned by a German naturalist society to capture one of each species of African quadrumania. He was entirely successful in the work, except that he could obtain no gorilla, he writes in Hampton's Magazine under the title, "Hunting Ahead of Roosevelt in East Africa." Finally a pigmy pointed out a portion of the dank jungle in which a gorilla had been seen.

"For four days," continues the Captain, "we camped in this hotbed of disease. Beaters went in all directions searching for the gorilla. At last some deep, wide scratches were found on a cluster of vines. On close examination the unmistakable hair of the gorilla was found on a broken twig. After some hours we found the tree where the gorilla lived. We could tell it by the greasy appearance of the bark, made so by the repeated rubbing of the gorilla's body. We could tell by the fresh marks, with sap still wet, that the animal had recently ascended the tree. The scratches were short and deep, showing that it had lifted itself up and not slid down, which would have made a long, shallow scratch.

"We spread a strong net around the tree in a circle sloping upward on the outer side. Around the top of the net there were drawn ropes from four directions held by half a dozen natives hidden in the bush. These were to bring the top of the net together and thus bag our game.

"After waiting some hours the leaves above rustled and then opened as a six-foot male gorilla descended unsuspectingly and entered the trap. I signaled, the four ropes were pulled at once, and we had our animal—for a moment. He roared in fury, twisting, jumping and biting the rope into pieces. The natives were pulled about like dolls as he tried to reach first one and then another. The professor jumped about in excitement, trying to focus a camera on the infuriated animal.

"At last the mighty arms of the gorilla broke a hole through the net and he tore the rest from him as though it were a rotten rag. Most of the natives fled in dismay. The professor dropped his camera and tried to escape; in a moment the gorilla grasped him in its terrible hands.

"I seized my rifle and fired in the air to frighten the animal. In my position I could not shoot at him without hitting my friend. For a moment the gorilla stood still, holding the now unconscious man as though he were a baby, the brute's lips drawn back from his glistening teeth. I thrust another cartridge in my rifle. As I did so there was a buzz in the air, and an arrow, shot by a native, pierced the gorilla's side. A roar burst from his red throat and he dropped his victim. Like a flash, before I could shoot, a native sprang from the leaves, and, half throwing, half thrusting, drove an assegai into the gorilla's heart. With a groan the brute fell dead.

"Examining the professor I found that his right arm was broken and that some of his ribs were crushed into to get a live gorilla, and, placing the injured man in a hammock, carried him back toward the east coast. He died on the road. Out on the veldt beside a native village a lonely little slab marked 'Carl Bloch' sticks up above the grass. It is the professor's grave. Hunting is not all exciting adventure and laughing victory. It has its tears, like other things."

TRAGIC HISTORY OF A DIAMOND.

The possession of the Hope diamond recently sold in Paris for \$1,000,000 is the story of a long series of tragedies—murder, suicide, madness and various other misfortunes. The first recorded Western owner was the great traveler, Jean Baptiste Tavernier, who was born in Paris in 1625 and who died at Moscow about the year 1686. Tavernier, on his return from the East, sold twenty-five large diamonds to the Grand Monarque in 1668, and among them the diamond known by the name of Hope. Tavernier's son involved his father in such unfortunate speculations that he was compelled to sell his estate to pay his debts, and at the age of eighty-one to start on a fresh journey to the East.

When it became part of the crown jewels Mme. de Montespan was in monopoly of the King's affections, and he yielded to her request to wear the famous blue diamond. But by a curious coincidence her influence over the King declined from about this time, and Mme. de Maintenon took her place. Nicolas Fouquet, Superintendent-General des Finances, borrowed the diamond from Louis XIV. for one of those costly fetes which he gave, and which appear to have roused the jealousy of the King. He kept it for some time; he fell into disgrace, was imprisoned and died of apoplexy. The diamond lay for a long series of years during the regency with the other crown jewels, until Marie Antoinette became Queen of France. She heard of its extraordinary beauty, and by the command of Louis XVI. it was given to her. She

wore it, we are told, about her throat at a great ball at the Tuilleries. The Princesse de Lamballe, her bosom friend—the friend for whom the historic Gainsborough hat was first made—occasionally borrowed and wore the blue diamond. Marie Antoinette was beheaded and the Princesse de Lamballe was done to death by a Paris mob.

For nearly forty years the diamond remained perdu so far as the public was concerned. Its actual history in that interval will probably never be fully told. It is said that Wilhelm Fals, an Amsterdam diamond cutter, had been commissioned to cut it, and that it was stolen from him by his son. The former was ruined and the latter committed suicide. The younger Fals is further said to have given it to a Frenchman, Francis Beaulieu, a native of Marseilles, who came to London and, when in the last stages of destitution and ill-health, sent for Daniel Ellason, a London dealer, and offered it for sale. Ellason paid the price asked and took the diamond; the next day Beaulieu died of starvation. There can, however, be no doubt about the fact that the diamond was purchased from Ellason about the year 1830 for \$18,000 by the late Henry Thomas Hope, of Deepdene.—London Times.

AN UNFRIENDLY HORDE.

Mr. Thomas crammed a fresh stick of birch into his raging little stove, and closed the door which John Arnold had left ajar on his entrance. The tiny shoe shop thus became airtight. Then the proprietor replied to John's question of what he thought of New York.

"I can tell ye in 'mazing few words," he said. "It's considerable of a place. Lots doing, an' splendid big buildings, an' schools, an' churches, an' all that. They think they're some punkins, too. An' I ain't saying that there ain't plenty of real smart ones there. Spite of all that, though, I call 'em kind o' ignorant, besides being cold in their manners."

"I want to know!" commented John, visibly impressed by this recital.

"I'll tell ye," continued Mr. Thomas. "Brother Tom's boy's office is down near the big Brooklyn Bridge, and I used to go down there and set a good deal while my wife visited with his wife up in Harlem."

"When it come what they call rush hour, I used to go down an' stand on the bridge an' watch 'em passing by, hundreds of 'em, on their home; an' I got to feel real friendly, an' to know lots of 'em by sight. But—"

Mr. Thomas paused impressively—"but although I didn't miss an afternoon whilst I was there, an' that was two weeks, nary one o' them me ever give me a single glance of recognition."

"It wa'n't my place to speak first, me being a stranger, an' they home, so to speak. I wa'n't going to push myself, but I tell ye what, John, two, three times I had to hold on to myself to keep from telling of 'em just what I thought of such onfriendly ways."

"Why," says I to Brother Tom's boy, 'how long do you s'pose one o' them would be at Tunkett Corners before we knew him well enough to nod to an' found out his name?'"

THE COMMON NEED.

Unless one has traveled the arid regions, one has no idea how good water really is, declares Dr. William T. Hornaday in "Camp-Fires on Desert and Lava." He explains further that he does not mean Apollinaris, but just plain, old-fashioned well, or "water-hole" or desert "tank" water, as the case may be. This appreciation of water made the party very sympathetic in regard to the fate of certain wild fowl which appeared at the "tank" near which a night's camp had been established.

Just at sunset, when our little lonesome world was settling down for the night, some one excitedly announced a discovery.

"There are two ducks in the tank!" Some one else quickly caught up a loaded shotgun and hurried along the side of the embankment to the upper end of the water.

Secretly, I hoped that those ducks would take alarm and fly away in time. To shoot those little lonesome birds that had flown on weary wing over a good hundred miles of waterless desert, clear down from the Gila River, seemed to me like a sin against nature. Those two individual ducks seemed entitled to our hospitality and protection.

The god Vishnu elected to preserve them. When we heard the report of the gun our spirits sank; but when the hunter quickly returned with the terse announcement, "I missed them!" some one said: "I'm glad of it!" and to our surprise he answered, "So am I!"

Literature and Journalism.

Journalism is, and must be, in a hurry; literature is not. Literature deals with the permanent elements of human things. A journalist has to take the moods and occasions of the hour and make the best of them. But literature more or less describes the attitude of a judge; the journalist dealing with what are called live issues, has to be more or less of an advocate. Literature deals with ideals, the journalist is a man of action. He is not a student, but a man of action, and he is concerned with the real.—Lord Morley, on Literature and Journalism, at Imperial Press Conference, London.



LETTUCE.

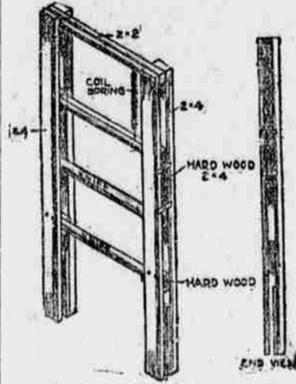
For a succession of lettuce during the hot weather sow only the black-seeded varieties, which are heat resisting. Lettuce is a shade loving plant, and the best results will be obtained by providing a shelter of cheese cloth.—Indianapolis News.

THIN THE APPLES.

In discussing the question as to whether or not it will pay to thin apples, a practical fruit grower says: "When there is a general crop of apples and the crop set is very full, so that the chances for small fruit are very great and widespread over the country, it will pay to thin to such an extent as to insure good sized fruit; otherwise it will not pay, except as a protection to the tree."

KAFIR-CORN CUTTER.

L. A. of Grenola, Kan., writes that a good kafir-corn header can be made at a little expense out of two old stalk cutter knives and a few pieces of lumber. This is used for heading kafir-corn out of the shock. The lower knife should be bolted in the pieces of the frame, which should be notched so the knife will fit in and form a



smooth edge. The frame should be set on the side of the wagon. One man should stand on the ground and put the bunches or bundles on the knife, while the other man stands in the wagon and pushes the knife down against the bunch, the knife cutting the heads off, which fall into the wagon.

STRIPED BEETLES.

Look out for the striped beetles. They often attack and destroy melons and cucumbers as fast as the plants appear above the ground. An application of wood ashes, air-slaked lime or gypsum, tinctured with kerosene or turpentine or carbolic acid, will help to drive them away. If you have only a few plants, you can easily protect each hill by erecting a mosquito netting guard over it until the plants begin to run.—Indianapolis News.

A GOOD APPLE CROP.

Henry E. Allen relates in the Benton Harbor News how a neighbor treated an old orchard and his own and got a fine crop of apples while others about him had none. He is Porter Bryant, and he got \$1200 for his fruit in the orchard—\$400 for the fall fruit, and \$800 for the winter. Asked how he secured such a fine result, Mr. Bryant said: "I did it by thorough cultivation and spraying. I bought an orchard near my own, and one-half of it I treated about the same as my own, beginning in the spring. The other half of this orchard was not sprayed or cultivated as it should have been, so the result was that the half I tended had nearly as good a crop of apples as my own orchard, while the other half did not pay expenses."

CARE OF CURRANT BUSHES.

Set your currant bushes quite deep, and let them get a good grip on the soil, for if they do not, an open winter has a way of getting under the roots and heaving them out. I always mulch them heavily with coal ashes, or some other good mulch, and the ground must be kept clean. If set where quack grass has the slightest hold, it will tangle itself into the roots and finally beat you. The soil should also be very thoroughly underdrained with stone or tile. While the currant likes a moist soil it cannot endure a wet or mucky place. The rows should be about six feet apart, leaving sufficient room for the cultivator, and this should be run constantly until picking begins. The bushes should just about reach over to each other with their tips. It is well enough to shade the ground, but leaving the bushes open to sunshine and air. Trimming the currant is a simple affair, after you have once solved it; but do not let an inexperienced hand get hold of the job, for he will be likely to work mischief. You must cut out most of the new shoots or suckers, which are likely to be abundant. If these grow they will take the life from the larger stalks, and you will soon have a mass of dead wood, and of live wood that cannot produce fruit. The old wood should never be cut until it gets brittle and can be replaced with new stems. That is, allow one or two of the very best of the new canes to remain, provided you see a probable need of them. A currant stem should bear fruit for at least five years.—E. P. Powell, in the Outing Magazine.

MARKETS.

Table with columns for 'PITTSBURGH' and 'BALTIMORE' listing various commodities like wheat, corn, and flour with their respective prices.

Table for 'BALTIMORE' listing commodities like flour, wheat, and corn with prices.

Table for 'PHILADELPHIA' listing commodities like flour, wheat, and corn with prices.

Table for 'NEW YORK' listing commodities like flour, wheat, and corn with prices.

Table for 'LIVE STOCK' listing various types of cattle and sheep with prices.

Table for 'SPORTING BREVITIES' listing various sports and events.

Table for 'BUSINESS CARDS' listing various professionals and their services.

Table for 'JUSTICE OF THE PEACE' listing legal services.

Table for 'ATTORNEY AT LAW' listing legal services.

Table for 'DENTIST' listing dental services.