

THE HAVEN OF DREAMS.

MARY K. BUCK IN CHICAGO INTER-OCEAN.

When the weary day with its toil is o'er
And darkness broods over earth once more,
We gladly slip through the gates of night,
And sail for a mystical shore.

In the soft-winged shallop of sleep we glide
O'er a silent sea with a rhythmic tide,
That lulls to rest each throbbing woe
Our aching hearts may hide.

And though from afar no beacon gleams,
Nor mariner's star sheds its guiding beams,
Yet ever the unseen ships go by,
Seeking the haven of dreams.

And when we've entered that haven fair,
The wonders unfold that await us there!
Back in the meadows of childhood we roam,
Basking again in the love-light of home.

The dear ones we've lost are with us once more,
Just as we knew them and loved them of yore;
And none ever doubts all is not as it seems
While we linger entranced in the haven of dreams.

So it seemeth to me that some shadowy night
When death draws the curtain we'll slip out of sight,
And sail in a shallop like that we call sleep,
To a wonderful land where no eyes ever weep.

And the haven of dreams lieth white.

His Dream Wife

ME—the man of this little incident, that took place one afternoon this week in one of the skyscraping office buildings down town—was a young lawyer of considerable practice and some inherited wealth. She—the woman who held the strong, shapely hand of the man—was a manicure girl. The warm rays of the sunshine that filtered through the window glass in the young woman's daintily furnished "manicure parlor" seemed to smile kindly on the pair. She was a pretty girl with natural light colored hair and agate blue eyes. There was an admiring gaze in the young lawyer's eyes as he watched her polishing his thumb nail. After a few moments' silence the girl ceased work, looked up and inquired:

"How is your wife to-day?"

With a sudden start which indicated that his thoughts had been wandering the young man said:

"Ah, oh, yes—my wife, she is about the same, you know."

"I am glad," responded the girl, "for you said she was well when you were here yesterday."

"Was it only yesterday that I was here last?" inquired the lawyer.

"It was, and you were here the day before that and the day before, and in fact every day for two weeks," she said with a smile.

He leaned back in his chair and gazed into the attractive upturned face of the girl and remarked: "It's so pleasant here, you know; just to rest and chat with you—and—and—have you hold my hand."

"Don't say such things to me," said the girl as she brushed from her face a stray strand of her golden hair. "Remember your wife—she might not like it."

"That's true," responded the young fellow, with a sigh, "but let us forget her."

"You must not," said the girl, "for I have always admired you for the way you spoke of your wife. I hate men who abuse their wives to other women. I have always thought that no matter how disagreeable a man's wife might be nothing could justify him in gossiping about her faults."

"Do many men do that?" inquired the young fellow. "I know they sometimes tell their lawyers about their domestic troubles, but—"

"Oh, yes," said the girl, "that's one of the most disagreeable features about a manicure girl's life—at least, I find it so—men come to us with their troubles. Men sit here by the hour and tell me what disagreeable creatures their wives are; it often seems to me that no man loves his wife. They all seem to tell the same story—of a sudden infatuation, a hasty marriage and then disappointments and quarrels."

"It's simply awful, is it not?" inquired the interested listener.

"Yes, it is. There was a time when, like every other girl, I suppose, I thought of marrying, but two years of manicuring men's finger nails has made me fearful of marriage. I could not bear to think that my husband would abuse me to other women."

"I don't think that any man would speak unkindly of you—even though you were his wife," said the young lawyer, as he looked full into the upturned face of the girl.

She blushed, shook her head and said: "That's the way all men talk—so I have been told—before marriage."

"I am certain I never could were you my wife," remarked the young fellow with a tender tone of voice.

"Don't you think you had better go now," said the girl. "Your wife will expect you home to dinner."

"My wife will not be kept waiting—she never dines with me. She—well—she is a most disagreeable person."

"Don't, please go," pleaded the girl, "you know you always told me before how much you loved and admired your wife. I loved to sit and listen to your description of your happy home—your domestic wife. I know you said she was so gentle and considerate; that she did not care for society, except when you went with her. Oh, I know she must be lovely; I wish I could see her and tell her how nobly you have talked about her. She is all that I would try to be to a husband I loved."

She suddenly ceased talking and sat with her hands clasped and her face upturned. The young lawyer arose,

walked to the window and looked out. After a few minutes of silence he again faced the girl and said:

"Yes, that's all true. I did say those things, but that was the story of a dream wife, an ideal, not the reality."

"Then you were lying all the time?" gasped the girl.

"No, not that," was the response. "I was just painting my dream in words—you know that there is nothing so happy as dreaming, and I have been dreaming some years about a wife—the kind I would like—"

"But," exclaimed the girl with a perplexed expression on her flushed face, "you have a wife."

"She's a nightmare," retorted the young fellow, "not a wife."

"Please go," urged the girl. "It's cowardly to speak so of a woman and that woman your wife. I am disappointed in you—more than I can tell."

"Let me tell you of my nightmare wife," pleaded the young lawyer as he stood directly in front of the chair in which the girl was seated.

"I admit that I loved her very much, that our courtship was happy, romantic and all that. She was an ideal wife for a few weeks, then all changed. To my faults she was always unkind. She became cold and indifferent to my desires and fancies. She was cross and fretful. She became careless in her personal appearance except when she expected friends. She quarrelled with the servants, she neglected the house—"

"Don't tell me any more," pleaded the girl.

"Just a little more," urged the young fellow. "When I sometimes—not often—came home a little under the gentle influence of something stronger than water, my nightmare wife did not wait until the next morning, when I had recovered, to scold me, but talked at me when I wanted sleep and began again at breakfast."

"Was that so bad?" inquired the girl.

"That was the very worst of it; a man with a bad head can't stand a scolding. A wife—a loving, gentle, sensible wife—would wait until after the head had resumed its normal shape and then do her scolding."

"I think you are right," said the girl, with a smile.

"Do you mean that?" inquired the man.

"I do; I know you are right."

"I thought that I had not made a mistake in you—I have been studying you for many days and I am a good judge of character."

"I am awfully sorry you have such a wife. I loved the wife you first told me about. Why did you do that?"

"Because I wanted to draw you out and study you. I pictured my dream wife and now I have told you of my nightmare wife."

"Which is the real one you have?" eagerly inquired the manicure girl.

"Whether I have the dream wife I think depends on you," said the young lawyer, as he leaned over the girl's chair and gazed into her face.

"I don't understand you," retorted the girl.

"I have neither a dream wife nor a nightmare wife, except in fancy, but I want you to be my wife—my ideal wife." Silence reigned supreme for a few seconds and with the glory of the setting sun full on her pretty face the girl softly said:

"I understand, and I will try."—New York Sun.

Pure Sunlight and Air.

We have often heard of "Sunny Italy," or the "clear light" of Egypt, says the Desert, but, believe me, there is no sunlight there compared with that which falls upon the upper peaks of the Sierra Madre or the uninhabitable wastes of the Colorado desert.

Pure sunlight requires for its existence pure air, and the Old World has little of it left. When you are in Rome again and stand upon that hill where all good Romanists go at sunset, look out and see how dense is the atmosphere between you and St. Peter's dome. That same thick air is all over Europe, all around the Mediterranean, even over in Mesopotamia and by the banks of the Ganges. It has been breathed and burned and battle smoked for 10,000 years. Ride up and over the high tablelands of Montana—one can still ride there for days without seeing a trace of humanity—and how clear and scentless, how absolutely intangible that sky blown, sunshot atmosphere! You breathe it without feeling it, you see through it a hundred miles, and the picture is not blurred by it. Once more ride over the enchanted mesas of Arizona at sunrise or sunset, with the ragged mountains of Mexico to the south of you, and the broken spurs of the great Sierra round about you, and all the glory of the Old shall be as nothing to the gold and purple and burning crimson of this New World.

The Sea Trout.

The gamest of salt water fish, after the striped bass, is the weakfish or sea trout. The sport of angling for them is generally enhanced because, feeding as they generally do near the surface, it is possible to fish for them with light tackle. The best places to find them in the vicinity of New York are Jamaica Bay, the southwestern shore of Staten Island and the mouth of the Shrewsbury River. While they have been caught weighing upward of twenty pounds, a six or ten pounder is a good size and the average will only run from one to two and a half. There is never any doubt when a weakfish bites. He does not nibble around the hook, but takes the bait at one fair swoop and then starts off with it like a limited express with time to make up. He is a shy fish and the man who uses a small line, light leaders and snells to his hook, and keeps quiet while fishing is the one who is apt to have the best luck.—Country Life in America.

CURIOUS FACTS

The women of Ainu, North Japan, admire bearded faces, and they tattoo their own faces to make them seem sprouting with whiskers.

There still flourishes at Dundee, Scotland, a tree which was dedicated as a "tree of liberty" more than a century ago during the ferment caused by the French revolution.

The ancient cemetery of St. John's Convent, Bergen, Norway, was exposed to view last summer in excavating the site of a modern building. The convent was abolished about the year 1500, so the skeletons that were unearthed must be at least 400 years old.

The reason why fish and many other living things tend to be dark on the upper part of the body and light on the under part is thought to be this: The earth is lit from above, and it is necessary for birds, fish, etc., are not to be extremely conspicuous, that the inevitable shadows be connected. As Professor E. B. Poulton puts it: "The form painted light below and dark above, with connecting radiations, looks visionary and ghostlike, as wild animals always appear in nature."

The Fire Department in Jersey City, N. J., was recently called out by a strange accident. A small boy who had been tormenting an ice cream peddler, finally succeeded in irritating the Italian to such an extent that he left his push-cart and gave the urchin a hot chase. Not succeeding in overtaking him, however, the cart-pusher picked up a brick and threw it after the fleet boy. The brick missed the boy's head by a narrow margin and crashed into a fire-box, breaking the glass door and bringing the Fire Department upon the scene. Not even the chemical engines were necessary to cool the Italian's ire.

In 1651 Parliament passed the first of what are called the "Navigation Acts." They forbade the colonies to trade with any other country than England, or to receive foreign ships into their ports. They were particularly aimed at New England, whose people had gone eagerly into commerce, but they were not well enforced for many years. The revenue officers were careless, or took bribes to allow vessels to trade with foreign countries, and thus most of the Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Connecticut merchants were compelled to be smugglers, and to engage in trade that was forbidden by the law. About 100 years after the passage of these laws the attempt was made to enforce them in earnest, and this helped greatly to bring about the Revolution.

Miniature Japanese Gardens.

Country Life in America draws the following interesting comparison between the methods of gardening in our country and those employed in Japan: "The Japanese create tiny models of landscape—growing gardens so small that they may occupy no more space than the top of a good-sized table. In these the merest pebbles do duty as rocks, a cupful of stones will construct a cliff and a bunch of small plants serve for a forest, while the paths and streams may be spanned by a finger's breadth. Landscape gardening is said to have been introduced into Japan from China, where Buddhist priests had created miniature landscapes in the temple gardens. It was to this end that the dwarfing of trees and shrubs became a necessity. The artistic purpose was to copy the attractions of a true landscape and to give the impression that a real one conveyed. It stands for a picture, not merely to look upon, but one to stroll about in and to be enjoyed from within the picture itself. The Japanese garden is as much an art creation as a painting."

A Praying General.

As we scan the pages of the world's history, we now and then see standing out in bold relief the names of men famous in battle, who were known distinctively to the world as men of much prayer and Bible study.

General Havelock, of Indian warfare fame, was such an one. It is said that he found time to pray, not only by himself, but with his men. The largest tent in the camp baggage was a prayer tent. This was pitched at the stations, and in it he conducted a prayer service and read the Bible to the soldiers. During the most hurried marches he arose two hours before his men in order to have time to pray. If they were to break up at 4, he was up at 2. He believed there was time for the business of religion. And they tell us there were no soldiers so prompt and faithful in duty, so reliable in those dreadful times of the Indian mutiny, as General Havelock and his praying regiment.

Secret of Keeping Young.

One of the secrets of keeping young, vigorous and supple-jointed is to continue to practice the activities of youth, and to refuse to allow the mind to stiffen the muscles by its suggestion of age limitations. If men like Peter Cooper and William E. Gladstone, who kept up the vitalizing exercises of robust manhood when far into the eighties, had succumbed at forty to the thought of approaching age, how much of their valuable life-work would have remained undone!—Success.

The Shallow Mind.

The shallow mind is the mirror of other people's thoughts.—New York Press.

THE LADY GIRAFFE.

The lady giraffe for the ballroom was dressed in the latest decollete style. When a dashing young beau, The good-looking dodo, Stepped up to her side with a smile.

"My dear Miss Giraffe," said he, with a bow, "You're the fairest of maids at the ball; And yet, if your neck Should grow longer a speck You would need to wear nothing at all."

—Puck.



"Their wealth must be prodigious." "It is. They own two automobiles."—Detroit Free Press.

He studies his geography. And thinks he has it fine, When some one brings the soldiers out And moves the boundary line. —Washington Star.

She (after accepting him)—"Have you ever loved any other girl?" He—"Sure! I can bring you half a dozen written testimonials if necessary." —Chicago News.

"I hope there will be no mistake in administering these medicines." "Have no fear, doctor. I am a professional nurse, and madam is a professional invalid."—New York Weekly.

Stranger—"How did this out-of-the-way place ever get the reputation of being a health resort?" Native—"Why, my dear sir, at least three prominent men have died here."—Chicago News.

There was once a villainous tough, Who receives a surprising rebuff When in trying to jolly A chappie named Cholly, He was handled exceedingly rough. —Philadelphia Record.

Mrs. Dimpleton—"Why don't you get your life insured?" Dimpleton—"What's the use? I'm well enough, and I'll probably outlive you." "Well, you always did look on the dark side." —Life.

Stockton—"Are the officers of your new oil company prudent and far-seeing men?" Ticketrater—"Are they? Why, they only own three shares each, and we had to pay 'em to take them." —Puck.

Captain Smythe (a good soldier, but no society man, to the hostess)—"I have to thank you, Mrs. Brown, for an evening which has been—er—after two years on the veld, most enjoyable." —Punch.

Mamma—"Johnny, I told you to go and wash your face and hands. When I tell you to do a thing, I expect you to do it." Johnny—"You're not much of a judge of human nature, are you, mamma?"—Boston Transcript.

Barnes—"There goes Hiller in his automobile. How quickly he has learned to run the thing." Shedd—"Yes; I suppose it is a faculty that is inherited. His father used to be quite an expert at the wheelbarrow."—Boston Transcript.

"I wonder if advertising like this," said the unsophisticated youth, after looking over the department store advertisement, "is really expensive?" "Wait till you get a wife who reads those ads and you'll find out," replied Phamliman.—Philadelphia Press.

"Well," said the lady who was endeavoring to give the widow consolation on the way home from the cemetery, "the worst is over now." "I'm afraid not," answered the afflicted one. "The lawyer says there's a bad flaw in one of the insurance policies."—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Buyer of Beef.

The buyer occupies a position of consequence in the stock yards community. He is an expert, usually a man of middle age, who has obtained his education and technical ability partly in the packing houses and partly on the ranch. An experienced buyer is likely to receive a salary of \$4000 to \$5000 a year, and he is worth all of that, for on his ability to tell, by a moment's inspection, what quality of beef will be produced by a steer that he never before laid eyes on depends primarily the excellence of the product issued by his house, and hence the increase of its business.

The buyer's work is not arduous, and to all appearance his task is a simple one. He walks along the flat board laid along the top of the fence, glancing keenly at the cattle in the different pens. Some he passes by without a pause, others he stops to inspect more closely and occasionally he displays his interest in a group by asking a question or two of the man in charge.

Long experience enables him at a glance to distinguish between a grass-fed steer and a corn-fed steer, to decide whether an animal is entitled to be classed as "fancy," "good" or "common," and to guess within a few pounds of an animal's exact weight by glancing at him. The buyer makes his purchases "on the hoof," paying the market price ruling for the day for the grade in which it is decided each group of cattle belongs. In a few words the transaction is completed and the buyer's interest in the affair is ended.—Leslie's Monthly.

\$100,000,000 of Beef.

The total annual export value of United States meat—of which beef forms the principal item—is in round figures \$100,000,000. If we add to this the distributive sales of the various packing establishments in the United States for the domestic market as well, we find that it reaches the enormous total of 1,000,000 carloads, valued at \$2,000,000,000. Added to this is the value of the many by-products of the packing house, which amount to many millions more.—Leslie's Monthly.

* AGRICULTURAL *

A Liberal Ration For Cows.

If cows are fed a liberal ration of palatable, nutritious ground feed night and morning they require no driving. No dog or boy is necessary to chase the fields over to persuade them, but about milking time they are ready to walk from the pasture to the barn quietly, and pails will be fuller, as there has been no excitement. Keep cows quiet and they give better returns. Thus a saving of labor and patience pays in part for grain fed.

Horses Preferred For Cultivating.

Slow horses are sometimes preferred for cultivating, but a fast walking horse does much more work in a year than the slower one. If a horse travels twenty miles a day, and another twenty-five miles in the same time for every working day in the year, the faster horse will travel 1500 miles more than the other. When working a large field a horse may travel from fifteen to twenty miles a day, and a difference of a mile or two, when several horses are in use, is quite an item in a week. While attention has been given to the breeding of fast trotters and runners, there is room for improvement in the walking gait of horses.

Variations In Vegetables.

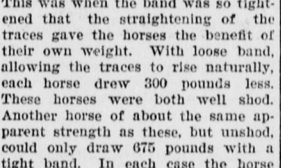
Freaks and variations in vegetables have been numerous at experimental stations. One of the beets planted for seeds, instead of throwing up a seed shoot, emitted branches from the root, and these branches, coming from the surface, threw out leaves, thus forming a cluster of roots, which have grown as annuals, showing no tendency to seeding. A potato plant developed tubers in abundance in the axils of its leaves. An onion of the white Globe variety sprouted into a top onion, the cluster of small bulbs replacing the top formation. Bi-annuals become annuals, for rows of sorghum and salsify grown from seeds from plants which were bi-annuals one furnished annual plants the next year, thus showing how easily and quickly the habits of some plants can be changed by selection.

Strength of Farm Horses.

In trials made it was found that a pair of more than ordinarily powerful farm horses, one weighing 1250 pounds, the other over 1400 pounds, at a "dead pull" drew 1000 and 1025 pounds each. This was when the band was so tightened that the straightening of the traces gave the horses the benefit of their own weight. With loose band, each horse drew 300 pounds less. Another horse of about the same apparent strength as these, but unshod, could only draw 675 pounds with a tight band. In each case the horse was hitched to the end of a rope about 150 feet long, having the benefit of the stretching of the rope as a relief from a "dead pull." The maximum strength seemed to be exerted at each trial, all the horses being accustomed to heavy pulling.

A Cheap Barn Door Latch.

The accompanying illustration shows a convenient latch for a barn or ordinary door on rollers. The inside view,



a, shows how this may be attached to the door, b is the latch seen from the outside, c is the block over which the latch drops when the door is closed. I have used it on my farm buildings for a number of years and find it exceedingly convenient and very cheap. It cannot get out of order, and if it is broken it can be easily and quickly replaced.—C. J. Shell, in New England Homestead.

Locating An Apiary.

Where wild flowers and linden trees are abundant is an excellent place to locate an apiary. On the farm such seeds as buckwheat and clover can be sown and will yield a crop of honey besides the usual crop they are intended for. The bees will find any nectar producing plants within a radius of two miles of the apiary, and sometimes they will fly even further. Bees need a great deal of water during spring and summer, especially in March and April; this is used to dilute the thick rich honey which has been left over from the winter and make it suitable for the young larvae, so a brook or stream near by would be desirable, although not specially necessary. The hives should be placed southward, or eastward; a wind-break on the north and west is a great protection to the bees, a hedge of evergreens or a wall of honeysuckles grown on an iron fence is a quicker way, as one does not have to wait too long for results. A board fence will answer the purpose if one does not care too much for looks. Formerly tall trees near by were considered an objectionable feature, for sometimes the swarm would go out of reach of the apiarist, but they are no longer a detriment to the beekeeper, for with the queen trap placed on the hives at swarming time, the queen is trapped and the swarm will return to the hive in less than a half hour, no matter how high they may have clustered. If a board is laid on the ground

in front of the hives, it will prevent the grass and weeds from growing up in front of the entrances; an occasional handful of salt will also be effective.

—F. G. Herman, in The Epitomist.

The Question of Breeds.

There are certain characteristics that constitute the good, the best, or the ideal horse. It will be conceded by all that the horse deficient in such characteristics is not the best or the ideal horse, no matter what his breed is. If there is one breed that may be depended upon to yield more of such horses than another then that breed would be adjudged to be the best of the two. But even that does not prove that one should buy or breed to the horse only because it is of that breed, for it might be a poor individual, and he might get a much better horse of the breed decided by the test named to be the inferior one. The discussion referred to should be made along the line suggested, and if it can be shown that one breed is productive of more good horses than the other, then to that extent it will be proven to be the best breed, and to that extent only.

Breeding is yet too far from an exact science to be depended upon entirely as an assurance of quality. The ideal individual with a good ancestry, and possessed of the propensity that generations of line breeding imparts, is the one that is the best, while the poor individual, with the same kind of breeding is the worst imaginable. The truth is that education and discussion should be devoted to equipping horse breeders to know a good individual on sight, and to know how to use it in reproduction.—Farm, Stock and Home.

The Use of Lime on Soils.

Probably more general misunderstanding prevails regarding the use of lime on soils than any other mineral element which we apply. A good many still seem to believe that lime is a manure, and that its application takes the place of nearly all other fertilizers. The best way to dispel this error is to state at the outset that lime is not a manure or fertilizer, and where so used a serious mistake is made. Lime put on poor soils is generally a waste of time and good material. It never yet improved poor soil unless the land was sour or overfed with humus which it could not well digest.

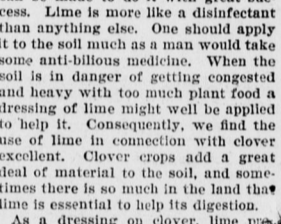
On rich soil, however, lime has an important function to perform, and it can be made to do it with great success. Lime is more like a disinfectant than anything else. One should apply it to the soil much as a man would take some anti-bilious medicine. When the soil is in danger of getting congested and heavy with too much plant food a dressing of lime might well be applied to help it. Consequently, we find the use of lime in connection with clover excellent. Clover crops add a great deal of material to the soil, and sometimes there is so much in the land that lime is essential to help its digestion.

As a dressing on clover, lime produces the best results, especially where the clover has had a heavy stand for two or more seasons. Land that is fed heavily every year with barnyard or green manure will be helped by a dressing of lime. Sometimes the soil is so rich, but congested with unassimilated food, that a dressing of lime for one season without any fertilizer is the best thing for it. Because of successful work in this way some have apparently got the notion that lime is a good fertilizer. But it is not, and would not have worked so well on any other soil that was not rich in manure to begin with.—S. W. Chambers, in American Cultivator.

An Excellent Corn Crib.

Corn, unless properly stored, is liable to great damage by rats and mice, while that which remains may become so mouldy even as to render it unfit for use. A good corn crib, therefore, is of the utmost value where this crop is raised, and for the generality of localities none are better than the one shown in the accompanying illustration. Not only will the corn stored in it be absolutely safe from the depredations of all rodents, but it is sure to keep in splendid condition.

The in-sloping sides will prevent the



rain from getting at the corn, albeit the sides are of open slatwork to let the air pass through. It can be constructed any size desired, though it is down to not over five feet wide at the floor. Doors can also be placed under the eaves, and the corn turned in through them direct from the wagon, in which case a chute is needed to pour the corn into and two men to do the work of filling, one standing on a step ladder at the required height to empty the baskets easily into the chute, and the other down in the wagon to pass them up to him full of corn.

Generally, however, the corn can best be carried in by the basketful through the door at the end of the building, and dumped where wanted. The crib, unless very large, should always be filled solidly from the rear to the door; if unusually wide, there may be a walk through the centre, with cribs on either side. The posts, it will be observed, have broad strips of tin tacked about them. These stop rats and mice from getting up to the corn. If possible, the structure should be built at a considerable distance from all other buildings, and no fences or the like on which mice can find a foothold should run anywhere near it.—Frederick O. Sibley, in New York Tribune Farmer.