There is never a thing we dream or do
But was dreamed and done in the ag Everything's old; there is naught that is

it will be while the world goes or The thoughts we think have been thought

The deeds we do have long been done; We pride ourselves on our love and lore And both are as old as the moon and sun.

We strive and struggle and swink sweat, And the end for each is one and end for each is one and the same;
Time and the sun and the frost and wet
Will wear from its pillar the greates
name.

With our mind's small light in the dark Glow-worm glimmers that creep about, Till the power that shaped us, over us all Poises His foot and treads us out.

And all that we do is done in vain.

true,
And never a deed but was wrought by
plan;
And life is filled with the strange and

ind develops and soul matures, se two shall parent earth's mightie

acts, is a fact and 'tis love endures ough the world makes wreck of all other facts. ugh thought alone shall our

The one is love and the other law,
And their presence alone it is avails.

For every shadow about our way
There is a glory of moon and sun;
But the hope within us hath more of ray
Than the light of the sun and the moo
in one.

Behind all being a purpose lies. Undeviating as God hath willed; And he alone it is who dies Who leaves that purpose unfulfilled.

Life is an epic the Master sings, Whose theme is man and who

soul,
Where each is a word in the song of things
That shall roll on while the ages roll.
—Madison-Cawein, in Smart Set.

"GRIP," THE TALKING CROW

A True, Fascinating Story.

By Eudora Block.

RIP came into my possession in this wise: One day in April I chanced to meet a couple of urchins who had been robbing crows' nest, thinking they were doing a vast good for the farmers by exterminating the robbers of their cornileds. I had long believed that the crow was not so black as he was painted, and that for every kernel of corn he stole he destroyed many grubs and insects, which would have injured the crops far more than the bird could have done with all of his depredations.

A sorrier object I never saw than this poor kidnaped baby crow crouching in the folds of a ragged and tattered old hat. He was very ugly in his half-fiedged feathers, with large head and long beak, but he looked so pitiful that my heart went out to him at once.

We soon had made a bargain. The boys then ran off with happy faces and still happier hearts, clutching a few dimes in their little fists, while I proceeded homeward with my newly found pet wrapped in my handkerchief.

As soon as I had reached home I

ceeded homeward with my newly found pet wrapped in my handkerchief.

As soon as I had reached home I placed him in a good-sized chicken crate under a large pine tree in the front yard, where I fed him bread and milk, which he gulped down greedily, and, like Oliver Twist, kept, crying for more, until I thought his appetite never would be appeased. I kept him in the crate for several days, feeding him very often. When he saw me approaching he would spread his wings, open his mouth, and shrilly "Caw, caw," for something to eat. His appetite was voracious. He would eat anything given to him; meat, bread, cake, fruit, eggs, all went greedly into his gullet. I wondered how the parent crows ever kept filled the maws of a hungry family.

Grij's babyhood did not last long. He grew so rapidly that in three weeks he was a full-fledged crow, with beautiful glossy black feathers, of which he was very proud.

A large bed of pansies near the house, which was my pride, was his especial delight. Every morning I would pluck the blossoms, which were So like little faces that smiled up to me. Grip was always on hand to assist me, but he would ruin every flower by snipping it off, and he did it so spitefully I knew that he was jealous of the flowers I loved.

"Go 'way, Grip, go 'way," I would say to him, sometimes using a little switch to drive him off. The moment I was out of sight, however, down he would swoop again into the panay bed,

and "snip, snip" would go their heads.
There was searcely an hour in the day when some one was not calling out, "Go 'way," Grip, go 'way," for the whole family kept watch over those pansies.

whole family kept watch over those pansies.

At times Grip would be very loving. Alighting on my shoulder he would cuddle down close to my face, uttering soft little croaking notes. Then he would styly pull the pin from my collar, and begin snatching at the hair pins in my braids. At other times, when I called him he would not come to me, but would alight near me, and look at me so impishly while I pleaded, "Come here, Grip; come, Grippy, come here."

One day I was coaxing him thus as

to me, but would alight near me, and look at me so implishly while I pleaded. "Come here, Grlp; come, Grippy, come here."

One day I was coaxing him thus as he hopped along on the top board of the fence. He put his head down and seemed to be choking and swallowing. After several such spasms he uttered the words, "Go 'way, Grip, go 'way," very distinctly. I could hardly believe my ears. Grip, my crow, could say three words: "Go 'way, Grip, go 'way," very distinctly. I could hardly believe my ears. Grip, my crow, could say three words: "Go 'way, Grip," For a long time he had chattered and made guttural noises. He would scream and laugh like a young imp. But now he could talk, and, aside from being surprised I was delighted. He soon learned to say "Go 'way, Grip," without effort, and not long after that I heard him say, "Come here, Grip, come, Grippy, come here," inthe same conxing tone I used to him.

Rainy days were his delight. Then he held high carnival on the woodpile, where he would chatter and laugh, coax and scold by turns: "Come here, Grip, come here," in a soft, coaxing tone: then harshly, "Go 'way, Grip, go 'way." It sounded as if two children were quarreling.

Later he learned to say "All right," "Hurry up," and almost any hour in the day he could be heard, if not seen, practicing his, new accomplishments.

During that fall I taught the district school, half a mile from home. It was a pleasant walk in good weather. Grip was on hand to see me safely on my way each morning. He would hop or thy along, or ride on my shoulder, until he came to the bridge which spanned the creek just half way to the school house. Then he would fly up in a tall willow tree bending over the water. Thus far would he go, but no farther. One morning, however, he alighted on the window of the school house, apping loudly with his beak upon the glass to be let in. The children all knew Grip. He was famed throughout the neighborhood for his powers of speech and his impish and cunning pranks. Immediately the lannds went up to be go th

up to beg permission to let him in, with promises to be good and to study hard.

The unanimous request was granted, and Grip flew to my desk and began pleking up peneils and pleess of chalk. Then he went from one desk to another, looking for more peneils. No doubt he thought he had struck a rich field. I must confess that lessons were forgotten, so intent were the children in watching this strange bird, which hopped from desk to desk and peered into their faces in such a curious way. Alas! he came to an untimely death. One night he failed to meet me at the willow upon my return from school. No one had seen him that afternoon. I found him in a shed, crouched upon an old barrel, looking very sick and miserable, and with green stains upon his bill. The can of Paris green was found overturned in the barn, and that told the story. The poor fellow had been eating the poison. He refused food, uttering plaintive little creaks as I stroked him and said "Poor Grip!" I left him for the night, hoping his crow constitution was strong enough to resist the dendly poison.

In the morning I found him sitting as I had left him, but no soft creak greeted me. He was cold and stiff in death. Do you wonder that my team fell freely, and that I felt no shame in weeping for a dead crow?—St. Nicholas.

Titled Convicts in Jail.

A Vienna paper states that few people have any idea of the large number of men and women of noble birth undergoing penal servitude on the Continent, says the London Express.

It estimates that Russian prisons alone contain 12,000 aristocrats, while there are several thousand noblemen in the penal establishments of Italy. Two Dukes of Notarbartolo are, for instance, at present undergoing penal servitude for life in the Italian prison of La Maddalena for the brutal murder of a young officer whom they had swindled at card playing and who had threatened to denounce them as card sharpers.

Among the convicts in a Belgian prison are Prince Charles de Locz-Coswarem, who committed a number of gigantic frauds and one crime of violence, and the Marquis of Varela, for the murder of his own mother.

In France there are several hundred titled aristocrats in prison, and though no statistics are available regarding Austria and Germany, the same state of things is said to exist there, also.

London Crime.

London Crime.

Ragely does any official report contain such depressing matter as that on prisons just issuel from the Home Office, says the London correspondent of the Baltimore Herald. It formally records that during last year the number of people in prison increased by between 17,000 and 18,000, as compared with the previous year. In London eriminality had so largely increased that between 3000 and 4000 prisoners of both sexes have to be transferred to provincial jails for lack of adequate accommodation in the metropolis. Nor is this terrible growth of lawlessness of an abnormal character; it appears to have acquired normality, judging from the fact that the number of London commitments increased from 38,373 in 1891 to 53,591 in 1901.

Breeding In and In.

Breeding in and in may tend to fix the characteristics of certain strains, or families, but sooner or later the results will be lack of constitutional vigor. Those who adhere strictly to pedigree are better able to avoid inbreeding of the stock than those who do not. While pedigree of itself adds nothing to an animal as an individual, yet it distinctly points to the family to which the individual belongs, and enables the owner to arrive at a partial knowledge of its capacity as a future performer.

Experience With Cornstalk Disease.
For many years I have had experience with cattle in stalk fields. I have purchased hundreds of acres of stalk fields in different localities and moved my cattle from field to field during the entire winter. I was careful to keep them well salted and always gave them a few feeds of corn before turning into the first field. I did not lose any. A great many farmers let their cattle become pretty hungry before turning them into the first field, and they gorge themselves with dry husks and corn.—H. H. Oliver, in Orange Judd Farmer.

Manure Loss in the Winter.

Orange Judd Farmer.

Manure Loss in the Winter.

The loss of the valuable constituents of manure that is exposed cannot be determined, but during some winters it is large. Fresh horse manure that was exposed by way of experiment was found to lose value in several ways. It lost in weight and absorbed water, while the ammonia passed off into the air. Computing the value of fresh manure at \$2.45 per ton a loss of \$1.02 resulted, or forty-two per cent. No farmer can afford such a loss as forty-two per cent in his manure, and it should therefore never be exposed to snows and rains unless well mixed with an abundance of absorbents, and even then it is better to have it under cover.

Feeding Pigs.

An experiment made by the editor of Hoard's Dairyman showed that pigs weighing one hundred pounds each, fed for eight weeks on skim-milk alone, and sold at the same price paid for them, had gained enough to make the value of skim-milk 22½ cents a hundred pounds. Another lot fed on skim-milk and cornmeal for the same length of time made gains that would warrant paying 22 cents a hundred pounds for the skim-milk. By other experiments he found that one hundred pounds of pork, and one hundred pounds of skim-milk and cornmeal mixed and fed together made eighteen pounds of pork. Combining them increased their value twenty per cent.

Good For Summer or Winter.

A hillside sloping toward the south or southeast gives a fine chance to have a low, underground room, with windows, that can be kept shut or



open in winter according to weather conditions. Take the windows out in summer and a cool, shady place is provided for hens or chicks to run under. Such a basement can be cleaned from the outside with a long-handled hoe or rake, so that the height need not be more than two and a half or three feet.—New England Homestead.

need not be more than two and a half or three feet.—New England Homestead.

The Wood or Logging Sled.

The farmer often has occasion to use the sled in winter for drawing wood or logs, as heavier loads can be drawn on the snow than with wheels on a dirt road. We have seen no device that we like better than the following: Make two sleds, or what is called a bob-sled, each about four and a half feet long. The tongue or shaft should be so attached that it may turn freely, without the necessity of the sled following it, even to the point of a right angle, if necessary, to avoid obstacles. This requires an attachment to the centre crosspiece of the sled, and a draft chain attached to each corner that may play through a staple or ring on the tongue. The rear sled is attached to that by a chain, which may be made short to bring it nearly up to the other, or may be lengthened out to admit of carrying logs twenty or twenty-five feet long. Across each sled should be a piece of timber strong enough to bear the desired weight. For drawing cordwood the sleds may be chained near together, and a frame placed on those timbers, which will yet leave some flexibility at the centre and at the front, allowing very short turns to be made with it. When used for logs take off this frame and place the logs directly on the crosspieces, chaining them firmly. When desired, as on the road, a simple arrangement can make the tongue or shaft firm to prevent too much swinging. This is best done by putting something through the draft chain on each side of the ring. For heavy loads the cross piece on the forward sled should be about four by five inches.—Boston Cultivates.

Woman Who Saw Napoleon Leave the Field of His Last Battle.

Le Gaulois gives an interesting account of a conversation with one of the very few surviving speciators of the battle of Waterloo, a widow named Given, the 160th anniversary of whose birth is about to be celebrated in the little village of Viesville, Hainault. She relates that on the morning of the day of the great battle she ran away from her parents and made her way frough the woods, being curlous to see what was going on. She was close to Hougomont when the place was attacked by the French troops, and remained in hiding for hours, not daring to move. The cannonade having diminished she ventured toward the farm, but field her well as the sight, the ground, as she expressed it, being red mud, so drenched was it with blood. She ran across the fields and reached the Bois de Plancenolt, where she fell asleep, worn out by fatigue and excitement. At dusk she was awakened by the noise of horses' hoofs and saw a troop of cavalry, headed by a man of short stature mounted on a curvetting gray horse. He was riding stowly on, as if in a dream, looking straight ahead and paying no heed to what went on about him. The girl learned on the same evening from her relatives, when she finally reached home, that the rider was Napoleon. Mme, Givron is remarkably active, and is particularly proud of her eyesight, which, she declares, is as good as it was seventy-five years ago. When her daughter, Marceline, who, as she says, is only seventy-two, sits down to sew, her mother threads the needles for her. The old woman had seven children and her descendants number ninety-two.

WISE WORDS.

Eloquence is vehement simplicity.-Cecil.

Iawthorne.
Goodness thinks
eems.—Milton.

Goodness thinks no ill where no ill seems.—Milton.

His praise is lost who waits till all commend.—Pope.

Diligence is the mother of good fortune.—Cervantes.

Live only for to-day and you ruin to-morrow.—C. Simmons.

From labor, health: from health, contentment springs.—Beattie.

There is no index of character as sure as the voice.—Disrael.

Win hearts, and rou hove all mones.

ure as the voice.—Distraell.

Win hearts, and you have all men's ands and purses.—Burleigh.

Delicacy is to the mind what fragnice is to the fruit.—A. Poincelot.

A Bowlder For Ingalls' Grave.

The grave of John J. Ingalls, at Mount Vernon Cemetery, will be marked by a native bowlder deposited on Kansas soil in the glacial period. This will be done in obedience to a letter written in the Senate chamber at Washington, December 10, 1890, to Mrs. Ingalls at Atchison. The letter follows:

"This life is so delightful that I dread the thought of leaving it. I have seen and experienced so little of what may be seen and known that it seems like closing a volume which I have only glanced at the title page.
"Our ground in the cemetery should have a 'monument.' I hate these obelisks, urns and stone cottages, and should prefer a great natural rockone of the red bowlders known as the lost rock of the prairie porphyry from the north, brought down in glacial times—with a small surface, smoothed down, just large enough to make a tablet in which should be inserted the bronze letters of our name—'Ingalls'—and nothing else."

A stone such as described is now being sought.

being sought.

A Nicety of Leave-Taking.
A little nicety of leave-taking that is practiced by a certain well-bred woman, says the Dundee News, is to rise to end the visit while she is the speaker. In this way she is apparently leaving while she is much interested. This is better than to start at the end of a pause, or to jump up the moment your hosters's voice drops. One way implies boredom, the other waiting for a chance to get away.

This may seem a trifle of observance, but it is worth while if only to train one's self in the habit of easy leave-taking—a rare accomplishment even among women with wide social experience. Once standing, leave promptly, and avoid spinning out a second visit in the hall.

Costty Eritish Warships.

in the hall.

Costly British Warships.

The battleships and cruisers now building in the Government yards in England, except Devonport, are costing more than the estimates, save in the single case of the Albemarle, in which a saving of \$4000 was effected. This is not such an indictment against Government building as it seems at first sight, for the eight contract-built battleships now building will exceed their estimates by \$700,000 and the eleven cruisers by \$875,000. At Devonport a saving of \$20,570 was made in the building of the Bulwark and \$21,785 in the building of the Implacable.

THE BOASTER.

"I'd like," said he, "to see"—
And he said it boastfully—
"The daughter of a woman
could make a fool of me."
He turned and there she stood,
He knew full well she could,
And in his wildly beating hea
fondly hoped she would.

The lady turned away
With not a word to say,
Her laugh was like a ripple and her
countenance was gay;
Forgetting all his pride,
He followed eager-eyed,
And let her make him foolish, though
she never even tried.

— Chicago Record-Hereld.

CRUEL.

"I am willing to leave my work to posterity," said the ambitious author.

"Well," answered the cold-blooded publisher, "you are running great risks. Posterity isn't going to read any of the expensive and misleading eulogies of your work that my advertising department is getting out."—Washington Star.

HOW THE SWEET NOVEL ENDED

HOW THE SWEET NOVEL ENDED.

Helen—Why is it novels always
have a good ending?

Sue—Well, the one I read yesterday
didn't have a good ending.
Helen—It didn't?

Sue—No; mamma threw it in the
fire.—Philadelphia Record.

TRAP FAILED.

Skinnum—I want to interest you in a mining proposition. It's a good thing.

Wigwag—Well, I'm not.—Philadelphia Record.

A CUTTING JEST.

The Husband (during the quarrel)

—You're always making bargains.
Was there ever a time when you didn't?

The Wife—Yes, sir, on my wedding day.—Tit-Bits.

A WORLD OF CHANGE.

A WORLD OF CHANGE.

"Have you the same cook you had
when I was here in the Spring?

"Not by seventeen."—Cleveland
Plain Dealer.

BABY'S BACKWARDNESS.

Young Mother (to herself)—I don't see why it is that baby doesn't talk better. He's very backward. Same Mother (five minutes after-ward)—Diddee ittee tootsie wootsie waken up, zee tunnin' little pettie, so he was.—New York Weekly.

AN INCONSISTENCY

AN INCONSISTENCY.

"There's another thing I can't understand," said Mr. Sirus Barker as he laid down the paper and took a dyspepsia tablet.

"What can it be?" asked his wife in a well-feigned tone of surprise.

"Why a woman will fuss over her husband brushing his coat and fixing his necktle and warning him when he needs a haircut, and then rave admiringly over a foot ball player."—Washington Star.

STREET CAR SPEED.
"Ever notice," asked the Street Car
cars are regulated by our frame of
mind?"
"In what

mind?"
"In what way?"
"Notice how slow a street car i
when you are in a hurry to catch
train—and how fast it goes when yo
run to catch it."—Baltimore Herald.

"Your hair isn't coming out as strong and thick as it should, Harry," said the small boy's mother. "Your father must take you down and have it shingled again."
"Well," replied the boy promptly, "I don't much like the feel of those grass-cuttin' machines that they run over a feller's head, but if anything's got to be shingled I'd rather it was my hair than my pants."—Chfeago Post.

A NECESSARY QUALIFICATION.
A school inspector in England asical a child in a primary school to tell him as nearly as possible what he understood a pilgrim to be.
"A pilgrim is a man who goes about a good deal," was the reply.
This seemed not quite satisfactory to the inspector, and he said: "I go about a good deal," but I am not a pilgrim."
"Please, sir, I mean a good man," was the cager addition.

HIS DIALECT.

"Mike," said Plodding Pete, "did you ever go to school?"

"Sure," answered Meandering Mike.
"I don't have to talk dis way. If I showed off me literary accomplishments, folks would wonder why I was not readin' de help wanted advertisements instid o' huntin' fur handouts."—Washington Star.

IMMUNE.

IMMUNE.

"My!" exclaimed the old lady who was taking her first trolley ride, "I should think it would be mighty dangerous workin' on these cars all the time. Ain't you 'feared o' the 'lectricity strikin' ye?"

"No'm," he replied, as he took her nickel and neglected to ring it up on the register, "you see I'm not a good conductor."—Philadelphia Press.



Mulberry Trees For Posts.

It is claimed that mulberry trees make durable posts. As the mulberry is a quick-growing tree, this advantage in its favor of serving as posts should not be overlooked in planting trees for future use.

The Bordeaux Mixture.

The Bordeaux Mixture, which is receiving attention as one of the remedies for grape rot, is made by dissolving eight pounds of sulphate of copper in fifteen gallons of water which has been raised to the boiling point. In another vessel slake ten pounds of lime with five gallons of water. When cool pour the lime water in the copper solution, stirring the mixture briskly while so doing.

An Apple Picker.

This is an apple picker that can be depended on not to bruise the fruit, for each apple, as it is picked off gently runs down the cloth spout that is



attached to the wire and follows the pole to its lower end, where the apple falls into the hand of the operator and is placed into the basket. Heavy wire is needed for the frame. Hook the wire over the apple, then pull, and the apple will come to you.—W. C. Warfield, in The Epitomist.

wire over the apple, then pull, and the apple will come to you.—W. C. Warfield, in The Epitomist.

Fall Planting Hardy Roses.

In most localities autumn is much the best time for planting hardy roses, If the soil where the rose bed is to be located is unpromising, at least two feet of it should be removed and replaced with rotted sods mixed with fine, friable old manure. If the decayed sods have not been piled up ready to hand, any good fresh garden loam can be used.

If the soil of the bed is naturally good, the manure may be simply spaded in until the whole bed is rich, mellow and deep. Two feet apart each way gives little enough space for the normal development of a fine hardy rose. If the roses are grafted, set them so that the grafts will be several inches below the surface, and press the earth firmly and carefully round them. This protects the grafts, gives the bushes a chance to become 'own-rooted,'' and keeps the stock from exhausting the grafts by suckering its own shoots up to the light. In planting, do not prune the roots unless they are bruised or torn; all injured portions should be cut away.

In coid climates it is a good plan, after the first frost, to protect the roots of the bushes with a skx-inch mulch of leaves. To hold them in place a few plue boughs, or a little long manure, may be placed on top. In March or April the buds will begin to swell: Before this begins, the covering of leaves should be removed. Few people prune their roses close enough. The best method is to prune every year, and to keep the plants always low, not higher than six to ten inches from the ground. This method gives continuous new shoots of good length and strength, each topped by a fine flower.—L. Greenlee, in American Apriculturist.

When Setting the Orchard.

In planting orchards there are some things that we are applied.

can Agriculturist.

When Setting the Orchard.

In planting orchards there are some things that we may consider common daugers that beset the orchardist, says the New York Farmer. Among them is the crowding of trees. When an orchard is planted we are liable to think the trees so far apart that they will scarcely ever need all the space allowed them.

They seem so little and so far apart. As they grow older they begin to interlock before we realize it. Pruning off the dead and feeble branches does little good. What is wanted is more room.

the good. What is wanted is more room.

In procuring trees to set make great efforts to obtain thrifty well-grown stock. By thrifty I do not mean necessarily large trees; in fact the size is of minor importance.

A tree two years old, large of its age, is preferable to a three-year-old, small of its age, for the reason that in the latter case it has been starred and stunted in growth. I have observed that threes that have made good, strong growth in the nursery rows, when transplanted do better, and, with equal care with those of an inferior grade, have the advantage in the struggle for existence and development.

Moisture is essential and the most

struggle for existence and development.

Moisture is essential and the most important part of the conditions of transplanting. To lessen the requirements of the tree we always shorten the tops very much, only leaving one-half and often one-third of each branch. Our next consideration is to put the roots in the best possible condition to absorb moisture.

This we do by cutting off the brulsed ends of all roots of any size, always with a starting cut from the underside, as the fresh-cut ends will much more readily absorb moisture than the broken ends can, as they are left after the process of digging from the nursery row. It is at the end of the smoothly cut roots nearly all the new growth takes place and where rootlets form to nourish the tree.