

MEMORIES OF FANNIE.

They never will read it, in this sad face, How I came at last to my lady's grace; If they saw my heart they would hardly know, It lies so close and lurks so low.

So womanly went she, so gladsome and good, The charm of her never was understood; Till I—for whom was the secret fine— Found her, and wooed her, and won her for mine.

She knows—she only! how slow and sweet My love grew up from the palms of her feet, From low at her foot to high on her brow, From Dear—and Dearer to Dearest—till now.

There is none of her—none—that I may not love, Beauty of earth, or bright spirit above; But only the angels and Fannie know Why, living and dying, I love her so. —Edwin Arnold.

VISITING THE OLD HOME.

"HELLO, Jim! Where have you been lately?" shouted a brother, the other evening to a portly, finely dressed man in the corridor of the Fifth Avenue Hotel. The gentleman stopped, shook hands with his friend, and replied: "I've been home to see my old father and mother, for the first time in sixteen years, and I tell you, old man, I wouldn't have missed one day of that visit for all my fortune—nor much more."

"Kind of good to visit your boyhood home, eh?"

"Yes. Sit down. I was just thinking about the old folks, and feel talkative. If you have a few minutes to spare, sit down, light a cigar and listen to the story of a rich man who, in the chase for wealth, had almost forgotten his father and mother."

They sat down and the man told his story:

"How I came to visit my home happened in a curious way. Six weeks ago I went down to Fire Island fishing. I had had a lunch put up for me, and you can imagine my astonishment, when I opened the hamper, to find a package of crackers wrapped up in a piece of the little country weekly published at my home in Wisconsin. I read every word of it, advertisements and all. There was George Kellogg who was a schoolmate of mine, advertising hams and salt pork, and another boy was postmaster. It made me homesick, and I determined then and there to go home, and go home I did."

"In the fire place, I must tell you how I came to New York. I had quarreled with my father and left home. I finally turned up in New York with a dollar in my pocket. I got a job running a freight elevator in the very house in which I am now a partner. My haste to become rich drove the thought of my parents from me, and when I thought of them the hard words that my father last spoke to me rankled in my bosom."

"Well, I went home. I tell you, John, my train seemed to creep. I was actually worse than a schoolboy going home for vacation. At last we neared the town. Familiar sights met my eyes, and, upon my word, they filled with tears. There was Bill Lyman's red barn, just the same; but—Great Scott! what were all the other houses? We rode nearly a mile before coming to the station, passing many houses, of which only an occasional one was familiar."

"The town had grown to ten times size when I knew it. The train stopped and I jumped off. Not a face in sight that I knew, and I started down the platform to go home. In the office door stood the station agent. I walked up and said: 'Howdy, Mr. Collins.' He stared at me and replied: 'You've got the best o' me, sir. Who are you?'

"I told him who I was and what I had been doing in New York. Said he, 'It's about time you came home. You're New York rich, and your father scratching gravel to get a bare living.'

"I tell you, John, it made me feel bad. I thought my father had enough to live upon comfortably. Then a notion struck me. Before going home I telegraphed to Chicago to one of our correspondents there to send me one thousand dollars by first mail. Then I went into Mr. Collins' back office, got my trunk in there, and put on an old cheap suit that I use for fishing and hunting. My plug hat I replaced by a soft one, took my valise in my hand and went home."

"Somehow the place didn't look right. The currant bushes had been dug up from the front yard, and the fence was gone. All the old locust trees had been cut down and young maple trees were planted. The house looked smaller, somehow, too. But I went up to the front door and rang the bell. Mother came to the door and said, 'We don't wish to buy anything to-day, sir.'

"Then she fainted away. Well, John, there's not much more to tell. We threw water in her face and brought her to, and then we demolished that dinner, mother all the time saying, 'My boy, Jimmy! My boy, Jimmy!'

"I stayed home month. I fixed up the place, paid off all the debts, had a good time, and came back again to New York.

"I am going to send fifty dollars home every week. I tell you, John, it's mighty nice to have a home."

John was looking steadily at the head of his cane. When he spoke he took Jim by the hand and said, "Jim, old friend, what you have told me has affected me greatly. I haven't heard from my home way up in Maine for ten years. I'm going home to-morrow, Jim."—St. Paul Pioneer-Press.

Curious Compliments.

The compliments paid by the poor are often put in an amusing way. One old lady who was very fond of the rector said to Mr. Bernays: "You know, sir, we like the rector, 'is ears are so clean'—surely an odd reason for parochial affection. Another admirer once declared with regard to the whole staff of clergy: "You are all so plain" (a word of high commendation), "but as for the vicar, 'e's beautiful!" The greatest compliment, though at the same time the most curious Mr. Bernays ever heard, was paid by a working man to a certain bishop, famous for his simple kindness: "What I likes 'bout the bishop is 'e's not a gentleman."—Westminster Gazette.

Father called from the depths of the kitchen, "What do you want, Carline?"

"Then he came in. He knew me in a moment. He stuck out his hand and grasped mine, and said, sternly, "Well, young man, do you propose to behave?"

"He tried to put on a brave front, but he broke down. There we three sat

like whipped school children, all whimpering. At last supper-time came, and mother went out to prepare it. I went into the kitchen.

"Where do you live, Jimmy?" she asked.

"In New York," I replied.

"What are you working at now?"

"I'm working in a dry goods store."

"Then I suppose you don't live very high, for I hear of city clerks who don't get enough money to keep body and soul together. So I'll just tell you, Jimmy, we've nothing but roast spare-ribs for supper. We haven't any money now, Jimmy. We're really poorer than Job's turkey."

"I told her I would be delighted with the spare-ribs; and to tell the truth, John, I haven't eaten a meal in New York that tasted as good as those crisp-roasted spare-ribs did. I spent the evening playing checkers with father, while mother sat by telling me all about their misfortunes, from old white Mooley getting drowned in the pond to father's signing a note for a friend and having to mortgage the place to it.

"The mortgage was due inside of a week, and got a cent to meet it with just eight hundred dollars. She supposed they would be turned out of house and home; but in my mind I supposed they wouldn't. At last nine o'clock came and father said: "Jim, go out to the barn and see if Kit is all right. Bring in an armful of old shingles that are just inside the door, and fill up the water-pail. Then we'll go off to bed and get up early and go a-fishing."

"I didn't say a word, but I went out to the barn, bedded down the horse, broke up an armful of shingles, pumped up a pail of water, filled the woodbox, and then we all went to bed. Father called me at 4:30 in the morning, and while he was getting a cup of coffee I skipped over to the depot cross-roads and got my best bass rod. Father took nothing but a trolling line and a spoon hook. He rowed the boat with the trolling line in his mouth, while I stood in the stern with a silver shiner rigged on. Now, John, I never saw a man catch fish as he did."

"At noon we went ashore and father went home, while I went to the post-office. I got a letter from Chicago with check for one thousand dollars in it. With some trouble I got it cashed, getting paid in five and ten dollar bills, making quite a roll. I then got a roast joint of beef and a lot of delicacies, and had them sent home. After that I went visiting among my schoolmates for two hours, then went home. The John was in the oven. Mother had put on her only silk dress, and father had donned his Sunday-go-to-meeting clothes—none to good, either.

"This is where I played a joke on the old folks. Mother was in the kitchen watching the roast. Father was out to the barn, and I had a clear coast. I dumped the sugar out of the old blue bowl, put the thousand dollars in it, and placed the cover on again. At last supper was ready. Father asked a blessing over it, and he actually trembled when he stuck his knife in the roast.

"We haven't had a piece of meat like this in five years, Jim," he said, and mother put in with, "And we haven't had any coffee in a year, excepting the times when we went a-visiting." Then she poured out the coffee and lifted the cover of the sugar-bowl, asking, "How many spoonfuls, Jimmy?"

"Then she struck something that wasn't sugar. She picked up the bowl and peered into it. "Ala, Master Jimmy, playin' your old tricks on your mammy, eh? Well, boys will be boys."

"Then she gasped for breath. She saw it was money. She looked at me, then at father, and then with trembling fingers drew the great roll of bills out.

"Ha! ha! ha! I can see father now as he stood there, then, on tiptoe, with his knife in one hand, fork in the other and his eyes fairly bulging out of his head. But it was too much for mother. She raised her eyes to heaven and said slowly: "Put your trust in the Lord, for He will provide."

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A Late Visitor.

"We heard a burglar at our window last night, and what do you think my wife said?"

"Goodness knows—what was it?"

"She said: 'Don't scare him off, Henry—maybe he can tell us some war news'."—Detroit Free Press.

AGRICULTURAL NEWS

THINGS PERTAINING TO THE FARM AND HOME.

Cheap and Rapid Way to Get Rid of the Pestiferous Chinch Bug—Proper Feed for Milk Cows—Value of Bees to Fruit.

Proper Feed.

The class of feed fed to such cows should be well balanced and not be overcharged with starch substances in the form of carbo-hydrates, the range of which should not be too wide nor too narrow; for summer, would suggest that one pound of protein to six pounds of carbo-hydrates, and one to seven in winter. June grass is almost a balanced ration, yet we find that a small quantity of bran and gluten meal seems to stimulate the flow of milk, and at the same time add texture to the butter that aids it in standing up while carrying to market. For winter we feed a ration of grain of from six to ten pounds of ground, and mixed as follows: Fifteen hundred pounds of corn, 1,500 pounds oats, 1,000 pounds bran and 500 pounds of gluten meal mixed. In the absence of gluten meal use 350 pounds of oil-cake meal and as much cut corn-stover in the evening and clover in the morning, as the cows will clean up. Salt liberally three times each week and water twice a day and keep indoors as much as is practical.

Good Money for Choice Lambs.

The markets for early lambs have not been too heavily supplied, and the demand at good prices, seems to be increasing every year. It is not every farmer who gets the best prices for his early lambs, however, because they do not ship them in the best condition. The choicest lambs are not produced by turning the ewes out to forage and provide for the lambs, but the young animals are carefully watched and given ground oats as soon as they will eat it, the ewes also being provided with grain and plenty of clover hay at night, whether the pasture is good or not.

What are termed "hot-house" lambs are not the very earliest always, as they are frequently stunted in growth in their first stages, but the ones that are pushed from the start and kept warm until the milder weather comes. Late lambs must also be looked after, as they can be gotten into market in a condition so as to command extra prices. Lambs pay a large profit if they are given care from birth to market.

The Popular Leghorn.

The Leghorn has the well-earned reputation of being able to shell out more eggs from a given amount of food than any other breed. The eggs are of fair size, light in color. The hen is a splendid forager and should have wide range, although she will do well in confinement if kept at work. Leghorns mature very early, sometimes at fifteen weeks of age. For poultry they are inferior to the larger kinds, but the breed is best adapted for the egg specialist. They are hardy and vigorous. Skin and legs are yellow. The comb is large, but in a properly constructed house will give little trouble from freezing. If yarded in summer their wings must be clipped or they will fly over any ordinary fence. As to color of Leghorn there is little to choose between the varieties. The white is sometimes called the best layer, but the brown, if not equal, is at least a very close rival.

Home-Made Water Hose.

Take a piece of heavy ducking thirty feet long; cut it lengthwise into three strips; bring the edges together, double over once, and with a sewing machine sew through the four thicknesses twice. When sewed, dip it in the mixture of five gallons of boiled linseed oil and half a gallon of pine tar melted together. Put the hose in a tub, pour on the hot oil (about 160 degrees) and saturate the cloth well with the mixture; then tie one end of the hose and blow into the other until it has air enough to keep the sides from sticking together; hang on the clothes line and it will dry in a few days. Your hose is now in three drys, thirty feet long. To join these use a tin tube two and one-half inches in diameter by one foot long. Keep it tied to one end of the hose all the time; to connect, draw the open end over the tube and tie securely. Connect with the tank by using the hose over the end of pipe projecting from water butt, and then turn the water on.

To Destroy Chinch Bugs.

The ravages of the chinch bug have become so great in some localities that the farmers are experimenting with every device that gives promise of destruction to this pest. The latest method is nothing more than an ordinary gasoline blow-lamp, such as is used by painters to burn off old paint. When the bugs leave the wheat and oats to go to the corn a man with a blower can go up and down the first few rows and kill a million bugs in a short time. The flame from the lamp destroys the bugs, and strange as it may seem, does not injure the corn.

The Plague of Flies.

Flies are always a product of filth. They cannot be bred where matter offensive in some form is not present. They help to purify the air wherever plasma is present from decomposing animal or vegetable matter. Unusually it is either an open slop sink by the side of the house or the manure from the horse stable or pigpen in which flies are bred. Neither of these should be allowed near the house. All the waste matter from the house should be conducted to an underground receptacle, where it can be purified and thence taken to the fields and plowed under as a fertilizer. Merely freeing animal matter from offensive odor does not de-

tract from its fertilizing properties. In the strongest of all fertilizers there need be no offensive smell.

Stained Barley as Feed.

Whenever barley is badly colored by rains it is greatly injured for brewers' uses, and if the barley has gone to the point of germinating it is completely ruined, as this barley will never sprout again. But such stained and sprouted barley after being fully dried can be ground, and its meal makes an excellent feed for either pigs or hogs. Sometimes this injured barley is fed to horses, but caution is needed not to give large feeds of it, as barley, being a heavier grain than oats, is more apt to cause colic. The barley feed is, however, better than feeding corn. It is used for hog feed, mix with it some fine wheat middlings, which are much more palatable to hogs than bran is, and which are needed to counterbalance the excessive amount of starch in the barley meal.

Value of Bees to Fruit.

There are very few complaints now about the injury bees do to fruit in Southern California. At the farmers' institute praise is almost always given to the bees. This is a very wholesome change. Recently I was where I had an admirable chance to observe bees on fruit, especially peaches. The wasps would wound the fruit, and then the bees would swarm on the sweet, juicy peach and save the juice. I looked long, and never saw a bee alight on a whole fruit. They do not do things that way. At the dryers they were much around the soft fruit, but I did not see them on the fruit on the trays. I suppose that the sulphuring keeps them away, though the sulphuring is done for another purpose. It is likely ever to come thus—an evil that is necessary will soon find a cure.—American Bee Journal.

Renewing Raspberry Patches.

A raspberry patch, of the black-cap varieties, needs to be renewed every four or five years, as the red rust comes in and will injure so many of the plants that the plantation will cease to pay. The black-cap raspberry will not last so long as this if it has been grown from suckers. Those grown from the tip ends of this year's shoots will keep free from disease longest. But after four or five years it is too much labor to keep the plantation free from weeds, and a new plantation, after the first year, will give more fruit, with less cost of labor in caring for it.

China Nest Eggs.

It is never good plan to allow a freshly laid egg to remain in the nest to induce laying in the same place. A china nest egg can be cheaply procured and will last forever. A hen's egg is liable to break and teach the bad habit of eating eggs. Even if the china egg should be broken, its shells contain no lime and will not be eaten. In the heat of summer the china nest egg should always be used.

A Dairy Hint.

It is very poor management to have the cows yielding milk liberally while on pasture, but when on hay in the winter season to be mere strippers. Give them warm stables, the right kind of food and water in abundance, and the income from them will be greater than that in the summer. Milk them early in the morning and feed them, that the interval may not be so long as to make them hungry and restless. All this pays well, indeed.

Hogs in Hot Weather.

During the very warm weather no animal suffers more than the hog. To feed corn to hogs at this season is to really torture them. The pen should be well supplied at all times with fresh water. Swill rapidly undergoes decomposition if the weather is warm, and should only be used when it is as fresh as possible. The best food for hogs in summer is plenty of green clover.

Notes.

Do not cut asparagus until the second year.

Dried apples find a very good foreign market.

Sweet peas must have plenty of sun-shine and water.

We prefer smooth to the wrinkled varieties of peas.

The soil that is loose is the ideal soil for the potato.

If the orchard is barren try pruning and apply fertilizers to the ground.

Some orchards do not bear because the land is too wet, and drainage is the remedy.

There is no better remedy for cabbage worms and lice than water at a temperature of 130 degrees.

Buy asparagus roots of the nurseryman and set in rows five feet apart and two feet apart in the row.

If the roots of the grape vine or any other fruit bearing plant get out of the ground, and are not covered, the plant will droop and likely die.

If you can't build a silo it would pay you to grow mangels, carrots or rutabagas for your stock.

Soak scabby seed potatoes before cutting, in a solution of an ounce of corrosive sublimate to eight gallons of water. Remember, it is a poison.

Commercial fruit growing requires more attention than the general farmer can give it. But for