

A DELAYED TRIBUTE.



ONE year before Clara Lester's father had died, leaving his children orphaned and almost friendless. He had been accounted a rich man. His house on the boulevard had been a marvel of almost barbaric magnificence. But after his death the knowledge came to his children that the only heritage their father left them was that of bitter poverty. Their only relative, an uncle, because of former enmity with his brother, refused to aid them.

So, with childish pride, taking the small portion remaining to them, they went out into the world alone. But slowly their slender purse grew lighter and lighter, and would have totally collapsed were it not that Max Marsden came forward with kindly offers of assistance. He was only a struggling unsuccessful journalist, but he was an old friend of the family and they looked up to him and trusted him accordingly.

Many the little comfort which found its way from his hands to this story room. Cora got work, painting porcelain for a city house. Often after offering to deliver it, she would cry out in surprise at the ample pay her friend brought back.

"They had a customer who was willing to pay a good price for suitable work," Max would answer gravely.

Chicago was not at its pleasantest this sharp, unlovely evening. Winter had come upon it suddenly. Gusts of wind whirled the brown leaves madly down the avenues. The very car bells jingled mournfully. Once the girl glanced up at her companion in quick questioning.

"Where is your overcoat, Max? You will perish!"

"It's—it's a bad habit to muffle up early, and—I am not cold."

He had no overcoat, but there was a well-filled pocketbook in Cora Lester's desk, the contents of which did not come from the sale of plaques.

They passed into the theater, a blaze of light, as into fairyland. But Max did not look at the stage or the house. He did not listen to the music. He saw only one radiant, girlish face, one bright, listening head. Many a blase theater-goer turned to look at her—at the lissome, girlish figure leaning slightly forward, at the little clasped hands, at the flushed cheeks, scarlet lips and brilliant eyes. Like Pygmalion's statue thrilled into life, she sat there startled and intoxicated by the music.

The night wore on. Fans fluttered, jewels sparkled, kidded hands patted applause as the voice sang out from the dungeon tower.

It was over. The curtain had fallen. The people were leaving. The child put out one hand blindly. "Oh Max!"



"MAX!" SHE CRIED, "MAX!" she panted. Almost home, she turned to him with a sort of awe in her sweet face.

"I did not know before how dearly I loved Verdi. I shall never hear a bar of his music without recalling my first opera, Max—without remembering you."

"You will not forget me? I am glad of that. I am going to test your promise sooner than you think, dear. I am going away to-night."

"Going away?"

The young voice was sharp with a quick, constrained pain new to it.

"Yes; I have obtained on trial the position I went to New York to procure. I sail for England on Tuesday. And now here is a piece of good news to counteract the other. I went to see your uncle to-day and had a long talk with him. He is not such a grim, hard man as they say. He is very lonely and childish. He promises all luxury, all kindness, if you will go to him and be as his own children. Seeing him as I do with unprejudiced eyes. I think he regrets his past heartless conduct."

"But Max—"

"My child, I know all you would say; but Cedric is not strong enough to work, and I cannot go away leaving you so lonely and helpless. Besides, it is not wholly dependence. In his hands is some money of his father's on which you have morally a claim. Believe me, it is for the best."

He went into the house and shook hands with Cedric, then he stooped to Cora and reverently touched her forehead with his bearded lips. A moment more and the great shabby figure had burst out of the room and was striding rapidly away under the blue, star-studded sky.

She stood and watched him out of sight with eyes growing strangely firm. Once he paused and looked back-

ward. She was still standing there, a slim, dark figure against the patch of sky.

"Oh, my love, God bless you," he whispered.

And through her ears kept ringing non ti scordar di me!"

Five years later. The curtain at the Grand opera house in Paris rose on as fine an audience as had ever assembled within its walls. In one of the boxes on the grand tier sat three gentlemen. One, a tall, bronzed, soldierly man, noticing many glasses being leveled at an opposite box, lifted his lorgnette and looked across the stage.

A lady with a little coterie of admirers had just entered. She wore some soft, silken dress, all aquamarine and silver. There were water-lilies in the golden hair and emeralds on the white neck. A childish face for all its pride, and that peculiar poise of the head. A face with luminous blue eyes, a snowy, stately throat and cheeks just dashed with rose.

"Who is she?" Max Marsden questioned breathlessly.

"Ma foi!" cried a vivacious little Frenchman, "you do not know? She is a compatriot of yours—a belle Americaine. Her name is Lester—Mademoiselle Lester."

"Ah!" And then, after a pause, "Who is that gentleman leaning over her chair?"

"Ah, that is Savagneau," answered a member of the American legation. "The comte de Savagneau. He is heir to half a dozen princely estates, and is mademoiselle's devoted slave. But she will have none of him. She is a beauty and an heiress, and half Paris is mad about her. But one might as well adore a statue. No marble is colder than she."

Max Marsden, the celebrated journalist, the literary lion of the day, looked with keen eyes across to that dainty vision with water lilies in her hair. Dreamily he murmured a few lines of Meredith's:

She was there, and I was here, And the glittering horseshoe curved between—

"What the deuce are you mumbling, Marsden?" demanded the attache.

"Never mind!" curtly.

He was thinking of that other night when together they heard "Il Trovatore." It was the same opera to-night, but how differently she listened now, languidly, almost inattentively, leaning back in that graceful way of hers.

During the last act she arose and gathered her rich wrap around her. All the pretty bloom had faded from her cheek.

Half an hour later Max Marsden stood in her hotel.

"When Mlle. Lester arrives say that an old friend craves a moment's audience."

Mademoiselle, trailing her sheeny silks and laces along the corridor, paused in amazement at the message. Then she bowed wearily and passed on to the grand saloon.

"Max!" she cried, "Max!" Her face was transfigured. She held out both hands in her old frank, fearless way.

He caught them tightly in his own. All his soul was in his eyes as he looked on the lovely lifted face. Just one glance. And over brow and cheek and white throat flamed a rich color.

"Cora," still holding her little hands in his own and speaking hoarsely, "to-night has recalled the other night—when I left you for your own sake—because I dared not stay. Perhaps the music has made me mad, for I am daring, oh, my love, to bring you now the tribute I could not offer five years ago."

For one moment she was silent. Then she lifted those truthful eyes of hers.

"Max, I think that night my soul awoke; for since then—ah, me, the womanly shyness that crimsoned her cheeks—for since then I have been—waiting!"

The Grain Habit.

"Billy, what became of these samples?"

"They ate 'em up sir."

"Is that so? I'll have to put a sign on these sacks and warn people that this isn't a feed barn."

This dialogue took place over in one corner of the board of trade where the tables are laden with paper sacks containing samples of grain. The favorite pastime of the expert is to grab a handful of wheat, blow away the dust and chaff, and then, after a careful examination, fill his mouth with the grain. Some of the traders seem actually addicted to the "grain habit," and that is why the samples disappear so quickly.—Chicago Record.

An Attractive Window.

The head of the house had told the new clerk to try his hand at window-dressing. "I want you to make every woman on the street look at that window," he said. The clerk went at it. He made a curtain of solid black velvet and hung it close inside the plate glass. "What on earth are you doing?" asked the senior member.

"Making a mirror of the window?" said the clerk. "If the women won't look at that they won't look at anything." The clerk is a member of the firm now.—Brains.

Pioneers, Then Railroads.

Pioneers are pushing Northward into British America, and railroads will soon be on their heels. Rich land, valuable mineral and lumber are to be had. The problem is how to stand the long, cold winter.

Paddy's Profit.

It is said that Paderowski made \$250,000 while in the United States, and that Ysaye, the celebrated violinist, has been engaged for an American tour on even higher terms than those Paderowski received.

JESTS OF THE JOKER.

HUMAN FOIBLES FURNISH FUN FOR THE WITS.

Amusing and Entertaining Reading for Young and Old Carefully Selected From the Brightest of the Humorous Exchanges.

"H'mph!" ejaculated the exchange editor, making a jab with his shears at an item in a scientific exchange.

"Why does a cat always alight on its feet? That's too easy for anything."

"A cat," said the financial editor, "always falls on its feet because of the claws in its constitution that—"

"Scat!" exclaimed the other. "If you can't treat the subject with gravity, drop it."

"That's exactly what I was about to do. I was going to drop it on its feet."

"A cat," resumed the exchange editor, raising his voice, "always 'lights on its feet!'"

"Because it has a right to take its turn!"

"Pays! You don't tumble to it at all."

The financial editor came to the scratch again.

"How do you know a cat always does 'light on its feet?'"

"That hasn't anything to do with it. The question is—"

"Whose cat are you talking about, anyhow?"

"Why does a cat, when it falls, always alight on its feet? If you can't answer it, say so."

"Well, why does it?" demanded the financial editor, the real estate editor, the obituary editor and the answers to queries editor, rising as one man and standing over him.

"Because," answered the exchange editor, defiantly, "because it's a cat's nature to get its back up."

Whereupon the meeting broke up in great confusion with the question still undecided.

Moral Downfall of Two Good Citizens.

On New Year's Eve Brown and Jones agree that smoking is injurious, and swear off for a year, under penalty of twenty dollars.

Four Weeks Later.



Brown—I hate to smoke down cellar, but Jones might call unexpectedly and claim that twenty dollars.

She Knew.

Mrs. Von Blumer (flourishing a mass of papers)—My dear, I wish you would show me how to pay all these bills.

Von Blumer—You don't mean to say you have forgotten how to make out a check already?

Mrs. Von Blumer—But I—

Von Blumer—Exactly. Don't know whether to write out the figures or not. Don't know whether the check should be signed or endorsed on the back. My dear woman, didn't I give you \$500 three weeks ago to open a bank account with, so I wouldn't have to be bothered about it any more?

Mrs. Von Blumer—You did?

Von Blumer—And didn't I spend nearly half a day in showing you how to make out a check?

Mrs. Von Blumer—Certainly, but—

Von Blumer—But you forgot it the next day, and I had to show you all over again. My dear, can you sign your name?

Mrs. Von Blumer—Of course. I wish—

Von Blumer—Can you read the printed part of a check?

Mrs. Von Blumer—Won't you—

Von Blumer—Then can't you fill it in? Here's a bill, for instance. First satisfy yourself that the amount is correct. Then fill out your stub, then the check. Sign it, tear it out, and mail it with the bill.

Mrs. Von Blumer—I know how to make out a check, you stupid man!

Von Blumer—Then I'd like to know what's the matter?

Mrs. Von Blumer—Why, there's no

more money in the bank.—Tom Mason.

Paying Her Back.

Teacher—"Johnny, have you you knife with you?"

Johnny—"Yes'm."

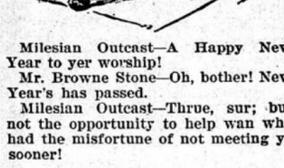
"Then I wish you would sharpen my pencil for me."

"Please, I'd rather not."

"Why?"

"Cause while I was sharpenin' it I might drop my knife on the floor, and then you'd give me a black mark for makin' a noise.—Street and Smith's Good News.

Irish Blarney.



Milesian Outcast—A Happy New Year to yer worship!

Mr. Browne Stone—Oh, bother! New Year's has passed.

Milesian Outcast—Thru, sur; but not the opportunity to help wan who had the misfortune of not meeting ye sooner!

Love's Dream Shattered.

As the man gazed thoughtfully at the smouldering embers, she came with radiant face and kissed him.

"Papa," she whispered, fondly caressing his silver hair, "I have found my ability."

He turned suddenly and confronted her.

"Daughter," he demanded, "is he a good young fellow?"

"Yes, papa."

Her eyes were directed to the floor, and she saw not the play of emotions upon his countenance.

"Doesn't he smoke?"

"No, papa."

"My child!"

His voice was unsteady.

"—after all the money I've spent on your education!"

He heeded not her startled glance.

"—I don't propose to buy my own cigars in my old age if I know myself. Don't come to me with your affinity racket. It won't go, I tell you right now."

Her tears were of no more avail to melt his heart than the touch of the zephyr upon adamant.—Puck.

He Got a Move On.

A Confederate soldier, after the battle of Antietam, and when his regiment was on the retreat, threw his musket on the ground, seated himself by the roadside, and exclaimed with much vehemence:

"I'll be dashed if I walk another step! I'm broke down! I can't do it!"

And he sat there the picture of despair.

"Get up, man!" exclaimed the captain; "don't you know the Yankees are following us? They will get you sure."

"Can't do it," he replied. "I'm done for. I'll not walk another step."

The Confederates passed along over the crest of a hill, and lost sight of their poor, dejected comrade.

In a moment there was a fresh rattle of musketry and a renewed crash of shells. Suddenly he appeared on the crest of the hill, moving along like a hurricane and followed by a cloud of dust. As he dashed past his captain, that officer yelled:

"Hello! thought you wasn't going to walk any more?"

"Thunder!" replied the soldier. "You don't call this walking, do you?"

What Rattled Him.

Detroit has among its possessions a young man-around-town whose reputation as a borrower who never pays back was supposed to be known to everybody. The other evening he was playing billiards.

"By George," exclaimed the friend who was paying for the game after they had played some time, "you can't play a bit to-night. What's the matter with you? You must be rattled."

"I am," was the reply, almost gasped out.

FOR THE FARMERS.

USEFUL POINTERS CONCERNING FARM MATTERS.

How to Keep Up the Fertility of Our Farms—The Feeding Value of Roots The Sourcing of Milk—Wheat as a Stock Food.

Soils have but little capacity for holding nitrogen in soluble compounds as nitric acid and ammonia, while ordinarily phosphoric acid and potash are easily held. The bank which holds the phosphoric acid and potash is "solid," but not so with nitrogen. To endeavor to accumulate a working nitrogen capital by the application of soluble materials such as nitrate of soda is folly; but such capital is desirable and its accumulation in manures, stubble and roots of grass and clover, green crops to be plowed under, etc., is sound practice. Green manuring can not increase the quantity of phosphoric acid or potash, as the plant returns only what it received from the soil; neither does the plant prevent their loss, as the soil has the capacity for their retention. As green manuring plants are vigorous growers, the feeding roots are provided with an acid which exerts a powerful solvent action. The myriads of roots ramify all through the soil, dissolving phosphoric acid and potash as they grow.

Clover, peas, beans, vetches, lupines and a few other plants absorb nitrogen from the air. The supply of nitrogen in the air is exhaustless and nitrogen is the most expensive plant food. By the agency of bacteria, which develop in little nodules upon the roots of the plants named above, atmospheric nitrogen is assimilated. For success in growing these air nitrogen users the soil must be well drained and pulverized, potash, phosphoric acid and lime must be in plentiful supply, as must the germs of the proper bacteria and but a small stock of available soil nitrogen. If the proper bacteria are absent the plant is powerless to use atmospheric nitrogen. Every crop has two values, food and manurial. Plow the crop in and the entire manurial value is obtained, while if fed wisely the full value and four-fifths of the manurial value are obtained. Food value plus four-fifths of the manurial value minus the cost of handling crop and manure under conditions prevailing in Massachusetts, will generally be greater than the full manurial value, hence the wisdom of feeding rather than turning under a crop which farm stock will relish. Whether the crop is pastured or cut and fed green makes no material difference. The manurial effects of roots and stubble of a green crop is always considerable.—Orange Judd Farmer.

The Feeding Value of Roots.

There are many substances which, if chemical analysis be taken as the sole guide for feeding value, would appear to be ideal rations, yet in it is sometimes found that either the animals will refuse to eat them altogether, or fail to do well when restricted to them. It is important then that foods should be appetizing, that they should be relished by the stock. Again, one cannot consistently advise the use of articles of food, at least to any considerable extent, unless it can be profitably produced or purchased at a comparatively reasonable figure in the markets.

The chemical analysis of roots has proven satisfactory, they are relished by stock, they can be profitably grown, and when fed out to farm animals experience has shown that the results obtained have come up to all reasonable expectations. I find them valuable as a food for all farm stock. Horses soon learn to like them and it has been a custom with me to feed about two good sized roots to a horse every day. All young cattle get ruta bagas, seldom more than sixty pounds of roots a day, cut, depending on the age and size of the animal. I aim to feed the cows what sugar beets they will eat up clean. The brood sows get a few roots every day and seem to eat and relish them as well as grain. Poultry are fond of a light feed of finely chopped beets at frequent intervals.

While I advocate the feeding of roots to all farm animals, where succulent food in some other form is not available, yet I believe that roots are pre-eminently a most valuable and economic food for sheep. At the Michigan experiment station, in an experiment conducted to ascertain the relative values of ensilage and roots for fattening lambs, the roots gave much the most marked results. Not only this, but the economic value of roots as a factor in the ration employed for fattening lambs was conclusively proven. It is very expensive to construct a silo and get suitable machinery, while in raising and feeding roots no great initial outlay is occasioned and the roots furnish valuable succulent food.—Herbert W. Mumford, Michigan.

Feeding Corn Stalks.

Corn stalks have a greater feeding value than is usually accredited to them, and if farmers would exercise more care in securing them in good condition this so-called refuse of the corn crop would be in more demand. In old settled sections corn stalks are worth two and a half to three cents a bundle, a common stalk being divided into two bundles at husking time, or about sixteen hills to the bundle, and when the stalks are of medium size and properly cured, at the prices named they are equal in value to good timothy at \$10 per ton. When a cutting box is at hand and the stalks are reduced to less than an inch in length, the whole dampened and sprinkled with meal, the feeding value is greatly increased over the small expense entailed in this preparation. The cutter that crushes or shreds the stalks when cutting them into uniform lengths, should be used if possible. Owing to the liability to heat and mildew, stalks should be fed out before the warm weather of spring opens.

If the stalks are to be fed whole they are made more palatable by sprinkling water over them strongly impregnated with salt; this salted water also adds to the feeding value of damaged

hay, and if sprinkled over oat or barley straw stick will eat it up much cleaner. Do not throw the long stalks taken from the manger, after being stripped of their leaves, into the barnyard, as it makes the handling of the manure a tedious operation. Feed the poorer fodder during midwinter, as stock will then eat a quality that they would not touch when the spring is somewhat advanced.

The Sourcing of Milk.

A professor in the Michigan Agricultural College speaks of atmospheric microbes from the foul air of stables getting into milk and causing it to "sour and spoil." This language implies that the souring of milk must of necessity result from its contact with air that is impure. Instead of this souring is always the result of contact of the milk with the oxygen of the atmosphere. There are always some impurities in air, and these cause it to spoil, the oxygen making this spoiling more rapid. If all impurities could be kept out of milk, it would sour with out spoiling. But when milk is in contact with air no matter how pure it may seem, this is impossible.

Souring thus necessarily means that the milk will continue to ferment until it becomes rotten or spoiled. The Michigan professor, however, makes a mistake in suggesting the possibility of milking through tubes into close cans, in order to keep out the injurious microbes always found in the air. The air always fills the open space in the cow's teats, and thru the milk even before it leaves must have some impurities. The only way to have milk entirely pure is to sterilize it by subjecting it to enough heat to destroy all injurious microbes. No care in milking can ever entirely prevent their entrance into it.

Wheat as a Stock Food.

Even in the Old World advanced farmers are beginning to consider the profit of feeding wheat to stock. In Great Britain the season has been unusually wet, the grain very heavy and lodged, and there was a lack of sunshine during the ripening season; the result, a crop of inferior quality. The lowest weekly average price of wheat in England in 1893 was 24s 8d, whereas for the past few weeks it has been 20s per imperial quarter (about eight bushels), and much of it has been sold below this figure.

As compared with oats, wheat sells at 95 shillings per ton, while oats bring 113 shillings. It will thus be seen that wheat is not only much lower than ever heretofore, but, pound for pound, much lower than oats. It is not surprising, therefore, that our foreign exchanges are taking a good deal of interest in the wheat feeding experiments that have been made in America, and we have little doubt that with corn higher than wheat here, and of course there, there will be a considerable substitution of wheat for corn.

In fact, whether at home or abroad, one of the greatest difficulties in the way of utilizing wheat is the lack of information as to the best method of feeding it. This can only be acquired by study, observation and experience, and all this takes time. The farmer who gives to the public through his favorite paper his experience in feeding wheat to the different kinds of live stock does the public a great service.

Restoring Worn-Out Land.

There is a great deal of difference in the character of "exhausted soil." Some is really all that these words imply. It is loose in texture, and roots of crops have no trouble going through it, so long as there is anything for them to get. There is other soil containing much clay, which when partly exhausted of vegetable matter, locks itself into clods, which roots cannot penetrate. Analysis will show a considerable degree of fertility in this land. It is usually most benefited by underdraining. That with clover will bring the soil in one or two years so it will produce good crops.

The light soil also needs to grow clover to increase the vegetable matter in the soil. Usually, however, when the vegetable matter is exhausted on sandy soil it needs a dressing of potash or lime or both to enable it to grow a catch of clover. It will probably need repeated applications of these minerals until the land has grown successive crops of clover, and has thus increased its stores of vegetable matter in the soil.

Concentrated Lye for Dehorning Calves.

A number of preparations have been used successfully for dehorning calves but as the ordinary farmer seldom has these at hand, I will describe my method, which is not widely known but has proved very satisfactory. Perform the operation before the animal is a week old. Catch the calf and hold its head firmly. With a pair of scissors clip the hair from about the horn, which at this time has not come through the skin. Place on the point of a knife a little paste, made by mixing concentrated lye and water. Put this on the horn and rub it in well, taking care not to get on the animal's skin. The lye completely kills the horn but does not seem to hurt the calf for more than an hour or two. A scab forms after a few days, and when this comes off the hair grows over the spot, completely concealing any scar which may be left.—W. S. King, Nebraska.

Milk Cans in Cold Weather.

Milk does not sour so quickly when cool weather comes as it does in mid-summer. With those who are careless, this is used as an excuse for not cleaning pails and cans so thoroughly as is deemed necessary when the temperature is in the eighties. This is a great mistake. It does not need much stale milk left on the pail from one milking to another to make it much more offensive than milk that is merely soured can be. Milk at this season is apt to be kept in farm houses in rooms that are more or less contaminated with vegetable odors. In such atmosphere it spoils quickly, however cool the temperature may be.



Sympathetic Bystander—I hope you are not much hurt, sir?

Man on Sidewalk—It ain't that—but I'm thinking what a fool I was to take a pledge on New Year's to stop swearing for a year!