

TO AN OLD PLAYMATE.

Your lips, dear girl, were roses,
Your hair was raven black,
The brook forgot his song to hear
The music of your feet.

Your hands were swift white butterflies,
Your eyes were blue as sky,
Oh, what a riot in my heart
Was wrought by June and you!

And now for years beneath the grass
Your headless hands have lain,
And recollection wakes in me
A hurt that scarce is pain.

A sleep with Nature, breast to breast,
How peacefully you lie!
Above your heart the care-free flowers,
And over them—the sky.

—Boston Transcript.

Naomi's Legacy.

USH, children! There's your father coming!
Mr. Johnson fell, metaphorically,
speaking like a wet blanket on the bosom of his family.

When he came some in the clear twilight,
he had fully resolved to cut down all unnecessary expenses.

"If there's no other place for her,"
he reasoned, "there are plenty of homes for aged and indigent women."

"Dear me!" said Mr. Johnson; "dear me!
It's just as I said. There's another cold wave coming from the north-west,
and coal is two shillings a ton higher."

"Presently he looked around inquiringly.
"Ph! How? What's that I smell?
Chicken! Actually chickens roasting!
Where's the cold pork that was left from yesterday's dinner?"

"I thought," said Mrs. Johnson apologetically,
"that as we had so many young chickens coming on—"

"Every one of those chickens," said Mrs. Johnson,
speaking slowly and counting off the syllables on her fingers,

"There's the wing of the old kitchen,"
said he. "I've put Naomi Brush out of it this morning."

"Mrs. Johnson looked up in surprise.
"Put Naomi Brush out?" she repeated,
"and what is the poor soul going to do?"

"That's her lookout," said Mr. Johnson;
"she's proved long enough on me and mine. I've got an offer of a crown month from Tom Diggs for the old room."

"But here the grandmother spoke out in a mild tone.
"Not by being economical at the expense of other people, Calvin," said she gently.

"God said, 'Give, and it shall be given unto you.'
He has not said, 'Grind the faces of the poor, and you will get rich.'"

"And, faking up her knitting, the good old woman went quietly out of the room.
The children all stared.

Mrs. Johnson looked apprehensively at her husband,
and Mr. Johnson himself turned all manner of colors.

"That settles the matter," said Mr. Johnson hoarsely,
"as he walked out of the house with his pockets full of money."

"It isn't every son-in-law who would have borne the burden of a helpless old woman as cheerfully as I have done."

"You are to dictate to me, she assumes a little too much," he told Jane, this afternoon,
that she must find some other home for her mother.

"I suppose she'll cry and make a great fuss over it, but I can't help that. Grandmother must go. I don't at all doubt that it's all this senseless extravagance in the matter of charity."

In his intent self-absorption he almost stumbled over a portly little man in a fur-trimmed overcoat,
who had ten coming in his direction with a resolute step.

"Oh, it's you, is it, Squire Jones?" said he obsequiously.

"Yes, it's me," said the squire, recovering his equilibrium with some difficulty.
"I was just coming to see you, Johnson, about that little note of yours, I think I told you last week that I wanted the money."

"I understand that I must have it, or I shall find myself compelled to foreclose on the mortgage."

"Isn't this rather sudden?" said he faintly.

"The squire shrugged his shoulders.
"Whatever you have," said he, "the money is overdue, and there's a considerable amount of interest still unpaid. To tell you the truth, Johnson, I don't like this way of doing business, and I want my money one week from today."

"Mr. Johnson tore his hair.
"Two hundred pounds!" he cried, "and in a week, why, who ever heard of anything so cruel?"

"Cruel!" echoed the squire.
"Is it cruel of a business man to want his own back again? You should have thought of that before you borrowed it."

"And the squire walked on.
Mr. Johnson kept his weary way, racking his brains to conjure up some escape out of the dilemma. Two hundred pounds! And in a week! How was the thing to be done?"

By the side of a miserable old shanty by the road there was assembled a little knot of women. They whispered and glanced at him as he passed. He stopped mechanically.
"What's the matter?" said he.
"It's the old Naomi Brush," said they. "She's dead."



Amateur Photography.

Masking Negatives.—Very effective results can be obtained by masking negatives so that a narrow white line appears around the border.

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OF INTEREST IN IOWA

A DIARY OF NOTEWORTHY HAPPENINGS.

Many Wage Increases in Past Three Months—Mill Dam Presented to College—Echo of Fourth of July Accident—Kite Carries Man Away.

A quarterly report of the State officials of the Iowa Federation of Labor states that more wage increases have been effected in the last three months in Iowa than ever before.

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Elgin wants fire protection.

The Elgin co-operative creamery has suspended its operations.

Norway will have a freemen's tournament Sept. 16.

Des Moines butchers will hereafter close on Sunday.

A Helping Hand mission has been launched in Des Moines, Ia.

The physicians of Franklin County have formed an association.

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AGRICULTURAL NONSENSE.

There will also be a large space of comparatively dry ground, in grass on which the pigs may run.

For Watering Stock. No matter how pure a source of supply may be at hand for watering stock, if it is pumped into an open trough and left exposed for any length of time it soon becomes polluted and unfit for the animals to drink.

James Moore, for twenty-two years a well-known contractor of Burlington, is dead.

The death is announced of George Wooley, a pioneer business man of West Liberty.

Circus grafters "short-changed" a number of Grundy Center people out of various sums.

Chicago parties have become interested in the management of the Muscatine opera house.

Fire of unknown origin destroyed the residence of D. Jones, near Creston, last week.

A Council Bluffs milkmaid named Miss Cora Diller was held up by a footpad and robbed of \$5.

John Crawford has been appointed postmaster at Norwood, vice T. W. Nelson, resigned.

The Cedar Rapids district conference of the M. E. Church will meet in Solon on Sept. 7 and 8.

Mr. and Mrs. F. O. Carpenter of Olin have celebrated their golden wedding anniversary.

Charles Lewis, wanted in Oklahoma for embezzlement, is under arrest at Missouri Valley.

Work upon the construction of the new railroad depot at Muscatine will be begun at once.

Seventy-five pioneer residents of Marshall County have died during the twelve months just ended.

The sixth annual fair of the Clinton District Fair Association will be held at Clinton Sept. 8-11.

John Sammons of Des Moines, 33 years old, lost a leg while stealing a ride on a freight train.

The Davenport Granitoid Company has been incorporated with a capital stock of \$20,000.

Two hundred spring chickens, valued at \$60, were stolen from the henhouse of Mrs. A. Baum, near Waterloo.

Blue Grass was swept by flames, the two small areas named put into root crops. Mangel wurzels are among the easiest of the root crops to grow and they will grow on any soil if the soil is properly prepared.

The seed bed should be deep and harrowed several times after sowing. The seed should be drilled in rows from two to four pounds of seed an acre will be required. The space between rows should be kept free from weeds and when the plants are three or four inches high they should be thinned out so that they will stand fifteen inches apart.

It will be necessary to keep the field hoed or cultivated until the plants get strong enough to overcome any weed growth. After this no care is necessary until fall harvest.

Handy Workshop Tool. I have a cheap force feed drill press that is very useful on my farm. A timber, a 4x6x6 ft. is supported by legs, like a trestle. The uprights are 4 d should be longer than shown, that they may be tied together at the top, as the outward strain is considerable; both center uprights are 2x4x12 inches. All uprights are braced as shown at c. The bit stock is made by bending a 1/2 or 1 in round rod into shape as shown, or may be purchased at a hardware store. A feed screw is shown at d, which may

WOOD OR IRON DRILL. screw into the wood, or a nut may be attached to the front side of rear upright. A tool chuck g is screwed to the end of the bit stock. Loose blocks of wood are placed between the bit and the front post b as needed. By using twist drills, either wood or iron may be bored.—George T. Price, in Farm and Home.

Lice Troubling Pigs. It is not unusual for swine, and particularly the young pigs, to be afflicted with lice, and the trouble is usually due to unclean quarters. If the pigs are constantly scratching if they should be closely examined for lice, and if the vermin are found the pigs should be thoroughly cleaned. Scrub the pen thoroughly and then whitewash it. The pig should also be scrubbed with a solution of sulphur or by using some of the sheep dips, of which there are many good ones on the market. If no lice are found on the pigs, then the trouble generally comes from improper feeding of the sow while she is nursing. If this is thought to be the case, cut the corn out of the ration for the sow and feed her largely on middlings, bran and milk for a while. Clean the pigs with the sheep dip, as suggested, which will allay the irritation.

Thumps in Pigs. More cases of thumps among pigs are reported this year than in some time before, owing, doubtless, to the rainy weather, which prevented the pigs from getting the sunshine they so much needed. If there is anything farmers need to learn about the frequent workings with the hoe handling of young pigs it is that they need sun and exercise, both in considerable quantities. An ideal pasture for young pigs is a place that may be fenced off from the main pasture where there is more trees which will provide shade, but where



SHEEP NONSENSE.

Madge—"Nellie says she is 24." Marjorie—"Yes, 24, marked down from 30."

Viola—"Why did they separate? Myrtle—"Nobody knows. Viola—"How dreadfully—Judge.

"What's the trouble, Willie?" said Mrs. Brown to her small son, who was crying. "My kite won't fly," sobbed Willie, "and I made it out of fly-paper, too."

"What are the last teeth that come?" asked a school-teacher of her class in physiology. "Pulse teeth," "mum!" quickly replied one of the smaller pupils.

Teacher—"Now, Tommy, you know it is impossible to be in two places at once. Tommy—"Two places? Why, pop is at Thousand Islands now.—Chicago Daily News.

Blink—"What kind of a cigar is that, old man?" Blank—"It's called 'The Soldier Boy.'" Blank—"Right in, and he'll take it afore you're a minute older."

Hundstwill—"It seems that in all railroad accidents the first and last cars are always the ones that are injured." "O'Rourke—"Shure, an' I wonder why they don't have them thin two cars on the train entirely?"

Young Edie (groaning)—"Here we have only been married two days, Clarence, and you're scolding me already." Husband—"I know, my dear; but just think how long I have been waiting for the chance."—Tit-Bits.

"Well, well," said the old lady living inland, when she heard that her favorite grandson was going to Europe, "I'm glad that it's now going to come, for it's been a dry summer, and the sea won't be so deep as common."

"This offer of your heart and hand is very sudden," said the summer girl, "but I will take it." "Ah!" gasped the swell dry goods clerk, badly rattled, "will you take it with you, or shall I send it home?"—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Towne—"He's very wealthy, Mrs. Towne—Yes, and very stingy and economical. Towne—"You don't know that. You mustn't judge a man by his clothes. Mrs. Towne—"Certainly not; I'm judging him by his wife's clothes."—Philadelphia Press.

Mrs. Newell—"My husband, I regret to say, is a man of very poor taste. Miss Singleton—"Well, you ought to be thankful that such is the case. Mrs. Newell—"Why so? Miss Singleton—"Otherwise he would still be in the bachelor class.—Chicago News.

Cholice—"I went down to a rather informal affair last evening, my dear boy, and gawwaw! I was compelled to witness a sickening sight." "Horror! What was it?" "I saw a fellow with out evening dress eating breakfast food for supper!"—Baltimore Herald.

Mamma—"Oh, you bad boy! Where have you been all this time? Don't you think you should be ashamed to worry your mother so?" The Boy—"Well, mamma, I'm willing to be ashamed, but I would you if you'll promise not to tell me anything that'll worry me."

She had been giving her class of little girls a history of the Mississippi River, and incidentally stated that the word "Mississippi" meant "Father of Waters." One of the smallest tots in the class, after hearing the statement, raised his hand and said: "Miss Johnson, if that name means 'Father of Waters,' why didn't they call the river 'Mister Sippi'?"

Mr. Potts (to his wife)—"My dear, the air is chilly. Fermez in fenetre. The Visitor (sotto voce)—"Why do you ask your wife in French to shut the window?" Mr. Potts (ditto)—"Because you are here. If I asked her in English she wouldn't do it, as she won't take instructions from me before visitors. But if I say it in French she gets up and does it at once, so as to let you see that she understands the language."—Dick Me-Up.

"Ah!" says the kind neighbor on the fifth of July, "I am glad to see you without a scratch to-day, Willie. Where are all your folks?" "Papa is in the hospital," answers Willie, "and mamma is upstairs rubbing oil on her blisters, and grandpa has gone to the doctor to get his arm set arahn, and Uncle John is down trying to find something that will restore burned skinners." "Why, how did they get hurt?" "They all wanted to show me how to light my pipeheals and things."

A Telltale Envelope. A genius has invented an envelope which records of itself any attempt to tamper with its contents. The flap is imbued with some chemical composition which, when operated on by a dampening process, or any other means of penetrating to its enclosure, records the transaction by causing the words "Attempt to open" to appear. It is thought that the inquisitive will think twice before purloining their researches in the face of such an invention.

Curing His Heart Disease. Physic—"Your arm seems to be affected. You must either stop smoking or give up your girl. Patient—"Geez! easily remedied. Doctor, hand me my pipe, please.—Chelsea Gazette.

Diminishing Heights of Flood. It is suggested that the height of the Mississippi's floods could be diminished, with great incidental profit to agriculture, by building reservoirs in its western branches.

Avoid politicians who have a new specific for all public ills.