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Cupid and Croesus.

By Constance D'Arcy Mackay.

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"But the trouble with being rich is that you never know whether any one is in love with you or not" mourned Rosamond Maythorn, stretching out a daintily slippered foot to the fender, where a bright fire gleamed.

Her father's eyes twinkled. "I think I have heard that phrase before, my dear," he said kindly, "and, while I acknowledge that your fortune is a good deal of a lure, I must confess that if I were a young man just the sight of your eyes and the sound of your voice would be enough for me."

Rosamond shook her head. "You see, father, you were an exceptional young man," she said, but the look in her eyes was troubled, and a faint pucker showed between her brows. Her father leaned forward and patted the slim young hand that lay on the carved arm of the chair. His motherless daughter was very dear to him.

"What's gone wrong, Rosamond?" he queried. "Is the new Worth gown a failure, or didn't you enjoy your dance last night, or is the world generally stuffed with sawdust?"

"It isn't the world that's stuffed with sawdust; it's the men!" cried Rosamond.

Her father laughed outright, and Rosamond frowned at him with delicious severity.

"Ah, you may laugh," she said, "but I'm in earnest just the same. I'm sick of all men I see at balls and operas. I don't want a puppet in evening dress to talk to. I want a man—a man who works and thinks and feels—and in this silly social whirl I've not been able to find one. Besides, there's not one of them that's not a fortune hunter, from Toby Lapman to George Astorgilt. The fact is, I'm beginning to tire of utterly vapid days and a pleasure seeking existence."

"What do you intend to do, then?"

"I propose to work for my living."

"Seriously, Rosamond?"

"Doesn't this look serious?" She drew from the floor beside her a writing pad covered with cabalistic signs.

"Shorthand, as I live!" ejaculated her father. "Well, Rosamond, I've always let you have your own way, and if you want to make an experiment go on. I won't hinder you. I suppose in a month or two you'll be applying for a situation in my office."

"YOU LIVE HERE?" HE INTERROGATED.

"Nothing of the kind!" she flashed. "I'll find a situation of my own. I'll cease to be Rosamond Maythorn. Tomorrow morning I'll be Rosamond Marsh, and if you expect to catch a glimpse of me you'll have to be up early, for I'm off to my business college at 8 o'clock."

There followed days when Rosamond was utterly fatigued and disheartened. Many a time she hovered on the verge of giving up her course and going back to her butterfly existence, but the same vital energy that made her father a power in Wall street was latent in her, too, and she stuck it out courageously, though often the penciled letters swam before her eyes, her back ached, and her fingers almost refused to "clack" at the type of her machine. To a girl accustomed to waking at 10 in the morning it was no small wrench to put back the hands of the clock to 7 a. m. as a rising hour and instead of luncheon in a well appointed dining room to scurry to a restaurant for a hurried midday meal.

"My, isn't it fine to think that our course is nearly finished!" sighed Matty Brown, a trim girl in black, busily engaged in putting on her hat before a small mirror which hung in the cloakroom. "I suppose we'll be hunting for work next. Wonder if we'll soon get any?"

"I hope so," said Rosamond soberly. The hundreds and hundreds of toilers whom she passed in the streets each night after the 5 o'clock whistles blew had given her a very different view of life from that which she had cherished in her brocaded boudoir. She knew now that it was composed of infinite struggle and hardship, and it was with a thrill of thankfulness that she found herself singled out from a dozen applicants to be the stenographer of Graham Ellis, a young lawyer of whom great things were prophesied.

From the first Rosamond liked him. He was kind and courteous—never too hurried to be polite, never more exacting than the occasion required. His sincerity and straightforwardness spoke not only in his frank and genial manner, but in every direct glance of his steady gray eyes, every motion of his well poised head.

"Tired?" said Rufus Maythorn a few months later, looking at his daughter across the dinner table that sparkled with silver and cut glass.

"Not a bit," she answered cheerfully.

"And you still like your employer?"

"He seems," said Rosamond demurely, "to be a very just and reasonable sort of person."

"The people who know him say fine things of him," returned her father. "I should judge that he was composed of brain and muscle rather than of sawdust."

One evening after office hours, as Rosamond was walking homeward, Graham Ellis joined her. She had played so long on the dangerous edge of discovery that she had become accustomed to it, but on this particular night his sudden presence startled her, and to gain time she turned into a shabby side street. A girl was just disappearing into one of the dingy doorways. It was Matty Brown. Instantly Rosamond saw a way of escape.

"Good night," she said, pausing and abruptly holding out her hand to Graham Ellis.

"You live here?" he interrogated.

A little demon of mischief looked out of Rosamond's brown eyes.

"Why not?" she queried lightly, already halfway up the steps.

"May I come and see you some time when you're not too tired or busy?" he asked.

"I should be delighted," smiled Rosamond and then slipped into the dimly lighted hall, where the figure of Matty Brown was slowly receding. Here she waited till she knew that Graham Ellis had passed and then went out again, her heart beating more than it had ever done over a social triumph. Poor and dismal and dingy though the place was, he had cared enough to come and see her in it, while the men she was accustomed to meet in the drawing rooms of her friends would have sneered and passed on.

"I must have made a mistake in the number, Miss Marsh," he said to her the following week. "Was it 15 or 17? I rang at several doors, but no one seemed to know your name."

"We've moved," said Rosamond calmly. "We don't live there any more."

"Oh, I see," said Graham Ellis. There was a long pause. "Of course," he began rather stiffly—"of course if you don't care to have me call"—

Rosamond bent over her machine. "I don't know when you've seen where I live if you'll like it," she murmured, and Ellis was too much in earnest to note the catch of amusement in her tone.

"Like it!" he cried. "Of course I'll like it! Do you think it makes any difference to me where you live? Surely we can't have worked together all these months without your knowing that I love you!"

"Ah," said Rosamond, with a ripple of whimsical laughter, "then if nothing makes any difference, you won't mind my being Rufus Maythorn's daughter instead of Rosamond Marsh, for, you know, there was once an ancient who set out with a lantern to look for an honest man; but, since I'm a modern, I've used a typewriter instead. And it led me straight to you."

"To a man with nothing on earth to offer you but love!"

"Well, isn't that the greatest thing in the world?" she whispered, flushing adorably.

Her References.

Not long ago a Philadelphia lady was suddenly deserted by the cook and advertised for another, stipulating that applicants must furnish good references. A middle aged colored woman was among those who sought the place, and when asked for her references she said, "'Deed, Ah done tore up dem references, lady." "Don't you know," the lady asked, "that if you don't bring any references with you people will suspect that you are not a good servant? I am surprised that you should destroy the references a former employer was kind enough to give you." "Yassum; maybe dat's so," the applicant replied. "Folks can 'spect Ah ain't er good servant, but yo'd know Ah was crazy ef Ah'd brung dem references." — Philadelphia Record.

Very Useful.

"He's a very good horse, but thin," remarked the dealer who was trying to sell the animal. "I sometimes have to tie a knot in his tail to prevent him from slipping through his collar. But that's no matter. Occasionally, too, I have to hang a sack over him to keep the hay inside of him from getting sunburned. He's a good horse, but thin. My wife and her mother took him for a drive the other day, and they foolishly let him trot. When he trotted the rattling of his bones so startled him that he bolted, pitched my wife and mother-in-law out and killed the old woman. Oh, he's a good horse if thin, but he's very useful."—Liverpool Mercury.

Two Reasons Why.

A government officer recently returned to Washington after an absence of some years abroad. He met an old friend who had been interested in flying machines and asked:

"Well, professor, how are you getting along with your aerial machine?"

"It is not yet a complete success," the professor said, with a sad smile. "I have two things to accomplish before I can say that it is."

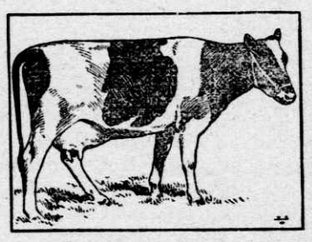
"What are they?"

"I must discover how to get my machine in the air and then how to keep it there."—Success.

IN THE DAIRY

I think if all milkers would take a little trouble to do a little thinking, a little sound reasoning and investigate matters a little they would probably find that sore teats is a common cause for a kicking cow, especially so with young cows, and instead of using the much talked of straps or ropes buckled around the body I should advise them to use our remedy (which has proved effectual without a single exception), and that is simply clean lard, writes a dairyman in Iowa Homestead.

About fifteen or twenty minutes before the cow is milked the first time the lard should be applied to the teats, and when through milking wipe the teats perfectly dry with a dry soft cloth and apply the lard again. This was usually found necessary for about five or six milkings. Many milkers



KATY GERBEN.

have the bad habit of wetting their fingers when milking, and when the teats of young cows are left in this condition, especially in the winter time, they get sore, while lard heals or takes away the soreness that is so natural, considering that many milkers have rough, hard hands and considering that the teats are not accustomed to the milking process.

A Holstein's Great Record.

The Nebraska Agricultural college reports the work of the Holstein Katy Gerben, which has lately made a new yearly record of milk production over any cow of any breed classed as a three-year-old. She was calved Dec. 7, 1902, and dropped her first calf Dec. 20, 1904. In ten months she produced 395.45 pounds of butter. She came fresh again Jan. 13, 1906, and in 365 days produced 723.85 pounds of butter. She gained during the year 128 pounds in live weight. Katy is now four years and two months old and has to her credit one two-year-old heifer, which has been fresh three months and is producing ten pounds of butter per week; also another yearling heifer, which will be fresh in August, 1907. Katy has produced in two years 29,541 pounds of milk and 1,119.3 pounds of butter. Katy Gerben's net earnings last year were $156.17, the total food cost being $71.43, while the value of whole and skim milk produced was $227.60.

Mix Thoroughly.

A great many people make mistakes in attempting to test a cow for butter fat. I have been connected with a cooperative creamery all my life, and we used to have a great many complaints about the test. People complained the creamery did not give them as good tests as they should have had; that their cows tested more. When you follow these complaints, you will find in nearly every instance they come from the fact that the farmer does not take a correct sample of milk to take the test from. When you milk a cow, as soon as you are through, if you take a small dipper and a sample of milk from the top of the pail, that milk is richer than from the bottom of the pail, because the cream has been gradually rising from the time you began to milk until you got through. A man doing that must not expect that his test will correspond with the test of the creamery. He should have two pails when he gets through milking. Pour the milk from one pail to another, back and forth, holding it as high as possible; then take a sample at once. By doing that you will get a fairly accurate sample.—Colon C. Little.

Best Cows Are Cheapest.

The high priced cow is not so expensive as she seems in view of what she produces. The average cow produces milk or butter to the value of $52.50, and she costs $51 a year, reckoning that the manure she produces offsets the care of her. This shows that the cow does not do a great deal toward raising the mortgage on the farm. Assuming that it costs no more to keep a good cow than a poor one, the figures will show that the good cow is relatively cheaper. The average cow will produce 5,000 pounds of milk a year, while a choice cow will produce as high as 10,000, meaning a profit of $225, against the almost even balance sheet of the average cow, while Pieterje II., a Holstein, has a record of 30,000 pounds of milk a year, which would make a profit of $1,050.—Professor F. S. Cooley, Hampshire County, Mass.

The Head of the Herd.

The selection of an animal to head the herd is a matter of the greatest importance. To the professional breeder who has made his herd and knows the strong and weak points of his animals we give no advice. A man who has sufficient skill to breed a herd of females to uniformity knows better than any one else their weakness which he wishes to correct. He also knows how to select a mate for them which is strong where they are weak, but he has to take the chances of that mate transmitting the desired improvement without interfering with the good qualities already prevailing in the herd.

BEST DAIRY CROP.

Grass Should Figure Largely, but Not Wholly, Says Gilbert.

All grass, or nearly so, is considered by many to be the correct crop for dairying. Certainly grass should figure largely, but farms wholly grass are not the most economical. A not uncommon idea is that as long as a cow gets plenty of grass in summer and hay in winter that is all, or nearly all, that is needed, but experience soon shows that such is not sufficient. My own idea of cropping a dairy farm is three parts grass and one part alfalfa, roots and grain, and if I had to alter this I should be more inclined to increase the arable rather than reduce it, writes W. R. Gilbert in American Cultivator.

Some depend a good deal upon buying meal, etc., for feeding the cows, growing a good deal of grain for sale and utilizing the straw. I cannot say that I like this way. Grain growing is not so profitable as milk producing, and the successful dairy farmer gives all his first consideration to his cows, and grain growing is a secondary matter. No well doing dairy farm can be carried on without a winter supply of roots or ensilage and straw. All ought to be produced on the farm. They can be so obtained more cheaply than if bought, and it is much more profitable to feed them than to sell. Indeed, the greatest economy and the highest profits result from home production and home consumption.

Best Hay For the Cows.

Cows should have the best hay, so that it is false economy to sell the hay because it may happen to fetch a big price and feed with second rate stuff. That grass and hay are indispensable to rural dairying is quite clear, but so are also mangels and straw, while alfalfa, cabbage and other things are a decided advantage. I mention alfalfa presuming that it is not included in the grass, which it should be.

A good patch of cabbage is most useful as the grass declines in the fall, and a quantity of kohlrabi to succeed these and to use before the mangels. These later are an important crop on all dairy farms. Indeed, they are well nigh indispensable, and to keep land in grass an buy mangels would be a profitless absurdity. The roots should be home grown and abundant. The growth of oats in grains might be favored, as crushed oats are a capital milking food, and, as a substitute for hay, oat straw is good feed. Oats should therefore be grown on all dairy farms. If not needed as food, the straw is as valuable as any other for manure making and bedding.

Clover and rye grasses are less useful than meadow hay. Tares and vetches are excellent for late spring and early summer feed and should occupy more or less space on every dairy farm. Rye, too, is invaluable in coming in early as a luxuriant and succulent crop at a time when hardly any other kind of green crop is available.

Buying New Feeds.

The buyer should be very cautious concerning new feeds and should ascertain their feeding value before purchasing. The addition of a cheap filler to standard feeds is getting to be altogether too common a practice. A dairyman should keep his eyes open and mental faculties on the alert, otherwise he is likely to pay $25 for $20 worth of nutriments and have only himself to blame for the bad investment.—Dr. J. B. Lindsey, Massachusetts Experiment Station.

Dairy Wisdom In Brief

Excitement or noise among the cows is costly. Cows are nervous animals, and they resent any noisy interference.

Do not forget the salt. Do not mix it with the grain ration either. The cows like it straight.

If you guess about your cows, you will guess about your profits—and guess wrong.

Don't forget that the calf of today will be the money maker or the money loser tomorrow.

Feed the farm by the way of the good cow. Feed her right, and she will feed the land and everybody on it.

If the calf is hand fed, the milk should be given it at blood heat. Cold milk is likely to cause indigestion, scours and kindred calf ailments. If too hot, the milk will scald the calf's mouth and interfere with the eating.

Selection and breeding go together in building up the dairy herd.

A sore teat (the sore may be inside) will cause a cow to kick, but if handled gently she will be quiet and kind when cured.

Have scales in the stable and weigh each milking. Get the milk tested and raise calves for dairying from calves thus tested.

Fewer cows are injured by high feeding than by unbalanced feeding.

A clean cow and a clean stable go with clean milk, good butter and clean cash.

The best way to bring cream to the proper temperature is by putting the cream can into a pail or tank of very warm water. Stir gently until the cream is of the proper temperature.

In some cases, where cows have been milking for a long time, there is some difficulty in churning. The addition of one or two fresh cows in the milking herd will often overcome the difficulty.

We cannot all buy pure breds, but we can improve the herds we already own, and ten years of systematic breeding will nearly double the value of the American cow.

Did you know that if your finger nails get too long some cows will let you know it by squirming about when you are milking and maybe by upsetting things. Take time to trim your nails once in awhile.

BENEVOLENT VERDI.

His Generosity to Old Friends and to All Aged Musicians.

The population of the little Italian village where Verdi was born was made up of uneducated, hardworking laborers, and his surroundings were of the most prosaic kind. But the fire of genius was in the lad, says his biographer, and these unsympathetic environments were powerless to extinguish it.

The honor of first drawing attention to the boy's gifts lies with a poor itinerant violinist, Bagasset by name. In his wanderings he frequently visited Le Roncole. Little Giuseppe and he struck up a friendship, and it was Bagasset who suggested to the boy's father that the lad should be allowed to follow music as a profession. In after years when Verdi had become famous he found Bagasset again, then a very old man and poor, and, remembering the past, did all in his power to help him.

When Verdi was eight years old he became the proud possessor of an old spinet. This instrument he regarded with the greatest affection, and to the day of his death it occupied a place of honor at his estate near Busseto. There was an interesting and quaint inscription written on a part of it. It gives particulars of certain repairs which had been effected and ends: "This I do gratis in consideration of the good disposition the boy Giuseppe Verdi shows in learning to play on this instrument, which quite satisfies me for any trouble. Stephen Cavaletti, A. D. 1821."

This spinet meant everything in the world to the boy at this time, and it was his enthusiasm in subjecting it to the expression of the latent music that was in him that caused the damage and necessitated the repairs referred to.

Once he was playing chords on it and was delighted at having discovered the major third and fifth of C. Trying to repeat this the following day, he was unable to find the chord again. Try as he would, he could not succeed, so in childish rage he picked up a hammer and proceeded to bang the spinet. His father came upon the scene at this moment, and, taking the part of the spinet in this unequal encounter, he gave his son a lesson which doubtless sounded chords in the boy's brain which were a revelation to him.

The benevolence of Verdi after his success was a byword, and toward those less fortunate ones of his profession his help was at all times freely given. But everything was done in the most unobstrusive way. When his old librettist Piare was stricken with paralysis Verdi paid all the costs of his illness, made him an annual allowance and at his death met the expenses of the funeral. In addition to this, he provided for the support of the old man's daughter.

One day when he was chatting with Carducci, the famous poet, an organ outside struck up an air from "Trovatore." Thinking that Verdi would be disturbed, the poet went to the window to send the man away, but the composer pushed past him and, beckoning to the organ grinder below, threw a handful of silver out, saying to his friend:

"Let him go on; it pleases me, and, besides, we must all live somehow."

The perusal of his will shows that he never forgot those who had been kind to him in his struggling days. The bequest which is most widely known in his own country is the Home of Rest For Musicians in Milan.

It had always been a great idea of Verdi's to found some institution for the care of aged musicians whose labors had not resulted in making them independent in the years when their work had come to an end. In his will he devoted a large share of his property to this scheme, and his generous gift affords a home to 100 old musicians.—Youth's Companion.

A Theatrical Superstition.

They were rehearsing a new play, and every one was nervous, for the first night was close at hand. The play was a tragedy, yet at its end the dying heroine, as the curtain descended, said:

"Three beers, please."

Those words concluded the play. Yet they were entirely out of keeping. The concluding words should have been, "I die, but, since I have saved you, I die happy," or something to that effect.

A dramatic critic new to the business asked how it was that the tragedy ended with "Three beers, please," and the stage manager said:

"Superstition. It is always thought bad luck in rehearsals of new plays to speak the last sentence before the opening night. He who has the last sentence to speak substitutes some meaningless phrase for it. If he dared to speak the true phrase the prospects of the play would be thought doomed. Some playwrights won't even write the last line of a play. They whisper it to the assembled company on its first reading, and from that day till the actual production the line is never again heard." — New Orleans Times-Democrat.

The Optimist.

"What's an optimist, dad?"

"An optimist, my son, is a man who says, 'Well, anyway our team would have won if the umpire an' the weather an' two scratch hits an' a pitcher with a sore finger hadn't helped the other fellows.'"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

My Best Friend.

Alexander Breton, who lives on Rural Route 1, Fort Edward, N.Y., says: "Dr. King's New Discovery is my best earthly friend. It cured me of asthma six years ago. It has also performed a wonderful cure of incipient consumption for my son's wife. The first bottle ended the terrible cough, and this accomplished, the other symptoms left one by one, until she was perfectly well. Dr. King's New Discovery's power over coughs and colds is simply marvelous." No other remedy has ever equaled it. 50 cents and $1. Trial bottle free. Guaranteed at all drug stores.