

Lord let Thy goodness not within me
In giving of Thy treasures may I shine.
Work Thine own party within my
heart,
And make it sweet and clean in ev'ry
part,
And white as snow. And when Thou
canst refine
Therein and see Thy face, Oh, keep it
so,
For that's beyond my power while here
below.

THE GIRL FROM KILLARNEY

By EMMA ELLEN GLOSSOP

(Copyright, 1911, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

One pleasant summer evening three
Irish-American policemen stood talk-
ing at the Union station in Chicago.
They were all the type of their kind.
Dennis O'Dowd was a strapping fellow
about five-foot-two, with a broad, red
nose, and a rotundity of person which
helped to emphasize his importance.
That that it needed emphasis, Dennis
was a brave officer and a good friend,
but he was given to bragging, and had
an overbearing, self-assertive manner,
to which his position lent undue force.
His bosom friend was Mike Shannon,
whose bristling red mustache and
bony figure belied his genial disposi-
tion and general good comradeship.

The youngest of the three was Tim
Murphy. His face was as round and
red as a Missouri popple, and his
merry blue eyes were so frank and hon-
est that he had won every heart on
his beat in six months' time.

Tim was the handsomest, as well
as the youngest, man in the squad,
and Dennis, though really fond of him,
was inclined to be somewhat jealous
of his popularity.

By and by the talk drifted to the old
country and though all were loyal
Americans, they were soon betraying
the hold which the dear, old mother
country still held in their generous
hearts.

"The Irish girls are the prettiest,
sweetest and most bewitchin' of their
sex!" exclaimed Dennis in a sudden
burst of enthusiasm, "and if I ever
marry 'twill be a darlin' colleen from
the old country, with the freshness of
the brogue still on her charmin'
tongue."

"Perhaps she'll not have ye, then,"
remarked Tim slyly.

"Shure, boys, and I know the very
one ye are speakin' of, me cousin
Katie 'ore in Killarney. She was the
prettiest bit of a colleen when I left
the sod that ever blossomed in Ire-
land. She's been longin' this many
day for a sight of Ameriky."

"And why don't she come over,
then?" questioned Dennis with inter-
est.

"Shure, it's the old folks that's kept
her," said Mike with a sigh. "And
now they are both laid away. Heaven
rest 'em, she'll be comin' over one of
these days and breakin' all ye're
hearts."

"If she's the right sort I'll be lovin'
her at once," said Dennis. "Pirty, did
ye say?"

"As a pitcher," answered Mike en-
thusiastically. "And that kind to the
old folks! It's glad I'd be to see her
married to a nice man of rale Irish
stock."

"Ye couldn't ask for a better," cried
Dennis, grandly.

"Now, Dennis," protested Tim,
"don't ye think ye are a little forward?
When pritty Katie comes perhaps
she'll want her say, it's now and then
that a woman does."

"She'll not object to me!" ex-
claimed Dennis, proudly. "If she's
young and pretty and kind, as ye say,
Mike, I'll marry her at once and give
her a home."

Just then Dennis was summoned
away and Tim laughed heartily.

"How would I do for a husband?"
asked Tim, trying to suppress his merriment.

"You'd do passin' well, and I'd not
object to ye, only it's as Dennis says,
ye're chances would not be good with
a fine talkin' man like him."

Tim said nothing more, but he
smiled thoughtfully at his own hand-
some face a few minutes afterward
when he passed a mirrored window.

"Dennis is a good fellow, is Dennis,
but he's getting unbearably conceited,
and he is disarvin' a fine lesson. When
the colleen comes I think I'll take a
hand."

Not long after this he paid Mike a
visit in his home and asked during the

comin' in the spring, I'm thinkin'.
She's a smart little girl and I intend
helpin' her wid passage money. She
writes me that she'll soon pay it
back."

"That's right, Mike; that's right!
If ye do be wantin' fifty dollars now,
I'll lend ye the same. It's between us,
now!" whispered Tim anxiously.

"It's a good boy ye are, and I'll
take the money if ye are sure ye'll not
be needin' of the same. Dennis will
pay ye back, Tim, when he's married."

"Sure Dennis will; no doubt he will,
when he's married," answered Tim,
with an emphasis which Mike failed to
note.

When Tim finally went away he was
humming a mellow Irish air, and he



Tim took a step forward,
carried in a snug corner of his mem-
ory a name and an address.

And so it came about that two let-
ters for the girl in Killarney found
their way into the same packet. The
first bore the passage money together
with a wonderful letter from Mike, in
which he hinted of his fine friend the
policeman, who might love and marry
her if she was deservin', and in the
next line told of the generosity of his
dear friend Tim, to whom she must
be grateful forever.

The second letter was a fairly well
written little note introducing the
writer and begging for "just one line
from the dear Emerald Isle for a poor
Irish boy."

With this last was a picture of the
handsome man innocent country-
bred Kitty had ever looked upon,
dressed in a uniform whose brave but-
tons set off a figure fine enough to be
that of an admiral, while a pair of
the kindest Irish eyes looked out,
straight out, and captivated Katie's
simple heart in that first short, deli-
ghtful, bewildering minute.

Six weeks afterward a goodly num-
ber of policemen were assembled at
the Union station when a certain train
came in. It had been noised about
that Dennis' sweetheart was coming
and that she would certainly make the
prettiest bride in the city.

Dennis and Mike were both there,
standing together, while Tim, with his
jolliest laugh and nappiest story, was
holding the others not far from the
entrance, when there came through
the gateway a slender, graceful little
figure in a quaint, outlandish petti-
coat, with an anxious timidity in her
hurried glance, and a tired, childish
droop to the prettiest, most appealing
face Tim had ever seen.

Mike was uncertain for a moment,
she had grown so much, and while he
hesitated she saw Tim, her ideal, her
hero, the same dear face which lay
secreted in her bodice. The journey
had been long, and not a familiar face
had she seen. Her heart was hungry
for the friendly light in a kindly Irish
eye. Tim took a step forward, and
she put out her hands and began to
sob.

That was enough for Tim's soft
heart. He took her protectingly in his
arms and kissed the quivering, child-
ish lips.

"This is my promiscuous wife," he said
simply, turning towards the amazed
company. "Mike, haven't you a wel-
come for her, too?"

Complicated Golf Scoring.

"I was playing golf against a friend
the other day, and after a magnificent
drive was astounded to see a cow
swallow my ball.

"However, I succeeded in driving
the cow on to the green, and with
many whacks made her disgorge my
ball close to the hole. I then held
out with the next stroke, as I had
done it in two strokes—a drive and a
put."

"No," said my friend, "you took 15."
"How do you make that out?" I re-
plied.

"Why," said he, "you hit the cow
with your cleek 13 times, which, with
your drive and putt, makes 15."—Lon-
don Globe.

The love of some women is about
as refreshing as a marble slab in a
morgue.

There's more joy in paydirt than in
refined gold.



"She's all ye said of her, Mike,"
evening if he "might see the face of
Dennis' future bride, seein' it's all
settled."

He stood for some moments with
the poor little picture of a really hand-
some Irish girl in his hand. "She's
all ye said of her, Mike, and more,"
he remarked thoughtfully, "and Den-
nis is a very lucky man. D'ye have
any idea when she'll be comin'?"
"Nay, Tim, and I don't." She? by

THE FIRST ICE CREAM

Experiences of Early Experimenters
With a Delicious New Confection.

Mrs. Alexander Hamilton had the
first ice cream in the city of Wash-
ington. She used to tell with amusement
of the delight with which President
Andrew Jackson first tasted it.

Guests at the next White House
reception were treated to the frozen
mystery, and great was the fun of the
initiated when they saw the reluct-
ance of others to taste the cold stuff.

Those from the rural districts espe-
cially first eyed it suspiciously, then
melted each spoonful with the breath
before swallowing it. The next time
they had a chance they ate it with de-
light.

The late Senator John M. Palmer
used to tell about the first time ice
cream was served in Springfield, the
capital of Illinois. At an evening party
it was passed around in small sauc-
ers.

In the process of freezing the host-
ess had got a little salt in the cream,
and as no one had tasted it before, it
was thought to be the proper flavor.

An old statesman, when asked how he
liked the dish, said:

"I'd like it better if it were either
sweet or salty, but I don't think the
mixture is very appetizing."

Imagine the feelings of the poor
hostess when she discovered that her
much-vaunted new dessert had been
full of salt, and no one knew enough
to tell her of the accident.

CREMATION GROWS IN FAVOR.

Many Prefer This Method of Disposal
of the Dead.

Germany possesses seven cremato-
ries, the total number of cremations
performed at each during the year
1901 being 693. In Great Britain there
are seven crematories, in which, dur-
ing the year 1901, 445 persons were
cremated. Italy possesses twenty-two
crematories, but statistics as to the
number of persons upon whom crema-
tion was performed in 1901 is lacking
in some of these. There are three cre-
matories in Switzerland, at one of
which 127 cremations were performed
in 1901. Sweden possesses two and
Denmark one. In Austria-Hungary
societies for the promotion of crema-
tion continue to be formed, but the
practice of cremation has not yet been
legalized. In Madrid the right of cre-
mation has been conferred by a royal
decree, while even in Russia the gov-
ernment proposes to issue a decree in
favor of making cremation optional.
In France a large crematorium is sit-
uated in the far-famed cemetery of
Paris, Pere la Chaise, in which, since
its opening, 2,299 bodies have been
cremated. In the United States there
are twenty-six crematories, twenty-four
of which are in operation. A larger num-
ber of persons are cremated yearly in
the United States than in any other
country. In Canada cremation is prac-
tically unknown as yet, the only crema-
torium in the country being one at
Montreal.

IF YOU WOULD ADDRESS.

Address me not where but till light
I halt my camel for the night;
Where on the desert, sandstorm swept,
Unsheltered from the blast I sleep.

Beyond, a golden city waits,
And nearer swings the distant gates,
Inside of which are rest and calm
And crystal springs and groves of palm.

As o'er the warm and dusty road
My patient camel on I go,
We sometimes see oases green;
But wastes of desert lie between.

The well at which I kneel to drink
My parched lips mock with bitter brink;
The tree beneath whose shade I'd lie
Is leafless, and its boughs are dry.

Sometimes fair cities seem to rise
With minarets that pierce the skies;
I urge my camel on with blows—
They sink in sand from which they rose.

But these white walls that now I see
Mirage and mockery can not be;
Upon the air a music swells
That draws the sound of camel bells.
Hunger and Thirst, what are ye now?

I see the palm tree's laden bough;
I hear cool fountains plash inside
The gates that open swing and wide—
Quite wide enough for me—and too,
I think, to let my camel through;
Though still outside the gates I plod,
Address me, "Pilgrim—care of God."

—Charles Henry Webb.

School for Cats.

This school does not exist in fair-
land, but in the midst of the city of
Paris.

Prof. Bonnetty is very fond of cats
and has started a school for them.

His pupils are generally stray cats
that no one wants. He takes them,
keeps them in a large room, and feeds
them well.

He does not immediately begin to
teach them, but waxes them to form
some idea of their character.

He feeds them on bread and milk
and liver. It is surprising to see how
the most miserable, starved-looking
cat under his good treatment turns
into a beautiful, sleek pussy fit for
any lady's drawing room.

These cats are taught to jump
through hoops, over chairs, climb
ropes, etc. All these lessons are
taught by kindness. Prof. Bonnetty
never has to punish his pupils. He
depends on their affection and can do
with them what he likes.—Cincinnati
Enquirer.

The Privilege of 'Possum.

A Georgia dandy, arrested for steal-
ing a 'possum from a white man, said
to the judge:

"I don't count it no stealin' 'tal, yo'
honner, kase de 'possum wuz raise
fer de nigger de lak de mule wuz.
Let de white man take de turkey, er
leave de 'possum fer de nigger, is
what I says!"

"But," said the judge, "the negro
frequently takes the turkey, too."

"Not dis season, suh," was the
quick reply. "Dcy roostin' too high!"



AGRICULTURE

Propagating from Bearing Trees.

From Farmers' Review: The edi-
tor of the Review desires reasons why
nurserymen should propagate only
from bearing trees of known fruit-
ing ability. A careful study of a bud
will show that the objection to propa-
gating through a long series of years
from young and untested buds from
nursery rows is well founded. A bud
contains the life germ and a perfect
embryo tree possessing the same vas-
cular system of the tree or plant upon
which it grows, and before modern in-
vestigation proved the contrary it was
thought no variation ever took place.
But we now know that a tree changes
its organism and becomes weak in
some parts and strong in other parts,
and that when these changes are ef-
fected they are as permanent as any
of its characteristics.

When a tree becomes unfruitful, its
fruit producing or seed organism is
weak in its buds, and the tree grow-
ing out of these buds will possess these
weaknesses, as repeated experiments
have shown. Take buds from a well-
developed and very fruitful tree and
another from the nursery row, where
it has been propagated through a do-
zen or more years from the young non-
bearing wood. In the first case you
will see a marked difference in the
wood growth. The tree will not look
so smooth and straight as the other,
but under good treatment it will come
into bearing much earlier and be much
more fruitful afterwards. The second
tree will grow smooth and straight
and look much nicer, but its growth
will be wood until late in its life or
until something is done to bring it
into bearing. Many nurserymen have
experimented and proven the correct-
ness of the principle, but people want
cheap, large, straight, smooth-barked
trees and insist on having them and
are so grounded in prejudice that
sales cannot be effected at a price
which will justify the additional ex-
pense of maintaining an orchard un-
der conditions to furnish the well-de-
veloped grafts.

So long as the man who furnishes
the big, smooth tree at the smallest
price gets the order there is no induc-
ement to make the change. The change,
however, is coming, and in the not dis-
tant future every nurseryman will
have to give evidence that his trees
are not all wood, but that they have
a fruit-producing organism developed
in them, so we shall not have to wait
ten years longer than necessary in or-
der that we may get returns for labor
and care. Next week we will point out
some specific instances of such
changes.—R. M. Kellogg, Michigan.

Are Apple Tree Roots Losing Vitality?

H. T. Thompson of Illinois says: In
olden times apple trees lived much
longer, were hardier and more vigor-
ous than at the present time. It was
no uncommon thing for trees to live
from fifty to a hundred years, and
sometimes longer. Of late years, espe-
cially in the western country, it is sel-
dom you see an orchard over thirty
years of age, and many give out in
from ten to twenty years. There is un-
questionably a cause for this. If we
can find the cause, we have taken the
first step in learning how to propagate
trees for the orchard. Any commu-
ity or individual who uses poor stock
to breed from will in time run his
or their stock down so that they will
lack vitality and become, using a com-
mon expression, a lot of scrubs. Again,
any farmer who uses poor seed be-
cause it is cheaper, will in time run
his crop down so his yield will be less,
poor in quality, less vigorous, and, in
fact, he is growing scrub grain. The
law of nature holds good through the
animal and vegetable creation. In
my opinion this is precisely what has
been done in propagating apple trees;
You are growing a lot of scrubs. Fifty
to seventy years ago trees were com-
paratively healthy. Sometimes we
heard of limbs or twigs being winter-
killed, but very seldom heard of trou-
ble with the roots. At the present
time three-fourths of all the trees that
die do so from root killing. Many
years ago horticulturists commenced
studying how to get hardier tops. They
selected scions from the best and
hardiest trees they could find; they
even ransacked Europe in search of
hard scions to improve the tops, until
at last they have been fairly success-
ful. Now seldom you hear of tops be-
ing killed with frost. How has it been
with the root? Have they taken the
same care as with the top to secure
strong, vigorous roots? Starting years
ago with a hardy root, it has gradu-
ally lost vigor and vitality.

Cheap Plants.

From Farmers' Review: As a rule
buy cheap and you get cheap. This
same principle, I think, holds true in
the nursery business. We often see
strawberry plants quoted at a very low
figure, and if purchased from these
parties are generally of a low grade.
I prefer sending direct to a specialist
in the growing of strawberry plants
and paying a good price than to the
one whose quotations are way below
the average. Plants that are true to
name, strong, healthy, well-rooted,
carefully dug, trimmed and well-pack-
ed cannot be sent out at a low figure
and be profitable to the grower.—J. L.
Herbst, Wisconsin.

The growing of flowers increases
from year to year. Many a man and
many a woman is now making a com-
fortable living by the growing of
flowers for sale.



AGRICULTURE

Teosinte.

Bulletin 102 of the Kansas station
says: This is a native of Mexico, and
thought by many botanists to be the
original of our Indian corn. It is an
annual plant, resembling corn or sor-
ghum in general appearance, but, in-
stead of producing an ear, there are
in the leaf-axils several slender jointed
spikes which are separate from
each other instead of being united into
an ear. However, in the United States



TEOSINTE.

the plant seldom flowers, and never
produces seed except in south Florida
or near the gulf coast. It is cultivated
in the southern states, where it is con-
sidered a valuable forage plant, and
under favorable conditions produces
an immense amount of forage. For ex-
ample, it is reported to have produced
in Louisiana over fifty tons of green
forage per acre. It requires a long
season and considerable moisture, for
which reason it is not well suited to
Kansas conditions. It gives a fair
amount of fodder in Kansas, but there
is nothing to recommend it above corn,
sorghum or Kafir corn for the same
purpose.

Permanent Pastures.

On practically all American farms
the permanent pasture is neglected.
This is more true of the west even
than of the east. It is rather surpris-
ing to find it true in all of our dairy
regions, where we might expect to see
the permanent pasture fully appre-
ciated. Where an effort is made to keep
them up it too often stops at putting
on a little manure and some clover
and timothy seed or turning the sod
over and sowing to blue grass. Tim-
othy can hardly be considered a very
good grass for pastures, unless the
pasture is to be used largely for
horses, and the clover generally dies
out in a few years. The blue grass
proves good pasturage only under
favorable conditions and with proper
handling. Generally it does not prove
to be a first-class pasture through the
whole year. It is desired to have a
pasture that matures its grass at dif-
ferent seasons. Our great mistake
seems to have been in sowing too few
varieties of grasses. This mistake is
accentuated when we sow two or three
varieties of grasses that mature at the
same time. These begin to grow at
the same time and during the "flush"
of the season the animals revel in a
superabundance of good things. But
when the grasses have reached their
maturity they begin to decline at
once. No new varieties are coming on
to take the place of the varieties that
are in decadence, and the stock at pas-
turage begin to feel the difference.
The farmer then must begin feeding
or he will have to face a shrinkage in
flesh of his fat cattle and a shrinkage
of milk in his dairy cattle. The prop-
er way would be to select grasses that
mature at different times and that have
their growth in different seasons and
at different times. This can be done
by sowing some very early and some
very late grasses. Among the grasses
that it will be well to sow for the early
growing we mention the fescues, or-
chard grass and timothy. For those
that have a late growing season we
name crested dog tail, alsike clover,
red clover and meadow foxtail. To
these may be added other valuable
grasses that have been found to be
good in different localities.—Farmers'
Review.

Potatoes That Rot.

If the potatoes in the cellar begin
to rot it is well to dispose of them as
soon as possible. None of them should
be kept over for the coming spring, as
they will then carry into the next crop
the mycelium that has been the cause
of the rot this year. Potato rot begins
in the form of blight in the field. Later
it shows itself in the tubers stored in
the cellar. Ignorance regarding this
has kept many a farm infected from
year to year, as the farmer has carried
over infected seed from one year to an-
other. When rot has appeared there-
fore the only thing to do is to get rid
of the potatoes before they have be-
gun to show the disease. If the rot is
very bad, it will pay better to feed
the smallest of the tubers to stock
rather than run the risk of having
them all rot in the bins. In the or-
dinary cellar it is rather difficult to
keep potatoes of any kind, much less
those with the rot mycelium conceal-
ed within. In cold storage where the
temperature is kept at near the freez-
ing point there is less danger in try-
ing to hold them for some months. In
the ordinary cellar the temperature
frequently goes up to near the sev-
enties on warm winter days, and this
is especially so now that many farm
houses are heated by furnaces.

PEOPLE WHO SMILE

Strange Affliction That Some Un-
usually are Subject To.

How can anybody enjoy being mis-
erable?
Men do, and so do women. They
surround themselves with an atmos-
phere of gloom. They hug trouble to
their breasts. They make mountains
out of mole-hills, and there are tears
and groans when there should be
smiles.

Perhaps you have a cynic in your
employ. You can pick him out with
your eyes shut. He has the blues
from Monday morning till Saturday
night. He will tell you that he
always gets the worst of it from
everybody; that his genius is wasted;
that he isn't getting enough money;
that there is no future for him—and a lot
of tommyrot like that.

After that comes the brooding
stage. Any man who broods over
real or fancied wrongs is dangerous.
He is not sane, and he is also a
mighty poor workman, whether he is
making hoe handles or counting
money in a bank. He deliberately
destroys his own efficiency and
chance for success, and all for the
perilous and questionable happiness
of being miserable.—Cleveland Press.

MATTER OF RELATIVE WEAR.

Leather Seat Patch Would Go Farther
Than Paper Sole.

The New England town meeting is
ever a source of anecdote, and one
that may bear repeating comes from
Wellesley, Mass., noted for a college
and, until his recent death, for one
Solomon Flagg, who attributed his
fourscore healthy years to the fact
that he had always used tobacco and
liquor—if the liquor was good.

Flagg was town clerk, historian
and the traditional wit of town meet-
ing. At one of these March gather-
ings the management of the poor
farm was under criticism, and some
one had made bold to defend the
superintendent, Robinson by name,
who was charged with being intoler-
ably lazy.

Flagg listened intently, then cleared
his throat and thus addressed the
chair: "Mr. Moderator—Our friend
who has taken his seat is an eloquent
gent, and there may be some truth in
his remarks. But, Mr. Moderator, in
my opinion, a pair of paper taps on
the soles of Brother Robinson's shoes
would outwear a leather patch on the
seat of his trousers."

And Solomon Flagg carried the day.
—New York Times.

The Bishop and the Bum.

Sir Robert Anderson, a veteran of
the Scotland Yard detective force, of
London, England, maintains that
bums and criminals often spring from
blameless families, that they may be
reclaimed, and that the offspring of
criminal families may be developed
into respectability if caught young.

Max Nordau maintains the reverse
on each of these three points. He
insists on the literal truth of the
proverb: "Like father, like son."
Nordau also claims that the sins of
the fathers are written on the faces
of their sons.

Recently Anderson and Nordau got
into an argument on the subject in
London and Anderson produced two
photographs, one of a bishop, and the
other of a burglar, and challenged
Nordau to point out the criminal.
After some consideration Nordau de-
clined to make the attempt.

Saved by His Courage.

The latest tiger story comes from
Mulanore, India.

One evening a planter's wife sent
her nurse and baby out for a walk,
accompanied by a native and a dog.
During the walk the dog ran into the
jungle, a terrified yelp being heard
shortly after he had disappeared.

In a moment the native had plun-
ged into the jungle, and, according to
his own story, found a tiger with the
dog in his mouth.

With fearless courage he seized the
dog away from its captor. The tiger
snarled like an angry cat, and strik-
ing the Indian with his paw, knocked
him down.

All the time the Indian had given
no signs of fear, and the tiger, with-
out attacking him further, ran away.
Finally the dog was carried back to
its mistress badly mauled, but alive.

Features of Carbide.

Rothmund has lately shown that
carbide can be found at as low a tem-
perature as 1,620 degrees C. Temper-
atures up to 3,000 degrees are attain-
able, according to Le Chatelier, by
the use of oxygen gas mixed with
burning air in properly built furnaces.
Linde machines (liquid air machines).
It is stated yield one meter of a 50 per
cent oxygen per horse power hour. If
metallurgical furnaces are fed with
such a 50 per cent oxygenated air
mixture a temperature of over 2,000
degrees C. is theoretically possible.
so it is proved that calcium carbide
can be readily produced in them. In
such a furnace a fair yield was ob-
tained by Rothmund.

Improved Postal Service.

The British postal authorities are
investigating the scheme invented by
Signor Taeggi, an Italian, who is said
to have made some marvelous im-
provements in the method of collect-
ing and dispatching mail matter. It
is an elaborate system of aluminum
boxes, which are carried overhead on
wires, and which are propelled by
electricity. The letter boxes are
emptied automatically at stated in-
tervals, and while the letter is repos-
ing here the stamp is canceled and
the letter is postmarked with the time
and location of the box.