



INTERPRETATION.

We long for a peace that is lasting. We plead for a rapture that's rare. Like fishermen ceaselessly casting Their nets in the gulf of despair.

Lo, in realms of the mind I there, in tears, Am, and haunts at the door of a tomb; Thought pierces the source of all being And returns unto dust—the doom Of each man-child to strive and to wonder;

A Regular Proposal.

It was a drizzling May morning, a left-over April day, and the hurrying crowds at the Grand Central Station were redolent of wet rubber and woolens.

One only in the crowd seemed indifferent to the weather—a man who walked listlessly along the platform, back and forth, heedless whether the roof sheltered him or not.

Now and then he glanced at his watch and then tapped impatiently with his umbrella. Already he had smoked three cigars and tried in vain to sit in the waiting room reading.

Once he encountered a familiar face and raised his hat with a hurried "How do you do?"

"That's young Averill, old Tom Averill's son," explained his acquaintance to a companion, and the two

turned and looked after the young man as he continued: "Inmensely rich, but an odd stick."

stable boy and a three-legged terrier dog. "From boarding school I went to college, where I stayed three years. My allowance was so scant that I would not have been able to cut much of a swell if I had wished to. I believe my sole ambition was to get through college so as to see what life had for me beyond."

"Near the end of my junior year I received a telegram saying my father was dying. I went home at once, but too late to find him alive. As I looked on his dead face I realized for the first time that I had utterly missed being a son."

"Then I heard my father talked of, and knew that I was the son of a good man, and grieved to think that I had never really known him. The family resemblance to him came out strong and came to me as a new and startling thing, for with the lines smoothed out and with the youthful look death sometimes brings, the dead face was almost like my own."

"The day after father's funeral I met his attorney and learned from him that I was a rich man, rich beyond anything I ever dreamed of, and I blamed my father for keeping me so scant when he had so much money; but in looking over some of his papers I found some notes that were very precious to me. They were his rules of life, and among them was this: 'Keep the boy safe. He is safer. There will be time to learn of his wealth and how to use it during our trip abroad together.'"

"Well, I went abroad soon after that and lived a wandering life for ten years. I had not learned how to use money and I wasted a good deal 'learning,' but there was so much it hardly mattered."

"I lived fairly simply and studied some, but I was restless always. The only thing that kept me from going wrong was a natural distaste for boozish pleasures. No woman attracted me, though I met many that are called beautiful. I didn't gamble or drink because I wasn't a 'good fellow' enough to be invited to carousals. I heard one fellow say that 'my nose went up too easy.'"

"Two years ago my lawyer called me home to decide some important business and asked me to dinner at his home. It was that night that I found my lawyer was your father, and that you were, well, what you are, and that I liked to be as near you as possible."

"I don't think I really fell in love with you that night, but I was anxious to see you again soon. I decided to live in New York, and fitted up bachelor apartments and settled down. I had no idea that I ever should tell you I loved you, but I wanted to be near at hand. So I cultivated Dick's acquaintance. You needn't tell Dick I made use of him because his friendship is one of the best things in my life."

"But just at first, before I knew him much, I played on his love of fine pictures to get him over here to my rooms, and offered to help him with his photographic prints in order that I might be up in his dark room when you were sitting in the next room. We used to hear your voice there, while we worked, and nearly always you came to see the prints, and help pin them up to dry."

"I was very happy in those days, and if I could get Dick to tell me anything about you I did. He always thought you a frightful flirt, and always enjoyed relating your escapades with the High School boys, but he always wound up by saying: 'But she don't care a rap for any one of them. Marguerite will marry a steady old chap some day, and a dandy little wife she'll make him.' Then Dick would slap me on the back, and I would get red in the face. Dick must have seen that I cared for you."

"I suppose I should have let things slip along this way forever if you hadn't gone West, but when Dick told me you and he and your mother were going West for the winter I knew that I must act some time. I must have you for my own, so that people couldn't carry you off whenever and wherever they pleased. I tried to ask you then, but I was always tongue-tied whenever Dick left us alone, as he often did those last few weeks."

"I finally let you go with that one whisper at the station, 'Good-by, dear.' You blushed, but you didn't take your hand away, and though your lips said good-by to all in the little group that came to see you off, your eyes said good-by to me alone."

"So I have waited and hoped all these months, and Dick has kept up my courage with his letters. He has told me many stories of young ranchmen who have fallen a victim to your charms, but always wound up the same way. 'She don't care a pin for any of them and will marry old steady, after all.'"

"Now I have come to claim you, dear (good place to take her hand), and ask you to be my wife. She ought to say something by this time, either yes or no, and then I shan't know what to do."

"And Tom fell into a haze of dreaming till Martin timidly announced dinner. The next evening Tom dressed carefully, and walked slowly to the Uptons'. He walked by the house once, but coming back, he slipped Dick at an upper window, and with a long-drawn breath and a tightening of the whole nervous system he ran up the steps and rang the bell."

"The man ushered him in and he asked for Miss Upton. He had not meant to ask for her, but was rehearsing his proposal, and that was the way it began. The man was gone, anyhow, and so it couldn't be helped. Dick would probably come down when he saw the card, even if he hadn't seen him from

the window, so "it" would be delayed for an hour. "Perhaps he wouldn't ask her to-night. It might be too soon; he would see how she received him. There was no hurry; she wouldn't be going West again soon. He had never asked for her alone before. What would she think? There was only one interpretation—that he was wanted to see her alone. Well, so he did, and he would ask her to-day."

He walked restlessly up and down the little reception room, conning the speech till a rustle of skirts made him stop abruptly in the middle of the room, with his eyes fixed on the door. It opened in an instant, and a dainty little maid stood framed in the doorway. Her brown eyes met Tom's bravely and happily, and before he knew what he was doing he had opened his arms and she had come straight to him.

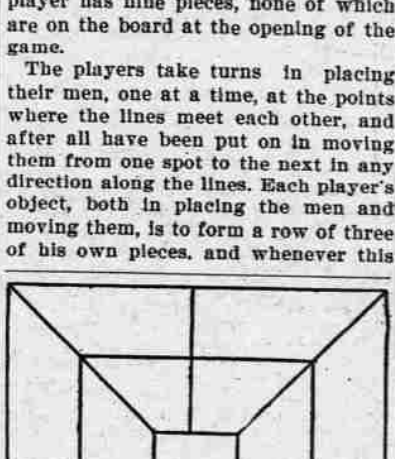
FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS

Uncle Sam's Midnight Land Deal. One of the best bargains ever made by Uncle Sam was that of the purchase of Alaska from Russia in 1867.

King Who Was Ma's a Scallion. Here is an obscure little story from that very large book, the history of England: In 1497, during the reign of Henry VII., a young man appeared in Ireland, announced himself as Edward Plantagenet and claimed the right to the English throne.

A Fearless Youth. A brave and fearless heart beats within the breast of a young East Boston lad named Edward Ryan. Recently, while standing near the foot of Liverpool street, he saw a runaway horse dashing down the street, and knew that in a moment it would endanger the lives of two small boys.

Nine Men's Morris. This interesting little game is played by two persons on a board marked with the diagram here shown, and buttons, beads or grains of corn of two colors may be used as men.



is done he may take from the board one of his opponent's pieces, but he must not disturb a row of three if there is any other than he can take. He who takes off all the hostile pieces wins. Sometimes when a player has lost all his men but three he is allowed to "hop"—that is, to play a man to any vacant spot on the board.

How Animals Rank in Wisdom. The monkey is the most intelligent animal. Foodie dogs come next; then in order the Indian elephant, bear, lion, tiger, cat and otter. Ants, bees and spiders are more intelligent than horses and goats, and the wild rabbit has considerably more brain power than the camel.

River of Ink. In Algeria a river of ink is formed by the conjunction of two streams, one of which is impregnated with iron, and the other, which drains a peat bog, with gallic acid. The mixture of the iron and the acid results in ink.

The intelligence of all these creatures has been very accurately determined by a well-known scientist, who has spent the whole of his life on the work. Instinct is not taken into consideration. Intelligence is only to be measured by the manner in which unexpected difficulties are overcome.

The spider, for instance, will construct its web in almost any position, and if it cannot find any natural object to which it can attach the supports it will construct little weights of mud, and place them at the lower parts of the web to keep it in position.

Bees will construct their honeycombs in any place regularly or irregularly shaped, and when they come to any corner and angles they will vary the shape of the cells, so that the space is exactly filled. It could not be done more satisfactorily if the whole thing had been worked out on paper beforehand.

In dressing capons the feathers are left on the neck, legs, wings and rump, and the tail feathers also are left. Otherwise capons should be dressed for the Chicago market the same as other fowls, except that they should be

dry pickled, as it would be impossible to scald them and leave part of the feathers on, and if they are scalded the same as other chickens they will not bring any more than the price of common fowls, for they are distinguished more by the way they are picked than in any other manner.

Every year after harvest comes the time of trouble with insects in stored grain. Concerning these pests, which work in the grain bin and often do great damage before they are discovered, Rural New Yorker advises thus: All grain bins should of course be thoroughly cleaned before the new grain is put in.

Butter-makers kick on farm separators, says the Northwest Farmer. Some of the butter-makers are making a lively kick against the introduction of the farm separator. They might as well kick against a stone wall, for kicking will not stop its coming.

Put Fats on the Animals. One advantage of the system of fattening beef animals and lambs younger than used to be the custom is that they have more lean meat, or the fat and lean well mixed together, which makes them more desirable to the marketman.

Sowing Clover Seed. In a heavy soil clover seldom germinates well, if sowed two inches deep or deeper, and this is a not infrequent cause of a failure to get a good catch when it is sown with grain in the spring.

FARMERS CORNER

The Uses of the Weeder. Some one has said that the weeder was an excellent tool to use when there were no weeds to kill. If so, it is just what every farmer needs. There is no time when the crop is so much benefited by a stirring of the soil as when there are no weeds in the field, and no time when so many weeds can be killed with so little labor as when the weeds are scarcely visible to the eye.

European dairymen buy large quantities of American feeding stuffs. Experiments are now being made in compressing bran into bricks for more convenient exportation. While the success of this line of work might lead to a still greater exportation of American farm products, the failure of the experiment would be America's gain.

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not with us give as good a second crop, being more apt to be injured by the drought. We were taught to sow seed or ten pounds per acre of clover on the same land, but we think we would prefer now to increase the amount to twelve or fifteen pounds per acre. Nor would we sow timothy with clover, preferring orchard grass, which is ready to cut at the same time. While we had little difficulty in getting a catch of clover on our rather light lands, we seldom succeeded to our satisfaction on strong and mucky soil.

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