

Farm and Garden.

The Stream in the Woods.
Bright stream that wanders here and there,
Laughing the whole day long,
Your voice across the woodland calls
Like a remembered song.

Here, as of yore, the beeches spread,
And grass and flowers are sweet,
Where oft your hasting waters ran
Across my childish feet.

A golden time! I knew it not
In those far days of old;
But left the field and left the stream
To seek for other gold.

Oh, dear to me your sunlit wave,
And dear the leafy shore;
But you have borne upon your tide
That which returns no more!
—Julie K. Wetherell.

PROFIT AND CONTENTMENT ALL IN FIVE ACRES.

Poultry, Fruit and Vegetables Constitute Sources of Profit.

With three hundred hens and five acres of land, H. Bishop, of Delaware county, New York, is living a happy and contented life, says a writer in *Suburban Life*, after having engaged in active business for many years.

Falling health led Mr. Bishop to buy this little place, about one mile from his home village, and careful management and intelligent study of conditions as he found them, combined with and backed up by a natural love for the out-of-doors and a keen interest in poultry keeping, have enabled him to make a comfortable living on this small area.

As a matter of fact the statement that Mr. Bishop owns five acres of land is a bit misleading, because there really are only two acres that are tillable, the rest of the plot being, for the most part, a deep gien, which, of course, can not be cultivated. A considerable part of the available land is occupied by buildings, which include a good house and barn, a tool storing house, three henneries and a brooder house. The remainder is given to an orchard and a vegetable garden.

The poultry, the fruit and the vegetables constitute the three sources of income. About three hundred hens are kept, and they are so well cared for and so skilfully managed that they average a net profit of \$2 a hen. This amount, together with what is received from the sale of fruits and vegetables, is quite sufficient for the support of a small family, when there is no house rent to pay, and when a large part of the table supplies are raised on the place. The market value of the products of Mr. Bishop's vegetable garden and the orchard is not less than three hundred dollars a year. In the orchard there is practically every kind of fruit adapted to the locality; in fact, the little farm produces almost everything desirable which can be grown in that part of the country.

Not everyone could do as well as Mr. Bishop has done, for he has the qualities which make for success, both in the fruit and the poultry business. He is intelligent, industrious and painstaking. He runs his little place just as he formerly did his more extensive business. The fact should be stated, too, that Mr. Bishop was able to buy the place outright. If he were obliged to pay interest on a mortgage the situation might be a little less satisfactory. The shrewdness of the man was disclosed when he began with a small crop, enlarging his business as he learned how to handle his birds. Too many people, under such circumstances, plunge heavily at the beginning, only to end in failure.

The poultry plant in this little place includes one large house for layers, one for pullets that are maturing, and a brooder-house. Among the conveniences is a feed-room and another room, where meat is cooked for the hens and rations prepared. The poultry houses are remarkably free from lice, because of Mr. Bishop's plan of providing a dust-room, 12x12, the floor of which is frequently covered with fresh soil, in which a large flock of hens can wallow, all taking their bath at the same time, and filling the house with dust, in which lice can not live.

Mr. Bishop feeds, alternately, dry and wet mash made of wheat bran and middlings, ground oats, cornmeal, ground fresh bones or cooked meat, milk and alfalfa meal. The hens have the run of a large grass range in summer, and in winter are fed cabbages and other vegetables.

A 240-egg incubator is used, being kept in a suitable room in the house. Early in March the eggs are put into it, and the first chicks come out about April 1. These are taken to the brooder house and put in a portable brooder. In a few weeks the chicks are strong enough to move from the brooder to a section of the house that is heated by a stove under the floor. In midsummer the pullets and cockerels are separated and each is fed in the way best calculated to prepare the cockerels for market and to mature the pullets for laying.

The young chicks are fed oat flake at first, with milk when it can be obtained, and cracked corn and wheat as they grow older. The maturing pullets are fed the same ration as the laying hens. Alfalfa meal is fed to some extent and with good results. Mr. Bishop buys supplies in quantities and so gets the lowest prices. He keeps Minorcas and White Leghorns, mostly, as these lay the pure white egg which is demanded by the New York market. The eggs are shipped to the city once a week, and a special price is obtained for selected, large, white eggs.

Indiana's Apple Crop.

There is enough land in Indiana to make 228,336 farms of eighty acres each. In 1906, according to the report of the Bureau of Statistics, there were 1,771,987 fruit trees of all kinds in bearing. Allowing sixty trees to the acre, would give 129,533 acres in orchards, or a little more than one-half acre per farm. The number of bearing apple trees was 4,222,978, and

the number of bushels produced that year was 4,798,300, or a little more than one bushel per tree. And this was during the banner year, when we had a comparatively full crop. But as some trees were known to produce thirty and forty bushels per tree, it becomes evident that a great many trees did not produce anything, even in that favorable season. In 1905 the yield was still less. The difference in value between the crop of 1905 and that of 1906, at fifty cents per bushel, would amount to \$1,268,082. Much of this difference will at once be attributed to the "off year" of 1905. But was it all due to the "off year?" If so, what causes the "off year?" Why do not the large commercial growers of other sections of the country expect to have regular off years in their business? Why was it that, a few years ago, when nearly all the peach orchards in the Michigan peach belt were killed by the cold winter, Mr. Morrill's orchard, near Benton Harbor, yielded him from thirty to forty thousand dollars' worth of fruit? Simply because his trees were kept in the best possible condition, were not allowed to overbear, and were thus able to withstand those adverse conditions.—W. B. Flick.

The Farm Calf.

Get a stick of caustic potash and dehorn the calf before it is three weeks old. Rub the potash well on each horn.
At about a month old give the calf in part sweet skimmed milk, one-fourth to start with, gradually increasing till you have taken away all the fresh milk. But always have it warm.
Drop a handful of wheat middlings or buckwheat shorts in a box near the calf and let it learn to lick it dry. Better so than put it in the milk. Later you may give now and then some wheat bran, which has muscimaking material in it.
Keep right on with this sort of care. Increase the milk and other rations until the calf is full grown. Give some good hay as soon as the calf will nibble at it.

Corn Crop of 1908.

The Indian corn crop for 1908, amounted to 2,643,000,000 bushels. The crops of three years have exceeded this, but only the crop of one year (1905) exceeded it very much. The value of the crop is estimated at \$1,615,000,000. The price of corn is exceptionally high. There are only two years in which the farm price of this crop was as high as it is for this year. In 1881 the price was 63.5 cents; in 1901, when there was only two-thirds of an ordinary crop, the price was 69.5 cents. The total value of this crop is by far the greatest ever reached. The crop of 1902 was worth a billion dollars, and the crops of 1904, 1905 and 1906 were worth \$100,000,000 more; the great increase of \$300,000,000 over the crop of 1902 was made in 1907, and now the increase is \$500,000,000—equal to the gold in the treasury of a rich nation.

Sowing Vegetable Seeds.

If the soil has been properly watered after the sowing of vegetable seeds little attention in this direction will be needed before the proper time for transplanting. This will depend largely upon the character of the weather. In bright, sunny weather, when free ventilation is required, the plants may need an application of water almost daily. Excessive watering, however, should be guarded against as it tends to produce tender, spindling plants.

Cover the Manure Heap.

Piling manure in the open insures a big waste. The Cornell experiment station piled two tons of fresh horse manure in an exposed place. In five months it lost 5 per cent in gross weight, 60 per cent of its nitrogen, 47 per cent of its phosphoric acid and 76 per cent of its potash. Here was an average loss of 61 per cent in plant food, or more than the weight loss. In other words, the rotted, concentrated manure, ton for ton, was worth less than the fresh manure.

To Revive Grass.

No top dressing or fertilizer will do more to revive grass than nitrate of soda, and it should be used in combination with materials containing phosphoric acid and potash. A mixture of 150 pounds of nitrate of soda, 150 pounds of acid phosphate and 75 pounds of muriate of potash is recommended. Grass, even in the old meadows, will respond very quickly to this treatment.

Queen Bees.

It is said that bees usually supersede their queens before they are too old for service; and when an apiary is once stocked with a good grade of queens the bees can, as a rule, be depended upon to supersede their queens at the proper time.

AROUND THE FARM.

Red and alkali clover make a good mixture—half and half.

Feed the trees in the orchard. Ground bone and muriate of potash are good.

Better results are obtained in feeding cattle where alfalfa is mixed with corn stover.
The average market hog should weigh about 300 pounds at eight months of age.
Aphids or plant lice can be easily destroyed by kerosene emulsion spray. Get after them as soon as they make their appearance.
Give the cabbage and turnips about noon, then there will be no taste of them in the milk.

Warm milk quickly absorbs odors is the reason why no time should be lost in removing it from the odors of the stable.

If part of the milk is left in the udder each time by a careless milker there will soon be a falling off in the milk flow.

Long milkers are desirable, but it is better for the cow and her calf to let

her go dry for a few weeks before the calf arrives.

Little chicks should not be fed any feed that is the least bit sloppy. Dry feeds are much the best. Give plenty of fresh water. Milk is very good. Use every precaution to protect the young chicks from rats. They should be closed up at night so that a rat can not get to them.

Do not fill the incubator with eggs of doubtful fertility and freshness and expect a good hatch. The incubator has not yet been invented that will hatch infertile eggs.

Get posted on silos and making silage; and if enough cows are kept to justify it, by all means plant a silage crop and have a silo ready to receive it.

A bad smelling dairy barn shows that something is wrong. There will be plenty, though, who will laugh at the idea of a dairy barn not smelling to high heaven.

Begin to cut down a cow's rations when it is desired that she go dry; and feed her so that it can be said she is well fed without being fattened while she is dry.

To develop a dairy heifer into something really good, do not hesitate to feed it well the first two years. It will be a better feeder thereafter if fed well when young.

ABDUL HAMID

The Deposed Sultan of Turkey, Had Some Good Qualities.

Yet the fact remains that the Sultan has in many ways been an eminently good and successful ruler. He has probably done more for education than all his predecessors put together. He is, I believe, the only sovereign in the world who entertains at a picnic annually all the school children in his capital of both sexes and of every denomination. More than three thousand elementary schools have been opened since he came to the throne. He has endowed the Ottoman University with many scholarships and founded schools of law and medicine. He has been especially active in promoting the better education of women. He has museums and galleries. Though precious portions of his empire were torn from him by the treaty of Berlin, he has contrived to keep what was left all but intact, and has showed commendable ability in playing off one European Power against another. He has survived war, insurrection, treason, attempted assassination, bankruptcy.

So far from being himself a cruel man, the testimony of all observers agrees in depicting Abdul Hamid as absolutely the reverse. "There is in Abdul Hamid," wrote a former Servian Minister who knew him intimately, "a peculiar modesty, timidity and tenderness which are quite womanly. He always looks earnest, almost sad, as if he were subdued by the consciousness of his great responsibilities. He smiles quietly, almost sadly, very often, but he hardly ever laughs loudly. He is distinctly a man of esthetic taste. He is fond of flowers, of beautiful women, of fine horses, of lovely views of sea and land, of everything that is beautiful. He is an affectionate father. He can be, and is, a devoted friend to his friends. He is able to contract deep and faithful friendships. He is considerate, modest, charitable and patient. His consciousness of his responsibility toward God makes him hesitate to punish any one severely. Certainly he was never carried away by impulsiveness. He even exaggerates in his desire to consider every question from all points. He is slow; often much too slow for the nervous and impatient sons of the West. Terribly earnest as he is and so sensitive to everything touching his personal dignity, he has much of quiet humor in him. He quickly perceives the comic feature in things and men and in a peculiar, quiet way enjoys it. His sky is generally and almost permanently covered by clouds of state anxieties and personal melancholy. But from time to time, and most unexpectedly, those clouds are pierced by the sunny rays of a mild humor. Personally I could never detect in his character even the shadow of cruelty."—Harper's Weekly.

TAP THE EARTH FOR HEAT.

Sir William Ramsay's Recent Suggestion Is Not a New One.

Sir William Ramsay's recent suggestion that the interior heat of the earth might be tapped by means of a bore hole is not exactly new. Indeed, experiments have actually been undertaken with that end in view. One of the most important was carried out some years back by the German government at a place called Paruschowitz, in Silesia, when a depth of 9,572 feet was reached. Of course, the bore is of very slender dimensions, three feet six inches in diameter at the top, decreasing gradually to two feet six inches at the depth of one mile, at which it remains for the rest of the distance.

At La Chapelle is a bore of similar kind and nearly as deep, constructed by the French government for experimental purposes; and another similar one exists near Stavropol, in Southern Russia. In each case it was the original intention to carry the bore much lower, but the expense was found to be prohibitive, when contrasted with the prospective results. That is the worst of such works. After a certain depth the cost increases by leaps and bounds and the time occupied lengthens proportionately.

Thus, Hon. Charles Parsons, of turbine fame, who has made a special study of the question, estimates that to drill a hole 10 miles deep through the earth's crust would cost \$25,000,000 and take 80 years.

The job is a stupendous one. Yet it may be necessary for us to undertake it. Our coal supply will not last forever, and when this is exhausted, the greatest industrial communities will be those that have the most direct means of access to the stored-up heat of the earth's interior, says Pearson's Weekly.

Easy.

Eva—Allowed you to kiss her? Why, I thought she said she wouldn't stand for it.

Jack—She didn't. She sat on a sofa. —Detroit Tribune.

A Heart at Auction

Wherein a Fair Lady is Won Through Diplomacy

When Henderson heard of it, a thrill swept through him from head to foot, for he felt instinctively that the outcome of the absurd little contest that he saw impending would decide whether he or Dickson would marry Natalie Platt. I say Henderson felt this instinctively, because there really was no reason whatever why the prettiest girl that ever neglected her household duties for the sake of studying art should bestow her hand upon one of two rivals merely because he had succeeded in a painting of hers that had been put up at auction. And yet Henderson was sure that this was the crisis.

When Amy Burton had told him what was to happen, he was in the act of demanding of a girl in gipsy dress that had been the result of a certain raffle in which, at her behest, he had become possessed of a "chance" earlier in the day. The fair, for the benefit of the village church, which, since two in the afternoon, had been in progress on the church green, was now drawing to a close. To its complete success, the condition of the picturesque stalls, which were on every side, bore witness for the stock of each of them now consisted chiefly of "remnants," while it was noticeable that practically every member of the crowd which still gaily thronged about the stalls, carried one or more parcels.

Several hours before, it had been whispered about that toward the end of the day such knick-knacks from the stalls as had failed to find purchasers would be disposed of at auction, with the Mayor of the village in the role of auctioneer, and Henderson had heard it like everyone else, but with no special interest. And then Miss Burton had whispered in his ear that one of the early items in the sale would be a water-color painting by Natalie Platt, and a thrill had gone through him as he realized what the announcement meant.

For there was no doubt in Henderson's mind that from the moment the auctioneer called for bids upon Miss Platt's painting, it would be a question only whether he or Dickson got it. Their rivalry for the attractive girl who at this moment was presiding over a stall at the other end of the green had lasted for several months, but never yet had the two young men come into what could be called actual collision. Now, however, with nearly every second person at the fair a friend of the three parties concerned, it was obvious to Henderson that some one was about to sustain the ignominy of a public defeat.

A moment's thought told him how it had happened that neither he nor Dickson had secured Miss Platt's painting already. It was simply because the work had not been on sale at her stall. There was a booth at which pictures were displayed, and there the water-color must have been from the first. Natalie Platt, however, had elected to make the sweet-stall the scene of her activities, which indicates why the contents of the various other booths failed to be examined with any great attention by Messrs. Henderson and Dickson.

Henderson knew well that the girl whose labors with the brush had been at first the amusement and finally the pride of her well-to-do people was the last in the world to have wished that her painting should be the cause of a public contest between the two men whom she had good reason to know were in love with her. Probably Miss Platt had no idea even that her work was among the unsold articles.

And then there came to Henderson the feeling that he had had so many times during the last few weeks, that the bitterness of losing to his rival—did he lose—would be lessened had he felt surer that Dickson was worthy of Natalie Platt's love. On meeting Dickson, Henderson had felt a certain distrust that he knew did not spring from jealousy, and later a story had reached him which he preferred not to believe, but could not help remembering. That Dickson was a dangerous rival there was no doubt. Henderson, looking across the crowd, could see him chatting with Mrs. Arnold at the tower stall, and admitted that he was a handsome fellow, and one to attract even so proud a girl as Natalie Platt. As to himself Henderson always had known that the girl who loved him would do so mainly for the manhood and some brains which he believed he possessed. What chance had he? Henderson's only answer to this was a flash of the eye and the resolute drawing up of an under jaw, in the set of which those who knew him always had been able to read—the last ditch!

And then the young man glanced up and saw that it was beginning. The platform, which, until a few minutes before had been occupied by the village band, now had been cleared and upon it, behind a table piled high with odds and ends of all kinds, stood the popular Mayor himself, while, at the sight of him, the crowd was deserting the stalls and gathering about the new center of interest.

It was at this moment that Norton Willis, Henderson's chum, ran his arm through that of his friend with a "Hey, messmate, this way to the auction sale!" and then continued: "By the way, Henderson, old man, did you know that a painting of Miss Platt's is going up pretty soon?"

"You're not going to let Dickson get it, are you?" Willis went on. "Not if I can help it."

"Good boy!" approved his chum; "but, by George, he'll give you a fight for it. Beatrice Mills told him what was up, and all our crowd is waiting to see the fun."

While talking, Henderson and Willis had taken up their stand in the crowd within a few yards of the auctioneer's platform. Suddenly the latter demanded:

"How about the money?"

"Plenty, I think," said Henderson, tranquilly.

"Your luckier than I am," his comrade went on. "I've been regularly cleaned out by these eternal raffles and what-do-you-call-em's. Those Clemens girls would have your last dollar for their blessed poor children's

soup kitchen. I expect you'll have to give me a lift home!"

But Henderson only half-heard Willis, for he was taking stock of the situation. With a start he noticed that the auction had begun, but it was only a flowered sofa pillow which the Mayor was describing to the audience as "combing comfort with elegance," and the young man's attention wandered away. He was looking for Natalie Platt, and presently caught sight of her fair head and graceful figure. She was standing behind her graceful stall, now deserted, like the others, and trifling with the ribbon of a basket of candy, apparently unconscious of the auction. Miss Platt knew what was coming. But where were her sympathies?

"There's Dickson," whispered Willis, and Henderson looked in the direction in which he pointed. His rival was standing at quite the opposite side of the crowd. Owing to the position of Miss Platt's booth, Henderson doubted if Dickson could see the girl without leaving his position, and this he was inclined to consider an advantage.

Just at that moment, however, Henderson stopped thinking about the arrangement of things, for suddenly he felt Willis' hand on his arm, and turned just in time to hear the jovial Mayor begin: "And now it gives me peculiar satisfaction, ladies and gentlemen—" after which Henderson heard Natalie Platt's name, but lost the rest in taking in the painting which the Mayor was holding aloft. And he saw what it was, Henderson knew that there would be no trace in the contest for its possession. For the painting represented its author herself.

Responding to some little impulse of vanity, Miss Platt had chosen to portray herself in a character of whose attractiveness she had been assured times enough—that of skipper of the little dingy of which, when summering at her family's place in Maine, she was wont to be captain, mate and all hands. Of course, the girl artist had not given the picture's subject her own face—though evidently she had worked from a photograph—but the rest of the figure was life-like enough to be recognized by any one who knew Natalie Platt well, not to mention any one who happened to love her. There she was, just as Henderson had looked back at her so many times as they raced before the wind; her figure slightly bent forward as she held the sheet with one hand and the tiller with the other, her dark blue skirt drawn tightly about her limbs, while tendrils of her luxuriant hair blew out gloriously from beneath her crimson tam-o-shanter. It was enough! Henderson wanted that picture as he had wanted few things before, and he doubted not that Dickson felt similarly.

The auctioneer still was praising the painting to his audience, so Henderson had time for another glance round the room. And he thrilled again as he saw that the girl of his heart—abandoning her little pose of unconsciousness—was now leaning upon the counter of her stall and watching the proceedings with an interest which she made no attempt to disguise. He felt his eyes feast upon her for one instant more, after which they sought Dickson. Through the dense crowd Henderson could just see his rival, standing beside one of his men friends, with excitement written upon his handsome face, and his eyes riveted upon the picture in the auctioneer's hand.

And then suddenly, the Mayor's demand for bids was replied to by a vigorous call of "One dollar!" from the center of the crowd. "Two dollars!" from Dickson, and the battle was on. "Five dollars!" Henderson's voice rang out, and almost immediately the bidder in the crowd's center responded, "Ten dollars!"

"Fifteen!" came from Dickson.

"Twenty!" This offer was made by a smiling woman who stood near the platform.

"Make it twenty-five," whispered Willis to Henderson, and Henderson called out, "Twenty-five!"

"Thirty!" came from Dickson.

"Forty!" flung back his rival.

Perhaps the two young men's voices had betrayed their eagerness, at all events it was now patent to Henderson that even such of the spectators as did not know him and Dickson had realized what was going on, and that he and his rival were being regarded with looks of amusement, mingled with curiosity, as to which would prove the winner. All this the young man took in at a lightning glance while he waited for Dickson's next bid, but then they were interrupted.

Evidently the Mayor had decided that he personally was playing a less prominent part than was desirable in this particular episode of the sale, for he now interpolated a speech which apparently was designed to lend a further touch of humor to the proceedings.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he began, in dulcet tones, "a word, a word, I beg! I esteem highly the modest offers that have thus far been made, but evidently the attractions of this work of art which I am offering have not appealed to you with that force which might have been expected. A gem of purest ray serene, this picture, my friends; for which the lowest possible further bid should be, in my opinion, not less than twenty dollars in advance of what has been offered. In this way—"

"By George!" gasped Henderson's benchman, turning upon that young man, though the Mayor had not finished the harangue, "can you stand this pace?"

"Oh, I think so," replied Henderson easily, as he slipped his hand into his pocket. But then Willis, watching his friend, felt a cold hand grip him by the throat, for suddenly there had appeared on Henderson's face a look of puzzled horror. And this look was reflected on Willis' face as Henderson withdrew his hand from his pocket and, without speaking, held out on his palm—a single ten dollar bill.

But in the instant Willis realized that they were not "done" yet, for Hen-

derson's face had grown calm again and his jaw was set in a way that his chum knew of old.

"You think you can get the money?" he whispered. "Not from me! I told you that I was cleaned out, you know. Who do you expect to get it from?"

"I am going to try," said Henderson, "to get it from Natalie Platt!"

"You are!" was all Willis could gasp.

Now to describe this little development of affairs has taken some words, but it happened very quickly, and the auctioneer, encouraged by appreciative smiles from his hearers, still was urging them to extravagant deeds.

"You will bid for me," he whispered to Willis, "when it begins again. It may prove wise to withdraw gracefully."

With a start of surprise, and an involuntary blush, Natalie Platt for Henderson standing in front of her, and she would only look at him with a puzzled expression. Henderson believed that he had not been observed as he crossed the room but he did not waste words.

"If I am to get that picture," he said, simply, "it will be necessary for you to lend me some money. Can you do it?"

The girl was as quick to grasp the situation as Willis had been, but she hesitated. She had made up her accounts half an hour before, and it would have been easy to say that her takings had been handed in—a fib that struck her as excusable. But a look into Henderson's eyes decided her.

"How much do you need?" she asked, softly.

"I think fifty dollars will be enough," he said.

Miss Platt took from her pocket a small key, which she inserted in the lock of a black enameled money box which stood on a shelf just beneath the counter of her stall, opened the box and took from within it five ten-dollar notes, which she silently handed to Henderson. The young man gave her one look which said everything, and then turning, started back with long strides for the corner where he had left Willis.

Even, as he had stood with Miss Platt, the sound of renewed bidding had reached his ears—a contest that had begun with an offer of forty-five dollars from Dickson upon whom the auctioneer's gibes evidently had not been lost.

"Forty-six dollars!" came from the obedient Willis.

"Forty-seven," snapped Dickson.

But Henderson's rival had been struck by the fact that he no longer had to do with that young man, and as the possible significance of this came home to him, Dickson gave a startled glance around and caught sight of Henderson in the act of returning to his place. Perhaps instinct told Dickson where he had been. Perhaps he saw the look that was no Henderson's face. At any rate the young man needed no one to tell him that he had lost—not even the next bid that came from Henderson.

"Fifty dollars!"

"Sixty-one!" cried Dickson.

"Sixty!" (Clearly Henderson had taken leave of his senses.)

But it was enough. The auctioneer looking to Dickson saw him shake his head.

"And sold!" he announced, "to the gentleman—ah, Mr. Henderson—as some one prompted him, for sixty dollars."

As might, perhaps, have been expected, there was no contest on this occasion for the privilege of escorting Miss Platt home. But it happened that as the girl swept toward the gate with Henderson at her side, a call in Hans Anderson fairy costume, with a tray bearing bunches of flowers, pounced upon them. "You must buy," she said to Henderson; "they are the last from the flower stall. And only fifty cents a bunch!"

"A sacrifice sale!" laughed the exultant young man. He took a bunch of the flowers for Miss Platt, and handed the child some money.

And Natalie Platt, glancing at the hand which Henderson had drawn from his pocket, was amazed to behold a goodly number of bills therein.

"You wretch!" she cried, her cheeks burning. "You had plenty of money!"

"I had," confessed Henderson, "but I was somewhat curious to find out which one of us you wanted to win!"

—The American Queen.

Too Much Cheese.

During one of his campaigns "Private" John Allen stopped at a cracker store. While he was exchanging news with the proprietor, an old darky from one of the plantations came in. When his purchase of "middlin' an' meal" had been wrapped up he started out. At the door he paused. "Got any cheese, boss?" he asked.

"Why, yes," said the clerk, pointing to a freshly opened can of axle-grease on the counter; "box just opened."

The darky looked at it hungrily.

"How much?" he asked.

"Give it to him for ten cents, and throw in the crackers," said Mr. Allen.

"All right," said the clerk, filling a bag with crackers. "Here you are." The darky laid a greasy dime on the counter, picked up the box and bag, and going out, seated himself in the shade of a cotton-bale. When he had finished the crackers he ran his fingers around the box and gave it a good long lick. In a few moments he was on his hat and started for his pal. As he passed the store Mr. Allen hailed him.

"Well, Jerry, what do you think of that lunch?"

The old darky scratched his head. Eten he said, "I tell you de truf, Mars John, dem crackers wuz all right, but dat wuz de ransomeest cheese I ever eat!"—Harper's Weekly.

Beginning Early.

"Did you enjoy yourself at the party, Bessie?" asked her mamma.

"I never saw such a stupid lot of people, mamma!" replied the little girl. "If there hadn't been a looking glass in the room, I wouldn't have enjoyed myself at all!"—Yonkers Statesman.

Flavor As Well As Odor.

Barber—"I am trying a new kind of imported soap; don't you think the odor is excellent."

Customer—"Fine! The flavor is good, too!"—Milwaukee Sentinel.