

THE FARMER'S LIFE.

The Farmer's life is the life for me—
Hoo-ray!
No other kind is half so free—
Hoo-ray!
No walls of brick my ways confine,
The sky, the fields, the woods are mine,
And bright the sun for me doth shine—
Hoo-ray!
Dame Nature's beauty I behold—
Hoo-ray!
To me her wonders are unrolled—
Hoo-ray!
For me her blossoms bloom in spring,
For me her wild birds sweetly sing,
With fruit she crowns me like a king—
Hoo-ray!
I breathe an air that's pure and sweet—
Hoo-ray!
Just plain and wholesome food I eat—
Hoo-ray!
My health is therefore of the best,
So I all day can work with zest—
And have at night a peaceful rest—
Hoo-ray!
I am no slave of fashion vain—
Hoo-ray!
My manhood true I can maintain—
Hoo-ray!
Upon my own domain I stand,
As proud as any in the land,
And with no master to command—
Hoo-ray!
Around my home I live my life—
Hoo-ray!
Close to my children and my wife—
Hoo-ray!
Far from the marts where men compete
And crush each other under feet,
I find my simple pleasures sweet—
Hoo-ray!
My children grow with rugged health—
Hoo-ray!
It's more to them than mines of wealth—
Hoo-ray!
Safe from temptations that destroy,
Spared from the luxuries that cloy,
Their lives begin and end in joy—
Hoo-ray!
I'm happy all the bright day long—
Hoo-ray!
My heart is filled with love and song—
Hoo-ray!
I'm innocent of worldly snares,
I'm free from worldly strife and cares,
And everyone my gladness shares—
Hoo-ray!
I wouldn't change my freeman's health—
Hoo-ray!
For all of J. P. Morgan's wealth—
Hoo-ray!
But if he could exchange with me
He'd shout his millions in the sea,
And shout with joy: "I'm free! I'm free!"
—H. C. Dodge, in Chicago Daily Sun.

Of More Importance

By JULIA TRUITT BISHOP.

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"LADY to see you, sir."
The doctor looked up from his books with a shade of annoyance crossing his face. Ladies could be seen at any time, but if he lost the thread of this investigation, now—
"Ah, Miss Willoughby—" he gave her the chair opposite, and sitting down looked at her with grave professional interest—"isn't it rather early for you to be out? You know I told you—"
"Yes," the girl interrupted, hastily; "and I did stay in the entire time—almost."
A wave of color had swept over her face, and he became conscious of it, even while he was fingering anxiously at the leaves of the book he had just been reading.
"You certainly have a good color," he remarked, professionally. "No fever, I hope." And he bent forward and laid cool fingers on her wrist. "There it is again," he added, musingly. "I have often noticed a peculiar irregularity about your pulse—and yet there is nothing wrong with your heart—not in the least. However, I am glad you have no fever."
And he surreptitiously snatched a glance into the book. Girls with a fine color were plentiful, but this treatment for diphtheria, if it should prove successful—
"I didn't come this time for professional advice," he heard the girl saying, in a very timid manner. "I—I came to ask you about something."
She seemed to have lost her voice, and paused to regain it. When she raised her eyes, presently, he was aware of their color for the first time. They were gray, and they had black lashes. He had not noticed that before, though he had treated her professionally for some weeks.
"You must make allowance for my great loneliness," she cried out, desolately. "I have no one really belonging to me—no one in the world. My guardian, Mr. Bond, is a good man—but you know how old he is, and troubled about many things. Sometimes he doesn't see me for weeks at a time. The others are servants, or dependents—how could I go to them with confidences, or ask their advice?"
"Not to be thought of," murmured the doctor, looking at the gray eyes very steadily. Clearly, there was something in the world outside of books—and perhaps an orthodox something in hearts that he had never found with the stethoscope.
"And so I have none," went on the desolate girl, with a look of timid appeal. "And I have—have learned to know you so well—have learned to trust you—will you mind very much if I ask your advice—your friendly advice—in a matter that concerns myself alone?"
The gray eyes drew him on, and made him say things that surprised him. They made him reply, without the least reference to the big books and the treatment of diphtheria.
"Why, surely I will be only too glad to assist you any way in my power."
And he said it frankly, and cordially, too, leaning forward and looking at her with eyes that had begun to be unprofessional. Really, she did have a lovely color.
"I have received an offer of marriage," she said, with her eyes down again. "You know I had a little money left me—only a few thousands—and my education and other expenses have almost exhausted that. If I don't ac-

cept this—this gentleman, I must go out into the world as a bread winner in a little while—a very few months. If I should—marry him, I would be very wealthy—so rich that it would almost frighten me, I think," she added, with a wistful glance at the attentive face. "My guardian has set these two alternatives before me so many times that I know them, word for word. Remember that I am all alone—and tell me what to do—as you would tell your sister—or any friend for whom you cared—a little."
Her fingers were twined together in her lap, and a man who was not studying out a treatment for diphtheria would have seen how tight the clasp was. This, perhaps, would have made him delay a long time in his answer.
"These are difficult questions to decide for another," he said at last, judicially looking out at the window. "My opinion would be that it would be wiser to marry the gentleman—who is a gentleman, I take it for granted—than to go out into the struggle with the world. Personally, I don't like to see women in business, if it can be avoided—and in this instance it seems that it can," he added, with a swift look at her face.
At his first calm words she had shrunk as if from a blow, and now she arose and turned toward the door, her eyes lowered.
"Thanks—you are very kind," she murmured. He saw her put out her hand and feel for the knob, as though something blinded her, but he was there before her, looking at the down-dropped face.
"I—I omitted to ask one question," he said. "Do—do you love this man?"
"Does it matter? No!" she replied, as she went out.
But he had seen her eyes.
He sat down at the table and looked at the page he had been reading last—looked at it until the afternoon had waned and night had set in. It is a singular fact that while the eyes of the body can go patiently reading lines and paragraphs and pages of learned treatises, the eyes of the mind can be looking steadily at a gray-eyed girl with her fingers twined together in her lap. True, here is this investigation carried on successfully to this interesting point; but—why was it that she went away so soon?—and her eyes—now why should there have been tears there? And she would go away and marry the rich man—he had advised it. Well, why should it concern him?
The doctor suddenly arose, leaving his books scattered on the table, and went out into the street for air—his office was insufferable. Where he was going he did not know. He was not conscious of any resolution until he found himself in the door of Miss Willoughby's little sitting-room, and a girl with a very pale face rose up from the chair before the fire. Her eyes were wide with fear—what was he going to say? What had he discovered?
"I was forced to come," he said humbly. "I know you will be angry—perhaps you will be amused at the fact that I—a poor student, a physician who has his thoughts on you, when you have an opportunity to make a wealthy and distinguished marriage. I knew at the first that there was no hope—yet I felt that I must come. It only remains for you to tell me so, yourself, and then I will go back to my work and have done with the dream."
No, it was a mistake about her having been pale; for when she leaned on the mantel with her face turned to the fire she was as rosy as the morn.
"You are too considerate to tell me outright," he said; "but I see what must be. Of course it is insane—the idea that you could take poverty, and the struggle for life with me, when wealth and ease are offered you. It would not be possible, unless you loved me so devotedly that your love would set all other considerations aside."
He paused and gazed at her miserably; and without turning she half whispered a faint suggestion.
"I—I might learn," she said.
He turned white and leaned against the table for support.
"Learn—learn to love me?" he asked, in a daze. "It is impossible."
"It will be difficult—but I am willing to try," said the arch-hypocrite with the gray eyes.
When he went back to the office, several hours later, with the step of one who walks on air, he found a number of books scattered in most unseemly disorder on his table.
"Really, John is growing insupportable," he said to himself. "All these books lying around—but I remember now, I was studying about—oh, yes—diphtheria. Well, there's plenty of time for that."
Habits of the Robin.
Let us hide behind that clump of blackberry bushes and watch the parent birds as they come to feed their young. There comes the father robin now; you can distinguish him from the mother by his darker plumage. You will notice that in coming with the food he alights on a particular twig, hops along a particular branch and alights on a particular side of the nest. If you watched him for a week you would probably see him approach the nest in precisely the same way each time. Now, here comes the mother—a lighter-colored bird, with gray on the back of her head. You see that she reaches the nest by quite a different route and alights upon the other side of it, and she will do this over and over again. Like men and women, birds acquire habits which they rigidly adhere to, unless something happens to prevent them.—Ernest Harold Baynes in Woman's Home Companion.

MANY OF OUR SHEEP GOATS.

Much of the Mutton Sold in Large Cities Is the Meat of Angoras.
Among stockmen it is notorious that a great deal of meat that is sold for prime mutton in St. Louis, Chicago, Louisville and Kansas City is really Angora goat meat—just as good eating and far more profitable to the stockmen by reason of the greater value of the fleece, mohair against wool, says the Kansas City World.
The Angora goat-raising interest is steadily growing throughout the United States. Its headquarters, that is, the headquarters of the American Angora Goat Breeders' association, are right here in Kansas City. W. T. McIntyre is the secretary of this association. Mr. McIntyre says:
"There are 50,000 Angora goats in the country to-day and the business is growing fast. It has all been built up since March 14, 1891, when our association was formed. Then, according to government statistics, there were but 20,000 Angora goats in the United States. And not one registered. Now we have about 30,000 registered.
"Registered goats range in price from \$10 to \$15 each. Some bucks go

CYCLES OF SUN SPOTS.

Fresh Interest Lent to the Subject by Recent Earthquakes and Volcanic Eruptions.
Since 1851, when the existence of a sun spot cycle of about 11½ years was discovered, many attempts have been made to discover a relation between the sun spots and the atmospheric changes in our earth. Violent storms, floods, periods of drought and of famine, cold years, warm years, and many such variations of weather have all been supposed to owe their origin to the sun spots. But the relation which Sir Norman Lockyer appears to have discovered between sun spots and the tremendous upheavals of the earth which we term earthquakes and volcanoes, lends a fresh interest to this fascinating study, says Golden Penny.
The matter certainly deserves very full investigation. Incidentally, the general character of the weather in the spring of the year seems to favor the existence of a 35 years' cycle of weather. That is, three times one cycle of sun spots. The year 1867 was just after the sun spot minimum, and 1902 is also just after the minimum. It was a cold spring in 1867, and a bitterly cold month of May. The summer was

THE TIDE OF FASHIONS.

Various Bits of Up-to-Date Fancies That Now Find Favor with Dress Devotees.
Report says that, except for the few, trains are banished from court gown. So there is a busy time among the dressmakers in London who are filling new orders and reconstructing the old ones. Two kinds of skirts are favored for these gowns—one which fits the hips closely and widens into a mass of flounces at the feet, and the other extremely shirred in groups of gaugings at the top, the fullness from this falling in round effect, says the New York Sun.
Jeweled nets instead of hats are the latest thing for the little bridesmaids' heads, and the effect on fluffy, wavy hair is charming. They are very much the same style of nets worn by the Italian women years ago, and as an hair ornament for the grown ups they are very smart.
Maidenhair fern shining with dew drops, arranged in tiara form is another novelty for the hair, or you may have small ivy leaves with some small flower.
The emerald matrix is one of the many popular stones for brooches and belt pins.
Silk gloves with woven lace tops are to be worn with thin gowns this summer, as well as mitts, and they are both long enough to meet the elbow sleeves. Black, white and gray are the fashionable colors.
In gloves for summer wear there are some of white glace kid which will wash. These cost more than other wash gloves, but they are satisfactory and that is sufficient reason for their popularity.
A green straw hat with green feathers is the smart thing with your all-black gown.
Bands of embroidered pongee are among the dress trimmings.
Fine white serge makes the most fashionable yachting suit, with stitched bands of the same material covering each seam, a stitched hip yoke, and a short jacket with pale blue glace silk revers.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

Hard Luck.—"That is tough luck; I go into bankruptcy yesterday, and this morning my cashier absconds with my money."—Fliegende Blaetter.
And the Piano Was Silent.—"Ah but I can't play with both hands!" She—"Then I'll play with one hand and you can play with the other."—Harvard Lampoon.
Man's Manifest Duty.—"It is a woman's duty to be beautiful if she can." She—"And it is a man's duty to make her think she is whether she is or not."—Stray Stories.
He—"I gave Jones a bit of advice. I told him that before he married his girl he should look her mother over." She—"Well, what happened?" He—"Jones married the mother."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.
"It is a wise old saying," observed the humorous and thrifty farmer, as he pocketed a roll, "that money makes the mare go." Then he hitched up the old mare and gave the automobile a tow into town.—Town Topics.
The Trial Trip.—"The airship inventor is elated that his craft should have come down so gracefully." "Yes, he reminds me of some of these noblemen." "How is that?" "Proud of his descent."—Chicago Daily News.
It Disguised Her.—"She's abusing the photographer fearfully. She says nobody recognizes her in the picture." "That comes of his insisting on her shutting her mouth when he took it."—Philadelphia North American.
Briggs—"Funny about Harry. He was saying only a few weeks ago he wouldn't have Maude if there wasn't another woman in the world, and now their cards are out." Griggs—"That's all right. There is another woman in the world."—Boston Transcript.

FUTURE OF FLYING MACHINE.

It Is Not Likely That the Cherished Dreams of Enthusiasts Will Ever Be Realized.

Edison agrees with Hiram Maxim and Prof. Langley, of the Smithsonian Institution, that the really successful navigation of the air will come with the building of flying machines which depend on their power for buoyancy, not on gas reservoirs of any kind. Santos-Dumont is so far in accord with these eminent students of the problem he has tried so well to solve, that he has been reducing the size of his gas balloons as his airships have succeeded one another and placed more and more reliance on the motors he uses for speed and steering.
It says little against the possibilities of aerial navigation, observes the Cleveland Leader, that one very promising experimenter in the same field where Santos-Dumont has won renown has just been dashed to pieces by the bursting of his airship while several hundred feet above the streets of Paris. Such deadly accidents are likely in the early stages of any successful device for locomotion on land or sea, as well as in the air. It is to be expected that a great discovery will always be paid for in blood. That seems to be the law of life.
But the point in regard to flying machines which appears to constitute an insurmountable barrier to their lasting success is that they differ totally from any other machine or appliance which man has used in practical travel, as to their destruction if forced to stop while in the element they are designed for. The ideal flying machine would resemble a ship, of great speed and power, which could not be kept off the bottom of the sea when it stopped moving.
But how many persons would ever ride on a boat which must sink if it ceased to make headway? If it meant destruction for the engines of a steamship to stop, would steam have made the least impression, in peaceful travel and in the transportation of freight, upon the sailing vessels with which steamers compete? In war or for sport ventures might have been made with steam craft, but in the course of normal traffic nothing would have been done with any type of vessel sure to sink if its machinery stopped.
That is a very good reason for believing that the dreams of wholesale navigation of the air by flying machines, which have been cherished in many lands for more than a century, will always remain fancies rather than solid facts.

To Find the North Pole.

An expedition is being planned in Norway for the discovery of the north magnetic pole, if indeed such a spot exists, for it has been suggested that what is called the magnetic pole may not be a definite point, but a considerable area over which the needle would stand vertically. There is also a question as to the absolute fixity in position of the magnetic pole. Capt. R. Amundsen is to command the expedition, and the ship Gjoa has been purchased for its use. The start is to be made in the spring of 1903.—Youth's Companion.

Paraguay Bank Notes.

Bank notes for about half a cent each circulate freely in Paraguay. It takes two notes to get one's boots blacked and eight to pay the postage of a letter to England. Yet one of them will buy in season 15 oranges, three bananas or a watermelon.—N. Y. Sun.

Women in the French Army.

The cantinières form a rank which is peculiar to the French army. Each regiment has a woman attendant who is a sort of nurse and consolator, to the young soldiers especially. She is not young or handsome, as a rule, and is often married to a soldier of the regiment.—Philadelphia Press.

And a Safe One.

"It is a good rule," says the Alfalfa Sage, "never to be rude to anyone who isn't paid to stand it."—Denver Post.

SENORA PORFIRIO DIAZ, JR.



When President and Mrs. Diaz, of Mexico, come to the United States for their long-promised tour, they will be accompanied by their daughter-in-law, the popular young wife of Capt. Porfirio Diaz, Jr. She is the belle of the City of Mexico. She was Senorita Raigosa, and comes from one of the most aristocratic families of Mexico. It is a little over a year since she married the president's son. From the first she has been a leader of the capital society. She is dark-eyed, and has an olive skin and a wealth of beautiful, wavy black hair.

from \$25 to \$500. Plain, unregistered animals bring from \$2.50 to \$5 a head. It pays to raise any kind, but just now, at any rate from the stud standpoint, it is more profitable to raise registered stock.

"Angora goats do better than sheep anywhere, but are especially better in brush-covered sections. They are far harder than sheep.

"Our association has 393 members now, in all parts of the United States and Canada and Mexico. We have some in Australia."

Fiction in Our Libraries.
In some of the public libraries of the United States the percentage of fiction called for has been reduced below 60. Even this figure is misleading. Novel devotees read three times as fast as those who call for books of other classes. Novels are often skimmed or returned as unsatisfactory after a few chapters are sampled. When the novel reading is scaled down by this consideration the excess of fiction taken out of public libraries is largely reduced.

Edison's Big Loss.
In the experimenting with the magnetic extraction of metal from low-grade ore Thomas Edison has spent \$2,000,000 within a few years, only to find at last that his plant is worthless for the work and he will have to build another.

very wet, and it was followed by a stormy winter, with little frost, and a very warm spring and summer in 1868.

VOTING BY TELEGRAPH.

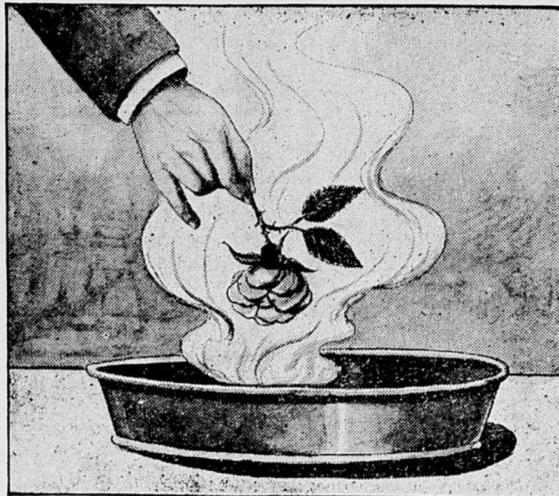
An Electrical Device Once Planned for Use in the Legislatures of Germany.

There is only one reference to mechanical voting in the 13 reports on foreign parliaments which have lately been issued. This occurs in a memorandum on the subject of divisions in the reichstag and Prussian landtag.

As long ago as 1869 a motion was introduced in the Prussian lower house in favor of establishing a system called the voting telegraph, an electric invention. Each member was to have at his place a handle to turn to right or left as he wished to vote "yes" or "no," and this handle could be turned only by the member to whom the seat belonged, each member being provided with a special key. The time for taking the votes of the lower house would, according to this scheme, have occupied less than two minutes.

There were no practical objections made to the machine, says the London Chronicle, but it was rejected, partly because no pressing need existed for shortening the divisions and partly on account of the advantages of an oral process of voting.

PRETTY PARLOR TRICK FOR CHILDREN.



It is a very pretty trick to present a boy or girl with a white rose, telling him that though the flower looks pale, it will revive and glow with the blush of health, if it is worn a few hours. In order to make your prediction come true, you must select, not a naturally white rose, but a red one, which you have bleached in the manner illustrated in the picture—by holding it over the fumes of burning sulphur. The rose can be bleached almost or quite white in this way, but the natural color returns after a few hours' exposure to the air. The cut we have taken from the Cincinnati Enquirer.

Asparagus Salad.

Wash the asparagus clean; cook five minutes in slightly salted boiling water; drain, add more boiling water and cook 15 minutes. Remove from the saucepan, and, when cold, dry on a clean towel, cut into inch lengths, arrange on lettuce leaves for individual serving, and dress with a French dressing made by blending three tablespoonfuls olive oil, one tablespoonful vinegar, ten drops onion extract, one-half tablespoonful salt and the same of white pepper.—Ladies' World, New York.

Cucumber Lotion.

Slice into half a pint of blue skim milk as much cucumber as it will cover. Let it stand for one hour, then bathe the face and hands with it and wash it off in clear, soft water. This is an excellent lotion, but, of course, must be used almost as soon as made.—Housekeeper.