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CLEOPATRA.

The world is filthier than ever left him,
And sadder are our hearts than either was,
Wherefore? Because that Antony is dead.
Strike, drums; beat, heart, unfit to hold time!
Die, Roman! you are born to die for Antony.
Who is left the lover who nearly lived his life?

Say, why should I not follow after him?
Dark are the ways of death, mysterious, and dim;
But what of that? 'Tis more Cleopatra falls
To take alone to go! I will follow, I will follow
Sweet lord, with thy lament! Let me one
Thing to do in the book of Antony.
—Emma M. Hall in Philadelphia Ledger.

MARIPOSA.

Tom children know them pretty things—Mariposa lilies! Generous Colorado ponies, prospectin' round these yer mountains most anywhere, settle under some lookin' pines wilder'nin to the charms of the wind—comfortable like as you pretty little faces a-settlin' in the Polly's bonnet.

Well, I'm a-spittin' out up a yarn about some as them this time. You mo'ster laff. Think Cash? Pale as the moonlin' only 'cept liquor, scalps, gallington 'n stone shorts! Hain't much a parlor girl'y.

Yessiree! That's a gun left of Yo'ach, wouldn't be no story. I'spose. Dunno little coyotes, sometim bet killin an hathoses sells you. Takes lightin' though some can't see much differ'nce at them as gossips—what you calls Mariposa lions. Some ye thinks is consider'ble mixed; the "pea-coat Cattle Hoof" they blows about ain't on the outline Castle soap'n' be more to the point.

But Mariposa was purty as this purty is for Mariposa way—even the sickliest in a pinch, lost track at six weeks gone a year like wind in their hope.

Well, one day I was eightin to'd the Nurse to drive home an affair dead. Nigh to her town I see somethin loomin up ye I.

"Guess feller's takin cattle to range," Tom I reckoned Tom. But'stead young feller was Tom in flannel shirt and "chaps," the wind layin his broad brim open'ng'n' like." Back and shoots in face as he kaped past. Nigh the Rye Grandy bridge my hoofs to scust shot on as Tom gun thunderin back.

"My gun! That's rifle," I sez, a' mitin his elm finger, most one with his head, as they shot past yo'ach town. He was nigh out yer sight afore his prisoner opposite cuss pasion an enemy after him; did Dias a-leavin the ar', making it blue with smokeing wheel. Tom's a-diggin his knees into his wounded nag's sides, gain in'ery lungs, a-wortin into miles perpendicular to ery mile ahead.

I ballied, then slunk my head. Rocky feelin with Dias, thinkin it's bad luck cheef. Tom escaped sg'in, and Tom's a-drivin Dias's cattle outer Ever range, an Dias kes got sotter him. He's tryin ter run Tom down, like's now, but I ain't swer ter Tom. (I'm'n'in'n, of I hain'er met him goin Colliar way.) I wonter he enter this ef ole Dias goes ter lawin.

"Trial by jury?" sez I; "trial by gun's my ticket. Tham fun'lies 'ed of settled that 'scup' agin cause, of lawyers hain't got the cinch on 'em."

Tather side ov town Dias was found dead, a bullet hole in his head, ginel bore of a bottle gun of Tom's. What with family "scrape," Dias tells seen a-chasin after Tom an Tom's sweet in on his trouble from that side ov town—'nh mention'n my 'cuptin he'd drew Dias' cattle outer range for mischief. Dias chased him an he killed him, he'n fallered, yi'n he'd kill each he hain't shot Dias—all that wen' sg'in' him. The story didn't scrap well. Court was pledged for "extermination the western ranch," the papers said. A grease hat long for killin a Ute, an the feelin was for no partiality.

I hain't ter'ed in that trial, both for Tom's sake—I knowed him some in wa's'n' no liquor'n a cartridge—and be cuz I knowed 'nuff c'witness of they's knowed it. Wa'n't hard, but leave a lawyer to build Pike's Peak outer the foothills.

You see I'm gittin to my story from all pints t'count, like Injins meter cum ah can shakedown hot I'll'n' cum as nearly sartin as they did freqnent.

Things looked rocky for Tom, that sin't a model of it.

I couldn't stan it. Wy, I touched him ter shoot pickin wen he wanted bigger 'n squirrels. I couldn't breathe ter I wen out, gallopin roun the shoulder ov a-about mountain, over the moon.

Dun'no' wot tuk ser thet trail. Dun' believe in spirits, but I reckon maybe nigh takin stick in thar lead ther guess. I cum down hill, acrost ther bridge an enter the old place Tom I knowed.

Somethin quer 'bout that saw an Bat perched in the 'bleeding' window ov dance sinnin ca'greater ideas than big, round eyes like impossible mushrooms; the pointed church front, with bell hole atop, an cross settin on a beam at ther back. Mexican squatters had been ordered to vamoose, in their ole trapper'n' house was fallin humanitie'ny pieces.

"Twas late afternoon; I thought shadows were a-feelin me when I saw this little'ness a little sweet. Wha a' pants kiss my spurs, likewise of grease's smokin wave. I dashed up an covered somethin in the Mole.

"Hands up!"

"No sir," she sobbed—"Mariposa."

I felt like a dum fool setter thar holdin up a kid.

"Ah ye, alone, Mariposa? Wut yo, doin yyar?"

She yelled a hundred questions at me in her grease American, wa'n't up.

"Dun'n' a thing—you mo'ster Tomm frend?"

Thinkin she'd hint Tom an wanetin t' ail 'bout ther gal, I shook it all out. "He'll hang yoder" sez I.

"You'll over ove here."

"He ain't will Dias!" she stamped.

I pumped.

"I ain't done," sez Mariposa, "more nor ye know. Tuke mee—I tell—I love Tom. Ah, the rose!" she laid her cheek hard on my throat. "Tu dirl—ee see me as flowers so fear little—in kiss—no more! The cold, dark ground—no warmth! Ah! I feel her cover up her—no I spurred back to town, lest we e'e'd, a-carryin double.

I now she knowed something, an I was well at the idea ter settle Tom. She didn't tell me more—that been with an aunt up Sagmaste and knowed nowthin on the trial. Her folks sent her sory weet or hep' her off purpose—they're that way ov kee. Mariposa sitt off fo' from home, an sempd, pass either, in that lonely place. She wanted word from Tom to come back, sent Tony Montes to tell him, but had nary another. So, by that, I own Tom knowing knowedin kiss. Was did the feller mean? Was thar reason he wouldn't give word?

I ever I'm glad I never gossiped with the truth or I'd lose on the turnout a a' ignorant man. Mariposa, pass either, in that lonely place. She wanted word from Tom to come back, sent Tony Montes to tell him, but had nary another. So, by that, I own Tom knowing knowedin kiss. Was did the feller mean? Was thar reason he wouldn't give word?

I ever I'm glad I never gossiped with the truth or I'd lose on the turnout a a' ignorant man.

"Sacre," sez she, cut ee breath—"I did it, not Tom. Here's the pasted, ole gin' it me ko long time. I can pass. That day, he think Dias not after him anymore. Tom jest ride away from ses an Dias cum behind—I see hoss draw hees gun. Tom not see. I aimed quick—then Tom see."

It was all well down by the sun as mates walk on paper like a ball of red there hot hoss. The judge stopped shortly gone. Tom's lawyer sez'been liaisit as the prosecutor's force assigns bigger or he thought on thought.

"Yer, sir," Mariposa would up, "the rope—I'd'n'd'ed he-ldver sa'ver—'The citizens, the cold, wet cattle—the victims—but not for Tom."

By ther time I was a-bloom at the patch we thy twist the window chase an the foothills. I kis ses its deep purple yi.

It was dark a-'ood inside.

"Tomm!" Her voice rings in my ole ears yet. She didn't send ter my name this bit his name—that was a hell story.

"But not the rope!" she whispered. Thar was a quick streak through the dark like a flash or giant powder; Tom an the sheriff jumped for kitch kiss Tom aloud lor when the beauty left ser.

Thet Mariposa summer was nigh twenty years ooh, children. Ron along story about Injins sort time.

Wonder of I ever tole them kids Tom was that pale. Nay. They mighter thought thar mate was a spanker an an other woman's chum—an she's a great sort too.

W'ldn't wonder if Tom clean forgot thet little gal! Well, wuall, of she hadn't drawed her gun mighty quick an shot ole Dias, Tom w'ld'n' ever lem the dead man. Mind ye your little Mariposa.—M. S. Pabin in Short Stories.

GARDEN MARKERS.

Improved Implements That Can be Made on the Farm.

The old fashioned garden marker which one has to pull over the ground is not satisfactory. If one wants to see what one is doing with one of them it is necessary to go backward, like a crab crab, with a marker that is to be pushed the operator can keep the direction much easier, and see whether he makes straight marks or crooked ones.

The roller marker is all right. Any light garden roller will do, even if made

PUSH MARKERS.

rather roughly out of a piece of oak or chestnut log; say three feet long and a foot or so in diameter. Scratch a line fine across one bottom, two, to make two marks at once, and then roll the roller along over them. This makes good marks for setting plants, etc., and you can make them perfectly straight in the morning, a task not quite so easy with the ordinary marker. Still, it will do well enough if pieces of rope are fastened around the roller, the required distance apart, one for each mark.

Two more styles of push markers are also illustrated in Farm and Fireside, from which we quote. The simplest of these and most quickly made is shown in Fig. 1. Take three pieces of board, say fifteen inches long, rounded off sleigh runner fashion (have them the proper distance apart), nail a piece across the top on the straight side and fasten a handle as shown. This is easily pushed along and will make a good mark.

A better marker is shown in Fig. 2. The illustration makes an explanation unnecessary. Note that the teeth slanting slightly backward. One great advantage of the roller marker is that you can make your rows at the same time. Simply nail pieces of rope or wire on the roller, at the distance apart the desired distance, between the pieces instead around the roller. The roller was arranged as shown in Fig. 3.

Kerosene Emulsion.

Kerosene emulsion, a most useful insecticide, is prepared at the Massachusetts station in the following manner: One quarter of a pound of common fat soap is dissolved in two quarts of boiling water, and while still hot four quarts of kerosene oil are added and the whole mixture churned through a small hand force pump with a small nozzle turned into the pail. This churning must be continued about five minutes, until the whole forms a creamy white mass which becomes jelly-like when cool. Care must be taken to have the solution of soap hot when the kerosene is added to it and the churning done, but it must not be near the fire.

Before applying, this emulsion to the plants it should be diluted with water in the proportion of one quart of the emulsion to nine quarts of water, which must be thoroughly mixed. The above will make sixty quarts of the insecticide ready for use, but the emulsion will keep for a long time without injury and may be diluted when needed for use. This insecticide is said to be one of the most expensive for the destruction of vermin on domestic animals and in poultry houses.

To Transplant Setting Hens.

It is often desirable to move hens from their own chicken coops into a place more convenient for their comfort. In such cases, according to The Poultry World, this should be done at night, and the hens should be so placed in a basket and filled with eggs. It is also important that it should be dark, and so arranged that a cover may be placed over it to keep the hen's view of the surroundings until she has become fairly fixed in her new quarters and the old nest forgotten. Such transfers are advantageous it is best to have a dozen or more eggs in a basket, where there is a number of hens, and the hens must be placed in the basket in your own food house.

Hens Notes.

The "fowls scratch" is some thing the grower should never forget to strengthen the power of the soil, hence they are with the most fertile and hasten exportation, but frequent starting to the fields of an inch or so, to husband the supply of manure taken from cattle yards.

According to government statistics the average yield per acre of the various farm crops for the last ten years are: Corn, 26.47; wheat, 12.95; oats, 30.66; rye, 16.97; barley, 21.26; buckwheat, 18.31; potatoes, 94.67; tobacco, 691.37; hay, 1.53; flax, 11.06.

The proper temperature for a brooder, says The Farmers' Journal, is 95 degs. the first week and 10 degs. afterward, gradually reducing temperature to 70 degs. by the sixth week. Remember that this does not mean the heat of the floor of the brooder, which should never be over 70 degs.

The farmer who undertakes to raise his wood by the cord of a hard state's lower had better make up his mind to do without, for, says The California Fruit Grower:

One of the best implements for breaking the ground after plowing is a good drag. The roller is better to mash the lumps, but the drag is best to break or mellow down the surface.

Let the Children Have Pets.

If you will bring up your children to love pets I think if they will even be tested for animals under your supervision. Theodore Parker says the turning point in his life was when he took up a stone to throw at a tortoise in a pool. Something in him held his hand back, and he did stop. Then he went home and asked his mother what it was that compelled him to put down the stone. She told him it was the voice of God in his soul—that if he lived through it that he would never fail to do right.—Mary E. Spearer in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Milly Morgan's Unique House.

The unique residence which Miss Milly Morgan owned on Staten Island was designed by herself. This building was made absolutely fireproof. The front door at the side of the house is worked by a button which may be drawn in at night. The interior was decorated by Miss Morgan's sister Jane, who lives there and who is now an actress of considerable merit. Miss Morgan was very proud of this house and invited many of her newspaper friends to visit it.—New York Sun.

Hair Trying on Horses.

A certain famous architecture in Austria has recently doled the tyranny of the dressmaker. The graces she wears on occasions of state when she takes the express' place she tries on once, never takes it on her ordinary wear she never tries on at all. Life has for her entirely large sacrifices, but now a horse "fits in the back" or whether it wrinkles under the mane or is too tight or too loose, she feels proud every time she succeeds in not ordering a new gown.—Exchange.

A Fiction.

The fiction that a wife is supported by her husband, and never earns anything by her exertions and the care of children and the home, is largely believed today, and many a man becomes a widower before he realizes that his best partner was really a partner in the business of making and keeping a home, that she worked hard, and that there might be here been "money in it."—Mrs. Whitaker in New England Farmer.

Oatmeal Gruel.

Mrs. Lincoln's receipt for oatmeal gruel is as follows: Pound half a cupful of oatmeal until it is mealy. Put in a saucepan and fill with cold water. Stir well until it is smooth. Pour off the water carefully into a saucepan. Do this three times. Boil the water very minutes. Add a teaspoonful of salt, and then serve hot. Cream or sugar and hot water be added if desired.

Why She Is a Vegetarian.

Lady Paget, wife of the British ambassador to the Austrian court, has become a convert to vegetarian ism. She is said to have renounced the use of flesh meat on humane grounds, but a different complexion, so to speak, is given to the conversion by her explanation that vegetarians have usually a very clear and frequently beautiful skin.—San Francisco Argonaut.

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Mr. Lorenzo F. Sleeper is very well known to the citizens of Appleton, Me., and neighborhood. He says: "Eight years ago I was taken sick, and suffered as no one but a dyspeptic can. I then began taking August Flower. At that time I was a great sufferer. Everything I ate distressed me so that I had to throw it up. Then in a few moments that horrid distress would come on and I would have to lie flat and suffer again. I took a little of your medicine, and felt much better, and after taking a little more "August Flower my "Dyspepsia disappeared, and since that time I have never had the first sign of it. I can eat anything without the least fear of distress. I wish all that are afflicted with that terrible disease or the troubles caused by it would try August Flower, as I am satisfied there is no medicine "equal to it."

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