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A GARDEN BY THE SEA.

I know a little garden close,
Set thick with lily and with rose,
Where I would wander if I could
From dewy morn to dewy eve,
And have no one with me weeping.

And though within it no birds sing,
And though no pitiful form is there,
And though the apple boughs are bare
Of fruit and blossom, would I be
For feet upon the green grass test,
And I behold them as before.

There comes a moonlight from the shore,
And in the place you lay at rest
Down from the purple hills she
Drows, down into the thyme sea;
Dark, little wave, hush lower hide as
Dark there no girl has ever seen,
Tormented by the fiery green,
Where moonlight comes unceasingly
Unto the place for which I cry.

For which I cry both day and night,
For which I let slip all joy and light,
Whatever I grow feet dead and blind,
Careless to win, unskilled to find,
And quick to lose what all men seek.

Yet tomorrow as I am and weak,
Still have I gone a little beneath
To meet within the jaws of death
As surrounded by that happy place,
To seek the inheritance lost.
Gone now, alas! Gone, now well from me
Amongst the mourning of the sea.

—William Sharp.

HER OWN WORK.

Kitty looked at me with grieved, indignant eyes—great, brown eyes with a golden light in their depths which made the small, colorless face at times positively radiant.

We were sitting on the stairs at Mrs. Crampton's last ball. There was always a crush at the Crampton mansion, and Kitty and I had made our way out of the whirling vortex of dancers at moment risk of life and limb, and had gladly sought this last refuge. Every other corner, every room, every niche seemed overflowing with gaily dressed people in groups, but more often in pairs, laughing, chatting, flirting. And sitting here, just behind the marble statue of Psyche, I had accused Kitty Hallaway of being a flirt.

Well, it looked like it. I must confess, for she was always surrounded by admiring group, upon whom she avoided impartial sweetness, looking all the time so demure and innocent as to almost deceive me. I, Alan Gordon, aged twenty-five, had never been in love in my life, if I were one of the crowd of cavaliers who knelt at sweet Kitty Hallaway's feet it was only because she was so altogether bewitching that I had no choice in the matter. Tonight her flirtations had exceeded their usual limit.

"Miss Kitty"—I assumed my most magisterial expression—"don't you know that it is wrong to flirt?"

"Is it?" with a swift glance, quickly withdrawn. "Who—who flirts? Oh, yes, I know. You are referring to Annie Merton. I must confess she does, or rather tries, to flirt successfully; but I don't believe she understands the art."

"Annie Merton, indeed!" I feel myself getting indignant. "An old maid of forty at least! You know perfectly well that I am referring to a certain brown eyed maiden surnamed Hallaway. Miss Kitty, it is a shame for you to break all these loving hearts."

She laughed a clear, ringing laugh.

"Dah! Nonsense! You men have no hearts to break. Your hearts are petrified, soulless, fossilized, and all the rest of it. You do not know what it is to love a woman truly, steadfastly."

"Kitty, stop! You are wrong, and you know it. You know that I am not a foolish, flirting fellow. You know—or you ought to know—that I love"——

"Miss Kitty! I beg ten thousand pardons, Gordon, but this is my dance. The Mazola, Miss Kitty; and you did promise it to me."

I felt like annihilating the tall young man who had made his way with difficulty to our secluded corner. But there was no hope; she must go. She rose, and I fancied a regretful look in the lovely brown eyes as she turned to me and deputized her bouquet—a magnificent collection of orchids—in my hand.

"Keep it until I return," she whispered. "If I survive this waltz I will be back soon to claim it."

My eyes met hers; I smiled and nodded—and then she was gone. And all at once it occurred to me how dark and dreary the place had grown—what a dull affair the Crampton ball had become—and how I missed Kitty Hallaway.

And then something else occurred to me also—something that came crashing down upon me with sudden force, nearly depriving me of my senses. I awoke all at once to the fact that I loved her—I, Alan Gordon, who had long looked upon love and marriage as a remote contingency—an accident which must befall me some time, but not now. Oh, no!

I was my own master; a fortune of half a million had fallen to me a year ago, and I was quite alone in the world save for my mother. She had given up the hope of my falling in love, for not the slightest fancy had ever troubled the peaceful waters of my existence. But I was awake at last to the knowledge that while I had been dreaming love had stolen in at the door of my heart, and I aroused myself to a realization of the truth when it was too late to bar the intruder out.

While I sat there, with Kitty's article in my hand, my eyes dreamily watching the floating white mosaic—she was all in white, a flowy, gauzy, diaphanous material striped with silver threads—and occasionally interrupting a sly glance from the merry brown eyes from over her partner's shoulder, Mrs. Crampton, with her daughter Clara in tow, made her way with difficulty to my side.

"Dear me, Alan, what a place to sit, to be true!" Mrs. Crampton had known Alan all my life, and always addressed me by my given name. "You have not met Clara since her return from school. My dear," with a swift glance into Miss Clara's face, "this is your old school mate and playfellow, Alan Gordon. You are five years her senior, Alan. Now I am going to leave you two to renew old friendship, while I go to the Mercy center. I declare, the old lady is looking faint and ill!"

"No wonder the atmosphere is stifling," I thought, as I made way for Miss Clara, who sank into the seat so my elder had left Kitty and myself.

A slender, goldenly slender, young lady was Miss Clara Crampton, with pale blue eyes and pale yellow hair, and an air of languor.

"Just see Kitty Hallaway!" ejaculated that young lady, "how overwrought she is, and she dances all the time! But, she is flirting with young Gordon!"

I looked; how could I help it? But I met been looking at every opportunity while the dancers danced and the music rang merrily out upon the perfumed air. Yes, it looked like flirting, for Kitty's eyes were uplifted to Gordon's handsome face, and the very nature of the little white curl on her cheek was suggestive of the idea that there was mischief brewing. Ah, well! she was not mine. I had no right to dictate or interfere.

"And you know"—Miss Clara's voice floated across my reverie like a chill east wind—"that the Hallaways are in so dismal circumstances, and Kitty is bound to marry a rich man. Dear me! she told me so, Mr. Gordon. She declares that she must marry a fortune. What is the matter?"

I had started up with an involuntary exclamation when a cool and repose, full the girl knew my care—that she was flirting me and! And just at that moment, with a broken wail, the music died into silence. I arose to my feet.

"Pardon me, Miss Crampton." I began, stirring hard to be calm and coherent; "I left a little bouquet in the ballroom, and must return them to her. Orchids are too valuable to be lightly thrown away."

Miss Clara bowed, for there was a look of displeasure upon her fair face.

I made her way slowly from the secluded niche back to the ballroom, to Kitty Hallaway's side. I had the orchids in her hand.

"They are too valuable to lose," I suggested.

"They are hideous!" she cried, tossing them upon a table near. "I never could understand the beauty of an orchid any more than I can appreciate the beauty of a mushroom. But Mr. Granger sent them, and I"——

I bowed.

"I understand. He is the last favored suitor," I said, bitterly.

Kitty lifted her eyes to my face again with that same indignant glance, but full of pathos too.

"Will you get my cloak?" she asked softly—and I thought I feel morose. I think I shall go home."

With secret satisfaction I obeyed her, and when the carriage had driven away I went back to bid the hostess good night, and took my departure also.

I had made up my mind to ask Kitty Hallaway to be my wife. I loved her. Good heavens! of what had I been thinking all these months, not to have found out the truth before?

I rang the bell at the pretty little house of the Hallaways the next evening. Kitty and her mother lived in a retired street, in a neat cottage which, with a small income, constituted their entire wealth.

She came into the cozy parlor where I awaited her. She was all in black, and her face was very pale. I arose and took her hand in mine at once. I would make no prelude or preparation, but would go directly to the point.

"Kitty," I whispered, "I have come to ask you to be my wife. I think I have always loved you. Kitty, Kitty, what is your answer?"

The sweet, pale face drooped.

"I—I am sorry," she murmured faintly, "but I—I cannot." All my pulse was up in arms in a moment.

"You refuse me, then?" I cried hotly. "And oh, how I love you, Kitty!"

She was trembling like a leaf, but she turned away with calm composure. I recalled that she had risen to the door, scary, but, my pride stung.

"Goodby!" I cried wildly. "I hope I may never see you again! You are a flirt and not worthy a good man's love!" and then I dashed out of the house like a madman, and went home to my own rooms and locked myself in, alone with my dreary thoughts.

The next day I started on a journey, dwelling to make a tour of the far west—visit California, Colorado and explore the Rocky mountains. Time passed and I found myself so occupied and interested with the strange sights and the new scenes whither my moods spent not me that the wound in my heart began to heal. In the meantime I had kept up a correspondence with Clara Crampton. How I had drifted into it I can hardly say, but I found her a pleasant, chatty writer, and was glad to receive her letters. I had put replied to a long epistle, when news connected with some real estate of mine at home made my presence to return, and I started upon the very next train for the east.

I found my mother well, and having attended to my business turned my steps in the direction of the Crampton mansion. I rang the bell and was ushered into a small reception room, which was separated from Miss Clara's boudoir by heavy azure velvet portieres. I seated myself to await Miss Clara's coming. I leaned carelessly back, my eyes fixed upon the velvet portieres, and having shown me into the reception room straightway forgot to announce my arrival to the ladies. And sitting there, my presence unsuspected, I heard these words:

"Mamma"—it was Clara Crampton's voice—"do you think that he will ever propose? Alan Gordon I mean of course. Where she have I been angling for ever since this night when I held him that Kit Hallaway had determined to secure a fortune? And then, you know, I made Kit believe that he had told me—didn't I ever tell you about it, mamma?—that he could never marry a girl without a fortune, and about all a girl who loves to flirt. In short, I made her believe that he was only amusing himself with her, and Kit is terribly proud, you know, so that accounts for Gordon going away so suddenly. I am determined to be Mrs. Alan Gordon myself, for he is worth a half million if none."

I started to my feet in utter consternation, and then the strangest thing occurred. Out from the embrasure of the long window at the other end of the room, where she had sat, hidden from my view by the heavy window curtains, came Kitty Hallaway. She had also been a victim to the blundering system, and we two could hardly whether had meant—or even story with all the wrong as right.

I put out both hands with a swift glance toward the portieres—a glance which Kitty interpreted to mean silence, she held her white finger upon her lips, and without a word I stepped and kissed her.

At that very moment Miss Clara swept aside the portieres, falling back with a flushed cheek as her eyes fell upon the scene.

"Miss Kitty is my promised wife, Miss Crampton," I said quietly, "and we thank you from the bottom of our hearts for having set right the wrong that your own hands have wrought."

Kitty has been my dear wife for many a long day, but we will neither of us ever forget the hour of defeat, the humiliation, the consternation which rested upon Clara Crampton's face. But it was all her own work, and it was right that she should bear the penalty.—Lippincott's Mag.

A MODEL COW STALL.

Tested, Illustrated and Described by the Editor of Dewey's Dairyman.

The excellence of this plan of tying cows over the stanchion plan is: 1. The cow has her feet in width of stall and perfect liberty and comfort of position. 2. By virtue of the bar across the shall

A CLEAN, COMFORTABLE SECTION OF THE STALLS COWS.

floor, which will be sent just forward of the hind feet of the cow, the cow, the animal has always a dry, clean bed to lie on, thus keeping her as clean from manure in winter as though she was in a loose pasture. 3. By this system each cow is protected when lying down from having her teats and udder stepped on by her fellow-cows in the stable. This is one of the most productive sources of injury that is known, and of itself should condemn the rigid stanchion.

The cut represents one row of cows facing one row. A 4-foot board partition about four feet high forms the front of the stall. Each cow has 30 feet in width. The floor is made tight and there is no drop in rear of cows, except the thickness of one plank which is the double floor of the stall. The feed box rack is constructed for temporary 1. Two cents per day or sprinkles that may be fed the cows. The litterers put on with enough so the cow can easily get her nose to every one. 2. To force the cow when standing to stand with her hind feet in rear of the cornice across the stall floor. In constructing the feeding rack roll a 2 by 4 piece of scantling edgewise against the board partition. This constitutes the bottom of the rack and should be placed about two feet from the floor. Place the top scantling about two feet from the partition. This makes the feeding rack eight inches wide at bottom and twelve wide at top. In the center of the bottom scantling fasten a ring screw to fix the halter to. Fasten the cow with a common web halter, she wearing the headpiece all the time; the halter end of the rope has a safety snap to fasten into the ring of the halter under the throat. To prevent the cow from getting loose it is well to double the end of the rope into two strands six inches long and put a snap in each. Fastening both in the ring when tying the cow.

The grain and ensilage fed is placed on that side of the stall opposite to the one the cow usually lies on. If she lies on her left side place the grain feed on the right side. In placing the bar across the stall bring the cow's head squarely up against the feeding rack; then pass forward of her hind feet and down a 2 by 4 scantling. Fill the space forward of the bar with bedding, stalk being without waste will last till entirely worn out. In this way each cow has her bed in true proportion to her length. It should be fresh once a week however for the sake of health.

Care of Poultry.

Nothing can order in your poultry will appeal in good manner upon the way you place your fowls. If you look upon your poultry house as a dumping place, then dirt and disorder will be inevitable. But, on the contrary, if you consider it a worthy place to keep shipshape you will prize them the more. Shipshape you will prize for everything and everything in its right place.

Make up your mind in the beginning where you want to lay your halves, where you want your dirty, which is the best place for your hatches where and the cause for your dressing pens. When these points are well chosen then stick to them.

You want to be sure to have a bowl or two large enough to hold all the broken crockery you have, and have some yellow bowl or some pan is suitable for this. Do not use a tin pan, it is too cheap.

Do not begin your work until the feed is in the pan, and then do it quickly. Wipe bowl and pitcher. Rinse with and wash those which have been used for milk or cream. Scrape pots, pans and dishes with a knife before washing them. Dry carefully and put in their place in the pantry. This saves time. A coat of brush from the brushes will easily wipe out a fine clean bowl or other little without washing it or a knife or spoon might do.

Keep a pan and brush at hand and if feed is dropped on your pantry floor take it up at once. You can well have the pantry you believe all these things be some one. Never have other trouble bring in your pantry. Attic cats must wait until Thou you have need and bring them early.

Your pantry has cemented floor, tight floor, entry door close and in rules, the bulk closer in front, door, the door, you can bring materials to their place, but the floor must have carpet, or you mind with the dishtowels.—Mind Hampshireman.

Red Cross Stores in Russia.

The number of shops established by comprises with the Russian Red Cross society is now about ninety, a total in Russia of 1,200. Red Cross shops, besides a large number of shops in Russia, 37 are four, of whom would be immediately available for action work in case of war breaking out.

JAPANESE PILE CURE

A PERFECT CURE. Unsolicited testimonials from all parts of the country. Sufferers from Piles, Fistula, Fissure, Prolapsus, Pruritus, Constipation, Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Kidney Disease, Nervous Debility, Female Complaints, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sleeplessness, Nervousness, Dizziness, Ringing in the Ears, Bad Blood, Pimples, Eruptions, Boils, Carbuncles, Blotches, Sores, Ulcers, Abscesses, Tumors, Cancers, Tetter, Eczema, Itching Humors, Scrofula, Salt Rheum, Blood Poisoning, Malaria, Chills and Fevers, Mercurial Poisoning, Ague, Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, Sciatica, Lumbago, Gravel, Dropsy, Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Stone in the Bladder, Urinary Complaints, Wasting Diseases, Diseases of the Blood, Skin, Scalp, Bones, Nerves, Bladder, Kidneys, Liver, Stomach, Bowels, Lungs, Throat, Nose, Eyes, Ears, Head, Heart, Nerves, Blood, Flesh, Bones, Muscles, Joints, Nerves, Brain, Spine, Kidneys, Bladder