THE PHOTOGRAPH.

The door closed softly behind the quiet little world, and the girl, standing before the long mirror and tranquilly rearranging a bit of lace that had come astray upon the white gown, turned, with a strange expression on her beautiful face, and looked thoughtfully after the world. Then the beautiful girl crossed the room quickly and locked the door. The wedding dress rustled faintly as the key turned in the lock, and the sound, slight as it was, brought a flood of color capitable in its sun into her cheeks, but with a sigh of relief she went resolutely back to the fine wedding dress which stood near the dressing table and sank quietly into the chair before it. Once again the pink roses gave way to the white in her cheeks, however, and for a moment her fingers hovered in a half hesitating, half doubtful way over one of the heavily carved drawers, then, with a little hest loss of dignity to the thoughts that were advising her against her heart's wish, she pulled the drawer slowly open and drew from its plush lined recess a small photograph.

It was the picture of a man, but a man neither handsome nor striking in appearance.

For a moment the girl looked down at the plain face before her, with the determined eyes returning her earnest gaze so coolly, without emotion; then, with a half suppressed little exclamation of infinite love, she pressed the picture to her sweet young lips again and again.

Up the wide stairway and along the hall came the subdued strains of the orchestra, hesitatingly softly to melt behind the palms in the balcony, and the rippling melodies mingled reluctantly with the sound of the wheels of the late comers' carriages as they rolled hurriedly up to the door.

The girl's beautiful eyes, still upon the photograph, seemed to grow dreamy with recollections, and she forgot the waiting men and women of her set before. Two years ago—two short years! Yet in that time what a century of change a woman may live, and what an eternity of happiness or pain!

Two years ago, and life held only happiness and hopes, and now— But she would not permit herself to think of now; the present is to be lived, not thought of. Whatever happened in that present made little difference. The past was hers, secure and not to be disturbed. And to that past she crept back for one long, last look, yes it was just about twenty months since she knew it must be; she had been told so time and time again; but not until the very night when she was to give her hand to her brother's best friend had she fully realized it all.

With her heart throbbing as it had never throbbed before, though she had listened to the halting story from other men's lips, she heard, but dimly what this plain, earnest man whispered, and when at last she raised her happy face to his and he listened her passionately heaven indeed seemed not so far away.

For a long time they sat there—longer than the girl had the patience to wait, for she finally flew away—and when they went back at last, walking slowly along the beach to the little inn, her heart seemed to sing to itself the love song he had sung the night before, with a new meaning in the tender words. And she felt and realized that love had crowned her life.

And now? She wondered dimly if he remembered all this, or had he forgotten as men will forget such things? Could he do that, could he? She looked again at the picture held in her warm trembling hand, and the deep gray eyes looking straight up into her own seemed to say "No!" while the firm lips just half bare between the parted lips seemed to be whispering over again those sweet words of love which even now sang in her ears.

The sharp click of a closing carriage door sounded below, and a moment after the hurried tread of feet upon the stair told of the arrival of guests and her mother, but she did not hear them. Again the picture was pressed to the girl's lips, and the blue eyes grew brighter still with unshed tears. Once thought it all was, impossible that it was not her privilege in these last few minutes to bring back if she chose and to live for a moment in the shadowy long ago. Only a few short minutes more and the girl would be the wife, and married.

A gentle knock upon the door and the little mother's soft anxious voice called: "Are you ready, dear? It is here."

The girl started to her feet, clutching the photo in her nervous fingers until it crushed faint. The embers in her thrilling in musical rhythm below, the chatter of the guests came up to her as if they were far away and she but an idle listener, and the dreamy look in her eyes gave evidence of a mind elsewhere. Then it passed quickly, and a query air of determination and resolve came over her. With one last yearning look at the face between her white fingers she lingered a single second, and then, with eyes alight and cheeks burning, she slipped the picture into the bosom of her gown, and the lace fell gently over it.

"Yes, mother," she answered quietly, footing back with a great effort the little self that was to her live, and walking steadily across the room to the door, she stood before the nervous, chattering Frenchmaids with a calm, sweet face and quiet dignity which hushed their words and set them to silently admiring her.

"I am ready," she said.

* * * * * * *

As the carriage bowled away from the door amid a shower of roses and good wishes and a warm little slipper or two the girl leaned forward, and standing the picture from its hiding place she looked at it and then into the face of her husband, who sat watching her with quiet happiness. Then, with a happy, girlish laugh, she answered his inquiring question.

"Yes; I carried it there all during the service, right next my heart. But, Frank, dear, you are much handsomer than you were two years ago."—E. J. Appleton in Cincinnati Post.

SEVENTEEN YEAR LOCUST.

Its Method of Leaving the Seventeen-year-old Ground Floor.

Those who love to watch the operations of nature will find much interest in observing how the locust leaves the case in which it has lived for 17 years in the earth. One who watched these time tells his story:

"Naturalists say they come out only in the night. For almost two weeks I watched them nightly, and they made their appearance an hour before sundown, increasing in numbers until dark. Crawling by thousands through the grass and over the bare ground in their brown casing, which they are about to throw off, they are often covered with mud. Ascending weeds, posts, fences and frame work in droves, and particularly trees, they fix themselves to the bark and on the leaves. At this time they encounter many enemies, as chickens, hogs, squirrels and birds are very fond of them. Our cat was seen every evening watching in the grass, seeming to relish them as a dainty.

"One evening I secured seven on one branch and watched the operation of their new lives by lamplight. They were some time running up and down selecting a position. Once fairly fixed the back part of the head soon becomes smooth and glossy, as if stretched to its utmost tension. In five minutes from the time of settling in position a longitudinal fissure appeared, showing a threadlike white line where the split occurs, on the back of the head, extending finally from the first joint, connecting the pedicels or forceps to the body joint, half an inch in length. In three minutes more the head had passed its way out. Gradually the fore legs were withdrawn from their sockets—say in one minute.

"Then the whole body swung slowly backward, head down and feet outward, suspended with an occasional tremor, as if trying to extricate the hind part and legs. When it had hung for three minutes, it then very slowly, like an aroubat, brought its body up to the original position, withdrew the hind legs and body, and in two minutes more stood outside the panoplies in full form, an inch long, of a white, waxy appearance, with red eyes I. ruble. The wings showed only as a mass of cramped up white film. In a minute the wings had grown to three-quarters of an inch, by measurement; in three minutes to one inch and in six and a half minutes to the full size of one and a quarter inches in length and half an inch in breadth. In 20 minutes the whole process was accomplished. The yearly 'locust' would be as well worth watching."—Mechanics' Monthly.

Ivory Dust.

Ivory dust for jelly is sold in London at shillings per pound. It is the waste which results from the manufacture of ivory into various articles, and a workshop will accumulate, according to amount of carpet, from five to six pounds of dust in a week. The proportions are one pound of dust to a quart of water, boiled for eight or ten hours. The product is a clear jelly, which is strained and flavored to taste or diluted for the purpose of soup.

But the stock of elephant ivory is dying out; substitutes are used largely in place of it. There is vegetable ivory, the seed of a large growing palm in South America, each seed about the size of a hen's egg, and various artificial ivories, a compound of caoutchouc, sulphur and some white substance, pipe clay, gypsum or oxide of zinc, or, more simple still, a mixture of skimmilk and borax, which, compressed, forms into a cream colored block, and may be used in place of native African ivory which it closely resembles.

Then even when the elephant becomes as extinct as the dodo, ivory jelly may still keep up, if not add to, its reputation.—London Letter.

A Remarkable Tree.

In Surinam there is a remarkable toadlike creature, the female of which carries the young in a series of cells in the thick skin of the back, which assumes a strange honeycombed appearance. When this lady toad is carrying her nursery about with her, she is a very repulsive looking object. Single handed she would be quite unable to cope with the important question of placing, say where they will be most convenient, but in nature, and for this she has to rely on the good services of her mate. Soon after the eggs are laid they are taken up by the male and pressed, one by one, into the cells in the thickened skin of his partner's back. There they grow until they fit closely to the hexagonal form of their prisons, each of which is closed above by a kind of trapdoor.

After a period of some 82 days the eggs reach their full development and produce, not tadpoles, but actually perfect little toads. The reason of this is that the tadpole, which requires to breathe the air dissolved in the water by means of their external gills, could not exist in the cells, and consequently this stage of development is passed through very rapidly within the egg. In due time the young toads cut the membrane of the chosen trapdoor, the lids of their cells, poke out their noses and make their entrance into the world. The mother toad rubs off the remains of the cells against any convenient stone or plant stem and comes out in a brand new spring suit.—Knowledge.

Use of Ginseng In China.

In China ginseng is often sent to friends as a valuable present, and in such cases there is usually presented along with the ginseng a small finely finished double letter on its preparation. The inner kettle is made of silver, and between it and the outside copper vessel is a small space for holding water. The silver kettle fits in a ring near the top of the outer covering and is furnished with a cuplike cover, in which rice is put, with a little water. The ginseng is placed in the inner vessel, the cover put on and the whole apparatus set on the fire. When the rice in the cover is cooked, the medicine is ready and is eaten by the patient, who drinks the ginseng tea at the same time.

The dose of the root is from 60 to 90 grains. During the use of the drug tea drinking is prohibited for at least a month, with any other things of diet. It is taken in the morning before breakfast and sometimes in the evening before going to bed.—Chambers' Journal.

A Pun and His Wife.

Again, on the underground railway a little chubby man came and woman got into the carriage. He was starling at every one—the guard, the porters, the newspaper boy and a passenger whose foot he kicked getting into the carriage. The woman was a little thin and pale, and I fancy all the passengers were sorry for her and thought she must have a very bad time of it. Presently she spoke to the man. She said, "When shall we all, but voice, look, manner were absolutely kind and tender. The whole man changed when he spoke to his wife. A brute to every one else, he was a lover to her. Lucky woman! Every one would hate her husband but herself and be hated every one but her. What more could she want? As for the other passengers I think they went home singing, because they had seen love.—New Budget.

Point Judith.

It was colonial day at the Professional Woman's league and Miss Emma Tuttle Lewis, who is a descendant of the Puritans, in an interesting talk on the subject, said: "An ancestress of mine, one Judith Hull, was responsible for the name of Point Judith. She was a scold, in fact a regular shrew, and kept the whole town in which she lived in a hell one-third of the time. So it came to pass that the little peninsula that juts out from Rhode Island and creates such disturbance in the waters of the sound and proves so trying and often disastrous to the seamen and landsmen alike was called Point Judith in honor of the human prototype. It wasn't exactly honorable at the time, but after all these years we regard it so."—New York World.

Publisher and Authors.

I remember, a little while before the death in the hunting field of that delightful companion and brilliant gentleman, Whyte Melville, I was asked and to see one day. "Ah, you know, if your books sold like Major Melville's, we could afford to give you as long prices as we give to him." The publisher was not aware that I and Whyte Melville were friends. The letter, however, came to dine with me a few evenings later, and I told him what had been said. He stared, laughed and pulled his long auburn mustache. "Well, by Jove, that's droll!" he said, with much amusement. "If the fellow didn't tell me last week that if my books sold like yours he could say me double and treble!"—Onida in North American Review.

A Cure For Stammering.

It is said that stammerers rarely, if ever, show any impediment of speech when speaking in whispers. On this fact a new method of treatment has been advocated, which is as follows: For the first ten days speaking is prohibited. This will allow rest to the vocal cord and constitutes the preliminary state of treatment. During the next ten days speaking is permissible in the whispering voice, and in the course of the next 15 days the ordinary conversational tone may be gradually employed.

Were Women Free.

The only reason why women ever assume what is now appropriate to men is because they prevent men from finding out what it is for themselves. Were they free, were they who, fully to develop the strength and beauty of women, they would never wish to be men or mankind. The well instructed mean flies not from her child to seize on the clothes of her partner.—Margaret Fuller Ossoli.

Mrs. Custer's Stories.

Mrs. General Custer is the best of story tellers and puts enough dramatic action into her stories to bring the scenes she pictures before the eyes of her listeners in a charming manner. "I never open my book, 'Boots and Saddles,'" said she recently, "because there are so many errors in it. The fact is, some of the mistakes stand out in golden letters on the wall in the nightime."

The Chief's Mistake.

Big Injun (admiringly)—Me like pleur.

College Man (proudly)—I thought you would.

Big Injun—Heap pretty squaw!

College Man (wrathfully)—You old Indian! That's a portrait of me when I belonged to the football team.—New York Weekly.

CURING HAY.

A Device For Stacking Hay That Is Difficult to Cure.

The Arkansas station, among other bulletins of value sent out, has issued one on the curing and storing of cowpea hay, which offers valuable suggestions to other localities where forage plants difficult to cure in uncertain weather are grown—as, for instance, alfalfa and clover. Field curing of cowpea hay requires several days, and with the chances of ordinary weather this means damage

STACK FRAME FOR CURING AND STORING HAY.

to the vines, and loss of pods. To obviate this difficulty, the station bulletin describes and illustrates a stack frame for curing and storing the tea vines.

The construction is easily explained by the picture. Two poles are driven into the ground the desired length apart. To these five horizontal planks are spiked, as shown in the figure, and at each end two 2 by 4 strips are nailed for supports.

In filling the stack the men begin at the bottom and throw in hay enough to fill up to the top of the first plank. Rails or poles are then laid along from one end to the other so as to form a second floor. More hay is put on this, then more rails or poles, and so on until the stack is completed. It may be secured up by any convenient helper, and possibly affords a series of shelves which set at the station were 10 feet wide and 2 feet high, in which the hay was stored, and cured in the shade. The whole may be covered with straw, a tarpaulin or a movable roof of boards. The result is that the vines cure perfectly, as there are ample ventilation and no chance for the hay to spoil. In taking out the hay we are told to begin with the lower floor and take out from the bottom, thus leaving the top for protection till the last.

In the experiment the vines were cut in the morning after the dew was off and allowed to lie on the ground and with until the next morning. They were then raked up and hauled to the stack frame and stacked in the manner described. Straw was then thrown smoothly over the top to turn rain. No pods or leaves were lost during the handling of the vines, and leaves were only slightly wilted, and if the rain had fallen on the hay before it was stacked no damage would have been done to it. This plan can hardly fail to receive attention by farmers who want hay with that peculiar green color that is only found in shade cured hay.

Crop Rotations.

An interesting case of a three crop rotation in two years, with one plowing of the land was reported from the Ohio State university farm. This was plowing a clover sod and cutting a crop of hay, about June 10, planting to corn, which was put to rows one-half the usual distance apart. This corn was cut in September for fodder, and the hay sown to wheat, corn being sown in the spring to go through the same process. Such rotation as this would not be practicable in many places.

Where land is a "little worn" or has of great natural fertility, a three or four years' rotation with an occasional fallow itself is common. In such cases sometimes follow a fallow comes small grain crop, says Prairie Farmer, which adds. As a rule, corn is the only cultivated crop, cowpeas are considerable acreage in this country. These are some fodder, in which potatoes are largely grown, but these from but a small percentage of the farm area of the country. In like manner some variety of clover is the chief often the only, "renovating crop."

Improvements In Hayrigging.

On our large western farms, where the hay harvest continues for any considerable length of time, the four foot mower has been replaced by one with a six or seven foot cutter bar. The extra foot also has given way to one twice the width. Other implements have been added. Clover grows in such luxuriance in the Iowa and that the toddler is impossible. The leader saves time and hard labor. Stacking in the open air has proved to be a very costly method of preserving hay, and one patent was recently thickly dotted with hay horses into which the hay is placed by horse power.—Iowa Farmer.

Maine's Dates In the Woods Early.

In 1872 James Johnson of York house affiliated with one of his neighbors, three Simpson, and determined to assign the self upon river simpson, which, some ago were 8 and 9 years. "The nearest place for our five miles from the dwelling house or the inhabitants for both of the Simpson's, and consequently subsistence or pound secured for 7 back, with walls to the wood, under a pine tree, so to speak. We had built this to shelter the children into the woods, under a pine tree, and the tent to shelter beds, and found the shelter within the pine, where we lived comfortably for months. The vines has the been called the Devil's Invention.

The children were soon missed, and the alarmed inhabitants searched for them many days in vain. The boys were aware of their wonderful situation, and various attempts to get out, and finally, by dint great labor with their hands the face of the earth underneath one of the large pods, effected their escape. They wandered in the forest, where days here at last attracted to the spot by the noise of the axe, where they were found.

The deprived criminal was condemned to have 39 stripes well laid on, by the father of the children at the trunnion. Life, besides fore and charged the prisoner, and remain a close prisoner during the court's pleasure or till further order. In same month he recognized before two of the magistrates, "confined to soil his, within 17 days, out of the jurisdiction."—York Courant.

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