

My Winter Girl.

When wraps unfurl
My winter girl,
In downy wreaths of fur,
I know my eyes
But ill disguise
The pride I have in her.

The flakes that fly
Winter's sky
Gleaming, crystal whirl,
Am not so fair,
Or pure, or rare
As my sweet winter girl.

And I know this,
That ev'ry kiss
On her rose lips that sleeps,
Is all my own.
And mine alone,
And she is mine for keeps.

A SISTER'S VENGEANCE.

"Do you love him so much, sister Cora?"
"Love him! love him, Madge! better
than my youth, my life—ay, sometimes I
fear better than my hope of heaven! And
I am to be his wife little Madge, this good
man's wife, when the beautiful Spring
comes. I shall leave you, and auntie, to be
all his. But this is our secret, and only
you can share it."

Then her hands relaxed their hold, and
drawing the light scarf over her shoulders,
she tripped silently on. They were almost
there—nearing the edge of the wood, and
the stile was but a step away. Another
step forward, and then Madge held her
sister back.

"Wait!" she whispered: "I can see
two men on the seat, Cora. We do not
want to meet strangers there."

"No," she said, drawing back in the
shadow of the wood; "it is Neil's friend,



Willis Dean. We will wait until he goes,
for I do not like to meet him."

Even as she spoke the figure arose, and
the sound of his voice came on the twilight
air, distinct and clear.

"And what of this love affair, friend
Neil? When is it to end, and how? Are
you really in earnest, and do you really
intend to marry the girl?"

Cora Smith's hand closed upon the arm
of Madge till she shrank in pain while they
waited for the answer. Neil Rowan laugh-
ed softly.

"Marry her?" he repeated. "She is
just the subject for a grand flirtation, and
I assure you I have done the thing well.
But for anything further—bah! I am go-
ing back to town to-morrow, and this is our
last meeting; so be off, old fellow, for I
expect her every moment."

Just for one moment Madge Smith's
heart stood still in awful fear, for she
thought Cora was dying. That white
ghostly face there in the twilight, that mo-
tionless figure, those tightly locked hands,
it surely was not the fair, sweet maiden of
a moment before. But the spasm passed,
and, without a word, she arose and glided
noiselessly away, and Madge followed her
in silence.

Neil Rowan waited until the light had
all died out of the west, and the dew lay
like Summer rain on the grass at his feet.
His cigar was smoked down to ashes, and
his lazy reverie was broken by the cry of
the whip-poor-will.

"She isn't coming to-night!" he said,
mentally; "that is certain. The scheming
auntie up yonder managed to prevent it this
time. Oh, well, it saved a scene! I will
drop a loving farewell note, and so it ends
—a Summer's amusement. Ha, hum!" and
Neil Rowan strolled homeward; singing,
half unconsciously, "I won't have her, I
know—I won't have her, I know—I don't
care a straw who has her, I know."

The farewell note came to Cora Smith
the following night, but the everbright eyes
never rested on the creamy page, for, ere
the insane light gave place to reason again,
death sealed the white eyelids. To such
natures as this girl's, love is life, and the
rude blow that woke her from one bright
dream of her youth snapped the slender
cord that bound her frail spirit to earth,
and out of the depths of her awful grief,
the kindly hand of death led her to the
mountain top, where is builded the city of
the New Jerusalem.

Day by day, week by week, month by
month, so sped the time until eight years
were counted.

Wonderful changes had the eight years
brought. Side by side with this grave
were two others, and the headstones bore
the names of good aunt and uncle Smith.
They had rested there six years; and every
Summer beautiful Madge Smith came down
from her city mansion, and lingered in the
old home a week, trimming the grasses and
planting bright flowers on the mounds.
right, beautiful Madge Smith, the heiress
of all Uncle Smith's hidden wealth, the
wealth he guarded so well during that toil-
worn, weary life.

Three years before, Madge Smith left
school, to reign queen of society. Beau-
tiful, strangely beautiful, with that cold,
white, high-bred face, those wide, fathom-
less, glittering amber eyes, a figure match-
less in symmetry and grace, accomplished
in every branch of knowledge, and the heiress
of great wealth
and lovers, old and young
knelt at Madge Smith's shrine. Strange
wonder, the world said, that all were
scorned—not gently and with words of pity

and apology, but spurned from her very
feet with scornful lips and blazing eyes.
Ay, Madge Smith was an enigma and
mystery to all who knew her. No warmer
friend, no brighter companion did those of
her own sex seek for. But never were
those wonderful lips seen to smile, or those
wonderful eyes to soften, in response to any
lover's; no glacier was more frigid than she
to all men. All, did I say? Nay, Dame
Rumor had plenty of gossip, just now
Only a few weeks since a new rival ap-
peared on the scene of action Neil Rowan,
merchant and millionaire, entered the list
of Madge Smith's admirers—not for he
wealth, surely, Madam Grundy acknowl-
edged, graciously. He had enough of his
own. It was genuine love that this blase
man of society felt for beautiful Madge.
And a wonderful change had come over the
fair lady since his appearance. Bright be-
fore, she was brilliant now—sparkling,
witty, bewildering; and the world looked
on in amazement to see the flush stain her
cheek, and the bright smile that lighted her
eyes at his approach.

And did he not recognize her, you are
wondering? Nay, how should he? Sweet
Cora Smith, and the Summer in the coun-
try, were forgotten things with this man.
He had broken half a dozen silly hearts
since then, and left them all with Time,
the great healer. He had flirted with
society's queens and village maidens in-
numerable, and left the past all behind
him. And now he came and laid the first
pure, real love of his lifetime at this
woman's feet. So he told her, one Autumn
night, in the grand parlor of her stately
home.

How her hands trembled and her eyes
shone as she listened!

"Wait," she said; "I will give you my
answer to-morrow night; it is my birth-
night, and I shall give an entertainment.
You will come; I will answer you then.
Be in the library at 10, and you shall hear
my answer."

And the night came, and he was there
waiting. He paced the room impatiently.
Would she ever come, this girl that was
dearer than his life? Ay, she was life to
him. The world had seemed old, stale,
flavorless, until he met her, the woman
who, alone of all her sex, had ever stirred
the slumbering passions of his heart. How
bright the future seemed! He was so sure
of her answer; had not she given it all but
in words?

"My beautiful, my queen!" he said,
softly. And just then he heard the light
ripple of a woman's laugh in the adjoining
room. Her laugh; he knew it among a
thousand; and her voice; she was speaking
loud and clear.

"There, Guardie; you must let me go
now. Mr. Rowan is waiting for me in the
library. You know I am to give him his
answer to-night."

And the guardian's voice, speaking ten-
derly, replied:

"And that answer, I can guess it, little
Madge. You are going to marry this man,
and leave us all."

She laughed softly.
"Marry him? No, indeed, sir! He is
just the subject for a grand flirtation, and
I assure you I have acted my part well, but
for anything further—bah! But he is ex-
pecting me, so by-by till I come again," and
she tripped lightly through the half open
door, ere the amazed guardian could utter
a syllable.

A white, ghastly, shivering figure, stood
by the library window.

"For God's sake, Madge Smith, tell me
you were jesting!" he cried, as brilliantly,
glovingly beautiful, she glided into the
room.

"Not so, my friend," she answered, light-
ly. "I spoke the truth. If you overheard
my words, I need not repeat them. It is
my answer."

"But you gave me hope; you led me on;
you have given me reason to think you



loved me," he cried, passionately. "It is
the one love of my life! I have centred
every hope in you, Madge Smith, and for
God's sake, do not wreck my happiness.

She was very pale now, and her eyes
were black and glistening.

"Neil Rowan," she said slowly, "I have
prayed for this hour for years, but never in
my wildest dreams did I think my prayer
would be so fully answered. When I saw
the hue of death, the white agony on my
sister's cheek—when I saw her writhe in
speechless agony at the words she heard
eight years ago to-night, I vowed to avenge
her, God being my helper. Again, when I
heard the thud of the earth upon her coffin,
I vowed that vow. God has brought it
about even sooner; more complete than I
had thought. If I have given you one hour
of such agony as she suffered, I am con-
tent. If you could live and suffer it for
countless ages, I should be better content.
Good night!"

Two hours afterward, the sharp ring of a
pistol rang with startling distinctness
through the crowded drawing-room. All
sprang to their feet, save Madge Smith.
Perhaps her cheek paled a little—I cannot
tell—but the light of her eye never changed,
her smiling lips never relaxed, as she gazed
upon the blood-stained corpse in the li-
brary. Neil Rowan had taken his own
life and Cora Smith's was avenged.

Regret.
One kiss was all I asked, I said;
That speech I sadly rue,
For now she's wedded to a man
Who did not stop at two.

The king of the Belgians offers a prize of
\$5,000 for the best plan of supplying Brus-
sels with drinking water. The competition
is open to all the world.

PRACTICAL FARMING.

A Barn for All Kinds of Live Stock.

Some farmers would be glad to build
contemplated barns so that all kinds of
stock kept on a place devoted to general
farming may be gathered under one roof.
This plan has its advantages and its dis-
advantages—more of the former than of the



FIG 1. PERSPECTIVE VIEW OF BARN.

latter perhaps, if one places its proper
value upon ease in doing one's work. The
illustrations given herewith may afford
suggestions for those desiring to build
general purpose barns. The barn is of the
ordinary shape, with a wing on either end,
as seen in Fig 1, the main or feeding floor
being across the middle of the barn proper.

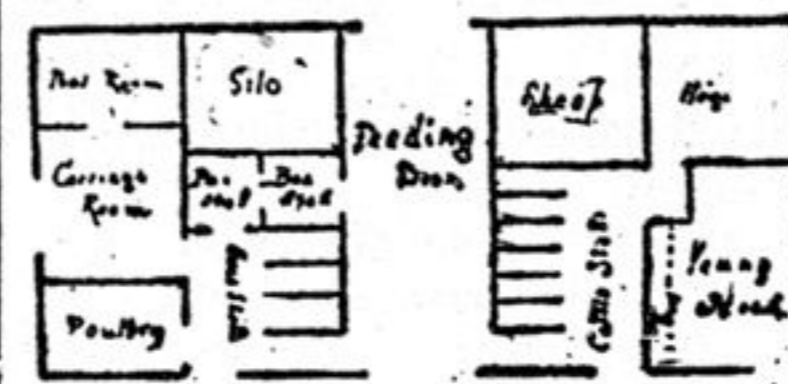


FIG 2. GROUND PLAN.

The floor plan (Fig 2) leaves little to add
by way of explanation, except that provi-
sions may be made for feeding the young
stock from the second floor through chutes
at the end of the barn proper. It is intended
for the young stock to run loose in the pen
provided—which should have a cement
floor—and that the manure from the cattle
and horse stalls should be wheeled daily
into this pen, spaded and covered with
litter. It will thus be firmly packed and
kept in the best condition. If such a barn
could be built where it could have a dry
cellar, the manure could be dropped into
the cellar, where also could be stored roots,
while the silo could extend down through the
cellar, the root room being, of course, parti-
tioned off from the space devoted to the
manure.

Good Feeders.

When the profits of feeding at best are
small, every advantage must be taken if
they are maintained or increased. One
item with all classes of stock, and especially
those being fed for market, is to secure
good feeding animals.

Every farmer who has given his cattle
that attention necessary to secure the best
gain at the lowest cost understands that
there is a very considerable difference in
the feeding quality of different cattle, not
only of different breeds, but of the same
breeds. In feeding for profit their capacity
for taking on flesh must always be consid-
ered, and in connection with this, the amount
of food required. In growing and fatten-
ing cattle for market, the profit depends
upon their value when ready to sell, the
cost of production, and the time required
to produce. The calf must be well fed
from the start, so as to maintain a steady
growth. A quick growth and an early
maturity being essential, the animal must
have these qualifications, or, in a measure,
will prove a loss. To a considerable extent
with cattle, quality, in connection with
good size, largely determines the profit,
and any animal that, with good treatment,
cannot be depended upon to grow reasonably
rapidly and to fatten readily should be dis-
posed of as soon as possible. One of the
principal advantages in the better breeds
is their ability to make a quicker and better
growth for the amount of food required.

It seems rather poor economy to feed out
the products of the farm to long, lean flat-
ribbed cattle that make a slow growth and
are hard to fatten, and when they are ready
to market must be sold at a low price, when
the same food, care, and shelter given a
better animal will secure a better and more
rapid gain and a quality of product that
will sell at a better price when put upon
the market.

The difference in time required for growth
and to fatten with the best quality of prod-
uct and the better price make it an item
to look after good feeding animals. In
many cases the difference in the price that
can be realized often determines the ques-
tion of profit or loss in the feeding, and
profit is the principal consideration in feed-
ing cattle, as with other stock.

Barn-Yard Manures.

It is but recently that our farmers are
beginning to see the great necessity of sav-
ing and applying manures. They are be-
ginning to see that they are continually
taking from their farms year by year plant
food and not returning any. Now, how-
ever, they are beginning to realize that
good crops can not be grown unless an
abundant supply of proper food is furnish-
ed. So progressive farmers are searching
for the most approved methods of securing
and applying barn manures.

We find there are three points which
must be considered in the handling of
manures—the making, saving, and apply-
ing.

We find from the various reports of
chemists and experimentors that there are
three ingredients which are necessary for
plant growth. These are nitrogen, phos-
phoric acid, and potash. We find also that
our barn manures contain to some extent
all these elements. Now, the question
comes to us, how can we produce a stable
manure that shall contain the greatest
amount of these plant foods? We know
that those substances which enrich our feed
are the ones that give value to the manure.
So if we feed those things which are rich
in the necessary plant foods, then the man-
ure will be correspondingly rich. Manure
from fattened stock is always richer than
from other, because, as a rule, they are fed
those things which are rich in the elements
named above.

The saving of the manure is but little

studied by our farmers. Many of our
farmers throw the manure out of their
stables, on the open ground, as a rule,
under the barn eaves, where the snows
and rains can beat upon it and wash out
the soluble portions of it. The valuable
part of the manure is the liquid portions—
three-fourths of the value of manures is
the liquid.

The manure pile is oftentimes placed on
a side hill, and as the rains and snows
wash upon them the liquid portions run
out and escape to the culverts and are
lost. Some go so far as to bore holes back
of their stock so as to give the liquid
portions of the manure a chance to escape,
not knowing that the most valuable por-
tions of the manure are being wasted.
There is no fixed method of saving
manure that will apply to all farms. One
method may be suitable for one situation,
another for some other locality. Use any
method by which you can save, without
loss, both the dung and liquid portions.
Probably the simplest and cheapest way is
to use absorbents, using anything in the
stables that will absorb the liquids and
hold them.

From experiments we find that it requires
twenty-four pounds of dry matter per day
as feed for a 1,000-pound animal, and that
it requires one-fourth of the amount of dry
matter fed, as bedding, to absorb the liquid
portions of the manure. Or, six pounds of
dry matter per day as bedding for a 1,000-
pound animal. Short bedding is probably
best, as it absorbs the moisture better.

In order to understand just where and
how to place the manure that the farm crops
may derive the quickest and the best
results, we must understand something of
the nature and growth of our crops. As a
rule, those roots which extend the deepest
in the soil are the moisture-supplying ones,
while those which are found near the sur-
face are the food-supplying one. By this
we may readily see that in order for the
plants to receive the benefits of the manure
we must place it within the reach of the
food-supplying roots. If we place the
manure near the surface it is then within
the reach of the young plant when it starts
growth; where, if we plowed it in deep,
before the young plant had time to send its
rootlets down, the manure would be wash-
ed deeper in the soil and lost to the young
plants.—J. L. Herbst.

Anything in Reason.

A traveller who was going in leisurely
fashion about Ireland, many years ago, says
that the smaller inns there were wretched
places, where one could find nothing desir-
able—but courtesy. At one of them this
dialogue took place between a guest and a
waiter:

"What can we have for dinner?"
"Anything you please, ma'am. Anything
you please!"
"Well, but exactly what can we have?"
"You can have a pair of ducks!"
"I am sorry to say my father cannot eat
ducks. What else?"
"They are very fine ducks ma'am."
"I dare say, but what else?"
"You might have the ducks boiled,
ma'am!"
"No, no! Can we have mutton?"
"Well, not mutton to-day, ma'am."
"Some beef?"
"No, ma'am."
"Some veal?"
"Not any veal, I'm afraid."
"Well, then, a fowl."
"We haven't got a fowl."
"What on earth have you, then?"
"Well, then, ma'am, I'm afraid if you
won't have the fine pair of ducks, there's
nothing for it but bacon and eggs!"

Anecdotes of Dr. Holmes.

In the older days of the Harvard Medi-
cal School, when funds were scarce and
professors scarcer, Dr. Holmes was the
lecturer on anatomy, physiology, medical
chemistry, and a few other subjects. One
day the President of the college met him
in the street and congratulated him on his
then recent election to a professional chair
of medicine.

"Chair!" flashed out the doctor. You're
mistaken, my dear sir; it isn't a chair of
medicine that I occupy, it's a whole
settee!"

The second tale is also a medical one
and relates to a meeting of several of the
leading physicians of a bygone generation.
They were all except Holmes, big men
physically, and mentally, and for some time
the little doctor walked disconsolately about
amid his six-foot colleagues. Then, jingling
the loose change in his pocket, he said
calmly:

"Do you know, gentlemen, I feel like a
3-cent piece among a lot of pennies!"

Open Fires Injure Eyes.

If there is an open fireplace in the house
and it is the delight of either the head of
the house or the small ones in the family
to sit before it and watch the flames play,
don't let them do so too long. The flashing
flames are fascinating, but they are rough
on the eyes and burn the sight so that
many a painful pair of eyes may be traced
to too earnest devotion to an open fire.
Keep plenty of handscreens ready or else
have long-handled paper fans hanging beside
the fireplace.

Left-Handed Praise.

An exchange reports another of those
amiable criticisms that one hears sometime
between friends.

Jones has come into Brown's studio, and
is looking about the walls. Suddenly he
pauses before a sketch.

"I say, Harry," he says, "where did you
get that?"

"Why, I got it out of my head."

"Well, it's lucky for your head that
you got it out."

A Man Worth Knowing.

A stranger mistaking John Boyle O'Reilly
for a friend approached him from behind,
slapped him on the shoulder, and greeted
him as Jack with all the warmth of a life-
long friendship. O'Reilly turned to face a
very embarrassed man, and said, holding
out his hand: "I'm not Jack, but I'm
glad to know and be the friend of any
man that is as glad to see his friend as you
seem to be."

A NEW INDOOR GAME.

HAND TENNIS THE INDOOR RAGE
IN NEW YORK.

It is Violent Without Being Rough. Exer-
cises All Portions of the Body, is Well
Suited for Ladies, and Promises to be
Popular.

Members of the New York Athletic Club
are enthusiastic over a new ball game,
called hand tennis. Every afternoon
the gymnasium is filled with mem-
bers of the club, both young and old, who
go there to play this game. Boxing and
wrestling have been practically abandoned,
and most of the gymnastic paraphernalia
has been removed to make room for this
latest sport.

Hand tennis promises to become even
more popular than lawn tennis or golf. It
is an excellent and absolutely harmless
game, bringing all the muscles into action
and quickening and strengthening the eye.
It is admirably suited to the tastes of the
gentler sex and it affords an opportunity
for boys and girls to obtain

HEALTHFUL EXERCISE WITHOUT EXPOSURE
to cold or danger. The game is played at
the club on a floor thirty-eight feet long
by fourteen feet wide. The floor is resined
and is divided into halves by a net, which
is two feet six inches high. The floor is
marked by chalk lines.

Three feet from the end line, which is
called the toe line, a line is drawn across
the floor. Ten feet from the net is another
line, called the short line. The contestants
toss for choice of sides before beginning the
game. Play commences by one player
taking the ball and standing between the
toe line and the end line.

He then "hops" the ball against the floor
behind the toe line and hits it with his hand
over the net to the opposite player. Should
he fail to send it over the net or drive it
over his opponent's end line his hand would
be "out" and the ball would be given to the
opposing side. The game is played

ALMOST PRECISELY LIKE LAWN TENNIS,

but the balls are delivered and returned
with the hand only. Both hands may be
used in playing. When a player standing
between the end line and the toe line deli-
vers the ball to his opponent and his oppo-
nent fails to return it or drives it over the
end or side line, he scores a point. Twenty
points decide the game.

If a player in returning the ball touches
the net with any part of his body it is a foul.
The opposing side can then claim one point.
The ball may be struck before reaching the
floor and after only one bound. Men at
the New York Athletic Club play in their
gymnasium suits, wearing rubber shoes.

Mr. E. J. Giammi, who introduced
hand tennis, is physical instructor of the
club. When asked as to the origin of the
game he said:

"Well, I suppose I am in a measur-
able responsible for it. Ten years ago, while
I was at Wood's Gymnasium, I found a
good deal of enjoyment in throwing a ball
to the floor and striking it against the
wall with the palm of my hand. Some of
my companions would join me in trying to
hit the ball, and I conceived the idea of
making a game of it.

"I realized that great physical benefits
could result from an indulgence in this
sport, and the first step towards developing
the game was to stretch a rope across the
floor. Then came the idea of using a net
and establishing rules. The exercise,
while violent,

IS NEVER ROUGH,

It can be attended only by the best results,
so far as physical condition is concerned.
It is an excellent flesh reducer, and I
recommend it to all the 'heavy-weight'
members of the club. These gentlemen
play in 'sweaters.'"

"Are the ladies interested in hand
tennis?"

"I hardly think they know there is such
a game," was the reply. "Oh, yes! I had
forgotten. Last summer Miss Lucille Hall,
teacher of physical culture at Wellesley
College, came to me to learn how it was
played, saying she had heard of it and
wished to introduce it to her pupils. But I
don't think the ladies in New York know
anything of it as yet. In my opinion, they
could not find a more delightful indoor
exercise nor one better adapted to the pro-
motion of health."

"What costume would you recommend
in the event of the adoption of this sport
by women?"

"I should say," was the reply, "the short
shirt and high gaiters would be the most
satisfactory dress, as freedom of motion is
essential."

Hand tennis should become a fad among
the New York girls this winter, since it is
pleasurable and health-giving and affords
an opportunity of donning picturesque at-
tire.

An Amusing Mistake.

An English paper tells the following
story about Dr. Holmes. When he was in
England, in 1886, he found himself on one
occasion at a "crush" in London among a
great mass of people, including several
royal personages. He sat quietly in a
corner, but presently, feeling a little faint,
and observing refreshments in the distance,
he turned to an elderly personage standing
near, whom he supposed to be a butler of
something of that kind, and asked for a
harmless beverage. The supposed servant
brought this with alacrity and remarked:
"I am very glad to meet you, Dr. Holmes."
The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table was a
little taken aback, and the stranger added:
"I am Prince Christian." "Dear me," said
Holmes, alive at once to the joke, "I have
not had much acquaintance with princes,
and, do you know, I took you for the wait-
er!" At this Prince Christian went off into
a burst of merriment. "Where is my wife?"
he said. "I must tell her this. She admires
you immensely." Off went Prince Christian
to fetch the Princess, and the genial Ameri-
can philosopher was soon the centre of a
circle of royalty, greatly delighted by the
incident.