Good Wife's Tears

"I left her crying! By Jove! I can stand anything but that!"

Never was a braver young husband. Never a truer young father. I know him through and through. I say young. He is almost thirty years old. He had a fine business when he married as pretty a girl as ever lived, eight years ago. His father was then rich. Her father was rich. Both the fathers failed in business and are dead. But Edward buckled down to business and did well, up to four years ago. She was happy till he began to be obliged to say, "I can't afford it, Alice." Now, it seems, she is often in tears as he leaves home in the morning for the day's battle. He says, "It takes all the pluck out of me. I have to meet the world at a disadvantage. I feel as if, somehow, my wife was not true to her vow, to take me for richer, for poorer. Do you think she has begun to lose respect for me? If she has, then she has begun to love me less. A wife cannot love the man whom she does not respect. A wife must look up to her husband; or else she must pity him. Otherwise love flies out of the window." This is a sample of the poor boy's dismal reasoning, as, two or three times lately, he has opened, reluctantly, I confess, his heart to me.

My dear young friend, his wife, read this. Don't cry any more in his parting hour. A wife may cry if her husband is a drunkard. Yours is not. If a husband is an idler, is a sick man, is a gambler, or a fellow with a ruined reputation, then his wife may weep a bitter weeping. Your good man is none of these. Far from it. He is honest, true to you and everybody, but unfortunate. He is handsome, healthy and does the work of two men daily, in his heroic struggle to retrieve injured fortunes. And he will do it, too, unless you defeat him, which you are in a fair way to do. I shall never forget my horror, when one day a man groaned out to his wife—they were both in my office on business: "My life insurance would give you all the luxuries you want!" He carried $250,000. He seemed to be thinking out loud, rather as if of late it had often been a familiar thought in his dark soul. Husbands with large life insurance may be worth more to their families dead than living. It is frightful to write such things. But in these days of many forms of ample insurance, fretful and extravagant wives of really affectionate men had better think on the temptation. One need not use a revolver; one may simply work himself to death, saying, "What is the odds? By overwork I may win. But if by overwork I die, the family will get big insurance." Women forget—bless their dear lives!—sometimes they forget. For instance, your father once failed in business. Your young head knew nothing of it. You seem to remember your father's house only as a place of plenty. But there were dark days there. Ask your mother. We all overlook the gradations of want. Want of luxuries is poignant suffering, but want of bread is far more terrible. Have you forgotten the story of the actual want for bread and shelter which one of the prettiest girls in your school afterward went through to your pitying ears, and how, widowed and sick, she came to you for help to save her? Under the moon, shining into the diamonds of engagement rings, what high and heroic flights of constancy our dear girls whispered to us. It was nothing then that we were poor, for we were in their eyes lover heroes. Ah, well, the best of wives is she who never forgets her maidenly faith in her boy lover. No, not when hard times hang on the heels of hard times, and years of bad business dismay the bravest and truest of men.

Women, are, as a rule, as capable as their husbands, mentally. Often the wife has the better mind of the two. She can reason full as well. She can "feel" the future with a prophetess' foreknowledge that is denied to men. Let her not give way to her wounded pride, if times pinch. Let her emotions take the very opposite turn. High, inspiring hope is hers. Sublime faith is hers. If she can cry easily, she can laugh easily. Her eyes never lose their glorious fire to the man who loves her. Let him see that splendid light, as she looks out into the future for him. Let her speech to him be always one thing: "You can do it, my knight! You can succeed. No man do I see who is so capable as you. Why, my dear John, I would rather trust my babies to the protection of your own right arm than to any favored son of fortune on this earth, I am never afraid so long as you are alive. I know not the day, but there surely comes a day when you will return at evening and I shall see it in your face at the gate that you have at last conquered our poverty. I bless you with my faith. I crown you every day with my smiles, and each morning I myself buckle on your sword with the hands of my perfect trust."

Men are poor fellows. They get as weary as children when night comes. They never show the white feather, maybe, to each other, but their courage often droops. Home is the sanitarium. It is from home that they start with new hope every day. Home is the wife's realm. She ought not, if in good health, to lay on the man the double burden of keeping up his own courage and hers, too. Surely, if she cannot actively encourage him, she can keep her own face bright in his presence. Suppose you say this confesses that he is inferior, and demands superior work of her. Have it so, then. In most homes, at any rate, when a wife gives up hope, despair is chief guest and master of all.

What a queen she is, a wife who never grows old! Who never grows old, say you? Why, she on whom the wear and tear of life have no power to kill the dauntless spirit of youth. For youth is ever saying: To-morrow. To-morrow will be better than to-day. Let's dry our eyes and smile." The sweetest sound on earth is the laughter of a little child. And the only thing that comes near it in sweetness is the laughter of the child's happy, hopeful mother.—Harkley Harker.

"RATTLING" A WITNESS.

How An Old Man Proved Himself a Match For a Lawyer.

The court-room was crowded when the case of Blake against Pettingill was called. It was what the law terms a tort case; in other words, a damage suit. Mr. Blake had been driving by the Pettingill house, when Mr. Pettingill's dog dashed out and began to bark. The horse reared and kicked, and finally fell. Mr. Blake was thrown out, his arm was broken and both horse and buggy were damaged. Mr. Blake was therefore suing Mr. Pettingill for five hundred dollars damages. Several witnesses told the story of the accident. The most convincing statement was made by an old man who saw the whole affair, and described it in a simple and straightforward way.

The defendant's lawyer was a young man named Hasknell recently come from a neighboring city. Success in one or two cases had given him a reputation for "smartness" which he was eager to sustain, and the mild-faced old witness, who told such a matter-of-fact tale, seemed to him a promising subject for vigorous cross-examination.

"Now you say," the lawyer began, "that you were near the horse and dog, and saw what happened?"

"Yes, sir," replied the old man, simply.

"Just how near were you?"

"Well, I think—"

"Never mind what you think. I want to know just how far you were from the horse and dog," insisted the lawyer.

"Well, I suppose—"

"I tell you I don't want to know what you think or what you suppose. I want a plain answer to my question."

"But I was only going to say—" began the witness, timidly.

"Will you or will you not answer my question?" thundered the lawyer.

The color rose in the old man's face and his blue eyes snapped. He had evidently told an honest story, and was irritated by the lawyer's attempt to discredit his testimony. Concluding probably, that the only way to end the badgering was to make a positive statement, no matter what, and then stick to it, he spoke up sharply: "I was just twenty-three feet from the horse's head."

"Will you swear it was not twenty-seven feet?" asked the lawyer.

"It was just twenty-three feet," repeated the old man, doggedly.

"Do you mean to tell us that you can judge distances as accurately as that?"

"Yes, sir, I can."

The lawyer feeling sure that the witness had given his first definite answer in the hope of escaping further questioning, and had been too proud to recede, turned amiably to the jury.

"Gentlemen," he said, "our venerable friend's ability to measure distances by the eye is remarkable. But in justice to my client I feel inclined to make a little test here in your presence." Then, turning with a malicious smile to the witness: "Won't you give us an exhibition of your wonderful powers by telling us how long this court-room is?"

The old man glanced carelessly along the side of the room, and promptly answered, "Thirty-three feet and seven inches."

"Now," said the lawyer, confidently, "I will show you the difference between knowledge and bravado. Will the court kindly permit the room to be measured?"

The order was given, and to everyone's surprise the result was announced as exactly thirty-three feet and seven inches.

Lawyer Hasknell turned red. "A strange coincidence; nothing more!" he cried in what was meant to be an offhand way. "Perhaps the witness will also tell us how wide the room is."

"Certainly," replied the old man. "It's twenty-two feet and four inches."

Some one got down on the floor and measured the distance carefully. "Twenty-two feet, four inches," he announced.

Lawyer Haskell turned indignantly to the judge. "Your honor," he said, "there is some trickery here! I will ask the witness one more question and I will find out for myself whether he tells the truth or not;" and then, to the witness, "How high is the room?"

"Fourteen feet and one-half inch," answered the old man, cheerfully and promptly, with hardly a glance from floor to ceiling.

The lawyer called for a step-ladder, and with red face and set teeth climbed slowly up, measuring with great care. The crowd watched him, and almost unconsciously began to count aloud as the two-foot rule crept up: "Four, six, eight, ten, twelve, fourteen!" By this time the end of the rule was so near the ceiling that there was no necessity for Mr. Haskell to announce the result. The whole room burst into a shout.

"The witness is excused," was all the lawyer could say when he came down.

Although, in summing up, Mr. Haskell tried to prove that Mr. Pettingill never kept a dog, any way, and that Mr. Blake's horse was afflicted with the blind stagger and subject to heart-failure and temporary insanity, the jury promptly gave Mr. Blake the full amount of the damages asked for.

It was some time before Mr. Haskell discovered that the witness he had tried to "rattle" was the carpenter who had drawn the plans and made the changes in the court-house the year before. Let us hope—though it be hoping against hope—that the experience will incline him to treat witnesses with more politeness hereafter.

PRACTICAL FARMING.

THE CULTIVATION OF WILLOWS.

We have had inquiries regarding the the culture of willows. We have had no practical experience in this line of horticulture, but are pleased to give the methods pursued by David Fraser, as given by him in American Gardening. He says: The cultivation of the willow is simple; the only thing required is to keep the plants clean the early part of the season, and by the end of June they will need no care at all, except the new plantations, and these should be kept cultivated till the rows meet. We have begun the cultivation of willows on a large scale, using up all the waste land where scarcely any other crop will grow, and it is in just such land that willows flourish. Our mode of cultivation is as follows:

In the early fall the ground is prepared; all rough grass is removed; in fact, it is best to skin the piece of land that is to be planted, as when ploughed it will then be more compact and the plants root better in it. It should then be manured and ploughed to the depth of fourteen inches and then well harrowed to break up the soil; it is then ready for cutting. If the ground is too wet, ditching will have to be done.

The best time to plant is early fall or early spring; for beginners it is well to buy some stock plants and grow them on for a year; from these the cuttings can be taken and nearly every cutting will grow.

The cuttings should be made about twelve inches long and cut from wood of one or two year's growth. The handiest and quickest way to make them is with a pair of pruning shears, making them up in little bundles, which are handy to carry under the arm when planting.

The distance between the rows should be almost eighteen inches, and in the row about six inches. In planting a line is set and in the cuttings put in, the whole length being in the ground. Two men can plant a great many in a day, and all that will have to be done after planting will be to keep clean. We put out about two acres this spring and while looking over them the other day I could not find one cutting but what was growing. The plants are now about nine inches high, while the ones that were set out a year ago are over five feet high.

The first season the plants grow about nine feet high, the second and following years from fifteen to twenty feet, and finish their growth about the middle of September. They can then be cut, and all through the winter until the sap begins to rise. They should be cut every year, and care should be taken in the operation so as not to split the stock; a good, sharp hook is what is used here and it does the work well.

The best willow to grow for basket making is Salix viminalis, although we grow for the same purpose, S. amygdalina, S. purpurea, and S. triandra. The price of willows varies from two to four cents a pound for willows as cut from the field, while dressed willows, that is, with the skin off, will bring five to seven cents a pound. Willow-growing is, I think, a good investment for some of our farmers.

CLOVER HAY FOR HORSES.

There seems to be a great prejudice in the minds of the public against clover hay for road or driving horses. That this is common, especially so in cities, is fully proven by the greater demand for Timothy hay, and its very much higher price over clover. Chemical analysis shows that clover has by far the greater feeding value, especially in those elements necessary for the fast-driving road horses, and the experience of everyone who has sensibly experimented in the matter fully substantiated the claims of chemistry. The facts are that clover hay is much better for all hay-eating animals, and that they can do more work and drive farther on the same weight. The trouble is it is too good; it is so much more palatable to the horse that if his rack be stuffed, so he can eat his fill, he will gorge himself so as to be rendered unfit for fast driving. It is like a boy with some dainty of which he is very fond and then putting him to hard work or close thinking, or like turning a lot of hungry cows into a fresh clover pasture, from which they are sure to be troubled with hoven, not because the food is unwholesome, but so good that they eat so rapidly as to retard digestion. With mangers filled ever so full of Timothy, especially as usually cut, much over-ripe, the horse will not eat too much. There is nothing to tempt his appetite. To feed clover hay to a road or driving horse the feeder should use his judgment and give just what the horse needs and no more. Let it be eaten ever so quickly, the horse should have no more until the next feeding time. The feeder's brains and not the horses belly should be the judge as to what he should receive. There is as much digestible, muscle-supporting food in one pound of clover hay as in two and one-half times as much Timothy, and as much carbohydrates, weight for weight, and 50 per cent more fat or food of energy. Early cut, bright, well-cured clover hay and oats make an ideal food for a driving horse, fed in proper quantity. Then, if the owner wants to amuse his horse between meals, fill his manger with any kind of straw; but if the straw is bright and has been well housed he will eat too much for his own good in fast driving. For a growing colt there is no feed so good as clover hay and wheat bran.

FARM NOTES.

Dairy calves need the foods that make milk, not fat.

A hog knows the difference between a kick and an ear of corn.

If you have apples on hand do not let them rot—feed to the milk cows.

A well bred calf must be well fed to make a good cow—remember that.

A little linseed meal fed a cow before calving will not hurt her any; or after calving for that matter.

It requires but a small amount of capital to get a start with sheep, and in opening up a new farm they will help materially in the early income.

The good dairy cow makes a profit on each dollar's worth of feed, and the more suitable food we can get her to eat the more profit we are certain to get.

There is no objection to making barns warm; but they should be well ventilated even if the temperature must go below freezing point.

The demand of the times is for what is commonly termed "baby beef," that is, beef from eighteen to twenty-four month old animals. Herefords, Shorthorns and Angus cattle make this beef.

Study the disposition of your calves as they grow. Pet and foster the good ones, curb the bad ones, and if too bad better get rid of the calf as veal or "baby beef." A cow with a mean disposition is no comfort in a dairy.

If it must be used to keep milk in before a suitable room can be built above ground, a cellar should be cleared of every vestige of vegetable matter, disinfected with lime and plaster, and the walls thoroughly whitewashed.

It matters not whether the farmer is breeding for beef or butter, he cannot afford to ignore the principle which runs through all breeding operations—that like begets like. One may soon build up a herd of great merit through a selection of good cows bred to the best bulls, or may stay at the tail of the procession.

Rye is extensively used in North England for pig feeding. In Denmark, where it is fed extensively, it has the reputation of producing about the same amount of pork from a given weight of grain as barely. The quality of the pork produced is nearly as good as that from barley, which stands at the head of the list of pork of the finest quality.

Dairying requires constant study and intelligent thought. It requires years in which to build up a profitable herd of cows and, to learn how to feed and care for them and to handle the product. The man who can successfully breed and feed a dairy cow is a student, a keen, bright business man, and you will not find this class of men dissatisfied with their business.

The progressive dairyman tests his herds and weeds out the unprofitable cows that do not come up to his standard of milk and butter production; and the farmer who cannot afford to subscribe for a stock journal, or cannot afford to have any improved breeds, buys these rejected cows. They look fine, but fine high-record cows are seldom for sale. The business dairyman will not tolerate the cow that fails to pay its way.

It is now pretty well established that it pays as well to feed cows grain pretty liberally when dry as well as when given milk unless the pasture be especially good. This is a fact that many dairymen lose sight of and suffer for the neglect. A cow that is profitable in the dairy is not a flesh former by any means. In fact, she becomes quite poor as a usual thing while milking and in order to enable her to stand the strain of this depletion she should be made to gain in flesh during ing the period that she is dry. This does not mean that she should be fed highly on milk-producing food just before calving, it merely means that after going dry she should have liberal feeding until say a week before calving.

Take coal tar two parts and coal oil and grease one part each and mix with a small amount of carbolic acid. Apply with a cloth by moistening the hair and horns of the animal with the liquid. In the applications include feet and legs, and it will drive every fly away, and one application will last ten days or more in dry weather. Apply as often as necessary, and your cows will be entirely secure from flies of all kinds. Any kind of old lard or grease can be used. Coal tar is the base of this remedy, and when too thick to spread well use more coal oil; when too thin to adhere well use more coal tar. Carbolic acid will cost about 50 or 60 cents in crystals by the pound, and every farmer should always keep it on hand, as it, in its many uses, is indispensable.

SEA BUTTERFLIES.

Real water butterflies spread their lovely wings in the clear wavelets of the blue Mediterranean. Their scientific name is Peteropoda, or wing-footed. The commonest is perhaps the "boat butterfly." His body seems formed around a tiny brownish kernel the size of a grain of wheat, and is covered with a shell soft as gristle and almost transparent; his wings are large, roundish and clear as glass—so clear that before they can be examined they must be put in a saucer of water against a black ground. The shell is so loose that a mere touch separates it from the body. All the sea butterflies have on their tongues rows of strong pointed hooks. They are all flesh eaters. It is wonderful to watch through the transparent shell and almost equally transparent body the motions of the heart. These butterflies lay eggs, just like land ones, and, like land ones, are fond of warmth and light.

LONG BULLETS.

Elongated rifle bullets are made from leaden rods. A machine cuts them into the required lengths, stamps them into shape by means of steel dies, and drops them finished into a box at the rate of 7,000 an hour.

A KING'S OUTING.

Every summer the King of Spain goes to the seaside, and is taken out to bathe in a splendid machine constructed like a miniature palace. He is attended by an admiral, and in the vicinity of the bathing place a number of sailors are stationed in a boat in case of any accident.

WITH THE OCEAN FLYERS

WONDERFUL INCREASE IN THE SPEED OF STEAMSHIPS.

A Suggestion That the Limit Has Nearly Been Reached—How Fast the Big Fellows Go.

A slow but steady increase in the speed of steamships has been effected ever since that class of vessels first came into existence. Greater length, finer models, higher boiler pressures, and engines that were lighter in proportion to the horse power developed are among the causes which have contributed to such a result. At present the limit for ocean liners and first-class cruisers is about 22 knots. A few private yachts do better than this. But the best time at sea is made by torpedo-boat destroyers. Two or three years ago 27 and 28 knots was the maximum speed of such craft. France now has two and England five or six destroyers able to make between 30 and 31 knots, and several more have been projected which must attain a speed of 32 in order to be accepted. That marvel of marine architecture and engineering, the Turbinia, has already exceeded this figure, however, having spurted at the rate of 34 knots a record not likely to be beaten for some months at least—perhaps not for years.

A POSSIBLE OBSTACLE

to great advances in speed in the future, dimly hinted at in 1895, was discussed at length a few weeks ago, at a scientific congress in England, by Sydney W. Barnaby. When the torpedo boat destroyer Daring made her first trial trip two years ago, she failed to develop the speed which had been expected by her designers and builders. There seemed to be an unaccountable waste of power somewhere. Mr. Barnaby diagnosed the case, reached a certain conclusion as to the nature of the trouble, and prescribed a remedy. He recommended some changes in the screws, and his advice was followed. The diameters remained the same, and the slant, or pitch, of the blades was unaltered. But the blades were broadened, so that the whole area of each screw was increased from a trifle under nine square feet to a trifle under thirteen. The speed of the boat was thus increased from 24 knots to 28.4, with the same expenditure of power, and the slip of the screws was diminished from 30 to 17 3-4 per cent.

Mr. Barnaby's theory was that the high speed at which the screws were rotated formed cavities in the water on their front surfaces, and that this "cavitation," as he calls the phenomenon, produced the increase of "slip" and waste of power. Since that time he has made some experiments of his own that strengthen his convictions, and he also finds something in the observations of other men to confirm his views as to the genuineness of the evil referred to. In his recent address, therefore, he remarks:

CAVITATION CAUSES TROUBLE.

"That cavitation will be the cause of trouble in the future, is, I think, certain. Already it is becoming difficult to obtain the requisite area in screws of destroyers without either resorting to an abnormal width of blade or to a larger diameter and pitch ratio than would otherwise have been preferable. The one expedient gives undue surface friction, and the other necessitates a reduction in the rate of revolution, and, therefore, a heavier engine." In other words, the line of procedure which he advised in regard to the Daring has already been followed as far as practicable.

That there remains at least one other means to prevent cavitation is evident from the success of the Turbinia. The remarkable speed of that boat, is, to be sure, due in large measure, to the new type of engines, the steam turbines which propel her. But another innovation was made in her case, in the number and arrangement of her screws. Of these she has no less than nine three being mounted on each shaft, and her rudder being displaced to one side of a vertical plane running fore and aft through the centre of the boat. Mr. Barnaby says that the Turbinia's designer was "forced, doubtless against his will, to employ nine screws," implying that there are serious objections to such a plan. The obvious success of it, however, and the possibility that still other remedies for cavitation will be discovered, justify a hope that Mr. Barnaby's predictions may not be verified. Besides, designers can greatly improve on the present speed of the finest merchant steamship without reaching the limit which he fears will soon be encountered by torpedo-boat destroyers.

GRUB TO GIVE OUT.

When the world's population exceeds 5,994,000,000 the earth will be unable to find nourishment for her people, and they will be forced either to cannibalism or starvation. This figure will be reached in about 280 years.

NEW EFFECT OF HEAT.

Doctor, who has just entered, to Pat who is standing in front of the gate—Why, Pat! Get right back into bed. Just see what a prespiration you are in! This fire must be put out.

Pat—Shrue, sor, Oi wor in thot drippin' a shweat thot Oi'm sthandin' here t' be afther dryin' meself.

WHY HE WAS HAUGHTY.

Rounder—It seems to me De Tanque is putting on a great many airs. What's the matter with him?

Flounder—He's invented a new excuse to give his wife for getting home late, and it has worked.

Minnie—In my opinion, one wheel is as good as another." Mamie—"I suppose there is not much difference in rented wheels."