

TS FOR
THE FARMER.

GOOD FURROWS.

nt of harrowing or after
entirely overcome the ef-
ad plowing to begin with.
the foundation of the
ow. A man who can drop
furrow is one who keeps
to his plow. He may hold
loosely and appear to be
y easily and perhaps care-
he is watching every move-
s plow and shifting the
ghtly one way or the other
ow may take more or less
plow, of course, should do
itself, without necessity
wman to bear down on it
weight, nor to raise it up
constantly, but neverthe-
needs close attention. In-
lection should be made of
which is to plow together.
gait should be even, and
work well in span. It is
to do good work with one
ing rapidly and the other
hind constantly, or walk-
es in and sometimes out of
The plow itself is another
consider. No one plow is
to all kinds of land. A
ved, short, high mold-board
the furrow very high and
reak it up; this is suitable
lay soil. For smooth, mel-
or plowing sod, the mold-
n it is desired to turn the
rely over, a plow with a
y curved mold-board, which
urns the furrow smoothly
and breaks the furrow the
the harrowing can be done
gging out the grass. The
the furrows on edge, and
over, and they plow a
farrow than American
f the beam of the plow is
ing the horse near to the
istance, the draft will be
ere should be several links
beam and whiffletree, to
horses some leeway when
a mound or into a depres-
the point of the plow may
up or down.

OF SOFT BUTTER.

er that is made in sum-
soft or mushy, though,
most of it is solid and of
The reason why the
is not of the same qual-
hard is that it is not
the same manner—which
cludes the handling of
and cream. The soft-
butter is generally due to
ture being too high, and
soft butter is the rule in
during the hot months of
August. Perhaps the rea-
difficulty is not over-
of convenience, pressure
ies, and in some cases, ig-
over-come all this, keep
Have the cream at the
perature, and if you cannot
means of making it so, it
tter to give up the idea
butter during the summer,
be a great deal better
poor butter even if you
ed in the smallest kind
it will ruin your reputa-
once done it will be next
to build up any kind of
in either butter or cheese-
eam—during the morning
be best—at a tempera-
of 56 or 68 degrees, for this
is becoming mushy. As
the butter comes in little
but the size of grains of
time to stop the churn
ok milky and not float
a sufficient cold water to
bat. Having done this
d pour in more cold wa-
filling the churn, and then
churn rapidly about fifty
had this illustrated a few
an institute, and the re-
of butter with each lit-
nding out separately, ex-
a texture and ready for

PORTIONS OF MANURE.

s not always depend on
his fact which farm-
raining that gives them
in the concentrated min-
ers as compared with sta-
But in both there is
that goes to waste. It is
fertilizer that has four
ant. of potash. So when
of mineral fertilizer are
er acre, it means that the
concentrated in ten to
ds if we could distribute
concentrated form. With
ere there is always much
on of mineral fertili-
nifest by the available ni-
the stable manure gives
is decomposing. The sta-
has also another effect. It
proportion to the soil much
e makes the soil much
it would be, because it
the soil particles and ad-
this imprisoned air warms
which is an advantage in
for most crops. Hence
arse manures are so gen-
in winter and plowed
in spring for hoed crops.
probably the best use of
anure could be put.

Hated Bridal Veil.

A pretty French peasant girl began
the working of it, sitting under the
shade of green vines in sunny France.
Her lover was far over the sea. Adele
came of a family of lace-makers, and
she said to herself:
"I'll work my own bridal veil in my
holiday time, and then when Arthur
comes to marry me, shall I not be a
fair, gay bride? No lady's veil shall
be finer."
But Arthur came to claim her long
before the veil was finished, and she
married him—her young English lover
as poor as herself—and went with
him to England. The veil went with
the English golden hair—Arthur's
own.
"Oh, the pretty lace!" she cried,
clapping her hands, and dancing with
delight as Adele shook it out of its
folds. "May I have it for a wedding-
dress for my dolly, mamma?"
The pretty matron laughed and
shook her head as she pressed the deli-
cate fabric to her lips. Then she told
the story of its making.
"I will finish it for you," she said,
"and then when the time comes for my
little Victorie to be a bride, she will
have a veil to be proud of."
So again the pretty taper fingers
toiled busily over the delicate lace, and
masses of graceful flowers and fairy-
like ferns grew steadily under them.
Little Victorie watched the pro-
gress of the work with keenest in-
terest.
"Mamma, teach me to work it," she
said one day. "My fingers are ever
so much finer and tinier than yours!"
So she began to work a veil for her
doll, and the facility with which she
learned the graceful work was surpris-
ing. At the age of fifteen she was so
expert that Adele allowed her to take
part in the creation of the wonderful
veil itself.
But as they only worked at it by fits
and starts, as the fancy seized them,
it was still unfinished when Victorie
was seventeen, and Henri Riviere came
to woo her.
Henri came of noble blood, and was
well-to-do. His parents had left him
some money; not enough to live upon
in life luxury, but enough to give him
a fair start in business life. Know-
ing that in Paris his noble relatives
would not scruple to oppose such a
course as he had decided on, he chose
London as the scene of his efforts, and
commenced business as a merchant
there.
The young people had "met by
chance, the usual way," and the fact
that Victorie's mother came from
France had been a bond between them
from the first. Now, after a year's
acquaintance, Henri declared his love,
and the coming spring was to see their
happy wedding.
Then Adele set to work in earnest to
finish the bridal veil.
"I tell you, Monsieur Riviere, no lady
of your proud house ever wore lace
more exquisite and rich," said she.
"And shall I not be proud, when I see
my daughter in her marriage robes;
and think of the poor little peasant
girl of long ago, who toiled at the lace
to earn coarse, black bread, far away
over the sea!"
Henri turned quickly at those words.
"What peasant girl was that, mad-
ame?" he questioned uneasily.
"Myself!" she answered pleasantly,
never noticing his look or tone.
"What was I but a poor little peasant
lace-maker, when my generous young
lover, the father of Victorie, married
me?"
Henri made no answer, but his
haughty family pride had received a
blow.
"A lace-maker!" he said to himself.
"A peasant girl! If I had but known
it sooner!"
And this knowledge of his bride's
humble extraction so annoyed him that
he became irritable, impatient, fret-
ful; and finally he conceived an absurd
notion of disliking the bridal veil.
"I hate the sight of it!" he cried one
evening, when he and Victorie were
alone.
"For goodness' sake, if you love me,
never work at it in my presence, dear
Victorie. And if I dared ask a spe-
cial favor of you, it should be—"
He paused, frightened at his own im-
prudence; she sat listening in great
surprise.
"Well," she said. "It should be—"
"Wear any other veil in the world
but that one to be married in."
She folded up her work very quietly
and deliberately, though with trem-
bling hands. She had wondered, of late
at a strange and subtle change in her
lover; now she began to ask herself
was she going to learn the cause? She
said, with forced calmness:
"That is a singular favor. Are you
aware that my dear mother worked
this veil?"
The hot, impulsive temper answer-
ed hastily, and without second thought:
"That is the very reason that I
hate it!"
And then she understood him. The
daughter of England had been slow to
comprehend the pride of this French
aristocrat, but she saw all clearly now.
She marry the man who thought he
would take her! Not though her
heart broke!
Henri had amused a pride as stub-
born as his own, though of quite a
different nature.

Gently, but firmly, she said to
him:
"You did not know, when first you
sought me, that mamma was a poor
lace-maker in France. Since you have
known it you have regretted our en-
gagement. Do not speak. I have
seen a change in you. I know that
this is so. But there is no harm
done," she held out to him a little
trembling hand, "since I learn this be-
fore it is too late. I will grant you
the favor you ask." Here he would
have kissed the trembling hand, but
she drew it quickly away.
"Your bride will never wear my
darling mother's veil, because I shall
never be your bride!"
"No need to dwell upon what follow-
ed. His prayers, his protestations,
humble at first, then angry, his tears,
they had no power to change her re-
solution.
And so at last they parted coldly,
lovers still at heart—for, ah! love dies
not easily—but outwardly seeming
strange friends.
She stood proudly as he left the
room, but when the sound of the closing
door struck like the knell of hope
on her passionate young heart, she
sunk down upon the floor, sobbing
wildly.
"My love! Oh, my love! And I
have lost him!"
Her parents questioned in vain. She
had quarrelled with Henri; that was
all that she would tell them. And be-
fore time or chance for reconciliation
came, her mother was stricken with
mortal sickness, and in three days lay
dead; and Victorie, quite overwhelm-
ed with grief, was prostrated with an
attack of brain fever.
And at this very juncture a sum-
mons came from France, demanding
Henri's immediate presence.
Strange changes had been hap-
pening there. Three lives that stood
between him and the title and estates
of the Marquis de la Riviere had been
suddenly swept away, and so they sent
for him, the heir.
At first his heart swelled with ex-
ultation, but it sank again. Victo-
rine! had he not lost her?
"I care for neither rank nor wealth
unless she shares them!" he cried. "I
will go and once more implore her pa-
don."
But Victorie was lying dangerously
ill, and he was not allowed to see her.
Go he must, and a few weeks after ar-
riving in Paris he wrote, informing her
fully of his altered fortunes, and im-
ploring her to forgive, and accept once
more as her true lover the Marquis de
la Riviere.
But she never got the letter.
The house to which it came was
empty.
The once happy home was broken
up; the husband and father had fol-
lowed Adele to a better world; and
their child, for whom husband, title,
and fortune were waiting in sunny
France, was earning sorrowful bread
as a lace-maker.
So the Marquis waited for an an-
swer in vain; until after many months
his own letter was returned to him
through the Dead Letter Office.
It came like a messenger of hope.
So! She had not refused to answer
him, as he had thought.
The next day saw him starting for
London.
Need I describe his welcome there, or
tell of the crowds that flacked to claim
acquaintance with "the Marquis?" But
none could tell him anything of Victo-
rine, except the story of her sor-
rows.
And after three months' search he
had failed to find her. He had money,
influence, deepest heart-interest to aid
search, yet it failed.
One evening he made one of a party
of tableaux vivants, for he had to
go into so many societies, however lit-
tle he liked it, and the particular ta-
bleau in which he took part was that of
a wedding. Suddenly one of the but-
tons on his cuff caught in the bride's
lace veil. In an instant he had recog-
nized that once-hated lace—it was Victo-
rine's bridal veil!
"I borrowed it of a lace-maker," the
lady who wore it explained. "I would
have bought it, but she would not sell.
It was her mother's work."
"A young girl?" he gasped.
"Oh, no, indeed! A poor, thin, jaded
creature, with fine eyes, certainly,
but ill and worn. I shall be glad to
give you her address if you have work
for her. I am sure she needs it."
Well, she never needed for anything
after that night; love and happiness
came to her in bounteous measure, and
stayed with her forever afterward.
Pale and thin, and somewhat care-
worn still, was the bride of the Mar-
quis on her wedding day; but in his
eyes—the eyes of true and faithful love
—it was still the sweetest face in all
the world that smiled under Adele's
bridal veil.
And the Marquis kissed the lace and
blessed it because through it he had
found her again.
"I love it now!" he cried. "It shall
be kept as a precious treasure always."
And so it was. Many a fair and
high-born bride wore "the bridal veil
of Riviere" in the years to come;
but among them all none were more
truly blest than the poor lace-maker,
whose mother was a peasant girl, but
who for true love's sake and for love
alone, was chosen by her faithful lover
to be Madame la Marquise de la Ri-
vriere.

HE DIDN'T SMOKE.

Fussy Old Gentleman, to chance
traveling lady companion. Have you
any children, madam?
Yes, sir, a son.
Ah, indeed! Does he smoke?
No, sir; he has never so much as
touched a cigarette.
So much the better, madam; the use
of tobacco is a poisonous habit. Does
he frequent the clubs?
He has never put his foot in one.
Allow me to congratulate you. Does
he never come home late?
Never. He goes to bed directly after
dinner.
A model young man, madam — a
model young man. How old is he?
Just two months.

PRETTY GIRLS ASTRIDE,
TO ESCORT THE KAISER ACROSS
THEIR COUNTRY.

Unique Bodyguard Entirely of Fair Lithu-
anians—The Most Fearless Riders in
Prussia.
Five hundred peasant girls in the
Province of Prussia are forming into
a cavalry regiment to offer Emperor
William a right royal welcome when
he repairs to his hunting grounds in
Rominten Prairies at the close of the
present yachting season.
They are Lithuanians—of the race
that became famous under the Jagel-
lons—and their homes are in the dis-
tricts of Gumbinnen and Koenigsberg,
between the Baltic, Russia and Pol-
land.
The male Lithuanian is not given to
demonstrative patriotism; he doesn't
recognize a King of Prussia at all,
much less a German Emperor, Intense-
ly provincial and forever living in the
past, he looks upon William simply as
his Duke—the Duke of ancient Borussia,
i.e., "the land adjacent to Russia." As
such he honors him. And because Wil-
liam buys all the horses that can be
raised on the big plains for his cavalry
he regards him "as a good thing," gen-
erally, but further than that he has
no use for His Majesty. Hence the ef-
forts of the provincial Governors, Count
Bismarck, the son of the late Chancel-
lor; Baron von Tschowa, and Herr He-
gal, to get up some sort of popular
welcome for the Kaiser upon the occa-
sions of his semiannual visits to the
province have always fallen flat.
This spring the Count decided to ad-
dress his appeal to the country women
and, brave girls that they are, they
responded most joyfully—every moth-
er's daughter of them.
In less than a week over six hundred
girls and women offered their services
for a demonstration of a kind such as
the century has hardly ever seen.
"True to the customs of our ancestors,
we will receive His Majesty at the
frontiers of our, the Gumbinnen, dis-
trict and from there conduct him to
Rominten in triumph," they told their
councilmen and parsons, "but we make
one condition; our Duke, meaning the
Kaiser, must have no other bodyguard.
During the time of his stay in our
country we want to be his soldiers. We
will garrison his castle, will 'beat' the
game for him, will attend him on his
trips around the country and see him
safely home when he decides to re-
turn."
ALL DEPENDS ON THE GIRLS.
Count Bismarck communicated with
the Emperor's Court Marshal to find
out whether or not the offer proved
acceptable. The Court Marshal wrote:
"It all depends on the girls; go and
look them over." So His Excellency in-
vited his fair petitioners to meet him
at Trakehnen, the celebrated horse
farm, and at the same time arranged
with the Governor of the place for the
loan of a hall. But if the hall had been
as big as a ten acre field it couldn't
have accommodated the assembly, for
everyone of the 800 Lithuanian ladies
came on horseback, many bringing led
horses to boot, and all insisted upon
attending the council seated on their
charger. Such has been the custom
of the country for hundreds, perhaps a
thousand years and more, and the Lith-
uanian rarely changes his habits and
never foregoes a privilege.
There was an open-air meeting then,
and the Count, who is already a little
stiff in his joints, had to mount a blood-
ed horse, despite his rheumatism,
and make a speech from the saddle.
President Hegel, of the Gumbinnen
District, translated the address into the
old Prussian tongue for the Lithuan-
ians do not understand German, and
a regular exchange of views follow-
ed, with this result:
"The provincial Government accepts
the services of the Lithuanian ladies
with a view of selecting from them 500
to make up a regiment.
The regiment is to be uniformed in
the national dress of the country, and
selects its own officers, subject to the
approval of the President of the dis-
trict.
Members of the regiment furnish
their own horses, and each officer or
subofficer is entitled to have a led
horse. The horses may be put out to
grass on the royal estates, but oats
must be provided by their owners.
"The name and style of the regiment
is Imperial Mounted Women Volun-
teers; its members are entitled to the
ordinary soldiers' mess, but receive no
pay."
As intimated, the negotiations that
preceded the laying down and accept-
ance of the above rules were conduct-
ed on horseback from mouth to mouth.
The proud Lithuanians wouldn't allow
a piece of paper to stand between them
and their "Duke," moreover, they
wouldn't accept any agreement that
wasn't written in their own obsolete
tongue, which the "waywode" Count
does not master.
Things having been arranged, the
native women gave an impromptu ex-
hibition of their horsemanship, and af-
ter a drink of "mead," a strong fer-
mented liquor made of honey and wa-
ter, richly spiced, scampered off in
groups and in many directions to re-
turn to their homes in the endless flat
broken by numerous streams and
BEAUTIFUL FORESTS.
They have been drilling under their
betmen twice a week ever since, and
as these betmen have invariably seen
military service, either as privates or

uncommissioned officers, they are well
able to teach the girls their business.
Of late Count Bismarck ordered re-
views of the different "squadrans" to
be held under the guidance of officers
of the cavalry reserves, and the re-
ports received are most encouraging.
The reviewing officers agree that they
never met with recruits exhibiting so
much intelligence and skill in the
handling of horses and in obeying sig-
nals. Every second girl or woman
would make an efficient "flugelman,"
they cried enthusiastically, if there was
any need of them. The flugelman,
you must know, is a sort of crack sol-
dier, whose movements his comrades
must simultaneously follow.
The only complaint recorded is the
girls' aversion to exercise on foot. "We
have offered to serve His Majesty as
his mounted bodyguard," they say;
"it's out of our line to play at in-
fantry." Count Bill had to acknowl-
edge, that, and slow-time marching
and other "lowly" drills were drop-
ped for more moving exercises cover-
ing a great deal of space in an in-
credibly short time.
The drill decided upon is formation
in squadrons, companies and sections,
mounting of the guard, taking hurdles,
fences and ditches, attack en masse,
deploy and rally, and finally "attend
to the chase."
As their whole life is spent on horse-
back, the girls could give points to
the reviewing officers in most of these
exercises. These Lithuanians scramble
upon a pony as soon as their legs are
long enough to hold on; they learn
to tend large herds of cattle before they
know their prayers, and they can
wield a three-yard whip sooner than a
cooking spoon.
Learned men claim that the Lithu-
anians came originally from India, and
that their language resembles San-
scrit. That may be true or not, cer-
tain it is that these faraway Prussian
subjects in one respect, at least, re-
semble the Hindu women. Like them,
they wouldn't think of mounting a
horse save to straddle it. A girl hang-
ing in a saddle is an object of the
greatest curiosity and wonder in their
country; nothing can persuade them
that she isn't a freak or a
PROFESSIONAL CIRCUS RIDE.
Count Bismarck says that up to the
time he met the great cavalcade at
Trakehnen, he inclined to believe in the
time-honored assertion that the aver-
age woman's legs are too short to al-
low of straddling and managing a
horse. "The nonsense of it was most
forcibly brought home to me when I
met these natives," he continued, "for
the Lithuanians are a small race, com-
pactly built, they have a limited
stretch of limb, men and women be-
ing much alike in outward appearance.
Yet these girls have what cavalry men
call "an iron seat." They seem to man-
euver their horses at will, though
scorning stirrups and spurs and whip."
"How do you do it?" one of them
was asked.
"What have I got my thighs and
knees for?" she gave back.
Unlike the peasant women of oth-
er parts, the Lithuanians wear skirts
reaching nearly to the ground, which
shows that their clothes are primarily
adopted for riding; the uniform of the
Amazon Regiment follows the national
dress common in old Prussia in all
respects.
The troop has been divided into five
squadrons, recognizable by the color of
their "marginnes"—skirts, from mar-
gas, bright.
"The marginne" of the First Squad-
ron, is light blue; for the second, violet
is best selected; for the third
green, for the fourth red, and for the
fifth yellow. These frocks are accord-
ion pleated and very wide to allow
them to fall in graceful folds from the
horse's back.
Ordinarily the marginne is half hid-
den by a white apron in front and
back, but this part of the costume has
been discarded, the ladies admitting
that aproned soldiers wouldn't be quite
the thing. With the colored skirt the
mounted volunteers wear a black vel-
vet jupe laced in front like the
"Mieder" of the Swiss maiden. And,
like hers, it is cut decollete, exhib-
ing a snowy white shirt bosom, with
big leg of mutton sleeves fastened at
the wrist. The skirt has pretty epi-
lettes, embroidered in many colors, and
the sleeves, too, exhibit elaborate em-
broidery. For regimental purposes the
company or squadron number will be
placed on the shoulder straps. Around
their waists the girls usually wear a
girdle called "josta," which, like their
garters, is inscribed with pious mot-
es in their own language.
The Emperor has promised his vol-
unteers beautiful new fangled "jos-
tas" appropriate to the occasion in the
national colors, black and white, bear-
ing some patriotic motto, but it is not
yet settled that the gift will be ac-
cepted. The Lithuanians are a very
superstitious race, and fear to lose
caste with their fellows by adorning
themselves with anything coming
from Germany. All their stuffs and
goods are home made. When the wo-
men get too old to ride they turn to
weaving and embroidery. Every
farmhouse has its old-fashioned loom
and the winter evenings are general-
ly spent
IN THE SPINROOM.
The Lithuanians are blonde or brown;
the race doesn't produce dark or red-
headed girls. One of the sights of the
regiment will be the Amazonas' braids
of wondrously long and thick hair.
When the girls are on horseback their
braids reach to their heels. They like
to wear them drawn over the left bo-
som, but it's a question whether mili-
tary rules will permit this act of van-
ity.
The regiment will have no hats. The
only head dress custom permits the
Lithuanians to wear is the raiztis,
a sort of linen cap festooned with lace
and flowers. To this they cling with
something akin of religious fervor
There are maids, brides, housewives
widows and old women's caps, and woe
to the party who dons one not belong-
ing to her rank. The gods will cer-
tainly destroy her—the gods, for
though nominally Christians, the Lith-
uanians still cling to this day to their

ancient mythology and heathen no-
tions. They ride to church on Sun-
days well enough, but on the way
thither worship some traditional deity
supposed to reside in a tree, on the
river bed or seashore, with offerings of
grain, eggs or chickens.
Not the least interesting part of this
Amazon regiment are the horses, bred
from Arab, Neapolitan, Spanish and
English stock. They are, as a rule,
alert animals with brainy foreheads
and intelligent eyes set wide apart.
The head of the Lithuanian horse is
small and carried on a lengthy neck.
He has sloping shoulders, a rosy chest
and small ears. The best of these
horses look like thoroughbreds, with
their prominent muscles, wide hips and
their general air of gentleness and
fearlessness.
The regiment proposes to meet the
Kaiser at some railway station not yet
named, between Koenigsberg and Gum-
binnen, take him into its midst and
march him in triumph all through
Lithuania, or Lithuania, as the Germans
say. Lithuania comprises the greater
half of East Prussia, and contains
many royal castles, hunting grounds,
studs and other crown domains. The
flat country, intersected by forests,
through which beautiful roads lead to
the various country houses and villages
belonging to His Majesty, is well ad-
apted to a showy procession of that
kind, and if, after reaching headquar-
ters at Rominten, William feels like
alarming the garrison, he can do so
without disturbing the sleep of out-
siders.
Rominten is usually furnished with a
guard of 200 infantry during the Kais-
er's stay there. The girls will take
the places of these foot soldiers, and
like them bivouac under canvas. Their
long herding whips are their only wea-
pon, but they will do in case of ob-
noxious curiosity seekers, or even of
poachers.
THE KISS.
Medical scientists tell us that we
may no longer kiss, that it injures the
health, and the evils resulting from
the osculatory habit, if persisted in,
are set forth ad libitum and ad nau-
seum. Man is the only animal that
kisses as a mark of affection, and the
kiss is undoubtedly as old as human
nature. In the old catacomb pictures
of Egypt, fond lovers are depicted in
kissing attitudes, while as far back as
Jacob, we are told that this worthy
patriarch kissed Rachel and "lifted up
his voice and wept," though why he
wept is only a matter for conjecture.
The Romans divided kisses into three
classes—the osculum, basium and sau-
vium, which meant the kiss of friend-
ship, of politeness and of love. The
Greeks recognized but one, the kiss of
love. We of the present day have the
kiss of reconciliation, of respect, of
adoration, and who of us does not re-
member the first kiss of love? Fair
nights and starry skies come home to
every heart. Who has not wandered by
love's Elysian streams? Who has not
accepted a betrothal witnessed by
Saturn's triple circuit? And who has
not held in his arms a being of soft-
est, most sensuous clay, and lived, per-
haps, hours of ecstasy in a single mo-
ment? Kisses have also played a
very prominent part in history. The
celebrated kiss given Caesar by the
conspirators, and the historic one
which James I. of Scotland, did not
give to Anne, of Denmark, are fami-
liar to all. In romance and poetry
they figure far more prominently, and
are sometimes chosen as a theme. The
kiss which the angel took to the pearly
gates as atonement for a lost soul
will never be forgotten, while every
one knows Byron's "Long, long kiss,
and kiss of youth and love," and his
"That womanhood had but one rosy
mouth,
To kiss them all at once from north
to south."
Kisses have even appeared as mat-
ters of litigation. Then there is the
last kiss, which, with bursting heart
we press upon the cold, senseless clay,
which will never more respond to our
caresses. But saddest of all is the
kiss of satiety. Who can tell the bit-
terness of the worn out passion, the
jaded nerves, the touch of lips under
which whither all gladness, all joy, all
liberty. The trite caress, the hollow
ecstasy is, alas, almost as well known
as the kiss which Herrick defines as
"love's sweetest language," and of
which the man or woman who have
never loved knows as little as the in-
land dweller knows of the sea. Pas-
sion and the sea are like each other.
The kiss that burns, and the salt
spray that stings; words shall not
tell them or color portray them. What
will the scientists give us in lieu of
the sweet, time-honored kiss? Per-
haps, after awhile, we, like the New
Zealanders, will rub noses as a mark
of affection.
ACROSS THE BACK-YARD FENCE.
Doesn't the shape o' yer nose suit
yer, Mrs. Fitzgibbons?
What do ye mane, Mrs. Corkins?
When ye're lookin' over this way
ye're always turnin' yer nose up.
HIS PREFERENCE.
Storekeeper—What kind of chew-
ing-gum do you want, my little boy?
We have peppermint, sassafras, with-
tergreen, lilac, heliotrope and atiar of
roses!"
Small Boy—Wal, gimme lilac! I want
some kind dat'll look like plug-ter-
backer when yer spits!
A WORDY ROW.
Dunphy is pretty well battered up
Yes He and McCracken had a pas-
sage of words.
Only words?
That's all. McCracken threw a dic-
tionary at him.