

## WHERE THE TROUBLE LIES.

I think as many thoughts as most,  
And some of them are really great.  
I do not say the thing to boast—  
I only care the fact to state.  
No other men accumulate  
No end of wealth with something pat  
I could have done, but left too late.  
Well, then, I wish I'd thought of that.  
I might have known that stocks would  
rise.  
The indications were that way—  
It was a thing beyond surmise.  
To buy a lot was bound to pay.  
I noticed, too, the other day,  
They rose sky high, but I was flat  
Enough to miss the chance—oh, say,  
I wish that I had thought of that.  
Why can't I think of things in time!  
My failure fills me with disgust.  
It always seems to me that I'm  
Behind and getting all the dust.  
Had it not been for this, I must  
Have been long since a plutocrat:  
Each good thing missed, I find, is just  
Because I did not think of that.  
—Chicago News.

## Margaret.

### MARGARET HUNGERFORD

stood under the shadow of a gallery in St. Matthew's Church and watched the man to whom she had been engaged six months before come down the aisle with the woman who had superseded her upon his arm.

A year ago she had joyously invested this man with qualities whose nobleness existed only in the intensity of her own ideals. He had rewarded her by losing his head under the flattery of a pair of shallow blue eyes.

Margaret had stood aloof, almost as an outsider, and watched the thing from its very beginning—watched it with a slow death within herself which was as the hard departure of youth.

Never by the lifting of a hand did she seek to stay what she saw. Then came the day when Darrel asked to be released.

She realized with a quick glance into the future that here was an experience which time might not gloss over. It left her a woman of clear vision, with no vestige of the inconsequent glamour of girlhood.

Yes, as she walked from the church, when the bridal party had dispersed, a deep thankfulness filled her heart. Her life was yet her own. The bitterness she had felt was more for the rude tearing away of the sheltering visions of girlhood than for any deeper hurt.

"Now," she said, and threw back her strong shoulders while she descended the church steps as though she would thus throw off forever this phase of her life, "new work."

And work it was for three years, as day by day, in her nurse's dress, she trod the ward of a hospital. It was also what the pruning of a careful gardener is to a vine.

Under it Margaret's somewhat angular figure grew into a graciousness of womanhood seldom seen. Then she met Paul Gerhardt, and life blossomed for her with a resplendence of joy which at times held her dumb.

She stood one evening by the bed in a private room looking down upon the woman who lay there. The patient had just been brought from the operating room and given into Margaret's care.

On the whiteness of the pillow the fair, damp strands of hair showed strangely familiar in spite of the wasted features beneath. Margaret waited with locked hands for the heavy eyelids to lift themselves. Then she looked up suddenly and saw Darrel in the doorway, and knew.

His anxiety for his wife, if such it could be called, was swallowed up in his amazement at Margaret. That the former was perfunctory the nurse saw at a glance.

And in the eyes of Eleanor Darrel—when the effect of the ether had passed—there burned a fearful eagerness. Even the surprise of finding herself in the care of the woman she believed she had wronged was immersed in it.

Margaret saw that what little strength her patient had was dissipated in the effort to drag one word of real concern from her husband, and followed Darrel from the room.

Darrel's eyes narrowed to pin points as he watched her. Suddenly he caught a foid of her apron, crushing its fine whiteness in his hand.

"Margaret"—his voice was husky—"I see now—what a mistake—"

She looked at him dully, with knitting brows. It was hard at a bound to bring her mind to this. Then, as she would have avoided unnecessary contagion, she drew her apron from his grasp.

"Mistake!" her eyes pierced the shifting ones and held them. "Mistake! You did but one wise thing in all your weak, vacillating life, as far as I know, and it was when you married Eleanor."

His eyes writhed under hers, but she would not release them.

"Why," she went on, "she loves you in spite of the fact that she knows you as you are. To me it seems incredible, it is incredible. She must be nearer the divine than we are."

Her look went beyond him to the door of the sick room, and he breathed more freely. Now it came back.

"What I knew what He had saved me from how do you suppose I thank Him now, when I know what He has saved me for? Within a month I am to be the wife of Paul Gerhardt."

The great oculist's name was familiar enough for Darrel. It was a pity that Gerhardt himself, bending at that moment over a pair of sightless eyes, could not have lifted his head and looked into those of the woman he loved.

The man who did look into them wondered if, after all, and in spite of Margaret's beauty, he had not had a narrow escape. Strenuousness was the one thing in life to be avoided. His thoughts turned to his wife with a sense of relief.

"Henry!" The nurse conquered her aversion enough to touch his arm. "Ever since the operation your wife has yearned—hungered for some sign that you really cared."

His weak under lip protruded itself sullenly. It was the look which his wife knew best on his face. To Margaret it was revealingly new.

"Go in now," she said quietly, "and give her what she has been craving for."

He shifted from one foot to the other in hesitating uncertainty. Then, as it was always easier for him to yield than to resist, he moved slowly back along the corridor.

His wife's eyes went quickly from one face to the other as they re-entered the room. Darrel took a chair beside her.

"You must hurry up and get well," he said awkwardly, patting the white hand which lay on the counterpane. She scarcely seemed to breathe while she waited, her eyes fixed on his face. Still he hesitated, feeling Margaret's compelling eyes upon him.

"The house—does not seem—like home without you—little girl."

The very utterance of the words moved him, for Darrel was easily moved emotionally.

Slowly, in faint waves, the color rose to Eleanor Darrel's temples, seeming to force the moisture into her eyes as it came. Margaret thought involuntarily of parched ground when a healing rain has fallen upon it.

The wife's fingers were clinging like weak tendrils around her husband's.

Darrel looked around for Margaret, but she had left the room, feeling her way blindly out. Then he stooped, laying his face against the white one near his own.

Margaret's face as she ran down the hospital steps that evening to the man who stood waiting for her at his horse's head was a benediction. Gerhardt turned to it afresh as he gathered up the reins in his strong hand.

"I don't know that I like you to look like that," he said, smiling, "when I am not the cause. It makes me jealous."

The eyes which raised themselves to his were glowing with the wonder of faith which has become certainty.—St. Louis Star.

### An Eskimo Salmon-Trap.

The Eskimos along the Yukon River have an odd method of catching salmon, which is described by Mr. Jeremiah Lynch in "Three Years in the Klondike."

The Eskimos take boards a foot wide and an inch thick, and nail them together lengthwise in a triangular spout, a little wider than a good-sized salmon. This is submerged in five feet of water a foot from the surface and twenty yards from the shore.

The salmon, swimming along the side of the shore against the strong current, go straight into this simple trap and cannot get back, and those in the rear press on those in front.

We saw eighteen large salmon taken from one of these spouts in a few minutes, and the Indians said they caught scores every day while the rains continued.

At an old Russian settlement we observed how the natives live and prepare for the winter. The fish were running plentifully, and every Indian, even to the little children, was busy bringing them up from the bank, opening them and hanging them on the trees, or temporary scaffolds, or tops of huts and cabins, in every conceivable place where a salmon could be put to dry out of reach of the dogs.

The run lasts about six weeks, and in that interval the natives must provide food for their families and dogs until next season. Very few wild animals exist on this lower Yukon, and with the addition of geese and ducks, salmon is the only food that the country provides for its inhabitants. No grain is cultivated. The Indians buy flour and light supplies from the traders, paying in dogs and furs, for they trap all through the long winter.

### Telephone Girls of Europe.

A London correspondent who has a London-Paris-Milan wire in his room writes that in his opinion the telephone girl is not quite an angel. He finds the London telephone girls slow and indifferent, the French intractable and impertinent. When the Whittaker Wright trial was proceeding he found himself late with some news and rushed to the telephone. Absolute silence followed his frantic ringing, until he almost pulled the telephone from the wall. After twenty minutes or so a sweet voice said: "Number, please?" "But," he protested, "I have been ringing for half an hour!" "Oh, really! I am so sorry, I was drinking my tea!"

In Paris the girls are absent-minded and usually make the connection badly, but have invariably an excuse and will not hear remonstrances.

The Italian telephone girl by the side of her London and Paris sisters shines indeed. She is obliged to repeat the number wanted, and so seldom makes a wrong connection, she is prompt, and not exceptionally pert, but she is lazy, and will often tell you that the person you want does not reply when she has made no effort to ring him up.—Rome Secolo.

Ground ivy and mustard can be destroyed through sprinkling with a solution of coppers (sulphate of iron).

# Woman's Realm

### "Blanche Plumes."

Henry of Navarre himself need not have disdained the new brilliant white ostrich plumes which decorate our dress hats this season under the name of blanche plumes. The toque is of brown, glistening gray, pearl color, soft brim in many shades, dark blue or black. With a singular unanimity of choice the hat is trimmed with a single long and wide curling ostrich feather, stationed in the middle of the crown and curling forward so as to form a complete circle or loop.

### Women Photographers.

Young photographers have queer fancies. There are many young women among the artists of country towns, and while they keep up their regular business in portrait work, they develop some odd preferences in the matter of subjects. A pretty faced Indiana girl with a whole lot of romantic ideas, and who shares a gallery with her brother, has made a great hit in the work of "taking" no less romantic girls in the act of having their fortunes told by a wandering gypsy woman. She has already made several of these pictures, and artists who have seen them give her a great deal of credit for her work.—Chicago Tribune.

### Lace For Gowns.

There are any number of pretty new crepe materials that wash wonderfully well, among them being crepe marquis, which has a background of monotonous with embroidered dots and crepe amazone, very like the marquis, with stripes instead of dots. Lovable and durable are the crepes, priceless and pompadour, combining the softness of the crinkly fabrics with the lustre of silk.

For the trimming of these dainty confections there is a tape lace, one of the smart new dentelle ventures, and another surprising novelty, a straw passementerie which the manufacturers have made pliable and silky and quite adaptable as an adornment for the hot weather blouse and skirt.

### How to Reduce the Waist.

Stand with the heels together, the toes pointing out slightly, the body erect, the chest high, and head straight and the chin in. Hands are at the sides, palms forward. Now count seven, inhaling through the nose, and swing arms up at the side until they are the width of the chest apart and above the head, palms forward. Hold this position through four counts, and then, expelling the breath through the mouth, swing down until the finger tips come as close as possible to the floor. The arms are stiff and the bending is done at the waist, not at the knees.

The first time this exercise is tried the hands will be several inches from the floor. When the summer girl can touch the floor with her fingers she may depend upon it that her waist measure is going down.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

### Ways of Using Lace.

One of the very new ways of using lace is to take insertion and border it with satin ruchings. Narrow satin ribbon is used, and the ruching is made thick and full. This is sewn around the edge of the lace application, which is then set upon the dress. Such applications are used to trim skirts and blouses, and are also seen upon sleeves, and always with the edging of ribbon that gives the finishing touch to the lace.

Then there is the lace cockade rosette that is so charming upon the summer gown. It is made of lace gathered along one edge with a thread, which is pulled taut, and the rosette is made. If desired, a little jewel can be set in the middle of the rosette.

Little lace roses are charming items. A group of them in white Valenciennes lace, with small red silk rosettes in the middle, was observed upon one of the prettiest evening gowns of the season. These lace roses, in groups of six or eight, trim the skirts of evening gowns, and those of day gowns. They are delightfully dainty, and are feminine to the very last degree.

But there is still another new fad for the woman who likes pretty trimmings, and this a French one. Wide stoles of silk are sewn to the shoulder of the gown and are allowed to hang to the waist line, where they are bordered with lace. Little trifling fancies these are, yet charming, in the sum and substance of the season's wardrobe.

### Women and After-Dinner Talks.

Women as after-dinner speakers appeared for the first time last winter. Perhaps this is the one direction in which they were not expected to exert themselves, but they have won success.

"There was never any reason why women should not have gained distinction as speakers," said a woman who is herself considered to have no mean ability in the line, "but the fact remains that among the list of women who have gained prominence in politics and in the various professions within the past ten years or more very few could deliver a speech that was anything more than an apology. But club life has made calls upon women for abilities in the way of reading papers aloud and joining in public discussions, and, although these talks have remained somewhat heavy in tone, there

is a marked decrease in the self-consciousness and awkward address that really brilliant women used to be guilty of when called upon for a few words of acknowledgment or the thanks that courtesy demanded from a guest of honor at some public occasion.

"Women are emerging from this voiceless condition and at a recent dinner at which a successful young author was present she responded to a toast proposed in her honor in a witty speech, entirely extempore, and given with an easy grace and sparkling humor that were irresistible."—Chicago Chronicle.

### Salonier Chat.

Isn't it dreadful that we let ourselves hate so much more readily than we let ourselves love?

A man's idea of a charitable woman is the one who sees in his faults only evidence of a quaint foolishness.

No matter what a girl does with her fan, there are some men who are sure that she's trying to flirt with them.—Baltimore American.

A curious fact—Satan deprived Job of everything except his wife.—Observer.

A beautiful woman is the only tyrant man is not authorized to resist.—Victor Hugo.

Women know how to enjoy a joke even if they don't understand it.

A woman sees beauty in the face of a man when men fail to detect it.

Every woman likes to believe she is thoroughly honest in her convictions. A man wants to save money for his wedding, but the trouble is finding out what necessities he can cut out.

Let a girl have all the cash she wants and she begins to realize its value.

Men allow women to have their way in an argument just to tickle their vanity.

The woman who talks little usually has listeners when she says something.

During leap year contractors who advertise for proposals should be careful to specify what they want them for.

In society the art of talking comes first, the art of listening second, and the art of saying something is left at the post.

### The Most Unpopular Woman.

The most unpopular woman is the one who, at any cost must have the last word. She is much too apt to offend people's prejudices and to rub them up the wrong way. She is perilously apt to "nag," and a nagging person is deservedly the terror of the world at large.

She must have the last word in every discussion, for it is much more valuable to her than the things other people spend their lives in striving for—honor, wealth, fame or happiness. She feels that if she does not secure that final sign of victory and triumph life would not be worth living, and she will fling away without another thought domestic peace and the affection of those nearest to her just for the insignificant right of having that last word. She generally becomes querulous and peevish. Everyone seems to be afraid of her, and some people even refuse to argue with her.

If she would only realize how she drives her friends away she would not insist on having that "last word." One woman recently said that she knew a woman who insisted no matter what was said that the last word was for her. Some time ago there was some discussion about the proper dress for a bride. Several women gave their opinions, and she insisted that if a bride would wear gray she would be much better off in every way. White being the proper attire, a vegeer was made that white was the only color, and in order to give everyone a fair chance, some well known dressmaker was referred to. The dressmaker said that all over the world brides usually wear white, and that this was found to be the most favorite because it could always be dyed another color if once soiled. There was no argument necessary, but the one woman insisted that gray was better because it did not soil so easily. The result is that not one of the women who were disputing the fact wishes to speak to the woman since.

### Feminine Finery.

Ribbons will be much used in millinery.

Gowns now must fit neatly instead of bag.

Flowered organdies have been a great success.

Some of the extremely fluffy skirts have as many as five flounces.

Tip yokes are one of the things fashion is lenient about. You can have them or not.

Skirts show mostly a straight front panel, no matter how full they may be on the sides.

A tailor made much worn last summer required merely a front of lace, instead of a separate blouse.

The Japanese pheasant or cock of the rock lends its name to our newest color, coq de roc, a flaming orange.

Pongee kid shoes have descended to the bargain table. The pretty pale biscuit things are worth snapping up.

A distinctly new idea in bodices that promises to be very smart is one draped across the bust with the lower part fitted to the form.

## SOUTHERN FARM NOTES.

TOPICS OF INTEREST TO THE PLANTER, STOCKMAN AND TRUCK GROWER.

### Growing Onions.

The soil should be rich and in perfect till for best results. Almost any well drained soil, if rich, will grow onions. Where fertilizers are needed, from twenty-five to fifty loads per acre of well-rottened barn lot manure should be applied, and if commercial fertilizer is employed, one rich in all the elements of plant food, a high grade complete fertilizer, should be used at the rate of from 500 to 1500 pounds per acre, according to the needs of the soil. One containing 5 per cent. nitrogen, 6 per cent. phosphoric acid and 9 per cent. of potash is considered satisfactory.

If possible a crop of cow peas should be turned under deep early in fall, and from then forward until planting time the land should be frequently harrowed. "As mellow and rich as an onion bed" is the old saying, indicative of perfection in fertility and till. Get as much of the cultivation done as possible before the crop is planted.

The seed should be planted as early as it can be obtained from the dealer, usually about the middle of the last of September, or early in October. The seed bed should be in good till, and not too fertile. Plant in beds broadcast, or sow by hand in rows about two inches apart. On a commercial scale sow with seed drill in rows ten inches apart, where necessary to irrigate bed. To secure sufficient plants to supply an acre, plant 5x4 1/2 inches, about three pounds of seed are required. Depth of planting is an important point, and may vary from one-fourth to one-half inch, according to the character of the soil.

Two methods of irrigation are practiced; first, a ridge is thrown up around the seed bed and they are flooded. Second, water is led down the middle of the narrow rows by opening a shallow trench with a hoe.

When the plants are the diameter of a lead pencil they are ready to go to the field. Wet the bed thoroughly, draw the plants and trim.

If possible weeds and grass should never be allowed to get a start. Where irrigation water is used or grain occurs, the soil should be stirred as soon as possible thereafter. Too much stress cannot be laid upon the importance of perfect culture methods.

As soon as 80 or 90 per cent. of tops have fallen the crop is ready to harvest, and should be gathered without delay. The onions may be plowed out or pulled by hand, according to character and condition of soil. Gather in windrows and allow the crop to dry, though care must be taken to prevent injury from too long exposure in hot sun. Remove tops and roots with sharp knife; grade and crate in field. Unless shipment occurs at once the crates should be carefully removed and stacked in a well ventilated shed. Throughout harvesting, special pains should be taken to avoid bruising the tender bulbs, as they immediately show the effect of rough handling, and soon decay.

The common injury reported results from the attack of the "thrips," which may infest the crop from the seed beds forward. Their presence is easily detected by the yellow appearance of the top and the sticky feeling of the leaves. Prompt measures must be taken to save the crop, and experience has shown that a fine spray of a solution of four pounds of whale oil soap in six gallons of water will control the pest in two applications, provided the very centre of the plant receives a thorough dose.—E. C. Green.

### Alfalfa For Fowls.

We have recommended alfalfa as a forage crop for farm animals. The following from The Practical Farmer shows that it has another use, it being found very good for poultry feed:

Too much cannot be said in favor of alfalfa for either stock feed, or an additional ration for fowls during the winter months when green and bulky food is scarce or lacking. A comparatively small plot of ground will furnish all that can be required for a flock, both summer and winter. If cut before it blossoms, alfalfa foliage is extremely tender, and apparently highly palatable for the birds. Besides, if cut promptly, at least four crops can be cut in one season. We have cut ours twice this season, already, with a third crop ready to be cut, and we expect another to grow before the end of October. The first two crops have been fed green to horses and cattle; and while doing the feeding of it, the usual grain additions to the coarse food materials were omitted, the milk flow increased rather than decreased and the horses seemed to do just as well as with grain and hay. The first two crops were cut when the plants were beginning to bloom, the second even at an earlier stage than the first, simply because the lower portions of the plants began to look spotted and rusty. The third crop, now ready to be cut, is about as healthy as the first

crop, and the first blossoms will probably appear in a few days. This is about the right stage for cutting alfalfa when intended for poultry food. Undoubtedly it is far easier to cure the first crop alfalfa in July, or even June, than the third crop in September, but with good weather there will not be much difficulty even this late. The alfalfa, when mown, is spread evenly and allowed to thoroughly wilt, but, of course, not to become hard and dry. It is then put into small cocks and allowed to cure. In really good, warm, sunshiny September weather, this may require two or three days. It is then hauled and put away for winter.

Fowls yarded during the summer in rather limited enclosures, where the green stuff is apt to run short after awhile, will appreciate and well pay (in eggs and growth) for their daily rations of green alfalfa. This should be cut while quite young and tender, perhaps not over six or eight inches high, and fed whole. Large quantities (comparatively speaking) of such alfalfa will be consumed by fowls in confinement. When the alfalfa stalks begin to get older and somewhat tough, the best way to treat them is to run them through a clover cutter. Every poultryman ought to have one anyway; the possession of such an implement will pay even much more to the person who has a field of alfalfa, or some nice, bright alfalfa hay. The hay, when to be fed to fowls during the closed season, should be run through the clover cutter, and cut in shortest possible lengths, then preferably be put into a feed cooker and steamed until tender and juicy. This steamed mess is then to be mixed with the daily mash for the poultry dinner, or may be fed alone, or simply mixed with a little meal. In short, of all bulky winter foods, alfalfa hay properly prepared, is probably by far the best.

### The Run-Down Farm.

So-called worn out farms may be built up and made productive, but the man who must support his family and perhaps pay interest on a mortgage from such a farm, while he is doing it, has a long road to travel. There are, however, many such, no doubt, among the readers of the Southern Fruit Grower, and some are succeeding.

The use of commercial fertilizer is increasing all the time, and if properly applied in connection with rotation of crops, will assist to no little degree in increasing the productiveness of the land.

The two principal elements required in growing fruit are potash and nitrogen. Where wood ashes are available the cheapest possible potash is at hand. In the commercial fertilizers the potash is rated at about five cents per pound. As there is about 100 pounds of potash in a ton of unleached wood ashes, they are worth about \$5 per ton for potash alone. There is also considerable value in phosphoric acid and lime. In this part of the country, wood ashes can be had in many places for the hauling. In no case to my knowledge is one required to pay to exceed twenty-five cents per load. Yet many farmers are buying fertilizers at from \$18 to \$25 per ton to get largely the same elements they could get at 25 cents per load.

As for nitrogen, the cheapest way apply that is to grow a crop of cowpeas, then follow with another crop. The cow pea gets nitrogen from the air and stores it in its roots. It then becomes available to the crops following for several years. By using unleached wood ashes freely and growing cow peas on the same land, it soon becomes well supplied with the principal food elements necessary to grow fruit successfully, and in most localities in the central South can be done much more cheaply than by means of commercial fertilizers. After ashes have been exposed to wind, rain and sun for a time they lose much of their fertilizing value, yet may be used with good results.

The value of barnyard manure is quite generally known. Yet many farmers leave it in piles till it becomes almost worthless. To get the best results, manure should be applied to the soil as soon as possible.

Plenty of straw should be used about the barn to absorb the liquid, as the liquid manure is richer than the solid.

As nitrogen is the largest valuable element present in barn manure, it is apparent that it must be well cared for, as nitrogen escapes into the air readily when the manure pile is heated. When plenty of manure and wood ashes are available it is the most satisfactory fertilizer.—Frank C. Pellet.

In 1900 there were 2807 automobiles registered in France. This year 12,984 are registered. There has been a decrease of 20,000 horses and of 245,475 horse-drawn vehicles in that time.

### Odds and Ends.

Fort Morgan, the county seat of Morgan County, Col., is unique because of the fact that it has three churches and no saloons. From the excellence of its irrigation system the county also is obtaining a reputation, it possessing 11 canals, aggregating 220 miles in length. The laterals and field laterals are estimated at 1,600 miles. The county has storage reservoirs, with an aggregate capacity of 3,000,000,000 cubic feet of water, to cover 78,000 acres one foot deep.

### Sharps and Flats.

If Gideon had stopped to paint his pitchforks the Lord would have been looking for another general.

There always will be difficulties about the Bible if you grasp it by the blade instead of by the handle.

You may know what God thinks about a man's religion when you know what his children think.

The perfect man has not been discovered in our day; we are all too modest to reveal him.