

#### HOPELESS.

Her eyes are blue as Heaven's blue, Or bluer;
To know her is to sigh and sue,
And woo her;
And yet she fences for her heart With all a master's subtle art; Her nerves must be of steel a part,

And truer.

Dan Cupid wars with her each day, Yet misses
The mark that should be easy prey 

Cupid and I are both at sea. Deploring
The fate that hinders him and me From scoring.
'Tis cruelty indeed that she Is adamant to such as we.

For we must now and ever be Adoring. George Taggart, in Frank Leslie's

# **Double Deceit**

By A. ERNEST MARSTON.

T WAS a wild night. The rain fell in drenching torrents, driving the few who were awaiting the coming of the through express into the depot, where they gathered in a shivering group around the

Outside, walking with quick, neryous strides, back and forth upon the covered platform, was a man enveloped in a long, black mackintosh. The face was dark but handsome and had an open expression that added to its attractiveness. The eyes were deep and lustrous; the hair was dark and inclined to curl. He wore no beard, but above the well formed mouth was a curling, black mustache.

The stylish hat, the cut of his coat and the distinctive air of culture about the man marked him as belonging to the upper class, while the firm, erect carriage and the very exactness of the rapid, nervous steps bespoke a military training.

The storm continued with unabated force and occasional gusts of wind swept across the platform, but the man seemed not to notice it. Now and then he would pause in in his walk and glance into the ladies' waiting room as though he were looking for some one, then turn away and continue his restless walking. He stopped under the incandescent light and glanced hastily at his watch.

"Seven-thirty," he muttered. "The train is due in 25 minutes. I wonder if she is really going to-night."

A carriage drew up at the rear of the depot and a young lady alighted, glanced carelessly about her for a moment, then walked rapidly towards sne came into the bright light, the man gave a start and stepped back into the shadow of the building.

"Good gracious, there she is now!" he exclaimed sotto voce. "Hope she didn't see me. If she thought I was spying upon her movements she would despise me."

He waited until she had disappeared into the depot, then walked you not say something to give me slowly up the platform, glancing cautiously into the waiting-room as he passed the window. The young lady was evidently engaged in purchasing a ticket, and the man noted the assurance with which she set about the matter, as though she had been accustomed to doing such things for herself which, he was confident, she had not.

"I wonder if she is going away alone," he mused. "She does not appear to be expecting anyone."

The man outside noted every detail of her neat traveling suit, which followed every curve of her perfect figure. He noted, also, with a feeling akin to jealousy, that she was being regarded with curious interest by the men in the ticket office and by a commercial traveler, who had for some unexplainable reason invaded the ladies' waiting-room. When the latter offered to assist the young lady with her coat, the watcher could hardly restrain himself.

"The presuming cur," he said in a savage undertone. "I've a mind to call him to account for his impudence."

But events proved that the young lady was capable of looking out for herself. The polite but decisive manner in which she declined the proffered assistance convinced the commercial man that for once he had made a mistake, and he sank back in his seat with the consciousness that his egotism had received a severe blow.

"Gad! She is all right," he muttered, watching the young lady as she swept gracefully across the room.

As she opened the door and came out upon the platform, the man outside drew back into the shadows where he had watched her while she walked to the other end of the I had better get my traveling bag." depot and back. Then he formed a sudden resolution.

"She shall not go away in this manner without a word," he said with decision.

The young lady was just turning when he stepped suddenly into view, and a stiffed scream escaped her as she recognized him.

surprise. "I thought you were at the hotel."

"Did you? And you were going away without a parting word?" he said reproachfully.

"What was I to do?" she asked, while an amused smile played about her mouth. "Was it my duty to look up all my gentlemen friends and wish them good-bye?"

"Certainly not," said the man with a laugh. "But you might have at at least let one know you were going away and have given him a chance to call and see you before you went."

"Why, I thought that every one knew that I was going to-night. I am sure the matter has not been kept a secret. You, at least, must have known or you would not have spoken of it, just now."

"Yes, but I did not hear of it until to-day, and then not from you," he said in a tone of reproof. "I had hoped that you might think better of my offer, that you might, at least, grant me one more opportunity of pleading my suit."

"What good could come of it?" she said wearily. "I have told you that I could not accept your offer; why should we go through the unpleasant scene again?"

"Why, indeed! Do you think that a man's love can be cast aside like a broken toy? It is possible that you are the heartless coquette that the people here say you are? Perhaps, were I Van Hutten with his millions, you might have a different anhe went on passionately. swer." But the love of a poor, struggling author-what does it matter?"

The girl's face burned red and her voice trembled with indignation as she replied, despite her efforts at self-control.

"Your language is insulting, Mr. Worden," she said. "I am surprised that you should speak in this manner. Your accusations are entirely unwarranted, for even if I were the coquette that you say I am reported to be, you certainly would have no grounds for complaint. And as for the thought that I would look with more favor upon a wealthier suitor you might as well have said that I would sell myself for so much gold! The thought is unworthy of the gentleman I believed you to be."

She had unconsciously drawn away from him and assumed a defensive attitude as she spoke in low, impassioned tones that were more convincing than weightier arguments would have been to the one who lis-

"Forgive me, Miss Hurst," he said, penitently. "I deserve your contempt for thinking even for a moment that you were other than a true woman. I know now that I wronged you is the thought; but I was blind with jealousy and disappointment, and did not think what I was say-

"I thought it was not your true self that was speaking," she said, quietly. "I am glad that I know that I was not mistaken in my opinion of you for I want to believe that I have met at least one true man this summer; and I want you to rememworthy spirit that I may have shown at times.'

"I shall remember you as the best and truest of women," he said passionately. "Oh, Alice! Are you going away without one word of encouragement? See!" holding out his watch. "We have just ten minutes before the train comes. Will hope in the days to come?

The girl had averted her face that he might notesee the wave of emotion which crossed it, nor the tender look in the violet eyes.

"Why should I give you any hope when it will only bring pain for both of us in the end?" she asked gently. "Why should we prolong this painful subject? Would it not be better for both to end it all now?"

"I can't see why it would be, unless, you cannot love me, or-can it be there is another?"

"No, there is no one else; but, just think! We have known each other less than three months, and really know so little of one another. Then our lives have been so widely different that I fear we are not suited for one another. I have enjoyed this summer so much," she went on before he could reply. "But now it is over; I must go back to the old lifethe life that I hate—and you to your writing."

"Is it so very bad-the old life, mean?" he asked sympathetically. "The very worst. Oh, how I hate to go back to it!" she said passion-

"Then, why should you? Oh. Alice. why won't you let me provide you a

home? You shall have all you desire. I will-"Foolish man!" she interrupted.

You know little of the myriad wants of woman, or you would never make such a rash statement." "Nor do I care," he replied. "I only

know that I would make it the object of my life to make you happy." "I wonder what time it is?" she said abruptly.

"We have but two minutes left," he said, consulting his watch. "Rather, we have nearly 15," she said, quietly. "The train is late, but

"Let me get it for you," he volunteered, starting toward the waiting room.

A flood of thoughts surged through the mind of the girl as she watched him disappear into the depot.

"If I only knew!" she mused, "He seems so manly and trustworthy. And yet I have worn the mask so suc- Monthly.

"You here!" she exclaimed in cessfully here that he cannot have an idea who I really am. No one but Mrs. Welton in this quiet little place even dreams that I am other than her paid companion, so it cannot be my fortune he is after. And how is he to know that it is the giddy round of fashionable life of which I am so tired. Would it not be better to accept this true heart than to marry one of the men of society who would probably only care for my money?" The man hurried toward her with

breathless haste. "The train will be here in a few minutes," he said earnestly. "Will you not give me something to hope for before we part?"

"Do you think it will make you any happier?" she asked, answering

the question in a woman's way.

"Happier? It would make me the happiest man in the world to know that you cared for me!" he exclaimed passionately.

"But I am so unworthy," she said deprecatingly. "Then you do care?" he said tri-

umphantly. "Yes, I care," she said softly. "But do you think your love is strong enough to withstand the gossip, the cutting remarks that will be made because of your marrying me-a hired

companion?" "What do I care for the gossips?" he asked impetuously. "What dif-ference does your position make to me? It is enough for me to know that you glorify it as you would any other."

"But you know nothing of my past life nor of my family," she objected. "I do not care to know of your past," he said contentedly. "It is sufficient for me to know you as you are—the best and truest woman in all the world. Will you not say yes to my pleadings, now I know that you care for me?'

His passionate face was so close to hers that she could feel his breath. and she dared not trust herself to

"If you really wish it," she said softly. "If you believe I can make wise. That fish has an appetite most you happy, I—" but the rest of puzzling in its whims. One thing the speech was smothered in a sudden embrace. "Don't, please!" she exclaimed, ly in big ones.

struggling out of his arms and looking around in a frightened way. Some one will see us." "I don't care if they do," he replied.

"I am willing the whole world should bass, relates the New York Sun. know." "There is the train!" she cried suddenly as a loud whistle sounded

out of the gloom.

He helped her aboard and found a seat for her. "When may I call to see you?" he

moment. "As soon as you wish. You'd het-

ter hurry or you can't get off." "There's time enough," he said quietly. "I wish I were going with

you. I don't like to have you go off took his lower dropper fly. alone. "Oh, I shall be all right," she said started."

"All right. Good-bye." "Good-bye," she said, watching him until he disappeared.

"He will know the truth long," she mused. "I am so glad I can bring him a fortune."

the moving train and walked rapidly away.

"She thinks me a poor author," he was thinking. "If she but knew that fame was already mine, I wonder what she would say. Well, she deserves the best that money can bring, and I am glad I can give it to her.' He paused under an electric light the two small ones. Thus the angler and looked at the card that she had

handed him at parting, and upon which she had hastily written her address. Worden whistled softly as he read it. "I never thought of her living in that part of the city." he mused. "However, it's all one to me, She's mine-mine, and nothing else matters much."

A few days later Worden was ushered into the reception room of a mansion in upper New York. He had hardly time to note the rich appointments of the room when Miss Hurst, exquisite in soft, white drapery, parted the portiers and came toward him.

"But Alice!"-after the first greeting-"is it really you? Why, I didn't expect-I thought-"

"You thought I was a poor girl, dependent upon my own resources for support, and I allowed you to deceive yourself, so that I might feel sure of the love you said-

"The love for you that fills my heart, my life," he broke in passionately.

"But, oh! I am so glad that I can bring you all of this-that I can relieve you of all the cares of living. Now you can write at your leisure and produce a masterpieceunhampered by any worry. And fame will be yours-oh, I know it." "Well, you see, Alice-that is, I too,

have deceived you. I"-he stopped confusedly. "Deceived me? How? What do you

mean?" "Well, the fact is, dearest, I can

hardly be classed as a 'poor, struggling author.' My last book, published under a nom de plume, has brought me some measure of fame, as well as more substantial remuneration."

"To think of your practicing such deception!" "But it dosn't make any differ-

ence?" "Nothing makes much difference now." She smiled up at him from the had sent home some tripe. The doctor hollow of his arm. "Besides it was a double deceit, you know."-Pacific chamois skin.

#### HUMOROUS.

Ida-"He said I was as pretty as a icture." May-"But, dear, he has such poor reputation as an art connoisseur."-Philadelphia Record.

"I tried to teach my dog to jump over my leg." "Did he catch on?" "Yes; twice. I've just go out of the Pasteur institute."—Baltimore World. Looked It .- Clerk-"Well, I'm tired.

I've been working for all I'm worth today. Don't I look it?" Employer-"Well, yes, you certainly do look like 30 cents." -Philadelphia Press.

Called Down,-Mr. Pinchback-"You say you've had that bonnet for a year. I never saw it before." Mrs. Pinchback -"I know that; I only wear it to church."-Detroit Free Press.

Not Always .- Little Girl-"Ma!" Her Mother-"Don't say 'ma,' my dear, say 'mamma.' What do you want?" Little Girl-"Did you see uncle's new Panamama?"-N. Y. Sun.

Not Hard After All.-Willie pushed George into a pile of coal and George began to cry. "I don't see what you are crying about," said Willie, "that's soft coal!"—Little Chronicle.

Salesman-"Here's the same book in a fine binding. It is half calf." Mrs. Munniworth-"Only half calt? I suppose that's because of the beef trust. But I can afford a whole calf. I should feel ashamed to have a book in the house that was not the real thing."-Boston Transcript.

A father hearing an earthquake in the region of his home sent his two boys to a distant friend until the peril should be over. A few weeks after the father received this letter from his friends: "Please take your boys home and send down the earthquake."-Glasgow Evening Times.

#### GREED OF BLACK BASS.

The Successful Ruse of an Angles Who Counted Upon the Fish's Peculiarity.

To predict about black bass with much confidence is unsafe and uncertain is that selfishness is largely developed in black bass, particular-

A well-known sportsman was fishing for black bass in the St. Lawrence river. He had poor sport. At last he got a strike from a small

The bass had taken his leader fly. He was reeling in, when suddenly he got another strike that made everything hum, and out of the water at least two feet came a good threepounder. This bass had fast in its jaw the dropper fly next ahead of asked, bending over her for a last the fly the small bass was on. After a hard fight both bass were landed.

The angler, encouraged, began to cast again, but a long time without success. Then another small bass you need!—Rural New Yorker.

As he was reeling the fish in, zip! came a second strike, and, as before, confidently. "There! the train has out of the water leaped another big fellow. This one had taken the fly just ahead of that the little bass was on, and that gave the fisherman an idea.

He had often noticed in a pool or aquarium where large and small black bass were together that a Worden swung himself easily off large bass, after declining food, would instantly make a rush for it if a small bass attempted to take it, and would frequently abandon the pursuit of one minnow to go after

one a smaller bass was pursuing. It was this selfish greed that had actuated the two big bass he had hooked immediately after hooking argued, and after landing his second catch of bass, he left the small one on the hook, to test the correctness

of his theory. The result was that the use of the small one as the imaginary pursuer of that dropper fly aroused the determination of no fewer than ten big bass to circumvent it and gobble that fly themselves, much to their own discomfiture and to the satisfaction of the fisherman, who has tried the same ruse many times since with similar results.

## SHE USED THE TRIPE.

Bridget Thought She Was Using the Chamois and Made Bad Work of It.

There is a prominent doctor in Germantown who is busy telling a little joke on himself, says the Philadelphia Evening Telegraph. It appears that he employed an Irish servant, who had just arrived from the "ould sod." Starting out one morning, he noticed his office windows were rather dirty, and, calling Bridget, he instructed her to clean them before he returned. At the same time he told her that he would stop and purchase a new chamois skin and send it home, and with this she was to clean the windows. After he had gone his rounds, he returned to his office. Glancing at the windows, he found them thickly streaked with grease. He called Bridget, and the following colloquy took place:

"Bridget, didn't I tell you to clean the windows?" "Yes, sor."

"And didn't I tell you to use the new chamois?" "Yes, sor."

"Well, did you use it?"
"Sure, I did, sor."

"Let me see the chamois," said the doctor, and Bridget promptly brought it. Then for the first time he learned that his wife had left the house a half hour before he did in the morning, and

declined to say what happened to the

crop grows when the conditions are right is enough to make a lazy man get up and beat the dust out of his own clothes. We do not all agree as to the best plan to follow with cow peas, as the following note from J. H. Hale will show: "I read with interest everything you print about the cow pea, and you are all right to feed it on poor land, but

VALUE OF COW PEAS.

A Crop That Makes Poor Land Se

Fertile That It Afterward Is Good

Enough for Anything.

We have shown pictures of the

seed and the little cow-pea plants,

now, in the cut an idea is given of

the full-sized plant! The way the



PERFECT COWPEA VINES.

when you say 'no one should think of sowing cow peas on good soil' you are 'way 'way off. They are worth many times their cost in the way they improve the mechanical condition of the soil, and I have seldom seen much of our good lands in the east that are not somewhat improved by the addition of a little nitrogen. I sow cow peas on every inch of good land, as well as poor, that I can find available for this plant during its season. Just now I am clearing up a rough, rocky, brush pasture that is too tough to plow, so with an extra heavy cutaway I am chewing it up and seeding it thickly with cow peas." What we meant was that on the average farm it is better to grow corn or some similar crop when the soil is already good enough to grow it. Put the cow peas on poor land and make it good enough to grow what

# THE ABUSE OF SHADE.

Too Many Trees and Shrubs Around the Farm House Produce Un-

For our hot summers shade around the house seems to be an absolute necessity. It is well to remember, however, that, like most other good things, we may so use shade that it becomes absolutely harmful. It has often been observed that while a home is new and has little shade it is healthful, but after the house is buried under trees the family begins to suffer from various diseases, which when the the trees were small and cast little

shade they were entirely free from. The explanation is this: When a house is buried in shade, it becomes dark and damp. Darkness and dampness are both favorable for the growth of molds, mildews and disease germs. Sunlight dries the house and kills outright the germs of most of our formidable diseases. Rheumatism and consumption thrive especially in dark and

damp houses. In the dark dirt accumulates: disease runs rampant in dirt and dampness. And then in darkness and dirt the arch enemy of man, the devil, too, is at home, and we have the quartetdarkness, dirt, disease and the devil.

Shade should be around the house, not over it. Let there be open places all around the house, so that the sun may shine directly upon it. This will keep it dry and wholesome.

Another evil which comes with too many trees is the shutting off of the currents of air so necessary when it is very hot. Heat is much more endurable with plenty of moving air than it is when there is no circulation whatever. Plant trees, plant them in abundance, but not too close to the house, and when they become too dense cut some of them out. Remember the injunctions: "Be temperate in all things," "Hold fast to that which is good."-G. G. Groff, in N. Y. Trib-

In Praise of Alfalfa.

A railroad official says of alfalfa: "Our farmers, chiefly in Nebraska, depend almost solely upon it to feed, and abundant crop is necessary. The first crop is enormous and acreage has been largely increased, which reflects its importance. Horses work well on alfalfa feed and require very little grain. Cattle thrive and fatten quickly, and only have to be finished with grain before shipping to market. The most important feature of alfalfa lies in the fact that it has made a hay-eating animal of the hog. Nebraska raises two crops on unirrigated land, and as many as four crops on irrigated soil. The former cantains about 25 per cent. more nutritive qualities, however, and it will be a good thing for the visitors, is the most grown."-Prairie Farmer.

Kerosene will soften boots or shoes that may have been hardened by water and render them as pliable as new. too heavy weight.

### PREPARE FOR DROUGHT.

Many Seasons That Begin with Co-

A look ahead is worth more than dozen glances behind, unless the latter are used to draw a lesson from. After the drought it is poor consolation to say that if we had done so and so the crops would have been saved. It is better to be prepared for a drought early in the season, and to do this is simply to give the crops the cultivation they actually need. First we should do our plowing as early as possible, and then the harrow and cultivator should follow the plow at regular intervals. By giving early and deep and continued cultivation we accumulate moisture in the soil so that we have a surplus to withstand any ordinary droughts. But to retain a surplus of moisture the soil must be in a finely pulverized condition. Lumpy and cloddy soil soon parts with moisture, either through soaking down into the subsoil or being carried away by the winds and sun. Deep plowing is necessary at first, but surface cultivation thereafter is best. The few inches of topsoil that is finely pulverized may then dry out by the hot weather and winds, but the roots of the plants will find a moist subsoil which they can run down to. This is beneficial to the plants because it strengthens their power of resistance to drought and makes them sturdier and more vigorous growers. Surface feeding plants are always the first to succumb to drought.

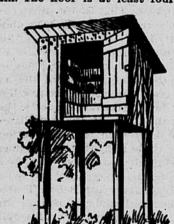
freely on soils to store up moisture against drought. This is particularly true on very light, loose soils where the capillary openings are always so large that water passes too readily upward and downward. The roller compresses this soil and makes it firmer, so the movement of the water is slower. Rapid movement of the water in the soil, either upward or downward, is to be avoidd. The soil that holds it and refuses to part with it is what we need. We can get such mechanical conditions in almost any soil if we plow, harrow, cultivate and roll properly. Such preparations against drought are the best that can be done, for if the dry spell does not appear the plants will be benefited by the cultivation to such an extent as to pay for all the trouble.-W. E. Farmer, in Boston Budget.

One should use the roller more

### POPULAR IN SOUTH.

Outdoor Fresh-Air Closets for the Storage of All Sorts of Household Necessities.

It is common in the south for country folks to have a sort of outdoor fresh air closet, a small detached structure set in the shadiest place possible, standing upon four tall legs, with a flat shingled roof of barely enough slant to shed the rain. The floor is at least four feet



OUTDOOR FRESH AIR CLOSET. from the ground and the whole structure only wide enough to reach well across one's arm. There are shelves all around and the weather boarding up near the roof is drilled with tiny augur holes for ventilation. The door fits tightly and fastens with a lock. Around each of the legs is fastened a tar bandage six inches above the ground, which traps ants, spiders and their ilk. The structure is whitewashed inside and out twice a year. In hot weather shelves and flooring are washed every morning and scoured twice a week. Such a fixture should not cost over three or four dollars, even if one hires it built .- Mrs. T. C.

Cummings, in Good Housekeeping. Engines for Farm Purposes. An Iowa farmer who believes in labor-saving machinery for the farm, remarked a few days ago that the time was not far distant when gasoline en-gines would occupy an important place in the farm equipment. It has been only a few years since the engines have reached a stage of practicability, and in this short period of time the farmer has learned to make one machine do the work of several men. Purchased originally to run a pump, many of the smaller engines are now performing duties from running cornshellers and cream separators to propelling the fans in the dining-room.

Idea Worth Carrying Out. Efforts are being made to have the department of agriculture arrange to give a series of field demonstrations in farm machinery at the coming St. Louis world's fair. Foreigners not acquainted with the working methods of our agricultural machinery could then see for themselves their superiority and practicability. If arrangements can be made to carry out this scheme,

as well as for the manufacturers. Too many farmers feed away the profit in a lot of hogs by feeding for