

MARK LIBERTY.
When the meadows and meadows they
With the last ray of daylight expire;
With a vast constellation of fires
They people the dusk of the skies.
In an intricate kind of a dance,
In a mystical maze they are led,
And I watch them it noiselessly tread
With eyes that are heavy with trance.
And soft from the whirl and the throng
Some lesser light dies in the play;
They cease not their dance, but always
Go circling and whirling along.
And, watching, I dream that our life
Is a mythical dance that we tread,
N'er pausing to number the dead
That vanish away in the strife!
We are sparks from the marsh that are
Lined
For a moment with impulse, desire;
A moment to cure to aspire,
A moment—and then all is still!
—N. O. Times-Democrat.

By Way of Illustration

"R. MORRIS MOORE," was the announcement.
"High-ho!" was the sigh from the sofa.
"If I intrude—"
"How can you intrude when you are asked to come?"
"Anyhow, I am demanding premature welcome, I am the first comer."
"Some one must be first, and I fancy—"
"That I intended to be first?"
"I was about to think so."
"And for asking that question that I have already asked many times. You know what it is?"
"I know."
"And your answer?"
"To what?"
"You said you know."
"Not what to answer."
"Then let me tell you what to answer, Stella."
"It will be a dull dialogue if you play both parts."
"It is no play with me. Do you mean that I may not hope? Is your answer the same as always?"
"It must be the same since my life, my mission, my talents must be given all for progress, for advancement, for woman's emancipation."
"Mrs. West."
"Ah, Mrs. West! so glad to see you!"
"So happy. I came early. It is so hard to see anything of you. Such a crowd about her always, doctor."
The doctor was still absorbed in acceptance of Stella's rejection. He could not see lightly into divine moods. Stella thought she had never seen him appear so heavy.
"What has our star been doing lately? Writing? Ah, genius!"
"Truly, I have been writing a story of the revolution," admitted Stella, "and that was why I sighed."
"Sighed!" queried Mrs. West.
"Ah, was it?" asked the doctor, eagerly.
"I was grieved," explained Stella, hastily, "because I feared I could get



MRS. WEST, ARRAYED IN THE OLD WEDDING GARMENT, REENTERED THE LIBRARY.

no illustration in time. It is a story written for a Fourth of July number.
"You are so skillful with the camera, why not illustrate it yourself?"
"Landscapes, I might. But dramatic scenes?"
"Why not?"
"I cried Stella, warming with an artistic fervor. "You give me an idea. If only you, Mrs. West, and you, Dr. Moore, would pose for me. I have two correct, genuine colonial costumes. One is the wedding dress of my ancestress, Miss Nancy Doyle, heroine of my story, the farmer's daughter from whose pignin of milk Washington quaffed a draught as he rode to Yorktown."
"If I had a single ancestor who had done a deed worth telling!" Stella, boasting such an ancestress, smiled indulgently on the little widow, and looking toward the doctor sighed. He had not the ambition to even express a wish for an ancestor, of course he had none, only plain mothers and fathers and forebears with never a celebrity among them; proof positive, he never told of any such.
"The other costume was that of a Col. Morris, a genuine continental uniform fit for a private auction when I was at school in the city."
"Quick! Quick! The costumes! The camera! Before the other guests arrive," cried Mrs. West with pleasurable excitement.
Scarcely ten minutes had elapsed when Mrs. West, arrayed in the old wedding garment, reentered the library. N'er had she appeared to such advantage. Stella, in her up-to-date gown, felt stiff and commonplace beside the wearer of that shimmering, rose-odored antique costume.
The doctor, in all the glory of continental, entering just behind the widow, flashed at her a look of amazed admiration that she felt uncomfortable while he looked kingly.
"Now, who are we? And what are we doing?" cried Mrs. West.
"You are Nancy Doyle herself," said Stella. The artist's fervor gave her warmth, in spite of the discomforting admiration that the widow's fetching

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"And you, gazing at her so ardently, said: 'At last!'" —N. O. Times-Democrat.

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"Ready," she called.
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"But—"
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AGRICULTURAL HINTS

THE CORN KERNEL.

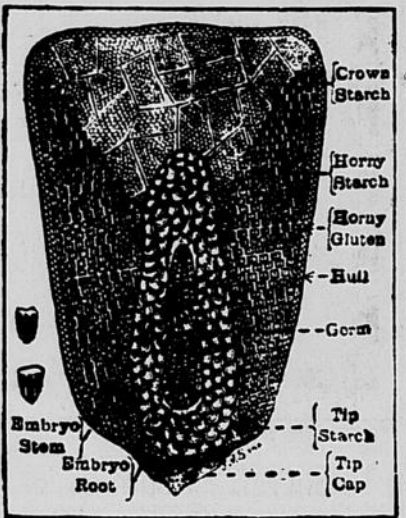
How the Examination May Determine Much About Its Quality of Corn One Is Growing.

By the kernel of the corn it is possible to tell much about the quality of corn one is growing. As a matter of instruction we publish the accompanying cuts, which were designed under the direction of Prof. Hopkins, of the University of Illinois. The first one shows a kernel of low protein corn. The proportion of corn starch in this kernel to the other portions is seen to be very large, as is also the horny starch.



LOW PROTEIN CORN.

while the proportion of protein in all forms is seen to be small. This can be determined by taking a sharp knife and cutting open several kernels of corn and making comparisons. The kernels having a large amount of protein will look like the second kernel shown here. The proportion of crown starch will be found to be comparatively small, while the horny gluten will be found in large supply. While a considerable portion of the



HIGH PROTEIN CORN.

horny matter is starch, yet this same horny matter is so rich in protein that it may be accepted as a rule that the greater the proportion of horny matter the greater the proportion of protein in the corn kernel. The size of the germ also indicates the comparative amount of protein. Any man that expects to do much in the breeding of corn or even in the growing of corn must make a study of the plant and its seed. He must educate himself to be able to tell the value of different kinds of corn. This making a mechanical analysis the real sort of an education is not the work of a day or a week, but it requires much study, much thought and much comparison of different varieties of corn and of different ears of the same variety.

NO INEXHAUSTIBLE SOIL.

Experience of Farmers in Eastern States a Warning and Lesson for Western Agriculturists.

The experience in the eastern states should have taught our western farmers that there is no such thing as an inexhaustible soil. But one of the plainest things in the whole history of our agriculture is that many farmers emigrated from New England and New York and carried with them the idea that it was possible to find a soil that had in it an inexhaustible supply of fertility. The writer remembers meeting a blacksmith in a small New England city, who was planning to move to Iowa. He was enthusiastic over his contemplated change of location and lost no opportunity of describing to his neighbors the wonderful fertility of that soil. "Why," said he, "you can get 100 acres of land almost for nothing and that land is fertile so great that it cannot be used up in all time." He went west, stayed a few years and returned to the eastern city not over prosperous. He had evidently spent the few years in the west trying to raise crops on land that had been sold to him as having in it an inexhaustible supply of fertility. Doubtless it was land that had been already reduced in value by years of cropping by some previous soil robber.

All over the west we find men tilling land that has never had on it a pound of barnyard manure, a pound of fertilizer of any kind and that has never been subjected to a rotation of crops, unless it be a rotation, as an Illinois farmer facetiously remarked, "of wheat and wheat stubble." In the opinion of the Farmers' Review, every man that has been farming on the old lines should abandon the practice at once. Wheat grown after itself for a long period of time will bring poverty to the land and the land owner. We have no inexhaustible soil any more than we have an inexhaustible bank. When a certain amount of plant food is taken out, that plant food is gone and the aggregate of the plant food in the soil is decreased by just that amount. If a man is too poor to buy fertilizer he can at least rotate his crops and help matters in that way.

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ONE CROP PLAN UNSAFE.

National Diversification Has Proved to Be the Better Way for the Farmer.

Progressive farmers, ever alert for the newest and best, have discussed both sides of the question of diversification versus specialization. Each conclusion is doubtless based upon individual needs and capabilities. The spirit of the age—working through the law of the division of labor—points to the advantages accruing to him who "does one thing and does that well." Continuity of concentration counts. The man who finds his proper sphere, and sticks to it, succeeds. The man with two many irons in the fire often burns his fingers. On the other hand, nature seems to protest at over-production of any one of her species. Too many hens, for example, do not thrive together. Exclusive crops are followed by diseases and disaster. Nature strives always to preserve a balance—and as in international life—permits no husky member of the family too much power.

The eastern farmer divides his domain into ten-acre fields. He uses much chemical fertilizer. He practices rotation persistently and intelligently. He raises every year his small crop of clover, corn, wheat, barley and timothy (this being about the order of succession from year to year). He has a few pigs, a small flock of poultry, two or three cows, a truck patch, an orchard and a wood lot. He usually makes a living—comfortable or not as his temperament demands, but he seldom makes more.

The western farmer aims also to make his homestead self-supporting and buys nothing he can profitably raise, but he generally selects some one feature, as wheat, corn, beef cattle, hogs, and horses, or dairy cows, which he works for all his worth. On his big money crop he concentrates his energies. Many Kansas and Iowa farmers are getting rich. This is a fact, whatever the causes.