

her low, crooning voice, as she loosened the soil about their stalks. This year, by accident, some seeds sent from the agricultural bureau got in among them, and she left the plants that sprang up, "jest tur see what they were 'kely tur be," so she confidentially told the sunflowers.

Some of these proved to be squash vines, and as they grew, they ran all about the sunflower patch up to the back stoop, where they afforded pleasure for the bees and amusement for Tirza Ann. She had paid but little heed to these new possessions, except to watch the butterflies and bees hover about them, but now they were regarded with a new interest, as she went from hill to hill, carefully looking them over, and found she had a number of small green squashes, besides many blossoms. If Tirza Ann ever possessed a feeling of gratitude, it was at that moment.

For the next three months Tirza Ann was busy. It had been an unusually dry season, and every spare moment was spent in tending her cherished vines.

One afternoon a couple of young artists came out to ask for a bunch of her favorite flowers, to use in a design, and catching sight of the large squashes, raved so enthusiastically over the size that a look of terror came into her eyes. What if she should be robbed? Her heart sank within her at the idea.

After that, visitors frequently came from the front side of the house to view her famous squashes, among them the two young men of whom she learned her secret. Only two of the largest ones were in sight. The other big ones were securely hid by the great sunflower leaves, where even the curious visitors did not venture to spy them out. When questioned, the only reply Tirza Ann would give was, "Them's mine. I raised 'em and them's mine."

It was only a week before the county fair, and Tirza Ann's anxiety began to wear off. Every moonlight night until late she sat on the back stoop, watching the shining beams upon her golden beauties. The first thing in the morning she would go out and look them all over, familiarizing herself with every mark upon their bright coats, while the sunflowers nodded and smiled at her, and Tirza Ann felt she was as near happiness as she ever could be.

On the morning of the second day before the fair, Tirza Ann went as usual to the back stoop, but no shining yellow objects met her gaze. She had been robbed, for her cherished squashes were gone! Had she known how to have wept, I am sure she would have done so, but Tirza Ann knew nothing about tears. Her poor, starved nature had never found an outlet for her sorrow in such a manner. No Tirza Ann did not weep. Forcing her way in among the sunflowers, she saw two of the squashes, and her care and labor remaining, and the sight of them served to comfort her.

That night, at an early hour, the guests would have witnessed a most peculiar spectacle, had they been watching. A tall, thin, angular woman was tugging at a white barrow that contained a large bunch of some kind. Slowly she pushed her burden down the dusty road and was lost to view in the evening mists.

The members of the prize committee were closing the hall, trembling with farm produce, when they were startled by the appearance of Tirza Ann, frightened and breathless, pushing along the white barrow containing her prize squashes. What to say or how to say it she did not know, but a few questions on the part of the committee brought out the story, and in a few moments the tenderly nurtured squash was resting in the most conspicuous place of the hall, with the name "Tirza Ann Hopkins" securely attached to it.

As the still bewildered owner turned to go, she spied two other squashes of the same variety and nearly as large as hers. "Them's mine as well as these," she exclaimed, to the amazement of the others. Exclamations followed, and the committee unanimously voted to reserve the two remaining names of the two young men, substituting Tirza Ann's, for in their opinion there was no question as to the truth of the statement. After things were righted to her mind, Tirza Ann mechanically took her old squeaking wheelbarrow and started for home with a feeling of great satisfaction.

Three days later she made her first public appearance. In and around the

hall had gathered a mass of expectant people, to witness the awarding of the different prizes. Seated in conspicuous places were visitors of importance from the neighboring towns. Tirza Ann, in her merino dress, cotton gloves and poke bonnet, was content to stand back in the shadow of the door, where she took in the scene with blinking eyes, as cheer after cheer was given with enthusiasm when the prizes were received by the eager hands of the winners. The story of Tirza Ann's squashes had spread throughout the village and everyone was awaiting the awarding of the \$50 prize offered by the horticultural fair.

After a pause and a whispered consultation, one of the judges arose and said, "To Miss Tirza Ann Hopkins is given a prize of \$50 for the largest squash on exhibition this year. In fact, the four squashes exhibited by her are the largest ever raised in this section of the country. We congratulate Miss Hopkins on her success, and are happy to award her not only the first prize of \$50, but a second prize, which is a ladies' bicycle of the best modern make. Miss Hopkins has kindly loaned us her squashes, which will be exhibited over the state to show what care and patience will do in the line of farming."

The people cheered and shouted as Tirza Ann, pale with fright, stepped forward and received the money, while an attendant brought forth a shining wheel that would have pleased the most fastidious female bicyclist.

The next morning Tirza Ann sat out on the back stoop peeling onions. Beside her stood the one great desire of her heart—a bicycle. The spokes glittered in the sunlight and the polished handlebars reflected the golden glory of the sunflowers that nodded and smiled above them, while Tirza Ann, gazing on the purple hills, the bright flowers and the shining wheel, looked up into the blue heavens and actually smiled.

ASPIRATION.

[Written for Farm and Home.]

In this world a fellow finds
Many men of many minds.
Some want this and some want that—
All have got their wants down pat.
Hain't a one of the whole lot
But wants what he hasn't got.
If he gets it, why, I jine;
Up an' wants some other thing.

Some men set their hearts on fame—
Think they'd like to make a name.
If ye 'lect one of 'em squire,
First thing, wants to go up higher.
To the legislature, or
Mebbe be state senator,
And no sooner that is done,
Wants to go to Washington.
If he gets there once, why then,
Thinks he must go back again.

That's the way it is, I guess.
All of us are like the rest.
Man, I've had to 'bout decide,
Never can be satisfied.
And what's more, it seems to me
He was never meant to be.
Th' ain't no limit to our powers—
All the universe is ours.
And the men who make a showin'
Are the ones who keep on goin'.

MARCO MORROW.

WHAT HE SAID.

"You must cover your ears and nose, my son."
Says mother, one cold, cold day.
"For if they should freeze, they would drop right off."
Then, what would you have to say?"

He is eight years old,—such a great big boy!
And he says, as with pride he swells:
"I shouldn't care much if I lost my nose.
For I know how everything smells!"
M. I. S.

DO GOOD.

Do all the good you can,
In all the ways you can.
To all the people you can,
In every place you can.
At all the times you can,
As long as ever you can.

[Selected.]

THE TEMPEST.

I once was sad and filled with woe.
My soul was like a storm-tossed sea.
I heard it rain, the cold wind blow,
And heavy was the load on me.

But now what matter if 'tis dark outside,
Cold, rainy, dark and dreary?
The tempest in my heart has died,
And only left me weary.

ALBION MOORE.

SHERMAN, CITIZEN AND SOLDIER.

Mr D. H. Feathers of Truckee, Cal., was one of "Sherman's dashing Yankee boys," and on one of his visits to us, consented to tell some of his war reminiscences.

"Did I ever see Gen Sherman? Yes, and talked with him, too. By reason of my position I often chanced to see him. I was one of a body of mounted men selected from various regiments for special service. Our duties consisted of confiscating rebel property, such as arms, ammunition and horses, bearing dispatches or engaging in scouting."

"We would ride up to a plantation 'nigger' fire off our revolvers, swear at him and command him to tell where 'massa's' horses were hidden. Generally he would be so scared he could hardly gasp, and would obey with alacrity. On one occasion we raided a farm and robbed a lot of beehives. No one was at home but the lady of the house. Rushing out on the porch, she gave us a running volley of abuse. But we got the honey and returned to camp."

"Sherman happened to be near our camp at the time, so I put some of the nicest honey on a clean shingle, walked over to the general, saluted and said, 'Would you like some of this honey, General Sherman?' 'Where did you get that honey, sir?' thundered Sherman, his eyes looking clear through me. 'I—we obtained it from a lady back yonder,' I said, trying to wear a bought-and-paid-for look. 'Oh, you did, did you? All right, sir. Thank you.' Whether Sherman thought it was all right or not, I have never been able to decide, but I got away as quickly as I could conveniently."

"I saw Gen Sherman once after the war. It was during Hayes's administration. President and Mrs. Hayes, Gen Sherman and one or two others passed through Jacksonville, Ore., on a western trip. The town treated them coolly, and in its official capacity utterly ignored them. President Hayes took it good-naturedly enough. Sherman was mad. I didn't want to see my old chief slighted entirely, so with my little daughter and one or two citizens, called at the hotel where the party were stopping. Sherman remembered me and was glad to see me. 'General, do you remember about the honey?' I said. 'Yes, sir, I do,' he replied, smiling."

"My little daughter felt much awed by the great men. 'To think,' she said, 'that I have talked with a great general and a great president!' 'Well, my little girl,' said Sherman kindly, laying his hand up on her head, 'you see that great generals and presidents are not so very different from other men, don't you?'—[G. Stafford.]

INDIVIDUALITY.

In any undertaking, the result is the essential thing, the manner of obtaining the result is unessential to all but the doer. To him it means character formation. Instead of crushing individuality, we should stand back and carefully and prayerfully watch its development, for it is God's special gift to each of us, and only through its free development can we hope to attain the highest living.

Parents should give the most earnest thought and the most careful oversight to all things which tend to the formation of the child's character, but apart from these things they should not only allow but encourage the greatest freedom and individuality.—[Phama Blair.]

The Artist Verbeck's famous bears and Hayden Carruth's jingles, in Golf for Bears, make a fetching volume. This is published by Robert Howard Russell of New York at \$1.

What animal has the most brains?—A hog. He has a hog's head full. My first is to injure, my second a kind of grain, my third a period. My whole is one of the "united" states.—Marriage.

THIS WILL INTEREST MANY.

F. W. Parkhurst, the Boston publisher, says that if anyone afflicted with rheumatism in any form, or neuralgia, will send their address to him at Box 1101, Boston, Mass., he will direct them to a perfect cure. He has nothing to sell or give, only tells you how he was cured. Hundreds have tested it with success.—[Adv.]

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