

REDEEMED!

They stand redeemed! They are not what we said. Or felt, or thought: they are the kingly dead.

Beyond the multiple and blinding fears Into the arms of ocean, given up Without one quiver—bravely—live's sweet cup!

Brave men stood back that women might be saved But there were heroines, too— Those wives who clung in death where danger waved

A PREMEDITATED ACT.

Some new tenants occupied the flat below the Kings. The occupants of the Le Rex apartments were noted for their sociability.

"I don't understand it at all," confided Mrs. Jennings as she seated herself on Mrs. King's back porch.

"Don't she answer him?" questioned sympathetic Mrs. King.

"The angrier he gets, the more she laughs and even when I've seen her go out he continues to scold and gibber jabber to himself.

"Probably for the first time in the twenty years of your existence you'll know enough to keep quiet," he said.

"Oh the butcher's boy informed me they just moved from another town. I called there one afternoon and though no one answered the door bell I could distinctly hear peals of laughter.

"Heavens, if worst comes to worst and any attempt is made to harm that exquisite child-like wife, I'll hasten to her rescue."

Things seemed to go from bad to worse in apartment No. 2. Strange, however, when the young couple left the flat together, they could easily have been mistaken for a congenial, happy, care free pair.

The neighbors felt diffident about calling on Mrs. Swift until Mrs. Jennings appointed herself as committee of one to make a formal visit.

"I'll not put up with this any longer. You think that you can swear at me until eternity, but you're mistaken. Some day I'll wring your neck."

Mrs. Jennings flew back to her flat and telephoned the police that a man was threatening his wife and her life was endangered, then waited in breathless horror.

Mr. Swift was amazed to see a big burly policeman when he opened the door, razor in hand.

"No, you don't keep a dog," he said impatiently.

"But you keep a wife, where is she?" said the policeman, looking at the razor meaningly.

"My wife is downtown shopping." "A likely story. Didn't you threaten to wring her neck a few moments ago?" "Maybe you found cutting it easier."

"To wring my wife's neck?" repeated Mr. Swift in astonishment.

Just then a voice came from the dining room saying, "Go to h—, Go to h—."

"Come with me and I'll introduce you to the party whose neck I'll wring the first opportunity, regardless of all the gossiping neighbors and policeman in the world," said Mr. Swift.

HE DIDN'T CARE.

"Now, John!" cried Mrs. Prill in tones of exasperation. Prill continued removing his coat. Then he tossed it through the open window from the screened porch into the living room.

"You are perfectly maddening!" went on his wife when she had witnessed his deed. "How can you—"

"If the McSloys should come now—" Prill raised himself in the hammock and spoke heatedly.

"I won't stop teasing," shrieked the angelic one: "I won't! I want chocolate ice cream! I will have it! I will!"

"I know you would, Cella," interrupted her emancipated husband in languid content from the hammock.

"You might consider me a little!" retorted his wife. "You know perfectly well that Mrs. McSloy doesn't include every one in her calling list, and she is on the membership committee of that club I want to join, and Mr. McSloy runs out to the golf club in his machine Saturdays, and it would be splendid if he liked you and would pick you up sometimes, and I should think—"

"I know you would, Cella," interrupted her emancipated husband in languid content from the hammock.

"Men," observed Mrs. Prill agitatedly, "are the densest, stupidest, most selfish things! If you knew how it would make me feel if Mrs. McSloy should catch you looking like this you'd put on your coat and shoes and look at once!"

"She can go right back into a bandbox for all of me!" persisted Prill, airily. "I'd have you understand that I'm just as good as the McSloys! And all their relations! This toadying makes me tired! Isn't this my own house? Why should I have to consult McSloy about my wearing apparel? You'll be wanting me to telephone him to ask whether I shall wear my blue pajamas or my pink ones! If Mrs. McSloy's delicate constitution can't stand the shock of seeing a man without a collar, I don't think I'd bother about knowing her if I were you!"

"Their first call, too!" mourned Prill. "And first impressions count so!"

"Fudge!" said Prill. "You are the slave of conventions—"

"John!" hissed his wife, as she sprang to her feet. "There are the McSloys!"

An automobile was chugging slowly down before the house.

Then came the sound of a large body heaving and scrambling. Prill tumbled out of the hammock. He hurtled through the open window into the living room, in whose dark fastnesses reposed most of his wearing apparel. As he disappeared there was a crash. He had overturned the fernery.

"Throw in my shoes!" he called softly.

There was a bang and a growl as he bumped against a rocking chair. Something tore as he struggled with his vest. When he groped for his coat his head encountered a corner of the piano. Finally, gasping, breathless, with his vest upside down and his collar twisted in weird convolutions under one ear, Prill desperately ventured out on the front porch to meet the McSloys.

"John," said Mrs. Prill when he appeared. This is the agent for the new refrigerator I was telling you about—he thought he'd find you at home if he came in the evening!"

"What are you giggling about?" growled her husband. "I was just going to put on my things, anyhow—I think the weather's turning cooler!"

Hydro Hat Arrives, Made of Sail Canvas.

"The 'hydro hat,' which is to be the adopted headgear of militant suffragettes of Vienna, made its first appearance in America recently when Mrs. Marie Lang, whose efforts in behalf of women's rights, have made her prominent in both Austria and Germany, arrived here on the Kronprinz Wilhelm. The hydro hat is made of sail canvas smeared with tar and is polished so highly that it looks something like patent leather.

There are many good newspapers published, but none that is quite as good as the DEMOCRATIC WATCHMAN. Try it.

The Temper of a Thunderstorm.

A tall, well-gowned young woman entered one of the department stores, accompanied by an angelic appearing little girl of three years. "What a beautiful child!" the shoppers murmured as she passed.

"I won't stop teasing," shrieked the angelic one: "I won't! I want chocolate ice cream! I will have it! I will!"

"I know you would, Cella," interrupted her emancipated husband in languid content from the hammock.

"You might consider me a little!" retorted his wife. "You know perfectly well that Mrs. McSloy doesn't include every one in her calling list, and she is on the membership committee of that club I want to join, and Mr. McSloy runs out to the golf club in his machine Saturdays, and it would be splendid if he liked you and would pick you up sometimes, and I should think—"

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Playing Cards for a Treaty.

Years ago I was in America and went down with the English minister in the United States to a small inn in Virginia where we were to meet Mr. Marcy, the then United States secretary of state, and a reciprocity treaty between Canada and the United States was to be quietly discussed.

"I won't stop teasing," shrieked the angelic one: "I won't! I want chocolate ice cream! I will have it! I will!"

"I know you would, Cella," interrupted her emancipated husband in languid content from the hammock.

"You might consider me a little!" retorted his wife. "You know perfectly well that Mrs. McSloy doesn't include every one in her calling list, and she is on the membership committee of that club I want to join, and Mr. McSloy runs out to the golf club in his machine Saturdays, and it would be splendid if he liked you and would pick you up sometimes, and I should think—"

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Blackmore Resembled Greeley.

R. B. Blackmore, the author of "Lorna Doone," was says W. H. Rideing in his volume of reminiscences, very like Horace Greeley in appearance. He must have been some inches more than six feet in height in his youth and he towered above ordinary men even when his shoulders sagged, as they did in his closing years.

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FARM NOTES.

How easy it is to forget to wash the calf pails.

You can save time by teaching your cows to go in their stalls.

Plan to raise your own protein feeds this year and cut out the high-priced mill stuffs.

Breeding for a special purpose tends to develop an animal that will be in harmony with her function.

The man who is producing milk for the city trade should have a clear mind, clean hands and a pure heart.

Mongrel fowls should not be kept for egg production because the eggs will be uniform neither in color nor size.

Any sharp stones will answer for grit, if they are smaller than a grain of corn, and larger than a grain of wheat.

Few dairymen now make butter to sell. The price paid for butter fat by creameries takes all the cream from the farm.

Clover leaves and heads break off in handling clover hay. These should be saved and fed to the hens. They may be fed dry or placed in a pail and steamed by pouring on boiling water and covering tightly.

Crushed bone is valuable fertilizer for fruit trees and may be used to advantage whenever it may be secured at a reasonable price. An application of 400 to 500 pounds of bonemeal per acre will prove helpful on silt and clay soils.

Dry bran is good egg food and should be kept before the hens practically all the time. Keep it in a dry place and give it to the hens in a narrow trough slatted over the top so they can pick it out, but not tramp in and spoil it.

Every farmer ought to have some objective point toward which he may work. In buttermaking it should be to produce the very best butter possible; in growing corn, the largest yield to be had; in raising calves let none be better than ours. So on through to the end. The highest point all along the line should be the only thing to satisfy.

It is best never to feed hogs on the ground. It is no more natural for a hog to pick his feed up out of the dirt and mud than for any other animal to do so, although circumstances have in many cases forced him to do so. Have floors on which to feed hogs, and not only will you save feed by using them, but they will appreciate their rations much more.

One of our enterprising dairymen sent a bottle of milk to Paris at the time of the Exposition. It made the journey over and back, a trip of 28 days, and was still sweet. There was no preservative used, and the only precaution was to have the dishes and bottle perfectly sterile, cooling the milk at once and keeping it all the time at a low temperature. This seems a good while to keep milk sweet, but it shows what cleanliness and a low temperature can do with milk.

Don't let your sheep run after you have sheared them without giving them a thorough dipping. It is like dipping the ewes are full of ticks unless something has been done to prevent them, and if they are the ticks will all go onto the lambs after the ewes are sheared. Then the lambs will begin to get thin and make poor growth for the ticks will worry them a great deal. There is no money in lambs that are worried and eaten by ticks and if you lose the profits on the lamb crop there will be no profits from the ewes. Their wool alone is not enough to pay for their keep and leave a profit.

The leguminous crops, such as clover and alfalfa, are not equal to grasses as soil protectors, but are superior to grasses as soil fertilizers, since they increase the total available supply of nitrogen in the soil. This is due to the action of bacteria which are found on the roots of leguminous plants, and which take free nitrogen from the air in the soil and make it available for the use of plants. Moreover, perennial legumes, such as clover and alfalfa, are very deep feeders and take a part of the mineral elements of their food from the soil below the depth of the feeding ground of ordinary crops.

Lime is generally considered one of the most efficient disinfectants because it possesses the ability to destroy organic matter as well as bacteria. To prepare milk of lime add a pint and a half of water to each quart of quicklime to be slaked; by weight 60 parts of water to 100 parts of lime. One quart of the resultant dry powder can be mixed with six quarts of water. This preparation should be used as fresh as possible to spray the walls, partitions and floors of infected buildings. It should be run through a fine sieve or strainer before using to prevent the clogging of the spraying nozzle, as it is preferably applied with a spray pump.

The excellent disinfectant properties of whitewash are quite generally appreciated, and no stable should miss at least one or two whitewashings a year, as this inexpensive process is not only a valuable means of controlling disease germs, but it also adds materially to the clean, sanitary appearance of the interior of the barn. For best results the whitewash should be prepared from freshly-slaked lime in the proportion of one pint of lime to four of water.

Too much care cannot be taken to keep disease germs from the place. Carelessness in this particular is very often a serious loss.

When an animal dies on the farm of some infectious disease his carcass should be destroyed by burning. In case this precaution is impossible the body should at least be buried at a depth of four to five feet and covered with quicklime. Where a shallow grave is used the diseased remains may be subsequently disinterred by some prowling animal and an entire herd which is on pasture near by may be exposed to the disease. Anthrax especially is often spread by neglect of these precautions, as birds, dogs and other animals prey on the unburied carcass and distribute the germs.

Great care must be exercised to prevent the transmission of any germ-bearing disease to the rest of the herd through the death of one of its members. The stable which has housed an animal which has died of a contagious disease should be subjected to rigorous sanitary treatment. All the infected forage and bedding should be raked up and burned, while the walls should be well soaked with water and then thoroughly scraped. In case there is any rotten wood in the floor, feed boxes or stanchions it should be removed and burned. Some vigorous germicide, which will stamp out all possibility of further transmission of the disease, should then be used.

Found Imitation Difficult.

Bert, a Wabash freshman, closed a letter to his cousin Joe, five years old, by saying, "Now I must quit and write five pages on Easter."

The next day his father found Joe armed with tablet and pencil trying to hold down his young brother, Robert, and said to him, "Joe, what are you doing?"

"I'm trying to write five pages on Bob, but he won't be still," replied the little fellow.—Indianapolis News.

In His Mind.

An artist gazes intently into the space within an empty frame. "What see you there?" says a friend, "I see a wonderful picture," was the reply.

Oh, an Intentional Picture!

The friend retorts.—American Art News.

Taking No Chances.

Mr. Bjones—Don't you think Johnnie is getting too big to be a messenger boy?

Mr. Bjones—No; I'd rather keep him there because there is no danger of his getting into fast company.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Picking Up Pins.

"How do you make your living, my lad?" "Picking up pins, sir."

Disgraceful.

Willie—Has Jack a good reason for being ashamed of his ancestors? Billie—I should say so. His grandfather struck out four times in a world's series.—Philadelphia Record.

It is less pain to learn in youth than to be ignorant in age.

The Origin of Jack Tar.

Jack Tar apparently is considerably older than Tommy Atkins, for the use of Jack to signify a sailor is at any rate as old as 1650, and old Tar is a nautical character in a play of about the same period. The origin of the name is not very romantic, for the sailor is supposed to have got the title from his tarred clothes and hands.

Jack being merely a sort of generic name for a man.—London Standard.

Self Sacrificing.

"I'm glad to make your acquaintance, major. I hope you'll pardon the question, but is your marriage with my divorced wife happy?"

"Oh, very! I don't understand how you could separate from so charming a woman. Don't you want to take her back?"—Pittsburgh Press.

Unkind.

Ella—Live and learn. Stella—If you had been learning all the time you have been living you would make a sixteen volume encyclopedia look like a pocket dictionary.—New York Press.

Proof Positive.

Madge—Do you think he really loved you? Marjorie—I'm sure he did, dear. When I refused him he went and married the very first girl he happened to meet.—New York Times.

Basis of His Belief.

Sillicus—Do you believe in long engagements? Cyrilus—Sure. The longer a man is engaged the less time he has to be married.—Philadelphia Record.

Not This Side of Eden.

Will not the world ever produce a great artist in the form of a tailor who can make clothes to harmonize with the pocketbook?—Nashville Banner.

Enjoyed Moving.

Weeks—I once knew a man who really enjoyed moving. Seeks—I don't believe it. Weeks—It's a fact. You see, he lived in a houseboat.

Luck.

A modest game in a small town had a rakooff which was devoted to the purchase of drinks and cigars. Everybody won once in awhile—all but Sam Pryor, who never was returned in front. He was down to one chip in a table stake game and was age man, holding a pair of aces. Everybody dropped out around to the dealer, who threw in a chip and stayed. Sam drew another ace and a pair of tens, and the dealer didn't help. It was a show-down, of course, and the dealer dropped both chips in the hole because Sam held better than two pairs.—Chicago Post.

Detecting Shortcomings.

Do you wish to find out a person's weak points? Note the fallings he has the quickest eye for in others. They may not be the very fallings he is himself conscious of, but they will be their next door neighbors. No man keeps such a jealous lookout as a rival.—J. C. and A. W. Hare.

Fearless.

"He's absolutely fearless." "Afraid of nothing, eh?" "Nothing. Why, he'd actually try to find the way to his room in the dark, knowing well that his wife had that day begun housecleaning."—Detroit Free Press.

Outgeneraled.

"What did you do with all the get-rich-quick money you landed?" asked M. Flamm. "Lost it," replied Mr. Flamm. "A fellow invented a get-rich-quick scheme and lured me into it."—Washington Star.

Fully Explained.

Passenger—Why are we so late? Guard—Well, sir, the train in front was behind, and this train was behind before besides.—London Punch.

Principle is a Passion for Truth.

W. H. Ham Hazlett.