

REDEEMED!

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

With one long, lingering kiss, one tender breath Of immemorial greeting and farewell— The lonely sea, and whither none could tell!

They stand redeemed, these idle sons that bore The slurs and screeching of the world before! In that great moment they were true, they stood To help the helpless and forget the brood

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. "The poor thing is so abused. How her husband talks to her. He doesn't talk, he yells, shouts, screams and shrieks at her."

"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. Once I heard that man fairly exult because she was suffering with a sore throat."

"Probably for the first time in the twenty years of your existence you'll know enough to keep quiet," he said. "Something mysterious about them. Never a soul calls on them."

"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. Listen to that now."

"Can't you ever stop, you mummy skull," came the words from a distance in an exasperated tone. "I'll throw something at you if you utter another syllable."

"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. As she approached the door a masculine voice could be heard saying:

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. "For four consecutive nights," said he, "I have sat on my own front porch in starchy and melting agony, all for fear the McSloys would call! I have worn a coat that was constructed by a fendish tailor for arctic exploration work and a vest that originally started out in life as a mustard plaster. I have endured the glare of the lights from within the house which you insisted on keeping lighted so the McSloys would know we were at home. I have choked to death up to a late hour because you wouldn't make any lemonade till you finally gave up hope of the McSloys for that evening. Now I'm through!"

"Why, the dumb animals in the parks are treated with more consideration by their keepers than I have been treated in my own home!"

"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. "I know just what you would think, and I am going to spare you the recital, because the weather is far too hot for you to exert yourself by talking when you don't have to! I know your every little thought, darling! And somehow at this minute it wouldn't make a blithering bit of difference if King George himself in his coronation robes and with his crown tucked under his arm should walk up those front steps, I should rely on his common sense as a man to understand that nobody but a lunatic would keep on his coat and the trimmings if he didn't have to!"

"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! Mrs. McSloy always looks as though she had come out of a bandbox, and—"

"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!"

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. From one counter to another the two went, purchasing gloves, a white lace veil, some rose pink ribbon, that the mother held under her daughter's chin and then at her child to see the effect, which the saleswoman declared perfect. All the time the child was sweetly acquiescent in all her mother's plans. Once or twice she spoke quietly to her mother, who answered her by saying, "Perhaps, later," and smiled. Suddenly a change came over the angelic face. It was like a great black thundercloud passing over the face of the sick.

"I won't stop teasing," shrieked the angelic one: "I won't! I want chocolate ice cream! I will have it! I will! I will!" The voice rose in a shriek of rage and determination. Then she threw her dainty self to the floor and rolled over and over.—New York Mail.

Napoleon's Last Doctor.

M. Frederic Masson has traced the remarkable career of Signor Antommarchi, whom Cardinal Fesch sent to St. Helena to act as Napoleon's medical adviser. He was not even qualified, but was only a student holding an appointment in the dissecting room of the Florence hospital, and he diagnosed cancer of the stomach as a simple indigestion and counseled the emperor to cure it by digging in the garden. After Napoleon's death he tried to obtain a pension from his heirs on the strength of an unsupported statement that there was a codicil in the will bequeathing one to him. Marie Louise and Nelpereg refused to do anything for him, but the matter ultimately went to arbitration, and he was awarded an annuity of 3,000 francs. He raised a little ready money by selling Napoleon's death mask, and then, after setting up in medical practice in Paris and failing to obtain patients, he crossed the ocean to New Orleans. He died in Santiago in 1838.—Westminster Gazette.

Dickens' Resemblance to Tennyson.

Some of the great writers of the last century seem to have resembled each other in physical appearance as well as in genius. Mr. Comyns Carr in his "Eminent Victorians" states that he was struck at one of Dickens' readings by the resemblance of Tennyson. Afterward, on seeing a pencil drawing which Millais made of Dickens after death, he found the likeness to the poet still more marked, and on the sketch being shown to Tennyson he, too, observed the resemblance. He gazed at it curiously for some minutes, then exclaimed: "Why, this is an extraordinary drawing. It is exactly like myself." And Lady Dorothy Nevill in her "Reminiscences" tells of a painting purchased by a friend of hers as a portrait of Browning. It was afterward found to be a portrait of Dickens, made by an artist friend of Gad's still.

Outs and Ins of London.

When the late Franklin Fyles first visited London he told his traveling companion as they rose from breakfast the first morning that he would have to be gone most of the day. "I've got to see a doctor and a lawyer to whom I have cards of introduction," he explained, "and there are a couple of dramatic critics here who've written me to call as soon as I reached town. Then I'm going to hunt up Goldsmith's grave down in Temple Gardens. I'd rather see that than any other one thing in England."

A few minutes past 10 Mr. Fyles walked into the hotel again, and to his friend's surprised look, merely said: "Doctor and lawyer and critics all out. Only cat at home was Oliver."—Lippincott's Magazine.

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 Esther."

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. B Jones—Don't you think Johnnie is getting too big to be a messenger boy? Mrs. B Jones—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." "Dear me—What an odd occupation! Where?" "In a bowling alley, sir."—Boston Transcript.

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.

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. Mr. Marcy, the most genial of men, was as cross as a bear. He would agree to nothing. "What on earth is the matter with your chief?" I said to a secretary who accompanied him. "He does not have his rubber of whist," answered the secretary. After this every night the minister and I played at whist with Mr. Marcy and his secretary, and every night we lost. The stakes were very trifling, but Mr. Marcy felt flattered by beating the Britishers at what he called their own game. His good humor returned, and every morning when the details of the treaty were being discussed we had our revenge and scored a few points for Canada.—Henry Labouchere in London Truth, April 12, 1877.

Cost of Floral Decorations.

Millions of dollars are spent on floral decorations in America every year. It is said that the amount spent for decorative purposes each year is sufficient to build three battleships and place them in commission. It is considered nothing unusual for \$1,000 to be charged by florists for decorating a banquet hall, while as much as \$15,000 has been paid for home decorations. The decorator has to go through a hard and long school of experience before he is able to command the salary of an expert, for the materials at his command are of a fragile nature, and it is next to impossible to experiment with them. Certain set forms are known and prescribed for certain occasions, but when a carte blanche order is given then the art of the decorator comes into play, and his artistic sense is well tested, for it depends upon him to please his patrons in an artistic way, and also by the wonderful blending of his flowers.—New York Sun.

Weight of Brains.

According to some scientists, every human being gets a complete new outfit of brains about every two months. They estimate that the duration of a nerve's life is approximately sixty days and that every brain cell is destroyed and renewed that often. In other words, we all have six brand new sets of brains each year. The following figures, showing the comparative weights of persons of different nationalities, are interesting. According to Bastian and other brain experts, the average Scotch brain weighs 50 ounces. German brain 49.6 ounces. English brain 49.5 ounces. French brain 47.9 ounces. Zulu brain 47.5 ounces. Chinese brain 47.2 ounces. Pannee brain 47.1 ounces. Italian brain 46.9 ounces. Hindoo brain 45.1 ounces. Gypsy brain 44.8 ounces. Bushman brain 44.6 ounces. Eskimo brain 43.9 ounces.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Faces Over the Doors.

Those who visit Pompeii for the first time are struck by one significant feature of those little houses whose owners have been dead for 2,000 years. That is the faces which are often carved over the door or in the atrium and intended to convey a welcome or a defiance to the entering guest. The New House, as it is called, because it is the last rescued from the tomb of ashes, has before it two marble heads on pillars rising from beds of roses. Their faces are turned to greet the stranger with gay, friendly smiles. No one could enter a house which gave him so cordial a welcome without a happier throb of the heart. In the entrances of some of the other houses are set angry, frowning heads of demons.

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? Cynicus—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.

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. His head was in proportion to his stature, and the sparse locks remaining had a sort of debonaire friskiness that hinted at a vitality reduced a little perhaps, but without a sign of the cloudy dregs of exhaustion, though he was well along in years. His beard, shaved away from his upper lip and chin, festooned a rosy face from ear to ear, a face of wholesome color, pink and creamy as a girl's and lighted by humorous, twinkling eyes of mingled shrewdness and kindness. Rusticity appeared in his loose fitting, ill matched clothes, and an air of rusticity enveloped him. He seemed to exhale the very essence of the moorlands and combs he loved and interpreted so well.

The Largest Dials.

The art of the clockmaker has achieved many remarkable triumphs. Sometimes it is in a clock wonderful for the complexity of its movements and its busy population of automatons that attracts our admiration, like that in the cathedral of Strassburg. At other times the immense size of the machinery and the dials excites astonishment. This is the case with the celebrated clock in the tower of the Church of St. Rombaut at Mechlin. This clock is believed to possess the largest dials that exist in the world. There are four of them, one on each side of the great square tower, and their extreme diameter is nearly thirty-seven and one-half feet. The figures showing the hours are nearly six and one-half feet high, and the hands have a length of nearly twelve feet.—Harper's Weekly.

Heads and Tails.

A proposes to B to toss a coin eleven times for the price of the theater tickets. A taking heads and B tails. Which ever comes up oftener wins for the man backing that side of the coin.

"I have a better scheme than that," says B. "Let us toss the coin only ten times." "But it will come heads just as often as tails," objects A. "That is exactly an even chance."

"If you think so," says B, "I will bet you \$10 even that it does not come heads as often as tails, and we will repeat the experiment as often as you like to call the bet."

What B is betting on is that in ten throws there will not be five heads and five tails, no matter in what order the heads or tails may come. Try it.—Baltimore American.

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.

Principle is a passion for truth.—W. P. Ham Hazlett.

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 our 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 resulting slaked lime 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.