

ROBERT SALLETTE
A Ballad of the Revolution.

THE Liberty Boys are up and out; They're here with a song and there with a shout; They're here in a flash and there in a flame, And they cheer and jeer at King George's name.

The Tory sits in his old oak chair, With arms and blazony carved fair; He sits and quakes, and his very heart aches, And not even the ghost of a noise he makes; For news came last night that the Boys would ride; And he hears the tramp of a horse outside, A jingling stirrup, a ringing tread; And the soul within him sits cold with dread.

The gold rings out on the table there; It lies in a heap both broad and fair, A glittering pyramid rich and rare, Outshining Egypt's, beyond compare. The stranger laughs at the splendid sight, But again his look is stern and bright, "A bargain's a bargain, friend," he said, "You pay right well for a homely head; For—he swung his hat from his forehead clear— "The head of Robert Sallette is—here!"

LOUISA MAY'S SOLO at the CELEBRATION. BY J. L. Harbour K

LOUISA MAY is to sing a solo at the celebration," Mrs. Hatfield was explaining to a visitor. "And I don't know but she'll be too fine to speak to her own folks when she's rigged out in all her new things. Still, I don't begrudge her the things. She's worked real faithful pickin' strawberries and doing all sorts of chores to pay for what she's to have. She's a good girl, Louisy is."

could get one; but I don't know that he's able to, although he always has been close-mouthed about his money affairs. You'll be at the celebration?" "Oh, yes; we are all going. And I expect to hear Louisy May beat 'em all."

There the conversation ended, because a red-haired girl came hurriedly into the sitting-room. She blushed furiously as she heard her name. On the morning of the Fourth of July Louisa May was very happy as she stood before the small mirror in her bedroom and gave the last touches to her toilet. Her chalis had made up very prettily, and her mother had delighted her by an unexpected gift of a pretty pink ribbon sash. She had never before had such a beautiful hat, and there was but one thing to detract from her satisfaction with her appearance.



HER GRANDFATHER HELD THE FLAG.

She had a very clear and strong voice, and she said to her mother as they drove toward the grove: "I don't feel a bit nervous or afraid now." She did, however, feel a little nervous when her turn to sing came, and she found herself on the platform before the audience that filled every part of the grove. The chairman of the day stepped forward and said: "We will now listen to a solo, 'The Star-Spangled Banner,' by Miss Louisa May Hatfield."

At this some of the grand army men set up a shout, and Louisa May walked to the front of the platform with the large silk flag she was to hold while she sang. The applause died away, and the organist had just begun to play the prelude, when a boy shouted shrilly: "Red head! Red head! Better look out or the fireworks will catch!" Louisa May's pink cheeks grew pallid. She opened her lips, but no sound came from them. She was trembling from head to foot. The flag fell from her hand down over the edge of the platform. Then in an agony of embarrassment she put both hands over her face and began to cry.

Louisa Mays heart, and made her forget her wounded feelings. Her grandfather held the flag so that its folds were falling about her, and her eyes were shining and her face was smiling as she began the second stanza in a voice without the least quaver. The old man did not sing now. He stood beside her with one arm still around her, and nodded time with his snowy head and gently waved the flag above the singer.

When Louisa May's voice died away after the last lines, the applause was deafening. While it was still at its height, her grandfather stepped to the edge of the platform, holding the flag aloft. When he could be heard he called out shrilly: "Everybody join me in singing the last two lines! Come, now, everybody sing!"

"And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave, O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave." The woods and the hills rang with the melody; they rang again with the shouts of the people when the lines had been sung not only once, but three times. The governor himself congratulated Louisa May, and handing her the beautiful little silk flag he had been holding in his hand he said: "Let me give you this to remember me by."

Louisa May thought that she could never be any happier than she was during the rest of that day, but she felt much the same way three days later when, on coming home from the strawberry patch, she found Grandpa Hatfield waiting for her in the hall. He flung open the parlor door behind him as he kissed her, and Louisa saw in a corner of the room a beautiful shining new piano.



As he appears after directing the fireworks in the front yard on the night of the Fourth.—Chicago Record-Herald.

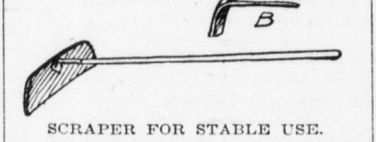
The boy who had called out "Red head" suddenly felt a hand grip the back of his collar, and he was jerked from his seat by an irate little old man. "I'll let ye know how ye call my gran'daughter 'red head,' ye little sass-box! You take that!" and he smartly boxed the howling boy's ears. Then he hurried toward the platform and up the steps. A queer-looking little old man he was, with long white hair and beard. He had on a stiffly starched linen "duster" and bright blue jean trousers. Hurrying to Louisa May's side, he put his arm around her waist and said, soothingly: "There, there, Louisy May! Don't you mind that impudent little sass-box! You sing your song now. Come, grandpa will start ye off on it!"

THE FARMING WORLD

SCRAPER FOR STABLES.

For Cleaning Up Floors and Other Work of the Kind This Device is Very Convenient.

A convenient device for use about the stable for cleaning up the floors, etc., is shown in the illustration. Procure a thin, stiff piece of iron about 14 inches long and 5 or 6 inches wide, and cut it with a cold chisel



SCRAPER FOR STABLE USE.

into the shape shown, or leave it rectangular. Rivet the handle socket of an old garden hoe to the blade, and put in a handle of the desired length. A scraper of this kind is much better than one made of wood, and it will be found useful outside the stable for such work as cleaning the barn floor, the poultry house, or for use in the grain bins. If a handle clip from a hoe is not at hand, the device shown by "B" may be available. This is made by taking a piece of strap iron, bending double, welding part way up and spreading apart the unwelded wings, which are bent so as to fit on the squared end of the handle. Small holes are drilled in the clip of the rivets or bolts with which it is secured to the scraper blade and handle.—J. G. Allshouse, in Ohio Farmer.

EXERCISE FOR HORSES.

An Important Element in the Development of the Highest Powers of an Animal.

In writing about the care of horses an eminent English army officer has the following to say: "Regularity of exercise is an important element in the development of the highest powers of the horse. The horse in regular work will suffer less in his legs than another, for he becomes gradually and thoroughly accustomed to what it required of him. The whole living machine accommodates itself to the regular demands on it, the body becomes active and well conditioned without superfluous fat, and the muscles and tendons gradually develop. Horses in regular work are also nearly exempt from the many accidents which arise from over-freshness. As a proof of the value of regular exercise, we need only refer to the stage coach horse of former days. Many of these animals, though by no means of the best physical frame, would trot with a heavy load behind them for eight hours at the rate of ten miles an hour without turning a hair, and this work they would continue to do for years without even being sick or sorry. Few gentlemen can say as much for their carriage horses. No horses, in fact, were in harder condition. On the other hand, if exercise be neglected, even for a few days, in a horse in high condition, he will put on fat. He has been taking daily the large amount of material needed to sustain the consumption caused by his work. If that work cease suddenly, nature will, notwithstanding, continue to supply the new material; and fat, followed by plethora, and frequently by disease, will be the speedy consequence."

BUYING HOGS CHEAP.

Many Otherwise Sensible Farmers Allow Low Prices to Dictate Important Purchases.

No swine breeder can afford to buy animals just because they are cheap. It not infrequently happens that the cheapest animals prove to be the most expensive in the end, whether that end be in the way of breeding or of butchering. If an animal is cheap it is because it is not worth much, except in rare cases when a good animal has to be disposed of under the conditions of a forced sale. The man that buys a cheap boar finds that he has to sell the progeny of that boar at a correspondingly low price. The man that buys a cheap sow frequently finds that she is cheap because she bears few pigs and they of poor quality. By the time he has disposed of the pigs and figured up his accounts he finds that the cheap sow was really a very expensive sow, for into her went not only the purchase money but a great deal of labor and feed. No progressive man will allow the price to dictate his purchases. Quality is what he must have, and it is what he is after. The man that really buys cheap is the man that pays a good price for a good animal and gets a good profit out of it. It is very seldom that a good profit comes out of a poor price and a poor animal.—Farmers' Review.

To Secure Broody Hens.

We often hear people complain of the scarcity of setting hens. When we are short of setters, we place four or five extra eggs in several nests, and in a few days usually find them covered with broody hens. If one is short of nest eggs, he can use a few eggs that are under size or off in shape, and worthless, for hatching purposes, making them, so the fresh laid eggs may be readily distinguished from them and gathered as usual. We find this a very simple and effective method to induce the hens to become broody early in the season.—Milton A. Brown, in Poultry Keeper.

A Hard One.

The eminent Boston professor who declares that there can be no more languages invented has probably not heard of the Georgetown man with a hare lip who is teaching a parrot to talk.—Washington Post.

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Never put off 'till to-morrow what you can get some one else to do to-day.—Ohio State Journal.

I do not believe Biso's Cure for Consumption has an equal for coughs and colds.—John F. Boyer, Trinity Springs, Ind., Feb. 15, 1900.

Only a good man can see good things in others.—Ram's Horn.



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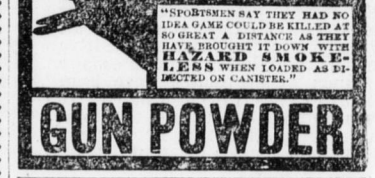
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Table with 2 columns: City and Time. Includes Cleveland, Shelby, Crestline, Gallon, Marion, Bellefontaine, Sidney, Union City, Muncie, Anderson, Indianapolis, and St. Louis.

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