STEAR OLD MOTHER AND ME."

We lived in a cottage, years ago, A cottage dewn by the sea, There were only two of us living there, Just dear old mother and me.

Daddy had gone on his last long cruise, And Buddle was off at sea, "Bis" was married, and so there were left Just dear old mother and me.

The home was plain, but then it was

And a living we got from the sea; were happy together, I want you to

know, Just dear old mother and me.

But, an end must come to sorrow or joy, And so, like a storm on the sea. A shadow passed over the house where lived

Just dear old mother and me.

A beautiful boat appeared, one night, And anchored off shore, at sea; At dawned it sailed, and carried away My dear old mother from me.

And now, a lone watch each night I keep, Looking out toward the sea; Hoping, some day that boat will return With dear old mother, for me.

But no, a boat I must prepare,
For a cruise on the Crystal sea,
A beautiful trip, to last alway
For dear old mother and me.
—William R. Savage, in Sailor's Magazine

A Knave of Conscience

By FRANCIS LYNDE.

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CHAPTER V .- CONTINUED.

"By Jove! but she is a magnificently strong type," he mused, lying flat The strong type," he mused, lying flat on his back and staring absently at the flittering shadows among the deck beams overhead. "Her face is as readable as only the face of the was a true woman, with a heart the passing show, an impersonal unit woman instinctively good and pure not wonderful that for a moment conscience turned traitor, and was dumb. But it was only for a modumb. But it was only for a modumb in the whole world there were but it was the face of the man she was two persons; a man who had sinned, put her between the covers of a book may put anything else he pleases in it and snap his fingers at the world. If I am going to live the captain what she had aiscovered; in the captain what she had aiscovered; in the same town with her I ought and she was deterred from so doing to jot her down in words before I only by the reflection that a less terribee the keen edge of the first implied alternative would be the sendpression."

He considered it for a moment, and then got up and went in quest of a pencil and a scrap of paper. The dozing night clerk gave him both, with a sleepy malediction thrown in; considered it for a moment, and then got up and went in quest of a pencil and a scrap of paper. The and he went back to his engine-room to Mr. Galbraith at once. Miss Giland scribbled his word-picture by man withdrew her objections relucand scribbled his word-picture by the light of the swinging lantern,

"Character-study: Young woman of the type Western-Creole-not the daughter of aliens, but born in the daughter of aliens, but born in the West of parents who have migrated from one of the older States. (I'll character that much as a guess.) Destails: Titian blonde, with hair like the letter which should set the hazard that much as a guess.) Details: Titian blonde, with hair like spun bronze; the complexion that neither freekles nor tans; cool, gray eyes with an under-depth in them that no man but her lover may ever quite fathom; a figure which would be statuesque if it were not altogether human and womanly; the lines of character well empha-up crews assembled at the last mosized; lips that would be passionate but for-no, lips that will be passionate when the hour and the man arrive. A soul strong in the strength of purity, which would send her to the stake for a principle, or to the Isle of Lepers with her lover. A typical heroine for a story in which the hero is a man who might need to borrow a conscience."

He read it over thoughtfully when It was finished, changing a word here and a phrase there with a crafts-man's fidelity to the exactnesses. Then he shook his head regretfully and tore the scrap of paper into tiny squares, scattering them upon the brown flood surging past the engine-

room gangway "It won't do," he confessed, reluctantly, as one who sacrifices good literary material to an overweening sense of the fitness of things. "It's nothing less than cold-blooded sac-rilege. I can't make copy out of her if I write no more while the world

CHAPTER VI.

Charlotte Farnham's friends were wont to say of her that she was as sensible as she was beautiful. She England lineage. Her parents had sto this, he immediately found himsigrated for the health of the wife, but the migration had been postponed too long. The mother died in the early Minnesota days, but the and beautiful.

at Pass Christian with her aunt, who was an invalid; and for the invalid's ings without mercy; contumely and sake the return passage was taken abuse, with now and then at the night landings, when no passengers of the second day out, when the New Were looking on, blows.

Orleans papers came aboard, the two All these buffetings, or at least of the hurricane deck aft. Charlotte as became a man

invalid.

Charlotte read the reporter's story. "Dear me! How shockingly bold!'

commented Miss Gilman. asp. The paper says: 'A young was at the teller's window'—

Fanny I was the results window'—

the second day brought with its uncountsorely, and he was thankful when "Yes; but that wasn't what made ed Aunt Fanzy, I was the 'young lady.'"
"You? Horrors!" ejaculated the Invalia.

It's true. And I had no more idea-why, it seems incredible."

"I should think it would."

"There wasn't anything about it to

"What if they could?"

'Don't you see! You'd be dragged into court to identify the robber. And that would be simply dreadful." "I shouldn't want to be used.

It would be a simple duty to go wil-I ought to write to Mr. Galbraith and give him my name and address."

But at this the invalid protested with what authority there was in her, and Charlotte agreed finally to wait until the matter of duty had been submitted to her father.

Here the subject was dropped, and Charlotte went to her stateroom to get a book for herself and a magazine for the invalid. It was a full hour later, and Miss Gilman was deep in the last installment of the magazine serial, when Charlotte gave up the struggle with the book. Do what she could, the scene in the bank would thrust itself between; and at length she let the thought have its will of her.

could see the steamer's yawl swing-ing from its tackle on the stern-In the midst of the reminisstaff. cent thought, she saw that the ropes were working loose; that the yawl would presently fall. When she rose aft to make the tackle fast, and she stepped aside to let him pass.

It was Griswold. She saw his face he passed, and there was some thing strangely familiar in it. When he had fastened the rope and was returning, she had a fair look at him and for an instant was fain to grip the back of her chair to keep from crying out. For in that instant she recognized him.

ing of a letter to the New Orleans

tantly.
"If you must, Charlotte. But it seems like a very dreadful thing for you to have to do."

machinery of the law in motion.

CHAPTER VII.

In yielding to the impulse of the moment which prompted him to borrow the identity of John Gavitt, Griswold was not without some forecastfea- ings of the event. He knew that the tures cast in the Puritan mold, with river steamers were manned by pick-



HE LIFTED HIM BODILY.

ment, and reasoned that the officers of the "Belle Julie" would not yet have had time to individualize the members of the crew.

But, apart from this, he was not sensible as she was beautiful. She unwilling to add another chapter to was, as Griswold had guessed, of New his experience among the toilers; and lived to grow up unspoiled specialized himself in any way to the bullying chief mate, he fancied he She had been spending the winter was made to bear the brunt of the

them were sitting in the shade his share of them, Griswold endured bought a paper and read the account tarily put himself in the way of such of the bank robbery with a little gasp of belated horror.

The bought a paper and read the account tarily put himself in the way of such things. And, fortunately, he was not hopelessly unequal to the physical hopelessly unequal hopelessly unequal to the physical hopelessly unequal hopelessly unequal to the physical hopelessly raild. Physically, as intellectually, the material in him was of the finegrained sort in which quality counts for more than quantity. None the less, the first night with its uncountthe second day brought fewer stop-ping-places and more time for rest.

It was in one of the restful intervals that he had been sent aft to readjust the tackle of the suspended yawl. He had come upon Miss Farn ham and her aunt unexpectedly, and suggest a robbery," Charlotte went one would trust almost intuitively."

"Charlotte!" exclaimed her aunt. "I do hope they can't trace you by your father's draft."

so was off his guard; and he made would she sure the young woman had recognized him. If so, what would she of her letter. All through the long afternoon she had tried vainly to mary of her character, and decided went to be would be seveles and just point, and had failed. But when she would be womanly and merciful. At least he hoped she would surely do it in the morn."

"Election of her letter. All through the long afternoon she had tried vainly to serve her courage to the sticking went to bed with the thought that merciful. At least he hoped she so was off his guard; and he made

would. Ideals are much too precious to be shattered by mere con-

siderations of personal safety. But while he theorized upon the probabilities, he was fully alive to the necessity for prompt action. If Miss Farnham had discovered him, she would doubtless lose no time in giving the alarm. She might even now be in conference with the cap-

ain, he thought.

At this he had his first shock of genuine terror. Up to that moment he had suffered none of the pains of the hunted fugitive; but now he knew that he had fairly entered the gates of the outlaw's inferno; that he should never again know what it was to be wholly free from the terror of the arrow that flieth by day.

The force of the Scriptural simile

came to him with startling emphasis, bringing on a return of the prickling paralysis of fear; but he shook it off and ran aft to rummage under rill of her.

From where she was sitting she the cargo for his precious bundle. For the whistle was sounding for a landing, and it was high time that was afoot and fleeing. But when his hand reached the place where the bundle should have been, the blood surged to his brain and set up a clamprous dinning in his ears. The clamorous dinning in his ears. to go and tell some one, a man came niche under the coffee sacks was

CHAPTER VIII.

While Griswold was grappling afresh with the problems of escape, Charlotte was sitting behind the locked door of her stateroom, trying to write her letter.

proved much harder than sne han feared it would be. Try as she might, she could not eliminate the factor she could not eliminate the factor to the guard, and climbed aboard himself. the passing show, an impersonal unit of a class with which society is at

him pay the penalty.

Nevertheless, conscience was not to be denied; and after many futile be-ginnings, the fateful letter got itself written, and she went out to mail it at the office. As it happened, the "Belle Julie" was slowing for a landing, and the office was closed. And since she would by no means entrust the letter to the outside mail box, she waited till the clerk should return.

The doors giving upon the saloon deck forward were open, and she stepped out. The crew was grouped about the uptilted landing-stage, and he was there-this man future she was about to become answerable.

One glimpse of his face, haggard and woe-begone beyond any imagin-ings of hers, slew her resolve on the eve of its accomplishment, and she turned and ran back to the stateroom, saying over and over to herself as she fled: "Oh, I can't! I can't!—and yet I must!"

It was noon before she opened her door again at the luncheon call, and went aft to bring her aunt to the tahad endured in the What she interval, none might know; not even the sympathetic invalid, who more than once looked askance at the troubled eyes with their downcast

At their end of the table, the talk rippled about the bank robbery; and when Capt. Mayfield mentioned the fact of the \$10,000 reward which had you think I came from Texas?" been offered, Charlotte was moved

"That seems dreadfully barbarous -to set a price on the head of a human being.

A gentleman across the table took it up. "But, Miss Farnham, would you

have us turn thief-catchers for the mere honor of it?"
"For the love of justice, or not at all," she rejoined.

into details to prove his position; and the details only served to affect (Fig. 1). Bryan was The gentleman demurred and went front Charlotte's sense of the fitn

"Do you mean to say that you would accept the reward, Mr. Latrobe?" she asked. "Certainly I should;

would. She knew the frank admission stood for public opinion, and went dumb. She might call the reward blood-money and refuse to touch it, but only those of her own circle would know and believe the truth. And the wretched man himself would always believe that she had sold him for a price.

evening, after dinner, she sought the captain to ask a question.

"Do you know the law in Louisiana. Capt. Mayfield? This man who robbed the bank; what would his penalty

"I don't know, precisely. Twenty years in the chain-gang, I should say."
The "Belle Julie" was pausing at

a small hamlet on the west bank of the river, and the captain pointed to a squad of prisoners in chains, repairing a breach in the levze.
"That's where he'll land when they

eatch him," he added. "He'll have to be pretty tough to outlive his

And Charlotte turned away with a sob at the catching of her breath.

CHAPTER IX.

In any conflict between duty and Inclination it is only the final step which is irrevocable; and in Char-

ing, she had overlooked the fact that an outraged conscience fights best

in the night watches.

That was why she had to get up at midnight and dress, and go out have the dreadful thing over with before ever sleep would come, if haply it might come then.

But once again fate intervened. While she was nurnear, the whistle sounded for a landing; and when she reached the office, was again closed. As before, she stepped out on the saloon deck to wait. The great electric searchlight just over her head made the landing as light as day, and when she reached the rail the landing-stage was just coming aboard for the departure. coming aboard for

Two men whose duty it was to cast off ran out on the tilting platform and dropped to the ground. One of them fell clumsily; but the other ran up the bank and loosened the mooring line. The steamer began to swing off, and the man ran back to his companion, who seemed to be unable to rise.

"Get a move on youse!" bellowed the mate.

Then Charlotte saw that the fallen man was disabled in some way, and that the other was trying to lift him. The mate swore out of a full heart. "Come aboard, or I'll skin ye alive, ye skulkin'-"

Charlotte put her fingers in her ears to shut out the clamor of pro-fanity; but the man on the bank was deaf to it. Running to the mooring-post, he took a turn of the line around it, and snubbed the steamer's bow back to the bank. She knew it would be hard, but it steamer's bow back to the bank, proved much harder than she had Then, casting off, he darted back to

was doing, and was near crying out

She turned away at the sight, but the harsh voice of the mate called her back. There was trouble afoot for the rescuer, who was facing the mate and trying to explain.

[To Be Continued.]

KNEW HE WAS FROM TEXAS.

New Man in an Office Makes a Break That Marks Him as a Lone Star Product.

"An unusually quiet sort of a chap was the new man in the office," said a railroad man recently, relates the Chicago Chronicle, "and, as he didn't seem disposed to take any of us into his confidence, we didn't question him much. A slight southern flavor in what little he had to say led us to believe that he was from down that way somewhere, but we curbed our curiosity as to where he came from, at least as far as he was concerned, and took it out in speculating on it among our-One day, when we were all digselves. ging into things on our desks, tire on a bicycle in the rack outside burst with the report most of us were familiar with. Up jumps the new man, and, rushing toward the door excited-

ly, shouts:
"Somebody's shot!" When we told him what it was, and quieted him down, I walked over to his desk and asked:

"'What part of Texas did you come

from, sir? "'Belmont,' he said. 'What made

The Compositor. Compositors on newspapers have to run up against fearful and wonderful orthography that will slip into their domain despite the argus eyes of the editors; and chirographies blunt and chunky, "fine Italian" and the "low Dutch" and all the gradations between, make them a tired lot. Sometimes they are provoking-for instance, when it was reported in the press dispatches some time ago that once described as the "spout" of his party when "spirit" had been the compliment intended. As these errors have some wit in them, one naturally concludes that the wily compositor knew better, but couldn't resist the fun and a chuckle in his own sleeve. But it was too, too much, when a New York paper announced recently that Miss — wore, in addition, of course, to other apparel, a "magnificent job lot of sable." "Jabot" was the feature meant.—Detroit Free

Press. Gave Them Their Names,

Some years ago a good story was told, in which Prince Munster was concerned. He (then only a count), together with Count Beust and Count chouvaloff, was attending a foreign office reception in London. names afforded no slight difficulty to the thoroughly English footman, who announced the guests by shouting their names up the great staircase. Count Schouvaloff arrived first, and the footman duly announced him as "Count Shuffleoff." Then came Count Beust, whose name in the servitor's mouth became "Count Beast." Last ly, Count Munster appeared, and the footman, evidently feeling that a supreme effort was required, finished off by calling out "Count Monster."

Natural to Him,

"Your husband," said Mrs. Oldeastle, as she again availed herself of the privilege of inspecting the splendid library of the new neighbors, "seems to have a particularly fine taste for articles of virtu."

"Yes," her hostess replied, "I know But then it's only natural should have. Josiah's one of the virtuousest persons - for a manthat I ever seen."-Chicago Record-



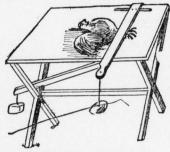
CAPONIZING CHICKENS.

Where Fow!s Are Raised for Market Exclusively the Operation Is Quite Profitable.

The best age to caponize is when chicks are from three to five months old. The organs are smaller and more easily removed, and there is much less danger from bleeding. The fowls should be kept wihout food and water for 24 hours before the operation, so that the intestines will be empty. Instruments are made for caponizing and full directions for performing the operation go with each set.

The best plan for a novice is to kill a bird and operate upon that first, in order to learn the position of the parts. Lay the bird upon the table, and place the screw rings or weights where they would be needed to secure a live fowl. One or two rings will be required to hold the wings, and one for each leg; six is all that is neces-sary. Place the bird upon the table, sary. Place the bird upon the ta and fasten it down upon its side.

The spot where the opening is to be made is shown by the X in the cut. The feathers are plucked and an opening is made through the skin with a pair of sharp-pointed, long-bladed



CAPONIZING CHICKENS.

scissors. We have found these better than a knife. The skin is drawn to one side and an opening is made with the scissors between the last two ribs 1½ inches long. Great care must be taken not to injure the intestines.

The ribs are separated by the spring hooks to expose the inside. The intestines are gently moved out of the way with the handle of a teaspoon, and the glands or testicles will be seen attached to the back. The tissue and Plano—plants that have been prowhich covers them is torn open with the hook, aided by the tweezers. The of the harvesting machines of the gland is then twisted off by turning the forceps. The other one is removed

in the same way.
When meat alone is desired, the large breeds, as Brahma, Cochin, Langshan, etc., are best, but for carrying chicks use the smaller and more industrious breeds, as Leghorn, Game, etc. The Plymouth Rock, Dorking and are useful for either purpose.-Farm

DON'T CROSS BREEDS.

Good Advice That Is Not Heeded as Well by Some Dairymen as It Should Be,

In this country there seems to be a recklessness concerning the crossing of breeds that is truly astonishing. To breed up is commendable, but crossing breeds is not breeding up. When man takes scrub cows and breeds them and their female progeny to males of some good dairy breed he is doing a commendable thing, and helping both himself and the community in which he lives. But when he tries to cross two distinct breeds, such as the shorthorns and Jerseys, and attempts to continue that indefinitely he is on the road that does not lead to success. The usual argument is to use the dairy cow to get a calf that will have great milking tendencies in her and to use the beef animal in the same mating to same calf great ability to la on beef. Poor, poor calf! How much is expected of her! She must keep up the reputation of both parents. the old attempt to get something for nothing, to cross so that the progeny will make a certain amount of food into butter and milk and also into Happy owner of such a cow! He will be able to get two values out of every pound of feed. After the first cross he will probably keep on crossand as a result will finally get nothing or about that. The man that goes into reckless crossing of the breeds is simply undoing the work of past generations, at least if he uses the milk producing strains with the beef producing strains. The mixing of blood is like the mixing of color, the more you have of one kind the less you have of the other. Breed pure breeds or breed up toward pure breeds, but do not attempt to cross breeds for the sake of getting the highest service of each kind.—Farmers' Review.

Suitable Food for Ducks.

Ducks, like hens, eat a great variety of food, yet because the duck has no distinct crop the food is passed more directly to the digestive organs. It is therefore very important that the food be consumed in a soft condition. In nature the duck gathers most of its supply from streams, ponds, or marshy places. This food, says Watson's Farm Poultry, consists of growing shoots and roots of water plants, snails and the larvae of various in-sects, together with small fish and other aquatic life. Successful duck raisers have learned a valuable lesson from nature and give young ducks no

The potato crop in Kansas this year is immense and 25 cents per bushel is predicted for them by fail.

A BENEFIT TO FARMERS.

Consolidation of Harvester Plants Means the Continuation of Low

The benefits that will undoubtedly result to farmers from the recent incorporation of the International Harvester Company, which took over the business of the five leading harvester manufacturers have probably not been considered by a large portion of

the farming community.

The economical necessity of a consolidation of the interests of manu-facturers and those of their farmer customers must be apparent to any one who understands the present situation.

The increased and increasing cost of material, manufacturing and selling-the latter in consequence of extreme and bitter competition between manufacturers and their several sell-ing agents—has made the business unprofitable.

The two alternatives left for the manufacturers were either the increasing of the prices of machines or the reduction of the cost of manufacture and sales. The latter could be accomplished by concentratonly

ing the business in one company.

As can readily be seen, the forming of the new company was not a stock jobbing operation, but a centering of mutual interests. There is no watered stock; the capitalization is conservative and represented by actual and three and represented by actual and tangible assets. There is no stock offered to the public, it having all been subscribed and paid for by the manufacturers and their associations.

The management of the International Harvester Company is in the hands of well-known, experienced

The officers are: President, Cyrus H. McCormick; Chairman Executive Committee, Charles Deering; Chairnan Finance Committee, George W. Perkins; Vice-Presidents, Harold F. McCormick, James Deering, Wm. H. Jones and John J. Glessner; Secretary and Treasurer, Richard F. Howe. The members of the Board of Directors are as fellows: Cyrus Bentley, William Deering, Charles Deering, James Deering, Eldridge M. Fowler, E. H. Gary, John J. Glessner, Richard F. Howe, Abram M. Hyatt, William H. Jones, Cyrus H. McCor-mick, Harold F. McCormick, George W. Perkins, Norman B. Ream, Leslie

N. Ward, Paul D. Cravath. The International Harvester Company cwns five of the largest harvester plants in existence, The Champion, Deering, McCormick, Milwaukee world.

It also owns timber and coal lands blast furnaces and a steel plant; it has a new factory in process of construction in Canada.

It is believed that the cost of producing grain, grass and corn harvesting machines will be so reduced that the present low prices can becontinued, and that consequently the results cannot be otherwise than beneficial to the farmer. To maintain the present prices of these machines means to continue and in-crease the development of the agriculture of the world, for no one cause has contributed or can con-tribute more to this development than the cheapness of machines for

harvesting grains. HAS A WIRELESS STATION.

Postal Telegraph Cable Company Es

tablishes Successful Line with Marconi Company.
The Postal Telegraph Cable Company has established a successful wireless telegraph station, in connection with the Marconi Company of America, at Sagaponack, L. I. Messages are sent to all the ships of the sages are sent to all the ships of the great ocean-going vessels which have been equipped with the Marconi system. The apparatus is being installed rapidly in most of the big liners, and the list of ships which may be communicated with while still at sea is growing weekly.

The new service is somewhat ex pensive, and of course will appeal chiefly to persons who like luxuries and can afford to pay for them. Thus messages of ten words will cost the senders \$2, with a rate of 12 cents for each word additional. It is be-lieved that the station of Sagaponack will soon be doing a large business in telegrams sent from all parts of the

country.

The Marconi Wireless Telegraph Company of America at its offices in New York the other day gave out a direct contradiction from the Mar-quis Solari, of Italy, in regard to the quis soiar, of Italy, in regard to the published reports that Signor Marconi had yielded credit for his inventions to the marquis. The official journal of the patent office on July 16 contained a notice announcing that Marconi sought leave to amend his amplication, by conventing it into his application by converting it an "application for a patent for invention communicated to him from abroad by the Marquis Solari."

STRING CURES HICCOUGHS.

Young Russian Girl After Suffering for Three Years is Relieved in a Simple Way. Hiccoughs of three years' standing were cured at Bellevue hospital, New York City the City of the Standing

York City, the other day, with a bit of string. Miss Sarah Blockson, a young Russian girl, was subject to spells of melancholia, and when once she had acquired the notion that she could not stop hiccoughing she had been sitting in her home waiting for the recurring spasms. The physic-lans tied about her waist a cord so tight that the spasmodic movements of the diaphragm were controlled. She was unable to hiccough any more. After ten minutes the cord was removed, and the young woman was told she was cured. The manner of the physicians was either so convincing or the cure was so effectual that from that moment she ceased to be disturbed. be disturbed.