

ROSE LEAVES.

A rude wind shook the climbing rose Which bloomed without my door...

DEVAL'S ESCAPE.

It was a red-letter day in my life when I was first put in charge of a "passenger."

To be sure, I had a rival, Ernest Deval by name, who was "something in the city," and possessing the showy attractiveness and the art of insidious flattery...

She had told him on more than one occasion that she wanted nothing to do with him, but in spite of her obvious dislike he persisted in persecuting her with his attentions...

On the next night I was, as usual, ordered to take out the sleeping saloon express to the north.

The madman is coming on to the engine. I burst out excitedly, divining his intention, as I saw his head appear for a brief instant above the coal.

"Good heavens!" I ejaculated, as my gaze met the haggard face of the rescued delinquent.

"Ben!" he gasped, wonderingly, his wild eyes encountering mine, as he struggled toward us.

"Now, Mr. Deval," I shouted hotly, "perhaps you will be good enough to explain the meaning of the little game you've been playing to-night; but let me tell you, if you think you've furthered your chances of escape, you're wrong."

"Yes, mate," Bill sternly remarked, "you haven't done a lot for yourself by coming here."

"Ben!" he at last jerked forth, gasping for breath, his bloodshot eyes wandering round the cab, and into the darkness as we flew along.

"Great snakes!" exclaimed my fireman, drawing in his breath with a sharp hiss, "that was a narrow shave. Jobson means to have that chap somehow, and have him well. I wonder what he's wanted for. He'll never reach the landing stage this journey, that's a dead cert!"

"No," said I, "they'll have him at Crewe right enough. Poor beggar! He made a desperate fight for it, anyhow!"

The "sleeper," as we called it, was timed straight through to Crewe without a stop, doing the 158 miles in three hours and five minutes.

"Ob, yes," added my mate, grimly, "you're every bit as bad off as if you were sitting on them comfortable cushions in the carriage there. I wouldn't give much for your chance."

"But you can help me if you like," he screamed, his eager face upturned, and the hunted expression of a wild animal at bay in his eyes.

Seeing that I was immovable, he turned his attention to Bill, and I saw him proffer a handful of gold.

The officials would understand the significance of that scribbled message, and unless Providence miraculously interposed, the man was doomed.

Suddenly I was startled by an ejaculation of horror from my mate.

Into the dim light which surrounded the train like a haze, "the fool will kill himself!"

"I turned, and though I prided myself on my steady nerves, the sight that met my eyes sent a cold thrill down my back, and made me lean against the brake for support."

The man had swung himself out of the end of the carriage and was endeavoring to work his way in face of the terrible backdraught toward us.

"Merciful powers!" he screamed in a harsh discordant voice, "the 'up' man! Heaven have mercy on him!"

With a feeling of sickness that was new to me I peered into the gloom. "Thank God!" I ejaculated fervently, as the blood rushed through my veins once more.

Unexpectedly, his hand encountered one of the steps by which the men mount to the roof, and though we could not see his face distinctly, we fancied he set his lip in a terrible smile of accomplished purpose.

"The madman is coming on to the engine. I burst out excitedly, divining his intention, as I saw his head appear for a brief instant above the coal."

"Anyhow, we can't see him commit suicide without raising a hand to stop him," Bill said, and began to scramble over the coal, where I saw him presently stoop down and grasp the man, dragging him with an almost superhuman effort on to the tender.

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knows nothing about it. If the worst comes to the worst, you forced yer to silence, but all I say is this. Will you give me a chance to get the beggar off? I think I can do it without danger to you or me.

"Well, Bill," I remarked, "I bear the fellow no love, as you can see, but if by keeping silent I can do you a good turn to the tune of £50, you can depend on me, though I must say I don't see how you can possibly do the trick."

"You put your money on me," he returned, smilingly, as he gripped my hand, and retired to the end of the tender with Deval.

We had left Stacord behind some time since, and if nothing happened should run into Crewe in another twenty-five minutes or so.

A few minutes later we slowed up at our destination for the night. There they were, just as I had expected. One policeman at the station gates and five or six stationed along the platform.

"Can't say as I did," Bill answered artlessly. "Have you lost your name, Mr. Jobson?"

"I have so," replied the officer. "I expect he dropped off somewhere."

"If he did he's a goner, for certain," said Bill. "We were never under fifty since we left Willemsden."

"I'll look along the track for him going back," I remarked. "Are you going on or back with the morning mail?"

"I hardly know," he returned, disappointedly. "Well, thank you, anyhow. Good night, or, rather, good morning," and he made his way to the telegraph office.

"What did I tell yer?" said Bill joyously. "We drop him outside and let him take his chance."

"Then he is on the engine?" I asked, as we pulled up.

"For answer Bill got off and went to see if the coast was clear.

"Did I ever hear from him again? Oh, yes. About two years afterward, a letter reached me one morning from Columbia, enclosing a Bank of England note for £100. It was from Deval and in it he told how he had succeeded in doubling on his tracks to Birmingham, and from thence had worked down to Southampton in disguise and got clear away. He expressed the hope that Alice and myself were happily wedded, and begged us to keep the note and give it as a present to our first-born child.—Tid-Bits.

Birds Diet to Keep Down Fat.

A taxidermist is thus quoted in the Washington Times: "Feathered as well as unfeathered bipeds take to dieting when a superfluity of adipose tissue makes them uncomfortable."

The Tiger-Shaped Parasite.

If we are to believe the stories told by the old time writers the tigers of early days were infested by what some one has appropriately termed "the oddest parasite in creation."

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

ITEMS OF TIMELY INTEREST TO THE FARMERS.

Small Fruits on the Farm—Pasture is Compared With Soiling—Factors in Butter Making.

PASTURE AS COMPARED WITH SOILING.

The greater economy of soiling in summer, and of silage in the winter, as compared with pasture and hay and grain feeding in the winter, is equivalent to a gain of one-half or more of the feed, or the feeding of two to four head in place of one.

TREATMENT OF COLIC.

Colic in horses is due to overfeeding and resulting indigestion. A tired, hungry horse turned on to a clover or heavy grass field will overeat himself, and the food will be apt to ferment in the stomach and bowels and cause a fit of spasmodic colic.

CARE OF SWINE.

The cheapest winter feed for swine is roots. They may not have so much nutriment in themselves, but they cause the hog to get more out of his other food, just as good clover pasture causes the hog to get more out of grain.

Don't lean over the fence to pour the slop in the pigs' trough, says the Farm Journal. The fighting pigs will cause you to spill a good part of the slop, and resting your weight on your abdomen, supported by a rail, is not healthful exercise.

FACTORS IN BUTTER MAKING.

The man that gets there must, in butter making, as in all other undertakings, be an up-to-date fellow—up-to-date in all matters relating to his business from beginning to end.

If one will stop and think—think hard and long—he will find that many factors enter into butter making.

First, one's farm should be put and kept in proper order. Preparing a farm for dairy farming includes a good deal more than can be even hinted at in such an article as this.

Second, farm buildings are important factors in dairying, and while they need be neither showy nor expensive can be neat and comfortable.

Third, the selection of raising of a herd of cows is a very important matter. It is now getting to be understood that every successful butter maker is nearing, or has reached or passed the three hundred pound mark.

Fourth comes the question of feed. This is a big and important question, and no inflexible rule can be laid down because locality, climate, prices and accessibility are sub-features of the feed question.

Fifth, the care of cows. This question interlocks with questions first, second and fourth. Putting a farm in order for dairying should include ample provision for water for the herd for both summer and winter, pure water and

accessible. Condition of farm buildings is an important factor in the herd's comfort. Feed and care are twin factors. With care is coupled milking, one of the most important operations on a dairy farm.

Sixth relates to dairy houses and appliances—the manufacturing plant, if you please. This should include needed appliances, reference to which cannot be made in detail in this letter.

Seventh, care of product from time received in dairy house or room till but is produced and ready for market. Butter-making is a pains-taking business, and that coupled with neatness makes up largely the skill of the successful butter maker.

SMALL FRUITS ON THE FARM.

Hundreds of articles have been written on the advisability of farmers raising small fruit for their own use, but there is room for hundreds of more articles if they will in any way tend to bring about this desirable end.

As a rule, farmers live well, but their tables show little variety, and they rarely have any of those delightful wholesome subacid fruits, even during the hot summer months when such fruits are most craved.

If the children are too small to be of much use on the farm, they are sent after huckleberries and blackberries, and the older members of the family eat them with a relish that ought to be an inducement for them to have fruit of their own.

It is easy to raise strawberries and other small fruit," you tell him, and he agrees with you, but says that he doesn't know much about "em," and is "too old to learn."

I have known a farmer leave his work and tramp all day over the fields, and return at night with a quart or two of wild strawberries that a fruit dealer would have rejected with scorn.

Now and then a farmer is induced to give them a trial, but the chances are that his interests will not go beyond the setting, and that the vines will become choked with grass and weeds and be plowed up at the end of a year or two, with the remark that they turned out just as he expected.

And here lies one of the great difficulties. To a certain extent the apple trees and pear trees and peach trees take care of themselves, but the small fruit is not so accommodating. It is ready to yield an abundant return, but must be understood and have some care.

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A Unique Town.

There is a unique town in southwest Georgia. It is called Sardis—a settlement of colored people exclusively. Every house in Sardis is owned by colored people—about one hundred families, and all are missionary Baptists.

One physician to every 440 inhabitants is the health protective record of Nidaway county, Missouri.

THE JOKER'S BUDGET.

JESTS AND YARNS BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Defined—Wanted To Be Helpful—An Adjustable Hat Wanted—The Report Is True—Trying to Please Him.

Needy Nickels—Say, Pete, wot's charity? Pleading Pete—Two cold biscuits an' a cord o' wood.

Wanted to be helpful. Banker (to new cashier)—Look here, if you are ever seized with the desire to run off with the cash, let me know, I'll go with you.

An adjustable hat wanted. Jags—I want to get a new hat. Hatter—Which size—right before or morning after?

Needle. He—What will my little wifey do while I am away from home all day. Will she sew or darn stockings, or what? She—Nix.

The report is true. "There is a report that Buzbee has a large floating debt," announced the cashier to the teller. "Yes, sir, an \$80,000 steam yacht."

Trying to please him. Arizona Pete—borty Grizde shot I empster full of holes. Alkali Jack—That's all right, Dempster was always a crank about ventilation.

Badly broken. Dobson—Does it cost you very much for repairs to your bicycle? Hobson—Well, yes, but not nearly so much as it does for repairs to myself.

Knowledge costs money. Fraze Patron—"See here, sir, I dropped a nickel into this machine, and nothing came out." "Agent—"If nothing came out, that shows it's empty." "But, sir, what do I get for my nickel?" "Information."

Positive proof. Miss Daisy Meinders (cooly)—Do you love me, Jason? Jason Huckleberry—"Course I love you! Do you have been actin' the fool over you all this time if I didn't?"

A wonderful denouement. "Did you complete the story you were at work on?" "Yes," replied the litterateur. "You were in doubt as to its conclusion. Did it have a happy or an unhappy ending?" "Unhappy. The editor refused to print it."

Rough on the doctors. Smith—I read of so many cases of people being buried alive. Is there no remedy for it? Jones—The only remedy I know is for the legislature to pass a law compelling doctors to finish their work properly.

Johnny's appetite. Johnny (visiting)—Can I have another biscuit? Johnny's Ma—Why, Johnny, what an appetite you have. Johnny—'I'm. You're two ahead of me, ma.

In the swim. "By Jove! but I'm lame! It seems as if my back would break in two." "What's the matter? Have you been taking too much violent exercise?" "Guess so. I was at a reception last night, and never had such a time getting into a dining-room in my life."

Feed's fall. Tramp—"Please, mum, I ain't had no food for three days. Can you give me something to eat?" Mrs. Rimdick (haughtily)—"My terms for board are \$7 a week."

Senseless. Weary Watkins—Say, Hungry, this here booze is great. Would it be an insult to ask how you got it? Hungry (biggin)—Worked a old guy for a quarter.

Not what you want to introduce. Tramp (straightening up)—"Peg parding fer troublin' ye. I didn't know this was a boardin'-house. I ain't hungry 'nough ter eat boardin'-house vittles. Good-by, mum."

She wasn't sure. Gladys—"That young man looked at you very hard. Do you know him?" Holly—"I think I have seen him before, but I really can't remember whether he was the gentleman who saved my life from drowning or merely one of those to whom I was engaged."

To get property cheaply. Judkins—I learn, through your agent, that you have bought the properties on either side of your residence and I got them dirt cheap. How did you manage it? Foxley—Easy enough. My wife is an elocutionist, my daughter plays the piano, Georg plays the cornet, I play the violin, Bob plays a banjo, Charley rattles the bones and little Johnny has a drum.

A sad affair. Teacher—"What makes you look so sad?" Boy—"A teamster called a man a bad name." "Every! I don't wonder you were shocked."

Work of the snag boat. The extent of the work to be done in improving the navigation of the Mississippi river is disclosed in the latest annual report of Major Halbury, in charge of work on the channel between the Illinois and Ohio. According to this report, 2079 snags were removed during the year. The work of the snag boats never ends.