

A BABY'S LOOK.

Of it sit and try to conjure
Up the fancies,
The old memories that he
Must be held to when he rests his
World-wise glances,
As he often does, on me,
Are there dim old recollections
Of another,
Of a fairer place than earth
That come trooping in upon him—
Of the mother
Who forsook him at his birth?
Who shall fathom the deep meaning
Of the look
That is often in his eyes?
Is his mind surcharged with wisdom
From some book
That he studied in the skies?
Does he have his dim old memories
Of a clime
That is fair and far away,
As I've had them, as you've had them
In your time—
As we still do—who shall say?
S. E. Kiser, in Cleveland Leader.

The Surrender of Joshua

STORY WITH A MORAL.

When a widow puts a notice on her window to the effect that there is accommodations within for a respectable single man it usually means mischief. It is the old, old invitation of the spider to the fly. How on earth could a mere, ordinary, inexperienced, gullible single man be otherwise than clay in the hands of Mrs. Potter.

Originally a Whelks, she had married in the first place a Higson, and in the second the late, not unduly lamented Potter.

The grass on the grave of the latter having now begun to grow quite luxuriantly, the relief considered that to remain a widow any longer would be sheer waste of time and opportunity. Hence the card—six inches by four—with the announcement referred to.

"The rest," said Mrs. Potter, "I leave to Providence."

And Providence, thus piously invoked, responded, with Joshua Jebbings.

Mrs. Potter summed him up in one word, "Ginger," she commented complacently, "and I never knowed a ginger man or boy with what you could call a sperrit."

Indeed, so satisfactory was the general outlook that she began picking the craps tucks off her best merino without further delay.

During the first few weeks Joshua Jebbings rubbed his hands and felt he was in clover. His new landlady "did" for him as he had never been "done" for before. When he came in from work—there was his dinner ready to the minute. As soon as he opened the door the savory smell of onions, or the cheerful sound of sausages, or some other dainty, frizzling in the frying pan, saluted him, while there was nearly always a lettuce fresh pulled for his tea.

He was an unassuming individual, was Joshua, and so was conscious at times of a vague presentiment that this was a condition of affairs too good to last. It was Joe Whibley who first opened his eyes to the snare that was being spread for him.

"Recon ye'll be for putting up the banns 'fore long," remarked this worthy, with a significant wink.

"Banns?" exclaimed Joshua. "I ain't got nothink to do with banns, I ain't."

Unabashed by the array of negatives Joe executed another wink of even deadlier significance, but contented himself with the skeptical monosyllable, "G'arn."

This was all that passed at that time, but Joshua went home with the ominous word "banns" rankling in his breast.

He was very silent over his tea, except when a bone went the wrong way. His landlady kept an intermittent watch on him out of the corner of her eye.

"It's about time I give 'im a 'int," she thought, "Time's getting on, and Whibley'd do as well as not."

It was at this moment that Mr. Jebbings, looking up, caught her eye. But for the poison instilled into his mind by Joe Whibley, it was probable that he would have seen nothing particular in it. As it was, it seemed to look like daggers. Mr. Jebbings choked again, partly from emotion and partly owing to another misdirected fish bone. Mrs. Potter sighed a sigh of fond reminiscence.

"I declare, if you don't remind me for all the world of Higson. Wonderful one he were to choke. I've knowed him to go black in the face over a red herring. And more'n once he's brought my heart into my mouth with an apple core. But for all that, he lived to live in his bed."

As soon as supper was over Joshua slipped out and sought solace and security at the Ham and Chicken. Joe was there, and to him Mr. Jebbings—after the usual interchange of opinions on the weather, the crops and the prices of pigs—put in a poser.

"S'posin' a wid—that is a woman—least ways a female makes up her mind to marry a man and he won't have her, what then?"

"As a general rule," responded the oracle, after seeking inspiration at the bottom of his blue and white earthenware pint mug, "as a general rule she marries him all the same."

Mr. Jebbings rasped his chin despondently with the back of his hand.

"Ain't there no way of chokin' her off?" he asked, desperately.

"Depends whether she's single or a widder," replied Joe with an expression of deep meaning.

"S'pose we allows, just for the sake o' argment, as she is a widder."

"Then," said Joe, slowly and emphatically, "my advice is 'look it.'"

Joshua Jebbings quitted the Ham and Chicken strung up to the pitch of giving his landlady a week's notice. By the time he reached the corner of his road his resolution was oozing fast; there was hardly a vestige of it left as he raised the latch.

The first thing that met his too conscious gaze was Mrs. Potter.

"If it's all the same to you," put in Mr. Jebbings, with considerable trepidation, "if it's all the same to you, I'm thinking of leaving you this day week if—if no objection," he concluded lamely.

"Bless us and save us all!" exclaimed Mrs. Potter.

"Goo—good night," answered Mr. Jebbings, executing a retrograde movement in the direction of the staircase; "never mind about getting me a candle, and—I shan't be wanting any supper."

"Here, you come back—"

The words floated after him, and had the effect of making him quicken his steps.

"Thank goodness, that's over," he thought as he bolted himself in. "I wish next week was over and done with, too. Wonder whether she's talking on much?"

"Somebody's bin and put 'im up to this," reflected the lady. "Well, after all, I dunno's it matters much." * * *

It was a four-roomed house, two downstairs and two up. The one for which Mr. Jebbings paid a weekly rent was at the back, overlooking a patch of kitchen garden. There was a pigsty in the farthest left-hand corner, and some early fowls were clucking around after early worms. It was a fine morning, and Mr. Jebbings admired the limited but promising prospect in the intervals of his toilet.

"Them peas is coming on wonderful," he mused. "Recon they'll soon be fit for pickling, and with a billed gammon o' bacon there'd be a dinner for a lord mayor. Take her round and give her her doo, she's a fine figure of a woman, though a trifle run to fat, and the best hand at a Yorkshire pudden I've come across since I lost pore mother. Wonder what she's got for breakfast? Hello! What's up with the door?"

Then he remembered that he had bolted it over night. He drew back the bolt, but still the door refused to open, though he shook and shoved vigorously. He was glad to hear a substantial tread upon the stairs, and hailed its owner through the keyhole.

"Something's gone wrong with the door—it's stuck somehow so's I can't open it."

"No, 'tain't," was the answer. "It's locked, that's what's the matter with it."

"That's queer," said Mr. Jebbings. "I never locked it, not to my knowledge."

"But I did," was the startling reply. "I locked it, and the key's in my pocket, and there it's going to stop till you knows your own mind."

And with that she turned and creaked down stairs again.

"Here's a pretty howdy do," observed Mr. Jebbings, as soon as he grasped the situation. "Bin and locked me in."

"I'll take and kick that door down, blamed if I won't," he declared furiously.

So he kicked—kicked hard and recklessly—with the result that in less than half a minute later he was sitting on the floor nursing his foot and loudly anathematizing widows in general and Mrs. Potter in particular, so that the voice of the latter, speaking outside of the door, took him quite by surprise.

"Yes, you may kick Joshua Jebbings, only remember whatever damage you does you pay for. And you can cuss'n swear, too, if you finds it helps you any. Hungry, are you? Serves you right. S'pose you thought you was going to carry on jest as you liked, and sneak off with a week's notice. That's where you made a mistake. I ain't no worm to be trampled on, I ain't. So there you stops till you thinks better of it."

The morning wore away somehow, and the church clock struck 12. Half-past was Mr. Jebbings' dinner time. She was bound to let him out for dinner, he told himself repeatedly. She'd never dare to make him miss two meals. It would be altogether too—He could hear her setting the table. How many was she setting it for? Now the frying pan was on again. A few minutes Mr. Jebbings began to sniff the air like a war horse scenting the battle afar. But what he sniffed was not fire and carnage, but liver and bacon. His nostrils curled with rapture.

There was a step on the stairs, a substantial step, that made his heart beat and the stairs creak. It came on and on, and stopped outside his door. Mr. Jebbings waited anxiously to hear the key inserted in the lock, but instead there came a thump, and a voice saluting him by name.

"Joshua Jebbings, you there?"

"Well, that's good," observed the captive, sotto voce, "how'm I to be anywhere else, I'd like to know, seeing she's bin and locked me in? I only wish I wasn't."

"Howbeit," he answered meekly enough.

"Yes'm."

"Dinner's ready," was the announcement.

Mr. Jebbings licked his lips in anticipation.

"So'm I," he replied eagerly—"ready and waiting."

"Ready to have the banns put up Sunday?"

"Banns! Sunday!" in a muffled staccato. Then with a burst of decision, "No, I'm jiggered if I am."

"Very well, then."

And to his horror he heard the steps retreating from the door and

down the stairs to the kitchen. Mr. Jebbings gave way to despair.

"So she means to keep me shut up yer till I give 'in! Well," taking himself into his confidence, as it were, and speaking in a tone of despondency, mingled with reluctant admiration, "she's a one, that's what she is! I s'pose," he continued reflectively, "I s'pose she's a matter o' five or six years older'n me, and weighs, maybe, a couple o' stum more. Ought to be 'tother way round if a chap's to have any chance. Banns! Next Sunday! I should like to catch her at it. I'm sorry now I didn't take and marry Prisciller Potts matter o' ten year back. She was dreadful set on me at one time was Prisciller, and then I shouldn't never a-bin in this fix."

At 3 o'clock Mr. Jebbings gave up and took to his bed. At 4 o'clock the voice of his landlady drew him from between the sheets and lured him to the window. She was talking to a neighbor over the wall, and her words penetrated to his ear with bloodcurdling distinctness.

"Yes, Mrs. Kieby, you're right, that rain last week have made the peas come on wonderful. And my hens have been laying better'n regeler than I've ever knowed 'em, and I've got a beautiful side o' bacon left over from my last pig. Altogether, one way'n other, I've been pretty forech-'nit this year, and I don't fancy all the luck's used up neither. Maybe you'll be hearing some news 'fore long that 'll s'prise you. No, I ain't going to let it out yet, and 'tain't no use your trying to guess. Anyhow, I must run in now, for the kittle's on the bile, and I seem to fancy a rasher with my tea."

Mr. Jebbings shook his fist at her retreating figure.

"D'ye hear that now?" he demanded of an invisible second party. "Sausages for breakfast, and liver and bacon for dinner, and 'seems to fancy a rasher with her tea! Why, she's a puffed horsestretch! Come to that, with hungry sarcasm, 'dessay I could fancy one with mine. Blame it, I could fancy a whole pig! Look yer, now, I ain't going to stand this. Banns or no banns, I ain't going to starve upstairs while she gorges herself down. After all, she's a fast-rater cook, and that's more'n you could say of Prisciller. And you've got to consider your meals fust, and if she feeds me as well afterward as she's done up till now, maybe I won't have much to complain of."

A few minutes later, Mrs. Potter, coming to the door and making an announcement, via the keyhole, to the effect that tea was ready, received his submission in due form.

"If you've set your mind on them three banns, I dunno's I've anything to say agen 'em."

And this is how Mrs. Potter, late Higson, nee Whelks, came to change her name for the third time.—Belgravia.

THE WILD INDIAN.

An Average Man's Ignorance About Red Men is Profound.

We cannot deal with the Indian of to-day unless we know the Indian of yesterday, says George Bird Grinnell in the Atlantic. The average man seldom thinks about Indians, and when he does he thinks of them either with entire indifference or with contemptuous dislike. He is moved in part by that narrowness which leads us to despise those who in appearance or by birth or tradition are different from ourselves—the feeling which leads many a white man to speak with contempt of Chinamen. More weighty than this feeling, however, is the inherited one that the Indian is an enemy, who, from the time he was first known has been hostile to us. Even nowadays most people seem to think of the Indian only as a warrior, who is chiefly occupied in killing women and children, burning homes and torturing captives. From the days when they fought the Pilgrim Fathers, and then the settlers of the Ohio Valley, and later still the emigrants crossing the plains, nine-tenths of all that has appeared in print about Indians has treated them from this point of view; and the newspapers, which now constitute so great a portion of the reading matter of the American public, seldom print anything about the Indians except in connection with massacres and uprisings. The effect of all this literature on the popular estimation in which the Indian is held has been very great.

The popular impressions are entirely erroneous. The Indian was a fighter, yet war was only an incident of his life. Like any other human being he is many-sided, and he did not always wear his war paint. If he has a repulsive aspect, there are other sides of his character, and some of them pleasing. If from one point of view he may appear to the civilized man ferocious and hateful, from another he seems kindly and helpful. The soldier sees the Indian from one point of view only, the missionary from another, the traveler from a third, the agent from a fourth. Each of these is impressed by some salient feature of his character, yet each sees that one only or chiefly, and the image is imperfect, ill-proportioned, and misleading.

Iron in Dwelling House Building.

The use of iron has been a new departure in some dwelling houses recently built, and the break being made in a new direction, it is not unlikely that the practice may yet become general and a new demand created for iron in architecture.—Age of Steel.

It is said that in Paris there are 80,000 dogs, or one for every thirty inhabitants.

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

ITEMS OF INTEREST ON AGRICULTURAL TOPICS.

The Value of a Cow—Clover Smothered by Manure—Experience in Pasturing Wheat—Too Much Clover—Etc., Etc.

THE VALUE OF A COW

A cow that produces 2,325 quarts yields within a fraction of 5,000 pounds. A good cow should produce 5,000 pounds of 3.75 to 4 per cent milk. At 3 cents a quart the cash value of 5,000 pounds of milk is \$69.75. With good farm management such cows should be kept for \$40, which leaves a profit above the cost of feed of \$29.75. The labor cost should not exceed one good man to fifteen cows.—Hoard's Dairyman.

CLOVER SMOTHERED BY MANURE.

It is very easy to destroy clover by covering it with coarse manure at any season of the year. The large leaf of the clover dies down very quickly if not allowed access to light. But if manure has been partially rotted and is spread on clover in fall or early winter, frost will so pulverize it that when rolled or harrowed, as clover always should be in spring, the lumps of manure will become scattered and benefit instead of injuring the crop.

EXPERIENCE IN PASTURING WHEAT.

If my wheat was as rank as it is said to be in many northern and eastern States, I would certainly turn stock on it. It is almost an universal custom here, but unless judgment is used, harm may follow. Too many leave their stock on until April. Quite a number had no wheat to cut on this account this year. I think stock should be taken off before wheat begins its spring growth. No proper test has even been made here, because those who follow the practice pasture all their wheat. The right way would be to take two fields alike in all respects, pasture one and let the other alone. Even then one year's test might not be conclusive. The ground being so dry now and the wheat short, I think it has enough to contend with without being tramped and cut still shorter by stock.—S. C. Bunstine, Oklahoma Co., Okla., in New England Homestead.

UNDERDRAINING HILLSIDES.

Many farmers whose land is rolling or hilly do not appreciate the benefit that underdraining it would give them. The soil is thin and they complain that the water runs off too rapidly. That is indeed just the trouble. There is only a thin stratum on the surface that is permeable by water, and when the floods come, they carry every winter more or less of this surface soil into the valleys below. Wherever the subsoil is clay an underdrain sunk three feet deep will cause the water that comes to it to sink into the soil and be carried off by the drain instead of on the surface.

TOO MUCH CLOVER.

The science of agriculture needs to be more carefully studied by the average farmer. Not the science that deals with long and unpronounceable words, but the simpler understanding of the nature of the soil, its chemical properties and their relation to growing crops. Just as the farmer is beginning to understand the use and value of clover in adding nitrogen to the soil, there develops a growing tendency on the part of many to overdo growing this crop. It is clover, clover, year after year until the gains made in one direction are lost in another. Clover adds fertility, but constant growing of it in time exhausts the other chemicals in the soil which are necessary to the growth of all crops including the clover, and the soil is suddenly as bad or worse off than before any clover was grown.

It is plain, therefore, that if clover continues to be grown for the nitrogen it supplies, potash and phosphoric acid must be mixed with the soil to loosen and liberate the nitrogen being put there by the clover. Probably the best way to add potash and phosphoric acid is to rotate other crops with clover, adding the chemicals named in quantities more than is needed for the maturity of the growing crop, whatever it may be. Indeed, this is one of the fundamental principles of successful agriculture, to return to the soil with each preparation of the land more than the growing crop will take from it, in order to keep up its fertility. The remarks concerning clover apply with equal force to any legume given with its ability to conduct nitrogen from the air.—Atlanta Journal.

PRACTICAL HOG MANAGEMENT.

The dread cholera has raged in our township at various times, destroying completely many fine herds. My hogs have not been affected during the seventeen years I have lived here, although cholera has been many times within a quarter of a mile. I live off the main road a quarter of a mile and no hogs are ever hauled or driven any closer, which may account for my escape. I keep constantly before my hogs a mixture of one pound copperas, one pound sulphur, one pound black antimony, one-fourth pound saltpeter, one peck wood ashes and one quart of salt. I use a tall narrow box holding about two bushels. A slanting bottom is placed above the true one. A piece twelve inches or more is cut from the front side of the box at the bottom. The false bottom slants back and the hogs rooting in and licking at the box cause the ashes to feed through the two inch orifice between the back side of the box and the lowest edge of the board. They will eat freely if not well.

Many farmers are fencing their orchards and turning in their hogs and think it adds thrift and health besides destroying many enemies to the fruit. Hogs need water to run to at will. When there is no running water an automatic drinking trough should be used. It is better than the running water, for the hogs cannot soil the water by getting into it. The barrel, filled daily, gives them pure, fresh water at all times. I have noticed them leave their feed and run to the trough. And they do not drink so

much at a time if they have it oftener. Running water, I believe, becomes a source of disease when least suspected. A neighbor with a slough or branch running through his lots lost over 100 head of hogs. With plenty of water and grass, large lots, and a 40-acre field of timothy and clover, it seemed strange that they should die. I went up this branch and near the source of the stream lay the carcass of a cholera hog which had died months before.

Pigs that are confined sometimes break out and scratch against the trough or other projections. A lot of mine got this way in the spring. I prepared a strong soda with a little carbolic acid in it and taking a scrub brush I went over the lot thoroughly. Suspecting corn diet to be the main cause, I began to gather weeds and gave apples, potatoes, etc. They soon ceased to rub themselves and began to thrive. Any change in food is relished by them when in confinement. A good and cheap plan to get a condition which they crave is to scrape the cobs into piles and burn them until charred through, then put out the fire with water. This cleans up the yards and furnishes charcoal. I believe hogs are better without rings, though their rooting is bad in pasture. But they turn over the soil of their lots when confined, thus burying much filth and many disease germs.

One of the family traded a year ago for a long, lank specimen that must have been a brother to his razor-backs. Several gilts were bred to him. The pigs came in March. The sows were a Berkshire and Poland-China cross, small boned but ready fatteners. Some of the offspring were built like the mothers, some lank and leggy like the sire, but most of them are large, thrifty hogs and are fattening well. We are crossing some of them back to the Poland-China.—S. N. Wolcott

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, 1896.

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They Swim Like Ducks.

Most of the native Hawaiians are expert swimmers. A Honolulu paper relates an interesting incident illustrative of this fact in connection with the departure of the transport "Senator" for Manila. "A departing soldier attempted to throw a letter to some one on the wharf to mail," says the account, "and the wind carried the missile out into the water, where it was picked up by one of the little native boys who dive for coin. While the little fellow was holding the letter up and swimming in with it a lady's hat also blew into the water. The boy swam to the hat, secured it, and, holding it aloft in one hand and the letter in the other, swam in with his feet only.

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To quit tobacco easily and forever, be magnetic, full of life, nerve and vigor, take No-To-Bac, the wonder-worker, that makes weak men strong. All druggists, 50c or \$1. Cure guaranteed. Booklet and sample free. Address: Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

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Fitly permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. \$3 trial bottle and treatise free. Dr. R. H. KILMER, Ltd., 601 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

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Clean blood means a clean skin. No beauty without it. Cascarets, Candy Cathartic clean your blood and keep it clean, by stirring up the lazy liver and driving all impurities from the body. Begin to-day to banish pimples, boils, blotches, blackheads, and that sickly bilious complexion by taking Cascarets—beauty for ten cents. All druggists, satisfaction guaranteed, 10c, 25c, 50c.

Fashion note—The favorite colors for 1897 will be red, white and blue.

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