

THE UNSUCCESSFUL.
We met them on the common way;
They passed and gave no sign—
The heroes that had lost the day,
The failures, half divine.

Ranged in a quiet place, we see
Their mighty ranks contain
Figures too great for victory,
Hearts too unspoiled for gain.
Here are earth's splendid failures,
Some bear the wounds of combat,
Some are prone upon their shields.

To us, that still do battle here,
If we in aught prevail,
Grant, O God, a triumph not too dear,
Or strength, like theirs, to fail.
—Elizabeth C. Cardozo, in the Century.

"THE LONG ARM."

It was 6 o'clock in the evening, and the editor of the "Monthly Rocket" sat alone in his room at a large desk, strewn with papers and cuttings, gazing thoughtfully at the sheets of manuscript which he had taken from a pile before him.

"I can't understand it at all," he was thinking. "Except for the change of scene, and the matter of turning a collision into a fire—the two stories are practically identical. At any rate, they're rather too similar for me to pass the matter over. The extra chapter is original enough, though, and really well written, I'll admit. But what on earth possessed the fellow to send it here, out of all the offices in town where it might have gone instead? The whole thing is beyond me."

"I don't know quite what to say at this early stage in the proceedings," he said slowly; "but, let me see, first of all, what's the sender's name and address? Ah! 'Claude Hellingham, 14 Cadogan street, W.'"

He paused irresolutely for a second, and then wrote on the sheet in front of him—
"Dear Sir—If the author of the short story, 'The Solitary Soul,' will call at this office at 3 o'clock on Thursday afternoon, I or my representative will be glad to see him."

"There, that ought to fetch him," said the man, with a peculiar smile, as he signed the letter. "Douglas Baird, Editor." Then directing the envelope to the address given on the manuscript, he posted it at the corner of the street on his way home.

On the afternoon of the following Thursday, Douglas Baird sat in his office again. He was obviously not quite at his ease, and from time to time he would open one of the drawers of his desk and examine the papers it contained, as if to assure himself that none of them were missing. Presently he looked at his watch.

"It's a quarter past three already," he mused. "I wonder if my correspondent is going to fight shy, after all!"

A tap at the door interrupted his soliloquy. In answer to his somewhat surly "Come in!" the visitor entered. The editor of the "Monthly Rocket" slightly raised his eyebrows. Accustomed as he was to all sorts and conditions of visitors, it was not often that such a pretty girl as this invaded his office. His surliness vanished instantly. He could be charming to ladies when he chose. This was one of these occasions. Accordingly, he set a chair for the visitor and returned her timid greeting with a geniality calculated to dispel her very obvious nervousness.

It was a young but sad and troubled face that looked at him across the desk. The soft, fair hair might have adorned the sunny head of a child, but the girlish mouth had assumed a curve of unnatural determination, and the blue eyes were full of that awful fear which is to be seen only in the eyes of the refined poor.

ary Soul, as original matter?"
A pause ensued. The ticking of a clock on the mantelpiece alone broke the silence of the room. The editor watched the woman keenly—a sudden spasm passed over her face and a hunted look came into her eyes. Then for the first time the man noticed her pallor and the poverty of her attire; she had clasped her hands together, as if to make an appeal, and he saw that even her gloves were carefully mended.

"If you would rather not answer," he said gently, and in a very different tone to that which he had intended to adopt towards "Mr. Hellingham," "you need not do so. Only, I think you must acknowledge that it is impossible for me to publish the story in my magazine."

"Will you tell me why?" she asked, trying to control her voice. "I will own that I shouldn't have offered it to you without an explanation, perhaps. But I—"

For answer he took from a drawer a newspaper and a pile of manuscript. "This is your manuscript," he remarked, watching her keenly as she put out her hand for it; "and this," he added gravely, taking up the paper, "is the journal in which a certain story entitled 'The Liar' appeared. Now, perhaps, you will understand."

The girl's hand trembled so that she could hardly hold the printed sheet. After a momentary glance, she laid it down again, and then, turning her blanched face to him, she said tremulously, "I—ask your pardon."

"Will you tell me, Miss Chester," he asked slowly, "why you sent this to me? Was it for the sake of getting into print—a natural enough vanity, I'll allow; or," he continued in a softer voice, "did you think you would have received, had the manuscript been accepted, an important consideration?"

"Oh, Mr. Baird!" she exclaimed, trying to regain her composure; "I know it was a dreadfully dishonorable thing to do, but—you don't know how hard it has been for me in London. A woman has no chance at all, and for a girl like me, without interest or friends, it seems impossible to get work. I've lost heart utterly now, and I'm so tired of it all!"

"Have you met with any success at all?" he asked sympathetically.

"Yes—a little, but not very much, and nothing regular. I got some fairly regular work on the 'Morning Comet,' but the paper failed last summer—and left some money owing to me, too," she added sadly.

"That was hard lines! Did you write much for it?"

"Yes, a good deal. I did all those articles on 'The Provincialism of London,' and also the serial, 'The Heart of a Woman,' with some short tales as well."

"By Jove! was it you who wrote 'The Heart of a Woman,' then?" he exclaimed with interest. "How silly of me! I ought to have remembered the name. It was a capital story—you should get it published in volume form. I'm sure it would succeed."

HIS TEETH WERE HIS OWN.

And Yet the Facts Were Rather Out of the Ordinary.
Four or five traveling men around the hotel stove had been talking about teeth, when one of them got up and saying "good night" went off to bed.

"Did you notice what fine teeth that party had?" said a man from St. Louis. "He won't acknowledge they are false, or rather he insists that they are his own, and yet he doesn't quite tell the truth. My brother is a dentist in Kansas City, and this man lives there, and my brother does his work for him. Not that he tells me anything, but merely as an incident, for everybody who knows the man knows the circumstances. His teeth are his own, and at the same time they are false. You don't understand, so I'll explain. He always had unusually fine teeth, but about five years ago they showed signs of Riggs' disease, an affection which causes the gums to recede from the roots, leaving them exposed some distance down from the enameled surface. In aggravated cases or where the person is very sensitive the disease is very painful and it is almost impossible to relieve it. To cure it is practically impossible, for the gums will not grow back again. This man was of the sensitive kind, and although physicians and dentists tried their skill on him they could do nothing, and he suffered so that at last he told my brother to extract every tooth in his mouth and put false ones in for him. As nothing else could be done my brother followed instructions and pulled every tooth. They were all in perfect condition, and as my brother looked them over, regretting that his patient was forced to give them up, a novel idea occurred to him, which he at once told to the other man, who agreed to it willingly. This was that instead of making artificial teeth, as was the usual custom, these same teeth be used exactly as if they were artificial. My brother, who is a first-class dentist always, was more than ordinarily careful on this job, and when he had mounted the teeth in a plate measured to a hair's breadth and slipped them into his patient's mouth they fitted as if they had grown there, as it were, and now there isn't one man in a thousand can tell that they are false, if, indeed, false they are. At the same time there isn't any more Riggs' disease to trouble him."

Secure Even Crops if Possible.
Perhaps there is nothing that is such an eyesore to any one interested in good farming as a field where the growth is uneven and in some spots perfectly bare.

No doubt the farmer's aim should be to get all parts of the field to bear as good as the best part. This is asking a good deal, but nevertheless it can be done.

Fertilizers and time spent in tillage are as good as thrown away by reason of a portion of the soil being too wet and the loss on this one wet patch might more than overbalance the profits of the whole field. Of course this only applies to such farms as require drainage.

Temperature of Incubators.
I have two incubators of different makes, and in one it takes from 101 to 102½ degrees to bring the chicks out on the 21st day, while in the other it takes from 102 degrees to 103½ to hatch in the same time, with the thermometer on fertile eggs and in the same place in each machine. Every incubator should be tested and the correct temperature determined on. This will depend upon the incubator, the eggs, the thermometer and where it is placed. When the eggs begin to hatch, better shut up shop and leave them to come out in their own way than to watch too closely.—J. Blaine Fitch, in New England Homestead.

Sand in Maple Syrup.
The maple sugar maker may have trouble in removing the fine sand that passes through the ordinary strainer, and he may wonder how it happens to be present in spite of his utmost care and cleanliness. Its presence, at least in small quantity, is not a sign of carelessness, because this is not common sand nor dirt, but sugar sand, a form—malate—of lime that is always present to a greater or less extent in the sap, and merely collects in little grains when the sap is boiled down. It may be removed very readily in the following manner:

Pass the hot syrup through closely woven flannel into a settling tank, where it must remain for at least 24 hours. Draw it off from this tank with a tap placed at least an inch and a half above the bottom of the tank, or, better still, use a siphon. Use a funnel-shaped felt strainer, if the syrup is to be bottled hot, and wash these strainers thoroughly to remove any grit that may collect. If large quantities are to be strained at a time, change the strainers often. For sugar, let the syrup stand longer before bottling down. The strainers may be bought from dealers in maple sugar makers' supplies.—The Epitomist.

Cows Prefer Fixed Habits.
Every man that has had the care of milch cows knows how quickly a change of practices by the cow keeper is seen in the milk yield. A dairyman goes away from home for a single day and leaves his cows to others. The feeding is irregular and the milking is irregular and the next day the herd is decidedly "off" in its milk. The worst feature of the situation is that the cows cannot be again brought back to their old flow of milk without a great deal of trouble. Frequently there will be some cows that have been in milk for a few months that will show a decided change for the worst and will not recover their old performance at all. How quickly the cows drop off in milk in midsummer when the pasture gets short and the farmer neglects to provide anything to take the place of the grass!

The cow will only keep up her milk yield if she have a fixed ration of feed. For this reason every dairyman should endeavor to watch his pasture closely and increase the supply of succulent feed as fast as it becomes scarce in the pasture. Have the feed as like in kind as possible. This is one reason why it pays to feed some milch-feed the year round. When the pasture becomes short this part of the ration can be kept up and even increased without the habit of the cow in this regard being disturbed.

As to milking, all scientific dairymen agree. It does not do to milk a cow at 5 o'clock one morning and 6 o'clock the next and 7 o'clock the next. Neither must such a variation be permitted in the summer. The writer has known cases where the cows were milked at evening any time between 7 and 9 o'clock, this being the case almost always in haying times on certain farms. The loss is not only that shown in one day, but the daily losses that will continue to occur during the whole subsequent lactation period of the cow.—Farm, Field and Fireside.

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FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

ITEMS OF INTEREST ON AGRICULTURAL TOPICS.

The Best Breed of Hens—Secure Even Crops if Possible—Temperature of Incubators—Sand in Maple Syrup—Cows Prefer Fixed Habits—Etc., Etc.

The Best Breed of Hens.
There is no best breed of hens. The breed most suitable to any farmer is the breed that he can make the most money out of. If you can make money out of raising hens, always keep them, and by all means keep good ones. The farmer don't want hens with certain markings on them, but he wants hens with lots of eggs in them.

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ting the soil in the best possible condition. This work can be done with a horse and tools and requires but a few hours. A small hotbed should be provided for starting early plants, such as tomatoes, cabbages, cauliflower, celery, peppers and the like. This is not difficult of construction or management and the details have frequently been given in these columns. The cost is trifling, amounting to almost no expenditure of money, as old boards about the farm can be used for making the frame, and discarded window sashes used for glass.

Plant everything in the farm garden that your family is fond of. Plant everything that can be easily grown, for if it is not liked at first it soon will be. Start tomatoes, cabbages, cauliflower, celery and peppers in a hotbed. As soon as the ground is in good condition set out a few roots of asparagus. Then plant a few potatoes, carrots, peas, radishes, onion sets, and when danger of frost is past, two or three rows of beans. As soon as the ground becomes warmer and the season advanced, put in seed enough to furnish a full supply of peas and beans, and be sure to plant liberally of dwarf limas. Plant also carrots, parsnips, turnips and salsify. Set out early cabbages from the hotbed and sow a few rows of late cabbage and cauliflower for fall and winter use. Plant a good supply of sweet corn, cucumbers, squashes, providing an abundant supply of winter squashes.

If your ground has been well prepared and you have a good garden drill, the seeding of the entire garden will not take more than a day. If your rows are long and straight, an hour or two at a time with a horse and cultivator will do most of the work of cultivating, and but little hand hoeing or weeding will be necessary.—American Agriculturist.

Short and Useful Pointers.
All garden refuse should be burned. Millet seed is excellent for young chicks. More meat and less corn is what produces the eggs. Choice vegetables are pretty sure of finding a quick market. Close confinement and a superabundance of food will ruin any animal. Farmers should select breeders from the poultry as well as from other stock.

There are some parts of a good cow that are always prominent; but never the ribs. Never ship produce if it can be sold at home. The home market is always the best. One weed along the fence means a couple of hundred next year in some other place. If the young stock are not thrifty the farmer will soon find himself to be the same.

Keep the hog pens clean and white-wash them with fresh lime. Hog lice don't like this. A good food for a sow with young pigs is a mixture of equal parts of cornmeal, ground oats and wheat bran. More stock means more manure; more manure means better crops; better crops is the forerunner of the farmer's prosperity.

If your neighbor's swine have the cholera keep just about as far away from his place as you would if his family had the small-pox. Farmers should not depend entirely on themselves. No matter how good they are, there is always somebody else that can give them a pointer or two. Numerous experiments show that fairer and brighter fruit is grown in sunshine and in lighter soils and in higher locations than is grown in heavy soil on low land.

Do anything that will tend to lighten the farm work. The farmer hasn't got any "snap" and anything that will take a portion of the labor off his hands is a welcome addition to the farm.

Courtesy on a Street Car.
A big, fine-looking man sat in the corner of a South Side car reading his newspaper. Next to him sat a little woman in an up-to-date frock. She had a box of candy in one hand and an opera libretto in the other. She tried to get a newspaper from a boy who came through the car, but the conductor broke up the transaction, and seizing the small newspaper dealer, put him off. Then the pretty woman in the up-to-date frock paid her fare in pennies and smiled.

The big man's newspaper was spread out before her eyes, and she glanced at the head lines. Then she read half a column about a thrilling rescue of a typewriter girl by a gallant fireman. She glanced sideways at the big man. Apparently he was taking no notice. She began on a story of burglars in a South Side flat, how they bound and gagged a woman, stole her sealskin sack, and—

"Oh, oh! the horrid things!" she exclaimed excitedly. The big man looked around inquiringly, and then, quite as a matter of course, he said: "Have you finished this page, madam? If so, let us turn to the stock reports and the society news."—Chicago News.

A man in Pennsylvania has achieved fame by always standing up when he sleeps. In these peculiar, sensation-loving days the man who likes obscurity has a hard time dodging the lasso of notoriety. He has to be without a peculiarity, and even then runs risks of becoming noted for that. Women are not permitted to be photographers in China.

TABLET NO. FIVE.

The Story of a Remarkable Murder and How the Truth Came Out.
The story was told by a Police Commissioner of another city who was in New Orleans recently on a visit. "The most ingenious murder I ever knew anything about," he said, "was committed by a young physician. He was a rising practitioner at a place where I formerly lived, and, with your permission, I will speak of him simply as Dr. Smith. About a dozen years ago, as nearly as I remember, this young man went on a visit to a relative in a neighboring city, and one afternoon, on the third or fourth day of his stay, he startled a lady member of the household by remarking that he 'had a feeling' that some misfortune had overtaken a wealthy planter whom they both knew very well, and whom I will call Col. James. The Colonel was a prominent resident of the doctor's home town and had a large outlying estate, which he was in the habit of visiting once a week. On the day of Smith's singular pronouncement he was on one of those tours of inspection, but failed to come back, and the following morning his corpse was found lying in a cornfield. He had evidently been dead about twenty-four hours, and from the appearance of the body seemed to have been seized with some sort of fit or convulsion.

"Of course the affair created a great stir, and the police made a pretty thorough investigation, but the only thing they found that merited any special attention was a small, round vial in the dead man's vest pocket. It was about the diameter of a lead pencil by four inches long, and had originally contained a couple of dozen medicinal tablets, which, lying one on top of the other, filled the little bottle to the cork. A few still remained in the bottom. Upon inquiry it was learned without trouble that the tablets were a harmless preparation of soda, and that Jones himself had bought them at a local drug store. That ended suspicion in that quarter, and, for lack of anything better, the coroner returned a verdict of death from sunstroke. There was no autopsy.

"Some time after Jones had been buried," continued the Police Commissioner, "I learned accidentally of Dr. Smith's curious prophecy, and it set me to thinking. Eventually I evolved a theory, but it was impossible at the time to sustain it with proof, and for five or six years I kept it pigeon-holed in my brain, waiting for something to happen. Meanwhile, to everybody's surprise, Dr. Smith went to the dogs. He began by drinking heavily, gradually lost his practice, and finally skipped out to avoid prosecution for cashing a fake draft. After his flight I learned enough to absolutely confirm my theory as to Jones's death. What had really happened was this: 'Dr. Smith owed the old man a considerable sum of money and had given a note, upon which he had forged his father's name as indorser. The planter was pressing him for payment and had threatened suit, which meant inevitable exposure. One day, while they were conversing, Jones pulled out a little glass vial and swallowed one of the tablets it contained, remarking that he took one daily, after dinner, for sour stomach. That suggested a diabolical scheme of assassination, which the doctor proceeded to put into execution. Repairing to his office, he made up a duplicate tablet of strychnine, and, encountering the Colonel next day, asked him to let him have the vial for a moment, so he could copy the address of the markers from the label. Jones handed it over unsuspectingly, and while his attention was briefly diverted elsewhere Smith put in the prepared tablet. He placed it under the top four, thus making it reasonably certain that his victim would take it on the fifth day from that date. Next morning he left town, so as to be far away when the tragedy was consummated, and some mysterious, uncontrollable impulse evidently led him to make the prediction that first excited my suspicion. When I made certain of all this, I located Smith in Oklahoma and was on the point of applying for an extradition warrant, when he anticipated me by contracting pneumonia and dying. I thereupon returned the case to its mental pigeon-hole, where it has remained ever since."

"Pardon me for asking," said one of the listeners, "but is that really a true story, or are you entertaining us with interesting fiction?" "It is absolutely true," replied the narrator.

"But how did you learn the particulars?" "Well," said the Police Commissioner, smiling, "Smith was like most clever criminals—he had one weak spot. He was fool enough to tell a woman. She blabbed."

The Part She Didn't Like.
The other day a wee little woman who lives in a suburb saw and heard a donkey for the first time, says the Cincinnati Enquirer. She talked about it continually after getting home.

It was a "good donkey." It was also a "beautiful donkey." In fact, the child went completely through her small store of adjectives. And when her father came home at night he heard the adjectives all over again.

"And so you liked the donkey, darling, did you?" he asked, taking the tiny lass on his knee. "Oh, yes, papa, I liked him. That is, I liked him pretty well, but I didn't like to hear him 'donk.'"

Though Spain is an agricultural country it had to import last year more than \$15,000,000 worth of grain.