

AN OLD INFLUENCE.

BY ETHELWYN WETHERS.

A child, I saw familiar things
In sweet imagined guise;
For me the clouds were angels' wings,
The stars were angels' eyes.

Not so today; the grassless ways
Of olden years invite
No wings to whiten common days,
No eyes to hallow night.

Yet when with grief my heart is loud,
Or when thoughts leave their scars,
I feel reproach from every cloud,
Reproach from every star.

—Youth's Companion.

The Death of a Coward.

The boy leaned against the bulwark rails, watching the lights as they came up one by one on the coast. The plunging of the ship still made his head reel, and he was weak from want of food. He seemed altogether apart from the stir and life that 300 emigrants on board created. His whole soul was filled with a dumb and impotent protest against his fate, and the life before him. Old Capt. Malcolm had shown little wisdom when he sent his only son to sea to have some pluck knocked into him.

The ship's doctor came out of the saloon in the poop to go his evening round below. With him was his wife, a slight, girlish figure, wrapped in a heavy cloak. She turned at the ladder which led to the lower deck, and was about to go back, when her eyes fell on the boy. She had noticed him once before, and his white face and lonely air roused the womanly sympathy in her. She touched him lightly on the shoulder and said, "You are leaving home, like me?"

"Yes, ma'am," he replied.

"You must feel lonely," she said, "but you will soon be back, and then everyone will think so much of you."

Her voice had something careless and inviting about it; and so his confidence, overcoming his shyness and reserve, broke bounds. He told her everything—how he would hate this life, how all filled him with fear and disgust, the cold and darkness, the chaff and horse-play of his fellow apprentices, the indifference of everyone around him. He told how impossible it was to come up to his father's standard, how he felt he was a born coward, and that he would always be one, shrinking instinctively from the danger and excitement that bolder natures took pleasure in.

She listened sympathetically. Her hand had patted him once or twice, and encouraged him to go on. When he ended, she said, "You must not be too hard on yourself. It is not always those who fear the least that are bravest in the end. When the time comes, I am sure you will do your duty."

In a few minutes the second mate passed along the deck and told the boy to go below. Then all was quiet.

A few hours later the *Pride of Asia* was steaming at "slow," with her whistle going every few minutes. The channel fog grew like a shroud. The captain walked the bridge uneasily. No tempest or rock-bound shore gives the anxiety that a fog on this waterway of the nation does. Danger is imminent everywhere and the most careful seamanship is no guarantee of safety. So it is now. A hoarse shout came from the man on the lookout. The captain sprang to the telegraph, and as "Full speed astern" rang out, a large sailing ship took form in the fog, and in a few seconds crashed into the steamer in front of the bridge.

The *Pride of Asia* shook from stem to stern, heeled over to starboard, and then began to forge ahead, while the other went pounding along her side, wrenching the port boats from her davits and staving them in with her bowsprit. Then she passed away as a ghost in the fog.

The *Pride of Asia* had met her death wound. At once all was noise and confusion. The emigrants came pouring up on deck, screaming and shouting with terror. Some of the sailors rushed to clear the boats, but a sharp order from the captain stopped them.

In a few seconds the captain had decided on his course. The remaining boats would not carry a hundred and fifty people. There were more than twice that number on board. On the other hand, the land was about three miles off, and a sandy and protected beach meant safety. But could it be done with that hole in her side? He would try. He changed his course, rang "Full speed ahead," and shouted to the mate: "Go down and shut the forward bulkheads, Mr. Jones."

The mate ran forward and with the help of the carpenter, tore off part of the hatch covering and sprang to the ladder. As he climbed down young Malcolm peered aimlessly over the hatch.

"Bring down a lantern," cried the mate, and Malcolm, galvanized into activity by fear, seized a lantern from the alleyways and clambered down into the hold.

The mate ran toward the iron door in the bulkhead, which had been left open, and pushed it to.

"The light here—quick."

And the boy brought it. "Blast them!—oh, blast them!" roared the mate. "They've put the bolts on the wrong side. In five minutes we'll all be in kingdom come."

He stumbled for the ladder, and young Malcolm followed, wild with terror. Yes, every one would be shouting with terror. Some of the drowned, and he, too, with the cruel, cold water sucking him down. He dropped the lantern and began to pull himself up the ladder.

Suddenly he stopped. An idea had been born in his brain; a hideous, unthinkable thought—the door could be closed from the other side. He hung limply on the ladder, and in his mind raged a tornado of conflict.

Oh, to be out of this awful ship, safe once again at home! But the mate had said that all were lost. That meant him, too. And if only that door were shut, all could be saved. Great beads of sweat broke out on his forehead. He groaned and writhed about like one on the rack. Then he began to descend slowly. He stopped again on the last rung. He clung to the ladder as a drowning man to a rope. He could never let go. Why was he not going up the ladder? There were boats left. He had seen that. He could fight for a place, and be saved. He was so young, not old, like the mate and captain. They must give him a place.

All at once he loosened his hold and ran blindly for the door. On the way he tripped and fell heavily on his hands and face, cutting and bruising them. He lay half stunned for a minute, moaning from the pain, then raised himself and crawled the rest of the way. He passed through the door, and with feverish haste shot the great iron bolts. The boy was alone in his tomb. He leaned against the bulkhead, sick, sick to death. Why had he done this? He did not know. They would be saved now, but he—O! God, no more light or life for him! His poor dry lips moved convulsively, and his hands beat aimlessly on the iron wall. He would go back. Hope returned with a rush. He would die in the open—with others around him. It would be good to die thus, not in this hell of darkness and desolation. He unshot one bolt and fumbled for the other. Then, with a low moan, he cast himself from it, driving his teeth into his lips in his agony.

It was not to be. He was too great a coward to live. He could only die. He would pray. But he could think of nothing—nothing but "This night, when I lay me down to sleep," he had learned at his mother's knee.

To sleep—oh, he would sleep long! There was to be no waking this time. How the water was creeping up! Long shuddering fits shook his frame, as he felt the icy fingers of death rising inch by inch. He screamed and raved, dashing his head against the iron, that death might come quickly. He plunged beneath the water, only to come up again, fighting madly for life. Then there was a long-drawn sob, and then silence.

The captain stood on the bridge, a figure of stony despair. The land could never be reached with water pouring like a torrent into the forward hold. He cursed his neglect in overlooking such a frightful blunder. It was going to cost 200 lives, and he must not be among the saved. The *Pride of Asia* was getting low in the water, but he could not understand why she was not sinking more by the bow. She was vibrating from the engines, pushed to their highest pressure, for the firemen struck gallantly to their posts. Five minutes went, and ten, and then, with a sudden shock, she took the ground, and all were safe.

Next morning young Malcolm was missing, and the sorrowful news was sent to his father.

A week afterward, the divers entered the forward hold, and found, to their astonishment, that the bulkhead door, which they had expected to find open, was closed.

They forced it open, and against it was floating the body of a boy.

Old Capt. Malcolm comes often to the little graveyard by the sea. In it stands a cross on which are inscribed the words, "Here Lies a Hero."—*Pall Mall Magazine*.

Von Waldseeze Agile at Sixty-Eight.

I think that Count Waldseeze has given guarantees of being fit for the enterprise of undertaking to bring an army of troops of eight different nations under one helmet and conducting it to victory.

Among the personal traits that adapt him especially for the difficult task of commanding international heterogeneous bodies of soldiers is a faculty for softening opposing opinions and arbitrating between contradictory wills, a faculty which likewise came to life as far back as 1870-71, and, furthermore, a diplomatic skill in the way of suggestion. When we old associates in the General Staff met recently to bid him goodspeed on his voyage, he shook our hands, then mustered our faces. "Some of you are wondering why I accepted this command," he remarked. "We shall see." And, ordering up his horse, he vaulted into the saddle—sixty-eight years old, yet still as elastic as a lieutenant.—*Lieutenant-General von Briesen, in The Independent*.

It's a poor rule that won't work both ways, but some men are even poorer because they won't work either way.

LONG BILL POLLARD.

An Inquiry of Which He is Naturally Becoming a Trifle Weary.

"I had occasion to go down to south Georgia to look at some pine land lately," said a turpentine operator, "and while driving through the district with one of the residents was startled to see an extraordinary looking couple emerge from a roadside farmhouse. One was a short and very fat woman and the other was a rawboned, gangling man, who seemed at first glance to be at least nine feet tall. 'That's Long Bill Pollard and his wife,' whispered my companion, 'and whatever you say, for heaven's sake don't ask him whether it's cold enough up there.'"

"Before I could reply the strange pair were close at hand, and my friend pulled up and introduced me. The giant was a man of about middle age and had a scraggy, unkempt beard and a morose expression of countenance. He ventured a few vague remarks about the weather and crops, and in reply to our questions gave us some information in regard to the condition of the neighboring turpentine woods, his spouse meanwhile chewing a 'snuff splinter' and maintaining a gloomy silence. While this small talk was in progress I did my best not to stare at the man, but as soon as we drove on I begged my companion to tell me something about him. 'Pollard is a native of this county,' he said, 'but he was picked up by show people and travelled for years with small circuses. His exact height is seven feet four inches, and gotten up in uniform, with high-heels and helmet, he looks fully eight. He saved a little money during his circus career and eventually bought a farm here and settled down to spend the rest of his life in peace and quiet. His wife used to be ticket taker at a side show."

"Nothing exasperates old Bill more," continued my informant, "than to have people comment on his height, and that's why I warned you not to get off the regulation joke about it being 'cold up there.'" When he first came back everybody in the district sprang that gag on him as something new and original, and at last he swore he'd lick any man that made the remark in his hearing. He's hammered up three fellows badly on that account since, and our Justice of the Peace, who is something of a humorist himself, always lets him off on the ground of justifiable assault. I suppose, come to think about it, that a giant of a retiring disposition really does have a pretty rocky time of it in private life. The last I saw of Long Bill he was ambling slowly up the road with his fat wife by his side. I noticed that her head was just on a level with his waist."—*New Orleans Times-Democrat*.

Tackled the Wrong Girl.

He was handsome and showily dressed. A very pretty girl sat reading in the extreme end of the car. The flashy young man said to his companion:

"See that pretty girl reading there? I'll bet you'll be sitting in that seat, saying sweet things to her, before thirty minutes are up."

"I'll bet you don't."

"All right! I'll show you how to do it."

In a few minutes he left his seat and took the empty seat beside the young lady. Presently he began the operation.

"Excuse me, miss," he said, "have not I met you at Brighton?"

The book she was reading. Then her face brightened.

"Would you have the goodness to open that window just a little?"

"Certainly, miss," and he opened the window; then resumed his seat. He was about to renew the attack, when she cringed him.

"Thank you very much," she said sweetly; "if I need anything else I will speak about it."

She resumed her reading and he clung for a moment to the back of the seat. Then he rose, very red in the face, and he told his friend that she was a stuck-up girl, and he wouldn't bother about her.—*Pick-Me-Up*

"She's" Good Points.

A pretty girl, with a decided air of being aware of her charms, stood in front of the lion's cage at the Zoo Sunday afternoon, says the *Washington Post*. Two young men were near her, and her elaborate unconsciousness of their presence betrayed the fact that she knew they were looking at her.

"Pretty, isn't she?" said one young man in a low voice.

"She's a beauty," said the other, enthusiastically. The pretty girl's cheeks turned a trifle pinker, but she went on talking elegantly to the elderly man with her.

"Beautiful head to draw," commented the first young man. "Look at the way she holds it."

"Uh, hum," assented the other; "that shoulder's beautiful."

The pretty girl turned pinker still, and looked more pronouncedly unconscious than ever.

"Look at those muscles," said the first young man. "Look at the muscles in that leg. You can fairly count 'em."

And the pretty girl turned very red indeed as it dawned upon her that the two admiring young men were discussing the liness in the cage.

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

ITEMS OF INTEREST ON AGRICULTURAL TOPICS.

Machine vs. Hand System—Water for the Cow—Preparing Ground for Ginseng—Breaking a Stable Kicker—Expert Evidence on Weaning Pigs—Etc., Etc.

Machine vs. Hand System.

Four times as much can be grown on an acre of land by the use of wheel hoes and hand seed drills than when the land is cultivated by horse power, as both the rows and the plants can be closer together. Whether the hand system will pay depends upon the kind of crops grown and the location of the farm to markets.

Water for the Cow.

Eight gallons of water per day is the average quantity required for a cow, and the milk given is about eighty-seven per cent. water. In some pastures there is no water, the cows being supplied night and morning, which forces each cow to drink four gallons at a time in order to be supplied. As the cow does not know that she must drink four gallons, she may use less, and she will reduce her milk supply accordingly.

Preparing Ground for Ginseng.

Early in September three plots were chosen for planting ginseng. The plots were plowed and all stones and other obstructions forked out to the depth of one foot. Three barrels of fine, well-rotted manure were applied to each square rod of ground, well raked and mixed in to a depth of three inches. The ground was made very mellow and in fine condition. Each plot was divided in beds five feet wide by placing six-inch boards on edge and held in place by stakes driven into the ground. We left a walk of fifteen inches wide between the beds.—*John Frazer, in Orange Judd Farmer*.

Breaking a Stable Kicker.

The best means is to give him a sand bag to exercise upon. Fill a grain sack half full of sand and swing up to the ceiling with a rope, so that the sack will hang just where the heels of the horse will have good play upon it. Tie the horse in the stall with a good strong rope and let him kick. At the first kick the bag will swing away and return, giving the horse as good as he sent. For the next minute or so there will be a battle royal, but the sack will hold its own, returning all it received with interest. The horse in bucking against the real thing will soon come to a realization of that fact, and will be thoroughly cowed. Leave the sack behind him for a week or so and then remove. If he ever tries to get into his old habits, give him another punch bag to exercise with.

Expert Evidence on Weaning Pigs.

A writer in the *Farmers' Advocate* claims that he is fully aware that there is a great difference of opinion in regard to the age at which young pigs should be allowed to remain with their dam. He claims to have no fixed rule, as he is guided largely by the way in which the young pigs thrive. He frequently noticed that the milk of the dam does not agree with the young pigs, causing excessive diarrhoea, and in a general rule better results are obtained by allowing the pigs to remain with the dam until eight weeks old. A great many young pigs are injured by feeding the sow too liberally upon strong, rich food, and not having much exercise in the open air. Moderate exercise, with plenty of fresh air, which is quite as essential as pure food, cannot be too strongly recommended. After the young pigs are ten days old the sow should be liberally fed upon bran and finely-ground oats, with the addition of a small quantity of ground peas or corn, but great care should be taken that the sow should not receive much grain for about ten days after farrowing. Many young pigs are so seriously injured during this period that in most cases they never fully recover.

Oil Meal and Skim Milk For Hens.

As to feeding hens in the moulting season the following is the advice of an expert who writes for the *Rural New Yorker*:

Now it will pay, if at no other time, to feed the hens a little oil meal in the mash. Regarding the amount to feed I am not an authority, but it is my practice to feed not to exceed ten per cent. of the weight of the mixture. Oil meal is a laxative, whether fed to hens or cows, and one needs to watch very carefully to see that the hens do not get off condition. This is the chief danger, and by careful watching the amount can be pretty well adjusted. The moulting season is a trying one for the fowls, and they should be as carefully fed and provided for as at any season of the year. Oil meal provides, to a considerable extent, the food needed for the formation of the new feathers, and its effect upon the bird is such that it helps her to get rid of the old plumage. I also feed considerable wheat bran, but try to make not infrequent changes in the mixture for the mash. My hens do not get very fat under this treatment, even with a good feed of corn at night.

The hens have a pretty good supply of skim-milk every day. That is an

advantage in keeping poultry on a dairy farm. I know of nothing that will make skim-milk yield a larger profit than good laying hens. But no matter how much milk one gives them, they need a full supply of fresh, pure water. When one feeds milk, less meat scraps is required, for milk contains quite a nice allowance of the same kind of protein that the meat contains, that is, it is an animal product. Personally, I have been quite skeptical respecting the profit of feeding meat scrap in summer, when fowls have free range over the fields. But my neighbor down across from here, who is a semi-invalid, and consequently gives more time to such light work, says he can see a falling off in his egg returns every time he omits the meat scrap for a few days, even in summer.

Dairy vs. Dual Purpose Cows.

The cost of production of butter from cows spare and angular and cows carrying considerable flesh, in other words, dual purpose cows, is greatly in favor of the former. Five years of careful investigation of this subject by the Minnesota Experiment Station shows that in every instance the cow that carries the least flesh charges the least for butter and just in so far as one cow was a little smoother and plumper than the other would her butter product cost more than the other. It should be borne in mind that the results are from accumulated testimony and show that not only for a day, a week or a month, but during her entire lifetime, the spare cow is better.

Taking the average between the two types of cows in which grade Short-horns represent the dual purpose cows, six of these produced an average of 5,077 lbs. of milk per year, which gave 229 lbs. of butter at a cost of 13.38c. per lb. The total average cost of feed was \$30.64 per head and the net return \$10.37. The spare and angular cow represented by six Guernseys and Jerseys and a grade Holstein, produced an average of 6,700 lbs. of milk, which made 446 lbs. of butter at a cost of 8.43c. per lb. The average cost of food consumed was \$37.60 per head and the net return \$38.11.

The most profitable dual purpose cow produced 274 lbs. of butter at a cost of 12.14c. per lb. and a profit of \$15.69. The least profitable gave 196 lbs. of butter at a cost of 14.76c. per lb. and netted \$5.81 for the year. The greatest amount of butter was produced by a grade Holstein, viz.: 520 lbs. from 11,726 lbs. of milk and at a cost of 10.61c. per lb. She ate \$55.23 worth of food, or nearly twice as much as the dual purpose cows, but gave a net return of \$38.26. The most profitable cow of the lot was a Jersey, which consumed 7,914 lbs. of milk, from which was made 493 lbs. of butter, at a cost of 6.98c. per lb. giving a net return for the year of \$54.45. She was closely followed by a Jersey-Guernsey crossbred that produced 512 lbs. of butter from 8,797 lbs. of milk, at a cost of 6.89c. per lbs. of milk, at a cost of 6.89c. per lb. She consumed \$35.15 worth of feed and returned \$53.31 profit.—*American Agriculturist*.

Small Fruits the Most Profitable.

Small fruits are more profitable than the large ones, but they require more labor and study. The great trouble with small fruits is the marketing, which at the best is slow work, and it requires so much hand labor that profits are badly cut into. In spite of this, however, I believe that it will pay better to plant more small fruits each year where the farm is located within a reasonable distance from a city market. My experience has been that the demand is always greater than the supply except during a few days when everybody is rushing fruit to market, for raspberries, currants, handsome cultivated blackberries, ripe gooseberries and strawberries. The supply of the latter is always the greatest because more people are engaged in raising them, and the strawberry has come to be recognized as our national small fruit. Still, I do not believe strawberry culture is being overdone in any locality. So long as these berries sell at from seven to ten cents a box we can make good profit in raising them. The few berries that retail for only three and four cents a quart in the city are the ones that every grower ought to be ashamed to send to market. They are the poor, insignificant, half-wild berries that ought never to have been shipped to the city, or else they are the remnants of a lot that was unfortunately delayed in shipment and decayed.

Strawberries require more work than any other crop of fruits, and next to them I think the raspberries should come. In order to raise good raspberries it is necessary to give good culture, good pruning and good attention right through the season. Then the picking time tries the soul of a man. They are the worst berry to pick on the farm unless it is the blackberry. I do not envy the pickers of either, and if we could only find some way to harvest the crop at half present cost of labor we would find these fruits much more popular among growers. The initial cost of boxes and crates also makes small fruit culture an expensive labor, and altogether these different obstacles prevent many from entering into the work of raising them. But those who want some specialty in farming that will pay fair returns on the labor and investment cannot do better than to study the work of raising small fruits. When I

say study, I mean that one must learn all there is to know from books and periodicals, and then study from nature or actual experience. This latter is what most beginners would like to skip. They would like to secure the success without paying the cost of it. But there is no way to do this in any calling in life. We must give our time and labor to learn that we have been all wrong in our theories and ideas and then begin all over again. It is hard sometimes, but I see no way around it.—*S. W. Chambers, in American Cultivator*.

Short and Useful Pointers.

No farmer can put too much faith in good management.

When marketing the eggs try to have them of uniform size.

Farmers should study the question of maintaining and increasing the fertility of the land.

Borers may be expelled by using whitewash containing crude carbolic acid and Paris green.

If your hogs, sheep or cattle have access to the orchard see that they are not injuring the trees.

Did you ever notice the difference in price between good and poor products? It would pay to look into this.

Get the water sprouts or suckers off the trees just as soon as they start. The sooner this is done the better.

Guaranteed compositions of fertilizers should tend to insure better values, wiser purchases and greater confidence.

Are the roofs of your out-buildings in good shape? It is poor policy to wait until the cold rains come before making repairs.

Give the poultry houses plenty of ventilation, but don't allow any draughts. If you do you will gain a lot of experience as a crop doctor.

Successful feeders of live stock recognize the importance of putting nothing but prime goods on the market when top prices are expected.

Much of the success of good farming is due to skill in marketing. Farmers should keep thoroughly posted on the available markets of the country.

Few varieties of apples will self-fertilize to any extent. The chief agents for fertilization are insects, and honey bees are among the best. Every fruit-grower should keep some bees to fertilize his blossoms, or see that his neighbor does.

BRAIN FEVER IN FICTION.

Important Part Played by the Affliction in Novels of the Past.

"Now that readers have become so confidently exacting in matters of technical detail," said a New Orleans physician who confesses to a weakness for fiction, "our modern novel writers are deprived of a good deal of material that was used with great effect by their predecessors. This is particularly true of a little catalogue of diseases that figure conspicuously in what we are accustomed to refer to as 'stand ard fiction'—meaning the fiction that was admired by our fathers and grandfathers, and that now comes in 'sets, especially suitable for Christmas presents. At the head of the list was a mysterious malady known as 'brain fever.' Brain fever was a great favorite with the early novelists, and has kept many a plot from getting into a tight snarl. It was supposed to result from any severe mental strain, and might be brought on by terror, joy, remorse, overwork, suspense, rage or grief. So you see how handy it was. It could strike down the villain, temporarily disable the heroine or excite one's sympathy for the poor but virtuous hero. The old-time 'standard novels will average about three cases of brain fever to the volume. The author never went into any details, but generally announced the malady as a telling climax to a chapter—for example: 'He was too late; Grace was already tossing in the delirium of brain fever'; or, 'Next morning the scoundrel awoke raving; he had brain fever.' The disease is so well established in fiction that many people still believe that it occurs in real life, which, by the way, is a fine tribute to genius."

"Another valuable 'property effect' of the old-time novelist was the swoon. You will find characters swooning all through the famous romances of fifty years ago, and the typical beautiful heroine of a good, rattling tale of adventure spent at least 5 per cent. of her time in that condition. The heroine, it is worth noting, was generally the only person in the book who 'swooned.' The hero after being wounded in a duel or used up by some deed of daring, quite frequently 'fainted from exhaustion,' and the villain simply 'pressed his hand to his brow and fell senseless to the ground,' but it all came to the same thing and was a very convenient piece of literary machinery. The people in modern 'realistic' novels faint very seldom; in fact, almost as infrequently as they faint in actual life. In practicing medicine for a quarter of a century, I have seen human beings under almost every stress that could be imagined, but I have never yet seen any one lose consciousness through emotion only."—*New Orleans Times Democrat*.

These are the English birds in the greatest danger of extinction: The chough, golden osprey, hoopoe, osprey, kite, buzzard, bittern, and ruff.