

A SPRINGTIME PHILOSOPHER

By Frank L. Stanton.

I kin tell w'en Springtime comin' by
de mos' onfallin' signs;
Tain't de risin' sap what tingle ter de
tip-top er de pines,
Or de fros' wha' lef' de furrer, or de
larks a-fyin' low
Or de whistle or de partridge kaze he
love his sweetheart so!

But I sorter hez a feelin' what I dunno
how ter call.
Dat if I was a blossom I'd hang low,
en never fall.
Dat of Gabrol blowed his trumpet fer
de sleepin' folkes ter rise
I'd des feel too contented fer ter wake
en rub my eyes!

Hit's somepin' in de elements—de
blowin' er de breeze,
De listenin' er de lily fer de comin'
er de bees;
De lazy river gwine long a-feelin' er
his way
Ter de medders, en sweet places whar
de honeysuckles stay.

De sun, he says "Good-mawnin'" whar
de fiel's is drench wid dew,
En I des ain't enterprisin' nuff ter tell
'im, "Same ter you!"
De trees, dey tells me "Howdy! We a-
dressin' fer de show,
En soon we'll meet de mokin' birds en
swing 'em high en low."

But I never makes no answer! I des
lays back so still
En lazy in de sunshine—lak I los' my
way en will!
Wid eye shut tight, en dreamin' in my
app'nted place,
I wouln't bresh a bluefly f'um de fur-
fers in my face.

Ob, I knows w'en Spring's a-comin',
en I done laid down my rule,
Dat I wuzn' bo'n fer plowin' en gee-
hawin' er de mule
But fer listenin' ter de cattle bells
'cross daisies cool en deep,
Wid de feelin' what de trees hez w'en
dey rocks de birds ter sleep!

Not Lacking in Courage.

By Laura Ellen Beale.

When Jack Stanley and Stacy Cole-
man went spinning along the boule-
vard behind his beautiful gray pacers,
everybody envied him and the
handsome girl who was soon
to become his wife. How
happy they looked, laughing and
chatting gaily, as the pacers gilded
swiftly, almost noiselessly, by! As
they drove out of "Grayson Place,"
where their new home was building,
and turned again into the boulevard,
the inspiring strains of martial music
fell upon their ears, and the next moment
a company of U. S. Regulars
swept around the corner, marching to-
ward them with military precision.

Jack was compelled to give his entire
attention to the spirited team,
which seemed determined to reach the
next avenue by taking a short cut
across the well kept lawns which lined the
boulevard, but his affiancee looked
with great admiration at the stalwart
form and sunbrowned faces of the
soldiers. After they had passed she
exclaimed,—

"What a grand sight! How nice
men look in uniforms! Oh, I love
soldiers!"

"Yes, that was fine looking body of
men. We have a splendid lot of fel-
lows in our army."

"Especially since the Spanish war,
when so many of the home boys en-
listed," said the girl. Then, without
waiting for any reply, she asked ab-
ruptly, "Why didn't you volunteer,
Jack?"

"Oh, I don't know, Stacey," he said.
"I did not think it altogether neces-
sary; there were enough fellows with-
out me. See how quickly they whip-
ped the Spaniards."

"If I were man," was the rejoinder
and my country needed me, I would
certainly respond, for I think it the
duty of every able-bodied young man
to fight for his flag. To me it shows
a lack of proper spirit when he does
not.

The blood surged hotly into Jack's
face at Stacey's remark, for he thought
of the hard battle he had fought when
he unwillingly remained still while
his friends and schoolfellows were
enlisting. When at last they went away
without him, it was one of the bitterest
trials of his young life.

But how could he do otherwise? His
father who seemed failing rapidly,
needed his help—needed the strong
arm of his only son to lean upon.
And when his gentle mother added
her tears and entreaties to Jack not to
leave them, he gave up all thoughts of
enlisting, and plunged more deeply
into the management of his father's
business. They were left alone some
months later and Jack was thankful
that he had remained at home to sup-
port and comfort his sorrowing moth-
er.

And now Stacey, his promised wife,
had intimated that it was lack of
courage which had kept him back—that he
was a coward! The words were like
a knife thrust in his heart.

Both were silent for some time, the
girl already regretting her foolish
words, which were ranking in Jack's
mind, and she was on the point of telling
him that she was sorry for her
fault when he unexpectedly asked,—

"Shall we drive further, Stacey?"

The girl proudly answered,—

"No, I am tired and would prefer
going home."

So the drive ended; the "good-
night" at the gate was spoken abruptly

leaving both very unhappy over their
first quarrel.

Just at this time the terrible street
car strike which shook the solid old
city of St. Louis to its foundation, was
at its height. It was not felt very
keenly in the West End, the riots and
hostile demonstrations incident to the
company's efforts to run its cars being
confined chiefly to other parts of the
city. So it was without thought of
danger that Stacey Coleman boarded
a car to go on an errand, little real-
izing that she was going directly into
one of the districts where many of the
strikers lived, and with whom most of
the residents sympathized.—The Era.

NAMING A HOOSEEH TOWN.

The Story an Apostrophe Tells on a
Railway Station Sign.

Indiana is full of towns with queer
names. But the queerest of them all
has so far been left to languish in
undeserved obscurity. People who are
acquainted with that portion of
Darkest Indiana, which lies in the
immediate vicinity of Crawfordsville
must have seen on the sign board of
a little railroad station, as they rushed
on a limited train, this astonish-
ing name:

: HTOWN. :
.....

Behind that apostrophe lies the
story of the joke which a rich old
Indiana farmer played on the directors
of a great railroad company. The
farmer in question owned several
thousand acres of land in one body.
When the railroad was built it was
found necessary to cut through his
land. The right of way agents went
to the old farmer and asked him to
set a price on a strip running through
his farm a few hundred feet wide.

He laughed at them and said his
land was not for sale at any price.
He didn't believe in railroads anyhow
and didn't want one running through
his property. They offered him a
huge price for the land, for they
had found other property owners in
the vicinity reasonable and did not
care to start any condemnation suits
unless it was absolutely necessary.
But the old farmer would not listen
to them. His income was twice as
large as he cared to spend, and he
rather enjoyed the position of blocking
all the efforts of a great corpora-
tion.

The claim agents made up their
minds that they would have to start
a suit, and were about ready to bring
it when they were surprised to get
a letter from the old farmer.
"If you'll let me name the town you
are going to build on my land," he
said, "I'll give you all the land you
need."

They accepted his terms with glee.
Of course they expected that his
vanity would lead him to name the town
after himself, and they were quite
prepared for that emergency. But he
fooled them. A written agreement
was drawn up and signed and the
deeds passed. Then they asked him
for his name. The old man grinned
broadly.

"We'll call it Helltown," he said.
They argued with him until they
saw it was useless. They could not
back out, for the papers had already
been signed. Then they decided they
would get even in another way. They
selected the second, third, and fourth
letters of the name and put in their
place an innocent apostrophe. And
so the name of the village is "H'town"
to this day.—Chicago Tribune.

INTERESTING EXPERIMENT.

Bursting a Strong Cask With Half a
Pint of Water.

That a small quantity of water, say
half a pint, may be made to burst a
strong cask seems a startling state-
ment to make, and yet it is true. It
is a well-known law of physics that
the pressure exerted by liquids in-
creases in proportion to their depth.

Suppose, therefore, that we have a
strong cask filled with water and
standing on end. The staves of this
cask may be made to burst apart by
adding a very small quantity of water
to what is already in the cask.

As the cask is already full, some way of
adding the water must be devised. To
do this a hole is bored in the end or
head of the cask, and a long tube of
small diameter is inserted upright.
At the upper end of the tube is a small
funnel into which water is poured until
the tube becomes full, and when
that point is reached the cask will
burst. This seems almost incredible,
but it is only a demonstration of the
law that has been cited. When the
water is poured into the tube it unites
with the water in the cask, and the
depth of the water is several times as
great as that in the cask alone.

The fact that there is only a small
quantity of water in the tube makes no
difference, for it is now one body, and
its depth is gauged from the top of
the tube to the bottom of the cask.

As a matter of fact, this exper-
iment is only an artificial reproduction
of what we know takes place in na-
ture. Some of her greatest convul-
sions are caused by this very process.

Suppose, for example, that there is a
great mass of rock, under which there
is a cavity filled with water that has
no outlet. Suppose, moreover, that
there is a crack extending from the
surface of the ground through this
mass of rock to the water filled cavity
underneath. A rock in this con-
dition is a common thing in nature,
the crack being caused by some dis-
turbance of the earth, or its split-
ting in the natural order of things.

Now when it rains enough to fill that
crack, thus increasing the depth of
the water in the cavity the pressure
will become so great that the rock
will be torn into a hundred fragments.

—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.



SPOILING A HEIFER CALF.

You can spoil a good heifer calf by
wrong feeding very quickly. You can
fatten it and you can starve it. The
happy mean should be found. Ruin
the digestion and you might as well
send the calf to the market. Wrong
feeding of the calf may make the cow
a poor feeder and, consequently, a
poor producer. It doesn't cost much
more to keep a yearling well through
its first winter than to keep it other-
wise, and it is the first winter that
tells very largely on the cow.

POULTRY AILMENTS AND REME- DIES.

For Roup: Separate the sick from
the well, put former in warm, dry
quarters, inject camphorated sweet oil
into their nostrils and throat. Give
fresh water and nourishing food.

For frosted wattles or combs, pre-
pare a salve of vaseline (one pound),
spirits of turpentine, kerosene, oil of tar,
and oil of sassafras, one spoonful
each.

To prevent egg eating in fowls,
make a paste of flour, red pepper,
mustard and water; put into some
empty shells, and place them where
the hens will find them. One dose
is enough.

For feather pulled fowls, make an
ointment of lard and sulphur, and rub
on the bare spots if the feathers have
come out because of parasites. There
is no "positive cure" for fowls that
pull feathers except the hatchet ap-
plied to the neck.

What is frequently supposed to be
cholera is nothing more or less than
indigestion. It may be caused by
feeding too concentrated feeds and
lack of grit and the drinking of impure
water. Sharp grit is a necessity, and
oyster shells furnish it.—New
York Tribune.

TAPPING MAPLE TREES.

There are some fine points to be
observed even in such a simple matter
as tapping a sugar maple tree. Here
are five points, just for instance.

Point 1. Only a sharp bit should be
used—one that will make a clean-cut
hole.

Point 2. The hole need not be more
than three inches deep. The investiga-
tions of the Vermont Experiment
Station have shown that hardly any
sap comes from a greater depth.

Point 3. The hole should be care-
fully cleaned of chips, because even a
very small quantity of waste matter
will clog the spout, obstruct the flow
of sap, and seriously reduce the yield
of sugar.

Point 4. A spout should be chosen
of such pattern as will allow the
freest flow of sap. It should interfere
with the wood tissue of the tree as lit-
tle as possible. The bark, rather than
the wood, should play an important
part in holding the spout firm.

Point 5. The spout should be strong
enough, and its hold on the tree firm
enough, so that it will safely support
the sap bucket. Moreover the spout
should be easy to insert and easy to
remove. The various spouts commonly
sold at the hardware stores differ ma-
terially in their merits when judged
by the foregoing tests. The sugar
maker will do well to examine them
all carefully before buying his supply
for the coming season.—The Cultiva-

SKILL IN MILKING.

Milking is an operation which re-
quires skill, as it has an important ef-
fect on the amount and quality of milk
given. Dairymen know that there are
as great difference between milkers
as between cows, and that cows will
do much better with good milkers than
with others. Indeed, good cows are
often almost ruined by poor milkers.

The milker should avoid handling
the cow more than is necessary and he
should make it a rule to do his work
quickly and thoroughly. He should
never go from a sick to a well cow
without first cleansing his hands.

The habit of wetting the hands with
milk is filthy in the extreme, and
should never be practised. Some peo-
ple think it necessary, but this is a
mistake. The hands should be kept
dry. If they are not it is impossible
to prevent drops of milk from con-
stantly falling from them into the pail.

The pail should be held close to the
udder, so as to expose the milk to
the air as little as possible. The
further the streams fall and the more
they spray the more dirt and bacteria
they collect.

Contamination from the fore milk
must be avoided by discarding the
first few streams drawn, or less than
a gill in all. This entails little loss,
as the first milk drawn is always
poor in butter fat, and if it hap-
pens to be badly contaminated, as is
frequently the case, much injury and
trouble may be saved.—Farm, Field
and Stockman.

ALKALI RESISTING CROPS.

Large areas of the West are covered
with soils impregnated with alkali to
such an extent that practically no
plants of any kind can grow on them.
At present such lands are desert
wastes, as no crops have been discovered
that will blossom and mature
on a soil containing even six-tenths of
one per cent. of alkali. The Department
of Agriculture, working along
the line that has been so successful
with other crops, is endeavoring to
produce a forage plant that can be suc-
cessfully grown on these waste re-
gions. This it is hoped to accomplish
by a careful cross-breeding of alkali-

resisting plants. One of the agricultural
explorers sent out by the Depart-
ment to scour the world in search of
new and useful plants suitable for
American conditions recently discovered
in Algeria a species of alfalfa which
grows on a soil containing normally
four per cent. of alkali. Laboratory
experiments have proved that different
plants of the same species vary in
their resisting powers, some of one
injurious element, some of other. This
holds true in the case of alkali-resist-
ing plants. Occasionally here and there
a single plant appears to make head-
way where all the surrounding plants

either fail to mature or simply die
after germinating.

A systematic selection of alkali-resist-
ing plants is accordingly being made, with the
Algerian plant as a factor, and it is
hoped that a resistant variety will
finally be developed. Similar selec-
tions are also being made with wheat,
barley and alfalfa. This work con-
stitutes one of the most important at
present occupying the attention of the
Bureau of Plant Industry.

THE HORSE IN SPRINGTIME.

It should be remembered that the
horse, as usually kept upon the farm
during the winter comes out in the
springtime weakened through lack of
work, and somewhat out of condition
otherwise. If he has been used at all,
it has been for the purpose of getting
up a little wood, or of driving to the
postoffice or to church now and then.
His muscles are soft and flabby, and he
needs toning up before he is put to
hard work.

The horse in all these aspects is a good deal like his owner;
and any man knows that he cannot
at first stand it in spring, "do a hard
day's work." So with the horse. He
ought not to be compelled to work all
day long on the plow or the harrow,
before his muscles have become hard
and his strength is fairly regained. A
few hours at a time on the plow, then
a long rest at noon, followed by another
short period of work, is all that
should be demanded of him. Then,
too, like the man, the horse comes
out of winter quarters with his system
clogged through heavy feeding. He
should be given a good condition
powder for a week or two to relieve
him of the accumulated waste of material.

Point 1. Only a sharp bit should be
used—one that will make a clean-cut
hole.

Point 2. The hole need not be more
than three inches deep. The investi-
gations of the Vermont Experiment
Station have shown that hardly any
sap comes from a greater depth.

Point 3. The hole should be care-
fully cleaned of chips, because even a
very small quantity of waste matter
will clog the spout, obstruct the flow
of sap, and seriously reduce the yield
of sugar.

Point 4. A spout should be chosen
of such pattern as will allow the
freest flow of sap. It should interfere
with the wood tissue of the tree as lit-
tle as possible. The bark, rather than
the wood, should play an important
part in holding the spout firm.

Point 5. The spout should be strong
enough, and its hold on the tree firm
enough, so that it will safely support
the sap bucket. Moreover the spout
should be easy to insert and easy to
remove. The various spouts commonly
sold at the hardware stores differ ma-
terially in their merits when judged
by the foregoing tests. The sugar
maker will do well to examine them
all carefully before buying his supply
for the coming season.

</div