

IF YOU WOULD SUCCEED.

'Tis an adage as ancient as Adam—
But not as old as the sun—
That the earliest birds
Don't gather in herds,
They get there one by one.

Now the motive of that is certain
And the moral of this is true—
If you want to succeed
You must take the lead,
And the crowd will follow you.
—The Schoolmaster.

The Release of No. 201.

The accommodation train—Number 201 of the schedule—on the branch road was stuck in the snow, and there seemed to be no relief for it. No provision had been made for such a contingency, because the branch, sheltered by trees and bluffs, and been considered proof against such misfortune. The engineer, who had been on the run for twenty years, was too astonished for words when the small locomotive failed to cut the drift into which it had plunged so confidently, and he sat on his seat staring dumbly at the conductor, who swore shockingly and gesticulated with his arms. In the coach were two passengers, both young men. One was the type of commercial salesman sent out by small jobbing houses, well dressed, self-assertive, crudely philosophic, the other, by appearance, plainly a farmer. He wore a baggy, shiny black suit, and his white collar was attached to a ginghams shirt by a white bone button, sewed with black thread. His appearance was enhanced by a carefully trimmed shock of hair and whiskers. The commercial salesman had arisen when the train stopped and had walked to the door.

"I guess," he remarked after a minute, "that we're stalled."

He whistled a popular melody as he walked down the aisle, and noted with some amusement that the other man was clutched the back of a seat, his eyes filled with consternation.

"Prowling, isn't it?" the drummer said as he lighted a cigar and drew a paper-covered book from his grip.

"Yes, by—cat!" the other stammered. "Say, do you mean that we're stuck?"

"That's it exactly. Here's the conductor now."

The conductor slammed the door viciously and shook the snow from his cap.

"We're up against it, gentlemen," he announced in disgust. "The confounded teakettle is dying like a sick pig out there in a drift no bigger'n a washtub. We're two miles from Dilkport, and the snow's so thick you can't see your hand before your face. Lucky we've been to supper."

"Then we won't get out to-night?" asked the farmer anxiously, looking at his watch.

"That's the size of it. As we're up here on this peavine the section men won't learn what's the matter with us till tomorrow. We've got plenty of coal. It might be worse."

"Yes," said the farmer, "I s'pose it might but I don't see how it could be much worse for me."

"You see," he explained, fastening the buckle, "I've got a particular engagement tonight up at Dilkport, and if the train ain't going I've got to hoof it."

He put on the other shoe, and rose, reaching for the wolfskin coat which dangled from one end of the parcel holder. The conductor and the salesman contemplated him in astonishment.

"But, man, you can't do it possibly," said the conductor. "You'll fall through a bridge or something and then you'll freeze to death."

"I reckon 'tis a bit risky, admittid the farmer; but I ain't at all sure it wouldn't be riskier not to. You see, my wife's at Dilkport, and she's sick. She may be dying. I've got to go to her."

An expression of sympathy came upon the conductor's face and that of the salesman took on a sudden gravity.

"There are certain circumstances," the farmer continued, in explanation, "which make it more important that I should see her than you might naturally think from the plain fact of her being sick. I haven't treated her just right, to tell the truth. I've been stupid and unreasonable. We were married only a year ago. I won her away from three or four other fellows. Any one of 'em would have made her a better husband than me. Funny how such things go, ain't it?"

"It's a blooming queer old world," said the conductor, nodding his head sagely.

"And the queerest things in it are girls," added the salesman in the tone of an authority.

"We were married at Dilkport, where she was raised, and we went to my farm to live. We were happy as could be for maybe six months, and then I noticed that something was wrong with her. A sort of a cloud come over her. It was nothing but homesickness, I s'pose, but I couldn't see it any other way than that she was sorry she'd married me. And one day I happened to find a sheet of paper—a part of a letter she'd been writing—that had dropped from her portfolio, and I read it. There weren't many words on the sheet. The first one was 'disappointed,' ending a sentence she'd begun on the sheet that went before. And then it said: 'It is not as I had pictured it. I wish to go home—' And right there it ended. I said nothing to her. I didn't think it was necessary to have a scene, as they call it. But I was hurt—hurt clean to the core, and in trying to cover up my feelings I s'pose I was unkind—maybe cruel. After two or three

LAZY LUNGS.

How to Overcome the Tenacious Habit of Poor Breathing.

How much stress is laid in these days upon the value of fresh air that it is impossible for any one to miss the lesson. Good ventilation is taught in all our schools, and it is not always practised, and treatment by the open-air method is becoming more and more advocated for certain diseases, especially tuberculosis.

In all this spread of knowledge and good sense it is unfortunately very possible to lose sight of the real issue. It is no exaggeration to say that many a one who can glibly patter of the number of cubic feet of air necessary for each one to draw a full breath. Fresh air is a free gift, but it is like most of the gifts of Heaven, in that we must do our share of work to benefit by it. No one would expect to have a good fire just because a pair of bellows hung on a nail by the chimney, but this is exactly what many people expect of their lungs, which are really only the bellows given us by which to keep the fire of life burning bright and clear within us.

It is not too much to assert that lungs properly used in a comparatively close room will do more good than lazy lungs in an open field. This trick of lazy lungs is a habit, like any other, and may be overcome by persistent effort. Many persons, for example, are afflicted with a nervous habit of holding the breath unconsciously. These are the people who, in spite of plenty of time spent out-of-doors, yet catch cold easily, digest poorly, and are always more or less "under the weather" physically. They are often much benefited by a course of active training because it is impossible to exercise vigorously without drawing some good deep breaths.

Many other persons—and they constitute the great majority of mankind—breathe only with the upper part of the lungs, and although they may breathe regularly, do not draw in sufficient air at a breath to fill all the lung cells.

When once the pernicious habit of poor, shallow breathing has been broken up, the health undergoes such marked improvement, there is such brightening of the spirits and improvement of the looks, that the luxury of deep breathing is not likely to be readily foregone.

A good way to start the new habit is to take deliberately a few minutes at stated intervals and devote them to proper breathing. If this is done systematically the reformer will find himself unconsciously breathing more and more, until very soon he is obeying nature and really breathing to live. In this way we must all work for a living if we want a good one.

Besides the gain to the general health which comes from the habit of deep breathing there is created a reserve strength and preparedness which is often of great service in warding off acute pulmonary diseases. —Youth's Companion.

GARDEN & FARM.

SHADE FOR HOGS.

Summer shade must be provided for hogs, especially brood sows. At this day and age when hog wallow is in disfavor, the animals must be provided with some place where they can cool off. Clumps of trees or shrubs are very desirable, but if these are not practicable on western prairies, a simple shed with board roof and one or two sides open answers very nicely. This sides should be so arranged that all of the sides can be raised during the hottest weather, making a free circulation of air possible.

SELECTING FOR THE HERD.

For farmers who desire to establish a small herd of a dozen cows, where dairying is to be made a specialty, the selection of the highest type sire and crossing on grade cows of exceptional individuality and quality is advisable. It has been shown by frequent experiment that grade cattle, whether for either beef or milk production, are quite the equal of the pure bred, and as they are harder and better rustlers, they do not require quite so much care and attention.

WATERING HORSES.

Horses often suffer for want of water. For some unexplained reason other animals are allowed to judge for themselves, but horses are kept on short allowance. This is all wrong. Except when too worm or immediately after feeding horses should have all the good pure water they will drink. They need water to dilute their dry feed, to convert it into a liquid in the process of digestion. Food will remain in the stomach until sufficient juices are added to dissolve it. Febrile symptoms are soon apparent to a close observer when a horse has insufficient water. A horse should be given water both before and after feeding. Proper management will provide the necessary conveniences. Horses should not be compelled to suffer for their owner's neglect or other mismanagement.

EXPERIENCE WITH BROODER CHICKS.

I have been using brooders this season for the first time and have two of 100-chick capacity. What little experience that I have had with the brooder chicks, teaches me that we often crowd too many chicks in a brooder. If you place only about 40 or 50 chicks in a 100 capacity brooder, you will find they will occupy it among them. I placed 40 chicks in the brooder and lost but two. At another time I placed 100 in a brooder and lost over half of them.

The method of feeding brooder chicks is of the utmost importance. I had read several articles on feeding and care, but I thought there was too much theory about the feeding question. My little experience teaches me that the feeding question must not be neglected. The 40 chicks were fed on food that I believed would do just as well, but I plainly see my folly. Crowding in too many together and improper feeding was the cause of a large per cent of loss in the second case mentioned.—Alvin Whitlock, in New England Homestead.

WHY CHICKENS DIE.

It has come to be a saying with poultry breeders that the chicks must be four weeks old before they can be safely counted on to mature. The reason of this is that most of the loss among young chicks is previous to this age. It is not necessary to go far to find it. It may be due to anyone of three causes, and is often due to two or even all three of them.

In the first place the vigor of the chicks depends on the vigor of the stock which produces it. If the stock is weak from any cause, the eggs cannot be made to produce vigorous chicks. This lack in the breeding stock may be brought about by inbreeding, the presence of vermin, or feed insufficient in quality or constituents.

After the eggs are hatched the chicks may be killed off by lice or mites or they may be sacrificed by careless feeding.

For the first cause of this trouble there is no remedy.

Chicks hatched from weak breeding stock are foredoomed to an early death of a profitless life, and oftentimes it is death.

The presence of lice is often due to carelessness, and lack of proper food may be due to ignorance of carelessness, or a combination of both.

Soft feed mixed in excess of immediate wants and allowed to sour is a prolific cause of death. Bad drinking water leads in the same direction.

The cause of this great mortality among young chicks being pointed out, the remedy is obvious, and anyone can apply it. Sound, sweet feed, plenty of grit, freedom from lice, pure water. These are the requirements to maintain good health in chicks from healthy stock. Not to furnish these brings its own punishment in the loss of chicks.—Farmers' Voice.

WATER SUPPLY FOR FRUITS.

As the growing of strawberries has been one of our special crops, and aiming to produce as fine berries as possible, the application of water by irrigation has been forced upon us. We put in a gasoline engine of 14 horse-power and a rotary pump with a capacity of 300 gallons per minute. This was selected because of its economical method of producing power, it costing only from \$1 to \$1.50 per day to run it. The engine uses one gallon gaso-

THE KEYSTONE STATE.

News Happenings of Interest Gathered From All Sources.

Patents granted: Jacob Booth, Reynoldsville, cuspidor; George M. Ervin, Johnstown, tongue switch, also railway track structure; John J. Graham, Imperial, paddle wheel; Eugene O. M. Haderacker, Altoona, fan attachment for rocking chairs; Charles W. Hall, Jr., and B. J. Berwald, Bradford, automatic valve; Charles M. Hopkins, Union City, and E. H. Dorn, Spartansburg, milk can; Edward D. Jury, Clearfield, neck yoke; Jacob Kuth, Greensburg, strainer for mine pump; Charles Lienhardt, Allport, wire stretcher; Frederick J. Manley, Allegheny, safety device for steam boilers; John G. McDowell, Pittsburgh, brick carrier; Thomas McWatters, Swiswale, signal lamp; Herman Moon, Grove City, clutch; Frank A. Nason and B. Smith, Clearfield, neck yoke; Latham M. Osborne, Apollo, gas service safety valve; John H. Pfeiffer, Johnstown, railway track structure; Volney B. S. John, Erie, step ladder; Allen B. Wallace, New Castle, lock; Harvey Wheeler, Harrisburg, push pole.

Pensions granted: Benjamin Graham, Washington, \$6; Theodore McCanna, Eddyville, \$6; Joseph Metzler, Duncanville, \$10; Isaac Uhler, Flemington, \$8; Christian Hoch, Allegheny, \$8; Isaiah Beck, Lovellville, \$8; Joseph Conover, Lansdale, \$8; Oliver Martin, Elizabeth, \$8; Alexander M. Thomas, Clarion, \$10; Samuel Johnson, New Haven, \$17; Amos Schneek, Somerset, \$20; William Kelley, Mendon, \$24; Francis M. McAdams, Somerset, \$24; Robert Lemon, Parkers Landing, \$30; Nancy J. Hook, Chaneyville, \$8; Catherine Kreider, Altoona, \$8; John Miller, Saxton, \$6; Wm. M. Hunter, New Brighton, \$6; Joseph Mason, Pittsburgh, \$6; Cummings Sheets, Sharpburg, \$6; Hudson Denny, Willwood, \$6; Jacob C. Brillhart, Ord, \$12; Henry Largey, Kersey, \$10; Conrad Bader, Russell, \$12; Martin Smith, Barlow, \$12; Wm. E. Finkebeck, Clarion, \$10; John Streeghoff, Jessup, \$12; Keasler Davis, Altoona, \$8; Robert Masters, Sigel, \$24; Robt. S. Burns, Erie, \$34.50; Andrew J. Bureigh, Oil City, \$8; Henry Reger, Conellsville, \$12; Ellen Hemminger, Newville, \$8; Sallie A. Gillespie, Butler, \$8.

The authorities of Chester have the smallpox epidemic under control. Forty cases have been removed to the hospital, in an isolated place, and not more than four or five are outside of the institution.

Joseph J. Allbaugh committed suicide at Uniontown by sending a bullet through his brain, and died instantly. He has been a sufferer for years, and recently threatened to take his life. Allbaugh was the pioneer in natural gas development in Fayette county, and was largely interested in this line. He was deputy sheriff for twelve years and widely known in many business lines.

Charged with robbing several stores, Robert Lawless was located in Shamokin. He ran towards the mountains, but was captured by officers after a hard chase and lodged in jail. Lawless, some time ago, jumped from an express train running 40 miles an hour to escape being taken to jail.

When the family of Michael Meyers, of near Lilly, arose the other morning they found Meyers hanging to the limb of an apple tree near his home, he having committed suicide. He was 50 years of age and leaves a wife and three children. Melancholia is given as the cause.

At a meeting of the Spang heirs in Reading 500 presented affidavits to their ancestry. They say this is necessary in order that the fortune they believe to exist in Germany may be secured. A representative of the heirs will shortly sail for Germany to look into the matter, and he will carry with him the affidavits and registration of all the heirs in Berks and surrounding counties.

Jacob Snyder and his wife Rebecca, of Belleman's Church, Berks county, both of whom are over 70 years of age, cut and bound into sheaves eight acres of rye. They have also contracted to cut and bind another field of rye and have already finished one-half of it.

The following statement has been issued from the Executive Department by E. C. Gerwig, private secretary to Governor Stone: "The newspaper talk about a controversy between the Governor's daughter and Miss Quay over the christening of the battleship Pennsylvania is ridiculous. The ship will not be launched until long after the Governor's term expires. It is entirely proper for the builder to select any one he pleases to perform this ceremony, and as Senator Quay has been largely instrumental in securing appropriations for the battleship it is very proper that his daughter be selected. So far as Miss Stone is concerned, she never thought of the selection, and together with the Governor and his family, will be very glad if the honor should come to Miss Quay, who is in every way worthy of it."

The Dark Water Coal Company's washer at New Castle was closed by 300 marching strikers, who compelled the entire working force to lay down their tools and go home. The foreman of the force of non-union men was carried through the village headed by a band. The strikers finally placed the man upon his feet in the suburbs of the town and took up a collection for his benefit.

Injunction proceedings were instituted at Scranton by the borough of Archibald and Mrs. Katherine Kinback to restrain the Elk Hill Coal and Iron company from piping the waste water from its Archibald washer into a ditch which the city constructed. The Burgess and Councilmen are nearly all striking miners.

As the result of an order raising the wages of all employees of the Lorain Steel Company, at Johnstown, 10 cents a day, 1000 men are affected.

Burglars entered the shoe shop of Vincent Arnold, at Beaver Falls, and carried away about \$10 worth of leather and almost his entire kit of tools. Mr. Arnold is also a musician and leader of the silver cornet band, and they stole his favorite clarinet.

Governor Stone received the resignation of Judge Samuel W. Pennypacker from the bench of Common Pleas Court No. 2, Philadelphia, to take effect August 1. Norris S. Barratt, assistant district attorney of Philadelphia county, has been suggested as the successor of Judge Pennypacker.

ENGLAND'S LABOR MARKET.

Fifteen-Hour Job. Work Seven Days a Week, Pays \$5 for the Week.

The state of the market for unskilled labor in England has been revealed by an investigator who answered an advertisement for a "young sober and intelligent man to fill a position of trust," and has come in for a great deal of sharp criticism from some of the London newspapers.

The investigator's application for the job was answered by a pier company in Blackpool, Lancashire, a popular seaside resort in the north country. The reply furnished these particulars as to the job:

"If appointed, would you be willing to wear uniform, and assist generally with any kind of work? The hours would be from 7 a. m. to 10 p. m. Sundays included. The wages one pound per week for six weeks, and 25s after, to the end of the season."

The applicant, not being a person with a family to support on a salary of \$5 a week in a town where the cost of living would be high, was humorously impressed by these conditions of labor, and returned this reply, a copy of which he also sent to the newspapers:

"I beg to say I shall be willing to wear the uniform and carry out all the duties if you could make the hours a little longer, as I am very desirous of being fully occupied, so as to enable me to save a good portion of the wages you offer. I think the public houses open at 5 in your season and close at 11, so that if you could arrange for my being at the pier at, say, 4:30 a. m. and finishing, say, 11:30 p. m., the situation would suit me well and take me out of temptation.

In my last situation, which I held for ten years, I only worked eight hours a day, and Saturdays and Sun days I was unemployed, which caused me to get a little demoralized through having so much idle time on my hands. I see your wages work out at something like 2-7d (about 4 1/2 cents) per hour, but I should not mind the reduced amount if the situation were made to my satisfaction." —New York Sun.

Was Badly Shot.

An Irishman fighting under the British flag was caught on the plain by a party of Boers. He refused to surrender and resisted until he was shot in a dozen places and left for dead. He was found the next day unconscious and carried to a field hospital. As soon as he recovered consciousness a nurse asked him if he were badly shot. "Badly shot!" he replied. "I am so full of bullet holes that the man in the next cot has caught cold from the drafts through me." —Chronicle.

line per horse power per day when running to its full capacity. A well was sunk about 18 feet deep and 10 feet in diameter, from which an iron pipe 4 inches in diameter run out 160 feet into a lake, the water in the well standing within 4 or 5 feet of the pump.

A survey of the grounds to be irrigated, with a leveling instrument, showed the average height to which it would be necessary to force the water. To distribute the water 1,000 feet, a 2 1/2 inch wrought iron pipe was bought and laid on the ground to such places as it was desired to irrigate. This is simply screwed together and can be changed for different crops as needed. Large valves opening to full size of the pipe, with hose connections, were attached at such places as to make it most convenient to use a two-inch linen hose.

The watering of the strawberries was mostly done with a nozzle which, 1,000 feet from the pump would throw the water in a solid stream from 80 to 100 feet, breaking into a fine spray like rain before reaching the ground. With 100 feet of hose we can, with one attachment of the hose, cover a circle of 400 feet, or something over two acres. This could be thoroughly wet in two hours, which is really more than is necessary at one time for strawberries, unless allowed to get too dry in the beginning.

For black raspberries we tried irrigation by showering and flooding. The latter method gave the best results, for more water was got on the ground, and the berries were larger, of better color and more juicy. A heavy irrigation of about 1 1/2 inches of water to the acre was given as the berries were beginning to ripen, which was enough to carry the crop. The berries sold from two to three cents per quart more than berries not irrigated.—Walton L. Taber, in American Agriculturist.

SPRAYING HINTS.

It is within the last twenty-five years that the great importance of spraying our orchards has become so manifest. Before that time there was not the close competition in fruit growing that there is today, and blighted fruit which would formerly pass in the market unnoticed is now thrown aside with the culls. There are several reasons why spraying is now of prime importance. Insects and fungous diseases are constantly coming to our orchards from foreign shores. Old neglected orchards serve as a breeding place for pests and help to scatter them about. There are many who grow fruit along with their general farming who say spraying doesn't pay; but if these same people would keep their orchards in good till, follow a systematic method of spraying, and properly grade their fruit, they would be surprised at the profit received from small orchards.

Care, however, must be exercised in handling sprays, for a little mistake may cause a serious loss. An illustration of this occurred in Michigan. A fruit grower read a formula for a spray requiring so many pounds of copper sulphate to so many gallons of water, and through carelessness he read it pounds instead of gallons of water. The result was a badly damaged orchard. Had he followed the old adage, "Be sure you are right then go ahead," he would have saved his trees, his temper and his money. When it becomes necessary to spray fruit that is ripening, the following solution is recommended: Copper carbonate one ounce, ammonia, enough to dissolve the copper carbonate, water nine gallons.

The time to spray and the number of applications depends upon the variety of fruit and the object in view. Every grower must know just what he aims to kill when he sprays. Trees should never be sprayed with any of the poisonous solutions while in blossom, as this kills the bees and some other insects which are indispensable in fertilizing some fruits. Apples, pears, plums and grapes should receive regular applications every year. —The Epitomist.

Colorado Bees at St. Louis.

Mayor Swink, of Rocky Ford, Col., is an apiarist, and he has, perhaps, the largest bee plant in America. He is going to send his bees to the World's Fair, and they will work at St. Louis from the time the Exposition opens until it closes. Mr. Swink's plan, which will cost fully \$10,000 of his own money is to bring to St. Louis enough bee-hives to construct in miniature a counterpart of the Colorado State House, at Denver. The bees will then be turned out to find material for honey-making in the country surrounding the World's Fair grounds. It will require about 640 hives to construct the little State House, and in it about 5,500,000 bees will work.

A Colorado representative at the St. Louis Exposition said on this subject: "We have one bee man who works his bees all the year through. In summer they work in his alfalfa fields in Colorado, and in the fall he ships them to his plantation in Florida, where they work among the flowers and orange groves until time to return them to the West in the spring.

In Colorado we have each year a Watermelon day, at Rocky Ford; a Potato day, at Greeley; a Strawberry day, at Canon City, and a Fruit day, at Grand Junction. These are holidays, and in 1904 these celebrations will be held in St. Louis, and on these days Colorado fruit will be as free as water for those who celebrate with us."

By the use of a process invented at Bridgeport, Conn., wooden doors are being electroplated with copper or brass.

When a man gives himself away he naturally feels cheap.

The Cynical Bachelor.

According to the Cynical Bachelor, a man must first lose his head before he can lose his heart.—Philadelphia Record.

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