

A LITTLE SONG.

A little cot in a little spot,
With a little heaven hath sent;
A little way from that cot each day;
A song to sing, and a word to say;
A little winter—a little May,
And a heart content, content!
A little wife, and a little life
In love and duty spent;
A song and sigh as the years go by;
A grave, perhaps, where the violets lie;
But a heaven on earth and a heaven on high—
In life and death content!
—Frank L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

OLDSWANLEE'S DAUGHTER



Women were riding tired horses down an ill-defined trail through North Carolina woods. The one was a New Yorker—keen, alert, dark haired and chronically one day behind with his shaving. His companion, who rode with difficulty his rough-gaited Kentucky mare, was obtrusively British. Everything, from his deer-stalker cap to his yellow pig-skin gaiters, with their buttons down the shin, betrayed him for a recent importation from the islands beyond the sea. They were not friends, scarcely acquaintances; they had fagged some few miles back at cross-roads, and finding that they were heading in the same direction, had joggled along in company.

For the past hour the multitude of trails had bothered them much, and there had been a good deal of toss up in their choice, and at last neither had any further ideas to offer about the route, and there was no question that they were most satisfactorily lost. The last blue of the sky was turning to a cooler purple, and a couple of tree toads were already commencing the overture of their nightly opera.

"Say," remarked the American, "have you ever ridden down a strange trail of this sort after nightfall?"

"Can't say that I have."

"Then, sir, you've an experience in store which won't be all molasses. You wait till the trees begin to sneak up and lit you on the knee-cap, then you'll—Gee-o-lumbus! see that?"

"What, these green shrubs?"

"Corn, sir. 'Indian corn,' you call it 'way back in the old country. And here's a house."

They wheeled round the edge of the corn patch, their horses picking a way cautiously over the outshooting roots of the timber, and pulled up before a small frame dwelling. As though their arrival had been expected, the rough door swung open and a man stepped out and faced them. He was a stout, heavily bearded, He stood quite four inches above the fathom of his boots, and in the hollow of his left arm he carried a weapon, single barreled and hammerless.

He pointed to this and introduced it.

"Gentlemen," he said, "that is about the latest. Ravensley's 10-fire repeating shotgun. The first of you that slips a hand toward the sly pocket of his pants will get a hole let into him that a yoke of steers could drive through. If you want to stay, you've got to fight it out."

He of the yellow gaiters laughed.

"What quaint people you Americans are!" he said. "Why you should threaten war in this unexpected fashion, I can't imagine!"

"Ho! you're a Britisher?"

"English—quite English."

"And your companion, isn't he an ex-cise-man, either?"

The Englishman shrugged his shoulders, and the New Yorker answered for himself.

"S. T. Vanrennan, real estate agent, Irving place, New York City. Stick to my own trade, Colonel, and shouldn't know what a blockade still was if I were shown one."

For a moment the old man seemed inclined to resent this last remark, but only for a moment. Then Southern hospitality asserted itself.

"Well, gentlemen," he said, "how can I serve you?"

"By putting us on the road for Asheville."

"I could not do it. Asheville's good thirty miles beyond this, and the trail's far too bad for strangers to follow in the dark. You must bunk with me, gentlemen, this night."

There was a little more talk, and then the horses were led round to a barn at the back, unsaddled, rubbed down roughly, and presented with six corn cobs apiece; after which the two adjourned to the cabin, supped off heavy corn bread and strong flavored bacon. After the meal the Yankee, pleading tiredness, retired to the far room and slept. The Briton, who was traveling in the mountains to pick up character, was glad enough to sit up with his host and talk beside the smelly kerosene lamp over granulated tobacco and corn cob pipes.

Their conversation was on the whole desultory. Only twice was it interrupted. On these occasions footsteps made themselves heard on the hard, red ground outside, and then, after a pause, a silver half-dollar rolled in under the door. The old man pocketed the coin, lifted the latch, and, reaching a hand out into the darkness, brought in a quart bottle, which he proceeded to fill from a keg that waited through the hut a strong smell of smoky spirit. Afterward he thrust out the bottle into the night, and the heavy footsteps recommenced and died out in dimming.

On the first occasion, the old man commented to his guest: "Say, sir, you're what they call in the mountains a tenderfoot, but, from the face of

you, you seem straight. Please remember you've seen nothing."

"I'm under the tie of bread and salt," said the Englishman. "You needn't fear me," and fell to talking about the game in the woods.

When the Englishman awoke next morning he found that his traveling companion had already departed.

"I didn't press him to stay," said the old man, "but I hope you will honor me with a longer visit. My name is Colonel Swanlee, which you may have seen mentioned in accounts of the war, and once I had a forty-room house here and close on two hundred hands working on a fine estate. The house and the hands are gone, and the estate has run back for the most part into forest. I've been luckier than some. I haven't sold a rod of ground. I've been spared seeing a filthy railroad plowing through my land, and I've some other mercies to be thankful for. Come, sir; you said last night you were in no hurry to get on. Will you stay awhile and rough it with me?"

The invitation was genuine, and because the life was fresh and interesting to him, and because Old Man Swanlee was loath to let him go, he stayed on till the weeks grew to over a month. There was much to occupy his time. Any one with a taste for scenery may gratify it to the full in the wooded mountains and valleys of the Allegheny country. Sometimes he took his horse and rode along the rough trails far afield—over the Great Smokies, and looked down on Tennessee. Sometimes he roamed through the second growth forest, which had sprung up in tropical luxuriance over the once cleared land, occasionally shooting a wild turkey or a hawk or a flying squirrel, or whipping in two a small rattlesnake, but for the most part finding full enjoyment in admiring this gallery of pictures which nature by herself had painted.

Once, indeed, he visited the distillery in its weird hiding place under the waterfall, and glanced curiously over the crude appliances with which the fiery corn whisky was produced. But that was only once, and, indeed, the still was seldom referred to. In the evening, when they sat together under the wooden piazza, the Englishman and his host either smoked and smoked in silence, looking into the warm Southern night and listening to the myriad insect noises, or else the old man would talk and unfold pictures of past Southern splendor. They seemed to be living then in an atmosphere of nearly half a century before, and at times the Englishman had hard work to bring himself back to the true realities.

But at last there came a breaking up of the pastoral, and it arrived in a barbarous shape. The place was raided by the revenue men.

The visitor was away bee hunting in the woods when they arrived, but hastened back when the sound of heavy firing came down to him over the ridges. He gained the hut, perhaps luckily, to escape interference, but the history of what had occurred was written out before him in ruddy lettering. Three officers of the excise lay twisted and dead on the red soil, shot down by that terrible 10-fire repeater, which carried its charge like a heavy ball for the short distance. Farther out was Vanrennan, doubled up over a stump like a half-filled meal sack. Flitting in and about the trees, still farther down the trail, were four saddled horses leisurely grazing.

There was no sign of Old Man Swanlee.

Had he run for the woods, or—

The newcomer rushed across the clearing and into the cabin. The blockade distiller was stretched out on the floor with blood oozing into pools around him. The Englishman shuddered and bent down for examination. An ear shredded through by one bullet, temple grazed by another, left elbow shattered by a third; none of these were mortal, none could cause this prostration. Ah! there was a worse wound, in the groin—that meant death.

Under the impromptu surgery the old man woke up.

"That blasted detective, Vanrennan! However, he's got his gruel, and so have the revenue men, and I'm dying, and—Hullo! who are you?"

Old Man Swanlee gripped his gun again and started up full of fight.

"Oh, it's you, sir, is it? I ask your pardon, I'm sure," he said, bowing with old-fashioned courtesy, "but this little domestic trouble must be my excuse. Those fellows have pumped lead into me till I've been a trifle thrashed of my balance. Thanks, if you would assist me on the floor again and bring the corner of that box under my head."

He rested a minute to collect his thoughts, and then went on afresh.

"Now, Mr. (I've forgotten your name), circumstances compel me to ask you an intense favor. I've had staunch friends, but some were shot in the war and some have died since, and the rest are scattered I know not where. There isn't a soul to whom I can trust my little girl."

"Your daughter is this that you're speaking about?"

"That's so. I haven't mentioned her before. I don't let her have any truck with the lot down here, and didn't intend to until the place was ready to receive her as she should be received—as my mother was received when she came upon the estate. Yes, sir, that's what I've been toiling and slaving for all these years, barely spending a dollar in cash except a few cents an acre for taxes; holding onto the land with a miser's grip, while the forest stamped the snake fences out of sight, brewing a vile spirit for the mountaineers around. No, sir; I've not sold moonlight whisky because I liked it, or hugged my balance at the banks merely to put myself back on the ancestral dunghill. I've done my cowering. But, sir, when my little girl was born in Richmond dur-

ing the siege, my wife made me promise before she died that, come what might, I'd see the child mistress of the house we'd been driven from here. My wife was a very proud woman, sir; her family claimed descent from Pocahontas. I sent the child to a convent in Paris, and there she's remained ever since. But she's finished her education, and she's coming home right now—coming home to her inheritance. Yes, sir, the estate will be hers in an hour or so's time, and with it a matter of \$50,000. Now, sir, will you give a dying man a hand?"

"I will do anything that lies within my power."

"Then find out my daughter," came the astonishing reply, "and marry her."

Horror struck, the Englishman started to his feet. Did not this man realize that he was a murderer, still red handed?

"My God!" said Old Man Swanlee, "you are not going to refuse me?"

He stretched out a bony hand and caught at the other's gaiter. "Heavens, man, think what you are saying. Think what this means to me!"

The other turned away his head in despair.

"It is not much I am asking. She's beautiful. I had her photograph sent me only the other day. She's highly educated; she's well born; she's rich. What more can a young man want in a wife?"

"But," broke in the Englishman, desperately, "I am not free. I met a girl in Paris a while back, and crossed with her here in the boat from Havre. Before we landed in New York she had promised to become my wife. I never could marry any one else. I—er—in short, I love her."

The old man's knotted hands wrestled with one another tremulously. "I see," he said at last, with a heavy sigh. "I should like it to have been, but what you say is final. Still, sir, you must do something else for me, if you will."

"Anything that lies within my power," exclaimed the other eagerly.

"Believe me, anything."

"Then find out my daughter and act as her guardian. Give her my dying command to obey you in everything, and she will do it. See that she has her rights; guard her from adventurers; watch that she marries a good husband, a man that is worthy of her, one who will treat her well."

The old man's voice had died down almost to a whisper.

His companion stooped over him. "I will do all you ask," he said earnestly. "But you had better tell me now where I shall find Miss Swanlee."

"Thanks; you are very good. But I ought to have told you she is not bearing that name now. To avoid complications which arose after the war I made her take another, which she will carry until she comes back here. She was christened Miriam, after Mother, and—"

The old man's voice drooped.

"Yes, yes," said the Englishman, impatiently; "but what was the surname?"

"Lee."

"What, Miriam Lee?"

"Yes, sir; Miriam Frances Lee."

"Just God! That is the girl to whom I am engaged!"

The Englishman reeled against the table, staring wildly at his host. Old Man Swanlee had ceased to live, but the angle of the lid propped him against falling. On his grim old face there was a curious look of satisfaction.—New York Advertiser.

Baby in a Ten-Inch Well.

The eighteen-month-old child of Bill Gee, a farmer living near Tigertown, had a terrible experience on Tuesday evening, says the Galveston News. A ten-inch bored well had just reached a depth of twenty-nine feet, being near the house, when the little one went out alone to investigate. Somehow he managed to fall in feet first and was impaled upon the end of the boring machinery, a part of which was yet in the well. The frantic mother was a witness to the horror and immediately gave the alarm. The child could not be gotten out of the hole, so the neighbors were all summoned and some eighty of them went to work digging a great square hole near the well. This being completed to a depth on a level with the child, a tunnel was made from the hole to the well and the child rescued after being in its perilous condition twenty-three hours. Its plaintive cries, "Mamma! mamma, come take me out!" were heartrending. The child will recover.

Curious Tyranny.

A newspaper printed at Lubeck, Germany, gives a curious instance of police tyranny in the neighboring town of Dassow. A poor laboring woman named Dorothea Bruhn, whose husband had for many years been bedridden, went to the pastor of the town with a request that he would officiate at the burial of one of her children. The pastor merely said that he would see about it, and failed to appear at the grave at the appointed hour. In default of other religious services the mourning mother recited over the grave a single verse of a hymn expressing her faith in the child's welfare in the other world. For doing this she was reported by a zealous policeman as having violated an ordinance forbidding any lay person to make a discourse at an interment. The Police Justice found her guilty and she was fined the sum of a little less than \$1, with the alternative on non-payment of a day's imprisonment.

Kalmucks Are Dying.

In Atrakhan, Russia, the Kalmucks are dying out. They are afflicted by some mysterious mental disease that is filling the asylums and hospitals, and the mortality is so great that there will probably soon be not one of the race left in the district.



HOW TO MARKET BEETS.

New beets for market should be clean, sound and even sized—large and very small ones should be kept for home use—and carefully tied in bunches of five. The tops should be kept on, as untrimmed beets look and sell better than the trimmed, and many people use the tops as spinach, for which they are a fair substitute.—New York World.

SUCKERS ON CORN.

The practice of pulling off the suckers from growing corn is much less common than it used to be. The sucker cut while young is not worth anything as feed, and if left it leaves gather carbon from the air and make it valuable. The origin of the sucker is an injury to the original plant. If this occurs early enough the suckers will have more or less ears. They also help the ears on the main stalk to fill when a drought occurs, as the sucker is always later in blossoming and will furnish pollen after the blossom on the main stem has dried up.—Boston Cultivator.

PLANTING APPLE ORCHARDS.

An agricultural contemporary finds fault because a large proportion of the apple orchards planted either die out or never yield any profit to their owners. This is no doubt true, but if all the trees planted lived and had good care the market would be glutted with fruit all the time and every season, and no grower could make a profit upon his investments. It is much better as it is, for now the industrious, intelligent fruit grower has a chance of securing something for his labor, because his competitors are so few and scattering. When all mankind becomes equally intelligent and industrious there will be much less incentive to labor than at the present time.—New York Sun.

KEEP THEM RUNNING.

An observing farmer, while in conversation with the editor at a recent poultry show, remarked that it was due to the efforts of his ten-year-old son that the egg basket was kept heaping full by his chickens last summer and all fall. "The little fellow," remarked the farmer, "always paid great attention to everything he could read or hear about the keeping of chickens, and one of the things which impressed him strongly was the oft-repeated injunction to keep the hens at work if you want eggs. Well, the boy had charge of feeding the chickens, and he would get a heaping measure of grain and go down to the barnyard and call his pets. They would come on the run from all directions, and then the fun began. The lad would throw a couple of handfuls of grain first in one direction and then another, scattering it over a space fully fifty feet square, and much of it into the grass. The way the hens would sail around after the grain would remind you of a small riot, and after they got through feeding the barnyard would look as if some one had been over it with a squal plow. We had plenty of eggs to use and sell, even through moulting time. The boy has since rigged up a henery in one corner of the barn and keeps his hens bustling about in hay, chaff and clover up to the knees hunting for their grain, and we get more eggs than any three neighbors combined."—Farm, Stock and Home.

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

Watch for vermin and rout it at the first approach.

See that the fowls and chicks have a constant supply of water these days.

Keep ahead of the weeds in the onion beds by a free use of the wheel hoe.

So far this season we have had remarkably good success with our young chicks.

Keep the hen houses clean and sweet. Fresh earth bountifully spread under the roosts is a wonderful help towards the latter.

Try a tablespoonful of nitrate soda to each cabbage plant, scattering it well around.

Sharp teeth will cause the horse to form the habit of letting its tongue hang out of its mouth. Look out for them.

Do the flies bother the colts very much? Better keep them in during the day and put them out in the pasture at night.

Vaccination of the calves against "blackleg" and of the older cattle against anthrax is now advocated in some quarters.

Feed the little chicks what they will eat up clean. Do it as often as they will do their part—three, five or even seven times a day.

If farmers would keep a broad mare or two and raise a choice colt each year there would be more money in farming for them.

The shipping of pregnant animals to the stock yards is not profitable. It is unlawful, and the sooner farmers guard against it, the better for their purses.

With the good price of beef and hides it would seem good policy for the farmer to buy his harness soon before the inevitable high price of leather arrives.

Give the work horses a run in the pasture at night. It will do them a great deal of good, but you must feed them just the same. If you expect them to work don't take the grain away from them.

Brood sows properly managed determine the profit in the herd of swine. One-third should be over thirty months of age, one-third over twenty months, and the remainder over ten months of age to insure fair success.

Clean the feet out thoroughly with a foot-hook every day when the horses come in from work. Then when the horse is cool pat the feet in a pall of water and wash them. It will only take a few minutes and will keep the feet in good condition.

THE BEST THREE-FIELD ROTATION.

The proper rotation of crops is a necessity, mentions W. M. King. The seed producing ones should be alternated with the nitrogen-gathering ones. Rotation is valuable in aiding in the destruction of noxious weeds, but must be varied to be effective. For instance, two years or more of

corn or other hoed crops will be found to be necessary for the destruction of the wild morning glory or bindweed. Insect enemies are also frequently destroyed by a rotation that interferes with their natural habits. The same is true of diseases which attack crops when repeated too often upon any soil.

Where wheat, corn and hay are the cash crops, and a period of rest from the constant production of corn is required, the following three-field system is the one that I have found to be best adapted for general farming in southern Ohio. The constant annual improvement of the soil under it warrants its more general adoption. This rotation involves the keeping of sufficient stock to consume and to convert into manure the crops raised, excepting of course the surplus of grain, pork, beef, wool and dairy products sold off the farm.

After dividing the tillable land into three fields of equal size, begin the rotation by seeding field No. 1 with wheat. In the spring sow on this one bushel of clover seed and eight quarts of timothy over every eight acres. Avoid pasturing the clover in the fall and until the middle of May the following spring. Where the most timothy appears do not pasture, but cut for hay. In August haul out the manure from the barnyard and put in piles 12x12 feet apart; twenty horse loads will be sufficient for each one. Let this remain piled until the following spring, when the clover sod on which the manure has been spread should be broken up and planted very early to corn. As soon as the crop matures, cut the corn nearly knee high and set it up in 100-hill shocks. Before drilling in the wheat, harrow in the same direction the drill is to be run. In this way labor is economized, and the high cut stalks when harrowed down act as a mulch and winter protection to the wheat plants, and also measurably prevent the washing of the soil on high points or knolls, which would otherwise wash badly during the winter months. By this plan one plowing serves for three crops—one of corn, one of wheat, and one of clover and timothy for hay and pasture.

By such a system of rotation farming is made more profitable and pleasant. For, instead of breaking up a hard, sun dried soil just after harvest, as it is usually done in July or August, the manure can be hauled out at leisure, and needed rest can follow the hard labor of haying and harvesting; various needed repairs can be made, the farm implements put in order and repaired, and some opportunity afforded to visit one's neighbors, meet with farmers' clubs and granges and compare notes on the problem of increasing and cheapening production.—American Agriculturist.

Impure Blood

Manifests itself in pimples, boils and other eruptions which disgrace the face and cause pain and annoyance. By purifying the blood Hood's Sarsaparilla completely cures these troubles and clears the skin. Hood's Sarsaparilla overcomes that tired, drowsy feeling so general at this season and gives strength and vigor. Remember

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cure habitual constipation. Price 25 cents.

Carrying Out Huxley's Order.

Professor Huxley used to tell excellent stories. One of the best I remember, which he afterward put, I think, into a letter to the Times, referred to the meeting of the British Association at Belfast many years ago. Having been up very late the previous night, Huxley was behind time for breakfast, so halting an outside car he said to the driver as he jumped on, "Now drive fast, I am in a hurry." Whereupon he whipped up his horse and set off at a hard gallop. Nearly jerked off his seat, Huxley shouted, "My good friend, do you know where I want to go?" "No, yer honner," said the driver, "but, anyway, I am driving fast." Huxley used to say he had never forgotten that object-lesson in the dangers of ill-regulated enthusiasm.—Westminster Budget.

A Great Chance to Learn a Trade.

What field of labor shall I enter to gain a livelihood, is a question that soon presents itself in the life of every young man. It can truthfully be said that no division of employment offers brighter prospects for success than that of the mechanical pursuits. A mechanic who is master of his trade is sure to command steady employment and good wages. Besides, in the possession of a trade a man has something permanent, and if he adds to his knowledge, honesty and industry, his success in life is virtually assured. Fourteen years ago the New York Trade School was founded for the purpose of providing an opportunity for young men to learn a trade and to give them in certain industries a chance to improve themselves. The instruction is both practical and scientific. Every effort is put forth to advance the pupil in the trade to which his attention is directed. Skilled mechanics are employed as teachers and each pupil receives individual attention. The instruction is given in a systematic manner. At the beginning the pupil is placed on work that is simple, and as experience is acquired, he is gradually advanced to that which is more difficult and intricate. As the course proceeds, lectures bearing on the scientific principles of the trade are given. By this method of instruction a pupil necessarily makes rapid progress, and in a comparatively short time acquires skill that can only be obtained by a long term of service in a work shop. The classes are reserved for young men between 17 and 25 years of age, and the yearly attendance is large, the pupils coming from all parts of the United States and Canada. During the season of 1904 the following day classes will be in operation: Beginning Oct. 23, 1904—Four months' day course in Printing, tuition fee \$85. Six months' day course in Printing, tuition fee \$90. Beginning Dec. 9, 1904—Four months' day course in Bricklaying and Plastering, tuition fee \$45. Four months' day course in House and Fresco Painting, tuition fee \$45. Four months' day course in Carpentry, tuition fee \$55. Four months' day course in Pumbing, tuition fee \$45. Four months' day course in Sign Painting, tuition fee \$5. Begining Jan. 6, 1905—Three months' day course in Steam Fitting, tuition fee \$45.

A catalogue of the school will be mailed on request. Address: New York Trade School, 67 Ave. C, 7th and 6th Sts., New York City.

The German potato crop will probably be a failure, owing to the continued rains.

Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root cures all Kidney and Bladder troubles. Pamphlet and Consultation free. Laboratory Binghamton, N. Y.

Mexico proposes to take a census in October and to make it very complete.

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Every day we meet the man with shabby clothes, sallow skin and shuffling footsteps, holding out a tobacco-paished hand for the charity-queue. Tobacco destroys manhood and the happiness of perfect vitality. No-Tobacco is guaranteed to cure just such cases, and it's charity to make them try. Sold under guarantee to cure by Druggists everywhere. Book free. Ad. Sterling Remedy Co., New York City or Chicago.

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