

### THE PATH TO VICTORY.

Though oft your star of hope has paled,  
Waste not your breath in sighing;  
Remember, friend, you have not failed  
So long as you keep trying.  
—Woman's Home Companion.

## TIM, CREDITOR.

BY RAYMOND WESTHILL.

He was a newsboy, and one of two creditors who formed an acquaintance at a debtor's door—the other creditor was the landlord.

Tim had been pounding on the door some minutes when the landlord came.

"Is there no one in?" inquired that person as he discovered Tim there.

"Now, she's never in when I want me money," said Tim. "She took der papers alright."

"And she never paid you anything?"

"Sure, she did wunst, but I never kin get no money outer her now. She mus' spen' it all fer beer now; she's alwiz got der price of a pint."

"How much does she owe you?"

"On'y a dollar forty-seven. She used ter owe me two dollars an' forty-seven cents. Dat was when she lived in Gardner street, two flights up. I reckoned it up, an' I went up four hundred an' fifty-four flights er stairs ter sell dem papers, an' I laid out one dollar an' thirteen an' tr half cents ter git dem—an' den didn't git paid all."

"I would come here every week until she gave me the rest, if I were you."

"Yer wouldn't git it den, fer I went ter her house in Gardner street twenty-three times in two months an' all I got was 50 cents."

"Some people haven't any hearts," remarked the landlord as Tim paused.

"Dat was sixty-six flights er stairs more. Den she moved ter Cook avener, but I wunst goner give it up an' I found out where she moved. She lived der sevin months an' I never got nothin' from her. It was two flights dare, and went up sixty-nine times an' dat makes a hundred an' thirty-eight more flights er stairs. Den she moved ter Wilton street an' der first 't'ree months I didn't get nothin'. I tried nineteen times an' it was 't'ree flights dare—dat makes fifty-seven flights more. Nex' time I went she said she'd gim me ten cents er week till it was all paid. She on'y gim me thirly cents in two months. I'm tired countin' der stairs—I don't know how much dat made. Now she's here an' I've bin comin' her fer four months."

"An'," he continued, getting quite in a rage; "some of her excusis was fierce. She tol' me first dat der firm didn't pay her husband yet for two months, an' dat she was ter law about it. Den dat gag wore out, an' when Mr. Braid'd come ter der door an' see me he'd say 'Mrs. Braid jist went out, boy; she's got all der money wid her; come 'round tomorrow,' and when Mrs. Braid'd come ter der door she'd say 'Why Mr. Braid jist went out. Didn't yer meet him? I haven't a penny in der house. Sorry; yer'll have ter come in tomorrow.'"

"Such mean proceedings," interposed the landlord with disgust.

"Oh, dat ain't all. One day I got um mixed up. Mr. Braid said dat Mrs. Braid was sleepin' an' because she had neuralgia he didn't want ter wake her up. I went der nex' day an' she says 'Why didn't yer call er little earlier yesterday. I jist went out when yer came.' Nothin' but 'er big lie."

"Did you tell her you caught her?"

"Naw—wouldn't be no use."

During the last of the conversation the landlord had taken a tub that had stood against the front door of Mrs. Braid's apartment and placed it against the rear door.

"She'll know who put that there," he said assuredly. "She'll be down to my office tonight without fail to pay the rent. She doesn't fool with me."

The next time Tim found Mrs. Braid in, and she promised to pay 'every cent on Wednesday afternoon at three o'clock, four weeks from now."

That afternoon Mrs. Braid was preparing to make a "call," and thereby evade the newsboy, when the landlord came. She had appeared at his office thrice with excuses, but no money. He must have his money. She found subterfuge in: "I have only a ten dollar bill." He insisted upon getting change, while she argued that she had an important engagement and could not tarry a moment. He threatened to put her and her possessions on the sidewalk if she did not settle. She finally handed him the ten dollar bill, though not before she had gotten rid of the detaining dilemma. That was disposed of by her careless nature when she said:

"Put the change under the mat. It'll be a dollar and a half—eight fifty for the rent."

"It will not be safe there."

"Oh yes it will. I've placed things there loads of times."

About twenty minutes after Mrs. Braid had sauntered out of the house Tim, fifteen minutes late, was rapping at her door; but, of course, it remained closed. He made up his mind to fool her "jist onst" in his life, so he placed the tub where the landlord had put it.

"Now," he said to himself with a giggle, "she'll go down ter his office fer nothin'! Dat'll be a wild-goose chase fer her."

But somehow the tub would roll away from the door, and he felt for the supposed disturbing piece of coal.

It was not on top of the mat, so he felt under. His hand struck some paper and he picked it up and took it to the light. To his astonishment the paper contained a dollar and a half, and written across it was the word "change."

"Alright," said Tim out loud. "I'll give her der change, an' I'm mighty glad yer honist at las'." He placed three cents change in the paper and put it under the mat.

He joyously rushed out of the house and off to a fruit store, where he purchased a large bag of fruit—"Now," he said, as he came out, "Mom'll have fruit like everybody else."

In front of the landlord's office a crowd had gathered, for within an unconscious little form was stretched on a desk. It was none other than Tim's. While caring for his fruit he had slipped, and fell, striking his head on the sidewalk. When he did open his eyes the first thing he said was:

"It's me own fault. I got it because I was goin' ter give her a wild-goose chase. Dat's why I got it."

"What woman, Tim?" quickly inquired the landlord.

"Mrs. Braid. She left der money wot she owed me under der mat, an' I bought der fruits wid it."

The landlord said nothing; but a few minutes later, when the lad appeared to have recovered enough to go home, the landlord started for Mrs. Braid's apartment.

Half an hour afterward Mrs. Braid took from under her mat a dollar and a half, and remarked:

"I knew it would be safe."—The Critic.

### AN EASTERN NATIONAL PARK.

A Project for One in New England, to Embrace Parts of Three States.

There is talk of a national park in New England, including part of Maine as a forest reservation. The entire area of forest reservations and parks approximates fifty million acres. The parks differ from the forest reserves in that no lumbering can be carried on within them, and their game animals are protected. The mining laws do not apply within their territory except in Mount Kanier Park, and they are in care of government troops. The forest reservations, on the other hand, are administered by the secretary of the interior, through the general land office. Maine and New-Hampshire already have state and forestry commissions, and it might be practicable to secure their cooperation in the control and direction of such a reservation as is suggested.

While several states have acquired forest reservations or have taken measures to protect such areas, the Federal government possesses the facilities for controlling such reservations in a broad way, unaffected by local or private interests, upon plans that will permit the use of private forests that remain, directing with intelligence such cutting as is proper, and promoting new growth on the denuded areas. The subject is exceedingly important in its relation to the prosperity of the farmer, who is largely dependent on climate and rainfall; to the great manufacturing interests, more or less dependent on the water power furnished by our rivers; to the rapidly growing cities and towns whose water supply is drawn from our northern lakes, and to the health and pleasure of thousands who annually visit the mountains and uplands of northern Vermont, New Hampshire and Maine.

The White Mountain region of New Hampshire covers an area of more than 1200 square miles, between the lake country of New Hampshire on the south and the valleys of the Ammonoosuc and Androscoggin on the north. Connected with it easterly are the great forest areas of Maine, extending to the Canadian frontier, and on the west are the contiguous mountain districts of Vermont.

This whole section, including parts of the three states named, is of the highest scenic interest, comprising mountain, lake and river. Dominated by Mount Washington and the Presidential range, flanked by the Franconia and Sandwich ranges, it includes also groups of lesser peaks covered by forests, inclosing mountain-walled lakes of surpassing beauty, feeding the Connecticut and Merrimac rivers, the Saco, the Androscoggin, the Kennebec, the Penobscot, and many tributary streams, the source of the water power of hundreds of manufacturing villages and cities, to which the growth and prosperity of New England are so largely due.

It is a region of great historic interest, closely associated with the past and present life of New England, interwoven with its romance, poetry, art and tradition. The territory is easily accessible from every point, and available to a large percentage of our urban population. The eastern section is well stocked with fish and game, and other parts might under proper conditions be restocked. Each year, however, marks the cutting for commercial purposes of many acres of its forest growth, and the encroachment upon its borders of the expanding life of the towns is constantly more obvious.—Lewiston Evening Journal.

### Increase from One Potato.

An interesting agricultural item is reprinted in the London Times: "A Mr. Vacher of Heckford Farm, near Poole, last year planted one potato, which produced him 325 in number, and there would have been still more, had not a boy lost one of the eyes after the potato was cut in pieces. The farmer having saved the whole of them, had them planted, which he has now dug up, and finds that they have multiplied to the number of 9236, and weigh 13 cwt., 3 qrs., which certainly is a very great increase from one single root in two years."



Eggs by the Pound.

There has been much talk about selling eggs by the pound. In and around some of our larger cities there are many sold in that way, but they are not sold in the shell. Cracked eggs and the larger ones among the dirty eggs, if fresh, are broken out, and the white and yolk well beaten together. Some packers use a churn to thoroughly mix them, which is important, as if they are put up just as they come from the shell, the yolk becomes dry and mealy. They are then frozen solid and kept in cold storage until wanted. They are packed in tins of from ten to forty pounds each, and of course the demand for them comes principally from the bakers for cakes and similar purposes. It is said that a pound of the frozen egg is equal to ten eggs of the average size. They will not keep sweet long after they have been thawed out, so that it is important that the user knows how many pounds he needs at one time, and opens no more than that. Packers who are careful to avoid putting in any tainted or spotted eggs get about twelve to thirteen cents a pound, while other grades not so carefully selected have to be sold at ten cents.

### Value of Drainage.

More than one farmer who has put tile or other underground drains in his fields, or a part of them, learned this year the value of drainage in a drought as well as in a wet season. It gives the circulation of air through the soil that keeps it light and friable, so that the roots penetrate through the soil to find the moisture they need. The soil does not pack after a rain, partly owing to the coming up of air from the tiles through the very channels that the water followed when it passed down to them. Some noticed that the rows, particularly of corn, which were almost directly over the line of the drain, kept green longer and produced a better crop than those which were between the drains, and the poorest rows or parts of the field were those farthest from the drain. Some say the yield was doubled in the close vicinity of the drains, in which case we should think the drains were too far apart for a very dry or a very wet season. But this is not all the value of drainage. Land that is properly drained can be worked much earlier in the spring, and is much less affected by the frosts in spring or fall because it is dryer. Wheat and clover are not so often lifted, and the roots broken during the freezing and thawing of the winter, and is thus less liable to winter kill.

### Corn and Fodder for Winter Feeding.

This year we used a corn harvester. Much of the corn was down badly. It did the work entirely satisfactorily. Its greatest advantage, however, was found in filling the silos. Fewer hands by five did the work in less time than we had ever before been able to accomplish it. The corn being bound in bundles was much easier loaded and unloaded. We should now no more think of filling the silos without the help of the binder than of cutting wheat with a cradle.

Another short cut with the corn crop we learned last year was to run the shock corn through an ordinary wheat separator. Thus the corn was shelled and the fodder shredded all at one handling. Next to putting the crop into the silo, with us this is the most economical and satisfactory method of caring for it. We had not the least trouble in saving either corn or fodder last year, but they were very dry when threshed. This year we propose doing the work earlier and mixing oats with the grain and straw with the fodder. With this precaution we shall put 300 bushels in a bin. We run the fodder into the barn. The machine expense was only four cents a bushel. Those who have tried it say the corn does not keep well into the following summer. We shall husk enough for next summer feeding.—Dr. H. P. Miller, in New England Homestead.

### Overcoats for the Bees.

"Overcoats" for each hive of bees cost about a trifle. These are called winter cases by the manufacturers, and may be bought for a small sum. They are cut out ready to put together, and when thus shipped in the flat the freight is very low. We can still get something cheaper if we care to work out the cheapest plan, and can buy boxes of about the right size at our neighboring stores that dry goods and groceries have been shipped in. It matters not only for looks, whether they are all one size or not. But they must be large enough to cover the hive and come down on the ground or sunk a little in the ground. There are always many good tight boxes, that are made of matched lumber, that are absolutely tight, and we want no cracks for the snow and wind to blow through.

The hives should be set down close to the ground preparatory to receiving these boxes, and of course all the upper stories and supers must be removed, so that a box say fourteen or fifteen inches deep will answer. After making these boxes absolutely tight except one side, turn it down over the hive bottom up, fitting it closely to the ground, and cutting an entrance just opposite the entrance in the hive. This entrance must be fixed nicely and conveniently for the bees to come out and pass in at their pleasure, and need not be very large: an inch or inch and a half hole will answer. Fix an alighting board in

front a foot wide, as a board is better than the earth banked up, for it will warm up and dry off better than the ground.

With this arrangement we do not use any chaff cushions, or chaff packing anywhere, but close the hive up tightly with the ordinary lid that belongs to it. Chaff cushions and chaff packing go with the regular chaff hive, and perhaps the chaff hive system is the most complete method of wintering bees out doors, but it is not practiced to such extent as formerly, owing to the expense of such hives.—A. H. Duff, in Farm, Field and Fireside.

### Treatment for Scab.

True scab is a familiar disease to sheep raisers in every part of the world. The most prominent symptom is an itchiness of the skin compelling the sheep to rub, scratch or bite itself whenever possible. It will scratch and kick itself with its hind feet, thus destroying the wool wherever the feet can reach. It will also bite itself, and will become extremely restless, more particularly at night, preventing the animal from resting and make it nervous and irritable.

The treatment of scab is a very simple matter, if taken in the start before there is much irritation of the skin. The parasite does not penetrate the skin, like those producing mange in the horse and dog. The parasites producing scab in sheep live on the surface, like lice, so most any of the ordinary dips applied to them will come in contact with the parasites and kill them, but may not kill the eggs, which will hatch out in from ten days to two weeks, when the application must be repeated. If the disease has been allowed to become chronic, then there will be scabs formed so that enough parasites will get under and not come in contact with the medicine, and they will still live to perpetuate their kind.

In order to treat scab successfully the wool should all be clipped off, so as to expose the skin as much as possible to the air. Like mange in the horse, the diseased animal should be separated from the well and should be well fed, to build up the physical strength as quickly as possible, as it is a well-known fact that parasitic life lives at the expense of physical life. Build up the physical strength, and the body offers greater resistance to parasitic life.

After the animals have been dipped they should not be turned into pastures where they were while suffering from the disease. The parasite is not long lived, consequently animals kept out of an infected pasture for a couple of months can then be safely turned in again.—Dr. William McLean, State Veterinarian of Oregon, before the Northwest Wool Growers' Association.

### Potatoes for Profit.

The difficulty of raising good potatoes is due as much to the soil, seed and climate as to any method of culture, and it is often useless for farmers in one section of the country to attempt to compete with those in more favorable places to raise fancy potatoes. Yet I believe it is only the fancy stock that pays. Ordinary potatoes do not pay any more than ordinary yields of a crop prove profitable. We must be able to raise large, fancy potatoes and extra large crops, to make this business pay. Then, indeed, we have a specialty that one can depend on to prove very profitable.

As I said at the beginning, potatoes are largely a matter of location, climate and soil. If these are not naturally supplied, I consider it profitless work to attempt to raise these products for commercial purposes. It is far better to devote the time and attention to other farm crops. But supposing these to be supplied. It is then only necessary to study the most approved methods of potato culture to find success. The first essential is to see what the market demands. So-called fancy potatoes are always of a fair uniform size. The abnormally large potato is neither profitable to raise, nor in great demand. It takes too long to cook it, and housekeepers do not want it. A moderate size and uniform throughout is the most desirable crop that we can desire. Plants that yield heavily of such potatoes are the best for commercial uses.

Next to size the color and condition of the skin should be considered. The delicately pink-tinted potato is the one that attracts attention, and invariably receives the prize. To obtain this the seed must first be selected with that in view. If one can give the potatoes the right soil and fertilizer this tendency to a thin, pink-tinted skin will become emphasized. Undoubtedly both the appearance and quality of the potatoes are greatly influenced by the soil and fertilizers. Some soils produce fine commercial potatoes without much effort on the part of the farmer.

The potatoes require particularly an evenly balanced fertilizer of nitrogen, sulphate of potash and phosphoric acid. This should be supplied in the proportion of about four per cent. of the first, eighteen per cent. of the second and six per cent. of the third. This fertilizer is strong enough however, at first to burn the young sprouts of the seed, and consequently it must be put in the trench or hill long enough before planting to permit it to become dissolved and chemically mixed with the soil. In any case the fertilizer should be mixed with the soil so that it will not come in direct contact with the potatoes. A light soil with plenty of the right fertilizer will keep the potatoes from growing muddy and soggy in appearance, and tinge it with the bright pink color that is so much desired by housewives and marketmen.—W. O. Haverland, in American Cultivator.

### TRAINED TO SAVE MONEY.

London's Bootblacks Have Their Interests Carefully Looked After.

Among the established and familiar sight of the streets of London is the red-jacketed shoe black with his box and brushes. Now, in its jubilee year, the Central Red Society numbers between forty and fifty members, with a permanent home in Great Saffron Hill, under the supervision of Mr. Bird and regulated by a committee of great influence. Here most of the boys sleep, receive their education in classes under the dominance of the education department, and spend their evenings pleasantly and healthily. On admission they are provided with uniforms and implements free, but any renewal of either has to be borne to the extent of one-half the cost by the boys themselves. Roughly, they go on duty at 7:30 a. m. and return at 6 p. m. The metropolis is divided into stations. One of the classes consists of regular stations, at which the shoeblacks are stationed. The other stations are occupied by the boys in turn, three days at each being the maximum stay. Naturally there is great emulation in order to reach the regular posts, which are generally the most profitable, especially in perquisites. It is an open secret that Charing Cross railway station is the best post in the whole metropolis, but Ludgate station is a close rival, and there, we are officially informed, is posted the very best shoeblack in London—a genius in his way, who, be the weather wet or dry, turns out a boot of glossy brightness with great adroitness. It is apposite to mention here that the harvest time for the shoeblack is a warm, sunny day after a rain. For very shame then the city man must be brightly shod and the red-coated lad appeals with almost certain success.—London Telegraph.

### The Art of Skipping.

The Living Age remarks that some of the fundamental principles of the useful art of skipping are suggested by Mr. Anthony Deane, in the following passage in the London Pilot: "When I meet a paragraph which begins, 'It is now necessary to retrace our steps somewhat to explain,' or, 'The crimson sun by this time neared the horizon. Far over the hills stretched a vault of heavy cloud, its strange, purple tints fading and dissolving into'—or, 'But the contents of this room, his sanctum sanctorum, deserve more detailed description,' or, 'O strange, unfathomable mystery of existence, compelling our purblind race'—when, I say, I meet a passage in a novel which begins thus, I skip like anything."

### A Christmas Philosopher.

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(From the Cardiff Times.)

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Mrs. Thomas does not enlighten us as to what treatment she pursued during the months she was unable to stand, and during which time she was suffering so much, but we venture to suggest that had she called in any well known medical man he would have at once have prescribed St. Jacobs Oil, for it has conquered pain upwards of fifty years, and doctors know there is nothing so good. The proprietors of St. Jacobs Oil have been awarded twelve gold medals by different international exhibitions as the premier pain-killing remedy of the world. The committees who made the awards were in each instance composed largely of the most eminent medical men obtainable. Mrs. Thomas evidently did not know the high opinion in which St. Jacobs Oil is held by almost every progressive medical man.

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