A TWO-STORY FARM.

BY LEWIS B. MILLER.

INCE dinner was over, Lem Higgins, a strongly-built, coarsely-cl n d, cheerful-looking y o u n g fellow of twenty-four, was starting to his work again. He was riding one horse, bareback, a n d leading another. Seeing his wife in the door of the log farmhouse, with the baby in her arms, he called out:

"I'm going to plow in the back field the rest of the day, Nannie! Don't you bother about the cows if I'm a little late getting home! I'll milk them after supper!"

"Turn out as early as you can, Lem!" she called back.

"All right!" he answered, cheerfully. Waving his hand to the baby, he rode away across the field, whistling, while the harness chains jangled a loud accompaniment.

At the farther edge of the cultivated land he stopped, got down, and put the horse to a turning-plow that had been left sticking in the ground. Letting the plow slide on its bar, he followed a rocky road over a hill until he came to cultivated land again. Both fields were thickly covered with dead, girdled trees.

The back field was surrounded by hills, and the field itself was by no means level. Besides other unevenness, it contained three or four sinks.

Sinks, or sink-holes, are numerous in this part of Missouri. These funnel-shaped depressions are generally supposed to have been made by earthquakes, particularly by the great earthquake of 1812, which sunk vast tracts of land along the Mississippi River, in the southeastern part of the State. But however they originated, most of them are probably centuries old.

They vary in size from a few yards in diameter and a few feet deep, to hundreds of yards in diameter, at the top, and a depth, at the centre, of a hundred feet or more. Now and then one is closed up, and becomes a deep pond. Most of them, however, have invisible openings at the bottom, and consequently the water draining into them finds its way into the underground streams with which this and other limestone regions abound.

It was a mild day in the spring, and Lem was feeling unusually cheerful. The first thing to do was to lay off a "land" to plow around. With the lines over his head, he chuckled to the team and struck out across the field, holding the plow with one hand and guiding the team with the other. His eyes were fixed on a conspicuous dead tree at the far side of the field.

Before going many rods the team came to one of the sinks, a shallow one, and went down into it. The lowest part was perhaps ten feet below the general level. In the bottom was a small, muddy place, where water had stood after a recent rain.

The horses separated as far as the harness would let them on opposite sides of the mud-hole. Lem, having the heavy plow to hold up, stepped into the mud. The plow was already on the firm ground beyond, when suddenly he felt himself going down. The earth seemed to be opening and swallowing him up!

As he fell he clung to the plow-handles with all his might. The bottom of the sink had dropped out, and he was hanging in the hole. The lines being still around him and under one arm, part of his weight was on them, and the horses were pulled backward. As the plow-beam rose up and the handles came down, Lem's hands slipped off. Now his whole weight was on the lines and on the horses' bits. He clutched at the edge of the hole, but could not grasp it, and sank lower and lower.

Already he could see the horses' tails as the animals were forced backward, nearer and nearer to the hole. They, too, would have fallen in, but the lines broke. Down, down Lem dropped. He fell about twenty feet and plunged into water.

Up he came, kicking and splashing in a frightened way. Shaking the water from his eyes, he tried to look round. There was not much light down here, but overhead was the hole he had fallen through. It was nearly round, and looked like the top of a well. The horses were not to be seen, having taken themselves and the plow out of the dangerous sink.

Lem's eyes soon became accustomed to the dim light, and he could make out walls on two sides of him. On the other two sides there was only pitchy darkness. Out of the darkness, in one direction, came a dull roar, which he knew was made by running water. He had dropped into an underground stream. It appeared that a piece of the limestone roof of the cave, which was also the bottom of the sink, had become loose—perhaps by the freezing of water in cracks the winter before—and his weight, therefore, had been sufficient to make it fall.

Lem let his feet down several times without touching bottom. He swam first to one side and then to the other, but found only cold, slimy walls, too smooth to cling to. By this time he was getting tired, and also becoming alarmed. Although he was a good swimmer his strength would soon begin to fail. At last he turned and swam into the darkness, toward the running water.

After going a few yards, he again let his feet down, but still failed to reach bottom, and had to swim on. The roaring grew louder as he advanced in the cave, until it sounded like the noise of a great torrent. But Lem was familiar enough with these underground streams to know that this was not a large one, the sound being confined and intensified by the cave.

When at last he came to where he could wade, the light he had left behind was barely visible, like the faintest trace of dawn. But the water was neck-deep here, and he kept on moving. It was cold, too, as he was now beginning to realize.

The farther he waded the shallower grew the water, until, at last, it was only about half knee-deep. It was this shoal water, running over stones, that was making the noise. There was no light at all here, and he stumbled along, feeling his way with his feet, until he got out of the water. Here he stopped, on the gravel of the creek-bed, and stood thinking over his situation.

It was now about one o'clock. His wife would not miss him until after dark, and would not become alarmed for an hour or two later. Probably she would not start out to see what was the matter until late at night. When she got to the back field, she would find the team and plow, but in the darkness would hardly discover the hole he had fallen through—unless she stumbled into it herself. If she went to the neighbors for assistance, as she would probably do, they would not be likely to go down into the sink, and would not learn what had become of him till after daylight. Then, by the time they got ropes and drew him out, about twenty hours, if not more, would have elapsed.

But twenty hours of waiting, or even half that time, in this dismal dungeon would be little less than horrible. Lem shuddered to think of it. And Nannie would worry herself nearly to death. But there seemed nothing else to do, and he felt for a stone and sat down.

Soon he found himself shivering in his wet clothes, and his teeth began to chatter. The worst of it was his clothes would never dry in this soggy place, the air being already laden with moisture. After sitting on the stone a few minutes he sprang up.

"Can't stand twenty hours of this!" he said aloud, his words echoing in the cave. "I've got to do something!"

He knew of several good-sized streams flowing out of caves in the neighborhood. T ere was one about half a mile away, and as far as he could remember, the water seemed to come from this direction. The more he thought of the matter the surer he felt that, if he followed this stream down, he would find an outlet. And he ought to traverse the distance in two or three hours, or at the latest, by night.

But to grope one's way through a black cavern, following an underground stream, would be both disagreeable and dangerous, and Lem hesitated to attempt it. He sat down on the stone again, undecided what to do.

By this time he was thoroughly chilled, and a few minutes of idle waiting was all he could bear. He sprang up again, resolved to make the attempt. If he did not find an outlet he could at least keep himself warm by trying, and could get back to this starting point long before assistance came.

He groped about for a stick of some kind, but there was none. So he started, feeling his way with his feet as best he could. The water had one advantage; it would guide him, and if he had to return to it, it would also guide him back. He waded the shallow, rocky stream slowly, and with the utmost caution.

After groping along for a considerable distance he came to deeper water. Higher and higher it rose until it was round his waist, then up to his arms.

He now stopped, hesitating, and half-inclined to turn back. But the thought of spending many hours in this wretched place was unbearable, and he kept on.

The water did not get too deep for wading and soon began to grow more shallow. Further on was shoal water again, for he could hear it roaring.

He passed through a good deal of hallow water, and had come to a deeper part of the stream. It was already up to his knees, and he was moving more rapidly, when he sudden'y stepped into deep water. Under he plunged, head and all, but quickly came up. He tried to turn back, but swam against the wall of the cave. He kept swimming about until he had found the ledge he had stepped from and climbed upon it.

Again he was tempted to turn back and again the thought of those hours of waiting drove him forward. As he might have to swim a good distance he pulled off his boots, tied the straps together with a piece of leather string that he found in his pocket, and hung them around his neck. Then he let himself down into the deep water and swam away.

Now and then he stopped to feel for bottom, but without finding it. The sides of the cave guided him. He bumped first against one and then against the other. Again and again he let down his feet, but the water was too deep. On he swam, on and on, until he was beginning to feel discouraged.

But at last he put down his feet once more, and touched the rocky bottom. Now he waded, and when he came to shoal water, stopped and put on his boots again. Then he moved on, slowly and cautiously.

As he was creeping along with his hands against the wall, he came to a vacant space. He advanced into it a few feet, and by feeling for the walls, found that it was another cave branching off from the one he was following. He thought of the danger if he should have to retrace his way, of wandering into one of these branch caves and getting hopelessly lost. Probably he had already passed several of them without knowing it.

There would be no danger from this one, for it was nearly dry. But some of the others might have streams flowing out of them, which he could mistake for the main stream.

This thought made Lem feel very uncomfortable, particularly as he recalled stories of several persons who, becoming lost in caves, had wandered on until they died of starvation. But the danger was already incurred, and he decided to go ahead. With hands extended in front of him he moved on, feeling his way step by step through the blackness.

At last his forehead struck something cold and wet, and he started back. It proved to be the limestone roof of the cave, which here approached the floor. Stooping, he made his way under it. Lower and lower it came, and he had to get down on his hands and knees and crawl through the shallow water. Then the roof began to rise, and soon afterward he could stand upon his feet again.

For some time he had been hearing a sound that differed in character and volume from that made by the shoal water. The further he went, the louder this sound grew, until it roared like some great cataract. At first he was filled with awe and dread; but a little reflection told him that a very small waterfall down here would make all the sound he heard. So he kept on until he was only a few feet from where the stream plunged down.

He stood and listened to the deafening roar, trying to find how far the water was falling. At last he picked up a stone and threw it over the cliff.

It struck in rather deep water, four or five feet down, as nearly as he could judge from the sound. He threw several more stones, which confirmed his belief that the water was not falling far.

Here again he was tempted to turn back, but the thought of all the distance he had come, and of the danger of losing his way, as well as of the long waiting after he got back, made him decide to keep on his course.

He got down on his hands and knees and felt the ledge over which the shallow water was tumbling. Finally, with some hesitation, he put his fingers in a crevice in the rock and began to let himself over the ledge. Lower and lower he went, and the water pouring over him.

Suddenly his fingers slipped out of the slimy crevice and he fell backward!

Down he plunged into a pool, with a great splash that echoed and kept echoing strangely in the cave. His head went under, but he quickly got upon his feet in water little more than waist deep.

When he recovered from his surprise he approached the fall, and while the water poured on him, put up his hand and tried in vain to reach the ledge. Then he leaped upward with all his might, but still could not reach high enough.

Fear and weakness seized him. Now he regretted that he had attempted to find his way out of the cave; for now he could not go back if he wanted to do so. True, his friends might come here in search of him; but also they might give up the search, concluding that he had been drowned. If they did, he must either find a way out or remain in these rayless caverns until he died.

This thought so frightened him that he turned and started on more rapidly than he had yet gone. Now and then he slipped on the slimy stones and fell; but always he scrambled to his feet and hurried on. Sometimes he would put up his hand and try to brush the darkness away from his face. The intense, awful night that prevailed here enveloped him so closely as to seem oppressive. If he remained in it long, he believed it would penetrate to his very brain and drive him mad.

The more excited he became the faster he went, in spite of his slipping and falling. At almost every step he strained his eyes in the hope of discovering light ahead, only to be disappointed. He had nearly concluded that there was no outlet to the cave. Perhaps the stream flowed on down—down and far below the surface of the earth plunged into some subterranean lake!

At last he gave a start, believing that he could detect a faint ray of light ahead. For a little while he was half afraid that it might be an optical illusion. But on going a few yards farther he saw, with a feeling of unutterable relief, that he had made no mistake. It was light!

He soon came to a place where the roof of the cave dropped nearly to the floor; and again he had to crawl. At last he emerged into a larger part of the cave, at the farther end of which a dim light was shining in. Eagerly he started for the light, but stumbled over something and heard a crash. Feeling about, he found the pieces of a broken crock. Now he knew that he had come out into somebody's "milk-house."

Avoiding other crocks, he made his way to the open air. It was night, but the stars were shining. A house stood on a hill near by. He recognized it, and knew that he had come out of the cave nearly a mile from where he had fallen in, and more than a mile from where he had expected to come out.

Without stopping to apologize for the injury done in the milk-house, he took the road and hurried home. The young wife was badly frightened when her bareheaded, bedraggled husband made his appearance at the door, for she did not recognize him until he spoke.

The horses had come home at the usual time, about dusk, dragging the plow, and she had gone to the back field to look for Lem, but without discovering the bottomless sink. She was much alarmed at his mysterious absence, and was on the point of taking the baby and starting to a neighbor's.

For a long time Lem intended to explore the cave through which he had groped his way, but the necessity of wading and swimming in so much cold water, and the difficulty of carrying torches while swimming, made the undertaking such a formidable one that it was never carried out, and the cave remains unexplored.

Lem is accustomed to speak of his farm, jokingly, as a two-story farm. He says, though, that the upper part is all he cares to make use of, and that any one who wants the underground story can have it, free of rent. —Youth's Companion.

Laughing Plant.

A flower known as the laughing plant, which grows in Arabia, is so called because its seeds produce effects similar to those produced by laughing gas. The flowers are of a bright yellow, while the seeds resemble small black beans.

FARM AND GARDEN.

Weeds in the Strawberry Beds.

Strawberry plants may be worked until the rows are full of runners, and should any weeds or grass appear in the rows pull them out by hand, as every weed that goes to seed in a strawberry row means a hundred or more next spring. The beds will last two or three years if kept clean this year.

Shade For the Hog.

With shade in which the hog can be in comfort during hot weather means not only better health for him, but an actual gain of a pound or more per day with the same ration, that the hog without such arrangement actually loses a pound or more per day. One of the most perfect arrangements for this purpose is made by placing posts in the ground reaching about four feet above the ground upon which a platform is built of poles or cheap lumber, and such platform arrangement covered over with a thick covering of straw.

Scatter lime and salt on the ground plentifully under this shed. The salt draws damp and prevents dust from accumulating under the shed, and the lime is one of the best disinfectants that can be used about hog lots, and also destroys all unpleasant odors.

The absence of side walls allows perfect ventilation. One upon trying this plan will be surprised to find how comfortable and pleasant it is for the hog beneath the shed during the hottest of the weather, and how much he receives from the extra growth for the small outlay of labor in constructing such shade.

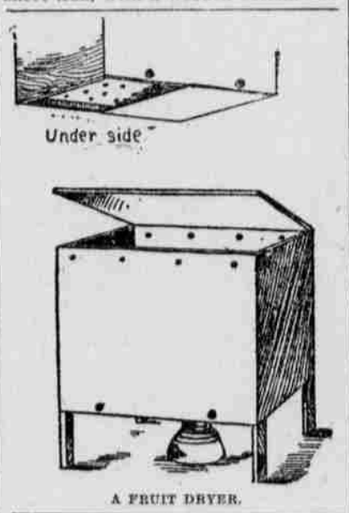
Plenty of pure water for drinking purposes should be kept at all times within easy access of the hog, especially during hot weather. —Farm, Field and Fireside.

Growing Parsnips in Winter.

The common parsnip is a root that always brings a good price in market. It can be grown as cheaply as any other when the proper conditions are observed, and these are not nearly so difficult as many are apt to suppose. Yet the price remains high, and there are times nearly every winter when the demand cannot be supplied except at rates which if the grower could get them would make this the most profitable crop grown. In such cases it is the fact that parsnips are held back by the difficulty of getting them to market that makes them scarce, rather than any real deficiency in the supply if it could be brought to the consumer. The parsnip is so hardy that it is often left in the ground all winter, and thought it must be frozen it thaws out in contact with the soil and its flavor is not injured. There is a difficulty with those parsnips that are wintered where they grow. The plant starts to grow so soon as the ground thaws, and after the first green sprout appears it very soon becomes unfit to eat. For this reason most growers put the parsnips in underground pits, covering them well with earth and throwing some water on this to prevent them from drying out. From these pits they must be removed early in spring and placed in close proximity to ice so that they will always be kept at near the freezing temperature.

Drying Fruit in the House.

Fruit can be dried in the house with such a home-made device as is shown in the cut. The box has a bottom of sheet iron, with a wooden bottom two



A FRUIT DRYER.

inches above this perforated with holes. Air is admitted to the two-inch space through holes in the sides of the box. A small one-burner oil stove beneath causes a constant current of warm air to pass up through the box (in which the fruit can be placed on tiers of slatted shelves), and out at the top through the small openings in the sides. The whole of the bottom of the box is covered by the sheet iron.—New York Tribune.

Early Breeding of Sheep.

Good treatment has of course much to do with the earlier breeding of all sheep. If they are poor and thin they will not show much desire for mating, and sometimes it is impossible to bring them around with any kind of success. Ewes intended for early breeding should not be made to live out in the hot sun without any shelter from it in the middle of the day except such as they can find on the shady side of a fence. Provide them with sufficient shade, good pasture and plenty of clean water through the summer, and then before you want to breed them feed them liberally on oats. This will often help to bring them around and give the desired results. Always have a thoroughbred buck at the head of the flock, but the flock itself should consist of grades. As they have better constitutions they will rustle better and prove more profitable. It is the early flocks of lambs that pay the best, and early breeding is quite necessary for success. The ewes must be fed liberally and intelligently until the lambs are born and ready for market. We cannot afford to be niggardly in this respect. The little lambs relish roots in the fall and winter, and it pays to have a stock of these on hand. On the whole the roots seem to do them good, and they require less of more expensive food. The roots also help to keep the ewes in good condition, but otherwise cannot say they are of any particular value.

Forcing the Egg Supply.

Forcing the hens to lay eggs is simply assisting nature to perform its work in the highest degree. We supply them with the needed elements to make eggs. All the so-called tonics and stimulants do little or no good unless food of the right kind is supplied. The tonics may increase the appetite, and the stimulants may force the system to more active work, but the gain is only temporary, and in the end a reaction is more than likely to follow. If the right foods are given the tonics and stimulants may, on occasions, do good, but as a rule a healthy hen needs neither. It is only when she is run down an not in good condition that she requires either a tonic or stimulant.

All this being taken for granted, the work of forcing the egg yield resolves itself into careful methods in feeding the hens. They must be given food that will not al. go to fat, and if in spite of the selection of the food the birds show a tendency to fatten up too rapidly they must be forced to take more exercise. Keep the laying hens busy in scratching a good part of the day, and they will eat more and lay more. Feed them plenty of ground, green bone, pulverized shells, grit and green taings. All of these, including scraps of meat, contain the elements needed by the laying hens. Be more careful in feeding corn, which is sure to produce more fat than eggs, and the bread, meal and similar fattening articles. After one has fed the birds liberally, forced them to take plenty of exercise, and attended to their general health, there is little more that can be done. That is about all the forcing that will pay. There are other artificial methods, but their utility is rather doubtful.—Anne C. Webster, in American Cultivator.

Reasons For Unproductive Orchards.

Observations and studies lead the Illinois experiment station to offer the following as some of the many reasons why orchards are often unproductive:

First—Too many growers are expecting a crop to be given them without putting forth any efforts themselves after the trees have been set. The apple require the same careful attention as do other farm crops.

Second—Lack of moisture is a common cause of failure to the apple grower in Illinois. This is because grass and other crops are allowed to compete with the trees for the moisture supplied by rains. Water is just as essential to the apple tree on a hot summer's day as it is to the laborer in the harvest field.

Third—Injuries resulting from attacks of insects or of fungous diseases are a very common cause of failure. These depredators will probably always consider that they have as much right to the products of the farm as does the farmer himself. For this reason he must get his artillery and ammunition and fight the enemy.

Fourth—Lack of fertility is a very common cause of failure in southern western and some sections of northern Illinois. The apple orchard cannot produce a profitable crop unless provided with an ample supply of nitrogen, potash and phosphoric acid.

Fifth—Some orchards in the State which have come to the notice of this station are unprofitable because of improper pruning or lack of pruning. Light and air are essential for the development and ripening of the apple.

Sixth—Many varieties of apple trees have been planted without any thought given to their adaptability to the particular soil or climate. Loss in apple growing is often wholly a matter of varieties.

Seventh—Trees propagated from unproductive stock have been responsible for many failures. Scions should be selected from bearing trees or those which have demonstrated their ability for productiveness.

Eighth—Sterility as a result of planting an orchard of only one variety is a common cause of failure, in part at least. Cross fertilization is desirable with all fruits.

Ninth—Excessive climatic conditions, as the February freeze of 1899, or the killing of the blossoms by frost, are oftentimes responsible for unproductiveness.

Poultry Notes.

Boiling the milk that is fed to fowls lessens the risk of disease.

Warm washed boiled potatoes, with kitchen scraps, make a very good combination.

Ordinarily hens and fowls should be fattened at the expiration of the second year.

Poultry is the cheapest, best and most convenient meat grown upon the farm.

To raise poultry successfully you must have suitable buildings and give your fowls good attention.

Fowls often learn to eat eggs by being fed the shells nearly whole. Crush them before feeding.

Sitting hens can be trained to leave the nest of their own accord by having the door open at a regular time each day.

A handy way to feed roots to fowls is simply to split the beets or cabbages lengthwise and fasten to the partition with a long wire nail.

Wire fences with close mesh need not be as high as other fences because for various reasons the fowls do not readily attempt to fly over them.

The worst food for young chickens is sour cornmeal. It is a chief cause of dysentery. Better bake it, or at least scald it and mix fresh every day.

An overfat hen is sure to produce but few eggs. Besides overfat hens are more liable to disease than a hen that is kept just hungry enough to scratch in the litter all day.

Kerosene or carbolic acid and water poured into the crevices about the roosts will kill red mites. In fairly clean poultry houses there is seldom much trouble from lice or mites. Some people's idea of cleaning a poultry house is far from thorough.

While rich dishwater, milk, etc., is relished by fowls as a drink, pure water is as much relished at least once a day as though they did not have the former. Pure, clean water now and then is relished by most any hen.

CHINA'S FAMED SAGE.

REMARKABLE CAREER OF CONFUCIUS, POET AND POLITICIAN.

His Reverses and Triumphs—He So Administered Laws That Not a Criminal Was Left in China—How His Enemies Overcame Him Temporarily.

In the twentieth year of the Emperor Ling, 551 B. C., Confucius, the "all-complete, ancient teacher and perfect sage," first felt the light in the district of Chinese Tsow. His father was Shuh-leang Heih, whose prowess was as large as his stature, and his valor greater than both. His mother, consort of Heih's senility, and his second wife, was Ching-tsae, youngest daughter of the family of Yen. The usual miraculous episodes encluster his birth. When Confucius was only three years old his father, Scholar Heih, died.

Of his early schooling little that is trustworthy has been preserved. Certain it is that his house knew full well the pinch of poverty. At fifteen Confucius, K'ew, or Confutse, had versed himself in studies far beyond his years. At nineteen he contracted an alliance with a lady of the house of Keen-kwan. In the following year the stork visited his dwelling. Ching-tsae gave birth to a son, Le.

Confucius was made keeper of grain stores, next a warden of public fields and lands. Even then his humblest duties—the fabric of much rich, parable and simile—were discharged with an uncommon thoroughness and conscientious devotion. At two-and-twenty he flashed forth into a public teacher; his house became the rallying ground of thoughtful, ardent youths. In 528 B. C. his mother joined her husband in the valley of the shadow. Five years afterward, when Confucius, a man of "north, south, east and west," was twenty-nine, we find him studying music under a famous principal named Seang. B. C. 517 saw him signaled out as teacher of proprieties to the son of one of the chief members of Loo. A later date discovers him, a musical acolyte, student of poetry, history, ceremonies, antiquity and ethics, imbibing wisdom at the court of Chow. Here so entrancingly did a sage's music appeal to him that for three full months flesh food and he were strangers.

Now occurs a much-debated incident, the rumored divorcing of his wife.

B. C. 500, in the early twilight of his years, he was appointed chief magistrate of Chung-too, and in this capacity proved himself a manners reformer of no mean prowess. Next he was respectively assistant superintendent of works under Duke Ting; then Minister of Crime. During this last tenure of office—popularized by deference to the verdict of one from among his counselors, whichever was most cogent—such became of his sway that no offenders showed themselves.

Confutse was now the darling of the populace. Delegates of his administration sped far afield, pilgrims flocked in shoals from other States. In the heyday of his prosperity, at the turret of his power, arrived that tragic throwback which, from a worldly viewpoint, was his undoing. By the machinations of envious States it was contrived that a cargo of eighty peerless damozels should be presented to his sovereign. These were sent ostensibly as the portion of a good-will offering, in reality to seduce the King from the teachings of his Minister. The venomous plot succeeded only too well. For dejected Confucius began at fifty-six a cycle of weary wanderings which were to last for thirteen years. Through all his hardships and perilous adventures belief in a divine mission sustained him.

Of those travails and travels, in all likelihood, were born his most consummate maxims. Probably to that period we owe his uplifting of ancestor worship into a religion, many of his compilations, his immortal Analects, his Rules of Propriety and the contiguous Five Relations of Society to be Observed. Throughout his existence, from the Alpha of his adolescence to the Omega of his obsequies, he seems to have been characterized by a lofty nobility, a grand independence of thought and speech, a transcendent purity of living. Upon some alleged stains on his escutcheon, such as the breaking of a forced oath, the praising of a gallant lie, the present writer has not sufficient knowledge or presumption to pronounce.

Charitable, Confutse acknowledged the vital need of education for rich and poor alike. Narrow as to the functions of woman, he was quick to see the influence of right examples and to insist upon their practice by those in authority. To secure the common weal he realized that good rulers and good leaders—benevolent despots, if you will—were indispensable. Alive before his time, posterity awarded this matchless conserver and transmitter a glorious recognition. For 2000 years countless emperors made and still make adoring pilgrimages to his shrine. To-day all native colleges raise side temples to his honor; his disciples may be measured by the hundred million.

B. C. 483, by a fortunate twist of fate, the wanderer could return to Loo. Confutse was now sixty-nine, and, thanks to time and inward mastery, might "follow what his heart desired without transgressing what was right." He absorbed and diffused wisdom and poetry, collated history's pebbles and undertook the reformation of music. B. C. 482 was blazed by the demise of his son, Le, toward whom he had, of principle, maintained a stern reticence and dignity. Of his daughters, although we know one, at least, he had little or nothing to say. His declining years were punctuated by the death of loved apostles, whose individual loss apparently affected him more keenly than that of his own son.

Early one forenoon this king without a throne with trailing staff toddled out into the sunshine. As he went he simpered his melancholy swan song: "The great mountain must crumble, the strong beam must snap and the wise man wither away like a plant." He took to his couch. A week later, with no wife or child to minister to his dying hours, with no expectations of a life to come, muttering no prayer, betraying no fear, the end drew very nigh. On the 11th day of the fourth month, 478 B. C., the Unchallenged the Perfect Sage, fell asleep.

Do you ask for his monument? Look about you.—New York Mail and Express.

CURIOUS FACTS.

A single wild tribe of Western Indians is using forty-one kinds of vegetables which are absolutely unknown to civilized nations.

In the Vosges peasant children at the new moon are supposed to have better hung tongues, better hung than those born at the last quarter, while those born at the last quarter are supposed to have less tongue but better reasoning powers. A darker born during the waning moon are always precocious.

The natives of Persia have a novel way of testing carpet to see if it is a true Persian product. A piece of hot charcoal is dropped upon it, and if it leaves a round singed spot. If the carpet is of the first quality, the burned wool can be brushed off with the hand without leaving a trace of the spot discernible.

Palm leaf books, that is, books made in a most ingenious way out of palm leaves, are largely used amongst the natives of Siam. The pages of these books are about two feet by one foot. The King, while in Europe a few years ago, carried with a book always with him, in which he made his notes.

The garments of Oriental women are not subject to change of fashion in shape always the same, from generation to generation, and for this reason their wardrobes are very extensive. It is claimed that in some respects of the Countess Li is unequaled in modern times. It includes 500 robes or outgarments, made from the most selected skins procurable, and in length reaching her feet. In addition to these are coats and trousers fashioned from heavily wrought brocades and the richest silks and satins, counting into hundreds in number.

The nature and location and form of the nests of the Eastern and Western American birds show many curious features. The grebe nests in a raft on the water. The prairie hen, on the contrary, nests on the ground. It is a terrestrial bird. Some birds, such as the meadow lark, are partly arboreal, nestling near the ground in trees. The indigo bird is neither arboreal nor terrestrial, although it nests in the trees. The heron is a striking exception to the theory that habit decides the nesting site. Although a terrestrial bird it places its nest high in the trees, as does the wood duck, which is an aquatic bird. Our wood hawks build in trees, but the marsh hawks build in bogs, as do the marsh gulls.

Colorado's Debt to the Camera.

Colorado, more than any other State in the Union, owes a debt of gratitude to the camera. But for the development of photography along the railroad lines the annual rush of tourists to the wonderland of nature would be small in comparison with its present proportions.

At least two-thirds of the tourists who visit Colorado bring cameras with them. These photographic implements vary from the smallest and cheapest to the largest and most expensive in the market.

These camera enthusiasts are much to open up new resorts in Colorado. They are not satisfied with "shooting up" Manitou and the Garden of the Gods, but they turn their faces from civilization and seek out solemn mountain fastnesses that have never echoed to the click of the camera shutter. The hardship, and even danger, for the sake of transferring some particularly inspiring scene to a plate. The result has been that others have been induced to desert the beaten paths of travel, and instead of seeing only a few pages of nature's book many tourists are now enjoying the whole volume.

One of the features of modern camera work, which is coming into favor, and which can be practiced anywhere to better advantage than in this State, is the photography of animals in their haunts. The bloodless but exciting, hunt of bear, mountain lion and deer, with no weapon but the camera, is claiming more devotees every year.—Denver (Col.) Republican.

Enormous Pendulums.

The only structures in Japan that seem to be earthquake proof are the pagodas, which are erected beside the temples. There are many which have stood seven or eight hundred years and are as solid as when first built.

There is a reason for this absolute stability in their construction. A pagoda is practically a frame work of massive timbers, which starts from the solid base, and is in itself a self-supporting structure, but is rendered absolutely stable by peculiar device. Inside the framework and suspended from the apex is a long, heavy beam of timber, two feet thick or more. This hangs from one end of the four sides of more heavy timbers, and if the pagoda be very lofty, still more timbers are added to these. The whole forms an enormous pendulum, which swings within six inches of the ground.

When the shock of an earthquake rocks the pagoda the pendulum swings in unison and keeps the center of gravity always at the base of the framework. Consequently the equilibrium of the pagoda is never disturbed, and this is the explanation of the great age of many of these buildings, from their height one would expect them to be particularly subject to the effects of the earthquake.

Trolley Roads Helping Farmers.

Many of the farmers of the neighborhood surrounding Toledo, Ohio, have had special wagons built for sending the produce to market. The wheels of these wagons are made to run on electric lines. The farmers load the wagons and drive them to the nearest trolley line when a car picks them up, one after another, and hauls them to the city. The Council of Toledo has granted the right to run these wagons over the city street railway tracks. As the farming is done mostly in the night it interferes very little with other traffic. —American Cultivator.