

BOYHOOD RECOLLECTIONS.

I recollect my childhood days: I recollect the school. Where I was licked and frequently informed I was a fool.

The Professor and the Tiger

By J. Sackville Martin

BRavery, doctor (said my friend, the third officer), isn't such a simple thing as you think it. One man is brave in one way, and another in a different one.

My part I thought the girl fancied Hay rather than Hoskins; and though she couldn't avoid the old man, and could not help listening to his sea yarns, I could see her eyes turning forward toward the waist, where Hay was putting in his time looking at the tiger.

One afternoon the skipper was sitting beside Miss Sandford on the poop deck when Hay came up the companion and made his way toward them.

"There's something I want to tell you, captain," he said. "It's getting on my mind and making me quite uncomfortable. That man whose business it is to look after the tiger isn't doing his work properly. The animal isn't getting enough food. It is developing a savage nature. And yesterday, when I went to see the man about it, I found that he was intoxicated. I really think you should interfere."

Of course, the old man should have interfered. But he didn't like being told his duty by the little professor, especially when the girl was about. So he just sneered.

"I suppose you're afraid of the beast escaping?" he said. "I should certainly regard it as unfortunate," the little man replied. "You see, a drunken man might be careless about the fastenings. I must really insist upon your speaking to him."

"He's not one of my crew," said Hoskins. "I have enough to do to look after them. If any of them get drunk, they'll hear of it. But this chap is a passenger, even if he is only a steerage one. He can do as he likes with his spare time. If you're so blamed frightened about the beast you'd better look to the fastenings yourself."

"Excuse me," said the professor stiffly, "that is not my business. The animal does not belong to me. I have done what I believe to be my duty. I can say no more."

"He turned away without even a glance at the girl."

"That man," said Hoskins, looking after him, "is frightened at his own shadow. Let me give you a bit of fatherly advice, Miss Sandford. When you are looking for a man to marry, never marry a coward. A girl like you wants some one who will protect you in time of danger; some one she can rely on and look up to."

"I'm not thinking of getting married," she said shyly. "But when I do I'll bear your advice in mind, captain."

"That's it," said Hoskins. "Think over it carefully. And as for getting married, I'd be glad if you'd think over that, too."

"She started like a frightened horse."

"Oh, captain!" she said. "I don't understand. What do you mean?"

"You don't understand," he said tenderly, drawing his chair a bit nearer to her. "Miss Sandford! Hilda! Haven't you a word for a poor old seaman who worships the very ground you tread on? Think it over. None but the brave deserve the fair, you know."

"You mustn't speak like this," she exclaimed, rising as though she was distressed. "You are older than I am. And I don't know that you are a brave man. I have only your word for it. Please don't speak to me about this again."

and gave up herself for lost. And then—out of the cabin came Professor Hay.

He just took one look around and saw the tiger. Then he picked up a broom that some one who had been washing decks had left leaning against the deckhouse, and pushed at the tiger with it, looking it straight between the eyes. I'd heard of the power of the human eye before, but I had never believed it until that afternoon. He kept walking forward, pushing the beast gently before him right into the waist and back into the cage. When he had it safely fastened in, he came astern again, looking not in the least bit excited or worried, and put the broom carefully back into its place. The girl was looking hard at him, and her eyes were shining, and he didn't seem to be aware of it. Hoskins had come down the rigging and was looking a trifle ashamed of himself. He hadn't known it was so easy to push tigers into their cages with a broom, or he might have had a try at it. After a bit he spook up.

"That was a fine bit of work, sir," he said. "If I hadn't seen it I couldn't have believed it."

"Oh, it's nothing," said the professor. "It's my business. I tame wild animals."

After that he seemed to dismiss the whole subject from his mind, and went down into the cabin. But I saw him, later in the evening, talking to that girl, and he must have had something important to say to her, for when the old man met her the next morning and began making excuses for himself, she cut him short.

"Captain," she said, "do you remember advising me to marry a brave man?"

"I do," said Hoskins, a bit puzzled.

"Well," she said, softly, "he asked me yesterday; and I'm going to take your advice."

Which shows you, doctor, that bravery is very much a matter of custom. As for poor old Hoskins, we had milder weather the whole way home, and he didn't even have a chance to show himself.—The Sketch.

WILD GEESSE ON MIGRATION.

How the Old Leader Gathers and Starts Them on Their Journey.

At the end of March or during the first week in April all the gray geese in the Outer Hebrides collect in one place before taking their departure for their nesting haunts within the Arctic Circle.

To estimate their numbers is impossible, says the London Mail, and to behold this vast concourse of geese is one of the sights of a lifetime. The vast host of birds stands packed together in a huge phalanx till the king of the graylegs starts the flight. As the old leader ascends 100,000 voices salute him, but none stir till from overhead he gives the call for his subjects to follow him.

Some fifty birds rise in the air and follow him, and as they go gradually assume the wedge-like formation, with three single birds in a string at the apex of the triangle, and in a few minutes are out of sight. When they have been fairly started the king returns, and after a few minutes' rest he rises into the air again, and the same process is gone through before he leads off another batch.

Again and again he returns until all are gone but 300 old veterans, which rise to meet him in the air as he flies back to them. Then, with their sovereign at their head, these also wing their way toward the Pole, not to return until the following October.

Artificial Wood From Peat.

Frequent attempts have been made to use peat as raw material for the manufacture of artificial wood. The material must, for this purpose, be fully reduced to a fibrous condition, so as to produce a fibrous and a mealy mass. This mixture is mixed with an emulsion of two parts by measure of plaster of Paris and ten or twelve of water, and is subjected for considerable time to heavy hydraulic pressure in molds, then artificially dried, polished and oiled, painted or varnished.

A more simple process is to wash the peat, without destroying its natural fibrous state, and to mix the resulting moist mass with a mixture of hydrated lime and an aluminum compound (as for instance aluminum sulphate) and press it in molds for a short time in the moist state, after which the resulting plates are allowed to harden in the air. The resultant product needs only a comparatively low pressure, and this for only a short time, and is then set out to dry in the air. The resulting artificial wood is not hygroscopic, and in order to use it for open-air work needs no painting or further impregnation. In view of the fact that the pressing operation takes only a few minutes, considerable quantities can be manufactured in comparatively small space and time.—Scientific American.

It Was His Old Tie.

One morning, as Mark Twain returned from a neighborhood morning call, sans necktie, his wife met him at the door with the exclamation: "There, Sam, you have been over to the Staves' again without a necktie! It's really disgraceful the way you neglect your dress!" Her husband said nothing, but went up to his room.



Poultry Pars.

Poultry on the farm can be made to pay better than any other stock, value considered; but it is necessary that proper care be used.

Easily-Made Dark Nest.

One of the best nest arrangements known is readily made by having a box of sufficient depth so that it can be stood on its end with one board removed on one side and the top fastened to the wall. This box is set on the floor, with the face to the wall and the nesting material put inside on the floor. First line the box with building paper to keep the light out of the cracks. The one board removed on the one side, next to the wall, will leave a sufficient opening for the hen to enter, and then a hinged cover may be made and so that the eggs may be gathered and the nesting material renewed without difficulty. Hens will lay more eggs if the nests are dark than when they are light.

See Nonsense.

After stumbling more or less quietly for a few years, the romantic tale that the bees drop into each cell a small drop of poison from the sting before sealing up the cell, using the sting as a trowel to work the wax, seems to have started anew its round of the public press. To any who have sent in clippings of the kind, possibly wondering what foundation there may be for the yarn, it may be said on the authority of a bee expert that it is all a work of imagination. Its originator, seeming to think it true, but never offering a particle of proof. Of course, none of the papers that give it currency will bother themselves with a contradiction, and the only thing that can be done is patiently to allow it to run its course and die out, only to be resurrected seven years later by some penny-a-liner who has nothing else sensational on hand.—Boston Cultivator.

Raise Your Own Meat.

The Poland China is the best hog to raise to my knowledge. When pigs are about two or three weeks old I make a small pen, put a trough inside and put a little milk and hominy in this, scattering some shelled corn on the ground, and in a few days the pigs begin to come in and stick their noses in the trough, tasting the milk and nibbling at the corn. In a week or so they are very anxious for it, and I increase the quantity. Milk is the best drink for young pigs; it keeps them growing. I do not feed for fat, but for frame. I give them a nice green pasture to go over with plenty of fresh water and good shady places for the pigs when hot weather comes. This prevents sickness and makes bone and muscle. To make a hog grow he must have a clean pen, exercise, plenty of pure fresh water and must be fed at regular times, with a variety in diet.

Don'ts For Poultrymen.

Don't keep your house without hens; your garbage can will feed several. Don't bank on "twice two are four" in poultry raising. Don't expect to succeed without some hard work and study. Don't try to get along without two or more poultry journals. (I take seven.) Don't begin with several varieties. Don't begin on a large scale. Don't think that any old place will do in which to raise poultry. Don't sell the best of your flock. Don't set a hen where other fowls can molest her. Don't disturb a sitting hen or an incubator when the chicks are hatching; wait twenty-four hours. Don't put too many chicks in a brooder. Don't feed baby chicks wet food; prepared food is best. Don't count your chickens before they are hatched. Don't forget to feed regularly. Don't forget that green food is good to feed the year round, and it lessens your grain bills. Don't overfeed, but be sure you feed enough. Don't feed corn alone, except for fattening. Don't throw grain on the bare floor or the ground; make the birds scratch for it in deep litter. Don't forget to have plenty of shade for fowls in the summer. Don't put fowls in a filthy place; have good drainage. Don't neglect to find the cause when things go wrong. Don't guess at accounts, but keep books. Don't allow sick birds with your flock.—Successful Poultry Journal.

Beans and Cabbages.

The most important point in bean culture, to my thinking, is the first hoeing. This must be done right to get even fair results. Without it there will be a very poor crop and tough, stringy pods, as well as small ones. The first hoeing, if done right, will in itself insure a fair crop.

The first hoeing must be done as soon as the beans are up. When they poke their noses above the ground and put forth their first green leaves, they also carry the kernels of the old seed with them on the stalk. These kernels divide into the two halves just under the first leaves. These must be covered at once. This is all that the first hoeing calls for, and, indeed, all that is necessary in future hoeings is to keep these old seeds covered by soil. If these two kernels are not covered at once but are allowed to dry in the air, the vine will lose vigor. If the bean is to have only one hoeing, I would say by all means let it be this one. As a matter of fact the bean should have at least one hoeing after this, preferably two, and always up to the lowest leaf. I must repeat the order for the first hoeing, because it is so important. Cover the old bean kernels at once and keep them covered. If you do not, you will lose half the vine can offer you in the way of healthy pods. I have seen beans go to waste because this hoeing was neglected. Also do not hoe beans when the vines are wet or damp. The pods will rust if you do. Hoe only when weather is dry and there is no dew on the vines.

Dairy Farming.

Dairy farming adds to instead of subtracting from the fertility of the farm and the dairyman leaves to posterity the land over which he has held stewardship in better condition than he found it. Dairying adds to the profits of the farm without making much difference to the other branches of farming carried on. Mixed farming is recognized as the best, and where dairying is included with the other branches will be found the most progressive of all farming. It fits in and rounds out perfect farming, it fits a place that cannot be filled by any other industry with the same degree of financial success. Dairying is the highest form of agriculture. The dairy farmer grows crops to feed his cows and makes his money from the products of the herd. He becomes a manufacturer of finished goods from raw products and sells his manufactured goods to the consumer, taking to himself all the profits the manufacturer usually gets. Where dairying becomes the principal business of a neighborhood more cows are kept but other stock do not disappear, for progressive dairymen understand the value of calves and appreciate the fact that money may be made raising them and pigs are kept to turn the skim milk into good money. It is not to be wondered that dairy farming has been looked upon as an honorable calling for the earliest times and the products of the dairy farm have risen

The Ideal Life

Nath'l C. Fowler Declares That It Is Lead by the Country Editor.

The country editor is no less an editor than his city contemporary, yet he lives in an entirely different atmosphere and works under conditions impossible for the city, writes Nath'l C. Fowler. He is the great big toad in the little puddle, and the prominent man of his locality, with every opportunity for the realization of ordinary ambition. True, the country editor may not climb to the pinnacle of journalism, but to be at the top of a country newspaper is more remunerative, and far more pleasant, than it is to desperately cling half way up the shaft of national fame. There is nothing happier and surer than the life of a country editor. His income is small, but so are his expenses. If he is a decent fellow he is respected, and nobody in town is too good for him.

The influence of the country press, in its aggregate, is the greatest power for good which the past has ever seen, which the present has ever experienced and the future has ever dared to suggest. The country newspaper has done more for progress, and has pushed civilization farther to the front, than all other influences for good combined, save that of religion. The life of a country editor is as close to the ideal as civilization has yet permitted. His average income is from \$1000 to \$1500 a year. The maximum income of a country editor and proprietor does not exceed \$6000 to \$7000, except in very exceptional cases, and comparatively few receive beyond the \$5000 mark, but quite a number get from \$3000 to \$3000 annually, usually with the assistance of the printing office connected with the newspapers.

Most country editors are proprietors, few country newspapers being edited by salaried men.

The weekly country newspaper, as a rule, has but one editor, who does substantially all the work, often including the reporting. Usually the bulk of the work is done by the editor himself, or perhaps by his reporter, if he hires one, with the exception of the out-of-town news items, which come from various correspondents, few of whom receive any money for their services.

There is no sharp line drawn between the country weekly newspaper editor and reporter, as they do similar work, the editor doing more editing than reporting, and the reporter more reporting than editing.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

They seek in vain for power who fear all pain. Toleration may be but a synonym for sloth. He can not reach earth who does not touch heaven. The man who will not waste his love always wastes his life. It's easy to have large ideas of liberality with other people's money. The heart that is hot with passion may have an icy face for the poor. He can not be a light to others who is unwilling to be consumed himself. Accepting favors means carrying a load of observations. Before an old man makes a marrying fool of himself he begins to argue that he is not so old. Everyone naturally dislikes those people who are so good they suggest the top line in a copy. Which brings worse luck: To break a mirror or to spend a lot of time every day standing in front of one? The only men who ever complained of God's service were those who sought His pay roll for their own promotion. When a man asks a girl to let him call her by her first name it means he thinks her last name ought to be changed. It is a good plan to listen to every mother you meet in order that you may find out who is the smartest child in town. When a woman takes her sewing to the back room "for quiet," the truth is that she is trying to get used to her first glasses. Tact in a married woman consists in refusing to remind her husband in his cross moments of what he used to say to her when he was in love. If any one shall say unto thee that thou knowest nothing, and notwithstanding that thou must not be vexed, then know that thou hast begun thy work.—Epictetus. When a woman demands that a doctor should be sent for, her husband should put the two dollars in her pocketbook and refuse; she will then get to thinking of how she will spend the money, and all will soon be well. It is so that we must come to the sense of the deepness of the blessing of the life we live. Go into the heart of it, at whatever labor and pain; enter mightily into its duties; watch not for its shadow, alone, as complainers do, but most of all for its light.—Robert Collyer.

Symposium.

"Push," said the Button. "Take pains," said the Window. "Never be led," said the Pencil. "Always keep cool," said the Ice. "Be up to date," said the Calendar. "Do business on tick," said the Clock. "Never lose your head," said the Barrel. "Make light of everything," said the Fire. "Do a driving business," said the Hammer. "Aspire to greater things," said the Nutmeg. "Never do anything off hand," said the Glove. "Be sharp in all your dealings," said the Knife. "Trust to your stars for success," said the Night. "Do the work you are suited for," said the Flue. "Get a good pull with the ring," said the Doorbell. "Find a good thing and stick to it," said the Glue. "Make much of small things," said the Microscope. "What is the secret of success?" asked the Sphinx. "Strive to make a good impression," said the Seal.—Life.

District Attorney Jerome, of New York, pleads guilty to three winks, candy eating, cooking strange dishes and making furniture.

QUERY.

When compy comes to visit us We alius makes a lot of fuss, An' use our bestest china set An' solid-silver forks, you bet! An' nothing is too nice to bake— Not custard pie nor angel cake. It's just becuz they're grand! But say, Why ain't we jes' as good as they?

Ma she puts on her rustly dress, An' she shaves twice a day, I guess, An' shines her shoes, an' I mus' wear My Sunday red tie everywhere! We're all polite as we can be, An' no one's cross or petchy. It's diff'rent when they're gone away— But ain't we jes' as good as they?

I don't see why the comp'ny is So better'n we ourselves—gee whizz! Er why we have to go an' treat Them with a lot of stuff to eat. That we don't have when they ain't here! What makes us stay if it's up-oh, dear! Why don't we alius live that way? Ain't we worth things as much as they? —Edwin L. Sabin, in the Woman's Home Companion.

FLASHERS OF FLYING

"I couldn't get a seat in the cars today." "Oh, that's a complaint of long standing."—Judge. "Is your business on a running basis yet?" "I should say so; I always run when I see a creditor coming."—Princeton Tiger. Willie put his stockings on Wrongside out, a naughty whim, And Willie put his hat on inside. Mother turned that nose on him. "There's Madeline, she's beginning to show her age, isn't she?" "You mean she's beginning to hide it."—Harper's Bazar. Tommy—"Papa, what is a consulting physician?" Papa—"He is a doctor who is called in at the last moment to share the blame."—Life. Grace—"I hear that Charlie and Helen have made up their quarrel." Gussie—"Only temporarily. They are going to be married soon."—Chicago Daily News. Mr. Saphedde—"I—aw—really cawn't believe the things I cawn't understand, don't you know?" Miss Pert—"What a terrible skeptic you must be."—Philadelphia Record. Bobbs—"Is the population of London more dense than that of New York?" Slobs—"Sure. Didn't you every try to tell an Englishman a joke?"—Philadelphia Record. "Yes, kissing's often overdone." She answered him; "It's horrid When men ignore the lips of one And kiss one on the forehead."—Philadelphia Press. "How fur is it for de land or con-tout?" "It's 'ordin'ly fur; how much faith you got. If you think you in it, dar you is. En of you don't—well, it's ten mile furdur on."—Atlanta Constitution. Ethel—"I showed papa one of your poems and he was delighted." Scribbler—"Indeed?" Ethel—"Yes; said it was so bad he thought you'd probably be able to earn a living at something else."—Judge. Teacher—"How many commandments are there, Sally?" Sally—"Eleven, teacher, sir." Teacher—"Suppose you were to break a commandment." (Impressive pause.) Sally—"Then there'd be nine."—Punch. Ethel—"I wonder why Maude is afraid to venture out in a shower." Mayme—"She's hunting for a husband." Ethel—"What has that got to do with it?" Mayme—"She believes in keeping her powder dry."—Chicago Daily News. In addressing the Saturday Night Club in Topeka Joseph L. Bristow said: "There are two ways of getting into the United States Senate. Then some one interrupted him by asking: 'What's the other way?'"—Kansas City Star. "I have here some jokes." "You what?" asked the editor. "I said I have here some jokes." "O, you have there some jokes. What kind of jokes are they?" "Now, brand new. Never been used before." "Can't use 'em," said the editor. "It takes our readers too long to get used to the new ones. Good day."—Milwaukee Sentinel. "Too Much 'Fanny Business.'" A well-known Kentuckian tells of a marriage ceremony that a Justice of the Peace in the Blue Grass State was hurriedly called upon one day to perform. It appears that the bridegroom, a big mountaineer, very roughly dressed had brought his prospective bride with him to the office of the Clerk of the Court, thinking to secure his license and have the ceremony performed at one visit. When his license had been duly granted the mountaineer asked if there was a Justice of the Peace then in the court house who could tie the knot. Upon being advised by the Clerk that he himself was a Justice of the Peace and that he was willing to join the two lovers, the bridegroom said: "Waal, then, we're ready; go ahead!" "But you'll have to secure two witnesses," smilingly observed the Clerk and Justice, "before I can proceed." At this the mountaineer demurred, saying that he did not care for witnesses. Nevertheless, he was convinced in a moment that this formality was an indispensable one, and accordingly the necessary witnesses were procured and the ceremony began. When the couple had promised to love, obey, etc., together with the rest of the service, the Justice of the Peace quite innocently observed that the bridegroom should "kiss the bride." Thereupon the mountaineer exhibited fresh impatience at the exactions of the official. "Look here!" he exclaimed, angrily, "it seems to me that you're draggin' in a lot of funny business in this weddin'. Why, I kissed her before we came in!"—Success. Apothecian of Meanness. Here is an editor who has been coughed in a sore spot. The Okmungee (I. T.) Democrat says this of some residents of its town: "A man may use the mole on the back of his neck for a collar button; he may ride a freight to save three cents a mile; he may light the lamp with a splinter to save matches; he may stop his watch at night to save wear; use a period for a semicolon to save ink, and pasture his grandmother's grave to save hay, but a man of this kind is a scholar and a gentleman compared to a man who will take a newspaper and when asked to pay for it put it back in the postoffice, marked 'Refused.'"