"As Darby Says to Joan." "Well, now, the sun's a power o' heat! The sap's a-running strong-I stopped in with the boys a bit There, as I come along:

The cowslip swamp was budded thick With now and then one blown-I fetched a couple in my hat"-As Darby says to Joan.

"We'll have the cattle out to grass Come Pass-day, I'll be bound: Hear how the creeters stamp and low Soon as they smell the ground? It's time to rake the gardin off And set a bonefire goin'; Plan out the heds to suit ye, wife"-As Darby says to Joan.

"It seems with while, a day like this, Jes' to ha' wintered thru: I feel the sun clear to my soul, Old as I be, I do. Mebby it would look awkward-like

To get to Heaven alone: I'd full as lives stay on a spell"-As Darby says to Joan.

"You ain't forgot the old side porch, Back whar the grapevine hung! They think folks didn't court and kiss When me and you was young! Jes' such another likely day The parson made us one As, hitching up his chair a bit, Darby says to Joan.

- [Dora Read Goodale, in Independent.

A FAULT REDEEMED.

BY WILLIAM THOMSON.

In Livingston county, Michigan, there is a small, land-locked take, not noted on extant maps, but locally known as Whalen lake.

One Sunday morning, five summers ago, Willie Johnson, the 14-year-old son of a farmer's widow living near the lake, said to his mother after his 'ittle chores were done:

"Mother, Johnnie Porter and Alf Hughes (neighboring boys about his own age) are going in swimming to day. May I go along?

"Well, my son," replied Mrs. Johnson, "You know that I don't much like Sunday sports, but I suppose you boys do need a good wash after your week's work in the harvest field, and if you'll promise to merely take a bath close to shore and then come straight home you may go. But don't forget vourselves.

"Oh, no; we'll be very careful. mother, and not get into danger. Besides, we're all good swimmers," rejoined Willie, and with a goodby kiss he scampered gleefully away, while his mother, already half regretting her decision, looked after him with a sigh,

On reaching the lake he found his comrades waiting for him and in possession of a small boat, to which they were fitting oars, while a similiar craft lay a ongside.

"Why, boys," inquired William, "where did you get the boat? My mother did'nt gave me leave to go sailing, and I promised that we'd just take a good bath, and not run into any danger."

" "Oh, it's all right, Will," explained some fishermen on the other side of the lake. They've gone to the village, I s'pose, and we're going to borrow this one for a little while and have

"Yes," broke in Alfred Hughes, "we'll have a good time. Jump right in, Will, and we'll row out to the middle of the lake and take something like a swim."

Willie Johnson rather demurred at this extension of the programme, but, flash. boylike, allowed himself to be overruled, and the three thoughtless youngsters were quickly affoat. The water, though deep to the very shore, was smooth as a mirror, and so wondrously clear that the pebbly bottom could be everywhere plainly seen.

The boys, shouting and laughing with delight, pulled out to a spot about three hundred yards equi-dist int from either bank, and then Alf Hughes proposed that they should anchor the boat, undress and swim ashore, when, if too tired for a return trip, they would take the other skiff to the village for a doctor, and soon and so recover the first and their clothes.

This plan was enthusiastically approved of, and, dropping the little anchor, the boys threw off their scanty garments and plunged fearlessly overboard.

"Let's see who'll touch the land first?" cried Johnnie Porter as the three glistening forms rose to the surface again.

"All zight," yelled the others, and each one struck out at his best speed. Now Whalen Lake is led principally by living springs and, even in the heat of summer, its waters are decidedly cold. All the youngsters thought themselves good swimmers, but they had never tried a course half gone one hundred yards their own forced exertions and the low temper- evitable. ature of the water began to tell upon

However, they pushed gamely on steadily on never despairing, yet dar- back-[Chicago Post.

vance, Hughes next and Willie Johnson a bad third.

Suddenly the latter called out: "Help me, Alf! I'm tired out."

"So am I," dotefully cried Johnnie Porter from his leading position. "I don't believe I can reach shore."

"You go right on, Johnnie, and try lantly said Hughes, and the brave litcomrade's side.

"You're safe enough, Willie," he cheerily sputtered. "Put one hand on my shoulder, and keep straight as a log and I'll tow you in."

For some distance further the overweighted swimmer struggled manfully on, encouraging his helpless burden as best he could. Then, when -Alf-I'm-numb-all - over! I'll -drown-you-:oo-if-1- hold on. Tell-mother-I- was - sorry. Good-by." And removing his cold hand the young hero sank like a stone,

Alfred Hughes knew only too well that he could not have sustained himself, and his companion as well, for twenty seconds longer; but the know edge that Willie had voluntarily relinquished his only hope of life in order that he might be saved sent a thrill through his chilled frame and he managed to call out brokenly:

"Johnnie! the beat!-quick! quick! Willie 14 gone!"

But Johnnie had just dragged himself by a supreme effort ashore, and could not have surred, at the moment, to save a world.

"Oh! Willie, Willie!" cried Alf, as if his friend could hear him, "I can't dive for you. I must die, too. There's no hope!"

Is there, indeed, none? Ab, ves. by Heaven's mercy, one, slight thought it may be as a gossamer thread; for at this instant there came, running swiftly down the slope to the water's edge, the two men who owned the boats and who, from the window of an overlooking house, had seen the exhausted boy go down.

Never pausing in their eager race, not even stopping to ask a question, they sprang into the ready skiff and shot like an arrow from the shore.

"Don't stop! Don't stop for me!" faltered Alf Hughes, as they swept alongside, "A few yards further outstraight in a line with the other boat! Ob, hurry! good men, hurry!"

One man is rowing, the other watching, and now, ten yards beyond the self-forgetful Hughes, he sees, while peering anxiously over the side, a white body lying motionless on the bottom twelve feet below the surface.

"Hack water! steady her, George!" he cries to his mate, and down like a plummet he darts to the rescue. In two seconds he is up again, his hand John Porter, "the skiffs belong to twined in the boy's long hair. Another second and both are in the boat.

> Willie has been submerged possibly No breath is wasted in words, no raction of time in dallying. The hardy fisherman, who still holds the oars, with one long, sweeping stroke, turns the bow shoreward; his com. panion picks up the exhausted Alf as the boat flies along, and the fifty intervening yards are passed over in a

> Then the dry man lifts the drowned youth out to the hot sand, takes off his own upper garments and wraps him up, while his friend goes for the anchored skiff. Quickly returning, the two bear the still form tenderly to the house whence they themselves have lately come, leaving the now reviving John and Alfred to resume their clothing and follow when strong enough.

While one of the resquers assists the good people of the house in their efforts at resuscitation, the other hurries off everything which skill can suggest is being done for the unconscious sufferer.

Meantime a swift-footed messenger has been sent to Mrs. Johnson's and the distracted mother arrives to find her only son apparently beyond all human help. Not a sob, nor murmur, nor complaint does she utter, nothing to disturb the work in hand; but with tearless eyes and pale cheeks lends herself to the doctors, and with an enforced calmness sadly belied by her bursting heart.

Minutes passed away, a quarter, a half hour has gone, and yet there is no sign of returning life. John and Alf know." arrive, and without unwonted solemnity sent themselves in an outer room, so long as this, and before they had awaiting in awe-stricken ellence the dread verdict which to both seems in-

> But the skiled physician, a man of large experience in such cases, works ness stepped down was not called

for fifty yards further, by which time | ing to whi-per to the self-repressing young Porter was some distance in ad- mother only vaguest words of hope. The labor is hard and the perspiration pours down the good man's tace as h tries by alternately pressing and releasing his patient's chest and raising and depressing his arms to restore the action of the lungs. Nearly an hour has glided by, and still the beautiful clay fles there inanimate as a marble to get the boat. I'll help Willie," gal- | image. A portentous hush, profound as that of death itself, prevades the tie fellow turned back to his distressed | room; the tensely drawn nerves of the voiceless praying woman-the widowed, perhaps childless, mother-began to give way. All seems in vain. Her darling, wiltul, loving boy is certainly dead and she-she is henceforth alone. Is this, then, the end of fourteen years tender care? Blessed be His name, no: for, see! there is a new look in the doctor's watching eyes. no more than fifty yards from shore, He bends still lower, lays his ear close Willie faintly gasped: "It's-no-use | to the boys heart, places his long, white fingers on the pulse, and saysoh, so reverently!-the simple, lifegiving words:

"He is saved!"

Then, as the long pent-up waters or an ice-bound fountain are released by the springtime sun, the blessed tears gush from the happy mother's eyes, and with an inarticulate cry of thanksgiving she sinks to the floor, weak and belotess as a new-born babe.

When she has regained some measure of strength, her boy has passed through the paroxysm of pain incident to returning circulation of the blood and, as she presses her lips lovingly to his, he whispers those two touching words, to which no true woman has ever yet since the creation of the world turned a deaf ear: "Mother, forgive!" -- and the hovering angel of peace, we may well believe, soars heavenward with the glad tidings that a repentant and redeemed soul is lent for a while longer to earth .- [New York Adver-

Friendship of a Canary and a Rat. Mrs. Pert Atherion of the Fulton House has a canary bird and a white rat which afford great amusement for herself and other guests of the house. The bird possesses considerable talent ns a songster, and oftentimes when Mrs. Atherton has company Dick's cage has to be darkened in order that the conversation may proceed. Dick's greatest joy, however, is to ride upon the back of the white rat, and when they are turned loose in the room he immediately takes his position upon Femy's back and insists upon being carried about the room. Should the rat stop to eat a peanut thrown to him by his mistress, Dick will flap his wings, soold, and peck the back of Femy until she makes another circuit of the room.

Miss Rat does not always take kindly to this manner of treatment, and on one occasion became so angry that she bit off one of the little yellow fellow's toes. Dick, in consequence of the loss of this all-important member, was confined to his cage for a number of days, and, like a human two minutes. If may yet be saved! invalid, was fed upon the daintiest dishes the market could afford, His four-legged companion seemed miss him very greatly in her morning romps, and when the warbler was again able to be about, showed every evidence of a desire to renew friendship with the bird that she had so wilfully wronged. Dick granted her his pardon, and yesterday afternoon they gave one of their old-time entertainments to a number of admirers .-(San Francisco Examiner.

Badgering a Witness.

The old style of badgering a witness has almost disappeared from many courts; but in a Western Kansas town it is still kept up, sometimes, however, to the damage of the crossexaminer. Lawyer S. is well known for his uncomely habits. Il cuts his hair about four times a year and the rest of the time looks decidedly ragged about the ears. He was making a witness describe a barn that figured in his last case:

How long had this barn been

"Oh, I don't know. About a year, mebby-about nine month, p'r'aps. .But just how long? Tell the jury

now long it has been built." "Well, I don't known, exactlyquite a while,"

"Now, Mr. B., you pass for an in telligent farmer and yet you can't tell how old this barn is, and you have lived on the next farm for ten years. Can you tell how old your own house is? Come now-tell us how old your own house is, if you think you

Quick as lightning the old farmer replied: "Ye want to know how old my house is, do ye? Well, it's about as old as ye be and needs shinglin' about as bad!"

In the roar that followed the wit-

FOR FARM AND GARDEN.

WIDE TIRE FOR FARM WAGONS. The common or narrow tire, now in use, is from one and three-fourths to two inches in width, while, if the width had been not less than three inches, the extra cost would not have been five dollars more per set of four wheels. Three-inch tires can be used upon land that is moist, while the same load, with a two-luch tire, would allow the wheels to have sunken more than a third deeper, have drawn correspondingly harder, cut up the land, and strained the wagon far more than with the wide tires. There is no question but that if manufacturers will put on the market a well-made farm wagon with three or four-inch tires, they will find a ready market, or if they will, at a reasonable price, furnish on extra set of wheels, the wheels being smaller in diameter, and with three and one-half inch tire, many farmers would purchase them. -[American Agriculturist

SHALLOW CULTIVATION FOR CORN.

In conversation with a neighboring farmer recenty, and one that "banke" from \$2000 to \$3000 annually, as the net proceeds of a 160-acre farm, writes A. G. Cha-e of Kansas, he said: "Year by year I am still more convinced that shallow cultivation is the best for a corn crop, and unless we have some way to firm the ground well, shallow breaking as well." I think this is true with some slight modifications. A heavy loam should be broken deeper than a sandy soil. Every other year or every third year the light soil, if corn follows corn, should be turned up to the depth of ten to twelve inches, but immediately after planting, the roller, or some weighted contrivance that will pack the ground, should be used.

A heavy loam that is tile drained will give better results, broken live to six mches, than it will at ten to twelve inches, and save the work of one to two horses, and I am satisfied this is true, too, for a wheat crop. But It must be borne in mind, that in all prairie countries the wind is almost an everyday occurrence during the spring and summer months, and if we have ten days without rain where the ground has not been well firmed or packed, it will take the moisture out of the soil to a depth of two inches. This point, too, has its bearing upon the after-cultivation of the crop. A judicious rotation, in which clover plays an important part, will clear the ground from weeds, and thus render the close plowing of the crop needless, and if "listing" is practiced save much labor. - [American Agricul-

REARING JERSEY HEIFERS.

As the Jerseys are special milking animals, the heifers and the bull calves as well do not require such feeding as will make them fat, but such as will develop in the best way the vital organs and the bony frame. The di. gestive organs are the special tenture that is digested is turned to good use, and the more active the digestion is, the more food is profitably disposed of. Thus the whole milk of the cow, especially the rich milk of the Jersey, is not desirable for the heifer intended for a dairy, as it will tend to fat rather than to flesh and the tissue of the vital organs, which contain a large proportion of nitrogen and little fat. The skimmed milk contains this nitrogen and the bone-making material, and thus builds up the strong, healthful frame that is required for a milking

The milk, however, should be given warm as it is naturally and in sufficient quantities to be fully digested. This is important, as a healthful animal is indispensable for profit in any dairy. The milk required is six quarts a day at the beginning, in three feeds, and should be gradually increased as the calf grows. When a month old a little fine cornmeal and bran may be given by hand, and as it begins to eat the meal may be put in a feed box in the stall. Thus the young thing is led along gradually until it is five or six months old, when the milk is no longer required and may be dispensed with. It is best not to let such a calf suck the cow, and it will never be any trouble afterward and its calves will easily learn to drink, and in time the progeny may lose the instinct to suck, in a measure .- [New York Times.

BIRDS ON THE FARM.

Birds regulate the equilibrium of insects. Most all insects do a large amount of good to plant production by mixing pollen in the flowers, making of small and worthless fruits and ridge and cover deeply. In a few seeds. The Creater regulated insect. days the top earth should be raked off.

bird and grain products on earth that one should balance the other one. Men may destroy the birds because they are large, but, with all their poisons and insect catching machinery. they will never destroy the little pestiferous insects; therefore let the birds

A farmer in this place had forty-five acres sowed in wheat and it was coming up, and the grasshoppers were hatching and eating it and that of the neighbors about as fast as it came up. All at once came along from the North a very large drove of blackbirds that alighted over the fields, and that farmer felt happy.

All other farmers about him shot and scared the birds away from their farms, and as there was a prairie pond (swarl) on the man's farm, in the bushes surrounding which the birds would fly and alight as a place for protection, the farmer would let them stay on his farm, and the results were plantly seen next harvest. The results were that this farmer got a very full crop of wheat and his neighbors got from a balf crop to nothing. This farmer estimated that the drove of black-birds saved \$200 to him on his

Another year a farmer had fortyseven acres in corn, and a large drove of English sparrows was seen flying over and alighting on the corn about silking time. I went and diligently examined the situation and found the early silked cars full of a black bug, esting off the silk, and many on the ground an I crawling up on the stalks.

These birds lived about the field until all the bugs were enten and then flow away, and there was an extra crop of corn. This same field was sown in wheat and the grasshoppers are onehaif. It was then sown in clover and it was cut early that it might seed well; but the grasshoppers hatched out by millions, ate off the leaves and there was no seed produced, where, if there had been no grasshoppers, or if there had been birds to have eaten the "hoppers," there would have been at least \$400 worth of cloverseed raised. Here are three instances that I have personally observed and know to be facts, says Henry Hurd in the Cincinnati Gazette, and they are conclusive evidence that birds do millions of dollars' worth of good to the American horticulturists and agriculturists.

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES. Early planting is necessary for a good crop of onions.

Growing fruits need potash and phosphoric fertilizers.

Plant both early and late varieties of pointoes to be sure of a crop. The least molested the weeds are

the greater will be the crop next It is next to impossible to have an

over production of first-class fruit in this country. If you desire to know how good a

farmer a man is, it is necessary to examine the crops that he grows, rather than to know the number of acres he

The best market for the products of the farm, orchard or garden is the family table, and the most profitable products are usually those that can be used at home.

Grass reeds a solid, firm soil to grow freely and live long. Yet it is hard work to get the ordinary farmer to use the roller after or before sowing grass seed.

The Ohio raspberry is valuable for evaporating. On account of their pardiness, Turner and Thwack raspberries are reported suited to cultivation in sections unfavorable to fruit.

The inexperienced often make the mistake of thinking that bees are ever on the alert to sting something or somebody. They have no time to go idly around stinging, with no cause. When a bee stings, it usually has a good, logical reason for so doing.

A hop vine makes as fine a covering for a trellis over the back door or the outbuildings as some of the plants that are used for that purpose, which are simply ornamental instead of useful, and there are many purposes to which good, bright hops can be put in the family economy.

A farmer says: "Last March I sowed a rich, sunny spot with early turnip and long scarlet radials seed, covering the soil at night with s sprinkle of straw, and raking it off warm days, until the plants were well up. The result was a crop away ahead of the regular sowing."

For peas the best fertilizer has large per cent. of phosphoric acid and potash, but not much nitrogen. Early kinds of peas are not expensive, and honey and causing thinness where they may be planted as soon as the plants would otherwise overbear crops ground is thawed. Plant them on a CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

THE KING'S POOL. The fool kept by the King Was quite a stupid bore. Although, at everything, His Maje ty would roar,-"There's nothing in his chaff," Sud be, "to cause me mirth. But st li I have to laugh To get my money's worth." - St. Nicholas

A WALRUS HUNT IN ARCTIC SEAS.

The walitts was made fast to the stere, and then we rowed for the ship, delighted with our success. Our exultation was brief, for, as we were towing this immense burden, weighing, as we found afterward, nearly 1400 pounds, one of the party shouted excitedly, "Look ahead, boys! We are in for It!"

Advancing upon us in stern battlearray with regular, unbroken column, came a herd of between thirty and forty walrns. It was a grand sight. On they came with swift and vigorous strokes, their great, dark-brown forms in strong contrast with the ice-covered sea, ther huge, hard-visaged heads erect, their long, sharp ivory tusks glistening ferociously in the sunlight. Their bloodshot eves were fixed upon us with vengetui in:ent.

We, however, were as eager as they for the fray. Aglow with excitement and exhibitration, we wet their fierce onslaught with a volley from our rifles that even those determined beasts could not withstand. But they withdrew only for a moment; then, belowing lowly with rage, they made a second desperate effort to reach our bont. One huge monster who led the ranks dived, and it appeared as if he would come just below the stern. Up he came alongside, and reared his ungainly head in order to hook his tusks over the gun wale of the boat. That we had to prevent; for had he succeeded in getting them over the side, his immense weight, even unaided by any effort on his part, would have capsized our boat as if it were but a racing-shell. Our artist fired into the tough hide only a few feet away. I grasped the nearest weapon, -an iceax,-but the blow from it made no more impression than if it had been a light wand, except that it enraged him still more.

Again he raised his tusks, and renewed his attempt; but then our brave commander planted a good-size t rifle-ball in the nape of the neck-a vital point. We had had a narrow escape; for, once upset, even had we avoided the jaws of those angry brutes, swimming in that icy water to one of the distant icebergs would have been extremely perilous. In the mean time the herd of wairns, bewildered and frightened, many having been killed or wounded, turned and retreated in hasty disorder.

Then, towing our two wairus, a weight of over three thousand pounds. we rowed for our ship, the "Kite."

It was very slow and ardnous work. But we felt secure, thinking we were done with our impetuous arctic enemies. They were of a different mind; certainly they were not done with us. For as we pulled with aching arms and weary backs, a loud shout from one of the men warnel us that our fancied security was to be disturbed. Right shead appeared a pack of some 50 walrus; and scarce had we time to collect ourselves and prepare for battle, when another group was seen off the starboard bow-then still another off the port bow! We were completely surrounded, and in the distance many more dark bodies were made out, evidently swimming toward us.

The sea was alive with them. The wounded had retreated only to summon aid -to collect their scattered forces. More enraged than ever, they had returned to wreak dire vengeance on the presumptuous foreign intruders. This time it seemed as if our hunt was to have a disastrous ending.

Undannied by our fire, on they came, some to within fifteen or twenty feet. We tried to make every shot tell. Some grasped the oars to row for the ship, and one brandished the heavy ship's ax, to prevent them from thrusting their, tusks over the side of the boat. Now the fight had reached the height of excitement. Herds of maddened walrus were on all sides, and the sharp, rapid reports of the rifles were followed by the peculiar, discordant howling and bellowing of the infuriated beasts. We still clung to our unwieldy spoils, which made it impossible to attain any headway. At first we harriedly debased whether we should not try to reach a low iceberg; but now that our passage was blocked on all sides, the only choice left us was to fight it out then and there.

At last, beaton and dismayed, our pursuers yielded, turned and fort --