

The Infinite.

"Oh, son," I said, "O' restless sea, What of the life that here we see? What doth it hold for those who stand As one upon thy waves-beat strand?"
"For the voyage they quit the land?"
Thus answered me the glorious sea, With its mysterious melody.
"Infinite! Infinite!"
"O' son," I said, "O' beautiful sea, What of the love that roars in thee? Two forms thou foldest face to face, They clasp 'em yet in fond embrace— What of the love we here can trace?"
Thus answered me the glorious sea, With its mysterious melody.
"Infinite! Infinite!"
"O' sea," I said, "O' solemn sea, For those can aught more ever be? They lived, they loved, they rest at last; What of the death to which they passed— To another safe from every blast?"
Thus answered me the glorious sea, With its mysterious melody.
"Infinite! Infinite!"
"O' son," I said, "O' wand'rous sea, What of thyself? Unbounded sea, Thy trackless waters surge and roll; What president, mighty, deathless soul First fashioned thy dependent whorl?"
Thus answered me the glorious sea, With its mysterious melody.
"Infinite! Infinite!"
—Bretton Clayton.

TAKEN AT HIS WORD.

Like other rising places in the land of the setting sun, Double Mountain had a saloon, a blacksmith shop, a store, a creek placed conveniently by a beneficent Providence, and a bad man to prevent the town from stagnating.

But Faro Charlie was not a very bad man. He hardly ever shot anybody. His contributions to Double Mountain benevolent were very few, so few indeed that Sweetwater held him in contempt. But there Charlie would have been reckoned a good, quiet citizen. A man's reputation for "badness" depends so greatly on the character of the other folks about him.

As a matter of fact Charlie never thought of killing any one who left him entirely alone and did not interfere with him. He could get on for weeks without bloodshed. It had not become a habit with him. There is little distinction between murder and morphine, as far as taking a grip of a man. But Charlie was moderate; he never yearned for the death of any man merely as a sop to his nerves. It is evident he was not really bad at all.

Yet he had the reputation, because he shot the first man who died in the little town, and naturally he was proud of it. But it led to his undoing.

There was in Double Mountain, working for Jim McNulty, the blacksmith, an innocent called Billy Case. Now Billy was much nearer being a real fool than Charlie was to being a real desperado. And everyone knew it. He went mooning about with a big silly face grinning at the world, and the town chaffed him a good deal. But as he didn't mind work, and was a fair chopper, he made a living by cutting mesquite firewood on the prairie. Sometimes Faro Charlie passed him on his way to Williams' Ranch, a couple of miles up the creek. He always stayed to chaff Billy, and Billy regarded it a high honor to be spoken to by so celebrated a man. He always called Charlie by his right name, Mr. Wilkins; for he had a kind of notion that the man of faro might shoot him dead if he were too familiar. "How many men have you ever killed, Billy?" asked Charlie to him one day.

"I never killed no one, Mr. Wilkins," answered the innocent, looking at him as he might have done if he had been asked whether he ever drew a check for \$10,000.

"Would you kill any one, Billy?" Billy dropped his axe into the cut of his log, and leaving it there he pondered slowly.

"Not unless I thought he meant to wipe me out, Mr. Wilkins," he answered at length.

"Good man," said Faro, and rode on.

Next time Charlie went that way he was in a happy frame of mind, full of kindness and corn, for he had taken a little pile out of a faro game, and had made a rather tough individual wilt down and take water. So when he came by Billy he sang out to him:

"Billy, Billy!"
"Yes, sir," said the chopper.

"When I come back I'm going to shoot you."

And he spurred his pony down to the pitch that led to the creek crossing. He laughed when he got over. But he left Billy staring after him goggle-eyed.

"Well," said Billy, pitifully, "what hev I done to Mr. Wilkins that makes him say that?"

He sat down on a log, and searched his empty memory for something to suggest a cause for this dreadful threat. But he could find no sufficient reason.

"I ain't agoin' to be killed for noth-

in," said Billy. "for I ain't done it." He sat thinking and thinking, and presently he walked back to Double Mountain.

"I reckon I don't feel like working this afternoon, Mr. McNulty," said he. And then he borrowed his boss's oldest gun, which he sometimes took. He had a heavy charge of powder left in his room, and he rammed it down the big bore till he had the wad jammed against that which gave no more than a wood block. He wandered into the shop and picked up such trifles as pieces of scrap iron, small bolts and a handful of nails. He put about six inches of these into the gun and jammed a piece of newspaper on top. Then he started for his working place again. He looked very pale but very determined.

He waited till nearly sundown, and when he saw Charlie loping home fast, Billy went to the edge of the downward slope and lay behind a rock. As Faro Charlie reached the top of the rise and came broadside on, Billy pulled the trigger. The charge took Faro on and above the left hip. It fairly lifted him off his pony and he fell in his very tracks. The pony galloped wildly down the road.

Charlie was not killed on the spot, and after lying still for a course of minutes he came to. With great difficulty he raised his head, and saw Billy there with the old twelve-bore in his hand. He was ghastly white, and shaking. "What—did—you—do—it for?" asked Charlie, with long pauses between each word. "You said you'd shoot me when you came back, Mr. Wilkins!"

A kind of painful grin twisted Faro's face.

"You—big fool,—I—didn't—mean— it." And his head fell back.

And then Billy fairly mounded; he leant over him and implored him not to die. But he never stirred again. By the time Billy got help he was cold as a wedge. —[Pall Mall Budget.]

Grand Display in a Hawaiian Volcano.

By the arrival of the Kinau this morning the news has been received of the overflow of the volcano of Kilauea. The following details are obtained from Philip Peck, the Hotel street importer, who visited the volcano on Friday last in company with Superintendent of Public Works W. E. Rowell:

The volcano has been constantly increasing in activity for a week past, and was particularly lively on Thursday evening, when as many as fifteen magnificent fountains of fire were sent up at one time from the bubbling and seething mass. These fiery columns were so high as to be seen from the veranda at the Volcano House, two miles distant. The sight from that place on Thursday night was indescribably grand, and is said never to have been equalled in former years.

On Friday evening, when Messrs. Peck and Rowell made their visit, the fountains were still playing, but were not so high or large as on the previous night. Both gentlemen went to the very edge of the burning lake, which at that time was more than full, the molten lava in the center was fully two feet higher than at the edges. Mr. Peck described the immense lake as being in a similar state to a glass of water which is more than full and yet does not overflow.

At times the burning mass would slop over in places and flow into the main pit ten or fifteen feet below, but a new crust would soon form and the flow stop. Mr. Rowell had a narrow escape from one of these sudden overflows, but got out of the way in time. Both gentlemen speak of the scene as most magnificent and indescribable in its grandeur.

On Saturday night the volcano was in the same condition as the previous one, but lava commenced to overflow in a steady stream. On Sunday about 7 p. m., the entire walls fell in, and the lake itself has spread out to the full extent of the pit, and now forms a molten mass about one-half by one-third of a mile in extent. After the breakdown the lava was very active, the fountains and columns being more violent than ever. The view from the hotel was then marvellous.

From another source it is learned that a sharp shock of earthquake was felt at the volcano Sunday night, and more or less throughout the entire island, although at Hilo it was scarcely perceptible. —[Hawaiian Star.]

How it Feels to be Blown Up.

There is one man in this country who can tell better than any other how it feels to be blown up, and that's John Curtis, Jr., who was nearly killed in the dynamiting of his father's boarding-house in San Francisco, and who thus describes his sensations: "You see it's so sudden. It's over just about the time you begin to under-

stand that something is happening. You know, I had the satchel in my hand, and had put it down. Then I got afraid of it. All at once everything was light. I don't think I saw the flash. Anyway, my face was not exactly toward the explosion. But then everything got light, lighter than day—kind of blinding. There was an awful crash. It was just at the same time. I was scared, of course, and wanted to get away. It was just as if I was having the nightmare.

"Some way, though, I knew just what the matter was. A man can think faster than he has any idea of. I knew that some of the others were near the explosion, and I said to myself: 'They're blown overboard, sure.' You understand, this was all in a second, all at once really.

"Then it was exactly the same as if I had been hit with a club. I thought it was a big club, bigger than any man could swing, and that it must be worked by machinery. It hit me on the head and all over. I went sailing into the air a long, long way. My ears roared and the wind blew into my face.

"I knew when I struck the ground, for I remember saying to myself, 'Well, I'm done for.' I don't know just when I lost my right senses or when they came back; but when they did come back it seemed queer that I was there yet. I thought I had been thrown somewhere else. I could feel fire burning near me. It was my clothes. They were smoking and almost blazing. I was lame all over, and could not hear very well. My voice sounded like somebody else was talking. That is all I can tell you about it."

Fake Hypnotism.

Here is one of Dr. Valentine's stories to illustrate the doubtful character of alleged hypnotic exhibitions: A Russian hypnotizer had an excellent trained subject whom he placed with another in an imaginary boat. This the "operator" upset, leaving the "subjects" to swim for their lives or drown on the dry floor. One of the "subjects" was taken with a cramp. "Help!" he screamed, "don't let me drown, Jimmy."

"Everyone for himself," returned Jimmy, "bad luck take the hindmost," and continued to strike out vigorously.

The drowning subject grasped his comrade's hair and clung to it with the desperation of death. Then the interesting struggle was interrupted by vigorous blows of a stout cane upon the body of "Jimmy."

"You young scoundrel!" exclaimed a sturdy workingman, who proved to be this subject's father, "is this what I educated you for? Is this working at your trade as a decent carpenter?"

He grasped his promising offspring by the ear and led him from the room without being dehypnotized and certainly looking very sheepish. —[St. Louis Globe-Democrat.]

A Cheap Home-made Shoe Polish.

The Detroit Free Press gives the following useful hard-times recipe: "The perfect shoe polish has at last been discovered, and just in time too, for feminine patience with the prepared polish, which cracked the leather, was about exhausted. This can be made at home and is as ridiculously cheap as it is simple. Mix cosmoline and lampblack (for a nickel you can get enough of the latter to last five years) in equal parts and apply lightly with an old toothbrush or soft rag, then wipe the shoe off with another rag, and you have a polish that lasts for days and not only gives the shoes the appearance of newness, but actually preserves the leather. No one who has used it ever goes back to the manufactured polishes, which are disagreeably shiny and are ruinous to fine leather."

Wanted His Score Wiped Out.

In a country town there lived a man who spent most of his time and money at one of the many public houses. In consequence of this and the small wage he earned, he had run up a rather long score on the slate. One day a fire occurred at this particular public house, and the fire brigade was called into requisition. Among the first at the conflagration was the convivial individual. Above the noise and din of the people assembled he was heard shouting vociferously:

"Don't fail to play on the slate!" —[Tid-Bits.]

Sure Enough.

"I see your friend Dough, the baker, cannot get away from the influence of his shop even when on vacation."

"How is that?"
"Why, when he wants a rest he talks of going away for a loaf." —[New York Press.]

FARM AND GARDEN.

OATS FOR COWS.

Owing doubtless, to the conditions of life abroad, foreign farmers are more thrifty than American. This is exemplified in the manner many of the Germans handle their oats which are intended for feed. As soon as the oats are taken to the barn, they are run through a feed cutter, and cut into inch lengths. The advantages of this method are the need of less room, readiness at all times for feeding, and immunity from mice, which can not work among the finely cut straw.

HORSE MEAT.

In France and Germany there are many stores where horse meat alone is sold. Such meat is highly esteemed. As a soup meat it is considered by many superior to beef and the soup is described as a beautiful amber color, tempting alike to eye and palate. Of course horses are not raised expressly for the butcher, but whenever an animal meets with an injury it is sold to those making a business of slaughtering horses. All animals are inspected by Government officials before killing, so that there is little danger of any diseased meat being sold.

The French reason that the horse is a cleanly animal, far superior in such respect to the hog or even the cow, and that prejudice and expense have alone operated hitherto in keeping him from entering the field in competition with them. Here is a chance for housekeepers who have long demanded a change from beef to mutton, and then back again to beef. When roasted, horse flesh is said to be rather dry and tough. —[New York World.]

DIGESTIBILITY OF CORN FODDER.

Seventy and one-half millions of acres of maize are grown yearly in the United States, mostly for the grain, but the curing of the fodder is also increasing. Feeding experiments conducted by H. J. Patterson, of the Maryland station, show that all parts of the corn plant contain valuable food materials, the dry matter having nearly the same composition. The corn stalks and husks contain sixty per cent. of the total digestible matter produced by the plant, the blades eleven per cent., and the ears twenty-nine per cent. The corn fodder from one acre produced as much digestible matter as two tons of timothy hay, and more food than was contained in the corn ears from the same acre. The husks contain seventy-two per cent. of digestible matter; the stalks, sixty-six and one-half per cent.; the blades, sixty-four and one-fifth per cent.; and the topped stover fifty-five per cent., all of which furnish a food rich in digestible carbohydrates. There is enough digestible matter produced by the corn fodder grown in the Southern States to winter all the live stock raised in those States if it were properly preserved and prepared in a palatable form. By cutting and crushing the corn stalks, cattle will eat and utilize nearly all of them. Maize fodder, fed alone, will nearly maintain cattle, but it should be supplemented with some food rich in nitrogen when feeding for the production of growth, flesh or milk. —[American Agriculturist.]

FALL PLOWING.

All the plowing that can be done during the fall months should be in preparation for the spring work. The early sowing of seed may be greatly hastened by this timely preparation. The land will be much benefited by the exposure to the frost and the atmosphere during the winter. It will be broken down and pulverized and reduced to an almost inconceivable fineness in this way, thus rendering a noteworthy portion of it available as a source of plant food. The first crops may be sown several days earlier by the preparation thus made, and this earliness is often equivalent to the saving of the oat crop. For barley it is equally serviceable, for every experienced barley grower knows how much the mellowness of the land has to do with the successful growth of this crop. Indeed, it is the same for all or any crop. Time taken by the forelock in this way is worth a great deal to the farmer, and the opportunity of securing these advantages should not be lost.

Fall-plowed land, especially if it is at all heavy and clayey, may be seeded without spring-plowing by means of a thorough harrowing with any of the coulters harrows, the action of which is in effect much like that of a plow, cutting the soil and turning it to a sufficient depth to cover the seed. This has been done some years during February or March, when the oat sowing has been done and finished long before the land could be turned by a plow. This is precisely what this val-

uable grain wants for its best growth, a cool soil and an early start, so as to escape the summer heat by which the grain is so much deteriorated. This grain needs as long a season as can be afforded, and thus this fall plowing and early harrowing by such an implement as is referred to are of the most essential benefit. —[New York Times.]

FATTENING FOR MARKET.

It is useless to try and raise all your fowls for the prize pen. Some of them are bound to be culls. So the best plan is to weed out the less promising stock at an early date.

Remove such birds—and especially all the imperfectly feathered or ill-shaped cockerels—from among their mates. Place them, fifteen or twenty together, in a closed coop, that is clean and comfortable, for them to eat and rest in, without crowding each other. Give them fresh water to drink, with a little cayenne pepper thrown into it, two or three times a week, and feed them all they will eat up clean three times a day, upon boiled corn and wheat meal with potatoes (a little salted), one part of each; into which, while hot, stir a pound of common lard, beef tallow, or chandler's scraps (perfectly sweet, mind), to six or eight quarts of mash.

Feed this out when warm—have a basin of coarse gravel handy, which they will eat all they need of, to assist digestion—occasionally mix a little powdered charcoal in this food (which latter is an excellent purifier, and guards against the souring of their food in the crop) and in two or three weeks your birds will be at their best. Kill, dress and market them, and thus make the wisest disposal you can make of all your surplus or undesirable fowls.

While this process is going on, says Grange Homes, it will be observed that the birds are in close, compact coops, open only in front. These may be placed in the barn, or anywhere most convenient for the time being. They will not suffer (thus in a body) from the cold. The coops should be set on the ground, with straw or leaves for a flooring. The heat of the fowls' bodies will serve to keep each other warm enough in the three-sided closed coops. They have no exercise, and they have nothing to do but eat, rest, sleep and grow fat. This method is simple, economical and the least troublesome. In twelve to twenty-four days, at the outside, fowls thus treated should be in their best condition for slaughtering. —[Farm, Field and Fireside.]

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

Pekin ducks are profitable. Get quality and action with size.

All hens are fat when they wish to set.

Buckwheat is a good egg-producing food.

It pays to feed green corn to the cows.

Horses and mules are very fond of pea hay.

Geraniums flower best from fall-cut cuttings.

Wheat is one of the best egg-producing foods.

Five good cows are better than fifteen poor ones.

Charcoal is eagerly devoured by hens about to lay.

It is best to keep only one or two varieties of poultry.

A sprinkling of fresh earth is one of the best disinfectants.

It is economy to supply green food to hens in confinement.

Wherever fruit is grown a spraying apparatus is a necessity.

A common-sized joint bit is generally the best to drive trotters with.

A sudden change of food will often cause a shrinkage in the cow's milk.

Sulphur should be given sparingly at all times and never in damp weather.

The bit should be made as pleasant to the horse as can be, and have him safe.

Dirt and bad smells should be carefully avoided about the milking place.

Carnations should now be taken from the ground and set in their benches.

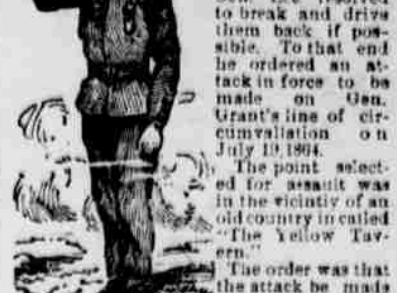
A small patch of grain sown where the fowls can get at it will promote winter laying.

The insects that chickens gather when allowed the run of the farm are a good substitute for meat.

SOLDIERS' COLUMN.

BRAVEST DEED OF THE WAR.

A Union Captain's Death Ride Into the Confederate Ranks Near Petersburg.



THE lines of the Union army were closing around Petersburg like a shroud of iron, when Gen. Lee resolved to break and drive them back if possible. To that end he ordered an attack in force to be made on Gen. Grant's line of circumvallation on July 19, 1864.

The point selected for assault was in the vicinity of an old quarry in called "The Yellow Tavern." The order was that the attack be made just before the dawn of day, the time most favorable for a surprise. "When deep sleep fall on men," it was the experience, however, of many Confederate officers, charged with the duty of attacking in the gray of the morning, that it was difficult to bring their troops into line at that early hour. Although they were generally "but in the gristle and not yet hardened into the bone of manhood," they were in one sense, at least, not of the rising generation.

Hence it was that Gen. Johnston Hagood, whose brigade of South Carolinians was assigned to the right of the attacking force, could not do right and get on his feet as he could align his command. Gen. Hagood was as true a soldier as ever drew sword in battle to him the path of duty was the path of honor, and although he saw that his brigade was in plain view of the Union forces, who had already manned their trenches, he ordered it to advance to the assault. It had to cross a space of about 250 yards in width, which had an undulating surface, and the broken nature of the ground afforded some shelter until it descended upon the trenches within seventy yards of the works.

It then met with a terrible fire of artillery and rifles, but it was not composed of seasoned veterans and it now faltered. Where the dead fell, the living slept and their leveled bayonets soon lay on the ground twenty feet of the line of the trenches. There the brigade came to an involuntary halt for before it lay a wide, deep ditch, half full of water, which it had no means of crossing. Unable to advance, and yet unwilling to retreat without orders, every soldier delivered his hopeless fire with the energy of despair.

As a matter of suggestion, no doubt prompted by admiration for a body of brave men, doomed otherwise to certain slaughter, the Union soldiers called out to the twenty feet of the line of the trenches. There the brigade came to an involuntary halt for before it lay a wide, deep ditch, half full of water, which it had no means of crossing. Unable to advance, and yet unwilling to retreat without orders, every soldier delivered his hopeless fire with the energy of despair.

The Color Sergeant, seemingly dazed, or perhaps paralyzed by the effrontery of the demand, surrendered the colors. The flag was especially dear to the regiment, for it had been presented by the women of the district in which the regiment was raised, and it had been borne aloft with honor on many battle fields. It was a Stars and Stripes, with the arms of South Carolina upon it, and a counterpart of that which the famous Palmetto regiment in the Mexican war had planted on the walls of the capitol at Mexico, the first foreign flag to wave there since the time of Cortez. That it should have been delivered up to a single footman when there were a thousand men to defend it, and the thrust of a bayonet or the pulling of a trigger could have disposed of him, was past and beyond imagination. He thought that perhaps, sorely perplexed with their comrades falling fast all around them, they may have thought at the moment the delivery of the flag was intended as a signal to the troops in the trenches to cease firing. At any rate they lost their heads for the nonce.

Not so, however, was it with Gen. Hagood who was distant about seventy-five yards and saw with amazement the surrender of the flag. He was an old soldier, having been shot under him, and he came toward on a run to intercept the officer, who was riding slowly along the front of the regiment, obliquing somewhat toward his own lines. Gen. Hagood, on coming up with him, seized the end of the flag, and with his cocked revolver, at the Captain's breast, said to him: "Give me that flag, sir." The answer was: "Give me your life." The general replied: "I command you to give it. I admire your bravery, give me the flag and you shall return unmolested to your own lines." The Captain, who had furled the flag and was holding it upright with the ferule of the staff resting on the pommel of the saddle, responded: "General, you had better surrender to me yourself. Look behind you!" The general looked to the rear and saw that a large force that had sallied from the trenches on his left was moving to cut off his retreat, all other commands having retired from the fruitless assault. Turning to the defiant Captain, he exclaimed: "Once more, sir, will you give up that flag?" The answer was, in a loud tone: "Never!" With the answer Gen. Hagood fired and the officer fell, shot through the breast. He still grasped the flagstaff as he fell backward, and it was wrested from his grasp. The general then mounted the horse and ordered a retreat, which was effected with the loss of nearly one-half of the brigade.

The captured horse was killed on the retreat by a shot from the Union lines and as he fell he kicked off his heels and, as if to avenge his fallen master, struck Dr. Taylor, the brigade surgeon, in the head, inflicting a wound from the effects of which he never entirely recovered.

Often within the lines at Petersburg, around many a camp fire, Confederate soldiers discussed the strange incident of the flag surrendered at Yellow Tavern. It was that such a famous regiment should have allowed the flag to be surrendered in battle to a force consisting of but one man was most puzzling.

The occult powers of hypnotism might have furnished a solution, but it was the unheard of, and is still unknown to the art of war.

All agreed, however, that no braver deed was ever done than that of the Yankee Captain who fell, still grasping that flag.

STATISTICS are said to show that young men do not, on the average, attain full physical maturity until they arrive at the age of 28 years. Prof. Scheller, of Harvard, asserts, as the result of his observations, that young men do not attain to the full measure of their mental faculties before 25 years of age. A shrewd observer has said that "most men are boys until they are 30, and little boys until they are 25;" and this accords with the standard of manhood, which was fixed at 30 among the ancient Hebrews and other races.