

THE NATION'S VOICE.

Over the plains and the meadows—  
Out of the lights and the shadows,  
There's an echo that thrills  
In the rush of the rills,  
And rings from the hearts of the firm-  
founded hills:  
"The star-spangled banner,  
Oh, long may it wave  
O'er the land of the free  
And the home of the brave!"

Over the roar and the rattle—  
The clang and the clash of the battle,  
There's a song that shall rise  
And shall ring to the skies—  
Where the patriot lives and the patriot  
dies:  
"The star-spangled banner,  
Oh, long may it wave  
O'er the land of the free  
And the home of the brave!"  
—Atlanta Constitution.

Playing at Sweethearts.

"Why, I'd rather marry her myself," said I. Nothing, in truth, was further from my thoughts.

Amanda's mother regarded me curiously. "Of course," said she, "if that were the case, it would make a difference."

"But I don't really mean it," I cried, hastily. Why, the idea was absurd. Just when I was in the middle of the book on the "Cerebral Convolutions," too.

"Then," said her mother, closing her hard, thin mouth with a snap, "Amanda will marry Mr. Plutus. There is no one but you who has any right to a voice in the matter."

"There is Amanda," I suggested. "Amanda! She is far too young to decide. I am the judge for her. Amanda shall do, as I bid her and marry Mr. Plutus."

"I shall do my best to stop her," "She shall not see you." I knew she would try to be as good as her word, and my heart went out in a great pity for poor little Amanda, who was so like her father and had been a pet of mine ever since she was a child.

"If I weren't too old—" I said, half to myself.

"Nonsense. Why, you're no older than I." She is 43.

"Too much buried in my books and in a bachelor's recreations—"

"Marriage would soon alter that." "I could never make that child happy," I sighed.

"Nonsense! She's devoted to you." "Not in—that way." I believe I blushed.

"You'd soon make her." "Do you really mean it?" I couldn't let old Tom's daughter be married to that Plutus. It would delay matters, anyhow, if she became engaged to me. Meanwhile, I might find some one else for her.

"Why not?" she asked, coolly. "Very well; I will speak to Amanda about it," I said, slowly. "But there must be no drawing back on your part."

I had a sudden inspiration—being a man of quick thought. "I should like to have your consent in writing. To be candid, I do not trust you."

"Very well." She sat down to her scribbles. "What shall I write?" "I consent to the marriage of my daughter to Mr. Frank Austen," I dictated. She wrote it accordingly and signed it with a flourish.

My name is the same as my nephew's. I'll have him up to town, and if he doesn't fall in love with Amanda he's a fool. That was my idea.

"Well, now I'll talk to Amanda," I said, feeling rather uncomfortable. And I did.

Amanda is 18 and stands 5 feet 2. Amanda has golden brown hair that will get loose and tumble about her cheeks and forehead. Amanda has big, dark eyes and long eyelashes and cherry-ripe lips and the dearest little dimples in the world. Amanda has soft, white hands—she generally gives me both—and tiny feet whose rush I could recognize blindfold. She came in quietly today, and there were dark marks under her eyes.

"Oh, Cousin Frank!" she cried—cousin is my brevet rank—"you won't let her make me—marry that horrible man!"

"No," said I. "Mandy, my dear, I won't." Then I kissed her. If only I were sure that she wouldn't disarrange my study!

"You kind old Frank!" She took hold of my arm and squeezed it.

"But your mother insists upon your getting engaged to some one, my dear," I said, ruefully; "somebody who is fairly well off. Are you in love with anybody, Mandy? Tell me, there's a good little girl."

She opened her eyes wide and looked at me honestly. "Oh, no, Cousin Frank! Only—only—I think perhaps I should like to be—some day."

"But there isn't any one yet? Truly?"

"Truly. No one at all."

"Well, look here, Mandy," I said, sheepishly; "your mother insists that you shall be engaged to some one, and I can only find one person."

"Not Mr. Plutus! I won't!" she cried, vehemently.

"No, no! Not any one who will annoy you, dear, or whom you dislike." "Whoever—" She looked up at me quickly and half let go my arm.

"Just till you find some one you like," I apologized, turning as red as a poppy.

meant to some of them," she explained. "You always do, take me to the academy and one or two places, don't you?"

"I shall like to take you to some, my dear," I assured her. "I always enjoy myself when I do. But you know I am finishing my book just now."

"Oh, yes! I won't worry you, Cousin Frank. And—and—I could help you with it, couldn't I?" I almost groaned aloud. Amanda on "Cerebral Convolutions!"

"I'm afraid it's rather too dry for that."

"I might learn the typewriter and copy it," she pleaded, anxiously. A man is only a fool, after all, however much he studies and learns. Do you know I suddenly bent down and kissed her, and she blushed like a carnation.

"I won't let you blunt your finger tips with a typewriter," I said, gallantly. "But you shall copy some pieces for me—till you find some nice young man and your engagement ends." It was best to have a clear understanding, I thought.

"Ye-es," said she, thoughtfully; "but—oh, Cousin Frank—suppose I didn't find any one else?"

"Then I shall have to marry you myself. It would be better than old Plutus, wouldn't it?"

"Oh, yes. But I shouldn't like—I couldn't bear to think that you had sacrificed yourself to me. I should be such a bother, shouldn't I?"

I looked down affectionately on the rumpled hair and inquiring eyes. "I think—I think, Mandy," I said, gently, "I could put up with you very well. But we have been so used to look upon one another in a different light that it's rather late to change. You see, dear, I have grown into a fidgety old bachelor."

"You're not really old, and you're never fidgety with me, and I owe you so much."

I'd merely paid for her schooling and pocket money and so on. I promised old Tom—poor old Tom!—that I'd take care of his girl.

"That's nothing to do with it, Mandy," I said, slowly. "You see, I've a lot of interests which you could never share." She shook her head, doubtfully. "And I like to rush off, when I'm not working, to men's recreations—to play cricket, to watch football or—"

"I like watching football," she observed, eagerly.

"I'm used to having meals when I please and going out when I like and coming in when I like. Of course, I couldn't do that if I had a wife. It wouldn't be fair."

"It would be a little lonely for her," said Amanda, wistfully.

"So," I continued, resolutely, resisting an absurd impulse to kiss her again, "though I think you the nicest little woman in the world, dear"—she smiled just like the sun coming out—"it would be better for you to find some one younger and less crotchety."

She tapped the ground rapidly with one little foot. "Meanwhile, we're engaged, you know, and we must live up to it. Where shall I take you tomorrow?"

"Oh, no! You must do a lot of your book tomorrow and give me some copying to do—about brains and spines and things."

"Nonsense, child! Don't I always take you out when I come to town. Shall we go to the academy?" She laughed her old childish laugh.

"And lunch at a restaurant?" she inquired, delightedly. "And go to the Crystal Palace afterwards and have tea in the gardens and see the variety show and dine on the terrace like we did last year?" She squeezed my arm in her old way. "Won't it be jolly?"

The next day I took her to the Zoo and smiled to see her laugh at the monkeys. The day after I took her to the exhibition and up the big wheel and put my arm round her because she was frightened, or pretended to be. I squeezed twice for good night. Then I began to see that it would be bad for the "Cerebral Convolutions" if this sort of thing went on. So I sent for Nephew Frank to come up to town at once. That light-bearded young gentleman held his sides with laughter when I explained the situation.

"So I'm to court your fiancée—she used to be a pretty little girl—and take her off your hands for an allowance of £500 a year?" he said, wiping his eyes; "£500 and £300 make £800—£400 apiece."

"Exactly!" I said, approvingly. "You always were smart at figures, Frank."

"But, my dear uncle, suppose she won't have me? Besides, I'm not sure, but I think I'm just a little gone on Nellie Marchant? Suppose I don't care for your Amanda?"

"She's awfully nice, Frank; you couldn't help it." I was surprised at my doleful tone.

"Then," said he, "whyever don't you marry her yourself?"

"I'll a cigar and drummed on the fender with my slipper. "I'm too old—too settled in my bachelor ways, Frank," I said, regretfully. "I don't know—I'm not sure—if it would do."

"I believe it would be the best thing

in the world for you." Frank leaned over the table earnestly. He's an honest, unselfish lad; that's why I'm so fond of him. And I know he'd be good to her.

"Well," I said, slowly, "I'll be honest with you, Frank. I'm fond of the child—very fond, indeed. If I thought that she could like me—in that way—I'm hanged if I wouldn't chance it. But she only looks upon me as an elder brother. Some day, she—"

I paused to blow my handkerchief—"she would find out. It wouldn't do; I'm sure it wouldn't do."

So it was arranged that I should be busy finishing my book and see less of Amanda. And Frank was to see her every day, to find out if she would like him better than me or if he could like her better than Nellie Marchant.

This arrangement lasted for a fortnight, but none of us seemed quite ourselves. Mandy grew staid and silent. I couldn't do anything right with the book, and something seemed wrong with my liver. Even cheerful Frank grew a bit bad-tempered. At the end of the fortnight he burst in upon me in the evening, when I was busy with the "Cerebral Convolutions."

"Look here, uncle," said he, coolly, flinging himself into an armchair and taking one of my cigars, "you're an ass!"

"That," I observed, mildly, "is very strong language, Frank."

"Well," said he, "I like Nellie ever so much better than your Amanda—that's flat."

"Then," said I, bringing my hand down on the table with a thump, "you're a fool!"

"Amanda," said he, firmly, "is as dull as ditchwater."

I took off my reading glasses and glared at him. "She's the brightest little creature in the world," I asserted, resolutely.

He took a long draw at the cigar and blew smoke rings—a thing I never could manage. "Amanda," he continued, in a matter-of-fact tone, "is dull—because she's in love."

I let my pipe drop on the floor with a crash. "With whom?" My voice sounded strange to me.

"Why, with you, of course. Man alive! You must be blind! You're pretending you don't care for her and breaking her poor little heart."

I looked at him in silence for a few seconds; then I got up and fetched my hat. "I'm going out," I told him, and I went.

When I arrived at their drawing room Amanda was sitting on the rug, with her back against the sofa. She had dropped her book on the floor and was looking into the fire with her cheek on her hand, and I could see tears in her eyes.

She jumped up to meet me with an eager little laugh. "What! Deserted the 'Convolutions'?"

"Hang the 'Convolutions,'" I said. "The fact is they're awfully uninteresting compared with you, Mandy."

"Are they? Then they must be stupid."

I put my arm round her waist and drew her close to me. "Mandy," I said, passionately, "my dear little girl, we've been playing at sweethearts long enough; shall we begin in earnest?"

Amanda said nothing—only laid her head down on my shoulder with a happy little sob.—J. A. Flynn, in The Madam.

A BRIGAND CAPTAIN'S CAREER.

The News of His Recent Capture Causes a Sigh of Relief.

The news of the capture of the notorious brigand, Captain Athanas, the terror of travelers in the Balkans, has caused a sigh of relief. His career is the most remarkable in modern brigandage. He had withdrawn himself from his profitable and romantic business some time before his capture and lived peacefully as a citizen at Kuelowitz. His past did not, apparently, affect his social position in a town which is somewhat remarkable for its indifference as to the antecedents of its inhabitants, for the one very good reason that he had given up all the inconvenient habits associated with his former adventurous life. He tried even to make himself popular among his neighbors and gave his ill-gotten gains—a veritable Robin Hood—for the benefit of the poor and distressed.

The deed by which his memory will go down to posterity is undoubtedly the "holding up" of the international express in 1891 from Constantinople to Vienna at the station of Tcherkeskol, close to the Turkish capital. The train was derailed, and the passengers, under the escort of the Berlin tourist firm of Stangen, were plundered and carried off to the mountains to be held as hostages until a ransom was paid. Among them was an Englishman. With the exception of four Germans and a Jew, all were subsequently released. With a sharp eye to business, the Jew, a rich Berlin merchant named Moritz Israel, was dispatched to Constantinople and brought the alarming news that the hostages would be murdered unless a ransom of 200,000 francs was forthcoming. The German government intervened and finally paid the ransom. Later some of the brigands were captured. But Athanas managed to evade all pursuit.—St. James' Gazette.

Nevertheless, He Got Her. "You say that my daughter loves you?" questioned the old man.

"I'm sure of it," replied the young man.

"Well, well," returned the old man, looking the young man over critically, "there's no accounting for tastes, is there?"

And somehow, although the young man knew that he ought to be happy over the possession of the girl, he couldn't help scowling and speculating on that remark of the old man's.—Harford Times.

THE FARM GARDEN



Cornstalks in Spring.

"As dry as a cornstalk in spring" is a common proverb among farmers for anything that is very dry and worthless. It is very important at this time of year that the stalks should be fed out very early in order to get as much value from them as possible. If they are cut it will pay to moisten each feed, and this can be done with sweetened water, now that sugar is so cheap as it is. The juices of the cornstalk are sweet and it is in this fact much of the value of cornstalk for feeding consists. Wherever beet sugar is made some of the refuse or discolored molasses may be used in place of the sugar. Sometime this country will probably be able to produce all the sugar it needs, and so cheaply that it can be freely used as an appetizer to encourage farm stock to eat food that would not otherwise be palatable.

Parsnips for Late Use.

The parsnip is not only one of the hardiest of garden vegetables, wintering in the open ground without injury as it does saffron or vegetable oyster, as it is generally called, but, like the last mentioned plant, it starts to grow very early in the spring. So soon as the leaves start on either, the roots should be pulled up and carried to a cool cellar or pit, as the growth of leaves will very quickly make the roots unfit for use. All the first leaf growth is taken from the root and is the beginning toward seed formation. The root rapidly shrivels and loses its succulence when the leaves grow larger. The part of the parsnip at the surface of the ground will taste acid and it doubtless possesses some poisonous qualities, as is the common belief among farmers. No kind of roots which are biennials are fit to eat after their second year growth has begun.

Breeding to the Standard.

The most prolific source of failure in profitable poultry raising is in breeding and selling of the best eggs instead of keeping them for hatching purposes. A poultryman starts in with a fine strain of fowls and by good care induces the flock of hens to lay eggs liberally during the winter when they are high in price, and the product is sold. When the breeding season comes he uses the eggs laid in the spring, by hens that are not winter layers, for hatching, forgetting the law of nature that "like begets like." The result is that the young pullets do not lay the next winter, as he hoped but are spring and summer layers as their mothers were. It is comparatively easy to breed a strain of winter layers by simply using for hatching the eggs from winter laying stock. Many changes in breeds are made solely because the owner thinks the flock is "run out" when as a matter of fact it simply needs breeding up to the required standard. Mate a few of the best hens of your flock with a good male and keep only the best chicks from the hatch. Follow this method for a few seasons and you will soon have a flock which will be profitable.—Atlanta Journal.

Profits in Sheep.

When my youngest son was a boy he saved all the money he came in possession of and loaned it to me, taking my note.

Each year he would add a little to his note until February, 1897, it amounted to \$35.00.

One day he said he believed sheep would pay better than money at six per cent., and if I could spare the money he would like to invest the amount in sheep. I told him to find the sheep and I would find the money. So he started off one day and brought home ten ewes and six lambs. They were so small and shabby I felt sorry for him, but said nothing to discourage him. When shearing time came the wool brought him \$6.69. In August he sold the lot of sheep and lambs for \$54.10, total \$60.79. The feed cost him nothing, but his profit in six months on \$35 was \$25.79. He then bought 15 ewes of better stock.

My oldest son in the spring of 1897 had 23 ewes that were worth \$115. They raised 29 lambs. He sold 12 wether lambs in November for \$4.95 each, total for lambs sold \$59.40. The 17 ewe lambs would have sold for the same each. Total for lambs, \$148.55. The wool sold for \$34.35; gain in lambs and wool, \$177.90.

He has the same ewes on hand that have commenced to lamb again (January, 1898), also the 17 lambs that will be bred next fall.

Sheep will live and do well on what hogs will starve on, besides keeping the ground clear of weeds, sprouts and briars.—A. R. Peters in the Epitomist.

Better Making on the Farm.

To commence have all milking utensils thoroughly clean, do not use soap. Rinse all milk and cream cans with cold water, wash thoroughly with warm, adding a little washing soda occasionally, scald with boiling water and wipe, and set out of doors to air uncovered.

What Tommy Heard.

"I'd like to hear you play the violin, Mr. Billings," said seven-year-old Tommy, who was entertaining the visitor.

"But I don't play the violin, Tommy."

"Then papa must be mistaken. I heard him tell mamma that you played second fiddle at home."

Strain milk very carefully and set in a cool place immediately after straining, let it stand twenty-four hours in warm weather, and forty-eight in cool. Skim and keep cream in a room with temperature about 70 degrees. Stir cream thoroughly each time you skim fresh cream in. Always have cream skimmed twelve hours before churning in warm weather and twenty-four in cool weather; do not let cream stand too long before churning. Churn at least three times a week in warm weather and twice in cool. Scald and rinse churn, put cream in and use churn thermometer, have cream at churning point. Churn until butter comes, usually taking from twenty to thirty minutes. When butter is there work dasher back and forth a few minutes to gather butter, let butter-milk run off and put in cold water, work dasher again, rinse butter twice in this way, take out in butter bowl and salt, using one ounce to a pound of butter, a little more if butter is to be packed. Work salt thoroughly in and wash again, working butter well in the water, drain water off and set butter away to be worked over. Let it stand twelve hours in warm weather and about three in cool, work over then, using ladle until every drop of water is thoroughly worked out. Then make into prints 2¢ pack in stone jar that has been used for no other use but butter, and also been thoroughly washed and aired. When jar is full, wring a piece of clean, white cloth out of cold water and put over butter, sprinkle some salt over this and put a piece of clean, dry, white cloth over this and spread over thickly with salt, then tie a piece of cloth over all, or better yet, paste a piece of thick paper over all, so as to exclude all air. I have kept butter in this way for seven and eight months and had it just as sweet and nice as when first made, and think any person can do the same if done in this way. Wash, scald and thoroughly dry churn and butter bowl before putting away.—Mrs. I. Small, Quincy, Minn.

Great Chinese Bridge.

Spanning an inlet of the Yellow Sea near Sengang, China, is a bridge five and a quarter miles long, with 300 piers of masonry, and having its roadway sixty-four feet above the water. This work is said to have been accomplished by Chinese engineers 800 years ago.

A Cheap Trick.

To manufacture a cheap kalsomine stuck on the wall with gine, claiming it to be the "same thing" or "just as good" as the durable Alabastine or to buy and sell such goods on such representations would seem a cheap trick. Some resort to it. To be safe, buy Alabastine only in packages and properly labeled.

Beauty is Blood Deep.

Clean blood means a clean skin. No beauty without it. Cascara, Candy Cathartic clean your blood and keep it clean, by stirring up the lazy liver and driving all impurities from the body. Begin to-day to banish pimples, boils, blotches, blackheads, and that sickly bilious complexion by taking Cascara,—beauty for ten cents. All druggists, satisfaction guaranteed, 10c, 25c, 50c.

Common Speed in Walking.

Very few pedestrians walk four miles an hour; three miles is a very fair gait, and when one exceeds that he is beginning to walk fast. If my recollection serves the old common time in the army carried a man two and five-eighths miles an hour. The distances which the soldiers covers in an hour have now increased somewhat by slightly increasing the length of his steps, but my impression is that the common time remains under three miles an hour. Certainly three miles would be good, fair walking, and fully up to man's average speed.

Coal Tar for Dyes.

Coal tar, when used for dyes, yields sixteen shades of blue, the same number of yellow tints, twelve of orange, nine of violet, and numerous other colors and shades.

Irregular Economy is Harder to Manage than Regular Dishonesty.



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