

England conters the title of second Nelson on Dewey. To the world he is the first Dewey. That title will stand to the end of time.

The Philippines produce the finest indigo in the world, but it isn't so blue as the feeling that the American squadron has produced there.

There are in England and Wales 200,000 children so defective in mental power that they are incapable of fighting the battles of life if left to themselves.

According to the American consul at Sydney, Australia, "American trade has been the means of emancipating the Australians from the time honored tyranny of the silk hat."

The recall of Japanese troops from Wei-hai-Wei has followed the final payment of the Chinese indemnity. The harbor, with its forts, now passes under lease to Great Britain. As the place is a much better rendezvous than Port Arthur of Tallienwan and of strategic value, the Russians have not gained any such advantage over their rivals as was indicated in the first announcements.

Kingsley's doctrine that "men must work and women must weep" finds disapproval in the case of the families of Captain Robley D. Evans of the Iowa and Captain Henry C. Taylor of the Indiana. The daughters of both families, Mrs. Charlotte Evans Marsh and her sister, Miss Virginia T. Evans, with Miss Mary V. Taylor, are receiving instructions in the naval hospital at Fort Monroe to qualify as trained nurses during the war. Women have something to do nowadays more important than posing as Niobes.

It is a remarkable fact that our naval heroes have seldom been honored with prominent political office after the achievement of their victories. We have had several soldier presidents, but no sailor executive, yet we talk about the ship of state. What more natural than to put a sailor at the helm? How does it happen that Farragut and Porter never became prominent in civil life, while so many generals of distinction held political positions at Washington after the war? asks the Providence Journal.

One by one our old poetic idols are being shattered by the utilitarian and practical of the fin-de-siecle woman doctor. The latest iconoclast is responsible for the asseveration that what is so poetical in poetry and the old novels about the whiteness of the skin, means something not so poetical. It is due, she says, to the languor of the muscular tissues throughout the body, and the slowness and languor that was so often characterized as a charming feminine attribute is associated with indigestion, and is therefore thoroughly unromantic. It is one of the ironies of life that women as they stand in literature and romance are not true to life.

It has been recently suggested that advantage should be taken of this international brush to attempt a practical solution of the tramp question, says the Washington Star. The proposition is that these wandering ne'er-do-wells be drafted into the service of the United States, uniformed, drilled, armed, and sent to Cuba to form part, at least, of the first army of invasion. It is urged that those tramps who seek to shirk this unpleasant duty will naturally "take to the woods" thus completely ridding the communities that they have infested of a serious nuisance. The military demands of the government, however, are too serious to permit the assembling of a corps of untrained, unarmy, unambitious, and possibly unpatriotic men to be relied upon for dangerous duties. The best fighters are those taken by their country from the ranks of the producers, the men with a conscientious desire to serve the nation, who are energetic both in times of peace and war. The greatest economy in warfare lies in producing a maximum of results with a minimum of men. The mere aggregation of people into ranks is not generalship. The tramp problem lies deeper than this. It is not to be solved by a general conscription, unless it be intended to enter upon a virtual scheme of extermination, which is so utterly foreign to American doctrine, and so antagonistic to the principles upon which the war of intervention is being waged against Spain. If the solution lies in the line of employment, let the tramps be drafted to work on the roads. Good roads are needed. Labor must be had to build them. While the war is in progress the stay-at-home tourists of the highways might profitably be set at work putting their fair share of travel in line modern conditions.



ANSWERING THE ROLL CALL.

This one fought with Jackson and faced the fight with Lee; That one followed Sherman as he galloped to the sea; But they're marchin' on together just as friendly as can be, And they'll answer to the rollcall in the mornin'!

They'll rally to the fight, In the stormy day and night, In bonds that no cruel fate shall sever; While the storm winds wait on high Their singing battle cry, "Our country—our country forever!"

The brave old flag above them is rippling down its red— Each crimson stripe the emblem of the blood by heroes shed; It shall wave for them victorious or droop above them—dead, For they'll answer to the rollcall in the mornin'!

They'll rally to the fight, In the stormy day and night, In bonds that no cruel fate shall sever; While their far-famed battle cry Shall go ringing to the sky; "Our country—our country forever!"

A VILLAGE PATRIOT.

By SARAH ORNE JEWETT.

Six men were going home from work together. They had been shingling the south gable end of a new country house, and the owner, a Boston man, had just telephoned down that everybody might knock off work at 3 o'clock, so that those who wished could take the 4 o'clock train to town. Most of the gang did wish this before the Fourth of July, and they were nearly all Boston men who had been sent down by the building contractor. The six shinglers came down their ladder and walked away together. Jim Fisher had his bicycle, but he trundled it along by hand and walked with his mates. They could still hear hammers knocking in the great house, where some of the boys were lingering to end off part of the standing finish in one of the lower rooms. Work was being rushed and they had set themselves a stint, and loyally stood by to close the thing just right.

"I never saw a house put together so quick," said a sober-looking fellow named Allison to Jim Fisher, who turned to look back. "Quick's a room's parted off on the laths, and before the lathers get out the plasterers step in. Wonder the papers don't chase them right round the four wet walls."

Takes some folks a good while to find out that it's just as cheap to pay twenty men one day as 'tis to pay one man twenty days," said Jim Fisher. "There ain't many bosses can handle a large crew to good advantage," said a wise, round-shouldered old man, who wore spectacles at his work and liked a good political argument at noon over his dinner pail. He was the only one of the six who lived in the town, and Charley Burrill had boarded with him all the spring. Charley Burrill was a brisk-looking Boston fellow who did a first-rate week's work and dressed himself with noticeable smartness on Sunday.

"You're right there," said this young man; "trouble's apt to be with the boss. Last job I was on we were standin' round most of our time waitin' an' tumblin' right over one another. Men come down from the city with all their solder furnaces, an' 'rigger' to do a piece o' the roofing before the roof was boarded. There was one o' 'em used to practice 'Annie Laurie' on a cornet under the stone shed, an' miss the same note every time, till one day a fellow went down out o' the third-story to break the old toot horn over his head."

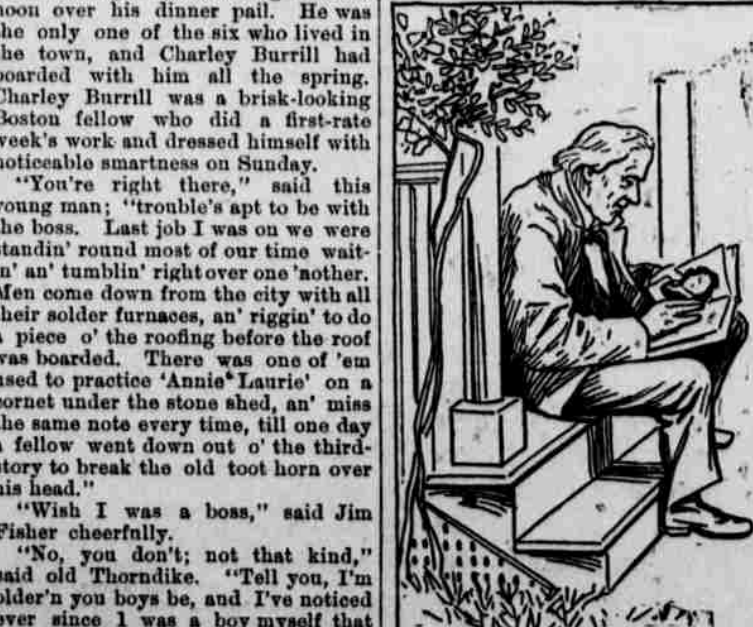
"Wish I was a boss," said Jim Fisher cheerfully.

"No, you don't; not that kind," said old Thorndike. "Tell you, I'm older'n you boys be, and I've noticed ever since I was a boy myself that folks always done well that done their fair day's work, an' all died poor that had a spell o' thinkin' they were goin' to get rich out o' shirkin'. Nothin' for nothin's a pretty safe rule."

"Goin' to preach this comin' Sunday, elder?" inquired Jim Fisher, with polite interest.

"No, I ain't, sir," answered Abel, good naturedly. "My ambition's all run toward practicin'. I'm goin' to celebrate the Fourth o' July, though; perhaps you ain't aware it comes to-morrow, or do you have a special one o' your own up to Boston?"

"What are you going to do, elder?" demanded Jim Fisher. The six men



had fallen into single file along the narrow footpath, but Fisher stopped and let the rest go by.

"What be I goin' to do?" repeated the old man, a little confused and glancing at Charley Burrill. "Well, sir, my folks can celebrate as well as anybody round here, but 'twould seem plain to Boston folks."

"Don't let Charley spoil his nice new clothes with snapperackers," said Jim, and Charley Burrill blushed as was expected. He had said early in the day that he was not going home for the Fourth, and they all knew the reason. They had come to a turn in the road, and Jim Fisher sprang on his wheel and whirled away, leaving everybody to plod behind.

"Be careful, Charley!" he shouted, and young Burrill shouted gayly, back as he went down the lane with Abel Thorndike. Thorndike's house was on the river bank, and there were some apple trees by it, and a little flower garden in front. As the two men came to the gate a pretty girl looked out of the window, and threw her sewing on the table and came out to meet them.

Abel Thorndike sat on his doorstep after supper, reading "The Life of Washington." The younger members of his household were leaning over the gate, talking and looking at the river. "My pity sakes!" exclaimed Mr. Thorndike, with enthusiasm. "Just see what a man Washington was! Here it is in his great address: 'Watch your majorities as carefully as

year. I always feel as if I ought to go to meetin' part o' the day, and sit and think about my country, and them that give it to me."

"We're sober enough Decoration Day," said Phebe. "Why, father, we ought to be gay's we can Fourth o' July; there's a time to rejoice, ain't there? I've got your flags all ready, to put right out in the mornin', anyway."

"Don't you be scared, Phebe!" said the old man. "I'm goin' to rejoice. What have you two young creatures got in mind to do? I don't expect you'll want me to go along anyway," and he smiled at them with open recognition of a happy fact of which they fancied him quite unconscious. They were not used to the happiness of being loved, and his face just then seemed the kindest face in the world.

"I've spoken for a team," said Abel, innocently. "I knew Charley'd want one, and you have to speak a long while beforehand to get the best, such days. I'm goin' to give ye both a first-rate ride in the afternoon an' in the evenin' I shall want Charley to help me with my fireworks. I've done so well working all the spring on this good job that I've got plenty o' money to fool round a little. There's some boy left in me yet, old's I be. Some years in the past I ain't been able to have anything but a good bonfire, but I've always had that."

"Good for you, sir!" said Charley Burrill.

It's an ill Wind.

Zim—"We can thank this war for one great boon."

Zam—"And that?"

Zim—"Our Fourth of July orators will at last have something new to talk about."—New York Journal.

Warren's Address.

Stand! the ground's your own, my bravest! Will ye give it up to slaves? Will ye look for greener graves? Hope ye merry still? What's the mercy despots feel? Hear it in that battle peal! Read it on your bristling steel! Ask it—ye who will.

Fear ye foes who kill for hire? Will ye to your homes retire? Look behind you!—they're a'fraid! And, before you, see Who have done it! From the vale On they come!—and will ye quail? Leaden rain and iron hail! Let their welcome be!

In the God of battles trust! Die we may,—and die we must! But, oh, where can dust to dust Be consign'd so well.

Attention, loyal girls and boys! Salute the flag with merry noise, From Maine to California, From Texas to the Lakes, Give three hurrahs For the stripes and stars Till the farthest echoes wakes.

A union of lake and a union of lands, A union that time cannot sever, A union of hearts and a union of hands, And the flag of our Union forever.

The Crank.

Just now he views with much alarm The small boy growing louder, And spends the Fourth upon a fart To miss the smell of powder.

She Served in the Revolution.

Deborah Sampson is known to fame as the only woman who served in the Revolutionary army. She enlisted under the name of Robert Shurtleffe, and left the service with testimonials for exemplary conduct.

The Fourth in Hogan's Alley.



PHEBE THREW HER ARMS ABOUT HER FATHER'S NECK AND KISSED HIM.

in distress when they found the one pleasure carriage which he allowed himself the summer through was a single-seated buggy. Charley Burrill shouted for the stable boy, who was running up the lane. "You've made a mistake!" he said.

"No, no, 'twas just as I ordered; you can go by yourselves to-day," and the father looked from one face to the other. "I was young myself once, and I ain't ready, either," he added by way of final excuse.

Phebe put her arm round her father's neck and kissed him; she looked more like her mother than usual that day. And Abel Thorndike felt a sudden pang of loneliness.

"There, there! You go off and find some nice roads up country. I don't expect to see you till supper time, an' we'll make a light supper anyway after our good dinner o' lamb an' green peas; 'tis my great treat," he said.

"An' after dark we'll touch the fireworks off. I shall be glad to set an' rest an' read my 'Life o' Washington,' an' I may get a nap."

Burrill ventured to laugh, but he had a new understanding of the happiness of holiday-making, and started off gayly to make the most of his afternoon.

Early that evening they watched an eager crowd assembling on the opposite river bank.

"You see, they always expect something from me," said old Abel, apologetically. "This year I'm goin' to surprise 'em. Some say it's foolish to burn up money so, but folks about here don't have the interests they do in Boston, an' 'tis one way to enjoy themselves. I used to think when I was a boy and my folks were pinched an' poor, some day I'd get ahead an' then nobody should forget the Fourth where I was. Tain't no common day, an' I ain't going to behave as if I thought so. Phebe says you've given her an elegant time this afternoon, an' she's come happy's a queen. I feel grateful to see her so happy, and now we'll fetch those boxes out o' the shop an' touch things off an' celebrate extra this year. Folks say my fireworks always looks so pretty, all double an' shinin' in the river."

Next day the shingling gang was at work again, and all the hammers going inside and outside the great house.

"What did you do yesterday?" somebody asked Jim Fisher.

"Oh, nothing particular. I didn't spend a cent an' 'twas too hot to go off anywhere on my wheel," said Jim, despondently. "Tain't much of a day after you've got past snapperackers."

"You ought to have seen the way

After the rinderpest the locusts have come to South Africa, and trains are now being stopped by them.

They celebrate down here," announced Charley Burrill, proudly. "Best Fourth I ever had!" and he and Abel Thorndike did not look at each other, but their hearts seemed to touch.

"I always read a good long chapter in my 'Life o' Washington,'" said old Abel, as he reached for more nails. "Trouble is, you young fellows don't half know what a country you've got behind you."

Our Flag.

A piece of muslin, nine by six, That costs a dime or two; Why should the blood of brave men mix With dust, for such as you? Why should they press, and bleed, and die For such a tatter'd rag? Oh! shout the answer to the sky, Because it is our Flag!

It represents to all the world A Nation proud and free, Whose glorious banner floats unfurl'd On mountain, shore, and sea! The high idea that stands behind That torn and tatter'd rag Flirts with it on the wild, free wind Because it is our Flag!

The vision that to men appears To lead them to a height, The angel, who a halo wears, And lights the blackest night; The noblest thoughts of noble men, These hide within this rag. We'd die for it, ay, ten times ten, Because it is our Flag!

Then wave it, wave it, all ye sons Of Freedom's happy land, To honor, glory, favor'd ones, Climb claspings it to hand! Aye! even to glorious Death, stride on, And hug that tatter'd rag! A name immortal ye have won, Because it is your Flag! —Florence St. John Wardwell.

AGRICULTURAL TOPICS

Nitrogen For Fertilizing.

Nitrogen from the air is now got artificially in the form of sulphate of ammonia by a new chemical process at a cost of \$20 a ton, besides a by-product that will revolutionize gas manufacture. These are remarkable claims, and if half of them are true, the cost of nitrogen for fertilizing will be universally reduced. But we await the practical demonstration of these claims before accepting them.—American Agriculturist.

Keep the Pigs Growing.

It is not generally known that a small amount of grain fed to pigs during the summer, when they have a run in pasture and orchard, brings a larger return than if fed at any other time of the year. Most of the corn crop is fed out to the hogs late in the fall, when they get so much that their stomachs are unable to digest it, and the grain does little good. But unless milk can be fed with corn, some other grain or wheat middlings should be added to make the proper ration.

Give the Calf the First Milk.

Because it is easier to milk while the cow's bag is full and a full stream will flow, and also because the saliva in the calf's mouth, full of saliva and milk, makes milking unpleasant for the milker, it is the habit of many farmers to milk what they want for the house and let the calf take what is left. It is very generous to the calf for such farmers to do this. But we can tell them it is a mistaken generosity, for the first milk, having much less fat than the strippings, is better either to make the calf grow or fatten than the strippings can be. Most farmers think that milk cannot be too rich for a fattening calf. But this ruins the cow, as by the time the calf gets to the strippings it is tired of suckling, and will never drain out the last drop, as the good milker always does.

Cutting and Curing Hay.

In handling hay the first thing is to get the tools in order before the time comes to start the mower. Some like a five-foot mower bar, others prefer a seven. Some like the side delivery rake and follow that with team and loader. Others think it best to leave the grass in the swath until ready to load. If left in the swath the hay will endure quite a shower without injury, but if raked up a rain spoils it, particularly if the hay be clover.

Put clover hay into the mow green, scarcely cured at all. If tacked down solid and the doors are closed and kept closed until after the hay passes through the sweat, there will be no dust in the hay. Clover cut in the first bloom should be fed to cows; that cut at the last of the season when the second blossoms were nearly gone could be fed to horses. A hay loader will pay for itself in two seasons on sixty acres of hay. If it is necessary to put clover hay into the mow with any dew on it, cover it with slough hay or straw.

How to Make Cheese.

Soon we shall have weather adapted to cheese making, and as some parties like to make small cheeses for family use, the following hints are given: The prepared rennet can be found either in liquid form or in tablets of two sizes. Small tin cans hold 100 large tablets, each supposed to be sufficient for 500 pounds of milk, or the other size, of 200 tablets, each intended for 100 pounds of milk. Of course, in actual use much will depend upon the freshness of the milk, the temperature and other conditions, but if the milk curdles too quickly use less rennet, and if too slowly use more. Dissolve the tablet in pure cold water, using about a cupful to one small tablet. Warm the milk to eighty-six degrees, and pour in the rennet, stirring it at the time, and for a few minutes after.

Then let it stand until the curd is fit for cutting. The 100 pounds of milk should make about a nine or ten-pound cheese, and while a beginner might not make a first-class cheese at the first trial, a few hints from some experienced party should enable him or her to produce an eatable product.—Farm, Stock and Home.

Food For Young Chickens.

More than half the young chicks that die while very young do so because they are improperly fed. Even the most dreaded of all pests, lice, will never trouble the chicken that is fed as it ought to be, and has free range to scratch in the dirt. But proper feeding does not mean pampering the chick, and still less does it mean feeding with soft, indigestible food, that gives nothing for the chick's gizzard to work on. We never failed to have good success with chicks after they were big enough to eat whole wheat. After awhile we took the hint and cracked the wheat, and they would eat this cracked wheat the second day. The chick needs nothing the first day. Its last act in the shell is to store up the remainder of the yolk and white. It is these which make its body, bones, bill and feathers. In picking its way out of the shell the chick instinctively swallows some of the shell, and this supplies its first grit for the gizzard. But the egg shell is itself dissolved and furnishes bone for growth. So the first thing is to put cracked wheat among coarse sand or very fine gravel. The chick will eat some gravel with its food, and thus be put in a fair way to live, and soon learn to take care of itself.

Not a Gift.

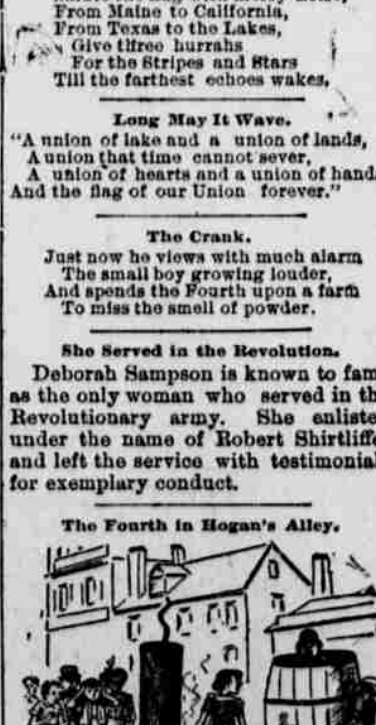
"Julia," said the old gentleman, reproachfully, "if I am not mistaken you gave that young man a kiss."

"I did no such thing," returned the young woman with emphasis. "It was a trade."—Chicago Post.

All the land above sea level would not all up more than one-third of the Ocean.

Young Hero (from the barrel)— "What's de matter wid yer, sa-a-ay. Why don't yer set it off; is yer akker?"—Life.

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