

### THE CASTLE OF WOMAN'S FAITHFULNESS.

A Ballad.  
Wherever German songs are sung  
With German heart and German tongue,  
Is known the castle proud and tall  
That "Woman's Faithfulness" they call.

And, like its name, 'tis built of rock  
To stand for aye the tempest's shock,  
But, softening its stern response,  
This legend like its ivy grows:

When this was young and men were brave  
And knights did hold the word they gave,  
And ladies were as true as fair,  
A mighty German burg stood there.

Against it rode a host of steel,  
Whose leader, king from head to heel,  
Was Kaiser Konrad, fair of fame,  
The first of Hohenzollern name.

Then sword and ax dealt stroke on stroke,  
On casque, stout lances clashed and broke,  
On hand-fought field at set of sun,  
The Kaiser stood, his right well won.

But dearly purchased was his land,  
His men lay dead on every hand,  
His faithful men lay in their blood,  
Then swore in rage the Kaiser good:

"All foes who in my castle fight  
Shall perish, be they churl or knight;  
In blood of my own men is writ  
The doom of those who wanted it."

"As king, I slay the trait'rous race;  
As knight, I give the ladies grace;  
Their treasures may they take, whate'er  
Upon their own backs they can bear."

The Kaiser spake, the women heard;  
"Now sacred is his knightly word,  
That life and treasure us accorded,  
Upon our backs bear we our lords!"

The castle gate swung open wide,  
Then clambered down the mountainside  
The women at the king's behest,  
Each bore the one she loved the best.

The warriors laughed, but conquered foe  
Should not escape their anger so;  
Duke Friedrich swore in bitter mood,  
"Now slay them all, the trait'rous brood!"

And grasped his bill; then Konrad spake:  
"He dies who would my promise break!  
The ladies and their lords go free;  
A Kaiser's word shall sacred be."

Of olden times, when men were brave  
And knights did hold the word they gave,  
And ladies were as true as fair,  
This ancient burg doth witness here.

—By Charlotte Lawrence Edholm, in  
Youth's Companion.

### The Curl That Strayed.

By Grace R. Dweley.

Edna Brayton's hair fell in a tumultuous shower over her shoulders and out the window and tempted Sidney Crowthers until he snipped just one tiny strand, feeling sure she would never miss it, and striving to excuse himself with the assurance that any other fellow would have done the same thing in his place.

The day had been a tiresome one because people could not choose their own best company. The party had left the hotel at Pasadena early in the morning in automobiles and had struggled up to the inn one by one around noon when the sun made havoc with the roads and clouds of dust enveloped the suffering tourists.

Edna Brayton and Mrs. Peele, with a chauffeur and Mrs. Peele's young son, were nearing the inn just as a fire burst, and at the same time a sickening odor and a thick cloud of smoke testified to trouble on the gasoline tank. The women jumped from their seats with terrified abruptness, the boy following excitedly. It was all over in a few moments, except that Edna and her chaperon looked as if they had been powdered with coal dust.

They decided to wait at the inn until the damage had been repaired. Sidney Crowthers held up his auto to wait for them, because his was the only one not loaded. Because he could not have Miss Brayton with him on this trip he had resolutely refused to bore himself with any one else. Miss Brayton, aware of this fact, chuckled to herself and felt that it was a good thing for him not to have his own way.

But Fate said otherwise. While he sat in the adjoining reception room and read to while away the time, Edna Brayton was sitting close to an open window trying to dry the long golden hair that streamed over her shoulders, for she wanted to keep her shirtwaist fresh.

So an errand breeze played with it and gave promise of a brisk drying, when suddenly a little golden strand snatched itself past the window where Sidney Crowthers sat impatiently waiting. Taunting, beckoning, it came and went, until he was exhausted fighting the temptation. Then he cut the tiny lock, and what he did with it before placing it in his pocket, no one ever knew.

About an hour later Sidney Crowthers received a little note, which the boy said called for no reply. "My dear Mr. Crowthers," it read, "I thought you were a gentleman, but I know now that you are a thief. Do not seek to question me, for your own conscience should tell you why all possible relations should cease from now on."

It was a pale gray shadow of an imp that had reluctantly penned that note, for Edna Brayton had held her breath while the rascal cut the tiny golden curl, had felt the thrill go straight to her heart from his hand, had longed to feel it again. But she meant to teach him a lesson on presumption. He had always been just a little too confident of his own charms—evidently he thought he had only to desire a thing, and, by hook or crook, it would be his.

So Sidney sat in glum thought and whistled—the word "possible" ringing in his brain with a knell of alternate despair and hope. Then it might have been possible, if he had bided his time, for her to care for him and tell him so! Heigho, but he was always putting his foot in it! What could he possibly

say to mend the breach and restore himself to favor?

The ink bottle rested on the little desk in the corner, quiescent, suggestive. Helpless, hopeless, with the tiny golden curl burning his way to the core of his heart and filling it with longing for the unattainable, Sidney Crowthers shook his own black head till the curls thereon danced defiantly, and, bending his broad shoulders to his unaccustomed task, he wrote thus: "My Dear Miss Brayton—It takes a thief to catch a thief. You stole my heart first, and now you have stolen all I had to live for—my last vestige of hope. Again, I say it takes a thief to catch a thief, and you can't have that blessed little curl until you give me back my hope that you have so meanly taken away."

He dispatched the note and then paced the floor like a caged tiger. "Any fellow would have done it if he had any spunk," he said to the imp in the ink bottle.

Five, ten and fifteen minutes passed, while Edna Brayton puffed and plumed the golden hair to a semblance of order, and then threw on her traveling clothes, and stole out of the door to the room nearby where she heard those heavy, impatient steps.

She stepped inside the room slowly and noiselessly. When she got quite close she suddenly pinned his arms to his sides with her little hands and said, tremulously, "I've come for my curl, if you please."

But she never got it, and Sidney acquired title to all the rest of her golden head.—Boston Post.

### PARTNERSHIP COW.

Bill Took Milk, While Brother Had to Furnish Fodder.

"If my brother Bill ain't the best hand at a dicker in the hull State 'I Malne I'll give his better the half o' the cow he stuck me with," declared Jerry Bell yesterday. "He's the slickest thing livin' and I'm jest as proud of him as though 't was someone else he stuck."

Then Jerry told about the cow. He and Bill own a farm together, sharing stock, buildings and profits half and half. The agreements are all on paper, the documents having been drawn up by Bill. Being a business man by instinct, Bill insisted on having everything in writing, so Jerry didn't pay particular attention when he was asked to sign a half agreement in a fine Holstein cow recently purchased from the general fund.

"I noticed Bill kept the critters' milk apart and sold the butter separate, but I didn't think nothin' on't till it come to settlin'," said Jerry. "When Bill put all the money in his pocket I says, 'where's my share?' 'Why, you owe me money,' says brother. 'I do, how's that?' says I. 'Why, you bought the front end o' the cow an' I bought the milkin' end,' says he, 'so havin' fed her out o' fodder we both own you owe me for half on't. I didn't make a cow's innards so I ain't to blame if your fodder goes into my end and makes milk.' 'I didn't buy no end,' says I, but sure enough there it was in the contract.

"That made me turrible proud o' Bill, but I jest had 't have my share in his end of the cow, so I gets a lawyer and sues. Bill set up the contract for proof o' the bargain, but my lawyer was a smart feller, and he set up that I didn't know what I was signin'." "Well," says Bill, "he orter looked, havin' lived off and on with me these thutty year. He might ha' known he'd got skinned." But the Judge wouldn't have it and made Bill settle.

"Before the case was come to court Bill went in to feed the cow some of our hay, when a dawg of ourn nipped her in the hind legs. Seem' she co'ldn't git at the dawg she gored Bill. That got him all het up, and he sued me for damages 'cause it was my end that done it. I said the ol' cow wouldn't ha' touched him if it hadn't been for our dawg, and I guessed it was a much his end of the dawg as 't was mine. I guess the Judge thought so, too, for he told me to take his suit and git out.

"I tell ye Bill's a mighty smart one when it comes to dickerin', an' I'm mighty proud of him, durned if I ain't."—Plaster Rocker (Me.) correspondent of the New York World.

### Vandal at Shelley's Grave.

A correspondent who visited the Protestant cemetery at Rome the other day reports an act of silly vandalism at Shelley's grave. "As we wander about," says the correspondent, "we saw for about half an hour a young man tourist sitting on Shelley's grave, carefully occupied in cutting the marble with a sharp instrument.

"We thought he was restoring the lettering, but, coming to his side, we found that he had cut his own name (which I will not give), 'New Zealand, April, 1907. I love thee,' close to the inscription on the flat white marble surface. He had then soaked with ink his own work, leaving the disgraceful fruits of his vandalism for all who visit this interesting place." How any professing admirer of Shelly could be guilty of such conduct passes belief.—British Weekly.

### Refuses to be Suppressed.

Since its reappearance in Belgrade ten days ago the Journal Otatshina has been confiscated four times. Its editor, Captain Novokovitch, has been sentenced to a month's imprisonment; the printers have been locked up on various charges, and the office boy expelled to Zemlin. In spite of these little difficulties the paper continues to appear daily.—London Standard.

Raphael's portrait of the brother of Pope Leo X., dated 1544, has been sold for \$106,000, a record price in the Berlin art world.

## The Rise of the United States of America AND THE TENDENCIES OF ITS DEVELOPMENT.

By Whitelaw Reid, Ambassador to Great Britain.

THE result of it all is the marvel of modern history. It was an English prelate and scholar who said of it, "Time's noblest offspring is the last." What, in the final analysis, made the success?—for who shall say the splendid growth will survive, if what made it be lost? Well, first of all, it was made, as most successes are, by character, America, in the making, was intelligent, moral, religious and religiously devoted to the education of children. It was desperately earnest. It was alert and industrious—almost without a class that only amuses itself. It was passionately attached to the personal rights of Englishmen. It had an inborn respect for authority and reverence for law. Its ancestors had been used to representative institutions for centuries, and it was thoroughly trained in parliamentary government. And next the success was made by circumstance. The inefficient were sifted out—those left were a picked class. They were alone, in a wild but fertile and, as it seemed, boundless land. Opportunities opened on every hand; the time, like the climate, was electric, and there was an absolute freedom from individual initiative. It is not sure that such a success could be won now; it is not sure that such a government as they founded could be carried on now, if that character were materially changed. Is it even sure that the success could be maintained, if those circumstances were materially altered, and particularly if that freedom of individual initiative should be destroyed, by the collectivist or socialist tendencies of the times. But such a catastrophe is not to be thought of. Whatever may be the wild speculations of the hour, whatever the temporary variations from the historic course, no vessel that carries the English-speaking races has lost its chart, on none has the compass gone hopelessly astray. The old headlights still burn. Inspired by the same traditions, led by the same instincts, these races in either hemisphere, in whatever zone, on whatever continent or island, will surely in the end hold fast to those ancient characteristics of a strong, free people, and so keep secure their place in the van of human progress.

### Sin in the Frying Pan

By Winifred Black.

JUDGE M'KENZIE CLELLAND of Chicago discharged fifty drunk and disorderly men long ago on the condition that their wives would promise to feed them their good food for two weeks and then bring them into court to report. Last week the fifty reported, and not one of them had taken a drink since the change of food.

Good idea, Judge McKenzie Clelland, but how in the world did you carry it out? It was all very well to tell the negligent wives that they must buy good food for their husbands, but who on earth cooked it when it was bought?

The average American woman knows as much about good cooking as a Fiji Islander knows about Omar Khayyam.

Americans ought to know more about cooking than any other nation on earth. Intelligent Americans do.

They have learned how to cook the ragout from Europe, the spaghetti from Italy, the frijoles from Mexico, the roast beef from England, soups from Germany and the art of broiling meats from our own good American cooks; but the ordinary, every day woman who gets her own husband's dinner in this land of freedom is a heathen and a Goth and a Vandal, and everything else that is ignorant and stupid and stubborn when it comes to cooking.

Any woman who fries steaks or chops ought to expect her husband to drink or to take morphine or to set the house on fire, or to do anything desperate that happens to come into his head.

The every day American woman spends more money on her table in one day than a French or a German or an Italian woman would spend in a week, and she feeds her family not one-half as well as any of these other women feed theirs.

What's the matter with the great American housekeeper that she's too busy or too lazy or too conceited to go to work and learn something about her business—the nice, clean, sensible, kindly, honest fine business of cooking?

### "After-Images"

Many Delusions Intimately Related to This Unappreciated Law.

By Edward A. Ayers.

HERE are two kinds of light waves emitted from all objects; color and white waves. Whenever a source of light, as the sun, strikes an object, part of that light is absorbed and part reflected—thrown back. The latter represents object's "luminosity." The color-blind are never blind to this form of light. A mirror reflects almost all the light that falls upon it. Polished silver reflects 92 percent of perpendicular rays. Broken surfaces split up such light, and so appear dark. The more luminous an object, the more intense in its effect upon the retina, just as two horns affect the ear more keenly than one. The more intense or stimulating a light, the quicker is the retina exhausted. It becomes temporarily paralyzed in the cones of such a color. Look at the sun, then look away, and you will still see the sun; but its color appears a pale blue, which is the farthest contrast to the yellow-orange of the sun. It is the complementary color. The light of the sun is so intense that it quickly exhausts the yellow-orange cones, leaving those farthest from it (blue, the "complementary" of yellow) least exhausted, hence this after-image of the sun looks blue (actually a pale greenish blue).

A mother was sewing a scarlet gown held in the sunlight by the window. Turning to her child, playing on the floor, she shrieked, believing it was dying. She saw no red in its face, which made it appear corpse-like. Visions, witch-making, religious hysteria, pseudo-instincts and the attribution of supernatural power are intimately related to this unappreciated law of "after-images."—The Century.

### "Slavery, Mother of Revolt"

By Archbishop William H. O'Connell.

WHEN inordinate greed for wealth presses the laborer beyond endurance, and when the dignity of labor is ignored and its just titles to respect passed unnoticed, then work becomes slavery, and slavery is the mother of revolt.

If with increased wealth, if with prosperity which floods the land as if God were showering his blessings upon the nation, hand in hand went a corresponding generous response to the higher duties imposed by better conditions, all would yet be well.

But when men's hearts grow only harder, when the blessings of heaven fall on stony ground, thorns and thistles grow instead of wholesome grain. The dangers which are now confronting us and which, if men do not have a care, will assume alarming proportions are in reality nothing new; they are but the repetition of the evils in paganism which Christ came to heal.

The lessening of labor and the increase of wages will never in themselves settle the eternal rest of humanity.

The blame is not with any one class. The fault is general and is daily increasing.



### What is a Good Cow?

A good cow is one, irrespective of breed, that pays her owner a net profit. The cow that produces a profit cannot always be distinguished from one that does not, by external appearance. Signs of good cows many times fail. Looks, in a cow, at least, are sometimes deceiving. The value of a cow is not told simply by the amount of milk she gives for a given period or the richness of that milk. We must know the cost of keeping as well as the production of the cow to determine her value.—Farmers' Home Journal.

### Hints on Lawn-Sowing.

Get the very best grade of lawn mixture for seeding, and use it liberally. I believe in thick sowing. This way you are not obliged to wait a year for a good sward. Sow the seed on a very still day, if you want an even "catch." I would advise sowing from one side, and then cross-sowing. It is a good plan to sow just before a rain, if possible, as this will imbue the seed in the soil and prevent it from being blown away. If the season is a dry one it is well to roll or beat down the soil after sowing to make it compact enough to retain moisture until germination can take place.—Outing Magazine.

### Test Age of Fowls.

A rooster's age is determined by the size of his spurs. If they are long he is "antique." If there is a small button on the ankle where the spurs come later he is a young bird. Ducks are invariably judged by the under lip of the bill. If a dressed duck will sustain its weight by its under bill, "lay it back and try another," for there is no telling how old it is; certainly too old to be real tender. But if the bill snaps easily it is a young bird. Gobbler are told by their spurs, the same as roosters, the age of a hen turkey being determined by the length of its beard, says the Tri-State Farmer. Aside from the test applied to ducks there is one infallible rule which can be applied with safety in all cases. The back part of the breast bone can be bent easily in a young fowl. If it is sharp and hard and refuses to yield to pressure from your thumb it is an old bird.

### The Best Soils.

Soils made up of a nearly equal proportion of clay, or fine silt and sand, and sand are the best. They allow the rain and water to slowly go downward, and they have many pores, which carry the water downward with a power greater than the force of gravitation. These soils do not allow the water to percolate to so great a depth that it can neither be reached by the roots of field crops, which go downward to a depth of from three to seven feet, nor rise to the roots by the same capillary power which helped carry it down and held it from going further. These soils are usually in good condition very soon after a wet period, because they can absorb a great deal of moisture and carry it down so that the surface is dry enough for tillage. Such soils are also excellent in dry weather, because they have a large supply of water stored up which can be used by the plant when needed.—Weekly Witness.

### Riches in Corn Stalks.

Prof. Wiley, of the Department of Agriculture, says that inasmuch as every 100 pounds of corn stalks will yield six and a half pounds of absolute alcohol it is obvious that the ignorant agriculturist has been allowing an enormous amount of wealth to go to waste.

Say that one acre will yield from ten to twelve tons of grain stalks, or about 20,000 pounds, and you have a quantity of raw material that will produce 1300 pounds of absolute alcohol, or 216 gallons. Alcohol at the present time is worth 40 cents a gallon.

Ground in a wet condition and dried corn stalks may be kept indefinitely, and are ready at any time for conversion into alcohol. Prof. Wiley says that the alcohol derivable from the corn stalks that now go to waste in this country would not only drive all the machinery in our factories, but would furnish the requisite power for all railroads and steamboats, run all our automobiles, heat and illuminate all of our houses and light the streets of every city in the Union.—Farmers' Home Journal.

### Never Buy a Cheap Ram.

Never buy a cheap ram just because he is cheap. He will prove dear, even if given to you. Get a strong ram, a yearling or a two-year-old. A ram is half the flock, and so a very cheap plan for improvement.

While you are selecting and securing your ram, place the ewes in a fresh pasture, a plot of rape or give them a few oats that they may be gaining rapidly for a few days before and while you are breeding them. This is considered a means to secure a large percentage of lambs.

Another detail in this connection is to see that they are properly tagged.

If the flock is large, do not turn the ram in to wear himself out uselessly;

### Grafting in Apple Orchards.

The old orchard can be very much helped by grafting and fertilization. The best time to graft is in the early spring, and preparations should be commenced as soon as the buds have swelled a little, by the last of March or first of April. The scions should be cut, tied in bundles and placed in some cool, damp place, such as the cellar bottom. Scions are merely the last year's growth of some trees, the kind you wish to propagate. It is important that the trees selected should be vigorous and bear apples of a good size and color.

As soon as it is warm enough for wax to work well, usually in April, you can begin to graft. If there should come an occasional cold day you can place your wax in a pail of warm water to soften it.

If the tree is large enough to contain more than one stub, look it over carefully and decide what limbs to graft and what to remove, that the tree may be well balanced.

The branches need thinning out somewhat to let the sunlight in, but too many must not be removed at once or the tree will be removed at the roots and not do so well, though it may seem all right for a time.

The branches should be cut off smoothly close to the body of the tree so the wound will heal quickly. After the tree has been trimmed and you have decided what branches to graft, saw off the stub smoothly with a sharp, fine-toothed saw, split with the grafting knife and wedge open.

Select a scion in proportion to the size of the stub and cut off a piece large enough to contain three buds. Some grafters use only two, but it is better to have three, as often the lower bud set one-eighth of an inch into the bark and covered with wax will live, when the others are devoured by insects.

Next sharpen the lower end of the scion somewhat like a wedge, but with the outer edge wider than the inner, so it will fit tightly into one cleft in the stub.

Then set the sharpened scion into the cleft so that the inside bark of the scion will match the inside bark at the stub. If the stub is large it is better to get two scions, cutting out one the second year if both live. Now cover the stub with wax and your tree is grafted.—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

### Farm Notes.

Sheep are very efficient aids in making clean pastures by keeping down many kinds of weeds.

Cockereils with spurs are classed as old fowls in market. Market them before the spurs make much growth.

Young trees should not be trimmed too liberally, as too much foliage taken from the tree weakens its feeding power.

There is no objection to selling No. 2 fruit if it is so marked. But to sell No. 2 fruit as No. 1 is where the trouble is.

Whenever root grafting is used in the winter the plants should not be set out in the spring unless the grafts have grown together.

Every poultryman should lay in a supply of alfalfa and clover for his fowls during the winter. Green feed is as essential as grain.

Corn is low in price some years in certain localities. It is possible that next season there may be but half a crop, but the excess over that required for consumption may bring good prices. Farmers who have too much grain on hand, with prices ruling low, should endeavor to increase the number of animals on the farm in order to convert the corn into something more salable.

### Crowded.

A man who was doing his best to convince the world at large, and himself in particular, that he was perfectly sober tried to purchase a theatre seat and was told that there was only standing room. He bought an admission ticket and made another one of the crowd standing up in the back watching the show.

After a few minutes he returned to the window and gratefully handed over another dollar. "Gimme 'nother standing ticket," he said thickly. "I want more room to see."—Bohemian.

### Sarcastic.

"Are there ever any really sure things at the race track?" asked the curious woman.

"Yes," answered young Mrs. Torbins. "My husband is one of them."—Washington Star.