THE OPTIMIST.

tings 'a'lookin' rather blue?

the world a bit askew?
en, my friend, it's up to you
it to hustle out and do
Something worth the while,
pe the tears from out your eye;
ings will get worse if you cry;
k the paths where roses lies;
ere is every reason why
You should wear a smile.

Though the clouds are dark to view Still behind the sky is blue.
And the sun will soon shine through With his golden gleams on you.
If you werk away.
Though the day be dark and drear, What's the use to quake in fear?
Wise away that idle tear.
Look to see the dawning clear
Of a brighter day.

Locked within their ley tomb

Are the flowers of apringtime's bloom
in good time they'l, light the gloom,
Seent the air with sweet perfume

As you trudge along.
Life is always what it's made.
Why should you, then, be dismayed?
Keep on going, unafraid,
Every doubt can be allayed

With a cheerful song.

Keep on working with a will;
Tackle e'en the steepest hill;
Bid each doubt and fear be still
And each day with duty fill—
Duty noble done.
Try again if once you fall;
At one ill-success don't rail;
Bravely face life's flercest gale;
Don't sit down to weep and wall—
Thus success is won.

Will M Manula to The Communication.

-Will M. Maupin, in The Commoner.

The Black Sheep.

By Mabelle M. Harvey.

At the age of 28 Tom Morgan had acquired the unenviable title, "The Black Sheep." He drank heavily, played poker night after night with reck-Tess abandon, bet on horses, ran himself and his father into debt, and in fact indulged in all sorts of dissipation to such an extent that finally he was ordered to leave the big, palatial house on Fifth avenue.

The West had always a great fascination for him, and now, after the final crash, which had been threatening for the last five years, he boarded the train for Colorado.

Then Annabel came into his life and be viewed the world with different eyes. She was a mountain bred girl, typically western, and gifted with wonderful beauty and sweetness of character. And somehow from the very first he felt that she cared for him, but he uttered no word of love to her, He realized his unworthiness and in the presence of her sweet purity he was eshamed of his past life.

They were sitting together on a big boulder one day and the sunlight streamed down upon them, changing the loose tendrils of her hair into strands of gold, which glistened as the breeze stirred them. To the west stretched a long, unending vista of purple hills; at their feet a brook with lights and shadows murmured enchantingly of life and its possibilities.

"Lock!" The girl was on her feet, pale and trembling, her arm stretched towards the distant horizon. A long thin, circuituous line appeared in bold outline against the hills, and Tom turned to his companion, with questioning eyes.

Indians," she sald, slowly, "They have been threatening us for the past year, and now they have taken the warpath. They will reach here toingrrow morning-possibly by 12 tonight-and we are caught like rats in a trap."

"There are how many men in the settlement?" Tom asked, sharply.

"Fifty." She clasped her hands together, nervously, and paced back and forth, her eyes ever on that distant, threatening line.

"Fifty whites against possibly 500 Indians!" Tom muttered. Then his h settled in a firm, grim line, and his eyes shone, with a sudden resolu-"How far away is Colonel

Annabel turned to him with grave eyes. "Twenty miles-but it is useless to speak of him. No one would attempt to reach him; it would be imible. Every bush along the roadside might be concealing one of these sed flends, and 20 miles here in the West is the same as 30 miles of your glean, level Eastern roads."

Fifteen minutes later a solltary rider was urging his pony over the danous, unfamiliar path which led to the fort. The sun beat down on him, remorselessly, and, after the first 10 miles had been covered, his head ached gruelly, but ever before him was a sweet, laughing face, and his heart contracted with fear as he realized the Sanger which threatened the one he

He turned his head to the west-then tent over the pony and cried, sharp-"Do you see those indistinct figgres over on that had, Marigold? Red evils, little girl, and if they catch ight of us, we're lost!"

The horse snorted, as if already scenting danger, and Tom patted her neck encouragingly. "Steady, girl, we'll keep out of their sight if possible. Let your legs fly over the ground ow and- God! Marigold, they see us they're after us! Now show your

Aghting blood, baby; we'll win yet!" Blinding, suffocating clouds of dust rolled by them and Tom closed his stinging eyes. Marigold was reeking with sweat and snorting wildly. Two, three, five miles were covered, and then Tom looked behind once more.

"They're gaining on us, Marigold," he whispered, "a little faster, girl, or they'll overtake us." Three miles were left behind them and only two remained. Without turning his head Tom knew his enemies were gaining on him, and now the wind wafted to his cars the unearthly cries of the Indians as they relentlessly pursued

His eyes gleamed and he clutched his revolver still tighter. Death would be efable any time to falling into the inds of those eager brutes. Only one the better.

mile remained now and still Marigold held her own against the pursuers. quick, sizzling sound through the air, a sharp, stinging pain in his arm and Tom swayed for a second in the saddle with closed eyes. Then he saw again the dear face he had learned to love so well, and the sight gave him fresh courage. The pain in his arm was growing intense and he was conscious that a dull numbuess was creeping over him. Almost unconsciously he turned his head-and nothing but the purple hills met his gaze. The Indians had disappeared as if by magic.

Still he urged Marigold on, and at last the outlines of the big gray fort

were visible.

He swong from the saddle, half dead with fatigue and pain, and in a few broken, gasping sentences delivered his message. He was conscious that many men were crowding up to him, almost knocking each other down in an attempt to grasp his hand-that they were growing more indistinct each second-then oblivion came to him.

"You mustn't try to make a hero out of me, Annabel. They called me 'The Black Sheep' at home and I guess they'd think you were unbalanced if they lieard you say I had done something worth while. They said I was a good-for-nothing back there in the

The great dark eyes were suspiciously wet, and she put her arms round about him with an infinitely sweet, protecting gesture.

"Didn't you risk your life to save us, when not another man dared to stir? You're a hero, Tommy Morgan, and I'm just that proud of you!"-From the Boston Post.

THE IDEAL "BEE WOMAN."

How She Would Manage Her Colonies of Busy Workers-Her Attributes.

"In this day, when so many doors are opening to women, I am surprised that so few adopt beekeeping as a means of support," says a woman bee keeper. "A 'bee woman' who would succeed must have lots of energy and push, and, above all, must not be easily discouraged. She must be willing to work hard and often early and late during part of the year. Furthermore, she must have come under the fascinating spell which the 'busy bee' seems to have such power to throw over those who seek to know her mys-

"As beekeeper she must have a good degree of health ad vigor, especially if she works without an assistant, be cause there is of necessity much tift ing, and often many hours upon the feet. Yet it is surprising how much hard work one can endure in the open air when one's interest is thoroughly enlisted. There is probably no more healthful occupation, and for those broken in health from mental over work or close confinement indoors the business is ideal.

"It is not necessary that a woman should have no fear of bees on the start in order to become a successful apiarist. Such fear, of course, must be overcome rapidly or prove an inconvenient obstacle; but experience shows that acquaintance rarely fails to establish relationships of the most pleasant character between the busy little honey makers and their owners. To be sure, there are the stings, and one must make up her mind to receive them occasionally as gracefully as possible. Fortunately the human system scon becomes immune to the poison, and beyond a momentary unpleasantness the beekeeper takes little notice of the matter. Occasionally a person fails to win immunity from suffering, and even finds it dangero to risk being stung. Such persons should give up all thought of beekeeping.

"The ideal bee woman will be willing to go slowly-very slowly-at first, The tendency is to want to rush things and begin with a large number of colonies when one knows nothing whatever about the business. Two or three colonies are enough at first. If she succeeds with these, she can easily increase the number, and if she fails, her loss will be great enough It is safe advice to urge the beginner to keep out of debt as nearly as possible. After the first investment for two or three colonies it is better to make the apiary pay its way as nearly as possible.

"From the nature of things-the variableness of the season, the varied honey flow, etc.—beekeeping always must be an uncertain business, and, therefore, it is not well to depend en tirely upon it for a living. A good way is to combine poultry raising and Women are fruitgrowing with it. adepts in both of these lines, and a few stands of bees will add materially to the income and not demand too large a part of one's time. Then if the season is poor, more attention can be given to poultry and less to bees, and vice versa.

"The profits from beekeeping necessarily vary largely. Much depends upon the knack of the beekeeper in being able to get her colonies into prime working order just at the right time, and so manage her business as to keep expenses down and to market her honey advantageously. In Salt River, Ariz., where conditions in many respects are favorable, it is common to hear experienced beekeepers claim an average annual net income of \$3 and even \$4 a colony.

"I should urge one contemplating bee-keeping to invest in one or more good textbooks upon the subject and subscribe to at least one reliable bee journal. If this investment is made for six months before the purchase of the first bees and the intervening time is faithfully spent in study, so much



One Good Horse.

One good horse, cow or pig is better than two poor ones. It is a great deal better to strive to have your animals of the very best quality than it is to see how many more you can have than your neighbor.-Farmer's Home Journal.

Soil for Plants.

A. H. J., in the American Cultivator, says: Good soil for potted plants is made from a mixture of leaf mould obtained from the woods, a little sand and good rich loam, adding also a little fine earth and manure from the poultry yard and a little fine charcoal. After the plants are potted they should be given a good watering and shaded with newspapers for a few days to prevent drying out too quickly.

Pride in Farm Houses.

Homes are made beautiful just to the extent that their owners co-operate with nature in surrounding them with those things most atractive in life. The humble cottage, embowered in trees and flowers, commands love; the palace with its marble pillars and paved walks, only admiration. Out in the country there are trees and meadows, flowers and running brooks, gifts the wealth of which no city can boast, and those who live in the country have unlimited possibilities for making the home acre a place of beauty.-Southwest Magazine

A Horse and a Cow.

The cow that you think the most of may the very one you ought to get rid Find out about that. Test all your cows. Don't be satisfied with once. Keep at it till you know, Then do something about it.

If you do not own a good saddle horse, get one. The landscape looks fairer and the outlook in life much more cheerful from the back of a horse after a half hour's ride from any other point of view. It is not necessary that you should keep a horse exclusively for riding. He may be used for other purposes, only look out for one that is gaited for the saddle as well. The farmer is entitled to the best that is going.-Farm Journal,

What the Hog Will Do.

It has been said that the hog is machine, that oils itself, puts ten bushels of feed into less space than a bushel measure and in so doing doubles its value, then can carry it to market on his back. Corn, barley, oats, grass, rape, clover or any of the by-products of these, loaned to a well-bred, thrifty hog, is money at hig interest. In fact, it is a mint; the grains and grasses are the bullion which, put into the hog, is transmuted into coin. It is an honest mint and gives 16 ounces of avoirdupois of edible meat, says the San Antonio Express. Properly bred, fed and intelligently handled this automatic porker will pay off our debts, furnish the money to improve the farm, place a piano in the home, a carriage at the door, as well as means to educate our boys at the agricultural

A Model Henhouse.

This is what G. Arthur Bell, assistant animal husbandman of the bureau of animal industry at Washington, has to say of the proper quarters for the hens:

The best house for fifty to sixty fowls is 20 by 14 feet; front elevation 61-2 feet, back elevation 51-2, with double pitch roof of unequal span. The roof, if it is shingled, should have not less than one-third pitch. If the roofing paper is used, one-quarter pitch will answer. In the front or south wall there should be placed two windows about one foot from the top and three feet from the ends: 8 by 10 inches is a good sized pane to use in a twelve light sash, making the sash about 3 feet 9 inches high and 2 feet 5 inches wide. A door 2 1-2 by 6 feet may be made in one of the end walls, and also a small door in the front wall for the fowls to pass in and out of the build-

The roost room should be placed in the rear of the house, extending the whole length. The platform should be about three feet wide and three feet from the floor and the perches be placed about eight or ten inches above the platform. The nests should be placed against the end of the house opposite the door or under the roost platform and should be darkened. Several small boxes for shell, grit, beef scraps, etc., should be placed against the walls about sixteen inches from the floor. If cement or wood floors are used, a dust bath should be provided for the fowls.

Salt in Animal Diet.

It has long been well known that salt is a most important part of the diet of animals, and that without it they will not thrive. Just how far the necessity for salt is imperative in the animal economy is not so generally known. The Wisconsin State Experiment Sta-

tiontion tested the effect of salt on cattle and other domestic animals. Dry cows. Dr. Babcock, of that station, found, required about three-fourths of an ounce of salt daily for maintaining

their best condition, and a cow giving milk requires a great deal more salt than one that is not producing milk, and it is estimated that such a cow should have, in addition to the amount of chlorine in her ration, about one ounce of salt per day, while a very heavy milker may need still more.

The function of salt in the animal economy is not fully known, but it is accepted that it aids in facilitating the albumenoids of the food in passing from the digestive canal into the blood. Salt also increases the circulation of the juices in the body, and stimulates the animal to greater activity. Thus a horse at hard labor requires more salt than one not at work, and for the same reason a cow producing a large amount of milk requires more salt than one that is dry.

The amount of salt required by an animal also depends to some extent upon the character of the food consumed. Such foods as potatoes, root crops and small grains are rich in potassium salts, which increase the secre tion of sodium salts (common salt) in the urine, and hence the necessity of supplying more salt when foods of that kind are used to a large extent.

Valuable Farm Experiments.

More "Practical Farm Experiments" are included in a farmers' bulletin (No. 296) now on the press of the Depart ment of Agriculture, Washington, D. C. The little pamphlet is full of good things, complied from the results of government experiments and the most valuable of the work of the various experiment stations throughout the country. There is no publication of Uncle Sam's of more general value than these farm experiment bulletins. The one in question contains some fifteen short condensations of practical experiments, many of them covering a series of years, and being the results of the work of several separate scientific investigations. They contain real information, written in non-technical language, and can any of them be read in ten minutes or less.

The first item discussed is "Wells and Pure Water." Every one knows the value of a pure water supply, both for the household and stock, and its relation to the wholesomeness of dairy and other products sold from the farm; but not everybody pays enough attention to the location or construction of the well.

Another subject is the need of phosphates in acid soil and the necessary tests to determine its acidity. The value of good seed over poor is strikingly set forth in some statistics of clover planting. This is another Instance where everybody concedes that to plant questionable seeds is poor policy, yet thousands of acres of good lands are regularly prepared with care and then planted with seed whose germinative qualities and purity are unknown, with a resulting poor crop. The de partment is doing its best to stop the sales of impure or dead seeds; but the question rests after all with the individual farmer. If every one tested the seeds he bought, and especially if he reported cases of adulterated or dead seeds to the government the sale of such seeds would be immediately stopped. In one sample of seed examined, an acre of alfalfa planted from this lot would have resulted in 167,000 weeds including dodder, plaintain, foxtail, etc. In another sample there were 34 different kinds of weeds. In one case of clover seed-taking fifteen pounds to the acre as the standard for sowing -owing to impurities, it would have been necessary to sow seventy-three pounds, while the weeds would have smothered the crop. Certainly this seed as a gift would have been most expensive.

Farmers who have been troubled with a dying out of their clover will do well to send for this bulletin, as it contains an account of a fungus disease which has been attacking and in some instances almost destroying, clover fields. The remedy seems to lie in procuring seed from selected healthy plants. The work of the governmen along these lines is very encouraging to the eradication of the disease.

Oat fields infested with wild mustard were rid of the weed by a spraying of iron sulphate, and many other weeds were killed at the same time without

detriment to the oats. In hothouse and cold-frame plant growing an inexplicable dying off of seemingly healthy plants frequently occurs. This is the result of harmful bacteria, which get into the soil, especially if it is used several seasons. Sterilizing the soil will kill these germs while at the same time it is shown that seeds germinate quicker and plants develop better in sterilized soil. Dry burning of brush or trash is a simple method of sterilizing.

A Heart-Interest Drama "Jack, I am going away." "Going away, . Madge?"

"Yes, going away. But, before go, I have something to say to you." "Something to say to me, little

"Yes, something to say to you Don't send me any poker stories in lieu of the weekly remittance. That'll be about all."-Washington Star.

HOW THE "CONSCIENCE FUND" LIFTS THE LOAD OF CARE.

Fund" of the Treasury Department is this terrible witness. Now I can feel growing beautifully less, indicating a realization of the proverb, 'Be virthat the world is growing better or that the people are becoming conscienceless,

For the fiscal year closing June 30 the total amount received and credited to this fund amounted to only \$5. 789.90, being a decided de rease from that of the year 1906, when it was \$7, 343.49. In 1905 it was \$21,336.92. o year in which conscience got in its work in good shape, but which was not the largest received in any one fiscal year, since the account was opened in 1811. The total amount of this fund now goes considerably over \$550, 000, every cent coming from those who wished to make atonement for sins committed in the way of pilfering from the government.

It may be that the sojourn of some of the sinners at the Moundsville penitentiary and the narrow escape of others from that institution have something to do with the decrease of the fund. The close watch kept on government employes has unquestionably had much to do with the falling off of the fund, for there is not now the opportunities to pilfer from Uncle Sam as in the days a-gone, when laxer methods prevailed throughout the entire government. It is true that once in a great while a large amount is restored. For some time after the war, when all sorts of stealings were rife in all parts of the country, consciences of the criminals seem to have reached a very respectable proportion and penitence found vent in a regular cornucopia of regrets expressed in cash or its equivalent.

"The decline of the fund," said one of the Treasury officials, "is not due to the fact that the world is growing better, but that people have not the conscience they once had. That the world is growing worse there can be no doubt, and that little monitor called conscience is not overtaxed. There is just as much small pilferings in the government as there ever was. We seldom hear of these, but occasionally one of the 'plungers' is caught up with and made to pay the penalty. Not all the 'plungers' are caught, either, by a long jump. In a word, you may say that conscience is simply not doing its work; it is held in check." The history of the fund is not with-

The

out interest and entertainment. account was opened in Septmber, 1811, with a contribution of less than \$1, which was forwarded to the Treasury by a conscience-stricken resident of New York, who stated that he had taken the amount from the government and wanted to make restitution. Officials of the department state that it was not known at that time what o do with the money, and a simple memorandum was made and the slip of paper filed in one of the drawers, where it remained undisturbed for many years. It appeared that there would never be another contribution of this character, and, in fact, it was not until 1861, soon after the breaking out of the Civil War, when a bundle was received containing \$6,000 in bonds, accompanied by a statement that the restitution which had long been due the government was prompted by conscience. This gave the account its name, "Conscience Fund." It has since remained open, and all amounts returned to the Treasury in consequence of the prickings of the inward monitor (which stances seems to be ironclad) have been credited to it, covered into the general treasury as a miscellaneous receipt, and may be used like other assets of the Treasury for any purpose that Congress may deem proper. Letters with inclosures intended for

the conscience fund are usually addressed to the treasurer, but they go to the public moneys division, which makes note of the amounts and deposits them with the treasurer of the United States. The sums received are almost always in cash, stamps, with now and then a draft. They are never accompanied by the names of the senders, except once in a while in the cases of persons who have made mistakes as to payments of customs duties. The written communications relating to them are very brief as a rule. If otherwise, they contain elaborate apologies and appeals. Occasionally letters are signed by clergy men at the request of penitents. Remittances are received almost weekly -occasionally the receipts are two or three a week.

In forwarding money for the conscience fund the senders frequently request that acknowledgment shall be made by publication in the newspapers, and this is nearly always done, for the local newspaper men are generally in evidence to gather in such items. A great many of the letters accompanying the remittances are preserved, and the lifting of the red tape of the department gives some interesting reading. Many of these letters on file are from jocose correspondents, who have not scrupled to make light of so serious a matter as to address the treasurer pretended concience letters, whose humor is far in excess of the money inclosed. One of these letters reads:

"Inclosed please find 75 cents, coin of the realm, won from a United States paymaster at draw poker, and which I am convinced rightfully belongs to Uncle Samuel. I have carried it for nearly six months, and dare not trust myself with it any longer. My conscience calls for relief-my harassed nature calls for a good night's sleep. phia Record.

What is known as the "Conscience | I can have neither so long as I carry tuous and you will be happy.' Now I can feel an assurance that in years yet to come it can be said of my children (yet to come), 'they were of poor but honest parents,' Please acknowledge through local press, and request them to put in double-leaded brevier, editorial page."

A conscience-stricken department clerk wrote;

"A clear conscience softens the hardest bed, and as I am a poor government clerk my bed is very hard and needs softening, so I herewith return \$1 which was overpaid me last payday, and, besides, I have loafed a good deal lately."

Here's a letter which has the true

ring: "Inclosed is a check for \$190. I will briefly explain. I have been in the United States service and a part of the time with rank which entitled me to two servants. I drew pay for two, but actually had but one. It was the common practice of officers to do this, and the paymasters were well aware of it. I entered the army poor and sick-too poor, in fact, to get along well without a clear conscience."

One of the largest contributions ever received was \$12,000, and it was ac-

companied by this letter: "I am sending you herewith inclosed \$12,000 which is to go to the use of the United States government. Years ago I defrauded the government of money, but now I have returned it all and am paying fourfold in accordance with the teachings of the Scriptures. The way of the transgressor is hard. and no one but God knows how I have suffered."

There are many such letters as these, but in a large number of instances the contributions are made without any explanations whatever On several occasions it has happened that people have cut bills in two, sending one-half to the Secretary of the Treasury, and the other half to the treasurer, for the sake of safety. There are persons who do not entertain absolute faith in the integrity of government officials. One man forwarded \$10 to the conscience fund, saying: "Pay this money where it belongs and keep your record clear." An envelope postmarker Bealeton, Va., contained six two-cent stamps and a sheet of paper upon which was written, "I misused six stamps and am now returning them." A remittance of \$3.40 was received from a man who wrote that he felt sorry for having beaten his passage on a government train during the war.

It is a melancholy thing to be obliged to say that the swindles against the government which bear such fruit of repentance seem to be a sadly small percentage of the multifarious chats that are practiced undetected and apparently unregretted by those who perpetrate them. A fraud on the government of a comparatively innocent sort is often practiced in the A quartermaster finds his army. stores short by 100 tent pins, five anvils, and fourteen sledge hammers. Very likely it is not his fault; such things will happen. Presently a sofdier deserts and disappears. Incidentally to the report of desertion sent to Washington, mention is made of 100 tent pins, five anvils and fourteen sledge hammers as having dis-appeared with the delinquent. The latter is supposed to be walking acros the country with these articles thrown termaster, who would otherwise be over his back. This squares the quarobliged to pay for the missing arti-

Voyagers returning from across the seas fetch gems concealed in cakes of soap, in the hollowed heels of boots, beneath porous plasters, in cartridge from which the bullets have been re moved and the powder taken out, and in various and sundry other ways. Th device of folding diamonds in a sl of meat, feeding it to a dog just be fore reaching port, and killing the ani mal a few hours later is a familiar one.-Washington Sta.

His Name for It.

I was once teaching a class small pupils in physiology in a rur school and asked the class what nam was given to the bones of the her as a whole. A little girl raised he

"What it is, Lucy?" I asked. "Skull!" she answered.

"Correct," said I; "but what other name has it?" expecting someone answer "cranium." All were sile for a while, then a little fellow w seemed to be in a deep study quick! raised his hand, his eyes sparkling and a confident smile spreading his face. "What it is, Henry?" I asked.

"Noggin," was his immediate repl -Judge's Library.

New Use for Ribbons.

Forty million yards of narrow r bon have been ordered by a weste brewery from a Philadelphia conce to be used for advertising purpos The ribbon will be placed about t necks of the beer bottle, and it is timated that four inches will be quired for each bottle. Basing calc lations upon this, it is estimated th 360,000,000 bottles of beer are to brewed, while the ribbon, stretch out, would reach nearly 23,000 mil and, in the latitude of Philadelph would encircle the globe.—Philadelph