

## THE BALLAD OF THE BETHELL.

Homeward bound was the Bethell, out from the Midland Sea,  
Past the Strait of Gibraltar into the west sailed she.  
Isaac Freeman, the master, thought of his cargo sold,  
Thought of the wares of Europe laden safe in the hold,  
Prayed for a peaceful passage, yet—if fight he must—  
Letters of marque he carried, and a score of guns outfit.  
Their menace to French and Spaniards, who never would need to know  
That six of the guns were wooden—for the Bethell still should go  
Safe overseas to Boston, with riches brought from far  
To owners that dared the uttermost, despite King George's War.

The sun swung low to the westward, lost were the hills of Spain,  
When far through the golden sun-track a sail rose out of the main,  
Slowly it grew to a vessel, blocking the Bethell's path,  
Like a beast of prey that waited for the glutting of its wrath;  
And through the waning daylight a sea-school of eyes could tell  
'Twas the flag of Spain that lifted and sank on the long ground-swell.  
So great a foe for the Bethell, so small and all united!

Never such need had Freeman to summon his Yankee wit.  
"All hands below!" he shouted. "Search every man his chest;  
With your Sabba-day hats and jackets let staves and oars be dressed!  
Then range them along the gunwale—good sarecrowns breed good fear!  
Make sure that all your lanterns are trimmed and burning clear;  
String them aloft in the rigging; then heave the guns well out.  
'Quakers' and all-step lively!" "Aye, aye!" came the answering shout.

Thus did the peaceful Bethell put on a fighting guise,  
Thus through the gathering darkness she loomed for twice her size,  
As under the flag of England to the Spaniard close she drew,  
Brave with her lights and cannon, proud of her mighty crew.  
So they heave to and parleyed, shouting across in the night,  
Clear sounded Freeman's trumpet: "Yield while we may—no fight!"  
What should the Spaniard answer, with a British sloop of war  
Full-armed, full-manned, as he thought her, monstrous of hull and spar,  
Rolling there in the darkness, ready to fire and board?

Bitter the cry came back: "I yield—take ye my ship and sword!"  
With the cheer that rang from the Bethell a laughing note was blent,  
And the Spanish master, bewildered, wondering what it meant,  
Wondered no more when, captive, on Freeman's deck he stood,  
And looked on the paltry cannon, six of them heven from wood,  
And the Yankee crew redoubled by a muster of empty clothes.  
Then what a torrent of fury, what a flood of Spanish oaths!  
For his guns were six and twenty, and his crew a hundred and ten—  
To the Bethell's puny complement of seven and thirty men!

And the Jesus Maria and Joseph, the ship he had brought so far,  
Bound from Havana to Cadiz, lost without scratch or scar,  
Was a register ship deep-laden with chests of silver and gold,  
Doobloons and dollars by thousands, for naught to a trickster sold!  
But vain the wrath of the prisoners, manacled all by morn;  
For pleading they got but laughter, for cursing but looks of scorn.  
Till they made Fayal, where the Spaniards, fuming but now set free,  
Saw captor and captive westward glide over the rounding sea.

And the folk of Boston marveled when seamen swart and strong,  
Armed to the teeth like pirates, bore the treasure along  
Through winding streets to the mansion where an oaken cellar door  
Swung shut with the owner's blessing on the sea and its golden store.  
And pieces of eight, of goodly weight, should have been the captain's kit  
For the bloodless fight he had won that night all by his Yankee wit.  
—M. A. DeWolfe Howe, in Youth's Companion.

**BETH'S PREMIUM.**  
Not a Made-Up Story—It Every Bit Happened.  
Elizabeth Price in St. Nicholas.

It was very hot to sit still and sew. The needle would get sticky in spite of all the little emery strawberry could give it, and Beth's fingers had never felt so clumsy and uncomfortable. If only May and Billy would play a little further off it would help some, but there they were in plain sight, under the very shadiest maple, with all the games Beth liked best.  
It was an apron she was making—white cambric with wee cunning pockets and bretelles that were to come quite up to her shoulders and narrow, delicate taiting over-handed every bit of the way around only the belt. It wasn't at all like the aprons little girls wear nowadays, but it was stylish then, and very pretty. Beth had made it, every stitch—seams and facing that had to be hemmed down so carefully, and it was all done except a part of the taiting. But oh! there had been such a lot of that—yards and yards it seemed to Beth, as she glanced longingly out once more at the shade, and May, and Billy, and the games. When you are only eight years old there are things that seem more interesting than over-handing. Mamma, busy at her own sewing, heard a long-drawn sigh and looked up to smile comfortingly. "I think you'll be through by 5 o'clock, Bethy," she said. "You know we must send it off to-night so as to have it entered on time. You've done beautifully, dear, and you deserve a premium whether you get it or not." Beth smiled back and decided that, after all, it wasn't so dreadfully hot, and 5 o'clock wasn't very far away. "Do you think I'll get it, mamma?" she asked for the twentieth time.  
"I don't know, dear. If mamma was judge, you surely would, but they haven't invited me to award any prizes. You mustn't count on it too much, for you may be disappointed,

but your time has not been wasted even if you get nothing but the pretty apron, and the pleasure of knowing that you made it yourself, and very neatly."

"What is this talk I hear of premiums and mysteries?" demanded Uncle Ed, coming in from the porch.  
"It's the county fair, Uncle Ed—next week—and they have offered \$5 to the best sewing under fourteen years old, and I'm trying to get it," explained Beth, excitedly.

"Which you surely ought to do, for I can testify that your sewing is considerably less than fourteen years of age," declared the roguish uncle. But Beth was too full of her subject to heed teasing. Uncle Ed had been away for a month, and it was such a comfort to find somebody who hadn't heard the matter discussed over and over again.  
"I'm only eight, Uncle Ed, but I've been most careful as fourteen, don't you think?" and the needle-roughened forefinger pointed to the tidy hem. Uncle Ed hunted for his eyeglasses—"because I can't see them at all without," he declared. "Of all the ridiculously small stitches—why, Beth, I'll be surprised if those near-sighted judges don't think you've glued that petticoat together."  
"It's an apron, Uncle Ed," explained the small seamstress, patiently. "It's very important, because if I get the money it's to go into the bank to help my education, so I can be a teacher, and mamma won't have to work."

"I see. And if you don't get it you'll have to be an ignoramus all your life. I should think it is important!"

And then May and Billy clamored at the window, and Beth set the last careful stitch, and the clock struck 5. The county fair began as usual: just as if Beth's apron were not a part of it. It was too far away for mamma and the children to attend, but Uncle Ed went on the last day, and he was to bring back word of the result. Beth was certain she should not sleep a wink until he came, no matter how late that was, but mamma insisted on her going to bed as usual, and the next thing she knew it was broad daylight. Uncle Ed was down in the dining room, but he didn't say much—just looked over his eyeglasses and talked about premium pigs and mowing machines and pretended he hadn't heard a word about aprons. Bethy crept away by herself. She understood—she hadn't gotten any premium, and Uncle Ed didn't like to tell her. Well, if she couldn't ever be educated she'd have to be a dressmaker like mamma, and sew, no matter how hot it was.

And then breakfast was ready, and Uncle Ed called her to come quick before he starved.  
She slipped quietly into her chair and slowly lifted her plate to release an edge of the napkin, and there, under it, folded neatly, lay her very own cambric apron with a blue ribbon plumed fast, and across it a smooth, gray-green, fascinating \$5 bill.  
And this isn't a made-up story at all, for it every bit happened.

**Rings Around the Sun and Moon.**  
Among the popular notions regarding the weather there are several which seem to have a good foundation. One of them is that a ring around the sun or moon will be followed in a day or two by a heavy storm. Such a ring is usually formed in a layer of cloud so thin as not entirely to hide the luminary which is encircled, and the cloud is always at a great elevation. It is apt to be composed of ice particles, but, anyhow, the sheet proceeds from the upper part of a distant storm area, and is swept eastward by one of the higher currents of air. An observer of the United States Weather Bureau, writing from Columbia, Mo., notices a difference in the consequences of rings of small diameter and those of greater diameter. The storm usually follows the former, if it occurs at all, in from twelve to eighteen hours. In the other case it is liable to be delayed from thirty to thirty-six hours. When a ring is first observed, he says, the storm often is 800 or 1000 miles away. Sometimes in its eastward movement it will press to the north or the south of the observer, and hence it is not a perfectly trustworthy sign, but great confidence in it is felt by this particular scientist.

**Entertainment in Esperanto.**  
Everything was done in Esperanto—the songs, admirably rendered by a local choir; the secretary's statement, the presidential address, the speeches by delegates of various nationalities, and to all the miscellaneous audience everything was perfectly intelligible. The Mayor of Cambridge, a local business man, whose life, I imagine, has not been given to linguistic studies, made a speech in Esperanto; the Mayoress, with an accent less sternly British, followed him; the secretary of the congress, whose working days are passed in Capel Court, spoke Esperanto as if he had never spoken anything else; Colonel Pollen, the vice-president, delivered his remarks in Esperanto of a sonorous elocutionary quality. We sang "God Save the King"—"Gardu la regon Di!"—in Esperanto; to-morrow we shall assist at a representation of "Boks kai Coks," and another day we are to have a reading of "Bardell kontrau Pickwick."—From an account of the Esperanto Congress in the Standard.

The Pilgrim Congregational Church, near London, founded in 1616, is the oldest of the denomination in the empire, and it was from it that the London contingent of the men of the Mayflower was recruited.

## Bargaining With Death.

By Clifford Howard.

One of us is so poor or so unworthy that he is not ready to bargain with death. Let the spectre name his price, and we give up our loves and our tobacco with equal promptness. He may have our fortunes and our homes, our pride and our achievements and aspirations—yea, even our eyes and ears—if he will but smile upon our prayers. Let him so command, and we will abide in the wilderness; we will find comfort in husks; we will lie down with beasts of the field. Better, even, a browsing Nebuchadnezzar than a mouldering Hercules.

It is needless to tell us that Death is an arch grafter. We know with whom we are dealing. And we know, too, that he grins in his sleeve at our eagerness to delay the inevitable. What to him are ten more years, or fifty years, or fifty centuries? Had Sargon, the mighty ruler of the Babylonian world, secured a respite of five thousand years, he would even so have been in his grave; for more than a century when Richard of England led the Crusaders to the walls of Jerusalem. Could Carnegie purchase a supplemental decade for a hundred million or an added century for a billion dollars, what would it profit him or the world in the year 3000? And old legend tells us that when Methuselah was five hundred years old an angel came to him and advised him to build a house, instead of living in the open air as he had been doing up to that time. The patriarch asked how much longer he had to live. "About five hundred years," answered the angel. "Then," said Methuselah, "it is no tworth while to build a house."

By this token Methuselah proved himself a pessimist. To Azrael a thousand years may be as yesterday, but it is not for us to follow the example of our antediluvian forefather and view existence through the eyes of death. Every moment added to our earthly tenure is regarded as that much gain. Three minutes, found that in those three minutes three hundred years had flown. And so to each of us life means always the possibility of joy and revelation unmeasured by time or space. Therefore, let us bargain with Death. True, he will claim us at last, but we shall have had the better of the bargain.

## Preventing the Destruction of Public Property.

By C. H. Forbes-Lindsay.

It is not generally known, but is none the less a fact, that to Gifford Pinchot more than to any other man is due the present forest preserve policy of the administration; a policy designed to conserve what must prove to be one of the most important factors in the future prosperity of the nation. Its inception is just in time to save the none too extensive forest areas of the country from the grasping hand of the speculator who recklessly denuded the Middle West and had planned to extend their destructive operations to the Pacific Coast. Of course these interests have fought and abused Pinchot and the principles which he represents, but with a better understanding of the questions involved, the powerful force of public opinion is rapidly ranging upon his side.

The opponents of the administration's policy respecting coal and forest lands are lining up their forces for a desperate fight at the next session of Congress. The first step in the campaign was the convention held in Denver last June for the purpose of publicly denouncing that policy; but although the members had been selected for their supposed anti-administration sentiment, the attempt was abortive. It is to be hoped that the congressional cabal will be confronted by an overwhelming expression of the people's determination to support the course of honesty and wisdom. No enterprise in President Roosevelt's administration has been of greater moment to the country at large than this movement to prevent the spoliation of the public property. Some idea of the magnitude of the matter may be gathered from the statement that the annual value of our forest output is \$1,000,000,000 and we are consuming yearly nearly four times as much lumber as we grow.—From The World Today.

## Impulse In Our Government.

By S. P. Orth.

THE government of a vast republic, covering an area that embraces every clime and every altitude, busied with every pursuit known to civilization, composed of every race born into the family of man; the government of a mighty republic, wherein every man has a vote and is eligible to office, can at best be but a government by human nature in the raw. There are twelve million voters in America. Many of them are illiterate, few of them are learned, most of them are patriotic, all of them share in the government. Upon these millions of freemen play the ambitions of party leaders, the cunning of politicians, the selfishness of private interests, and the instincts of the civilized animal man. When these facts are passed in review, we cannot be surprised that impulse bears so leading a part in our government. The vote of the ignorant, impulsive, prejudiced man counts for as much as that of the sage. And there are only a few sages. The average voter is amenable to all the outward and inward impulses that unite to make the current of public sentiment. Our government is just as sound as the common sense of all the people, and just as weak as the prejudices and impulses of the masses.—From The Atlantic.

## Need of An Appalachian Forest Reserve.

By William L. Hall, of the United States Forest Service.

THE States east of the Mississippi are estimated to contain now but 900,000,000,000 feet of lumber. The States have reserved about 2,500,000 acres. All the rest is under private ownership, which system has resulted in the reduction of the commercial forest from covering the entire area to its present condition. Over most of the region fires still burn without hindrance. The forest is being used faster than ever before. As an index of the changed situation in our leading woods. Whatever side the timber situation in the Eastern States is viewed from, one is forced irresistibly to the conclusion that remedial measures must be taken, and that quickly, or we shall be in the midst of a timber famine. The only remedy yet proposed which at all meets the situation is for the Federal government to undertake the establishment of national forests in the Appalachian Mountains. Although the Appalachians bear large quantities of pine, spruce and hemlock, they are essentially a hardwood region, and they are the only hardwood region we shall have in the future. There is no question but that with the right management the Appalachian Mountains would produce permanently all the hardwood timber required in the United States.

## How To Abolish Consumption.

By Dr. Frederick C. Shattuck, of the Massachusetts Medical Society.

THE only way to eradicate tuberculosis is to totally eradicate its seed. Cleanliness, good and sufficient food, plenty of air, ample water supplies, public parks, playgrounds and bath-houses—these are among the things useful. The hygiene of workshops must be looked after, and there must be all needed enactments in the interest of the public health. Nowhere will co-operation, enriched by public spirit, yield a richer harvest than in striving along broad lines to prevent tuberculosis. Our work for the immediate future seems to lie in the direction of generalizing and systematizing. An immense service can be rendered by arousing the interest of private and incorporated employers of labor. Mill owners and managers, as a class, are intelligent and humane, and their attention should be called to this matter by their physicians. The result would be a saving, not a loss, to the employers, while the benefit to the individual workers would be great. If the world in medicine is "work," the word in the tuberculosis fight is "education."

Lady Ernestine Hunt, eldest daughter of the Marquis of Alibury, owns and operates a horse ranch at Calgary, Alberta, on a stretch of land nearly 40,000 acres in extent.  
Trimming ideas are numberless. Tiny ball drops, tassels and pendants of all descriptions are shown on the new models.  
Since the opium act came into force Chinese traders in Shanghai and other large cities have been making big money by selling alleged cures for the opium habit.  
The coal consumption of a head is greater in England than of any other country.

## The Farm

**High Roosts.**  
Roosts that are too high are often very injurious to hens, and especially if your hens belong to one of the large, heavy breeds. When the birds jump off these high roosts they generally strike the floor quite heavily, and it oftentimes results in the disease known as "bumble-foot," which is at times quite hard to cure and, to say the least, is very unsightly. Have the perches anywhere from three to four feet from the ground. Do not let the young chickens roost until their bones have hardened, for if you should you are liable to find that you have some chickens with deformed breast bones and such will have to be sold at a sacrifice in the market.

**Sack Holder.**  
Nobody but a person who has tried it knows the difficulties encountered in filling a sack with potatoes, grain, old paper or similar articles. Generally two persons are required to perform the operation, one to hold the bag open while the other throws in the contents. It will readily be seen that a scheme which will obviate the necessity of employing a second person would be of immense advantage, both in saving time and labor. A simple device of this nature has recently been patented by a Minnesota



man, and is shown in the accompanying illustration. The sack or bag holder comprises a suitable platform, on which are mounted inclined standards, by which the bag is braced. At the top is a lever which is hinged to one of the uprights. At the end of the lever are two rings, one fitting within the other, the bag being clamped within them. A spring at the rear serves to hold the lever supporting the rings, thus supporting the bag in an upright position.

**Feed Green Bone to Chicks.**  
Green bone (freshly cut and very fine) may be fed to young chicks at all ages and stages of growth, but not too liberally. It serves as grit and is digestible, which is not the case with flint and other grit. If too much is given at a meal the chick will be overtaxed and bowel disease will result. About a tablespoonful of the bone to twenty-five chicks once a day is sufficient for them when a week old, the quantity to be gradually increased as the chicks grow. One point to observe is that all of the green bone must be eaten so as not to allow even the smallest portion to remain, or it may decompose and prove injurious.

**The Composition of Eggs.**  
If the poultry keeper knows the composition of eggs he will better understand how to feed to furnish the proper food elements needed to produce them. Scientists have found, after many analyses, that eggs contain about fifty per cent. water, seventeen per cent. protein and thirty-three per cent. carbohydrates.  
There is only about twice as much carbohydrates as protein, while in most grain there are from six to ten times as much. Wheat bran, which is considered very rich in protein, contains more than three times as much carbohydrates as protein. Wheat contains nearly seven times as much; oats, five times; corn, nine times, and barley, eight times. Oil meal, on the other hand, contains nearly as much protein as carbohydrates; gluten meal, one and one-third times as much carbohydrates as protein; cottonseed meal, twice as much; cow's milk, nearly as much; dried blood, fifty-two times as much; meat meal, nearly thirty times as much.  
When it is desired to make a ration of any of the grains for the production of eggs, it can be seen that it is necessary to mix with any of them some of the concentrated feeds, which contain a great deal of protein. Thus, if wheat is fed, meat meal should be taken into the ration. If corn is made the bulk of the grain ration, a liberal amount of dried blood should also be fed. Since water makes up a half of the composition of eggs, it is essential that the laying hens have an abundance of clean water at all times of the day.—Colman's Rural World.

**How to Make Good Butter.**  
In the first place, have the milk clean and separate while warm. Set the cream in a clean place free from odors to cool. Keep cans clean in which the cream is kept. Never add warm water to the cold as it will cause it to sour. Stir well whenever fresh cream is added. Keep it sweet until twenty-four hours before churning.

**Handling Young Stock.**  
As soon as the chicks weigh a pound or a pound and a half, the mother should be taken away if she has not already deserted her brood and commenced laying. This is a critical time in the young chick's life, as the youngsters are likely to run from coop to coop just at dusk searching for the warmth of the mother hen.  
Some prefer to move them to larger coops than those in which they have been raised thus far, but usually it will be found more satisfactory to leave them in the "chick coops" until they are well weaned from the mother hens.  
Be careful to keep them from crowding together in a few coops. This crowding is often the cause of weak and almost worthless chicks. If the chicks have not been examined after they are all settled for the night, go from coop to coop and make a careful examination to be sure that there are not too many in one house. If a house is found with a large number in it, run your hand in among them and note the high temperature. You will then understand why this crowding is so dangerous. Also notice the tendency for the chicks to crowd together in the coops that are fed first in the morning. To prevent this, change the order of feeding, so that they cannot tell which will be the first to be fed at the beginning of each day.  
Be careful also that they do not sleep on the ground, as this will cause them to sweat. The ground is moist and cool, while their bodies are warm. This causes the feathers to become saturated with moisture. Then when they go out in the early morning they are readily chilled, thus making them unhealthy. The moist, damp atmosphere is also unhealthy for them to breathe during the night.—J. G. Hallin, in The Cultivator.

**Corn Facts.**  
The Purdue Experiment Station has found after a number of experiments covering several years that:  
The best yields of corn have been produced by planting in the first third of May.  
Late planted corn has matured in twenty days' less time, as a rule, than the early planted.  
Thick planting has produced higher average yields of both corn and stalks than thin planting.  
In very dry seasons thick planting has produced less grain, but generally a greater total yield of grain and stalks than thin planting.  
Plowing eight inches deep has produced slightly greater yields of corn than either shallower or deeper plowing.  
Cultivation two inches deep has produced a little greater yield of corn than either shallower or deeper cultivation.  
Rotation of crops has proven an excellent means of sustaining yields of grain and of conserving soil fertility.  
A liberal application of fresh horse manure has not been fully exhausted by a dozen successive crops of corn.  
Fresh horse manure has produced an aggregate increase in yield of corn of about 120 bushels per acre in twelve years.  
Heavy dressings of manure and commercial fertilizers have not made profitable returns in yield of corn in dry seasons.  
Different varieties of corn show a very wide range in proportion of stalk and ear, which makes it easy for the stockman to select a variety that will produce a large or small percentage of grain.  
Co-operative tests of varieties of corn indicate the undesirability of getting seed from remote localities.