

## WATCH YOURSELF GO BY.

Just stand aside and watch yourself go by;  
Think of yourself as "he," instead of "I."  
Note, closely as in other men you note.  
The bag-kneed trousers and the sooty coat.  
Pick flaws; find fault; forget the man is you  
And strive to make your estimate ring true.  
Confront yourself and look you in the eye—  
Just stand aside and watch yourself go by.

Interpret all your motives just as though  
You looked on one whose aims you did not know.  
Let undisguised contempt surge through you when  
You see you shirk, O commonest of men!  
Despise your cowardice; condemn whatever  
You note of falseness in you anywhere.  
Defend not one defect that shames your eye—  
Just stand aside and watch yourself go by.

And then, with eyes unveiled to what you loathe—  
To sins that with sweet charity you'd clothe—  
Back to your self-walled tenement you'll go  
With tolerance for all who dwell below.  
The faults of others then will dwarf and shrink,  
Love's chain grow stronger by one mighty link—  
When you, with "he," as substitute for "I,"  
Have stood aside and watched yourself go by.

—Strickland W. Gillian, in Success Magazine.

## WITH THREE KEGS OF POWDER.

By C. A. STEPHENS.

Just across the west field of the old squire's farm in Maine, at a distance of less than half a mile, lived our nearest neighbors, the Edwardses. Thomas Edwards was a genial, kindly farmer, always ready to assist every one about him. He would put off his own work, even necessary work, at any time to help us.

It was much the same with his wife, "Aunt Anna," as we called her, a rosy, cheery soul, who in one way or another was constantly doing grandmother and our girls a good turn. And as for Kate and Tom, the children, they were well-nigh as near and dear to us as members of our own family. We attended school together, and nearly all our play-days and good times were shared with them.

But although they worked hard, were economical, and appeared to plan pretty well, the Edwardses did not get on well in the world. There was a mortgage on their farm which constantly worried them all. Every year they planned zealously to lift that mortgage, but for more than twenty years never succeeded in paying more than the interest money, and about every second year they missed doing that on time.

Young as they were at the time of which I am now writing, Kate and Tom appeared to be quite as much disturbed about that mortgage as their parents. About twice a year Mr. Edwards was accustomed to call and talk over his affairs with the old squire, in whose judgment he placed much confidence. And Kate, who was her father's favorite, usually came with him.

One of the plans for raising money during the season of 1868, was for them to do less farming and embark in lumbering up on Wild Brook, in what we knew as the "great woods," about forty-five miles to the north of the farm. Throughout the ensuing fall and winter they gave all their energies to this scheme.

As a result, they got nearly seven hundred thousand feet of spruce and pine lumber into Wild Brook, to be floated down to the Androscoggin River, and so on, to mill and market, with the spring freshet.

But here, as in many other things, ill fortune followed them. There was less snow than usual that winter, and less water in the brook. They got their entire "drive" of lumber hung up in a bad "jam," at a tortuous, ledgy place in the channel of the stream, and failed to get it out. There it remained all the following summer. A vast mass of logs, piled helter-skelter, was jammed among rocks in the bed of the now nearly dry brook.

At Edwards' solicitation, the old squire, who had much experience in such matters, went up to view the situation, and advised his neighbor to blast out the obstructing rocks and logs with gunpowder, and to do it during September, while the water was low.

A keg of powder was secured accordingly, and six river-men were engaged to assist in the operations. With the powder and crew, our hard-working neighbor and his son repaired to the scene of their unsuccessful venture, and set to work. The task, however, proved difficult. They fired four or five blasts, and, in fact, used up all their powder, without accomplishing much. And after they had been up there nearly a week, Tom came home in haste one night to procure more powder—three kegs more, at least. Gunpowder was very dear at that time; and in carrying forward his lumbering operations the season before, Mr. Edwards had strained his credit somewhat. At the village hardware store, where Tom went to get the powder the next day, the storekeeper asked for cash in payment.

In consequence of this demand, Tom came home without the powder. Meanwhile he had somewhere been exposed to the mumps, and that night fell ill of the disease, so very ill, indeed, that Aunt Anna was not a little alarmed. He had taken cold, perhaps.

And there were Mr. Edwards and his crew of men up at Wild Brook, lying idle, waiting for the powder. Nor could he be reached by letter or telegraph, and so apprised of the cause of the delay. Moreover—as we surmised later—the family was too proud to apply to us for a loan, or even to let us know that credit had been refused them.

By noon the next day Tom's condition had become so serious that Aunt Anna was obliged to send Kate

to the village, seven miles distant, to summon a doctor. She hitched up and set off alone.

Kate had also another errand in view. Unknown to any one but her mother, she had accumulated during the last two years a little deposit at the village savings-bank—thirty-six dollars in all. For various reasons the two had kept this a secret. What ever happened, they had not intended to draw out this money. But when Kate went for the doctor that afternoon she took her little bank-book, and after seeing the physician on his way to attend Tom, she drew out her thirty-six dollars, bought and paid for the three kegs of powder, and drove home with them. She had resolved to get the powder through to her father, and do it herself.

When she came home it was too late to start for the lumber-camp that night; but four o'clock the next morning saw her on her way there—with the horse and buckboard, and the three twenty-five-pound kegs of powder in the box under the seat.

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## What Will Women Do When They Rule?

"What will women do when they rule?" asked the Berlin Lokal Anzeiger recently. Answers came from all over the world. Here are a few:

"They rule already and always have, so I can't understand your question."—Lady Alma Tadema.

"Nonsensical things."—Mme. Suzanne Despres, Paris tragedienne.

"They will retain their good and bad qualities as men rulers have done, do and always will."—Mme. Sarah Bernhardt.

"They will not differ much from the best men rulers. I don't believe in the superiority of either sex. The world is for both. They must sway its destinies together."—Lady Henry Somerset.

"They will have undisputed power to aid my life work of supplying gowns to needy actresses."—Mme. Yvette Guilbert.

"I would destroy all but a few schools and create a generation of minds free from traditions of modern wretchedness. Until there is a new humanity reform can be but superficial."—Mme. Ellen Key, Scandinavian writer on marriage and maternity.

"We would restlessly seek office, but would not spend fortunes sending warships to the Pacific to terrify our neighbors. We would strengthen industry, make the church more popular than the theatre, enforce total abstinence, and open all schools to women."—Belva Lockwood, twice Women's Rights candidate for President of the United States.

for a girl alone, which only necessity justified. Kate knew the way, however; she had been there with her father twice the autumn before, and was in no fear of getting lost. Their horse, old Ben, was afraid of nothing; the only difficulty was to urge him along. But by starting early, Kate hoped to reach the lumber-camp that evening.

Danger impended, however, danger which neither Kate nor her mother had anticipated. There had been little or no rain for five or six weeks. The fields and pastures, and even the woodland, had become very dry. For a number of days the sky had been so smoky that the sun set and rose red as blood; yet so far as we knew, there were no near-by forest fires.

The smoke grew thicker, however, as Kate journeyed northward that day; she could smell burning pine. And at the clearing of a settler, named Day, where she arrived at about noon, the settler's wife told her that the sky had looked very red the night before up in the direction of Wild Brook.

Kate drove on, however. She was bent on getting the powder to her father. But by the time she reached Clear Pond, six miles farther, the spruce woods on both sides of the trail were full of smoke; and just above the pond she perceived fire off in the woods to the west of the road.

Now for the first time serious misgivings beset her. Gunpowder is dangerous freight to carry through burning woods. All the fire which she could see was off to the left of her route, however; and in hopes that this was the only forest fire in that quarter, she determined to go on, and put old Ben, who was panting a little, at his best pace again.

The wind was northerly, and the smoke drove southward through the woods. It became worse as she approached the ford of Otter Brook, eleven miles below Wild Brook; and from the top of the hill beyond the ford she saw fire again, and this time ahead and far round to eastward. At a distance of a mile vast clouds of dense smoke were rolling upward, with here and there a red gleam of flame. The roar of the fire, too, was distinctly audible now, with the occasional crash of falling trees.

It was an alarming spectacle. For

some moments Kate gazed on it in silent apprehension, marking the spread of the fire on each hand. Fear fell on her suddenly.

Convinced now that she had been over-venturesome in coming past the fire at Clear Pond, she turned old Ben on the narrow trail, recrossed the now nearly dry brook, and drove back as fast as possible, her idea being to return to Day's clearing.

She had proceeded but a mile or two, however, when she came where fire had nearly reached the road in several places. The whole forest to westward appeared to be burning. Whipping Ben into a clumsy gallop, she drove close by the blazing brushwood for some distance, hoping every moment to get past the worst of it. Smoke, heat and sparks drifted across the road, and soon she came to where the dry bushes were afire on both sides.

Terror lest some flying spark might penetrate to the powder under the seat goaded her to desperation. She piled the lash as hard as she could. A spark set the horse's flying mane afire, and another ignited the ribbon and flower-wreath of her hat; but tearing the hat off, she threw it away and drove on.

Fortunately for her, she was now near Clear Pond. The little sheet of water to the west of the road had divided the conflagration, which swept past it on both sides. But where the trail skirted the east shore of the pond there was still a small tract of woods on which the fire had not yet encroached. Here, on the lee side of the water, the panting old horse stopped short. Leaving both horse and buckboard there for the time being, the distressed girl ran on ahead for several hundred yards, to see if the woods were afire on the road beyond the pond.

To her consternation she soon discovered that the fire had passed the pond to the southward, and was raging fiercely in the thick growth through which the trail led. More slowly, too, the flames seemed to be working back and spreading over the small tract which the pond had for the time protected. Owing to the long drought, in fact, the woods and bushes were like tinder everywhere. Even the little tract where she stood would soon be burned over.

The situation was one that might well have appalled stouter hearts than

into the water, and although he floundered up to his sides, succeeded in getting him across to the islet.

On that little muddy island Kate Edwards remained, supperless, all that night, alone with the horse, and a deer and a hedgehog that swam over from the other side. Toward midnight the smoke settled so low over the pond that she was much oppressed for breath. The spectacle of the flaming forests at night was a terrible one to the girl, sitting there alone.

At dawn the conflagration had burned itself out to a considerable extent, and Ben having lain down in the bush, Kate herself fell asleep there.

A shout of "Thomas! Tom! Are you over there?" waked her suddenly.

It was her father.

At their lumber-camp on Wild Brook Mr. Edwards had seen the smoke of the fire the afternoon before, and being apprehensive lest Tom, on his way up with the powder, had been stopped by it, he had set off very early that morning, and was picking his way down the still smoking trail. As he was passing Clear Pond, Mr. Edwards caught sight of Ben out on the island; for by this time the horse had got up and was hungrily cropping the bog-bushes.

Dread lest the boy had perished in the fire took sudden possession of him. The sight of the buckboard standing almost submerged in the water added to the anxiety with which he shouted his son's name.

To his astonishment it was Kate, instead of Tom, who sprang up to reply, and her first words were, "O father, is that you? But don't go near that little pile of sand there! All that powder is under it!"

There was so much fire still smoldering all about that they did not dare unearth the powder for two days. But thanks to the care with which Kate had buried it, all three kegs were found in good condition, and later contributed their might to blast out the "jam" in Wild Brook.—From Youth's Companion.



A healthy adult breathes from fourteen to twenty-four times a minute. The rate of the pulse is four times that of the respiration.

A German not long ago invented a horseshoe of paper, prepared by saturating with oil, turpentine and other ingredients. Thin layers of such paper are glued to the hoof till the requisite thickness is attained. The shoes thus made are said to be durable and impenetrable by moisture.—London Globe.

It is predicted that ten or fifteen years hence scientifically cultivated rubber will be crowding the "wild" rubber of the Congo and the Latin Americas in the world's markets.

The new rifle bullet developed by Brig-Gen. William Crozier, chief of ordnance, is said to be one of the most important recent achievements of that department. The head of the bullet has been modified, and a powder produced which gives the rifle an accurate life of some 4500 rounds. At the outset of the experiments the accuracy of the rifle was destroyed after but 1000 rounds.

The blind now have a watch on which the hours are indicated by movable buttons on relief upon the dial. The wearer finds the time by passing his hand over the dial and finds the button indicating the hour depressed. A strong minute hand shows the minutes.

The power of the operation of a new steel plant will be electricity. This will be nearly all provided by utilizing gases for generating it. The blooming plant will be operated by steam power.

An abstraction of water, and of albuminoid and chemical substances, at the immediate expense of the cerebral blood, takes place in the act of shedding tears. This produces the effect of a slight local loss of blood, dulling the nerve centres to pain for some instants and bringing relief to the weeper. This is the way in which tears come to the aid of the suffering soul.

The reason why the stomach and intestines do not digest themselves was once thought by Weisland, a German experimenter, to be that they defend themselves by anti-enzymes, or anti-ferments. Dr. Nador Klug, of Budapest, now reports these anti-ferments not to be found, but that the mucin present in the inner half of the gastric mucous membrane resists the digestive action of the trypsin and the gastric juice. The digestive organs, therefore, protect themselves by the mucin they secrete.

**Philosopher's Praise of Poverty.**  
Oh, poverty thou art a severe teacher! But at thy noble school I have received more precious lessons, I have learned more great truths than I shall ever find in the sphere of wealth.—Rousseau.

**A High Pile Driver.**  
A pile driver at New Orleans is 108 feet high, supposed to be the highest ever built.



## THE POPULARITY OF BACON.

Prof. Snyder, of the Minnesota Station, gives the following reasons why bacon has become so popular and desirable. In reference to tests made at the station, he says it was cut in thin slices and baked or broiled in the oven until crisp and brown.

All the fat which was cooked out was saved and eaten with bread and other foods which made up the daily fare. On an average about ninety-four per cent. of the protein and ninety-six per cent. of the fat of the ration containing bacon were digested, and about eighty-eight per cent. of the energy was available. Calculated values for bacon alone showed over ninety per cent. protein and 4 and 6 pound digestible fat, which is about two-thirds as much as is found in butter.

"Lean bacon," says the professor, "contains about twice as much digestible fat as other meats, making it at the same time, and even at a higher price per pound, a cheaper food than other meats. Bacon fat is easily digestible, and when combined with other foods it appears to exert a favorable mechanical action upon digestion."

As the value of bacon becomes more generally appreciated those breeds which will produce the greatest proportion of this meat when compared with whole weight of carcass will become more popular. It will then be a common thing to find Tamworths and Yorkshires on every farm, especially outside the "corn belt." The Durocs are not far behind these in bacon production, though in some localities they partake of the characteristics of the lard hogs. For the benefit of those who still wish to be loyal to the old breeds it may be said that feeding so as to develop bone and muscle, that is feeding plentifully of food containing abundant protein, like the different legumes, mixed wheat bran and shorts, tankage, etc., will tend to develop a growthy animal with long and deep body that will make a fine quality of bacon. If this method of feeding is carried on for a few years and a wise selection of breeding animals be made, it will not be a difficult matter to partly eliminate the characteristics of a breed whose staple diet has been corn, and in place of the lard hog we shall find the one producing bacon.

**POULTRY NOTES.**  
It is not always the fat hen that becomes broody.  
The scratching hen gives her chicks much exercise.  
Pullets hatched now will come in for late summer layers.  
Give the whole wheat to the hen and soft feed to the chicks.  
Drive the young under shelter during sudden showers of rain.  
Try a camphor ball for lice. Place one in each nest as you set the hen. Whole corn, grit and fresh water are the best fare for the sitting hen.  
The fact that the hen is laying is no sign that she wants to leave her young.  
Keep food constantly before the sitting hen so she can help herself at will.  
Thirteen eggs in early spring and fifteen during late spring and summer are large enough sittings.  
Whitewash the interior of your coops and sprinkle carbolic lime on the floor. This disinfection drives away lice.  
A few raw eggs mixed with the food about once a week will check any tendency to looseness of the bowels.  
Covered runs are a protection from hawks, cats or dogs. They should be moved to fresh plots of grass each week.  
Brahmas and Cochin are good hatching, but their clumsiness breaks a good many eggs and kills quite a number of chicks.  
Bowel trouble that carries off many chicks when one or two weeks old may be often corrected by taking away their drinking water and giving scaled milk instead.  
Scatter the floor of the pen with straw cut in lengths not over an inch so that the hen can teach her young how to exercise for the grain.

**ONE BREED BEST.**  
Whether your stock is Jersey, Holstein, Guernsey, Brown Swiss, or any other class of cattle, stick to your text, and once having made up your mind what you want, keep on in that line with a pure bred bull, and you will have a uniform herd of some kind, and as a general proposition a better grade of milkers than to jump from one breed to another each succeeding season. You get a reputation in a short time of having a herd of Jerseys, Holstein, Swiss, or some other breed of cattle, even if you never had a pure-bred female on the place, providing you have a sire of the same breed for two or three succeeding generations.  
Even with the greatest care that can be used in selecting calves there will be disappointments. Occasionally a calf that you expected the greatest things from proves a disappointment. The best sires are often sacrificed before their real worth is known. On several occasions we would have given many times what a comparatively good bull could be bought for if we could get back some animal that had been sent to the butcher before his real worth as a

breeder was known. Of course this is an unfortunate condition that only time and close observation on the part of the breeder can obviate.—W. E. Jones, before Illinois Dairymen's Association.

## CORN AND COB MEAL.

In careful feeding tests it has been found that 100 pounds of corn and cob meal, when ground fine, is equal to 100 pounds of corn meal in fattening hogs. This shows the value of the cobs in the feeding problem when ground. While the nutrition in cobs is not equal in per cent. of their weight in a bushel of corn, the difference is made up in the greater economy of digestion when ground and fed with the corn. In other words, the ground cob with the corn aids in digestion and enables the hog to assimilate the nutrition in the grain meal the better. This has been shown by repeated experiments in hog feeding. In these times of high priced corn, when we come to consider the weight of cobs in a bushel of ear corn, the matter becomes an interesting one to hog feeders, especially so if they have their feed mills with power to run them, aside from which there is very little expense.—Rural Life.

## FOR THE INDIVIDUAL DAIRYMAN.

Every individual dairyman appoints himself an investigation and executive committee of one to discover the things that make for an unhealthful quality of milk, and then set about to adjust his conditions to the point where he is able to produce a first class article.

The condition of market milk, especially that shipped over long distances, has grown to be so insufferable that the consumers rebel against it.

Under no circumstances should anything be added to milk to prevent it souring. Such doings violate the laws of both God and man. The chemicals which are used for this purpose are slow poisons. Cleanliness and cold are the only preservatives needed.

Keep healthy cows. Promptly remove suspected animals. In particular, add no cows to the herd unless it is certain that they are free from tuberculosis.—Holstein-Friesian Register.

## HOLSTEIN-JERSEY CROSS.

A dairyman, Salamanca, N. Y., wants to know what we think of the Holstein-Jersey cross for a good milk and butter cow.

We will say frankly that we believe it would be about the most foolish thing a man could think of. Why cross the breeds, and thereby obliterate those blood lines that have been developed through years of continuous breeding. You have nothing to gain. The most valuable quality of the male—prepotency—is lost. The offspring of such a cross will be an unknown quantity. If you want a cow that comes nearer to your ideal; a cow that gives more milk than the Jersey and richer milk than the Holstein, why not sell your Jerseys and Holsteins and buy Guernseys. Don't mix the breeds.—J. D. W., Wellsville, N. Y. Rural Life.

## FAVORS FEEDING WHOLE GRAIN.

Among all our experimenters and investigators, we have probably no more practical one than Dr. Voorhees, of New Jersey. He says: "Nature has provided in the whole grain good proportions of the pure nutrients, usually associated with the crude fiber in such a way as to make it a difficult matter to cause injury even from careless methods of feeding, while the manufacture, on the other hand, removes more or less of one of these nutrients."—Rural Life.

## VENTILATION OF STABLE.

If your stable is ventilated only from above, you are drawing off the warm air, which means loss to the cows in comfort, and loss of the purest air. Foul air must be drawn off on a level with the stable floor, for bad air is much heavier than good air. When the cows lie down and the ventilation is poor, they breathe foul air. It has its effect on the cows as well as on the product.

## A COW SHED.

Have you an open shed facing the sunshine for your cows to run under in the warm part of the day? If not wouldn't it be a good plan to build one as soon as you can? The stock will take lots of comfort in it.

## CLEAN MILK.

You will need to take extra pains to have your milk clean and free from odors now. But you can do it by taking care to wipe the udders off clean, and by bedding the cows, and carrying them every day. Don't miss any of these things.

## Japanese Jokes.

Guest—Do you know that fellow of Sayama is telling all kinds of lies to defame your character?  
Host—If he is telling lies I care, but if he'd begin to tell I'll throttle him.  
Guest—Oh, you will, eh?

Statistics say that the four corner manufacturers in this country turn out 200,000,000 of these garments a year.