

SAILOR'S SONG.

When the good ship plows through the
crested wave,
And the salt breeze follows fast,
When the straining cordage creaks and
groans
In the van of the bellowing blast,
Then up! my boys, and all on deck!
No hand upon our keel!
While beneath we feel our quivering keel,
We'll burrah for the life at sea, Yo Ho!
For the sailor's life at sea.

Oh, what can the landsman know
Of the life on the roaring main,
When the stiff nor'easters blow
O'er the miles of our watery plain?
For him is the blazing leath'ring,
And his child upon his knee;
But the sailor's home
Is the ocean's foam,
And the salt and the swell of the sea,
Yo Ho!
For the salt and the swell of the sea.

Oh, the sea is the sailor's love,
For her the storms we brave;
And who would a coward prove
When the winds and the waters rave?
Then up! my lads, and all on deck!
No hand upon our keel!
While beneath we feel our quivering keel,
We'll burrah for the life at sea, Yo Ho!
For the sailor's life at sea.
—The Tufonian.

SAM AND HIS BROTHER.

"Yes," Mrs. Tucker decided doubtfully, "I'll buy some clams if you two boys will take them to the sink and open them."
The two small boys juggled their basket across the kitchen and went quietly to work. Mrs. Tucker returned to her cooking, and sent occasional friendly glances at them; they were good looking boys. At last they showed her what they had done.

"Yes, that will be enough," she said, and took out her purse to pay them.
She laid a ten-dollar bill on the table, and then fumbling in the purse, secured some small coins, which she handed to the older boy. "That's right, isn't it?" she asked.
"Yes, ma'am, thank you."
The pot on the stove began to boil and summoned her. She dropped the purse beside the ten-dollar bill, and seizing the spoon, stirred rapidly. The boys lingered at the sink, gathering up the shells.
"Good-by!" said the older boy.
"Good-by!" said Mrs. Tucker, without turning. "If you have any clams on Friday, you might bring me some."

The Tuckers were growers of small fruits, and as the boys made their way down the lane toward the road they gazed longingly at the berry-pickers.
"Wouldn't you like to be in among them raspberries, Sam?" asked the smaller boy.
"I don't know. They ain't there to be eaten; they're just there to be picked," said Sam, stolidly.
"Hi, there, boys!"

They turned at the shout, and saw Mrs. Tucker and a man running toward them from the house.
"It's because I cracked a dish in the sink," said the younger boy, beginning to run.
"Come back, Tom, come back!" cried the older. But Tom paid no attention and fled down the lane.
Sam walked slowly toward Mrs. Mrs. Tucker and the man, who came up out of breath.

"Now," gasped the man angrily, "just hand that ten dollars over to my wife!"
Sam stared in amazement.
"How could you?" asked Mrs. Tucker, reproachfully. "And I thought you were such nice boys!"
"I don't know about the ten dollars," said Sam, flushing in spite of himself. "I'm sorry Tom cracked the dish, and I'll pay for it."
He offered her the thirty cents she had given him.

"I don't know anything about any cracked dish," she said. "It's the ten dollars you or the other boy took from the table that I want!"
"Yes," said Mr. Tucker, harshly, "just drop that bluff about the cracked dish!"
The boy made no movement, but he grew pale and stood in silence.

"Come," said Mr. Tucker, impatiently, "you had better confess! It may save you from the reform school."
"I've got nothing to confess," said Sam. "I don't know anything about the ten dollars—except that I noticed it on the table. That's all I know."
"Maybe the other boy took it while you weren't looking," suggested Mrs. Tucker.

"Tom ain't a thief!" protested Sam, indignantly. "More likely I'd take it than him. He ain't twelve years old."
"Is he your brother?" asked Mr. Tucker.
"Yes, sir."
"I've seen you about the village. Who are you, anyway?"
"Sam Williams is my name. My father was Henry Williams that—that got drowned."

Mr. Tucker's voice and manner softened. "I knew your father; he was a good fisherman, and he was always honest. I'm sorry if his boys ain't growin' up the same."
Sam's eyes filled and his lips quivered, but he only repeated:
"I don't know anything about the ten dollars, Mr. Tucker."

Mrs. Tucker pulled at her husband's arm and whispered in his ear, and he stroked his beard and seemed uncertain how to proceed. At last he said:
"Well, I won't do anything about it for the present. But there's no telling what I may do if things ain't straightened out pretty soon. You can see on the face of it, it looks bad for your brother and you."

He turned away, and so did his wife after a commiserating glance at the boy, who stood with downcast head.
"I'm sure he's honest, George," she said, as they walked back to the house.
"Yes, I can tell that by the look of him," her husband answered. "Of course it was the little fellow that took the bill. And I'll trust this Sam to get it back for us."

Three days later, as Mr. and Mrs. Tucker were leaving the house, Sam appeared before them, looking pale and depressed. He produced a small bag from his pocket and handed it to Mr. Tucker, who, on opening it, found it was full of coins.
"There's four dollars and eight cents there," Sam said, in a low voice, "and—and will please let me work out the rest?"
Mr. Tucker looked at him gravely.
"So you lied to me the other day? Do you think it would be safe for me to have such a boy as you on the place?"

Sam blushed but did not answer.
"Where is the rest of the money you stole?"
The boy straightened himself and his lips trembled, as if eager to speak. Then his head sank again, and he said almost inaudibly:
"That's all there is left. O Mr. Tucker, if you'll only let me, I'll do anything—anything! I'll work harder than any boy you ever had!"

"You can join the pickers in the south lot," Mr. Tucker said abruptly. "Go into the packing house and get some empty baskets."
The boy looked up at him gratefully and hurried away.
"You know he didn't steal that money, George," said Mrs. Tucker, reproachfully. "Why did you speak to him so?"
"I wanted to make it easy for him," answered her husband. "This is the way he'd like to have one take it. Don't you see? He thinks we don't suspect."

So the kindly people watched and waited, and Sam worked away, happy in the delusion of his sacrifice.
At the end of the third week Mr. Tucker called the boy to him.
"Well, Sam," he said, "we're square now. You might take a couple of boxes of berries home to Tom."
"Thank you, sir," Sam answered.
"And see here. Why didn't you tell me in the first place it was Tom and not you that took the money?"
The boy turned red. "I—I don't know how you found out. You won't send him to the reform school, Mr. Tucker?" he pleaded.

"No. Tell me about the money."
"I found out," was his initiation fee. There's a lot of tough fellows that live near us, and they'd started a robbers' gang and got Tom into it. Every one who joined had to steal something for an initiation fee."
"And the ten dollars was Tom's fee?" said Mr. Tucker. "I shall have to look into this."
"It's all broke up now," Sam assured him. "I thrashed the chief."
"And why did you pretend it was you and not Tom that stole?"
"Because Tom's such a little fellow. And if he was sent away to the reform school, I didn't know how he'd stand it. And then 'twould be bad for him to begin with a bad name."

"But how about yourself? Didn't you think it would be just as bad for you?"
"No, sir. I'm bigger and I could stand it better. I could work it out some way."
Mr. Tucker was silent for a moment; then he said:
"I suppose the money you brought me was your own savings?"
"Yes, sir. The ten dollars had been spent."

"What are you going to do now?"
"Go back to fishing and digging clams."
"You come up here again to-morrow, Sam. Maybe I can find you a steady job. And bring Tom along. With you to keep an eye on him, I don't mind his playing about the place; and now and then I can likely give him an odd chore to do. That'll keep him away from bad company, and maybe help out his self-respect."
That was the way in which the two boys got their start. And in after years, when both of them were prospering, Tom was as grateful to Sam as Sam was always grateful to Mr. Tucker.—Youth's Companion.

WISE WORDS.

He cannot rule who cannot yield.
Nothing is safe where goodness is a jest.
Practice is the great clarifier of opinion.
Only those truths are vital which can be vitalized.
Pessimism is usually poverty of heart and imagination.
They are heard most for themselves who pray most for others.
Friendship may follow forms, but it never fuses over them.
The worst thing about loving any sin is that you have to live with it.
Bigotry loses the truth it has by blindness to that which others hold.
A creed is only a picture of truth; the thing pictured goes on growing.
The old adversary has his hooks in the man who speaks of sin with bated breath.
Few things are sadder than the sight of the man who has reached his ideal.
It never rained hard enough to keep the old enemy away from the prayer meeting.
The man who wounds his friend rather than reserve the truth does not hesitate to wound the truth when it will serve his ends.—Home Herald.



Growing Fence Posts.

When growing catalpa trees for fence posts the practice of allowing the tree to grow two or three years before pruning is not to be recommended, since although a long stem is usually secured it is apt to become top heavy and easily damaged by the wind when the foliage is wet. The better plan is to keep the trees growing straight from the start. In cases of crooked trees, these should be cut to the ground regardless of their age.—Farmers' Home Journal.

Importance of Sire.

The importance of a boar in a herd should not be asserted at the expense of the sows, but his importance must not be overlooked, for he represents fifty per cent. of the breeding power of the herd. One thing not to be overlooked, a superior boar may be used with a herd of inferior sows with good results, but an inferior boar used on a herd of high class sows will bring disastrous results. The raising and lowering of the standard of a herd depends upon the boar used.—Colman's Rural World.

Preserving Eggs.

The Industrious Hen says that Consul Murphy, at Bordeaux, France, reports to the State Department, "a new method of preserving eggs." The alleged "new" method is to cover the fresh eggs with lard. This method may be new in France, but it is quite old in this country. We remember that this method was practiced more than forty years ago on the farms in Kentucky, and it was regarded as quite effective. Fill a large earthenware crock with eggs and pour the lard in until all the eggs are covered. Be careful that the lard is not too warm. It should be only warm enough to pour conveniently and fill in all the spaces between the eggs.

Potatoes For Poultry.

Potatoes are mostly starch, and are not suitable as an exclusive food for poultry, but if they are fed in connection with some kinds of foods to balance them they are excellent. They should be boiled, but require no mashing, as the smallest chick could pick them to pieces. If mashed, however, and a suitable mess made of them, take ten pounds of potatoes, four pounds of bran, one pound of linseed meal and one ounce of salt, and mix the whole, having the mess as dry as possible, using no water unless compelled. Such a meal should answer at night for 100 hens, and the morning meal should consist of five pounds of lean meat, chopped. Hens so fed should lay, and pay well, as the food is composed of the required elements for producing eggs, and also for creating warmth of body in winter.—Poultry Record.

Early Laying Pullets.

A tendency to early maturity gives its indications both in the male and in the female. To increase the habit of early laying, keep the pullets that develop the most and the cockerel who asserts the best masculine traits without being unduly overbearing or excessively precocious. Continue this kind of selection for a few years, and the trait of early laying will be pretty well established; but do not mate young birds together in the breeding pen. Balance youngsters on the one side with well matured cocks on the other.

A good many farmers make the mistake of selling their best pullets and cockerels in the market because these are the ones that will bring the biggest prices. It is always sensible to sell that which we have not room for, or that we can not well care for, but to sell promising pullets just because they will bring a good price is something like selling the goose that lays the golden egg.—Epitomist.

To Make Churning Easy.

Director Scoville, of the Kentucky station, claims that it is difficult, without knowing what food is fed or how near the cow is to calving, to tell why the butter does not come when churned. If the cow is due to calve soon, it is best not to try to churn the cream. If she is not with calf, or is not to calve for some time, give her a drench consisting of epsom salts 1 1/4 pounds and one tablespoonful of ginger, and feed no grain except bran or oats. Give all the clover hay she will eat. It will be well to feed the bran or oats in the form of a mash. The cream, if churned, should have as little in it as possible. "Strippings" should not be added to the cream. The cream should be kept in a cool place until there is a sufficient quantity for churning. Then it should be well cured at a moderate temperature, and be thick before put in churn. It is usual to churn cream at about sixty degrees F. If, after taking the above precautions, the butter does not come in the ordinary time, let the temperature run up to sixty-nine or seventy degrees before churning. If these precautions do not remedy the difficulty, the best plan will be to add the cream of a cow comparatively fresh.—Weekly Witness.

Oat Hay For Horses.

Oat hay makes an excellent feed for horses, from the pure straw point of view, with the best threshed out. Oats furnish the very best coarse cereal roughage. Many persons feed oats in the straw unthreshed. The horses relish both straw and grain in this form. In certain sections it is quite a common custom to sow oats in the spring, and later when the crop is well advanced to cut and cure as hay, the same as one would handle timothy or other hay crops. In this case the crop is not quite so mature as it would be if treated for threshing out the grain. If well cured this makes a bright and very palatable hay.

The experiment stations say oat hay is ranked as materially better than timothy, the former containing 4.3 per cent. digestible protein and 46.4 per cent. carbo-hydrates, compared with 2.8 per cent. digestible protein and 43.4 per cent. digestible carbo-hydrates in timothy. Naturally the greener the condition of the oats when cut the poorer will be the crop in digestible food. When cut for hay the oats should be mown as in other grass, and treated in a similar manner. Heavy succulent oats may be cut in the morning after the dew is off and then kept stirred to let in the air so as to cure out well. With warm drying weather it may be cooked the same afternoon, and if opened up and exposed the next day to a bright, clear sky, possibly may be hauled in that afternoon. Of course the essential thing is to get in the crop free of excess moisture so that it will not mildew in the mow.

It will quite likely take three days to do the entire job. One of the commonest faults in feeding horses is the lack of variety in feed. Considering the number of different grains and feed stuffs it does seem strange that every team owner should not provide for his animals a ration that would be perfectly acceptable to its system at all times. It is a fact, however, that no more than twenty per cent. give what may be termed a well balanced ration. The other eighty per cent. still cling to the old ration of corn and hay, or oats and hay, which practical experiments have long since proved to be expensive and wasteful.

If you want the best results feed a ration that contains all the elements of nutrition in properly balanced portions. Corn alone is not a well balanced grain for feeding, neither is oats or barley. Of the three grains, oats is probably fed more extensively than either corn or barley combined. Barley is rapidly gaining favor as a feed, however, and when properly combined with the other grains make an ideal ration. When you feed a ground ration you prepare it more readily and there is practically no waste. It should be remembered that the horse digests its food quickly, and whatever ration you feed should be prepared with a view to supply the nutrition the horse needs. Your horses will work better and keep in better condition on five or six quarts of ground feed mixed than they will on eight quarts of whole grain. Feed a variety of grains properly balanced and have it well ground, and you will not only have better horses, but it will cost you less money to obtain this much desired result.—J. P. Fletcher, in the American Cultivator.

Notes of the Farm.

Don't plant too many fruit trees, but enough so you can give them the right attention.

Keep your orchard as near like a garden as possible from the time it is planted to the day of its death.

Every farmer should take an interest in the forestry question. Its vitality concerns the farmer as well as others.

Don't cut the price of milk and butter, Mr. Dairyman. The grain market, local hay crop and pasture conditions are all against it.

In taking up young trees for transplanting they should be marked so they can be put in the ground just the same as they came out.

It does not pay to doctor a fowl that is hopelessly ill, or suffering from a contagious disease. The latter are never permanently cured, and will transmit their weakness to the offspring.

Every one who has tried it knows that pigs will thrive on clover pasture. They eat it with relish and tramp less than cattle. With a good clover run during the summer they will finish into fine pork.

Give the turkey tom a little special care. He sometimes does not eat enough nutritious food and does not make sufficient use of the dust bath. It will be profit on your side to feed him well and keep him free from vermin.

Thought God Had Overlooked Them.

Five-year-old Ethel, visiting her aunt in the country, came running up from the grape arbor, holding out a small bunch of the unripe fruit. "Look, auntie," she cried, "here's some peas God forgot to put the pods on."—Boston Transcript.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.



IMPOLITENESS.

A enormous dog came in one day, And he and I commenced to play; And we had fun, and nice fun, too, Long as he had a dog should do, But when he got so awful rough, I hollered that I'd had enough, But 'stead of stopping as he should, As anybody'd think he would, He knocked me down and tried to see If he could sit on all of me.—From "Our Baby Book," by Fanny Y. Cory.

TRUSTING THE BOY.

A business man sat in his office talking with a friend, when a messenger boy appeared in the doorway. He was so small that his chin hardly came above the edge of the desk, but he had a fine air of self-reliance and an honest-looking pair of blue eyes.
The business man smiled and nodded, and the boy smiled and nodded back at him. Without many words there seemed to be a good understanding between them.
"Remember where the First National Bank is?" asked the man, carefully placing a roll of banknotes between the leaves of a bank book and snapping a rubber band round the cover.
"Yes, sir," said the boy. "Still in the same place, sir."
"Well, take this over and deposit it for me," and the man handed the boy the bank book and its contents.
The boy vanished, and the visitor drew a breath of surprise mingled with consternation.
"Do you think that's safe?" he asked.
"Perfectly," answered the other.
"But do you think it's good for the boy?"
"How so?"
"To put temptation in his way like that. Why, you must have trusted him with fully a hundred dollars! That's a pretty big temptation for a small youngster. It would be worse for him to steal it than for you to lose it."
"I have thought of that," said the business man, more soberly, "and some youngsters I wouldn't risk with it. But the way I look at it is this: The earlier a boy gets used to temptation in this world the better he is able to resist it when he grows older."
"Now, this is the kind of a boy who likes to be trusted; appreciates it; hugs it to his bosom; considers himself, in fact, as an essential part of my business."
"The first time I let him deposit money for me it was a case of necessity. My clerks were all out, I couldn't go myself, and yet the money had to be in the bank before closing time. So I rang up the messenger company, and—"
"You'd never even seen the boy before?" interrupted the other.
"If I had I'd never noticed him particularly. Well, in came our friend Johnny—just a plain, honest-looking youngster in uniform. He looked scared when he saw the roll of bills, and that gave me confidence in him. But he was back in ten minutes, and when he came in it was almost funny to look at him."
"Responsibility had made him grow up, so to speak. In those ten minutes, you see, I had trusted him, and he knew it, and he had proved himself worthy. Won his spurs, as it were."
"Now I have an arrangement with the messenger company to send Johnny whenever he's in when I ask for a messenger. And Johnny, unknown to himself, is right on the way to a better job in this office when he gets big enough."
As he spoke the door opened, and Johnny, grinning a dignified grin, appeared with the bank book.—Youth's Companion.

GAMES FOR NIGHTS AT HOME.

Almost every one is ready and willing to join in a jolly game; and these evenings many of us are compelled to stay at home, for one reason or another. So it will be nice to have some good games suggested for our entertainment.

"I Apprenticed My Son" Is a Jolly Game.

The first player thinks of an article (a word beginning with A) and commences thus:
"I apprenticed my son to a green grocer, and the first thing he sold was an A—"
"No."
"Second player: "Was it apples?"
"No."
"Third player: "Was it almonds?"
"No."
"Fourth player: "Was it asparagus?"
"No."
And so on until some player asks: "Was it artichokes?" "Yes."
The correct guesser may now go apprentice his son, and so the game goes on, no player, by the bye, being allowed more than one guess in his turn, and not more than two turns.
Another jolly game is "Cross Questions and Crooked Answers."
To play it, it is best for you all to sit in a circle, and until the end of the game none should speak above a whisper.
The first player whispers to his neighbor, asking some such question as, "Do you like roses?"
The second player must remember this question—it belongs to him. He answers, "Yes, they smell so sweetly," and the first player must remember this answer—it belongs to him.
The second player now asks his

neighbor a question, and he listens closely to the third player's answer—for it belongs to him. Suppose his question were: "Are you fond of potatoes?" and the answer, "Yes, when they are fried."

In this way each player will have one question and one answer belonging to himself which he must remember. The game continues until each one has both answered a question and asked one. Each one must bear in mind that the question he was asked and the answer his neighbor returned are the ones belonging to him.
At the end of the game, each one is required to announce aloud his question and answer. For example, player No. 2 says:
"My question was: 'Do you like roses?' and my answer was: 'Yes, when they are fried.'"
No. 3's announcement would probably be in this wise:
"My question was: 'Are you fond of potatoes?' and my answer was: 'Yes, when they are very pretty, but they don't wear very well.'"
Hilarious laughter will greet these crooked answers to the cross-questions.—Good Literature.

HONEST LITTLE DICK.

In all my life I never saw so honest a little cat as our Dick, says one who writes in Little Folks. He not only never was guilty of theft, but he would not allow any other cat to steal if he could help it. The dear little fellow, however, was strongly tempted once, and came very near losing his good name.
One day the cook carried out a pail of nice little frost-fish, and set it down in the yard. Dick was there. Dick always was near by when there were good things to eat. The cook went back into the house, and Dick sat down to wait for her return; and two of his especial friends were at the window upstairs looking down to see what "honest Dick" would do.
The cook was a long time coming back to dress the fish; and all the while Dick kept watch—now on the pail, now on the kitchen door. At last he went somewhat nearer to the pail, then nearer, then nearer. Ah! frost-fish smell so good. Dick's little nose almost touched them. And then he sat down and cried at the top of his voice for cook to return quickly and save him from being a thief.
But she did not come. At last Dick put his forepaws on the edge of the pail. Then he looked at the kitchen door and cried again. But the door did not open. So, slowly, slowly, a paw reached down in the pail. But it came back with a jerk, empty, and its owner ran around the corner of the house where he could not see or smell those nice frost-fish any more. He did not want to be a thief, and we believe the little fellow never came so near it again.

TOLD OF INDIA.

An Indian merchant wished to dispose of an old elephant and took it to a fair. As soon as he arrived he noticed a man who, without saying a word, began to walk around the animal, examining it attentively on all sides. The merchant became very anxious, for he feared that the man had found out that his elephant was not worth much. He took him aside and whispered in his ear: "I see a customer coming. Do not say a word until I have sold the beast, and I will give you fifty rupees." The man looked at the merchant and wonderingly complied with his request. It happened that the customer had more money than sense, so that he was easily taken in. When the bargain was completed and the elephant led away by its new owner, the merchant handed the fifty rupees to the silent man, saying: "Now, I want you to tell me how you discovered the defect in his left leg. I thought I had concealed it so skillfully." "I have discovered nothing," replied the stranger. "It is the first elephant I have ever seen, and I wanted to know which was the head and which was the tail."—From the Newark Call.

SUGGESTED POEMS.

In each phrase below a well-known poem is suggested. How many of them can you guess?
1. The toil of affliction's wasted.
2. The attempt of Pius X. on a male person.
3. A temporary home by the sea.
4. Imprisoned by wintry elements.
5. The burglary of a door fastening.
6. The suspension of a commerce in an Italian city.
7. A musician in motley of a town in Prussia.
8. The trip.
9. We form a factor of 21.
10. The abandoned hamlet.
11. A wedding token, and a volume.
12. The stint of work.
13. A past day, a present one, and all future time.
14. Camping on the same spot that we did before.
15. Pastoral poems of royalty.
16. The king's daughter.
17. A legend for faultfinders.
18. The song of the only remaining singer.
19. An Italian girl goes by.
20. The old salt.
21. Poem on a Hellenic vase.
22. Poem of the blues.
23. The country seat of laziness.
24. Earthly bliss forfeited.
Belgium officially frowns on cremation.