

THE TOWN PHYSICIAN.

Doctor Jack?—what!—he fifty
 Now come all ye thrifty—
 Ev'ry man his voice lift—ho
 Must sing high and loud—
 Give a rouse, lads,
 Give a rouse, lads,
 Ev'ry heart in the crowd!

Country doctor, this man is;
 Drugs and laughter his plan is;
 Babes, farmhands and grannies
 Testify to his skill—
 Mother and man, sir
 They will answer
 With a cheer and a will.

He's as brown as the heather—
 Fun, hardihip and weather
 All working together
 Have seasoned his age
 To the quiccest
 And dearest
 Antic boy and crown sage.

Up he'll get in the night time—
 Drop his axe in the light time—
 Any time is the right time
 To heed the poor's call—
 Even when he's
 Horse-racing
 Or playing baseball!

Come when he is sent for?
 What else is he meant for?
 But it's what you'll repent for
 If you sent without cause—
 Being sorry
 Will hardly
 Appear him—so pause.

Faith!—betimes he's clean cranky:
 Then (Moody and Sankey!)
 Better step aside, thank-y—
 But never drop out—
 When he's wry, lads—
 Stain right by, lads—
 Pay his debts with a shout!

For we know he's as tender
 As a mother's defender
 Whoa dark lens attend her,
 Fighting death with his might—
 Mother and man, sir,
 They will answer
 With a prayer for this knight.

Rough and brown as the heather:
 Fun, hardihip and weather
 All working together
 Have seasoned his age
 To the quiccest
 And dearest
 Warm heart and sweet sage.

Big, sport-loving, thrifty—
 Quaver, tender and nifty—
 Sentimental and fit
 That's the way of him—loud
 Shake it out, then,
 In a shout, men—
 Ev'ry heart in the crowd!
 Hip-hip—
 —Herbert Westcott Fisher.

An Indian Princess.

Toe-me-to-ne Was a Friend of Both the Indians and the White Men.

From Gen. O. O. Howard's "Famous Indian Chiefs" in St. Nicholas.

We called her Sarah Winnemucca, of the mint family? Well, Toe-me-to-which means shell-flower. Have you ever seen these flowers growing in an old garden among their many cousins of the mint family? Well, Toe-me-to- loved them of all flowers best, for was she not herself a shell-flower?

Her people were Piute Indians, and they lived in every part of what is now the great state of Nevada.

Toe-me-to-ne had a flower name, so she was followed to take part in the children's flower festival, when all the little girls dance and sing, holding hands and making believe that they are the very flowers for which they are named. They wear their own flowers, too, and after they have sung together for a while one will dance off on the grass by herself while all the boys and girls look on and she sings:

I am a daisy gold and white
 Somebody catch me—me!

The grown-up people watch, too, as their children play, and Toe-me-to-ne was never happier than when, light as a bird, she danced and sang her shell-flower song:

See me-see me, a beautiful flower,
 Give me a hand and a dance.

Then after the plays and dancing the children had all sorts of good things to eat, and the flower festival was over for a year.

Only three times did Toe-me-to-ne take part in the flower festival, for when she was quite a little girl her grandfather, Chief Winnemucca, took his family and went to live in California, and when they came back she was almost grown up.

Her grandfather was very fond of her, and called her sweetheart, so she was sad and lonesome indeed when he left her and went to the Happy Spirit Land; but she did not forget his last words to her before he went. "Sweetheart," he said, "do not forget my white brothers; be kind to them and they will be kind to you and teach you many things."

In California the old chief gave to grandchildren new names—Natchez, Lee, Mary and Sarah, and Sarah learned to speak fairly good English. Later, when she came to Pyramid lake, she played with Mr. Ormsby's children and learned to speak better English. Besides this Mrs. Ormsby taught her to cook and sew and to do housework.

When Sarah was fifteen years old she made the long 500-mile journey to California once more with her brothers and sister and her grandmother. Her brothers took care of cattle for good Mr. Scott, who had known and loved Chief Winnemucca, and he gave them good wages, several fine horses, and two ponies for Sarah and Mary to ride. The sisters had always ridden bareback like Indian men, but when Christmas came Sarah was surprised to find a beautiful Mexican side-saddle from her brother Lee, and she learned to ride like the white ladies, and was very proud and happy.

Now the Piutes always would wander about. They lived by hunting and fishing, not by farming, so they moved from place to place wherever there was game. When they were in the mountains rough white settlers came to Pyramid lake and caught almost all of the fish with nets, so that there were no fish when the Indians returned. This made the Indians an-

gry, and so trouble began. All this time Sarah was in California. Her father, Chief Winnemucca Second, and her mother were in Nevada, and she often heard good news from them, but one spring when she was seventeen years old two Indians came bringing the news from her father that he was in the mountains and wanted all his children to come to him, but especially Sarah.

Starting on their ponies they began the journey, riding beside the wagon where the grandmother rode. It took twenty-five days to reach Carson City, but here their father and mother met them, and next day all went to see Gov. Nye, whom Sarah told in English what her father, the chief, wanted to say.

Gov. Nye was very jolly and good, and when he knew how things really were he told the white settlers not to interfere with the Indians, and sent soldiers from the fort to drive the rough men away; so Gov. Nye and Chief Winnemucca became good friends, as they never could have been but for little Toe-me-to-ne and her bright interpretations.

For the next year Sarah talked both Piute and English, and settled many little troubles. She was called friend both by the Indians and soldiers, and her father and she thought often of old Chief Winnemucca's words and kept peace with their white brothers.

HIS MOTOR WARNED HIM.

Engine Spelled Out Turn in Dots and Dashes—A Prize Automobile Story.

The Westminster Gazette recently offered a prize of £5 (\$25) for the best automobile story from a motorist's personal experience. This prize has gone to an Irish girl for the following:

COINCIDENCE?

It was the silent man who spoke last. He had listened without stirring to the yarns of the other men, and his voice came to them now from the depths of a long deck chair.

"I dare say you all remember the big flood on the Dargle River in County Wicklow. It happened one night about two years ago, and brought disaster to all the houses along its banks.

"I was in total ignorance of the catastrophe when, the evening after, I set out in my small two-seated car to visit friends who lived on the slopes of the river valley.

"I knew the seven miles of road lying between us as well as I know my alphabet, and although it was a dark night I only lit my two oil lamps—one of which, by the way, soon flickered out.

"Half way through the Scalp, the engine, which had never previously given me trouble, began to jib, and finally stopped with a grunt. I got out unwillingly, and gave the starting handle a tentative turn, when, to my joy, she started up again, but commenced mis-firing in a most extraordinary manner. The engine extra-ordinary mis-firing occurred in a strange, irregular sequence, which, as I listened, sounded half familiar. In absent-minded fashion I was marking the intermittent throbs with a beat of my finger on the mud guard when suddenly it flashed upon me:

"The engine was ticking out a word in the dots and dashes of the Morse code, with which I am well acquainted.

"T-u-r-n, T-u-r-n. I spelled it out carefully again and again, and it never varied.

"Then I worked at her for twenty minutes or so, but without avail."

The speaker paused and leaned forward.

"It sounds like a fairy tale," he went on impressively, "but the fact— inexplicable as it is—remains. As long as I faced for home the engine ran sweetly and evenly. As soon as I turned in the other direction the extraordinary mis-firing recommenced.

"Finally I took the hint and returned home, to read in the evening papers, with a superstitious thrill, of the big flood and the havoc it had wrought. The road I had intended to traverse had been swept clean away, and had I proceeded I should undoubtedly have driven straight into the torrent, with small chance of escape."

He stopped and struck a match on the veranda rail.

"Ignition," said one man tersely.

"Carburetor troubles," added another.

"Coincidence," decided a third.

"Call it what you will," returned the silent man sardonically, as he rose lazily and made for the open French window.

MABEL RICHARDS.

An "Elder" Brother.

A woman in a western city, who belongs to a community called the "Sisters of St. John the Baptist," not long ago spent a month in a backwoods district.

Shortly after her arrival she went to the local postoffice and inquired if any letters had come for Sister Bernadine. The rural postmaster looked bewildered.

"Sister who?" he asked, incredulously.

"Sister Bernadine," repeated the lady, "a sister of St. John the Baptist."

"I think not," he answered, doubtfully. Then after some reflection, he added:

"Say, ain't he been dead pretty near a hundred years, now?"—Harper's Weekly.

In the sandy deserts of Arabia, whirling winds sometimes excavate pits 200 feet in depth and extending down to the harder stratum on which the bed rests.

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

Tale of Tales.
 Everybody knows that doggy uses his And that tabby, near the doggy, uses hers to say, "I'm mad."

Strange to say, the monkey uses his to help him climb a tree, While the peacock seems to have his just to show his vanity.

Squirrels hopping through the tree tops have theirs simply for a show; Fishes in the pouring brooklet need theirs just to make them go.

Brindle also has one, and it serves to keep the flies away; Bobby put one on his kite to make it fly the other day.

Scores of animals possess them, from a lion to a mouse— Or a beaver, strange to say, who uses his to build a house.

Still, 'tis puzzling; look at bunny; his is very, very small; Then consider why a bullfrog hasn't any tail at all.

So it seems almost a riddle, little girls, little man.

Why these tails are all so different—guess and tell us if you can.
 —Brooklyn Eagle.

Bed-Time.
 "Papa, what does yoo fink is des' the bestest, nicest fink in dis world?"
 "Why pet, that's easy. I think a little, dimpled-cheeked girl about two years old, with eyes just like her mama's, a lot of long towalee curls that won't stay up, dressed in a long pink-striped night-gown tied at throat and wrists with blue ribbons, climbing up onto her papa's lap, getting her two fat arms around his neck and kissing one cheek, then the other cheek, then a good long kiss, then the other cheek, then a good long kiss, then cuddling down in his arms to sleep; that's the nicest thing in the world."
 "Oh, papa! I des b'leve yoo means me—don' yoo?"—London S. S. Times.

Saved by a Log.
 William Smathers was a young lad of 15 and was particularly fond of outdoor life. He was the son of very rich parents and was satisfied in every wish and whim of his. One wish of his was to join a party of boys at a camp called Camp Windsor, which consisted of a number of boys of his own age. His parents would not at first listen to his joining the camp, but by his coaxing and entreating they decided to let him go. He was very fond of rowing and would often venture far out in the ocean.

So the next week found our hero at Camp Windsor and a fine place it certainly was. He used to go out rowing every day. He got so that he could not keep out of his little rowboat. One day the weather was very stormy, but Will went out in his rowboat just the same. He went out farther than he expected to, and suddenly the waves began to toss against the boat and he was in terror. Of a sudden the rowboat gave a lurch and overboard went Will. When he reached the surface of the water he could see no signs of the boat. He was just sinking when he espied a thick log of wood a short distance away. He had only enough strength to reach and grasp the log. After a short time buffeting the waves the log reached shore and William was all right, except for the ducking he got, but the lesson he learned by it was "prudence is the better part of valor."—Francis Kearns in the Brooklyn Eagle.

"Slow and Soggy."
 "Slow, was it?" lazily echoed the careless small boy who had been sent an hour earlier to the nearby grocery. "Oh, well, slow but sure, you know!"
 "Sure!" repeated the exasperated cook, as she took out her pan of biscuits; "it's not slow and sure you are; it's just slow and powerfully soggy."
 "Sogginess" is indeed indicated by the half-hearted, good-natured, indifferent movements of many people whom their friends excuse as "slow but sure," with a doubtful emphasis sometimes, it must be owned, on the "sure." The old phrase is a sop to one's vanity. Nobody cares to be called plain "slow," but the qualification of being "sure" quiets the conscience and allows one to continue in that lazy easy-goingness that makes such hard going for one's acquaintances.

"It tires me to see that fellow work!" was often said of one slow-moving young man who never could understand why he lost so many jobs. He was thorough, and he was quick; enough at his books, but when it came to his muscles he had a habit of "sogginess" that was simply a wretched habit, and could have been corrected if he had ever roused himself to make the effort and count the price of minutes.

"Slow, but spirited," makes a reasonable motto for the naturally slow person who would be glad to overcome his slowness. Enthusiasm and hearty interest in details of work can be cultivated and tend far away from "sogginess." But the "soggy" boy will never rise to the successful man.—The Wellspring.

When Gunda Dances.
 When Gunda, the big Indian elephant at Bronx Park, isn't busy munching carrots or attending to his duties at the receiving teller's window of his personally conducted bank, he generally will be found swinging his gigantic frame easily backward and forward with a rolling, rhythmic movement strongly suggestive of dancing. Keeper "Biddy" Thuman, at any rate, declares it's dancing, and he ought to know, for no human being knows the big chap and his ways as well as he does.

Among the visitors yesterday to the

antelope house, where Gunda is making his happy home pending the completion of his own palatial mansion a quarter of a mile further north, were a pretty young school teacher and her class of a score of little girls. Gunda was just as glad to see them as they were to see him, and the big fellow had the time of his life while the peanuts lasted. After he had passed about a dozen quarts of the toothsome gloobers down into his capacious interior and had collected all the peanuts in sight and added them to his store, seeing nothing further coming his way and feeling entirely satisfied with the world in general and himself in particular, he began to swing forward and backward on his toes with his wonted grace and ease.

"O-o-oo-h!" shouted all the little girls and the pretty teacher in unison, "he's doing 'The Merry Widow Waltz!'"

"You're all right, old boy," whispered Keeper Thuman into Gunda's ear after the encore, "give me a soul kiss." Gunda responded by laying the end of his trunk lovingly against his keeper's cheek.—New York Telegram.

Sadie's Flower Picnic.
 Sadie's aunt said to her one morning: "Do you want to have a picnic on the lawn, girl? If so, we'll spread the cloth on the grass and have some goodies to eat. And we'll invite Grace and Tom Moore over to enjoy the picnic with you."

"Oh, that'll be heaps of fun," cried Sadie gaily, tossing dollie aside and clapping her hands. Sadie loved a picnic better than any other sort of luncheon or tea. To have her food spread on a cloth on the grass beneath a great shade tree was such genuine pleasure.

"Well, while I spread the cloth and prepare the sandwiches and deviled eggs, you run over and invite Grace and Tom to come to the picnic," said Auntie. "And after the picnic, we'll all have stories, Tom and Grace and Sadie each telling one. Won't that be fun?"

"Oh, yes, yes!" declared Sadie, jumping up and running to her room for her hat. "I'll go at once and invite Grace and Tom to my picnic. I'm so glad that Grace and Tom live so close to us. They are the only neighbors within a mile; and I couldn't go a mile any day to invite friends to a morning picnic on the lawn, could I, auntie?"

"No, indeed," agreed auntie. "It's very nice to have Grace and Tom for such close neighbors."

But fifteen minutes later Sadie came leisurely homeward from Grace and Tom's house, her face full of disappointment. "They're gone to town with their mamma," she told auntie in doleful tones. "And now I can't have a picnic at all, for it isn't a picnic with just your dollie and your auntie and yourself, is it?"

"Well, we'll have to invite other guests," promised auntie. "Let me see! How'd you like to give a flower picnic. Suppose we invite several pretty flowers. Wouldn't you enjoy that, dearie?"

"A flower picnic? Oh, wouldn't it be great fun!" And Sadie was all excitement and enthusiasm over the idea. "What flowers will we invite?" she asked of her aunt.

"Well, I'll go into the garden and invite the guests," said auntie. So she hurried to the big flower garden, in the rear of the house, and pretty soon returned with an armful of freshly plucked flowers.

"Now, Miss Sadie, allow me to announce Miss Rose." And Auntie placed beside the white cloth—on which the dainty repast was now spread—a fine, long-stemmed rose. "And next I announce Miss Marigold and Miss Pink. And here is Mr. Sunflower, and with him Master Zenia and his cousin, Master Petunia. And now we present little Miss Pansy. You see, a fine company have come to attend your picnic."

Sadie was delighted. What fun to play the flowers were real people, and to have them sitting around the cloth, partaking of picnic luncheon as her guests! Wouldn't Grace and Tom be sorry to have missed this party, though? But just at this minute, as Sadie was playing the gracious hostess to her beautiful guests, all seated about her, she heard a call that sounded most familiar. "Grace's voice," she said to auntie. Then she and auntie looked toward the Moores' house and saw Grace coming at a run toward the picnic ground. "Oh, Sadie, cook told me and Tom to come over to your house, that you were at my house to invite us while we were away with mamma. So here we are! Are we in time for the picnic spread?" And up came Grace, all out of breath, to be followed within a few seconds by Tom, whose face was smeared with jam and bread crumbs.

"Oh, you're just in time to be introduced to my party of guests," said Sadie, presenting Grace formally to each of the flowers. "You see, we're having a flower picnic—auntie and I are. And you can be the guest of honor and may sit at the head of the table beside Mr. Sunflower."

"Where am I to sit?" asked Tom, looking about the cloth.

"Well, you'll have to wash your face," said Sadie. "And then you may sit next Miss Rose. She's such a beauty that a boy with jam on his face would shock her. So run, wash your face, then come to the picnic."

And the flower picnic was the jolliest affair that the children ever had.—Washington Star.

GARDEN, FARM and CROPS



SUGGESTIONS FOR THE UP-TO-DATE AGRICULTURIST

Cool the Milk Promptly.
 The prompt and thorough cooling of milk is generally recognized to be of prime importance in preventing the development of bacteria, which under ordinary conditions are always present in milk as soon as drawn, and to which the souring or curdling of milk is due.—American Cultivator.

Roosts for Chickens.
 Keep the chickens from roosting on poles or fences if crooked breast bones are to be prevented. When the fowl is young the breast bone is soft and bends to one side in pressing on the roost. This trouble is more likely to be met with among the smaller breeds.—Farmers' Home Journal.

Provide Shade for Sheep.
 Sheep will hunt the shade of tree or fence and carry their noses close to the ground. They are trying to avoid their grub fly which lays eggs in the nostrils. If there is no natural shade in the pastures it should be provided. A good plan is to give the sheep access to the sheds during the heat of the day, or all day for that matter. Or shade may be provided very easily by the use of poles or old rails and these covered with straw or hay, anything that will make a shade and provide shelter. Do this now and you need not ask later what to do for "grub in the head."—Farmers' Home Journal.

Food for Turkeys.
 Many people are so desirous of choice poultry as to finish them for their own table by feeding a portion of chestnuts and celery seed each day to the growing stock. The turkeys sent from Rhode Island to the President have always been finished with the addition of these very savory foods. The chestnut fed turkey is much talked of throughout the land. It is an expensive food. The feeding of chestnuts and celery adds considerably to the cost of their production. In New York city alone several thousand are sold during Thanksgiving and Christmas times. To finish them in this way the chestnuts are chopped up into small pieces and mixed with celery seed, slightly damped and coated with ground meal and ground oats, and fed to them in troughs. Meat does not seem to be a valuable food in the fattening of turkeys, nor do they seem to grow nearly so well under artificial methods as when carefully grown in the natural way.—The Feather.

Cucumbers for Pickles.
 As soon as the plants are up, apply a mixture of two-thirds slaked lime and one-third sand-plaster, which will destroy the small striped bug that is pretty sure to appear. The striped cucumber beetle does not attack the plantings for cucumbers as much as those for pickles.

After the main vines are three or more feet long, pinch off the ends to promote the growth of the laterals. The latter bear a much larger proportion of pistillate or productive blossoms than the main vines, which principally are staminate.

As soon as there are cucumbers large enough for pickles on the vines, picking should begin. For this purpose a sharp knife or a pair of shears is a good tool. Disturb the vine as little as possible, until the very last picking from them. Fruit should be picked before it begins to ripen. They are used in green state.

For table use and market they should be gathered when full grown but still green. For pickling the vines must be picked over at least every other morning as long as they are wanted for green cucumbers. Take off every pickle that is 1½ inches and over in length. One large cucumber will exhaust the vine more than fifty small ones.

Where small ones are picked off, new sets will form, while the large ones prove but silent robbers if allowed to grow. No cucumber should be allowed to ripen seed, for with the ripening of seed the vines begin to die, while if the cucumbers are kept picked off, the vines continue in bearing a long time.—American Epitome.

Successful Production of Eggs.
 In summer on free range the flock is able to secure sufficient exercise and a right proportion of the different kinds of food. It is necessary therefore to imitate these conditions as much as possible during the winter months.

The lime of the oyster shell is a necessity in egg production. Some idea of the need of the shell supply can be obtained from the fact that an ordinary flock of 150 hens will produce annually in egg shell, 137 pounds of clear chalk. The habit of egg eating is the result of a craving for shell forming material and unless it becomes chronic the feeding of oyster shells will at once remedy the evil.

When the birds are on range they are usually able to secure for themselves in worms, bugs and grubs the necessary supply of animal food. Under winter conditions the supply is limited and it becomes necessary then to supply the meat ration in some other form. The necessary animal

food may be supplied by meat scraps from the table, or beef heads, or liver may be fed either raw or boiled. Green bones also become a highly desirable food when a bone grinder is used to prepare it. Prepared meat rations are manufactured and supplied through poultry supply houses, in the form of meat meal, blood meal and beef scraps. These may be fed dry or mixed with mash.

Skim milk (preferably well soured) and buttermilk have high feeding values. Skim milk should be supplied to laying hens whenever it can be obtained at reasonable prices.

Owing to the confinement of winter quarters, the birds are unable to obtain their supply of green or succulent foods. This may be supplied by mangolds, turnips, cabbage, green clover or alfalfa. The latter is strongly recommended when properly saved and may be fed either whole or cut, raw or boiled.

Plenty of fresh, pure water is indispensable or perfect health. Laying hens especially require an abundant supply on account of the great percentage of it in eggs—from 54 to 65 percent. The drinking vessels should be placed on a shelf where they will not become contaminated with litter.

The local cost of the different varieties of grain should determine what is to be fed. The animal food given should supply the greater part of the protein or nitrogenous portion of the ration whether the fowls are at liberty or confined. Other foods therefore are required more for maintaining the heat of the fowl's body and it would not be profitable on this account to purchase expensive grains. It is preferable to feed a number of grains rather than to limit the selection to one or two kinds, as poultry like change and will thrive best on a variety of food stuffs. Mash is not recommended except in limited quantities, and for this ground buckwheat, ground corn and ground oats are the grains that are most preferred.—Manitoba Poultry Bulletin.

Farm Notes.
 If you can find seed that was grown in your own vicinity, it is an advantage to do so.

Poor roads, unhusked carriages and farming tools are some of the things causing an unnecessary tax.

For hay, the pea will probably give the best results; for grain, the soy bean. Use the cow pea on this land; the bean on rich land.

Chickens with scabby legs should be put in a pail of warm, soapy water and their legs thoroughly scrubbed and then rubbed well with equal parts of lard and kerosene.

The average farmer in the older sections cannot afford to specialize in potato growing. Some years there may be big money in it, but the average returns do not compare favorably with those from the dairy and some other lines of work.

A convenient material for tying vegetables is the strands from burlap matting or bran sacks. These are cut into convenient squares and unraveled and tied in large bunches until needed. Basswood matting is also convenient for this purpose, and for budding and grafting.

If a dog is kept tied too long he is likely to run away as soon as released. He will be more comfortable if the strap is fastened to a long rope and the rope to a pulley on a wire strung between two trees. Then the dog will have liberty of motion, and run back and forth with ease.

SNAKE DINED ON SQUAB.
 Finally Became so Bold that Police-man Shot Destroyer.

A black snake fully six feet long and nearly two inches in diameter, which has been capturing young pigeons on the rocks just above the Birmingham station of the Panhandle Railroad has attracted much attention.

Employees at the station and watchman at the mouth of the Mount Washington street car tunnel have seen the serpent several times, but none has been bold enough to attempt to capture it. More than a score of pigeons have nests on the rocks and the snake is said to have gone down the hillside from the grass and shrubbery to secure a frequent meal of the squabs.

Capt. C. E. Hemp of the police force of the Panhandle Railroad was at the station this morning. The snake was perched on a rock in full view. Capt. Kemp fired at the serpent with his revolver. The snake fell from the rock and rolled down the hillside to the rocks above the tunnel. Four or five men climbed the rocks, but owing to the difficult scaling the snake could not be secured.—From the Pittsburgh Chronicle Telegraph.

More Dignified.
 "Good-night, you precious lamb!" said the mother, with the liberty one sometimes takes, even with one's son, at bedtime.

"Mother," said the small boy beseechingly, "if you must call me something, wouldn't you just as soon call me a billy-goat?"—Youth's Companion.