

SINGIN' 'LONG DE ROAD,

He was des de happiest creature dat de roun' world ever knowed— Singin' 'long de road—singin' 'long de road! Dreamin' in de night Of a maw'nin' sweet en bright, Flingin' wide de shutters fer ter let in all de light!

Happy in de reapin' of de harvest what he sow— Singin' 'long de road—singin' 'long de road! 'Trost fields whar birds wuz wingin' 'Dey heard his voice a-ringin', En de toilers stopped ter listen en ter bless him fer his singin'.

'Tear'd lak it fetched de sunshine, en lightened up de load— Dat singin' 'long de road—dat singin' 'long de road! En 'It's work—it's work ter do Whilst de light shine down on you!' ('Tear'd lak de birds dey heard him, en dey fall ter singin' 'too!)

Oh, des de happiest creature dat de roun' world ever knowed— Singin' 'long de road—singin' 'long de road! En de darkest day wuz bright, En Trouble say, 'Good night!' Fer he des de happiest de shutters en let in all de light! —Frank L. Stanton, in Youth's Companion.

THE FAIRY'S Silver Bell

(From the Scandinavian)

By JEAN S. REMY.

Far up in the frozen north, in the land of the midnight sun, there is a wonderful race of fairy folk, known as the underground people, or the little people of the hills.

Oh, but they play queer antics and merry-pranks, these wee brown folk, clad in dusky suits, just the color of the earth in which they live, wearing on their feet tiny glass slippers, and furry caps of brown finished with a silver bell adorning each elfin head. These caps are possessed of magic power, which makes the wearer quite invisible to mortal eyes. So, though one often hears on a moonlight night a soft whispering and low rustle while walking through a lonely forest or over a moonlit meadow land strewn with flowers—yes, though one often sees by daylight the grass pressed down by the tread of dancing feet the night before—one never sees the elves themselves, unless he be lucky enough to find either one of the little caps or its silver bell, lost by some careless dancer.

Now a shepherd lad of Norway had heard so much of these little folk of the hills that on one St. John's Eve he made up his mind to wait for the fairy folk all night on the top of a very high hill, which was their favorite dancing place. "Who knows," thought he, "I may be lucky enough to find one of their magic caps."

As soon as the night fell, on this magic night of all the year, the shepherd stole away to the top of the hill, and lying down in the very deepest shadow he could find waited in silence for the fairy folk. Exactly at midnight the chiming of silver bells and a gay mingling of chatter and laughter sounded over the lonely hill top, then a rustle through the grass, and then a whizzing and a buzzing that showed very plainly that the little folk were whirling round and round in the dance, tumbling and sporting in the moonlight, playing all sorts of merry pranks and tricks.

The shepherd could not see any of this merrymaking, you know; he could only hear the mirth and merriment; but all of a sudden something cool and slippery touched his hand, and one of the little folks set up a great cry—"Oh, my bell, my bell! I've lost my little silver bell!"

You may be sure the shepherd lost no time in slipping that bell in his pocket, for of course that was what had touched his hand as it had rolled from the cap of its tiny owner. Now he could see the little folk running hither and thither in the most distracted manner. One little fellow was in great distress. He peered in the hearts of the wild roses, he poked his wee finger into the blue-bell's cup, and searched every blade of grass. All in vain, however. He could not find his silver bell.

The shepherd in the meantime, knowing what a prize he had found, was running down the hill as fast as he could, and never once did he pause till he was safe in his own cottage.

He tried the magic power of the bell the very next morning, when he led his sheep out to pasture, and found that all he had to do to guide his sheep was to wish the way they should go, and then ring the silver bell. At once the sheep would meekly turn in the direction he wished. "My! but this saves me a lot of trouble and work," said he. "I will have to be given something pretty good before I give up this treasure."

Now the poor little elf who had lost his bell was having a pretty hard time, for not one wink of sleep could he get until he found it. Then, too, by laws of his race, he could not come to the upper world in the daytime in his true form. So he scurried over the hills and through the valleys of Norway in every form of animal; he flew through the air, disguised as a bird; he crawled on the ground as a little green snake; he wiggled in the earth as a wee little worm; and, in the shape of a man, he even made his way into churches, houses and barns, searching everywhere for his lost bell.

So passed many a weary day, and the little elf had grown quite thin and ill, and his eyes fairly popped out of his head with weariness. But one day it happened that in the form of a bird he was flying low over a meadow where a flock of sheep was grazing. Some of the sheep had bells on their necks, which rang with

a soft tinkle, tinkle, tinkle, as they moved about.

"There's just a chance that my bell is here," thought the weary little elf; and in a soft bird carol he sang this little sad song:

"Alas, my little silver bell! Pretty sheep, if you can tell, Where is hid my silver bell, Tell me quickly now I pray, I have not slept by night or day Since my bell was taken away."

The boy who was keeping the sheep heard the words of this song very plainly, and luck at last was with the little elf, for he was the very shepherd who had run off with the bell, and it was now safe hid in his pocket. Just at this moment the sheep started restlessly to scatter about the field, and in order to bring them together, the boy rang the magic bell. At the first sound of its sweet tinkle the little elf knew that his search was ended; but he also knew that he would have need of all his cunning to win the bell from the shepherd. He at once flew down to a neighboring thicket, and changed himself, in the twinkling of an eye, to an old woman dressed in shabby, ragged clothes, who with sighs and groans, limped across to the shepherd.

"Bid you good morning," said she in a cracked, tremulous voice. "Can you tell me how I can get to Bergen?" The shepherd still held the bell in his hand, and, as he turned to answer her, the old woman exclaimed: "Well, well, did ever a body see such a pretty little bell! And the merry tinkle that it has! Why, it takes the lameness out of these old legs of mine! Come, my gentle lad, I'll buy the bell from you at any price."

"Oh, no you won't, grandmother," said the boy, with a laugh. "Money could not buy my bell. See how the sheep obey its silvery notes!" And, sure enough, at its gentle tinkle all the sheep turned to follow where it led. "And see how all care and worry vanish at its merry chimel! Why, I have never known real joy until I owned this bell. I'd not give it up for all the gold in the world."

"Perhaps the sight of gold will do more than its sound," thought the shrewd old woman; and, stretching out a handful of gold pieces, she said, "Gold will buy much joy for the young, but will not give back health to the old, as the little bell does. See, I'll give you ten times this sum for the bell."

The shepherd was a kind-hearted lad, and he really felt very sorry for the little old woman, and he said: "No, gold will not buy my bell; but perhaps you can give me something else that will take its place." He began to suspect now that the little elf stood here in the guise of this feeble old woman.

"Certainly, I can," said the old woman, and drew from under her ragged cape a little white stick, on which were carved Adam and Eve, surrounded by their flocks, in the Garden of Eden.

"This shall be yours in place of the bell. The cattle you drive with it shall always be fat and well. As long as you own this stick, you will succeed in everything you undertake. You will grow wealthy, you will be wise and good, and you will marry the most beautiful woman in the world."

"Ah!" said the lad, "now I will give up my bell; and may you, good mother, be as happy with it as I have been." So saying, he laid the bell in her outstretched hand.

To his amazement, she at once vanished from his sight, leaving him staring at the place where she had stood; but the little white stick in his hand commenced at once to work its wonders. For these little people of the hills do not dare to lie; all sorts of dreadful punishments await them, if they do. They are changed into moles, bats, snakes and all sorts of unpleasant creatures, and cannot resume their own shapes until they have kept their word.

The shepherd rubbed his eyes in wonder as he saw his flock of twenty sheep increase until it filled the great meadow, and his one dog turned into a dozen that ran hither and thither, keeping the great flock in order.

His own rough clothes fell from him, too, and he stood in rich garments, talking to two shepherds about the care they must give his flocks and his herds. He walked homeward dazed and astonished at his own good fortune; and in the place of his humble little cottage there stood a great mansion, with servants waiting to do his bidding. Then, too, and this was perhaps the best of all, he was given wisdom to manage well all the wealth that had so suddenly come to him, and kindness of heart, so that he did much good with his money.

Is it any wonder, in view of all the good things that came to him through the little silver bell, that the children of the far north love very dearly and are always looking out for the little people of the hills?—Christian Register.

THE COST OF "THE MAILED FIST."

That Germany is paying the piper for her vast armaments on land and sea is strikingly shown in a paper in the Atlantic, by William C. Dreher.

Since 1877 there has been only one year in which the national debt has not been increased. It now amounts, according to recent official statements, to \$1,013,000,000, or a little more than the French indemnity. The debt has been doubled since 1895. For the past eight years, Government publications again admit, expenditures have exceeded receipts by \$471,000,000, or an average of \$53,000,000 a year. The national debt has already cost the country in interest and administrative expenses about \$380,000,000; and yet Germany could have kept out of debt altogether, as Professor Schanz has recently shown, if the revenues had only been increased by about \$12,000,000 yearly.

That a country with so much intelligence, character, and efficiency as Germany undoubtedly has, should go on piling up its national debt like this in a time of profound peace, is certainly a most astonishing phenomenon; and some explanation of it seems called for. If we ask a bankrupt why he failed, we shall most likely learn that his income was not big enough; if we ask his friends, they will probably tell us that he spent his money extravagantly. In the case of Germany both explanations would apply—the Empire has never had adequate and steady sources of revenue; and its expenditures, extravagantly enough in many ordinary items, have been lavish in the extreme with the army and navy.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

Appreciate the good things of life, but don't be one of them.

It doesn't pay to take things easy, unless they belong to you.

A man may be a good husband simply because he hasn't the nerve to be anything else.

If a girl wants to be happily married, let her marry a fellow so homely that no other girl would have him.

It's always the other fellow who ought to be satisfied with what he has.

The man who claims he never breaks his word is probably stretching the truth.

There is plenty of room at the top because most of us who get there fall off.

The accident of birth is sometimes an accident from which it takes us a lifetime to recover.

The only way some people can be happy is to realize that they are getting more than their money's worth.

It seems strange that trouble should ever be unexpected. There are always so many people to predict it.

Most girls would rather be a rich man's widow than a poor man's wife.

The pull that keeps a man out of jail isn't going to get him into heaven.

It sometimes seems as though the fool killer had given up his job in disgust.

The man who takes a post-graduate course in love must pay his tuition fee in alimony.

The foreign nobleman has his air castles and is generally looking for an heiress to go with them.

As we grow older it is very comforting to assure ourselves that wrinkles are merely the dimples of second childhood.—From the "Greenwood Philosopher," in the New York Times.

Toil and Sleep and Dirt and Toil.

Dirt and neglect and noise. Over the stone pavement of the neglected street, long out of repair, filled with holes and old ruts, the great trucks thundered all day long, and on a decrepit track one of Mr. Ryan's ancient horse-cars bounced and jingled. Beyond belief, beyond endurance in unaccustomed ears, was the roaring of that dreadful place; the clanging din of traffic mixed with the yelling of push-cart peddlers and the babel of the vast throngs that overflowed the sidewalks, made up a torrent of maddening sound whereat the nerves quivered in lost protest. From the demon of that uproar was no escape; in any room along the thoroughfare the tumult resounded; even into the fearful rear rooms that were shut in and walled around against air and light and health came this hubbub; all day and all the hours of it, roaring streets and pounding trucks and jolting cars and screaming children and yelling men. And in that nightmare of dirt and noise and foul odors, with scanty food and scanty light and scanty air, without one glimpse of beauty or comfort, on the bare rock of grim existence, absorbed in a savage and primitive fight for bread, these of the next generation of Americans were being reared. Toil and sleep and dirt and toil. Amen. After us the deluge.—From "The Slum as a National Asset," by Charles Edward Russell, in Everybody's.

Schools of Journalism.

Six State universities have installed departments for the teaching of journalism. They are: Wisconsin, Virginia, Illinois, Kansas, Nebraska and Washington. All of these now provide courses of greater or less length for the preparation of newspaper writers, and the State universities of Indiana and Missouri will also add such departments this year.—Columbia (S. C.) State.



Useless to Force Food.

It is useless to force any kind of food on an animal. An animal may be compelled to eat something that it does not desire, but it will not thrive. It is necessary, therefore, to observe their individual peculiarities and supply them with whatever they prefer. What may be a delicacy to one may be repugnant to another.—Bpistmist.

Fashion in Blood.

Fashion in blood lines is continually changing. By carefully studying the records and analyzing the blood lines of the winners, students of the breeding problem and practical breeders can foresee the change in fashion that is likely to occur. The breeder who can do so and take advantage of the coming change will reap the greatest advantage from it. The safer way for the average small breeder, however, is to breed in the best of those old, well-tested, successful producing lines that have been most successful in producing speed with uniformity in the past.—American Cultivator.

New Cow Feeding Tests.

An experiment in feeding cows, which it is believed will be watched with keen interest by the dairymen of the State has been started with the college herd at the Connecticut agricultural college. The test will run for an indefinite period and will consist of feeding two separate rations to two different groups of cows. One group will be fed a very narrow and the other a very wide ration, and the outcome of this experiment will determine whether high or low feeding has any effect on the vigor, fertility or production of the dairy cow. It is hoped to have these experiments carried on for at least twenty years.—American Cultivator.

Legs of a Draft Horse.

The construction and set of the hind legs of a draft horse are of vital importance. A great many of the diseases to be found in these regions are largely due to the wrong set of the limbs. In a correctly constructed hind limb, viewing it from the side, a line dropped from the hindmost point of the slope strike the top of the hock and continue parallel with it until the pastern joint is reached. If the conformation of the leg be such that the lower part of the leg is thrown more under the body, thus making it more subject to a strain of a tendon or ligament just below the hock, it is termed "sickle hocked," and it is very likely that it will become curby.—Weekly Witness.

Potato Scab Control.

The potato scab disease, says the Indiana Farmer, has been pretty thoroughly studied by potato specialists. This well-known malady is the result of a fungus infestation which also causes scab on beets. Its germs occur in great numbers on scabby smooth tubers. Much of the loss from scab is directly due to the use of infected seed. When the fungus is not present in the soil a clean crop is assured if clean seed is used. It is cheaper to abandon potato growing upon badly infected soil for a time than otherwise to combat the pest. Chemical disinfection of soil is not effective enough to warrant the cost. Seed potatoes can be effectively disinfected either by soaking one and a half hours in a solution made by dissolving one ounce of corrosive sublimate in two gallons of water; or by soaking two hours in a solution made by diluting one-half pint of formalin with fifteen gallons of water.

Insist on Stable Cleanliness.

In the production of commercial milk the dairyman must not only keep himself and his own cows clean, but he must not draw the milk from the cow in a stable filled with dust. He never should feed hay before milking. He should not feed grain nor disturb the bedding before milking.

I may get into an argument in regard to this statement, for there are those who claim that the stable should be cleaned before the milking is done. I maintain not, for you know the more you disturb some things the worse they smell. The dairyman must not feed silage before he milks, for if contamination of the air of the stable occurs with the acid odor of silage the milk will certainly be tainted. It may not be detected at once, but the city neighbor who attempts to use this milk when forty-eight hours old will certainly detect an unpleasant flavor.—John D. Nichols.

Don't Use the Ax.

A complaint we often hear is, "Egg eating." This also can be stopped. Some say "Use the ax." No, don't! It is better to lose ten minutes time than a dollar. Take an egg shell, fill it with pepper, oyster and a few of those things which Mrs. Hen hates, and put it in the nest. When the hen tastes of its contents she wonders whether or not she is eating an egg, or perhaps she has a funny taste in her mouth. She may take another swallow, but to her disappointment, find that she has

been stung sharper than before. She feels rather faint and quickly runs for the drinking fountain. Immediately she makes up her mind never more to eat eggs. Another way to put an end to "egg eating" is by collecting the eggs as soon as possible after they have been laid and putting nest eggs in their place. There are other ways of curing this action which you may know, but think you will find my ways helpful. Try them, and see.—From Farmer's Home.

Talk to the Horse.

Some man, unknown to the writer hereof, has given to the world a saying that sticks: "Talk to your cow as you would to a lady." There is a world of common sense in it. What else is it but the language of the Bible applied to animals: "A soft answer turneth away wrath." A pleasant word to a horse in time of trouble has prevented many a disaster where the horse has learned that pleasant words means a guaranty that danger from punishment is not imminent.

One morning a big muscular groom said to his employer: "I can't exercise that horse any more. He will bolt and run at anything he sees." The owner, a small man and ill at the time, asked that the horse be hooked up. Stepping into the carriage he drove a couple of miles, and then asked the groom to station along the road such objects as the horse was afraid of. This was done and the horse was driven by them quietly, back and forth, with loose lines slapping on his back. The whole secret was in a voice that inspired confidence. The groom had been frightened at everything he saw that he supposed the horse would fear. The fear went to the horse like an electric message. Then came a punishing pull of the lines, with jerking and the whip. Talk to your horse as to your sweetheart.—Horse World.

Ladybirds.

Editor Indiana Farmer: Not long after noting what the editor had to say concerning ladybirds (lady bugs) I happened to see some interesting tactics of one in our garden.

There are several different species of ladybirds, one kind which the Department of Agriculture imported was for the purpose of destroying the San Jose and other scale insects, and the Year Book tells us of their behavior and propagation in America, showing in half tones the screen cages they are kept in, for the purpose of watching them attack the San Jose scale; however they seemed to increase slowly, and for this reason were not altogether successful.

The one I saw recently was much like the species described by the Department; its shape was that of a hemisphere, or in other words, was the shape of a ball cut into halves; was jet black, with one orange yellow spot on each wing shield (beetle, hard shelled).

I am not an entomologist, yet I do pay some close attention at times to insects, for they are one of nature's forces which the farmers should understand.

My attention was drawn to this insect on the limb of a pear tree. I looked closer; it was hunting, hunting on the same style of a bird dog—this way, then that way, I became interested, and noted it was hunting for scales, and when it came onto any little unevenly in the bark, which resembled a scale it stopped, carefully examined it, then proceeded on its search, examined any and all places resembling a scale. I concluded to remove it and place it near a scurfy scale, but the little fellow became frightened and made a dash for liberty.—O. R. Abraham in the Indiana Farmer.

Farm Notes.

More pigs are underfed than are overfed.

Give them salt often, also plenty of fresh water daily.

Don't let the hogs have access to dirty or filthy water holes.

Never use a scrub male and then expect a fine litter from a good sow.

Pigs that mature early are the ones for profit when well cared for.

Wood charcoal, wood ashes and salt should be accessible at all times.

Ground wheat and corn give better feeding results than ground wheat and rye.

The profit in feeding young pigs is with those that are not stunted in their food.

The greatest profit of the dairy consists in converting the by-products into pork.

Oats fed to sows during pregnancy, by sowing them broadcast on the ground, increase size of the unborn pig, also helping to keep the sow and litter in good condition.

A large saving in the cost of raising a hog may be accomplished by boiling all its food. A half-bushel of corn boiled will go as far again and fatten better than as much corn fed dry. If the table refuse can be added to the kettle it will be still better.

LUNG HEMORRHAGES (I TOOK PE-RU-NA.)



MISS NINETTE PORTER.

Miss Ninette Porter, Brintree, Vermont, writes: "I have been cured by Peruna."

"I had several hemorrhages of the lungs. The doctors did not help me much and would never have cured me."

"I saw a testimonial in a Peruna almanac of a case similar to mine, and I commenced using it. I wrote to Dr. Hartman for advice. He kindly gave me free advice."

"I was not able to wait on myself when I began using it. I gained very slowly at first, but I could see that it was helping me."

"After I had taken it a while I commenced to raise up a stringy, sticky substance from my lungs. This grew less and less in quantity as I continued the treatment."

"I grew more fleshy than I had been for a long time, and now I call myself well."

A Bad Cough.

Mrs. Emma Martin, Odessa, Mo., writes: "I cannot thank you enough for curing me. For two years I doctored my cough, which cost me many dollars, but still it seemed to get worse. My cough was bad I could not sleep."

"Finally I purchased a bottle of Peruna. After the use of six bottles I feel like a cured man."

"People who object to liquid medicine can now secure Peruna tablets." For a free illustrated booklet entitled "The Truth About Peruna," address The Peruna Co., Columbus, Ohio. Mailed postpaid.

Sermon Factory Proves Failure.

Canal Dover, Ohio.—A "sermon factory," which was operated in this city for a time, has proved a failure through the lack of patronage. The concern offered to furnish "stock" sermons to preachers or to write sermons to order on any text. The former were supplied at low price, while the latter were somewhat more expensive.

Always Keeps a Bottle in the House. "About ten days before Christmas I got my hand hurt so badly that I had to stop work right in the busy time of the year," says Mr. Milton Wheeler, 2100 Morris Ave., Birmingham, Ala. "At first I thought I would have to have my hand taken off, but someone told me to get a bottle of Sloan's Liniment and that would do the work. The liniment cured my hand and I gladly recommend it to everyone."

Mr. J. E. Matthews, proprietor of St. James Hotel, Corning, Ark., says:—"My finger was greatly inflamed from a fish sting and doctors pronounced it blood poisoning. I used several applications of Sloan's Liniment and it cured me all right. I will always keep a bottle of Sloan's Liniment in my house."

Mr. J. P. Evans of Mt. Airy, Ga., says:—"After being afflicted for three years with rheumatism, I used Sloan's Liniment, and was cured sound and well, and am glad to say I haven't been troubled with rheumatism since. My leg was badly swollen from my hip to my knee. One-half a bottle took the pain and swelling out."

Turkish Mines.

The mineral wealth of Asia Minor is proverbial. In the Vilayet of Smyrna there are about 60 mines being worked under firms and 75 under licenses. On the shores of the Black Sea the coal fields of Heraclea form an actual source of vast potential wealth to the Turkish empire.

\$100 Reward, \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address F. J. CHERNEY & Co., Toledo, O.

Sold by all Druggists, 75c. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Giant Cranes.

Australia has few more curious creatures than the giant cranes—often five and six feet in height, with beautiful blue-gray plumage. These huge birds mate for life, and as mates are singularly and touchingly devoted to each other. Among their practices that of dancing together is the most remarkable.

Brown's Bronchial Troches are a simple and convenient remedy for Bronchial Affections and Coughs. In boxes 25 cents. Samples mailed free. John I. Brown & Son, Boston, Mass.

The city of Sheffield, England, famous for its cutlery, is the first municipal body in Great Britain to decide to provide a rifle range at public cost for the use of the community.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c a bottle.

One of the fastest growing cities in the world is Kobe, Japan. Its population increased from 190,000 to 360,000 in 10 years.