THE PRINCESS IN THE CITY.

The awake and think of quiet hills And many woods and waters, all asleep All dreaming in the sliver of the

night; silent empty woods, of waters deep and grassy meadows full of resting sheep, And over them the moon with stead-fast light.

My father has a castle in the North And from the battlements I saw the

Bare and tree-covered, white with fallen snows. Seen with the waking spring and brown and gold when with her melancholy Autumn fills Men's hearts, and touches everything that grows.

1 listen to the never-ceasing feet And hear men's voices raised in rage or fear All through the night. May it not

shall go North and from my tower-

Look out and see the hills and only hear The passing of the winds, the voice of rain?

S loved the city. Once her many lights Were jewels shining on the hidden throat some divined enchantress. Now, or

Let me go North, far North again, and

father's castle, cross the guarded moat, And from its safety watch the last years pass. —Westminster Review.



Can you imagine a time when "Alice in Wonderland" had not been heard When no one knew the story of White Rabbit and the Cheshire Cat, of the March Hare and the Mad Tea party? When "You are old, Father William," and "How doth the little busy bee" read only one way, and when there was no Mock Turtle's story, no Lobster Chadrille, and the Red Queen and the Duchess and Tweedledum and Tweedledee had not yet been made to live for the pleasure of children, large and small?

I fancy that every one who loves the Alice books must pity those unfortumate children who lived before they were written, and who thus missed so much that makes the reading hours of childhood bright today.

In the great quadrangle or court of Christ Church college, in Oxford, England, many a stirring event has taken place, and many a distinguished man has lived and died. Of all these, no event is of great interest to American children than the writing of "Alice Wonderland," and no person of greater interest than its author, the tey. Charles Dodgson, whom we know better under his pen-name, "Lewis Carroll." In the same quadrangle, which every one in Oxford calls the "Tom Quad" from the bell named Great Tom which hands in the Gateway tower, lived the real Alice, a sweet, merry littie Oxford girl, one of Lewis Carroll's earliest and best child friends.

Nothing in the dignified appearance of the quadrangle suggests the grotesque creations and the merry fancies of these wonderful nonsense books. All doorways open into homes of grave professors and students. In the northwest angle the author of Alice found his home in 1862, a few years after he had graduated from Christ Church, and had come to be a lecturer on mathematics in the college.

He seems to have been a very quiet, orderly, reserved young man, fond of long walks off in the country by himself; fond of books and study; shy and retiring with grown people, except those that he knew very well; but hap-

and little Edith, the youngest, is called "Tertia" (Third). For these three dear children, Lewis Carroll had a never-ending fund of stories which he told them at all sorts of times-in his study, in the garden, while walking in the country or rowing on the river which runs at the foot of the college grounds. And one of the greatest treats that the sisters could possibly have was to go boating up the river to Nuneham or Godstow with Lewis Carroll, have tea on the banks and come home leisurely in the early evening, to Christ Church, their host entertaining them all the way with delightful fairy stories. "Alice in Wonderland," was one of

these stories, begun as they rowed along the river on a Fourth of July and in the year 1862, when our coun try was in the midst of the great civil war. Lewis Carroll himself did not seem to think the story a wonderful In his diary for that day he one. wrote:

"I made an expedition up the river to Godstow with the three Liddells: we had tea on the banks there and did not reach Christ church till half past eight." Later on, he added to this: "On which occasion I told them the fairy tale of 'Alice's Adventures Underground,' which I undertook to write out for Alice."

You can imagine how eagerly the children listened while the adventures of the White Rabbit, the story of the Mouse and the Lory. The Caucusrace and all the rest of the tale were told in the gentle, quiet fashion in which Mr. Dodgson always spoke, and rather slowly, perhaps, because of a tendency to stammering. Sometimes the party was increased to a fifth member, a gentleman who was then a student at Trinity College, and a great friend of Mr. Dodgson, but who is now a grave canon of Westminster Abbey, where you may have heard him preach when you have been in London. He says that the "Alice" stories, some of them at least, were told over his shoulders.

The entire story was not told on a single occasion, as you may well be lieve, but on many occasions the adventures were resumed, and a chapter narrated, now on the river, now in the study, now in the garden, now after tea in the meadows or in the cosy drawing room facing the street. One can imagine how impatient the children would be for the "next time" to come and how unwilling to have the story teller's voice stop, even though the breath grew too weak "to stir the tinlest feather." And how eagerly they would welcome a sight of the grave young man in his college cap and gown who represented to them a treasure house of delight.

THE PHOTOGRAPHER'S TEST.

By Which He Discovers That in Some

Ways the Whole World is Kin. "You note," said the photographer. 'that in pictures taken anywhere, in any part of the globe, the humans face the camera as if they wanted to be taken. It may be curiosity that prompts them or it may be vanity, but they all seem to like to get into the picture.

"Take a group picture made anywhere, say among our own tribe. Note the people in the rear with necks craned to get their heads out from behind blanketing people in front, so that their faces will show. Shyness or modesty may keep some who are in the background from doing this, but unless the photographer has personally posed every member of the group so that he will show you will always find in such pictures some figures of persons who would otherwise have been more or less obscured but who have so disposed themselves as to make sure that their faces show. "So of any set group, and the same would be true of any sort of picture in which many persons were taken, as at a banquet or a wedding, and it would be true of some of the onlookers in a picture taken of a funeral. People like to get into the picture. "Just how true this is appears in many ways in all sorts of pictures; in pictures in which people are not the main but only incidental or subordinate features, as of accidents, or ruins, or scenes of a great variety of sorts. In such pictures where the presence of the camera was known you will always find some persons facing or turning toward the photographer, with an evident desire to get into the picture, and it is easy to imagine that the gratification of seeing themselves there may give them pleasure. "Look at pictures taken of semisavage or semi-civilized people in remotest countries, where perhaps they had never seen a mirror or heard of a camera, but you may be sure that human vanity exists as it does with us, and you may see somebody trying to get into the picture or smiling to look well in it. "Seriously, this pleases me as no other one minor thing that I know of does. It brings the whole world closer together, for it shows that however, far apart in land and tongue and customs the races of the wide world may be, yet in some at least of man's underlying human traits we are all kin." -New York Sun.



fires some other methods are recom-

belts of trees on the windward side of

light lands that have been cleared of

trees, these belts serving to protect

against severe winds as well as keep-

It is found that fields left even after

plowing drift badly, while there is but

little drifting on uneven fields. Run-

ning the harrow on fields stops drift-

the spring a field of grass to west

of the land to be sowed to grain and seeded to clover. Such a rotation is

the vegetable matter in those solls

which are naturally deficient in some

matter. Plowing under green crops

helps increase the water-holding pow-

er of the soil, the lack of which is

the main cause of its drifting .- Ameri-

Poultry Notes.

unless the runs are clear of snow.

Poultry that are compelled to eat

snow to quench their thirst are apt

Cleanliness is an important factor

in winter egg production. Filthy quar-

ters mean lice, and lousy hens will

not produce eggs. The comfortable

If the bride could look ahead and

see herself working hard, early and

late, getting only her board and clothes

and not much of either, and helping

earn a home for the second wife, she

would fling off the veil and go to rais-

When the litter on the floor of the

poultry house becomes damp and dirty

throw it out and put in some fresh.

The hens will enjoy it and they will

be healthier, and besides on the farm,

straw, hay and chaff are cheap and

If there is any bad weather coming

to us, it generally makes its appear-

ance during February. The wise poul-

tryman is the one who has already

prepared for that emergency, and his

hens are not only comfortable, but

Can a hen lay or not, as she wills?

one

are laying eggs in large quantities.

bird is the one that pays a profit.

to suffer from bowel disorder.

Have regular hours for feeding your

Irregular feeding often

can Cultivator.

health and fewer eggs.

poultry.

ing chickens.

easily obtained.

ing off the sand.

Dodder in the Clover.

A dodder infested stand of clover or aifalfa may safely be allowed to produce a crop of hay or be used for pasturage or for solling provided the crop is removed before the dodder produces seed. Plowing should follow immediately after the removal of the crop; otherwise mature dodder seeds will be buried and possibly prove troublesome on again being brought to the surface.-Weekly Witness.

Feeding Salt.

Salt that remains in the barrel of meat that is clean and wholesome is in no way infected with germ life that will injure stock to which it is fed any more than other salt. Animals are sometimes poisoned on salt, but it is by reason of their being so hunsry for it that they overeat of it. Thus if a person were to dump the contents of a meat barrel on the ground and cattle, horses or sheep that were hungry for salt got to it they likely would eat it to their injury .- Weekly Witness

Preparing Market Poultry.

In preparing fowls for market, remember that they should not be al lowed any food for at least twentyfour hours before killing, but give them all the water they will drink They will dress much better, look fresher, and retain their natural color much longer if this is done. If you dress fowls with full crops they are apt to turn dark and will sour quickly, especially if the weather happens to turn warm. Begin picking before the fowl gets cold-the sooner after it is the better-and in packing, fill dead the box so snugly that the contents cannot shuffle around. Do not begin to pack until all the animal heat has escaped.—Farmer's Home Journal.

Care of the Horse.

For kidney trouble give two ounces night and morning of tea made by steeping buchu leaves in soft water. This will correct irritation of the kidneys or urinary tract much better and more safely than strong drugs, says the Farm Journal.

It is no economy to feed poor, musty hay or grain to horses, and be sure also that horses do not eat dirty and musty bedding.

Do not stuff the road horses with hay. A horse cannot travel easily with a stomach full of hay crowding his lungs

Give a small forkful at night, when the horse has time to digest it. A good handful of cut hay should be mixed with the grain to compel

perfect mastification. Irregular feeding tends to make horses bolt their grain. Guard against it. Bolting food causes indigestion

and consequently loss of health.

Advice on Eggs.

I get more eggs in winter than any other season. As you are too late now to get the extreme high prices of late fall and winter eggs, get ready for next winter. How? Breed from vigorous winter layers, that have that trait bred into them and begin right now. Some people may get what they think are best results from April, May and June hatched chicks, but give me the February, March and early April chicks and I will get the high prices for eggs, when strictly fresh eggs are scarce. And to get them you must give the chicks and growing stock the best of care, never neglecting for a moment It takes grit, and a lot of it on the part of the poultryman to fund properly, during the present high price of grains, but the returns are bound to come if you carry out your part. Keep the chicks growing, growing, growing, and they will make your bank account grow later. You must have the right kind of stock to begin with, but by this I do not mean only my favorites. white wyandottes, but any breed you may choose. In making your choice be sure they have been bred right for the purpose you want them.

PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

Unstable as water thou shalt not stay on the wagon. The most hopeless thing is to try te

ealize on hope. The reason there are so few great

men is how many think they are. The thing that worries a man about

being rich is now he can get richer. The redder a girl's hair is the safer

It is to tell her that it is silkey sunthe trouble by destroying the growth shine. that has long protected the cultivated The things that a woman can't besections from the approach of the

sand. Besides prevention of forest lieve are only those that she doesn't want to.

mended. Planting of trees is, of Unhappiness is a joy to a woman if course, desirable, including rows on she can only find an excuse for callthe sides of the roads and along the ing it romantic. borders of fields as shelter belts, also

One thing that helps a man to be a good husband is not caring whether he enjoys life or not.

Quarrelsome people can get just as mad with you for agreeing with them as for differing from them.

People think they know how to raise children when they don't even know enough to raise vegetables.

It's just like human nature for the ing at once where the soil is stirred. ice man to think the coal man is a Another means of preventing drifting fool in summer and a genius in winis to cultivate sandy fields in long ter. narrow strips not more than fifteen

The reason every man wants to or twenty rods wide and alternating with similar strips of grass, presermarry a pretty girl is everybody else ably clover. On these narrow strips thinks he ought to marry a sensible serious drifting cannot occur. The roone. tation should aim to always have in

There is no surer way to convince a girl you are making love to her than to try to make her think you aren't.

secured by always planting potatoes or The water wagon is way up like an corn on clover sod. The clover plantairship when you climb on, but as ed in spring on grain serves as a proclose to the ground as the grass when tection while grain is getting started you fall off. and at the same time furnishes a green manure to plow in to increase

Next to his beard a certain type of man seems to think the kind of neckties he wears is the surest sign how smart he is.

Maybe the reason a widow seems so willing to get another husband is she knows from experience what a disappointment it will be.

Most people's idea of being high class is having a horgor of doing what ordinary folk do unles you call it by some superior name.

If a man could ever get enough moncauses a derangement of the digestive ey to support his family in all they organs, and this means impaired want it would be just his luck to have another one to support. Do not allow the fowls outdoors

One of the most useful traits a man can have is not to think he knows how to do half a dozen things so well that he needn't do any of them.-From "Reflections of a Bachelor" in the New York Press.

KNEW THE BRONTES.

A Visit to the Parsonage-Shyness of the Sisters-The Father's Temper. It will probably surprise a good many people to learn that one of the curates whom Charlotte Bronte immortalized in "Shirley" is still alive and well. The Rev. James Chesterton Bradley, now living at Richmond at the age of 90, was the original of the "Rev. David

Sweeting" in the novel referred to. "The parish where I went to my first curacy, Oakworth, bordered on the parish of Haworth," he says, Bronte 'so I frequently saw all the sisters and their father and brother and had many talks with them."

Mr. Bradley used often to go to Haworth parsonage, "for the change and company," and there he met the other curates which Charlotte Bronte has so well described. Concerning the sisters he says:

"All the three sisters were very shy, but perhaps Emily and Annie were worse than Charlotte in that respect. It certainly does look that way. All The latter as I remember her, was a lively talker when once drawn out, a girl of about the ordinary stature or perhaps below it, with features neither very dark or fair, but with striking, expressive eyes and mouth. She had a particular way of suddenly lifting her eyes and looking straight at you with a quick, searching glance while you spoke to her."

"MEMOIRS OF DAN RICH," T

At Last, There is on Sale a Book Brimful of American Humor.

Any bookseller will tell you that the constant quest of his oustomers is for "a book which will make me laugh." The bookman is compelled to reply that the race of American humorists has run out and comic literature is scarcer than funny plays. A wide sale is therefore predicted for the "Memoirs of Dan Rice," the Clown of Our Daddies, written by Maria Ward Brown, a book guaranteed to make you roar with laughtor. The author presents to the public a volume of the great jester's most pungent jokes, comic harangues, caustic hits upon men and manners, lectures, anecdotes, sketches of adventure, original songs and poetical effusions; wise and witty, serious, satirical, and sentimental sayings of the sawdust arena of other days. These "Memoirs" also contain a series of adventures and incidents alternating from grave to gay; descriptive scenes and thrilling events; the record of half a century of a remarkable life, in the course of which the subject was brought into contact with most of the national celebrities of the day. The book abounds in anecdotes, humorous and otherwise; and it af-fords a clearer view of the inside mysteries of show life than any account heretofore published. Old Dan Rice, as the proprietor of the famous "One Horse Show," was more of a national character than Artemus Ward, and this volume contains the humor which made the nation laugh even while the great Civil War raged. This fascinating book of 500 pages, beautifully illustrated, will be sent postpaid to you for \$1.50. Address Book Publishing House, 134 Leonard street, New York City.

Poorly Put. Sympathizing Friend-Kate, I am sorry to hear that your husband has gone to heaven.

Kate-Well, where did you want him to go?

Rheumatism Cured in a Day. Dr. Detchon's Relief for Rheumatism radi-sally cures in 1to 3days. Its action is remark-able. It removes at once the cause and the disease immediately disappears. First does greatly benefits. 76c. and \$1. At druggists. 16

Simplicity in Living.

If one advances confidently in the direction of his dreams, and endeavors to live the life which he has imagined, he will meet with a success unexpected in common hours. He will put some things behind, will pass an invisible boundary; new, universal, and more liberal laws will begin to establish themselves around and within him; or the old laws be expanded, and interpreted in his favor in a more liberal sense, and he will live with the license of a higher order of be-Ings. In proportion as he simplifies his life, the laws of the universe will appear less complex, and solitude will not be solltude nor poverty poverty, nor weakness weakness.—Thoreau.

London's Death Rate.

The annual death rate in areas of congested population like the great cities of the world, may well be considered under ordinary conditions one of the most accurate measures of the benefits of modern civilization. To so conduct affairs-whether of the home life, business or government-as to best insure the prolongation of life is perhaps the finest achievement possible for organized society. It is remarkable that the largest city of the world should stand in front of all others in respect to its small aggregate of deaths to population. The death rate in London for 1908 was only 14 per 1,000.—Philadelphia Rec-

py and free and merry with all children, whom he tenderly loved. He was the oldest in a hig family of eleven children of whom he was very fond they were of him. He made friends with children as long as he lived, and was never too tired or too busy to entertain them.

A little Oxford girl-but she is now a lady, and you can see the roof of her beautiful home in the quadrangle -who was one of Lewis Carroll's best friends, and whom he called "Dear Bee," says: "If you went to see Mr. Dodgson in the morning you would and him, pen in hand, hard at work on neat packets carefully arranged around him on the table; but the pen would be instantly laid aside, and the most cheerful of smiles would welcome you in for a chat as long as you liked to stay."

I suppose that no children ever had a more delightful playfellow than did these little friends. A story is told of a famous general who went to call at a house in the Quad and was ushered into a room where no one seemed to be present, but a great commotion was going on under the table. The general, who loved a romp with his own children, got on all fours and rushed under the table, where he found to his great surprise the Rev. Charles Dodgon surrounded by the children of the family.

But of all the little friends whom Lewis Carroll loved, none were dearer than the daughters of Dean Liddell; Lorina, Alice and Edith. They lived on the same side of the quadrangle with him, but at the opposite corner; that is, they lived at the east end of orth walk and he lived at the west nd, so that they could run along the es and visit him and have a cozy time, even on a rainy day. Their fathwas dean of the cathedral, and one the authors of the great Greek dictionary which your older brother knows very well, no doubt. The deanis a beautiful old home with ivy ery. t trees and a fine garden at the k, and this was the home of Alice.

was not the oldest, but the sec d aughter, and in the verses at the called "Secunda" (Second); Lorina, e eldest, is called "Prime" (First),

The Distinction.

School Teacher-Johnny, what is a patriot?

Johnny-A man that tries to benefit his country.

School Teacher-And what is a politician?

Johnny-A man that tries to have his country benefit him .-- Judge,

An Englishman has invented a bloycle for the blind. In reality, it is a multicycle, carrying twelve riders, led by a seeing person, who does the

You must get the right strain of your bred.

If buying stock, get that which have eggs in them to lay, either early hatched pullets that mature before cold weather sets in, or hens which have not laid themselves out during the summer and fall. Any advice as to feeding and methods of housing, are destined to fallure if this first consideration is not taken into account. If buying eggs, be sure you are getting them from stock that have the breeding back of them to produce the winter layers .- B. A. Hastings in the Farmers' Home Journal.

Holding Drift Land.

The drifting sands of the Cape Cod region in Massachusetts are a serious problem for the farm owners nearby. The coarse sand is gradually moved along by the wind and is encroaching upon the fertfle cultivated spots, Except where there is protection of pine trees or other forest growth, the sand hills make gains from year to year, covering houses and towns as well as fields. and nothing could prevent them from

The Forestry Department has been making ,quite a study of such condi-tions, which prevail in certain other parts of the country as well as on Oape Cod. Forest fires often increase

now that if we move hens from yard to another there will be a great falling off in eggs. A change of fixtures in the hen-house will work the same result. Whether the cessation is voluntary or not, it pays to disturb the layers as little as possible .- Farmers' Home Journal.

MERELY A DUCK STORY.

Nothing About It Suggests Fish-Except Its Size.

Dick is the name this time not of a man nor of a dog but of a duck, a big drake mallard living on Mud Lake in Arkansas and there acting in the capacity of live decoy to his fellow webfooters and of friend to duck hunters.

"Just as soon as you get in a boat to go after ducks Dick appears," declares the Nashville Banner on the authority of Brodie Finley, a local sportsman. "He'll sit up there with you and look as wise as anybody until he sees a drove of ducks 'way off in the distance. Then he'll jump off of the boat into the lake, get in a good feeding pocket and raise a terrible fuss, quacking and flapping his wings.

"The ducks will decoy right in to him and it's easy to get soveral out of every drove. If they don't decoy. Dick just gets right up out of the water and goes away. You think he's got disgusted and gone off with the wild ducks and quit the decoy business, but I tell you you don't know Dick. He goes off with the ducks and pretty soon he's ahead of the lead duck and leading the drove himself.

"They go on out of sight. You say to yourself, 'Good-by, Dick,' but just wait. The first thing you know here comes that big drove of ducks right into the lake from another direction, and the lead duck is Dick.

"He's circled way 'round with the bunch and brought them back to the lake. Before they get in good shooting distance Dick heads them over us and then he drops out of the drove. Just as soon as you kill fifty, the limit, Dick will get out of the water, sit on the seat by you and won't decoy another duck. That bird beats anything you ever saw."

Charlotte Brontee always struck Mr. Bradley as "a young lady with deep prejudices and of strong will."

Mr. Bradley describes the Rev. Patrick Bronte as "not at all a bad sort in most things. But for temper! really think he had the vilest temper I've ever seen in a man." He repeats the pistol story, which we believe the latest biographer of Charlotte ridicules and adds: "I have known him so wild with anger at the merest thing that ran counter to his wish that he would take up the rug from before the fire and throw it on the flames."

The son he describes as "dreadful"-"a good hearted fellow when sober and right, but too often drinking and wrong to be of any use to those girls in that lonely parsonage."-From Great Thoughts.

His Sole Limitationi.

"Do you know what I'd lalk to be?" asked Rastus of the commercial traveler, who was stopping at the way-ide hotel.

"No," said the commercial traveler. 'What? A millionaire?" "No, sah," said Rastus. "A lawyer?" "Oh, no, sah. Not dat."

"A doctor ?"

"No, sah." "What, then?" asked the commercial

traveler.

- "I'd lalk to be a preacher, sah," Ens tus said.
- "Well, then, why don't you?" asked the commercial traveler.
- "I can't sah," replied Rastus, "because I ain't got no frock coat."-New York Press.

In London more fires occur on Saturday than on any other day of the week, and more in August and Decomber than in any other months.

No Fault of His.

ord.

"See here," exclaimed the angry man as he entered the walking stick emporium, "I bought this cane here last week."

"Yes, I believe you did," rejoined the proprietor, calmly. "What's wrong with it?"

"You said the handle was genuine lyory and I find it is artificial," said the irate party. "That may be true," replied the

dealer, "but it is no fault of mine. import all my ivory from Africa and only explanation I can give is that the elephant may have had falso tusks."-Chicago News,

SICK DOCTOR Proper Food Put Him Right.

The food experience of a physician in his own case when worn and weak from sickness and when needing nourishment the worst way is valuable:

"An attack of grip, so severe it came near making an end of me, left my stomach in such condition I could not retain any ordinary food. I knew of course that I must have food nourishment or I could never recover.

"I began to take four teaspoonfuls of Grape-Nuts and cream three times a day and for 2 weeks this was almost my only food; it tasted so delicious that I enjoyed it immensely and my stomach handled it perfectly from the first mouthful. It was so nourishing I was quickly built back to normal health and strength.

"Grape-Nuts is of great value as food to sustain life during seriour attacks in which the stomach is so deranged it cannot digest and assimilate other foods.

"I am convinced that were Grape-Nuts more widely used by physicians, it would save many lives that are otherwise lost from lack of nourishment.

Absolutely the most perfect food in the world. Trial of Grape-Nuts 10 days proves. "There's a Reason." Look in pkg. for the little book, "The Road to Wellville."

Ever read the above letter? A . me appears from time to time, are genuine, true, and full of h are gent