

THE POET.

Throwing his pen aside,
 "If I knew life," he cried,
 "Then could I write."
 But when with knowledge wide,
 Stained by life's purple fruit,
 Taking his pen one night—
 Lo, he was mute!
 —Armin Trebor, in Appleton's Magazine.

Extenuating Circumstances

By HORACE WYNDHAM.

There are moments when Phyllida's thirst for information would not be satisfied with the entire contents of an encyclopedia. It has sometimes occurred to me, during a cross-examination at her hands, that nature intended her for a K. C. At the Chancery bar she would have been in her element.

It was half-past 3 when I reached the Curzon street house, and I had shamefully prolonged my call until a quarter to 6. As, however, I had not seen Phyllida for nearly two weeks, we naturally had a great deal to talk about.

"You mustn't dream of going yet," she said, when at last I arose.

"I'm afraid my train will, though." "Never mind," she returned, with generous impartiality. "You can take the next. I want you to tell me all about your visit to Trouville."

"All!" Phyllida shot a swift—I believe the technical term is "withering"—glance at me, but I bore it unflinchingly.

"Yes, all. Begin at the beginning, please. What did you do when you arrived?"

"Before or after I had got over the first shock of leaving you?" Phyllida sighed plaintively.

"You seem to be fond of silly remarks; so please listen to me." I put my watch back in my pocket, and metaphorically entered the witness box. A leading question came at once.

"Did you have a good time?" "Yes."

A triumphant gleam illuminated my inquisitor's face.

"Then you must have got into mischief. What was she like? Was she fair or dark?"

"That question requires notice," I returned, diplomatically.

The protest was waved aside.

"No, it doesn't. It only requires a plain answer."

"I'll try and think of one, then." "Please don't. I shall have to tell you what it was myself. Still, I don't suppose I shall get the truth out of you."

The insinuation seemed unworthy. Besides it wounded what the best novelists unanimously call amour propre.

"This is not the best way to invite confidence," I returned with, I hope, gentle dignity. "A moment ago and I was more than ready to reveal the inmost workings of my soul. As it is, however, well."

Phyllida seated herself on the arm of my chair, and our eyes met. Regarded from the standpoint of strict propriety, I do not defend the next step she took. Still, it was distinctly soothing—and, then, we were alone.

"Now you're nice again," she exclaimed. "You can't think what an alteration it makes in your appearance. You're quite a different man when you smile."

"Flatterer!" Phyllida shook her head.

"Of course, I don't really mean it. That is, what I do mean is, you're just that same stupid, annoying, old dear whatever expression you put on."

"You have removed a weight from my mind."

"I think," went on my companion, eyeing me critically, "there are moments when I like you nearly as much as—well, George Henderson."

"But he doesn't like me at all." "Don't be stupid! You know perfectly well that what I mean is that I like you nearly as much as I like George Henderson. You needn't sneer at him just because he's a Colonial. Some of the best people have gone to the colonies."

"Certainly, and some of the best judges have sent them there." Phyllida looked at me sharply.

"Judges of what?" "Before I could think of a suitable reply, however, she had remembered the original matter under discussion.

"I wish you wouldn't stray from the subject, like this," she observed plaintively. "What I want to know is how you behaved yourself in Trouville. You can begin by describing all the girls you fell in love with while you were away from me."

"All of them?" "Certainly."

"I'm afraid I shall have to go in ten minutes."

Phyllida went through the process known as "bridling."

"So it would take longer than that to exhaust the list, would it?" she exclaimed. "I'm disappointed in you, especially after all your solemn promises. Still, I'm glad to have found you out, though."

"Far be it from me to deprive you of any innocent pleasure," I returned, "but, really, you wrong me in thinking—"

Phyllida's face changed swiftly.

"Then you didn't—er—oh, you know—with anybody?"

"Certainly not."

"Oh, I, am so glad! You didn't mind my asking, though, did you?"

"Not a bit."

"Some men are so stupid. They'll never be candid with a woman. Now, I've only one more question. You must answer it truthfully. Open con-

fession is good for the—er—soul, you know."

Phyllida generally misquoted platitudes. Still, she seldom damages the sentiments.

"What is the question, please?" "It's this: Did you see any girl you liked very much? Please be perfectly candid."

"Only one." Phyllida raised her eyebrows.

"Oh, indeed. So you liked her very much, did you?"

"Very much, indeed." An ominous expression swept across my companion's brow.

"You seem to be perfectly callous." "Let us, rather, call it candid."

"Let us call things by their proper name," she retorted stiffly. "Upon my word, you can't be trusted out of my sight for a moment. By the way, you didn't go the length of proposing matrimony to this mix, did you?"

"Certainly not. Besides, I fancy her mother had other designs for her future."

But Phyllida refused to be placated so easily.

"Was there anything at all between you?" she demanded.

"Nothing more than a hasty kiss or two. You see, I only saw her once."

"What!" she gasped. "You—you—kissed her?"

"Yes, but only in a brotherly way." "Brotherly fiddlesticks! Oh, how could you?"

"It was quite easy."

Phyllida sprang up at the reply.

"What! You actually boast of it! Why, you must be brazen!"

It was high time to assert myself.

"Do you condemn me unheard? You don't know all the circumstances yet!"

"What other things are there, pray?"

"The extenuating ones."

"I don't want to hear them. I don't believe there were any. What were they?"

"Well, to begin with, the lady didn't object."

"Then she was brazen, too. I knew it!"

In the interest of common justice I felt bound to protest.

"Pray do not asperse the character of a lady who is not present to defend herself. I am prepared to accept the entire responsibility for what happened."

Phyllida softened obviously.

"I expected you to say that. But, then, it's because you're a man."

"It is merely the truth. However, even apart from this consideration, I could not permit myself to stand by and hear a woman's character assailed—especially in her absence—without a word of protest." Phyllida laughs scornfully.

"Heroes don't suit you. As for this girl, she's a designing mix—a cat, too. So there! I dare say, though, if the truth were only known, she found out how weak you were and lied you on."

"Well," I admitted reflectively, "her behavior might certainly have been considered as—er—encouraging."

A new light crept into Phyllida's eyes.

"It's just what I expected," she declared, "only worse. Tell me all that happened. I'll try to bear it."

"I don't think I ought to betray a confidence."

Phyllida sighed. Then she made another attempt.

"Did she put her arms around your neck and kiss you like this?"

"Perhaps a little more warmly. But don't condemn her unheard. Remember, she was really very young."

Phyllida shook her head with decision.

"Quite old enough to know better, I'm sure."

"Not in my opinion." "Well, how old was she?"

"I didn't ask her. It's not considered polite to do so—at any rate, in the best circles."

"Considering the intimate terms on which you appear to have got, it's curious that you let a little formality like that stand in your way."

"But I didn't ask her mother."

"That was something, then," admitted Phyllida. "And did she tell you?"

"Yes."

"Well, what did she say?"

"I don't think you ought to inquire. Consider, how would you like it if—"

Phyllida's hand touched mine.

"But I want to know, please."

"How much?" "Very much, indeed."

"And it's not out of a spirit of mere curiosity?"

"Of course not. Don't be so aggravating. If you still care for me at all, and want me to try and forgive you, just tell me at once how old that horrid girl was when she made you kiss her."

"Put your head a little nearer, then."

A little pink ear was inclined to a suitable proximity.

"Now."

"Just two years."—New York Journal.

Karma.

Karma means action, or sequence.

In Buddhist teaching Karma is the law of cause and effect, according to which every deed receives its inevitable reward in kind. It is nothing more nor less than the Paulian doctrine: "Be not deceived, God is not mocked, for whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap."

Turkey Raising on an Island.

The Buyers Island farm, located in the Susquehanna River below Sunberry has been rented and will be used and conducted as a farm for the raising of turkeys. The farm has already been stocked with 100 turkeys.—Philadelphia Record.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.



KEEP OFF THE ICE.

Small boy Sidney Saltonstall Sackett, Forbid on the pond to slide, Stood listening to the opposite side. Of the boys on the gay ricket side. "I don't believe father would care; he must know the ice would bear me; Oh, grown-up folks are so scary! And to cross the pond he tried."

Small boy Sidney Saltonstall Sackett, Though the ice was but cut-ice and thin, With the head of his boot did back it, And with him the pond paved in; The water was shallow; still he Was soaked through and through and soon chilly. And the water froze on him until he Was ice from his heels to his chin.

Small boy Sidney Saltonstall Sackett, Called for help at the top of his voice; Some great big boys heard the racket And pulled him out in a trice. They laughed till the welkin cracked, At poor shivering Sidney S. Sackett, But father warmed his jacket, And repeated, "Keep off the ice."

—Kate Hudson, in Christian Register.

PRESIDENTS OF THE UNITED STATES.

- George Washington, Virginia, April 30, 1789-1797.
- John Adams, Massachusetts, March 4, 1797-1801.
- Thomas Jefferson, Virginia, March 4, 1801-1809.
- James Madison, Virginia, March 4, 1809-1817.
- James Monroe, Virginia, March 4, 1817-1825.
- John Q. Adams, Massachusetts, March 4, 1825-1829.
- Andrew Jackson, Tennessee, March 4, 1829-1837.
- Martin Van Buren, New York, March 4, 1837-1841.
- Wm. H. Harrison, Ohio, March 4, 1841-1841.
- John Tyler, Virginia, April 6, 1841-1845.
- James K. Polk, Tennessee, March 4, 1845-1849.
- Zachary Taylor, Louisiana, March 4, 1849-1850.
- Millard Fillmore, New York, July 10, 1850-1853.
- Franklin Pierce, New Hampshire, March 4, 1853-1857.
- James Buchanan, Pennsylvania, March 4, 1857-1861.
- Abraham Lincoln, Illinois, March 4, 1861-1865.
- Andrew Johnson, Tennessee, April 15, 1865-1869.
- U. S. Grant, Illinois, March 4, 1869-1877.
- R. B. Hayes, Ohio, March 4, 1877-1881.
- James A. Garfield, Ohio, March 4, 1881-1881.
- Chester A. Arthur, New York, September 20, 1881-1885.
- Grover Cleveland, New York, March 4, 1885-1889.
- Benjamin Harrison, Indiana, March 4, 1889-1893.
- Grover Cleveland, New York, March 4, 1893-1897.
- William McKinley, Ohio, March 4, 1897-1901.
- Theodore Roosevelt, New York, September 24, 1901-1909.
- William H. Taft, Ohio, March 4, 1909—

BRUTUS, THE VEGETARIAN.

Twelve years is a long time for a cat to live unappreciated, but Brutus never seemed to mind. The tenor of his life had run smoothly in spite of constant gibes and jeers from the man of the house, who had no liking for a cat that loved asparagus above all things, and refused to show the least interest in a live mouse.

"If you will insist on calling him 'brute,' I shall have to name him 'Brutus,'" the gentle mistress had remarked to her husband one day, while the peace loving cat was still a kitten. So Brutus he was from that hour, a queer, big, unoffending creature, that not only declined to catch mice, but utterly disdained meat of all kinds, dining contentedly every noontime on a plain boiled potato, with perhaps a bit of lettuce, or on special feast days a dish of asparagus.

For years he was a neighborhood joke, a harmless, amusing oddity, until one morning a terrible commotion called the mistress of the house to her kitchen window. It seemed that the small kitchen belonging to the neighbor on the north had scaled her fence, and the fierce little bulldog belonging to the neighbor on the south had crept under his, and now the two were met in unequal combat in the back yard where Brutus had so long held peaceful sway. "Call your dog off! Get him away quick!" the neighbor behind the north fence was demanding excitedly, while the neighbor behind the south fence was wringing her hands and protesting that her dog would not mind, and he would surely kill the kitten, and what in the world could they do!

Just at this point twelve-year-old vegetarian Brutus, the cat without spirit, roused from a peaceful snooze on top of a barrel, and, giving a mighty leap into the midst of the fray, furnished that bulldog with surprise.

It was a snarling, clawing, merciless surprise. It shed blood that caused howls of pain, but it was thoroughly effective, for in less than two minutes it sent the bulldog whipped, slinking home to his own back yard, while Brutus calmly picked up the frightened kitten by

the nape of the neck and carried it straight to its mistress.

This done, he resumed the barrel-top, an appreciated cat, and since that moment no silken cushion in the neighborhood has been too fine to hold Brutus, the hero.—From the Christian Register.

A DISINHERITED PRINCE.

There was once a disinherited prince named Hector, who lived in a forest with the birds and beasts. The only way he could gain his father's throne was by some heroic deed. In the jungle near where he lived was a monster. His head was a bull's head and his body that of a man. Every year he would come into the village and devour twelve youths and twelve maidens. He lived in a jungle which was impenetrable save for one small path, which led right to the monster's den, but strange to say every one who went in could never get back because this little path was so much confused with other paths. The king proclaimed that whoever should kill that man-eater should succeed to his throne and marry the most beautiful woman in the kingdom.

Hector resolved to try and kill this monster. When the people heard it they draped the village in mourning, for they loved the young prince, and they knew that he would be devoured in the same manner as the thousands who tried before him. Nevertheless, nothing daunted him. He stayed awake every night thinking of how he should get out after he had killed the man-eater. At last he hit upon a plan. He would fill his pockets with stones and drop them along the path. At last the day broke on which he was to go. He girded on one sword which his great-grandfather had left him. This sword had a magic power. Whoever fought with this sword was sure to win. The birds were chirping and the sun was shining brightly. Everybody in the woods was happy, but the people in the village were sad; why shouldn't he be happy? To be sure he was, for he had full confidence in his sword.

He started out and soon reached the edge of the jungle. After a long search he found the path. He walked briskly, dropping the little pebbles along the way. He knew when he was nearing the den by the fierce roar of the animal. At last he confronted the animal. With a leap the monster dashed toward him, but Hector was quick. A fierce battle ensued, in which the monster was wounded by a blow from Hector's sword. He then left the man-eater to die and started for the path, which he found readily by the pebbles. He reached the village the next day, where there was great rejoicing. The feeble old king, being on his death bed, summoned Hector to his bedroom. On seeing Hector he gave a shriek of joy and died. Hector was crowned then and there. Hector married a poor but very beautiful peasant girl and they lived happy ever after.—New Haven Register.

A DESTRUCTIVE KITTEN.

Perhaps you would like to hear about our pussy and our three birds. We had two canaries and one Italian goldfinch. Our kitty was very playful and also very destructive. The goldfinch and two canaries were put into a large cage. They got along very nicely, but the goldfinch was boss. If he wanted to eat first he chased the others away. Now, our kitty often sat on a chair looking at the birds, and whenever we saw him do this we scolded him. Then he would run in a corner. At night he would sleep in the kitchen where the birds were. One night he jumped on the gas range, thinking he would get at the birds, but the cage hung too high. In the morning I smelt gas, for the kitten must have turned on the gas valve in jumping off the range. Of course the kitten was alive, for he had run into another room, but when I looked into the cage I found the three birds dead at the bottom of it. Next day we gave pussy away and never heard anything of him.—Elvira Calleson, in the New York Tribune.

ASK THE PRICE.

A lesson had been given on the composition of minerals of different kinds, and, after it was finished the schoolmaster put a few questions to the class, to test how far they had followed his teachings.

"Now, children," he said, "can any of you tell me what a diamond is?"

"Carbon," was the prompt reply that issued from every throat in the class.

"Yes," the teacher explained, "a diamond is pure carbon; but you must remember that coal is also carbon. That was taught in our lesson, wasn't it?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, then, how could you be sure to tell the difference between the two kinds of carbon?"

"Ask the price!" lustily piped a little fellow in the front seat, who will most likely make his mark in business some day.—Christian Register.



NUMBER OF HENS IN A FLOCK.

The Subject Discussed From the Single Point of Utility.

By M. Ray Dawley.

There is considerable controversy over the subject of the size of the flock. In the Australian laying contest six hens are kept together. Some breeders even keep hens in individual pens. Laying aside the matter of breeding and considering only the utility points, we want to know what size a flock should be to make the most profit. Sometimes thirty hens will lay as many eggs as fifty hens in the same pen. The reason for this is that, with fifty in the flock they were too crowded. By reducing the number we better the conditions. Supposing a house eight by ten feet to be large enough for twenty hens, we give each hen the privilege of eighty square feet of floor space, while if the house were built sixteen by twenty feet, each hen would have 320 square feet to roam over, or four times the room. The latter house should be large enough for eighty hens. The former house would cost about \$25 and the latter one some \$80. That is to say, it costs \$1.25 to house a hen in the small flocks, while in the large flocks \$1 pays for the house.

So we have a double advantage for the hen by building the house large. Moreover, the sunlight and ventilation in the large house are better; hence, it is easier to keep dry and healthy.

A factor of as much importance as the above is the amount of labor required. In having only one water pan to fill, one place to feed, one place to gather eggs and one roost to clean, instead of four roosts, the work can be done in much less time, and therefore the profits are more and the cost of equipment less.

On the other hand, a large house cannot be drawn about like a colony house. It has to stay in one place. The hens have to come out on the same ground, and so find less green food and forage than the hens scattered about in small flocks. Diseases are very contagious, and so the risk is greater in the large house.

I have had splendid results keeping two hundred hens in one flock in a house sixteen by fifty feet with a yard 100 by 300 feet. Part of the yard is in sod and part is plowed and sowed to oats or wheat twice each season.

The Best Water Vessel.

The poultry-man has some trouble to get a drinking vessel to fill the bill.

Here is our favorite. You can see how handy it is. It is made of galvanized iron, and three gallons is about the proper size, though suit yourself on that. Our first one cost \$1.50.

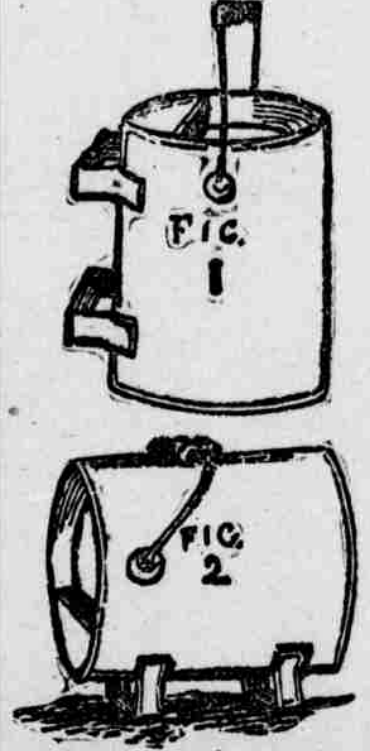


Fig. 1.—To Carry and Fill. Fig. 2.—In Position For Service.

The home tinner made us one dozen for \$6—\$12 saved.

Advantages.—Need not fill every day; easily filled and carried; holds large quantity water; does not stop out; keeps clean and sweet; cannot burst from freezing; chickens cannot drink in it; water runs into trough only as used and does not freeze so quickly.

Caution.—Do not use acid preparations in metal vessels. Serve them in earthenware. Clean and disinfect with one of the many coal tar preparations.—Weekly Witness.

Poultry Yard Notes.

Charcoal is essential to the good health of the chickens. Plow at least part of the chicken yard up, spread a little lime over it and sow thickly with clover seed.

The bulk of poultry comes from the farm and not the fancier, but the best poultry usually comes from the fancier or small farmer.

A house 8x12 is a very convenient size for a small flock of fowls. If a large flock is to be housed two or

MARKETING CHICKEN FEATHERS

Dry Pick and Save the Feathers Until You Have Enough to Sell.

Tons of feathers are probably lost each year in small amounts because farmers and poultrymen do not think it worth while to save the few ounces plucked from birds used at home and for local market. Another reason probably is that the prices are thought to be too small to make saving these few feathers seem worth while.

If a few minutes be taken when plucking is done to separate the various grades and to practice the best methods of curing them, there is no reason why a nice little sum could not be saved in each case, and the aggregate make a considerable advance in the annual returns from poultry.

Chicken and duck, as well as goose feathers, are always in demand, and should be saved, but ought to be kept separate, and the larger feathers placed by themselves. In no case should chicken and turkey feathers be scalded, because the hot water removes the animal oil and reduces the grade very greatly. Such feathers scalded command only a fraction of the price paid for dry picked ones. Another good point is to keep the white separate from the colored feathers, because white stock brings a higher price than dark. After plucking, the feathers should be spread out until the moisture is thoroughly dried out. During this time they should be turned daily if they are spread at all thickly. Turkey quills feathers, while too large as they come from the bird, are often chopped and used in cheap pillows.

A leading dealer writes that hen and turkey body feathers have only saving value when dry picked, says the Orange Judd Farmer. They should be laid out on the floor and forked over daily, and should be in a marketable condition in three days, when they can be shipped in burlap bags. These grades are worth in mid-autumn between four and five cents a pound. Chicken quills should be thrown away, never mixed with softer body feathers, because they spoil the grade. Turkey quills should be graded: the long tails placed in one box, those from the first two joints of the wings in another, those from the last joint in a third. The shorter quills and those from the rump, ranging from five to eight inches, placed in a burlap bag. After a thorough airing they may be packed for shipment. Moisture allowed to remain in them rots the quills quickly and thus reduces the grade.

Coop and Scratching Shed.

This form of chicken house is used a good deal in the South, but is well adapted to the North, particularly if



the lower part of the scratching shed be made of glass. No nests should be placed in a house of this kind, as it is useful mainly for confining fowls in bad weather.

Feeding For Eggs.

To produce a number of eggs in winter I feed the fowls at daylight a light feed of mixed grains, about four quarts to each 100 fowls. As soon as they have their first meal the vessels are filled with warm water, and these vessels should be kept free from ice by adding boiling water when necessary during the coldest weather.

At 9 in the morning the fowls should be given all they will eat of a warm mash that has been steamed over night in a covered mixing box. The last feed should be given them at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, and made up of mixed grain thrown in the litter. To increase the egg production a cut of raw fresh bone and meat should be given the fowls twice a week during cold weather.—A. C. Hawkins, Worcester County, Mass., in Cultivator.

Set Eight at a Time.