

WHEN AS A LAD.

Isabel Eccleston Mackay.

When, as a lad, at break of day I watched the fishers sail away...

—From Ainslee's Magazine

The Bunco Submarine.

A Tale With Pearls, Orientals, and Sharks In It.

(London Sketch.)

There were twenty cases of pearl-shell to be transhipped from the store schooner to the ugly cargo tramp...

A laughing Japanese boy steering four Jap fishermen in a half-decked gawl, swung from the hubble of drifting junks...

Captain William Hayes was at that moment exhibiting several samples of blacklip pearl to a perspiring shell-buyer seated about the stifling deck-house...

The Assamese boy held out his hand pleadingly. "You let us fish a little while, Cap'n. Poor Japanese boy no work get."

"Get work a gunshot or two from this lugger," nodded the white man. "Last month somebody's fishing hook fouled an air tube and suffocated a diver..."

The four Japanese fishermen remained motionless; the schooner lines twined about their fingers. Not once did they look up at the baying voiced Captain.

"Heard every word I said," he continued, "and they're digesting my meaning like oysters." Turning to a group of shell openers squatting forward...

There came no sound of protest from the Japs; the man who bore the shell scar on his breast yawned deliberately. Slowly, laboriously, it seemed they heaved on their tattered figger and the boomslat caught the falling slant of wind.

"You don't seem overpolite to visitors," ventured the agent when they had gone. "Were they really interfering with your divers?"

"Guess if you were losing \$500 worth of pearl a month you'd think so. The Japs have a right, maybe, to sit on the spike of this continent and fish, but if they're going to stick their hooks into my air tubes and smother innocent men in twenty fathoms of water I'll uncover that machine gun for'd."

"You really think that some of your divers are in league with the Japanese buyers?"

"Thinking won't stop a \$5000 gem sliding from a diver's hand to a purse at the end of a twenty fathom line, sir. You've got to shoot at sight and pursue your mental hallucinations afterward. These Japs are rushing about the East like kids at a picnic, he went on, huskily. "They're marking off things and places with pens and cameras, and they want to see how many gates have been left open."

The agent stayed aboard the schooner to be entertained by the ruffled man named Hayes. The business of shell sampling over, they sat in their chairs under the double awning away from the oyster heaps and listened to the babel of voices that drifted across the Straits of Torres.

The northwest monsoon had fallen to a three-knot zephyr, and the thirty luggers belonging to the Queensland pearling fleet rolled in a half-moon formation on the eastern limit of the Vanderdecken Bank.

A champagne cork popped under the awning; the scent of a cheroot rose like incense amid the offal that trails eternally in the wake of pearls. The wine mellowed Hayes, softened the blade-like edge of his overwrought mind until his laughter was heard by the Trepanng fishers across the bay.

"The man who owns a pearl lagoon has got to sell his dignity and watch the skyline," he said, after a pause. "I've been in the business for eighteen years, sir, and I know a thief schooner from a mission boat. I bought a lagoon once from an old German down in the Shoe Archipelago that cost me \$6000 and my reputation as a Jap killer."

"The Shoe Archipelago is a long way south of the Marquesas, but there were shellers who'd have gone to the ice limit to put in a year's fishing at Eight Bells Lagoon—that was the name I gave it. From reef to reef it was packed with golden edge shell, little baby pearl the size of your thumbnail, stuff that will tempt nine thieves out of ten into your waters. Golden-edge shell is slow to mature, and I thought it worth while to sit down and wait a year or so and give it time to grow."

"The old German who sold me the island had put up a notice stating that he'd gun the first poacher who took an oyster from the lagoon. So when the pearl banks became my property I reckoned that the printed notice had a claim on my ammunition."

"One afternoon a schooner ripped into the passage and started to wind herself 'round the buoy. Before my mate, Bill Howe, could bring me my Sunday uniform a couple of Japs put off in a dinghy and climbed up the steps to my tradehouse veranda. Their names were written on ivory cards—Matt Hannigan and Sustu Ma. They gave me to understand that they were graduates from the Tokyo University."

"Then they bowed and showed me the diamonds on their fingers. I was considerably impressed. It takes three generations they say, to make a gentleman. I reckoned by the way they kowtowed that their forefathers had been practicing bowing since Columbus first pointed the way to Chicago."

"Their business was in a nutshell. They had with them the skeleton of a submarine designed and thought out by themselves. It was an improvement on the old French type and capable of destroying the largest battleship afloat. Its construction was be-

SCATTERED TO THE FOUR WINDS.

A Boston paper tells of a boy walking along a downtown street who carelessly tore up a piece of paper till he had a handful of bits, which he then tossed away. A policeman stopped him and compelled him to gather up every one of these floating pieces of paper. It was not easy, for the wind had scattered them. John T. Faris, writing in the Epworth Herald, adorns this tale with another and points a moral that nearly all of us could heed with profit. But, he says, it seemed a simple task to a passenger in a city omnibus, who, forgetting his surroundings, made to his seat-mate a careless remark about a mutual acquaintance. Brought to his senses by the sharp glance of a stranger who had overheard, he wished that he might recall his careless words. He determined he would never again be guilty of the same sin.

Only a few days later, in the presence of several listeners, he was once more guilty of a thoughtless remark about a friend. The words were no sooner spoken than he longed to gather them up, as the Boston boy gathered up the scattered bits of paper. But they were gone from him forever, and, unless those who heard him have been more thoughtful than he, they are already scattered to the four winds.

gun in the United States, but as the model grew they discovered that their ideas were being assimilated by local experts. When you consider that three European governments are willing to pay an immense sum for a reliable navy-smasher, it seemed worth their while to quit the States and complete the submarine in England.

"Arriving at Liverpool they learned that two American torpedo agents were on their heels. Not caring to begin work they postponed all further trials until the coast was clear. But the agents were painfully early risers and dogged their movements night and day. To have started experimenting on the open beaches and rivers of England would have been like handing their brains to a foreign Torpedo Trust. They got scared, and finally hired a schooner that brought them and their submarine to the South Seas, where the design-snatchers could be dealt with if they ventured within a hundred-mile radius."

"The Jap inventors wanted the run of a lagoon where stores and food could be had. And they were willing to pay handsomely. I told 'em that the island was mine—bench, palm trees, trade house and lagoon—and that there wasn't a native in the South

Pacific game to raffle a handful of beads without my permission.

"We lubricated extensively, to each other's internal satisfaction. We also smiled."

"I was to be a partner in the submarine speculation. A reliable submarine is an investment that shoots half a million into a man's lap. He is dollar swamped, and his life is full of music and press notices. I was positive that the Japs' invention was a work of genius. I mightn't know a twelve-inch gun from a gaspipe, but you could back horses on my instinct when it came to drawing up an agreement."

"I stood hand on hip while the war-splitting machine was landed at the foot of the trade house. The deeps of partnership had been fixed up; it was a concave agreement, with the bulge in my direction. I showed them Eight Bells Lagoon and the sky above it. I asked them if it would suit their submarine."

"After sizing it all 'round they said it would fit them to a yard."

"Before dinner we rowed across the lagoon in my whaleboat. I was mum about the golden-edge spat lying on the floor. Couldn't see how it would interfere with the submarine practice. Then I examined their credentials and found 'em clean as a British ambassador's. Putting one thing with another, I hailed myself partner in a spat that would pull out on the sunny side of \$20,000."

"The fifth night the Japs started maneuvering their submarine against the wind and tide. Bill rushed into the trade room like a spring-heeler rooster looking for a fight. "That war machine's making its fortune across the lagoon, Cap'n, says he."

"Doing submarine work," says I. "With your golden-edged shells," says he. "They've lifted and scraped together half a ton of pearl n' packed it away aboard the schooner. By the time they're done with the lagoon there won't be enough shell left to cover a dinner plate."

"You mean," says I, "that they're loading that barrel-shaped thief machine with my golden-edged pearl?"

"An' maneuverin', Cap'n."

"I guess my intellect was off the grass when it allowed a couple of Shinto greasers and a patent diving machine into a lagoon that was packed to the shore line with finest mother-o'-pearl, and the schooner shipping the stuff as fast as they could load her."

"Bill asked me to keep calm. 'Talk sense and bring out the cartridges,' says I. "Then an idea floated into my head, and after I'd rubbed its edges and smoothed it into shape I commanded Bill to kill a pig. 'Cut it into a dozen pieces and scatter it about the lagoon entrance,' says I."

"What for?" says Bill. "It will bring up my bull pups. You watch the pearling industry by and by, Bill."

"There was an old hog in the compound of no particular account. Bill walked 'round it with an ax and got in first blow before the hog could strike an attitude. We spent two hours cutting it up and scattering it in the deep water at the lagoon mouth. Then Bill heaved the hog's head and feet astern of the Jap submarine."

"I was hard at work on the edge of the shell spat, moving here and there as the 'skin' divers worked the shallow floor. 'Great Scott!' says I, 'they're sprinter at the game.' "I could feel that the big-barreled machine was glutted with my golden-

"The pig did it." Bill looked at the sharks and chuckled.

"It was a noble thought," says I. "A better man would have covered it with patent rights an hour ago."

"We heard a scream; there's no escaping the yellows of a 'skin' diver when a thirteen-foot shark mistakes him for an elongated prawn."

"Next moment we saw the two Japs astride the submarine, waxing their knives at the frothing water around them."

"One of 'em bitten on the foot," says I. "We'll measure him for a pair of crutches later on."

"The schooner's dinghy will be round by an by to see what's the matter," says Bill.

"Depends on our shooting," says I. "The two Japs astride the submarine saw us in the moonlight. One of 'em stood up and waged his arms."

"Anything wrong?" says I. "A slight miscalculation," says he. The hob-nosed twiner has become entangled in the Aaron-Johnson adjudicator. A three-inch whelp incinerator will neutralize the poisonous expulsions. He waved his arms cheerfully at me and Bill.

"Rub with gasoline," says I, "and wire results."

"I was cool; my temperature would have surprised a thermometer. It occurred to me and Bill that the Japs were collecting their feelings. You could have repaired a broken icehouse with their faces."

"Gentlemen, I mistook your machine for a Panama Canal excavator," says I. "Be calm; don't let me hurry you."

"Bill say my speech would have put a Fenian into Parliament. The Japs looked hurt. Matt unscrewed the top of a manhole and slipped into the shell-collector."

"Funk," says Bill. "Triple expansion of the nerves. Gone below to commit suicide with the oyster opened," says I.

"The other Jap, astride the machine seemed to be watching the fleet of gray-backed sharks swarming around. One big fellow with a shovel snout looked at the straddling Jap like a hungry policeman shepherding a pie."

"The Jap inside the machine bobbed his head through the man-hole and heaved a piece of raw meat into the water. About 200 full-grown sharks closed round it and fought for ten seconds in a solid heep, turning, rolling and snapping at each other like tigers."

"The Jap at the manhole disappeared like an African falling through a pilet."

"Goin' to measure himself for a new lightning-conductor," says Bill. "I counted the sparks in his eyes."

"He moved gracefully, I put in, 'and not without a certain elegance of manner.' "We saw a sky-colored light jolt from the stern window of the machine. It kicked the floor of the lagoon and whitened the top. Two seconds later the water bulged and drew itself together as though the submarine had given it a headache. Up and up it heaved, high as a schooner's mainyard, and then the blamed thing split in nine pieces. Whoost! Bang!

"Sand, mud and shell ripped the air. The lagoon shook as if it had swallowed a ton of gun-cotton. A big wet, smelly fish whipped Bill's face. A pair of sharks weered below to the roof of the trade house, knocking the flagpole endways."

"Banzai!" said the Jap at the man-hole. "What do you think of that, Bully Hayes?"

"Considered as a side show it beats whaling or football," says I. "Why not put your water elevator on the market? It would sell in thousands as a pick-me-up."

"It would go well with soft drinks," says Bill, wiping dead fish from his eye.

"The Jap at the manhole promised to consider my proposal at an early date. Then he asked if we had any more sharks to spare. 'There were several floating round, that looked hurt and tired,' he said."

"I followed Bill back to the trade house. Nothing that had any bearing on the Japanese submarine was left unsaid. At sun-up Bill complained bitterly about the small of dead shark on the roof."

"It's the only blamed thing they've left us," says he. "But he had to admit that the machine was no fly-tray."

MAIN FARM FOR MISS KELLER.

Will Move to the Country That Her Work May Be Uninterrupted.

Miss Helen Keller, the noted deaf and blind young woman, must leave Wrentham, Mass., to escape social claims. The proximity of her present home to Boston has resulted in a constant flow of visitors and has seriously interfered with what she intended to be her life's work.

John A. Macy, one of the editors of The Youth's Companion, who has been a resident of Wrentham for nearly five years, has purchased a fine old estate at Pennellville, about five miles from Brunswick, Me., and with him and Mrs. Macy, Miss Keller will make her permanent home in that state.

Miss Keller is planning several books, and in order to write them she wishes leisure and seclusion. Living near Boston entailed a great many social engagements, but by removing into the country she hopes to be able to devote a large part of her time to her work and to her large volume of correspondence, brought about by her interest in the blind and deaf. Her recent book has brought out an extensive correspondence from all over Europe and South America.

A man's beard is generally heavier on the right side of his face.



THE FARMER'S HOME AND ACRES.

Value of Salt for Cows. The Mississippi station has found that three cows kept without salt will produce fifty-five pounds less milk in a week than they will when they have all the salt they want.

Lime for Egg Eaters. Professor J. E. Rice, of Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y., in the course of an address at the poultry institute of Guelph, Can., said one of the results of withholding lime from pullets was that they ate all their eggs. This may account for not a little of the egg-eating about which so many farmers are now complaining.

Care of Lambs. Examine the udder of each ewe and were necessary to cut away at locks of wool so that the lamb may have free and unobstructed access to the teats; otherwise the lamb is liable to suck and swallow some wool, which forms into a ball in the stomach, eventually causing death when the lamb is three or four weeks old.—Farmers' Home Journal.

Liming Yards. The scattering of fine lime over the yards occasionally (and also on the floor and walls of the poultry house) is often of very material assistance in keeping down lice. In case dense develops in the flock, give the house a thorough clearing out and dust the lime over every part, and also in the runs. The same measure will also act as preventive. Such treatment of the soil adds to its fertility, and if at any time a crop should be grown in the poultry runs the manurial and chemical effects of the lime will be noticeable. Another good thing is to make free use of lime under the roosts, as it deodorizes the manure and keeps the droppings platform sanitary and the air pure and wholesome.—R. B. Sando, in the Epitomist.

Rhode Island Reds. Rhode Island Reds date back about fifty years to the rocky coast of Rhode Island, when some of the small farmers began to cross the large red Malay cocks which were imported from Southern Asia, with the Cochins China hens. The idea was to produce a strong bird, about the average in size, which could stand the cold, rough winters and hustle pretty well during the rest of the year. The mating proved very satisfactory, and the cross was bred for egg production and uniformity in size, color, and markings. It was not, however, until the year 1886 that the name Rhode Island Red was given to this Rhode Island production. It cannot be said that the origin of the Rhode Island Reds was an accidental happening. It seems to have been carefully planned and splendidly worked out.—Epitomist.

Variety Essential for Poultry. There is no difficulty in providing a variety for a small flock, as the table scraps will assist, but for fifty or a hundred fowls, resort to foods that are easily obtained is required. Cut clover, meat, milk, linseed oil cake and cabbage will all serve to vary the diet. It is when fowls are fed on grain during the whole time that they refuse to lay. But even the grain may be varied if corn is withheld and oats, wheat and buckwheat are used in rotation. Fill a trough full of corn and place it where the fowls can eat all they desire. They will soon begin to refuse it, as they require something which the corn does not contain, and they will not produce many eggs until they are gratified. Variety of food is not only essential to egg production, but assists in keeping the flock in a healthy condition.—Weekly Witness.

Build Poultry Houses Early. Now is the time to build your hen houses for next winter so they will be done and the ground will be dry. Build either out of shiplap or dry lumber, for if built of common lumber, the cracks must be striped.

Three years ago I built two hen houses ten by twenty-four feet, five feet high on back and eight feet front. The last three years I have only kept from 120 to 125 hens. I will give you the egg record we have kept through the winter and show the gain we have made by different feeds:

Table with 4 columns: Date, Eggs, and other data. Rows for Jan., Feb., and Mar.

Look at the gain from the first to the last, 743 eggs. The gain was more than enough to pay the expense of feeding. The feed of the morning is corn, wheat, oats and kafir corn mixed and put in litter of straw and shredded fodder about eight inches deep.

At noon every other day feed one gallon of milk with bran and four pints of dried beef scraps made in a stiff mash. At night, feed as much corn as they will eat and keep oyster shells by them all the time. Keep plenty of fresh water by them at all times. Feed the hens early in the morning so they will know where to go to get their feed and they will soon learn to know where to find it. Water them early, too, for laying hens like plenty of fresh water. I never fed kafir corn until this year, and find it to be one of the best grains I can feed.

Clean out the hen house where they roost once a week, using a broom after you get all you can with a shovel. Clean out the scratching part every two or three weeks. I sprinkle lime and ashes under the roosts. I have 100 Single Comb Buff Leghorns and 23 Single Comb Buff Orpingtons.

Last week we gathered in 105 eggs one day. We use glass eggs in every nest. Feed and water regular and the hens will lay regular.—E. E. Hedrick.

Farm Mechanics. Every farm should have a workshop. The building may be large or small. It is not necessary to have it very expensive. The tools may be few or many, but what there are should be good. No man can do good work with poor tools, and good tools cost but little more than poor ones. A building ten by twelve feet will answer for a blacksmith shop with a small vice bench in one corner. If this is fitted with a good chimney, forge, anvil, hammer, tongs and good steel vice, considerable blacksmithing work can be done to advantage.

There should be a small stove to make the shop comfortable in winter. This is very important because there is more time to work in a shop in the winter and you can't work with blacksmith's tools in a frosty atmosphere.

Carpenter's work is different. A carpenter's bench may be placed against the side of the building and covered with a shed roof, for, if necessary, carpenter work may be done outside if you have a covered place for the bench and tools.

A much better arrangement is to have a blacksmith shop in one end of a larger building and a carpenter shop in the other end with a partition between. There should be no shavings lying about a blacksmith shop; there is too much danger from fire. For another reason the two kinds of work do not jibe well together. It is comparatively easy to keep a blacksmith shop in order, but there is a great deal of litter about a wood-working shop and a farmer never finds time to keep such things neatly in order.

In buying wood-working tools the best are the cheapest. It is poor economy to buy cheap tools. Not many are needed for common repair work and a good kit may be had for a few dollars.

Instruction books on mechanics may help a good deal. The principles may be studied out and applied in the shop. The boys on the farm take up such things easily and often make good mechanics.—Epitomist.

Farm Notes. Laying hens need animal feed. Supply them with ground or green cut bone. If possible, or good beef scrap, which can be purchased of any supply house. Skim milk, sour or butter milk also is good.

If the henhouse is damp ditch about it so as to carry off outside moisture as soon as possible, then fill up the inside until the floor is at least six inches higher than the ground outside. Gravel is the best to use in a house of this kind, where a floor is not laid.

A hundred lice in a poultry house will multiply to a thousand in a very short time, and a million within a month, unless checked. It is much easier to dispose of them when they number only a hundred than to wait until they have multiplied to a million.

Good drinking fountains for young chicks may be made by punching three or four nail holes near the open end of a tin fruit can, fill with water and invert in a saucer. The water in the saucer will only reach the depth that the holes are from the mouth of the can. By using this they can not get into the water and a fresh supply is held in reserve in the can.

It will soon be time for many of the poultrymen to begin to dispose of part of their breeding stock to make room for the growing youngsters and it will be a great chance to purchase good stock at a low price, as birds are generally sold at this season for less than half of their regular value. Any one desiring to begin the raising of thoroughbred stock should look out for these bargains.

The temperature of the brooder can be lowered 5 degrees each week until it is down to 70. It should be kept at that as long as it is necessary to keep the chicks in brooders. They can be taken from the brooder at the age of six or eight weeks, according to the weather, and put in colony coops, putting about twenty-five to the coop. A hundred-chick brooder will comfortably accommodate about fifty chicks as long as they require artificial heat.

Never before in the history of the poultry industry has there been such an interest in pure-bred poultry as there is at this time, and this is no passing fancy. This country is becoming a great poultry country, and the business has been taken in hand by men who have to do with the markets of the world. There are now in cold storage thousands of fowls which are to be shipped to Europe, and this in the face of the fact that our home demand is as great as the supply.