

On Trial

A Fourth of July Story by Anne Spottswood Young.



"Please buy him for me," begged Ben, standing first on one foot, then on the other, in his eagerness, while Don, the beautiful red setter, thrust his cold nose into Ben's face and said, as plainly as a dog could say, "Yes, do buy me;" but Ben's father shook his head doubtfully.

"He is too large a dog to take care of in the city," he said. "I wanted to buy a small dog." The dog-fancier smiled in Ben's eager little face, as he patted Don's beautiful head.

"They have taken such a liking to each other now that I am afraid you cannot persuade Ben to even consider another dog," he said to Ben's father; and they soon found this was the case. No other dog would do. At each pretty pug or terrier Ben shook his head.

"No," he said each time. "If I can't have Don, I don't want any other dog, papa." Finally, the dog-fancier, who knew Ben's father very well, and who was very fond of Ben besides, said:

"I'll tell you what I'll do, Mr. Rogers. You may take the dog home with you and keep him for a day. To-morrow is the Fourth of July and a holiday, so I will not have any chance to sell Don then. Give him a trial; and then, if you don't want him, bring him back on Thursday morning and exchange him for any dog I have."

"Oh, yes. Do that, please, please," cried Ben. "Thank you so much, Mr. Wood."

"Then, if mamma and I decide we cannot keep him, will you give him up and take another dog instead?" asked Mr. Rogers. "Remember it will be harder to give him up then than it is now."

"It could not be much harder," said Ben, with a sigh. "If you say I cannot keep him after we give him a trial, I will give him up; but I don't want any other dog." Ben thrust his hands into his pockets, and, walking to the window, swallowed once or twice very hard. Ben's father looked at Mr. Wood with a smile.

"It is hard to refuse the boy," he said in a low tone. "I think we will have to give Don a trial." Then he added in a tone loud enough for Ben to hear:

"All right, Ben. We will take Don home, and keep him a day at least." Ben ran back to them with a bright face, and Mr. Wood said:

"There, Ben, that is better than not having Don at all. Now see what he can do before you take him." Mr. Wood pointed to a newspaper which lay on the floor some distance away.

"Bring it here, Don," he commanded; and Don trotted obediently over to the paper, took it up with his mouth, and brought it back to Mr. Wood.

"Drop it!" said Mr. Wood; and Don dropped the paper from Don's mouth, while he wagged his tail and looked from one to the other, as much as to say, "Could any dog do better than that?"

"Now jump!" said Mr. Wood, holding out a long stick; and over Don went like a flash.

"Now give me your right paw." Don held up his right paw, and placed it in Mr. Wood's outstretched hand.

"Good!" said Mr. Rogers, laughing. "Does he know the left paw also?"

"Left!" commanded Mr. Wood; and up came the left paw, to Ben's intense delight.

"Good dog!" said Mr. Wood. "He sometimes gets a little puzzled about the right and left paws, but he is evidently on his good behavior to-day." After several more tricks, which Don performed one after the other, Ben found to his delight that the dog would obey him also, when he used the same words of command that Mr. Wood did.

"I will put a pretty collar on him," said Mr. Wood, as they were leaving, "and hook a light chain to it, so he will not get away from you." Ben, with shining eyes and a bright face, led Don out. All that evening Ben and Don and Ben's little sister, Dorothy, romped and played together; and Don apparently was delighted with the entire family. Mr. and Mrs. Rogers said very little about keeping the dog; but Ben felt he had made a good impression, and he hoped, as only a small boy can hope, that something would happen to make them decide to keep him.

The next day, the Fourth of July, Ben was occupied all day with shooting off fire-crackers, from an early hour in the morning till supper time, all of which went off with a satisfying bang. Don at first was a little afraid of the noise, but soon grew accustomed to it, and sat up on the veranda steps, watching the fun from a respectful distance. Just before supper, as a special treat, Ben's father bought him a giant fire-cracker, a great tempting one, with a long string fuse hanging out of one end, the entire cracker about eight inches long and covered with brilliant red paper. It was one of the sort that goes off with a magnificent whooping bang, loud enough to satisfy even the most patriotic little boy in the country; and that is very loud indeed. Mamma looked worried when she saw it.

"We will fire it off right after supper," said Ben.

"Don't light it till your father and I are with you, Ben, dear," said mamma, anxiously; and Ben promised, holding the cracker lovingly in his hands.

The days are long in the summer time; and it was still light when Mr. and Mrs. Rogers stood on the veranda, watching Ben prop the cracker up ready for lighting. Ben had begged so hard to light it all by himself that his father had consented, after showing him how to do it.

"I shall be glad when it is fired off," said mamma, uneasily. "Run fast after you light it, Ben," she called.

"I will," said Ben. Little Dorothy with her nurse had gone next door a few minutes before to see two pretty maltese kittens they had, and Don had followed her over. Now Baby Dorothy was ready to come home before her nurse was, and no one noticed her slipping through the gate but Don. He, it happened, had not been pleased with the kittens at all, when he found they were not big enough to chase; and he followed after Dorothy, feeling sure that she could not take care of herself even that short distance. Thus it happened that, just as Ben touched

ground, his arms around the brave dog's neck, sobbing.

"Dear, dear Don! You saved Dorothy! You did, you did; and I am so glad you dropped it in time to save yourself."

"And to save you, too!" cried Mr. Rogers. "Brave dog! Brave boy to think of it!"

"Bennie, dear Bennie, and dear Don," was all mamma could say, as she hugged Dorothy close to her.

A little later in the evening, Dorothy, who had been a little frightened by the noise and excitement, fell asleep in her mother's arms. Mr. Rogers leaned over them with a heart full of thankfulness. As he stooped down to kiss little Dorothy's pretty hair, they heard Ben's voice from the veranda steps, talking to Don.

"Do you think they will let me keep you now, Don?" he was saying. "I should think they would, wouldn't you, after what you did, and because I love you?"

"Oh!" said Mrs. Rogers. "He doesn't realize that we could never give Don up. Tell him, dear." And Mr. Rogers called in a voice which was husky, but so full of happiness, that Don's tail thumped hard in appreciation when he heard it.

"Ben, my boy, you may keep Don all his life. I am proud of him, and you, too, your precious rascals!" And Ben and Don were happy—oh, so happy.—Christian Register.

On an average each resident of Berlin is said to spend one-eleventh of his income on intoxicating drink.



THE DAY SPEAKS.

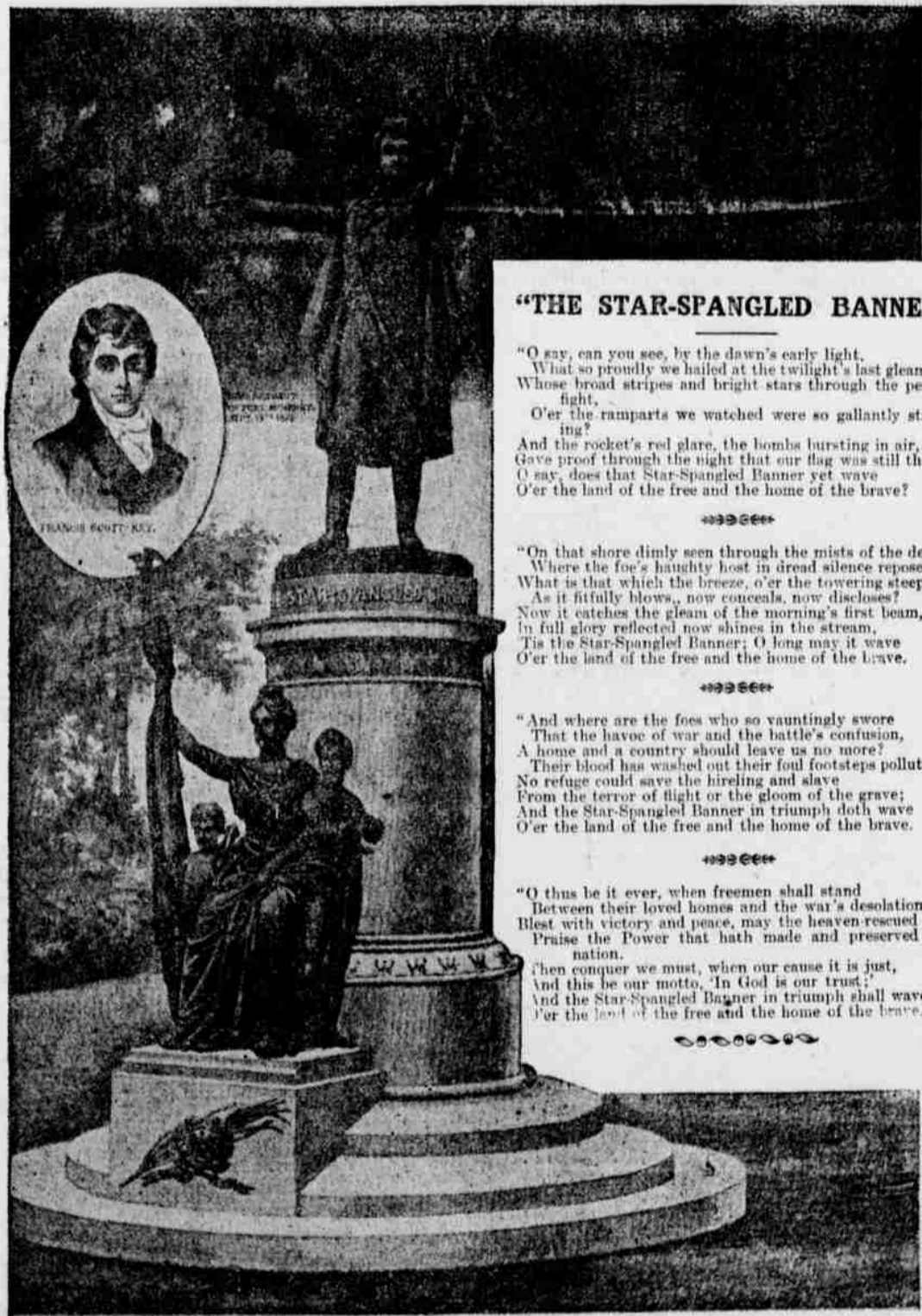
I am a funny day, for sad
And joyful is my lot;
In one land I am more than glad,
In one land I am not.

One people I surcharge with bliss,
And one I cause to sigh—
The reason of which is this:
I am the Fourth of July!
—R. K. M., in Harper's Weekly.

The 8 years after July, 1776, were periods of great suffering and privation. There was no money to buy fireworks, because it was all needed to help carry on the war. The people who had rejoiced at the first Independence Day had, many of them, become very poor, and some were beyond all suffering, victims of British warfare. There were anniversary celebrations, but usually among the army folk in the field.

THE MONUMENT AT FREDERICK, MD., TO FRANCIS SCOTT KEY,

AUTHOR OF THE "STAR-SPANGLED BANNER."



"THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER."

"O say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hail'd at the twilight's last gleaming,
Whose broad stripes and bright stars through the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watch'd were so gallantly streaming—
And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there,
O say, does that Star-Spangled Banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?"

"On that shore dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, now conceals, now discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected now shines in the stream,
Tis the Star-Spangled Banner; O long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave."

"And where are the foes who so vauntingly swore
That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion,
A home and a country should leave us no more?
Their blood has wash'd out their foul footsteps' pollution.
No refuge could save the hireling and slave
From the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave;
And the Star-Spangled Banner in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave."

"O thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
Between their lov'd homes and the war's desolation;
Blest with vict'ry and peace, may the heav'n rescued land
Praise the Power that hath made and preserved us a nation.
When conqueror must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto, 'In God is our trust';
And the Star-Spangled Banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave."

—New York Ledger.

THE GRAVE OF THE FAMOUS RINGER OF LIBERTY BELL DISCOVERED

A short time ago the sexton of Old Pine Street Presbyterian Church, at Fourth and Pine streets, Philadelphia, Pa., found among the crumbling tombstones that had lain neglected in the churchyard, a headstone of which the inscription had become almost obliterated by age and dirt. He cleaned the moss and lichen from the stone, and was surprised to find it bore the name of the famous bell-ringer of Revolutionary days, William Hurry, who tolled the Liberty Bell at the time of the signing of the fate-



ful Declaration of Independence. Hurry was at that time the caretaker of Independence Hall. When he was gathered to his fathers his remains were buried in the Old Pine Street Church, but inquiry later failed to disclose the whereabouts of the grave. The news of the discovery was communicated to the Grand Army Association, and arrangements were made for the decoration of the restored grave of the bell-ringer on last Memorial Day.

GARDEN, FARM and CROPS



SUGGESTIONS FOR THE UP-TO-DATE AGRICULTURIST

Bad Ventilation.

Few dairy farmers really understand what good ventilation means. It is a common thing to see a hay chute left open over the cows with the impression that it will create a current of air to ventilate the stable. The fact is, a stable, to be ventilated, must have the air drawn off from near the floor. This is where the bad air accumulates. A shaft that simply takes the best air from near the ceiling is a damage. Foul air is from to twenty percent heavier than pure air. The only system of ventilation that is worth the name will admit pure air from outdoors near the ceiling and draw off the foul air from near the floor. Anything short of this should not be called ventilating the stable.—Epitomist.

Poultry Pasture.

It is distressing to see poultry confined in a small, bare yard. It is a very short-sighted way to manage. It is no more necessary to feed chickens all the stuff they eat than it is to feed cows in the stable the year round.

Chickens like to forage for part of their living, and it is a great deal cheaper and a wonderful sight better to let them do it. You may not have a farm to let them range over, but you can provide a good sized yard and shut them out of part of it while green stuff is growing, then reverse the process and plant something in the other part.

Vegetation induces moisture and helps to collect a supply of insects and worms that the chickens like to feed on. It supplies a mixed ration that is especially valuable to poultry.—Mrs. L. M. Moore, Missouri.

Training the Colt.

The old-fashioned term "breaking colts" has about gone out of date. The word "training" now takes its place, and it certainly is much more fitting. When you hitch the colt up, hold its confidence that you are his friend and are not going to hurt him. He will look to you for protection. Teach him to work by offering the reward of kindness. Have you noticed how much good it does a colt after he has been worked until he is tired and probably thinks he has no friends, to go around to him and pat and rub him about the head and talk to him? He seemingly understands your every word and picks up courage. Be patient and teach him to work and pull as a habit. He will soon get the hang of working well, but until he gets the right swing he will be awkward and not very reliable to draw heavy loads.

The two principal essentials in training colts are kindness and patience. If you have a large stock of these two virtues you will have little difficulty in bringing up a colt in the way he should go.—Epitomist.

Feeds and Feeding.

Grit must be sharp.
Feed before you water.
Do not feed grass for grit.
Feed a mash the year round.
Clean out the feed troughs daily.
Oyster shells are too soft for grit.
Never throw soft feed on the ground.
Round pebbles will not answer for grit.

In feeding grain in the runs broadcast it.
Do not feed corn during the hot weather.
Millet seed is a great egg-dropping grain.
Always feed the mash crumbly, not sloppy.

The noon meal is not necessary during the summer.
Do not allow the mash to sour in the troughs.
Beans are excellent food, being highly nitrogenous.
A quart of feed for twelve hens is a good measure.
Milk can be fed in any form—sweet, sour or buttermilk.
Buckwheat is an egg-producing food, but a steady diet of it is apt to be over-fattening. "A Few Hens."

The 200-Egg Hen.

Commenting on a statement made by Prof. Graham of the Ontario Experiment Station, that the "average" hen does not lay over 80 eggs a year, the American Cultivator says:

"At present prices of grain eighty eggs per year at the average price per year would hardly more than pay for the feed. Many a poultryman summing up his returns and costs on a market basis might find that he is no more than getting back a new dollar for an old one. Present conditions are certainly trying for the poultryman. Market prices of eggs and poultry have not advanced in proportion to those of grain.

"Many poultrymen no doubt get better results in egg production than those indicated. They would feel like quitting the business could they get no more than eighty eggs per hen, and a yield of 120 eggs per hen would scarcely satisfy them, although such a yield would indicate a good flock well taken care of. At the Main station they worked the record to 124 eggs per hen by means of selecting the best hens through trap nest methods, and breeding from these hens for several generations. Individual birds yielding

well over 200 eggs per year were not rare in this flock, but hens of such excellence, like two can cows, are not representative of the average even for one farm.

"Yet the results of this experiment at the Main station are not wholly encouraging. For the first few years the average egg yield of the flock increased and certain individual birds made very high records. Yet taking the average of the flock for the whole period of the experiment, the management consider it doubtful whether the egg laying capacity has been increased by the process of selection, and even granting that the average has been improved, they are inclined to think that the particularly high yield has been owing to better methods of care and management.

Fungicides.

First—Bordeaux Mixture: This is by far the most generally useful fungicide we have. The copper sulphate of blue vitrol is the active fungicide agent, while the lime is added to prevent the burning of the foliage, which would result from a pure copper sulphate solution. The usual formula is: Five pounds copper sulphate. Fifty gallons of water.

Certain precautions must be observed in making Bordeaux, in order to obtain the most efficient mixture. The secret of success is to put together as dilute solutions as possible. The copper sulphate may be conveniently made up into a stock solution by dissolving it at the rate of one pound to one gallon of water. The amount needed at any time can then be readily obtained by stirring the solution and measuring out as many gallons as there are pounds required. The blue-stone may be dissolved quickly in hot water, or, more slowly, in cold water by suspending near the top of the water in burlap over night. Good stone lime should be used. Air-slaked lime is not satisfactory. If a barrel (fifty gallons) of the Bordeaux is to be made, it is easy to secure the required dilution of material by the use of three vessels. Put twenty-five gallons of water in the barrel. Dilute the blue-stone solution containing five pounds to twelve and one-half gallons. Dilute pounds slaked lime likewise, then dip it alternately from each solution into the 50-gallon barrel. Whatever the particular method employed, however, the end is the same. Put the copper sulphate and lime solutions together after diluting each as much as possible. Don't mix concentrated solutions. If this is done, with the idea of diluting to spraying strength later, the mixture curdles, and a thick, heavy precipitate is formed which settles so rapidly that it is impossible to do a good job of spraying. A precipitate in a properly made Bordeaux should stay in suspension for half an hour with almost no perceptible settling. When putting the spray mixture into the tank, always strain carefully.—Weekly Witness.

Farm Notes.

Chicken meat is no more expensive to raise than beef or mutton, but it is more palatable and sells for a higher price.

It is desirable to get fowls up to their full growth as quickly as possible, but very early egg laying is not desirable because it is easily brought about at the expense of vigor or size.

Some poultrymen never feed mash, while others claim that one soft feed a day is a great advantage. A great deal depends on the way it is done. There are several ways of doing things, and it often happens that more than one way is right.

Tumbler pigeons get their name from the peculiar manner in which they fly. They are often seen rolling over and over in the air, sometimes apparently tumbling for quite a distance before righting themselves and flying upward again. It seems to be great sport for them.

Pekin ducks are great eaters. They grow so fast that they must eat to supply the necessary material to make size. Grass and other forage won't supply this in a satisfactory manner. They must have grit and grain or their beaks and feet will grow all out of proportion to the rest of them.

Have plenty of litter in the scratching shed and throw in a little grain the last thing at night so the chickens will find it early in the morning. This is not supposed to take the place to morning attention, but to keep the chickens busy while you are milking the cows and attending to other things about the barns.

A great many poultry raisers manage without having many sick fowls. If they do have trouble they have just one remedy and that is the ax. It is claimed by some of our best poultrymen that it does not pay to doctor fowls. They are short-lived anyway, at least, it is doubtful if ordinary fowls pay after the second year, their room is worth more for younger stock. A two-year-old hen will lay probably one-third more eggs than a three-year old hen. When a person understands how to raise chickens they soon get a large flock without keeping the old ones.—From "Poultry Notes" in the Epitomist.