

### THE OLD TEAPOT.

I have a little teapot near my hand;  
 'Tis pink and white—a pretty pattern,  
 Trim spout, curved handle, and a narrow  
 Of dull, worn gold—in places quite  
 worn through.

A little maid with funny, frightened face,  
 A parrot tip-tilted o'er her head,  
 In running on it such a foolish race—  
 Now why could she not sit or stand in-  
 stead?

Ah, now I see the sequel to the tale!  
 A lover—pink and white—in haste pur-  
 sues;  
 His steps are wide and yet they always  
 fall—  
 He cannot catch the maid in pointed  
 shoe!

Now tell me why it was in Grandma's  
 time  
 They painted teapots—and the cups to  
 match—  
 With girls and girls, of every race and  
 clime,  
 So very frightened and so hard to  
 catch?

—Lurana W. Sheldon, in the New York  
 Times.

### THE UNDYING PAST

She was the prettiest of maids, in the faintest of sunbonnets; but his eyes were fixed on the little white gate. He approached it with reverential steps. It was here they had met, it was here they had parted. That summer of '88, never had there been such another summer. He felt himself senile, prehistoric, involuntarily his shoulders bowed, his face grew creased with wrinkles.

It was not until he raised his eyes and saw himself observed by the lady that he regained his youth.

Though startled, he lost nothing of his customary grace.

"I crave your pardon," he murmured, doffing a hat which disclosed no grizzled locks.

She granted it with a gracious bow, and then, as he still lingered raised inquiring, almost protesting eyebrows.

Was she not a woman—would she not sympathize with his pilgrimage? He resolved to confide in her.

"I am revisiting," he said accordingly, "the scenes of my boyhood."

"Indeed," said she. "It was some time ago?"

"Twenty years," he sighed, "by the calendar; my memory, yesterday."

"You see," he explained—diffuseness was not one of his failings—"she was my first love."

"How romantic. Do you remember her name?"

"I shall never forget it. Her name— he groped in the recesses of his memory—"her name was Mabel."

"Mabel," echoed the young lady, her lips between her teeth.

"It was here"—he laid his hand affectionately upon the gate—"we first met."

"It's wet," she warned him.

He withdrew his hand hastily.

"It had just been painted," he mentioned as a strange coincidence, "on that unforgettable day. She had on a white frock, but I wore a red blazer; I went to bed without tea that night. At the time it struck me as a hardship, but now to feel again the divine thrill, I would gladly suffer such martyrdom."

"Twenty years," he mused, "Time is a curious whirligig. Everything is gone, but the old gate remains."

She shook a regretful head.

"It's a third I remember; it was put up yesterday."

"At any rate," he consoled himself, after a momentary pause, "it's where the old gate used to stand."

The girl hesitated and glanced at a spot some yards lower down, but being unwilling, perhaps, to shatter another illusion her her peace.

"I feel," mentioned the young man, "as though I were again seven."

"Was it exactly 20 years ago?"

"This very month," he assured her.

"You were not then born."

She admitted the fact.

"And you came," she suggested "to visit her—shrine?"

"Her tomb," he corrected. "My little sweetheart slumbers beneath the sods of 20 years. Her only monument is doubtless a stout matron, and her epitaph 'Mrs. Somebody.' And yet I am probably her only mourner."

"Your constancy is remarkable."

"It is so easy," he murmured, "to be constant to a memory. It's not until one's ideal materializes, that the strain comes."

"She may not be stout," remarked the girl, seeking to cheer him. "After all, 20 years."

"It was hereditary," he said sadly.

"The fear haunted me even then."

He glanced at the house.

"That was her window," he indicated.

"Oh," said the girl, "oh, really."

"Every morning I would come and whistle beneath it, and she would pull the curtains on one side and smile down at me. We would go out together and awaken the larks to emulation—I taught her to cycle."

"To cycle," half protested his listener, "20 years ago!"

"It was early in the morning," he reminded her, half reproachfully, "and we saw no harm in it. The bicycle was much taller than we were, which made mounting difficult, and dismounting less difficult, perhaps, but even more dangerous."

"You were on a holiday?"

"A month. How we wept at parting—here, at this self-same gate, or rather, what was the gate then. I broke a sixpence in half, I remember, for a keepsake." He smiled reminiscently and glanced at his hand. "I have the scar still."

"And to think that you should be living here."

The girl gazed at him with puckered

brows and eyes which hinted at secret amusement.

"Somebody must live here," she remarked.

"Well, yes," he admitted; "one cannot expect a constancy of a house."

The remark drew a scornful smile to her lips.

"Had you found her here you would have been sorry."

"You think so? You have seen her, she is much changed?"

"She is my sister," said the girl calmly.

The young man gazed at the distant trees in silence for a moment; when his eyes came back to her, she saw they were full of strange wonder.

"Her sister," he repeated, and his voice had taken on a new tone; "and—she—"

"She has not forgotten you," she said gravely. Her voice shook a little as she added, "and she is not—married."

"She is—?" His questioning glance traveled to the house.

The girl shook her head and her eyes sought his as they would read his most secret thoughts.

"She returns tomorrow; if you still care to meet her, you may come and have tea with us. If not—I shall say nothing of this meeting."

"Thank you," he said quietly; "I shall be here."

But she, as his footsteps died away down the road, shook her head doubtfully.

As a footstep sounded on the gravel path a girl looked up with a start.

"You?" she cried almost in dismay.

"You didn't expect me?"

seemed to bear out her statement, or, if visitors had been expected, but sparse provision had been made for them.

"Your sister has not arrived?"

She nodded assent and her eyes sought the tip of a restless shoe.

"I'm so sorry," she murmured, after a slight pause.

He smiled consolingly. "After 20 years," he said cheerfully, "another day—"

"I don't mean that," she hesitated and flushed. "I—I haven't a sister." Her eyes now met his bravely.

"But—"

"I know. I told a lie." Her voice was firm, thought the effort was apparent—the tone of a sinner who awaits punishment, white-faced, but unshrinking. "I thought you were telling a story. Don't interrupt please, I said the girl was my sister to frighten you. I never dreamed you would come this afternoon."

Her white hand quivered as it lay on the table, and she bent her head before him.

"I thought you made up the story as an excuse to speak to me."

The young man's lips twitched.

"Don't reproach yourself," he said softly; "I did."—F. Harris Deans in the Sketch.

### SQUEEZING WATER FROM PEAT.

One of the Difficulties to Be Overcome with Heat.

The work of preparing peat for fuel has attracted much attention in foreign countries, as well as in America. The old-fashioned way, drying in air, takes several weeks, and sometimes two or three months. At a meeting of steel and iron workers in England not long ago a paper on this subject was read by a certain Dr. Ekenberg. He said that for a long time it had been impossible to squeeze the water out by pressure. He added that it had been found the trouble was caused by a slimy substance—"hydrocellulose," he called it—produced by the plants of which peat consists. Dr. Ekenberg went on to say that a temperature of 300 degrees Fahrenheit would convert this substance into something else and remove the difficulty.

When it has been ascertained that it was the presence of hydrocellulose which prevented the water being pressed out, the doctor continued, there was comparatively little difficulty in devising a treatment by which the separation of water could be technically effected. It was found that by increasing the amount of heat employed to destroy the hydrocellulose other changes also took place. The percentage of carbon in the peat gradually increased with the rise of temperature and a portion of the components combined to form water. The difference between this process and the ordinary dry charring in retorts was the presence of fluid water and such treatment was described as "wet carbonizing."

The decrease in weight during wet carbonization through the formation of water was not to be regarded as an actual loss, as it implied concentration, and there was an increase of the calorific value. A point of great practical importance was that young and mature peat alike yielded a product of about the same heating value.

No light was thrown on the cost of this or the other processes in use, nor was there any indication which of them is the least expensive. Still, the explanation given of the cause of the difficulty formerly experienced and of the way it has been overcome is certainly interesting.

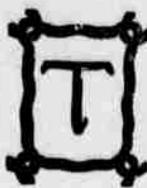
### Statute's Grandson.

Josiah Quincy, the prominent Boston politician, was walking near the city hall, when he heard a laborer accost another thus: "That's Josiah Quincy." "An' who's Josiah Quincy?" the other asked. "I never see such ignorance," rejoined the other. "He's the grandson of the statute you see in the yard."

Higher speed on the main lines has been ordered by the management of the German railroads, so that instead of 90 kilometers, or 55.92 miles an hour, it will be 100 kilometers, or 62.12 miles an hour.

## The Greatest Influence in My Life

By General Nelson A. Miles



THE influences that affect one's life may be innumerable. The lights and shadows along the pathway of life affect us for the moment and leave their lasting impressions upon the memory. The lights inspire and elevate; the shadows alarm, restrain and protect us. In the same way our presence and influence affect the lives of others either for good or evil. Far superior and transcending all other influences has been the beneficent presence of those true and pure spirits who have accompanied me on this journey of life.

A father who was the soul of honor, whose integrity was as sacred as life, and who was one of the truest patriots I have ever known. He had the courage of his convictions, frank and manly in expressing his opinions and judgment of men and affairs; as brave as a lion yet as kind hearted and tender as a child. He loathed a hypocrite. Intrigue and deception were foreign to his nature. His ideas of truth and duty were inspiring and ennobling. A sainted mother whose blessed influence from the time she first taught me to slip a prayer was the true light and guide of my life. The tenderest affection, the gentlest admonition, the deepest love, the sweet melody of her sacred music touched and forever impressed the better chords of heart and soul, and their influence was ever present as a true inspiring and cherished memory.

The splendid influence of a noble brother who was the highest type of American character and citizenship; also the refining influence of two devoted sisters who were the light and joy of a happy home.

Last, but not least, and embodying all the good influences of those above mentioned, was the companion of my life, who made life with all its struggles, its conflicts, its adventures, and achievements as far as possible a romance and a success. To these influences I would attribute whatever there is of my life that is commendable and satisfactory.—The Circle Magazine.

## Are Tubercle Bacilli Friends, Not Foes?

By Charles E. Page, M. D.



IT is about time, as it seems to me, for us to restore the people to their wits, from which the bacteriologists and germ theorists have frightened them by means of scare tactics concerning the alleged danger from "germs." When soldiers go into battle it is manifestly important for them to know friends from foes. Instances have been known in which squads of the same army, in the dark or in the smoke of battle, have fired into each other, causing a bloody sacrifice and at risk even of utter rout by the enemy. That the same sort of thing may occur—that it has, in fact, occurred—in war against disease is susceptible of proof; and I would cite the experience of three eminent physicians, after quoting the remarks of Professor Jacobi that "it may be possible that we can learn how to poison and exterminate the so-called germs, but in so doing we may kill the patient!"

The experience of Drs. Babi, Perron and Gimeno (Lancet, April 30, 1893) is of great significance in bearing out Professor Jacobi's dictum: "When dealing with tuberculosis of the lungs, the microscope having revealed the presence of the Koch bacillus, but the patient is without fever, night sweats, or yellowish green sputa, the results from experiments with serum from donkeys were somewhat amazing as well as disastrous. Treated with the serum, their general health seemed to improve (poison stimulation, says the present writer), and the number of Koch bacilli decreased in notable proportions. In two cases the last sputa examined showed that the bacilli had entirely disappeared; but with the disappearance of the specific bacillus of tuberculosis hectic fever set in, and one patient died in eight days and the other in ten, with the symptoms of septic poisoning."

## Man Incompetent

He Cannot Support His Daughters and Forces Them to Work

By Benjamin Macmahon



IN my opinion it is adding insult to injury for women to be told, as by Bishop Doane, that they have "elbowed" their way into the industrial world, and by obtaining work have deprived men of it. As truly might it be said that the 400 unfortunate Englishmen and women elbowed their way into the Black Hole at Calcutta. They were driven in; and the little girls (for statistics show that 92 percent of female workers start before attaining the age of 16) are equally driven from home and school into industrial and commercial life.

Far from being able to protect and support their females, men have unmistakably shown that they cannot protect themselves. They have allowed themselves to be robbed and despoiled of everything beyond a mere living. The report of the United States Bureau of Labor shows that the average wage of adult male labor during 1907 (the latest figures available) was \$10.08 per week.

No one who realizes how small is the purchasing power of this sum in the human necessities of shelter, food, and clothing can reasonably deny my contention that the average man has shown himself unable to protect himself as head of a family. He is therefore compelled to drive his children out at the earliest possible moment to make their own meagre living.

And the worst of the whole matter is he is satisfied with himself. Instead of realizing that he is economically (and spiritually, too) "poor and blind and miserable and naked" he is puffed up with a sense of his importance as a voter—an importance which he refuses to share with his women-kind.

## The Senior Senator On Stilts

(Senator Eradley, of Kentucky—From the Congressional Record)



OW, Mr. President, I do not want to talk anybody to death. I have tried to be as modest as I could. I know that a junior Senator stands mighty little chance in this body. When I came here one of my old friends in the Senate came to me and said: "Be careful, Senator; remember you are nothing but a junior. Keep quiet. If you venture, these senior Senators will take you in out of the wet." I have heard my mother talk about the boggy man and all that sort of thing, but I will tell you honestly that I have been alarmed ever since I have been in Washington, and what I stand in dread of is the presence of the senior Senators in this body.

There are a great many dangerous things in this world. Automobiles are dangerous things; they are liable to run over you and kill you. Electric cars are dangerous things; they are liable to run over you and kill you. But there is nothing on this earth that can compare in point of danger with a senior Senator when he stands properly on his stilts.



## THE FARMER'S HOME AND ACRES

### Pure and Fresh Water.

Be careful to have their water supply pure and fresh. Keeping the chicks on a plank floor for a few weeks after hatching is another good precaution. If this is not practicable, at least keep them off of damp or grape-worm infested soil.—Farmers' Home Journal.

### Mash For Geese.

In making a mash food for the young geese, take ground oats and run it through a sieve so as to remove as much of the chaff as possible. Mix this with equal parts of bran and corn meal, and moisten it with scalded milk; mix into a dry mash and feed this to your young goslings. Never feed young growing geese whole corn or whole grain of any kind if you wish to grow them most profitably. Always feed them on ground meals, mixed either with scalding milk or water.—Farmers' Home Journal.

### Rations For Ducklings.

Mix about five percent of coarse sand and the same amount of beef scrap in the feed after the ducklings are four days old. For the first four days soaked bread and cracker dust, mixed with enough meal so it will not be sloppy will be found all right. At age of one week feed four measures of bran, three of middlings, and three of fresh cut clover or rye. With the beef scrap and sand added and your coops kept clean, the ducklings will grow like weeds.—Farmers' Home Journal.

### Poultry Profits.

The cost of food required to produce a pound of beef, pork or chicken does not differ greatly, although chicken sells for twelve or twenty cents a pound by the carcass, while other meats sell at from four to eight cents. This difference is further increased on the farm from the fact that poultry picks up a good deal of material that would otherwise go to waste, as well as numerous insects that should be destroyed so that much of their food should not really be figured as expense at all.

But there is a greater risk of loss in raising chickens and the cost of labor per pound of finished product is more than with sheep or hogs. Then you must credit eggs produced, which complicates the problem until you get a headache. The net returns, according to capital invested and cost of maintenance, however, leaves a greater profit from poultry than any other farm livestock. If a farmer would keep close account of the income from his poultry, including the amount of eggs and butter consumed at home, he would be surprised at the returns.—Epltomist.

### Artistic Farm Homes.

One good, comfortable farm home to the neighborhood is sure to lead to others. The example is a good one. The improvement of the farm home cannot help but have a good effect upon a neighborhood. We believe it is a stimulus to emulation on the part of the neighbors, so that they will vie with each other in the beautifying of their home. Friendly rivalry of this kind gives a rural district a desirable reputation. Why not you, dear reader, commence this work of making your home beautiful, laying it out more artistically, planting it tastefully, and it will surprise you how many imitators you will have. We all try to be as good as our neighbors, and generally some one has to be the starter. Why should not you be the leader in this work of beautifying homes on the farm?

It costs very little to lay out a lawn, plant trees and shrubs and have a few flowers and climbing vines by the house, and the effect is very pleasing. The enjoyment we get as we go along is worth more than the money we make. A pleasant setting for a farm house adds more comfort and solid enjoyment than the same amount of money laid out in handsome furniture or a stylish rig to drive.—Epltomist.

### Smut in Seed Wheat.

The following from a bulletin of the Michigan Experiment Station may be timely where farmers find smut in their seed wheat. It says:

"Clean off a space ten feet square or larger on the barn floor, sweeping it thoroughly to remove all spores of smut. Mix the contents of a pound bottle of formalin with water, in the proportion of one pound of formalin to 50 gallons of water, which is enough for 35 bushels of wheat. Do not mix the formalin and water until ready to use them. Thoroughly wet the floor with the solution; then spread on a layer of seed wheat, which has been previously well cleaned in a fanning mill. With a sprinkling pot go over the layer of wheat wetting it thoroughly, shoveling and sprinkling until every kernel is wet on all sides. Add more wheat and sprinkle as before. The wheat may lay in a pile for a day, but no longer, for fear of spoiling. Put the wheat into clean bags that have been treated with formalin, and be careful not to stir up the dirt on the barn floor while the wheat is exposed. For drilling the wheat may be dried on canvass in

the sun, but it should be sowed promptly after being dried."

Formalin can be had at most drug stores, but if not the station say:

"If formalin is not available, corrosive sublimate may be used, using one pound to 50 gallons of water. Great care should be taken to prevent live stock having access to the solution or to the wheat, as the drug is a deadly poison, and do not allow the mixture to come in contact with any metal."

### Pekin Ducks.

As I am a great lover of the Imperial duck with its beautiful snow-like feathers, black eyes, and orange colored bill, I will give a few words in their favor. I would not think of living on a farm without a few of them at least.

First I believe in having pure bred stock, I prefer the young duck and the older drake, as the young ducks begin laying earlier in February and produce a greater number of eggs. One year we had ten that averaged twenty eggs in September, after a heavy laying term in the spring. By securing them in a pen at night, for a few times, they will learn to go there alone, and since they lay about daybreak you are sure of the eggs.

I use twelve eggs for a setting and often have a 100 percent hatch, and there is no prettier sight in the poultry business to me than a nice gang of Pekin ducklings.

They should be fed four times a day, say at six, ten, two and six o'clock, their feed consisting of bran and meal, about equal parts, with a small amount of some good poultry food occasionally. Above all things they must have sand mixed with their food, to aid in digestion; say about a handful to the quart of food.

Some finely cut grass, lettuce or onion tops, mixed with the feed is a splendid addition.

When quite young they should not be allowed too much water, unless it can be so arranged as not to admit their bodies, since they are weak, if they get entirely immersed, but after they begin to feather they should be allowed enough water to bathe in, or four feet in length, one foot wide. We use wooden troughs about three and four inches deep. If their nostrils get clogged with dirt they will soon pass away.

We live within a stone's throw of a nice stream, but since naughty turtles abound our ducks are not allowed the run of the creek, except those we intend to keep for breeders, when about full feathered are then let go to the creek, as it makes them stronger and helps to develop muscle. There is money in raising ducks, but they must be put on the market early. Two years ago we marketed over 200; the first 15 we put on the market in June; they were between nine and ten weeks old and averaged three and three-fourths pounds at 15 cents. The next 25 weighed 99 pounds at 12 1-2 cents. By the time our next were ready the market was a little off, so our profits were not so much. They are a better paying proposition than the chicken since they are easier raised, and lice and other troubles are not so numerous. I neglected to say after the duck is four or five weeks old we begin feeding crushed corn, slightly moistened.—Mrs. Clara Shanks, in the Indiana Farmer.

### Farm Notes.

Breeding for size is assisted by good, sensible feeding more than most farmer realize.

There are times when we would like to give up the struggle and let the weeds have full swing.

For plant lice on cucumber and melon vines nothing is better than tobacco water, made from refuse tobacco stems. It is both fertilizer and insecticide.

Every breeder of poultry who has not already got pure-bred stock should make a start in the right direction within the next month by buying eggs for hatching.

Hens turn their eggs twice every day. This is where many incubator people make a mistake. Incubator eggs should be handled just like the hen would handle them.

Cows will live out in the fields both night and day, but a good stable with a liberal feed in the manger every cold night and every stormy day will be appreciated.

If you are working for eggs be careful to select the most vigorous birds for winter layers. Market all the rest as broilers. Weaklings are no account as egg producers.

We can not say too much in favor of the standard brands of prepared chick feed. They save time, make stronger chicks, and in every way are more satisfactory than home-prepared foods. Above all, they are certain in results.

A rule with a good many dairymen, especially those living near large cities, where milk is especially profitable, is to pay no attention to the beef value of a cow. Their idea is that dairy cows are not intended to produce beef, that they can get enough milk from a good dairy cow so that the value of the carcass is no consideration to them whatever.