

THE STARS.

I shall walk bravely, bravely through my days. Though love, that flaming torch that lighted me, Has dropped away in darkness utterly, I shall not falter on these ungracious ways.

Billy Henderson, Express Messenger

By T. L. Sappington

"What's that?" Merrihew, express clerk in charge of the car attached to the night mail, was very busy, and his tone was unusually sharp.

"You?" he cried: "Oh, no, you've made a mistake, son. This is a man's business."

"All the same," said the boy doggedly, "Mr. Booth, the manager, gave me the place, and I'm to make the trip with you tonight."

Billy was not a beauty. His hair was red and his nose turned up, and at some remote period he had lost a front tooth, but the light in his blue eyes warmed your soul, and perhaps that is why Mr. Booth was inclined in his favor.

"Gave you the place, did he?" remarked the messenger, scowling. "Well, we'll see about that." And leaping from the car he strode into the office.

When he emerged a few moments later, his manner was still more beligerent. "Come on, now," he growled: "what are you standing there for? Off with your coat; there's plenty to do."

Without a word the boy followed him into the car and was still hard at work when the engine shrieked and the train pulled out.

"You bet he is," said Merrihew, clapping Billy affectionately on the back; "and he'll hold it, too, whether the other fellows like it or not."

corpse? As it is, we got the blamed remains instead of the baggage master." Billy, only half awakened, merely nodded in response to the grumbling of his companion.

It seemed that some one called. Still in doubt, he lay listening. Surely somebody was speaking, and it was not the messenger's voice, either.

"Turn out your pockets," commanded the outlaw; "puck it now!" Not daring to resist, the unhappy Merrihew did so, his belongings dropping to the floor with successive thuds, his revolver among them.

Billy's pulse beat fast. The man's back was toward him, but he had no weapon. In a rack directly above, however, reposed three blue glass fire extinguishers, long-necked bottles to be thrown in case of a conflagration.

Half blinded by the shower of broken glass and sting of the gushing fluid the ruffian swayed drunkenly, and in that moment the lad was upon him like a wildcat.

Grinly the messenger ordered him to climb out of the box and empty pockets, Billy meanwhile pinching the bellows the proper number of times to bring assistance from the train crew.

"Hold on a minute," said he to the officer grasping his arm. Then he stepped up to Billy.

Spinning glass for practical uses was very well known by the ancient Egyptians, and we are now rediscovering it. Spain glass has long been known as a curiosity.

Glass thus drawn out into very thin threads is flexible and it is thought it will be possible to spin and weave it into clothes.

To enable the blind to tell the time by a specially constructed watch various devices have been invented.

The night mail made but few stops and the two clerks generally took turns napping it. Since passing the switch tower Billy had been stretched out on the heap of blankets that served as a couch in the corner of the car.

YOUNG PEOPLE



Ingenious. A sweet little boy who went to school was up to all sorts of tricks.

So, when asked his age by a stranger once, The cute little youngster said, "I'm 9 when I stand on my feet like this, But 6 when I stand on my head!"

Use of Medicine. "Medicine," said a little girl, "is something that makes you careful not to catch cold again."

"Mamma," he said at dinner, "may I have another piece of pie?" "Why do you ask," answered his mother, "when you haven't eaten what you have on your plate?"

Feeding the Sparrows. I am going to tell you about feeding the little sparrows last winter.

Two Pet Bantams. I want to tell you about a pair of white cochon pet bantams given me a few weeks ago.

Mistake Mr. Butterfly Made. "How are you this morning, Aunt Matilda?" asked the little girl of the old woman.

"Well, honey," she answered, "Ise feelin' so well dis mornin' dat I is gwine see de doctor 'bout it."

"Suppose you tell me, Aunt Matilda," said the little girl, as she seated herself in the old woman's great chair.

"I think, Aunt Matilda," remarked the little girl, "I have heard of just that sort of a person."

"Well, honey," replied the old woman, "den yo' knows precisely de sort of pussion what Mr. Butterfly was, an' Ise sorry to say, chile, dat dey isn't all Mr. Butterflies, needer."

"Why, Aunt Matilda," interrupted the little girl, "I never before heard that butterflies ever went to church?"

"An, honey," said the old woman, very slowly, and very solemnly, "Ise never done fo'git what Parson Crow done say on dat 'casion, an' dat's why, chile, I always make it a pint of seeta de doctus fas as I kin when I finds myself a-feelin' mo' den jes' tolerable, thank yo'."—Washington Star.

A watch is composed of ninety-eight pieces.

was, I doesn't presume to say, 'cause nuther thing, Mr. Wizzle Wuzzle never done specify it.

"But be dat all as is may, honey," said the old woman, after a pause, "got nuthin' 'tall to do wid what Ise gwine say, an' dat is dis: dat de day when Mr. Butterfly had rid up to de pos' office fo' to git his mail—"

"Rode up to the post office to get his mail, Aunt Matilda?" repeated the little girl, in a doubting, questioning manner.

"Den, honey," cording to Mr. Wizzle Wuzzle, Mr. Coon, 'spress hisself to de 'fect dat dere's sech a thing as bein' too well in dis here worl', an' he 'vised Mr. Butterfly dat ef he has a-feelin' dat well hisself he'd see de doctor right off."

"Do owls read the papers, Aunt Matilda?" asked the little girl.

"Ise never seen no owls a-readin' of de papers, honey," replied the old woman, "but I've been here too long, chile, fo' to b'lieve onnest what I see, an' as Mr. Wizzle Wuzzle 'stinctly say dat ole Judge Owl was a-readin' of his paper, course dat's 'nuff fo' me."

"There the old woman stopped, as if she had nothing more to say, which she often did when she had reached an interesting point in her stories, but the little girl well knew she would continue, so she kept very quiet, and then the old woman said:

"What was it that happened so soon, Aunt Matilda?" asked the little girl, as the old woman again most provokingly stopped.

"Well, honey, nuthin' mo' nur less," she continued, "den de fac dat Mr. Butterfly dropped dead while he was a-laughin' an' a-talkin' at de supper table dat evenin'."

"With a band at the head of the procession, Aunt Matilda?" interrupted the little girl. "Why, Aunt Matilda, I never heard of such a thing as a butterfly's funeral."

"Well, honey," remarked the old woman, "I never heard of it nuther 'til Mr. Wizzle Wuzzle done tole it to me. But Mr. Wizzle Wuzzle he 'splained to me dat Mr. Butterfly was a great s'clety man, b'longin' to dis a'ciety an' to dat s'clety, an' I don't know what all else s'clety, so dat mo' s'cleties done turned out to Mr. Butterfly's funeral den I kin tell yo' 'bout. An' wid all dem s'cleties, honey, Ise wonderin' why dey didn't have mo' den jes' one ban'."

"But, honey, dey only had dat one ban' 'Ise a-tellin' yo' 'bout, an' yit dat's got nuthin' 'tall to do wid de fac' dat Mr. Butterfly done die sudden. An' what's mo', chile, de doctus don't know no mo' what's de matter with Mr. Butterfly, 'cept dat he's dead, den yo' nur me. But I knows dis, honey, dat Mr. Wizzle Wuzzle say dat Parson Crow, dat 'ficiated at de funeral, say to de mo'ners an' de udder folks: 'Bredderen an' sisters, on dis mo'nful 'casion, I want to 'spress on yo' de importance of a-seein' de doctus when yo' is a-feelin' right smart mo' den when yo' is a-feelin' right smart mo' den jes' tolerable. To feel jes' tolerable in dis here worl' of sin an' triblissuns, bredderen an' sisters, is 'bout all we po' miserble sinners is 'titled to feel, an' I wants to warn yo' bredderen an' sisters, dat when yo' gits to a-feelin' mo' den jes' tolerable dat's de time fo' to drop whatever yo' is a-doin' an' start off fo' de doctus jes' as fas' as yo' kin git dar'."

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AGRICULTURE

Silo the Corn Crop.

The blades and stalks of the corn crop alone contain 45 percent of the nutritive value of the entire crop.

Don't Neglect the Colt. The farmer owning 40 acres or more of land, who does not raise at least one colt every year is not doing his best.

Mangels or Turnips for Cows. Where silos are not had to provide succulent feed for dairy cows, many do the next best thing by growing turnips or mangels.

Storing Alfalfa. After a barn the next best place for storing hay is a shed with an adjustable or lifting roof.

Methods of Poultry Management. The work in poultry management at the Maine Experiment Station has been of great value to poultrymen, especially those located in the colder portions of the United States.

Farm Notes. Eggs should be culled the same as other things.

How many raisers test the eggs they guarantee to be fresh?

When a hen is not kept well she can't be expected to do well.

It is said to be best to start raising poultry in the fall rather than in spring.

Try shoving some young sweet corn, or even field corn, for the young chicks and see how they will go for it.

Make the best of what room you have, but above all things don't try to keep too many fowls on a small place.

You don't have to wait for the incubator to get broody and then if you don't want to set it you don't have to break it up.

Every boy living in the fruit and truck district would do well to make himself thoroughly acquainted with budding and grafting.

period and the winter. The lambs, on the other hand, are pushed rapidly as quick maturity is a matter of considerable importance if a good profit is to be made.

I allow my ewes the run of a good mixed pasture, with access to a little clover, and they do exceedingly well. I feed them no grain at this time.

Frequent change of pastures is a great help with sheep, particularly with the lambs, which are rather particular about what they eat.

I watch my ewes and lambs closely for any indications of stomach worms or other insect pests. I keep the stable darkened and accessible, so that they may get away from the flies in muggy weather.

Sheep must be properly handled to be profitable, and no one will have good success in raising these animals unless he gives them good care and attention at all times.—W. H. Underwood in the Indiana Farmer.

The turkey is one of the most profitable of all classes of domestic fowls. They are only adapted to the farmer who has an unlimited range for them, but on such a range they will do an immense amount of good during the summer season by destroying grasshoppers and other insects, turning these into flesh that is always in demand for good prices.

At the outset, it must be said that one's knowledge of raising chickens, no matter how extended that knowledge may be, is not of much value when it comes to raising young turkeys.

For the last three years dressed turkeys have retailed all the way from 19 to 26 cents a pound, owing to their scarcity. From reports to date this scarcity seems still to exist.

One may take a brooder full of chicks, and, provided they are well hatched and vigorous, can, by the usual care and attention, raise the majority to maturity, but not so with turkeys. He can hatch the eggs in an incubator with good success as turkey eggs are usually better fertilized than hen's eggs but he can not confine them in brooder runs, and unless he has broody turkeys or hens to mother them when hatched he may lose the greater portion.

The United States Department of Agriculture has issued for free distribution a Farmers' Bulletin describing the Methods of Poultry Management at the Main Station.

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