

THE POOREST MAN IN THE WORLD.

Not he that begs upon the street,
Or, homeless, tramps the road,
But he who fears to squarely meet
The face of man and God;
Who dares not face the hosts of Night,
"Neath flag of Truth unfurled,
Who can't afford to do the right—
He's the poorest man in the world.

Who can't afford to speak the truth,
To right the ancient wrong,
To take the part of hapless youth,
The weak against the strong;
Who can't afford to shield a name
From venomous arrows hurled—
He—not the blind, the lame, the dumb—
He's the poorest man in the world.

—Clarence Watt Hazlitt.

The Maple Leaf.

By Miss Eva Gormley.

Tall, dark, tangled pines and spruces completely surrounded the beautiful Lac d'Amour; the blue sunny June morning sky smiled at its reflection in the lake's clear mirror. Wild tuneful notes of hidden birds mingled with the perfumed whispers of the breezes and the musical dip, dip of oars.

Helen MacNole rested a few moments, allowing the light skiff to drift idly towards the lily beds, while she eagerly and with extreme pleasure drank in all the uncultivated, primitive Canadian beauty of forest, lake and sky. Two whole months at Aunt Sophia's cottage meant a great deal to this Boston girl, for she had never before been in the fair province, and every scene was new and attractive to her.

Helen had half lost herself in a delightful reverie when the sound of splashing paddles aroused her, which was accompanied by a mellow tenor voice that was singing with the most enthusiastic, passionate earnestness the sweet song of "The Maple Leaf." The chorus ran:

"The maple leaf, our emblem dear,
The maple leaf forever,
God save our King and heaven bless
The maple leaf forever."

The rare voice that sang those words quite charmed Helen, yet she laughed softly, and a mischievous light came into her irresistible blue eyes as she threw back her head and sang in her pure soprano voice "The Star Spangled Banner." After she had concluded she said to herself with a low laugh of sheer fun: "I'll show whoever it is that there is a Yankee on this little sea."

She had scarcely finished speaking when a pretty canoe glided around the bend of the Lac d'Amour. Its occupant, none other than the tenor singer, regarded his enemy with a half amused, half piqued look of surprise. He was handsome. His face was dark and vivacious; his smile, showing strong white teeth, was dazzling. There was a careless grace and freedom about his movements. The wind had ruffled his soft black hair until it half tumbled into his sparkling brown eyes.

Helen looked at the tenor half confused, half afraid, for she had not expected to be discovered in her retreat—and by such a well-meaning young gentleman.

"Pardon, miss, if I have disturbed you and your song," the young man commenced.

"You have not disturbed me at all, sir—see, my boat has never moved an inch," Helen replied, with an attempt to look grave, but for some unknown reason she burst into a hearty, mirthful laugh.

"You are an excellent singer, miss. Excuse my frankness, it is my misfortune, not my fault," the tenor said, leisurely laying the paddle across the canoe.

"All Yankees are good singers," Helen responded concisely, trying to look utterly sincere.

"So you're a Yankee? Yes, I know so by your song which sounded a good deal like a challenge," the other said, as he calmly and with open admiration studied Helen's proud head, crowned with braided coils of gold-tinted brown hair, her pink cheeks and slender, straight form.

"Yes, I am a Yankee—Miss Helen MacNole, of Boston, Mass.," Helen replied.

"And I am Lester Lejarn, a French Canadian Frenchman," the young boatman retorted, with equal dignity. Then both the boaters laughed merrily, it was all so amusing.

It does not take long for two young, happy-spirited persons to get acquainted; when Helen's boat grated the shore beside of Lejarn the two had become quite intimate. Helen, for her part, felt in a childish mood of enjoying the adventure. As for Lejarn, he was very much in earnest; he decided that he would see more of this charming Yankee, this Helen MacNole, of Boston, Mass.

Helen found out from Aunt Sophia that Lester Lejarn was the son of an Englishman by birth and claimed his French descent on his mother's side. After the death of Lejarn's mother Mr. Lejarn had come to Canada, bringing Lester, the only child. When Lester was but fourteen his father became blind, and since that time the young Lejarn had worked in a Montreal business house and supported his father.

Helen firmly put aside the fact that she was the only daughter of the widowed, prosperous banker, Arthur MacNole, and allowed the French tenor to take her boating, driving and walking when he was home from work. Finally, a message came to the effect that Helen's father had

home, as a party of wealthy New Yorkers were coming to pass the winter season at the MacNole mansion.

At twilight, when the sky was gaudily colored by sunset, and the Lac d'Amour was a sheet of pink crystal, Helen walked slowly, for the last time, down to the shore with Lejarn.

"I don't believe I care to go out on the lake to-night," Helen said, her voice rather low and tremulous.

"You are sorry to leave this place, that's it?" Lejarn asked kindly. Helen nodded.

"Why?" he continued. "I cannot believe you have grown to love the Maple Leaf better than the Star-Spangled Banner."

"Oh, no," Helen responded, trying to laugh. She leaned against the trunk of a huge maple tree. No particular thought came to her mind, but some strange, cold gloom settled over her heart. Lejarn looked at her very intently.

The sunset had faded away, leaving the sky a blue, shadowy expanse, where stars twinkled faintly. The moon was rising above the pines and shone upon the Lac d'Amour with a glorious light.

"Helen, it is because you love me," Lejarn said softly and convincingly. The tears coursed freely down Helen's cheeks.

"Helen, I love you. I've dared to, although you are a Yankee girl," he smiled, "but I cannot claim you—you would not marry a poor Frenchman, would you?"

Helen dashed the tears from her eyes and nodded, saying, in a pained voice: "But my father."

"Ah, I realize," Lejarn said abruptly, then, "Here, Helen, take this Maple Leaf pin, and when I can stand on an equal footing with you I'll come to claim you. It will take time to build myself up in business, perhaps you may tire of waiting, but remember I will always love you," and Lejarn pinned the silver token onto Helen's dress; he clasped those strong arms about her for a moment, and only the lapping waves and her sobs were heard. She almost pushed Lejarn away and fled from the lake.

Hushed woodlands and tranquil bay met the tired eyes of the passengers on board of the boat which was slowly drifting into the Canadian harbor.

Helen, clad in black, her face rather pale and sad, looked back at the vast extent of ocean behind her and sighed. She would never return. Her father had died, and the heavily mortgaged estate had been confiscated, all within the year that she had spent since she left Canada the previous fall. Helen was returning to make her home with Aunt Sophia.

From the time she left the boat until she got out of the pony cart at her aunt's cottage, Helen mused doubtfully, hopefully. Lejarn was in that town yet, so she learned—but had he forgotten her after that brief summer acquaintance?

Although fatigued, that same evening Helen walked through the woods to the lake. She even donned the same muslin gown she had worn that night when she and Lejarn had stood on the shore, and fastened the little maple leaf pin to the collar. The little boat was still there and she got in. For a time she rowed aimlessly, gazing beyond the black pines, into the brilliant, glowing west.

Lejarn had forgotten her, probably, and she must forget him. Helen took off the pin and held it in her hand a moment. At that instant a rustling in the bushes disturbed her and looking up she saw—Lester Lejarn standing on the gleaming strand of the Lac d'Amour.

"Helen!" he uttered; his face grew pale with sudden surprise. With a hasty movement he started to unloose the remaining craft that was tied to the stake, but Helen shook her head, and with a few strokes brought her boat to the shore.

"Pardon me, Miss MacNole, I have again intruded upon your solitude—and on a sadder occasion," Lejarn glanced at the black ribbon band on Helen's sleeve.

Helen nodded and stood silently before the tenor, who looked at her questioningly.

"I have not become wealthy enough yet to claim you—but probably you had forgotten me—" he began in a choking voice. Then he told her how he had struggled to advance in business and how his father had died, too, and left him utterly alone. Helen told her own grief in a few words.

Then there was silence a few moments; Lejarn searched for the pin, but did not see it. Helen, seeing the action, blushed faintly as she unlocked her hand and showed the little emblem.

The Lac d'Amour grew dark and pine fragrance filled the air. Again the moon shone brightly and the waters of the lake lapped a soft, tender song, not marred by sobs of sorrow, but a happy silence told the simple three-versed story more eloquently than ever before. Far across, on the opposite side of the lake, children's voices were singing:

"The maple leaf, our emblem dear,
The maple leaf forever,
God save our King and heaven bless
The maple leaf forever."

And Helen walked through the silent aisles of the forest with Lejarn, never more to leave the region of the Lac d'Amour.—Boston Post.

Motorcar Service Across Gobi Desert.

Among the latest activities of awakening China is to be a service of motorcars across the Gobi desert to replace the tea caravans of old. The service will cross the desert between Urga and Kalgan, which will shortly be connected with Peking by rail.—China Sunday Review.



Measuring Hay in the Stack.

Where it is necessary to arrive at the total amount of hay by measuring in the stack the following rule applies, says the Homestead: Find the distance from the ground on one side up over the stack to the ground on the other side. Then measure the width of the stack at the base, add these two numbers and divide by four, and this will give one side of a square representing the same area as the end of the stack. Multiply this number by itself and this result by the length of the whole stack, and this will give the cubic feet represented by the stack, which, divided by 512, the number of cubic feet in a ton, gives the number of tons. Where the stack is very high and settled or where it is well packed in a shed, divide in the last instance by a number between 350 and 425.

Don't Neglect the Colt.

The farmer owning forty acres or more of land, who does not raise at least one colt every year is not doing his best. The mare will do most kinds of farm work and raise her colt without much loss of time. If the colt is properly handled from the beginning it will not give much trouble. Never allow it to run after its mother when she is working. This worries and frets the mare, and it wears out the colt. Keep it at the barn, loose in a box stall, and tempt it with a little clover hay and oats. Early colts will be weaned pretty soon now. If they have been brought up to this point right, weaning does not mean much. Feed more frequently with sweet clover hay, oats and corn, and the colt will soon be able to take care of itself. Keep it in the barn at night and allow it to run with other young stock in the pasture during the day.—Weekly Witness.

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. There is always the one objection to turnips—the risk of tainting the milk; and especially does this turnip flavor develop in butter after it is held some time. It is claimed that if you feed turnips directly after the morning milking there is no danger of taint; however, we would not care to risk our reputation as a butter maker on it. If you cannot put up silage and must have something else, why not raise mangels? You can raise more of them to the acre than you can turnips, and you can avoid the risk of turnip taint. But whatever you do, don't fall on a good store of succulent feed for next winter. Cows do their best when on clover. You can provide sweet clover hay for next winter, but succulence must come from some other source.—Weekly Witness.

Success With Sheep.

The sire and the dam are the basis of the flock, but the lamb is the basis of the sheep.

Without the lamb there would be no sheep and consequently no profit in the sheep-breeding business.

Thus it is readily understood how very important it is that every lamb born to the flock be kept alive and grown into a salable animal, whether as a mutton lamb or a mature sheep. This principle of flock management must be thoroughly impressed on the mind and every feature of lamb raising be carefully studied so that this period be approached with everything in readiness to save the lambs.

The sheep raiser who does not count each lamb as it comes into the world worth its price at weaning time should go into some other business.

With the lamb a constant growth is desirable, so it is quite important that it be liberally supplied at the outset and that this be kept up, if one would succeed as a sheep raiser.—G. W. Hervey, in the Indiana Farmer.

Fertilizer Experiments.

The Department of Agriculture has received a report from Germany of experiments with barnyard manure showing that deep stall manure is much more effective than that from heaps. The loss of nitrogen in the heap was greatly reduced by spreading the fresh manure on a layer of old manure. Gypsum was ineffective, and is condemned as a preservative. The best results were obtained by preserving the urine from the stalls by itself and rotting the manure and litter with water.

Green manuring with beans and peas gave good results in comparison with the manure on beets and oats. With potatoes the results were very variable. The success of green manures depends more largely upon the rainfall during the period of growth than upon the character of soil. Experiments with yellow clover and seradella seeded between the rows of grain indicate this to be a bad practice when the green manure crops develop sufficiently to affect injuriously the growth of the grain.

In comparative tests of nitrate of soda, sulphate of ammonia and lime nitrogen on humus and heavy loose loams and on a sandy soil with bar-

ley, potatoes and sugar beets, it was found that in cases in which the nitrogenous fertilizers caused a large increase in yield the nitrate of soda gave the highest returns, ammonium sulphate next, and lime nitrogen the smallest. When the increases in yield were small the effect of the fertilizers was very nearly the same, the less active material giving a slightly greater increase than the nitrate. The best results were obtained with the less active fertilizers in the case of potatoes. The results further indicate that it is a mistake to apply these fertilizers on sandy soils in the fall. Much better results, however, may be obtained by fall application on the better class of soils.

Growing Cow Feed Stuff.

The various State experiment stations are doing a good work in demonstrating that cow feed stuff may be grown on the farm, and the saving incident. The Tennessee Station in a bulletin throws some good light on the subject, in the matter of feeding these along with corn silage. It says that a ton of alfalfa or cow pea hay may be produced at a cost of from \$3 to \$5, whereas wheat bran costs from \$20 to \$25. From two to three tons of cow pea hay and from three to five tons of alfalfa can be obtained from an acre of land; hence there is a great advantage in the utilization of these roughnesses in the place of wheat bran.

Alfalfa and cow pea hay cannot be substituted to the best advantage for cottonseed meal, as this food-stuff is so very rich in protein that a larger bulk must be consumed than the capacity of the average cow will permit.

The substitution of a roughness rich in protein for an expensive concentrate will enable the dairyman to make milk and butter at a less cost and will thus solve one of his most serious problems.

In substituting alfalfa hay for wheat bran it will be best to allow one and one-half pounds of alfalfa to each pound of wheat bran, and the results are likely to prove more satisfactory if the alfalfa is fed in a finely chopped condition.

These tests indicate that with alfalfa hay at \$10 a ton and wheat bran at \$20 the saving effected by substituting alfalfa for wheat bran would be \$2 for every 100 pounds of butter, and 19.8c for every 100 pounds of milk. The farmer could thus afford to sell his milk for 19.8 cents a hundred less than he now receives and his butter for about 22 cents, as compared with 25 cents a pound.

These experiments show why alfalfa has been frequently used as a basis of manufactured foodstuffs, and indicate that the farmer who can grow it makes a mistake in purchasing artificial stuffs of which it forms the basis.

When alfalfa was fed under the most favorable conditions a gallon of milk was obtained for 5.7 cents and a pound of butter for 10 1/2 cents. When cow pea hay was fed the lowest cost of a gallon of milk was 5.2 cents and of a pound of butter 9.4 cents. In localities where peas have grown well it can be utilized to replace wheat bran, and in sections where alfalfa can be grown this crop can be substituted for cow pea hay with satisfaction.—Indiana Farmer.

Flowers on the Farm.

Quite often we read articles, hear expressions, and observe cases of farm homes adorned with flowers of any sort.

The explanation or excuse given, is that usually so much hard work is necessary and that there is so little spare time. Often this is true, I fear, but in some cases much of the necessary hard work can be avoided by proper management. However, the main reason why so many farm homes are devoid of flowers is that they are being rented. Many live but one year on the same place and others have the assurance of the place but for one year. In both cases there is scant encouragement to make flower beds.

If the grounds are "run wild," or have a sod covering, it is difficult to prepare the soil. To do nicely, the soil must be cultivated through one season before most flowers do well. If this is impossible the only way would be to grow a row, or a bed of flowers, in the vegetable garden.

All the beautiful shrubs and perennials are impractical for the renters, unless they know they have the place for a number of years; then when moving time comes, it is almost like tearing one's self loose to leave the plants.

Tulips, hyacinths and crocus may be set by the fall mowers, and the cherry blooms will well repay the small expense and labor required for planting. But iris, bleeding heart, lilies and peonies are among the "can't haves," as their beauty increases through long establishment. When passing the country homes, don't criticize the flowerless condition of the yards too much, until you know all the circumstances.—E. C. in the Indiana Farmer.

CHARTING THE SEA WRECKAGE.

Wireless Tells Ships of Obstructions at Sea in Order That They May Be Avoided.

When a man driving a horse or motor car sees a red light ahead, he is likely to slow up or go more carefully, and when a sea captain arrives in a region where he knows he may encounter a floating obstruction, you may be certain he will send a man aloft to scan the tumbling sea.

Of course, it is more difficult to locate the dangerous things afloat; at the same time, Uncle Sam, through his Hydrographic Office, manages to keep a record of nearly every serious obstacle in the ocean. Not many of the land-lubbers who go to Europe know that their vessel's skipper has in the chart-room a map showing the location of icebergs and field ice in the North Atlantic, the position of wreckage and derelicts, as last reported, as well as the latitude and longitude of drifting buoys that broke loose from their moorings months, perhaps years, before. Little triangles and circles denote the ice, derelicts are represented by sketches of ships floating on an even keel or bottom up, as the case may be, while symbols like the letter "I" and a demijohn indicate buoys.

The Hydrographic Office is investigating port facilities, aberration of sound, great waves, spontaneous combustion, stranding, collisions, ocean currents and routes, improvement of signalling in the merchant marine, stellar navigation, value and correctness of charts, and the mariner who furnishes such data receives pilot charts free of cost and franked envelopes for mailing the hydrographic forms. If he happens to be at a foreign port all he has to do is to give his data to the American consul, who will mail the forms home.

But the pilot chart is not the only means by which the Hydrographic Office disseminates information to navigators. By direction of the Bureau of Equipment, the United States naval wireless stations on the Atlantic and Pacific seaboard are furnished daily, or as often as occasion warrants, with facts relating to ocean obstructions.

These facts are sent broadcast by wireless three times at intervals of eight hours by the stations furnished with them. The hours selected are 6 a. m., 2 p. m. and 10 p. m., local standard time. Messages open with the word "obstruction," and then follow latitude and longitude or bearing, the nature of the obstruction, and when it was last sighted. These messages and other hydrographic data are kept on file at the wireless stations, and such information is transmitted to vessels which send wireless requests. Masters of passing ships are also asked to acquaint the wireless stations with all obstructions they may have seen, so that fellow mariners may have the benefit of their experience.

CO-OPERATIVE FARMING.

Many Thousands of Associations in Germany to Help Agriculture.

At the close of 1905 17,162 co-operative farming associations existed in the German Empire, with a membership of more than 1,000,000 farmers; 16,230 of the above number of associations were confederated. Out of the 9411 associations operating in Prussia 6059 facilitated credits to farmers, 774 attended to the supply and demand and 1728 to dairying.

In Bavaria 2613 of the 3294 associations dedicated their work to furnishing credits to agricultural undertakings, 234 to supply and demand, 247 to dairying and 200 to various other purposes, all, however, fostering mutual assistance to husbandmen and thus redounding to their benefit.

The co-operative associations of credit expend loans amounting to, on the average, from \$17,410,000 to \$73,340,000 annually. In 1905 the co-operative bodies for the creation of demand purchased fertilizers, forage, seed, coal and other items amounting to \$12,062,500.

On the other hand, the centres of supply and dairying, which in a comparatively short time have entered a career of great prosperity, realized more than \$965,000 on their transactions.—From The Village.

Jumping Fish Story of North Carolina

A fish who would a-traveling go proved himself the champion jumper of the sound and landed in the tender of the Norfolk and Southern mail train and came on up to Kinston, where he was presented by Engineer Jack Neal to Mr. June Stevenson.

Captain Neal told him that as the train was crossing the Beaufort-Moorehead bridge this morning he saw a fish jump out of the water and rising about fifteen feet in the air land in the tender of his engine. His fireman, Alonsb Williams, picked it up and it was found to be a small hogfish. This is straight and vouched for by Captain Neal and Fireman Williams and Captain Will Hinnant. That is sufficient evidence for us and we accept it unequivocally.—From the Rocky Mountain Record.

Better Than Flowers on Grave.

Do not keep the slabster box of your love and tenderness sealed up until your friends are dead. Fill their lives with sweetness. Speak approving, cheering words while their ears can hear them, and while their hearts can be thrilled and made happier. The kind things you mean to say when they are gone, say before they go.—George W. Childs.

FINANCE AND TRADE REVIEW

TRADE STILL EXPANDING

Outputs of Plants Growing in Volume to Meet Growing Demand—Failures Less in Number.

New York. — "Bradstreet's" says that as the season advances, trade tends to show further expansion and industrial lines are becoming more active. Outputs are being increased by plants already in operation and frequent reports come in hand of resumption by concerns that have been shut down for some time past. Under the circumstances employment is more general, pay rolls are larger and more money is available for spending. In a nutshell, trade is good; industry, particularly iron and steel, is active, outputs are close to normal and prospects are pleasant, the most notable drawbacks being reduced yields of cotton and a smaller than earlier expected corn crop.

Within the week house trade has expanded in marked degree, special activity being noticed in demand for dry goods and millinery. Buyers have been in the markets in large numbers and while they have taken hold quite freely, they are nevertheless exercising much care in making purchases. There is apparently little disposition to load up with expensive goods, especially in sections where cotton and corn have not maintained earlier promise.

In some instances shipping departments of jobbing houses are working overtime in order to get goods out promptly. Early fall displays have helped retail trade a little, but on the whole that line of business remains quiet. Wheat is moving to market, though the Northwest has not shipped as freely as expected. The flour trade is locking up, full time is more general and demand for staple groceries is better.

Business failures in the United States for the week ending with September 2 were 160, against 201 last week, 210 in the like week of 1906, 130 in 1907, 121 in 1908 and 137 in 1905.

MARKETS.

PITTSBURG.

Wheat—No. 2 red.....	\$ 81	81
Do—No. 2 yellow, ear.....	81	81
Do—No. 2 yellow, shelled.....	81	81
Mixed ear.....	68	69
Oats—No. 2 white.....	54	53
Do—No. 3 white.....	52	51
Flour—Winter patent.....	67 1/2	68 1/2
Do—Fancy straight winter.....	67 1/2	68 1/2
Hay—No. 1 Timothy.....	15 50	1 00
Do—Clover No. 1.....	12 00	13 50
Feed—No. 1 white mid. toll.....	28 00	29 00
Brown middlings.....	26 00	26 50
Brn. bulk.....	27 00	28 00
Straw—Wheat.....	8 00	8 50
Do—Oats.....	4 50	5 00

Dairy Products.

Butter—Elgin creamery.....	29	30
Do—Ohio creamery.....	25	26
Fancy country roll.....	19	15
Cheese—Ohio, new.....	14	13
New York.....	14	13

Poultry, Etc.

Hens—per lb.....	17	19
Chickens—dressed.....	21	22
Eggs—Pa. and Ohio, fresh.....	23	24

Fruits and Vegetables.

Potatoes—Fancy white per bu.....	1 00	1 05
Cabbage—per ton.....	35 00	39 00
Onions—per barrel.....	1 50	1 60

BALTIMORE.

Flour—Winter Patent.....	\$ 73	73
Wheat—No. 2 red.....	1 04	1 04
Corn—Mixed.....	79	71
Oats.....	47	47
Eggs.....	27	28
Butter—Ohio creamery.....	28	28

PHILADELPHIA.

Flour—Winter Patent.....	\$ 53	53
Wheat—No. 2 red.....	1 15	1 07
Corn—No. 2 mixed.....	75	76
Oats.....	61	62
Butter—Creamery.....	28	28
Butter—Pennsylvania firsts.....	42	42

NEW YORK.

Flour—Patents.....	\$ 91	1 00
Wheat—No. 2 red.....	1 15	83
Corn—No. 2.....	54	53
Oats—No. 2 white.....	54	53
Butter—Creamery.....	28	28
Eggs—State and Pennsylvania.....	25	30

LIVE STOCK.

Union Stock Yards, Pittsburg.

Extra, 1400 to 1600 pounds.....	6 57	6 73
Prime, 1200 to 1400 pounds.....	6 30	6 50
Good, 1000 to 1200 pounds.....	6 05	6 25
Fair, 800 to 1000 pounds.....	5 85	6 05
Common, 700 to 800 pounds.....	4 10	5 10
Bulls.....	3 00	4 00
Cows.....	2 00	3 00

HOOS.

Prime, heavy.....	8 50	8 55
Prime, medium weight.....	8 30	8 35
Best heavy Yorkers.....	8 45	8