

DUTY.

Over and over again
My duties wait for me,
They ever come in monotonous round,
Breakfast, and dinner, and tea,
Sweeping the snow-white clothes,
Sweeping and dusting with care.
There is ever some task in my little home
To brighten it everywhere.
What may I claim for my duties' fee?
Are these endless rounds of tasks to be
Naught but a dull monotony,
Over and over again?

Over and over again
The sun sinks low in the west,
And always over and over again
The birds come back to the nest.
The robin sings to its loving mate,
Close, close to my cottage door,
The same glad song I have heard him
sing
For many a day before.
What does this robin say to me?
If the heart is tuned to love's glad key,
No task can be dull monotony,
Though over and over again.
—Ada Simpson Sherwood.

The Junior Engineer's Adventure.

By Laurence J. Yates.

The men engaged in pushing the line of the Cape to Cairo Railroad northward through the central African jungle have stories to tell of their adventures in this land of intense heat, mighty wild beasts and pestiferous insects. But perhaps one of the most unusual and dreadful experiences that any of the road builders so far have undergone happened to Elliot Warfield, a junior engineer in the surveying corps that made preliminary surveys for this railroad in the vicinity of Lake Tanganyika.

Warfield had just recovered from a light attack of African fever, and was lounging about camp, not yet quite able to stand the strain of all-day work with the surveying corps beneath the tropical sun, when it occurred to him that a ramble in the neighboring jungle would do him no harm.

Accordingly, he took his repeating rifle, filled his pockets with cartridges, and stalked off into the thick forest just behind the camp without a word to anyone.

He had no intention of going far; but he soon came upon the fresh trail of a small herd of buffalo, and he followed the trail on and on. He did not come up with the buffalo, and finally, about mid-afternoon, when he was eight or nine miles from camp, his growing exhaustion warned him to give up the chase.

He had not retraced his steps far when a glimpse of black clouds in the west told him that one of the frequent thunder storms of the season would soon be upon him. He hurried along looking for a hollow tree or a hollow log that would afford shelter from the threatened deluge.

Meanwhile, with much vivid lightning and crashing thunder, the storm came on. Warfield had not gone more than half a mile before it broke with a heavy dash of rain and a rush of wind that in a moment became a veritable hurricane. The huge forest trees bent and broke before its power like brittle reeds; great branches were snapped off and came hurtling to the ground; mighty trunks themselves were uprooted, and fell with a crash.

In gravest peril, the young engineer ran this way and that. Suddenly a big tree, toppled a short distance behind him, and crashed upon a clump of younger trees, sending them down in all directions. He sprang wildly to one side, but he could not get out of range. He heard the whistling sound of branches swooping through the air toward him; then he remembered no more.

When Warfield returned to consciousness, he was lying prone upon his back on the ground, and the intense darkness of a moonless night was all about him. His head felt swollen to the size of a bushel basket, there was a crushing weight across the lower part of his body, and when he tried to move, a terrible grating pain stabbed him in the right leg, just above the knee. He felt about him, to find that he was entangled in and partly covered by the mass of branches of a fallen tree, and that one heavy branch, or fork of the tree, at least five inches in circumference, rested across both legs between thigh and knee, and pinned him tight to the earth.

To struggle to free himself was his first impulse, but his movements brought back the shooting pains to his right leg. He realized now that, in addition to being crushed to the ground and having his head bruised, he was suffering with a broken leg, and he lay very quiet, wondering how it was he had not been killed, and trying to think what he could do.

All was very still about him; the storm had long since passed; a dozen stars winked down at him through the open space in the forest left by the fallen trees. He wondered what time of night it was, and drew out his watch, listened, and found it stopped. Again he attempted to draw his legs out from under the weight that held him prisoner; but he could not move them a fraction of an inch, and the intense agony brought on by the struggle now made him abandon all hope of release until some one should come to his aid. Then he began to speculate how quickly aid would be like to come. His absence, of course, had been discovered when the surveying gang had returned to camp in the evening; but an effective search could not be instituted, he knew, in the darkness of night. He doubted if any serious attempt to find him would be made until morning. Even then the searchers would have the least idea what had become of him; they could only search the jungle at random, and the jungle was wide.

Now he bethought himself of his rifle; if he fired it from time to time it would attract the attention of any one who came very near. He reached out his hands in all directions, but could not discover the weapon.

Like snails the night hours dragged themselves away. His leg, swelling under the crushing weight that bore upon it, tortured him horribly. He was tormented, too, with the highly unpleasant apprehension that a lion or

some other flesh-eating brute of the jungle might find him.

But no man-eating night prowler came, and at last the first weak light of dawn began to creep through the forest. Now he looked about him. He was lying beneath the top of a young sycamore tree, with the tapering body of the fallen tree resting across both legs. His rifle lay to his left, pointing from him, its butt just a few inches beyond his reach. But he managed to twist his body about until his eager fingers could grasp the stock and draw the weapon to him.

It was rather early to expect that searchers from camp would be within sound of a rifle shot, so he began firing at intervals. Fortunately he had plenty of cartridges. The sun rose, grew hot, and drew the moisture left by the storm from the leaves and grasses about him. But there was no response to the shots.

About an hour after sunrise he felt small crawling bodies on the bare flesh of his uninjured leg below the knee. His leg was rather numb from the pressure upon it; still, he felt something moving there. For just a moment he wondered what was the nature of his creepy visitors. Then a pair of small, seemingly red-hot nippers seized the flesh of his leg. Involuntarily he tried to kick out, and could not, while in quick succession other small, hot nippers grasped his flesh at the same point.

With a sickening shock of fear and loathing, he guessed the identity of his tormentors, and instantly raised his head until he could look the length of his body. As he thought, hundreds of big black warrior-ants were crawling about his pinned-down legs, and among the grasses beyond swarmed an army, millions upon millions of these ferocious insects, all hungry for any helpless prey. The splintered end of a broken branch had torn away a portion of his canvas leggings and the clothing under it, and thus his bare skin was exposed. And here the warriors had begun their terrible work.

Warfield groaned with anguish at the sight, for he knew enough about these insects to realize just how horrible was the fate that threatened him. With a shudder he remembered having been told not long since how it had once been the practise of some of the native tribes on the Upper Congo to tie down to four stakes driven in the ground living captives, and leave them as a feast for these warrior-ants.

Quickly the engineer broke off a small, thickly leaved branch from the mass about him, and raising the upper

bit by bit, until they should kill him, or at least drive him insane.

Something must be done while he was yet calm enough to control himself, and this he realized would not be for long. In fact, he did not realize that in his weakness, suffering as he was from the shock of the accident, he could bear the frightful torture that he was undergoing for a half-hour without becoming demented.

He thought of fighting his tormentors with fire, only to see that the herbage round him was too green to burn. Besides, he found that he had no matches.

Yet no other idea came, and the pain from the numberless pairs of small, cutting, tearing nippers upon his unprotected flesh grew more excruciating.

In complete despair, he turned his eyes upon the rifle beside him, almost tempted to end his torment by turning the weapon upon himself. Then, as his fingers gripped the rifle-stock convulsively, it came to him that it might be possible to use this weapon to save him from the swarm of insects, instead of making it the instrument of his death.

His ammunition was home-loaded, for the target-shooting at long range. For this he had learned that better results can be obtained by merely seating the long, conical bullets on the powder-charge without crimping the shells. The bullets, therefore, were easily removable.

Hope sprang up in his heart. By removing the bullets from the cartridges, he could fire with the powder alone upon the clustering ants and surely do wicked work.

Quickly he emptied the magazine of the cartridges that it contained. To seize a cartridge, draw out the elongated bullet, and tear a small square of linen from his handkerchief, and then thrust the square into the end of the cartridge was but the work of a moment. Now he had a perfect blank. But he did not stop to test its effect upon his enemies; he continued the work of making more blanks.

The ants, unmolested now, swarmed up over all his body, and some ventured to get their nippers into the flesh of his neck. Still he did not heed them.

When he had six of these converted cartridges, he seized the rifle and slipped the cartridges into the magazine with feverish haste. Then, pausing just long enough to sweep away the ants at his neck, he raised the upper part of his body again, rested the rifle-barrel over the body of the tree, with the muzzle within three inches of the thickest cluster of feeding warriors on his leg, and pulled the trigger. One moment he felt the hot gush of flame strike and sear his flesh; the next he looked to note the disaster wrought among the hosts of the foe. It was much beyond his expectation. Hundreds, thousands of the insects had melted away—were blown to nothing. Scores, shrieking by the heat of the exploding charge, writhed on the ground.

That his own flesh had been well scorched he did not mind in the least. With a cry of delight, he made haste to fire again, and kept firing until the magazine was empty, at every shot holding the muzzle of the rifle to that point about him where the ants were thickest.

When he had done, all of the fer-

WHY A TAILOR SITS ON THE TABLE.

A tailor, making a dress coat, sat cross-legged on a table like a Turk.

"Why do tailors always work in that uncomfortable position?" asked a visitor.

"Women's tailors don't. Only men's do," was the reply. "And for men's tailors it is the most comfortable and the most convenient position possible. You see, the sewing on men's clothes is very, very fine; the work must be held up close to the eyes. Well, in this position, I lean the work on my elevated knees, and thus it is nearer my eyes, while at the same time my back remains straight.

"Analyzed, the position is a fine one. It keeps the back straight and the chest out, the knees make a table close up to the face, and eye-strain is avoided.

"Tailors for women sit on chairs. For one thing, the sewing on women's clothes is less fine than on men's. For another, the women's tailor has to get up every few minutes to go to the manikin, and at that rising, if he sat cross-legged on the floor, would tire him too much in the day's run."—Philadelphia Record.

part of his body, he tried to bear back the fierce insects by striking at them through the tangle of intervening branches with his bit of bough. But pinned down as he was, he could do little that was effective, and the host of warriors behind swarmed on until they covered all that portion of his legs extending below the body of the tree, in layers of half a dozen deep, and then advanced toward the upper part of his body.

He at once began to fight his advance, sweeping the ants back with vicious strokes of his bare hands as soon as they appeared above his hips; but the moment he paused in his battle against them, a little black wave of the warriors would come creeping up toward his shoulders.

The cruel sting of their attack upon his flesh, and this repeated, sinister advance soon completely unnerved him. He writhed and struggled, so that he set the ends of the broken bone in his leg to grating again, almost swooned from this double portion of agony, and then finally burst into tears of self-pity. But gradually he overcame his weakness, and set his brain to thinking connectedly.

Although his clothes protected him in all but the one place at present, he knew that the ants would soon succeed in cutting through his garments and reach his flesh in other places, and would then, unless interrupted, surely devour the lower part of his body

scious insect army with a radius of eight feet of him that had not been annihilated was in full retreat.

For a moment he sank back faint, but with infinite relief to be free from the assault of the myriad of green little maws. But fearing a renewal of the attack, he hurried to take out of his pocket a dozen loaded cartridges and make them over into blanks. Then, with freshly loaded rifle, he waited; but not an ant came back; the rout was complete.

Warfield, however, had a long time to wait and suffer before complete relief was to come to him, for it was not until three hours later that the chief engineer and half a dozen Arab axmen, who had been out since two hours before the dawn, came upon him, guided by his rifle-shots, released him, and bore him to camp.—Youth's Companion.

Gibraltar's Searchlight Battery.

For ships to pass around Gibraltar, England's and the world's greatest fortress, without being observed even at night is a practical impossibility, owing to the great battery of searchlights arranged along the bottom of the rock. A ship running either in or out runs into one of the fixed beams of light and is revealed. A moving beam of light then follows her until the lookout officers are satisfied as to her intentions.—Poplar Mechanics.

AGRICULTURE

Do Buzzards Carry Cholera?

Some time ago I saw this question: Do buzzards spread the hog cholera? They do for a fact. They gave it to my hogs this spring. They came to my farm after a dead snake and roosted in my pasture field. In a short time the hogs in the pasture took the cholera.—L. A. Denny, in the Indianapolis News.

Skim Milk Diet.

Experiments have shown that when skim milk is added to the ration, it increased the consumption of other food. Skim milk is valuable for young chicks in hot, dry weather, and it is less important, when they grow older. It must not be allowed to stand and become fouled. In later experiments it was found that with cooler weather and for older chicks the value of skim milk was not lessened.—Farmers' Home Journal.

Flax for Calves.

"I grow an acre of flax to feed my calves," said A. D. Foster of Bloomfield, to an editor of Farm and Dairy of Canada, who was at his place recently. "I find that it is much better than oil-cake meal and easy to raise. It will grow in any wet corner or wet piece of land.

"When I take it to be ground, I add to it about one-third as much oats, which makes it grind better, without injuring its feeding value. I scald and leave it for half an hour before feeding. It is fed twice a day with the milk, about a tea-cupful being given to a month old calf.

"I commence feeding the flax when the calf is weaned, and when we commence to feed it skim milk. I have been feeding flax in this way for five years. It seems to supply the food that is lacking in skim milk."

To Keep Eggs Fresh.

A gentleman, while traveling in China, had his attention called by the American consul to the fact that the Chinese had, centuries ago, solved the problem in a more effective way than has ever been done by modern cold-storage warehouse systems. It happened that he had had no opportunity to test the Chinese method until he was leaving the country, when he was presented with fresh-laid eggs incased in spherical mud pies. He brought home these packages along with other souvenirs, and kept them until "fresh" eggs soared to 80 cents a dozen; then he opened his mud pies, and imagine his surprise to find the eggs in first-class condition. "Later," he said, "I tried the experiment myself; buried my eggs deep in mud and formed it into cakes around them, allowing 'the pie' to dry out. The result was the same—when they were opened they were perfectly fresh."—From the Indiana Farmer.

Be Friendly With the Colt.

Some men seem to take special delight in kicking and cuffing the colt around every time it bothers them or gets in the way.

You may be sure the little fellow will remember such ill usage, and after awhile, when it grows larger, and strong enough to work, it will be looking for the same treatment when you attempt to break it.

Naturally, it won't want any dealings with you then, and it will take you ten times as long to work it as it would if you had always been on friendly terms with it. Then, too, the way it will yank you around won't be slow; neither will it be at all enjoyable—in fact, it will be quite dangerous, both to you and the colt.

So get friendly with the colt—this hope of a future horse. Halt it, handle it, feed and train it now as you would have it be when it grows older, for it is now surely laying the foundation upon which to build. By teaching it to be handled while it is young, you will be agreeably surprised how naturally and easily it will fall into its pace as a work-horse or driver when the proper time comes. Indeed, we find that this teaching the colt at such an early age, so accustoms it to doing as we wish, that there never is any "breaking in" to be done—just a gradual change from partial freedom to a complete hitching-up in full harness, and the one-time colt is a tractable and valuable horse.—M. Albertus Coverdell, in the Indiana Farmer.

Good Dairy Farming.

A very interesting presentation of intelligent and careful dairy farming is given in a letter sent to Hoards Dairyman by W. H. Jenkins. It is carefully and impartially written, and our readers will doubtless be pleased to study the facts set forth. Here it is:

The owner of the herd of Holsteins is E. W. Jester. The farm contains 275 acres, 75 of which is timber land. The winter ration is 40 pounds of ensilage per day, and 7 pounds of a mixture of corn, oats, gluten and mixed wheat feed; some beta are added. The summer ration is good pasture, with oats and peas and green corn. This ration, it will be noticed is a very similar one to the one Mr. Arnold, who owns the herd of Jerseys described in the former article, feeds his Jerseys, except a somewhat larger quantity is fed to each cow. The stable, like Mr. Arnold's is warm, light and has the King system of ventilation. The manure is saved, and applied to the soil without loss. Considerable clover is grown, and the ensilage is of mature corn, heavy with ripened ears, but Mr. Jester grows on the farm more of the grain ration he feeds his cows than Mr. Morgan. Only on a few farms are

the conditions for growing grain so favorable as on this one. A large part is river flat. It is a rather light clay loam, naturally under-drained and free from stone. Here the wheel or gang plow can be used, if one wishes, the horse seeder, the binder, also the manure spreader. In fact, on this level and easily worked land, about all the work can be done by machinery. With a large farm like this, where extra help must be kept to milk the cows, it may be profitable to grow a part of the grain fed to the cows, unless one's soil is prepared for growing alfalfa. This is a question for the individual farmer to settle, but on the average farm in Eastern New York, I think it is not profitable to grow much grain, only as a nurse crop when seeding land to grass.

To Build A Hog House.

In building a hog house the first thing is to select a suitable location, where it is possible to have feeding pens and runs. My hog house is 24x36 feet with a feedway, 4 feet wide through the centre, with three pens 8x12 feet, on each side, which gives room for 12 to 15 fattening hogs in each. Each pen has a gate opening into the feed way. These gates are 4 feet wide, the same as the alley or feed way itself, so that when the gate is open it closes the alley, thus making it handy to handle the hogs.

The foundation of my house is a solid brick wall, which is down below the freezing depth of the ground and 6 inches above the ground. Use studding, 2x4 feet, 10 feet long, placed 2 feet apart on the brick foundation. It is better to dig out the dirt inside the house to a depth of 5 or 6 inches and fill in with 2 or 3 inches of gravel and 3 inches of cement made by mixing 3 parts of good, clean sand in one part cement.

It does not pay to use poor material in building a hog-house. Use good drop siding and No. 1 shingles. It is always a good plan to have room above the ground floor to store away straw for bedding. Put joists 7 feet above the ground floor and lay a good floor above. An opening 21-2 feet wide should be left around the wall to put down the bedding. Have a 2x3 feet opening out of each pen into the runs outside, also a window, 2x3 feet and 3 feet above the ground floor, to admit light and sunshine. Set the house north and south so that the sun will shine into the east pens in the forenoon and in the west pens in the afternoon. As you probably see, this hog house is for shots and fattening hogs, not for farrowing purposes.

For the sows and pigs have houses of smaller dimensions, one for each sow. These houses for farrowing purposes should be 5x6 feet on runners with a floor, the back side 3 feet high the front 5 feet high, with a drop door, 2x6 feet, in front to admit sun and air. Have a door, 2x3 feet in one end. Build these houses out of matched lumber, give them a good coat of paint and a good brood sow will save her pigs in zero weather.—A Reader in the Indiana Farmer.

Farm Notes.

Dairying means more money, richer crops and greater prosperity each year.

The milking machine is rapidly climbing out of the experimental class.

Keep grit, charcoal, and lime where they can always be accessible to the fowls.

One good cow beats three ordinary ones for profit considering the feed question.

No one can do dairying right who will not take the time to keep records on each cow's production.

Only intelligent application in the dairy will win. It is not all hard work but thoughtful work.

It has been well said that 40 bushels of wheat per acre at one dollar a bushel don't beat dairy farming.

When you are ahead of your work it isn't such a hard matter to keep there; then there is time for other things.

It is said to be a good thing when ants are found on plants, to look for plant lice and spray with kerosene emulsion.

The dairy is a poor and unprofitable one which keeps cow boarders which do not pay the feed bill with milk and cream returns.

It has been recommended that the traffic in horned toads be stopped, the reason being their usefulness in destroying insects.

The man who produces nothing but the best is going to come much nearer getting his price than he who produces poorer stuff.

A Criterion.

A physician at a recent meeting of the College of Physicians in Philadelphia told a story illustrating the witty comprehension of a patient of Irish nativity. The physician declared that one of his patients, an Irishman, could not understand why, if one of his arms refused to perform its usual functions, the other should remain normal.

"It is the balancing power of nature," explained the physician. "If a man is blind in one eye, nature generally provides additional strength for the remaining eye. When deafness is discovered in one ear, the hearing of the other ear becomes unusually acute."

"Now that you mention it, Oí be-láve 'tis so," said the patient. "When a man has a short leg, the other is generally longer."—Judge.

HOME IDEAS and ECONOMIES

Rustless Needlebook.

The best way to keep needles from rusting is to place them in booklets made from the waxed paper that comes around crackers. Damp weather almost always causes needles to rust, and the above method will prevent it. It is a simple matter to make the booklets and they will last a long time.—Washington Herald.

Rid of Roaches.

One of the best ways to get rid of cockroaches is to scatter the parings of a cucumber about the hiding places. This is much cheaper than borax, which is also a good remedy for the pests. Cornmeal dough mixed with borax and then scattered about the hiding places of roaches will cause them to disappear almost instantly.—New York Press.

Spots On Linen.

One of the problems of the housewife is the removal of ink spots from white linen, and one of the best ways to get rid of the stains is to dip the goods in buttermilk, if it is convenient, otherwise in sweet milk. This dipping should be repeated until all signs of the spots have disappeared. This applies to the fresh stains. If the ink has hardened there are several eradicators purchasable. But the latter compounds often cause holes to appear in the linen. The woman who fears to use acids on valuable linen can fall back on lemon and salt, with several hours in the sun.—New York Press.

A Word About Quilting.

As it is becoming "the thing" to do your own quilting, I want to put in a hint or two about machine work, for the Farmer sisters. Having quilted seven for church and home the last year, I feel I am becoming a bit expert. So I say don't quilt in blocks or pieces for it makes ugly seams, no matter how careful you are; besides, if you do all in one piece, you may make one of the beautiful, never reversible quilts—that is, both sides pieced, no lining. Here is the way to do it.

Have your two sides, well pieced. If you have quilting frames, it is nicest to tack it into the frames, with long stitches. If you have no frames, lay one side on the floor, securing each corner with a pin. Spread one roll of good, smooth cotton on, lay your top over, baste it smooth around the edges, and run four or five rows of long stitch bastings across each way. Take from frames (or floor) and beginning at diagonal corners, roll the quilt up, and secure with a few pins. Fill plenty of bobbins, and slip your quilter guide on the machine. If you have not one, ten cents will buy it at any machine store, and you will find much use for it in hemming and tucking, as well as quilting. Set the quilter for an inch, or inch and a half spaces, begin at one corner and go across, diamond way, that is, diagonal. As you keep on, roll the quilt and pin it, unrolling the other way, being careful to hold it smooth under the machine arm. You will have no trouble, unless with the two or three longest crossings, and a little practice will end that. When quilted one way, turn, and quilt the same the other way.

When finished, bind edges neatly with turkey red oil calico, and you will have a beautiful piece of diamond quilting, just alike on both sides and no seams. It is practically, two quilts in one, and a little trying will enable any sister to do smooth, elegant work, that will last a lifetime.—M. D. B., in Indiana Farmer.

Recipes.

Lemon Cake.

—One cup of butter, 3 cups sugar, 1 cup milk, 4-1/2 cups flour, 5 eggs, 1 teaspoon of soda, the juice and grated peel of 1 large lemon.

Sour Milk Cake.

—One cup of sugar, 1 table-spoonful of butter, 1-2 teaspoonful of each clove and cinnamon, a little salt, 1 cup of sour milk, 2 cups of flour with 1 teaspoonful of soda sifted in it; 1 cup of chopped raisins.

Rye Drop Cakes.

—A pint of warm milk, with half a teaspoonful of soda dissolved in it, a pinch of salt, four eggs well beaten and enough rye flour to make a thin batter. Bake in small buttered cups in a hot oven, or on a griddle in small cakes.

Hominy Muffins.

—Two cups of boiled hominy, beat smooth and stir in three cups of sour milk, half a cup of melted butter, two teaspoonfuls of salt, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, three eggs well beaten, a teaspoonful of soda dissolved in hot water, and two cups of flour. Bake quickly in a hot oven.

Coffee Souffle.

—Heat 1-1/2 cups of strong black coffee, 1-2 cup milk, 1 tablespoonful granulated gelatine in a top part of a double boiler, add 2-3 of a cup of sugar, 1-4 teaspoonful salt and yolks of 3 eggs, slightly beaten, cook until it thickens, then add whites of 3 eggs beaten to a stiff froth, mould and serve with cream; vanilla, if desired.

Rice Waffles.

—One quart of flour, half a teaspoonful of salt, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, a heaping tablespoonful of butter, two eggs, half a pint of milk and a cupful of boiled rice. Stir the flour, salt and baking powder together. Rub the butter into the flour, beat the eggs, whites and yolks separately, and add the whites stiff at the very last.