

## AN IRISH MELODY

BY JOHN FRANCIS WALKER.

"Ah, sweet Kitty Nell! rise up from your wheel—  
Your neat little foot will be weary from spinning;  
Come, trip down with me to the sycamore tree;  
Half the parish is there, and the dance is beginning.  
The sun is gone down; but the full harvest moon  
Shines sweetly and cool on the dew-whitened valley;  
While all the air rings with the soft, loving things  
Each little bird sings in the green shaded alley."

With a blush and a smile Kitty rose up the while,  
Her eye in the glass, as she bound her hair, glancing;  
'Tis hard to refuse when a young lover sues,  
So she couldn't but choose to go off to the dancing.  
And now on the green the glad groups are seen—  
Each gay-hearted lad with the lass of his choosing;  
And Pat, without fail, leads out sweet Kitty Nell—  
Somehow, when he asked, she ne'er thought of refusing.

Now Felix Magee puts his pipes to his knee,  
And with flourish so free, sets each couple in motion;  
With a cheer and a bound, the lads scatter the ground—  
The maids move around just like swans on the ocean.  
Checks bright as the rose—feet light as the doe's—  
Now softly retiring, now boldly advancing;  
Search the world all around from the sky to the ground,  
No such sight can be found as the Irish lass dancing!

Sweet Kate, who could view your eyes of deep blue,  
Beaming humbly through their dark lashes so mildly—  
Your fairy-torn arm, heaving breast, rounded form—  
Nor feel his heart warm, and his pulses throbbing wildly?  
Poor Pat, feels his heart, as he gazes, depart,  
Subdued by the smart of such painful yet sweet love;  
The sight leaves his eyes as he cries with a sigh,  
"Dance light, for my heart it lies under your feet, love!"

—National Magazine.

## A Trust Fulfilled.

By Roger Canning, D.

THE people of Melstone were not uncharitable, yet it would have been hard to find three persons who good believed there was any good in Fred Wildburn. A rude, ungoverned child; a lawless, vicious youth; a reckless, dissipated man. In all his thirty years of life he had done no good thing that anyone ever remembered of him. The people of Melstone were a very moral sort of people, and did not hesitate to give this one Ishmaelite to understand the impassable gulf that lay between themselves and him, both in time and eternity. Perhaps it tended to improve his heart and temper; but I doubt it.

Among the inhabitants was a family of the name of Upton. From time immemorial there had been a feud between the Wildburns and Uptons, kept alive and aggravated by each successive generation. A great many years before a Wildburn and an Upton had married sisters, and through some nice bit of diplomacy on the part of Upton, his wife was made heiress to the paternal fortune, and the wife of Wildburn cut off with a paltry hundred dollars.

Later, Henry Upton had succeeded in getting the whole of a large legacy, left by some distant relative, which should have been equally divided between Fred Wildburn and himself. Naturally, this tended to widen the breach, and fearful and bitter were the vows of vengeance which Fred breathed against Upton.

Indeed, his ungovernable passion might have led him to some act of personal violence, but for one restraining influence. Ten years before the commencement of our tale, when Fred Wildburn was about twenty years old, he had one of his wrists broken in a fight he had himself provoked. His mother was, and had been for years, a bedridden invalid, with an intellect weakened by long illness and abuse—for her husband drank heavily at times, and liquor made him wild and furious.

The broken limb was set by a surgeon in a neighboring town; but the prospect of payment being exceedingly small, he paid very little subsequent attention to his patient. It was warm weather, and the arm was badly torn and bruised besides, and needed daily attention. Good, charitable, pious people, who gave munificently for the amelioration of the heathen thousands of miles away, turned with disgust from this heathen at their own doors. Timid women shrank from entering the house, because, perchance, old Wildburn might be on one of his "carousings"; and so the bruises became inflamed, and the danger that the arm would have to come off grew imminent. Fred wasn't used to bearing pain, and raved fearfully, while the weak-minded invalid cried and fretted by turns, and Wildburn senior drank more perseveringly than ever.

Into this pandemonium there came one morning a slight, delicate girl, bearing a little roll of snowy linen in her hands.

"I have come to dress your arm, Fred," she said, quietly, laying aside her white sunbonnet, and revealing a thin, rather pale face, with steady, fearless brown eyes.

"Who sent you here, Bessie Brandon?" asked the elder Wildburn, in a hoarse, strident voice.

"No one, sir. I came because I thought it right for me to come. Frederick will lose his arm, unless it is cared for speedily."

"Let him lose it, then," was the gruff answer.

"Not if I can help it, sir!" And the brown eyes were lifted fearlessly to his face.

Muttering something about "meddling neighbors," he seized his hat and staggered out of the room, and Bessie at once set herself to the work of caring for the wounded arm.

It was a shocking sight, and the firm lips grew just a little white as she stripped off the matted bandages; but her white fingers were steady and cool, as she carefully washed the arm, bathed it in some liniment she had brought with her, and swathed it nicely and carefully in the cool, soft linen she had brought for the purpose.

"Why, it doesn't feel like the same arm!" Fred exclaimed, when she had finished; and involuntarily he glanced

Fred Wildburn was sitting over a smoldering fire, inwardly cursing the storm that kept him in. It was not a pleasant home—there was that excuse for him. The walls were dingy with smoke, the floor was bare and dirty, the chairs and tables were broken and dilapidated.

"How the wind blows! This is the third time—"

He paused suddenly, for, framed in the door, the wind and snow whirling madly about her slight figure, stood Bessie Upton.

"Great Heaven, Bessie!" he ejaculated, and then stood gazing at her in dumb amazement, while she closed the door, and came and stood before him.

"Frederick," she said, in her sweet, firm voice, "Henry is out somewhere in this storm. The horse has come home alone. If he came the forest road, he can never find his way home, and he could not live till morning in this storm. There is nobody I dare ask but you to go to him. It is a great deal to ask, I know; but I think I know your heart better than anyone else does, and I shall trust to your courage and bravery in this dreadful emergency."

A fierce spasm of pain crossed his face. Then he turned away without speaking, and took down his hat and coat, and they walked together to the door. He paused on the doorstep, looking wistfully down at her.

"How can you get home?" he said. "It is dreadful, I know, Frederick"—nobody but she ever called him anything but Fred—"but I think I can get along," the wind nearly taking her from her feet as she spoke.

"If I might accompany you," he said, hesitating, and adding, "if you are not afraid of being contaminated."

"For answer, she put her hands in his, confidently."

While she lived, Bessie Upton never forgot the close, nervous clasp with which he held her hands; but he took her carefully and tenderly to her door, and then turned away into the storm and darkness.

One, two, three hours—and, oh, such long, interminable ages as they seemed!

"Perhaps I have sent him to his death, too," she moaned, sadly. "Oh, if I could only know and see just where they are!"

If she could, she would have seen a slight, determined figure, battling with the strength of a giant against the winds that disputed his progress step by step. Falling sometimes over prostrate trees, anon borne down by sudden drifts of snow, yet struggling on with unabated zeal, till he comes at last to a still, white figure lying across the path, entangled and held down by the debris of broken wheels and tree limbs!

Two hours later, when poor Bessie had nearly given them both up for dead, Fred Wildburn staggered into the room, and laid her husband at her feet.

"I have fulfilled the trust," he said, faintly, and sank down beside Upton, who, was slowly rousing from the terrible chill and torpor that had overpowered him.

"Oh, Henry! he has fainted! And see!"

She grew suddenly white as she pointed to a small stream of blood that stained his shirt bosom, caused by a sudden hemorrhage from the lungs.

It was morning before they could get a physician there. Wildburn had laid in an unconscious state all night; but the flow of blood had ceased, and they thought it only the torpor of exhaustion.

"Poor Fred!" Henry Upton said, "there was some good in him, after all. I owe my life to his bravery, and I shan't forget it in a hurry. I have been thinking, Bessie, that I will take him into the mill, and see if I can't make something of him yet."

The doctor came at last; but his grave face told the story before he opened his lips.

"There is no chance for him to recover," he said.

A little after noon the dying man opened his eyes, and looked about him.

"Fred," Mr. Upton said, feelingly, "I've not treated you as I should have done in times past, and I didn't deserve this at your hands. I want you to forgive me, and—"

"Bessie—where is Bessie?" he interrupted, faintly.

"Here, dear Frederick, here."

And she took his hands in hers, and bent over him till he felt a warm tear splash on his face.

"Oh, Bessie! it's a miserable life, I know; but it's all I have to give, and I would give it a hundred times over to save you from sorrow," he said, with a smile that glorified his coarse face.

"It was my good right arm—the arm you saved for me, you know, dear. I told you I should never forget, and I never did! Nobody but you ever trusted to the good there was in me—little enough there was, I know," he said, dreamily, his voice growing suddenly weak.

Bessie was crying softly. He opened his eyes, and gave one long, eager look in her face, and in that wistful gaze Bessie Upton read the secret no one else ever knew or guessed.—New York Weekly.

### Don't Insult the Hog.

When a man don't give his wife any money nor pay the preacher nor contribute a cent to build up his town or country, some people call him a hog, but that is slander—slander against the hog. The hog does pay. He pays the doctor, the preacher, the storekeeper, builds a new house for the wife, buys organs, pianos, buggies and sends the children away to school. Don't ever compare a mean, stingy man to a hog again.—Jewell (Kan.) Republican.

## Pluck and Adventure.

THE STORY OF A WORD.

SURELY we are fearfully and wonderfully made, as the psalmist says," remarked the Pascegonia philosopher to a couple of gentlemen who were discussing the various kinds of timber used in building boats. "How a simple, indifferent word can act upon the mind like a spark of fire on a keg of gunpowder, causing an explosion and reviving memories lying dormant in the mind of many years and supposed to be completely obliterated. I was stretched out on a bench opposite the two men, whose conversation did not in the least interest me, but prevented me from dropping into a nap, when the word 'Juniper' struck my ear and started a conflagration within my mind, making me jump up to my feet wide awake.

My friends, whose conversation I had so suddenly interrupted, were startled at my action, and wanted to know what was the matter. I then told them. It was away back in the seventh decade of the last century, when I was on an expedition for the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad out in Colorado with 100 burros, four saddle horses and twenty-five Mexican burro drivers to distribute them among four engineer corps locating railroad lines for that company through a wild, mountainous country. After reaching the head waters of the San Juan River my route was down that stream, along narrow trails, where we had to march single file, crossing and recrossing the stream, and occasionally following its bed until we came to a narrow canon with perpendicular walls of rock about a thousand feet high on each side.

From there our trail led up a steep mountain side, covered with juniper shrubs and an occasional stunted juniper tree, a large one of which, with a trunk nearly a foot in diameter and a dense round top, looking somewhat like a Chinese umbrella tree, stood on the edge of a mesa on top of the canon near the precipice. A protracted drought was prevailing and everything was as dry as tinder. When near the top, within a hundred feet of that juniper tree, fortunately on my feet, leading the horse (I was generally riding) by the bridle, the top of that tree suddenly exploded, spluttering flames in every direction and soon setting the whole mountain side ablaze. My horse reared and turned several somersaults down the mountain side, its descent being arrested by another juniper bush at the edge of the precipice, where it regained its feet, while the frightened burros rushed pelluc for the river.

We all had to run for our lives, pursued by the rapidly advancing conflagration, until we reached a safe shelter in the canon, where we camped all night and witnessed the sudden starting of forest fires on the other side of the river, spreading with amazing rapidity, which Antonio, the chief of the Apache Indians, declared was the work of the Meeker massacre, at the White River Indian Agency, and the annihilation of Captain Thornberg's command, going to its relief, occurred, and I now wonder that I am here to-night to tell this story of my hazardous mission, which I successfully accomplished.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

### ADVENTURES OF A FINN.

Truth continues to be stranger, as well as rarer, than fiction. The ingenuity of the romantic novelist or the stage melo-dramatist cannot equal the thrill and circumstance of real life. We expect some time to set the adventures of Matti Hjalmar Reinikka on the stage, and if they get there they will help to advertise the struggles of a brave people to be free.

Reinikka is a youth who lately lived in the village of Kurikka, Finland. He took part with other youths in resisting the Russian conscription, this conscription being contrary to the covenant of Russia with his country. He was arrested and released; and now, his revolutionary blood being up, he went to Helsingfors, the capital of the country, with the intention of killing the Russian Procurator-General, M. Johnsson, a rascally Finn—a very reprehensible design, inexcusable even in an oppressed people. Not knowing the man by sight, he went to his office on some pretext to get a look at him, and there fell under the suspicion of a detective, who arrested him. Matti refused to give any account of himself.

Finding himself in prison and likely to stay there, he had a happy thought. He told the chief that he had not deemed it well to tell his name and his errand at the Procurator's to a subordinate, but that his real object was to give warning that a peasant from the parish of Kurikka, named Matti Reinikka, had come to Helsingfors to kill him. The chief made inquiries and found that a man of that name had disappeared from the village. No longer suspicious, the police head got Matti to join him in the search for this man, and for two days Reinikka went around Helsingfors with the police, solemnly searching for himself!

At the end of the second day the police took him to the circus to see if the fugitive were there. While he was in the company of one of the police, a girl of his own village rushed up to him and exclaimed: "Matti Reinikka! You here?" The game was accordingly up. Matti tried to escape, but was seized. A riot was commencing in the circus, however, and the policeman took Reinikka into a neighboring bar, where the youth broke away and fled to the railroad station. There he managed to jump upon a train which was just steaming out into the country.

Of course the police were at once after him by wire, but before the next station was reached Matti leaped off the train as it slowed down in a railroad yard; but in attempting to get away from a train approaching on another track, he slipped and fell under the wheels, and had his right arm crushed. He was picked up and once more arrested. In a hospital his arm was amputated, but as he was recovering it chanced (?) that one night every electric light in and about the hospital went out, and the young revolutionist escaped in the darkness. He fled to Stockholm, practiced shooting with his left hand, returned to Finland, and on March 20 last shot the Russian Governor of Viborg, M. Miasoyedeff, through the shoulder and back. Needless to say, he did not help his cause by this crime.

Matti was arrested and his victim will recover; but he has succeeded in firing every young Finn with an intense admiration for his desperate endeavor to wreak vengeance on the Russians.—New York Evening Mail.

### HERO IN 3000-FOOT LEAP.

Straight down 3000 feet to what seemed certain death, William Canfield, a Boston aeronaut, leaped from his balloon in Lynn, Mass., in order that Mrs. Camille Stafford, who was with him in the balloon, might have a chance for her life.

She escaped unhurt, though she landed in an apple; he was badly shocked and hurt by striking a house as his parachute was swung in the strong wind. Five thousand persons witnessed his startling act of heroism.

At the time he leaped Canfield and Mrs. Stafford, who also is an aeronaut, were in the balloon over a most thickly populated part of Lynn. The balloon was leaking badly, and their combined weight was dragging it down, slowly at first, then rapidly, as the 5000 persons looked on. Canfield saw that the only way to save the woman would be for him to cut loose in his parachute.

After a word of caution to her, telling her to remain with the balloon until it passed over the meadows a mile away, he cut the rope and plunged straight down. The balloon, which had been in danger of turning upside down, immediately righted itself when relieved of the man's weight, and lifted the woman beyond danger. Canfield came through the air like a shot for fifty feet or more, then, suddenly, the wind caught his parachute and it flew open. But the breeze was too strong. He had leaped, intending to land in a spot where there were not a great many houses. The wind swept him out of his course, however, and he was thrown violently against a house. The force of his fall smashed the wooden gutter of the house and otherwise damaged it. Persons in the house lifted him up, and an ambulance was sent for. On the way to the hospital he revived. "Is she safe?" was his first question.

Before the ascent Canfield and Mrs. Stafford saw that the balloon leaked and sewed it up. In the air the strain on it was so great, however, that the strands parted and allowed the gas to escape. This was what led Canfield to leap. Canfield's legs were badly broken.—New York Press.

BILLY BALLOU, HERO.

In the long list of those on the Nation's roll of honor the name of "Billy" Ballou, private of the Fifteenth Cavalry, must have place. On February 2, 1904, Ballou, who was a member of Troop D, with his captain and two other privates, was surprised by a band of insurgents, who to all appearances just "popped up out of the ground" near the village of Suciatan on the Island of Mindanao. Before the quartet of regulars recovered from their surprise the captain and one of the privates had been killed, and the second private severely wounded, and Ballou was left alone to make the best fight he could. The records show that he made a good one.

Ballou stood his ground, his faithful "Krag" all the time peppering an answer to the rifles in the hands of the attacking insurgents. The fight was tenacious, but so deadly was Ballou's fire that the number of his opponents decreased by one every time his rifle snapped, and finally those of the little brown men who were left alive retreated. When reinforcements arrived they found Ballou still on guard, nursing his wounded comrade and ready, should the occasion arise, to fight another battle single handed.

THE PRIEST AND THE TIGER.

The Rev. Father Froger, Principal of St. Joseph's College, Bangalore, India, writes to the local papers describing an experience when cycling from Wellington to Octacumund by the Kotagiri Road—this being the road, it is understood, which comes into Octacumund from the Snowdon direction. According to the Englishman's summary, the Reverend Father was riding quietly along when he saw what looked like a tiger sitting on a rock on the bare hillside above him. As he watched the fact that it was a tiger became apparent, and, to Father Froger's horror, it suddenly bounded straight down the hillside and made for him.

Fortunately, there was a slight incline in his favor in the road, and he cycled for his life until the upward grade became too steep and he had to get off. Apparently, the beast did not get off after he had lost sight of the cyclist, but the unprovoked attack is in itself an unusual occurrence, especially with Nilgiri tigers. There seems little doubt that tigers are unusually numerous this year, and in the vicinity of Kotagiri bears and panthers are also said to be in unaccustomed numbers.

## FARM TOPICS

### A GOOD RATION.

You can make a fairly good cattle ration with twenty pounds of wheat hay, eight pounds of bran and four pounds of meal daily. The carrots will be useful as succulent feed, and the wheat straw may be fed as much as the animals can consume. The carrots and wheat hay together would have perhaps about the same feeding value as ensilage from corn, and the ration may be made to contain ten pounds of the wheat hay and twenty pounds of the chopped carrots.

### SELECTING BROOD STOCK.

If one has raised a litter of fine pigs of good breed there are probably several among them that will make good brood cows if properly brought up. The individuals should be carefully watched as they grow, and when the selection is made the pigs should be about five months old. From then on they should be separated from the market stock, and until the end of the season placed on the best grass possible. All females intended for breeding purposes should have less carbonaceous food than that given to those intended for market. From one-half to two-thirds corn is enough in the ration from the time the young sow begins to eat grain.

### OAT HAY.

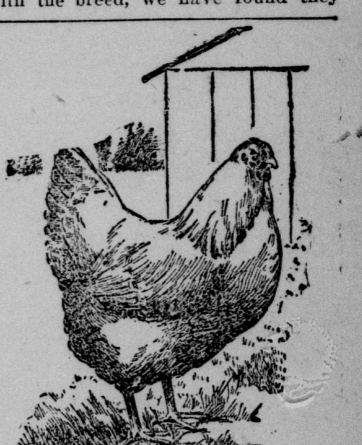
For several years the practice of making a part of the oat crop into hay has been coming into use. On farms where there is a large amount of this grain grown, this method seems to be preferred to letting the entire crop ripen, and then having so much straw to feed or otherwise dispose of.

When the crop is intended for hay it is well to sow a little more thickly in order that the growth of straw may be finer and of better quality.

The crop should be cut about when the grain is in the milk, or a little past, and while the straw is yet green and succulent. The process of curing is about the same as with grass. It may take longer to cure, and can be put in cock if need be. Secured in good condition oats make an excellent feed for cows in milk and young animals.

### POPULAR WYANDOTTES.

We believe that some of the troubles of raisers of the White Wyandottes come from improper feeding. While the breed is supposed to be tough and hardy, there is a weakness in them somewhere which demands careful feeding. In an experience of ten years with the breed, we have found they



must be uniformly fed at the same hours daily, and that their food must be of the best quality and in considerable quantity.

Handled in this manner they will give satisfactory results and produce eggs in about the same numbers during the year as the Plymouth Rocks, but, with us at least, they do not equal the Leghorns in this respect. On the other hand, there is considerable fatness and they are readily fattened for market when desired. In the hands of some poultrymen they are very satisfactory and will probably become more so in the years to come, for they are noticeably better and stronger now than they were ten years ago.—Indianapolis News.

### STORING FOOD FOR WINTER.

Any flock of hens which is turning in to its owner less than \$1 a hen a year profit ought to be carefully gone over and the drones picked out; then the owner should begin to study himself and his methods of feeding in order to ascertain where his weaknesses are, for quite as much lies in the care and treatment as in the individual hen. It is not intended to convey the idea that one can make a dollar a year profit from each hen and have enormous flocks, for it has been repeatedly demonstrated that the larger the flock the greater the expense attending, and hence the smaller the profit. Make it your business to watch your hens and learn their individual needs.

The advice given by an old poultryman that one try to furnish the same plan of feed for fowls in winter that they find for themselves on the range in the summer is well worth following. Store away root crops and clover hay to furnish the green food; feed moderately of green bone and animal meal or meat scraps, to furnish the substitute for the insects of summer. Furnish the dust box, the grit and the clean, dry quarters, and you will have come pretty close to summer conditions, and eggs will follow. If, under this treatment, the returns are not up to the mark, then it will be evident that the trouble is with the fowls and a new lot should be bought.—Indianapolis News.