

GOOD NIGHT IN THE COUNTRY.

Slowly the sun fades out of sight. Good night! Robin goes to his welcome nest To rest!

THE THREAT OF ABNER PHILLIPS

By JOHN BARTON OXFORD.

The dinner horn sounded raucously through the shimmering heat of the July noonday, its strident summons carrying even to the lot where David Warner was whetting his scythe in the grateful shade of a Father Abraham apple tree.

"What's wrong, Abby?" he asked, with clumsy solicitude. "Tired out?" She shook her head. "It's father," she said, wearily.

"What's the matter with him? Ain't sick, is he?" "He's got another of his spells of goin' to the poor farm."

"He wasn't very considerate, that's a fact." Her husband's voice had a hint of anxiety in it. "What set him goin' this time?"

"Oh, I s'pose 'twas my scolding as much as anything," she said, in a voice that quavered with righteous wrath. "I was fryin' doughnuts this mornin', and he come in with some lead in an old skillet. Said he'd got to make some sinkers for the boys to go fishin' with, and wanted to melt it. Perhaps I did speak out sharper'n need be, but I couldn't have him at the stove then. The next thing I knew, he came in from the shed with his old black valise and went up stairs with it. Said he wasn't goin' to be a burden on anybody, and he guessed the poor farm was the place for him. He's up stairs packin' his things now. I wish you'd go up and talk to him."

David stroked his chin thoughtfully. A grim light came into his eyes. "He hasn't any call to be throwin' the poor farm in our faces," said he. "I don't know but what it'd be a good idea to let him go this time."

"Let him go to the poor farm?" gasped his wife, in horrified surprise. David smiled a little sadly. That his father should feel his presence to be unwelcome, even without cause, was a source of pain to the farmer's dutiful heart.

over. Just now in the middle of hayin' I can't spare a horse." The old man stiffened. "The selectmen will see't I get over," he said, coldly, as he moved toward the door. David could not restrain a chuckle. "Give my love to Mary Jane's folks," he said.

But Abner seemed not to hear him. He banged the back door and went slowly out of the yard to the dusty road. It was the third day after old Abner's departure that the horn, sounding in the late afternoon, brought David from the hay-field. As he reached the crest of the slope behind the house, he saw Abby sitting on the back steps, her face buried in her apron and her broken-hearted sobs plainly audible. The remaining distance to the back steps he covered at an awkward run. He reached her side breathless—and far spent.

"What—what's happened, Abby?" he cried, gaspingly. "Oh, he went there," she said, brokenly, "he went there." "Who? Went where?" "Father!" she sobbed. "He went to the poor-farm, after all."

David's eyes widened. His under jaw dropped. He stood for a full minute staring at her stupidly. "He didn't, did he?" he managed to ejaculate at last. "Yes, he did!" she said, wilyly. "I don't know what we were thinking of to let him go."

"How do you know he's gone there?" She lifted her tear-stained face from the depths of the apron. "That half-witted Jim Green drove over this afternoon in one of the poor-farm teams with a note from him," she said.

"Where is it?" She fumbled about the step and presently handed him a bit of crumpled paper. Upon it was scrawled in a shaky hand: "Abby—Send over by bearer my old straw hat and my galluses. I need them. The hat is hanging up in the back hall. The galluses is in the second draw in my burrow. Yours truly, A. D. Phillips."

David stuffed the note into his pocket. There could be no shadow of doubt. The old man was indeed at the poor-farm. He cleared his throat hoarsely. "You get your things on just as soon's you can, Abby," he counseled. "I'll go and get a horse off one of the rakes down in the field. We'll fetch him back right away."

Twenty minutes later Abby came hastily out of the back door and climbed into the waiting wagon beside her husband. "If I'd had the least notion he was really going there," David said, as they drove out of the yard, "I should have said somethin' that mornin' he started."

"I know you would, David," she declared. "I ain't blamin' you a mite—not a mite." It was growing dusk when they reached the poor-farm. The old brick house and the outlying barns on the summit of the little hill were sharply silhouetted against the flaming sky. As they drove up the winding cart-path that led from the road, and stopped before the shabby porch with its crumbling yellow pillars, a figure rose from the shadows and came down the steps with an oddly familiar shuffle. Abby gave a little hysterical cry of recognition.

Farming As the Ideal Life

By Senator Robert M. Follette.

IT is plain that agriculture in this country has a future heretofore unknown in the world. Farming is now the most distinctive American occupation. It is the source of our safest, most conservative citizenship and highest average of intelligence. Put the farm in direct communication with the world by rural delivery, the telephone, the electric railway, the traveling library, the township school, the improved highway, and you have given it the essential advantages of the city without depriving it of the essential advantages of the country.

There will be left the sweet and vitalizing country air, the isolation of broad acres, the beauty of hill and valley woodland and meadow and living, running water. The charm of the ripening grain coming to its transmitted to us and we preserved it because of its ancient and hallowed as the honest pride in the grazing flocks and the affectionate interest in their growing young, will always be an inherent and uplifting element of life upon the farm. The rich blessing of unconscious health, the joy of wholesome work, that brings wholesome rest and wholesome appetite, are the natural rewards of this outdoor occupation. Nearness to nature, nearness to God, a truer philosophy, a keener human sympathy, higher ideals, greater individuality, will ever be stamped upon the life and character of the country home.

The new agriculture, the new education, new inventions, will give added interest, larger profits, greater certainty of success. They will lighten its burdens, widen its sphere, and ultimately make agriculture the most desirable of all vocations.

This Spelling Problem

By Mark Twain.

HERE are \$2,000,000 of us people that have to spell, and orthography ought to be simplified in our behalf, but it is kept in its present condition to satisfy 1,000,000 people who like to have their literatury in the old form. That looks to me to be rather selfish, and we keep the forms as they are while we have got 1,000,000 people coming in here from foreign countries every year, and they have got to struggle with this orthography of ours, and it keeps them back and damages their citizenship for years until they learn to spell the language, if they ever do learn. This is merely sentimental argument.

People say it is the spelling of Chaucer and Spenser and Shakespeare and a lot of other people who did not know how to spell anyway, and it has been transmitted to us and we preserved it because of its ancient and hallowed associations. If that argument is good, then it would be a good argument not to banish the flies and the cockroaches from hospitals because they have been there so long that the patients have got used to them and they feel a tenderness for them on account of the associations. Why, it is like preserving a cancer in a family because it is a family cancer and we are bound to it by the test of affection and old mooldy antiquity. I think that this declaration to improve this orthography of ours is our family cancer, and I wish we could reconcile ourselves to have it cut out and let the family cancer go.

"True Americanism"

By Henry Van Dyke.

OR what is true Americanism, and where does it reside? Not on the tongue, nor in the clothes, nor among the transient social forms, refined or rude, which mottle the surface of human life. True Americanism is this: To believe that the inalienable rights of man to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness are given by God. To believe that any form of power that tramples on these rights is unjust. To believe that taxation without representation is tyranny, that government must rest upon the consent of the governed, and that the people should choose their own rulers. To believe that freedom must be safeguarded by law and order, and that the end of freedom is fair play for all. To believe not in a forced equality of conditions and estates, but in a true equalization of burdens, privileges, and opportunities. To believe that the selfish interests of persons, classes, and sections must be subordinated to the welfare of the commonwealth. To believe that union is as much a human necessity as liberty is a divine gift. To believe, not that all people are good, but that the way to make them better is to trust the whole people. To believe that a free state should offer an asylum to the oppressed, and an example of virtue, sobriety and fair dealing to all nations. To believe that for the existence and perpetuity of such a state a man should be willing to give his whole service, in labor, and in life.—Harper's Magazine.

The Gospel of Getting On

By Lillian James Crockett.

HOUGH I speak with the tongues of men and angels, and give not flattery, I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal. And though I have the gift of prophecy, and perceive all clearness and will-purings; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove deadheads and give not flattery, I am nothing. And though I bestow all my work to pamper the idle, and though I give my brain to be turned and give not flattery, it profiteth me nothing. Flattery schemeth long, and is complaisant; flattery envieth not—because she is sure to keep ahead. Flattery vaunteth not itself—but its superiors in office; is not puffed up—but knows whom to puff. Does not behave with unseemly self-respect, but stoopeth with becoming humility; seeketh not her own dignity; is not easily provoked at being patronized, thinketh no evil—of the rich and powerful. Beareth all things, fawneeth in all things, cringeth in all things, endureth all things—essential for aggrandizement. Flattery never faileth; whether there be enthusiasm it shall fall; whether there be advisers they shall cease; whether there be knowledge it shall vanish away—clear out of sight. Flattery never faileth; whether there be enthusiasm it shall fall; whether there be advisers they shall cease; whether there be knowledge it shall vanish away—clear out of sight. When I was a child I spake as a child and said I was going to work faithfully and pluck bright honor from the pale-faced moon, and tell the truth and hitch my wagon to the stars and finally drive it through Elysian fields of middle-aged affluence. I understood as a child, I thought as a child that success is the reward of diligence. When I became a woman I put away childish things and learned that if you indulge the luxury of honor you've got to pay for it by living on a back street. And now abideth vanity, ignorance, and flattery, but the greatest of these is flattery.—Life.

THE STING OF THE SCORPION.

Mischief Making Qualities of a North African Species.

Though the sting of a scorpion in temperate climates is painful, it is not regarded dangerous. In tropical and semi-tropical countries it often produces alarming symptoms, probably because the creature which inflicts the injury belongs to a more dangerous species of the family than is found in colder regions. A French physician, Dr. Gros, who has had much experience in Algeria, describes a case which came under his notice. The New York Medical Journal finds the particulars in a foreign periodical.

A robust farmer, while lying in bed, was stung on the foot by a scorpion which was about as long as his middle finger. He instantly felt a pain which he likened to a "ball mounting to his heart." He was unable to step, fell down on his bed, and was overtaken by violent nausea. During the entire day the man could eat nothing, though he had no difficulty in swallowing. He complained of dryness and stiffness of the throat, but was not very thirsty. His breathing was particularly painful and embarrassed. For the whole day and the following night he was extremely feeble and restless and could not sleep.

On the following morning the man was brought to Dr. Gros. His face was then pale, his eyes were fixed and haggard, and the upper part of his countenance was motionless, but he was constantly executing the movements of chewing and swallowing without opening his mouth. His gait was uncertain and he tumbled upon a chair rather than seated himself. His speech was slow and embarrassed, though he answered questions intelligently in spite of his stupid appearance. Among the other effects were a great quickening of the pulse and breathing, and a remarkable contraction of the pupils of the eye. Still the eyesight was not impaired, even temporarily, and there was no disturbance of the other organs. The man was treated with a serum invented by Dr. Calmette, a Frenchman, for fighting snake poison. He eventually recovered, but might not have done so had any other course been pursued.

A Patrol Motor Fireboat.

The Rio Tinto company has large warehouses and docks at Huelva, Spain, from which its shipments of copper are made. For the protection of the company's property a small steam fireboat has been maintained for some years past, but the directors, not being satisfied with the power of this vessel, asked Colonel Fox, chief officer of the London Salvage Corps, to inspect and advise as to more powerful apparatus. As a result a novel patrol motor fireboat has been built. A run on a measured mile off Greenwich was made, both against and with the tide, the speed attained averaging nine miles an hour; one and a half inch, one and three-quarter inch and two inch solid jets were thrown from the monitor on deck, the largest stream reaching a height of about 200 feet. The great advantages of this vessel are that it can be started instantly on an alarm of fire, there is no expense in maintaining steam ready for a call, it can be easily worked by two or three men only, and is of light draught, enabling it to get close to its work at low tide.—Engineering.

The Chinaman's Ear His Purse.

"Just watch that Chinaman when the conductor comes for his fare," said a keen-eyed man to the fat man who was wedged in beside him on an "L" train. The two watched, saw the Chinaman clap his hand to his ear for a second and then hand the conductor a nickel. "Well, I did not see anything unusual," observed the fat man, "except that he kept the conductor waiting while he scratched his ear." "That was just the point," explained the keen-eyed man. "He had to scratch his ear to get his money. Chinamen keep their carfare in their ears, sometimes a ten-cent piece and sometimes a nickel. I've watched them dig it out time and time again. It's a more convenient place for carrying change than in their trousers pockets, for they'd be ages getting into their voluminous draperies. It's a good sight better habit, too, than holding coins between one's teeth, which you see pretty girls doing every day."—New York Correspondence Pittsburg Dispatch.

The Value of a Good Laugh.

Dr. Patrick Scougal, a Scottish bishop in the seventeenth century, was earnestly asked to see an old lady whose cow was sick. The prelate again and again refused, but to satisfy the old body, reluctantly agreed to go. Having seen the old lady, she wanted him to see her cow, and walking around the beast he said gravely, "If she lives she lives, if she dies she dies. I can dae nae mair for her." In a short time afterwards the bishop was afflicted with a quinsy in the throat. The good, honest woman hearing of it, and feeling he had cured her cow, got permission to see him in his chamber. She walked around the bed repeating the words of the bishop when he walked around the cow. At this ludicrous sight the bishop was seized with a fit of laughing which broke the quinsy and saved him much suffering.

"Keeping alive that spirit of youth," Stevenson used to say, was "the perennial spring of all the mental faculties."

POPULAR SCIENCE

Professor J. J. Thomson, in a recent lecture on the modern theory of the constitution of matter at the Royal Institution, said that the atom is now regarded as being made up of "masses of positive and negative electricities." The negative electricity, even when not attached to a material particle, is conceived to exist as an extremely small, discreet particle in itself. Such electric particles are called corpuscles. It has been proved that they are less than a thousandth of the size of a hydrogen atom. Professor Thomson spoke of them as "the bricks of atoms." It should not be inferred, however, that they are packed together in the atom like bricks laid immovable in a wall. They move freely, and in a vacuum their velocity may range between 1000 and 60,000 miles per second, according to the degree of exhaustion.

The physiological effects of feeble radio-activity have been a subject of investigation in France by E. S. London. Using a quarter of a grain of radium he applied this to the forearm for brief intervals, and obtained a distinct reaction after a minimum exposure of fifteen seconds. He suspended four grains of radium bromide in a cage about eighteen inches long by sixteen wide and twelve high. Three rabbits confined in this cage showed redness of the ears after sixteen days, while burns soon appeared on the backs, and after fourteen months the backs and heads were denuded of fur and covered with ulcers. Movements had become apathetic and slow, the hind legs being partially paralyzed. The eyes were affected, and post-mortem examinations revealed changes and degenerations in the muscles, liver, spleen, kidneys and generative organs.

The expansive force of compressed air is employed in a very interesting way by the North Carolina Granite Company. On a sloping hillside, composed of granite which shows no bed planes, but splits readily in any direction when started, a three-inch bore is sunk about eight feet deep, and the bottom is enlarged by exploding a half-stick of dynamite. A small charge of powder is fired in this hole, which starts a horizontal crack or cleavage. Charges increasing in size are exploded until the cleavage has extended over a radius of seventy-five or 100 feet. Then a pipe is cemented into the bore, and air is forced in, under a pressure of from eighty to 100 pounds. The expansion of the air extends the cleavage until it comes out at the surface on the slope of the hill. A horizontal sheet of granite several acres in extent may thus be separated.

The thermophile fabrics of G. Herrgott, of Valdoie, France, introduce a novel method of applying warmth, and are expected to do much for domestic electric heating. The fabrics are a combination of textile and conductive threads, the latter being made of any required size and combining with any textile materials. When woven the electro-thermic wires are hidden, many electro-thermic wefts enter into each circuit, and the circuits are joined by collector wires, of which one pole is placed in each selvage of the fabric. There is no danger of fire or other accident. The temperature may range from seventy degrees to ninety-five degrees F. for carpets up to 250 degrees to 300 degrees for hot-air baths, and the possible applications are many, including use for foot warmers and articles of clothing and furniture, drying apparatus, baby incubators and numerous hospital appliances and most purposes requiring constant moderate heat.

Seven Rules For Longevity.

- The following rules for living to a ripe, old age are given by Mrs. Henderson in her recently published volume, 'The Aristocracy of Health' (Harpers): 1. Study the laws of nature for health and the remedies of nature for cure. 2. Avoid all poisons. 3. Take abundant exercise in pure air, but always short of fatigue. So exercise that every portion of the body is equally benefited. As it takes a strong engine for a long journey, cultivate lung-power by slow, deep-breathing exercises. 4. Eat only the amount of food that nature needs, and study what to eat from a scientific point of view. 5. Cultivate normal sleep. Live and sleep only in rooms that are well sunned, well ventilated, and not overheated. 6. Cultivate the habit of work in connection with some worthy ambition, for healthy exercise of body and mind is as strengthening as repose, and should balance it. Work while you work and rest while you rest, avoiding all worry. Make yourself useful to the world, and feel that you have a mission in it. 7. Avoid all environments, the worst of which is the friend who encourages you to poison yourself. Buying or Selling? It is told of the son of a horse dealer, a sharp lad, when once unexpectedly called upon by his father to mount a horse and exhibit its paces, the little fellow whispered the question, in order to regulate how he should ride: "Are you buying or selling?"—Tit-Bits.