

DAWN AND SUNSET,

At dawn,
A modest trill is heard,
A signal from some unseen bird,
Some trusty harbinger of morn;
Then from the tiny, swelling throats
A hail of rich notes
In greeting to the day just born.

At sunset,
When the rosy light
Is fading from approaching night,
And woodland shades are growing deep;
A chirp, a flutter here and there,
A beat of wings upon the air,
And night has hushed the birds to sleep.
Frank H. Sweet.

THE PHONETIC WILL.

That Roy Fethergill was an eccentric man no one residing in the neighborhood of his residence could deny. Being a chemist, however, and an ardent worker in that profession, the purpose of many of his strange doings was seldom questioned and was merely ascribed to his interest in science.

Fethergill was the possessor of a most thoroughly equipped laboratory, which he kept secretly guarded and in which a great part of his time was spent. He was in possession of ample means to gratify his most elaborate whim, and aside from the time and money which he spent in his laboratory, he reserved sufficient of both for the proper devotion to his home and family, as well as to the society in which he was a central figure. He never allowed a member of the family to cross the threshold of the apartment which he held so sacred.

One morning Mr. Fethergill cast a feeling of depression over the family circle at the breakfast table by opening a conversation on the subject of death.

He reasoned that every man must die—this from a scientific standpoint. He had read of one man who did not die, and he did not believe that.

He left the table with the remark that he was going to prepare for death and repaired to the laboratory leaving his wife and three daughters in a flurry of muddled thoughts.

A telephone order brought to the house the skillful and famous Peter Vandenberg, whose great works of sculpture had brought him fame and recognition from the remote parts of the country.

The sculptor was admitted to conference with Fethergill in his laboratory. On the following day he returned with several boxes of paraphernalia and instruments of his art.

For the ensuing month Fethergill and Vandenberg were closeted in the laboratory, but to what purpose Mrs. Fethergill and her inquisitive daughters could not even surmise, and a thought of entering the scientist's sanctum none of them dared to entertain.

At luncheon one day the sculptor, whose presence had graced that noon-day meal for the previous month, was absent. Mr. Fethergill said that he had finished his work.

Mrs. Fethergill, whose curiosity had been restrained until now it was at the bursting pressure, asked for the first time what the sculptor had been doing. She received the reply that Vandenberg had been preparing her husband's will.

Why a sculptor instead of a lawyer should have been employed to draw up a will Mrs. Fethergill could not imagine, and her curiosity was now more than doubly aroused, and in spite of a conference held with her daughters she could not discover a clew which might throw light upon her husband's strange intentions.

Mrs. Fethergill was in anything but a pleasant mood as she sat in the parlor reviewing her husband's recent and strange remarks about death and wills. Glancing out of the window a scene confronted her which sent her with a loud scream into a violent fit of hysterics. Her daughters rushed to her assistance, and were equally horrified upon seeing two men bearing into the house a coffin from the wagon of an undertaking establishment in the city. The bell rang, and Mr. Fethergill personally received the men and conducted them with the casket to his laboratory.

"Why did you bring that coffin into the house?" asked his wife, her voice controlled almost mechanically rather than by her own will. "There is no telling when I might need it," replied her husband, calmly. "But if you object to its being here I will have it removed tomorrow."

True to his word, on the following day Mr. Fethergill had the coffin removed, but in a decidedly different manner than that in which it had entered the house.

On the day before the casket was handled carefully and easily by two men, but now it was carried carefully by four men, who staggered under its weight. This peculiarity was not overlooked by Mrs. Fethergill and her daughters.

Their curiosity, rather than being satisfied, was more deeply aroused when they were informed by Mr. Fethergill in answer to their questions regarding the contents of the casket, that it contained nothing but his will. It was beyond them to conceive of a will drawn up by a sculptor and deposited in a coffin.

The casket was delivered to the office of Frank M. Adler, Mr. Fethergill's attorney and bosom friend; there deposited in his vaults for safe keeping, and to be opened after his death.

This peculiar circumstance had no effect upon hurrying Mr. Fethergill's departure from this mundane sphere, and the strange incident had quite been forgotten when Mr. Fethergill

was killed by an explosion in his laboratory, his features being most horribly mutilated.

After the funeral of his beloved friend and client, Mr. Adler returned to his office, and looking through a bundle of large official envelopes selected one upon which was written:

Frank M. Adler,
To be opened after the death of
Roy Fethergill.

Adler opened the envelope and read as follows:

Frank M. Adler, Attorney: Sir—Not later than a week after my death, in the presence of my wife and those of my children who at the time of my death may be living, yourself, two competent stenographers and four such reputable citizens as you may select for witnesses, place the casket left with you on December 1, 189—, in a vertical position and remove the lid by unfastening the screws, then follow the directions that you will find in the casket.
Roy Fethergill.

Upon the following afternoon Mr. Adler's office was the scene of a most unparalleled experience.

Seated about the room were Mrs. Fethergill and her daughters, dressed in the mourners' garb, and in accordance with the deceased husband's request, four gentlemen, mutual friends of both Adler and the late Mr. Fethergill, together with two stenographers completed the assembly.

The gentlemen gently removed the casket from the vault, and as directed, placed it in an upright position before the awe-stricken assembly.

The lid of the casket was slowly removed, and there confronted them Mr. Fethergill in all the likeness of his former self, perfect, natural, though motionless. In his hand was an envelope addressed to the attorney. The lawyer opened it and read:

"Adler: Under my left arm you will find a string. Pull it and carefully watch and closely observe the result."
"R. F."

Though dumbfounded with such an unparalleled experience, Adler knowing these to be the requests of his late friend, obeyed.

A deathly silence fell upon the audience, broken only by the rumbling of miniature machinery in operation, issuing from the casket.

Every eye was intently riveted upon the strange likeness of the man recently departed. As they gazed upon the figure its eyes seemed to gain expression and its features assumed the animation of the living; its arms slowly raised and extended. The figure took the position of an orator, and in a clear voice, unmistakably that of the deceased husband and father of the mourners in whose presence it stood, spoke to the silent, expectant and grief-stricken audience.

"Hear ye!" the image said. "In the presence of God as my witness, I, Roy Fethergill, of rational mind, do make the following disposition of my property, to be in effect immediately after my death:

"To my wife I do bequeath all of my real property in this, the city of San Francisco, together with all improvements thereon, and all furniture thereon, except the furniture and fixtures in my laboratory.

"All moneys which I may have on deposit in the First National Bank at the time of my death and upon this declaration are made payable to the order of my wife, and she shall issue checks immediately upon this hearing to the following persons and in the following amounts:

"To each of my children living at the time of this declaration, \$20,000.

"To each stenographer and witness to this declaration \$1,000.

"To my attorney and friend, Frank M. Adler, \$2,500.

"To each and every servant in the family employ \$100.

"To my friend, Ambrose Harris, I do bequeath all stock and shares held by me in the development syndicate.

"All other property, both real and personal, which I have not heretofore made disposition of, shall be sold and the proceeds be devoted to the erection and maintenance of a school of art and science, and I request that Peter Vandenberg be appointed to the chair of sculpture at a salary of \$12,000 a year.

"And I earnestly charge all present, as sponsors, that they will harmoniously work to the fulfillment of these my last requests.

"This in the city of San Francisco, State of California, on the thirteenth day of November, 189—."

At the conclusion of the oration an explosion occurred within the casket, converting what was a most beautiful piece of sculptor's art to a shapeless mass of debris.

In removing what almost seemed the mortal remains of his client, Mr. Adler discovered a phonograph, but an examination of the cylinder showed that the chemist had arranged a knife which followed the diamond point of the instrument and had permanently erased all impressions on its surface. "Fethergill was a man," remarked Adler, "who never did repeat anything which he said."—Robert H. Jones, in San Francisco News Letter.

An Exception.

"Everybody is more or less ambitious to have the good opinion of his neighbors."

"Maybe so," said the sceptical person, "but it seems to me that after a man has a food trust under way, he doesn't care two pins what the neighbors think, so long as they give up their money."—Washington Star.

Meander.

The word meander comes from the river of the same name, whose course was so devious that it furnished nearly every modern language with a new word.

WHALES NOT IN DEMAND

FEW LEVIATHANS LEFT AND THEY ARE NOT MUCH HUNTED.

It Was New Bedford That Cleared the Seas of Earth's Largest Creatures—It Was Mr. Rockefeller Who Shaved the World How to Live Without Whales.

For the whale these are, in the language of Jack Miller's farewell, "Happy days and many of 'em," exclaims the Boston Evening Transcript. After a strenuous life of four centuries this is the coffee-and-cigars, the easy-chair-and-slippers period of his existence. Since the time when Columbus crossed the Atlantic he has been hunted and harried from the Arctic pillar to tropic port, but the economic cycle has passed and for the present the whale is enjoying a period of comparative security, when he may roam the waters in peace, multiply and people once more the depleted seas. Let none begrudge him his repose. The whale deserves well of the world. What he has in his humble way contributed to the intellectual development of the human race only the imaginative can compute, only the ungrateful deny. For four centuries he fed the scholar's lamp and the victor's torch. For so much of literature and of science as we owe to "midnight oil" the thoughtful and the generous will give the whale due credit. But the service he has long performed is now done better by another agency, and he enjoys a comparatively unmoled rest.

One day last March, a tale came up from the tropics as weird as the rankerst yarn that ever came out of a fo'c's'le, but verified as accurately as a government report. The New Bedford whaling bark Kathleen was floating calmly in a placid sea, when she caught the attention of a giant fin-back. He swam up in his majestic way, and when within a few yards of the ship he dived just below the surface and moved slowly beneath the keel. Then he rose quickly and savagely, in the manner of a bucking bronco, until the ship was sheer above the water. It toppled over on its side, the whale moved on a few feet and then, with an angry flip of his tail, knocked the bark to smithereens.

Now, that may be considered the desperate parting shot of a maddened, long-hunted fugitive, the climax of an ancient feud. Only in order to look on in this way, we shall have to give the whale credit for carrying about in that huge head of his a kind of Machiavellian subtlety and a mind for deep-planned revenge. And as every old whaler knows, the only thing in a whale's head is some three or four tons of liquid spermaceti, worth in the New Bedford market about \$50 a barrel. It is a pity this prosaic fact is so, for it forbids us to indulge in the poetic fancy of imagining the whale as entertaining a feeling of gratitude to the Standard Oil company and erecting monuments in the deep to the glory of John D. Rockefeller, who is chiefly responsible for his emancipation. The petroleum age for the world spells golden age for the whale.

Down on the ancient business streets of Boston, Purchase, High and India, and along the old wharves, you will find a score perhaps of weather-beaten gilt signs which proclaim that those within sell, among other things, "Sperm and whale-oil, sperm candles and whalebone." But those signs tell not the truth. They are signs of nothing at all but the conservatism of the Boston business man, who changes his wares to meet new demands, but changes not his sign above him. The prowling newspaper man who asks the junior partner for information about the whale-oil trade is met by an amazed stare and a half-indignant "Great Scott, man, wake up; this is 1902. We don't deal in whale-oil. We sell mineral oils." And when you call his attention to the sign which he has seen with unseeing eyes these twenty years he explains that that is of the past, and refers you to "Smith & Co., around on India square—they handle the whale-oil, I think." And then Smith, the commission dealer, says: "We don't carry any whale-oil; oh, yes, there is an old fellow out in central New York that orders a barrel once every six months or so. We order it for him from New Bedford, but we don't know what he does with it. Some old Rip Van Winkle, I guess, that sticks to the old ways."

After diligent search you find the one or two houses that do make a business of whale products, and you learn that there is now just one staple use for sperm oil—miners' lamps. Then, too, a few railroad companies like it for their signal lamps, and for certain curious purposes, like tempering steel, the universal mineral oil is improved by a slight admixture of spermaceit.

In New Bedford you will hear the same story. In the grocery stores and on sunny porches the old whaling captains, deep-eyed, hawk-nosed, rehearsed old times in "the Western ocean." The picturesque population that made New Bedford's wharves the most genuinely cosmopolitan spot in America is gone forever. Frank T. Bullen has written their requiem: "From all the isles of the South they came—sturdy of limb and clear of eye from Polynesia; lithe, sinewy and cruel-visaged from Malaysia, black with the blackness of soft coal from East Africa, stolid and haughty from Arabia, and last, but greatest both in number and in importance, the stately, cavalier-like Portuguese from that Atlantic cluster of jeweled isles, the Azores, Cape Verde and Madeira." Finally, those argosies of clumsy whaling barks, "built by the mile and cut off in lengths as you want 'em," have fallen to such base uses as carrying

coal from Philadelphia and lumber to New York.

But all this talk of departed glory is told in statistics. In 1846 there were 738 vessels carrying the American flag (practically all were from New Bedford), hunting whales in every corner of the watered world, from Okhotsk to Arabia. That was a mighty fleet. Of it today are left but 29 small barks and schooners. Jan. 1, 1859, a year before the civil war began, there were 625 vessels; by 1866, the figure had fallen to 263.

The annals of ruined New Bedford fortunes will tell how much of the decrease was caused by the vindictive Alabama. The whalers would be coming home from four-year-long cruises in the Arctic. They knew nothing of the war that had begun since they left in peace. They were loaded down with oily cargo, and the crews reefed and tacked cheerfully enough to the thought of homeward bound. Then would come the astonished encounter with the Alabama, and the whaling captain would pace the Confederate's deck a prisoner and watch the fruit of his toil roll off across the sea in big billows of dense black smoke.

The Alabama scourge was artificial. After the war the trade picked up. In 1869 there were 338 vessels. Then came the striking of oil in Pennsylvania, and the whaling industry was doomed.

Of the remnant of the fleet still afloat 24 hail from New Bedford, four from Provincetown, two from Boston and ten from San Francisco. These are scattered through the North and South Atlantic, in Hudson Bay and in the Japan and Okhotsk Seas. With the sailing vessels the old fashion of long voyages that took a large gap from the sailors' lives still persists. Some of the New Bedford whalers have been away from port since '96. Dozens on the Pacific coast are half a dozen steam whalers which go out for but a few days at a time and tow their prizes to shore to be cut up and boiled. This method will soon entirely supersede the old one, and the steamers will monopolize what is left of the whaling industry.

These figures are for America (and in the whaling business, "America" meant New Bedford, until a comparatively few years ago, when San Francisco began to hunt for whales with steamers.) Indeed, no other calling in the world demands the highest qualities of courage and daring. Compared to it soldiering, even in time of war, is a comparatively serene business. The percentage of casualties on an old-fashioned whaling trip would make the battle of Colenso look like a child's picnic. It is only natural that such a calling should attract the most self-reliant men in the world, the men who sought fortune in an unpeopled world, and the descendants of those men. As early as 1775 New Bedford, with a fleet of 350 ships, monopolized the whaling business of the world. This monopoly is maintained so long as the industry lasted. It is estimated that in 1846, when New Bedford had 730 ships on the water, the total investment of money was \$70,000,000, and the number of people dependent on this harvest of the sea was 70,000.

Comparatively the industry has dwindled to a mere nothing. It may even dwindle yet more. But it will never entirely disappear. There will always be some slight business in the products of the whale. But New Bedford will not be its headquarters. The twenty-four ships that sail from New Bedford will disappear one by one. The whaler of the future will hunt with steam. He will build his boiling establishment on some shore near which the whales congregate. From this station he will go out every morning, shoot his whale with a harpoon gun, instead of in the old manner, and send him in to be cut and boiled the next day, while he steams off after more game. Within the past five years this process has been introduced at three places—on the coast of Norway, on the Pacific coast of the United States and on the coast of Newfoundland.

Walter Scott as a Volunteer.

The recent discovery in Edinburgh of a summons calling upon Sir Walter Scott, advocate, to attend and join the Edinburgh army reserve during the troubled period of 1803, has been followed by the unearthing of Scott's reply. Dated from Lasswade Cottage, July 22, 1803, and addressed to Mr. James Laing, clerk to the lieutenant of the city of Edinburgh, the letter reads as follows: "Sir—As I observe by the enclosed summons that I am drawn a soldier of the army of reserve, I beg to inform you that it is my intention to claim the exemption provided in favor of volunteer cavalry, having been for 12 years a member of the Edinburgh troop of the R. M. Lothian V. Cavalry. I understand from Col. Dundas that the adjutant, Mr. Adams, is to supply the lieutenant with a list of the corps, in which you will find my name regularly inserted. If further verification of the exemption is requisite, have the goodness to acquaint Mr. Adams for me. I remain, sir, your obedient servant, Walter Scott." In spite of his lameness, Scott was an enthusiastic and immensely popular volunteer, and used to turn out to drill at five in the morning.—London Chronicle.

An Intelligent Bird.

The yakamik, or trumpeter of Venezuela, a fowl of the crane species, is a bird of extraordinary intelligence. The natives use it instead of sheep dogs for guarding and herding their flocks. It is said that, however far the yakamik may wander with the flocks, it never fails to find its way home at night, driving before it all the creatures entrusted to its care.



FARM AND GARDEN.

Chicks.
Chickens when first hatched should not be hurried out of the sitting nest. For 24 hours at least from the time the earliest commence to show themselves, it is better to leave them under, or with the hen mother. They need no food for a day or a day and a half, usually. When they get strong enough to venture from beneath their mother's wings, it is time to move the brood.

A Soil Renovator.

The soy bean adapts itself to a wide range of soils and is chiefly used on land too poor to grow clover. It is an annual and makes a good yield of foliage for silage and hay, while the bean if allowed to ripen is one of the richest feeds for growing stock and a valuable auxiliary as a part of the full feed ration. The use of the plant as a soil renovator has become widespread. Being a legume, it possesses the property of nitrogen gathering. Sandy loams are best suited to its growth.

Value of Tobacco Dust.

The value of tobacco dust as an aid to successful truck growing is too little appreciated. If there is one insecticide which should be on hand and used by the truck grower all the time it is tobacco dust. Aside from its insecticide value it is worth probably all it costs as a fertilizer to any soil or crop to which it may be applied. Any good fertilizer drill will answer for drilling it into the soil in which seed are to be sown later on. Use at the rate of 400 pounds per acre with the seed when drilled in.

A First-Class Dairyman.

I have in my mind's eye a certain man who is a living example of what study and care will do for the dairyman. This man was going along with a few cows of common stock, like the most of his neighbors. He made ends meet, but that was about all he did do. One day he made up his mind that life was too short and time too valuable to be spent in a slipshod way. Then he turned over a new leaf, and he turned it clear over, too. He sold every cow he had and began to build up a dairy. His choice happened to fall on the Jerseys. At first he went miles away from home to get a calf from the first class stock. If he heard of a good cow of the breed he fancied he went and bought her, no matter if he did have to pay a good round sum. This he kept up year after year, until now he stands at the head of his profession in the section where he lives. Now men go to him for stock. His cows two years ago brought him in \$85 each for the season. I have not heard the figures since. Now, what is the reason the rest of us cannot do just as well?—New York Tribune Farmer.

Managing Swarming in Out-Apiaries.

The great problem in running out-Apiaries for comb honey is that of managing swarming. It is too expensive to go out each day or to send a man. A western beekeeper, who has several out-Apiaries run for comb honey, clips the queens' wings during willow or apple bloom and then equalizes all colonies so they are of about equal strength. This allows all colonies to be treated in the same way and brings the swarming in a bunch. The supers are put on about a week before the main harvest, and rows of sections are filled with bait combs to get the bees started working in them earlier. Plenty of surplus room is allowed. While the sections are possibly not quite so well filled, and there may be more unfinished ones at the end of the season, there will be less swarming and more honey in the aggregate. Provide shade for each hive, which is a great help to keep the swarming down. He visits each yard every alternate day. When swarms emerge they soon return if the queen is clipped, and will generally issue again the next day, so if the yard is visited every second day they can be hived. Treated in this way he can, with the aid of a 15-year-old boy, take care of 400 colonies.—American Agriculturist.

Wild Barley a Bad Weed.

During the last 10 years wild barley has spread with alarming rapidity to nearly all sections of Iowa. I have been familiar with it in Wisconsin and Illinois for 16 years. It reached western Wisconsin about 1887 but was common near Madison in 1884. It now occurs across the continent, being common in many western states.

The weed is an annual, though claimed by many to be a perennial. It forms compact bunches from 1 to 3 feet high. The leaves are from 2 to 4 inches long and resemble those of blue grass, but are of a paler hue. The flowers are in spikes 2 to 4 inches long, and are of a pale green or purple color. When mature the spike breaks into joints, each joint having from 3 to 60 seeds, a single seed giving rise to an enormous number of plants, as wild barley has a great capacity for stooling. It is not difficult to exterminate, if kept down. There is never any trouble in well tilled fields, because cultivation very readily destroys it. In pastures it is allowed in many cases to go to seed. Here the remedy is a simple one. The plant should be cut with a mower or scythe before the seed ripens.

The awns are injurious to live stock, especially to sheep. The awned heads, when taken into the mouth break into numerous joints which ad-

here to the mucous membrane and work their way into the flesh; inflammation follows, the teeth become loosened and in severe cases drop out.—L. H. Hammel of Iowa, in New England Homestead.

Care of Spring Lambs.

Where spring lambs are to be the chief crop, it is necessary to make summer preparations for them. With the lambs born in the late fall and midwinter, it should be the aim of the grower to provide proper food for them. Good farming crops raised in the summer should keep the ewes in good condition up to the time of the breeding season, and when the lambs arrive they will also have an abundance of food. If one must go to work and buy all this food the profits in spring lamb growing will be discounted. Clover or alfalfa hay should be raised in abundance. A good crop of either will save many a dollar later. As the lambs are to be fed cracked corn generously, it is necessary that a corn crop should be added that of the hay crop.

The ewes themselves should be fed freely and generously to make them do their best. They should have in the fall and early winter a good ration of clover hay and shelled corn and bran in the morning, and corn and cowpea ensilage at noon. In the evening they should have corn fodder, some grain and some mangles or other root crop. Such a ration fed systematically will produce excellent results. The ewes will prove good mothers, and bring into the world the finest spring lambs.

By good feeding it is possible in time to secure a flock of ewes which will produce many twins. The ewes which show a tendency to produce twins should be carefully selected and fed separately. By breeding carefully in this way the profits of the work will be nearly doubled. But it should be remembered that ewes not well fed cannot bring into the world twins in healthy condition, nor can they rear them successfully after they are born.

Consequently perfect health of the ewes is the first great step toward success. Unless one raises his winter feed in abundance he will not give the sheep the amount and quality of food that they demand for this purpose. When we have to purchase food in the market we feed so economically that we are bound to deprive the animals of their rightful allowance. Provision for next season's spring lamb should, therefore, be made now.—E. P. Smith, in American Cultivator.

Practical Tomato Culture.

Anyone who persists in adhering to the old idea of allowing tomato vines to sprawl over the ground at random can hardly expect to raise such fruit as the thorough gardener who ties them up to stakes and trains them according to system. The former is sure to lose tomatoes, since those coming in contact with the ground will rot more or less. It is true that when tomato vines are trained upon stakes they may not yield any more fruit in proportion to the vine than when left upon the ground, but they will generally produce larger and better fruit less likely to become defective before maturing. Here are two points of vital importance in favor of training tomato vines upon stakes.

Whether one raises tomatoes on a large or a small scale, it is by all means advisable to stake them in some manner. By so doing the work of picking is simplified, and if they are trained on a sort of trelliswork along the rows one can walk between the hills and gather them quickly. One can also watch the condition of the vines more readily than when they are permitted to sprawl all over the ground, and it is less difficult to keep the worms and grubs away. Staking is really far superior to the old method in every respect, and when it is done in time it is always comparatively easy.

Wonderful to relate, the longer the tomato is grown on one kind of soil and in the same place with good care the better it will thrive. If possible, therefore, ground suitable for tomato culture should be selected and kept for that purpose. The ground having been well prepared in the spring, a stake should be driven into the soil at intervals of 10 feet and so arranged as to present long rows about two and a half feet apart. The tomatoes should then be planted in hills along these rows, and as the vines begin to spread strong twine should be run on nails from one stake to another like wire on fence posts. On this strong twine the tomato vines can be trained as grapes are trained on a trellis.

Trained in the manner described the sun reaches all the tomatoes, causing them to ripen evenly. But this is not all. New fruit will keep coming on the vines when thus trained longer than it otherwise would, affording just as many green tomatoes in autumn for picking as if only a few ripe ones had grown during the season.

Pruning the vines will make them stocky, and in that case the vitality of the plants will go into a few number of tomatoes. Hence advantages can be derived by pruning if large tomatoes are desired, but for general field culture I would not recommend it. An ordinary plant properly trained will usually produce tomatoes large enough for market without any pruning. Cut off dead branches, trim where the vines are too thick, and where they have a tendency to go all to stem. The result of such thoroughness will be plenty of good fruit, which will find ready sale in any market.—Agricultural Epitomist.