

# OLD TIME FAVORITES

## IF THE DAY IS DONE.

BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

The day is done, and the darkness  
Falls from the wings of night,  
As a feather is wafted downward  
From an eagle in his flight.

I see the lights of the village  
Gleam through the rain and the mist,  
And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me  
That my soul cannot resist;

A feeling of sadness and longing  
That is not akin to pain,  
And resembles sorrow only  
As the mist resembles the rain.

Come, read to me some poem,  
Some simple and heartfelt lay,  
That shall soothe this restless feeling,  
And banish the thoughts of day.

Not from the grand old masters,  
Not from the bards sublime,  
Whose distant footsteps echo  
Through the corridors of time.

For, like strains of martial music,  
Their mighty thoughts suggest  
Life's endless toil and endeavor;  
And to-night I long for rest.

Read from some humbler poet,  
Whose songs gushed from his heart  
As showers from the clouds of summer  
Or tears from the eyelids start;

Who, through long days of labor  
And nights devoid of ease,  
Still heard in his soul the music  
Of wonderful melodies.

Such songs have power to quiet  
The restless pulse of care,  
And come like the benediction  
That follows after prayer.

Then read from the treasured volume  
The poem of thy choice,  
And lend to the rhyme of the poet  
The beauty of thy voice.

And the night shall be filled with music,  
And the cares that infest the day  
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,  
And as silently steal away.

## HOW POLLY SAVED THE EXPRESS.

KANE CREEK was a railroad crossing on the S. and C. C. Railroad, about two miles from the division terminal at Mercer. It was in the midst of a scrubby pine forest, with a sandy road crooking out from the trees on one side and into the trees on the other. There were only two or three houses, a little general store with a porch like the visor of a military cap, and a school house, all arranged in a scraggy row along the railroad track.

A dozen trains whirled through Kane Creek every day with only a shriek of greeting and a whipping wake of fine sand. Only two of them paid the slightest attention to the girl in a blue gingham dress who stood in the little observation window. One of them was the way freight which stopped at Kane's every time it came along while the conductor handed the girl a bundle of yellow papers and received another like it in return. The other was the night express, westward bound from St. Paul, and running at forty miles an hour. It was a splendid train—ten cars, with the finest engine on the road, big Number Six Hundred Six. As its glaring eye flashed around the bend in the direction of Mercer the girl in the gingham dress often thought of the great train as a powerful and ferocious beast snorting and roaring westward on a race with the sun. It was a beast, but it was well trained, and she knew the hand that trained it. When the train was a mile away there were always two blasts on the whistle. Every one else in Kane's thought they meant simply, "Wake up, look out!"—for that is what all locomotives say at every crossing—but the girl in the gingham dress heard "Hello, Polly," and darted out on the platform and waved her handkerchief. As the great train thundered nearer a hand was thrust from the engineer's window, and although it was usually dark, she could see the flutter of something white, and oftentimes as the engine darted past the station she heard the blurred sound of a voice and caught the glimpse of a grimy face and a blue jean jacket. And then she went back to her place in the little station with a sigh of deep contentment.

For it was a moment of great joy to Polly Marshall when her father's engine went through. Polly was the station agent at Kane Creek—any one could have told that a woman presided in the little depot, for there was not always a bouquet in the window and dainty pictures surrounding the grimy time tables on the walls, and a kitten curling upon the doorstep? At seventeen Polly had gone in as assistant to learn telegraphy, and when Clark, the agent, was called to Mercer the company had left the independent girl in charge. She and her father lived in one of the wooden houses a stone's throw back from the depot, and since Polly's mother died they had been everything to each other.

Engineer Marshall was a big, silent man, and his companions, some of them, thought him gruff and ill-tempered, but to Polly he was always tender as a kitten. Often when she was a little girl he took her down with him to Mercer on his engine, and while she sat on his black leather seat at the cab window, clinging on with both hands, he explained to her how the big black creature under them was started and stopped, what this brass crank was for, and how, when the engine squeaked here and squealed there, a little oil was needed in this cup or in that crevice. And Polly had learned to know an engine as well as she knew the next little pantry in the house at home. Indeed, she had more than once managed the levers and the throttle, although it was very heavy work for a girl to do.

It was one night late in the fall that Polly Marshall had need of all her knowledge of engines. She was sitting at her desk in the little observation window, a shaded light throwing its rays down on her telegraph instruments and the sounder clicking sleepily. Suddenly she was startled by the sudden call of her number. Instantly her fingers sought the keys, and she gave the answer that signified that she was all attention.

"Look out for—" clicked the sounder, and then it suddenly ceased, and try as she would Polly could get

At that moment three shots rang out, clear and distinct, from the detached train. The man at the telegraph instrument sprang to his feet and ran to a side window in the waiting room and looked up the track.

Now was her chance. Hardly thinking what she did, Polly sprang to the engineer's side of the cab, threw back the reverse lever and opened the throttle steadily. The big steel wheels began to turn, very slowly at first. Farther and farther the throttle opened and faster and faster turned the wheels, and yet they did not go half fast enough to suit Polly, who was now glancing fearfully over her shoulder.

Suddenly the depot door was thrown open and she saw the robber darting up the track. He had his pistol in his hand. He was pointing it at her and shouting for her to stop. But the engine was now going at good speed, and, run as he would, the robber could not catch it. But he stopped and fired, the bullet ripping through the cab over above Polly's head.

The engine was now tearing down the track at full speed. Polly knew that it must be fired or it would not go far, and so, leaving the throttle open, she sprang to the coal pit, flung open the fire hole, and with the heavy shovel in her small white hands threw in load after load of coal. When she returned to her place she could see the first signal light of Mercer already blinking into view. She pulled down on the whistle cord and the engine shrieked its distress.

Five minutes later Polly strained at the heavy reverse lever, turned hard on the air brake and brought the great iron horse to a sudden standstill. How she ever managed to stammer the story she never knew, but in a few minutes the engine was headed back with half a dozen armed men aboard of her. Behind them came another load of men on a switch engine and two men were racing up the street of Mercer calling the alarm.

They heard firing before they reached Kane Creek, but it ceased soon afterward. The robbers had gone. They had taken with them much plunder from the passengers, but they had not been able to get into the express safe, although they were at work drilling it open when relief came.

From the time that the engine stopped Polly was missing. When the rescued and excited passengers and express messengers began to crowd around and inquire the Mercer men remembered her. A party of them went out to find the girl who had brought help to the beleaguered train.

In a little clump of bushes they heard a man moaning, and an instant later they saw Polly kneeling in the sand, with her father's head in her lap, crying bitterly. And they gathered up the brave engineer and his daughter and carried them down to the train, cheering all the way.

Engineer Marshall was not badly hurt, and he was able to be in Mercer when the general manager of the road thanked Polly officially and offered a new and better position in Mercer. And of course all the passengers and express messengers heard about Polly's brave deed and said a great many pleasant things about her, but Polly, being a sensible girl, only blushed and said that she had to do it, and that any other girl would have done the same under like circumstances—which no one believed, of course.

Later, when the robbers were captured, Polly was able to identify one of them positively—the one who had run the engine—and through him the entire party was convicted and sentenced to the penitentiary.—Waverley Magazine.

**Longevity of Monarchs.**

If the risks of the trade of kingship are considerable, as the late King Humbert of Italy used to remark, the increase of the average longevity of monarchs during the past century is also considerable, says the London Express. Apropos of the death of the Belgian Queen in her sixty-sixth year, it is worth recalling that in the year 1818 Europe possessed fifty-one sovereigns, of whom only eleven had passed their sixtieth year. Of these, one alone had reached the age of seventy. In 1900, although meanwhile, the number of crowned heads had been reduced to forty, the list of sexagenarians was nearly tripled. There were at that date twenty-nine sovereigns who had attained sixty and over. Of these, seven had overstepped seventy, five of them were eighty, and one, the present Pope Leo XIII, was a nonagenarian.

**Quid Pro Quo.**

A good story is told of the quick-witted Irish lawyer, Baron O'Grady, who on one occasion was trying a case in a country court, outside of the walls of which a fair was in progress. Amid the miscellaneous herds of animals were a considerable number of asses, and one of these commenced to bray loudly. At once the chief baron stopped the advocate, who at that moment happened to be pleading. "Wait a moment, Mr. Bushe, I cannot hear two at once." The court roared and the advocate flushed. Presently, when the judge came to sum up another ass struck in and the bray resounded through the court. Up jumped Mr. Bushe at once, with his hand to ear. "Would your lordship speak a little more loudly? There is such an echo in the court that I cannot hear distinctly."—Argonaut.

**Donations to the United States.**

Some good people give money to Uncle Sam on general principles, and all such presents are recorded in the Treasury Department as "Donations to the United States."—New York Press.

The armies and navies of Europe absorb twelve cents' earnings yearly of the entire population.

## PRACTICAL GARDENING

**Pollination During Wet Weather.**

Orchard experiments made by the late Professor E. S. Goff indicate that anthers containing pollen grains fall to burst during moist, damp weather; consequently during a period of showers, or so long as the trees are wet with rain or dew, the pollen is not disturbed and consequently is not wasted. Even in damp, cloudy weather not much pollen will be destroyed. During dry, warm weather the pollen is discharged freely.

**Storing Apples and Pears.**

In some German experiments, it was shown that apples wrapped in tissue paper or newspapers, then placed in boxes lined with peat dust, kept well from November 1 to May 15 following. Eleven out of the fourteen varieties stored in this way averaged over eighty per cent. of perfect fruit. Pears did not keep as well. In connection with this experiment, apples and pears were simply layered in peat dust. These kept much better than those wrapped in paper, remaining in good condition well into July.

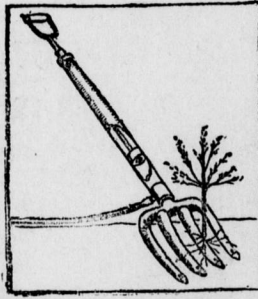
**No Secrets in Fruit Growing.**

It is strange how an intelligent man can be led astray on certain topics. The following letter which was sent by a New England farmer to a prominent fruit grower illustrates this: "I visited a fine peach orchard in another part of my town and the trees were loaded with luscious fruit. This man claimed there is a great secret about peaches that only a few know. He told me that a professor told him about it, they being special friends and also schoolmates. He was very careful not to tell me his secret and he would not tell who this professor is, but said he got \$100 a night for giving lectures, but did not give away this peach secret except to a very few friends. I would like very much to learn what it is, not for myself (for my location is not what I would desire, and I have sunk all the money I wish to in peach culture) but for the benefit of others. Can you tell me anything about it?"

While it is utterly absurd, it shows how an honest, straightforward man, such as the writer of it, can be led astray. It is also a good hit on some of the professors who assume to know so much. If the professor really had the knowledge claimed he would be too busy counting the money made in peach growing to have any time for professional work or lecturing for the small sum of \$100 a night. As a matter of fact, there are no secrets, so called, in peach growing, or in the production of any other farm crops. Success lies in having a suitable location and soil adapted to the peach, and then in giving intelligent care to the trees and in a business-like handling of the crop. All failures in fruit culture have been caused by the lack of one or more of these things.—New England Homestead.

**An Improved Implement.**

There is probably no other portion of the labor of caring for plants which has as much to do with improving their condition as that of irrigation, the supply of liquid which the plants receive affecting their growth very materially. If the surface of the earth surrounding the shrub has been baked by the heat of the sun it is necessary for the water to soak the soil before the roots will derive much benefit from the moisture, and it is especially in a case of this kind that the portable irrigator here pictured will be found of service, owing to the direct treatment of the roots which it makes possible. At first glance this implement



SPADE AND IRRIGATOR FOR CULTIVATING PLANTS.

might be mistaken for an ordinary spade, and, indeed, it may be used as one when not in service as an irrigator. The tines are hollow, with passages leading into the shank and connecting with the hose through which the irrigating or fertilizing liquid is supplied. At each tine point is an enlarged cup, with sharpened ends to penetrate the earth easily, the openings in the body of the tine, in order that the earth may not clog the perforations through which the liquid escapes. Not satisfied with allowing the water to flow through the tines of its own accord, the inventor has provided a pump in connection with the handle, which first draws the liquid from the reservoir and then forces it into the earth in proximity to the roots of the shrub the gardener is treating. John F. Chase is the inventor.—Philadelphia Record.

## Athletics Injure Studies.

By Professor Ira N. Hollis.

It does not stand to reason that a student in intercollegiate athletics can do as much work as one who devotes all his time to study. The athletic season of football, for example, last six weeks in the fall, and so far as classroom work is concerned, the time is practically thrown away. The members of the team attend lectures regularly; they are obliged to; but their minds are on signals and plays for the next game or practice. As a consequence one-fifth of the year is lost, and the players have to do as much work in the remaining four-fifths as others do in the five-fifths. With average students it will not be done. The physical training which the football men have gone through cannot under favorable circumstances increase their efficiency enough to make good the difference. Then, as a rule, their participation in athletics has made them natural leaders in the social life of the college, and so they lose still more time. The only point that may be regarded as established by the records is that few students admitted to the teams are subsequently thrown off for poor scholarship. This proves that most athletes can usually do enough work to remain satisfactory in their studies. Of late years a good player has lost caste if he permits himself to be disqualified through any fault of his own.—The Atlantic.

## It is Easy to Be a "Nobody."

By O. S. Marden.

It is the easiest thing in the world to be a "nobody." All that is necessary is to do nothing, or to be like the boy who, when questioned by his father as to why he had resigned his position as clerk in a store, replied: "The work was too hard; I am looking for something easy."

Look for a "soft snap." Don't get up in the morning until you feel like it. Don't go to work until you are obliged to. Don't put yourself out to meet engagements. Never mind if you miss a train, or if you are half an hour late at your work.

If you are at school, don't trouble about preparing your lessons. "Crib" whenever you can, cheat as often as possible, and get the best of your teacher whenever you see a chance, and your progress in the desired direction will be assured.

If you are in college, never mind about a scholarship; the main thing is to slide through. You can employ a tutor at the close of each term and "crum" for the examination. Have "a good time," and never bother about results; they will take care of themselves.

Do not try to do things as well as you can; any way will do. If you are sawing a board, do not exert yourself to saw it straight. If you start to make a sled or a bookcase, never mind about completing it; or, if you do, put it together anyhow. Half done, botched work is just the thing for "nobodies."

## Education by the Way.

By Hamilton Wright Mable.

HENRY WARD BEECHER was once asked how he had acquired the knowledge of the processes of all kinds which enabled him to draw so freely on the whole range of devices, methods, and machines used in manufacturing of every variety. He replied that, whenever he found himself in the neighborhood of a factory and had a little time to spare, he made it a practice to go through the establishment, ask questions, and try to understand everything he saw. In this way, without any special exertion, simply by using his eyes, his mind, and his time, he had come to know a great deal about many kinds of manufacturing, and this knowledge supplied him with a great fund of metaphors and illustrations, often of a very striking character. In like manner, whenever he was thrown with anyone of a different occupation, he made it a point to induce his companion to talk about his work, his habits, his skill. The great preacher went out of his way to secure a box seat on a steamer, in order that he might talk with the driver, watch his eyes, learn his language and get his point of view. If he was to make a journey on a steamboat, he asked permission to go into the pilot house, and drew the pilot into talk about piloting boats, and life on the river or lake. In this way he came to have a very wide knowledge of men, of their different points of view, their various skills, and the things for which they cared most. He took the attitude of a learner, and was able to pour out such a flood of thought because he continually added to his own store of knowledge.—Success.

## Mechanics and the Soil.

By Dr. George G. Groff, Lewisburg, Penn.

SOME years ago, when erecting my home, attention was called to the different financial condition of the mechanics who lived in the town and those living in the country. The town mechanic, if he works by the day, is ordinarily, as here observed, always poor. If he becomes a master workman and a contractor he may accumulate some property, but not if he continues to work for others.

But should he place his family in the country, the case at once becomes different. A home is secured. The children are educated and take higher positions in life than the parents, and altogether the condition of the family is improved. Near small towns, from ten to twenty acres of land, with buildings, may be secured for the same or less money than would purchase a very modest home in the town, with a lot large enough only for a house and a very small garden. In the country a cow furnishes milk and butter; poultry give eggs and meat; a garden, vegetables; one or more pigs, the family meat and lard. The orchard gives fruit for all the year. On the days when he has no work at his trade the man can work on the place. As the children grow older they attend the garden, the cow and the poultry.

These homes can be secured so near towns that the children may attend the town schools if this is desirable. That the plan here suggested is feasible is proven by the numerous illustrations where it is a living success to-day and it can be a success in all cases where the persons concerned believe in and love an independent, wholesome life. It is far better for children to grow up in the country, where they may become acquainted with plants and animals, both wild and domesticated, than in the town, where commonly all knowledge of nature is at a discount.

The writer has in mind several carpenters who, following the plan here suggested, have given up their trades and become successful farmers. The same is true of stone masons, plasterers and painters. All have been seen to leave the narrow life of the town for the broader one of the country.—New York Tribune.

## The Test of Good Citizenship

By Henry Cabot Lodge.

NO man can hope to be a useful citizen in the broadest sense, in the United States, unless he takes a continuous and intelligent interest in politics, and a full share not only in the election but also in the primary operations which determine the choice of candidates. For this everyone has time enough, and if he says that he has not, it is because he is indifferent when he ought to be intensely and constantly interested. If he follows public affairs from day to day, and, thus informed, acts with his friends and those who think as he does at the caucus and the polls, he will make his influence fully felt and will meet completely the test of good citizenship. It is not essential to take office. For not doing so, the excuse of lack of time and the demands of more immediate private interest may be valid. But it would be well if every man could have, for a short period, at least, some experience in the actual work of government in his city, State, or Nation, even if he has no idea of following a political career. Such an experience does more to broaden a man's knowledge of the difficulties of public administration than anything else. It helps him to understand how he can practically attain that which he thinks is best for the State, and, most important of all, it enables him to act with other men and to judge justly those who are doing the work of public life.

The man of business who devotes his surplus wealth to the promotion of education or of art, or to the alleviation of suffering, is doing public service. So, too, among business men and lawyers and journalists, among the men engaged in the most energetic and active pursuits, we find those who are always ready to serve on committees to raise money for charitable or public purposes, to advance important measures of legislation, and to reform the evils which are especially rife in great municipalities. To do this they give their money, as well as their time and strength, which are of more value than money, to objects wholly outside the labors by which they support themselves or their families or gratify their own tastes or ambitions. Thus they meet the test of what constitutes usefulness in a citizen by rendering to the country, to the public, and to their fellow citizens, service which has no personal reward in it, but which advances the good of others and contributes to the welfare of the community.—Success.