

**LAUGH IT AWAY.**

Don't put on your far-off glasses hunting lions in the way.  
 Don't go probing 'round for troubles—just ignore them, day by day.  
 Don't go sighing; "Yes, 'tis pleasant just at present, but—ah me!  
 There's the sorrow of to-morrow—where will all our sunshine be?"  
 If the worst is in the future and has been there all the while.  
 We can keep it there by laughing till we make the others smile.

If the worst is in the future, let it stay there; for we know  
 That to-morrow's always threatening to bring us so-and-so;  
 But to-morrow with its sorrow never comes within our gaze.  
 For all time is just a pageant of these busy old-to-days.  
 Let the worst stay in the future where it has been, all the while!  
 We can keep it there by laughing till the others start to smile.

When we look toward the sunset in the gorgeous afterglow,  
 Let us thank the blessed Father for the things we do not know;  
 Let us thank Him with all fervency that He has never sent  
 Any burden quite unbearable; that while our backs have bent  
 Underneath the load, we've had His arms about us all the while—  
 Let us laugh away the trouble though our eyes are dimmed with tears;  
 Let us laugh away the heartaches and the worries and the fears;  
 Just "be good and you'll be happy"—if you're happy, you'll be good;  
 For the rule's so double-acting that it's seldom understood.  
 O, there is no future coming with a lot of trouble in—  
 We can fight it off by laughing till the others start to grin!  
 —S. W. Gillilan, in Los Angeles Herald.

**A TRAGEDY IN A TUNNEL**

THE night express was making its customary pause at Grantham station while the engines were changed for the next long run, 100 miles, to York.

It was not a crowded train, as I easily perceived when I alighted with the rest to stretch my legs. Most of the passengers had turned out, too, and we lounged about, staring at each other without keen interest until time was up and the sharp cries of "Take your seats," "Now for the North," sent us back to our carriages.

I had a compartment to myself, and I retained it without paying particular attention to those nearest me, save in the vague, unconscious fashion that would hardly serve for later recognition. One man I noticed in the next carriage—he and I alone were traveling "first," at any rate, in that part of the train—but do not think I should have known him again but for his traveling cap with the lappets tied under his chin and his loose ulster with a cape—distinct facts in his appearance, although they made little impression on me at the time.

Then another matter claimed my notice. There were sudden cries, "Now, sir, now! If you're going on, look sharp, sir, please." I saw a man, a laggard, hurrying down the platform, puffing breathlessly in evident distress, as though the pace was too great for him.

He made straight for where I sat, but stopped one compartment short of mine, and as the train was already moving they hustled him in neck and crop; the signal was given, "Right," the whistle sounded, the engine driver blew a response, and we steamed ahead full speed.

I felt rather concerned about this neighbor and late arrival. His white face, his staring eyeballs and hanging tongue told of great physical exhaustion, and I fancied that I heard a groan as he tumbled into his carriage. Evidently he had run it very close—had come upon the platform at the very last moment, and had all but missed his train. He had only just joined it, of that I felt sure, for I had not observed him on our departure from King's Cross nor here at Grantham. Why had he been so anxious to save his passage and such peril to himself? For he was ill—I made sure he was ill—so sure that I threw down my window and, leaning out, shouted to the next compartment, asking if anything was wrong.

No answer came, or it was lost in the rattle and turmoil of the express. Once again I called out, having no certainty that I could be heard, but certain at last that I heard no reply. Why should I worry further? The next compartment was not empty, that I knew. If the new-comer was really ill and wanted help he could get it from his traveling companion, the man in the loose ulster and cap tied under his chin, whom I believed to be in the carriage with him. So I dismissed the matter from my mind and sank back among the cushions of my seat to rest and be satisfied.

I must have dozed off, but only for a minute or two as I thought, and I seemed to be still asleep and dreaming when again I heard a groan in the next carriage. It was a perfectly vivid and distinct impression, as half waking dreams so often are. I could not at the moment say whether what followed was reality or a figment also of my drowsy brain. What I heard I have said was a groan fraught with keen anguish; what I saw was quite clear, but still more extraordinary and unaccountable.

The train had slowed down and was almost at a standstill. We were in a tunnel; the lamps in the carriages threw a strong light upon the brick walls and reflected all that was going on in the compartment next mine (none of the others near had any occupant).

But in this the adjoining compartment two figures stood out plainly—men's figures, and one held the other closely in his arms. More than this I could not make out. I saw it clearly, although but a brief space only, a few seconds of time, for now the train moved on rapidly with increasing speed, and we ran out of the tunnel. The reflected scene of course disappeared at once as completely as though wiped off a slate.

There was trouble next door, of what nature it was impossible to guess, but I felt that it must be ascertained forthwith. If it was a case of serious illness then the one hale man would surely ring the alarm bell and seek assistance for the other; if it was foul play he would make no sign, and it then became my bounden duty to interpose without delay.

These thoughts flashed quickly

through my mind, and it seemed an age while I waited to resolve my doubts. Probably no more than a few seconds elapsed before I put my hand to the signal and stopped the train. I was first to get out, and hardly waiting the stoppage I clambered along the footboard and stood upon it, looking into the carriage.

No one was to be seen within.

"Quick, quick!" I cried to the guard when he came up. "In here. Something has happened. There is a man sick; I fear he has fainted. He wasn't alone, but I cannot see the other man."

Now the carriage door was opened and disclosed a body lying recumbent, inert, in a strangely stiff, haphazard fashion on the floor. The guard stooped down, waving his lantern over the white, drawn face and moving the body gently on one side.

"All up with him, I expect. Run, somebody, along the train and see if there's a doctor aboard. And you, sir, what do you know of this?"

I described what I had heard or thought I had heard and seen, including the glimpse reflected in the tunnel.

"You must have been dreaming or you're inventing," was the guard's rather abrupt comment. "Couldn't have seen anything like that—'tain't possible. And how comes it you know such a lot about it? You tell us, too, there was another man in the carriage—what's become of him? A fine story!"

"Would I have given the alarm if I was implicated in any way?" I answered hotly. "Don't be a fool, guard."

The guard would have answered me rudely, no doubt, but at that moment a doctor appeared upon the scene.

"The man is dead—beyond all question dead," he said at the very first glance.

"And the cause of death?" I asked eagerly, while the guard frowned at me as though I were making myself too busy.

"Are there any marks of foul play?"

"None visible," replied the doctor after a brief examination. "I should say it was heart, but I cannot be certain till I have looked further."

"Which you can do somewhere else and better than here," interposed the guard. "We've lost too much time already. I must push on to York and report there. This is too big a job for me."

"You had better go back to Grantham," I protested. "It's quite close—no half a dozen miles."

"I don't want you to teach me my duty, and I'm not going. I've got first of all to keep time. Why should I go back?"

"To identify the dead man—he got in at Grantham—and to give information as to the man who got out."

"Oh, bosh!" cried the guard. "There was no man—no one but yourself, and you've got to come along with me, and—that"—he pointed to the corpse—"on to York."

"I certainly shall not go on with the train. I shall go back to Grantham at once. There is no time to be lost. The other man—"

"I thought the guard would have struck me. He was obviously ready to lay violent hands on me, and he repeated that he meant to take me on to York, if necessary by force."

"You've no authority. You're not a police officer, and I am, or as good, for I am a government official. Here is my card. Let there be an end of this. I think you are wrong in going on, but at any rate I shall walk back to Grantham by the line. Be so good as to look after my things in the next compartment," and with that I alighted and left the guard rather crestfallen.

Within a few minutes, walking rapidly, I re-entered the tunnel which had been the scene of the strange incident, and in less than half an hour I reached the station. It was dimly lighted, for the next express train, the 12.06 "up," was nearly due, and there were several officials upon the platform.

I went up to one, an inspector, and briefly told him what had happened.

"Dear, dear! Of course. I remember. That was Mr. Erasmus Bateman. He belongs here—a rich man, greatly respected; has the big stores in High Street. He was in a hurry to catch that train, for he was going down to Hull to-morrow. He buys a lot for his furniture factory—that is, he did, I suppose I ought to say. Poor Mr. Bateman! He was heavy, overfat for his age, and he ought not to have run so fast."

"Would he be likely to have much money on him?" I asked.

"Why, yes; likely enough. He was his own buyer, and he always bought for cash."

Here was a motive for foul play. I

saw the disappearance of this second passenger explained. Bateman had died suddenly almost in the other man's arms.

If evilly disposed it would be but the matter of a moment for the latter to get possession of purse and pocket-book and all valuables—everything, in fact—and make off, leaving the carriage at once, even at the risk of his life.

It was a pretty, a plausible theory enough, and I put it before the inspector with the whole of the facts.

"I'm inclined to agree with you, sir, always supposing there was any such man," he replied. "Your tunnel story is a big mouthful to swallow."

"There he goes," I whispered, clutching at the inspector's arm and pointing to the tails of a check ulster disappearing into the booking office. "He must not see me; he might recognize me as having been in the north express. But go—sharp's the word. Find out where he's booking to and take a ticket for me to the same place. Here are a couple of sovereigns. You'll find me in the waiting room."

He came to me there, bringing a ticket for King's Cross, the other man's destination.

"Traveling up, no doubt, by the 12.06 midnight express, due in London at 2.40. Mark you now, inspector, I want you to telegraph to Scotland Yard and ask them to have a detective on the arrival platform to watch for our gentleman in check ulster and flap cape and stop him."

"Mention my name; tell the office to look out for me, and we'll arrange further together."

An electric bell sounded in the signal box and the inspector cried: "Here she comes! You wait, sir, till the last. I'll mark the ulster down to his carriage and I'll put you the next door. You must be on the lookout at Peterborough and Finsbury Park. He might get off at one of those stations."

"No fear," I said, as I got into the carriage with a parting injunction to the inspector that he had better telegraph also to York, giving the deceased's name, and inform his relations in Grantham.

My man in the ulster did not move on the way to town. I was continually on the lookout, alert and wakeful, watching in every tunnel we passed through for some corroboration of my former experience. In the flying train probably at this time of night every one but myself was sound asleep. The lights were certainly reflected onto the brick walls, but no action or incident. Nevertheless, I was now quite convinced that I had made no mistake as to what I had seen.

I was close behind the check ulster directly its wearer alighted. So was my friend Mountstuart, the detective, to whom, as he ranged alongside, I whispered:

"Take him straight to the nearest station. I will charge him there with robbery from the person. Mind he does not sling (throw away) any stuff."

Except for my caution I believe he would have got rid of a fat, bulky pocketbook, but Mountstuart caught him in the act and took it from his hand. He began to bluster, shouting "What does this mean? How dare you interfere with me? Who are you?"

"You will hear soon enough," said Mountstuart, quietly. "In with you. We are going to Portland road."

I never saw a man so dumbfounded.

He was a dark-eyed, lantern jawed, cadaverous looking, and was shivering, no doubt with the sudden shock of his unexpected arrest. He gave his name at the station as Gregory Cartstairs, a commercial traveler, and it came out that he had had business dealings with Mr. Bateman. The temptation had been irresistible when he held the dead man in his arms to search and despoil him. He thought it was quite safe; no one could know of his presence in the carriage, and the sudden death would be attributed to natural causes.

His possession of the stolen property was enough to secure his conviction for theft, the only charge pressed, for death had really been from heart failure. My evidence as to what I had seen was heard in court, and heard with mixed feeling in that incredulity predominated. The judge and some others were sufficiently interested, however, to put my statement to the test by actual experiment on the Underground Railway, and the fact of the telltale reflection was triumphantly proved.

The next time I met the guard of that night express he was very crestfallen and admitted that he had made an ass of himself.—The Tatler.

**Family Troubles.**

The stories of strangely mixed pronouns are many. A new one is told by a young woman who heard it from the lips of a New Hampshire veteran during the past summer.

"The trouble betwixt Martin Hobbs and his bride wasn't really betwixt the two of 'em," said this ancient gossip. "The trouble all come because she couldn't get along with his old father, and he couldn't get along with his new mother; and then her sister put in a finger, and said she wasn't going to have anything to do with a nephew that acted as he did, and his brother, he said he'd get neeces enough without another one added, and he never spoke to her from the day she held out against his father. So they two moved away, and left the old folks to settle it betwixt 'em; and now it's all settled, for he died and she's married again, and the young folks are back at his home with nobody to bother 'em."

"That's very fortunate," said the bewildered listener.

"Yes, 'tis so," said the old man, "when you consider that they wasn't really to blame, but just she couldn't get along with him, nor he with her."—Youth's Companion.

No fewer than 20,000 English women live on canal boats.

**AGRICULTURAL.**

**Accumulation of Fertility in Soils.**

When does the farmer make a profit? There are hundreds of farmers who have become wealthy, yet they have handled very little money and have had difficulty in meeting their obligations. There is one bank account which they do not draw upon, and the deposits accumulate for years, which is the soil. A farmer takes a poor farm, works it, adds manure and receives but little over expenses, but every year his farm has become more fertile and also increased in value. In ten or more years the farm may be worth five times the original cost, and it represents just as much profit as though the farmer had received money. All farms are, to a certain extent, banks of deposit, where the profits of the farm slowly accumulate.

**An Excellent Farm Crop.**

Alfalfa is one of the best crops for forage, hay or clover. Its successful establishment requires that the surface soil shall be well supplied with the mineral elements, lime, phosphoric acid and potash. During the early growth of the crop weeds should be frequently cut. The crops should be harvested, preferably before the plants are in bloom. The average yield of green forage per acre at the New Jersey experiment station for three years, including the first year, was 18.27 tons, equivalent to 4.57 tons of hay. The yield the third year from five cuttings was 23.6 tons of green forage, equivalent to 6.65 tons of hay, costing \$3.69 per ton.

A feeding experiment showed that the protein in alfalfa hay could be successfully and profitably substituted in a ration for dairy cows for that contained in wheat bran and dried brewers' grain, and for this purpose is worth \$11.16 per ton, when compared with wheat bran and dried brewers' grains at \$17 per ton.—C. B. Lane, of the New Jersey Agricultural College.

**A Winter Foultry House Window.**

Hen houses are cold at night in winter because of loose windows, and because glass quickly radiates heat. The curtain shown in the cut obviates both difficulties. It stops drafts and prevents radiation. It is made to slide beneath side pieces, since this keeps air

from leaking in at the edges of the curtain. It hangs down below the window during the day, and at night is raised up to the hook above the window. Use closely woven burlap and nail a lath at the top to hold the ring, and to keep the upper edge close to the window casing.—New England Homestead.

**Fresh Air For the Cows.**

Our forefathers used to believe in and practice the "toughening process" in connection with the management of their milk cows—that is, they kept cows in loosely boarded stables, where cracks and seams yawned and knot-holes opened, admitting cold, wintry winds, rains and snows. Then they turned out the cows a large part of the day even in chilly fall and winter weather. Exposure was the order of the day. Happily, now we realize the mistakes of such methods; we know that cows require reasonable warmth and comfort in order to do their best at milk production. Warm, tight cow barns are now the order of the day, but the trouble is some of us have inclined too far in the opposite direction. Some of our intelligent dairy-men advocate and practice close stabling of cows all winter, going to such extremes as never turning their cows out of the barn once from fall to summer.

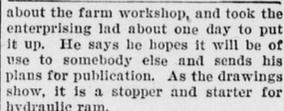
I cannot refrain from condemning such an unwarranted procedure as radically and diametrically opposed to every dictate of reason and common sense, as well as hostile to all physiological law. The cow, in common with all domestic animals, is dependent upon sun and air for life and health. Vigor and constitution in dairy herds cannot be maintained save by an abundance of pure oxygen laden air being always maintained for breathing. Inside air, even under the most perfect ventilating systems yet attained, is never like outside air. It lacks the tonic, bracing, invigorating qualities of heaven's pure ozone. There is nothing like the great outdoors. I want to impress upon cow owners the vital importance of the open barnyard or the field, where for an hour or more, according to the weather, even in the dead of winter, the cows may obtain their daily constitutional.

This barnyard should be built in a protected, sheltered place, where cold north and west winds can be excluded, either by buildings, hedges or high, tight board fences. The exposure of the barnyard should be such as to admit a maximum of the rays of the sun from the south and a minimum of cold and wind. Few days there are when the cows cannot take at least a short stroll in such a yard, especially if it be provided with a roof over it. A

little outdoor exercise will always result in a quickened blood circulation, great activity in the digestive and milk secretory organs and increased nervous energy, so essential to a prime dairy cow.—M. Sumner Perkins, in New York Tribune Farmer.

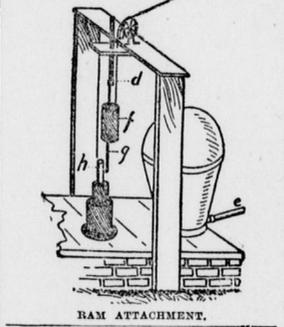
**Skillful Device For Hydraulic Ram.**

The ingenious apparatus shown in the illustration is the work of a fifteen-year-old boy, Michael E. Pue, of Maryland. It is made of materials found



about the farm workshop, and took the enterprising lad about one day to put it up. He says he hopes it will be used to somebody else and sends his plans for publication. As the drawings show, it is a stopper and starter for hydraulic ram.

When the cistern, a, fills, the float, b, raises and the weight, f, is lowered until it touches the piston, h, starting the ram. The water flows out of the cistern and the float, b, is lowered, raising the weight, f, which is lighter than b. When the water in cistern gets low, f catches on d, lifting the rod, g, stopping the piston, h. The operation is repeated until the cistern is refilled. The construction consists of an ordi-



nary ram, two two-inch pulley wheels and two supports for same; a twelve-pound lead weight, f, with half-inch hole through centre, working on a four-foot quarter-inch rod, g, with loop at end; a float, b, consisting of a box or keg containing six two-quart empty corked bottles. A chain or rope is attached to the weight, f, and the float, b, passes over the pulleys and is connected by a copper wire.—American Agriculturist.

**The Surplus on the Farm.**

The surplus on the farm represents the produce of various kinds that has been set aside for sale, after the usual or normal requirements demanded for the successful operation of the farm are provided. This surplus may be a part of almost every crop grown on the farm, a portion of the live stock, fruits, etc. The farm, in order to be made a profitable investment, must produce a surplus, and this surplus be of sufficient commercial importance to return a revenue above the operating cost, when all features of expense are reckoned in the account. It is not sufficient that the farm pay the living expenses of the farmer and his family and keep up the operating expenses of the farm. This may, under adverse crop conditions, be accepted as a good compromise, but the average annual settlement with the farm must show a good balance in the sale of the farm surplus.

The farm should be regarded as an investment of so much capital in business, and the operation of the farm placed upon a basis of profit that will yield a certain per cent. upon the capital employed, when all expenses of operating are paid. More system should be introduced into the management of the farm. The slipshod, hit or miss, unmethodical way of conducting the farm that is in practice among many farmers is responsible for the mortgages and lack of profit in farming, where prosperity does not exist. Hard work alone will not make farming profitable. Hard work is an important factor in successful farming, as almost every prosperous farmer will testify to, but good business management is just as important, and possibly more so. Hard work and good business management combined have never been known to make a failure in farming. The greatest surplus comes from the well managed farms.

The season for closing the general accounts with the farm is approaching; the autumn season brings with it the maturing of all crops, the culling of the flocks and herds, and the sale of the surplus from these various sources of revenue. In live stock, it is particularly important that no unnecessary loss be permitted through neglect or exposure to the changing conditions of weather, that the fall season is soon to introduce. The surplus farm stock should go into the feed lot, or to the local or general market, in order to make room for the producing animals that are to be the means of production in keeping up the animal produce of the farm.

A systematic marketing of all the surplus products of the farm is just as important and essential as the production of them. This surplus may be said to represent the year's business in farm management. By economy, industry and a close observance of business methods on the farm, the surplus is made to increase in amount and value, and the farm become a greater means of income.—Nebraska Farmer.

**A LITTLE HINT FROM NATURE.**

Oh, de rain it come a fallin'  
 An' de clouds is mighty black,  
 An' de lightnin' stah a-shootin'  
 An' you huz de thunder crack;  
 An' you huz de stohm a-braggin'  
 As it comes a-sweepin' pas';  
 'I reckons, Misth Sunshine,  
 We has done you up at las'."

But de sunshine come a-laughin',  
 Jus' as cheerit as befo',  
 De chillun clap der hands to see  
 Him shinin' at de do',  
 So keep you temper, honey,  
 Yoh manners try to mend,  
 'Case sunshine alius gwine to win  
 De victory in de end.  
 —Washington Star.

**FRASERS OF FVNA**

Richley—"I am the architect of my own fortune." Richley—"Aren't you afraid of a visit from the building inspector?"—Town and Country.

To err is human, wise men say;  
 You surely cannot doubt it;  
 And e'en more human is the way  
 We err, and lie about it.  
 —Philadelphia Record.

"Greatman habitually wears a pained expression." "Yes; he always looks as if he had accidentally sat down on the pinnacle of fame."—Harper's Bazar.

Little Willie—"Say, pa, what's ability?" Pa—"Ability, my son, is the art of knowing how you know without letting others know it."—Chicago News.

Caspar—"Among the ancient doctors bleeding the patient was the first operation in treating a case." Charlie—"And now it's the last."—Harvard Lampoon.

Marmaduke—"Did your physician give you a diagnosis of your disease?" Mallory—"Yes; he said I had a bad case of high living and no thinking."—Detroit Free Press.

Tom—"Do you think your cousin Julia would marry me if I asked her?" Jack—"Well, I have always considered her a sensible sort of girl—still, she might."—Chicago News.

"Why did you laugh at his joke? It was not funny." "I know it. But if I did not laugh he would think I did not see the point and would tell it again."—Brooklyn Life.

First Fusser—"What do you see attractive in that girl, anyhow?" Second Ditto—"Why, man; her hair." First Ditto—"Oh! I see. Just capillary attraction."—Yale Record.

The automobilist serene,  
 Some caution won't despise;  
 He takes along some gasoline  
 And amica likewise.  
 —Washington Star.

"Is this, then, to be the end of our romance?" he asked. "No," she answered. "My lawyer will call on you in the morning. I have a bushel and a half of your letters."—Chicago Record-Herald.

"Yes, he takes a great interest in prison work. He has been familiar with the inside of so many of them." "Indeed! As a criminal?" "Not exactly. As an automobilist."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Cobwigger—"I would prefer a literary life, but as I have business ability I owe it to myself to go into trade." Merritt—"If you have the business instinct you can make more money at literature than at anything else."—Judge.

Wederly—"What makes you think the widow who has just moved in next door is childless?" Mrs. Wederly—"I was talking to her across the back fence to-day, and she told me how I ought to raise my little girl."—Chicago News.

"Mr. Gotrox," began the nervous young man, "I—er—that is, your daughter is the—er—apple of my eye, and—"

"That will do, young man," interrupted the granite-hearted parent. "Here's \$5 for you; go consult an oculist."—Chicago News.

Clarence—"I wish I had lots of money." Uncle Henry—"If one could get what he wished for, I think I should wish for common sense; not for money." Clarence—"Naturally everybody wishes for what he hasn't got."—Boston Transcript.

**Letters Mark Twain Gets.**

Mark Twain is twin suffering in the matter of a correspondence loaded with requests for favors from unknown people. He has consequently received the impression that when people find time hanging heavily on their hands they sit down and write a letter to him asking for something. These requests are always preceded by profuse compliments. "In my judgment," said Mark Twain recently, "no compliment has the slightest value when it is charged for, yet I never get one unaccompanied by the bill." The latest letter he has received is somewhat in the nature of a climax to those that have gone before. A schoolteacher asks for his portrait in oil. "There is nothing we would appreciate so much," wrote this admirer, with true naïveté. "It could be used for years and years in the school." But the fact that it would cost the author \$1000 or so entered nowhere into the enthusiastic brain of the correspondent.

**The Age of Admirals.**

Lord Charles Beresford has raised another little breeze in England by protesting that officers in the British Navy are promoted to be admirals when too old to hold that rank. Of the twelve officers holding the rank of admiral or vice-admiral only three of them are below the age of sixty, one admiral being fifty-nine and two vice-admirals being fifty-seven and fifty-five, respectively. Nelson was only forty-seven when he won at Trafalgar. Lord Beresford points out that Germany has much younger men in these exalted places, and he asserts with Napoleon that at "sixty years, one is good for nothing."