Camping Song.

Has your dinner lost its savor?
Has your greeting lost its cheer?
Is your daily stunt a burden?
Is your laughter half a sneer?
There's a medicine to cure you,
There's a way to lift your load,
With a horse and a saddle and a
mile of open road.

Is your eyeball growing bilious?
Is your temper getting short?
Is this life a blind delusion,
Or a grim, unlovely sport?
There's a world of health and beauty,
There's a help that cannot fail,
In a day behind the burros,
On a dusty mountain trail.

Come out, old man, we're going
To a land that's free and large,
Where the rainless skies are resting
On a snowy mountain marge.
When we camp in God's own country,
You will find yourself again,
With a fire and a blanket and the
stars upon the plain!—Bliss Carman in the Reader.

The Last Watch on the "Empress"

Strained, tempest-buffeted, leaking at a dozen seams, her foretopmast gone, her yards splintered, her sails in rags, and with four feet of water in her lower hold, the old bark Empress, three weeks overdue with a cargo of rice from Calcutta, came lurching heavily into the lower harbor through the fog of the May afternoon.

At her wheel stood the captain, and amidships two wearied Swedes were pumping desperately. Brushing aside pilot boats, tugs and quarantine steamer, heedless of the hoarse warnings screeched from a half-dozen metal throats, she made straight for the crescent of Hospital Bank, and there ran hard and fast aground.

As she settled she made a bed for herself in the soft mud, so that when the tide left her she stood nearly upright.

During the next week her rat-riddled cargo was lightered out. Then her owners weighed its fate in council and their verdict was, "Strip and burn." For five days more the swarming riggers worked havoc with knife and hatchet and marlinspike, until, on Friday afternoon, the decks were littered with food for the junk shop and the oakum factory, and the three masts rose bare of their familiar tracery of rope and spar.

At three o'clock on that very Friday, Emerson Hardy, just turned twenty-two, licensed engineer of the gasoline launch belonging to Smith & Cutcliffe, the firm that owned the bark, had finished cleaning up his boat, after a short trip, and had moored it securely off the foot of the landing stairs. The machinery needed some repairs, so for two or three days his craft would be out of commission.

He had not the slightest objection, therefore, when his employers asked him to act as watchman for a single night in place of the colored steward, who had for the past ten days stood grand over the vessel, but who had that morning sailed on a fruit ship bound for Jamaica. Smith & Cutcliffe knew well that the bark was safe from harbor thieves so long as the engineer had charge of it.

It was already dark, and a dense fog blanketed the day, when the tug Orion, on its way out to watch all night for incoming vessels, steamed up close to the Empress to set Hardy on board. He scrambled up the low side, and was on deck in a moment.

"Don't let the rats eat you up, Emerson!" callled out the pilot, as the tug swung away. "I'll give you a call in the morning on the way in, to see if you are all there."

Hardy flung back a jest in reply. The first things he did after the Orion had vanished in the mist and its distant puffing died down to an asthmatic whisper, were to light his lantern and load his revolver. Then he straightened up and looked about him.

The bark was entirely dismantled. Her ragged sails were bundled up, the cordage lay along the deck in coils and lines, extending from the cabin top forward. In short, the vessel had been stripped of everything of value in preparation for the final trips of the lighter. The only spot above decks not covered with debris was the roof of the forcastle.

With the advance of night the fog grew thicker. Back and forth paced the engineer. He consulted his watch; it was eight o'clock. He came to a stop near the end of the cabin, where the ship's bell hung tongueless.

The fancy came to him to strike the hours upon it, as if he were keeping watch during an ocean voyage; it would break the monotony of his ight. With a rusty iron marlinspike, picked up from the deck, he beat out eight clear, silvery notes from the sea-mellowed brass.

The night wore on. Every thirty minutes Hardy paused near the binnacle, and the bell pealed out its warning beneath his vigorous arm—one stroke at half past eight, two at nine, and so on.

But the hours moved slowly. He was just on the edge of the channel, and up to midnight there was plenty of passing—passenger-boats, freighters, tugs towing lines of barges; he could hear and tell them all, although the fog hid them from view. Toward twelve o'clock they thinned out, and it would have been lonely enough on the deserted hulk but for the rats.

They were present in scores, great, gray, leaping bewiskered fellows, scurrying about decks and quarreling with one another, no half-tame inoffensive house animals, but savage, impudent brutes, born and bred on shipboard.

For want of anything better to do, Hardy watched them. Finally he grew tired, and at midnight, after eight strokes on the bell, went down into the cabin. In the middle of the floor stood a huge rat. The watchman shouted at it. The beast lifted its head inquiringly without a sign of fear, and then trotted leisurely into the captain's stateroom.

Hardy stretched himself out in a dilapidated haircloth armchair, the sole remaining article of furniture, set his lantern down near by and tried to fancy himself in command of the bark on a foreign voyage. He lost consciousness for a time, but was suddenly roused by a sharp pain in the right hand. Springing up, he flung from him with a shudder of disgust a rat which, emboldened by his silence, had leaped into his lap and bitten the knuckle of his middle finger.

He looked at his watch. It was nearly two o'clock, the time when man's life forces are said to be at their lowest ebb. Over the decks above, Hardy could bear numberless feet pattering and racing, while the air was rent by shrill, continuous squeals. In the cabin itself were fully a dozen rats, darting in and out of the open staterooms. Taking his lantern, Hardy went up the companionway.

The tide, which was almost high, gurgled steadily into the hold through the open seams, driving all the rats upward. Until a few days before, the animals had had enough to eat from the cargo to keep them from being hungry, but now lack of food had made them savage. The decks were literally alive with them, running squealing, fighting.

Hardy had no sense of fear, but the incessant squabbling wearied him and he longed for the approach of morning. He almost wished that the harbor thieves would put in an appearance. They could easily be frightened off by a show of his revolver; and almost any human interruption would be welcome to vary this ceaseless squealing.

The turmoil on the decks increased. The watchman started forward, and trod on the tail of one of the rats. The animal turned upon him and sank its teeth into his ankle with a shriek.

There was something about that note different than the others. As its sound a dead silence suddenly fell upon the bark, and Hardy was aware that every rat turned toward him. Another shrill, vicious call from his assailant, and in an instant the engineer found himself the object of attack by scores of foes.

Against the binnacle leaned a wooden capstanbar. Hardy siezed this with his right hand, and with the latern in his left, vaulted upon the cabin roof, which rose about four feet above the deck.

He gained thereby a momentary respite, but soon his enemies discovered his whereabouts. Up they swarmed, clambering over the festoons of rigging along the edge of the cabin top. The watchman set down his lantern, grasped the capstan-bar tightly with both hands, and began to lay about him with long, sweeping blows that sent rat after rat flying over the rail into the sea.

Ah first the engineer despised his assailants. It seemed absured to think that his safety could be seriously endangered by such contemptible animals. They assailed him from behind and he wheeled to meet them, raining his blows in every direction, and striving to shake himself free from their attack. But they pressed him hard, with an ominous, deadly earnestness, and it did not take him long to realize that he was fighting for his very life.

Hardy's wiriness now stood him in good stead. A bigger, clumsier man could not have handled himself so quickly. Up and down, right and left, swept the capstan-bar like a flail. He grew sick of the massacre. He could see nothing outside the little mist-walled circle illumined by the lantern. Slay as many as he might, their numbers seemed unthinned, and their assault continued with undiminished vigor. His arms were wearied with wielding the bar, but he had to fight on.

Had Hardy cared, he would have jumped overboard; but he was only a very ordinary swimmer, the water was cold, and the shore nearly a mile away.

But something must be done at once. His breath was coming short. He stumbled and almost fell. Once down! He shuddered at the thought and wielded his bar desperately.

An incautious sweep caught the lantern, and whirled it over the rail with a jingling crash of glass.

The watchman's face was now turned toward the bow. As he shot a glance forward through the mist, he caught a glimpse of the forecastle, rising above the littered decks. Once on its top he would be safe. Could he gain it? One jump took him off the cabin to the break; another planted his feet on the main deck amidships. His enemies pursued him. The black square of the open hatch yawned before him. Round it he darted, threading his way among the rope coils. Once or twice he was almost thrown headlong.

Close before him rose the forecastle. It was six feet high. Could he reach its summit? He must.

Up he leaped and flung his hands over the edge. Beneath him the rats bit at his feet and hung at the bottoms of his trousers. With a mighty effort he threw his left leg up over the side of the roof, caught his heel, and a moment later lay there in safety, half-fainting.

There Hardy spent the remainder of the night. With the coming of dawn a fresh landbreeze dispersed the fog, and as the tide fell the rats disappeared into the hold to search for scattered rice grains. When the Orion took the watchman off at six o'clock the decks showed no signs of life.

Late that evening, as the lighter drew away toward the city with its last load, a match touched to a ball of rags soaked in kerosene lighted up a beacon visible afar over sea and land, the funeral pyre of the Empress. The flames danced along her bulwarks and streamed up her masts, until she stood in lurled outline against the surrounding gloom.

But before the conflagration touched them the rats leaped overboard, and soon the firelit surface was alive with swimming forms. Few reached the shore, however, for the sea was rough through the long mile they had to traverse. Meanwhile the old bark burned far into the night, until her upper works were consumed; and it was well toward morning when the rising tide put out the flames.—Youth's Companion.

Hospital Cars on Prussian Railways.

The Prussian Ministry for Railways has placed at every important railway center throughout the kingdom a magnificently built and appointed car for the transport of sick persons. These cars have been specially fitted up from plans supplied by sanitary authorities. Spring beds and every medical device for the alleviation of suffering during transit have been utilized. There are ice safes, gas stoves for cooking, rooms for attendants and ingenious devices for muffling the sound caused by the motion of the train. It is not intended to make these carriages pay; they have been instituted chiefly on the ground of humanity.—New York World.

A "BUMBLE."

Bumble, Bumble—fuss and grumble,
Bang your head against the vine!
Why should you begin to grumble
When on jumbles you shall dine?
Bumble! Bumble! see him stumble!
As he buzzes near the sweet,
Half expecting that he'll tumble
'Fore he gets enough to eat.
Bumble, Bumble, he's not humble,
For he's boasting of his pow'r.
Hear him mumble, rumble, drumble,
As he fumbles round each flower.
Bumble, Bumble, honey crumble,
Oh, you dumble, drumble-drone!
Would you, like the painter, scrumble
Every color but your own?
—Elizabeth Hunt in Indianapolis News.

JUGGLING FOR EXERCISE.

That the easiest and pleasantest way to keep in "fit" condition is to practice juggling—the art of balancing and catching objects—is the argument ingeniously maintained in Pearson's Weekly, of London, by one of the world's most famous jugglers. Physical exercises, he says, are apt to become monotonous; in juggling, however, there is always something novel to be done. "If you should live to be as old as Methuselah you would never exhaust the possibilities of a ball and a stick."

When exercising at home, unwatched by a teacher, one is liable to perform his exercises in an incorrect or slovenly fashion, thus doing himself more harm than good, but the simplest feat of juggling can be done in only one way—the right way. Again, where a physical exercise develops only a certain part, or parts, of the body, five minutes' juggling calls into play every important muscle. Finally, few physical exercises train the eye or the hand. Juggling trains both.

The mistake most boys make is that after seeing a professional, they go home and try to do offhand a feat that it requires years of practice to accomplish. Begin with the simplest feats, such as balancing a walking-stick on your forehead, or tossing a ball from behind your back over your shoulder and catching it as it falls. If you are really fond of juggling you will invent your own problems.

Here are a few axioms: It is easier to balance a thing on your head than on your hand.

Up to the point where great physical strength is required, the larger the object the easier it is to balance; thus it is easier to balance a walking-stick on your forehead than it is a pencil.

Always look at the top of whatever you are balancing; beginners make the mistake of looking at the bottom or middle of the stick, or whatever it is. Again, when catching things do not watch your hands. Keep your eye on the object, just as you would to catch a batted ball.

In the balancing feats remember that the shape of the article is immaterial. What you have to do is to balance an imaginary line passing vertically through the centre of gravity of the object, or, briefly, to keep its axis perpendicular to whatever it is balanced upon.

Finally, juggling is the best and healthiest of indoor exercise because it never wearies; it develops every part of the body; it trains the hand and eye; it makes for grace and freedom of movement, and a liking for it is a more effectual safeguard against the temptations of drink or excess of any kind than almost any other thing that can be named.

THE BOY AND THE RUSKS.

Young Ted was most fastidious about his eating. He was the only one his mother had to cook for, and the good woman was driven nearly to the point of distraction trying to suit the child.

One day he sat all morning in his room reading and nibbling peanuts. When he came to the lunch table he found that his mother had baked a large pan of rusk, hoping to please him. But he felt peevish and declared they were dry and that he couldn't swallow them.

In the afternoon the washerwoman's boy came to bring a few belated clothes. The lady wrapped up the rusks and sent them to the washerwoman, knowing that she had many hungry mouths to feed.

At the front gate the washerwoman's boy met the boy of the house. "The fellers are goin' to play football this afternoon," said the washerwoman's boy. The elder boy inquired where, and was off to join the game. He ran and tumbled around all the rest of the day.

On his way home the washerwoman's boy joined him, and when they got to the latter's gate the washerwoman's boy said: "Come in, and see if ma has anything to eat." They went in and ma stopped ironing to give them each a couple of rusks. When the boy reached his own home he declared: "Mother, I had some dandy rusk today, at the washerwoman's house. I wish you'd get her to teach you how to make them." Do you wonder that his mother laughed?—Philadelphia Record.

CASTAWAY.

In Lewis, Delaware, they tell of a dog which used its eyes to good advantage. A large schooner, bound from Maine to Philadelphia, lay on her side, fast sinking in the bay. The cargo had listed suddenly, while a heavy sea was on, and the life-saving crew feared that the vessel would go down before help could be rendered.

All hands set to work and soon the breeches buoy shot out over the angry gray waters and landed on the schooner's deck. One by one the people on board the schooner were brought ashore—first the captain's wife, then the crew and lastly the captain himself. Judge how the people must have felt then; when looking out over the breakers to the ship they saw a fine large collie dog standing on the deck of the sinking craft, and lifting up his voice in a pitiful cry, which now and then the gale carried to their ears.

The captain's wife begged the life savers to send the breeches out again for the dog. They look incredulous, but she declared she knew he would get into them. A trial was made, and sure enough, the sagacious beast lifted his stiff hind legs into the breeches, and holding fast with his teeth, came safely to land. As the captain's wife threw her arms about the dog's neck and wept for joy, the vessel gave a lurch and was seen no more.

BEE CHARIOTS.

There is a tiny insect which knows enough to enjoy a more delightful ride than we could have on the best horse or in the most perfect automobile which ever spun along in the park. This little insect is a mere dot, yet with no one to teach it, it waits by a stone or a plant until a bee comes along. Then it leaps on the bee's back and off it goes through the sunlit air for its morning ride.

It goes on till it gets tired, then, watching its chance, tumbles off to some convenient flower. When rested it takes another ride. It finally is taken by the helpless bee to the hive. Here the little parasite is attracted by the comfortable quarters and abundant store of food. It jumps off the bee's back and takes a nap among the bee eggs.

When it wakes from its nap it is very hungry, and devours not only the bee bread prepared for the bee's baby, but makes a meal of the baby itself! However, it is repaid for its idleness and gluttony, for when it at last gets out of the bee house it is no longer a sprightly, agile mite, but a fat, floundering beetle, hardly able to get out of anybody's way. If on the garden path you find a blue bug which drops oil from its joints when you pick it up, you may be sure it was once a saucy thing which stole rides and ate up bee breakfasts and bee babies.

Causes and Cure of Nervousness.

There are five causes of nervousness:

(a) Low vitality of the nervous system.

(b) The faculties of self-mastery being weak.

(c) Loss of sleep.

(d) The use of improper foods and drinks.

(e) Association with erratic, excitable, nervous, idiotic, insane, cynical and pessimistic people.

When the life force is constantly leaving the body at the finger tips, at the feet, through the eyes, at the knees, at the hands and at the elbows, a person becomes nervous. In order to overcome these losses a person should learn to control every movement. A restless foot, an uneasy eye, a swinging leg, involuntary motions, a trembling voice, an uneasy step, jerky actions, anger, irritability, pessimism, sudden starts, etc., are signs of nervousness. Unless a person develops his faculties of self-mastery, unless he increase vitality of the nervous system, unless he gets the sleep which is necessary each and every day, unless he eats the right kind of foods and drinks the right kind of drinks, and unless he associates with the right kind of people, he will become more nervous; lastly, he will become a physical and mental wreck; he will become old looking and haggard; he will die before his time.—Human Culture.

Prosperity in Alaska.

According to the statements of Will Wilzinski, who has just returned from an extended trip in the north, in which he visited all the important points along the Yukon, Alaska is enjoying far greater prosperity than is generally supposed. Mr. Wilzinski states that business in the Yukon district is booming, and that all indications point to a steady and rapid improvement in trade conditions all through Alaska, with the exception of the more remote districts.

"The large amounts of gold that have been taken out of the claims along the Yukon and the prospect of an exceptionally large cleanup next spring have resulted in a state of prosperity and stability never before seen in the northern districts," said Mr. Wilzinski. "Merchants and miners have been heavy buyers of all foodstuffs, implements and clothing, and the majority have laid in a supply which is calculated to last them all winter. During the winter season the business in the northern part of Alaska is naturally restricted to some extent by the extreme cold, and most of the miners and prospectors lay up enough provisions and other articles to last until spring, thus avoiding the higher prices that they are compelled to pay during the season when navigation on the Yukon becomes impossible."—Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

Taking His Turn.

The other day, as I was walking along the Strand, I almost ran into the arms of one of my old parishioners from a parish in the north of Yorkshire. He was in gala dress and looking radiantly happy and pleased with himself. "Hallos, Mr Blank!" I said, in greeting my friend, "and what are you doing in town?" "Oh," said he, a bit bashfully, "I'se on me honeymoon." "Dear me! That's interesting news," I said, "and I am sure I congratulate you heartily. But where is the bride?"

"T'missus?" said he; "oh, she couldn't come. Her mother was taken bad on t'wedding day, and she had to go and nurse her; soa I thowt I'd come honeymoonin' mysel.' Ye see, sir, it was t'chance of a lifetime, and I warn't goin' to miss it."—Suburban Vicar in Tid-Bits.

The Japanese prisoners in Russia have been occupying their time in making minature warships, toys and paper flowers.

PITH OF ROW BETWEEN AUSTRIA AND HUNGARY.

Hungary, at present, does not seek independence from Austria.

It wants a separate Hungarian army.

It demands that the Magyar tongue shall be the language of command.

Ultimately the intention is to maintain a mere alliance between the two countries, dissolving the commercial partnership.

The link between the two would then consist only of the Emperor-King's personal sovereignty.

Emperor Franz Joseph has steadfastly resisted all demands curtailing Austrian power.

The result is a deadlock, which threatens a war of secession.

Should Hungary revolt it is probable Bohemia will follow.

A breaking about of the Austrian empire would probably throw the old duchy of Austria into the German empire.

Franz Joseph is Emperor of Austria and King of Hungary, commanding the common army.

Naval and military matters, foreign affairs, customs and currency are supposed to be administered in common.

This dual system was adopted by the ausglersch (agreement) of 1867.

Franz Joseph has only been able to maintain the ausglerschs (agreements) not only between Hungary and Austria, but between the seventeen crown lands represented in the Reichsrat at Vienna, by personal influence, and by playing off the different factions against each other.

The ministers are practically the servants of the Emperor, though in law they are responsible to the Parliament.

Partisan strife has frequently allowed the Emperor to block all legislation for months at a time, thus affording him opportunity to make laws and issue decrees as he pleased.

To all intents and purposes, owing to the manipulations of the Emperor and his minister-servants, Hungary is now a country without any government recognized by the people.

At present the army, while recruited among Hungarians, is commanded mainly by Austrians, commanded in German, and the colors are Austian.

In the eyes of Hungarians this army makes Hungary look like a conquered country.

In 1900, Hungary and Transylvania had a population of 16,768,143; Bohemia, 6,318,280; the rest of the empire, 22,224,412.

Area in square miles: Hungary and Transylvania, 108,258; Bohemia, 20,060; rest of Austria, 220,882.

FIFTY YEARS AFTER.

An English Writer Tells of a Recent Visit to the Crimea.

On the 8th of September, 1855, the French captured Malakoff, a strongly fortified hill which commanded the town and harbor of Sebastopol, and that same night the Russians blew up the Forts Nicholas, Quarantine and Alexander, and the Flagstaff and Garden batteries, scuttled their fleet, and, after setting fire to the town, crossed by a bridge of boats to the north side of the harbor and evacuated the place after a siege of ten months. This practically terminated the Crimean war. London Black and White has published some illustrations of the present state of the Crimea.

The Bay of Sebastopol, four miles in length from east to west, and nearly a mile across at its widest part, with an almost uniform depth of nine fathoms, is one of the best harbors in the world. The handsome town of Sebastopol is now entirely rebuilt and greatly enlarged, with immense docks, forts and barracks, magnificent public buildings, boulevards, garden and up-to-date hotels. There is also an excellent museum in the Ionic style, which contains many interesting objects relating to the war. Here are numbers of English, French and Turkish guns, helmets, lances and sabres, and many engravings from well-known English and French paintings—notably, "The Roll Call" and the "Balaklava" of Lady Butler, and "The Thin Red Line at Inkerman." The landing stage is a particularly handsome structure of white marble, with four flights of steps and a Doric colonnade at the top, flanked by reproductions of antique statues.

Standing amid the crumbling bastions, with the town and harbor of Sebastopol spread out like a map below, it is easy to understand how utterly untenable the place became when once the Malakoff was in the hands of the besiegers and their guns swept the port. Surmounting the highest point of the hill stands the monument to its most gallant defender, Admiral Kornilow, who was killed during the siege by a round shot shattering his left thigh. He is represented wounded, but still giving directions to a gunner.

During the campaign, soldiers who fell were buried in small inclosures on the battlefields, or within the lines of investment. The French and Russians, soon after the conclusion of peace, collected their dead and reinterred them in cemeteries specially set apart for the purpose; but for years the graves of English dead suffered from neglect and the constant desecration of the Tartar herdsmen, until the reproaches of travelers roused a few Englishmen, ably supported by the Prince of Wales (now King), who visited the Crimea in 1869, and by their efforts the tombs of their countrymen, such as could be identified, were removed to the English cemetery on Cathcart Hill, named after the gallant Sir George Cathcart, who was killed at Inkerman. Here are monuments to the Brigade of Guards, Sir George Cathcart, Captain Hedley-Vicars, and many other heroes of the war, surrounded by beautiful trees and gorgeous flowers, all kept in the most perfect order. On the field of Inkerman we visited the obelisk erected by Englishmen "to the memory of the English, French and Russians who fell in the battle," the Sandbag battery, named by the French the "Abattoir," where the fight raged fiercest, and other notable points of interest we read of in Kinglake and Russell. The whole plateau is covered with small trees, brushwood and wild flowers, the gentian, crocus, sweet pea, veronica and many others.

THE BATTLEFIELD OF BALAKLAVA.

This obelisk, erected by the British, is said to mark the spot whence the Light Brigade started on their famous charge.

MONUMENT TO ADMIRAL KORNILOW.

PUT NEW TUNES IN ORGANS.

Shops in New York Where Crank Instruments Are Refitted.

This is the season of the year when many an Italian organ grinder takes his instrument to the place where he can "getta the new tunes in." There are several of these workshops in New York, says the New York Tribune, whose sole business is repairing and refitting the "carrousel organs," as they usually call them. Two or three are in Park row. In this city particularly do the grinders seem anxious for the latest popular airs.

Many a grinder comes with his organ on his back for the new tunes. For the small organ he pays $5 a tune and the operation takes half a day if the establishment isn't particularly rushed. Usually he wants a tune that is far more up to date than common repute would guess. Last week such a grinder came to one of the Park row establishments to have "Please Come and Play in My Yard" and "A Bit of Blarney" put on his cylinder in place of "I'll Be Your Chauncey Olcott" and "Hiawatha." This particular man was a cripple whose headquarters were at Bridgeport, Conn. He came to the city, playing his own way, through Mount Vernon.

The piece is transcribed by ear from piano music, the chief workmen in the shop being musicians by training. They place the cylinder on a frame, which has an attachment for showing the equal divisions of the cylinder's circumference, and with diminutive chisels, each in the position of a particular note of the scale, they punch the space that each staple is to occupy. The mechanical process of inserting the brass staple is performed in another part of the little shop.

The usual charge for putting eight new airs in a small or "band" organ, is $25. Such an organ originally cost perhaps $50. Something very lively, such as a sailor's hornpipe, is usually wanted. So, too, are patriotic airs, suited to the grinder's clientele. Frequently he asks for "St. Patrick's Day," saying that at many places his hearers will demand that he play that air, and will smash his organ if he hasn't it. "The Marseillaise," "The Watch on the Rhine" and "Dixie" are wanted for certain parts of the country. "Yankee Doodle," too, is a general favorite. Latter-day believers in the transcendant value of being able to write the songs of a people ought to get a corner on this market.

She Butted In.

A nicely dressed doll faced little girl about 5 was standing on Dearborn avenue near Lincoln Park. She carried a flaxen haired doll which must originally have had a face the replica of its young owner's, but was in a sorry condition from being battered against the wall. The little girl gave it a resounding whack just as an old lady came along.

"Child," said the benignant old lady, "why do you treat your pretty doll so?"

The child's innocent blue eyes looked indignantly up as she answered:

"I wish old women wouldn't butt in everywhere."

"My gracious!" was all the old lady said as she hurried away.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

An Easy One.

"Mr. Tom Andrews, manager of Scarff & O'Connor's Houston branch, was sitting in a boat at the Seabrook regatta convulsively hanging onto a rope that lost itself somewhere in the rigging of the boat."

"What's that you've got hold of, Tom?" asked some one.

"Hanged if I know," replied Andrews, whose knowledge of boats is not very great. "Hey, McMillan, what have I got hold of?"

"A rope," replied Mac, without taking his eyes from the racers.—Houston Post.

Recognize This One?

"Let me learn from your eyes what my fate is to be," sung the poet; "let them teach me the secrets———"

"Thank you," interrupted the lady; "they have pupils enough now."—Cleveland Leader.

It is disgraceful to look on the bright side of some things.

Farming is poor business when the farming is poor.

But few plants will thrive in a wet soil. A good drain is sometimes better than manure.

A cow unused to linseed meal, it is said, will increase her milk two quarts a day if fed it.

Select eggs of uniform size for hatching, especially if you use hens for that purpose.

In three years the progeny of a pair of rats, under favorable conditions, will number 1,000.

Women seem better adapted than men for some of the work connected with the home dairy.

Sunflower seed produces oil of an excellent quality, and is said to be good feed for both poultry and sheep.

A hen will often be made to lay a soft-shelled egg by falling from a perch, or by being chased about by a dog.

It is the vigor and not the size of the seed potato that determines the size of the product and the amount of the crop.

Good care prevents disease in the case of all animals. The troubles to which they are subject are due in nearly all cases to improper treatment.

A good hen will lay at least a hundred eggs every year that may be sold. There ought to be money in the chicken business, and yet how many have failed at it?

Watch currant bushes for San Jose scale. Scrape the bark, if the scale has arrived, and apply sulphur lime mixture. Do not let the scale winter on the bushes, as it will finish the plants before spring.

Crate-feeding chickens is a simple business that can be conducted successfully by any poultryman, farmer or packing-house in the United States. It is the most positive money-making branch of the poultry business.

Don't force moulting. Nature will provide for it when the time comes. This thing of starving poultry for a long time and then feeding them highly nutritious food that they may be made to grow a new crop of feathers is all nonsense.

With regard to hens which regularly and systematically lay soft-shelled eggs, it is generally found that they belong to the very prolific varieties, for it is rarely that a hen belonging to the Asiatic breeds suffers from this complaint or habit.

The usual practice of cleaning off the droppings boards, and storing the droppings in barrels, is wasteful from the fact that when so put together it heats quickly and gives off its nitrogen, the element which gives it is peculiar value as a fertilizer.

Two principal causes may be assigned why some hens lay eggs with soft shells. Internal weakness is generally caused by too rapid production, or something may be wrong with the feeding, by reason of which the bird gets an insufficient supply of lime for shell formation.

One of the best poultry foods for inducing egg production is cow peas. They may be fed whole to adult stock or cracked for chicks. They are highly nitrogenous and are superior to corn or wheat. Another excellent poultry food is rape, which may be grown on all kinds of soil.

When it is desired to cut two or more crops of grass from a field the grass should be cut before the seed heads form, as the grass has performed its mission when it has seeded; hence, if the first cutting is deferred until the seed is ripe, there will be no second crop of importance. Such crops as Hungarian grass or alfalfa may be cut about every five weeks.

What a boon it will be to shiftless farmers if it shall prove true, as recently reported, that a Hungarian chemist has discovered a liquid which will prevent the oxidization of everything that has been immersed in it. Then the farmer can dip his tools in it and leave them out in the rain as frequently as he chooses without injury. The new liquid is said not only to prevent rust and decay, but to harden wood and brick. Wood, after being properly treated in it, becomes absolutely waterproof. Fuller details concerning the qualities of zorene, as the liquid is called, will be awaited with interest.

The Butter Eye.

A yellowish tinge in the skin is considered a point of great importance in Jersey cattle. How much foundation there may be for it has never been satisfactorily determined, but there is an impression among certain breeders that the presence of an orange circle around the eye is indicative of the ability of the cow possessing it to not only produce a great yield of butter, but give butter of good quality and the highest flavor.

The Squash Beetle.

In regard to remedies for the squash beetle, some growers intimately mix a teaspoonful each of kerosene and spirits of turpentine with half a gallon of finely-ground land plaster, scattering a small quantity of the mixture around each plant or over the hill. While this method may cause the bugs to leave for awhile, yet it does not destroy them, simply sending them to other plants. The object should be to destroy as many as possible, as well as to get rid of them by any method.

Fattening Hogs.

Corn will fatten a hog quickly, but if weight is desired, and a carcass containing both lean and fat is preferred, the use of foods containing more protein than is usually found in corn will enable the farmer to produce a certain weight of pork on a variety as cheaply as on corn, though less fat will be the result. Bran, linseed meal, steamer clover, whey and cooked roots will make more and better pork than can be obtained by the exclusive use of corn, but high-grade protein materials may be derived from corn.

Fattening Sheep and Steers.

Mutton sheep make a greater gain of flesh than steers, according to experiments made. At the Wisconsin station the food required to produce 100 pounds of wether lamb was 384 pounds of corn, 296 pounds corn silage, 158 pounds corn fodder and 22 pounds potatoes. To produce 100 pounds steer required 394 pounds corn, 181 pounds bran and 654 pounds silage. The results showed that silage was also an excellent food for the sheep as well as for the steer.

Garlic-Tainted Milk.

A dairyman states that he was troubled with the smell of garlic or wild onions in the milk from his cows. To obviate this he put the cows in the stable about three o'clock each afternoon, and fed them on hay, giving them their grain as usual. The result was all that he anticipated. A rest of three hours allowed the odor to pass off in the other secretions, though previously it very strongly flavored both the milk and butter. The same course would probably be of advantage when the milk has the odor of other weeds in the pasture.

Crops that Pay Best.

Small crops can be made to combine many advantages. Some poultrymen grow plums in the poultry yards and also keep bees. Others grow early vegetables under glass and also grow two or three crops in the open ground. One gardener near Philadelphia makes a large profit on four acres, on which he grows only lima beans. Another makes peas a specialty, following the peas with late cabbage. To attempt to "farm" four acres in the usual way, with wheat, corn, oats, etc., would cause bankruptcy. The crops that pay best are those that require the most hand labor.

Hen Manure.

Hen manure is strong in nitrogen and should be used with care. If you have stable manure it is best to mix the droppings of the poultry with it. If you must use it alone, put it on asparagus, rhubarb, lettuce, or any of the plants that are grown for top. Do not use it in large quantities on plants grown for root or fruit without adding some potash, or you are likely to have more top than is needed. Used on strawberry vines it has ruined the crop. If not mixed with other material, a good way is to work it into the soil before the seed is sown, then add wood ashes. Do not mix the manure and ashes, as the result is a setting free of the nitrogen.

Grass for Stock Feed.

Some grasses have harsh herbage, the outer cells of the leaves and stems containing too much silica. This substance is not needed by animals, and when abundant is not acceptable to them. Other grasses have a covering of hairs, either short and sharp, or long and silky. These hairs are not easily digested, and are disagreeable to the animal. Such grasses are to be avoided. A comparatively smooth grass, with no tendency to secrete too much silica, is the best, so far as texture is concerned. An English authority sums up the desirable qualities in a forage grass as follows: The grasses whose leaves exhibit a fine grain, are developed without much woody fiber and are sweet, at the nodes (joints) will be of the highest feeding character.

Keeping Honey.

When it is intended to keep honey for household use there is no necessity to bottle it off in small bottles, a large stoneware jar being about as good a vessel as any to keep the honey in until wanted. It is popularly supposed that after the hives have been packed and quilted in readiness to meet the winter the bee-keeper must perforce remain idle until the spring again comes round, but if the bee-keeper so wishes he need never be at a loss for something to do. For one thing, all the section crates and holders need to be thoroughly gone over, not only scrubbing, scraping, and cleaning, but also doing any repairs that may be deemed necessary. After this the way to do is to wrap them up in old newspapers, which keeps them clean and free from cobwebs until again wanted for use.

Feed and Bedding for Horses.

The litter for horses should be cut in two-inch lengths, as it makes better bedding and manure than long litter. Rake it under the manger in the daytime, so that it may be kept clean. Salt is a great essential for the horse; in fact, he cannot do without it; give him a little twice a week. Do not feed horses much corn in summer, as it is very heating. A mixture of ground oats and corn is excellent for them. The giving of water to horses is very carelessly attended to; it should always be given before feeding, that it may not wash the feed along with it. A crop of carrots grown and fed to the horses will always make a profitable investment. It is poor policy to stint work horses, as they should be in the best of flesh for the spring and summer work, and flesh cannot be put on as easily as it can be kept on. Oats ought to be soaked before feeding them to old horses.

Three Acres and a Cow.

The term "three acres and a cow," which was at one time quite prominent in English farm discussions, was originally suggested as a remedy for the lack of employment among mechanics and laborers. The idea was that if each workman could secure possession of a small place, he would become, in a measure, independent during a period of hard times. The actual suggestion was three and one-quarter acres, the one-fourth acre to be devoted to an orchard in which the cow could graze occasionally. The rest of the land he desired to devote as follows: Potatoes, one-half acre; turnips, one-fourth acre; winter vetch, one-half acre; spring vetch, one-fourth acre; barley, wheat or oats, three-fourths acre; clover and grass, three-fourths acre. He estimated that the product of this land would be worth about one hundred dollars, and would keep the occupier above actual want.