Kate Bonnet.

The Romance of a Pirate's Daughter

By FRANK R. STOCKTON

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CHAPTER XXI.—CONTINUED.

"Very well," said the captain of the Belinda, "I have no time to waste; if you will not go to her, she e'en must come to you. I will send my boat for her and the others, and you shall wait for them here."

"I will not wait!" exclaimed Bonnet. "I don't dare to look into her eyes. Behold these clothes, consider my mean employment. Shall I abash myself before my daughter?"

"Master Bonnet," exclaimed Greenway, hastily stepping to the doorway through which the captain had departed, "ye shallna tie yoursel' to the skirts o' the de'il; ye shallna run awa' an' hide yoursel' from your daughter wha seeks, in tears an' groans, for her unworthy father. Sit down, Masten Bonnet, an' wait here until your good daughter comes."

The Belinda's captain had intended to send his boat back to his vessel, but now he determined to take her himself. This was such a strange situation that it might need explanation.

Kate screamed when he made known his errand. "What!" she cried, "my father in the town, and did he not come back with you? Is he sick? Is he wounded? Is he in chains?"

"And my Dickory," cried Dame Charter, "was he not there? Has he not yet returned to the town? It must now be a long time since he went away."

"I know not anything more than I have told you," said the captain. "And if Mr. Delaplaine and the two ladies will get into my boat, I will quickly take you to the town and show you where you may find Capt. Bonnet and learn all you wish to know."

When the little party reached the town it attracted a great deal of attention from the rough roisterers who were strolling about or gambling in shady places. When the captain of the Belinda mentioned, here and there, that these newcomers were the family of Blackbeard's factor, who now had charge of that pirate's interests in the town, no one dared to treat the elderly gentleman, the pretty young lady or the rotund dame with the slightest disrespect. The name of the great pirate was a safe protection even when he who bore it was leagues and leagues away.

At the door of the storehouse Ben Greenway stood waiting. He would have hurried down to the pier had it not been that he was afraid to leave Bonnet; afraid that this shamefaced ex-pirate would have hurried away to hide himself from his daughter and his friends. Kate, running forward, grasped the Scotchman by both hands.

"And where is he?" she cried.

"He is in there," said Ben, pointing through the storeroom to the open door at the back. In an instant she was gone.

"And Dickory?" cried Dame Charter. "Oh, Ben Greenway, tell me of my boy."

They went inside and Greenway told everything he knew, which was very much, although it was not enough to comfort the poor mother's heart, who could not readily believe that because Dickory had sailed away with a great and powerful pirate, that eminent man would be sure to bring him back in safety; but as Greenway really believed this, his words made some impression on the good dame's heart. She could see some reason to believe that Blackbeard, having now so much property in the town, might make a short cruise this time, and that any day the Revenge, with her dear son on board, might come sailing into port.

With his face buried in his folded arms, which rested on the table, Stede Bonnet received his daughter. At first she did not recognize him, never having seen him in such mean apparel; but when he raised his head, she knew her father. Closing the door behind her, she folded him in her arms. After a little, leaving the window, they sat together upon a bale of goods, which happened to be a rug from the orient, of wondrous richness, which Bonnet had reserved for the floor of his daughter's room.

"Never, my dear," he said, "did I dream you would see me in such plight. I blush that you should look at me."

"Blush!" she exclaimed, her own cheeks reddening, "and you an honest man and no longer a freebooter and rover of the sea? My heart swells with pride to think that your life is so changed."

Bonnet sadly shook his head.

"Ah!" he said, "you don't know, you cannot understand what I feel. Kate," he exclaimed with sudden energy, "I was a man among men; a chief over many. I was powerful, I was obeyed on every side. I looked the bold captain that I was; my brave uniform and my sword betokened the rank I held. And, Kate, you can never know the pride and exultation with which I stood upon my quarter-deck and scanned the sea, master of all that might come within my vision. How my heart would swell and my blood run wild when I beheld in the distance a proud ship, her sails all spread, her colors flying, heavily laden, hastening onward to her port. How I would stretch out my arm to that proud ship and say: 'Let down those sails, drop all those flaunting flags, for you are mine; I am greater than your captain or your king! If I give the command, down you go to the bottom with all your people, all your goods, all your banners and emblazonments, down to the bottom, never to be seen again!'"

Kate shuddered and began to cry.

"Oh, father!" she exclaimed, "don't say that. Surely you never did such things as that?"

"No," said he, speaking more quietly, "not just like that, but I could have done it all had it pleased me, and it was this sense of power that made my heart beat so proudly. I took no life, Kate, if it could be helped, and when I had stripped a ship of her goods, I put her people upon shore before I burned her."

Kate bowed her head in her hands. "And of all this you are proud, my father, you are proud of it!"

"Indeed am I, daughter," said he; "and had you seen me in my glory you would have been proud of me. Perhaps yet—"

In an instant she had clapped her hand over his mouth. "You shall not say it!" she exclaimed. "I have seized upon you and I shall hold you. No more freebooter's life for you; no more blood, no more fire. I shall take you away with me. Not to Bridgetown, for there is no happiness for either of us there, but to Spanish Town. There, with my uncle, we shall all be happy together. You will again wander over your fields, and I shall be with you. You shall watch the waving crops; you shall ride with me, as you used to ride, to view your vast herds of cattle—those splendid creatures, their great heads uplifted, their nostrils to the breeze."

"Truly, my Kate," said Bonnet, "that was a great sight; there were no cattle finer on the island than were mine."

"And so shall they be again, my father," said Kate, her arms around his neck.

It was then that Ben Greenway knocked upon the door.

Stede Bonnet's mind had been so much excited by what he had been talking about that he saluted his brother-in-law and Dame Charter without once thinking of his clothes. They looked upon him as if he were some unknown foreigner, a person entirely removed from their customary sphere.

"Was this the once respectable Stede Bonnet?" asked Dame Charter to herself. "Did such a man marry my sister!" thought Mr. Delaplaine. They

WITH HIS FACE BURIED IN HIS FOLDED ARMS, WHICH RESTED UPON THE TABLE, STEDE BONNET RECEIVED HIS DAUGHTER.

might have been surprised had they met him as a pirate, but his appearance as a pirate's clerk amazed them.

Towards the end of the day Mr. Delaplaine and his party returned to the Belinda, for there was no fit place for them to lodge in the town. Although urged by all, Stede Bonnet would not accompany them. When persuasion had been exhausted, Ben Greenway promised Kate that he would be responsible for her father's appearance the next day, feeling safe in so doing; for, even should Bonnet's shame return, there was no likely way in which he could avoid his friends.

CHAPTER XXII.

WISE MR. DELAPLAINE.

EARLY in the next forenoon Kate and her companions prepared to make another visit to the town. Naturally she wanted to be with her father as much as possible and to exert upon him such influences as might make him forget, in a degree, the so-called glories of his pirate life and return with her and her uncle to Spanish Town, where, she believed, this misguided man might yet surrender himself to the rural joys of other days. Nay, more, he and she might hope for still further happiness in a Jamaica home, for Madam Bonnet would not be there.

As she came up from below, impatient to depart, Kate noticed, getting over the side, a gentleman who had just arrived in a small boat. He was tall and good-looking, and very handsomely attired in a rich suit such as was worn at that day by French and Spanish noblemen. A sword with an elaborate hilt was by his side, and on his head a high cocked hat. There was fine lace at his wrists and bosom, and he wore silk stockings, and silver buckles on his shoes.

Kate started at meeting here a stranger, and in such an elaborate attire. She had read of the rich dress of men of rank in Europe, but her eyes had never fallen upon such a costume. The gentleman advanced quickly towards her, holding out his hand. She shrank back. "What did it mean?"

Then in a second she saw her father's face. This fine gentleman, this dignified and graceful man, was indeed Stede Bonnet.

He had been so thoroughly ashamed of his mean attire on the preceding day that he had determined not again to meet his daughter and Mr. Delaplaine in such vulgar guise. So, from the resources of the storehouses he had drawn forth a superb suit of clothes sent westward for the governor of one of the French colonies. He excused himself for taking it from Blackbeard's treasure house, not only on account of the demands of the emergency, but because he himself had taken it before from a merchantman.

"Father!" cried Kate, "what has happened to you? I never saw such a fine gentleman."

Bonnet smiled with complacency, and removed his cocked hat.

"I always endeavor, my dear," said he, "to dress myself according to my station. Yesterday, not expecting to see you, I was in a sad plight. I would have preferred you to meet me in my naval uniform, but as that is now, to say the least, inconvenient, and as I reside on shore in the capacity of a merchant or business man, I attire myself to suit my present condition. Ah! my good brother-in-law, I am glad to see you. I may remark," he added, graciously shaking hands with Dame Charter, "that I left my faithful Scotchman in our storehouse in the town, it being necessary for some one to attend to our possessions there. Otherwise I should have brought him with me, my good Dame Charter, for I am sure you would have found his company acceptable. He is a faithful man and an honest one, although I am bound to say that if he were less of a Presbyterian and more of a man of the world his conversation might sometimes be more agreeable."

After a time Maj. Bonnet proposed a row upon the harbor—he had brought a large boat, with four oarsmen, for this purpose. Mr. Delaplaine objected a little to this, fearing the presence of so many pirate vessels, but Bonnet loftily set aside such puerile objections.

"I am the business representative of the great Blackbeard," he said, "the most powerful pirate in the world. You are safer here than in any other port on the American coast."

When they were out upon the water, moving against the gentle breeze, Bonnet disclosed the object of his excursion. "I am going to take you," said he, "to visit some of the noted pirate ships which are anchored in this harbor. There are vessels here which are quite famous, and commanded by renowned Brethren of the Coast. I think you will all be greatly interested in these, and under my convoy you need fear no danger."

Dame Charter and Kate screamed in their fright, and Mr. Delaplaine turned pale. "Visit pirate ships!" he cried. "Rather I would have supposed that you would keep away from them as far as you could. For myself, I would have them a hundred miles distant if it were possible."

Bonnet laughed loftily. "It will be visits of ceremony that we shall pay, and with all due ceremony shall we be received. Pull out to that vessel!" he said to the oarsmen. Then, turning to the others, he remarked: "That sloop is the Dripping Blade, commanded by Capt. Sorby, whose name strikes terror throughout the Spanish Main. Ay! and in other parts of the ocean, I can assure you, for he has sailed northward nearly as far as I have, but he has not yet rivaled me. I know him, having done business with him on shore. He is a most portentous person, as you will soon see."

"Oh, father!" cried Kate, "don't take us there; it will kill us just to look upon such dreadful pirates. I pray you turn the boat!"

"Oh! If Dickory were here," gasped Dame Charter, "he would turn the boat himself; he would never allow me to be taken among those awful wretches."

Mr. Delaplaine said nothing. It was too late to expostulate, but he trembled as he sat.

"I cannot turn back, my dear," said Bonnet, "even if I would, for the great Sorby is now on deck, and looking at us as we approach."

As the boat drew up by the side of the Dripping Blade the renowned Sorby looked down over the side. He was a red-headed man; his long hair and beard dyed yellow in some places by the sun. He was grievous to look upon, and like to create in the mind of an imaginative person the image of a sun-burned devil on a holiday.

"Good-day to you! Good-day, Sir Bonnet," cried the pirate captain; "come on board, come on board, all of you, wife, daughter, father, if such they be! We'll let down ladder and I shall feast you finely."

"Nay, nay, good Capt. Sorby," replied Bonnet, with courteous dignity, "my family and I have just stopped to pay you our respects. They have all heard of your great prowess, for I have told them. They may never have a chance again to look upon another of your fame."

"Heaven grant it!" said Dame Charter in her heart. "If I get out of this I stay upon dry land forever."

Every pirate face on board that ill-conditioned sloop now glared over her rail, their eyes fixed upon the goodly company in the little boat, their horrid hair and beards stained and matted—it would have been hard to tell by what.

"Oh, father, father!" panted Kate, "please row away. What if they should now jump down upon us?"

"Good-day, good-day, my brave Capt. Sorby," said Bonnet, "we must e'en row away; we have other craft to visit, but would first do honor to you and your bold crew."

Capt. Sorby lifted high his great bespattered hat, and every grinning demon of the crew waved hat or rag or pail or cutlass and set up a discordant yell in honor of their departing visitors.

"Oh! go not to another, father," pleaded Kate, her pale face in tears; "visit no more of them, I pray you!"

"Ay, truly, keep away from them," said Mr. Delaplaine. "I am no coward, but I vow to you that I shall die of fright if I come close to another of those floating hells."

"There are other ships whose captains I know," said Bonnet, "and where you would have been well received; but if your nerves are not strong enough for the courtesies I have to offer, we will return to the Belinda."

[To Be Continued.]

London English.

The vigor and purity of a language can only be preserved by the fashionable class, the class whom in matters social everybody imitates speaking it well. But how can English be well spoken when some of the greatest ladies speak the idiom of Massachusetts through their noses and a large proportion of the men cough the idiom of Frankfort from their throats? The constant babbling of broken English at dinner tables and in drawing rooms is becoming quite fatiguing, and as a result the English speak their tongue worse than it was ever spoken before. Everybody knows the temptation to speak a sort of baby pidgin-English to a foreigner, in the strange hope that it may be more intelligible to him. This and the slang taught us by the Yankees have reduced the English language as spoken by smart people to a base jargon.—London Saturday Review.

SO UNREASONABLE.

"I should like to ask, sir, for three days' leave of absence—I'm going to be married."

"H'm! You had three days' leave of absence last month on account of the influenza. Why didn't you get married when you had the influenza, or else put off your influenza until you were married?"

WHEN LIVING WAS CHEAP.

Four Cents a Day Was Sufficient for the Average Person's Sustenance.

If anything is calculated to make the twentieth century householder envy his remote ancestor it is to compare his domestic bills with those presented to his progenitors in the bygone centuries, says Stray Stories.

In the days of the Plantagenets if a man wished to regale his family on mutton he could buy the finest of fat sheep for a quarter. A cow would naturally come more expensive, but $1.50 would buy the best he could find in the local cattle market, while for a fat hog he need only part with 80 cents.

In the fourteenth century two cents was demanded for a pair of chickens and five cents for a goose fit to grace any Christmas dinner table, and a cent would purchase a dozen new-laid eggs; while for two cents the brewer was compelled by law to sell three gallons, the equivalent of 48 glasses of beer.

Cart horses were almost a drug in the market at 75 cents apiece, and oxen at $1.25. In the days of the second Henry a farm could be equipped with three cart horses, half a dozen oxen, 20 cows and 200 sheep for $50.

As for labor you could purchase an English slave and his entire family for three dollars. Three cents a day was deemed good wages for an ordinary laborer, and even at harvest time four cents a day was the highest sum expected.

House rent was so absurdly small that the lord mayor of London only paid five dollars a year to his landlord.

A yearly salary of $25 was munificent in those days. It was the exact amount paid to the assistant clerk of parliament, and more than the average priest, with cure of souls, received; while the pension allowed by Edward III. to his apothecary was only 12 cents a day, and King Edward IV.'s allowance to his daughter was but five dollars a week, with an additional $255 a year for her eight servants.

But all things were not on the same scale of economy; for at the very time when even the chancellor was thought "passing rich" on a salary of $3.75 a week, a sum of $165 was asked for a Bible in nine volumes, and ten dollars was paid for a primer for the prince of Wales.

KIDNAPING IN DAYLIGHT.

Children Are Not Safe Alone in the Streets of Palermo, Sicily.

Sicily is still the land of surprises, and that one does well to pick his steps there is proved by an event which has recently taken place in broad daylight in the center of Palermo, which is the largest town in the island, and prides itself on being up-to-date and well-to-do, says the Rome correspondent of the Pall Mall Gazette. The nephew of the minister of public instruction, Signor Orlando, a boy of 12, was on his way to school when he was suddenly seized by two men and hurried into a carriage and galloped off.

Fortunately an army officer saw the affair from a little distance, and as he ran after the carriage fired his pistol into the air repeatedly to attract attention, and guards and citizens quickly joined in the pursuit. Meanwhile the driver whipped his horses furiously, being urged on by his companions, while they held the struggling boy, who, being gagged, could make no outcry, but showed that he had gone in for gymnastics by the determined resistance he made and the strength of his kicks and punches.

Eventually two policemen, seeing the galloping horses coming toward them, and hearing the cries, succeeded in barring the way, and the two men in the vehicle, seeing all was lost, jumped out, but were soon caught. On one of them was found a letter, ready to be sent to the father of the boy, demanding a large ransom, and threatening dreadful things if they did not get what they wanted.

And all this in Palermo, in daylight.

Couldn't Bite the Winter.

Three physicians seated at a table in the rathskeller at Broadway and Chambers street were discussing tuberculosis, when Gus, the German bartender, blurted out:

"Der most peoples die on dot in a year, but I got a friend vhat is dying on it two years. Mebbe vill he got better? Vhat?"

"Well," said one of the doctors, "if he bides over der winter he may live."

"Bites over der vinter!" exclaimed Gus. "How can he bite over der vinter? He is a old man und got no teeth."—N. Y. Times.

No Wonder He Is Rich.

"Mr. Jones," said the millionaire.

"Yes, sir," answered the private secretary.

"Here are 50 begging letters. Answer them all with a refusal."

"Yes, sir."

"And you will observe that every one has a satmp inclosed for reply."

"Yes, sir."

"Well, answer them on postal cards."—Stray Stories.

JAPANESE FLOWER BOOK.

Pretty Volume Containing Instructive Illustrations for Domestic Use.

A nice little Japanese woman who came to this country recently brought with her one of the most important of the educational works upon which she was brought up—this is her book of flowers. Japanese women are being better educated now, but heretofore they have been taught little but the etiquette of the country, what was necessary for them to know concerning household duties, a little music—to strum a little on the samisen—and the arrangement of flowers. This last, says the New York Times, is important in a country where a single branch does duty for what an American would require a big bouquet, and where the cherry trees are cultivated not for their fruit, but for the beautiful blossoms. She is an ignorant damsel indeed who cannot make a poem of a single branch of any flowering plant at her command.

It is to illustrate for her how this is to be done that the flower book is necessary. It is a pamphlet of 52 pages with a flexible blue cover, the title on the right-hand corner. The contents are read, as in all Japanese books, from right to left. The first cover page is red, with large black letters, four pages after that are devoted to text and the rest of the book is given up to the illustrations.

Each page shows a flower in some kind of a low jar or tall vase, and resting upon a graceful stand, some high and others very low, all more or less graceful in shape, delicate in outline, and, as a rule, with curving legs. These repeat the curves of the flower stalk, which outline half circles, curves with which we are familiar in this country in the more exaggerated outlines of the Japanese miniature trees.

On each page is a little text, a poem appropriate for the illustration. Wall panels are in the background with their decorations of storks and the Japanese sacred mountain showing the general decorations of a room.

Only one hanging pot is shown in the book. This is a graceful boat-shaped vessel with a decoration of flying bats. There is a single vine in it, one short branch rising above the boat and only a single one below, though it is formed of two, one twined around the other to obtain the single effect. It shows the same curves that are to be seen in the plants. These are not difficult to obtain, the tender branches being tied into a position which they keep as they grow older. This flower book is said to be centuries old, was originally Chinese, and introduced to the Japanese by the older nations, which gradually forgot the delicate art for which the Jap is now famous.

SCHOOLING OF JAP GIRLS.

Methods of Education Now in Vogue Are Thoroughly Up-to-Date.

In an article in "The Far East" Mme. Uchida, wife of the Japanese consul general in New York, tells of the Japanese women as they were and are. She says:

"In our mothers' generation the girls were taught simply to become good wives to their husbands and good mothers to their children; therefore they were educated to be modest, obedient and capable of controlling themselves. They were taught also how to keep house; how to sew; how to read and write; how to arrange flowers; how to make and serve tea, and very often they also studied music and literature, but they received no school education such as they receive now.

"Girls of the present time all receive a modern school education. Japanese ladies in 1904 are not contented merely to stay at home and take care of their children. They attend lectures, meetings and entertainments. They publish women's magazines and discuss their rights and duties.

"I think there is no girl now in Japan who cannot write her own name, for the parents are compelled by law to send their girls as well as their boys to school when they reach the age of six. In the primary school girls receive the same education as boys, with the additional study of sewing. After they graduate from the primary school many girls attend the high school.

"A fact that might interest American readers is that the women in Japan never get stout when they grow old, although they take hardly any exercise.

"Young men and women while they are in school or college take much outdoor exercise, but as soon as they leave school they give it up. Tennis is a popular game among young ladies."

Securing a Substitute.

The stork had deposited twins in the cozy little flat inhabited by Mr. and Mrs. Thirdfloor.

"You'd better send for your mother, Araminta," suggested Mr. Thirdfloor.

"Why, John, you know you can't get along with mother," was the wifey's response.

"Yes; but somebody's got to tell the janitor."—Pittsburg Post.

Oregon's Irrigated Farms.

There are 5,000 irrigated farms in Oregon.

THE BRUTE!

Wife—I hear that you are going to join a married men's club. I don't see what married men want clubs for?

Husband—"Misery loves company," my dear.

THIRTY YEARS IN UGANDA.

In That Time Fifty Thousand Natives Have Been Taught to Read and Write.

In all of darkest Africa there were few regions that seemed darker, 30 years ago, than Uganda, on the north shore of the Victoria Nyanza. Yet there was promise in the people, for all their ignorance and savagery; and in 1875 Henry M. Stanley, who knew them well and believed in them thoroughly, declared that there was no more hopeful mission field in the world. Missionaries promptly occupied it.

Theirs was no easy task at first, says Youth's Companion, and their converts, like themselves, had to endure hardships. Up to about 17 years ago King Mwanga would burn a subject for the crime of learning to read It was slow, expensive work to supply the Scriptures in the native language; in fact, the translation of the Bible was not completed until 1897. But the missionaries held on, and the people did their share, to the extent sometimes of paying 1,000 cowries, the cost of five weeks' food, for a copy of the New Testament.

Now has come the time of results. Fifty thousand natives can read and write. There are more than 1,000 churches in the Uganda region, the largest seating 4,000 persons, and—Protestants and Catholics—400,000 natives profess the Christian faith. Of recent years the efforts of white missionaries are exerted chiefly to guide native instructors, who prove energetic and successful evangelists to their people.

Dark places remain in Africa. There are some nearer home, perhaps. But this passage of history bears hopefully on all of them, because it suggests that devoted men can always be found to accept an opportunity for service, and that there never was or will be a situation so desperate that determined effort will not yield a rich reward.

CULTURE OF CHINA GRASS.

Strongest of the Fibers from Which Many Tough Fabrics Are Made.

China grass is the name for ramie, a fiber much resembling hemp. It is the strongest of the fibers from which textiles are made; it is as fine as flax, as lustrous as jute and is in an exceptional degree unaffected by moisture. "Grass cloth" of great beauty is made from it in China and Japan.

In recent years the use of ramie, as it is always called in commerce, has been making progress in Europe and America. In the United States import statistics it has not yet risen to the dignity of separate mention, but The British Commercial Intelligence gives some facts about its use on the continent of Europe. Germany's imports of it has risen to $150,000 a year, while France takes from $80,000 to $100,000 worth of it. The French ramie mills have 15,000 spindles.

The interest of America in ramie lies largely in the fact that the southern part of the United States, Mexico, Central America, and the northern part of South America are excellently adapted to raising it. In Mexico experiments in its culture has been especially successful, both as regards yield and quality. It is a crop worth watching, because of its excellent prospects for future development.

MEDICINE AND THE PUBLIC

Physician Says People in General Have Absurd Views on the Subject.

"I hate to talk about medicine to the general public," said a physician, according to the Cincinnati Enquirer, "for nearly every one has views on the subject that seem to be absurd, and when I hear these views I sneer and contradict, and thus, you see, I make enemies. Men and women everywhere are interested in medicine, and yet they know nothing about it as a rule. When they talk about it they are silly. When they prescribe they are fools.

"Only the other day in a country hotel an old woman prescribed for me. She saw I had a cold and she didn't know I was a doctor. Before I could tell her my trade she had brewed me a vile, black dose that looked like ink thickened with mud.

"'Here,' she said, 'swaller some o' this hot herb tea before gettin' into bed. Swaller it as quick as ye can, and then flop onto yer back before it has time to run down, so it'll lay on yer chest and heat yer lungs, and ye'll be all right in the morning.'

"I sneered at her and contradicted her, as I sneer at and contradict everybody that talks medicine. Her prescription, I think, indicated no greater medical ignorance than that which beclouds the mind of the average man."

Rent Payers Shy at Thirteen.

A collector for a real estate firm says the superstition regarding 13 is increasing. Most of his collecting is in tenement houses on the West side, where the rent ranges from $10 to $18 a month. In every instance where the rent is $13, the collector says, the tenant uses some method of dodging the payment of the exact amount. "I'm not superstitious," one woman told him, "but it is no use to tempt bad luck. I'll pay you five cents short this month and give you the extra nickel next time." A tenant on the same floor insisted on paying $13.01. The collector gave the receipt for $13, and laughingly called attention to the fact that it was the 13th of the month. This made the tenant tearful for a few moments, but she finally satisfied herself that it would be all right—the extra cent she had paid breaking whatever spell the 13 might cast upon her.—N. Y. Press.

An Uncertain Classification.

A carter was shipping some packed furniture at Glasgow quay the other day, and he stood watching curiously the next package leave his lorry.

"What is this, now?" asked the stevedore.

"I'm hanged if I ken whether it's live stock or a bed mattress!" was the reply, "for I've counted six mice leaving it since I left the warehouse, and it depends on how mony mair there's left to say what ye'll book it as."—Scottish American.

AGRICULTURAL HINTS.

COLONY HOUSE FOR CHICKS

The Model Here Described and Pictured Has Been Used Successfully for Years.

The uses of these houses may well be likened to plant growing. We quite frequently start tomatoes and cabbage plants in very small boxes, leaving them there until time to transplant to their cold storage frames and later to the field, where they finish their growth. What would we expect these plants to amount to if left where the seed was first started? It is needless to answer this question for any sane person knows. That is just what we do with our chicks when we atttmpt to raise them around the buildings with older fowls.

I have these buildings set all over my place, about 100 feet apart. I wish I had room to put them farther apart. After my chicks have reached a certain age they are transferred to these houses, where they are allowed full freedom just as soon as they are old enough to know when to go in and out of the rain and storm. If farmers would keep more fowls and employ this plan, scattering the young

COLONY HOUSE WITH RUN.

and old stock out over the grain and grass fields, a great deal less damage would be done by insect pests than there is to-day. We have not the numerous varieties of birds to-day to do this work as used to be the case. Oh, no! The girls are wearing them in their hats now! So we ought to supply some domesticated birds to do the work, and thereby reap a twofold benefit and our fowls would be far healthier for it.

About eight years ago the grain fields in the neighborhood were being devoured by the army worm. I placed colonies of pullets in my neighbor's fields all about me and the pullets went after the worms as schoolboys would go after a box of strawberries. Such feasting you never saw, and the best part of the bargain was I had to supply no feed for several weeks. Water and grit was all I had to see to, and such growth I never got before nor since, and eggs commenced to come about 30 days earlier than usual. Furthermore, I received thanks from my surrounding neighbors for saving at least a portion of their grain.

My colony houses are built of six-inch drop siding; sills, studding and rafters are two by four. Ground plan is six by six feet square, facing south or southeast, five feet high in front, three feet high in rear, with a window, six-lighted, in front and door two feet six inches wide and four feet high at the east side, as shown in the cut. It is best to have the window so it can be slid wide open at will and closed as easily, so we can ventilate to meet the changes of the weather. All the furniture that goes with these little houses is two perches, six feet long, made of two by four scantling, and a brooder and drinking fountain. Each house has a yard to the south 12 feet long. No house is ever complete without this yard, for when the chicks are first moved to the houses they are probably not old enough to be given unlimited range, and it will not do to confine them in their house for it is sure to stunt their growth. If a yard is at hand they can be given the same care and treatment they were accustomed to in the regular brooder house and we know just where they are.

Following this practice the operator is not affected by inclement weather, no matter how severe or wet or windy; all work can be done indoors. Even in our severest Wisconsin winter weather, I have brooded chicks with grand success by this plan.

In building the colony houses some people try to improve over my plans and build them larger. Don't do it. It may be all right to build them larger if you are sure you never want to use them in cold weather, but if built larger and nothing but the heat that escapes from the lamp in the brooder to keep it warm it will not be warm enough for your little chicks to enjoy a great deal of time outside of their brooder, and we must encourage them to get out as much as possible.—C. E Matteson, in Ohio Farmer.

The Marketing of Honey.

G. C. Grenier, writing for the Bee Journal, emphasizes the fact that a honey raiser's work is but half done when the honey crop is harvested; that the selling of it in a profitable way requires as much brainwork as anything that has gone before. A good honey locality and bees in a proper condition to take advantage of the honey flow is all that is needed for the first half of the work, but to please patrons it may be necessary to put the honey in large or small packages, in comb or in liquid or granulated form, and in whatever size or form the honey must be in the best possible condition.

Very Wearing on the Soil.

Dr. Richard T. Gottheil, of Columbia univeristy has a broad knowledge of oriental tales and proverbs. One day he told an old Persian story about a pessimistic farmer. "Good friend," a visitor said to the farmer, "you are fortunate this year." He pointed to the heavy and rich grain fields spreading as far as the eye could see. "You can't grumble," he went on, "about your crop this season, eh?" "No," whined the pessimist, "but a crop like this is terribly wearing on the soil."

A HINT FOR BEEKEEPERS.

How to Secure Full Service of the Honey-Makers Without Weakening the Colonies.

Apiarist Edwin Bevins claims to have discovered two ways in which laying worker colonies can be disposed of so as to get all the service out of the bees that they can render and yet keep the numbers of the colonies up to what it was before.

One way is to place the hive containing the laying workers over a strong colony with a fertile queen, placing a newspaper with a small hole in it between the two hives, says the New York Farmer. The bees will unite peaceably, and when considerable worker-brood appears in the upper hive the hive can be placed on another stand and the bees will rear a queen from the brood, if the old queen can be introduced about three days after the removal of the hive.

The other plan involves the taking of a couple of frames of hatching brood from a hive and placing them in another hive over a strong colony, with a frame having a wire cloth nailed to both sides of it between the two hives.

Thus a fertile queen and her escort are released on two combs, and in a few days there will be a nucleus strong enough to take care of the queen. This hive is then set down by the side of the hive holding the laying workers.

Every two or three days a frame with the bees must be transferred from the laying-worker hive to the nucleus. By the time all but two of the frames are placed in the new hive the queen is at work there, and everything is harmonious.

As regards the two frames taken to form the nucleus, they can be returned to the places from which they were taken, or these places can be filled by the frames remaining unused in the laying-worker hive.

THE DRAINAGE OF SWAMPS

Farmers Who Have No Experience in the Work Should Engage Services of Engineer.

There is no general rule to guide in experienced persons in the draining of swamp lands. The quality of swamp land varies as much as do upland. As a general rule here, cranberry and moss swamp are not the ones to drain for agricultural purposes, unless underlaid near the surface with well rotted muck and clay subsoil. Swamps covered with good timber, not scrub, and all kinds of grass swamps, are almost always all right for farming. A good swamp farm well drained is all right. Clay subsoil swamps are preferable to sand or hardpan.

Loose soil should not be drained too deep the first two or three years, but gradually deepen the drains as the soil settles, which on some swamps is considerable. Above all things do not burn off the top soil, as such marshes are nearly ruined, if not quite. It is true some swamps are ruined by draining, while others are benefited from the first. As I said above, it depends much on the kind and quality. Neighborhoods that have no experience in such matters would do well to engage the services of an experienced engineer. As to my own experience as a swamp farmer, will say I have been quite successful, with no reason to complain. I grow hay, corn, potatoes, vegetables, etc.—George Mutchlor, in Orange Judd Farmer.

FINISH FOR A FENCE END.

Unexcelled for Effectiveness as Well as for Cheapness of Labor and Material Required.

The accompanying sketch simplifies the end and covers fence post question, and for effectiveness and stay-there ability none can excel, also for cheapness of labor and material. First essention is a proper sized post. No. 1, brace 12 feet long 4x4 of good durable

A FENCE END FINISH.

timber mitred at both ends to fit bearings snugly. No. 2 stone of good size and flat, firmly embedded in ground. No. 3, four strands of No. 9 wire, proper length, or two single wires double length from post to end of brace, securely fastened to end of brace and to post as shown; draw tight and use stick to twist until all slack is taken up.—Edward E. Townsend, in Epitomist.

The Digestibility of Fats.

With mice and guinea pigs as subjects, the Arkansas station has been conducting some very interesting experiments to determine the digestibility of various edible fats and oils, both animal and vegetable. The cooked oils were found to be more easily and completely digested than the raw oils. Fluid oils and soft fats proved more digestible than heavy oils and hard fats. The vegetable oils were found not to be inferior to animal fats as heat producers, and to be equal or superior in digestibility. The effect of an increase in the melting point of a fat on the percentage of digestibility became less as the meltng point approached or rose above the temperature of the body.

The Calf for Baby Beef.

The calf that is to be used for the making of baby beef must be kept growing from the start. If the calf cannot be so fed on skim milk that its growth will not be checked, then it should have whole milk till weaning time. A slow-growing animal is of little value to be used as a basis for the production of this kind of beef that is now becoming so popular. The calf must be carefully weaned. It will not do to take it off a full feed of milk and put it onto grain and roughage at once. This process must be so gradual that the calf will not realize it when its milk is finally withheld.—Farmers' Review.

Wool growing presents a possible means of improving and making profitable the poor and rough lands.

DEFECTIVE PAGE