

THE MAN OF THE HOUR.

A magic lamp, unlovely for the lack of legendry in gem and carved scroll, burned in a dusky chamber of the world, With untrimmed wick a-shoulder in the bowl.

Then timid chance—the chamberlain of God—
A stumble in the dark, with groping hand
Scattered the crust of ashes from the wick—
And lighted every corner of the land!
—Aloysius Coll, in Everybody's Magazine.

THE GOLD STREAK

By S. H. WEISS.

Y ES, Robert, I know it's a poor place, but I don't feel willing to give it up. It's been my home—as it was my father's—before me; and I did hope—with a sigh—that you'd ha' taken to it, and made it as good as 'twas in his time. Perhaps if you'd marry and settle down here, with a good managing wife to help you, you'd do better and be better satisfied; and if it weren't for old David Gardner's obstinacy, you and Letty—

"Enough, mother!" interrupted Robert Langly, flushing all over his handsome, sunburnt face; "it's no use saying anything more on that subject. I'll never ask any woman to marry me so long as I know that I cannot afford her a servant, or so long as there's a mortgage hanging over the roof that I'd bring her to."

His mother looked at him anxiously over her spectacles.

"It isn't wasn't for the mortgage," she said, slowly, "we might get along. 'Twas that worried your father into his grave—that, and not finding the gold-streak—"

Her son made an impatient movement, and she added:

"Don't you think you could get a little more time allowed us, Robert? Maybe when the crop's sold, and the apples and cider—"

"Mr. Davis won't hear of it, mother. I saw him yesterday and talked it over, but he insists it must all be paid by the first of August. Ah, here he comes now."

And Robert went out to meet the well-dressed, sharp-eyed man in a handsome trap, while his mother remained in the back porch, with sleeves rolled up, mixing food for the poultry.

"There ain't many of 'em to feed now," she said, talking aloud to herself, as she had been accustomed with her late husband. "Then there's old Speck missing—the best layer of 'em all, and Gold-streak; fit for nothing since her leg's broke. Ah, me! I'm mighty afeared that she's the only gold-streak we'll ever know at this place!"

"What's that about a gold-streak, Mrs. Langly?" exclaimed a clear, young voice.

And a girl with a sweet face and bright brown eyes and a blue-striped chintz dress, fitting perfectly to her trim figure, stood smiling before her.

Mrs. Langly's face brightened immediately.

"Why, Letty, how do you always manage to take one by surprise, as if you'd risen out o' the earth or dropped down from the clouds! Well, you're welcome. I'll tell you about the gold-streak if you care to listen."

"You see," she continued, "the Langlys come of Scotch stock, and it's been said that Rob's great-grandfather Langly, over in Scotland, had the gift o' second sight—that is, seeing and knowing things that are going to happen. But I never did think much of it, though my husband—poor departed Jeems—believed in it as firmly as he believed in summer and winter. Well, about eleven years ago old Alick Langly paid us a visit. I hadn't seen him but once before in my life—for he lived a long way from here. Him and Jeems, they walked all over the farm, and it was a far better cultivated place then than it is now, though nothing compared to what it was in my father's time. Jeems' Uncle Alick didn't seem to think much of it, though."

"The day he went away," she went on, "he was standing and looking all around him on the farm. All of a sudden he says, 'Jeems—Jeems and Mary—turning to me—I've one thing to say before I go. Stick to your farm, for there's a streak of golden luck in it.' Of course, I asked what he meant; but all he would say was, 'I've seen it—I've seen it by the power that's given us to look into the future. I've seen a streak of gold-luck running through your land that's to better your fortunes in good time. Don't part with it until your luck's found.' And that same day he went away, and the first we heard of him after he got home was that he was dead."

There was another pause, and Letty said:

"And you think there is really a vein of gold to be found on your farm?"

"Jeems thought so. To his dying day he believed in it."

"And what does Robert think about it?" inquired the girl, with a faint flush on her cheeks.

"Oh, he thinks it all nonsense—all the gold, and the second sight, and all." Just at this moment they heard Mr. Davis' trap roll away, and Robert came around the corner of the house.

He looked a little excited, but that might be from finding Letty there. He walked home with her across the fields to the next farm. When he returned, he said, quite abruptly:

"Mother, Mr. Davis wants to buy the farm. He's offered more for it than I ever dreamed it would bring. He seems quite anxious to get it; and when I told him that you objected to part

with it, he actually offered to let us off with the balance of the mortgage, provided the business is settled at once."

"Why, Robert, what can he mean?" "I don't know. There's something in it I don't understand; but, if you've no objection, I'll go to-morrow and see Lawyer Pannell about it."

Robert had expected to be only one day from home; but he stayed three. And, meantime, the odd boy, going to bring the cows from the meadow, reported that there were a number of men passing through the farm, looking about, examining the ground, and acting in a very strange and unaccountable manner.

"Good gracious!" thought Mrs. Langly. "They surely can't be looking for the gold-streak!"

She was very anxious for her son's return. When he did come, she noticed the bright glance and the brisk manner in which he dismounted from his horse and came straight toward her, as she stood at the steps to welcome him.

"Well, Rob, I see you've got good news."

"The best news, mother," he answered, cheerfully.

Tears came into her eyes. "I shall hate to give up the old home, after all."

"You needn't give it up, mother. We won't sell the farm. Mr. Davis was sharp," he added, contemptuously, "but fortunately we escaped the trap he baited so nicely."

"Why, what is the matter, Robert?" "Why, only this, mother. They are going to run a new railway through our farm, which will increase its value tenfold."

His mother's first words showed how much she had the happiness of her son at her motherly heart, when she said, with moistening eyes:

"You and Letty can marry now, Robert!"

A few months afterward Mr. Robert Langly stood with his mother on one side, and his wife leaning on his arm, on the meadow slope, watching from a distance the busy laborers throwing up a clay embankment, where the new railway was to be laid.

The sun was slowly sinking on the horizon, and its almost level rays shone redly on the yellow clay, freshly turned up and gleaming in a long bright line against the green of the fields beyond.

"Dear me!" said Mrs. Langly. "I never knew there was so much clay on the land; for all father's talk about a clay subatum over there, and his plowing in clover and manure. How red and yellow it looks! and how that long line of wet clay shines in the sunlight like a streak of gold!"

At this, Letty turned with bright eyes, full of a sudden surprise.

"A streak of gold? O Robert, how strange! Can this be the streak of gold-luck that your father's Uncle Alick foretold?"

Mrs. Langly sank on the grassy bank, quite "shaken," as she declared, with this realization of the fulfillment of the prophecy.—New York News.

Freak Periodical Puzzles Readers.
A peculiar periodical named the Brutalitarian has appeared in London, and its readers are puzzled over the true meaning of its frankly brutal utterances. They are not sure whether the editor is a wag or a crank, yet the concluding paragraph of the following extract from its pages would seem to indicate that the Brutalitarian is animated by the spirit of irony:

"It is full time, in this age of decadent humanitarianism, that some trumpet-tongued protest were raised against the prevalent sentimentality, and that there should be an attempt to organize and consolidate the forces

that make for manliness and patriotism.

"If we are fools enough to allow the use of the lash to die out, good-by to all the sterling traits of an Englishman's character!"

"What could be more pitiful than the plea put forward by the naval lords, for instance, that boys in the Royal Navy are not 'flogged,' but 'bitched,' in spite of the fact that every public school man in the country knows that the terms are identical?"

"The Brutalitarian will at least make it impossible for our friends to repeat these errors, for it will frankly, fully and consistently uphold flogging (under that name), whether by birch or cane or 'cat,' or any other instrument, as the mainstay of British education."

"War and sport, flesh eating and vivisection are all kindred practices which must stand or fall together."—New York Mail.

Clerical Slips.
A Scotch minister who was in need of funds thus conveyed his intentions to his congregation: "Well, friends, the kirk is urgently in need of siller, and as we have failed to get money honestly, we will have to see what a bazaar can do for us."

It happened in Cornwall, according to report, that a pastor complained that his congregation had the habit of looking round at late comers, and, while he thought it natural enough, he saw that it disturbed their religious duties, and so determined to announce by name those persons who came in late. Accordingly he several times paused during the prayer and said: "Mr. S., with his wife and daughter," then again, "Mr. C. and W. D." This went on for a while and the congregation kept their eyes fixed on their books, but when it was given out "Mrs. B. in a new bonnet," every feminine head in the church was turned.

It was a curate who read in the lesson for the day:

"He spoke the word, and cathoppers came and grasshoppers innumerable."—Chambers' Journal.

Because she had formerly been of service to him a Russian nobleman left a gypsy woman a legacy of \$100,000.



GOOD ROADS

Making the Most of Dirt Roads.

HENRY P. MORRISON, member Am. Soc. C. E., says: The severest economy in the expenditure of public funds that can be practiced in any locality will never succeed in making the tax gatherer a welcome guest. This will be true because the mass he brings a burden and a difficult problem in finance. To a few his coming is resented because they have no apparent interest in either the betterment or the decent maintenance of their home locality. Keeping these facts in mind it is not difficult to understand that the task of bettering the highway system of a State, county or town is no easy matter, and that it is one in which the obstacles increase in proportion as the locality to be improved is removed from the centres of population and financial activity. Therefore the honest advocate of good roads, who hopes to succeed, must point these facts to the farmer; that with care and intelligent treatment a large mileage of his home dirt road system can be made to answer for years to come; that the only help the good roads people require of the farmer is that he stone, gravel or otherwise improve such mileage of his local highway system as cannot be successfully maintained in its present shape; and that his State stands ready to-day to aid him financially in the matter, or will in all probability be able to do so before the adjournment of its next legislative body.

The highway system which accomplishes the greatest good is the system which is available for economical transportation at all seasons of the year. A highway system like the aforesaid is not infrequently the result of an expenditure which would, under the same system an impossibility in many farming localities; yet these localities are to-day absolutely in need of better roads in order that their citizens may compete successfully.

Localities are not wiped from the traveler's map because the roads which lead to them are not macadamized, but they are left out because the roads of dirt are improperly cared for. Through lack of expenditure in permanent road improvement or intelligent maintenance of existing dirt roads how many localities, directly in the line of profitable and frequent road traffic, are absolutely cut off because bad roads divert the travel! The citizens of the afflicted community not only lose the probable commercial value of this traffic, but win the enmity of the traveler because their road conditions rob him of the opportunity to make his journey in a direct and therefore economical manner.

Not infrequently investigation will show that the community which permits the condition of its road system to stand as a barrier to its own progress, and an element of unnecessary expense to the traveler, simply maintains that position because its citizens honestly believe that they have not the financial ability to do otherwise. In all probability that community had estimates furnished as to the probable cost of improving its highways. These estimates, when received, disheartened the citizens of that community so that they have put aside the question of good roads as being for them an unattainable blessing. Whereas, had they fallen into the hands of a really expert road engineer, their money, no matter how small in amount, would have been invested in stoning the bad and directing the treatment of the fair mileage of their roads, and that community would to-day have been on the map of accessible localities. In the past the crime of it has been that engineers who had had no particular training for or experience in highway work were consulted as to these improvements; the result was that they seemed to know but one specification for road improvement, and that a specification which called for such an expenditure of money as rendered it impracticable in four out of every five communities.

The necessities of our nation for better roads, and the financial inability of many of our farming districts to build them, has forced and hastened, in the work of road improvement, the same severe economy in design and construction practiced in other branches of engineering, with the result that the road engineer of to-day is not limited to one specification, and possesses extended knowledge of the treatment of dirt roads, and so applies it as to render them available until such time as the funds can be raised for their permanent improvement.

A decade ago the engineers who handled road improvement insisted on a uniform depth of stone in a road improvement plan miles in length, and finding its foundation on a hundred and one different soil conditions. The road engineer of to-day would consider it quite as good practice to follow this practice as it would be for a bridge engineer to design a bridge truss with all its members of the same dimensions. But the present road engineering practice, so schooled as to take advantage of favorable foundation conditions and reserve its heavier expenditures for absolutely necessary locations, coupled with the knowledge which the road engineer possesses in the matter of bettering and maintaining earth roads, will aid many localities permanently yet inexpensively to better seriously sections of their highway system and economically maintain the improved mileage.

The truth is that no matter to what proportions the good roads movement may grow the close of this century will still find a great mileage of highway supporting vehicular traffic without a road carpet. It is therefore plain that the road engineer should not only be skilled in designing a variety of road coverings, but he should be and is fast becoming a past master in the art of bettering disagreeable and dangerous existing conditions on the earth roads of the country. The old time supervisor, maker and mender of roads, has by no manner of means outlived his usefulness. There are hundreds of these men who can give valuable information concerning the maintenance of earth roads, being qualified for the task by long years of experience and observation. The proper organization of a school for the training of road engineers should include in its faculty men of extended experience in the handling of earth roads.—Good Roads Magazine.

A Patriotic Reform.

I believe that the gigantic task of bringing the highways of this country to the highest standard possible is a reform advocated in the interest, the direct personal interest of every man, woman and child in these United States, and that it constitutes a reform from existing conditions as unselfish and as patriotic as any movement undertaken in the last quarter of a century. Its full accomplishment throughout the length and the breadth of this Nation would add immeasurably to the National wealth and promote the general development more than any other one thing yet lacking in the Nation's equipment for the final struggle for world wide supremacy in the commercial wars among the nations. That there is such a struggle coming on no one can doubt who gives intelligent study to the trend of the modern commercial condition and circumstances.—Governor Bliss, of Michigan.

Adds to Prosperity.
Nothing can add more to the prosperity of the State, nothing can serve to lift farm values so materially, nothing can bring summer tourists and residents to settle and beautify and enrich our valleys so much as permanent road building.

I would not only urge the continuance of the present State tax, but I would advise an increase of the same, and even more liberal treatment.

And in this connection, and as a corollary, I would recommend that the State begin a system of elimination of grade crossings of both steam and electric roads and the highways.

The laws of Massachusetts and New York furnish desirable methods. Proceed slowly, but make a beginning.—Governor McCullough, of Vermont.

JAPAN'S "HUMAN HORSES."

The Power and Endurance of the Famed Rickshawmen.

The feats of which the Japanese rickshawmen are capable are almost incredible. I remember some years ago being driven ashore in a yacht in the Inland Sea during a typhoon. It was far beyond the treaty limits which then existed, and foreigners were not allowed to travel outside those limits without special passports. But the Mayor of the nearest fishing village was kindness itself. He promised to supply the best rickshawmen which the neighborhood could produce, so as to take us to a railway station some forty miles away. And he kept his word, for the distance was covered in less than six hours, including a halt for refreshments. Each rickshaw was drawn by two men, tandem wise, the usual fashion when long distances have to be covered. The leaders in each went through the whole distance, while the wheelers, so to speak, were changed half way. The road was over the greater part of the distance little better than a mountain track, and it was raining most of the time, but there was never a break in our progress except to allow the coolies to take off or put on their clothes. They prefer running in nothing but a loincloth, and do so whenever they get safely beyond the eye of the police, who have orders strictly to administer the law against nudity.

The fare paid for this prolonged journey was, if I remember rightly, about three shillings for each rickshaw, the extra shilling being a gratuity thrown in for good service. I know that it purchased so many blessings on my honorable head as cannot yet be quite exhausted. And having made our farewells at the railway station, the coolies started back at once for their own village.—London Mail.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

Many consider a poor excuse better than none.

Great blessings are often held waiting for some small obedience.

The Bible, in its wonderful and varied imagery, is the reflection of all human experiences.—J. S. David.

He who waits for God is not mispending his time. Such waiting is true living—such tarrying is the truest speed.—Joseph Parker.

That action is not warrantable which either fears to ask the divine blessing on its performance, or, having succeeded, does not come with thanksgiving to God for its success.—Quarles.

Say all that you have to say in the fewest possible words, or your reader will be sure to skip them; and in the plainest possible words, or he will certainly misunderstand them.—Ruskin.

Quick is the succession of human events. The cares of to-day are seldom the cares of to-morrow, and when we lie down at night we may safely say to most of our troubles: "Ye have done your worst, and we shall meet no more."—Cowper.

SOUTHERN FARM NOTES.

TOPICS OF INTEREST TO THE PLANTER, STOCKMAN AND TRUCK GROWER.

Wealth From Fifty Acres.

What is it can be raised on fifty acres? This depends upon the man and the land. If the right man and twenty-five cows are on the fifty acres, the crops will be enormous and the money returned big. The right man will raise on six acres corn for ensilage at least ninety tons.

Eight acres corn to mature corn, 400 bushels.

Eight acres corn to mature stover, ten tons.

Ten acres winter oats to thrash, 400 bushels.

Ten acres winter oats to straw, seven tons.

Six acres of oats for hay, fifteen tons.

Three acres of rye for spring feeding, to May 15.

Four acres of wheat for spring feeding, to June 15.

Two acres millet green feeding, to July 10.

One acre of turnips, 800 bushels.

Ten acres of winter oats lot sown to cowpeas will give of hay twelve tons.

Three acres of rye land planted to sorghum will give green feed to November 1.

Six acres of the oat land planted closely to corn will make stover fifteen tons.

So the fifty acres will yield in tons 170; in bushels 1600; in summer green feed for eight months, and have ten acres left for a permanent pasture.

The product of the fifty acres if fed to twenty-five good cows will produce a huge pile of manure to be returned to the land and year after year cows may be added, until this will support one cow to each acre.

Should the owner make butter his account would be about as follows:

RECEIPTS.
7500 pounds butter sold at 17 cents \$1275
15 calves sold at \$3.00 45
20 shoats fed on skim milk and corn will make 3000 pounds of pork at 8 cents 300
Total \$1620

EXPENSE.
Wages to good helpers \$500
Five tons wheat bran 120
Five tons cottonseed meal 150
Total \$750

Gain \$870
If the farmer's family can do all the work, as is often the case, \$500 may be added, thus, \$500

Total \$1370
which is a pretty fair sum of money; but this will be larger each year as the land becomes more productive and a herd is kept.

If product of the cows is sold as fresh milk, the income would be:

RECEIPTS.
Twenty-five cows yield 75,000 quarts of milk at 2½ cents per quart \$1875

EXPENSE.
Same as for producing butter... \$370
Gain \$1505

The cost of care for thirty to thirty-five cows is but little more than for twenty-five; so if the herd has thirty-five cows the gain would be near to \$2000 per year.—C. C. Moore, Dairyman, of North Carolina.

Livestock and Prosperity.

The North Carolina Board of Agriculture bulletin has the following on "Livestock in Its Relation to the Prosperity of Rockingham County," by A. L. French. The demoralization in the price of cotton stock caused many farmers to turn to livestock as a factor in prosperity, and we, therefore, publish Mr. French's suggestive remarks:

I have been asked to talk upon the subject of "Cattle," but if you will pardon me I would like to talk along the line of general livestock in its relation to the prosperity of Rockingham County. As I was coming over this morning, I made a little mental calculation, and found that our county, with just average farming, could maintain some 40,000 head of cattle, with an annual net income of, say, \$10 each; an equal number of sheep, capable of producing a net income of \$2 each; 20,000 hogs, bringing a net profit of \$3 each; 2000 mule and horse colts at an annual profit of \$10 each, and this without reducing your tobacco acreage by one hill. Now, this livestock would mean an annual profit of more than half a million dollars to our farmers, and what would it not mean to our farmers? By careful handling this livestock would manufacture free of cost more than a million loads of stable manure (per year), which, applied at the rate of ten loads per acre, would cover about one-fourth of the agricultural lands of the county, and in the place of barren hills, gauls and brush fields we would have green fields of grass, corn, peas and clover that would

be a delight to the owners and all who were privileged to look upon them. But to attain to this very profitable and pleasant state of affairs it will be necessary to change our methods entirely. The brush will have to be cut and burned, gullies filled with brush, grass sown, fields enlarged and shaped up, fences built; in a word, our farmers will have to go to working twelve instead of six months of the year. Silos will have to be built, into which the thousands of tons of corn-stalks that are now wasted can be cut and one of the very best feeds for livestock produced in abundance. Our farm lands in a few years would be worth, instead of from \$3 to \$30 per acre, \$20 to \$70. Wouldn't this pay for the extra exertion and push necessary to accomplish these things?

The profit or loss in the growing of livestock will depend almost entirely on the sort of the animals you begin with and the treatment you give them. Don't be content to have a single mean animal on your farm; let everyone be of the very best of his kind, for in the handling of this sort only does any profit lie. All the meat-producing animals should be low, broad and blocky, kind and gentle as possible, and they must be given food in quantities sufficient to produce this blockiness. It is absolutely impossible to grow livestock at a profit without the production on the farm of large quantities of the best nutritious foods. Go to any stock-producing country or section and you will find a prosperous people, intelligent, law-abiding, with fine homes, churches and schools, and all those things that go to make for good citizenship.

Cowpeas Make Prosperity.

A plant which, like clover, is utilized for pasture or hay, even if cut twice in a season, once for hay and once for seed, still leaves in the roots, which amount to several thousand pounds per acre, a large amount of fertility, and at the same time leaves the soil in a better mechanical condition than before. It is unnecessary to tell any farmer who knows anything about clover, that this is a fact, for it will only be necessary to plow a single furrow through it to see how friable and porous the soil is, and how much easier pulverized than one which has had a naked fallow through the winter, but which has been cultivated for several years without a rotation. We have been slow learning many of these facts, and many farmers have refused to believe them; but all who read our excellent agricultural papers and who keep in touch with their State experiment stations through the bulletins sent out know these facts, and facts of the greatest importance to tillers of the soil. A wise German of my acquaintance sent me a paper about the effect of legumes on the soil, in which he made the statement that for every soil, no matter what its climate or mechanical condition, there could be found some legume that would aid the farmer in maintaining fertility and increasing the yield of his crops.

In large sections of the South the cowpea is the plant for this purpose, and the ones who have used it most persistently are the prosperous and wealthy farmers. In other parts of the Union the different varieties of clover will do the same work, and on certain soils the mammoth clover is worth very much more than the medium. Some farmers who have followed the growing of beans for market have learned that by the means of them they have increased the yield of future wheat crops enough to more than pay for the growing of the crop of beans. In the northern parts of the country the Canada field pea takes the place of the cowpea, as it is perfectly hardy and can be sown just about as soon as the ground can be worked, and even if the mercury drops to zero after the peas are sown they will not be injured, but as soon as warm weather comes will grow.—Waldo F. Brown, in Home and Farm.

Sell the Old Hens.

This is good logic in a general way, but needs to be modified under certain conditions. If we are trying to improve our flock, to add vigor and correct certain faults that already exist, then we should hesitate about discarding the old hens from which we reared the chicks of the past season.

From them we get certain type-faults and good points clearly defined, so that we are able to see exactly what to strive for and what faults we may expect to overcome. While it is true that they will lay less eggs than the pullets will, still the fertility will be greater, and the chicks will be stronger, and on the whole results will be more satisfactory. If we are keeping poultry for profit only, sell the old hens; if we are keeping poultry in order to improve the fancy portion, keep them.

Brazil consumes every year dried beef to the amount of \$6,000,000.

News of the Day.

The natives of India take more and more to beer. Formerly the consumption was very small; there are now, however, many large breweries, and last year their combined production aggregated nearly nine million gallons. It is said that about 40 per cent. of this production is consumed in the army. Most of the breweries are in the Himalaya Mountain districts, on the railroad line between the stations of Murree and Darjeling.

Sharps and Flats.
Sir—ward H. Seymour, who has been appointed admiral of the fleet to succeed Admiral Salmon on the latter's retirement in February, is of Irish descent and comes of a family which has contributed several noted fighters to the British navy. It was Sir Edward who led the allied forces in their unsuccessful endeavor to reach Peking in time to relieve the legation there a few years ago. He is sixty-four years old and has been in the navy for over half a century.