

A SENTRY'S LOVE.

Said the president of the military court to Trofim Stoyan, "You have been found guilty of the crime of aiding the escape of prisoner No. 279 from the mine of Gorkaya-Balka. Before sentence is passed the court desires to hear from you your version of the circumstances of the prisoner's escape, and the motives which induced you to be false to the trust imposed on you. We understand that you dispute the correctness of some of the witnesses' statements. We warn you to speak the strict truth. Stand at attention."

As the president finished, a slim young fellow, standing between two glittering bayonets, drew himself up to "attention," glanced at the spectators and faced the court.

"Go on," said the president.

"Your Excellency," began the soldier, "I don't want mercy, and I don't expect it; but you have asked me to tell the truth, and I will tell it. It was on a Saturday night, snowing hard and bitterly cold. Sergeant Petroff marched me up to the entrance of Gorkaya-Balka mine and I relieved the sentry on duty there. I was to remain until midnight, and I received the usual orders to stop anyone who tried to enter or leave the gallery, and to shoot them if they persisted, and to shiver with cold, and kept tramping about in front of the entrance to keep warm. After the barrack clock had struck 10, I noticed some one crouching in the shadow of the old tool-house—a woman, I thought. It seemed darker there than out in the open. The snow was driving in my face. I felt queer and timid that night, turning sharply round at the end of my beat farthest from the house, I saw approaching me the figure of a woman in black. I got opposite the entry into the gallery, and stood silent. I don't know why I felt scared. There was no one else about or nearer than the overseer's house. She came swiftly over the snow, and her face was covered with a veil. I couldn't speak; it was as if my tongue was frozen. She put her hands on my shoulders, and looked up into my face."

"What was she like?" demanded the president.

"Your excellency, I cannot describe her. I only saw her eyes, then, and they were on fire and went right straight through me. She told me much that I can not recall, for I was looking, not listening. But at last I understood her to be talking of her brother in the mine. She said she had had come all the way from Russia to see him, and that he was dying."

"She said that if I would let her into the mine for a few minutes she would always pray for me, and devote her whole life to make me happy."

"Her great black eyes bewitched me, and I believed her. I said nothing, but pointed to the mine, and in a moment she had fled into the dark opening to the gallery. I never thought of what I was doing. I was dazed and stood stock still, and the snow kept falling all the time, and the night was growing darker. I had my eyes fixed on the entrance, and saw the figure emerge and run toward me."

"Soldier," she said, "you have made me happy for life. Make yourself happy and fly with us. Let my brother pass. I will lead you and him to a place where we will be happy together. Be good to me, soldier, and I will give you all you ask from me. I will be yours; I will live for you and die for you."

"Don't smile, Excellency. I was intoxicated with her words. I believed her. Her arms were around my neck, and her face was lovely as the Madonna's. I seized my rifle and flung it with all my strength out into the snow. She put a file into my hands and I followed her to the gallery. There the darkness was thicker still, but we groped our way to where a man stood chained to a thick wooden stanchion. I knew what I had to do. The man said nothing, but the woman kissed me—kissed me, Excellency. So I worked like a madman. He was soon free. We reached the entrance as the barrack clock was striking 11. There was a whole hour yet before the guard would be changed. We ran through the little wood and crossed the frozen river, and away beyond a wide, open space, where the snow was very deep, we entered the pine woods."

"The woman knew where she was leading us, for we came to a hut where we found clothes and food. I buried my uniform in the snow. All that night we moved rapidly through the woods, hardly speaking to one another at first. But the man and woman went on in front, walking arm in arm, and often they kissed one another, laughing and crying in turns. When I was close to them they sometimes spoke French. As soon as it was light they never let my eyes leave her face. Her eyes were large and dark, but her hair was like gold, and hung down her back wet on her black cloak."

"Stand at attention," said the president, sharply.

The prisoner stood erect again and resumed his story.

"The morning was clear and frosty. The man had fallen several times during the night. His strength was gone. I saw he was pale as death, and blood oozed from his mouth. The woman groaned faintly with fear that he would be caught. The man, however, could go no further. He lay down on the snow just as we were leaving the woods and coming out on the tundra. I thought he would have died. I took him in my arms and carried him vest after vest until my strength was gone, and I felt fever coming over me. But the woman never noticed me, and once or twice, when I turned to look at her from under my burden, I saw that her eyes were fixed on the face of the man I carried. I could hold out no longer. I fell on the snow and fainted. How long I lay there I cannot say. Whether or not I dreamed I am unable to tell the court. I don't think it could have been a dream. I thought I saw a troika come noiselessly over the snow and heard the breathing of horses."

Do you mean to tell the court (this was a dream? Can you give no further particulars about the troika or its driver?" interrupted the president.

No, your Excellency; the horses were black, I thought, and I know their eyes shone brightly; the sledges also seemed to be black. It came silently,

it went away with gently ringing bells, like silver bells. When I came to my senses it was snowing hard. The wet flakes awoke me, I think. I gazed around me on all sides. I was alone. I thought of my dream. There was no hoof-mark, no traces of sledges-ran- now, nothing but the level, trackless snow. Perhaps the snow had filled up the track, perhaps—perhaps there was some other reason. Your Excellency, I felt myself forsaken. I could not understand it. I was mad and cried aloud. Suddenly I noticed a piece of my coat, a scrap of paper with pencil writing on it. It was taken from me when I gave myself up, but I'll never forget the words—"We can not take you with us further. Save yourself as best you can. My husband and I will always pray for you." Oh, Excellency, I saw it all then, and sat down in the snow and wept and cursed. I loved that woman. Yes, I was a fool."

"And a traitor," interpolated the president, scowling.

"And a traitor, if Your Excellency says so, but I did not think of that then. I thought only of my love, of how I had been betrayed, of my hurt pride. Your Excellency knows the rest."

"The sentence of the court is that Private Trofim Stoyan take the place of the escaped prisoner in the mine at Gorkaya-Balka. He will remain there during the pleasure of His Imperial Majesty."

That evening the young soldier was chained to the stanchion.

Three years later a man and a woman on Ellis Island suddenly encounter each other.

She starts and gasps;

"The soldier!"

While he exclaims:

"The woman!"

There is no time for more. She has passed the spectators and hurried to the little steamer that is to convey her to New York. He is pushed back, for the inspectors may not reach his case for a day or two.

But he lands at last. Where shall he find her? He finds employment, and then for six months spends all his leisure in the quest. At last he meets her. She is coming out of a theater. He touches her sleeve. No word is spoken then, but as if by mutual instinct, they enter the nearest cafe.

Five minutes later he has said:

"I have always loved you. You belong to me. Since you say your husband is dead, you are mine."

"But you have no money," glancing at his shabby clothes.

"I can earn it," he pleads. "A man who loves as I do can fail in nothing."

The next day they were married by a priest of the Greek Church. Was it love or gratitude that prompted the woman, upon her third brief meeting, to grant so much?

The priest, gazing after them as they departed, murmured:

"I have united a goddess and a hero."—New York Journal.

GOT A BIG BITE.

And the Fish Took the Bad Boy and All to the Bottom.

Fishing is an interesting pastime at present for a large number of small fry. Even gray-haired old fellows armed with rods and lines, are to be seen on fair days at points of vantage along the docks. Tom cod and sea eels are caught in great numbers, while once in a while a horrible-looking ratfish is hauled in. These ratfish look like a cross between a Chinaman and the devil, and are armed with two sword-like fins, which protrude from the sides of the head like a French duo's mustache. The swords are from two to five inches in length, according to the size of the fish, and are very strong, having a point as sharp as a needle. Woo to the unlucky fisherman who is struck by a ratfish, for the wound smart and pains dreadfully.

Yesterday a gang of tough-looking street Arabs were fishing off the embankment in the Northern Pacific switching yard, and an old gentleman with a benevolent countenance and long gray whiskers was much interested in the sport. Not seeing any fish landed, the old man asked one of the youths, Gus Sampson:

"What are you fishing for, my boy?"

"Bites," answered the kid, with a fiendish grin.

At the same instant, as if by Divine Providence, the old man was avenged, for there was such a gigantic bite on that boy's line that boy, pole, line and all were yanked off the dock and pulled out of sight into the water. In a few moments Gus rose to the surface with his mouth, ears, eyes and nose full of mud. He struck out for shore, while the pole, which still floated on the surface, darted off at a lively speed in an opposite direction.

Two Indians happened along in a canoe and they gave chase to the pole. They finally overtook it, and after half an hour's tedious work succeeded in landing an immense rock cod, which had in some mysterious manner been hooked in the tail. The cod weighed twelve pounds and three ounces, and was bought by the benevolent old gentleman with the long gray whiskers.—Tacoma Leader.

Unsympathetic.

The knight of rest slipped into the back yard as if he had been guilty of some offense, and putting an empty tomato can out of sight under his tattered coat, he approached the portcullis of the kitchen and tapped on it with his bulldog. In response a wiry-haired girl, with a towel tied around her head, made her appearance.

"Well?" she said interrogatively, as she took his measure with her eagle eye.

"I just thought I'd strike you for breakfast," he answered, apologetically.

"We don't believe in strikes in this neighborhood," she said, emphatically, and slammed the door with a bang that knocked the dust out of his toga.—Detroit Free Press.

One's surprise at the fact that no two persons' voices are perfectly alike ceases when one is informed by an authority on the subject that, though there are only nine perfect tones in the human voice, there are the astounding number of 17,592,186,044,415 different sounds. Of these fourteen direct muscles produce 16,741,823, while all in cooperation produce the total given above.

DAIRY AND POULTRY.

INTERESTING CHAPTERS FOR OUR RURAL READERS.

How Successful Farmers Operate Their Department of the Homestead—Hints as to the Care of Live Stock and Poultry.

The War with Parasites.

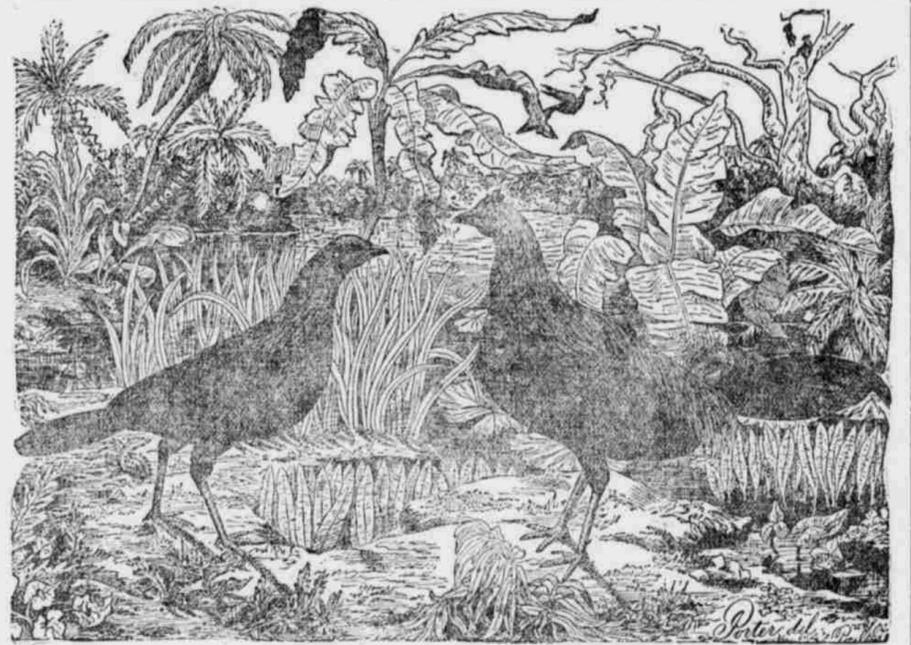
The time is here when all species of parasites thrive and multiply with the greatest rapidity, says an exchange. The poultry man need not spend much time hunting them up. They are around the hens without any doubt, and a variety of precautionary measures should be taken to keep in check these inveterate enemies of the poultry kingdom. An exchange says: Of course it is needless to talk about the profits of fowl breeding when herds of indefatigable vermin are energetically sucking the life bloods of the birds both day and night. The grain and feed goes to support the lice, the hens and chicks grow poor, and if not protected, eventually waste away and die. It costs enough to feed poultry without any additional burden occasioned by furnishing sustenance to hungry legions of parasitical beings. You ask a great many poultry keepers, especially the fresher and more verdant additions to the fraternity, if there are any lice among their fowls or in their poultry houses, and most emphatic denials will usually be received. They have never seen any (because they did not look where they were), and therefore suppose there are none. A little closer and more thorough inspection would frequently result in a startling revelation. We hear of hens that do not lay, grow poor and sick and finally die; of chickens that persist in dying when there is no reason at all for such an ungrateful proceeding; of other chickens that, while they do not die outright, yet

had them. Just here a man came along to buy four of my high grade Jersey heifers which I was glad to sell. After he bought them he persuaded me that winter dairying was just the thing, and also recommended the silo. I concluded after he was gone that I would plant corn (it being in April then) and also make a silo. I at once had my six Jersey cows served by my Jersey bull, calculating to try winter dairying. I also bought in the fall four fresh milk cows and entered upon winter dairying, which has proved to me very profitable. I then began to test my cows by weighing each cow's milk, setting the same separately and weighing butter. It proved a wonderful revelation to me. Some disappointed me one way and some the other. In the fall of 1893 I purchased more cows, also a De Laval cream separator and a Babcock milk tester, and shortly after that time I got a market for my butter at 23c per lb. by the year. I began at once to study the cow, what to feed, and how to care for her. I found that it was through kind treatment, proper feed and bedding, and, most necessary, a warm stable that she was enabled to do her best. I have been able to bring up those cows, all of which are young, and some only nineteen months old when milking, to average \$33 per head for butter which was marketed only, not counting my skimmed milk, or milk and butter for family use. I am delighted with dairying both winter and summer and know that it pays. I also can increase my average per cow considerable. I am now getting 25 cents per pound for my butter. I always milk my cows eleven months each year. My herd now consists of twenty-one cows and thirteen heifers. I raise all my heifer calves. I am also delighted with my cream separator, and I do not see how any man can afford to do without a separator who has ten or fifteen cows. I also fail to see how any man can make a success of farming without keeping a good stock of good cows, and then feeding

all will dissolve. Let it settle and cool, and then draw or dip off the clear pickle into a preserving vessel to the depth of fifteen inches. Carefully put in as many eggs as the pickle will cover. Then pour in a little pickle that is slightly milky, made so by stirring into it a little of what has settled to the bottom. Continue in this way as every fresh lot of eggs is added. Use only fresh eggs, and be careful not to put in enough lime to settle in a thick sediment at the bottom. Keep the vessel in a cool place, the eggs always covered a few inches with the pickle.—St. Louis Republic.

Origin of One Dairy.

The advantages of soiling, or feeding animals largely or wholly on green forage crops in the barn instead of pasturing them, says a government bulletin, are that less land is required to maintain a given number of animals, the food supply can be better regulated, the animals do not waste their energy in searching for food, and the manure can all be saved and applied to the soil. The arguments for partial soiling are that the amount of feed furnished by pastures is very irregular, being usually abundant and of good quality early in the season, but falling off later from droughts or early frosts. In case of milk cows unless some supplementary food is given at such times the milk flow diminishes and the cows fall off in flesh. Concerning the relative amounts of food furnished by pasturing and by soiling, the Pennsylvania experiment station found in experiments in two years that "in round numbers we can produce from three to five times as much digestible food per acre by means of the soiling crops (rye and corn or clover and corn) as is produced by pasturing, such as is represented by our small plot." The plot in question was believed to fairly represent the average pasture. From feeding trials with the above soiling crops and pasture grass the average yield of milk



A PAIR OF GALLUS BANKIVA, THE WILD JUNGLE FOWL OF SOUTH OF ASIA.

live a miserable, stunted existence and never show vigor or thrift, nor develop into profitable fowls. To what cause are all these untoward conditions to be ascribed? Lice! Red mites! Parasites of various orders! Keep down these and the greatest battle of poultry culture is fought. Have a clean, fresh dust bath where every chick and mature fowl on the place can dust itself without molestation. This means many baths placed around in various spots on a large poultry farm. Good, strong tobacco powder is as good as anything to put in the feathers of the birds. The insect powder, so called, unless fresh, does not amount to anything. Carbolic acid is a great insect destroyer. Make an ointment of lard six parts, sulphur two, carbolic acid one part, and apply a little to the top of head, beneath the wings and around the vent of the old birds. As soon as hatched, drop a tiny piece of sweet oil upon the head of each chick. To kill the red mites that lurk in cracks and seams near the perches, daytimes, and feed upon the hens at night, persist in the use of kerosene to which a little carbolic acid has been added.

Partial Soiling.

At an Ontario farm institute, Mr. Sills Shaver said: As a farmer among you I have tried dairying on a small scale and raising grain for market; not being satisfied altogether with my results therewith, on account of low grain prices, I then went into horse raising to quite an extent, and was quite successful until prices in that line began to fall. Then having a farm adapted for raising hay, I sold all my horses, except those necessary for carrying on farm work, and all my cows except one, and four Jersey heifers and a pure bred Jersey bull calf. I then thought I would raise hay for market. The second year I could not sell at any price. Then, seeing I was going to run down my farm, I thought I would raise some Jerseys. But not knowing anything about winter dairying, and only milking my cows about seven months each year, and not knowing how to feed my stock as I should, I could not see where there was any real profit in keeping cows. If there is such a thing as the blues, I

them well. If it pays to keep them at all (and it does), it pays to keep them well; I find it so.—Farmers' Review.

Keeping Eggs.

While there is yet no known process that will keep eggs for any length of time as good as they are when fresh, they can be kept so as to be marketable. We give a few of the many methods, with this advice: Make a trial on a small scale at first, and then if your success warrants you can increase next year.

To start with, only strictly fresh eggs can be preserved, and in packing they must not touch one another, as one bad egg coming in contact with another will soon spoil the whole lot.

The eggs of hens that have been kept separate from roosters will keep better than those that have been fertilized.

Another item is to store the eggs in a place where the temperature is as even as possible. A cellar, if not too damp, or a cold storage house will be a good place.

The temperature should be kept as nearly 60 degrees as possible, and the more even the temperature the better they will keep. Eggs fresh and not fertilized, kept in a cool, dark place and turned half over every other day will keep a month or six weeks in good condition without any other preparation.

One method of keeping is to make a strong whitewash and thoroughly immerse the eggs in this, taking care that the whole surface of the shell is coated. After they are dry put them on racks in such a way that they can be turned readily.

Another plan is to take boxes or barrels and put in a layer of salt and then a layer of eggs, setting the eggs on end and taking care not to let them touch each other.

Some prefer to use finely sifted coal ashes, packed in the same way.

Twenty grains of salicylic acid in one gill of cotton seed oil may be used for greasing the eggs all over; then lay them in racks.

Another plan is to take a bushel of unslacked lime and eight quarts of salt to sixty gallons of water, or these proportions for a smaller quantity. Shake the lime with a portion of the water, then add the rest of the water and salt, stir it well so that

per acre was calculated as follows:

YIELD OF MILK PER ACRE OF LAND.	1888.	1889.
Selling.....	3,416	5,671
Pasture.....	928	1,804
Difference.....	2,488	4,167

It will be understood that the above is partly an estimate, but it points very strongly in favor of soiling.

Trials at the station in Wisconsin showed that "by soiling in summer a certain area of land will yield double the amount of milk and butter that it will when pastured."

The Connecticut Storrs experiment station maintained four cows from June 1 to Nov. 1 on a little less than 2½ acres of soiling crops, with the addition of a very light grain and straw feed.

At the Ontario agricultural college and experiment farm about three-fourths of an acre of soiling crops (green clover, green peas, tares, oats and corn fodder) was sufficient, with the addition of 252 pounds of wheat bran, for two cows for sixty-three days. "We might expect, therefore, to grow on about one acre sufficient green food to feed a cow for 200 days under ordinary conditions."

If soiling is to be practiced it is important to have a succession of green fodders throughout the growing season, with each in its best stage of growth for feeding. There should be no breaks in the succession and each crop should be used as nearly as possible at the time when it contains the largest amount of valuable food constituents.

There are more things than one to be said in favor of the silo. The clover will not require much extensive machinery or cost in handling; the mow can be put in as soon as the dew is off, and the product transferred to the silo almost as soon as it is gathered up. All this makes the grower independent of favorable weather for curing.

Is churning by steam start the movement slow at first to allow the cream to get thoroughly homogeneous and tempered. Have it about 58 degrees F. After a little quieten the motion till it becomes brisk. It requires from thirty minutes to an hour to make butter come. Occasionally, when the weather is against it and the cream is from cows long in milk, over an hour is required.

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Montana's increase in gold production this year is nearly seventy-five per cent, the receipts showing an increase of 18,468 fine ounces of gold.

A ship captain whose vessel had been lying off Far Rockaway, L. I., reports that when he weighed anchor the Atlantic cable came up with it, and he had to cut his anchor chain.

A Bath, Me., bank cashier had to break into his own bank. He is absent-minded, and had left the key to the spring lock of the outer door on the inside when he went out for the night.

Sir Walter Raleigh was the first white man to use mahogany lumber. In the year 1585, while at Trinidad, he repaired one of his ships with a mahogany plank. That incident caused its introduction into England and into the commerce of the world.

Portsmouth, N. H., is the most foreign-looking city in this country. Its quaint old buildings give it close resemblance to an old English harbor town. Charleston, S. C., is, however, almost equally interesting.

Until now the depth of four and a half miles sounded off the coast of Japan has been the record for deep-sea soundings; but this is now beaten by a sounding in the South Atlantic of 7,700 fathoms, or nearly nine miles.

SUMMER SECURITY.

How to Thwart Diarrhoea, Dysentery and Foli Cholera.

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