



LD Pierre Bernard was hammering away on the sole of a shoe. He was a cobbler and occupied a small shop on the outskirts of a city. His family consisted of himself and grandson,

little Pierre, who was ten years of age. Behind the shop was a room which served as a parlor, bedroom and kitchen. The cooking was done by Bernard himself, who possessed some knowledge of the culinary art.

Old Pierre's reputation was not of the best; though he had never been detected in a really dishonest act, he was known to be tricky. But he had a genial manner, was always ready to talk, and his shop became a rendezvous for male gossips who liked to talk about the affairs of the day. On this particular morning two of the fraternity sauntered in.

"Good morning, Pierre," said Caleb Gilles. "How's business?"

"Had," answered Bernard, shaking his head. "I can't compete with store prices, and it is a hard matter to keep body and soul together."

"Body and soul, eh?" said Caleb chuckling at his own attempt at wit. "You must see that the sole keeps the body while it lasts."

Pierre laughed as he gave the shoe a resounding blow with his hammer. He always laughed at other men's jokes, however poor they might be. This was one of the secrets of his popularity. Presently Silas Parker remarked:

"Old about the robbery, isn't it?"

"What robbery?"

"Haven't you read of it in the paper?" Silas asked in surprise.

"I have no time to read papers."

"Well, it happened last night at the hall. Mrs. Benton's pearl necklace was stolen. They say it was very valuable, and so long that it could be wound several times about her neck. The detectives are working up the case."

"Have they any clew to the thief?" Pierre asked, carelessly.

"Well, a slight one. They found a bit of cloth—What is the matter?" he broke off in alarm, as a cry escaped Bernard.

"Oh, I pointed my finger a little, that's all."

"You must have hurt it badly, you are quite pale."

"No, no!" Pierre answered, quickly. "It is nothing. Go on with your story. You were saying they found a bit of cloth."

"Yes—a small zigzag piece, evidently torn from a coat. It was hanging on a nail."

"Well," said Pierre, deliberately, "I hope the robber will escape."

"Why?" said Silas in amazement. "For my part I hope he will be brought to justice."

"Justice!" said Bernard testily. "Is there such a thing?"

"There is law, anyway, and if we



commit crime we must suffer for it. If we are poor—yes. But the rich contrive to escape the punishment, whatever they may do."

"I don't know," murmured Silas, dubiously, while Caleb shook his head.

"Well, I do," said Pierre, vehemently. "A rich man obtains money dishonestly; the transaction is called by a polite name. People shrug their shoulders and pass on; but let a beggar steal a loaf of bread to keep him from starving and he is sent to prison without much ado. Bah! It is a strange world."

He tossed his hammer down, and it fell with a crash.

"Oh, I've heard about the beggar and his loaf before," said Silas, "but I never believed in him. We have hands to work with and can always earn our bread by honest toil. You're out of humor to-day, Bernard. Come, Caleb, we must be off. Good-day, Pierre."

"Good-day," answered Bernard, without looking at them.

That night he took a bundle from his cupboard and went stealthily into his small garden. Digging a hole in the yielding ground he deposited the bundle in it, then filled it up, packing the earth so tightly down that it was impossible to discover it had been recently disturbed. Little Pierre lay sleeping in the inner room, but some noise awakened him, he crept from his bed and peeped into the shop just as his grandfather returned.

"Go to bed!" Bernard commanded,

sharply, as he closed the outer door. "What are you doing here?"

"I thought I heard a noise," answered the child.

"So did I, and I want to see what caused it. It was nothing. Go to bed again, and I will make you a kite, a marvelous kite, which you may fly to-morrow."

"Oh, will you, grandfather? Jolly! Now I'll go at once," cried the delighted boy.

A smile curved Bernard's lips as he gathered together the material for the kite. It took several hours to complete it, but when finished it was, indeed, a thing of beauty. It was full four feet in height, and there were many colored papers used in its construction; a fringe adorned the outer edge. But the tail was the most wonderful of all. A long string formed the foundation, and upon it were fastened pieces of cloth of graduating lengths, the longest being at the top and tapering down to a mere shred at the end. Each was twisted in the center, the ends being allowed to fly, but so closely were they put on the string that scarcely any part of it was visible.

Little Pierre rose early the next morning. His impatience was so great that he could scarcely contain himself until his grandfather should give him the kite; but he dared not express his wish, as Bernard seemed excited and nervous, an unusual thing with him. The boy wondered why he stood at the door so long, gazing anxiously about, returning to his work only to repeat the performance a few minutes later. At last he turned to the expectant child:

"Come," he said, "you shall fly the kite."

"Oh, is it not beautiful?" Pierre cried, clasping his hands in admiration when the wonderful thing was held up for his inspection.

He was wild to touch it, but Bernard would not permit him to do so, and bade him hold the cord while he held the kite aloft himself. Soon it floated upward, the tail resembling a flock of birds as it straightened in the breeze.

"You are Pierre Bernard, I believe," said some one.

As Bernard moved quickly he came face to face with two men.

"That is my name," he answered. "What is your business with me?"

One of the detectives, for such they were, eyed him sharply as he said:

"We have orders to search your house, Bernard."

"For what?"

"We are looking for a necklace which was stolen from Mrs. Benton."

"And do you suppose I have it?" demanded Pierre, with a great show of anger.

"How dare you accuse me of stealing? But go—search the house—and if you find it—"

He finished with a harsh laugh.

"The old fellow takes it coolly," said one of the men. "But come—let us get the business over with." And they went to work.

Meanwhile Bernard was apparently absorbed in the kite and laughed loudly as it rose higher and higher, the long tail curling and twitching like a snake. Presently it began to descend, and a shade of excitement was visible in his face, while little Pierre cried out in dismay:

"Oh, grandfather, it is coming down and will get caught in those trees."

"We will prevent that," said Bernard, with a furtive glance toward the house; and he loosened the cord. But the kite steadily descended. It hovered over a tree for a few seconds then fell, the tail becoming entangled in the branches. Bernard gave the cord a sharp pull, and the kite dropped at his feet. Little Pierre ran and picked it up.

"The tail is broken, grandfather," he exclaimed. "Oh, why did you hide these pretty beads? See—"

He spoke no further, for Bernard, with an oath, sprang forward and snatched the kite from his hand. At the same instant one of the detectives, who had approached unnoticed, tore it from him.

"Ah! We were not mistaken, after all," he said, holding up the tail for his companion's inspection. Beneath each of the twisted rags was a small cluster of pearls.

The Tell-tale Snipe.

There are some old fables for game birds far down the Chesapeake. A small, shy snipe that flies with a twittering noise is called the horsefoot snipe, because of its fondness for the horsefoot or horseshoe crab. It is called also the turnstone, from its habit of overturning pebbles in search of food. The tell-tale snipe bears that name because it always sounds a note of alarm at the sight of a gunner. Chesapeake gunners believe that a single tell-tale can clear a whole region of game birds. The widegon is locally called the bald pate, and the willit is so called because of its cry, "Will-willet!"

Louisiana.

Louisiana had in 1814 the greatest steam tonnage of any state in the union. It amounted to a little over 17,000 tons. New York had 10,264 tons, South Carolina 3,233 tons, and only three or four other states had more than 2,000 tons. Several states had less than 100 tons. The tonnage of the Mississippi river was largely registered at New Orleans. Hence the relatively large steam tonnage of Louisiana.

Religious of British Soldiers.

Out of 210,863 men in the British army last New Year's day, including colonial troops, but not Indian natives, 143,129 belonged to the Church of England, 36,878 were Roman Catholics, 15,199 Presbyterians, 11,403 Methodists, 2,057 Mohammedans, Hindus, etc.

A New Feed Tested.

The Pennsylvania experiment station reports on a new feed as follows:

Within the past year, a new feeding stuff called "cotton seed feed" has been quite extensively advertised in this and other states. This feed purports to be a mixture of one part of cotton seed meal and five parts of cotton hulls by weight, and is sold in carlots at \$11.50 per ton in bulk. It is specially recommended for fattening purposes but it is also claimed to give good results in the production of milk and butter. In a bulletin now in press, the experiment station gives the details of some experiments carried out to test the value of this feed. The feed has been examined as to its actual feeding value for dairy cows. The results of these experiments were in brief as follows: The chemical composition was found, on the whole, to correspond very well to the composition claimed for the feed. Its indigestibility was comparatively low, the total amount of digestible food present in the feed being somewhat less than in clover or timothy hay, and somewhat greater than that found in good corn fodder, although the proportion of protein is considerably higher than that in either corn fodder or timothy. At the price named, a pound of digestible food in the cotton seed feed was found to cost about 34 per cent more than in timothy or clover hay and 39 per cent more than in corn. Two experiments were made with dairy cows to test its value as a feed for milk and butter. In the first experiment a ration of cotton seed feed and bran produced 18 per cent less milk and 10 per cent less butter than one of corn fodder, mixed hay, corn meal, and cotton seed meal containing the same amount of dry matter. The estimated net profit per cow per day was 17 per cent less on the cotton seed feed ration than on the hay and fodder ration. In the second experiment, a ration of cotton seed feed, bran and Buffalo gluten meal produced 15 per cent less milk and 6 per cent less butter than a ration of clover hay, corn meal, bran, and Buffalo gluten meal, containing 2 1/2 pounds more grain and 1/2 of a pound more coarse fodder. The net profit per day and head, in this case, was 4 per cent less on the clover hay ration than on the cotton seed feed ration, but it is probable that the cows on the clover hay ration were somewhat overfed. The general conclusion drawn from these investigations is that cotton seed feed is too expensive in proportion to the amount of food which it contains to successfully compete, on equal terms, with ordinary dairy feeds at average prices.

An incidental result of the experiments is to illustrate the possibilities of profit in dairying. The net profits above the estimated cost of feed and care in these experiments ranged from 77 to 97 per cent of the cost of the feed. While there are other elements of expense in dairying which are not included in these estimates, the results nevertheless make a very good showing for the profits of dairying, and particularly of butter production.

Concerning New Feeds.

New feeds are continually being put upon the market, and the farmer and dairyman should be a little cautious about taking up with them. Generally wonderful things are claimed for them, and the buyer is led to believe that he can obtain results that will justify him in paying a pretty price for the feed. He is made to believe that this price is far below the market value of the product. Such representations are nearly always falsehoods, pure and simple. There are doubtless no better feeds than those the farmer already know and have used. On this page we print a communication from the Pennsylvania experiment station on the value of a new feed called "cotton seed feed." We do not know how much the projectors claim for it, but unless the claims were above its true value there would appear little chance of its selling at the price named. As will be seen by reading the article in question, the station sets its value below that of some of our common feeds, though it costs much more.

Manipulating Duchess of Oldenburg.

The Rural Northwest says it is astonishing how many people there are who can be imposed upon in the matter of purchasing fruit trees, mentioning a farmer who bought Duchess of Oldenburg from an eastern nursery, paying 75 cents each for the trees. The salesman who sold them led the man to believe that the Duchess was a new and rare variety which could not be obtained from Oregon nurserymen.

Burying Apples for Winter.—The following plan has been found to answer the purpose: Most cellars are too warm to keep fruit well. They are also subject to frequent changes of temperature, in which the fruit suffers almost as much as it does by being kept too warm. We have known farmers to put apples in pits as potatoes and roots are pitted, spreading a layer of straw over them to keep them from contact with the earth. Such apples come out with very little loss in spring, where care is taken that none which are specked were put up in the fall. One specked fruit will spread to adjoining apples and infect them. It is well to put boards over the heap to shed most of the rain. If it is wet enough to wash through the soil to the fruit it will be injured and its flavor will be affected unfavorably.—Rural World.

SPRINKLE a little stone lime in your stock tank and not a particle of green scum will form in the water. When the lime loses its strength and the scum begins to form, which may be twice during the season, wash out the tank and repeat the dose. It is cheap, not only harmless, but wholesome, keeps the water sweet and saves work.—Ex.

The Rise of the Buckwheat Cake

The leaven of yesterday ruins the cake of to-day. Don't spoil good buckwheat with dying raising-batter—fresh cakes want Royal Baking Powder. Grandma used to raise to-day's buckwheats with the souring left over of yesterday! Dear old lady, she was up to the good old times. But these are days of Royal Baking Powder—freshness into freshness raises freshness.

And this is the way the buckwheat cake of to-day is made: Two cups of Buckwheat, one cup of wheat flour, two tablespoons of Royal Baking Powder, one half teaspoonful of salt, all sifted well together. Mix with milk into a thin batter and bake at once on a hot griddle.

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BRILLIANTS.

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Doan's Cough Balm is the oldest and best. It will break up a cold quicker than anything else. It is always reliable. Try it. Luck is the encouragement of pluck. **Hogman's Camphor Ice with Glycerine.** The original and only genuine. Curesst hives, rashes and itchy skin, eczema, etc. C. O. Clark Co., N. Haven, Ct. The sun can't shine through a torpid liver. **If the Baby is Cutting Teeth.** Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, **MAN WASSON'S SOOTHING SYRUP** for Children Teething. The hardest worker isn't the greatest gainer. After physicians had given me up, I was saved by **Piso's Cure**—RALPH EARLE, Williamsport, Pa., Nov. 22, 1903.

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