

JIM.

"Yes, stranger, that's Jim. He was only a tramp—Just a rovin' an' roamin' an' worthless scamp—An' that on th' slab's all that's left o' him, An' all that they know is, his name was Jim; But I kinder suspect on th' other shore They've recorded his name, an' a hull lot more.

"It seems that th' feller was stealin' a ride On Number Four's cowcatcher, there outside, When th' engineer saw in th' dusty whirl, Th' stoopin' form of a tiny girl Who was pickin' up coal with might an' main, Her mind on her work an' her back t' th' train.

"God help me!" he cried, as he threw his weight T' reverse th' lever—but all too late, For a form was struck, an' a feeble cry Reached th' engineer as th' train went by, 'I've killed th' gal'—an' his eyes were dim With tears, as th' train went back fr'—Jim

"Th' tramp was livin', but good as dead, I saved th' gal'—I'm—Jim?" he said; I pushed her away fr'm th' track, an' say, I must 'a' slipped—an' he passed away; An' that on th' slab's all that's left o' him— He was only a tramp—Just a tramp—called Jim."

—Baltimore News.

A Mysterious Disappearance

THEY were Damon and Pythias in their friendship—were Nate Morgan and Tom Dolliver, of the old company.

"The boys," said their old captain, "were born in the same neighborhood, grew up there, went to the same school, were in the same classes, and when they were young men chose for sweethearts a pair of sisters, so that they might be in close touch with one another.

"They were twenty when the big war came, and promptly enlisted in the same company.

"They lived in the same tent and ate with the same mess.

"When one was ordered on picket, the other volunteered to go for some one else, lest they separate.

"If there was a game of cards, they were always partners; if one was given a pass, the other sought one.

"I never saw two better friends.

"In 1864, after we had been through all sorts of hardships and some of the greatest battles of the war, including Antietam, Fredericksburg and Gettys-



"MY GOD, MAN, THIS IS MY FATHER'S BADGE."

burg, our company re-enlisted for three years more, the Siamese twins being among the first to put down their names.

"It may be remembered that they gave us boys a furlough of a month's duration when we re-enlisted for three years more, or during the war.

"I need not tell you that our lads had a nice time at home that month.

"I think about half of the boys were engaged when they went back to the army. Morgan and Dolliver were of the number. They had captured the two sisters.

"On the way back to Virginia we got into a terrible railway accident. We were making a curve on the Pennsylvania where the Juniata river was on one side and a high mountain pointed with rocks on the other. Our twelve cars flew the track. Some of them upset, one stood on end and one started for the Juniata river. It was headed off by a protruding rock. Three men were killed, and among the injured was Nate Morgan. He received a blow on the head that stunned him, but when he recovered he thought that he was not sufficiently harmed to stay back with the more seriously wounded, and went on with the regiment. But he was never the same Nate Morgan. His lifetime partner was ever trying to cheer him up, but he grew more and more gloomy, said but little, and seemed to have lost all interest in the world and everybody in it.

"The night we left Culpepper, Va., to enter upon the campaign that was not to end until Appomattox, Morgan disappeared. Twenty minutes after he left the tent Dolliver went in search and did not give up until the signal was given for the regiment to fall in.

"When we went into camp near the wilderness that night the disconsolate soldier resumed his search for his friend, this time among other troops. Then came the great battles of the Wilderness, Spottsylvania, North Ann, Cold Harbor, and the siege of Petersburg.

"No tidings ever came to the regiment from or about poor Nate Morgan. We came to believe that he had wandered away and died.

"Dolliver was broken-hearted, yet he continued to be a brave, manly soldier to the end of the war. The day we were mustered out he said to several of his friends:

"During the balance of my life I shall ever be on the watch for my chum, or information that will tell of his fate."

"Two or three years after the war there was a wedding, in which one of the sisters became Mrs. Dolliver.

"Their first boy was named Nathan Morgan Dolliver.

"When a boy of 15 his father told him the story of Nate Morgan and their friendship. 'You were named after him,' said Dolliver. Taking from his pocket a corps badge bearing the name, the company and the regiment in which his friend Morgan had served, he gave it to the young man, with a request that he never part with it, explaining that when he and his young friend were in the army they exchanged badges, he taking Morgan's and Morgan taking his.

"A week later this patriot father died, and his family and friends believed that his life was shortened by his ceaseless mourning, a sorrow that was keen for a quarter of a century.

"One of the things that made a deep impression on my mind, as well as my heart, at the beginning of the Spanish-American war was the promptness with which the sons and grandsons of the men who fought in the civil war, on both sides, offered their services and their lives, if need be, in that new war.

"Among the first to enlist in the Wisconsin city where he lived was the first-born of Patriot Tom Dolliver.

"His command reached the Philippines in time to get into the hottest of the fighting in 1899, and remained there until the hard fighting was over. Private Dolliver became a sergeant on the way to the far-off islands, and when the regiment was mustered out he was captain of his company, an honor won by conspicuous bravery.

"The summer of 1902 he was a first lieutenant of regulars and quartermaster of his battalion.

"In the performance of his duties he was called upon to make occasional visits to various points on the island of Panay, department of the Visayas. The trips were made on a small transport, which got along very nicely when the weather was good, but did all sorts of dancing and capering when the water was rough.

"He was going up on the east side of the island in September of that year when a sudden storm, a veritable typhoon, put in an appearance, rendering it hazardous to continue. With great difficulty they reached the harbor of refuge, near Capez. Most of the stores on the transport and two of the natives were washed overboard and lost.

"As the little transport made her way into the quiet waters of the harbor all sorts of craft hurried to her side. The head man of the first banca that reached the storm-beaten transport, a handsome fellow, asked, in very good English, if there was anything he could do for the officer and crew.

"Lieut. Dolliver expressed a desire to go ashore. When they reached land the newly-found friend invited the lieutenant to ride with him to Capez. On the way to the city the lieutenant discovered that his friend was the president of a neighboring city. He had been on a visit in that part of the province. Upon discovering the transport in its perilous position he had gone out to offer assistance.

"My father," said the president, "often told me of an experience he had when he first came to the islands, many years ago. He was caught, as you were, in a typhoon, and his vessel was wrecked. For a day and a night he was on the ocean, clinging to a spar, and was then rescued by natives, as I feared we might have to rescue some of your crew. He landed just where you landed, and found his way to Capez with one or two others of the wrecked passengers. He had come from London with an exploring

expedition. In the wreck he lost all he had; was penniless. The people of Capez took a fancy to him, gave him a home and encouraged him to remain, and he did remain. He married the daughter of the presidente of the city which he became presidente of later on.

"Early one morning he woke roused handed me a small box, and said:

"Keep it, my boy; keep it always," and while I was examining the contents of the box he placed a revolver to his temple and dropped dead at my feet.

"This is what he gave me. I shall always keep it."

"The lieutenant took it in his hand and exclaimed: 'My God! man, this is my father's badge!'

"Then, taking from a pocket over his heart a package, he said: 'And this is your father's badge!'"—J. A. Watrous, in Milwaukee Wisconsin.

ETHICS OF JAPANESE SAILORS.

There are two characteristics of Japanese naval officers which they share almost to a man with the sailor under them, and which quickly impress the foreign visitor, says the author of "The Imperial Japanese Navy." These are dignity and courtesy. Seldom, in deed, circumstances overturn the one or induce them to violate the other.

Underneath their politeness they are a very sensitive people, so that even quite unwittingly one is apt to tread upon a "touchy" spot—especially by some infraction of the laws of etiquette, which they themselves observe most punctiliously. An officer will often mispronounce the names of the ships of his own navy when a foreigner with whom he is speaking has already done so, rather than subject the guest to the slightest suspicion of ridicule by pronouncing them correctly; and his brother officers will pass by the mispronunciation without a smile, in perfect understanding. So it is that to see themselves represented as speaking in broken English, as they often are in Occidental papers, gives them the greatest offense.

Among the sailors as among the officers the rendering of a service seems to give pleasure, and to offer payment for it, especially if it is in the line of the sailor's duty, is an insult. No Japanese sailor will accept a tip for showing visitors round his ship, or for ferrying him to or from the shore. Should a man do so his shipmates would render his life on board the vessel almost unbearable.

A visiting English lieutenant who had kept a Japanese boat's crew waiting a long time on a bitterly cold day, and who wished to compensate them for their trouble and kindness, ran afoul of this characteristic. It was a long row to the ship against a strong tide, in which the men were soon wet through. Arrived at the ship, the Englishman at once attempted to tip the coxswain. The latter shook his head. Thinking he misunderstood him, the Englishman repeated the attempt.

"No, no! Go away!" said the coxswain, in a most indignant tone, and his expression was that of a man on whom had been put a deadly insult.

Theft is almost unknown among the sailors. One guilty of it becomes a complete outcast. Not only is he sent to Coventry on his own ship, but the story of his crime is passed on if he is sent to another ship.

Important Officials.

Whether the officers mentioned by Mr. Whinton in his "History of Antrim" (New Hampshire) regarded their position seriously and lived up to their official dignity is not told. It is certain that the small boys would have hailed the opportunity of exercising such functions with glee, and would have discharged their duties with vigor and alacrity.

In 1793 the town of Antrim officially appointed three responsible persons to fill the position of "dog-pelters." It was their duty to sit near the meeting-house door and to "felt," drive away or one any dogs that dared to enter the sacred edifice. In the official records of the town are found notes of subsequent years, continuing the vocation of the dog-pelters.

One might question which would make the most disturbance in the church, the chance dog, or the "pelters" in the exercise of their official duties?

Dumas' Genealogical Tree.
A well-deserved, though severe, reproof was made by M. Dumas on one occasion.

"Your father was a quadroon, was he not?" said an impertinent inquirer to the novelist.

The latter replied in the affirmative; on which the other continued:

"And your grandfather?"

"A mulatto," was the response.

"And your great-grandfather?"

"A negro."

"And your great-great-grandfather?"

"At this point Dumas fixed his piercing eyes upon his interrogator, and warmly replied:

"An ape! My pedigree begins where yours terminates."

Laugh.

Dey ain't no use ter grumble an' ter holter an' complain. De rasy-tinted rainbow means good-bye ter all de rain. An' dey ain't no use er sighin' when ol' sorrow strikes de path. Caze her sister, joy, is drownin' all her weepin' wid er laugh.

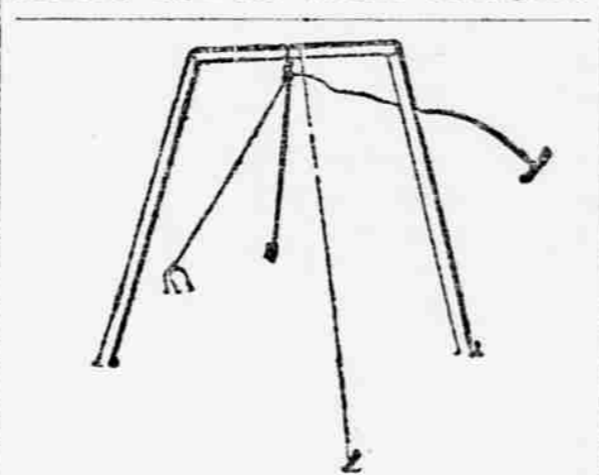
—Detroit Tribune.

When a man gets into a bad kin complication, you can do nothing for him. Of course you can sympathize with him, but that doesn't help.



Good, Simple Hay Stacker.

An Iowa farmer writes that in his part of the country, where a large amount of hay is raised, but few farmers have barn room enough to hold it, so are compelled to stack it. In stacking hay out of doors some loss is unavoidable, but an effort should be made to reduce this loss to the minimum. One of the greatest mistakes is making the stack too small. The smaller the stack is, the larger the proportion of hay is spoiled by being on the top, bottom or sides. In making a large stack, a stacker of some kind is a necessity, and the one illustrated here seems to be best all-around device for the purpose. The device stands straddled of the stack and is held in place by brace ropes. The hay rope runs through a pulley in the cross-piece. Drive the load of hay up to one end of the stack to unload. After you have tried this method, says the farmer correspondent,



SIMPLE HAY STACKER.

ent, you will never stack another load of hay by hand.

Capacity of Wells.

A ready rule for arriving approximately at the number of gallons per foot of water: From the square of the bottom diameter of the well, in inches, cut off one figure and divide by three. Thus: If the well is sixty inches in diameter, 60x60 equals 3,600; cut off one figure it leaves 360. This, divided by three gives 120, which is the number of gallons for each foot of depth. If, therefore, the depth of water were found to be ten feet, the available supply in the well would be 1,200 gallons. As the bottom diameter of a well is sometimes less than the top diameter, care must be taken, in ascertaining the volume, as above, to adopt, for the purpose of calculation, the diameter of the part where the water is: A lighted candle lowered down the well will serve to show any breaks of diameter above water-level.—American Cultivator.

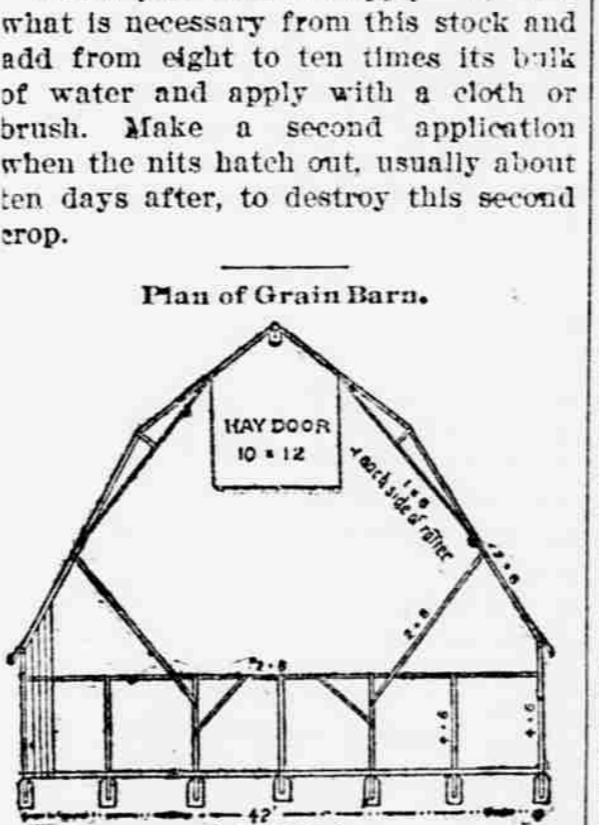
Lice on Cattle or Hogs.

Prof. Thomas Shaw, of St. Paul, recommends the following preparation for disposing of lice on cattle or hogs:

Take one-half pound of soft soap, or common soap if the soft cannot be obtained, put this in one gallon of water and boil slowly until the soap is dissolved; then remove from the stove and add two gallons of coal oil, then heat until the soapy water and oil are thoroughly mixed, stirring it gently in the meanwhile.

When you wish to apply it, take what is necessary from this stock and add from eight to ten times its bulk of water and apply with a cloth or brush. Make a second application when the nits hatch out, usually about ten days after, to destroy this second crop.

Plan of Grain Barn.



The cut shows the plan of a barn, which combines capacity with cheapness. The upright supports may be either 4x6 posts, or round poles, and where large flat stones are not available may be set in holes with concrete in the bottom and all around the posts well up, and beveled at top, so as to shed the water. The barn is 42 feet wide by any desired length, the side posts to be set 8 feet apart. On account of the double angle of the roof purline posts are not required. As there are no timbers in the center there is plenty of room for hay.

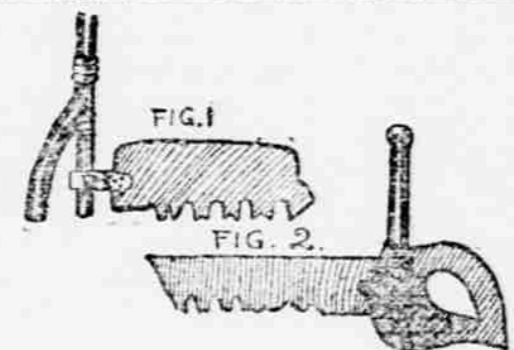
Cows for the Dairy.

Before the dairyman can be successful in either branch he must draw the line between the breeds that excel in yield of milk and those that give milk rich in cream. The first thing the scientific dairyman does is to select the breed for the purpose he may have in view. The next will be to feed in such a manner as to secure the largest yield of either milk or butter in proportion to the cost of food, and the cost of the food depends upon its

adaptability for conversion into the ingredients entering into the composition of milk.

One Man Crosscut Saw.

Most crosscut saws are made with two handles and are intended to be used by two men, but it is frequently desirable on the farm to have the saw available for use by a single man. Logs to be sawed may be too large for the bucksaw, and a sharp one man crosscut will saw almost if not fully as fast as a bucksaw and without the back breaking effect. In any



TWO-HANDED HANDLE CROSSCUT SAW.

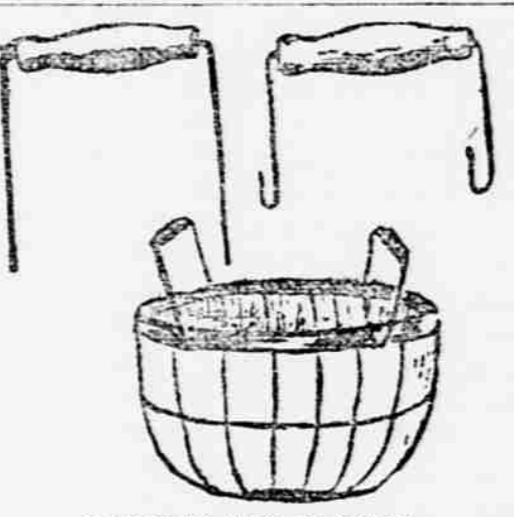
event, whether a saw is to be used by one or two men, it is an advantage, says an Ohio Farmer writer, to have one end of it furnished with a two-handed handle. Some small crosscuts are made with such a handle at one end (Fig. 1). But, if not, the ordinary handle can be removed from any broad bladed saw and a homemade handle inserted (Fig. 2). In use, the sawyer will, of course, hold the main stem with his left hand while with his right he will grasp the lower and forked part of the handle. He will be surprised at his increased command over the working of the implement.

When the Cow Chokes.

A neighbor turned his cows into his orchard with fallen apples. One cow became badly choked with an apple. We took a piece of rubber hose three feet long, rather stiff; we greased this with lard, held the cow's head up and shoved the hose down her throat, pushing the apple down in the stomach. A piece of rubber about 1 1/2 inches in diameter is the proper size. Cow all right. Another plan I have tried with good success. Soon as the cow is choked lose no time in getting her into the stallion, draw the head up with a rope and fasten. Melt one pint lard, put in a long-necked bottle; while warm pour down throat. She will struggle to throw lard out; the throat being well greased will cause the apple or potato to slip out easily.—Exchange.

Handles for Large Baskets.

To make handles for bushel baskets, save the hand pieces of all the worn-out water buckets, or else make other like them, and passing a wire through, bend it down at right angles to the hand piece. Clipping the wire off at



HANDLES FOR BASKETS.

a proper length which is about 6 or 7 inches, bend the ends up into hoops. Taking two of these handles hoop them in between the splits, under the rim of the basket, on opposite sides, and quickly have two good handles for carrying a basket filled with potatoes, or any heavy article. The handles can remain on the basket, or be removed at will.

The Barnyard.

There is nothing so repulsive as a wet and filthy barnyard, in which the animals are compelled to walk knee deep in filth. Such a condition is not necessary, and can be prevented if the barnyard is kept well supplied with absorbent material. Throwing whole cornstalks into the barnyard is the old method, but cornstalks do not absorb until they are trampled to pieces, and in the meantime much of the liquids are carried off by the rains. It will pay to shred the cornstalks or cut the straw for bedding, while leaves and dry earth may also be used in the barnyard with advantage.

Feeding Hens.

Hens like a variety of food, and they should be given as much in that line as possible. On the off mornings give a feed of equal parts corn and oatmeal, wet with milk, or boiled turnips or potatoes mixed with a little wheat bran. All scraps from the table and refuse from the kitchen should be mixed with the morning feed. A daily allowance of a small quantity of meat, ground bone and oyster shells should not be overlooked.

Inoculating the Soil.

Any farmer can try the experiment of inoculating the soil with the necessary bacteria for promoting the growth of a crop. Should the soil seem unadapted to clover it will be found of advantage to procure a few bushels of earth from a field upon which grew a luxuriant crop of clover, broadcasting the earth over the field and seeding to clover, the possibility being that a good stand of clover will be obtained.

Our old and often recommended preventive of lice in nests is a big handful of dry slaked lime in the bottom of nest boxes. A little carbolic acid is put on the lime before it is slaked. Every time the hen steps in that nest she stirs up the carbolated lime dust.

Reasoning Power of Crabs.

Eugene Blackford, the ex-fish commissioner, was standing in the door of his office in Fulton Market one day last week when a literary woman came up to him and said: "Mr. Blackford, I am gathering material for an article on crabs. Do you think those little crustaceans have the faculty of reasoning?" "Well, madam," replied Mr. Blackford, according to the New York Times, "I have never given the subject a thought, but I have known crabs to do some remarkable things. Last summer I was fishing for founders in Jamaica Bay. The water was shallow and I could easily see the bottom. A crab sidled up to my bait, picked up the hook with one claw, took off the bait with the other, ate it and then climbed up the line hand over hand, tumbled into the boat and went nosing around looking for the bait box. If that isn't reason it certainly is a very high degree of instinct."

Could Get No Rest.

Freeborn, Minn., Sept. 18.—(Special.)—Mr. R. E. Goward, a well-known man here, is rejoicing in the relief from suffering he has obtained through using Dodd's Kidney Pills. His experience is well worth repeating, as it should point the road to health to many another in a similar condition.

"I had an aggravating case of Kidney Trouble," says Mr. Goward, "that gave me no rest day or night, but using a few boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills put new life in me and I feel like a new man.

"I am happy to state I have received great and wonderful benefit from Dodd's Kidney Pills. I would heartily recommend all sufferers from Kidney Trouble to give Dodd's Kidney Pills a fair trial, as I have every reason to believe it would never be regretted."

Dodd's Kidney Pills make you feel like a new man or woman because they cure the kidneys. Cured kidneys mean pure blood and pure blood means bounding health and energy is every part of the body.

There is a mound on the banks of Brush creek, Adams County, Ohio, which represents a serpent in the act of swallowing an egg.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25 cents a bottle.

The Trees in Springtime.

The awakening of the trees, and the rapidity with which they array themselves in the new foliage of spring, always fill us with wonder. Each year they reveal anew their richness of life, but we are never quite prepared for the phenomenon, for in all their moods and aspects, save this one, the trees suggest to us the spirit of calmness, of deliberation, of repose.

We revisit the familiar forest of childhood with certain feelings of hesitation and doubt, fearing it may be so changed that we cannot renew the old intimacy. We examine the sugar maples, and find upon their trunks but slight traces of the auger-holes which we bored in sappling-time long ago. They have done their best to conceal these old wounds with fresh bark. A few dead branches above, however, gave mute evidence of the robbery of sap; otherwise they are unchanged. The oaks which were young when we were boys are still young. The beeches, upon which we carved our initials in boyhood, stand with the firmness of Doric columns, still displaying our signatures in their bark, as though striving by these tokens to keep our memory green.—Scribner's.

Good-Morning and Good-By.
Sweet, familiar meadows,
Beneath a tranquil sky,
There's a whisper in your shadows
Of "good-morning" and "good-by."

Bright stream, seaward flowing,
With sweetest song and sigh,
You murmur still to vale and hill:
"Good-morning, and good-by!"

There's a dream of hearts that sever—
A thought of dreams that die;
Forever and forever,
"Good-morning, and good-by!"

—Atlanta Constitution.

HONEST PHYSICIAN

Works with Himself First.

It is a mistake to assume that physicians are always skeptical as to the curative properties of anything else than drugs.

Indeed, the best doctors are those who seek to heal with as little use of drugs as possible and by the use of correct food and drink. A physician writes from California to tell how he made a well man of himself with Nature's remedy:

"Before I came from Europe, where I was born," he says, "it was my custom to take coffee with milk (cane au lait) with my morning meal, a small cup (cane noir) after my dinner, and two or three additional cups at my club during the evening.

"In time nervous symptoms developed, with pains in the cardiac region, and accompanied by great depression of spirits, despondency—in brief, 'the blues.' I at first tried medicines, but got no relief and at last realized that all my troubles were caused by coffee. I thereupon quit its use forthwith, substituting English Breakfast Tea.

"The tea seemed to help me at first, but in time the old distressing symptoms returned, and I quit it also, and tried to use milk for my table beverage. This I was compelled, however, to abandon speedily, for while it relieved the nervousness somewhat, it brought on constipation. Then by a happy inspiration I was led to try the Postum Food Coffee. This was some months ago and I still use it. I am no longer nervous, nor do I suffer from the pains about the heart, while my 'blues' have left me and life is bright to me once more. I know that leaving off coffee and using Postum healed me, and I make it a rule to advise my patients to use it." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason.