

OUR STORY TELLER



ADAM'S PICKANINNY.

EVERY one in the circus kicked and cuffed him, and certainly he was the very ugliest nigger ever seen! He had joined the troupe when quite a lad, and because of his age and grayness, all saw fit to make his hard life harder than it need have been.

Every one except Mimi, the 8-year-old child of the circus proprietor, and she, with the unerring instinct of the young, knew that a most loyal and loving heart beat beneath that hideous exterior and that the brown, patient eyes of the poor old man were the kindest ever seen. Consequently, and in defiance of all orders, she would seek out the much-abused Adam, and with her innocent questions and adorable ways flood his barren existence with such sweetness that he sometimes forgot the smart of his bruises and at night, his extreme weariness.

"Why are you so black, Adam? Why is your hair like wool and why have you a mouth like a frog?" one day asked the little damsel, peering, nevertheless, to the old parched lips her own rosy mouth.

"I dunno, honey missey," answered the old man, looking as though an angel had refreshed and sanctified him. "Specks God made ole Adam ugly jes' to show what a sweet we missey is! Niggers down have golden hairs and white skins, dearie—niggers is made to be kicked and do all the work that no one else will do. Can't spect niggers to be treated like white folks, dearie. But ole Adam he do wish his mouth was like a hummin' bird's instead of a frog's."

"Birds have beaks, you silly old Adam!" laughed Mimi.

"So they hev, ye blessed, clever lamb-kin. Did ye ever see such a tiny hand"—taking the child's fingers and laying them across his horny palm—"dey jes' like lilley sphees; dey allus makes ole Adam's head better."

"Adam got headache?" queried Mimi. "Why, what a big bump on your eye! How did it come there?"

"Carlo hed an accidnt' with his whip, honey—hit me, instead of 'oss. Kissin' it to make it well, are ye? God bless lilley honey baby. Now tell ole Adam how ye gettin' on wid yer ridin'. Only anubler week, and then we shall see pickaninny on a lilley white pony, and won't folks jes' clap! She'll hev bow-kets and flowers, and—and sweets, and when she gets dem wings on her shoulders Adam'll be fraid honey'll fly straight away to de blue, blue sky. What'll Adam do den?"

"Come, too."

"Dat he would; couldn't do widout lilley missey; she just keep 'im 'live."

"Do you say your prayers every night, Adam, and do you put clean clothes on every week?"

"Yes, Adam says his prayers ebbery night—prays to de big, kind Jesus what honey told him about, and when Adam's very sore he t'inks of de dear Lord on his wooden cross, of his bleedin' sides and 'ans, and den he feels comforted, and prays for lilley missey too. As for dem clean clo's, I washes dem myself' cos granny won't wash nigger's clo's. No, Adam couldn't be dirty when he has a white missey wet comes to him. Adam feels 'shamed! Pickaninny come and see de monkeys?"

"Drop that kid, nigger!" broke in a loud voice upon them. "I'll tell de boss how you neglects yer duties, and he'll flog yer for slobberin' over his child. She ain't brought up like a lady to have a nigger always arter her!"

A brutal, coarse-faced man, dressed in a gray check suit came forward and flourished a whip before the old man, but Mimi, the color leaping to her soft cheeks, sprang off Adam's knee, and fronting the bully, said: "If you hits Adam, I'll kick you!—Adam's gone to show me de monkey—so, there, you nasty, ugly, fat man! Come along, Adam!" turning to her colored friend. "Give me your hand, Adam—I'll take care of you!" and the little creature, with a ridiculous air of dignity, marched past the astonished stableman, who could only rub his nose and mutter, "Well, I'm blowed!"

Thus, hand in hand, Mimi and Adam made the round of the animals comprising the bulk of Signor Dingo's—in other words, plain Jim Brown's—circus. These were not—alas, for the success of Signor Dingo!—of particularly uncommon breed, nor many in number. The lion, their piece de resistance, was growing almost too old to roar; the two elephants were also somewhat honny, having passed their prime in a circus very different to the one they now adorned. A cage of jackals, a chimpanzee and a few wizened monkeys were the other features of the attraction, and of course there were performing horses, bad or indifferent. But one beautiful animal Signor Dingo did pos-

sess, and that was the white pony on which Mimi was to make her debut. It was like a tiny, dainty lady with its satin coat and pluk nose and owed much of its elegance to the constant and loving grooming of Adam. How gently the old man tended the little brute only Mimi knew, and it was a beautiful sight to see the poor old nigger with his baby friend on one side and his dumb friend on the other, for he would pretend that Floss was talking to him of her little mistress, and Mimi would listen, entranced.

And when the day of days arrived, ah! how important was Adam! None so anxious as he that the site chosen to pitch the circus tent should be favorable, none so eager that the tent should be full. He stole into the town to gaze upon the gaudy posters that announced the fact that Signorina Dingo, child prodigy, would make her first appearance that evening, and no pilgrim before a shrine could have gazed more devotedly upon his patron saint than did Adam upon the little figure thus glaringly advertised.

All during the afternoon he went restlessly in and out the circus ring, raking the sawdust and removing every obstacle that might tend in any way to make Floss stumble. And the coat of Floss, how it shone! What did he care that the clown kicked, the juggler cuffed him? What heed paid he when the stableman knocked him down because his ugly nigger face gave him the "jumps"? His little pickaninny was to ride forth like a queen, and the world would be the better for merely looking upon her dear form.

Half an hour before the performance began Mimi sent for Adam to see her dress. On tiptoe he stole into the room, and when he met the smile of the radiant little child he suddenly stopped. Then into the dog-like, weary eyes of the old man came bitter sweet tears.

"Oh, pickaninny, little angel!" he cried, and then he fell on his knees. "Get up, you stupid old Adam!" commanded Mimi, running toward her friend and putting her arms round his neck.

"Oh, lilley missey, ye makes ole Adam feel so good."

"Mind and throw that bunch of il-lacs when I leave the ring, Adam," continued the child. "And isn't my dress pretty—real spangles, Adam, and open-work stockings?"

"Ye bet, lilley missey, Adam's got a bunch of lubley white il-lac. He bought it all himself. Will missey be too proud to come to him after all the shontin' and clappin' and gib him a kiss for true lub's sake?"

"I'll come to you, Adam. You may kiss me now, Adam."

And he kissed her. When the time came for his little pickaninny to appear, he grew horribly nervous. He had been forbidden from being near the ring, but what cared he for all the orders in Christendom?

In the distance he could see Mimi mounting her little white steed, and then Beppo, the riding master, sprang on his own brown horse, and, taking the long silken reins suspended from the excited child. The music was beginning to play an old plantation song, and Mimi, blowing kisses, rode in front of Beppo into the ring.

The old man's heart swelled at the round of applause that greeted her. Adoringly he watched the little figure in its diaphanous drapery, and he could have wept for joy when the first "turn" was successfully accomplished. Presently the time arrived when Signorina Dingo and Beppo were to jump through four gaily decorated hoops.

This part of the performance filled Adam with nervous apprehension, and he did not like the look of the great brown horse in the wake of the white pony. He crept forward into an opening of the ring, unheeding the blows and curses leveled at him. In his hand he held a great bunch of il-lacs, the perfume of which contrasted with the close, unpleasant air.

What a pretty waltz tune they were playing, and that darling pickaninny! how well she jumped! One ring was successfully accomplished—two rings—when she slipped and fell in front of Beppo's horse, just as his master was prepared to jump.

A shrill cry rang through the circus. The multitude turned their faces shudderingly aside, and women fainted.

But, instead of a little child wending her way to the kingdom of God, Jesus saw fit to call to him an old, old man!

For Adam, seeing the terrible danger of his darling, had, with marvelous agility, bounded forward and rescued the child from beneath the trampling hoofs, receiving the death wound that

might have been the fate of his little pickaninny.

And then for the first time, and, alas! too late, they who had ever used rough words to the old man spoke to him gently. Gently, too, they lifted him and laid him on a heap of old sacking outside the stable of Floss. They did not heed the bunch of il-lac.

He lay there moaning faintly as the cool water was dashed across his face, and then he by and by opened his dim eyes.

"Pickaninny," he sighed. "Here, Adam!" cried the voice he loved so well. And Mimi in her white wings and white robe came and knelt by his side.

"Not hurt nowhere, honey dear?"

"Nowhere, Adam."

"Ain't got no bunch of il-lac, dearie?"

The child hung tenderly above him.

"Oh, Adam! Are you ill? Does it hurt very much?"

"Don't cry, dear honey pickaninny. Ole Adam, he used to pain. Ebber since he was a black boy baby he not had much luck. But nebber mind, missey; all over now."

"Are you going to die, Adam, dear?"

"Tink so, pickaninny; ole Adam, he no more good—ole 'orses, ole dogs, ole niggers, who wants 'em? Very weary, too, missey, lub."

"Poor old Adam! Shall pickaninny sing to him?"

The sufferer feebly nodded.

And then from among those squalid surroundings there arose the sound of a child's pure voice.

I do not think that Adam was aware of the hymn his darling was singing. He only knew that it was exceeding sweet and that a burden seemed to be slipping away from his aching shoulders. The brave old mouth smiled quietly, he stretched forth his trembling hands, and two tears trickled from his dying eyes.

In the ecstasy of the moment he forgot even pickaninny—forgot all save that he was no longer sore distressed. "Our Fader which art in 'ebben"—is that right, pickaninny? "Our Fader," the only Fader Adam ebber knowed. Dying ain't so bad, pickaninny."

And Jesus knew it, too, for surely death was never kinder than to that poor, lonely old man. For he touched his eyes and gave him beautiful visions, he passed his hand down the aged form, and rest most exquisite stole into the aching limbs. "Come to me, O my servant!" whispered the kind-eyed God, and with a sigh of perfect trust Adam meekly folded his hands and went.

Ah, you weep, little pickaninny, for the loyal friend who, like the Great Example, gave his life in exchange for yours. Surely you would not have him back, pickaninny? He suffered greatly. The world has no room for such as he. Go back to the ring and find his bunch of il-lac. Kiss him, dear, and say goodby.—Mrs. Alfred Hart in Sketch.

Manufactured Diamonds. If that ingenious animal, man, strays much further along the paths of discovery and invention poor old Mother Nature will find her occupation almost gone. The latest successful attempt of science to emulate the workings of natural laws has been in the making of diamonds. These marvelously beautiful minerals are simply crystallized carbon. The theory of their formation is that fiery, eruptive matter is thrown into an upper layer of earth rich in carbon, which, slowly cooling, assumes the crystalline form. The question occurred to a French scientist, "Why cannot I crystallize carbon and so make diamonds?" He has recently performed experiments with wrought iron carbon, which he melted and then very slowly cooled. Tiny but sparkling diamonds were the result. Almost simultaneously with the French discovery of the process of diamond manufacture a Russian chemist announced that he, too, could make artificial diamonds. Each man had carried on his investigations wholly without knowledge of the work of the other, and, except that the Russian used silver carbon, the method and results were nearly the same. The stones are very small as yet, but it is said that it will soon be possible to make them of a marketable size.—Demorest Magazine.

Typographical Blunders. The Bookman says that Laurence Hutton, in writing an article for Harper's Weekly on the recent literary consolidation in New York city, found in his final proof a very glowing sentence descriptive of "Mr. Lenox's vest button." Mr. Hutton had no recollection of having eulogized any portion of Mr. Lenox's garments, and on sending for his copy found that the original read "Mr. Lenox's vast bequest." In the last number of the Bookman Hutton's portrait bore the legend, "The Master," but the intelligent compositor, apparently with an eye to the hand mirror into which Hutton is gazing, very nearly sent the picture to press described as "The Masher."

Killed by a Peanut Skin. Margaret Kilpatrick, 19 months old, daughter of John H. Kirkpatrick, of Pittsburg, died from the effects of attempting to swallow a piece of the skin of a peanut. While eating peanuts Margaret was seized with a violent fit of coughing which almost threw her into spasms. Physicians found a piece of peanut skin in the child's throat. Tracheotomy was performed, a silver tube being placed in the throat and the neck being cut. Shortly after the child died. The physicians say that the shock incident to the operation killed the child.

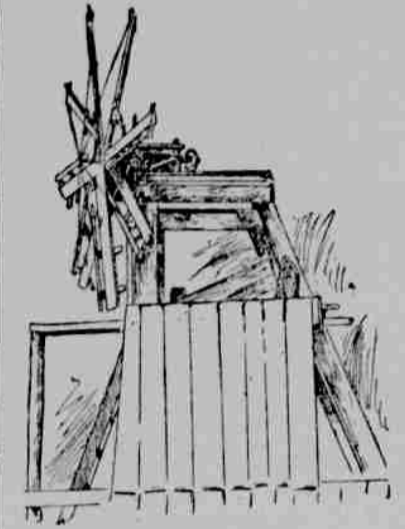
If you want to make a woman mad, don't look at her face, which she has fixed up for inspection, but at her feet, which she has probably neglected. Some men are born wise, but the wisdom that is beates into one lasts long.

REAL RURAL READING

WILL BE FOUND IN THIS DEPARTMENT.

New and Popular Variety of Apple—How to Construct a Windmill—A Tile Drain Outlet—Advantage of a Separator in the Dairy.

Securing Power Cheaply. To secure power at little expense, a windmill is easy of construction. To make one for ordinary farm use, build a tower about twenty feet high with timbers leaning, as shown in cut, having the fans facing northwest. The fans can be hewed out of timber about twelve feet long, leaving each fan six feet long from the axle where they cross each other. The fans are bolted firmly to the wheel of an old mower, the gearing being secured to the top of the tower. On the end of the mower axle, which comes back to the center of the tower, fasten a sprocket wheel with an iron wedge, over this put a chain, and in this way the power is conveyed down to the pump or machinery below. A belt and pulley will not work on the end of the axle unless covered from the weather. Of course this windmill can-



A HOME-MADE WINDMILL.

not revolve to face the wind from different quarters, but as the prevailing winds blow from the northwest, it will fill the bill most of the time, especially in the Northwestern States, where the winds never grow tired of blowing from the west and northwest. A rod should project out about twenty inches in the center of the fans and wires may be stretched from point to point over the end of this rod to support the fans in a heavy wind. The fans shown in the illustration are arranged to give increased power by adding extra pieces. This windmill furnishes three horse-power and only costs a few dollars. A large pulley behind the fans serves for a brake to act upon.—Farm and Home.

The Quality of Honey.

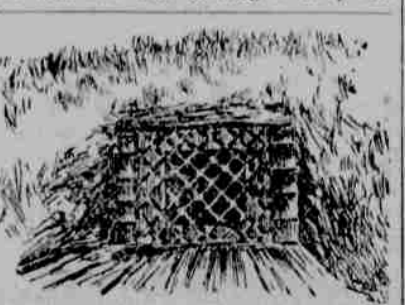
Honey is obtained by bees from the nectar of flowers, and its color, taste and character are mainly dependent on the kind of flower which the bees frequent. Every experienced bee keeper soon learns to recognize the white and excellent honey procured from the white clover blossom. In localities where there are numerous basswood trees, a very choice honey, but darker than that from white clover, is made from their blossoms. It is to many tastes preferable to the lighter-colored honey from the white clover. The bees do not visit different kinds of flowers on the same trip, nor are different kinds of honey placed in the same cell. Buckwheat honey is that made last in the season, and it is also the darkest. It has a strong flavor, but some prefer it for eating to the more delicately flavored kinds. But as buckwheat honey does not sell so well on the market, it is usually left for the bees to eat during the winter.

The Vitality of Chickens.

Chickens hatched in hen houses in hot weather are generally feeble and easily succumb to any disease. As the hens approach the molting period, their eggs contain germs with weaker vitality and many are unable to hatch. This is in part due to the rapid evaporation of moisture from the egg in hot weather. The hens that have a run out of doors and make their nests on the ground, sit and hatch full broods. The moisture in the soil checks the evaporation from the egg and thus preserves the vitality of its germ. Hens should be allowed to make nests, sit and hatch their chickens on the ground during the summer months.

The Outlet of the Tile Drains.

The outlet of a tile drain should not be of tile. A more stable ending to a drain is needed to resist the action of frost, washing, etc. It is best to have the outlet constructed of stone or brick, or both, and to have the opening covered with fine wire netting to keep out



TILE DRAIN OUTLET.

small animals. The stones or brick should be laid in cement. The illustration gives a suggestion of how the work may well be done. In warm climates earthenware gratings attached to a vitrified or glazed tile may be used instead of iron netting.

Blasted Grain.

Every year at harvest there will be some heads of grain that have turned black and not a kernel of grain can be

found on them. It is possible that accidental injury to the straw from mill or heavy rain may cause this blasting of the heads. It is more common on rich land, but that is probably because there the grain grows most rapidly, is most tender and most susceptible to injury. The neighboring heads are not affected. This shows that no bacterial disease causes the injury, and that confirms the belief that it is due only to accidental injuries, which cannot always be prevented.

Clover and Poultry.

The cows and pigs are allowed on the clover field with profit, and if one will estimate the space thus given over to such stock it will be found that, in comparison with weight, the poultry will give better returns, with the same privileges, as the larger stock. We know of no place more appropriate for poultry than a clover field, says Mirror and Farmer. The fowls will not only find the best kind of green food, but also insects. Then, again, clover is rich in the mineral elements, and contains many times more lime than does grain. If not too fat, the hens that are privileged to pick the leaves of clover will never lay eggs that have soft shells. They will cost nothing for food, and will give as good returns in proportion as any stock, and with less outlay for labor, doing no damage whatever to the clover, and being less liable to disease. Clover is excellent food also for geese, ducks, turkeys and guineas, and provides an abundance of food at a low cost.

Killing Canada Thistles.

The first thing to be done to get rid of these pests, says the Rural New Yorker, is to plow the land just after the crop is off, with a good set of gang plows, turning it about three inches deep; then in three or four days dig or harrow it with a harrow like the Thomas. Leave it alone for a week or so and plow it over with an ordinary plow, about five or six inches deep, as it had formerly been plowed. Then harrow well, and prepare for fall wheat and seed down to clover and timothy, and you will find very few thistles. If the land is in good shape for wheat, or if you intend to sow a spring crop, do not give the second plowing until late in the fall, and where spring plowing will answer, it is a good plan to cultivate or harrow the land, then plow and harrow and prepare the ground as usual for whatever crop you wish to sow.

The Banana Apple.

At the recent annual meeting of the New Jersey State Horticultural Society, an apple called by the exhibitor the banana apple was shown. This variety is a seedling, originating on the farm of C. E. Blackwell, of Titusville, Mercer County, N. J., about twenty years ago, and it has in the meantime become quite well known in that section. It is thus described: Large, roundish conical with a deep calyx basin, which is somewhat irregular, calyx closed, some russet patches in basin. In color when ripe it is a yellowish green, a pale copperish blush on sunny side and fainter splashes of the same color, and sparsely marked over the surface with minute dots. Stem a half inch, some-



THE BANANA APPLE.

times a little more in length, in a basin of average size, rather deep and a little irregular. Sweet, good for family or market, season January to March. The trees are said to be excellent bearers.

Tying Up Early Cabbage.

The heading of early cabbage may be hastened by binding a string around the head so as to press the outer leaves together. It will make a difference of ten days to two weeks over cabbage not so treated, and this increased earliness secures a much better and higher market. Where the cabbage leaves are tied up there are fewer of the outer leaves to be thrown away in preparing for cooking.

A Good Butter Herd.

The man who has a specially good butter herd cannot afford to furnish milk to a cheese factory, nor to ship his product to a city to be sold with low grade milk from all sources. Find out what you want to do before you begin to build your herd, and then follow that purpose steadily, and you will be apt to come out all right.

What Separators Would Save.

The Cornell, N. Y., experiment station has discovered that butter fat can be extracted from whey by running it through a separator. The general adoption of the process, it is estimated, would save the dairy interest in New York \$1,000,000 a year. The entire excess of cheesemaking would be saved from this waste product.

Orchard Grass for Permanent Pasture.

Orchard grass is excellent for permanent pasture. Timothy lasts but a few years, and clover less. A good mixture is five pounds red clover, four pounds timothy, fourteen pounds Kentucky blue grass and five pounds orchard grass. The first two make the good pasture in the start.

Preventive for Potato Scab.

Potato scab can be largely prevented by treating the seed planted for three hours in a solution of two ounces of corrosive sublimate in sixteen gallons of water.

LOCOMOTIVES SEEM TO KNOW.

Engineer Tells of a Sample Incident in Railroad.

"I will tell you about one of the strangest freaks of a locomotive that ever occurred in my experience on the road," said Harmon P. Butler, the best-known Southern Pacific engineer in California, the other day. "It happened in the summer of 1884, when I was pulling freight from Tucson, Ari., to Los Angeles, and I have never come across anybody who could give an explanation of my experience, and have never been able to see through it myself. You may draw your own conclusions.

"The night I had my experience was dark and stormy. It was in the period of peculiar storms and cloudbursts down in Arizona. I was ordered from Tucson for the overland express that left there at midnight. The fireman seemed to be slower than usual, and he had a great time getting his coal placed in the tender. The locomotive hostler at the roundhouse had forgotten to fix the oil valves, and the boiler never made steam so slowly. To make matters worse, the train dispatcher kept us in the station a plump hour past the regular leaving time, and just before we started the conductor came to me and said the general superintendent was on board the train and would go way through with us. Well, we pulled out of the station with my mind made up to reach our destination on time if the wheels would stay under her. As soon as we were out of Tucson I put on all the steam and let her go. But she didn't seem to move at half her usual speed, and then she didn't make steam well, either. I began to be impatient, and scolded the fireman for not doing good work with his fire. He seemed to try his best, but it was no go. She would not steam well, in spite of his exertions. Then the pumps began to be troublesome. One of them stopped working altogether, and the other became more ineffective every minute. It began to dawn on me that making up time was out of the question.

"When we left Maricopa we were one hour and ten minutes late, and the conductor had just made a remark that nettled me quite a little. I asked him if there were any orders at Maricopa. He answered: 'None except to try to get to Yuma in time for dinner,' which was pure sarcasm, for if we made our running time we would get there in time for breakfast. Well, my heart was clean down in my boots, and when I shut off the steam going into Big Wells I found the water so low in the boiler that something had to be done for the pump before we could leave the station, as there was then a heavy grade to climb for several miles. I informed the conductor that we would be delayed fifteen or twenty minutes with the work of taking down one of the pumps, and then proceeded with the work. We were just about ready to start again when I heard the sharp whistle of an engine, and, looking up, I saw a special tourist excursion train from Southern California approaching from the very direction in which we were going. When the train pulled into the station we found that the telegraph operator at Maricopa had neglected to give us meeting orders for this train. Had it not been for the pumps we would have rushed on to what would probably have been one of the most terrible collisions in the history of railroads.

"Now comes the remarkable part of the story. From the time we left Big Wells both pumps worked like a charm—bear in mind that I found nothing whatever the matter with the pump that I had taken down, and there was apparently no reason for its not working—and the old engine seemed to dart along with twice her usual speed. Gradually she began to pick up time again, and in the next fifty miles we made up fifteen minutes, which was lightning speed in those days. There were just nineteen minutes to make up in the last twenty miles in, and I need not say that we pulled into our destination on time. Here was an instance of a cranky engine saving a collision that would probably have resulted in a great loss of life and property."—New York Sun.

Ancient Minerva Found.

From Delphi is announced the discovery of a colossal statue of Minerva in porous lithos, with traces of polychrome coloring, but unfortunately the head is wanting. Some important fragments of an archaic group in marble, representing a lion tearing to pieces a bull, have also come to light, as well as the fine reliefs which adorned the front of the scena in the ancient theater. So far have been recovered the representation of Hercules shooting arrows against the Stymphalian birds, the contest of Hercules with Antaeus and that with the sea monster for the deliverance of Hesione, and a portion of the Centauremachia. It appears that when the works at Delphi are concluded, the French school will resume its labors at Delos, where recent researches have raised hopes that the whole of the ancient city may be excavated. Among the statues recently found at Delos, three of particular importance have been transported to the State museum at Athens. One of these represents a fine athlete, apparently a copy of a work of Polykleitos, the other two being a heros and a female figure of rare beauty.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Hard Work for Most Immigrants.

Over one-fourth of the immigrants who come to this country are unskilled laborers and find employment in the most arduous forms of manual labor.

About the wisest looking thing in the world is a country boy who has been boarding in town and studying law three or four months.