

THE NEW MAN ADVISED.

Little man, little man, do the very best you can.
Gauge the measure of your pleasure on the truly pleasant plan,
That puts safety valves on joy, for a bright high-pressure boy,
By providing for the impulse which might mix in cheap alloy.
Little lad, little lad, be as cheerful and as glad,
As becomes a jolly urchin much too merry to be mad;
In your wildest gibes and jokes, well consider other folks.
You can be both kind and happy without wearing evil's yokes.
The best kind of little boys cultivate true equipoise,
And forget not other people 'mid their sauciest pranks or noise;
They are anxious to be right, sunny, sensible, polite,
Not to riot and be ruffians who prefer to swear and fight.
They have eyes both frank and true, they are faithful and true blue,
And in courtesy's best coin give every playmate honest due;
They can halloo, sing and play, in the very liveliest way,
And no hoodlum stuffed with rudeness is as happy as are they.
Little fellows may be wise, honest hearts and honest eyes,
With a pure soul clear as crystal all unstained by filthy lies;
Be a boy of manly mind, truthful, useful, careful, kind,
Then your life will be worth living, as you cannot fail to find.

I. EDGAR JONES.

Genius in the Oil Region.

DICK WARNER'S WAY OF HANDLING NITROGLYCERIN.

"YOU would have been pleased more times than I can tell if you had only known Dick Warner," said a talkative man from the oil region. "Dick was a chap worth knowing. Indeed, he was. Devil Dick, we used to call him, and I don't know but what it was a fitting name for him. Devil Dick. He was a nitroglycerin handler in the early days of that sudden and capricious explosive agent, so useful to the oil operator, but so capable of mixing up and changing the aspect of things generally when it gets going at the wrong time and place. Dick's way of handling nitroglycerin was so disingenuous that when Dick had a load of the stuff to deliver to a well everybody else at and about that well took to the woods. Unless it might be Dan Sutton. Dan was a chum of Dick's, and had as calm and unruffled a manner in handling nitroglycerin as Dick himself. Why, I've seen Dan and Dick play catch with nitroglycerin they were unloading Dick tossing can after can to Dan, and Dan catching it, just as if they were unloading brick, although the missing of a can by Dan would mean that in less than a second you couldn't find so much as a toenail of either. But Devil Dick was the better worth knowing of the two. He was original. He had genius. He was great.

"For instance, Dan Sutton would never have thought of doing such a thing as Dick did once down at Roen's camp. Dan might have been willing to do it, but he never could have thought it up. A driller named Peterson got a regular Dutch rolling skate on one day, and was blowing around about what things he could do, when who should come along but Devil Dick with a load of glycerin. The load wasn't for any well around the camp, but Dick stopped to listen to the drunken driller. Pretty soon he got off his wagon and says to the driller:

"Pete," he says, "I'll bet you \$20 you can't hit a can of glycerin with a stone at 20 paces once out of ten times, and I'll hold the can."

"That was enough to make everybody around there prick up his ears, and when Peterson said he'd take the bet and Dick stepped to the wagon to get the can, we all made tracks for high ground. By the time we got to a safe place and stopped to look back Dick had paced off the distance and stood there holding the can of glycerin at arm's length, and the driller was getting ready to make the throws. Five throws were wild. The sixth one struck Dick's arm not three inches from the can. That jarred the can out of Dick's hand, but he caught it before it reached the ground, or the throwing match would have ended there and then, with the total separation of Dick and the driller from all further toil and tribulation. The last four throws were all close to the can, the last one actually grazed it. Dick won his bet, got his money, put his can back in the wagon and drove on his way.

"That was genius, wasn't it? And look what it did. When Peterson got sober and came to think over what he had done, he signed the pledge, and never touched another drop of liquor. He is living, rich and respected. He never would have been either if it hadn't been for Devil Dick Warner. Lots of men profit by other men's genius just that way. Lot's of 'em.

"In those days the woods all through the oil region, and the oil region ran pretty much all to woods, were alive with wild animals of all kinds, and it was no uncommon sight to see a bear, or a panther, or a lynx or some other savage beast prowling around the camps or the isolated oil towns. The lynx, especially, seemed to have a liking

for oil-well men, and one particularly big and savage one had its eyes on Devil Dick almost every day when he was carting nitroglycerin over the lonely Corker Run road, and was watching its chance to get away with him. One day Dick was on his way to a well with a load of torpedoes, and he picked me up on the way. I was going to Jones' new drilling. On a stretch of the road through Conway's woods, I discovered a big Canadian lynx stealing along through the branches of the trees at one side of the road and keeping only a few feet behind us.

"Great Aaron, Dick," said I, pulling Dick's sleeve. "Look at that."

"I seen it this mile or more," said Dick. "It's hankerin' after me, and I only hope it'll keep on after us till we git to Keery's opening. I'm achin' for it to do that. Then I'll surprise it."

"Keery's opening was a gap in the woods, and a ravine 20 feet deep, a mile or so further on. The lynx kept right on, and when we got to the opening the animal was still with us.

"Now," said Dick, "see me scatter him!"

The lynx had crouched down only a few feet from the edge of the nearest wall of the ravine. Before I had any idea of how Dick intended to scatter him, he grabbed up a can of nitroglycerin and hurled it with all his might at the animal, which was not more than 20 feet away. The can struck the side of the lynx with a dull thump, and the yielding flesh and fur did not offer resistance enough to explode it. The force of the blow keeled the lynx over on its back, and the can began to roll slowly down a gradual decline that led from where the lynx lay to the edge of the ravine wall. I am not ashamed to say that I stood somewhat aghast at this display of genius on the part of Devil Dick. For I knew that the instant the can rolled over the wall and dropped on the rocks at the bottom the explosion that had been averted by the lynx's body would surely follow, and that the man I had an important engagement with at Jones' new driller that day would look for me in vain.

"Quick as I could do it, and it must have been pretty quick, I jumped from the wagon, tore like mad up the ravine, and stood beneath where the torpedo would roll over the edge of the ravine, with my hands raised to catch it as it came down, and prevent it from striking the rocks. A scraggy bush of some kind grew on the edges of the rocks at the top of the wall, and just as I got to my post in the ravine the can of nitroglycerin had rolled to the edge and struck against the main stem of the bush. The can struck it a little out of the center, and the heavier end dipped down until it hung over the wall two inches, and in that position the can stopped. It seemed as if a breath of wind moving the bush must dislodge it.

"All this had taken but very few seconds. The instant I saw the can lodge against the bush I started back for Dick's wagon as fast as I could go, for I give you my word I was afraid the torpedo would drop before we got away from there and scatter Dick and me as well as the lynx, and I wanted to hurry Dick up. When I got to the wagon, though, there stood Dick with another can of glycerin raised, ready to hurl after the first one. He lowered it, though, and looked around at me with disgust and disappointment on his face, and, merciful me, how he was swearing!

"The infernal varmint has give me the slip and took to the woods!" he hollered. "Lord! How I'd like to bust one o' these shells on his carcass!"

"Dick put the can back and we drove on, Dick swearing till I had a notion to get out and walk. Before I had made up my mind fully a roar and a rumble came following us down the road, and a shower of rock thumped and pattered on all sides of us. We hadn't got away half a minute too soon. The torpedo had lost its hold on the bush and dropped to the bottom of the ravine.

"It's too thunderin' bad!" Devil Dick ripped out before the rocks were done falling. "How that'd a-scattered that infernal varmint of a lynx if it had only struck right!"

"That was Dick—Devil Dick Warner. Genius? I should say so! And to think that after handling nitroglycerin in his whole-souled and off-hand manner for ten years and more he should die of a carbuncle. Poor Devil Dick! You should have enjoyed knowing him, I'm sure you would."—N. Y. Sun.

Self Sacrifice.

As a gladiator trained the body, so must we train the mind to self-sacrifice, "to endure all things," to meet and overcome difficulties and danger. We must take the rough and thorny roads, as well as the smooth and pleasant, and a portion at least of our daily duty must be hard and disagreeable, for the mind cannot be kept strong and healthy in perpetual sunshine only, and the most dangerous of all states is that of constantly recurring pleasure, ease and prosperity. Most persons will find difficulties and hardships enough without seeking them; let them not repine, but take them as a part of that educational discipline necessary to fit the mind to arrive at its highest good.—Detroit Free Press.

—It is stated that there are 1,000,000 blind people in the world, or one in every 1,500 inhabitants.

THE FARMING WORLD.

BEEES IN THE WINTER.

This Writer Prefers Chaff Hives to Quarters in the Cellar.

Preparation of bees for winter should be begun some time before winter is on. If they are to be fed, it should be done while the weather is yet warm, as liquids cannot be fed to bees in winter. If bees are destitute of food during the winter proper food may be given them in the form of candy until warm weather comes in spring. It takes about 25 pounds of honey to winter a colony successfully, and this amount may be given them in part or in whole of sirup made from granulated sugar.

The necessary amount of stores in each colony should be looked after carefully in autumn, and furnished in every case needed, so that they may be placed in winter quarters before cold weather. Colonies may be fed very rapidly if necessary. In case of late feeding this must be done, and the full amount of provisions may be given them in a few days. A strong colony will store a gallon of sirup in less than 24 hours. But in case colonies are fed earlier, they not be fed so rapidly, and it is better to prolong feeding ten days or two weeks, as this gives them more time to ripen and seal up their stores, which is much better, and also gives them an opportunity to rear brood, which is very essential to successful wintering.

I much prefer chaff hives to winter in, in preference to the cellar, and if you have never tried wintering in the cellar, you had better leave that to the expert. Chaff hives if well made are good all-year-round hives. They are good protection in winter, and in spring they are a great benefit in protecting the bees during the changes of weather, and does not check brood rearing during cold snaps. They are also convenient in summer and protect the bees and honey in hot weather.

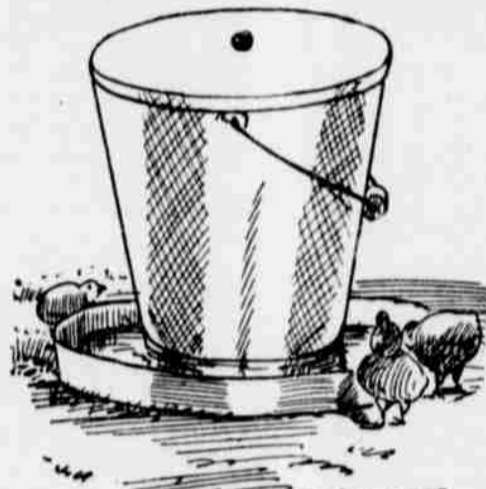
After using a house apiary for several years, I much prefer it, and would not again go back to our apiaries. As for winter protection in the house, I pack in chaff after the fashion of the chaff hive.

Late swarms, and all weak colonies of any kind should be united until their combined strength is as good as the best before going into winter quarters. It is useless to undertake to winter colonies that are queenless, and they, too, should be put in with others containing queens.—A. H. Duff, in Western Rural.

DRINKING FOUNTAIN.

Convenient Device Invented by a Vermont Farmer.

Not every farmer is supplied with running streams where the poultry can get good water when they want it, especially the young chickens, turkeys and goslings. I bought several three-gallon galvanized pails for 17 cents each and some small pans for ten cents. A small hole was made in the bottom of each pail, which was then filled with



FOUNTAIN FOR CHICKENS.

water and set in the middle of a shallow pan. A board cover was placed on top.

You ought to have seen how much the chickens and goslings enjoyed this good drinking fountain. Do not get the pan too large. A space of 1 1/2 inches below the pail and the outside of the pan is sufficient. This allows plenty of room for drinking, but the young birds cannot get into the water and foul it. Care should be taken to have the hole in the bottom of the pail quite small. The opening made by the point of an awl or small nail is large enough. I fill one of these fountains twice a day for 60 goslings.—Orange Judd Farmer.

Feed the Fowls Slowly.

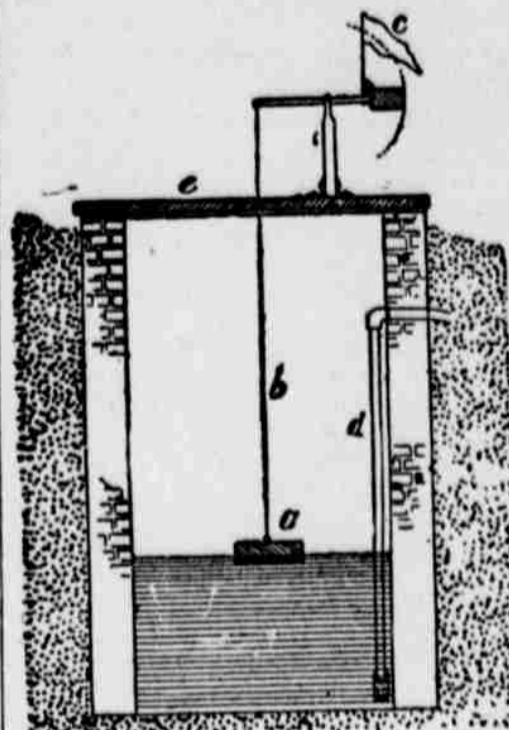
One of the difficulties in feeding fowls is that, as given by the poulterer, the food is in a mass and can be gobbled down far too quickly. In its natural state, the fowl hunting for food is obliged to eat slowly, one grain at a time. Usually, after each mouthful, the hen is obliged to scratch for more. So ingrained is this instinct that a hen with chickens will scratch and cluck when she comes to a pile of grain. One of the reasons why corn is a bad feed for fowls is that the grain is large, and if shelled and thrown out by handfuls, the fowls eat it much too fast for their good. The true way to feed hens is to mix their grain with chaff or straw, so that they must scratch for it. If covered with mellow earth, it will be still better, as the dust thus raised will rid the fowls of vermin.—American Cultivator.

During the fall and winter is a good time to plan out the farm so as to do away with all unnecessary fencing.

NEAT SIPHON SIGNAL.

A Little Convenience Which May Save a Lot of Trouble.

The float attached to a signal, as illustrated herewith, for use while siphoning water from a well is for the purpose of giving notice when water is nearing the end of the pipe in the well, as it will stop the action of the siphon to allow the water to fall below the suction end. After the well is "banked in" to keep out frost it is not convenient to examine the height of water, hence the need of the signal to tell when water is getting low, so the flow can be regulated by faucet at the lower end in pipe (d). Mine was made with a piece of ordinary two-inch plank (a)



SIPHON SIGNAL.

one foot square. A small staple was driven in the center of the top, the wire (b) attached to the staple and passed through a hole made through the covering of the well (e) and attached to a light piece of board or lath (f) fastened to an upright. Arrange the length of wire so that as water becomes low the weight of the float will pull down on one end of the signal and raise the other end to which a piece of tin or a cloth is attached as a signal.—H. C. Crary, in Farm and Home.

ASHES AS FERTILIZERS.

They Are Very Useful on Crops Like Clover and Grass.

Considerable space is devoted to ashes as fertilizers in a late bulletin issued by the Massachusetts Experiment station. The bulletin states that lime-kiln ashes, which contain, in one ton, 800 pounds of lime, 25 of potash, and 20 of phosphoric acid, might well be advertised and sold with profit. These ashes are obtained by burning limestone with wood. They are very useful on crops like clover or grass, and farmers who live where they can be obtained, can well afford to pay \$3.50 per ton and haul them home. As for ordinary unbleached wood ashes, they should never be bought by the bushel. They should be bought not only by weight, but on a guaranteed analysis of potash and phosphoric acid. The Massachusetts Experiment station chemists found all the way from one to 35 per cent. of water in different samples of such ashes. It is folly to buy ashes by the bushel when 20 per cent. or more of the bulk is nothing but water. The potash and phosphoric acid found in wood ashes have, pound for pound, about equal commercial values. Dealers sometimes state only the sum of both instead of the amount of each. This is well enough in figuring the money value of the ashes, but the buyer should demand, in addition, a definite statement of the amounts of potash and phosphoric acid as separate ingredients.—Rural World.

FACTS FOR FARMERS.

Good cornfodder is better for the horses than poor hay.

When the potatoes are dry is the best time to select the seed.

So long as hogs can be kept healthy they can be made profitable.

During the fall and winter is a good time to organize farmers' clubs.

The older the stock becomes before marketing the more it costs to feed and fatten.

The profit in farming is determined by the difference in prices and the cost of raising.

Plan to provide work for the teams every day that the weather will permit through the winter.

If you are land poor, have got more land than you can maintain in a good state of fertility, sell off a part.

Care must be taken not to put the sow on full feed too soon after farrowing. Gradually increase her ration.

Keep in a dry and convenient place where the hogs can help themselves a supply of ashes, salt and coppers.—Farmers' Union.

Burdock Plants and Horses.

It is a practice of some farmers to let a few burdock plants grow so as to furnish a green bite for horses during the early summer. The horses are almost crazy at this season to get something, and the slightly bitter taste of the burdock does not prevent them from eating them greedily. This will not interfere with eating dry feed as green grass would do. In fact, some horsemen regard the burdock leaves as a valuable tonic, and declare that horses eat more heartily and do more work after they have been fed thus.

WELL-FED PAUPERS.

Inmate of an English Workhouse Dies from Overeating.

Every free-born Englishman comes into the world with the inalienable right to a seat at the table and a bed in the palatial English workhouse. It has been my good fortune during a journalistic career now close on 25 years to visit and describe for various publications over 100 British cities and towns. In nearly every case attention has been called to the handsome buildings set apart for the paupers, or, in colloquial English, "the 'ouse." Back in the good old days of Queen Elizabeth the principle was made a law that no English man or woman should starve, and that, if unable to secure a living for themselves, the poor and the indigent and the incapables must be cared for by the state. So firmly has the idea taken possession of the English mind that the poorer class, the old, and even those in the prime of life, talk with complaisance of ending their days in "the 'ouse." They look upon it very much as our old people might regard going to a home for invalids or the old, and, indeed, in many of the English workhouses they are cared for as well as in such institutions as our old ladies', homes, etc. The other week, when in Bideford, I was taken to the workhouse, situated in a beautiful hill overlooking the broad river and famous bridge. For the moment I could hardly believe my eyes. It looked for all the world like a Japanese palace. It was built much as they build in Japan, with plaster between the massive wooden beams, pointed gable roof, old-fashioned casement windows, vines spreading their beautiful green tendrils in all directions, and in front a large variety of dark shrubs and just such stunted shrubs as one sees in Japan—odd-shaped and picturesque. And here the poor of Bideford eat, drink and are merry.

Quite a number of cases of death from overfeeding in the Bideford workhouse occurred during my stay in England, and the Hackney coroner held inquests on no less than three cases within a short time. Oliver Twist is evidently a back number nowadays, for at the coroner's inquiry into the death of the latest victim of parochial kindness a man 70 years of age, who had lived in the Bethnal Green workhouse and acted as assistant librarian, the following dialogue ensued between the coroner and an inmate of the workhouse:

Merry Pauper—Thursday afternoon while we were having tea I saw the deceased, he was cutting some bread and butter, suddenly fall backward off the bench on which he was sitting.

The Coroner—You don't think the exertion of cutting bread and butter killed him?

"No, not likely. He had cut up a lot before that."

"They give you plenty to eat, then?"

"Aye, they do that."

The doctor who was called in to see the deceased testified that death was due to syncope, produced by an overloaded stomach.

The Coroner—One may say that he was killed by kindness?

The Doctor—It may or may not be kindness to overload a man's stomach.

"Well, it shows he did not go short of food."

"Short! By no means. Why, they have nothing to do but eat, drink and sleep."

The jury returned a verdict that deceased died from syncope, the result of an overloaded stomach, and that such death was due to natural causes.

And as the jury gave the decision a deep, sepulchral voice in the back of the courtroom remarked:

"What a glorious death!"

The owner of the voice was a tall, gaunt, hungry-looking individual, who had evidently mentally decided that "the 'ouse" was not a bad place to end one's days.—N. Y. Mail and Express.

Exclusion of Japanese Laborers.

The demand that Japanese laborers shall be excluded from the United States has strengthened into a movement which has more than once knocked at the doors of congressional legislation, and even yet contemplates another, and it hopes successful, effort there. If it shall succeed and secure the extension of the operation of the same laws against the Japanese that now obtain in the instance of the Chinese, without doubt the education of Japanese will practically cease in California, and the great light by which a lately barbarous people are largely finding their way to a higher plane of civilization will be extinguished. That this will vastly decrease the influence of American thought and methods in the orient there is no question; and there are those who also maintain that it will greatly impair the relations of trade which now exist between the two nations.—John E. Bennett, in Chautauquan.

On the Rialto.

Horatio—What ho there, Mercutio, and whither art going for the coming winter of our discontent?

Mercutio—Marry, and to the Klondike, good sirrah, where nuggets be cheaper than offerings of eggs.

"Gadzooks, but thou wilt reap a fortune indeed."—N. Y. Journal.

Up to Date.

Ten Broke—Let's swap bacilli?
Pauline—All right.
(And they kissed.)—Yellow Book.