Days of Reckoning.

Wife—"When we go anywhere now we have to walk. Before marriage you always called a carriage.'

Husband—"That's why we have to walk now."

Statues in London.

The proposed new statue of Queen Victoria will raise the number of London's statues of personages to thirty-one. The city has fourteen statues of statesmen and a dozen of soldiers.

Ye Candid Friend.

Scribbler—"I wish I knew whether the editors read my poetry or send it back without looking at it."

Friend—"They don't read it."

"You think so because they always decline it?"

"Because they always decline it 'with thanks.'"

Correct Diagnosis.

Shrewd Doctor—"I see what's the matter. It's mental strain—too much worry."

Bank Cashier—"What do you advise?"

"Change of scene."

"Where to?"

"Oh, almost any country where there is no extradition treaty."

Bee Stings and Poison.

Bee poison is acid in reaction, but its effect is not due to formic acid, says Prof. A. Langer. The poison is free from bacteria and has the effect of checking slightly the growth of bacteria. Experiments showed 11 persons not sensitive, when they began to keep bees. They who are sensitive to the poison should keep chemical antidotes and a syringe at hand. The hypodermic syringe may be used to apply the antidote at the point of the sting.

Do not judge the probable plumage of chicks as soon as they are hatched, as they will when fully feathered, come to the desired color.

THE BOOMING CANNON

RECITALS OF CAMP AND BATTLE INCIDENTS.

Survivors of the Rebellion Relate Many Amusing and Startling Incidents of Marches, Camp Life, Foraging Experiences and Battle Scenes.

"I was in command of Fort Lamkin, a mortar earthwork in rear of Gen. Bushrod Johnson's lines at Petersburg in 1864," says George Cary Eggleston in his book of Southern soldier stories. The fort was named for our immediate commander, from whose command we had been detached for this service.

"One day Lamkin himself came to me when I was at his headquarters. He was in trouble.

"'This boy, Si Tucker,' he said, 'is the son of one of the best friends I ever had in the world. The boy is a coward. He literally lives in a rathole. I have repeatedly pulled him out by the legs, only to have him crawl back again the moment I let go of his ankles. I don't know what to do. It's my duty, of course, to prefer charges of cowardice against him, and if I do he will certainly be shot, and his father is my best friend.'

"He paused, and then said with eagerness in his voice: 'Why can't you take him?'

"I agreed at once. I told him I would take the boy with me to my pits and make 'either a soldier or a stiff' out of him within the next twenty-four hours. I was under no obligations to his father: I had never even met any of his relatives, and I had seen too many years of service to have much patience with cowardice.

"The boy was sent for and ordered to go with me. We walked down toward Blanford Church. At the proper point we turned out of the Jerusalem plankroad across the fields toward Fort Lamkin. Half way there, and on the top of a little hill, which was especially exposed to the gaze of the sharpshooters, I made Si Tucker sit down by my side. There we came to an understanding. I told him he had been assigned to me to be shot out of hand, or to be court-martialed for cowardice, which, at that particular juncture of the war, meant very much the same thing. I explained to him that he was about to join a detachment composed exclusively of men specially selected for their courage—every one of them a volunteer for what was deemed a peculiarly dangerous service. I explained further that I should require him to do his duty as they did theirs.

"'You have managed to make for yourself,' I said, 'the reputation of a coward. You have now one last chance to redeem yourself. You must do that or you must die.'

"The sharpshooters were meantime picking at us most uncomfortably as we sat there. My experience as an old soldier strongly suggested to me that we ought to move. The position was of that kind that military men call untenable. Nevertheless, I thought it best to keep Si Tucker there a minute longer, for purposes of observation if nothing else.

"'At our pits,' I said, 'we have one uniform rule of procedure. When a bombardment begins the men go to their guns. I take my stand on the top of the magazine mound to watch the enemy's fire and direct our own. If I see that a mortar shell is about to fall into one of the gun pits I call out the pit number and the men run into the bombproof until the explosion is over. No man ever goes into a bombproof till this order is given. You must do as they do. If you run to a bombproof before I have given the order it will be my imperative order to shoot you then and there, and I shall certainly discharge that duty. Do you fully understand that, Si?'

"He thought he did, and as the sharpshooters were by this time becoming pestilently personal in their attentions, we resumed our walk. Half an hour after our arrival at Fort Lamkin a bombardment began. I didn't want to shoot that boy. I distinctly preferred to make a soldier rather than a 'stiff' out of him. So, instead of taking my customary stand on the mound of earth over the magazine, I ordered Joe to that post and placed myself in the gun pit to which Si Tucker had been assigned, taking care to stand between him and the mouth of the bombproof. I spoke to him as I passed.

"'Remember what I told you. If you forget, it is instant death.'

"He remembered. For nearly two hours he stood there, quaking and shivering, but not daring to seek safety by retreat to a bombproof. By the time that the outburst was over, Si Tucker had learned his first lesson in war. He had learned to realize that a man may endure a lot of very savage fire and yet come out of it alive. A few hours later, when the guns were at work again, Si was steady enough in his nerves to carry shells to the guns. The next day he was even able, during a bombardment, to cut fuses—a delicate operation, requiring a steady hand. Within two or three days he had become as good a soldier as we had in all that band of men specially picked for their unflinching courage.

"When the great mine explosion occurred a few weeks later I had occasion to rebuke Si Tucker for a fault quite unrelated to cowardice. We had been ordered to go with our mortars as near as possible to the crater and to drop a continual rain of shells among the thousands of helpless fellows in that awful pit. It was cruel, ghastly work. But it was war. And a poet has justly characterized war as a 'brain-spattering, windpipe-splitting art.' Or, as Gen. Sherman once said, and he knew, 'War is all hell.'

"We were within sixty yards of the crater. Each one of our mortars was belching from three to five shells a minute into that hole, but Si Tucker's enthusiasm was not satisfied. Having no personal duty to do at the moment, he began plugging shells with long fuses, lighting them, running with them to the margin of the pit, and tossing them in as hand grenades. He was greeted by a tremendous volley of musketry at each repetition of this performance, but he did it three times before we could stop him.

"That evening, near the gloaming, he did another thing. The lines had by that time been restored. The men in the crater—those of them who had not been killed—had been driven back to the Federal side. We became aware of the fact that a poor fellow of our own was lying grievously wounded near the Federal side of the fifty yards that separated our works from the enemy's. He had been lying there through all that long, fierce summer day. The explosion at daylight had cast him there. His groans and his cries for help and for water were piteous in the extreme. We listened to them heartbroken, but helpless—all but Si Tucker.

"Si began stripping off his clothes; we thought he had gone mad. But when we asked him why he was stripping himself he replied: 'Never you mind.' With that, stripped to the skin, he leaped over the works, ducked his head low, and ran through the hailstorm of bullets to where the wounded man lay. Grasping him quickly, he slung him upon his back like a bag of meal, and ran back with all his might. As he crossed the works he fell headlong. The surgeon found three bullets in his body. Nobody in the battery ever remembered after that that Si Tucker had once been a coward. After all, it is, perhaps, mainly a question of nerves."

Went Bravely to Death.

The man who can face death without a tremor and even give the command which is to result in his body being pierced by a dozen bullets may without question be considered as possessing bravery of a high order and when to this is added the fact that his executioners are all friends and sympathizers the case seems all the more unusual. An instance of this nature which occurred during the civil war is related by a Southern soldier, who, although he had witnessed violent deaths without number and had become inured to scenes of carnage, had a lasting impression made upon him by one officer's heroism. He told the story as follows:

"One morning I left my command for a walk and had gone but a short distance when I ran into a little body of men. Two of them had their eyes blindfolded and their arms tied behind them. The first fellow couldn't have been more than 25. He was tall, straight as an arrow, with dark, curling brown hair, and his face was the handsomest and the saddest I ever saw. He was walking quietly and steady. I couldn't see his eyes, but not a muscle of his face was twitching, and his feet were planted fairly and squarely on the ground. I noticed that he wore the uniform of a captain.

"The second fellow had to be held up by four men. Every few steps he would fall to the ground perfectly limp and, it seemed, lifeless. When the men would get him up he would scream and cry like a scared child. He was a great, big, raw-boned North Carolinian, and his terror would have been disgusting if it hadn't been so pitiable.

"I followed the little procession for a hundred yards to where the line of crosses stood. The captain was to be shot first. As they placed him with his back to the cross he said: 'Men, you know me. I've led you in 30 fights, and you've never seen me shy from a gun muzzle yet, have you? I just want you to take this bandage off my eyes, and as long as I've got to die let me die like a man. I've given you the order to fire many a time, and I'd like to give my last order, if you'll let me.' The lieutenant hesitated, and then he said: 'Jack, I'll do it, if I get shot for it.'

"They unbound his eyes. He straightened himself for a minute, took a long look all about him, and then facing his men said in as steady a voice as I ever listened to, 'Ready! Aim! Fire!'

"They fired, and he pitched straight forward his full length, dead before he struck the ground. Then they tried to bind the Tar-heel to the cross, but he writhed and moaned and twisted away from it like a snake with a broken back. They gave it up, and he was shot while he was crawling along the ground, screaming out prayers for mercy.

"I heard afterward that the captain, hearing that his old mother was dying, had asked leave to go to his home, which was only 12 miles away. We needed every man then, and the permit was refused. He slipped away, but before he got back Grant made one of his attacks on our lines. The captain's company went into action for the first time without him at the head of it. He returned for a court martial. Deserting had become too common for any excuse to be taken for it, and he was ordered to be shot the next morning."

To pardon those absurdities in ourselves which we cannot suffer in others is neither better nor worse than to be more willing to be fools ourselves than to have others so.—Pope.

Value of Irrigation.

The universal use of irrigation in the West has practically revolutionized farm values in many regions. These methods of supplying the crops with water are many, but they all show an amount of adaptation to conditions that proves the existence of Yankee genius here yet. There are more varieties of windmills for pumping up water than one could describe in a week. These windmills are not expensive affairs, but in most cases are built of ordinary articles picked up on the farm or in second-hand shops. They perform the work required of them satisfactorily, and that is all one can ask of them. The construction of a good working windmill on any farm, and a pumping attachment, with irrigation canals and reservoir, adds a hundred or two per cent to the value of a farm in a region where summer droughts are heavy drawbacks to farming. With a little extra work during the winter season it is an easy matter to make such improvements on almost any farm. The system can be enlarged and extended season by season, and the farm gradually enhanced in value.

A farm that has a fair home-made irrigation plant is practically independent of the weather. The farmer is then sure of his crop no matter how hot or dry the season may prove. The great benefit derived from an irrigation plant is so apparent that it seems strange that so few are in existence. It is not always necessary to build a windmill for irrigation, for there are often natural advantages which any farmer can avail himself of. When brooks flow through farms they furnish in the winter and spring seasons an abundance of water, but when summer advances they often dry up and prove of no earthly good. The question of importance is how can such a stream be converted into use for irrigating the plants. It would not be so difficult if a reservoir was dug and built on the farm, so that the water could be stored. Such a reservoir could easily be increased in size each year, and with the water stored in it, what would prevent digging ditches to carry the water to the fields when needed? Some will say that such work represents an immense amount of labor; but if the farmer intends to live permanently on his farm, will it not pay him to do a little toward the improvement each year, even though it may take ten years to complete the job? He can rest assured that he is increasing the value of his farm fully 10 per cent every year, a fact which he will realize when he comes to sell it.—Professor James S. Doty, New York.

Poultry House for Large Chicks.

When the chicks are about one-quarter grown and have left the mother hen they should be provided with some sort of a shelter for night use and for use on stormy days. A coop for these chicks may be built for very little money. One side of the coop is formed by the side of a building or a fence, and at the lower end comes within two inches of the ground. The roof of rough boards is covered with tarred or waterproof paper. An opening is cut in one side next to the fence or wall. Inside, roosts are arranged, and in one corner is placed a dust bath. The roosts will have to be put in before the roof is put on, as the house is not designed

GOOD POULTRY HOUSE.

in any way so that one can even reach the inside except through the small hole provided for the entrance of the chicks.

Protect the Farm Well.

Tests made at experiment stations show that water from farm wells is frequently contaminated with some impurity drawn from surrounding stables, pens, etc., and a lack of drainage to carry off surface water. Wash and dishwater, both filled with animal matter, is thrown around the house, year in and out, until the ground is alive with the poison, which eventually finds its way into the well. The fields are tiled to produce healthy and abundant crop life, but seldom is a tile or ditch put down around the house to protect the well.

When the water begins to run low in the well that is not driven below rock, is the time to begin to boil it for drinking purposes. Heat of water or sun destroys the typhoid bacillus. Enough water should be boiled at a time to allow it to stand several hours before drinking. It is the heat driving the air out of it makes it so sickening to taste. In a few hours the air will again get into it and restore the taste. Put it in jugs, and set the jugs upon the cellar floor, or in a cave prepared for this purpose.

If you have ice, put it around the vessels, but never in them. There are high and specialized forms of life that ice will not kill, and some of the lower forms it preserves in all force, it seems.

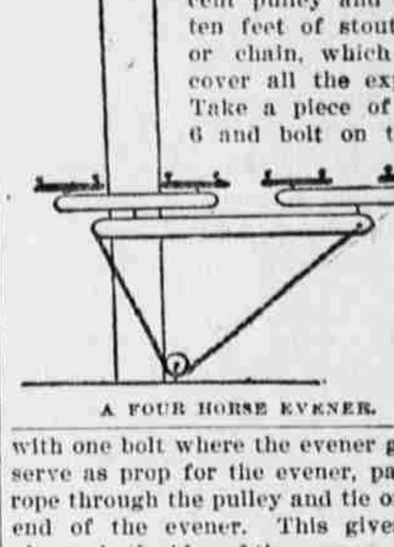
The contents of slop bowls from the room of the patient sick with typhoid had, if the sun is shining hot, better by far be thrown upon the ground than buried. A log heap is the proper disinfectant in these cases, kept burning night and day as long as there is anything from the sick room to throw into it.—Indianapolis News.

Peach Yellows.

Occasionally we see statements from some one that the peach yellows is not at all a contagious disease, and that there is nothing gained by removing trees in which it has appeared. Some State Legislatures have enacted laws making such destruction of trees compulsory on their owners, while in other States there has been so much opposition to such laws that they could not be passed. The best authorities are agreed, so far as we have seen, that it is contagious. We remember that a few years ago, Mr. J. H. Hale, the largest peach grower in Connecticut and in Georgia, said to the Massachusetts Board of Agriculture that in 1890 he found one affected tree in an orchard and he rooted it out. The next year he had to take out the four trees next to where it stood, and the next year he had about forty to take out. Possibly if he had taken the affected tree and four next to it, as soon as found, it might not have spread to the other forty. If it shows on one tree, there are many chances that it has reached others near that one, though it may not have reached a stage where it can be detected even by close observation.—American Cultivator.

Four Horse Evener.

A correspondent sends to Iowa Homestead a sketch of a four horse evener for a binder which, he says, is in almost universal use in his section of the country: Take a common evener off from your disk, buy a 15-cent pulley and about ten feet of stout rope or chain, which will cover all the expense. Take a piece of 2 by 6 and bolt on tongue



A FOUR HORSE EVENER.

with one bolt where the evener goes to serve as prop for the evener, pass the rope through the pulley and tie on each end of the evener. This gives free play to both sides of the evener. There is no side draft, but put the heaviest team on the outside. This device can be used on either a right or left hand binder and gives perfect satisfaction. The illustration is self explanatory. There should also be a clevis from the center of the evener to fasten the evener to the outer end of the prop.

Imperfect Plum Blossoms.

Fruit growers have met with a difficulty in the successful cultivation of the native plum in the fact that some varieties are self-sterile; that is, they do not fertilize themselves. Isolated trees and large orchards of Wild Goose and Miner have proved shy bearers, while when planted intermingled with other varieties blooming at the same time and furnishing an abundance of pollen they have borne many crops. Hence it is important to determine the most suitable list of varieties for an orchard so as to insure the most perfect pollenation of all the blossoms. Newman is considered a good pollenizer for Wild Goose, while De Soto, Wolf, and Forest Garden are regarded as good fertilizers for Miner. Isolated trees of the self-sterile varieties may be made fruitful by top grafting some of the limbs with suitable varieties, or by planting trees of these sorts adjacent. Mixed planting of self-fertile and important varieties in hedge-like rows or in alternate rows is now advocated and practiced by our best growers. Some growers prefer to confine their choice of varieties to those that are self-sterile. —Farmer's Review.

Indigestion in Horses.

It is difficult to give causes of indigestion in horses, for it may come from improper water, as from improper foods, although the latter are usually at the bottom of the trouble. A proper variety in the foods will do much to keep the digestive organs in good condition, particularly if in the variety there is considerable green food of a succulent nature, as most root crops are. When indigestion is caused by improper water, it is usually the case that the water is foul in some way, although very hard water often produces indigestion, or, what is worse, stone in the kidney or bladder, the latter being a disease quite common among horses in districts where the water is hard. If the food is of the proper kind and hard water is being used, attention should be given it before a valuable animal is lost. If possible, give rain water, but if this is not convenient, add a small quantity of caustic potash to the hard water, which will materially improve it.

Dairy Thermometers.

A good dairy thermometer costs less than $1, and tons of butter go in the grease vats every year because thousands of farmers' wives do not use a thermometer in churning. A noted dairy instructor once told the writer that he firmly believed that the average price of all the butter sold in the United States could be increased at least 2 cents per pound in two years if the thermometer was used at every churning and the cream churned at the proper temperature.—Land and a Living.