The blackbirds follow slow behind the

Or whistle from the maple's swaying bough:

The robin builds her nest among the leaves. And countless swallows twitter 'neath the eaves.

The plow-boy walks behind his smoking feerin.

And guides aright the plow's unwieldy beam: The coal-black furrows rising fall and

break, And lie like billows in his journey's wake.

The woods have flung their banners to the world-

Green flags of leaves to every wind unfurled: And in the fields, by thicket and by fence,

Pertly and saucily the old cock quail Whistles "Bob White" from off the top-

The rabbits hide in grassy cover dense.

most rail; And when the evening flutters out her

cloak. From roadside ponds the deep-voiced bull frogs croak.

And jinglingly along the country lane, With broken chords of rustic, rude re

As sinks the sun from his high, ruddy dome. In Indian file the cows come trooping home.

-Woman's Home Companion.

Brown Bess.

667WISH I could sell Brown Bess," said Susie Ross, rinsing the lishes she had just washed.

"Oh. Sasy!" cried her brother. "What in the world do you want to sell Brown Bess for?" her mother asked, looking up from the dough she was kneading.

"I could go to the academy, mother, for two more terms," was the answer. "Then, perhaps I could-get the school at the Corners."

"Nonsense, Susy. I need you to help me," her mother said. "Keeping school is a thankless business."

"It's money," said Susy, "and I do long to help myself, and you, too. Money will do everything that needs to be done."

"Yes, that's a fact," spoke up Tom, "and there's lots wants to be done. I'd like to clear that five-acre lot for potatoes and corn, but I can't do it." .

"And the house wants shingling," her mother said plaintively, her careworn countenance taking on another shadow.

"The front door's got a crack all the way across," Tom spoke up again, "and there ought to be a fireplace in granny's room. Then there's the barn; it's all we can do to keep the hay dry."

"I know all that," said Susy. "I know the house is getting to be a scarecrow. and the barn is worse, and that's why I want to be earning. As for the shingles. I should think you could put them on yourself. Tom; yes, and mend the

"Where's the shingles?" Tom asked, in his matter-of-fact way. "Where's the nails? Where's the hammer? The old one is broken past mending. And where's the money to get them with, I should like to know?"

"Sure enough," said Susy," unless I could earn it. That's why I want to sell Brown Bess."

"And if you do sell her, you won't get much," Tom said. "She's so full of her tricks-the craziest colt I ever saw."

"I'm more and more afraid to have you ride her," he mother said. "But if you should sell her, there's the mortgage to be paid in October."

"If I sell her," said Susy, quietly, "it will be to finish my education."

"That's always your cry," her mother went on, in plaintive tones; "no matter what's needed; but I s'pose we must give in. Bad as the roof is, it shelters us. What would we do without a house over our heads?"

"I'd sell the cow. too," put in Tom. starve." the mother supplemented.

Susy turned away from the table, angry and grieved, but she said nothing. only ran upstairs to her own room.

"They don't see it!" she sorrowfully murmured. "They can't understand that it's for their good and comfort I \$100, she was so spirited and handwant to get that school. I'm willing to some? wear old clothes and to walk three miles and back every day for the sake of finishing my education. Let the roof leak awhile-if Tom don't patch it. Let granny sleep downstairs, where there's a fire. I'll help them all in a year or two-but they don't see it-they won't see it. If I can only sell Brown Bess! I'd go and beg time for the mortgage or I'd borrow money-or, maybe I can get enough to repair the house and go to school, too. If only Brown Bess wasa't such a little vixen! It will go hard to part with her, though; it was my father's last gift."

Tears rushed to the dark eyes, but she repressed them and went downstairs. After belping her mother about the house she donned her sunbonnet and "An' winter's comin'-an' it's two or ran into the barn. Tom was rubbing three miles to the 'cademy," her mother down Brown Bess, whose bright, glossy

coat shone like satin. "Much as I can do to take care of her," said Tom. "She wants a regular groom who would break her of her masty little tricks. See how she throws ther head up, and look at her eyes flashing fire! Are you going to the store? er's weak face deepened. Mother wants sugar and molasses and

-vinegar-and I've got to go in the field." "Yes, I'm going," said Susy, "though I dread it, the bill is so large. If I sell Brown Bess that's the first thing I'll pay."

"That and the mortgage," said Tom. "Well, I'll saddie old Dick."

Susy mounted to the back of the slow old cart horse with gloomy forebodings. It was a warm September day. Even in the midst of her anxiety the beauty of the ride to Hillston soothed and deto Silver Ledge Falls and saw the white spray leaping over granite rocks and dancing among tiny islands, she stopped old Dick and sat enjoying the scene as if she had never beheld it before.

"Good morning," a voice said behind "Oh, Charlie," she exclaimed, with a

start, "I didn't hear you coming." "No? The falls are so loud. I saw his face fairly beaming. you at the bend and followed. Going to town?"

"Yes, Charlie," she made reply, and in | room. spite of herself her voice held a curious

"You're worried over something," he said, the keen lover's eyes noting the

shadows. "Yes, Charlie, a little-the same old trouble. I want to set things to rights -and-it's hard work," she said, in a

low voice. these matters and come with me? The house is waiting for you-and so am I.

Susy, darling, make up your mind." He held out his hand, a look of unutterable love making his rugged face and is willing to give you a thousand beautiful.

"If father had only lived," she said. "But you know it is impossible now, and I must finish the course at the B—— Academy, and keep school at claiming: least a year before I get things straightened out."

He gave a long, low whistle, then urged on his horse, but stopped again hard this winter. Tom can get two till Susy came up with him.

marry. Susy, come, make up your mind. and-and-My house is a large one. I'll take youf old farm, and-

"What! Let you support me and the family too? Never!" and her eyes flashed. "I would never permit it."

"Well, Susy, I've declared my willingness to help you, if only you would let he asked of the glad-hearted woman at me," said Charlie, "but since you won't, the bread pan, "Susy is to be my wife." don't look so sad and worried, my darling. It's worth serving and saving for | than keeping school," she said.-Wavseven years if I can only win you at erley. last for my wife."

"Oh, Charlie!" she said, brokenly, your love is priceless. Only be pa-

"I'll try, and keep on hoping," he said,

and they parted at the store. The grocer met her with a smile. Everybody liked Susy. No girl more genial than she under ordinary circumstances, but to-day her face was clouded, her manner pre-occupied.

"Mr. Lee, I have made up my mind to sell Brown Bess," she said, after getting the things she needed. "Do you know anybody that wants a horse?" "Dear me! Going to sell Brown Bess! of an inch in diameter. Well, I was thinking of buying a young horse for my Alice. Is she safe for a girl of 10, do you think?" the grocer

Susy grew pale. She had not anticipated a question of that sort, but she answered after a moment's indecision. "She is fond of taking her own head sometimes. No, Mr. Lee, if I find it hard to manage her, she would never do for your little girl."

"Ah, I'm sorry for that, Miss Susy," said the storekeeper. "But I know a man who wants a spirited horse. What would you sell her for?"

"I leave that to the purchaser," Susy made answer. "Papa paid \$75 for her more than a year ago, and I wouldn't want to take less than that, for I need the money very much," she went on, and if you will be so kind as to take an interest in the matter-" She stopped,

her eyes wistful. "Why, of course I will," the grocer responded. "I'll send my boy to your house with the groceries, and he can bring the horse back with him. If anything is done in the way of a sale I'll let you know at once."

Susy thanked him and went on her way home. As she came in sight of the house, an old-fashioned, two-story building, where dilapidation was rendered picturesque by a profuse growth of ivy that covered the front porch and "And then grandma would just about much of the exterior walls, she felt more comfortable as she thought over her prospects. In imagination she had her mother quite reconciled to all her plans, her school life assured and all things going on swimmingly. For who knew but Brown Bess might bring her

Work and home seemed brighter. The grocer's boy came for the horse, and though it was hard parting with the pretty creature, Susy, in expectation of results, bore the separation bravely.

"Can't we take a little of the money vou get to shingle the roof?" her mother asked as the horse was led away. "I hope so," Susy replied blithely.

"And you still think of going to school? Ain't you too old?" "I'm not 18 yet," was Susy's answer.

"Many girls go to school till they are "And there's clothes, to think of

dresses and bonnets and shoes." "Oh, they'll be provided," Susy said,

with a little laugh. went on, each time throwing a more plaintive cadence into her voice, "Tom's people are men and seven are women clothes are terrible patched, an' mother needs flannels. I ain't so young as I was once, but I ain't sayin' anything that for longevity we would like to about myself, on'y it's kind o' hard to know it. spare you," and the lines in her moth-

"Mother, I wish you could see it as I do. I must go to the academy," Susy made reply. "It's the opportunity of my life. But I tell you what I will do. If I get a hundred dollars for Brown Bess I'll divide even. Fifty dollars

would go a long way, wouldn't it?" "Well, yes, fifty dollars would get everything we need," was the reply. "But you're never goin' to get a hundred dollars. You'll be more than lucky if you git fifty."

"Well, mother," said Susy, desperate- terred.

lighted her. Every detail of the way ly, "if I only get fifty, I'll divide even. was familiar to her, yet when she came It will be thirty dollars coming in every month if I only get the school."

"I don't see's there's any chance of that," said her mother, with a woe-begone face.

Day after day Susy waited, but no word came about Brown Bess. Tom declared that he believed there was no prospect of selling her, but one day Charlie Grant drove up to the house,

"I thought I'd bring you the news," he said, as he came in the bright living

"Have they sold Brown Bess?" Susy asked, her voice trembling in her excitement to hear.

"Well, yes-that is, if you'll take the price they offer," Charlie made answer. "Oh, I hope it's a hundred," said Susy. "A hundred!" laughed Charlie. "Is

that what you valued her at? Lucky for you that I was in at the bargain. "I knew it. Why won't you leave all | That horse will be worth thousands of dollars before long. The man who bought her trains horses for the race course. He has discovered remarkable qualities in Brown Bess as a trotter, dollars for her."

A thousand dollars! Susy stood for a moment like a statue; then she flew Charlie. I can't leave mother—not yet | into the kitchen, where her mother was making the daily batch of bread, ex-

"A thousand dollars, mother! we're rich! Brown Bess is sold for a thousand dollars! You won't have to work suits of clothes if he wants them, and "You know I'll wait for you, Susy, as | buy the five-acre lot. Grandma can ong as you say, but it's rather hard on have all the fire she needs; the roof me, as I'm forehanded and ready to shall be shingled, the mortgage paid off

"What am I to have?" Charlie asked, mother and granny. Tom can run the as she stopped, out of breath, he having followed her into the kitchen.

She turned round, and, blushing beautifully, held out her hands. He clasped them both and drew her to his bosom. "What do you think of this, mother?"

"Why, I think it's a good deal better



Some of the stars move with a velocity of fifty miles a second.

The smallest perfect watch ever made is owned by a Russian princess. It was first placed in an exquisite gold case, covered with the most minute but literally perfect Watteau scenes in enamel; then at the princess' desire the works were removed and placed inside a splendid diamond, scarcely two-fifths

After a long and patient struggle the women physicians in Russia have secured a decree placing them upon an equality, both socially and politically, with the male physicians in the empire. All official positions will be open to them equally with men, and they will be entitled to pensions after the required length of service, and this whether or not they are married.

Paris journals declare that dolls are going out of vogue, and one philosophical writer explains why. In the good old times, he says, dolls were sold undressed, and it was the pleasant task of the little girls to make dresses for them. Now they are bought dressed in the latest style, and the children, after playing with them a short time, throw

The Pacific covers 68,000,000 miles. the Atlantic 30,000,000, and the Indian Ocean, Arctic and Antarctic 42,000,000. To stow away the contents of the Pacific it would be necessary to fill a tank one mile long, one mile wide and one mile deep every day for 440 years. Put in figures, the Pacific holds in weight 948,000,000,000,000,000,000 tons. The Atlantic averages a depth of not quite three miles. Its waters weigh 325,000,-000,000,000,000 tons, and a tank to contain it would have each of its sides 430 miles long. The figures of the other oceans are in the same startling proportions. It would take all the sea water in the world 2,000,000 years to flow over Niagara. A tank to hold it all would have to measure nearly 1,000 miles along each of its sides.

Time, Two Minutes.

"Miss Daisy, you are writing to that little brother of yours who is visiting out West, aren't you?"

"Yes. He's a dear little fellow. I miss him so much." "He is, indeed. Have you sealed the letter yet, Miss Daisy?"

"Not yet." "Add a postscript, if you please, and tell him I want to know how he would like me for a big brother." (Demurely) "Mr. Spoonamore, it will

be at least two weeks before you get an answer-if you ask him. (And the matter was settled in about two minutes.)-Chicago Tribune.

A Community of Long-Lived People. While Frenchtown, N. J., has a population of but 1,050, there are in that number fourteen persons whose ages aggregate 1.185 years-an average of nearly 85 years. Seven of these aged Their ages range from 80 to 96 years If there is any little town that can beat

Is Mckinley's Double.

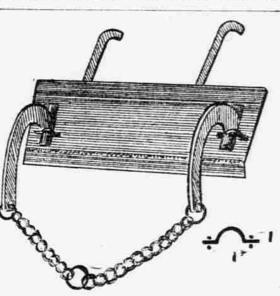
Maj. O. L. Pruden, assistant secretary to the President, bears a striking resemblance to Mr. McKinley, a likeness heightened by the high hat and Prince Albert coat he always wears. Consequently the professional guides of the capital frequently point him out as the chief executive.

The Most Extensive Cemetery. The most extensive cemetery in the world is that at Rome, in which over 6,000,000 human beings have been in-



Ditch Scraper.

This scraper, to clean out a large open ditch, so far as I know, is not patented and may be constructed at home with the help of a blacksmith. It is 4 to 5 feet wide and about 21/4 feet high, made of good tough inch boards and shod with a strip of steel; an old crosscut saw is just the thing. Two handles should be bolted on the backold plow handles will do, or something similar. The draft rods should be made something like a badly shaped S, and pass through slots cut in the heavy eyebolts or other device that will be made of heavy iron and be about 20 inches long, the front ends connected with 4 feet of chain with a ring in center as shown in cut. To operate scraper when the ditch can not be crossed with team requires a driver. He should have about 8 feet of chain attached to team, the big hook hanging loose. The man at the scraper drags it to bottom of ditch and sets it quickly in the mud, or behind a furrow or two that must al-



DITCH SCRAPER.

ways be turned out, not in, to scrape right. By this time the driver should have his team in position, exactly at right angle to the ditch; hook to scraper ring and drive steady, the man at the handles holding them nearly perpendicular till ready to dump, then unhook and repeat. Though this may sound slow it is the practical way to clean out or deepen large open ditches, and two good men and team will make good progress when once accustomed to the work.—Silas H. French, in Ohio Farmer.

For Irrigating Melons. A bulletin of the Georgia station on watermelons describes a simple method of rendering concentrated fertilizer assimilable or available and preventing the hill from firing. This is by the application of water artificially, when the rainfall proves insufficient. For this purpose a joint of two-inch terra otta sewer pipe is perpendicularly sunk in the hill before planting to the depth of six or eight inches, bell upward, as indicated in the figure.

The seeds are planted around the pipe and the stand subsequently the pipe for quite a distance in all directions. The pipe itself should be filled with water late in the afternoonevery day, if the weather is dry, or as



WATERING THE WATERMELON. continuous supply of moisture thus afforded will have a most noticeable effect by rendering every particle of and sets it to blossoming again. In plant food within reach capable of assimilation. Ordinary drain tile may honey even up to September, if there be used in place of sewer pipe.

Posts in Sandy Soil.

There is great difference in the durability of different kinds of posts and always sells high. It will pay to sow also in the soil where they are placed. some on land designed for pasture, and Contrary to the general impression, a gather the seed when it occupies the sandy or gravelly soil, which is usually dry, is much more liable to rot out posts than one which is always wet. In the dry soil there are frequent larger clover, waiting to make a big changes from wet to dry, by which growth when they die out. - American more air is brought in contact with the | Cultivator. wood and this introduces the germs of decay. In an always wet soil the water is probably stagnant and contains little air. Oxygen is necessary to all decomposition. An old farmer who had owned both sandy farms and those that had a clay subsoil once told us that posts on the sand had to be removed more than twice on clay subsoil.

Harrowing Pastures.

Nothing is more beneficial to an old pasture than to harrow it thoroughly every spring. A few roots may be broken off, but the stirring which the surface soil receives opens it to air and to receive the rains which will set them to growing more vigorously than before. Another good effect of the harrowing is to break up the excrement dropped by the stock the previous year, and scatter it so that it can fertilize a greater number of plants.

Flax Fibre for Grain Bags. The farmers of Oregon have found a new industry, which at the same time solves the problem what the convicts in the State penitentiary can be set to work at. They are to weave the cloth | ale.

from flax which Oregon farmers will grow, and make it into grain bags in which to market their surplus wheat. These linen grain bags will be stronger and more durable than those of cotton. and as the coarsest fibre such as can be got from flax for seed can be used, it is believed they will not be expensive. It is a good beginning for the flax-growing and linen-making industries. The manufacture of the finest linen fabrics will doubtless follow in due time. It is a great gain anyway for Oregon farmers to diversify their industries. They have been growing wheat too exclusively.—Exchange.

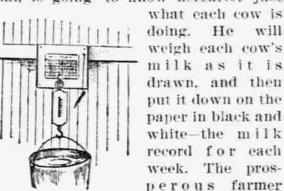
Effective Farm Help. Every spring at the beginning of farm work an army of hoboes flock to the country claiming to be in search of work. They remind one of the old English story of two tramps who said they had walked all over England trying to get work, but hoping all the time they would be refused. Such help scraper and are attached on back side is worse than useless, yet it is the of scraper, just over saw plate, with kind that the farmer is apt to get who puts off hiring help until he gets beallow of swivel motion. They should | hindhand with work, and then seeks the cheapest farm help, that is, the lowest price per month that he can find. Generally these hoboes give themselves away by asking in consideration of their low wages that they be set only at the easiest jobs. They most always want to manage the horses, as that they think involves little labor. Such men are dear even if they would work for nothing. The only help that will do the farmer any good is help that understands the business of farming, and is not afraid to tackle any kind of work, however hard and disagreeable it may be. Such help is always gobbled up early in the season, or kept on yearly contracts, so as to be sure of them when hiring-out time comes.

Making Sweet Soap Greass.

In many farmhouses all the scraps of fat, cooked and uncooked, are thrown together in a large tub or kettle, where, exposed to air, it quickly becomes exceedingly offensive to the senses. One wonders how it can be that such stinking grease can be changed into good, cleansing soap. But it is, and the explanation is that the thorough boiling which the grease with the ley receives destroys all the offensive germs. But it only does this after much of the value of the grease has been destroyed. Get a cake of potash and make a strong ley of it. Throw this over the grease and fat, entirely covering it. The grease will be partly turned into soap by this, and will keep sweet without any waste.

Weigh the Milk.

The owner of this device, which was originally illustrated in the Farm Journal, is going to know hereafter just what each cow is doing. He will



week. The prosperous farmer WEIGHING MILK. makes use of business methods. He knows what each animal is doing, and whether she gains or loses on particular kinds of feed. thinned down to one vine, whose roots | Guesswork is poor business on the will eventually surround the bottom of | farm, as elsewhere. And in this connection it may be mentioned that the pleasing, cleanly and economical practice of delivering milk in glass bottles is steadily increasing.

Value of White Clover. One of the bad effects of frequently plowing and thoroughly cultivating soil is that this runs out the white clover, which is one of the most valuable pasture plants we have, besides also furnishing the very best pasture for bees. The plant is a low-running vine, rooting as it spreads through the soil, yet, being a true clover, it rots quickly when plowed under. No one of the grasses, except blue grass and orchard grass, will stand drought so well, and as most of its roots run near the surface, a moderate rain revives it, wet seasons bees make white clover are enough dry days for them to be out. White clover is a prolific seeder, but owing to its creeping habit of growth the seed is hard to gather and whole land. If sown with red clover or alsike no white clover will be seen. But it is there under the growth of the

The Season for Strawberries. Small fruit dealers are more enterprising in seeking markets than average farmers, probably because they have to be more intelligent and enterprising to succeed in their business. This is especially true of strawberry growers, who begin very early in spring to forward their fruit northward. By the time we get Virginia and New Jersey strawberries, the price comes within everybody's reach, though higher than most of our home growers can get for their product, Instead of a season of three to four weeks we can now have strawberries four to fiv months in the year, or even more,-American Cultivator.

In Brittany a certain mineral known as "staurolite" is imagined to have mysterious power for good. Amulets of this material are sure preventives against shipwreck, drowning and hydrophobia.

Queen Elizabeth made her breakfasts and suppers off of salt beef and QUEER OLD ENGLISH CHURCH. Built by Richard III, and Used Only

Twice a Year.

About a mile from the village of Towton, near York, there is an exceedingly interesting and curious old church, known as the Lead Hall chapel. It is remarkable for several reasons, chiefly because of its age; its very small size-probably it would not seat twenty people altogether; its mean fittings; and, lastly, because of its curious choir. To understand about this choir it is necessary to review a little of the history of this famous old place of worship. There are two theories as, to its origin. It is most commonly believed that this chapel is the one known to have been built by Richard II. in memory of those who fell at Towton in 1461. It is claimed that the yearly services now taking place in it are a revival of those that were formerly ordered for the purpose of praying for the souls of the good Christians who fell in the great battle. Another supposition declares this chapel to be attached to the old manorhouse of the Tyas family at Lead Hall, and that the memorial chapel of Richard III. has long since disappeared.

It is obvious, however, that if this were the case a service every six months would not greatly edify the

people in their spiritual life. Having thus explained the chapel's history, we may go to the choir. There are two services yearly held at the Lead Hall church-one in April and another in October. There is, therefore, no regular body of choristers, but on such occasions a choir is made up from the chief singers in the neighboring towns, who are under the control, for this purpose, of a well-known musical professor in Yorkshire. The majority of the men and boys who make up the choir are drawn from York and Leeds. They receive a stated fee for their day's services, and are provided with

refreshments. Those who maintain the theory of the chapel's origin in the time of Richard III. declare that that king made a grant of money for the holding of memorial services, and that it is for this reason that two services a year are regularly held. Sunday Reader.

ANECDOTE OF JUSTICE FIELD. Two Meetings of the Late Jurist with

Richard J. Oglesby of Illinois. "Among the war Democrats," said the Doctor, "no one exercised more influence than the late Judge Field, and that reminds me of a story. Mr. Field went to California as a '49-er, and there are still living some men who remembered him as the alcalde or mayor of the little town of Marysville in California. He was then a good lawyer and he was elected to the headship of the municipal government because an alcalde was judge, mayor, and supervi-

sor all in one. "One day Richard J. Oglesby, who had gone from Illinois to California, drove over from his mining camp with his ox team to Marysville for supplies. Scarcely had he arrived in the town when he was summoned to appear as a juryman in a case about to be called. He protested and said that he wasn't a resident of the town, he had no interest in the affairs of the county, and he was only there for a short time, and he did not want to serve. No excuse was taken, and he was sworn in as one of the jury. It then occurred to him that all of the panel might get off if they would insist upon having their fees before they took their places in

court. "Oglesby was a lawyer, and he presented their point with considerable adroitness. The alcalde, surprised by the new point raised, heard the argument, saw the point of the speaker, ordered the clerk to pay the fees, and held all the jury for the full length of the trial. Years after this, when Oglesby was United States Senator from Illinois and Field was an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court, the two were introduced in Washington. Oglesby at once said that he had had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Field in California. The Judge said that he did not remember any meeting in the West. Then Oglesby told the story of the jury fees, and Mr. Field remembered distinctly the incident. After more than twenty years the alcalde of a California village and the grub-stake miner renewed their acquaintance, one as Senator and the other as Justice of the Supreme Court."-Chicago Inter Ocean,

Appropriate Yell. The imitative qualities inherent in man-a legacy from his simian ancestors, some philosophers assert-received a humorous illustration in Phil-

adelphia the other day. There is a "college" in that city for the education of youths who intend pursuing the "tonsorial profession," and at a meeting of the students, held to discuss various matters pertaining to their interests, it was unanimously resolved to have a "college yell." After much consideration the following was evolved:

'Rah! 'Rah! 'Rah!

We're scalpers, by gum! Hair cut, shampoo, shave, bay rum!

Next! Next! Next! This yell has at least the merits of perspicuity and sanity, which cannot be said of the "college yell" in general.

Worth the Money. Mrs. Homespun (indignantly)-Here's

costs five dollars.

an article says that in Formosa a wife

Mr. Homespun (thoughtfully)-Wal. a good wife is with it.-Spare Moments.

Sufficient Liquid. Three pints of liquid a day is sufficient for the average adult.

Keep at work all the time, and peole will have greater difficulty in discovering that you are a fool.