



ALONE.
The wars go on and statements rise
To plan for peace and to be paid
Proud people look through loyal eyes
At kings and princes on parade.
The eager nations watch to gain
New frontiers here and glory there,
And someone corners all the grain
To make himself a millionaire.
But what care she who shivers near
Her little stove, alone, to-day?
A year ago, without a tear,
And no good-by, he hurried away.
Through months of sorrow she has
Prayed,
And seen the postman pass, and turned
Back to her tasks and wept and pined
Devoted to the love he pursued.
And yesterday she read his name
On the list of those who died
There where the wretched Talamo came,
Bloodthirsty, down the mountain side.
She cares not that the wheels still whirl,
That glorious battles still are won;
The day they shine, but for the girl
The glad old dreamling all is done.
Pale faced, she sits and shivers near
The little stove and wonders why
She, so bereft, must linger here
Since he, so noble, had to die.

Made Him a Soldier
Peculiar Influence of Warfare
on a Shiftless Character

The members of the old Eighty-fifth New York volunteers—such of them as survive—will not have forgotten "Dan" Weymer, a front-line soldier as brave as heart and most worthless of men and came out one of the bravest and best soldiers in the regiment.
The Weymer family held the record in Allegheny county for business and all-around worthiness. They lived in subject matter, and it was a nice day wonder when it was learned that Dan had enlisted. It afterward leaked out that he had intended to do so from being told that there was absolutely nothing for the soldiers to do but to get on.
When Dan got to the front, he found out his mistake, but, as his boys said, he was too lazy to run, so made a fairly good showing in battle. It was at the second engagement in which his company participated that Dan got his coming up. A spot ball struck the metal "U. S." on Dan's belt and fell to the ground without penetrating the belt. It gave him a severe spat, however, and he imagined he was badly shot. Dropping his gun and clutching his chest with both hands, he started for the rear. An officer saw him and demanded to know where he was going, and he told him he was shot, so was allowed to go on. In a little while, he stopped to make a critical examination of his injuries. A red spot under his belt was all that was to be seen. Then Dan became angry and swore vengeance on the whole aggregation of "Johnnies." Hurrying back to the front, he obtained a rifle, and from that on he was an

The Assault on Vicksburg
Anniversary of the Event
Celebrated by the Survivors

The 22d day of May, 1863, was a day long to be remembered by the surviving soldiers of the army who were serving under Gen. Grant, and by his order, made the assault upon the fortifications of Vicksburg. One of the survivors, Col. Robert Buchanan, on that day commanded the Seventh regiment, Missouri infantry, and he is celebrating the anniversary by inviting a few of his old comrades to dine with him. The incidents of the assault thirty-nine years ago were gone over and tales were told of each one's experience. The first of which they had taken a part. After Gen. Grant had invested Vicksburg he determined to carry the works of the enemy by assault, and on the 19th day of May, 1863, as Grant says in his memoirs, vol. 1, page 129: "Accordingly at 2 o'clock I ordered an assault. It resulted in securing more advanced positions for all our troops, where they were fully covered from the fire of the enemy." Again in his memoirs he says: "I now determined on a second assault. The attack was ordered to commence on all parts of the line at 10 o'clock a. m. on the 22d, with a furious cannonade from every battery in position. All the corps commanders set their time against a second assault. The attack was gallant, and portions of each of the three corps succeeded in getting up to the very parapets of the

Fought in a Swamp
Fiercely Contested Battle
at Guttown, Mississippi

On June 10, 1864, one of the fiercest battles of the civil war was fought at Brice's crossroads, or Guttown, Miss. It was an exceedingly hot day, and the Confederate cavalry, commanded by Gen. W. B. Forrest, 6,000, had been followed by the Union forces, consisting of 8,000 infantry, cavalry and artillery, under command of Brigadier General Samuel D. Sturgis. Gen. Forrest selected his ground for the battle on the further side of a large swamp of water with deep mud bottom. Across this swamp had been built a road with logs and poles, covered with earth and very narrow. The enemy was not in sight, but were waiting on the other side of the swamp. About two-thirds of the Union forces had crossed over, and the artillery was on the narrow roadway.

Told to Hasten Slowly
Good Anecdote Told of
the Late General Logan

The following anecdote is contributed by a veteran of the civil war. The writer served in A. C. in the Vicksburg campaign. At the battle of Raymond, Miss., May 1862, the fight was precipitated so suddenly that it amounted to almost a surprise. We had halted and stacked arms, and were resting in the shade. A sudden volley called us to arms. Without orders we took arms and hurried forward, while the non-combatants hastened to the rear, among them a drafted man of our company G. Twentieth Ohio infantry.

Usefulness of Caps
Old Soldier Relates His
Experiences in the War

I remember that in starvation times at Chattanooga," says an old soldier, "one of the boys brought in a sack of shelled corn in his hat. I remember just before the battle of Stone River I rode into Nashville and wore a cap. But I remember also that on the first day of night fighting at Stone River I clapped my head down over a squirrel which, chased by fear, ran over me two or three times trying to get into my



CAUSE OF SCABIES OR MANGE.

Scabies, or mange, of the ox is a contagious disease caused by a parasitic mite. Cattle are chiefly affected with but two varieties of these parasites, or mites, which belong to the Sarcophagidae. These are, first, the Psoroptes; second, the Symbiotus. The first is the one which most frequently affects them. It lives on the surface of the skin and gives rise to great irritation and itching by biting and its most frequent upon the sides of the neck and shoulders, and at the base of the horns, and at the root of the tail. From these points it spreads to the back and sides, and may invade nearly the entire body. Its principles of manifestation are more or less numerous pimples, excoriation, and abundant scaling off of the skin, falling off of the hair, and the formation of dry gray-brown scabs. In the course of the disease, or those of winter and summer, and especially the persistence of leather. When mange has spread over a large surface of the body, the animals lose flesh and become weak and anemic, rendering them constitutionally less able to withstand or combat the effects of the mites. At the same time the decreased vigor and lessened vitality of the affected animals favor the more rapid multiplication of the mites and the further extension and intensification of the disease. The mites may be destroyed by washing together, with the result that scabies, or mange, in cattle may in some cases prove fatal; especially are fatal terminations liable to occur in the later part of a severe winter among immature stock. The mites are destroyed by the use of the "flea" or "flea" and there. Then the time he caught a glimpse of the face of his opponent. The knife dropped from his fingers as he cried:
"Rob Gleason, by all that's great!"
The man was his brother-in-law, and little less dear to Dan than an own brother.
"Come on," said Dan, jerking the fellow to his feet, "we won't kill you, but you've got to go to camp with me, and to camp he took him, and turned him over to his officer.
After that Dan was not quite so bloodthirsty, but he was an excellent soldier, and stayed with the regiment till it was mustered out of service. Then Dan returned to his home, where some fifteen years ago. His brother-in-law, Rob, still lives.

Horse Shortage in New Hampshire.

Prof. Charles W. Burkett, of the New Hampshire state, says:
There is too little horse power in the state to properly till and cultivate the soil. We have thousands of acres of tillable land in the state (and what is said here is true of all New England) that have not felt the ploughshare for a long series of years, some for decades, some for a half century. Soil will not remain fertile and unutilized. We have not enough horses or working units in the state to do the regular farm work and to carry on tillage as it should be done. Practically the only supply of horses is from other states; yet this state is quite able to supply its own needs and could have to export for demands elsewhere. The work lies with the farmers themselves, not only to increase the number of working horses but to improve them and make them more serviceable.
By using the better grade of mares for breeding purposes and having the service of some pure-bred sire of some draft or coach breed of good type and conformation, it would be but a short time until the character of the stock would be improved into a better and improved one. Good draft and coach stallions can be secured for about five hundred dollars. Several farmers could purchase a stallion of the type desired, and there could be a service of mares for the first season at a moderate charge for service which would pay not only a high rate for money invested but would go a long way for paying the full cost.

Apple Twigs and Apple Stems.

The attention of the writer was last week called to the value of apples as governed by their stems and the character of the twigs on which they are attached. After the great storm in central Illinois the ground was found covered with the fruit. The owner of the orchard said it was due to the lack of pliability on the part of the twigs of the Duchess. When these twigs are rigid they snap off the apple. It is otherwise with some Willow Twigs near by. The long and like twigs had so much pliability that they did not snap off the apple, but would need most severe agitation to break them. After a great storm of last year these same trees were switched for hours before beginning to drop their fruit, but in the end dropped it heavily. A short storm, however, advised that export but few storms are so violent for hours as to cause fruit to fall finally.
The stems of the apples also count for much in this regard. The Pewan has such a short stem that if the apple are not picked at the right time they will drop from the ground. Even before ripe they fall off in large quantities if they are exposed to high winds. They lie naturally so close to the twigs that only a little shaking is required to detach them.
These things count greatly in so far as they apply for commercial orchard. The Duchess is a great apple but this is one of its weak points. It is very hard, the very standard of hardness, but it needs to be protected from heavy winds if possible. It is an argument for the shell-bell, but in connection with certain orchard varieties. If a man has a shelter-belt he can more readily plant Duchess than if he has to set out his orchard on a location exposed to high winds. The same may be said of the Great Lakes than farther west, where high winds are more common and more constant.

Sheep and Weeds.

Prof. Thomas Shaw, of the 69th Weeds and grasses growing in the Northwest, it is estimated by those that have made a study of it, that sheep will eat 575 of them, while horses consume but 82 and cattle only 56. The fact is, sheep prefer many kinds of weeds to grasses, and weeds and horse pastures are improved by turning a small flock of sheep into them. When sheep devour the weeds they do not charge any thing for the work. On the other hand, they pay the farmer for the privilege of pulling the weeds from the trunk against himself. Third, it is easier to spray the trees. Fourth, it is easier to harvest the fruit. The only objection to low heading is that we cannot so well get under the limbs to cultivate, but that is not a great matter, as weeds and grass do not grow very well in the shade anyway. The objection does not by any means offset the advantages I have named. After harvest is over we will send a man through here with a scythe and he will mow the few weeds that are found under the trees.

Malted Barley as Horse Feed.

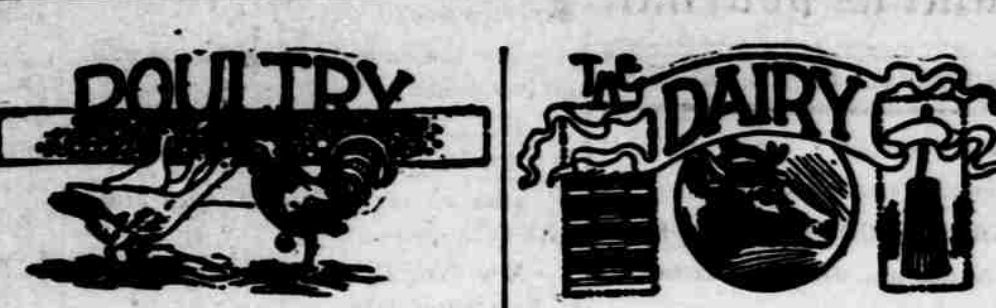
J. H. Shepperd: Malted barley is not an economical food for work horses, and the addition of one part bran to two parts of malt, as measured by the dry barley, from which it was produced, is neither a cheap nor satisfactory food for hard worked horses. That splendid finish can be put on stock by feeding malt, but has been pointed out by Lane and Gilbert. These gentlemen base their conclusion upon trials in feeding twenty-four animals upon malt in comparison with an equal number of a similar sort upon other foods. It is probable that animals which are not thriving or are worked down, and those which are low in vigor from any cause may often be built up rapidly by a ration containing malt.

Blonde Bridesmaid.

The usher haven't seen your Aunt Maria with the family. "Other bridesmaid (sister to the bride): "No; she sent out a pickle fork!"—Life.

Given Heavy Damages.

The civil court in St. Petersburg awarded \$50,000 damages to Mile Sarkisova, who sued the Transcaucasian railway because five of her front teeth were knocked out in a railway accident.
Didn't Deserve Recognition. The usher haven't seen your Aunt Maria with the family. "Other bridesmaid (sister to the bride): "No; she sent out a pickle fork!"—Life.
All true work is sacred; in all true work, it is true but true hard labor there is something of divinity.—C. Lytle.



RAISING BLACK LANGHANS.

From the Farmers' Review: I will give you my way of raising black Langhans. I first purchased a pair for the four pullets and \$12 for the cocker. From these the first year I got about 40 birds in all. The next year I changed cockers again, and raised nine fine cockers for the next year. I bought six ten pullets. I bred black Langhans for six years before I ever made a show. In the year 1889 I made a show in Danville, Illinois, and was about half of the premiums, for which I showed my best year's points. I kept on showing every year, my birds getting better all the time, and up to date I am on top. I hatched the old way—with hens—and let them take care of the chicks. I have ten acres for range, and each pen has a half acre upon which to run. Some people say they do not feed their hens while they are at liberty in the summer, but I feed my hens at that time all they can eat. In the morning I feed them a little corn, and at noon and evening, I give my coops clean corn. It is not good feed for black Langhans, as it is too heating and hard on the plumage.
The only way to start in the business is to buy good stock and get good stuff from it. It is hard to get good birds out of bad ones. When a man writes me for a \$1.00 or \$2.00 bird I know he is a cheap man, and I would like to run up against him in a show room. At one time a cocker and a farmer came to the same show place. He had a cocker and a hen, and he never got a place. He hung around my birds and the last day of the show he said: "Mayer, what will you give me for my cocker, he would have a shell cocker, and I thought I was ready to go to the asylum. I laughed at him and said: "I have sold \$95 worth of eggs from those two cockers, and they have cost me only \$40 to me. You are not!" As a result of the work of those two cockers I never lose a place in a show room. It is, however, a good thing to have such breeders as the man I have mentioned, for the sake of the willow tree. I could send a bird that a good breeder would not keep about the place.—W. M. Mayer, Vermilion County, Illinois.

Protect the Cows from Fire.

All dairy barns, creameries and the like should be as amply as possible protected against fire. This may be done in several ways. It is no better way appears to the mind of the writer, however, to have a shell cocker, and I thought I was ready to go to the asylum. I laughed at him and said: "I have sold \$95 worth of eggs from those two cockers, and they have cost me only \$40 to me. You are not!" As a result of the work of those two cockers I never lose a place in a show room. It is, however, a good thing to have such breeders as the man I have mentioned, for the sake of the willow tree. I could send a bird that a good breeder would not keep about the place.—W. M. Mayer, Vermilion County, Illinois.
No Poultry and Egg Trust.
There has been talk about a poultry and egg trust. The thing is an absurdity at the present time, and may become a reality in the future. If there shall ever rise a trust in farm lands. The cry of a trust was based on the probable fact that the packing companies had bought up large quantities of poultry and eggs and had stored them on a big scale. The owners of flocks of hens are numbered by the millions and are too numerous to have their product controlled. Besides, under the stimulus of high prices to the farmer, the number of the willow tree in a single year. Unfortunately at the present time it seems probable that the producers of poultry are not getting the benefit of the high prices being paid for their product. The poultry and egg trust, if it be so, then the high prices the consumers are paying will not stimulate production, and the present very unsatisfactory state of things will continue. We would like to hear from our readers as to the prices they are at the present time receiving for their poultry and poultry products and a statement as to the prices they have received in past years.
Plum Trees in Poultry Yards.
We often see plum trees planted in the poultry yard. The advice may be good or it may be bad. The argument on behalf of the plum tree is that the hens keep it well cultivated by scratching and keep the grass all down, and the soil is better. The hens will pick up the curculios as they drop to the ground. Well, it may be a good thing to have a plum tree in the poultry yard so far as the plum tree is concerned, but we doubt if it is any value to the poultry yard. The ideal poultry yard is not one that is bare of grass, but one that is covered with grass. In fact, the yards should be arranged in pairs, so that when a hen is in the yard she can see the hen does not demand "clean culture." When the plum tree is shaken and the curculios fall to the ground they do not lie there for an indefinite period waiting for the fatigued hen to come along and pick them up. In a few moments they are up and away. The hens will have to be pretty well trained if they are to stand around and snatch up the curculios as they drop. The theory of curculios is that they will pick up the curculios in an extensive practice.
Incubator Cellars.
Incubator cellars are constructed in various ways, but however constructed they are all alike. They are the selling house and barns. They are perhaps more likely to be fired than any of the other farm structures, and they should be placed far enough away so that in case of fire the other buildings would not be ignited. A simple method of constructing these cellars is to dig a deep pit and roof it over, piling the dirt up to the eaves. The land must be, of course, perfectly drained. If there is any danger of the rains accumulating moisture, it would be well to use cement in the bottom of the cellar and up the sides as far as there is any danger of the ingress of soil water. The benefit of this kind lies in its perfect temperature. This is a great thing in the hatching of chicks. The even temperature outside of the incubators makes it more possible to keep an even temperature within.

Control the Water in Butters.

A government bulletin says that the presence of salt, the size of the granules and the hardness of the butter are factors exerting an influence on the amount of water in the butter. Where a dry butter is desired, as for export, these principles may have considerable practical importance. By churning cream at a pouring, and continuing the churning until the granules were as large as peas, washing for about thirty minutes with water at 45 degrees to 48 degrees, and working twice, the Iowa station secured butters containing as little as 6.72 per cent of water. Of thirty-two analyses of samples of butter made in this way seven showed less than 8 per cent of water, 7 from 8 to 10 per cent, and 10 from 10 to 12 per cent. The London Hospital. Two men on horseback, dressed in what seemed to her the uniform of our scouts rode by. When they had gone a little further, they dismounted, and taking their rifles in their hands, came up, grasped the reins of her horse, and said: "The world like a walk." Surprised at the question, she inquired to what regiment they belonged. Their answer made her aware that, though claiming to be British, they were really Boers in disguise. The men spoke to her in Dutch, and then one said to her: "We are Boers and we want your horse." The sister, greatly distressed at the thought of losing the animal, which was borrowed, begged the men not to take it. They replied that they were very sorry, but they required it for military purposes. Explanations proved unavailing; she had to give way with as good grace as possible, made easy

Boer Courtesy to English Army Nurse.

A curious incident befell an army nursing sister while on riding along in the Northern Transvaal, close to a small town which has been held for the past year by the English, says the London Hospital. Two men on horseback, dressed in what seemed to her the uniform of our scouts rode by. When they had gone a little further, they dismounted, and taking their rifles in their hands, came up, grasped the reins of her horse, and said: "The world like a walk." Surprised at the question, she inquired to what regiment they belonged. Their answer made her aware that, though claiming to be British, they were really Boers in disguise. The men spoke to her in Dutch, and then one said to her: "We are Boers and we want your horse." The sister, greatly distressed at the thought of losing the animal, which was borrowed, begged the men not to take it. They replied that they were very sorry, but they required it for military purposes. Explanations proved unavailing; she had to give way with as good grace as possible, made easy

REALIZED A GOOD DEAL.

Investment in Mining Stock Was Not Altogether a Loss.
There are different sorts of interest to be drawn from investments. A man of broad experience values them all. "Speculation is all very well for people who live in the city, right in touch with everything," said the spring goods "drummer," in an airy tone, to a group of men gathered on the steps of the postoffice. "But I never would advise a man who's lived in the country all his days to try any of these schemes for quick money making. He's sure to lose."
"It's all gambling, more or less, I take it," said Obed Pearson, thoughtfully. "Still nobody could say I did anything but what I expected. I'm in the Rialto Gulch company's stock."
"Seeing it's you, I don't mind," said Mr. Pearson, slowly. "I bought the stock for \$25 a share—six shares—with the expectation, bore out and led on by circ'ars and prospectuses, that 'twould touch the hundred mark in the course of a few months. And in eight weeks it had gone down to zero, and would've gone lower'n that, I judge, if the president and directors hadn't disbanded, so to speak, and gone traveling."
"But I realized something, yes, sir," I realized that when I wanted to spend my last year, and more'n that, the next to last ones, on the poor farm, the thing for me to do was to burn up all the circ'ars and prospectuses that came to me in the future without reading 'em. And I've kept on reading 'em to this day, sir."—Youth's Companion.

NEVER OCCURRED TO HIM.

Farmer Has Poor Opinion of Artist's Mental Capacity.
Uncle Silas Eastman and wife took summer boarders. One year they had summer of artists, and were attracted by the picturesque loveliness of the Eastman farm, and Uncle Silas never hesitated to say afterward that artists were "beyond him."
"They make no trouble about their sitting," he said to a friend, when at last the boarders had taken their way to fresh fields. "You couldn't call 'em prompt, but, then, they never minded whether things were hot or cold; leastways they never found any fault."
"But they've got curious notions and mighty little faculty and common sense. One of 'em was to work on a sunset piece all the time he was here. I went out one evening and asked him how he was getting on, and he says:
"Oh, Uncle Silas, the light changes so fast, and the effect is so hard to get, and there's only one night more!"
"He was a nice little fellow, and I felt sorry for him, so I says: 'Well, why in tunket haven't the rest of 'em took hold with you and helped ye out?' There's room enough on that canvas for all four of ye to be working together! I bet ye never thought of asking 'em, now did ye?' I says:
"And do ye believe me, I'm as sure as I'm standing here in my overalls, as I'm standing here over every one of 'em that ever I saw? Yes, sir!"—Youth's Companion.

Don't Be a Pest.

If you can't oblige people in any other way, you can at least let them alone. Half the troubles of people are due to their own affairs. Half the time when you make a vigorous kick there is no kick coming to you. One of the worst habits people have is making each other unnecessary trouble. Life is hard enough at best, and others, you can't let them alone.—Atchison Globe.

Little Farmers Plant in Eggshells.

An eggshell farm is a part of one of the primary departments of industry in some American schools. Each child takes an eggshell about two-thirds whole. The child's name is written on the shell and after a lesson on soils sufficient earth is placed in the shell to fill it. Each one in a room is given the same kind of seed to plant. After the plant becomes too large for the shell the child is encouraged to take it home and plant in a garden. The teachers aim to teach the complete life history of the plant from seed to seed.
If a creator cannot fight his own battles he is hardly fit to battle for his constituents.



MOMENT OF MARTYRDOM
Peculiar Effect of the Wedding Ceremony Upon the
Betrothed Man.

"Well, the bride has at least one consolation. Her husband can't possibly be a greater fool than he looked while the ceremony was being performed." Thus spake a young woman of a Chicago Chronicle reporter on emerging from a church where a couple of her friends had just been made one. "But, then, I don't really think he looked more silly than the average man does under similar trying circumstances, and I have never been able to see just why this is so. The brides are generally a bit flustered, of course, and sometimes tearful, but they are usually very nervous persons, and compared with the party of the second part.
"Not long ago I had quite a long chat with the pastor of our church on this subject. You know, Dr. Fourly is quite an old man and has married quantities of people, so his knowledge of the matter is intimate. He told me that in his experience it was nearly always the man who showed extreme nervousness, the bride being usually quite cool. For instance, one man insisted on drawing out his watch, and another insisted until the girl took it out of his hand.
"Too many cooks in one month spoil the broth.

LUCK OF AN INVENTOR
In a Fit of Anger He Perfects
Machine Which Brings Him Fortune

Some twelve years ago, when Richard Laverson was a low-grade worker in a Pittsburg engineering shed, he hit upon a novelty in the shape of a broom made from any one of the hand, and they seemed so much superior to the usual form of broom that he thought his fortune was made. He set to work in his spare time to invent a machine which would turn out brooms for weaving on an automatic loom. He wanted to form a broom, so that the very best of a jeweler could make any small trifle into a broom while his customer waited to see it done.
Laverson spent weeks on his machine, and to advance his experiments he borrowed money from any one who would lend him; yet the thing would not do what he wanted. It even seemed to him that an evil spirit possessed the machine. Again and again he abandoned it as hopeless, and left for a few days, then tackled it again.
One day he really thought he had discovered why the machine failed to work properly, and he made the alterations he thought necessary. But, so far from the change setting things right, the machine worked even less well at all, and in a fit of rage and disappointment Laverson picked up a hammer and swung it at his machine with a very unparliamentary ejaculation.
Then he stamped out of the shop and named the nearest blockhouse. He did not look at the machine again for many weeks, but when he did he found it worked. Though it refused to turn out brooms, it turned out splendid little safety pins of a unique pattern. These pins have since sold in millions all over the United States, making Laverson a rich man. The hammer he swung at his machine had the effect of bending three small parts, which made a successful invention out of a hopeless failure.
Laverson is now part proprietor of one of the largest factories, turning out all kinds of pins.

Boer Courtesy to English Army Nurse.

A curious incident befell an army nursing sister while on riding along in the Northern Transvaal, close to a small town which has been held for the past year by the English, says the London Hospital. Two men on horseback, dressed in what seemed to her the uniform of our scouts rode by. When they had gone a little further, they dismounted, and taking their rifles in their hands, came up, grasped the reins of her horse, and said: "The world like a walk." Surprised at the question, she inquired to what regiment they belonged. Their answer made her aware that, though claiming to be British, they were really Boers in disguise. The men spoke to her in Dutch, and then one said to her: "We are Boers and we want your horse." The sister, greatly distressed at the thought of losing the animal, which was borrowed, begged the men not to take it. They replied that they were very sorry, but they required it for military purposes. Explanations proved unavailing; she had to give way with as good grace as possible, made easy

REALIZED A GOOD DEAL.

Investment in Mining Stock Was Not Altogether a Loss.
There are different sorts of interest to be drawn from investments. A man of broad experience values them all. "Speculation is all very well for people who live in the city, right in touch with everything," said the spring goods "drummer," in an airy tone, to a group of men gathered on the steps of the postoffice. "But I never would advise a man who's lived in the country all his days to try any of these schemes for quick money making. He's sure to lose."
"It's all gambling, more or less, I take it," said Obed Pearson, thoughtfully. "Still nobody could say I did anything but what I expected. I'm in the Rialto Gulch company's stock."
"Seeing it's you, I don't mind," said Mr. Pearson, slowly. "I bought the stock for \$25 a share—six shares—with the expectation, bore out and led on by circ'ars and prospectuses, that 'twould touch the hundred mark in the course of a few months. And in eight weeks it had gone down to zero, and would've gone lower'n that, I judge, if the president and directors hadn't disbanded, so to speak, and gone traveling."
"But I realized something, yes, sir," I realized that when I wanted to spend my last year, and more'n that, the next to last ones, on the poor farm, the thing for me to do was to burn up all the circ'ars and prospectuses that came to me in the future without reading 'em. And I've kept on reading 'em to this day, sir."—Youth's Companion.

NEVER OCCURRED TO HIM.

Farmer Has Poor Opinion of Artist's Mental Capacity.
Uncle Silas Eastman and wife took summer boarders. One year they had summer of artists, and were attracted by the picturesque loveliness of the Eastman farm, and Uncle Silas never hesitated to say afterward that artists were "beyond him."
"They make no trouble about their sitting," he said to a friend, when at last the boarders had taken their way to fresh fields. "You couldn't call 'em prompt, but, then, they never minded whether things were hot or cold; leastways they never found any fault."
"But they've got curious notions and mighty little faculty and common sense. One of 'em was to work on a sunset piece all the time he was here. I went out one evening and asked him how he was getting on, and he says:
"Oh, Uncle Silas, the light changes so fast, and the effect is so hard to get, and there's only one night more!"
"He was a nice little fellow, and I felt sorry for him, so I says: 'Well, why in tunket haven't the rest of 'em took hold with you and helped ye out?' There's room enough on that canvas for all four of ye to be working together! I bet ye never thought of asking 'em, now did ye?' I says:
"And do ye believe me, I'm as sure as I'm standing here in my overalls, as I'm standing here over every one of 'em that ever I saw? Yes, sir!"—Youth's Companion.

Don't Be a Pest.

If you can't oblige people in any other way, you can at least let them alone. Half the troubles of people are due to their own affairs. Half the time when you make a vigorous kick there is no kick coming to you. One of the worst habits people have is making each other unnecessary trouble. Life is hard enough at best, and others, you can't let them alone.—Atchison Globe.

Little Farmers Plant in Eggshells.

An eggshell farm is a part of one of the primary departments of industry in some American schools. Each child takes an eggshell about two-thirds whole. The child's name is written on the shell and after a lesson on soils sufficient earth is placed in the shell to fill it. Each one in a room is given the same kind of seed to plant. After the plant becomes too large for the shell the child is encouraged to take it home and plant in a garden. The teachers aim to teach the complete life history of the plant from seed to seed.
If a creator cannot fight his own battles he is hardly fit to battle for his constituents.