The Ward of King Canute

A Romance of the Danish Conquest.

By OTTILIE A. LILJENCRANTZ, author of The Thrall of Liel the Lucky.

CHAPTER IV.

Before the King.

When the curtain had fallen behind his advisers, the young king threw himself back upon his rude high seat and rested motionless among his cushions, his head hanging heavily upon his breast.

Crouching on her bench near the door, Randalin watched him as a fly caught in a web watches the approaching spider. Her eyes followed his roving glance from spear to banner, from floor to ceiling, in terrible anticipation. It approached her; it turned aside; it passed above her, hesitated, sank, touched her! Ashen white, she staggered to her feet and faced him.

"In the Troll's name, who are you?" he ejaculated. "How came you here?"

The pale lips moved, but no sound came from them.

He made a petulant gesture toward the half-filled goblet. "Why do you stand there making mouths? Drink that and get a man's voice into your throat, if you have anything to say to me."

"A man's voice!" The girl stared at him. "A man's voice?" Then, like lungfuls of fresh air, it entered into her that she was not really the naked fledgeling she felt herself. She was in the toils, surely, but there was a shell around her. Glad to hide her face for a moment, she seized the goblet and drained it slowly to the last drop.

Leaning back in his seat, the king took frowning measure of his guest, from the toe of her spurred riding boot to the top of the green cap which she had forgotten to remove. With her last swallow, he repeated his challenge.

"Are you capable now of giving me any reason why I should not have you flogged from the camp? Is it your opinion that because I choose to behave foolishly before my friends, I am desirous to have tale-bearing boys listening?"

She managed to stammer out, "I entreat you not to be angry, Lord King. I did not understand six of the words you spoke—I beseech you to believe it."

"Did you think you had fallen into a bear pit?" the king asked with a faint smile, that sharpened swiftly to bitterness. "After all, it would matter little what anyone told of me. Without doubt your kin have already taught you to call me thrall-bred and witless."

That from the warrier whose foot was already planted on the neck of England! In her surprise, Randalin's eyes met his squarely. 'By no means, King Canute; my father called you the highest-minded man in the world."

The young leader flushed scarlet, flushed till he felt the burning, and averted his face to hide it. He said in a low voice, "Many things have been told of me that I count for naught, but this—this has not been said of me before. Tell me his name."

"He was called Frode, the Dane of Avalcomb." The red mouth trembled a little. "He is dead now. He was slain last night, by Norman Leofwinesson, who is Edric Jarl's thane."

As both horseman and sentinel had started at that name, so now the King straightened into alertness, forgetting everything else.

"Leofwinesson? What know you of him or his Jarl? Where are they? When saw you them?"

"Last night; when they lay drunk in my father's castle at Avalcomb. It was spoken among them that they would join you at sunset to-day——"

Canute's hand shot out and gripped her arm and shook it. "You know this for certain? I will have your tongue if you lie to me! You are sure that they intend coming—that it is not their intention to play me false and return to Edmund?"

"I know what I heard them say, Lord King. They said that Edric Jarl had marched on to St. Alban's to lie there over-night. Leofwinesson stopped at Avalcomb because he wished to vent his spite upon my father. They will be here before the sun is set."

Canute released her arm to reach for his goblet. He looked at her with a half-smile as he refilled his cup, motioning toward the other flagon. "Fill up, and we will drink a toast to their loyalty and to your beard; they appear to be equally in need of encouragement." Draining it off, he sat staring down into the dregs, twirling the stem thoughtfully between his fingers.

By the time she had shifted her weight twice for each foot, the petitioner ventured to recall him.

"It gives me some hope, to hear what you say about suspecting Edric Jarl," she said timidly; "for that makes it appear more likely that you will be willing to give me justice on his man."

"Justice?" The King's mind came back to her slowly, as from an immense distance. "By Thor, I had forgotten! Yes, certainly; I will be kinglike once. Stand here before me, while I question you."

She caught her breath rather sharply as she stepped forward. Would she be able to tell a straight story?

"Tell me first how you are called?"

"I am called Fridtjof Frodesson."

"Frode of Avalcomb! Now I know where I have heard that name; my father spoke it often, and always with great respect. It will go hard with me if I must return an unfavorable answer to his son. Tell me how his death was brought about."

Randalin thrust the sobs back from her throat; the tears back from her eyes. She began slowly: "Leofwinesson set upon him last night, at the gate of the castle, and slew him. He had five-and-fifty men, and my father but twelve—besides me; he—we—had just come in from hunting. Then he rode over my father's body into the castle." She stopped uncertainly to glance at her listener.

"Go on and tell me the rest. How comes it that you escaped unharmed?"

With Gram's experience to follow, it was not hard to frame that answer. "They knocked me on the head with a spear-butt and left me for dead. When I got my senses again, I found my way to the nuns of St. Mildred's; and they gave me food, and I rode hither."

"It is the Troll's luck! I—yet, go on. The day will come! Did they further harm within the castle? Have you women-kin?"

Randalin hesitated. Would it not be safer if she could deny altogether the existence of a daughter of Frode? But no, that was not possible, in the face of what Norman might reveal. She began very, very carefully: "It happened that my mother died before we came to Avalcomb; and my father had but one daughter. She was called Randalin. A—her thrall-woman told me that Leofwinesson pursued her to a chamber in the wall. And—and because she could not escape from him—she—she threw herself from the window, and the stones below caused her death."

The King's hands clenched convulsively. "It is like them!" he muttered. "It has happened as I supposed. Have no fear but that I will avenge your kinswoman. Those of her own blood-ties could do no more. And Frode also. You shall see! Have patience, and you shall see!"

Upon burning ears the word "patience" falls coldly.

"Patience!" the child of Frode repeated. The bitterness of failure had swept over her and maddened her. Was she mistaken, then, about everything? Could those trembling old women behind the broken wall read the world like witches? Was everyone false or a beast? Oh, how her father had been wronged! She shook off the King's hand and faced him with blazing eyes, seeking for words that should bite like her thoughts. Then she became conscious that a word would precipitate a flood of hysterical tears, to the eternal disgrace of her warrior kin. All that was left for her was to get away without speaking. Out in the woods there would be no one to see; and the grass would hide the quivering of her lips. She put up her hand now to hide it, and, struggling to her feet, began groping toward the door.

She did not stop when Canute's voice called after her—not until she had reached the entrance, and the rattle of crossing spears, without, had told her that her way was barred. Then she whirled back with a sharp cry.

"Let me go! I hate you! Let me go!"

He did not bid his guards kill her, as she half expected. Instead, he said patiently, "I foresaw that you would take it ill; there is the greatest excuse for you. In your place I should be equally unruly. I will grant you boon in time to come; so sure as I live, I will. And until then, since all your stock has been cut off, I will be your guardian and you shall be my ward, as though you were my own brother. Come, sit here, and I will tell you."

She repulsed him sharply. "No, no, you shall do nothing for me! I am going back. I ask you to let me go."

Leaning at his ease in the great chair, the young King regarded his ward thoughtfully.

"It is not possible that the son of Frode the Fearless should be a coward," he said at last; "but you are over-peevish, boy. Listen now to the truth of the matter. If you were a maiden, it would be easy for me to—Are you listening?" He paused, for the slim figure had suddenly become so statue-like that he suspected it of plotting another attack on the door.

The boy answered very low, "Yes, Lord King, I am listening."

Canute went on again: "I say that if you were a maiden—if you were your sister, to tell it shortly—I could easily dispose of you in marriage. I would wed you to my foster-brother, Rothgar Lodbroksson, and thus bring good to both of—Are you finding fault with that also?"

But the lad stood before him like a stone. If a faint cry had come from him, it was not repeated; and there was nothing offensive about a hidden face and shaking limbs.

The King continued more gently: "But since you were so simple as to be born a boy, such good luck is not to be expected. It is the best that I can do to offer you to become my ward and follow me as my page, until the sword's game has decided between me and Edmund of England. What say you, Fridtjof the Bold?"

For a time it looked as if "Fridtjof the Bold" did not know what to say. Silence filled the tent, while from outside leaked in the noise of the revel. Then, through that noise or above it there became audible the notes of far-away horns. Edric Jarl was fulfilling his pledge. An exclamation broke from the King's lips, and he leaped up. At that moment, "Fridtjof the Bold" fell at his feet with clasped hands and supplicating eyes.

"Let me go, Lord King," he besought passionately. "Let me go, and I will ask nothing further of you. I will never trouble you again. Let me go!—only let me go!"

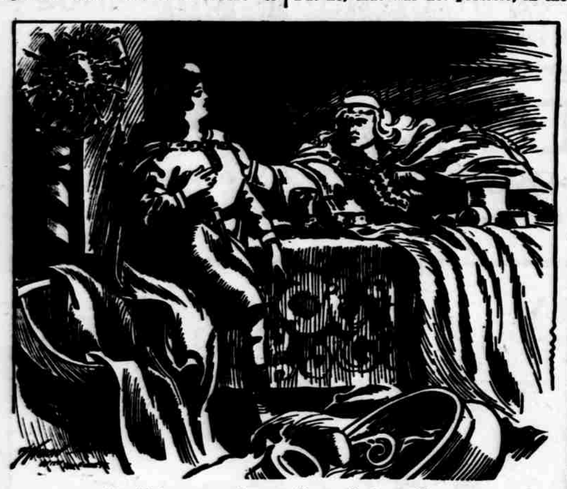
Canute of Denmark is not to be blamed that he stamped with exhausted patience.

"By the head of Odin, it would serve you well did I take you at your word! It would serve you right did I turn you out to starve. Were it not for your father's sake, and for the sake of my own honor, I vow I would! Now hearken to this." Bending, he picked the boy up by his collar and shook him. I shall not let you go, and you shall be my ward, whether you will or no. And if you answer me now or anger me further—but I will not say that, for it is your misfortune that makes you unruly, and you are weak-spirited from hunger. Take this bread now for your meal, and that bench yonder for your bed, and trouble me no more to-night. I must meet with the Jarl! Go! Do you heed my orders?"

Only one answer was possible. After a moment the page gave it in a low voice.

"Yes, Lord King," he whispered, and crept away to his corner.

(To be continued.)



"I will have your tongue if you lie to me!"

HAS SIMPLE FIRE ESCAPE.

Englishman's Invention Seems to Fill Long-felt Want.

An Englishman has devised an ingenious traveling-bag fire escape. It can be made at any trunkmaker's for little more than an ordinary portmanteau of the same kind would cost. Moreover, the fire-escape part of it does not interfere to any extent with its capacity for holding your dress suit, boots, shirts or other things requisite for the traveler. In one small compartment will be found hundreds of feet of fine, light rope used by mountaineers in the Swiss Alps for roping themselves together while crossing glaciers and climbing precipitous ice slopes. There is also a particularly ingenious little brake arrangement and two pairs of steel snap hooks. If an alarm of fire is given in a hotel in the dead of night and the flames cut off every means of communication with the outside the possessor of this portmanteau simply slips out of bed, snaps one set of hooks round the bed leg or other substantial piece of furniture, and the other set to the sides of the portmanteau. This last he then throws out the window, gets into it himself, and then lowers himself as as quickly or as slowly as he pleases by means of the brake.

Book He Was Quoting From.

Melvin Chapman, the well known lawyer and ex-mayor of Oakland, tells of the late Attorney George W. Tyler and Joseph McKenna, the latter now one of the justices of the United States supreme court.

Tyler once went to Fairchild, Cal., to argue a demurrer to a complaint. McKenna was the attorney for the plaintiff. After Tyler had talked to the court for two weary hours McKenna, in that gentle manner for which he has always been famous, suggested that he thought "counsel had failed utterly to discuss the essential features of the matter."

Tyler retorted in his gruffest tones: "Mr. McKenna, what you don't know about law—and what I don't know—would fill a very large volume."

The little gentleman retorted: "Yes, Judge Tyler, and that is the work from which you have been quoting all morning."—Rochester Herald.

Joke Was on Mrs. Manning.

At a social gathering the other evening of persons who were prominent during the first Cleveland administration somebody told of a dinner given by Daniel Manning, then secretary of the treasury. William L. Trenholm, comptroller of the currency, was a guest, and between courses he took from his pocket a folded pocket handkerchief intending to wipe his glasses. On unfolding it he found that it was badly torn and dilapidated, so he hastily thrust it out of sight. After dinner Mrs. Manning mentioned the matter to her husband, who burst into a roar of laughter as he replied: "Good Lord! The butler told me Trenholm had forgotten to bring a handkerchief, so I sent him one of mine."

Chile Rich in Mineral Wealth.

According to the United States consul at Callao, Peru, that country has many rich, large mineral deposits of gold, silver, copper, mercury, lead, sulphur, coal, salt and petroleum, not to name those of less importance. He further states that the only things necessary to develop these vast deposits are capital and labor, which would make the republic as renowned for its mineral wealth as California, Australia and South Africa.

To Whom Apology Is Due.

"Hello, Jones!"

"Yes, but this is Smith."

"Oh!"

"Well, aren't you going to apologize?"

"Yes, when I see Jones."

Undecided.

Mr. Newlwed—Where are you going to-day, my dear?

Mrs. Newlwed—I don't know. I haven't read the bargain advertisements yet.

Same Thing.

"He's employed by the railroad company now, I understand."

"Yes; he has charge of the puzzle department."

"The what?"

"He makes out the time tables."

Source of Knowledge.

Butinski—Are you aware of the fact that a fool can ask questions that a wise man can't answer?

Slugovich—I've heard so, but I never knew it until now.

Pa Had Been There.

"Say, pa," queried little Johnnie Bumpernickle, "what is the reverse side of a coin?"

"It's the side I always name when I toss another man for the cigars," replied the old man.

Hitting Up the Price.

"I see that cotton has reached the highest price recorded in the past thirty years."

"Wonder if it is the mightiest battin' record?"

Everyday Sort of Hero

The Winston (N. C.) papers speak in high terms of the Memorial Day oration delivered by the Hon. Frank C. Robbins of Lexington. He was one of six brothers who responded to the call for troops when North Carolina seceded. Only two returned—the Hon. M. W. Robbins, member of the Gettysburg commission, and the Hon. Frank C. Robbins. Capt. "Mack" Robbins has served in Congress and is the more widely known of the two brothers, but not a whit more deserving of the confidence of the state. Modest, able, honorable, incorruptible, Capt. Frank Robbins is the best type of the North Carolina lawyer and citizen.

In his speech at Lexington Capt. Robbins followed no hackneyed line, but filled his address with inspiring and human stories. The Sentinel thus gives an account of his story of a true to life hero, prefaced by an estimate of the address:

"The simple earnestness of his manner, his clear, graphic statements of facts, the total absence of clap-trap from every utterance, together with his noble and impressive personality, compelled the admiration and approval of every one. It is impossible to give in a mere outline any adequate idea of his address, which dealt with the character of the Confederate soldier and its inspiration. This, he said, could best be illustrated by incidents rather than by description.

"He told of a man in his company Henry Lusk, a roving, foraging sort of a fellow, faithful and brave in battle, never missing when there was to be a fight, but frequently in danger of the guardhouse for absence from roll call. He often reprimanded him, but Lusk always got the better of him by asking him if he had ever failed him in the hour of battle. When Capt. Robbins' command was ordered South he called up Lusk and told him he wanted him to have no more roving and foraging. Lusk promised that he would not fail him.

"That was the last he ever saw of Lusk. In a battle that followed soon after Capt. Robbins and many another fell in a desperate but successful charge. After his return to his command Capt. Robbins said the first greeting he got from Lieut. Vaughan was a message from Henry Lusk. 'Tell Capt. Robbins,' he said, 'that I did not fail him.' Henry Lusk had fallen in the front of that gallant charge. He was a nomad in his way; he loved to rove and forage, but his loyalty and bravery no man might impeach."

It is stories like this that the youth of the country love to hear. Too many orators deal only with perfect heroes. Boys and men are skeptical of the tributes that deal only with men without faults. Their experience is that there are few perfect men. Most of the heroes of war, like the heroes of peace, have their failings. Give us more of the heroes like Private Henry Lusk.—Raleigh (N. C.) News and Observer.

War Gods of Japan

Innumerable stories are being published in Japan about Capt. Hirose, who died in an attempt to "bottle up" the Russian fleet at Port Arthur and who has been proclaimed a "war god." A man who knew him in childhood says: "As a child the captain received with us the primary-school instruction at the Kwansho school. The boy is father of the man; and even in those early days the boy Hirose distinguished himself far above his schoolfellows both in play and scholarship. It was he who was the champion of the sport of sliding on the snow down Ebi hill. He never had his face stained with a daub of ink when we played the 'poetry cards' at his father's temporary residence, simply because he was never beaten even once. Then whenever we boys had exercises in versification his performances nearly always won the best mark, and even when they failed, at rare intervals, to come to that level of excellence they never fell below the standard of second best. In short, he was carried by an unconquerable spirit in anything he took a hand in.

"Hirose took great pains in the training of his body," says this same Japanese gossip. "While a student at the Kogyoku-sha he made it a rule to take a constitutional round the outer moat of the palace premises early every morning. It was not surprising that, with his appetite whetted by such vigorous exercise, he very often emptied by himself the whole contents of a boiled rice cask holding in it the portion of two or three people. He used to say that he had been admitted to the naval academy not by the strength of his scholarship but by virtue of his splendid physique, and he added that he failed to see any good in the practice of constantly poring over books with weakened health."

Jigoro Kano, who was Capt. Hirose's teacher in jujitsu, tells one Japanese newspaper that this martial art was the captain's only source of amusement, and that he used to devote himself to the exercise with rare application. For instance, when he returned home from a long cruise, the first thing he would do after landing on shore was to come with his jujitsu suit to Kano's school and have as many bouts with his instructor as possible.

They Killed the Snake

During the siege of Ladysmith in the Boer war, Henry W. Nevinson and the late T. W. Maud, British war correspondent, were walking up the main road of the village when they caught sight of a black thing moving rapidly across the road close in front of their feet. It was about three feet long or a little less and was moving very swiftly. In a perfectly straight line it darted forward, without the usual snake-like wriggling or other visible means of movement. Accustomed from boyhood to hunt adders on the Cumberland moors, Nevinson dashed upon it with his stick and broke its back with a single blow. Nevertheless, it still continued to move forward, as snakes will, no matter how desperately wounded, and the war correspondent sprang on its head and stamped it into the dust with his boot. At the same time Maud, who had only just perceived the danger, stamped on its back. The long and deadly body gave a few little jerks and then lay still. The snake was carefully lifted on the end of a stick, carried back to the cottage, where the two men lived, and carefully deposited outside for future examination.

On the following morning a fragment of a Boer shell dropped on the snake, cutting it clean in half—but the rest is better told in Mr. Nevinson's own words: "To my astonishment," he says, "I noticed that the snake's inside was pure white. I looked closer. It was white, cotton wool. The skin was a silken umbrella case. The body was carefully wound round with black thread and a long piece of cotton projected from the mouth—the place where the deadly fangs ought to have been. Being something of a naturalist, I took the creature up in my hand, lifted it with care, because I remembered that poisonous snakes will bite even after death. I thought that at the end of the campaign I would bring it home and present it to the South Kensington museum. It needed no stuffing.

"And now, whenever I am downhearted and want to think of something that is happy, I think of the little boy (or little girl) who sat behind a wall with a piece of cotton in his hand and watched two experienced war correspondents pluckily dancing upon his magic snake and leaving it for dead."

Men Who Give Millions

It has been nearly fifty years since Peabody startled the public by his benefactions on both sides of the Atlantic, says the Baltimore American. Girard had been the pioneer in American philanthropy, but Girard, for some reason, did not fascinate the public of his day, and it remained for the future to do full justice to his splendid generosity. Peabody captured the English-speaking people at once, and, in accordance with popular forecast, his example was speedily followed by wealthy men, of whom Baltimore has certainly had her share. In England gigantic philanthropic enterprises have been provided for by some of her public men, and in this country grand and wonderfully useful institutions attest the influence of the pioneer philanthropists. Many now living will remember the amazement and stir caused by Mr. Peabody's munificent gifts, an impression which had scarcely faded a particle at his death. His remains were brought to the Chesapeake in the finest warship of the British navy, and a mighty procession was marshaled by the state to receive them, while the public manifested its sympathy in every possible manner.

On Saturday Mr. Andrew Carnegie departed from New York to Europe on his annual vacation. He had just given $5,000,000 for educational purposes. He has given in the last few years nearly $100,000,000 for similar objects, but there was no stir on Saturday, the great public not knowing, nor apparently caring, whether he was in New York or Europe. A few newspaper men met him at the pier of the steamer, just as they would meet any prominent citizen who was going abroad, with the hope of securing some information for their papers. When Peabody reached the United States from England there was a great turnout of the people and they appeared to regard the philanthropist with a species of awe mixed with veneration. The people have probably as much admiration for Carnegie today as they had for Peabody in the '60s, but philanthropists, like great men, have become so common in this country that they have ceased to evoke demonstration.

The Land of Used-to-Be

There is no map that shows us where
Its hills laugh at the sky;
No map—or we would journey there
Where flowered valleys lie.
The little Land of Used-to-be—
A fancied land, forsooth,
Which has for mete and boundary
The dim frontiers of youth.

O, little Land of Used-to-be,
Your roses were so red!
Your skies were azure seas where ships
Went sailing overhead.
A band of laughter and of song,
Where bees' contented croons
Kept time with swaying, poppy blooms
Through summer afternoons.

We seek the pathway to that land,
But seek it all in vain,
Sometimes the rain seems like a hand
That tips upon the pane
And lulls us softly into sleep
Blest with a revery
Wherein our glad hearts find and keep
The Land of Used-to-be.

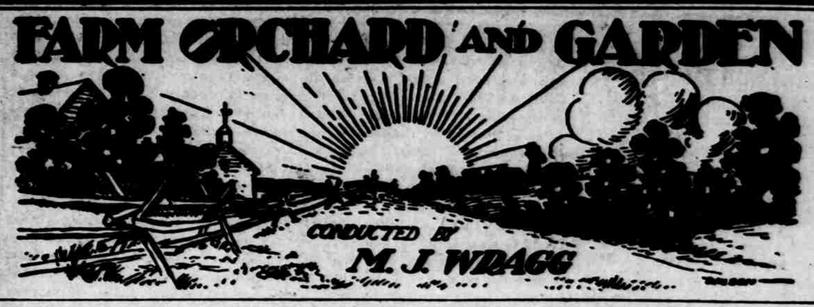
O, little Land of Used-to-be,
So far, and fair, and faint,
Whence mellow songs come murmuring
In accents old and quaint!
Your trees were all so broad and high
And prodigal of shade
Wherein the scattered sunshine in mosaics lounged and played.

Oftimes we look to where it lies—
For this we know full well;
Its distant glamour never dies;
We never lose the spell—
Ah, would that we might rise and go
Down paths of memory
And find the land we used to know,
The Land of Used-to-be!

O, little Land of Used-to-be,
What treasures do you hide!
The dancing streams that romped and ran
Through meadows green and wide;
The hills whence songs, it seemed to us,
Were echoes of our glee—
Why is it we can never find the Land of Used-to-be?

—W. D. M., in Chicago Tribune.

FARM ORCHARD AND GARDEN



[Mr. Wragg invites contributions of any new ideas that readers of this department may wish to present, and would be pleased to answer correspondents desiring information on subjects discussed. Address M. J. Wragg, Waukee, Iowa.]

IT WILL NOT PAY.

To wait for the weeds to grow. If we do we must strike blows all the harder to pay for it.

It will not pay to wait till the "old of the moon" before doing our work here on earth. The moon is always old—old enough to look out for herself. We must do the same.

It will not pay to try to make a two-forty horse of a ten-minute colt. It isn't in the blood.

It will not pay to work after the day hangs up its lantern, and gives you a hint to do the same.

It will not pay to keep the noses of the boys and girls down between the furrows from morning to night. If you try it, you will look up some day and find that you are alone.

It is not a paying thing to lose a dollar's worth of life for the sake of saving ten cents' worth of money.

It will not pay to let the bright boy leave home and keep the other one on the farm.

It will not pay to let the good wife have to hunt all around for chips to start the fire.

Peter Tumbledown is very busy just now, like most farmers, and has hardly time to bring up the cows, so he sends a boy and dog for them, who run them right home. This is fun for the dog and boy, but it is not good for the cows, nor profitable for Peter. Peter never did find that the farm pays, and we guess never will. He never Paris greens his potatoes until half of the tops are eaten off.

PROPAGATING GOOSEBERRIES.

The gooseberry may be grown from cuttings as is the currant or by mound layering. By this method the old plants are headed back to induce the formation of strong new shoots near the surface of the ground. Late in June or July, or when the new wood has become somewhat hardened, a mound of earth is made about four or five inches deep above the base of the shoots. In the fall the earth is removed, the rooted shoots are cut off and planted at once in well prepared soil, or they may be tied in bundles and treated as cuttings until the following spring. If care is used in removing shoots during the winter, propagation from the same plants may produce indefinitely from year to year.

If a man wants to have a good market for any kind of live stock he must persuade all his neighbors to produce good stock. Buyers will then flock to that neighborhood for what they want.

NON-PAYING COWS.

The dairy commissioner of Minnesota says that 25 per cent of the cows in that state do not pay for their feed and that they should be sent to the butcher as soon as possible. The sad part of this is that the owners of those cows do not know that they are paying for their feed, but keep them in the belief that they are doing something to increase the profits. Many and many a man has been bankrupted by the cows he has kept. The trouble has been that there was no way the owner could know what was being done by his cows till the Babcock test came into use. Since that time the great factor that prevents its use is negligence. It takes a great deal of hammering to get even a single new idea into the heads of some men.

The nutritive value of any fruit depends chiefly upon the starches and sugar which it contains. Dates, plantains, bananas, prunes, figs and grapes contain the most starch and sugar, and therefore are the most nutritious foods. Cherries, apples, currants, strawberries and grapes contain considerable vegetable acid, making them valuable as blood purifiers.

ALFALFA, KAFIR CORN AND PROSPERITY.

It is a significant and noteworthy fact that the prosperity of the past decade is contemporaneous with the recognition of alfalfa and Kafir corn in the agricultural economy of Kansas, and no one can successfully deny that these two crops have been big factors in its realization. By the fact that Kafir corn can be successfully grown in all localities, of its being a strong resistant to protracted heat and dryness, and its proved feeding qualities, close or practically equal to corn, it promises to become a principal resource in a region where live stock is the predominating interest and the production of corn is something of any uncertainty.

Twenty thousand Americans have invaded the Canadian northwest this season and have either bought or homesteaded a vast tract of the fertile land of that region.

There is simply no excuse on any farm for not furnishing shade and plenty of pure fresh water for the poultry in summer.

If you have pure-bred poultry make an exhibit at the county fair. It will help you and will help the fair, even if you win little or nothing.

Eggs are the foundation of the poultry business. As a rule there is more money in selling eggs than in selling poultry on the market.

A man who handles more horses in one way and another than any one else I know of, told me the other day that he never strikes a horse a blow with a whip, and yet horses always obey him. It is the man who is always cutting and slashing with his whip who has ill tempered and dangerous horses.

Lime is cheap, is a good disinfectant, is easily secured, and is one of the best purifiers, and should be used often as a wash for coops, perches, nest boxes and the sides of the houses. Don't fail to sprinkle it liberally and often on the floors of the chicken house and the coops.

WATERING HORSES.

During the summer months the farm animals require an abundance of good water. The team in the field should not be compelled to go from morning to noon and from noon to night without one or more opportunities to drink. It is a widespread, but mistaken notion that a moderate amount of water will injure a horse if given while the animal is warm or sweated; but harm may possibly result from allowing large amount of water at a time to the heated animal. Water should be given frequently enough to prevent excessive thirst.

Water fresh from the spring or well is best and is never too cold if in reasonable amounts. Endeavor to get the horse to drink before feeding at all times; large amounts taken soon after feeding may induce colic and indigestion by washing the grain from the stomach into the intestines before the stomach digestion has become finished.

Yes, sir, that man who said not to dehorn your calves but wait until they are two years old knew what he was talking about. Just wait until they commence using their horns, then dehorn them and they are conquered. I have tried having young calves dehorned several times and they always grew up to be the meanest cattle to keep on a farm that ever I had anything to do with.

FLOORS AND RATS.

If the poultry house is in such condition as to allow rats to run under the floor, the farmer may as well give up the poultry business. They are worse than any disease the fowls may have. When the house is built it is very easy to put wire netting, such as is used for the small chicks, under the floors. If you have not done this, another easy way to keep out rats is to put in a cement floor. It may cost a little more than fixing up the wooden floor, but it is safe against rats, and a wooden floor is not. If wire mesh is put in with the cement when the floor is laid it will be all the better.

Take the rainy and other "off" days to mend up the broken tools, harness, etc., and not the days when the sun shines bright and other work presses. Head work about such things pays a fine interest.

KANSAS.

A Forecast of the Harvest Season—1904.

I've just got back from Kansas
To my home in Illinois
And the sights I saw in Kansas
Have filled my soul with joy
For the fields with corn are crowded
The sun is shining bright,
The harvester stands ready,
And the harvest is in sight.

I've just got back from Kansas
And am dead stuck on the state,
Its people are on "Easy street,"
Its climate's simply great;
Its farms are rolling parkways,
And the flowers that adorn
The meadows and the hillsides
Are—Corn, Corn, Corn.

I've just got back from Kansas,
And the funny man can poke
His pieces in the paper
And laugh and scoff and joke
About the Kansas farmer
And the whiskers that he grows,
And the way these whiskers flutter
When the Kansas Zephyr blows.

But I'd rather live in Kansas,
Among her bursting cribs,
Than to live here in Chicago
A-writing funny squibs;
So when any Kansas farmer
Thinks his whiskers don't adorn
His face—why, I will wear 'em
If he'll "divvy" up his corn."

—J. B. Dignam, in Exchange.

Of all the problems the farmers of to-day have to meet this one of honest officials is most urgent. What is the reason we do not grapple with it? Does anybody know? In the fall, after the harvests are in, there will be some elections held, and some parties will want our votes. Shall they get what they want? No, a thousand times no, unless they put up good men who are fit for the offices they seek. Let us turn down all the candidates who are unworthy, no matter whether they belong to our party or not; this is the way to clean the Augean stables and set things right.

READING IN THE RURAL HOME.

It has been my experience many times while staying at different homes in the country, to find so few newspapers and magazines in them. If there is one place more than another that needs good, every day reading, it's in the home where the parents and children do not get the benefits from the city—its libraries, public reading rooms and different literature clubs. How much more do we know of the world's events of to-day, and just through the newspapers and magazines!

We notice that a great exhibit is to be made at the world's fair at St. Louis from the Philippine Islands. The exhibit will cover forty acres. Typical villages will be present, inhabited by natives. A fine exhibit will also be made of the products of the country. The exhibit of fiber especially will be made on a very large scale. Five hundred thousand dollars are set aside for making this exhibit.

FOOT NOTE.

The way to prevent the colts from becoming marked for life or possibly ruined by barbed wire or other cuts, is not to allow colts in a field fenced in with such material.

Many farmers salt their cows on the ground. That is not the best way. Boxes, or if the cows come up under the shed at night, a strip of board nailed along the edge of a long sill to make a wide trough will hold the salt far better, and the cows can get it as they need it. The old way is wasteful, and waste means harder work to get along on the farm, as it does everywhere.

The poultry keeper who does not provide suitable shade for his fowls, ought to be obliged to spend a day in their yards when the thermometer registers from 95 to 100 degrees in the shade.

Six to eight pounds of salt sprinkled over each load of hay when it is put in the mow tends to keep the hay fresh and increase its palatability.

IOWA MAKES LESS BUTTER.

According to the Iowa State Dairy Commissioner's report Iowa has closed sixty-one creameries and sixty-one skimming stations during the past year, and the make has dropped from 77,000,000 pounds of butter during 1902 to 66,000,000 for the year 1903. The commissioner does not give the cause of this falling off, but says that he believes the bottom has been reached and that he expects a revival of the dairy industry in Iowa.

The beef industry of Iowa has been very profitable during the past few years. This has led to so much high class beef breeding among the Iowa farmers that it may have lowered the dairy qualities of their cows. Perhaps the situation was correctly expressed by an Iowa creamery man when he said that for the best interest of the dairy the Iowa farmer had given too much attention to the beef side of the general purpose cow.

To feel perfectly safe, while working with the bees it is quite necessary to wear a veil. It is easily made, and it is foolhardy to try to get along without it. Take any kind of veiling with large meshes and sew to the rim of an old straw hat; have it long enough so that the lower edges can be tucked under the suspenders or inside of the coat collar. Black is preferable, as objects are more distinctly seen through it.

Before opening a hive of bees send in a few puffs of smoke to prevent the sentinels from rushing out and stinging you. The smoke will alarm them and they will run to the combs and fill themselves with honey. Then when the hive is opened the bees will adhere better to the combs and can be examined with ease. Honey should be left on the hive until it is capped; bees always ripen the honey before capping. They can be seen after a hard day's work, fanning at the entrance sending air into the hive to evaporate the moisture that is in the nectar when gathered.

CURING CLOVER.

We must cure our clover in such a manner that the leaves will not be lost. The greater part of the nutriment of the clover plant is found in the leaves. When this hay is cured in the swath in the ordinary way, the leaves become dry and brittle and are lost in the field. Clover should be cut when dry and be soon bunched up and cured in the cocks. Turn the hay over the second day and put it in larger cocks. Here the clover sweats and gets rid of much of its moisture and dries out in a soft, tender state. The second day it is ready to put in the barn.

So it has come to be a question whether the problem our legislators have set themselves at be not, after all, not how to make men honest, but how to be dishonest themselves. Some one has very thoughtfully said that no law can be framed in which some flaw can not be found, or, in vulgar parlance, some "hole" discovered. Through these "holes" so neatly devised men come and go at pleasure spoiling those with whom they have dealings and escaping the justice to which their deeds so well entitle them.

LICE ON HOGS.

Are easily seen if animal is examined in good light. The remedy is kerosene, either as emulsion with strong soapsuds, one to ten, or, what is probably better for small number of hogs, is to apply kerosene and lard one to three, well-mixed and stirred with gentle heat. Apply these remedies carefully to very young pigs. Pens and yards will need cleaning and woodwork and scratching places whitewashed or sprayed with kerosene to insure success.

Much of success depends on the breed, for easy feeding. Where a lank family of thoroughbreds, or worse still, long-snouted scrubs, is the foundation stock, it is small wonder that the buyers of pigs for home fattening become disgusted and say: "Pork-making is a failure." Try Berkshire, small Yorkshire, or Poland China full-bloods, or at least have the pigs for sale, direct grades from such sires.

TALKS ON HOGS.

Few domestic animals make a surer, quicker and larger return from money invested than brood sows properly managed. They should never produce less than two litters annually, and by close watching will sometimes do still better.

Does your horse whinny with delight when he hears your voice after an absence, or does he lay back his ears and act as if he would like to kick you out of the barn? Actions speak louder than words. In fact, no words are needed to tell whether or not a horse is treated so that he loves his master.

One of the most faithful all-summer blooming roses that are reasonably hardy with us in the Dinsmore. Every shoot that pushes out from any part of its stem is sure to end in a bud, and that, too, in a very short time. So that all that is needed is to keep the plant growing in order to have it in bloom.

As farmers we ought to work to keep our muscles up; but about the meanest way in the world to do this is by swinging a milking stool over the back of a defenseless cow.

Many a horse has been spoiled by his master leaving him unhitched about the farm while the owner went to visit a neighbor or do some other piece of work. Never give a horse an opportunity to run away. This is especially true of a young horse, full of life.

There will be no danger of your bees starving if you sow a patch of buckwheat for them now, soon. It is wonderful the amount of sweetness these busy bodies manage to extract from the blossoms.