The Ward of King Canute

A Romance of the Danish Conquest.

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

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CHAPTER XI.

How the Fates Cheated Randalin.

After that night the deep-set windows of Ivarsdale Tower looked out upon some grim sights. The first morning it was a skirmish in the meadow beyond the foot-bridge, when the three-score farmer-soldiers came loyally to their leader's aid. Though Kendred of Hazelford marched bravely at their head, they were practically uncaptained, with any kind of weapon in their hands and no kind of armor over their homespun. What chance had they against sixty picked warriors, led by the fiercest chief of a race of chieftains? They met, and there was a moment of clash and of clangor, a moment of awful commotion, and when the whirling dust-clouds settled, the only homespun that was moving was that which was flying, sped by Danish arrows. All the rest of the day the Tower windows looked out upon a litter of brown heaps here and there, a white face upturned, or a scarf-end fluttering in the autumn wind.

Wild with helpless misery, the Lord of Ivarsdale would have charged the Berserkers with his handful of armed servants if the old cniht had not restrained him almost by force; when he spent his breath in railing at everything between earth and sky.

"It is the folly of it that maddens me!" he cried over and over. "The needless folly! Had I but used my mind to think with, instead of to plan feasts—I am moved to dash my brains out when I remember it!"

"Nay, it is my judgment that was lacking," Morcard said bitterly. "I was an old dog that could not learn a new trick. I should have seen that the old ways no longer avail. The fault was mine." His wrinkled old face was so haggard with self-reproach that the Etheling hastily relented.

"Now I bethink me, I am wrong, and it is no one's fault. It comes of the curse that lies over the Island. Was there not something rotten in all English palisades? It would never have happened that the pirates got their first foothold. But we have shaken off the spell, and they have not mastered us yet. To-night we will try to get a messenger out to my kinsman in Yorkshire and another to my father's friend in Essex."

The next day, and for many days thereafter, the Tower windows stared out like expectant eyes. But no delivering bands ever came over the hills to reward their watching. From the moment that he was swallowed by the outer darkness, the messenger for Yorkshire was as lost to their sight as though he had plunged into the ocean. And a week later the man who had been sent to Essex crept back with a dejection that foretold his ill success. The ealdorman was taxed, might and main, to protect his own lands. He regretted it, to his innermost vitals, but these were days when each must stand or fall for himself. He could only send his sympathy and the counsel to hold out undauntedly in the hope that some fortune of war would call the besiegers away.

When he heard that Father Ingulph forgot his rules to indulge in a curse. "Does he think we have possession of the widow's blessed oil-cruse?" If the larder had not been stocked for a week's feasting, we must needs have been starved under ere this. How much longer can we endure, even at one meal a day?" He sighed as he drew his belt in another notch.

When the beginning of the Wine Month came, the bitterest sight that the Tower windows gave out upon was the band of foragers that every morning went forth from the Danish campfires. Every noon they returned amid a taunting racket, with armfuls of aleskins, back-loads of salted meats, and bags bulging with the bread which they had forced the terrified farm-women into baking for them. "They have the ingenuity of fiends," Father Ingulph was wont to groan after each of these spectacles.

At last the time arrived when it looked as thought these visions were to be the only glimpses of food vouchsafed to them.

"Bread for one more meal, and the last ale-cask has been broached," the steward answered in a very faint voice when Morcard put the nightly question.

Because it was not possible for the old man's face to record more misery, the light of the guard-room fire over which he crouched showed no change whatever in his expression.

It was the young lord, who sat beside him, that answered. After a pause he said gently, "Go and try to get some sleep. At least you can dream of food."

"I have done no otherwise for a sennight," the man sighed, as he hurried away to snatch the tongs from a serf who was spending an unnecessary fagot upon the fire. At any other time he would have shouted at him, but it was little loud talking that was done within the walls these days.

When they were left alone, the old cniht threw himself back upon the bench and covered his face with his mantle. "I have outlived my usefulness," he moaned. "I have lived to bring ruin on the house that has sheltered me. What guilt I lie under!"

For a time he lay as stark and rigid as though death had already closed about him. The guard-room seemed to become a funeral chamber, with a mass of hovering shadows for a pall. The fire held up funeral tapers of flickering flame, and the whispers of the starving men who warmed themselves in its heat broke the silence as dismally as the voices of mourners.

But the Lord of Ivarsdale said steadily, "Not so, good friend; and it hurts my pride sorely that you should speak as if I were still of no importance in my father's house. That which I called myself lord of, it behooved me to rule over. If ever I get out of this"—checking himself, he rose to his feet. "The smoke makes my wits heavy. Methinks I will go up into the air a while."

He took a step toward the door, but halted when the red-cloaked page, who had been stretched near him on the bench, started up as though preparing to accompany him.

"Stay where you are, lad. These fasts from sleep will parch your young brains. I go up to the platform because I would rather walk than rest; but do you remain here by the fire and try to catch a drowsiness from its heat."

But the page advanced with the old wilful shake of his curly head. "I also would rather walk, if you please."

As he looked at him, compassion came into the Etheling's face. The hollowness of their sockets made the boy's large eyes look larger, and his fever-flush trebled their brightness. Sebert said with a poor attempt at a smile, "Little did I think that my hospitality would ever produce such a guest. Poor youngling! You would better have crept out to your countrymen, as I bade you."

Again the dark head shook obstinately. "Rather would I starve with you than feast with them. I go not out till you go."

Something seemed to come into the young man's throat as he was about to speak, for he swallowed hard and was silent. Putting an arm about the slender figure, he drew it to his side, and so they left the room and began to climb the stairs.

As soon as the curtain fell at their heels a stifling mustiness came to their nostrils, and a chill that was like the flat of a knife-blade pressed against their cheeks. They drew breath thankfully when they had come up into the sweet freshness of the night air. Flashing on the weapons of the pacing sentinels, a glory of silver moonlight lay like a visible silence over the parapets. In the darkness below a sea of forest trees was murmuring and splashing at the passing of a wind. Yet deeper down in the dark glowed the fires of the Danish camp—red eyes of the dragon that would rise ere long and crush them under his iron claws.

After they had twice made the round without speaking, the page said gravely, "I heard what Brithwald told you about the bread, lord. What will overtake us when that is gone? Shall we charge them, so that we may die fighting?" When the Etheling did not answer immediately, his companion looked up at him with loving reproach. "You forget that you need conceal nothing from me, dear lord. I am not as those clowns below. You have even said that you found pleasure in telling me your mind."

Sebert's hand was lifted from the red cloak to touch the thin cheek caressingly. "I should be extremely ungrateful were I to say less, dear lad. There is a man's courage in your boy's body, and I think a woman could not be more faithful in her love —— How? Are you cold that you shiver so? Pull the corner of my cloak about you."

But the page cast it off impatiently. "No, no, it is nothing; no more than that one of those men out there may have walked across the spot that is to be my grave. Sooner would I bite my tongue off than interrupt you. I ask you not to let it hinder your speech."

Again a kind of affectionate pity came into the young noble's face. "Does it mean so much to you to hear that you have been faithful in your service?"

"It means—so much to me!" the boy repeated softly; and if the man's ear had not been far afield, he might have devined the secret of the green tunic only from the tenderness of the low voice. But when his mind came back to his companion again, the lad was looking at him with a little smile touching the curves of his wistful mouth.

"Do you know why this mishap which has occurred to you seems great luck for me? Because otherwise it is not likely that you would have found out how true a friend I could be. If it had happened that I had gone with Rothgar's messenger that night, you would have remembered me only as one who could entertain you when it was your wish to laugh. But now, since it has been allowed me to endure suffering with you and to share your mind when it was bitterest, you have given me a place in your heart. And to-morrow, when we go forth together, and the Dane slays me with you because it will be open to him then that for your sake I have become unfaithful to him, you will remember our fellowship even to——"

But Sebert's hand silenced the tremulous lips. "No more, youngling! I adjure you by your gentleness," he whispered unsteadily. "You owe me no such love; and it makes my helplessness a thousandfold more bitter. Say no more, little comrade, if you would not turn my heart into a woman's when it has need to be of flint. Sit you here on the ledge the while that I take one more turn. You will not? Then come with me, and we will make the round together, and apply our wits once more to the riddle. Until swords have put an end to me, I shall not cease to believe that it has an answer."

Below, in the dense blackness of the forest, an occasional owl sounded his echoless cry. From still deeper in the dark, where the Danish campfires glowed, a harp-note floated up on the wind with a fragment of wild song. But it was many a long moment before the silence that hovered over the doomed Tower was broken by any sound but the measured tramp of the sentinels.

(To be continued.)

"You will never have a lady wife, Lord! We shall die together!"

OVERSIGHT THAT WAS FATAL.

Convivial Gentleman's Mistake Shattered Beautiful "Bluff."

There is a man up on Capitol hill who sups with a number of old college chums two or three times a year, and usually after one of these suppers he is fit to roost with boiled owls. The last gathering of the clan was about a fortnight ago, and before Mr.—well, we'll call him Jenks—set out for it he promised Mrs. Jenks solemnly that no matter what the others did, he would drink nothing but charged water and lemonade. Mr. Jenks came home about 2 o'clock, walking very carefully and sedately. Mrs. Jenks was awake, and she turned up the gas as he came in.

"Are you sure you didn't drink too much?" she asked.

"You hurt me when you speak like that," said Mr. Jenks, somewhat indistinctly. "I had only two small drinks."

Mrs. Jenks lay back on her pillow, regarding him. Under her gaze he was most careful to bestow all his belongings to their proper places. His feelings were hurt, and he was determined to show his wife how unjust her suspicions were. He was standing at the stationary washstand in the corner of the room when she spoke again, and it was not so much the matter as the manner of her words that cut.

"Charles," she said, "you might as well stop trying to light the hot water faucet. That's the third match you've wasted."—Washington Post.

HIS GREATNESS NOT VISIBLE.

English Nobleman Evidently Displayed No Sign of Rank

Sir R. Farrant tells a good story apropos of the late Lord Rowton's personal concern in the comfort of the houses which bear his name. They had been hanging pictures at the King's Cross house "all the morning," and wanting to finish in the afternoon went for luncheon to a neighboring public house.

"We found the place very busy, but were able to get some bread and cheese. The hairmaid was very talkative, and had much to say about the large Rowton house that was to be opened in a day or two.

"'Have you seen it?' she asked.

"'Yes,' I replied.

"Then she launched forth in loud praises of Lord Rowton.

"'This is Lord Rowton,' I said, pointing to him.

"'Get out!' she exclaimed, with great disgust, and then went on with her work, casting a glance our way from time to time, much to the amusement of Lord Rowton."—London Answers.

TOWN SITE IS TO BE MOVED.

Floods Cause Residents of Forty Mile, Wash., to Seek Higher Ground.

Plans are being formed for moving the town site of Forty Mile, Wash., to higher ground, where the place will not be menaced by spring floods. The deluge which coursed over Forty Mile early in May was worse than usual. The entire town was covered with driftwood and huge icebergs and logs were carried through the sides of the Forty Mile hotel. Damage to the stocks of goods and buildings amounted to $10,000.

The Northern Commercial company's store and other concerns had to pile their goods on high shelves and counters. Some of them were placed on rafts and carried to higher ground. Everybody fled to the hills and slept there several nights. Water in the warehouses stood six feet deep.

The new town site, as laid out, will be on much higher ground. Probably a new name will be selected because of the confusion of the present name with Forty Mile river.

Something Hard to Buy.

The late Pat Gleason, former mayor of Long Island City, was a fond and indulgent father. Nothing was ever denied his daughter Jessie that money could provide. The mayor was not well versed in foreign languages however, and upon hearing an account read of a society belle of whom it was written she had a je ne sais quoi about her which rendered her a most charming person, said to Miss Jessie:

"Go you and get one of those things. There's nothing any of them girls can wear about them that you can't buy."—New York Times.

A Fatal Objection.

A woman of newly acquired wealth went into a Fifth avenue art gallery the other day and said she wanted a painting a certain size.

"I have just what you want," the dealer assured her, and he showed her a genuine Troyon of the size desired, a beautiful animal painting.

The woman looked at it for a few minutes and shook her head.

"It won't do," she said. "I want this picture for my drawing room."

"Well?" questioned the dealer, who saw no reason for the rejection so far as the drawing room was concerned.

"You couldn't have a cow in the drawing room, you know."

And that ended it.

Indicated by Eggs.

Nat Goodwin told a little one the other night which was new to his hearers and appreciated by some who had encountered hard luck and many missiles in their barnstorming days.

"I dropped in on a grocer in a small town out West," said Goodwin, "and in the course of a chat I asked him:

"'Are there any amusements in town to-night?'

"'Shouldn't wonder,' he replied. 'I've been selling 'nawful lot of old eggs to-day.'"

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, Waukon, Iowa.]

DWARF FRUIT TREES.

In the orchards of the present day in America, a good, genuine dwarf pear or apple is a curiosity, and there are hundreds of wide awake farmer and fruit men who never saw one in their lives, says the Country Gentleman.

The reason for the neglect of the dwarfs is not far to seek. They belong distinctively to the European system of horticulture and are quite outside the American system. In other words, they belong to the fruit garden and not in the orchard. In this country we are concerned with fruit only on the large scale. Yet, with the present significant increase of interest in suburban affairs, with the present rapid extension of the garden cult among those who work in town, and who live at least in the edges of the city, there is bound to be a revival of interest in this really practicable and useful business of dwarfing trees.

At the present the pear is the only fruit grown to any extent in the dwarf form. A few growers have orchards of dwarf pear trees reaching commercial proportions. These are most numerous in southern Michigan. Another and more considerable number of pear growers have been planting new orchards of standard trees with dwarf pears as "fillers." That is they use rows of dwarf pear trees between the standards, with a view of getting several crops from the former and cutting them out before the standard trees needed all the space. Apples are still occasionally grown as dwarfs, though we have never heard of a single instance in which they have been planted for commercial purposes. Other trees, such as plums, peaches, apricots and cherries are almost totally unknown as dwarf.

The dwarf fruit is secured by a combination of two processes—propagation and pruning. The tree is first propagated upon some slow growing root, which tends to dwarf it—that is, to "stunt it"—and then it is pruned back severely, and not allowed to fill a great space. This second part—the pruning—is quite essential with many trees, and some inexperienced gardeners have earned serious disappointment through its neglect.

The first problem, then, is the selection of the dwarfing stock. In the case of the pear this is nearly always the quince. The quince root grows much slower than the pear root, and when a pear scion is put on a quince stock it is simply starved or stunted into the dwarf form. In a similar way the Paradise apple, which was originally a dwarf wild apple of Europe, is used as a dwarfing stock for apples. The plum is usually said to be dwarfed by working it on Myrobolan stock, but as a matter of fact, nearly all plums in this part of the country are now worked on that stock, yet they are grown as standards. In this case it is a matter of pruning. Such stocks as the sand cherry are much more effective in dwarfing the plum, and it is possible that they will come into use for that purpose. The cherry is said to be dwarfed on Mahaleb stock, but this statement stands just where stands the one about plums on Myrobolan stock. A dwarf cherry tree may be made by budding on Mahaleb roots, and then by giving severe pruning, but the pruning is the greater part of the business. The peach may be worked on any species of plum, and the plum stock has a tendency to dwarf the scion. The same thing can be done with the apricot. Any of these can be made into dwarfs by cutting back.

Most persons seem to jump at the conclusion that when the tree is stunted the fruit is unfavorably affected. If the tree is made smaller, they think the fruit would naturally be smaller, too. In fact the reverse is true. The fruit is usually made larger. Perhaps it would be impossible to explain why this is the case, and at any rate there is not space here to guess why; but such is the general truth.

They are highly useful for small yards on town or suburban lots, where space is crowded, and where it is especially desirable that trees come into bearing at once. When a man rents the premises he lives on, and moves every two or three years, as a large part of our population unhappily does, he cannot wait ten years for a big tree of Northern Spy or Twenty-Ounce to get down to business. A dwarf tree is a curious, interesting and entertaining object, anyway, and every well regulated family ought to have three or four merely as playthings. Dwarf apples may be planted as closely as six feet apart, but pears and most other dwarf trees require at least ten feet.

Pull the beans and other garden stuff when ripe. If allowed to remain on the ground there will be unnecessary waste, and waste invites want.

GOOD MANAGEMENT.

There is as much in the farm manager as there is in the farm. A poor farm with a good manager is worth more than a good farm with a poor manager, but the best combination is a good farm and a good manager. A farmer must be kind to his stock and understand them thoroughly. He must also "know how" and "do it" when the time comes. He pushes, his work don't push him. He must be economical, though not stingy, in feeding, and must know how to care for implements. These and many more make the successful small or large farmer.

The horticultural features of the World's Fair in St. Louis will be one of the wonders of the age. The exhibit for this department has been allotted a space of four acres, and the pyramids of apples, piled in perfect order, will form pictures of marvelous attraction. Those fortunate enough to see the great collections will understand something about what is meant by having "apples of gold set in pictures of silver."

A DIFFERENCE.

There is a difference between the farmer who is a farmer by chance and the farmer who is a farmer by choice. The former is generally a man decorated, so to speak, from head to foot with mortgages and judgments; while the latter is a man who despises debts, and whose original capital, maybe, consisted of only a wondrous store of energy and cool judgment—the greatest factors in the matter of fortune-building on or off the farm.

No matter what industry engages the attention of a man, he must, by the nature of things, be interested in his work to be successful. To be interested means to have some choice at least in the avocation he pursues. The usual difference between farmers by chance and farmers by choice is well illustrated by a man sleeping and awake.

To the farmer who has made farming his choice, every day has a bright outlook. When he gazes upon a field being prepared for seeding, he does not see drouth and disaster awaiting the growing crop, but instead, he sees a vision of waving grain and grass. When he looks upon the rich and golden harvest, like a true husbandman, he sees at a glance only joyous prosperity, the ripened fruits of his earnest and heroic labor.

Farming is to-day the world's greatest industry, and it will be a bright day for agriculture when the slow and sleeping mortal who farms by chance is awakened to realize his opportunities. In June at the close of the 1902-03 term of the Northwestern University, there were graduated sixteen young men who have made farming their choice—a greater number than declared for any other pursuit. Advancement is continually being made in the farming industry, and it will progress still further so long as there is an increase in the farmers who farm by choice.

The gentle cow looked sadly round,
Her face suffused with shame;
For all the ills which now abound,
I'm sure I'm not to blame.
The milk takes on an azure tint,
Its taste belies its name;
The cream is but a passing hint,
But I am not to blame.
And when I am set forth as beef,
The prices they proclaim
Become a source of general grief,
But I am not to blame.
For I have simply done my best
And tried no crooked game;
The human beings did the rest,
And I am not to blame.

FARM IMPROVEMENTS.

I have a few thoughts in mind about farm improvements which I am going to write, as it may be of some benefit to others. In the first place too many farmers practice too close grazing of the pasture lands. The hot sun of summer bakes the surface of the ground, killing the grass roots; this followed by the winds and frosts of winter not only ruins the pasture, but impoverishes the soil. Grass land that is too closely pastured will retain the moisture it received, forcing a more abundant growth. The practice of pasturing meadows after harvest, to any great extent, will be a loss in the next season's crop of hay. It should be the aim of every farmer to have the soil in better condition after a succession of crops than when the ground is first broken. This may be done by not selling off the hay and grain, but feeding it on the farm; thereby returning to the soil in the shape of manure the equivalent of that produced. Whenever fences are required, and of whatever kind, they should be well kept. Nothing gives a farm a "run-down" appearance quicker than bad fences. It is no sign of improvement to see the fence corners lined with briers and bushes and the rails scattered about—all taking the room of some valuable crop. Board fences sag over with the posts a foot or more above the boards, which, if put that much deeper in the ground, might have made a good fence. The posts of a wire fence should not be too far apart, and they should be well braced with each wire drawn tight.

After all, there is more in the training of a dog than in the breed. Some of the most useful and intelligent dogs we have ever known have been of mongrel breeds, but from their puppyhood were carefully trained for certain lines of work. There is a point here in the fact that the same rule applies to boys as well as dogs.

FEEDING VALUE OF CLOVER IN THE DAIRY.

Few fully appreciate the feeding value of this plant. It contains the elements of growth and milk in the right proportion. When corn is worth forty cents a bushel the protein that is contained in a ton of good clover hay should be worth from $12 to $15. When timothy hay is worth six dollars, clover hay is worth almost twice as much. It contains one-half more milk-making material than millet hay, and instead of exhausting the soil like timothy or millet, it builds it up by taking nitrogen from the atmosphere and brings to the surface soil potash and phosphoric acid from the subsoil.

When some whippersnapper of a clerk is promoted to a $600 position in some government department, it is considered of sufficient importance to become part of an Associated Press report and be published in all the daily papers, but when a bricklayer or stonecutter or carpenter cleans up as much or more in a year nothing is thought of it.

NOTE THIS.

Go to the country where man lives close to nature's heart; study him as he there meets the problems of life, and you will find literature which is realistic in the best and truest sense. Men of the country are to our national life what the steel frame is to our mighty stone or brick structures when the crisis comes that shakes the nation to its foundation. It is the loyal hearts and clear brains of the country folks which save it from destruction.—(Ian McClaren) Rev. John Watson.

Hogs will eat almost anything, but that is no reason why they should be given filthy and unwholesome food.

KEEP GOOD COWS.

It is just as essential to keep good cows as any other animal. No man can afford to keep poor cows, and especially the poor man. If a rich man wants to waste his money in poor cows it is not quite so bad, but a poor man must know better, or he cannot expect much profit. In order to make headway the poor man must keep animals and use feed that will make the largest profit. You cannot afford to keep a single cow that does not make you a profit. Be practical and business-like and apply the only sure test. Keep a book in which to enter on one side all milk, cream and butter, whether consumed by the family or sold. They are worth in your family exactly what you would have to pay for them if you had no cows. On the other side enter the feed consumed, whether purchased or raised on your farm. The hay or corn fed is worth on your farm the market price, less cost of delivering to market. This test, even if conducted for a short time, will show you facts and not what you guess about it. Some people refuse to spend money for the best feed for their cows. This is poor economy, because it is simply an investment which will bring good returns. In selecting choice dairy cows, if the richest milk is wanted, keep the Jerseys; if both butter and milk are wanted, keep the Ayreshire, but if a large quantity of milk is wanted for the manufacture of cheese, then the Holsteins must have first place. But, however, in either case always select the best. Suppose you pay $30 for a poor cow, and come out even at the end of the year. Suppose you pay $60 for a first-class cow, and at the end of the year she can show you a profit of $30. If you keep cows for profit just figure this over carefully. It requires just as good business qualities to be a successful dairyman as it does to be successful in any other business. If you don't think so you had better quit the business.

We notice our lumber dealer has stocked up extensively on catalpa posts. He has a whole raft of them in the yard, and they are all good ones. Catalpa makes a post that is no slouch. It almost comes up to the Osage orange in lasting qualities, and it will hold staples much better. We believe Catalpa wood will make the bulk of the fence posts of the prairie states in years to come. Catalpas are certainly amazing trees to grow, especially for a tree that grows such good wood.

JERUSALEM ARTICHOKES.

If the farmers of the South knew the great feeding value of this plant in connection with swine raising it would soon become one of the leading crops on every farm where hogs are raised either for home supply or market. They should be planted as early in the spring as potatoes, and in nearly the same manner and varieties of soil. Plow deep, so that a good root bed is provided. Cut the tubers as you would potatoes, using your own judgment if you are an experienced potato raiser. Plant a little thinner than potatoes, as the plants grow tall and throw out long branches. Cultivate as you do your corn, laying by when the stalks get too tall to work over without breaking. They are harvested as potatoes, if the tubers are to be stored. If for hog food the animals may be turned into the field to root out the tubers as needed.

It is often remarked of city people that every one of them wears signs of being hurried, careworn, anxious—and that it shows itself in their very walk and action. There is a restless, worn look about the eye, lines are in the face, and the hair is prematurely gray. It is said that, as a people they are nervously active and dissatisfied. This is getting to be true, also of country people. Human nature is very much the same the world over. The cure for it is to give up the idea of getting rich, and to be content with making a good, ordinary living.

FARM NOTES.

The best way to keep the boy on the farm is to let him own something. Give him a couple of pigs. They may be the means of making farm life enjoyable to him.

For scratches on horses take sulphur, saltpeter and ginger, equal parts of the three, and lard enough to make a salve. Wash legs clean once a day with air slacked lime, and apply the salve.

In almost every case of viciousness in a horse, the horse has contracted the vice from man. In cases of inherited vice, it is the fault of the man if it has not been cured. Vicious associations corrupt horses as well as man.

Hogs need a clean bed as much as people do. Especially should dirty sleeping places be avoided. Hogs suffer from inhaling dust as much as men or women or children do. Disease floats on the air and dust is the vehicle by which it reaches its destination.

Give a cold shoulder to the men who claim to doctor fruit trees. A few years ago a fellow down east set a fad going. He said it would make fruit fair and perfect to bore a hole into the tree trunk and put in a spoonful of sulphur and plug it up. Might as well plug a fence post! Why do some folks not use a little common sense along with what they do? Because working the brain is the hardest work of all?

KEEP THE WAGON WELL PAINTED.

Well painted implements are generally accepted signs of thrifty farming. A dollar's worth of raw linseed oil and color will answer to cover the running part of a wagon. Have plenty of shed room, with closed front, and raise the wheels away from the damp earth when the wagons are stored for any great length of time.

Public office nowadays rarely hunts a man. The office can't break away from the politicians, but never had the offices more need to find men.

Forgot the Color

About noon Tuesday, while the veterans were being fed, a scene was enacted that illustrates better than anything else could the fact that the veterans have gathered in reunion without reserve.

With the inpouring throng comes two old darkies, clad in gray uniform and wearing Confederate badges. They were both old men, and assisted their feeble steps with sticks. As they came down the long aisles they looked searchingly about, and finally halted at the end, apparently having failed to find what they sought.

There were several vacant places and one of the old fellows touched an old veteran on the arm and said: "Excuse me, mister, but is they a place here for colored men?"

The old soldier turned around, saw the dark faces looking at him, ran his eye quickly over the gray uniforms, and blurted out:

"No, siree they ain't, but by G—— if you all ain't good enough to eat with white folks I ain't going to eat no mah myself. You all eat right here by me, an' if any white man makes a fuss I'll take care of him." A dozen old "rebs," attracted by the talk, turned around and joined with the first white veteran. The old darkies were made to eat while their white friends busied themselves by shouting to the waiters such commands as:

"Oh, you waiter! Give these men all they can eat!" "Where's that coffee boy at? Here, give those darkies some coffee and get 'em some buttermilk." "Give them darkies plenty to eat, boys, and if there ain't enough to go round leave me out 'stead of them."

It was a little thing, yet it was touching beyond expression. The old negroes showed their appreciation and the older one, George Pratt, said:

"I was with the Twenty-fo'th Alabama an' my master was my captain. We fought through mos' of the war, and when he was dead I wouldn't believe it, an' I called at him four or five times and shook him, but he was sho dead. I kept right on with the war, and I tell you all I'm heap prouder that I was a Federate soldier than I am 'bout anything else I ever did in my life. I knowed what the war was about because my marster told me, and I didn't have to go. My folks and my people was on one side an' the Yankees was on t'udder, an' I jest took up for my own people.

"The white men in my place all treats me well, and when the Federate veterans has any doin's they get me in them. I'm only a nigger, but they tells me I ain't a nigger when reunion times and decorations comes around. I'm a Federate veteran then, an' by G—— gentlemen, I'm proud of it."—Nashville American.

The Origin of Smallpox

The literary as well as the pathologic history of smallpox presents many items of very special interest. All readers of the clouded annals of the "Middle Ages" are acquainted with the fact that Arabian writers were for many centuries the recognized apostles of philosophy and physical science—including the sundry departments of medicine and surgery—to the various nations of western Europe. And it is to one of these, Abu Bekker Mohammed ben Zechariah (A. D. 850-932), the earliest and most original of all the great Moslem physicians, that medical science and medical literature are indebted for the first recognition of smallpox as a distinct disease, and its first description in written language. This venerable authority is generally known to posterity as Rhazes, a name which he derived from Rai, the place of his birth. His original description of this formidable disease has been made familiar to English inquirers through the medium of Dr. Greenhill's translation. In addition to his observations on disease proper, the powers of observation of Rhazes, a name which he derived started by such items of information as: "A man with large ears is stupid, but long lived;" and in rational therapeutics, by his recommendation of the practice of the game of chess as a cure for melancholia. The antiquity of smallpox is, as might well be expected, lost in the mist of ages, but the definite statement has been made by Arab historians that it first appeared in the Abyssinian army of Abraha at the siege of Mecca in the course of the so-called "elephant war" of A. D. 569 (or 571). The legend is given as follows by one of their best historians, Tabari: "Thereupon came the birds of the sea in flocks, every one with three stones—in the claws two, and in the beak one; and they threw the stones upon them. Wherever one of the stones struck there arose an evil wound, and pustules all over. At that time the smallpox first appeared and the bitter trees. The stones undid them wholly. Thereafter God sent a torrent which carried them away and swept them into the sea. Even one of the elephants, having ventured within the sacred inclosure, was struck by a stone and fell a victim to the smallpox. Among the bitter plants which also appeared at that date for the first time the rue and colcynth are especially mentioned.—American Medicine.

Egg Many Centuries Old

Whether the prehistoric egg found in Arizona and now in the possession of the University of California is 1,000,000 or 2,000,000 years old is a question that has puzzled the scientists at the university for a long time. After the egg gets to be 1,000,000 years of age it does not matter much to anybody but the scientists.

The scientists at the university are unable to determine whether the egg was laid in the quaternary period of the earth's formation or later. Now the quaternary period is anywhere from 1,000,000 to 2,500,000 years, some scientists holding for the one and some for the other, but this offspring of the fowl family may be said to be between 1,000,000 and 2,000,000 years of age.

The conjectures over the years of the egg are contained in a bulletin just issued at the university by Prof. William Conger Morgan and Miss Marion Clover Tallmon, his assistant. There are some interesting data in the bulletin, and they concern the antiquity of the egg. Their value is also important as a determining factor in proving the origin of bituminous substances, which this inquiry proves to be organic.

This egg was found by a prospector seeking for gold on the banks of the Gila river in Arizona. The prospector turned it over to G. A. Helmore, a mining man of San Francisco, and Mr. Helmore has loaned it to the university for study and description. Other prehistoric eggs have been found, but none so valuable as this. Those found in New Zealand are of birds that laid eggs of unusual thickness and strength. The eggs of the tertiary period from Auvergne, France, are mere shells filled with hardened mud.

When found the Talimon egg was enclosed in a matrix of solid rock, in removing which the specimen was broken. The shell has retained its original composition and miscroscopic nature. The chemical analysis shows that it does not differ from the shell of a wild goose egg, and a thin section develops that it is of the same structure as that exhibited by a similar section from a hen's egg. It is the opinion of the investigators that the specimen belonged to an aquatic bird, probably one of the cormorant type.—San Francisco Call.

New Words for "America"

Air, "America."

All hail! Columbia grand,
Our well beloved land!
Whose flag unfurled
In majesty and might
Calls with its starry light
To all who love the Right,
Throughout the world!

Hark! From Atlantic shores,
To where Pacific roars
In ceaseless boom,
From never-melting snows,
To where the orange grows,
And lilies and the rose
Forever bloom,

Is heard the trampling hum
Of thronging peoples come
To hide with thee
Thy boundless plains to till,
Draw wealth from every hill
And myriad cities fill
With industry.

All! All, thy children true,
Whatever climes they knew
For Fatherlands
To thee, their Mother now,
In loyal love they bow,
And pledge with joyous vow
Their hearts and hands.

Thus Nature moves apace
Building a mighty race
But just begun
To form her latest born
The varied brains and brawn
From all the nations drawn
She blends in one.

Oh, Father of all good!
Grant that with mingling blood
And blending soul,
Perfecting Nature's art,
Each nation may impart
Its noblest traits of heart
To crown the whole.

The love of God and truth,
Valor, with gentle ruth
Ever combined;
Honor without a flaw,
Justice, and reverent awe
For Order throned on Law
In deepest mind.

Bring in the Age of Gold,
When in that perfect mould
All men are run,
Whose pattern form is shown
In him who stands alone,
The Man of Men—our own
Great Washington.

And in those glorious hours,
When from their thrones all powers
Of Wrong are buried,
Columbia! Still on high
Uplift thy stars to sky!
Goddess of Liberty,
Lighting the World!

—From Advance Sheets of the Connecticut Magazine.

Courage of the Czars

If it be true that the present czar of Russia is lacking in courage, at least his ancestors have shown bravery at critical times. Alexander I., the enlightened opponent of Napoleon, was a brave soldier. At Austerlitz the emperor exhibited high courage. He placed himself at the head of the fourth column of the allied army and constantly remained with the infantry during the whole of the sanguinary conflict. When the fortune of the day turned to the side of the French the efforts of Alexander were most conspicuous. Three times, at the head of his guards, he charged the enemy and by his galantry not only secured the retreat of the remainder of the allied army, but recaptured the greater part of the Russian artillery.

Nicholas I., at the moment of his accession, was called upon to face a formidable military revolt in St. Petersburg in favor of the abdicated heir, Constantine. On the first day of his reign he encountered a detachment of insurgents. "Good day, my children," he cried. "Hurrah! Constantine!" replied the soldiers. "You have mistaken your road," said Nicholas, coldly, pointing in another direction; "that is the way to join the traitors." Later in the day the emperor openly defied the mutineers in front of his palace, till finally, no peaceable efforts being of avail, he ordered the regiments which were faithful to him to fire. The revolt was soon suppressed.

Alexander II. was, to quote Archibald Forbes, who saw much of him on active service, "a man of real, although quiet and undemonstrative pluck." Before the final tragedy he twice faced attempted assassination with great courage. His death was due to his refusal to leave the spot where anarchists had made a third ineffectual attack on him. While he lingered another bomb was thrown and he was killed.