

*When the press is free and every man able to read all is safe—Jefferson*

This picture is a facsimile of the pen with which Thomas Jefferson drafted the Declaration of Independence.

**BUTTERCUPS.**

I wandered here forgetful, gay,  
Until a sudden glare of gold,  
From fields flame-kindled after cold,  
Recalled me to that other May.

And you were with me, down a way  
Roofed low by branches tender-green;  
The sun smiled through with gracious  
And, Midas-like, made gift of gray.

There hangs an old gate by a brook,  
So like another which we spanned  
When through the field our steps we took  
With childish chatter, hand in hand.

Our arms with buttercups we heaped,  
You wore them in your gown, your  
hair;  
Our senses in spring joys were steeped—  
It cannot be you did not care!

I deemed the past, so passing sweet,  
Forgot, and I grown blithe and cold;  
These flowers a-bloom beneath my feet  
Have thrilled me with May memories  
old.  
—Philadelphia Ledger.

**A Burglar at Bay.**

I HAD all but done the trick when suddenly the room was illuminated by a brilliant flood of electric light. So unexpectedly it came and so dazzlingly, that I was struck all of a heap, as it were, and stood stupidly caught in the very act, with one hand lingering over my booty and the other raised instinctively to shield eyes and face from the blinding glare.

A pretty position for a professional burglar. Taken completely at a disadvantage, like any greenhorn. Held up, as you might say, at the very psychological moment and by a girl—the prettiest creature, I swear, that ever dined lace and cambrie for the distraction of mankind.

She sat up in bed, a symphony in white, all be-laced and be-ribboned, and confronted me, bending upon me two eyes as blue as twin sapphires, in which was neither alarm nor supplication, but satisfaction only—satisfaction complete and apparently long anticipated.

The loveliest hand in the world, white as the lawn that fell back kindly to reveal it, and molded like that of the Medicean Venus, held, as if well-accustomed to it, a silver-mounted revolver—a toy, yet unmistakably a weapon; a trinket such as a dainty woman might hang at her chateleine, but still sufficiently convincing to hold me planted there deprived of any inclination to run the risk of testing its mettle.

"Well," said my apprehender, in a voice that betrayed no more emotion than did her lovely face, which was so intoned as to set my susceptible heart beating, "at last I've got you! Now, drop into that chair if you please. No, keep your hands in front of you, if you don't mind. Yes, so; and let me talk to you. Good gracious! But I'm in luck! To think of my getting hold of a burglar at last!"

Her charming features beamed with delight. She even smiled, revealing a double row of the whitest, dearest little teeth it is possible to imagine. Still keeping the muzzle of the little pistol leveled straight at me with a hand that never trembled, with the other she reached down to the foot of the bed and drew up a delicate woolen wrap of pale blue, which she flung deftly about her shoulders, after which she raised the pillows at her back so that they should support her in an upright position, and sank back upon them with a luxurious air of establishing herself in comfort. It was evident from look, tone and gesture that the situation was exceedingly agreeable to her, and that she was bent upon enjoying it to the utmost.

"Now," she commanded, "tell me about yourself. All my life I've longed to hear something of a burglar's history from his own lips. Pardon me, but would you very much mind removing your mask? It is only anticipating matters a little, you know. The police will do it anyhow when they come in."

"The police!" I exclaimed involuntarily.

She nodded.

"Yes; they're all over the place, you know. Or perhaps you didn't know that we were warned of your coming? One of their confidence men (stool pigeons, I think they call them) discovered your intentions and divulged them."

"Confound it!" I ejaculated beneath my breath. "That skunk of a Boynton!"

"What did you trust him for?" she said with a note of reproof in her voice.

"Heaven only knows," I replied in fierce self-condemnation. "But he'll pay for it yet. Just let him wait till I get my grip on him—"

My fair captor interrupted with a mocking laugh.

"He'll have to wait a long time, I expect," she remarked. "I shouldn't wonder if you get about five years for this. Shouldn't you consider that would be about it?"

I regarded her anxiously through the eye-holes in my mask.

**GUANTANAMO, OUR PROSPECTIVE NAVAL FORTRESS IN WEST INDIES, A GIBRALTAR.**

GUANTANAMO BAY has been selected as the site of the principal naval fortress of the United States in the West Indies. Bahia Honda, the other Cuban port ceded on the north coast of the island a short distance west of Havana, is likely to become merely a coaling station subsidiary to Key West, on the opposite side of Florida Strait.

There could have been no better location chosen for the projected naval stronghold than Guantnamo, which was the base of operations of our fleet against Santiago during the Spanish war. Guantnamo Bay is one of those bottle-shaped indentations which are so numerous on the Cuban coast, with a narrow and easily defended entrance and room enough inside to harbor an armada. The vicinity of Guantnamo abounds in small mountain streams and springs from which a supply of excellent water can be obtained; the whole of Cuba could be drawn upon for fresh beef and other provisions; a few batteries of high-power guns would make the bay impregnable, and with a dry dock, repair shop and a stock of coal a fleet could operate from Guantnamo independently of a home base for years if necessary.

On top of all these advantages, which are greater than would be afforded by St. Thomas or any other point in the West Indies that has been thought of as a possible naval base in that quarter, Guantnamo has the advantage of being located in the strategic center of the Caribbean Sea. It dominates the Windward passage between Cuba and Hayti, and an attack on the Panama Canal by way of any other interinsular channels leading into the Caribbean Sea could be readily intercepted by a squadron issuing from Guantnamo, because this harbor is much nearer to the isthmus than are any of the passages through which a hostile force could enter that sea. An assailing squadron coming from the other side of the Atlantic would be obliged to coal and revictual before venturing to engage our ships with their full bunkers and storerooms; and on the first news brought in by our naval scouts of the approach of a hostile fleet a line of battle could be drawn up to dispute its progress in the narrowest part of the American inland sea. Just as Gibraltar and Malta are the real British defenses of the Suez Canal, so would Guantnamo become the true point of defense for the Panama Canal. It would be the Gibraltar to our Mediterranean.—Philadelphia Record.

"So you mean to give me up, then?" I hazarded.

She returned my scrutiny with a look of humorous surprise.

"What had you supposed I meant to do with you?" she asked. "Wear you on my watch chain as a curiosity, or fill your pockets with those trinkets, which appear to have caught your fancy, and show you a safe and sure way of making off with them?"

"I don't know," said I, gloomily, for I really appeared to be in rather a bad hole. "Women sometimes have tender hearts. Beauty and youth have often shown themselves generous and merciful to the unfortunate—" I broke off doubtfully.

The gleam of humor in her eyes deepened.

"Yes," she remarked, "the female heart might well be moved to pity a man in your embarrassing position. Are you, perhaps, an orphan? And is your present condition solely the result of the evil influence to which you have been exposed since early youth?"

I shook my head, entering into her mood. The girl was certainly a character, and I lost sight of my own danger for the moment in enjoyment of her rallery.

"Ah, poor man!" she exclaimed. "No wonder you have been driven to irregular courses with such incentives to crime. Now, would you mind removing your mask? I am consumed with curiosity as to your looks. But wait a moment; I feel quite nervous over the event. You see I've been anticipating this moment for years. I've formed a dozen pictures of you in my mind, and do so hope you won't disappoint me. Tell me first, are you good-looking?"

"On the honor of a house-breaker, an Adonis," I answered, immensely amused.

A troubled expression crept over her face.

"Hm—m," she mused, half aloud. "I don't think you should be. It's rather upsetting, don't you know. I didn't look for it at all. Aren't you in the least ruffianly looking?"

"Not in the least," I said with conviction.

She looked quite dissatisfied.

"Perhaps you are not a competent judge," she suggested hopefully.

"I have perfect confidence in my own discernment," said I firmly. "But since you doubt me, pray permit me to—"

I raised my hand to the mask, but she cried out loud and sharp.

"No, no; you are not to move your hands, you know. It is never allowed."

"Pray, then, my dear young lady, how am I to uncover my face?"

She considered a moment.

"I think," she remarked presently, "that I shall be obliged to do it for you. Please come nearer."

Still with my hands uplifted in the traditional attitude and covered by the small revolver, I advanced to the side of the bed. When I got quite close she reached out a beautiful hand and touched the mask that hid my face. I breathed the perfume of the exquisite flesh, and felt my heart beat in ecstasy at the near proximity of the lovely form. Joy was it to be a burglar, to find one's self detected in crime, to suffer imprisonment—aye, even death itself, for the delight of feeling that soft hand steal to one's cheek, of drinking deep of the intoxicating beauty of those wonderful violet eyes, of tasting that fragrant breath upon the lips.

One moment—and the fair shapely hand dropped again to its former position, the mask held daintily between its white fingers. Another, and a soft murmur of pleasure and approval escaped the curved, red lips.

My divinity was evidently well pleased with her capture. She smiled

triumphantly. And I—I was completely captured in more senses than one.

But hark, what was that? A noise overhead! With astonishing rapidity I was transformed from the spell-bound lover to the commonplace burglar.

My divinity was far too much occupied at her own anxiety as to the noise to notice my change of expression. Burglar-like I took advantage of her pre-occupation and deftly snatched the revolver from her hand, and in another second was gazing back at her from the window-sill. She had completely recovered her self-possession.

"Yes, perhaps you'd better go," she suggested, "but please leave my revolver on the garden seat below."

I needed no second bidding, for footsteps were plainly audible. In another minute I was in the garden, expecting every moment to run into the arms of the police. But my divinity had fled. Not a soul did I meet, and my only memento of that night's adventure is a pretty little revolver which has not left my person from that day to this.—New York News.

**HE WAS CURED OF LYING.**

Singular Instance Which Broke a Boy of a Bad Habit.

Rev. Dr. Twining, when he was pastor of the Congregational Church in Hinsdale, Mass., told of the paradoxical way in which the habit he had when a little boy of telling startling big stories to his mother was once for all and completely broken up, says a writer in the Independent. He had prevailed on his mother, after much earnest entreaty, he said, to buy for him half a dozen Shanghai hens—Kinsley giving as reason for the purchase that the Shanghai was a vastly better layer than the ordinary hen.

After waiting a good while for some evidence of this greater fecundity his mother said to him one day: "How about your big Shanghai, Kinsley? Instead of laying better, they don't seem to have laid at all." "Yes, they are laying, I tell you, mother; there's a nest now under the cow's crib with twenty-three eggs in it." "Well, Bridget, go and get Kinsley to show you where they are and bring them in."

"Well," said the doctor, "I did not even know for certain that there was a nest there, much less that there were any eggs in it. However, as I was in for it, I went to the barn with Bridget, put my arm down into the hole in the corner of the cow's crib, felt and took out an egg and put it in the basket. Then I reached in and took out in all just twenty-three eggs. Outwardly," continued the doctor, "I was triumphant, but I was soon smitten with not only remorse, but terror—because I thought that Satan was encouraging me to cast in my lot with him by helping me out with my mendacity. That was the last of my wrong story telling!"

**About the Pepper Plant.**

The pepper plant—piper nigrum—which produces the white and black pepper of commerce, is a climbing, vine-like shrub, found growing wild in the forests of Travancore and the Malabar coast of India. Pepper is entirely tropical in its requirements. The white pepper is the black pepper decorticated by maceration and rubbing.

**The Use of Coffee.**

The 1,000,000,000 pounds of coffee imported, which gives each adult person in the United States two pounds a month, is 80 per cent Brazilian and but 2 1/2 per cent Java.

**"Disease" of Galvanized Iron.**

A white rust is an unexplained "disease" of English and German galvanized iron that has developed within a year or two.

**TRUMPET CALLS.**

Ram's Horn Sounds a Warning Note to the Uredoed.

**C**ORRUPTION in the heart tarnishes the crown on the head. Mercy cannot depend on merit or God could show us none. Sincere prayer strikes the heavenly pitch for the soul's songs. Hardness of heart is not a sign of strength of character.

Pure idealism cannot be promoted by impure realism.

The best way to lose your own troubles is to lift another's.

When tempted to despair of men it is time to depend on God.

The good is seldom expedited by the consideration of expediency.

Desert rather than desire should be the measure of expectation.

If you can be happy without God you cannot be happy with Him.

Kicking in the church comes perilously near to cursing the Christ.

Men will trust in the churches when the churches cease to trust in man.

It may be easier to write a guide book to heaven than it is to go there.

When we might be swamped by success God sends the lifeboat of trouble.

Men who will carve their own fortunes must expect to cut their own fingers.

**CAPTURED A BIG CRUISER.**

Feat of Little American Tugboat with Crew of Thirty-Two.

"Say, I'm tired of that story. Cut it out." Boatswain J. W. Angus was the speaker and the crowd in the Columbia hotel lobby all looked humble, says a writer in the Denver Republican. They wanted to hear how the senior petty officer of the Denver recruiting station made a British man-of-war stand and deliver—just the same.

"Your ship was the Leyden, wasn't it?"

"Yes," said the boatswain, "it was."

"And the English ship?"

"Say, that story's old," Mr. Angus reflected a minute. "Here," said he, "this is the way it was:

"The Leyden was a tug 160 feet long and carried thirty-two men. We had two six-pounders and a colt's automatic besides small arms, that were only good at short range. We didn't amount to much. Well, I took her out of Philadelphia just after the war began, steamed her down to Key West and landed the first government filibustering expedition of the war. We were to deliver 500,000 rounds of ammunition and 300 rifles, two cases of dynamite and some supplies. Nunez, afterward governor or president of Cuba, was on board. We also carried Capt. Caytaya, who was killed later on.

"When we reached Mariso, the place agreed upon, the boat was shipped and we started to get the ammunition on shore. Then who should turn up but a troop of Spanish cavalry, about fifty, I guess, and began firing on us from the shore.

"Well, the odds were against us, so I picked up my men and steamed back to Havana. When I returned the Wilmington was along. She saw me started and then went five miles down the coast and blew up a Spanish blockhouse. As soon as she drew off the Spanish cavalry came back. I fired of the Spanish cavalry, so I hoisted the red burger and that brought the Wilmington in. She came up, pointed her stern to the beach and fired two shots with her five-inch guns. After that we finished the work. It was a complete success and we didn't lose a man."

But the work for which Angus' name is famous is his audacious treatment of the Talbot, the second-class cruiser of the British, which he mistook for a Spanish ship. It embarrasses Angus to talk of that affair, but the facts, so it is said, are these: He sighted a ship and called her to heave to; fired a shot across her bows, when that didn't work, and proceeded to board and take possession of a ship that could have blown him out of the water.

When he discovered his mistake as to the Talbot's nationality he is said to have made handsome apologies. The English captain is credited with saying: "If that's the kind of nerve the Yankees have there is no question about this war will end."

"It was the most foolish thing I ever did," said the sailor. "I don't want to talk about it."

**One Woman's View.**

"I suppose you turned me down because of my poverty," said the impetuous youth who had just been handed the frosty mit; "but you should remember that it is possible to have plenty of money and still be unhappy."

"True," replied she of the refrigerator men, "but I would rather be unhappy with money than without it."

**Mummy Flowers.**

The remains of no fewer than fifty-nine species of flowering plants from mummy wrappings in Egypt have been identified. The flowers have been wonderfully preserved, even the delicate violet color of the larkspur, the scarlet of the poppy and the chlorophyll in the leaves remaining.

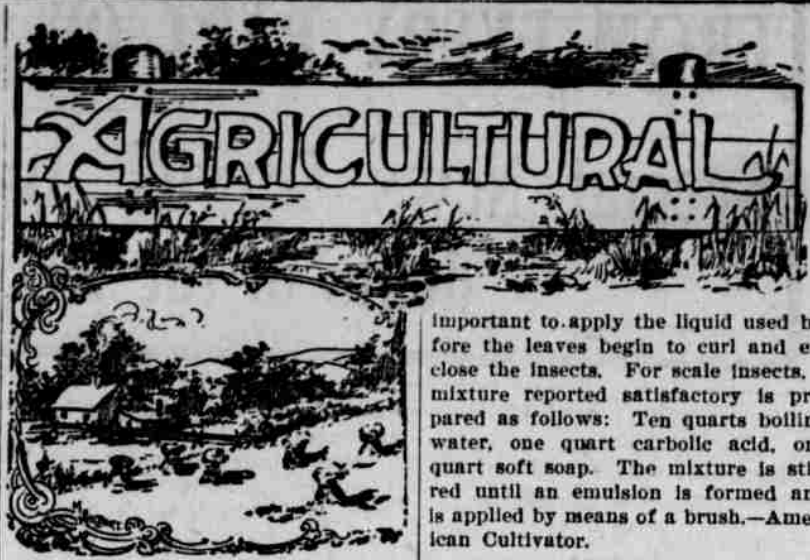
**Beyond a Doubt.**

"It's a burning shame," said the man who occasionally thinks aloud.

"What's a burning shame?" asked the youth with the shallow brainbox.

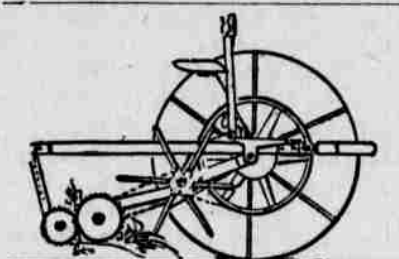
"That cigarette of yours," replied the audible thinker.

Stolen sweets frequently upset a man's digestive apparatus.



**A Weed Puller.**

Another machine has been invented for the use of the farmer. The picture shows the invention doing its work, and gives an idea of the mechanism by which it is operated. Two fluted rollers are mounted on an adjustable support at the rear of a sulky, with chain gearing to rotate them rapidly as the machine is drawn over the ground. As the flutings on the face of the rollers mesh closely together, it is easy to understand how any weed or grass which once gets between them will be drawn up, until it is finally lifted out of the ground, roots and all. To insure the killing of higher growths, the machine



MACHINE TO PULL THE WEEDS.

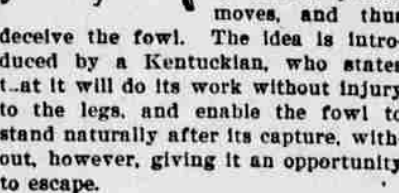
has been fitted with a series of rotary blades, which feed the tops of the weeds down beneath the face of the first roller instead of allowing this roller to strike the stems and push the weeds over, without uprooting them.

**Name Your Farm.**

If you have a farm name it. That's the latest suggestion traveling about in the rural districts, and it deserves to be acted upon at once and with judgment. When you come to think of it it seems rather strange that so few farms throughout New England have a name. Most of those so honored are the property of persons who live elsewhere the most of the year and patronize the farm only two or three months in the hot weather. But farmers, real farmers, have never got into the way of labeling their farms, and though, of course, in the farming district everyone knows where everyone else lives, it certainly does lend a dignity and a sort of beauty to a country side if every house is individualized by an appellation well chosen. Naturally some peculiarity of the farm should be embodied in its name, and there are peculiarities and to spare in every New England farm. These may not be patent to the principal owner, but the sons or daughters who "go away to school" will discern them on the first trip home, and they might be trusted to select the term.—Boston Transcript.

**Device for Catching Fowls.**

Whether or not a fowl will quietly submit to the approach of the implement shown in the drawing any more than it would stand still and allow a man to get within reaching distance, only a practical application can determine. It is possible, however, that the device can be moved more rapidly than a person moves, and thus



deceive the fowl. The idea is introduced by a Kentuckian, who states that it will do its work without injury to the legs, and enable the fowl to stand naturally after its capture, without, however, giving it an opportunity to escape.

**The New Northwest.**

The Canadian government has issued a census bulletin, which gives statistics as to agriculture in Alberta, Assiniboia and Saskatchewan, which united compose the Northwest Territories. The total area of these territories is 190,963,117 acres, and only 6,569,004 acres are occupied as farms. Of this area, 75.99 per cent is unimproved. Field crops, exclusive of hay, occupy fifty-three per cent of the improved land, but only a fair beginning has been made with fruit trees and vegetables. The area of land in wheat, oats, barley, rye, corn, peas, potatoes and other field roots in 1891 was 104,773 acres. The increase at the end of the last decade was 694,073 acres, or 333 per cent. The production of home-made butter is nearly twice as much as ten years ago, and in the interval ten factories have been put into operation.

**Two New Sprays.**

The difficulty of killing plant and tree lice with the usual spray mixtures is well known. Good results are reported from the use of a new mixture containing one pound hard soap, one quart castor oil, one-fourth pound carbonate of soda, one gallon water. The soap and acid were boiled in water and mixed with the castor oil while heated; the mixture was then diluted with 10 to 20 per cent of water for spraying. If fighting tree lice, it is

important to apply the liquid used before the leaves begin to curl and enclose the insects. For scale insects, a mixture reported satisfactory is prepared as follows: Ten quarts boiling water, one quart carbolic acid, one quart soft soap. The mixture is stirred until an emulsion is formed and is applied by means of a brush.—American Cultivator.

**Fertilizing for Tomato Crops.**

Although the following information is based on the work of a grower of tomatoes for canning factories almost exclusively, it is of value to any one who grows the medium and late sorts for any market. Muriate of potash 500 pounds, nitrate of soda 400 pounds, bone tanage 700 pounds, and acid phosphate 400 pounds, using of this mixture 500 pounds an acre, 300 pounds being used broadcast before harrowing and 200 pounds in the hills. This formula supplies the food needed by the plants in addition to what is naturally supposed to be in the fairly fertile soil, and should give as a result a large crop of fine tomatoes of good color. Naturally, the result will depend somewhat on the varieties used, which for canning purposes should always be such as will ripen all over and be of a deep red color. It is always safe to select varieties of this description for any market, as they are attractive to the eye and generally of good quality. The old favorite Paragon probably comes as near to the ideal variety as any, all things considered.

**Rock Gardens.**

A rockery is attractive if well made and not out of place. It should be made only in locations where a natural heap of rocks covered with flowers and vines would not seem unexpected or out of tune with surroundings. A sunken rockery is the most attractive, but the hillock shape is less costly. If convenient, build on a shady southeast slope. Dig below frost line and use the earth removed as side filling. The stone work should be finished and firmly wedged before filling with earth and gravel. Good plants, mosses, vines and ferns can be found about any forest ledge, and the nurserymen sell rock plants and alpine plants adapted to such locations.—Exchange.

**Make a Bag Holder.**

A frame may be fixed in a few minutes that will hold bags while being filled. Cut a board six inches wide and nail together as shown. Fill a bag and set it inside, then adjust the hooks the proper height. The hooks (a) are eightpenny wire nails driven through the boards downward to prevent turning and the ends then bent upward. The front hooks should be a little lower than the back two. A cross brace on the back will strengthen the frame.—A. Gilmore, in Farm and Home.

**So-Called Corn Wheat.**

In sections of the West there is being grown a variety of wheat known as Polish wheat, which has comparatively little value except, perhaps, as a food for stock. Public accounts of this wheat have been so garbled that farmers have a wrong impression of it. As this wheat is grown in the Northwest, it produces wonderfully, and the kernels are much larger than those of the recognized varieties of wheat, and when fed to stock it is said to have wonderful fattening results. That it has some merit there is little doubt, for it has given fairly good results in the making of macaroni flour, although not so good as the results from the true macaroni wheat. It is doubtful if it is safe to use it largely in the fattening of stock, although it is worthy of test in that way. Seedsmen in the North and West can doubtless furnish seeds in small quantities, and the reputation already acquired makes it worth a test. In some sections the variety is known as Emmer and some seedsmen catalogue it under that name.

**Farm Notes.**

More large fruit, and of better quality, can be secured by thinning out the fruit on the trees. It is a loss of fruit and an injury to a tree when it ripens a large amount of fruit, and the crop next year will also be reduced. Ten barrels of prime apples will sell for more than three or four times as much inferior fruit.

Growing a lot of pumpkins in a field of corn is an old practice, but it is doubtful if pumpkins so grown are as profitable as when grown as a separate crop from corn. The pumpkins will prevent the proper cultivation of corn, as working the corn destroys the pumpkin vines, the result being that late weeds get a chance to grow and mature. It is urged in defense of growing pumpkins in the corn field that they do not interfere with cultivation until the corn is "laid by," but much depends on the land, rainfall and thoroughness of cultivation. Corn should never be "laid by" as long as weeds and grass can have an opportunity to grow, cultivation being given if it is possible for a horse to pass along the rows.