

A SOLDIER'S TARGET.

Each man, as he signed his name on the enlistment roll, realized that war meant fight, and that fight meant kill. This idea was further drilled into us in camp; it formed the basis of the colonel's address as we marched to the front: "You are to be shot at, and you are to shoot." We had become soldiers to fight, and to fight was to kill. It was to be looked upon as a matter of business, as well as a patriotic duty. The sooner the strength of the enemy was exhausted the sooner we would have peace. We thought that every man in company "G" had the same feeling—to kill when we had not been long at the front when we found an exception. A score of skirmishers were ordered down in front of the regiment to feel the strength of the enemy in the fringe of bushes along a creek. Ambrose Davis was one of us. He was a man of 30—plain, every day man who had laid down the tools of a mechanic to take up the musket of a soldier. He was not given to enthusiasm, but he was an obedient soldier and the best shot in the company. As we clambered over the fence and took "open order" on the broad field which dipped down to the creek, the enemy in the fringe had a dead rest on every man. War with them also meant kill. To kill one of half a million men means little, and yet it means kill. Zip! Ping! Zip! It was not firing by file—it was not firing by volley into a battle line half hidden in the smoke, but every bullet that came whizzing was meant for an individual soldier.

We crept down and ran forward. We zig-zagged to right and left. We took the shelter of every knoll, brush and stump. The enemy had to develop its strength to check us. In front of Davis was an opening in the fringe—a spot where a farm road crossed the creek. The enemy to the right and left of this road was using the bank of the stream as a breastwork and we were firing a good deal at random. An officer suddenly appeared in the center of this opening, and raising a pair of glasses to his eyes he took a cool survey of the regiment far back of us on the hill. He was within pistol shot of Davis and he must have known it, and yet he stood there as cool and calm as you please to take his chance. It was sheer bravado. Four of our twenty had been killed, and the enemy was seeking the lives of the rest. I was to the right of Davis and could have almost hit the officer with a stone; the man on his left had just as fair a target. He was not our "game," however—he belonged to Davis. We saw our commander thrust forward a barrel of his musket and bring his eye down to the sights. Then we watched the officer to see him throw up his hands and fall. Thirty seconds passed away, and we glanced back at Davis. He had lifted



his head and was looking at the officer over his gun. At the end of a quarter of a minute he dropped it again. It was his duty to kill, but this was killing in cold blood, and he had to have a few seconds to nerve himself up. He was slowly sweeping the glasses across a front of half a mile, and I wondered if he would drop them as the bullet struck him, or whether his fingers would clutch and hold them to his chest. My heart came crowding into my throat as I watched and as the seconds passed, and at length I heard the man on Davis' left shouting at him: "Shoot! Shoot! Why the devil don't you drop that officer?"

I turned to look at Davis, and as I did so he slewed the muzzle of his gun to the right and fired into the bushes. A few seconds later the officer lowered his glasses, and swinging them in his hand and perhaps humming a tune, he slowly disappeared into the bushes. Later in the day, when Davis' singular conduct had been reported, the captain said to him:

"Davis, I can't believe you are a coward, because you went down on the skirmish line to be shot at, but when you had an enemy fairly under your gun, and an officer at that, why didn't you bring him down?"

"I was going to, sir, but I—I couldn't," was the reply.

"But they were shooting at you to kill."

"Yes, I know."

The captain could hardly reprimand a man for not killing an enemy as he would have shot down a rabbit, and there was no one to hint that Davis lacked courage. The incident was forgotten after a little, and such was the gallantry of the man that he was made a corporal. When the enemy withdrew behind the works at Yorktown he covered his wings with sharpshooters, and our officers were ordered to take them. One day, as three companies of us were dragging up some

battle began to die away. On our front we had only dead and wounded men, as far as we could see, and all firing ceased, when a man suddenly rose up from the ground about a pistol shot away and stood staring at us. A thousand men shouted at him to come and surrender, but after a moment he turned his back and began moving away. I do not know why any of the hundreds of men who had him in range did not cheer the man, when an officer of artillery jumped down among us and shouted:

"Shoot him—shoot him—why don't you bring him down?"

His words were heard by fifty men, but not a gun was raised. The officer was storming at us when Davis suddenly lifted his musket and fired, and the retreating man flung up his arms, whirled about and sank down. Curses and groans followed, and Davis threw down his gun and hid his face in his hands and sobbed.

"A splendid shot!" cried the officer, "and if I were your captain you would be a corporal to-morrow!"

Davis had done a strange thing. We looked at him and wondered over it. The heat of the battle was yet strong upon us, but the killing of the man seemed little short of cold blooded murder.

"Hurry up, man, and tumble him out of that before he can reload! If you bring him down I'll ask your captain to make a sergeant of you five minutes later!"

Davis advanced to a stump a few feet away and knelt down and sighted his rifle across it. We who knew his marksmanship felt sure that his bullet would speed true. He took a long aim, and we were holding our breath to hear the report of the rifle, when he drew back, rose up and said:

"I—can't shoot that man!"

The words were hardly out of his mouth when the man in the tree fired again, and his bullet struck down a lieutenant within five feet of the brigadier.

"You idiot, but why don't you shoot?" shouted the indignant general, as he stepped forward.

"It is cold blood, sir—cold blood!" whispered Davis, who trembled in every limb, and was as pale-faced as a dead man.

"You poltroon, you coward!" raged the general. "Here, you man—cut the stripes from his sleeves, and you, captain, see that he is reduced to the ranks on the company roll! He ought to be court-martialed and driven out of the army in disgrace!"

A soldier stepped forward and with his pocket-knife cut the chevrons from the corporal's sleeves, and Poor Davis slunk away in disgrace. Here was a strange thing. A soldier who did not hesitate to put himself in a position to be killed could not be induced to fire upon the enemy. His soldierly qualities were such that he had been taken out of the ranks, and yet he refused to carry out a soldier's first duty—to kill. We could not call him a coward—no man is a coward who will face death—but we called him strange and wondered what was back of it all. The men of the company fell away from him, and in a few days he stood almost alone. When we followed up the enemy after Yorktown there was some heavy skirmishing with the rear guard, Ambrose Davis was with the company, and upon one occasion, when the hundred charged and captured a gun, he

CURIOS CRABS IN FLORIDA.

They Have Peculiar Shells and Feed on Birds and Insects.

Haunting the rookeries of the birds in the southern part of the peninsula is a large blue crab. He makes a hole in the ground, usually under a log, and when he hears a noise elevates his head and protrudes his eyes with startling effect. He is able to take care of himself, for his pincers are powerful and his shell is hard. He is often as large as a saucer.

There is a perpetual war between him and the birds. He wanders among the nests at night and appropriates the bits of fish left by the nestlings and the young themselves, if he can find a mother off her guard. But he has to be sly or he is killed by the stroke of layonet bill and eaten in his turn. When the plume hunters have driven off or destroyed the parents of a rookery, these crabs swarm out and devour the orphan young in short order. But while the mothers are allowed to do their duty the crabs are ideal scavengers and devour the refuse as well as the insects that infest the bird cities. Their bright colors, like those of the tiger, make them less dangerous than their appetites would otherwise be.

There is a little purple crab along the coast of southern Florida which seems to feed almost entirely upon the fruit of the cactus. This it so much resembles that you are suddenly surprised to see one of the succulent little balls move away from your fingers before you are aware that it is alive. Step back and the crab will resume its place and seem to be as curious about you as you are about him.

One of the most beautiful shells found along our coast is that of a large snail which climbs certain trees and grows delicately fat on the young birds. The shell is as thin as tissue paper, oddly curved and almost as transparent as the finest glass. It belongs to the family of edible snails so prized as a delicacy on the coast of France, and if properly prepared makes a delicious dish. It is most abundant about New River Inlet, where the slight shake of a tree about sunset will bring a shower of shells to the ground. The breakage of a shell seems to be of little trouble to the snail—he repairs the damage and moves on.—Jacksonville (Fla.) Citizen.

Cain's Wife.

Where did he get her?
Who was her brother?
Had she a sister?
Had she a mother?
Was she pre-Adamite—
Born before history—
With her identity
Shrouded in mystery?
Maid of Phoenicia,
Egypt, Arabia,
Athen, India,
Or sun-kissed Sumbia?
Who was her father?
Was he a viking
Cruising about
Just to his liking;
Out of the Whencenes
Over the water,
Into the Where
Bringing his daughter?
Native of Norway,
Denmark or Sweden,
Lured by the charms
Of the garden of Eden,
Blonde or brunette?
Rounded or slender?
Fiery or frigid?
Haughty or tender?
Why are her graces
Unknown to fame?
Where did Cain meet her?
What was her name?
Tell me, ye sages,
Students of Life,
Answer my query—
Who was Cain's wife?
—Washington Star.

New York the Railroad Center.

"Reasoning Out a Metropolis" is the title of an article in St. Nicholas, written by Ernest Ingersoll. Mr. Ingersoll says: Railroads began to be built about 1830, and the New-Yorkers were soon pushing them out in all directions, supplying the money for extending them farther and farther north and west, and connecting them into long systems controlled by one head. Other men in other cities did the same; but by and by it was seen that no railroad between the central West and East could succeed in competition with its rivals unless it reached New York. The great trunk roads, built or aided by the Baltimore men to serve their city, and by the Philadelphia people to bring trade to them, and by the capitalists of New England for their profit, never succeeded, therefore, until they had been pushed on to New York, where the volume of commerce was coming to be as great as, or greater than, that of all the other American ports put together. Now New York has become the real headquarters of every important railway system in the United States; that is, it is here that the financial operations—the money part of the management—are conducted, though the superintendents of its trains and daily business may keep their offices somewhere else.

Disfigured, but All There.

There had been a foot-ball game in a smart Western village. It had terminated without any fatalities, and victors and vanquished had met at the principal hotel to eat dinner together in token of restored peace and concord.

"Are the boys all here, landlord?" asked the captain of the victorious eleven, as the proprietor of the hotel came to him to announce that everything was in readiness. "Have you counted noses?"

"Yes, sir," replied the perspiring landlord, "I've counted them. Some of them are a good deal out of shape, but they're all here."—Youth's Companion.

The Beaver in Europe.

It is possible that the beaver will survive longer in Europe than in America. It is said that on the Elbe, the Rhine, and the Danube, and Prof. Collett, of Christiania, estimates that there are now 100 individuals living in Norway, whereas the number in 1880 was estimated at sixty. Prof. Collett recommends that government protection be afforded to prevent their extermination.

His Wheels.

Visitor—And he imagines that he sees ghosts all the time? How horrible! And do they clank chains—
Attendant—Ah, no! Madam will remember that this is the era of the chainless wheel.—New York Press.

A man who has never made a success in his past, is not likely to make a success in his future.

TOPICS FOR FARMERS

A DEPARTMENT PREPARED FOR OUR RURAL FRIENDS.

How to Keep the Children on the Farm—Best Way of Making Corn Stalks When to Harvest Beans—Pointed Poultry Pickings.

To Keep Children on the Farm.

We often hear it deplored that so many farmers' boys and girls leave the farm so early, but it is all in their bringing up, and nine times out of ten the parents are responsible. They do not make farm life attractive enough. I heard a young man of twenty-three say that he wouldn't leave home for anything—that he considered it the prettiest spot on earth. Come to find out, that boy never had to get up at 3 o'clock in the morning and work until sunset. He was blessed with parents who considered their children of more importance than overwork or money. Pleasures were furnished at home to keep the boys out of danger. Even Fourth of July was celebrated so splendidly at home that the boys had no desire to go anywhere. I went to one of those farm entertainments, and there was a picnic all day in the orchard, with swings and boat-rides on the mill pond, ice cream and fireworks. The farmer was not a rich man, either; he only looked out for the good and enjoyment of his boys.

Some farmers and their wives take time to interest their children in beauties around them, and set them to work making collections of flowers, leaves and grasses. They let them bring mosses and stones into the house and form little cabinets of their own. They encourage them to draw and paint pictures of all the birds and insects they see, to learn their names and become acquainted with their habits. Such children will not want to leave the farm. But the average farm is so dreary and monotonous, with its endless routine of duties, oftentimes accompanied with hurry and harsh words, no wonder the young people want to leave the farm and hunt up something more cheerful.

There is nothing in the world so sweet, so healthful, as farm life when carried on right, and "there's love at home." Let parents look to it that their children are entertained, and so many of them will not want to leave the farm, but will be satisfied to remain at home.—New York Tribune.

Making Good Corn Stalks.

Something about the best way of making the corn stalk may be of interest. We never used the so-called "horse" which some used to advise for building the stock around, which was to be withdrawn after the top of the stock had been firmly bound. A good stiff hill of stalks, all the better if it had three to five ears to lean the cut corn against, was always chosen for the center of the stock. Then we cut hills on each side, standing them up opposite to each other and leaning slightly against the center hill. In this way the center became of less importance and could be cut away after the stock was finished without making it sag to either side. Where we were, storms mostly come from the west, so we piled up rather more stalks on the east side in order to prevent it from blowing over that way. For tying the top we usually had corn stalks cut three or four days before, and allowed to wilt. Most of these would bend readily, and by taking two to each stock the top could be bound so that it would not break. If the top band breaks the stock is sure soon to lean over or fall to pieces, which means falling on every side. An immense amount of corn is every year lost by defective stocking. The best of all bands is made from osler willow, and we think every farmer who grows much corn ought also to grow the osler willow for this purpose. One band can be bound around the top, and another a foot lower down, banding it so tight that the stock may be hauled by it when it is necessary to load it on a wagon.—American Cultivator.

Harvesting Beans.

When the pods turn yellow and most of the green ones have nearly full-sized beans in them, it is time to harvest the crop. Pull the beans and put them in small-sized stacks. Drive two stakes down where the stack is to be made, and lay one or two stones, or a bunch of grass, between the stakes; then put the beans as pulled between the stakes, the roots out; press the beans down closely. The beans should be dried out before being hauled in. When dry haul in during the heat of the day and spread over the top of the mow. Beans gotten in free from rain will be free from spots, and can be sold for an extra price. The bean ground should be given a thorough harrowing and drilled to wheat. The bean crop is a very profitable one, as the demand is constant, and the price ranges from \$1.40 to \$1.80 per bushel. The beans can be threshed, cleaned and assorted during the rough days of winter. The bean straw is excellent for sheep.—Baltimore American.

Horses' Teeth.

When a horse does not appear to thrive, as he should, on his food, and the most careful observation fails to account for his condition, it is wise to have his teeth carefully examined, especially the backjaw teeth or molars. An irregularity of these is often the unsuspected source of the evil. The molars occasionally wear irregularly; sometimes the upper border overlapping the external surface of the lower, while the internal surface of the lower rises to a corresponding height within the mouth. In such cases sharp points are found where the wear has been slightest, and these roughnesses lacerate the inside of the cheeks and cut the sides of the tongue, so that mastication is performed not only with difficulty, but with pain. The consequence is that the food is not properly prepared for the stomach, and passes through it without assimilating to a full extent its nutritive principles.—Farmtown Telegraph.

Why Young Meat is Best.

Almost everybody likes best the meat of young animals. But the reason why does not appear to be so generally understood. It will be said, of course, that the young chicken is more tender

and delicate, and has a sweeter flavor than the old fowl, and the same also of the young pig or lamb as compared with the old one of the same species. The truth seems to be that the young animals' meat is best because it has never been either pinched and starved, nor been surfeited by over-feeding. As proof of this we have seen runt pigs killed which had been stunted still more by overfeeding with corn as every farmer knows is liable to happen. The pigs were sickly, or at least had so poor appetites that they would eat very little, and were at last killed, as it seemed impossible to make them grow. There was fat enough in such pigs, but it never seemed to us whole some fat, and we would much prefer a cut from a thrifty pig that weighed 150 to 200 pounds. It is a lesson that all feeders have to learn, that only by keeping the digestive organs in good condition and making the animal fatten rapidly can gain be profitably made or the meat thus produced be wholesome and of the best quality.—American Cultivator.

Feeding Apples to Cows.

We do not wonder that there is strong prejudice against allowing cows, and especially milk cows, to eat apples. For the most part it is well grounded. While it is possible to give a milking cow a few ripe apples without drying up her milk perceptibly, that is not the kind of apples she usually gets. If the cow is in an orchard where apples are falling, she runs every time she hears one drop and eats it greedily, however wormy, sour, green and bitter it may be. All apples have some malic acid in them, even including those that we call "sweet." This malic acid, together with the tannin that is found in the apple peel, and especially in green, small apples, contracts the cow's stomach. If she eats much of such fruit, it gives her the colic just as surely as it does the small boy. The cow's stomach wasn't made to digest such stuff, and so sure as it is put into her stomach, there is riot and rebellion. Every one knows that giving vinegar to cows, and rubbing her udder with vinegar, will dry her off. We believe that allowing cows to eat many apples, even if they are ripe, has a bad effect on their milk production.—Exchange.

Clipping Wings.

The most convenient way to keep fowls from flying over fences is to clip one of their wings, but if this is not properly done the clipping disfigures the bird. The proper way to clip a fowl is to spread one of its wings as widely as possible and clip off the wide side of the primary or pinion feathers close to the shaft. Do this with one wing only, and when the bird tries to fly its wings will not balance and it can not fly over an ordinary fence. By clipping off the wide side of the feathers only the clipping does not show when the wing is folded in its natural position against the side. Clipping notches in the wing feathers is also a good way to mark a fowl if identification is only to be desired for a short time. It will not do for a permanent mark, as the feathers are renewed every year.—Farmer's Voice.

Cutting Trees to Save Forests.

Dr. Farnow, chief of the forestry division of the Department of Agriculture, says that trees must be cut down and ought to be cut down, not only for commercial and industrial uses, but also for the good of other growing trees, and all that the scientific forester asks is that the cutting should be done judiciously. The ignorant lumberman who does not look to the future cuts down all his forests at once, while the forester cuts the trees so as to make it a permanent investment. The old fable of the man who killed the goose that laid the golden eggs has been wasted on many lumbermen in the past, but it is to be hoped that the establishment of the school of forestry in Cornell University, the first in the country, is destined to work a great revolution in the ideas of intelligent people.—Farmer's Review.

Asparagus-Growing.

The Missouri experiment station has been experimenting for the past two years with asparagus growing, and has successfully grown asparagus in the open field in mid-winter by running steam into shallow funnels between the asparagus rows. The asparagus field was first covered with six or seven inches of heating horse manure, and the steam forced into the soil from the green house boiler. By this means a large yield of fine asparagus was obtained throughout the months of December, January and February; the finest quality being gotten in the middle of January, when the weather was coldest.

Foliage on Fruit Trees.

Abundant foliage assists in protecting fruit on trees and vines. Fruit ripens earlier on trees where the leaves have not been killed, and as leaves take carbonic acid from the air and give off oxygen they serve to purify the air while deriving food therefrom.

Poultry Pickings.

Too much corn will give young ducks the cramps.

Tobacco dust is excellent for dusting lousy fowls.

Beans are a good feed because they are nitrogenous.

Eggs sell better when sent to market in regular cases.

Keep the turkey hens tame by feeding them regularly.

The laying hen consumes more food than one not laying.

The early pullets are the profitable winter egg producers.

Ten weeks from shell to market is the time allotted a chick.

Ten hens with one male make about the proper proportion.

Ten flocks, each consisting of ten hens, are enough for an acre.

Scatter the grain at noon among litter, so the fowls must exercise.

Egg shells ground to a powder make a good addition to the mash.

Green bone is a valuable food for growing chicks and matured fowls.

Ground oats, cornmeal and bran constitute proper foods for poultry.

Steeped clover, mixed with the morning hash, is a great egg producer.

Keep cabbage hanging in the house within the reach of the fowls.

After the second year the hen's value as a winter egg-producer lessens.

TENDED THE WRONG GRAVE.

Connecticut Widow Mourns for Four Years Over a Stranger's Tomb.

To mourn for four years over the grave of a stranger under the belief that it contained the body of her own husband is the experience of a Bridgeport, Conn., woman. Mrs. Otto Jones is the name of the woman, and she probably would have taken care of it until death called her had it not been that the true widow eventually paid a visit to the tomb in Mountain Grove cemetery to arrange the site for a shaft to the memory of her husband. To her great surprise she found the grave was green, the grass neatly cut and the headstone informing her that there rested the body of Otto Jones. She also saw a woman kneeling over the mound arranging some plants. Each widow at once claimed that the body of her husband lay in the grave, and to settle the controversy decided to appeal to the sexton.

Near by was another grave, neglected and overgrown with weeds and brush. This, the sexton told Mrs. Gould, was where the body of Mr. Gould had been laid. Mrs. Gould, however, was certain that she was right and Mrs. Jones was equally positive that the disputed tomb contained the body of her dear departed. The sexton then got his spade and commenced to dig the earth away which covered the casket. The box was uncovered, and there exposed to view was the plate with Charles H. Gould's name upon it. Mrs. Jones swooned and was carried from the cemetery.

The mistake happened in the following manner: Otto Jones died nearly four years ago. Mrs. Jones a few weeks after the burial visited the freshly made mound and noticed that there was a second one close by. She had a small stone placed to mark the grave, which she cared for ever since. Charles H. Gould, one of the best known residents of the city, also died about four years ago, and his body was placed in a receiving vault. Burial was deferred owing to litigation over claims made by several women, who alleged that the real widow was an impostor. An investigation proved the falsity of this claim and Mrs. Gould and her child received Gould's property.

In due time the body of Gould was buried alongside that of Jones, his poorer neighbor. In some unaccountable manner Mrs. Jones got the graves mixed and her flowers and tears and prayers were offered on the grave of Gould. Not even the sexton knew of the mistake, or if he did he did not make it known. Things went on in this way for three years.

Mrs. Gould decided recently to erect a monument over her husband's grave, and as the small headstone in memory of Jones marked the grave she claimed as her husband's she sought the deed. This showed her that she was right, but Mrs. Jones was equally sure that her husband was buried there until the sexton uncovered the box.

A Cavern of Shells.

At Margate there is a remarkable relic of the past about which very little apparently is known. It is an underground cavern, or grotto, whose walls are lined with shells. Pearson's Magazine this grotto is described by Mr. J. Malcolm Fraser. Speaking of his visit of inspection, Mr. Fraser says:

We pass through a rough-hewn passage, one hundred feet long, which suddenly emerges into the so-called grotto. Gas has been laid throughout the whole route, and as burner after burner is lighted, the beauty and elegance of one of the most fantastic relics of the pagan period reveal themselves.

A large central column, supporting the arched roof, discloses a marvel of architectural design, encircling even the Alhambra's mosaic work. Innumerable panels—perfectly proportioned—the walls, the columns, and the arches of the cave—each panel beautifully finished—each most perfect in design—all different. Roses with buds, flowers, stems, and leaves may all be seen exquisitely worked in shells of different forms and colors. Vines, with small white grapes intermingled with large black muscades, swords and shields, fishes and birds, all tastefully arranged and carried out.

The shells used in the decoration of this wonderful cavern are those which may ordinarily be found on the beach of any of the British watering places.

Gull and Pelican.

The robber-gull of the Pacific coast is one of the most graceful birds, and it always follows the pelican. The latter is an expert at catching fish, which it sees from a great height, diving with the swiftness of a bullet, and seldom missing its prey. But, after getting the fish in its huge beak with the pendant sack, it is unable to handle it readily, and always throws it in the air, catching it in its pouch, which answers the same purpose as a soldier's haversack. That is the gull's opportunity. The instant the fish leaves the beak of the big bird the robber swoops down with the swiftness of the wind, and before the fish reaches the distended jaws of the pelican, it is snapped up, and the pelican left far behind, looking foolish. Pursuit is useless, for the pelican is a heavy flyer, while the gull is one of the swiftest of the feathered race.

Fashions in Dolls' Eyes.

The majority of English dolls' eyes are blue. Like everything else they are ruled by fashion, and the reason of the preponderance is that when the Queen ascended the throne she was very fair and had blue eyes. Consequently every doll-maker in the country began to send blue-eyed dolls from their factories, and during the reign have continued to do so. Every nation has its own standard of doll beauty. For instance, in Italy and Spain, where all the celebrated beauties have dark eyes and olive-skins, a fair-haired, blue-eyed doll of native manufacture is practically unknown. In Japan the eyes of the dolls are small and are set slant like the natives.

Mothers-in-law in Abyssinia.

Abyssinia's social code provides for a fair chance to young married couples by forbidding the bride's mother to visit her daughter till a year after the marriage.

Every time a man at work in an office gets up from his chair he takes a drink at the water cooler and prepares his system for taking embelming fluid.