GRIN AND BEAR IT.

My Uncle Joe will often say
  A thing that first just sets you laughing,
But when you come to go away
And think it out, most any day
  You'll find he wasn't only chaffing.

I asked him what he used to do
  When everything went hurry-scurry,
And how he kept from getting blue,
Because the more he tried to do
  The bigger seemed to grow the worry.

"There's just one way," he answered me,
  "When worry shows its face, to scare it.
Go to the house of Grit," says he,
"And ring the bell, and ask to see
  Two little men named Grin and Bear-It.

"The plucky chaps will sprint along
  With you through any wind and weather;
They'll laugh and joke and sing a song,
And nothing can go really wrong
  If you and they just keep together."

He makes me laugh, my Uncle Joe!
  But all the same, when lessons bother
And things get wrong again, I'll go
Where Grin and Bear-It live, you know,
  And we'll sprint on with one another.
—Youth's Companion.

Helen Lindsay's Luck

PAPA! papa! you're not going to die, and leave me alone in the cruel world!"

The wild, pleading outcry came from a little girl scarcely 11 years old, who knelt on the roadside beside a prostrate form.

Bruce Lindsay opened his eyes feebly; the voice of little Helen seemed to call the fleeting spirit back for a few short seconds, even though it stood on the very threshold of death. His hand, groping through a darkness which was not that of sunset, felt for hers.

"Helen!" he gasped, "you must write—you must go——"

But, even while he spoke, the deadly numbness of approaching dissolu-

"WELL, WHAT'S THIS?"

tion seized upon his tongue, the gray shadows crept over his face, and Helen Lindsay knew from some vague instinct that she was orphaned.

And so Hiram Vought found her, about an hour subsequently, as his patient oxen climbed the hillside through the twilight, where the chilly stars sparkled in premonition of a coming frost.

"Hello!" quoth Hiram. "Little girl lost, eh? And what's that ar' by the edge o' the wood? Why, it's a man asleep, as I live!"

Hiram checked his horned steeds for an instant, and then was about to proceed, thinking that "it was none of his business after all," when the sound of a smothered sob reached his ears.

"By Jerusalem!" cried Hiram, jumping from the cart, "there's sunthin' wrong here, and I'm the feller that's bound to find it out. Hello, little gal, what's the matter? rather sick, eh.'

The child looked up at him, with a pair of eyes that glittered strangely in the uncertain light.

"No," she answered, in a choked voice, "he is not sick."

"Then," thought Hiram, "he must be drunk. More's the pity, for the poor child's sake."

But a second and keener glance convinced him that his conjecture was erroneous.

"Jericho!" he cried, forgetting all sense and discretion in his amazement, "the man is dead!"

And at the same instant, little Helen, overcome with fatigue and sorrow, and chilled to the bone with the cold night air, fell unconscious to the ground.

"Well, what's this?" cried Miss Tabitha Vought, Hiram's sister, as she stood like an old-fashioned picture, framed in the doorway, and relieved by a background of cheerful red firelight. "What next? Last time you went to town you brought home a lame kitten, the time afore that a goose with a broken wing, and now it's a sick child. We'd better open a hospital and have done with it."

But Hiram, without answering, carried his small, unconscious burden to the fire, and Tabitha, who was not without her due share of the milk of human kindness, brusque-tempered spinster though she was, ran for the camphor bottle. And when Helen Lindsay came to her senses, she lay on a comfortable, old-fashioned settee, wrapped in a heavy shawl, in front of a glorious wood fire, with a cricket singing noisily on the hearth, and two kindly, although wrinkled, faces bending over her.

"Poor little creetur!" ejaculated Miss Tabitha, "her eyes is as blue as them double larkspurs of Mrs. Deacon Spurbanks."

"Papa," broke despairingly from Helen Lindsay's lips; and then, realizing the utter forlornness of her position, she burst into a passion of tears and sobs.

"Je-rusalem!" cried Hiram Vought, giving his thigh a resounding slap; "I'm blessed if I can stand that. Tabby, we must keep her."

And Miss Tabitha, who had just opened her lips to propose the same thing, screwed them up again.

"Keep her? We? And what for, I should like to know?"

"She'd be handy to run errands."

"Humph!" snorted Miss Tabby. "I guess I'm able to run my own errands."

"She'd be company for you when I'm to work out on the farm."

"I ain't complained o' bein' lonesome, that I know of," answered the old maid, dryly.

"She—she—— Bother it all, Tabby, she has no one belonging to her, and I'm sorry for her, and——"

"Well, then, why didn't you say so at first," said Tabitha, with a little short laugh, which was almost a sob. "I'm sure I'm willin', Hiram."

So the little Scottish bluebell found a home among the bleak New England hills, and took root among the rocks as naturally as if she belonged there.

She grew up, slight and beautiful as a flower, and George Parsons, who lived on the neighboring farm, bethought himself to fall in love with her.

"A mere foundling," said Mrs. Parsons, a tall, high-shouldered dame, with steel spectacles, and a little fuzzy bunch of artificial curls on either side of her face. "If you're goin' to be fool enough to marry her, George, you needn't expect to be countenanced no longer by your family."

George looked sheepishly at the toes of his boots. Six-footer though he was, it was quite evident that he was not yet beyond the control of the maternal leading strings.

"But, mother, there's Seth Harney a-goin' there every Sunday evenin', and——"

"Well, what then? Let him go. If he's a fool, that's no reason you should be one, too. Helen Lindsay won't never be no 'count as a worker. She's too slim-built and fine ladyish."

"But, mother," and George looked more sheepish than ever, "I—I love her."

"Oh, fiddlesticks!" echoed Mrs. Parsons, in accents of the keenest contempt. "Love! Ba-a-ah! I didn't s'pose you was such a fool, George Parsons. Mahala Jones is worth twice as much at makin' butter and weavin' rag carpet, as Helen Lindsay; and as for beauty, why thee hasn't no taste that don't prefer Mahala's black eyes and red cheeks to a washed-out-lookin' creeter like Helen Lindsay, that don't know whether she ever had a father and mother. I ain't no ways particular, but I do believe in ancestry."

"She ain't to blame for that, mother."

"Well, all I've got to say is, go your own gait, George Parsons, and see where it'll lead you to. Only remember, then, the house and farm are mine to leave, and I mean to leave them where I choose."

So George Parsons, less independent in spirit than Seth Harney, stayed away from Hiram Vought's, and pretty Helen puzzled her brains to know the reason why.

"I had almost grown to like him," she thought, "but, after all, I don't know. Mr. Harney is very handsome and frank-mannered, and he doesn't look the other way when I pass him on the way to church. I know Mrs. Parsons despises me, because, as she says, 'I have no one belongin' to me.' Well, let them manage matters to suit themselves."

And Helen unconsciously drew her slight figure up to its full height, and curved her crimson lower lip. And when Seth Harney, the young village lawyer, asked her to be his wife, she answered:

"Yes."

Mr. and Mrs. Seth Harney had just returned from their brief and simple wedding tour, and Seth had taken his place in his office, one breezy March morning, when the stage from the railway station stopped at his door, and a rusty, yellow-faced little man stepped out, with a battered valise in his hands.

"This is Martinford? and you are the attorney and counselor-at-law here, I suppose?" he asked, in a dry, abrupt tone, that sounded like a bark.

"At your service, sir," Seth answered, briskly.

"Then, sir, I wish to secure your services to help me to discover the whereabouts of one Mary Helen Lindsay, formerly of Perthshire, Scotland."

Seth stared.

"What for?"

The little rusty man with the yellow face opened his valise, and rummaged out a tape-tied bundle of yellower papers.

"Because, through the death of three relatives, in quick succession, she becomes heiress to Glasgow Hall, through her father's cousin, the late Earl of Glasgow."

Seth stared harder than ever, and rubbed his eyes, half expecting to wake up and find that it was all a dream. Had he, then, married a Scottish earl's cousin?

"Can you tell me of any such person?" asked the little man. "She was traced to——"

"I rather guess I can," breathlessly interrupted Seth. "Why, she's my wife—we were married last month."

"Indeed?" said the Edinburgh lawyer's agent, taking snuff very coolly. "Then, sir, I congratulate you upon the acquisition of a very handsome estate."

And when Seth Harney took the agent home to his cozy little cottage to see Helen, all Martinford was ringing with the news.

"Well!" ejaculated Mrs. Parsons, "did I ever! I 'most wish our George had married her, after all. But he never was one o' the lucky sort."

Mr. Hiram Vought and his Sister Tabby were the best pleased of any one.—New York Weekly.

LIVED WITH BROKEN NECK.

Nor Did It Prevent the Man from Walking to His Home.

They had been discussing the case of the Chicago man who walked a mile or more to his home after his neck had been broken, resting his head in his hand every step of the way, says the New Orleans Times-Democrat. "The Chicago case, while interesting and rather unusual, is yet by no means unreasonable," said one member of the group. "It is, as a matter of fact, perfectly reasonable to assume the statement to be correct. Things even more remarkable have happened, though we are in the habit of thinking the jig is up with the man when his neck is broken. Science has put forth a rather novel theory in regard to what men may do when their heads are suddenly clipped from their shoulders, and, unless my memory is more treacherous than I think, there are cases which give the color of truth to what might otherwise seem to be mere scientific speculation. Can a man walk after his head has been cut off? Science will answer in the affirmative. Suppose the case where a man is walking along a smooth surface at a moderate rate of speed. Cut his head off quickly with an instrument sharp enough not to interfere with the momentum or equilibrium of his body in any way further than to take from the body the weight of the head, what would happen? Manifestly the body would continue to walk for a few steps at least. Of course the waste of blood would, in a few seconds, disturb the balance of the torso and a collapse would follow. But it is conceivable that the body would continue its forward movement until the physical energies, put into motion by the mind before the severance of the head, would have exhausted themselves and the number of steps to be taken by our hypothetical torso would be governed by the rapidity of the blood flow, because the wasting blood would be the chief factor in disturbing the body's equilibrium and arresting its momentum. If blood wasted rapidly it would be followed by a quick collapse of veins and arteries and functional paralysis, which would soon reduce the body to a condition of dead weight. So, you see, it is not unreasonable to state that a man with a broken neck walked a considerable distance, even as far as a mile, when it can be shown that a man with his head shaved from his shoulders can take a few steps."

FEW GOOD READING CLERKS.

Profitable Profession for Which Young Men Might Fit Themselves.

"The meeting of Congress reminds me that it is one of the rarest things in the world to find a good reading clerk," said an old reporter, "and there is, I suppose, a very good reason for it. As a matter of fact, it takes a peculiar type of man to make a reading clerk. There are a great many men who can read well for a while. But the man wanted by the large deliberative bodies must be able to sustain himself, and in order to do this he must learn how to control his voice. In fact, he must be as careful of his voice as the artistic singer.

"Reading clerks in legislative bodies often have a peculiar condition to deal with on account of the character of legislative halls. The men who read for Congress also read under difficulties. During the national conventions of the Republican and Democratic parties I had occasion to appreciate the difficulties of finding good reading clerks. Each convention selected a number of reading clerks, but the service was not at all satisfactory. It was impossible to hear the clerks a short while after they began to read. They would pitch their voices in a key so high that collapse vocally was inevitable. The voices would soon become husky and the men could not be heard at all. Another man would be pressed into service with the same result.

"On account of these difficulties it required the services of a number of men to get the platforms and resolutions before the conventions. And at that the reading was of a most unsatisfactory nature, for even the delegates who were required to vote on the various propositions involved could not hear and did not know what they were voting for. Good reading clerks are indeed rare and it would seem that young men with ambition might find it profitable to equip themselves along this line, where they are endowed with voices capable of being developed."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Seidlitz Powders in Siam.

Sale of seidlitz powders is prohibited in Siam. Some fifty years ago Phra Mongkut, the then ruling emperor, bought a box of seidlitz powders from a trader missionary, and, misinterpreting the instructions on the lid, mixed the six blue papered powders into one tumbler of water and the six white papered ones into another. Then he proceeded to swallow the resultant decoctions, one after the other. The result to the monarch may be imagined. In consequence of this the further sale of the remedy in question was prohibited — a prohibition which still remains in force.

Tempus Fugit.

Susie—Freddy will be 30 years old to-morrow.

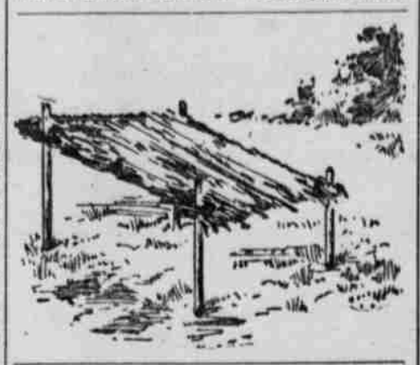
Lucie—Are you going to give him anything?

Susie—Yes—a good, strong hint.—Cleveland Leader.

Shade for Small Stock.

Most farmers make some attempt to provide shade in the pasture for their horses and cows, but let the swine, sheep and poultry go without it, which is certainly a mistake, for all animals and birds like shade in summer. It is an easy matter to erect a number of small shade places on the pasture, and at small expense, if one is willing to invest the small amount of labor necessary. If there is a wood lot on the farm what is easier than to cut a number of poles to use for posts, and then a number of lighter branches to use as the foundation for the roof. Set the poles firmly in the ground, making four posts for the corners, then, with the branches and a lot of waste hay or straw, a thatched roof is easily constructed.

Spend enough time on the work to make it strong enough so that the wind will not blow it over. When you finish



you will have a shade house something like that shown in the cut, and the stock will enjoy it and be all the better for it. They would thank you for it if they could, so spend a little time building some, even two or three, by way of experiment.—Indianapolis News.

Feeding Too Many Fowls.

When the hatching season is over there is no necessity for retaining the roosters, as the hens will lay without their presence, and their room is valuable, while they cost more for food than they are worth, says Farm and Fireside. It is well to retain the best of the early pullets, but all pullets that do not show evidence of thrift or of reaching maturity before winter should be disposed of. The young cockerels should be disposed of just as soon as they are large enough for market or the table. It is better to give the growing stock plenty of room than to crowd them. The poultry house is usually a warm place in summer when well filled with birds, due to the animal heat of the bodies, and the flock should consequently be reduced to the lowest number consistent with the facilities.

Borrowed Troubles.

There are people who have genuine troubles, but the woe of genuine trouble is nothing compared to troubles which are expected and which never come. Too many farmers borrow trouble when it rains, because of the fear that the rain will continue too long—the downfall will be too great. When it discontinues for a few days the fear and the prediction is that a drought is in prospect that will destroy the crops. All this borrowed trouble is wholly unnecessary, and if it affects the general result at all, it affects it for the worst. It is better to be cheerful and make the most of conditions as they arise and take chances for the future without worry.—Journal of Agriculture.

Shropshire Ram.

THE CHAMPION SHROPSHIRE.

This champion Shropshire ram is owned by George Allen, of Vermilion County, Illinois.

Potato Quality.

The quality of potatoes is the subject of interesting tests by the New York Experiment Station. There is reason to believe that good quality is developed in a soil temperature of 65 degrees to 75 degrees, and the tubers growing from one and two to five inches below the surface are subject to these conditions. Great fluctuation in the soil temperature is detrimental to the best development of potatoes, and tubers growing too near the surface are subject to this fluctuation. A too-low temperature also injures the development of ripening and the soil texture probably has somethhng to do with ripening and flavor. Hence, if potatoes are planted shallower than three inches or deeper than six inches the conditions are unfavorable.

Treatment for Fence Posts.

A cheap and effectual method of preventing the rotting of fence posts is said to be practiced by French farmers. The posts are piled in a tank and the whole thickly covered with a quicklime, which is gradually slacked with water. Another plan, used in this country, is to char the posts to the depth of half an inch, and then dip them in coal tar but the coal tar should be so used as to extend above the surface of the ground, when the posts are in place. While this may not prevent decay, yet it will prolong the period of durability of the posts.

Working in the Wheatfield.

Most people are probably familiar in a general way with the principles and methods used in wheat shocking. Yet there are details the conformation to or neglect of which makes all the difference between a first-class job and a poor one. I wish to show here some of the details which make for convenience and excellence in the work, says a Rural New Yorker writer.

I find the following plan of setting up a shock most satisfactory: Set down four bundles in a row and follow with one in the middle on each side. Now place a bundle in each of the four vacant places and put on two caps. For caps select bundles with long straw above the bands. They will cover the shock better and will not fall off so easily. Place the heads of the caps in the direction from which the strongest winds blow. If the heads face the wind the caps will not blow off as readily as they will if the butts face it.

Here are a few general suggestions: If the shock has been set up as here directed it will contain twelve bundles. Experience teaches that this is very nearly the right number. Some little variation, of course, is allowable. But if a shock is much smaller it lacks stability, and the same is true if the shock is much larger, especially if the wheat is dead ripe. When the wheat is dead ripe the heads stand out, and, especially in a large shock, the bundles are liable to fall down. If the heads stand out it is a good plan to hug the shock tightly before capping. In a large shock slightly green wheat is apt to mold. When starting a shock if convenient start it in the middle of the bunch of bundles. This will save the time and labor involved in carrying bundles around the shock.

A New Apple Picker.

A Washington State fruit grower has invented an apple picker which attracts considerable attention among fruit growers in that section. It seems to be a telescopic device which can be instantly adjusted to reach the fruit on any level of the tree. At the upper part is a ring with the cutting edge operated by a trigger. The ring cuts off the fruit which drops from the horn, or telescope, to the canvas bag attached to the shoulders of the operator. It is claimed fruit can be picked without bruising and in about half the time required by the common method.

Low-Down Rack for Corn.

Whoever raises sorghum for any purpose but grazing and cuts corn stalks whole will need a low-down rack for this sort of work. No job on

LOW-DOWN RACK.

the ordinary farm is more laborious than cutting and handling this kind of forage and anything that facilitates the lifting and loading is a good thing to have. It saves both time and muscle, for both corn stalks and sorghum, and especially the latter, are very heavy to lift and load on a high rack. In the absence of a "low-down" wagon, a rack like the accompanying illustration will be found to be a great help.

English Lime Sulphur Dip.

In England, an experiment was made in dipping sheep with a lime-sulphur dip containing 25 pounds of sulphur per 12½ pounds of lime. A quantity of water was used sufficient to give a dark red color, and before using the liquid was diluted to 100 gallons. The dip proved effective for sheep scab and did not materially injure the wool.

Wheat Screenings.

Wheat screenings, either ground or unground, are very satisfactory for sheep feed. At the Minnesota station it required 18 per cent more wheat screenings than wheat to produce a given grain. As the screenings are a production of the northwestern wheat fields, their value as a feed may easily be seen.

Selecting Seed Potatoes.

Varieties of potatoes may be prevented from running out and even improved by selection. To select potatoes, dig by hand-picking which will separate and select the seed from the best hills. In a few years by this process the yield of merchantable potatoes can be easily improved.

Farm Notes.

Poor food for the cow and poor treatment effect the milk supply.

Cows in the stable can be protected from flies; nets and screens are both used.

Sponge off the horse thoroughly and dry him well before putting him in his stall.

New York City consumes on an average about 35,000 sheep and lambs weekly.

Do not use any preservative to prevent milk from souring; keep it cool and clean.

Keep a wet sponge, straw hat or cabbage leaf on the horse's head on warm days.

Pick tomatoes as soon as they begin to turn color and spread them out under glass. This will help them to ripen quickly.

Pull up onions as soon as the bulbs are well formed and leave them on the ground until cured. Then spread them thinly under cover until wanted.

PULSE OF THE PRESS

It is naturally presumed that the dear lady in Chicago who wants to put a ban on Mother Goose reads Homer to her little lap dog.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

When the Kaiser has completed his task of looking after other people's business he might go home and spend a few months building his own fences. —Pittsburg Dispatch.

The popular contempt of warfare against the mosquito proves the capacity of the American public for straining at a gnat and swallowing an epidemic.—New York Mail.

A man is largely determined by his environments. Christopher Columbus might have been a New York police man for twenty years without discovering even a poolroom.—Puck.

If old man Sherman had only waited around long enough to see the peace envoys start for Portsmouth he might not have emitted such a cantankerous opinion about war.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Turkey has ordered in France a torpedo boat destroyer, three gunboats, two transports and artillery fittings, and it is rumored that as soon as these are delivered the Sultan intends to put out his tongue at the Czar.—London Punch.

The "lingo" of the yellow fever reports might be applied to the daily news from the Agricultural Department at Washington. New "foci" and "sub-foci" are constantly appearing under Secretary Wilson's nose.—Springfield Republican.

Portland, Me., is scouring the country for subscriptions to its Thomas B. Reed memorial fund. They want $50,000 and have on hand about $15,000. Tom wouldn't have approved this donning his friends for such a purpose.—Boston Herald.

A woman swearing offends no more against morals than a man swearing, but she offends more against manners, and by about as much as we are the more shocked at her swearing than at his, by so much do we hold manners above morals.—Life.

Our old friend, Wu Ting Fang, is said to have been commissioned by the Pekin court for the task of forcing this country to a fair course of treatment of Chinese subjects. The childlike Wu knows us well, and how to plant where it will hurt us the worst.—Buffalo Courier.

The Russian government, according to a St. Petersburg dispatch, has decided to issue a second internal loan. The amount is said to be $100,000,000. The Russian internal loan of $100,000,000 last March came like pulling teeth; this one, it is fair to presume, will be like killing the nerve.—Hartford Courant.

The dirt at Panama isn't flying and the government has at last decided that it won't fly until sanitary conditions are so improved that a sufficient number of workmen can be attracted to the Isthmus. The original idea that the only thing needed to insure the canal was the money has been substantially modified.—Buffalo Courier.

So many subjects of his majesty Edward VII. fear that America's future is threatened by China and Japan, the yellow peril, that there comes an irresistible temptation to remind them that the United States has managed to increase some 70,000,000 in population in the last century without an oriental market. We can probably get along.—Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

Senator Mitchell, of Oregon, has been tried, convicted and sentenced to six months' imprisonment and to pay a fine of $10,000; but still holds on to his seat as a Senator from Oregon. The salary, mileage and perquisites of Senator Mitchell for a year will about pay his fine, but this is a new way to vacate the office of United States Senator and will probably be very unpopular.—Louisville Post.

The suggestion that there be a national celebration of the two hundredth anniversary of Benjamin Franklin's birthday next January was to be expected about this time. The day will surely be observed in various places and one of them should be Boston, which Franklin ran away from at an early age. A truly national celebration, however, might be difficult to manage.—Springfield Republican.

It would be interesting to know how much money has been spent, first and last, on the search for the north pole. When the imposing total has been ascertained, the question may be asked whether more profitable results would not have been obtained if the money had been spent in some other way. The backers of an arctic explorer have a right to spend their money on him if they please, but they would benefit humanity more if they put their dollars into model tenement houses or consumption hospitals.—Chicago Tribune.

Another plot has been discovered in Constantinople the purpose of which was the removal of the Sultan. The Sultan's time is all filled dodging bombs when he is not dodging bills.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Short Personals.

Tolstoi spends much of his time roaming through the woods.

Gen. Booth, commander of the Salvation army, is said to be a slave to whiskers.

O. B. Rustard of Duluth, Minn., is a direct descendant of the old royal family of Norway.