

THE FARMER'S BOY.

You ask about that boy of mine,
An' what his inclination is?
Why, stranger, can't you read the sign
That's writ across that youngster's
phiz?
He's such a master hand to shirk
That sometimes I can most admire
him!
An' lazy!—If you gave him work
He'd help you make a chance to fire
him.
His mother says he's quick to learn—
That when he's foolin' out o' doors
He's makin' poetry to burn—
But watch him fool at doin' chores!
His inclination is to be
A something that they call a poet.
Such foolishness don't come from me—
I ain't that kind, not if I know it.
You see that critter on the wall
There in the frame? Well, that's a
cow
His mother says he's got a call
To be a artist; but somehow
'Tisn't such a gift for him to draw;
There's nothin' in it to surprise us.
But what that boy is useful for
Is what I'd like you to advise us.
When I was young it wasn't so;
Boys had a different trainin' then—
They knew they had to hoe their row
An' work their way like little men.
There weren't no fine contraptions known
In them old days for saving labor;
And he who'd finished for his own
Would go and help a friend or neigh-
bor.
You think I'm hard on him? Why,
His mother says he'll turn out grand!
He's just the apple of her eye.
But, stranger, when I take a hand—
H-u-s-h! Here she comes. Is that you,
ma?
I just was talkin' 'bout our Neddy
So smart, I'm proud to be the pa
Of such a son—eh? dinner ready?
—Chicago Record-Herald.

AN OLD-FASHIONED FATHER.

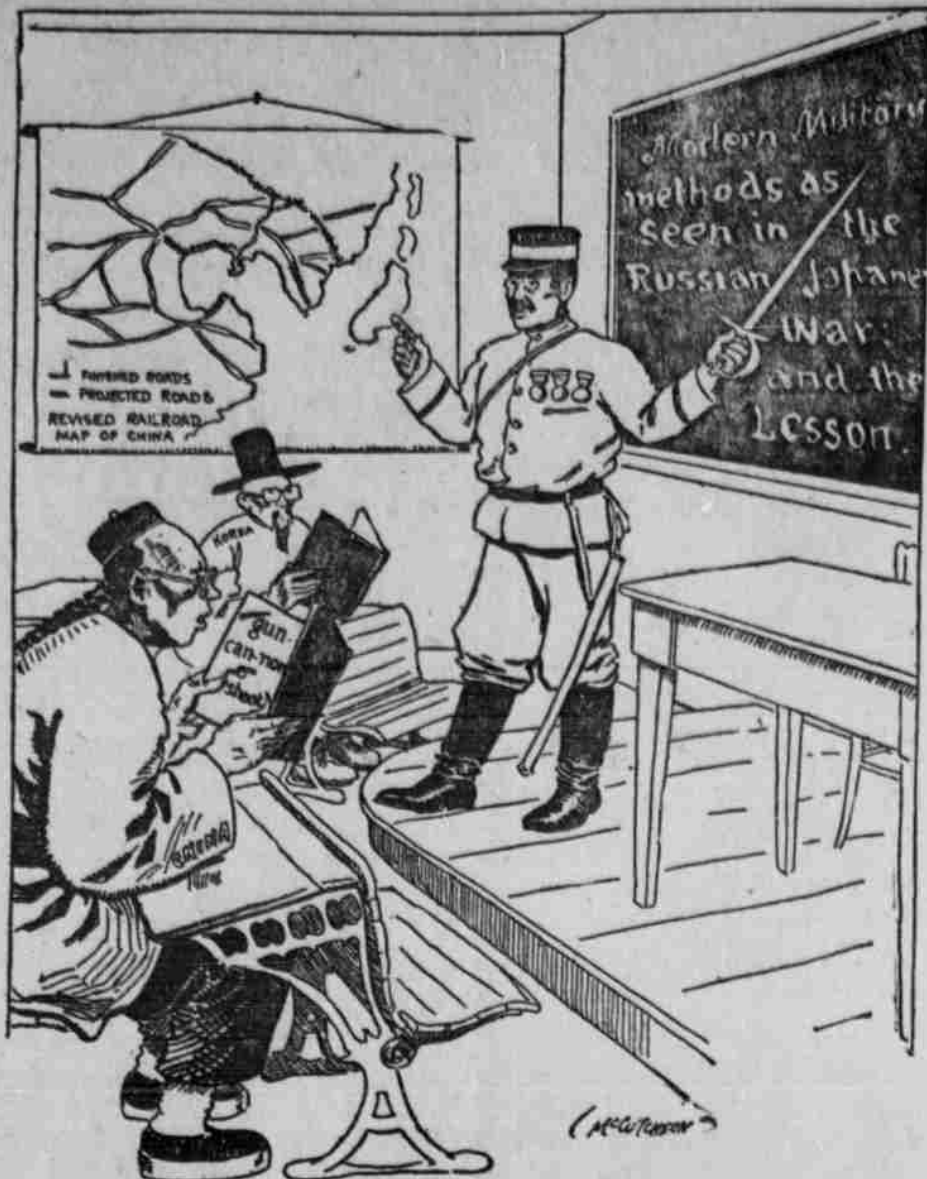
said the Judge, "still cling to the old belief that a parent has the right to say whom his child shall or shall not marry."
"Ye-es," agreed Mr. Robards, slowly, not wishing, for certain private reasons, to give an unqualified assent, and yet too well acquainted with the judge to think of open disagreement.
"Now," continued the elder man, ponderously, "Sarah, Martha and Constance all married to please me. Dorothy, although she is 25, is yet unmarried, but I have reason to believe that she is not altogether indifferent to the attentions now being paid to her by Mr. Winthrop, a man who meets with my hearty approval, a man of wealth, culture, refinement, and a



"IF YOU ASK I SHALL TELL YOU."

man of good character. You know Mr. Winthrop, William?"
"Ye-es, I believe I have met him."
"He was formerly one of my clients, but that was before you came into the office. He is a very worthy man."
"And you say Miss Dorothy is inclined to—er—favor his suit?"
"I believe she is not indifferent to him, but, of course, she is discreet and modest; perhaps, I may say, even diffident. She has always been a most obedient child, and I always given her to understand that Mr. Winthrop is my choice. She will accept him when the time comes, and he will make her a most excellent husband. Ah! there she is now; just starting off for a walk. Dorothy! Dorothy! Take William with you. I am sure he would rather walk with you than sit here with me."
Miss Dorothy drew pensively near, looking very pretty. She answered very demurely, her father thought shyly.
"If Mr. Robards wishes to come I am sure I shall be glad of his company."
Mr. Robards expressed himself as very willing, and the two set off together. He was a junior partner in Judge Lawrence's office, but he was ten years older than Miss Lawrence. For several years now the judge had made him his guest for a fortnight at his summer residence, and in the city the judge's wife had been socially gracious to him when she needed one more man at her dinner table.
"Your father was just telling me his views on the rights of parents," he observed meditatively after they had walked some distance in silence and had lost themselves in the shrubbery.
"Yes? Father is very conservative in many things."
"So I should judge. So I know, in fact, in business matters, but I was not aware that he was quite so conservative as his remarks seemed to imply in domestic affairs."
"Will you tell me just what he said to you, Mr. Robards?"
She looked at him gravely. There was certainly earnestness, almost entreaty, in her tones.
"I am not sure that it would be quite right for me to do so."
"If you think it wrong, of course do

SCHOOL OPENS IN THE FAR EAST.



—Chicago Tribune.

not tell me, but you will permit me to guess?"
"Oh, of course."
"He told you that he chose the husbands for my three sisters?"
"Yes. Was it not so?"
"Yes, it was. He did choose them. They married the men that he picked out for them, and I cannot in justice say that the result was in any case unhappy, but I think the principle is wrong."
"You think you should choose for yourself."
"I think I should choose for myself. Did father tell you that I was going to marry Mr. Winthrop?"
"He said that he believed that you were not indifferent to Mr. Winthrop's attentions; that he had given you to understand that Mr. Winthrop was his choice, and that he had no reason to think that you would disregard his wishes in the matter."
"I am not going to marry Mr. Winthrop."
"I beg pardon?"
"I am not going to marry Mr. Winthrop. I have never disobeyed my father in my life, but I am not going to marry Mr. Winthrop."

William Robards had made up his mind more than a year before that he loved Dorothy Lawrence. A man well practiced in the concealment of emotion, he was perfectly convinced that she had not suspected his passion.

He was aware that the world, including Judge and Mrs. Lawrence, would not consider him a suitable match for Dorothy, but he had determined to make an attempt to win her, nevertheless, for he believed in his own heart that he could make her just as happy as if he had the wealth and the social position requisite to his eligibility in the eyes of the world.

When the judge had spoken of Mr. Winthrop he had been greatly disturbed; now for a moment his heart was lightened by Dorothy's determined avowal, but in a moment it sank again, for the thought came to him that the reason she so positively refused to marry Mr. Winthrop was that she loved someone else. The thought made him cold, but his face was gravely impassive.

"Would not Mr. Winthrop make a suitable husband?"
"It is not that. I do not love him."
"You believe in love, then?"
She looked at him seriously, reproachfully.
"I do not believe only; I know. But Mr. Robards, you—you believe, too? You are not the kind of a man to treat such things lightly. Tell me, am I not right? Do you not also believe in love?"

"I believe," he answered solemnly, and then more softly, "I, too, know."
She bit her lip, seeming to check some ill-advised speech; then, pointing to a rustic seat under some willows that bordered the path, said:
"Let us sit down."
They were silent for a long time.
"Dorothy," he began, "I must tell you something. I am afraid it will sound a little strange after all this, but I must tell you all the same. I think it is best that you should know, and after I have told you I shall go away and shall not trouble you again."
"Trouble me," she murmured.
"Yes. I am afraid that what I have to say must trouble you more or less. It is a very simple thing, though, after all, and a very few words will express it. Dorothy, I love you."
She seemed genuinely distressed. The man had spoken very quietly. His voice and his face were under perfect control.
"Now, I shall go," he added.
"But why?" she stammered.
"You have told me—that is, you have implied—that your affections are fixed already on someone so firmly that you will risk disobeying your father."
"Yes, they are."
"In that case should I not go away?"
"No, you should not."
"But, why?"

"I have not yet told you on whom my affections are fixed."
"I have no right to ask. But, of course, if for any reason you think it would be well to tell me—"
"If you ask I shall tell you."
"Well, who is it, then?"
She leaned over and whispered in his ear very softly:
"It is William Robards."
"Dorothy!"
"Oh, Will, don't! You are so impetuous!"
"—I—I think I am rather slow."
Some time afterward Mr. Robards and Dorothy marched up to the judge, where he was dozing over a book on the porch, and after they had made him aware of their presence Mr. Robards said very firmly:
"Dorothy and I have come to tell you, sir that we are going to be married."
"Why, God bless my soul, William!" exclaimed the judge. "You! Why, I'd sooner have you than Winthrop."—Boston Globe.

THE SULTAN OF SULU.

Who Made a Proposal of Marriage to Miss Alice Roosevelt.
The recent proposal of marriage made by the Sultan of Sulu, Abja Monolo Hodji Moran, to Miss Alice Roosevelt, during the latter's visit to the Philippines serves to draw attention to this Mohammedan chief, who enjoys the distinction of being on the pay roll of Uncle Sam. The Sultan, although still a young man, should be a past master in the art of proposing. Mohammedan law is most generous in the number of wives allowed the followers of the Prophet, and Abja Mo-



THE SULTAN OF SULU.

nolo, etc., being a ruler, believes in fulfilling the law. He has eight legitimate wives in his harem and evidently intends to add to the supply, as his proposal to Miss Roosevelt would seem to indicate. The management of these wives is easy, according to the Sultan's code. If he is displeased with one of them he has her head chopped off and thus puts an end not only to his domestic infelicity but to the bother of paying alimony at the same time. The Sultan has proposed to many American women besides Miss Roosevelt, but none thus far has evinced any desire to share with him the honor of his throne.

Mail of the World.

The aggregate annual letter and newspaper mail of the world amounts to \$2,500,000,000 pieces, of which 8,500,000,000 go through the United States mails. We have 75,000 post-offices and 500,000 miles of postal routes, with a yearly travel over them amounting to 500,000,000 miles.

It takes a lot of philosophy to enable a man to admire a woman after he discovers that she has no earthly use for him.
Stick up for friends behind their backs. Don't be a sneak.



Good, Simple Hay Stacker.
An Iowa farmer writes that in his part of the country, where a large amount of hay is raised, but few farmers have barn room enough to hold it, so are compelled to stack it. In stacking hay out of doors some loss is unavoidable, but an effort should be made to reduce this loss to the minimum. One of the greatest mistakes is making the stack too small. The smaller the stack is, the larger the proportion of hay is spoiled by being on the top, bottom or sides. In making a large stack, a stacker of some kind is a necessity, and the one illustrated here seems to be the best all-around device for the purpose. The device stands straddle of the stack and is held in place by brace



SIMPLE HAY STACKER.

ropes. The hay rope runs through a pulley in the cross-piece. Drive the load of hay up to one end of the stack to unload. After you have tried this method, says the farmer correspondent, you will never stack another load of hay by hand.

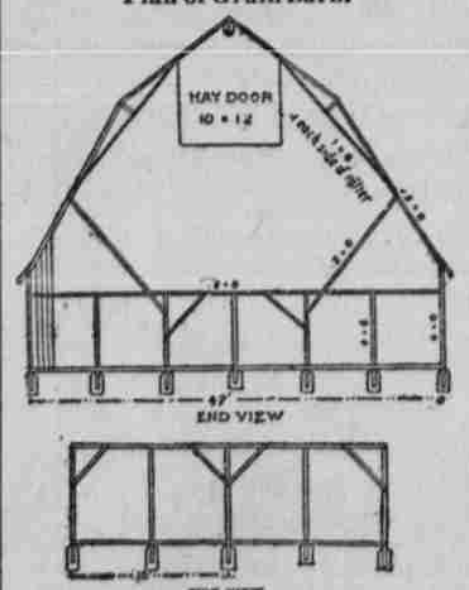
Capacity of Wells.

A ready rule for arriving approximately at the number of gallons per foot of water: From the square of the bottom diameter of the well, in inches, cut off one figure and divide by three. Thus: If the well is sixty inches in diameter, 60x60 equals 3,600; cut off one figure it leaves 360. This, divided by three gives 120, which is the number of gallons for each foot of depth. If, therefore, the depth of water were found to be ten feet, the available supply in the well would be 1,200 gallons. As the bottom diameter of a well is sometimes less than the top diameter, care must be taken, in ascertaining the volume, as above, to adopt, for the purpose of calculation, the diameter of the part where the water is: A lighted candle lowered down the well will serve to show any breaks of diameter above water-level.—American Cultivator.

When the Cow Chokes.

A neighbor turned his cows into his orchard with fallen apples. One cow became badly choked with an apple. We took a piece of rubber hose three feet long, rather stiff; we greased this with lard, held the cow's head up and shoved the hose down her throat, pushing the apple down in the stomach. A piece of rubber about 1 1/2 inches in diameter is the proper size. Cow all right. Another plan I have tried with good success. Soon as the cow is choked lose no time in getting her into the stanchion, draw the head up with a rope and fasten. Melt one pint lard, put in a long-necked bottle; while warm pour down throat. She will struggle to throw lard out; the throat being well greased will cause the apple or potato to slip out easily.—Exchange.

Plan of Grain Barn.



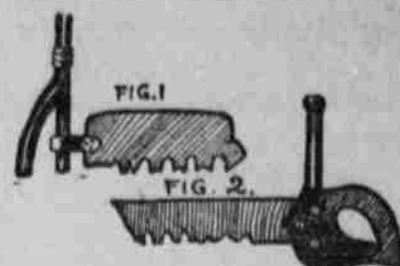
The cut shows the plan of a barn, which combines capacity with cheapness. The upright supports may be either 4x6 posts, or round poles, and where large flat stones are not available may be set in holes with concrete in the bottom and all around the posts well up and beveled at top, so as to shed the water. The barn is 42 feet wide by any desired length, the side posts to be set 8 feet apart. On account of the double angle of the roof purline posts are not required. As there are no timbers in the center there is plenty of room for hay.

Cows for the Dairy.

Before the dairyman can be successful in either branch he must draw the line between the breeds that excel in yield of milk and those that give milk rich in cream. The first thing the scientific dairyman does is to select the breed for the purpose he may have in view. The next will be to feed in such a manner as to secure the largest yield of either milk or butter in proportion to the cost of food, and the

cost of the food depends upon its adaptability for conversion into the ingredients entering into the composition of milk.

One Man Crosscut Saw.
Most crosscut saws are made with two handles and are intended to be used by two men, but it is frequently desirable on the farm to have the saw available for use by a single man. Logs to be sawed may be too large for the bucksaw, and a sharp one man crosscut will saw almost if not fully as fast as a bucksaw and without the back breaking effect. In any



TWO-HANDED HANDLE ON CROSSCUT SAW
event, whether a saw is to be used by one or two men, it is an advantage, says an Ohio Farmer writer, to have one end of it furnished with a two handed handle. Some small crosscuts are made with such a handle at one end (Fig 1), but, if not, the ordinary handle can be removed from any broad bladed saw and a homemade handle inserted (Fig 2). In use, the sawyer will, of course, hold the main stem with his left hand while with his right he will grasp the lower and forked part of the handle. He will be surprised at his increased command over the working of the implement.

Lice on Cattle or Hogs.

Prof. Thomas Shaw, of St. Paul, recommends the following preparation for disposing of lice on cattle or hogs: Take one-half pound of soft soap, or common soap if the soft cannot be obtained, put this in one gallon of water and boil slowly until the soap is dissolved; then remove from the stove and add two gallons of coal oil, then heat until the soapy water and oil are thoroughly mixed, stirring it gently in the meanwhile.
When you wish to apply it, take what is necessary from this stock and add from eight to ten times its bulk of water and apply with a cloth or brush. Make a second application when the nits hatch out, usually about ten days after, to destroy this second crop.

Handles for Large Baskets.

To make handles for bushel baskets, save the hand pieces of all the worn-out water buckets, or else make others like them, and passing a wire through, bend it down at right angles to the hand piece. Clipping the wire off at



HANDLES FOR BASKETS.

a proper length which is about 6 or 7 inches, bend the ends up into hoops. Taking two of these handles hoop them in between the splits, under the rim of the basket, on opposite sides, and quickly have two good handles for carrying a basket filled with potatoes, or any heavy article. The handles can remain on the basket, or be removed at will.

The Barnyard.

There is nothing so repulsive as a wet and filthy barnyard, in which the animals are compelled to walk knee deep in filth. Such a condition is not necessary, and can be prevented if the barnyard is kept well supplied with absorbent material. Throwing whole cornstalks into the barnyard is the old method, but cornstalks do not absorb until they are trampled to pieces, and in the meantime much of the liquids are carried off, by the rains. It will pay to shred the cornstalks or cut the straw for bedding, while leaves and dry earth may also be used in the barnyard with advantage.

A New Fruit.

The belle of the ball just now (horticulturally speaking) is the peach tomato! This lovely fruit-vegetable is of a glowing deep watermelon-red color. It is exhibited by a fruiter in the shape of one fine cluster. On this cluster are eight fine examples, all clustered thickly together and beautified by means of laurel leaves. One of the clusters is yet a deep red. They are said to be of an exquisite flavor and to contain few seeds.

Feeding Hens.

Hens like a variety of food, and they should be given as much in that line as possible. On the off mornings give a feed of equal parts corn and oatmeal, wet with milk, or boiled turnips or potatoes mixed with a little wheat bran. All scraps from the table and refuse from the kitchen should be mixed with the morning feed. A daily allowance of a small quantity of meat, ground bone and oyster shells should not be overlooked.

Our old and often recommended preventive of lice in nests is a big handful of dry slaked lime in the bottom of nest boxes. A little carbolic acid is put on the lime before it is slaked. Every time the hen steps in that nest she stirs up the carbolated lime dust.



Dr. Doyen, the noted French physician, whose much-heralded cure for cancer has been pronounced a failure by a committee from the Academy of Medicine, has been recipient of a criticism and a laudation during the past months. He is the author of the notices of American papers in November when General Crocker, of New York brought suit against him for return of a medical fee of \$20,000, alleged to have been paid him on a guarantee of a cure for Mrs. Crocker, a victim of cancer. Mrs. Crocker's husband brought suit and some sensational charges, which so grave that the French academy which the doctor was a member, appointed a committee to investigate alleged cure. That committee has reported that it has been unable to find a case which Dr. Doyen has ever believed.

Brigadier General William H. Carter, who has been assigned to command of the Department of Lakes, is a distinguished soldier whose book "Horses, Saddles and Brides," is the text-book for mounted officers in the army. He was born at Nashville, Tenn., and was graduated from the military academy in 1873, in time to take part in the expedition against the Sioux. Later sixteen years he saw arduous service in Arizona, and for bravery in battle against Apaches at Chino Creek, Aug. 30, 1881, he received a medal of honor. During the Spanish War General Carter rendered efficient service in the War Department.

Will Cumback, well known author, politician and lecturer, recently at his home in Greensburg, Ind. He was born in Indiana and practiced law in Greensburg, Ind., for many years. He was elected to Congress in 1854, defeated J. Holman in the first race. He is the Indiana (toral) ticket in the United States Army during the war, declined the position of Minister to Portugal under President Grant, came within votes of being elected United States Senator in 1869, served in the Senate and was formerly Governor of Indiana.

One of the speakers at the convention exercises held at Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., in honor of the centennial of the opening of the Soo Canal was Peter White, who is known as the "father of the Lake Superior country." He is the president of the Semi-centennial Association and was the prime mover in the project to hold a celebration. He was born in Rome, N. Y., in 1820, emigrated to Green Bay, Wis., with his father in 1839. He has been in the lake country ever since, remaining in Marquette, Mich., soon after the town's founding. He has been successful as a merchant and a lawyer, and has also been connected with mining and railway interests.

Judge William R. Curran, who has been sued by the Santa Fe Land Company for 5 cents, storage charge for one day for a safe door on Chicago, one of the conspicuous neys in the county, Ill., thirty years ago, has been a resident of Pekin, and has enjoyed a successful legal practice. He is a leader in the councils of the republican party, and for four years judge of the County Court.

Rufus Chorate once tried to get a ton witness to define absentmindedness with the following thought: "I asked that a man who thought that he was his watch to him and took it off to see if he had time to go home and get a little absent minded."

Reginald Ward, American mining society man, friend of King Edward, once a Boston broker, has abandoned the title of "count," conferred on him by Pope Leo XIII., on account of his criticism.

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