

THE FLIGHT THROUGH THE DESERT.

My hissing lash curled writhing around my courser's brave,
As we sought the Bourne of Safety, far to the purple wave.

Heavy the air with spices, heavy with gold the wheel,
When I fled from the awful Arabs—fled their avenging steel.

Behind us rose the dust-wreath, before us lay the sea,
And I bent to my dauntless courser and shook my scourges free.

Over the sands of the desert, weary and worn we sped,
Till I saw the first lone snow drift on the first fair mountain's head.

And we won the Bourne of Safety with our priceless caravan,
And I slept at the feet of my horses the sleep of a toll-spent man.
—Alden Charles Noble, in Blue Sky.

HOW BOB PAID HIS FARE

THE stout ship Falcon leaning gallantly to the wind, was making her way down the English channel, bound for America. The sails had been reefed, the cables coiled, and everything made snug for the night. Capt. Parker paced to and fro on his quarterdeck, gruffly humming a little song. Capt. Parker's song was interrupted by a sudden commotion in the forward part of the vessel. There was a sound of angry voices, a hasty scuffling of feet, followed by the frightened sobbing of a child.

"Hello!" exclaimed Capt. Parker, "what is the meaning of that row?" "A stowaway, sir," answered one of the men from below.

"A stowaway on my ship!" growled the captain. "Bring the rascal here. We will give him a taste of the rope's end first, and then—but what is that?"

"The stowaway, sir," was the response, as two of the crew approached, leading between them a very small and rugged boy.

The anger in the captain's face gave place to a look of pity as his eye rested on the shivering form of the intruder, but his voice was stern as he asked:

"What are you doing here?" "Nothing, sir," was the trembling reply.

"Who are you, and where did you come from? Speak up, no nonsense!" growled the captain.

"I'm Bob—Bob Winter, sir," said

boy. You shall stay with me on the Falcon and we will make a man of you. How will that suit you?"

Bob Winter was delighted, of course. The sailors who are wonderfully handy at such things made him a great favorite with the crew of the Falcon, proving himself to be active and intelligent, and truthful. The captain had grown very fond of Bob, and as for Bob—well, it was not long before everybody on board knew what Bob thought of Capt. Parker.

The Falcon, which was a sailing vessel, had met with head winds constantly since leaving the Channel, and on the fourth week out was struck by a heavy gale from the northeast. All day long the good ship labored with the mountainous waves, leaping and plunging till it seemed as though the groaning, creaking masts would come out of her. But she was a staunch, well-built craft, and had passed through many a worse tempest.

With the fall of night the gale increased in violence. The sails had been reduced to the heavy lower canvas, just sufficient to steady the vessel. The captain remained on deck, taking a position near the rail, where he could keep an eye on the rigging. Near him, sheltered by the bulwarks, sat little Bob, on a coil of rope.

At first the noise and confusion, the thunder of the water, the shriek of

darkness toward the spot whence the captain's voice proceeded. It was drawn tight as if some heavy burden were towing at the end of it.

In an instant sturdy arms were pulling at it with a will. Then a stout rope was lowered, and up it, like a monkey, scrambled Bob, followed more slowly by Capt. Parker.

Then a great cheer went up, drowning the roar of the storm itself, as the crew gathered about the dripping forms of the captain and his little friend. A few words served to explain what had happened.

Bob, with his eye on the captain, had seen him carried overboard. He knew that one end of the light tough rope on which he sat was secured to the bulwark, for he had tied the knot that very day. Without pausing to think of his own danger, he took the free end of the rope between his teeth and was in the water almost as soon as the captain himself.

Though he could swim like a duck, he was borne helplessly along on the crest of the waves almost into the arms of Capt. Parker, who caught him as he was sweeping by. The captain fastened the line about their bodies, and partly swimming and partly towed by the ship, they had managed to keep their heads above water until the Falcon was hove to.

The storm blew itself out during the night, and the next day dawned clear and calm.

Early in the morning Capt. Parker sent for Bob.

"My lad," said he, "last night you saved my life; now tell me what I can do for you?"

Bob twirled his cap, nervously, about his hand, and glancing shyly into the captain's bronzed face, said:

"Is a man's life worth a lot of money?"

"Yes, my lad," replied the captain. "And you say I saved yours?" continued the boy.

"Your certainly did, Bob. And what then?"

"If it was enough to pay for my passage," stammered Bob, "I would be so glad, for then I shouldn't have been stealing."

Bob could not make out why the captain's honest eyes suddenly grew moist, nor why his strong right arm almost squeezed the breath out of his little body nor yet why the captain's voice should be so husky, as he said:

"Bob, my lad, while Tom Parker's old hulk holds together and a single timber of him floats, you shall never want for a berth or be without a friend."—Elmira Telegram.

THE EMPEROR OF SURAKARTA.

He Is Perhaps the Strangest and Odddest Sovereign in the World.

There is an empire on this planet which for strange originality might as well be situated in Mars. It is governed by two emperors at the same time, and withal is not larger than the State of Delaware. Both emperors reside in the same city, each has his own resplendent court, enormous revenues, armies, imperial chancellors, government officers and courts of justice.

Only one of these emperors is known to the outside world, and he only to a slight extent. The name and titles of the leading one would easily fill a column; his subjects, 1,000,000 in number, call him the Susuhunan, and he himself modestly signs himself Pakoe Bonono X.—"Nail of the Universe, the Tenth." In him his people venerate not only their sovereign ruler, but also their religious pontiff, placed so high above them that none dares approach him upright or cover him with a glance; his state ministers, and even his own brothers, crouch before him with folded hands as if in prayer, and with downcast eyes. Yet he is a powerless puppet in the hands of a small European nation, and may not even receive or dispatch a letter without previously submitting it to the Javan representative of the Dutch. He actually rules his empire, every square inch of it, which he calls his personal property; yet he may not walk or ride outside the palace gates without the former's permission. He keeps thousands of troops at his own expense, men with modern swords and rifles, Amazons with ancient lances, bows and arrows; yet he is virtually a prisoner in his own palace, the grounds of which cover nearly a square mile, where there are hundreds of buildings, the most sumptuous halls, luxurious chambers and store rooms and stables, with many thousands of attendants. Still he has no kitchen and no cook, his own meals being sent to him daily from outside. He is absolute master over all his people, who depend for their livelihood entirely upon him; yet he may not trust any of the men, and surrounds himself entirely with women. Thousands of the latter are at his beck and call; hundreds he calls his more or less legitimate wives, who have borne him many sons; yet he has no direct heir to the throne, which is one of the oldest and most eminent in Asia.

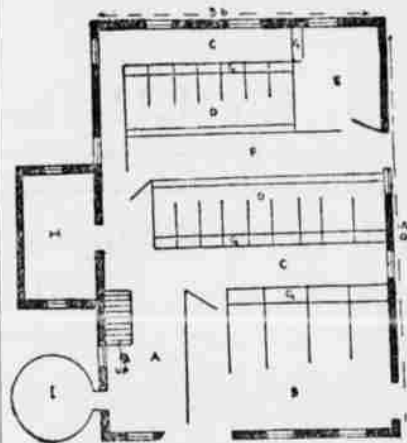
This curious personage is his Majesty the Emperor of Surakarta.—Century.

We suppose that when a woman who has had twins begins to talk, all the other women suddenly keep still.



Plan of a Stock Barn.

Here's a plan of a barn with silo suitable for three horses and fifteen cows. The plan shown is for a barn 36 by 50 feet. The framework above the basement consists of an eighteen-foot bent above the horse stable, then a twelve-foot drive way, then a twenty-foot bent. In order to have room for a team to be taken out beside a loaded wagon there should be an overlay of six feet in the mow over the cattle; this will give plenty of room on the thrash floor. The stairway to the basement goes down from the drive door into the feed-mixing room.



FLOOR PLAN OF STOCK BARN.
A, mixing room; B, horse stable; C, feed alleys; D, cow stalls; E, box stalls; F, passage behind cattle; G, manger; H, root house under driveway; I, silo.

The hay or feed from above is put down through a swinging door beside the stairway.

The basement consists of sixteen single cow stalls, box stalls, and four horse stalls, with feed rooms. Provision is made for a concrete root-house, arched over with concrete, under the driveway. The silo is on the outside of the barn, beside the driveway, and can be made any size desired; one fifteen feet in diameter and thirty feet high would be about the size required for the amount of stock the basement would contain.

Late-Hatched Chickens.

It is not usually profitable to carry the late-hatched chicks into winter quarters, for they will not lay until midwinter or early spring, hence will consume more food than their eggs will pay for. We have found it an excellent plan to keep the late-hatched chicks on the range as long as possible, and when they must be brought in and fed place them in quarters by themselves. Then they are given just enough room to take moderate exercise, some green food and for grain mainly corn, only enough other grain being given them to keep them from being corn sick. The idea is to fatten them as quickly and inexpensively as possible after they are brought indoors. They are then marketed and bring a price which makes it profitable to raise them to this point.

Lines for Three Horses.

For driving three horses the lines can be made the same as for two horses, only the No. 3 must be added.

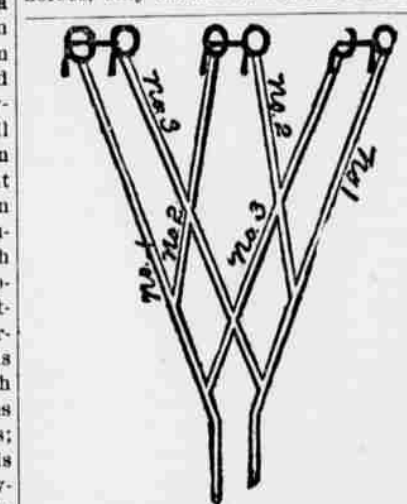


DIAGRAM FOR THREE-HORSE LINES.

which must be 10 inches longer than the No. 2. The way the lines are crossed is the way they must be put on the horses. The bits in the diagram represent the horses.

Farm Notes.

Sheep will not bear neglect and thrive.

Cropping the orchard generally does not pay.

A garden must be rich, mellow and kept clean.

There is no animal more unprofitable than poor sheep.

Current and gooseberry bushes should be pruned every year.

No unprofitable animals should be kept a moment longer than necessity requires.

It is usually best to defer transplanting trees until the frost has killed the leaves.

The tools and teams should always be the best circumstances will allow.

Keep young stock growing and it will be earning something every day.

It is not what is eaten but what is digested that furnishes the strength and muscle.

Early maturity is one of the accepted methods of lessening the cost of stock raising.

A sharp plow will sometimes save a great deal of strength in the team besides do better work.

As a rule medium sized animals take on flesh more rapidly and can be made fatter and plumper.

The best means of increasing the productiveness of land and of obtaining paying crops is to keep the land in a high state of cultivation.

Unless the manure is well rotted and tined it should not be allowed to come in direct contact with the roots of fruit trees, but be scattered broadcast over the surface.

Condition makes or unmakes the horse, and on its proper conditioning depends the development of its muscles and its powers of endurance, and on these depend its speed development.

Weeds are continually drawing from the soil the plant food which should go toward the development of the growing crop, and the larger the weeds are allowed to grow the more of the plant food will they consume. Weeds, making the best out of them possible, are parasites not only on the soil and farm crops, but also on the revenue of the farmer.

To Stop Rattle of Spokes.

A good way to overcome the rattle of spokes is to go over the wheel and tighten all bolts, then make a water-tight trough large enough so that the wheel may be set upright in it; this trough should be about six inches deep. Then buy a gallon of linseed oil and while boiling hot pour it in the trough, set the wheel in it, rolling it around slowly so that the crevices will take in the oil and then, with a brush, go over, with the oil, all portions which are not covered while the wheel is standing in the tub. Not only will the rattle be stopped, but the wheel will last a great deal longer under



WILL STOP THE RATTLE.

this treatment. The illustration shows the form of a trough which is best for the purpose.

Fattening Beef Cattle.

Prof. W. A. Henry, whose reputation as an authority on cattle feeding cannot be doubted, suggests that American cattle can be fattened upon much less grain than our feeders generally give them. He says that many feeders in the Western and Middle States give to their fattening stock from twenty to thirty pounds, and sometimes thirty-five pounds a day of corn meal, while in England and Scotland they seldom use more than six or eight pounds a day. They give with this from fifty to one hundred pounds of sliced roots, usually rutabagas, four to five pounds of straw and from five to ten pounds of hay. They claim to send as good meat to market as we can furnish them, which we may not doubt, but we are not sure that we can grow the turnips as the corn which we feed here, and whether beef animals fed upon turnips would stand transportation as well, either alive or as dressed meat, as those fattened on corn. Professor Henry thinks ensilage should take the place in our stock feeding that roots do in England, and we do not doubt that a judicious use of ensilage or some other succulent food with the corn meal might induce better digestion so that animals might be as well fattened with a less amount of grain.

The Striped Beetle.

The most troublesome pest of the cucumber, melon and squash vines is the striped beetle which feeds on the young leaves and garters on the stem near the ground gnawing the plant. Where there are only a few hills they may be protected by screens or wire netting, or common mosquito netting on circular wire frames. Persistent use of plaster of air-slaked lime will drive them away, also tobacco dust. The best poison is paris green a little weaker than used for potato plants, or one pound to one hundred pounds of plaster.

Southern Apples.

Attempts are being made in southern Florida to grow apples by grafting or budding on the Redhaw stock. The grafts are reported to be growing nicely, and one apple has been shown weighing fourteen ounces and excellent in flavor and color. Heretofore orchardists have not succeeded in producing a good apple in the extreme South.



BOB'S RESCUE OF THE CAPTAIN.

the boy between his sobs. "I live in London, by the docks, sir."

"Well, what are you doing here, then?" said the captain, eyeing the boy with a tremendous frown.

The boy made a brave effort and looked at Capt. Parker through his streaming tears.

"I haven't any father or mother, you see," he faltered, "and I have to earn my own living. I can't get jobs and I can't get clothes, and everybody don't want me, an—" a fresh storm of sobs shook the small frame.

"But you haven't told me what you are doing on board this ship," said the captain.

"They said the ship was going to America," answered the boy, "and everybody is rich in America. Everybody wants a boy there, you see. Tom Bell went there, and he makes a pile of money."

"That's all very well," responded the captain, "but people who go to America pay for their passage, and to hide away so as to go without paying is just the same as stealing so much money. Don't you know that?"

Bob looked up at the captain's stern face with a frightened and startled expression.

"I—I—didn't think," he muttered, and began a hurried search in the pockets of his ragged jacket. From one he drew forth two coppers, from another a silver sixpence, and from a third a shilling, much battered, clipped and defaced. These he held out to the captain.

"This is all I've got now," he said. "It's most enough I think, and I will earn the rest soon when I get to America."

"And what am I to do with these?" asked the captain gravely.

"It is to pay my fare," replied the boy.

A smile lighted up Capt. Parker's rugged features, as he said kindly: "There, Bob, keep your money, my

the wind through the cordage, and the wild pitching of the ship had frightened the boy. But when by the light of a lantern near by, he saw the calm, resolute expression on the captain's face, he felt relieved, and rather enjoyed the excitement.

Suddenly, just as the captain was shouting an order through the trumpet, a vast billow seemed to rise out of the gloom and bear down upon the ship. It struck the vessel's side with an awful roar, throwing tons of water on the deck. Before he could save himself, the captain was lifted from his feet and flung overboard into the sea. Almost at the same instant a small figure was seen to leap upon the rail, cling there a moment, and then spring outward into the darkness and disappear.

"Man overboard!" The terrible cry rang above the roar of the tempest. For a moment all was panic and confusion. Then under the mate's command, the ship was rounded to with her head to the wind and a boat ordered to be lowered.

"No use," said one of the men to the mate, who stood by the rail, near where the captain had fallen overboard, "we could never find them in the daytime, let alone such a night as this."

"I am afraid not," answered the mate, sadly. "Poor old man! Poor boy! Hark, what was that?"

"Falcon, ahoy!" The shout came loud and strong out of the darkness, not twenty yards from where the ship lay.

"The captain!" cried a dozen glad voices.

"Stop your jaw, there you lubbers! Tail on to that line and haul us aboard or we'll be adrift."

"Line! Us! What could be mean? But the mate had already discovered a curious thing—a light, big, strong rope, fastened to a ring in the bulwark and extending outward into the