

WHEN MANCHU FIRST CHECKED MUSCOVITE.



ALBAZIN, THE RUSSIAN OUTPOST, SUMMONED BY THE MANCHU GENERAL TO SURRENDER, 1685.

During the last quarter of the seventeenth century, Russia had pushed her outposts as far as the northern tributaries of the Amur River, and had planted the flourishing town of Albazin, which commanded nearly three thousand acres of cultivated land. In 1684 the Czar presented the town with a coat-of-arms—a spread eagle, holding a bow and arrow in its claws—symbolical of mastery over the Chinese. Next year Albazin was assailed by a strong Manchu force, numbering nearly twenty thousand, armed with bows and sabres, fifteen cannon, and many matchlocks. The Chinese general sent in a demand for surrender, written in Manchu, Polish and Russian, and as this was disregarded, a bombardment speedily reduced the town. The governor was forced to come to terms, and surrendered, but received permission to march out with baggage and arms, the Chinese merely following to see that Russia made good her promise of retreat.

THADY'S SONG.

Once on a day they allayed away—
(I had so much to carry)—
Visions of shades within the glades
Where dwell the elf and fairy.

My ways ran down into the town
Where all men strive for money;
And I forgot the briery spot
Where wild bee sucks the honey.

Then on a day in leafy May
Came to my house a laddy;
And as he grew I found he knew
What had escaped his daddy.

He takes me by the solemn, shy,
Sweet silent woodland places;
We hear the beat of elin feet—
We almost see their faces!

Ho! but it's fine so to resign
The dull town's toil and worry;
And through his eyes grow young and
wise
Where no one's in a hurry.
—Frank Putnam in the National Magazine.

CHLOE AND THE STILE.

AS we came down the field of waving corn on Lavender Hill Chloe was talking quite heroically of life. Her hair had been blown a little into admired disorder by the bluff wind on the heath, her cheeks were flushed with health and beauty, and she was mistress and queen of herself and her domain. For me, my eyes went from her bright and significant face across the gray-green oats in which we walked breast high, and back again in serene contentment. What did it matter that she was prepared to give battle to the monster-Man? Let him perish.

The hills were ablaze with light, the fields with charlock; we moved in the sun's eye, but Chloe looked as cool as a primrose in her muslin, despite the heat of her opinions.

"I can't really understand a sensible man like you taking up a position like that," said she.

I had taken no position, except the one by her side, but I defended myself weakly.

"Well, you see, we inherit these prepossessions and prejudices from our savage ancestors, I suppose."

"That's just it," said Chloe eagerly. "You admit it, then? Savage! Of course, they were savages. You've given away your case."

I never really had any case, but I didn't say so. "I suppose I have," I said ruefully.

"You know it," said Miss Bohun firmly. "It is quite absurd to pretend that women are one whit inferior to man, except, of course," she added quickly, "in regard to physical strength."

"And even then there were the Amazons," I suggested.

She cast a glance at me. "Yes, there were the Amazons," she said, "which shows—"

"And the women do all the hard work among the aborigines," I went on.

She gave me another glance. "And that again shows—" she began with less confidence.

"Do you know," I said, stopping in midfield to observe her critically, "I believe that if you only practiced a lit-

tle you would be more than a match for a man."

She looked away across the corn. "Do—do you think so?" she said, hesitatingly; and added, after a pause, "I—I don't think I'm so—I'm not what you'd call muscular."

"Well, perhaps not," I assented, examining her appraisingly; "but sinewy, say."

"How absurd!" said Chloe, quite snappishly, as she walked on. I followed. The deep, spreading shadows of the bushes at the end of the field enveloped us.

"Another stile," said I, cheerfully. "Dear me, that's the fourth!" said Chloe, resignedly. "I do wish they'd make gates between the fields."

"A stile's more picturesque," said I. "Very possibly," said Miss Bohun, indifferently. "It's certainly not as convenient."

"Ah," said I, smiling, "there's one thing, at any rate, in which men are superior. They can negotiate a stile." "Indeed!" said Chloe, loftily. "I should have thought the feat was not impossible for a woman." I pursed up my lips. "Any woman can get over stiles," she said, warmly, seeing my skepticism.

"Oh, I've no doubt," said I, politely. "It's nonsense your saying that when I can see you don't believe it," said Miss Bohun. "You're simply pleased to be sarcastic all along."

I shrugged my shoulders. She marched coldly and confidently toward the stile. It took off a high ground, which, I suppose, accounted for the absence of a step. But there were two cross-bars to assist the climber. I thought Chloe's face fell as she noted it.

"Let me give you a hand," I said. "Nonsense!" she replied. "I don't want any assistance. It's quite easy." She put the hand which was not encumbered by the sunshade on the top bar and placed one neat foot on the lowest. Then she hesitated.

"Perhaps I'd better take the sunshade," I suggested.

She did not answer at once; then, "if you wish it," she replied, nonchalantly, "though it's of no consequence."

I took the sunshade and waited. Chloe's two feet were now on the lowest bar. She peered over. The stile let down beyond in a big drop into a kind of hollow or ditch.

"Oh!" said she. "I didn't—" I was still waiting.

"I wish you'd go on and not stare in that atrocious way," said she, with asperity.

I begged pardon, vaulted the stile with one hand and strolled on. Presently I looked back. Miss Bohun was seated astride the top bar, clinging with both hands to it. Her face was deeply flushed.

"Do go on!" she called out, vehemently. I went on leisurely. But, somehow, I could not make up my mind to walk briskly. She did not join me, so I flung myself on the grass and pulled out a cigarette. Then I heard my name called in a distressful voice. I stood up and looked around. Miss Bohun was astride the top bar and she was pinker than ever.

"Please come—don't be so unkind!" she cried with tears in her voice. I hurried back like the wind.

"Oh, just give me your hand!" panted Chloe, nervously lifting one from the bar. "I can't—it's such a long drop. I can't get my—"

"Wait a bit," said I, considering. "You're half way over now. You've

only got to lift that foot off the bar and—"

"I shall go over. I know I shall go over," she said, pathetically.

"No, you won't," said I. "It only requires confidence. Imagine you're on a horse and—"

"But I don't ride a horse this way," said Chloe, miserably.

"No," said I, "but men do; and women are just as good as—"

"It's cruel of you—it's beastly, when I'm in such peril!" sobbed Bohun. She clutched wildly for me with the trembling hand she had disengaged. I seized it and her.

"Now just lift that foot," I enjoined. Chloe's weight lay limp on my shoulder.

"I can't get it free. It's stuck," she said pitifully. I moved closer, still with my burden on my shoulder, and loosed the dainty foot. "Now," I said. She lifted it gingerly. "Don't mind your ankles," I said.

"Oh, but I am—" Her foot went back. "Shut your eyes, please," she entreated. I shut my eyes. The next instant the weight on me was doubled and two arms went stranglingly about my neck. As I have explained, the foothold descended into a hollow. I went down precipitately, on my head. I saw several cornfields and two or three stiles; also more than one Chloe. But I seemed content to be there. Miss Bohun extricated herself quickly.

"Oh, are you hurt? Oh, how dreadful of me!" she said. "Oh, please do speak!"

"I liked it," I said, "and I'm only hurt in one place."

"I—you frightened me," she said, with a serious little laugh. "I'm sorry; is it your head?"

I shook it and sat up. "No, luckily I was born thick-headed."

"Your—your knee?" she inquired again, hesitatingly.

"Certainly not my knee," I replied.

"Then—" Chloe turned away. She might have asked further questions, but she didn't. She was busy smoothing her skirt. "I can't think why they make such horrible things," she said.

"Oh, but any woman can get over a stile," I told her. She made no reply, but turned right away. "Please," I called, "won't you help me up?"

Miss Bohun turned back reluctantly. I made a face of pain.

"It's your ankle!" she said, with sudden anxiety. I winced and took her hand, and then I was on my feet, with that hand in mine.

"No, it's here," I said in a lower voice, laying that hand on my heart. "It was here long ago." I drew her to me.

"Do you always do that to people you help over stiles?" asked Chloe, between a smile and a sob.—Sketch.

Breaking the News.

"You were a long time in the far corner of the conservatory with Mr. Willing last evening," suggested the mother. "What was going on?"

"Do you remember the occasion on which you became engaged to papa?" inquired the daughter, by way of reply.

"Of course I do!"

"Then it ought not to be necessary for you to ask any questions."

Thus gently the news was broken that they were to have a son-in-law.

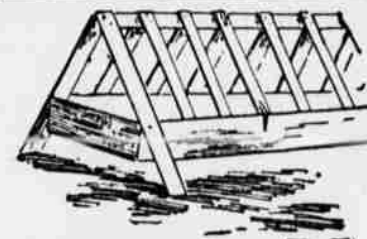
Farmers say they cannot sell fancy live stock at home; the neighbors prefer to send to another State, and pay more money.



Feeding Sheep in Troughs.

The design of a sheep trough, illustrated herewith, is one which has been found entirely satisfactory, all things considered; it is but little trouble to make it, but its superiority over the average trough is so great that the labor spent in its construction will be well spent. As shown the trough is 12 feet long, 16 inches wide, 22 inches high tapered as shown. With the exception of the slats which are 1/4-inch thick and 2 1/2 inches wide the trough is made of 1-inch lumber. The sides, which are nailed on the edge of the bottom are 6 inches wide. The end pieces or legs are 3 inches wide and extend 6 inches below the bottom of the trough as shown.

These legs, are, of course, fastened securely to the trough after the latter is built and are independent of the



FEED TROUGH FOR SHEEP.

rack itself. The rack is built by nailing the slats one foot apart on pieces 3 inches wide and 12 feet long and are then hinged to the side of the trough so that they rest on the edges of the trough when closed. Two hinges on each side (strap hinges of course) will be sufficient. At about the middle of the racks a bent hasp is fastened so that when the racks are in place they may be held so by turning the hasp over to the other side over a staple and holding it in place with a bit of wood. In this arrangement either rack may be let down and the trough thus filled from either side.

Keep Chicks Growing.

Whether the chickens are being raised for the market or for winter layers, it is essential that they make the best possible growth from birth to going into winter quarters or to the market. The range, to a large extent, solves the question of food and of healthy growth, but it is necessary that the chicks have some food other than that picked up on the range, or they will wear themselves out trying to get enough to eat.

Then, if they roost under cover at night, and they should by all means do this, there is the question of lice which must be given proper consideration, for a few lice will cause the chick to lose more weight in a month than can be made good by two months of feeding. Everything possible must be done to keep the chicks growing during the summer; keep them making a strong, steady gain, and then they will be profitable, and not otherwise.

School for Training Farmers.

American farmers are the most intelligent tillers of soil in the world. An example of this is shown in the improved agricultural machinery of this country as compared with that of other countries. A large part of this machinery is due to the inventions of the farmers themselves. In selling farm machinery in foreign countries, the greatest drawback to the development of the trade is the ignorance of the farmer classes. One American firm's trade has been so hindered that it has decided to start a school of training for farmers' sons at Orusk, Russia, where the principles of mechanics as applied to farm machinery will be taught.

Feeding Value of Alfalfa.

It is within a few years since any special attention has been paid to alfalfa and farmers have been slow in testing it. Perhaps the undisputed statement that a ton of alfalfa properly cured has nearly the same feeding value as a ton of wheat bran will convince farmers that the crop is worth their attention. Unlike clover it is not difficult to get a catch of alfalfa and it does not readily winter-kill. One cannot put to better use a portion of the leisure days than in finding out all possible about alfalfa and its culture.

Better Dairymen Needed.

A writer says: "When I see a cow with a good, sharp back, a deep body, a clean head, and prominent bright eyes, two large milk wells and a double extension milk vein, and those about the size of a finger, I say at once: What a pity that this cow did not have an owner as well bred as she, in order that her bodily functions might have been developed and her full powers given play. Her capacity is from 8,000 to 10,000 pounds of milk yearly; her production does not exceed half this amount."

Skim Milk for Pigs.

Relative to an inquiry concerning skim milk and pigs, will say that when two weeks old the young pig will begin to take skim milk from a separate trough. Of course, only a little will be consumed at that time, but it should be supplied two or three times daily at first, and twice daily later. At first skim milk alone may be given, but later cornmeal, barley meal or middlings should be added. Allow the young pig to eat practically all it will of the combination. Often it is best to have the trough from which the pigs feed in a special inclosure where the pigs can reach it, while the dam is kept away. If this plan is followed the pigs will gradually wean themselves when about ten weeks old, or at least there will be no trouble in finally separating them from the dam.

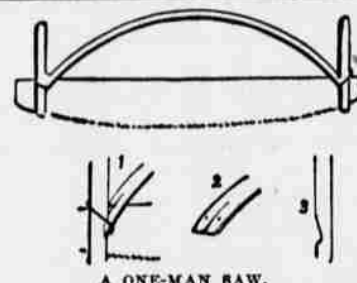
Carefully conducted experiments at this station have shown that to get the largest returns from both milk and meal, not over three pounds of skim milk should be given for each pound of cornmeal or other grain. Where one has large quantities of milk he may feed as much as from six to nine pounds of milk with each pound of grain, but in that case the returns are no so economical as where the milk does not run over three pounds for each pound of grain.

There is no better single feed for pigs than skim milk. Often where large numbers of pigs are handled there are runts or pigs of condition, undersized, etc. Always separate these from the main lot and feed them separately, giving special care. One will be surprised to see how the unlikely specimens will improve with a little care and extra allowance of milk and grain.—Prof. W. A. Henry, in Hoard's Dairymen.

One-Man Cross-Cut Saw.

When one man operates the cross-cut saw the blade is apt to wobble more or less, making it difficult for one man to get good work from the tool. An excellent way to strengthen the blade is to take a hickory pole about a foot longer than the saw, shaving down the end rather flat so that it will be about one-half inch thick. Saw a slit in this end of the pole, slip it over the saw blade close to the handle and wire it to the handle after making two holes, one on either side of the slit in the pole. The other end may be treated in the same manner or a notch may be cut in the handle of the saw and the shaved end of the pole go up against this notch and be wired to the handle.

If the pole is a good one this device will materially stiffen the saw blade so that one man can operate the saw with good results. The illustration shows the details as follows: Figure



1 shows how the end of the pole is split and slipped over saw blade and wired; figure 2 shows split end with holes ready for wire and figure 3 shows one of the handles of the saw with a slight notch cut in it to receive the end of the pole.—Indianapolis News.

Poultry Hints.

As an egg-producing grain oats has not an equal among cereals.

Best results are not obtained by permitting poultry to roost in trees.

Pure refined charcoal is one of the best disinfectants for the poultry yards.

Ducks may be advantageously raised on many farms where they have never yet been tried.

Young geese are not good breeders. A goose yields about \$1 a year in feathers, the market price being about 40 to 50 cents a pound.

Poultry is raised on 88.8 per cent of the farms in the United States. It would be interesting to know what per cent use high grade fowls.

Chicks raised in late spring and midsummer can be made to lay by February if they are given some meat in their daily ration.

Soft-shelled eggs are seldom found where hens are supplied with cracked bone or small bits of oyster shells.

Many failures with incubators are due lately to ignorance in those trying to run them. In this, as in everything else, a person must learn how.

Goose eggs do not hatch well when shipped quite a distance.

Young ducks should be kept away from swimming water until they are well feathered.

Cleanliness is the keynote of health. Nothing will breed sickness so quickly as filth, and it is very easy to have the henhouse become filthy.

The breeding birds should not be kept in the same flock with the ones that are being fitted for market. After a certain age the birds that are to be fattened should be separated from the others.