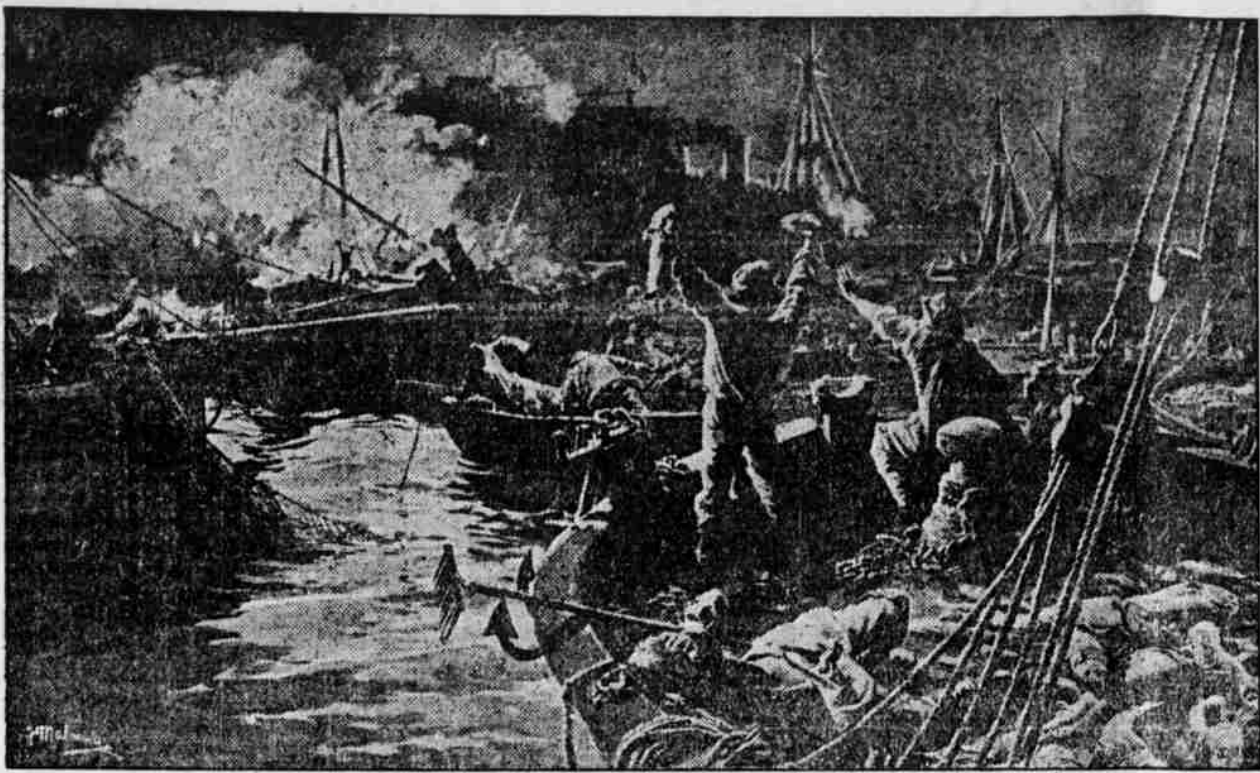


THE TRAGEDY OF THE NORTH SEA.



BRITISH FISHING TRAWLERS FIRED UPON BY RUSSIAN WAR VESSELS.

"HOWDY."

"Kind o' like to hear 'em say it!—
'Howdy, howdy!'
Know who's who right there an' then,
That's the moral truth, now, men—
Put my trust right in him when
Man sez, 'Howdy!'"

"Yes, sir, sounds like o' times comin'—
'Howdy, howdy!'
Hez the heft, an' makes you feel
Like yore really in the deal,
An' yore friends kin sort o' 'spele,'—
Sayin', 'Howdy!'"

"Folks all say it in Mizsouree!—
'Wal, wal, howdy!'
Hearty, honest, homely, gruff,
Gentle, kindly, yard-wide stuff—
Man that sez it's good enuff—
'O! boy, howdy!'"

"Yes, sir, like to hear 'em say it!
'Howdy, howdy!'
Hez a cheery, earnest ring,
No put-on, the A-1 thing,
Gives yore own good-will a swing
'N you say, 'Howdy!'"
—Lippincott's Magazine.

HEROISM WINS REWARD.

A BEAUTIFUL summer day was drawing to its close in the pretty City of B—. The sun, as it slowly sank to rest, cast a rosy glow over the earth, while the clouds floating slowly overhead caught its radiant glory and shone so dazlingly bright one would think heaven's own gates were open, disclosing a glimpse of its splendors.

Leaning on a gate of a modest cottage, apparently absorbed in the beautiful picture before her, was a fair young girl, with a face too sad and careworn for one so young. Suddenly a look of pain crossed her face, and her sweet lips trembled as the voice of her little brother reached her, saying in plaintive tones: "Mamma, does heaven look like that, and am I to go there soon?"

Forcing back the tears which would fill her eyes, she turned to the window where the little sufferer lay, and said in gentle voice: "What, Bertie, dear! Would you leave mamma and me all alone?" And the child, seeing the griefed look on his sister's face, smiled sweetly and answered:

"Oh, no, Lill; but it does look so pretty, and papa is there, you know." And she knew that unless they could procure the necessary medicine for him he, too, would be there with papa.

Soon her thoughts went back sadly to the time, only a short year ago, when, surrounded by everything a father's loving care could suggest, she had not one thought or wish ungratified; then of the dark days which followed so swiftly on her father's death, and the struggle with poverty since; but she resolved that in some way she must save her brother's life. To resolve was to do with Lillian, and entering the room where her mother sat sewing, she said cheerfully:

"Mamma, I think I will take Mrs. Brown's dress home to-night, and if you do not object I will take my wheel and go for a spin afterward, may I?" "Certainly, dear; you are not looking well, and it may do you good. I can't have my little daughter ill," and she looked with love and anxiety at her daughter's pale face. Bending over, Lillie kissed her on both cheeks, and said laughingly: "Well, then, I will go, but do not worry if I am a little late."

And this is what she intended doing: Her father, just before his death, had given her a high grade bicycle, and, although she had wished to sell it, her mother absolutely refused to let her part with it. Now, however, she must sell it, she thought, even though it nearly broke her heart, for she was

an expert wheelwoman, and it formed her sole enjoyment.

She delivered the dress, and was riding slowly along, wondering how she could dispose of her wheel to the best advantage, when a shrill scream startled her, and, glancing up, she saw a dainty child walking slowly along, while rushing down the street behind her was a huge black dog. The people were hurrying in every direction, and cries of "Mad dog" filled the air, but no one paused to help the little one, who stood in helpless bewilderment.

With a cry of "Cowards!" Lillian turned and rode with all her might toward the spot. Would she get there first and could she save the child? were the thoughts that filled her mind, for the dog—as though divining her object—had sprung forward faster than ever. Now only a block remained between them. Could she do it in that space?

Gripping the handle bar firmly with one hand, she breathed a low "God help me," and sped on with all her strength, and, as though in answer to her prayer, the dog stumbled and fell; only for a moment, though, when he came, flinging the foam from his gleaming teeth. But Lillian saw her advantage, and, setting her teeth hard, she reached out and grabbed the child by her dress as she dashed by. The pain in her arm was intense, and the shock almost unseated her, but, with a grim determination to do or die, on she sped.

She could hear the panting breath of the maddened brute behind her; she could almost feel his hot breath. And then, O heaven! with an ugly growl, he leaped forward and sank his teeth into the tire. Quick as thought, then, she jumped from the wheel, just as a quick shot rang out, and she saw the dog, with one convulsive shudder, drop dead.

The excitement proved too much for her, however, and she sank to the ground with a low moan. When she recovered kind faces were all around, and bending over her, gently bathing her sprained arm was a richly dressed lady, who, in answer to Lillian's faintly murmured "Is the child safe?" burst into tears and in a broken voice tried to thank her for her child's life.

Six months later there was a grand wedding. The bride was Lillian, and the gentleman standing beside her, looking so brave and handsome, was the little child's big uncle, who fairly worships the little heroine who saved his pet's life; and in the little page, looking so well and rosy, we recognize little Bertie. And so, to the chime of wedding bells, we leave them.—Boston Post.

An Epicure in Conditment.

It was in the dining room of a country hotel, the Chicago Record-Herald says, and the brisk waitress held a glass pitcher above some steaming buckwheat cakes she had placed before the guest from town.

"Sir?" she asked.

"If you please."

"Will you have it raound and raound, or in a paddle?"

"Beg pardon?"

"Raound and raound, or in a puddle?"

"I—I—in a puddle, I think."

The golden stream began its sticky descent on the center of the cakes, and as she poured, the waitress included the guest and her work in one friendly contemplative glance.

"Some prefers it raound and raound, but I like it best in a puddle myself," she said, graciously, as she shut off the stream of sirup with a dexterous turn of her wrist.

Ireland's Bogs.

Sir Richard Sankel estimates that Ireland's bogs contain the equivalent of 5,000,000,000 tons of coal, and he advocates creating power for varied industries by converting the fuel into electricity on the spot.

PISTOL AND PEN.

These Were Companion Pieces in the Career of Col. D. R. Anthony.

Col. Daniel R. Anthony, who died a short time ago at Leavenworth, Kan., was a fighting editor of the old school. He was born in South Adams, Mass., worked in a cotton mill, clerked in a store and taught school. At 30 he went to Kansas, and was one of the founders of Lawrence. When troubles came to Kansas Anthony immersed himself in them. He had gone to the West on a peaceful mission, but the invitation to mix up in the turmoil of the days before the Civil War was irresistible.



In the war he was lieutenant colonel of a cavalry regiment. He was stationed in a camp in Tennessee, and slaves were constantly coming there after escaping from their masters. The Federal officers sent them back, whereupon Anthony issued an order that any officer or soldier arresting or delivering a fugitive to his master should be summarily dealt with, according to the laws for such crimes. There were no such laws and Anthony's superior officers told him so, but Anthony had his way.

In 1861 he founded the Leavenworth Conservative, which became the Leavenworth Times, and when he came back from the war he began a career of belligerent journalism. One night he made a speech to some border ruffians, some of whom shot at him three times as he was going to bed. He was impervious. One day he went to the office of Edmund G. Ross, once a Kansas Senator, who ran a rival sheet, and beat him with a cane. Shortly afterward he was accused of murdering Senator Jim Lane, but it was proved that Lane blew his own brains out. In 1875 he was shot by a printer named Embrey and he carried the ball to his grave. Four years later another printer, Tom Thurston, shot at him, and when Doc Jennison found himself criticized for running a gambling place he went over and put a bullet into some of the Times office furniture. Anthony returned the compliment, and being a better shot hit the gambler in the leg. A man named Satterlee, who ran a small paper, called Anthony a coward. The latter took a man named Hamer with him and went to Satterlee's office. On the way he met Satterlee and demanded a retraction. Both Satterlee and Anthony instantly drew guns. The first shot from Satterlee's gun wounded Hamer and the second just grazed Anthony's flesh. Anthony's shot took effect in the man's groin and he died within an hour. Anthony was acquitted. An attempt was made to prevent his carrying weapons. On one occasion he was accused of carrying concealed weapons and the two leading lawyers of the city spent two days in talking on the prosecution side. When it came to the defense Anthony unwrapped the package which was said to contain a pistol and revealed a piece of lead pipe in the shape of a pistol. His later years were more peaceable.

Col. Anthony was a brother of Miss Susan B. Anthony, the famous woman's rights advocate.

Novel Way to Give Notice.

It is interesting to learn just now, when there is so much being done to prevent the spread of tuberculosis by expectoration, that the Argentine health department has been working on different lines to accomplish the same end. Simple instructions explaining how to prevent the spread of tuberculosis have been printed on the labels of more than 8,000,000 match boxes sent out as an experiment.



The Poultry House.

There is more or less objection to the scratching shed on the part of poultry raisers and it is admitted that in sections where the fowls can have considerable time out of doors during the winter, this shed may not be necessary. But when the birds are raised in localities where there is considerable snow on the ground during the winter the scratching shed is certainly a comfort, for it gives the birds a place in which they may scratch without being exposed to wind and wet.

An ideal house is one that is four feet in the rear, eight feet high in front, with house ten feet wide and fifteen feet deep and a shed attached



HOUSE FOR SMALL FLOCK.

of the same area. If built new one roof will cover both house and shed. The window may be placed in the front of the house with the door, or the door may open into the scratching shed, as preferred. In cold weather the fowls in the scratching shed are protected from wind and storm by a curtain made of heavy muslin which is let down over the opening. All feeding is done in the scratching shed, the house being reserved for roosting and laying. The cut shows the simplicity and utility of the house described.

Ratproof Corncrib.

A correspondent asks how a corn crib may be constructed so as to be proof against rats. We give reply to this by the cut of a crib in this column. The crib may be built cheaply, and of any size desired. The cut fully explains the construction. It is set either on wooden posts or brick foundations, put 15 inches in the ground as shown in the cut, and 2 to 2½ feet from the ground to the crib sills. Two-thirds of the distance from ground to the sill are galvanized iron hoods, projecting out and downward around the foundation posts 4 inches in width. Rats can never pass over this hood which they would have to do to reach the crib. Such a crib is absolutely proof against rats. It is constructed of inch-lumber, open for air to reach the corn, but with flaring sides for



A RATPROOF CORNCRIB.

protection against rain.—St. Louis Republic.

Poultry Pickings.

A good scratcher means a good layer.

Pullets do not fatten as readily as hens.

The poultry house should not open to the north or east.

Build the poultry house so that it can readily be cleaned.

The perches should be not more than two feet from the ground.

Success does not depend so much on breed as on care and attention.

Young fowls need crushed bone in some form to develop good blood, bone and feathers.

The poultry should be given the cabbage leaves, apple parings and all other vegetable refuse from the kitchen.

One way of preventing hens from eating their eggs is to make nests in small, low, dark holes, to be entered from the sides.

Rusty iron kept in their drinking water is said to be an excellent remedy for looseness of feathers in fowls.

A flat perch is best because of being more comfortable to the feet and best support to the breast when the fowl is sitting down.

Successful poultry farms are usually the outgrowth of a small beginning, starting in or near a live city, and improved from year to year.

Unless a hen is extra valuable as a mother she should not be kept after her second season of laying, which will make her two and one-half years old.

The more active the breed the less liability to fatten.

The poultry may be a source of considerable income or an intolerable nuisance, according to the way they are managed and the treatment they receive.

A sure remedy for scaly legs in fowls is three parts of sweet oil to one of powdered sulphur. Oil the legs with this, repeating in ten days or two weeks.

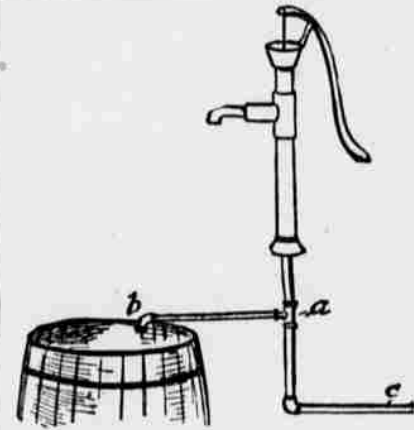
If you wish to keep eggs for any length of time store in a cool, dry place and turn them half over every other day. Unfertilized eggs keep best. By packing in dry salt and storing in a dark, dry, cool place they can be kept for some time for cooking purposes.

To Care for the Horse.

Speed horses are always trained down before they enter races. Football players train and diet for months, in order that they may be in prime of condition; that their muscles may be hard and their endurance extended, but how many farm horses there are that are not even given a thought about conditioning before entering the heavy harvest and fall work, says Farm Review. Where horses are worked more or less continuously there should be no trouble whatever in bringing them into good condition and keeping them there, but with those that are turned to grass the problem is not so easy. Grass is good for horses, but when turned on, and this accompanied by feeding at random, with a little work now and then, will not get or keep a horse in condition. If on grass the horse, if he works more or less, should be given his grain feed regularly. In any case pains should be taken to have the horse hardened and in condition by the time hard work begins. If such is the case both man and beast will enjoy the harvest more than if the horse is poor and soft.

Water for the Dairy.

A simple method of keeping a water pipe clean, where water is piped from a spring to a house, dairy or other farm buildings is shown in the cut.



PUMP AND ATTACHMENT.

A T is placed at a, instead of an elbow, as commonly done. When necessary to clean the pipe, a suction pump is attached as shown and a plug is screwed into the elbow at b. After cleaning, the pump is removed and the plug screwed into the T at a.—Farm and Home.

Turpentine for Corn.

I have used kerosene on seed corn. I have also used turpentine for many years on all of my seed corn. We usually use a pan or dipper to fill our planter boxes and in each dipper we use turpentine freely, stirring the corn with the hand until all the corn is wet with turpentine. We like turpentine best, as it evaporates about as fast as the planter boxes are filled. It prevents worms or grubs from eating corn on soddy land. You can also use freely on your seed beans as soon as you see indication of weevils, either in spring, fall or winter. It will kill all of them. Don't be afraid to use plenty of turpentine—try a few kernels of good, sound seed corn by saturating and planting same—testing vitality after treatment—so as to satisfy yourself.—H. H. Keeley, Indiana, in Farmers' Voice.

We Are Eating More Mutton.

More mutton is being consumed in this country than ever before in its history. This is because there are more people in the country and because the mutton is of better quality. The deduction which the situation seems to warrant is that the man who engages in sheep breeding in the right way and stays with it is practically sure of making good money. As time goes on it becomes more and more apparent that mutton and lamb are fashionable meats among the American people.

Suggestions to Sheep Raisers.

Sheep are almost essential in maintaining the fertility and cleanliness of the land.

Keep the quarters clean. Sheep do not need the accumulation of manure to keep them warm.

To have good-sized sheep, they must be grown rapidly while young, and it is important to give them a good start.

When sheep lose patches of wool from their heads or bellies, it indicates a feverish condition, and is usually the result of improper feeding.