

SOME OLDEN SONG.

Come, sing to me some olden song
Some tune that will recall
The golden days of childhood,
My mother's face, and all.

Some sweet, old-fashioned, simple air,
The crowing, soft refrain,
That mother used, in years gone by,
To soothe the aching brain.

Some olden, golden, lovelit song
Forever fresh and young;
Some melody long handed down,
By mother lips long sung.
—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

THE DESERTER

THE corporal in charge, who had been drinking steadily, hic-coughed his anecdotes. "Yellow imps! That's what they are, with teeth as long as your finger. First they shoot and then they eat you. Ugh!"

Stepanovitch shivered. He was reviving from the stupor in which the events of the past few hours had plunged him. He had never expected to be called upon—he, a man just married. It was unfair—horrible. Why should he be sent out to this far and perilous country, called Manchuria, to be eaten by these yellow goblins? If what the corporal said was true, he would never come back alive. None of them all would come back alive. Why had he been such a fool, when the yellow card was given him, to go to the depot and be enrolled? Why had he not done as the others—crept out in the night and met the German agent who helped men to cross the frontier and go in a ship to a country where there was much gold? Was it too late?

The train rolled on through the frosty flats. It was a bitter cold night, but the carriage was stifling. The other recruits were asleep, or stupid with fright. They lay back against the wooden walls of the carriage with closed eyes, heedless of the jolting. The corporal, who had taken yet another drink from his bottle, seemed to be sleeping, too. He was a fierce-looking man in his sleep, fiercer even than when he was awake; but it was a thing to be thankful for that there was a breathing space from those monstrous stories of his. They hurt a man's inside, those stories.

To get rid of the feel of them, Stepanovitch tried to fix his thoughts on Katinka. She was a good girl and laborious, and it was a shame that she should be left—as good as widowed—so soon. How she had wept when the yellow card came! She had wept so much indeed that when the hour for his departing arrived her eyes had been quite dry. He hoped that she would not forget the instructions he had given her, in case he came back; especially with regard to any money she might save. It was not likely that she would save any. Very few did in their village, and Katinka was a hungry one always. That was perhaps why she was so plump. She was the plumpest girl for miles around, and it was for this reason that Stepanovitch had loved her. Well, it was not to be supposed that she could stay plump forever, especially with her man away. She would not have the food. That was natural enough—not to have much food when one's man is away—and Stepanovitch did not regret that he had kept secret from her the place under the floor in which his savings were stored. She might have been tempted to spend them if she had known where they lay; and then when he came back and needed them there would be nothing left.

But would he ever come back? It seemed the question would recur whatever one fixed one's mind on. The railway carriage was altogether asleep now. There was nothing but snores through the whole of it—snores that kept time with the monotonous vibration of the train. Stepanovitch, who was in the corner by the door, put his hand on the handle and turned it. He had not meant to open the door, but suddenly it was open. The train went very slow; he could see that by looking through the veriest chink that caused no draught and disturbed no sleeper. A man could drop into the snow very easily and take no harm.

Two days later, in the evening, Stepanovitch stood outside the cottage in which he had left Katinka. It seemed a year since he had left her, but it was only two nights. He had walked all the time, and run, too, except in the daylight, when he had hidden himself in a straw stack. He had eaten nothing and slept not a wink. All the time, while he walked and while he hid, he had thought of this moment and of what a surprise it would be to Katinka. He would go very cautiously in, put his hand on her lips lest she should cry out, and, taking his money from the place under the floor, beckon her to fly with him. That very night they would cross the frontier with the help of the German agent; and in the morning he would

PRINCE GUSTAF, NOW REGENT OF SWEDEN AND NORWAY.



Prince Gustaf, who has assumed the regency of Sweden and Norway, owing to the illness of his father, King Oscar, is the first born of the four sons of the latter monarch. June 16, 1858, is the date of his birth, and in 1881 he married Victoria, daughter of the Grand Duke of Baden. From January, 1899, to January, 1901, he also was in control of the government. When Gustaf formally ascends the throne, upon the death of his father, he will be the fifth sovereign of the house of Ponte Corvo, being a great-grandson of Marshal Bernadotte, Prince de Ponte Corvo, founder of the dynasty, who reigned from 1818 to 1844 under the title of Carl XIV. Johan. Prince Gustaf also bears the title of Duke of Wermland. He has three sons. The King of Sweden and Norway must be a member of the Lutheran church. He nominates to all the higher offices and possesses the right to preside, if he desires, in the supreme court of justice.

sleep—sleep all the way to the land of gold! What a morning that would be! It seemed, however, as he stood outside the cottage, that there was a noise within—quite a long and loud noise, as of some one singing. It could not be that Katinka was singing, with him away, as she thought, among the yellow imps in the Manchurian country. Nor, again, was it her voice. It was a man who was singing. What man had the right to be singing in his cottage?

Stepanovitch licked his lips, which were very red with the cold wind, and went to a crack he knew of in the wall of the cottage. There was a light burning on the table—a bright, wasteful light, so bright and so wasteful that it showed everything in the room at a glance, the stone bottle of vodka on the table, the rubles he had hidden under the floor in the very handkerchief in which he had tied them up—only it was untied now, so that you could see the money quite clearly, the man—Stepanovitch knew him—standing with his back to the door singing, and Katinka looking at him with large eyes, her chin upon her hands; as she sat at the table, plump and well-looking. It did not occur to Stepanovitch to wonder how she had discovered the place under the floor; or what she had intended to do with the money. He was aware only that the man had his back to the door, and that he, Stepanovitch, had a bayonet in his belt. He had thrown his rifle away as soon as he had leaped from the train, but he had a bayonet still. He crept round to the door very cautiously.

Ten minutes later the deserter came out from his cottage. He had not slept for two nights or more, and he rolled as he walked toward the frontier. In the morning he would sleep—in the morning, when the German agent had put him on his way to the country where there was much gold. Sometimes, being very drowsy and forgetful, he would call to Katinka to hasten, before he recollected that Katinka was not with him, being already asleep.

The morning, when it came, was not so peaceful or so joyous as he expected. But it was better, he thought, than it would have been if the train had been taking him to the Manchurian country to be shot by the yellow imps instead of to the land of gold—Black and White.

A Funeral in Turkey.

H. Rider Haggard in a new book of travel thus describes a funeral in Turkey: "The corpse, accompanied by a

motley crowd of mourners, relatives, sightseers and children, was laid uncoffined upon a rough bier that looked like a huge mortar board and hidden from sight beneath a shroud ornamented with red and green scarves. Upon arrival at the graveyard, an unkempt place, with stones innocent of the mason's hammer marking the head and foot of each grave and serving as stands for pumpkins to dry in the sun, the dead man was carried to a primitive bench or table made of two slabs set upright in the ground about seven feet apart and the third laid on them crossways. Here, while a woman sitting on a little mound at a distance set up a most wild and melancholy wail for the departed, a priest, stepping forward, began to offer up prayers, to which the audience made an occasional response. The brief service concluded, once more the body was lifted and borne round the cemetery to its grave, that seemed to be about three feet six inches in depth. Here it was robbed of its gay-colored scarves, of which a little child took charge, and after a good deal of animated discussion lowered into the hole in a sitting posture with the help of two linen bands that one of the company unwound from about his middle."

London's First Bridge.

The first London bridge is said to have been built in 978. A bridge of wood was constructed in 1044 and was partly buried in 1136. The last old bridge was commenced about 1176 and completed in 1209. There were gate-houses and the bridge was lined with stores. It was the custom to hang the heads of criminals on London bridge. The head of Sir William Wallace was hung there in 1305; Simon Frisel, 1306; Lord Bardolf, 1408; Bollingbroke, 1440; "Jack" Cade, 1451; Fisher, bishop of Rochester, 1535; Sir Thomas More, 1535. There were many others. All the houses were taken down in 1756 and the bridge burned in 1774. In 1824 a new bridge was begun 200 feet west of the old bridge. It was opened in August, 1831.

Interference with Conjugal Rights.

"I'm opposed to these here White Caps," said the strong-minded woman of Billville.

"You air?"

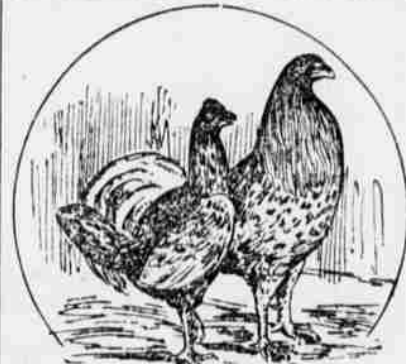
"Yes, I air! I've been a-whippin' of my husband for ten year—come Christmas—an' last night they called on him an' jest took the job right out o' my hands!"—Atlanta Constitution.

The so-called new thought is merely an old thought discovered by new people.



A Fine Table Fowl.

For some years the old English game fowl of England has been coming to the front. We see much in print about the revival of the old English game. This fowl occupies a foremost place as table poultry. They are most delicate and fine flavored fowls, a well-known fact to those who have feasted



OLD ENGLISH GAME—SPANGLED.

on what we call pit game. In fact, it is said that they outrank the pheasants in delicacy when served on the table. They grow very fast and are always plump and ready for the spit any time after they are six weeks old.

The colors bred are black breasted reds, brown breasted reds, duckwings, blue reds, pils, black, white and spangles, the latter the most popular. As shown by the illustration, these fowls are beautifully built and free from the long shanks of our standard games. They have full, plump breasts and longer bodies than our exhibition games. In fact, they are the same as our pit games, only they are bred to exhibition form and color and not for the pit.—Country Gentleman.

Practical Sheep Barn.

The plan shown is intended for a sheep barn, although it would answer equally well for cattle, and is arranged in such a manner that hay is stored



A \$500 BARN.

over the pens at the sides, and this space is filled directly from a wagon driven through the center alley.

The space at each side of the alley is divided up into separate pens by the feed racks and each pen has a separate window and door. This gives



ARRANGEMENT OF THE BARN.

plenty of light and permits egress to yards outside. While this barn is only ten feet at the side, it gives ample storage for hay and a large amount of room without any waste space. The cost will not exceed \$500.

Whitewashing the Trees.

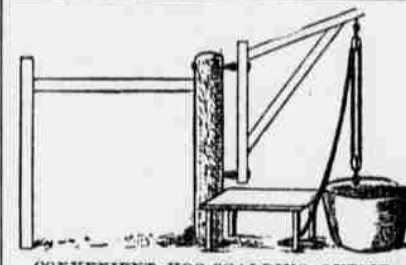
Whitewash may often be applied to fruit trees, especially apple trees, to good advantage. For this purpose the brine may be slaked in the usual manner with cold water, though hot water is preferable for that purpose. By adding some skim milk to the wash it can be made to adhere better to the bark. To make it adhere still better, some people add a thin solution of glue to the wash. This whitewash should be of such a consistency as to be easily applied with a spray pump, and the application should be made in the spring. It aids in keeping off fungous diseases and insect pests.

Woolless Sheep.

A variety of sheep grown in the Barbados Islands is being introduced into the Southern States under the direction of the Department of Agriculture. The breed is claimed to be excellent for the production of mutton. The habits resemble those of the goat—great browsers, easy keepers. The lack of wool enables them to endure warm climates without suffering from the heat. These sheep are fawn color streaked with black, males weighing about eighty pounds, and females seventy-five pounds.

Profit in Swine.

A young, thrifty, growing hog will turn grain into money quicker than any other kind of farm stock. Every farmer who has not an extensive range for his hogs should sow rye to give them a green winter feed. Rake up all the corn cobs, burn them, and when in the form of bright coals, throw water on them, thus making charcoal for the hogs. A little salt may be added. Try to feed young hogs regularly; never feed late, especially the evening meal. Watch the hogs closely to see if their digestion is good, for if they are not healthy they will not thrive well. To get your hogs ready for market they should be on full feed of corn; but after they are as fat as they can be without detracting from their comfort, put them on the market at once, for they are unsafe to keep, because hogs fattened on the corn diet are very tender and cannot stand any abuse or disease. The hogs kept for breeding purposes should never be put on corn diet, but require feed that has more bone and muscle-producing quality. Keep a few more good brood sows; they will prove to be the best investment on the farm before another year is gone. Don't waste good corn by feeding it to hogs in the mud. Your hogs will be worth the extra cost of a feeding trough. Try keeping an account with your hogs; charge them with everything they eat and give them credit for everything they bring in, and you will be surprised to see how much better they pay than any other animal on the farm. All kinds of stock are a source of profit on a good farm. And the farmer who thinks he can leave off stock growing is sure to find his mis-



CONVENIENT HOG-SCALDING OUTFIT.

take. The pasture must be utilized and fertility of the farm maintained.—Agriculture Epitomist.

Cure for the Dog Evil.

The Rural New Yorker says: The only cure for the dog evil is a law requiring the owner of one male dog to pay a small sum for a metal tag, with the name and address of the owner and the date, placing a practically prohibitory tax on additional dogs and female dogs, making it the duty of the proper officers to kill all dogs not tagged. When a dog is killed while worrying sheep or other domestic animals or fowls, the tag would show the owner and recourse could be had for damages done. A law something like this was on the statute books of Indiana several years ago and worked well; the revenues from that source were trebled, and the dog population decreased two-thirds, but for some reason it was repealed. If a majority of farmers could be induced to put a small flock of sheep on their farms sentiment would soon be molded to back such a law. Now the dog owners are in the majority and sentiment trends the other way. The same complaint may be made in most sections of the country.

Country's Rice Acreage.

A preliminary report to the chief of the bureau of statistics of the Department of Agriculture shows the total acreage of rice in the United States this season to be about 643,400 acres, distributed as follows: North Carolina, 1,800; South Carolina, 38,300; Georgia, 9,000; Louisiana, 365,100, and Texas 234,200 acres. The rice acreage of the country has increased 83 per cent within the last five years and is now four times as large as it was fifteen years ago. In 1899 Louisiana and Texas contained 59.9 per cent of the total rice acreage of the country. Now these States contain 93.1 per cent of the greatly increased total.

Pin Feathers.

Do not expect eggs when the hens are moulting.

Comfortable quarters for winter will be a great saving of food.

Aside from the question of eggs a warm quarters is a great saving of feed.

Chickens that are of a marketable size should be fattened now as soon as possible.

In having food constantly before fowls the great risk run is of having them too fat.

Ten days after the hens are cooped up with a cockerel the eggs will hatch true to the mating.

Fatten and kill off the old hens unless wanted especially for mothers.

The egg is found to contain a variety of substances, accordingly the food of the hen must be varied.

From this on chicks cannot be expected to grow very rapidly unless particularly well housed and fed.

Kerosene on the roosts prevents lice on the fowls. An ounce of kerosene is worth more than a pound of lice.

The purity of one bird is not improved for breeding purposes by being bred to another of a different breed.