

White Hand

A Tale of the Early Settlers of Louisiana.

BY AUSTIN C. BURDICK

CHAPTER IV.—(Continued.)

For some moments Simon gazed upon the fair girl in utter astonishment. He was at a loss to understand whether she was making game of him, or whether she was in earnest. But had he reflected for a moment upon the character of the lovely pupil as he knew it, he would have known that she could never devote to sport with his feelings. Then he still might appeal to her heart.

"Alas!" he murmured, choking down his indignation. "You know not what you do. You know not the deep love that dwells like a consuming fire within. But I will not ask you to marry me now. Only promise that, some time, you will be mine. Give me your heart, and pledge me your hand. And then we will be married when you are older. O, do not refuse me this!"

"My conscience, Simon, if we wait for that, your hair will be gray, and you will have to walk with a staff. And then what a sorry-looking couple we should make! Don't, Simon—don't talk so any more. It's foolish in you to do so. I do really begin to think you are in earnest. But I don't want to hear you speak so any more—truly, I don't."

"Then you will never love me?"

"Why, I love you now, cousin. I have always loved you. Why will you be so foolish?"

"Alas, Louise! you have struck the dagger to my soul. The lamp of my life has gone out, and all my hopes are sunk in utter darkness! You have done this much. Now, in mercy, take my dagger and finish my pain. Take away the life you have cursed, and let my soul escape the agony it must endure while near these when you art not mine!"

"Stop, Simon," interrupted the maiden, just as he was putting on the finishing stroke and look of agony. "I can't be your wife; I never can. So can't be an end of that matter. And now let us forget that we ever had any such foolish talk."

"And how long has this been your mind?" fairly hissed Louise, as soon as he could so far recover from his utter amazement as to speak.

"How long?" repeated Louise, in surprise. "Why, you might as well ask me how long 'twas since I had resolved that I would not marry with old Tony, just as well—exactly. Nature set up the barrier when she made me your cousin eighteen years after your birth. Now—"

"At this moment Louise heard her father calling her from the hall, and she started up.

"You hear?" she uttered. "My father wants me. Now you won't think anything more of this—will you? Put off that ugly-looking face as soon as you can and then come out and join us in our social enjoyment. There—he calls again. Here I am—coming." And with these words, the buoyant, happy-hearted girl tripped out from the room.

For some moments, Simon Lobois stood like one thunderstruck, and seemed watching, with a vacant stare, the place where the young lady had been standing, as if a lurid gleam of vivid lightning had made his transit. Then he started back apace and reached both his fists.

"By heavens!" he uttered, while his face turned livid with rage, "and shall I bear this? Shall I sit calmly by, and see another carry off the maiden and pocket the half of St. Julien's fortune? Shall I see that wealth which has been so long in my grasp—that wealth which I have looked upon as mine—now wrested from me? For years I've cherished this fond hope—this picture of wealth, and now it must not be blown away thus. St. Julien is worth this day five hundred thousand crowns, and they shall not have it all—they shall not!"

CHAPTER V.

A week had passed away since Simon had confessed his romantic love for Louise, and during that time he had maintained much of his wonted composure. For a day or two after the mortifying repulse he had been moody and taciturn, but he gradually overcame it, and now he smiled as usual, and made himself generally agreeable. One afternoon, as soon as dinner was over, Goupart and Louise started off on a hunting expedition. Their pistols they concealed within the bosoms of their hunting shirts, so that they might not catch in the bushes, and their knives were in like manner protected. They both had excellent Toledo rifles, and set off in high spirits. With quick steps they made their way up the river, until they had passed the bounds of the clearing, and then their steps became more cautious, for they hoped there might be a deer somewhere at hand.

They had hunted about in the forest for nearly an hour, when a movement among the bushes at some distance attracted their attention, and upon creeping carefully up, they saw a large deer drinking at a small brook that emptied into the river close by.

"See," whispered Goupart, "here are his tracks."

Louise looked at the spot which his companion pointed out, and a sudden start caused Goupart to ask him its cause.

"That's the track of a man," said Louise.

"Some of the negroes have been out here," suggested Goupart.

"No, no," returned the other. "They have not been out here to-day."

"But that may have been made yesterday, or several days ago."

"No," said Louise, still gazing upon the track. "This was made to-day. Just look, and you will see that these leaves are still damp on the upper edges where the foot has pressed them up. These other leaves, you see, are dry where the edge is free of the earth. Then here—see this broken twig; see where it has been pressed down. Now look!" And as he spoke, he lifted the twig, and showed the place where it laid was perfectly dry, whereas, had it lain there even overnight, its bed would have been damp.

"Yes,"

"Well, never mind. Let's secure this deer. He'll be done drinking soon, and then we may lose him. Let me fire first, this time, Louis."

"Very well. Blaze away, and I'll be ready to follow, in case you don't bring him down."

Accordingly, Goupart brought his rifle to his shoulder, and in a moment more he fired. The noble animal gave a leap backward, while he stood for a moment as though about to start on, Louis fired, but even as he pulled the trigger the deer gave a leap forward and plunged headlong upon the earth.

"Your ball killed him, Goupart!" cried Louis, as the two started forward together. And it was found to be even so, Goupart's bullet having entered just back of the shoulder, and of course penetrated the heart.

Louis had made a wound for the purpose of bleeding the animal, and Goupart was kneeling by his side, when they were startled by the whistling of something between their heads, followed by a dull "chink" close to them, and on raising their heads, they saw a long arrow sticking into a tree directly in front of them. With a quick cry, they started to their feet, and the next thing that saluted them was a low howl close at hand. They turned and saw a party of six Indians coming towards them, with their tomahawks raised.

"Here's a scrape," uttered Goupart, starting back on your side, and I'll take the two on the other side. Don't waste a ball."

In an instant the two companions had drawn their weapons, and at the same instant they both fired. Hour after hour, and day after day, had they practiced together at pistol shooting, and their aim was as quick as it was sure. The two outside men staggered, and on the next instant, the youths fired again. At this movement, the savages were thrown into a state of alarm. Three of their number were shot through the head and had fallen, while the fourth had received a ball in his neck and was staggering back. In a moment, Goupart and Louise saw their advantage, and they seized their empty rifles and sprang forward, and in a few moments more the six Indians lay prostrate. A full minute the two victors stood and gazed upon the work they had done, and then Louise turned to his companion and said:

"If we've killed 'em all, we shall never know surely what this all meant."

"Are these two last ones dead, think you?" returned Goupart. "They may be only stunned."

"We'll see; but I think you'll find the one struck with his brains rather disturbed."

And so it proved with both of them; for upon examination it was found that their skulls were both broken in, and that life was extinct. But while they were thus engaged they heard a groan close at hand, and on turning they saw that one of the Indians who had been shot had worked himself almost into a sitting posture against a tree, and was now trying to work further around, so as to get his face towards the west. Both Louis and Goupart hastened to him at once, when they found that he had received a ball through the neck.

"Water, water!" he groaned.

"Stop," uttered Louis, as his companion started towards the brook. And then turning to the dying Indian, he said:

"We'll get you water and turn your eyes to the setting sun, will you tell the truth?"

"I will—I will!"

The water was brought in Goupart's canteen, and upon drinking, the poor fellow seemed to revive. Goupart bound up his neck, which was bleeding profusely, and just as he had finished the job, the Indian put out his weakening arm, and laid his hand upon Louis's shoulder.

"The pale boy has the heart of a great warrior. He would not have escaped us had we known how brave he was."

"But why did you try to do this?" asked Louis. "Remember now, you promised to speak truly."

"White man brought gold here, and we have learned to love it. Much gold had been ours, and we—"

The Indian stopped, for he was weak, and he made a sign that they should turn his face towards the sun. "And," he uttered, "bury me so."

"Look ye!" cried Louis, grasping him by the arm, and gazing intently into his face, while Goupart stood by reloading the rifles, "if you do not tell me instantly what all this means, I'll dig a hole in the earth and you shall be buried with your head down. You know very well where you'll go to then. Now tell me, who sent you to kill us?"

"We didn't mean to kill the pale boy," replied the Indian, speaking slowly and with difficulty.

"But who sent you to capture him? Remember—head down!"

"You had known better, had you spared another. That man was our chief; he knew."

"But you know something. Tell me all, or, as sure as I live, you go in feet up!"

"'Twas white man's gold. The pale boy and the pale boy's friend both have enemies. There's a strange bird in the eagle's nest."

"Speak plainer! Tell me—"

Louis stopped, for he saw that the death shade had passed over the red man's face, and as he let go the bow heavy hand, the body fell over sideways upon the turf.

"Is he dead?" asked Goupart.

"Yes; and the secret of this strange scene is dead with him, so far as our means of arriving at it are concerned. Goupart, there's something here we had better understand!"

But St. Denis knew not what to reply, for a suspicion had come to him, but he dared not speak it too suddenly. So the two hunters stood for some moments and gazed upon the dead man in silence.

"Well," said Louis, after a while, "let's leave these bodies here, and in the morning we'll send our negroes out to bury them. Now, let's fix our venison, and then start for home, for we've had adventure enough for one day. You begin now to see some of our Louisiana life. How do you like it?"

St. Denis gazed upon his companion some moments in silent admiration, and then he said:

"O, this is much better than nothing, though once a year would be often enough for such sport."

"So it would. But now for our other game."

They went to where the deer still lay, and having removed the skin from the head, neck and fore shoulders, they separated the carcass, and then rolling the saddle up, they shouldered it, and giving one more look at the fallen Indians, they turned their faces towards home.

(To be continued.)

CASEY'S HAIR TURNED WHITE.

Had a Bad Scare in a Hostile Indian Country.

Col. D. C. Casey, superintendent of the Medler mines, was one of a party of old-time New Mexicans who happened to congregate at Clifton a short time ago, and naturally fell to telling stories of their early life. At last it came Casey's turn, and the Clifton Era reports his version of a thrilling experience with the Indians. The reminiscence was called forth by a comment upon Casey's snow-white hair.

Well, said Casey, I'll tell you how it happened, boys. It was the year that Judge McComas and his wife were killed by the Indians in the Burro Mountains—'83 or '84. I've forgotten which. It was some time after that affair, however, when things had quieted down a bit.

I had been in the hills, and was returning to Silver City through the Burro Mountains, and of course was on the lookout for Indians. My horse fell sick, and I stopped to let him rest. I pulled off the saddle, tied him to a tree, spread out my blankets and lay down. I was soon fast asleep, and how long I slept I do not know. I was awakened by some one prodding me in the back. As soon as my eyes were opened I saw that I was surrounded by twelve or fifteen Indians. They all carried weapons, and had them in their hands.

Well, sir, I was so badly frightened that I could not speak or move—I was paralyzed. I sat there and looked at the Indians, and they looked at me. I felt my hair stiffen out, and I knew that it was standing straight up.

I thought of every mean thing I had done in my life. Pray? No, I couldn't lift a hand to bless myself. I knew they would kill me, and my only hope was that they would shoot me. I could almost feel their lances sticking through my body. It seemed to me that they stood there an age and looked at me, and I looked at them.

Their ugly faces are stamped on my memory forever. I should recognize any one of them in a crowd today, if I should meet him. Soon I noticed one or two other Indians fooling with my horse, as he was so sick to try to get away from them.

Presently they began to go, one at a time, and soon they were all gone, except one who seemed to be the leader. After the others had all gone he addressed me in good English and said: "Good day, Dan Casey? How he knew my name has always been a mystery to me. He may have seen me on the reservation, or possibly my name may have been on some part of my outfit and he heard read, as many of them can."

After he had gone I sat still there so badly scared that I was unable to move for I don't know how long. Then like a flash it came to me that they were government scouts. I leaped to my feet, and, though my horse was sick, I beat all records to Silver City.

I have been blown up in a mine, and had my body crushed with dynamite caps, but I never was scared before or since. There is no scare on earth like an Indian scare. Well, inside of a week from that time my hair was well sprinkled with gray, and inside of a year it was as white as it is now."

What Dreams Come.

Bobbe—Old Titewald is about dead from insomnia. Says he is afraid to go to sleep.

Dobbs—Does he fear burglars?

"No; but the last time he slept he dreamed of giving away money."—Baltimore American.

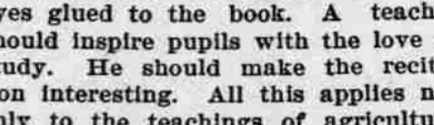


Agriculture in Country Schools.

Enough spasmodic theorization on teaching practical agriculture and esthetic nature study in country districts has been expended to pay off the national debt, says the Rural World. Let us pass into the next stage of the argument and get down to ways and means. If our children are to receive elementary instruction in chemistry, soil physics, vegetable biology, botany and all the rest of the list, it follows that some one must teach them. How many are really capable of teaching anything beyond the "a, b, abs," with their hands tied behind them? It is not enough that a teacher may call up the class in geography and perfunctorily conduct a recitation with her eyes glued to the book. A teacher should inspire pupils with the love of study. He should make the recitation interesting. All this applies not only to the teachings of agriculture but to all branches taught in the country school, and serves to emphasize the need of adopting the central or township school system. It is very difficult for any teacher to develop the proper interest and enthusiasm in the work of any branch of study with only an attendance of two or three pupils. On the other hand, it is a great waste to employ good teachers for only two or three students when they can better instruct several times that number. Under the present system there is a large number of schools where the number of pupils is no larger than the above. When the centralized plan is adopted it will be possible with the same outlay to supply a much better class of instruction in all branches and with 94 per cent of the schools eliminated we believe it would be possible to obtain an instructor for each of the remainder that would be competent to give instruction in the elementary principles of agriculture. We believe our agricultural colleges have the capacity to turn out such instructors as fast as they would be wanted for such positions; and, as in all other things, whenever a demand is created the supply will be forthcoming. The instruction may be crude at the start, as are most new enterprises; but everything must have a beginning and strength is gained by growth and experience. Some of the European countries have been going ahead of us in putting these things into practice. For example, in the rural districts of Sweden a garden is attached to every school, and the children receive practical instruction in the cultivation of flowers, fruits and vegetables, and in the management of hot beds, green-houses and so forth.

Handy Gates.

The following sketch shows a farmer's handy gate made of 1x3-inch slats throughout that need no braces and does not sag. The posts at the center and on hinge end rest on slats fastened



HANDY FARMER'S GATE.

to the posts, as shown in the diagram. The front has two slats extending five inches farther out than the main gate; these drop in a slot or notch cut in a 1x3-inch piece nailed on the front post at right angle. This gate can be constructed and hung in an hour.—E. F. Isley, in Epitomist.

Revelations of the Seed Tester.

In a test of five hundred varieties of lettuce by the United States Department of Agriculture, it was found that 132 of them were Black-Seeded Tennis-Ball under other names. A sample of crimson clover seed, costing \$5.75 per bushel, contained so little live seed that \$704 worth would contain only a bushel of good seed. Some Kentucky Bluegrass was so poor that a pound of live seed would have cost \$2.18, and a sample of timothy tested at the rate of \$47 per bushel for the live seed. Some of the seeds sprouted well enough, but the plants were of the wrong kind. Thus a sample of alleged clover seed contained 338,000 weed seeds in a pound, or at the rate of twenty million per bushel. Such results explain the cause of some mysterious crop failures and equally strange invasions of new weeds.

Storing Ice.

When filling an ice house, place a layer of sawdust fully a foot deep upon the bottom, then put in the ice, packing it closely to within a foot of the side walls, cutting the blocks carefully and evenly to make the mass solid and compact. A twelve-inch space should be allowed, and the sides should be filled with sawdust. Do not fill nearer than three or four feet of the roof, and put about six inches of the sawdust on top of the ice. If sawdust cannot be had, chopped straw, wheat chaff, or marsh hay can be used, but sawdust is the best material.—New England Farmer.

Sugar in Green Fodder.

The sugar in the green fodder is practically all destroyed in the silo, and since it is most abundant in the corn plant in the early stages of ear development it is an additional argument for postponing cutting until the grain is full size and the sugars have changed largely to starch. The amount of seed per acre affects the yield of green fodder and also its composition. A medium stand is essential for the best results in both quantity and quality.

How Fruit Men Co-operate.

Co-operation in fruit selling, has reached an advanced stage in the Michigan apple belt. For instance, in the case of the Fruit Growers' Association of Ludington, the stock amounts to five hundred shares, and each subscriber must take at least one share for five acres of orchard. The company owns a large packing house, with a side track on one side and a wagon drive on the other. There is a wide veranda on both sides, enclosed with slats. Six roller grades, which separate the fruit into three sizes, are used. Baskets are stored in the second story, and drop down through chutes to the packing tables, which are covered with canvas. When the fruit is delivered, each man receives credit for the proper number of bushels of the given varieties. The fruit is then graded and packed, and each person receives his share of the proceeds when the fruit is sold. The secretary of the company looks after the buying and selling, and has charge of the packing house. In this way a uniform product is secured which large buyers can depend upon, and the middleman and his exactions are excluded.—Massachusetts Ploughman.

An Automatic Milker.

Here is a machine for milking cows. It is a can-shaped reservoir of special construction, made airtight so that a vacuum may be produced by the air-pump on the cover. Rubber tubes con-



HOW THE MACHINE WORKS.

nect with the cow's teats, and the pressure, it is claimed, causes the milk to flow readily. We know nothing of the merits of the machine. The illustration is given to indicate the continued efforts that are being made along the line of dairy inventions.—Farm and Ranch.

Selling Produce by Mail.

It is not hard for a farmer to work up an interest by advertising a desirable article in the right way and through the right means. But half the battle is in properly answering the inquiries received. By lack of promptness, clearness, definiteness and test some letter writers will drive away possible customers about as fast as good advertising brings them in. Use a typewriter, which can be bought second hand for a few dollars; answer letters the same day received; by next mail if possible. The first satisfactory reply that reaches the buyer is likely to get his order, and in making the reply satisfactory everything counts. Inclose a sample picture of what is being sold, if expedient, and try to fix his choice on a definite article or specimen at an attractive stated price, judging what he wants from his letter. It is this tact in adapting the reply to the prospective customer which counts as much as anything in securing orders. His confidence is to be secured, his questions and scruples clearly and tactfully met, and his imagination aroused over some special and definite offer.—American Cultivator.

How to Grind Kaffir Corn.

I thought it might be of interest to many of your readers to know how to grind Kaffir corn, as most sweep mills will not grind it fine, and the millers want too much for grinding it. If the burr is quite worn, so much the better. Have the Kaffir corn dry, put a basketful into a good, solid barrel, chop with a long-handled, sharp spade; add some more heads and chop, and so on. Fill your mill and continue to chop and grind. You can have it fine as flour if you like, and it makes fine swirl to feed thick or thin. The Kaffir corn stem keeps the seed from feeding too fast and it grinds nicely, but not so fast as corn, probably about five bushels per hour. This depends on how fine you grind it.—C. J. Huggins, in Kansas Farmer.

Food for Fattening Fowls.

Always fatten a fowl as quickly as possible. Ten days is long enough to get a fowl fat, and it should be confined either in a coop or a number in a small yard. Give plenty of fresh water, and feed four times a day, beginning early and giving the last meal late. A mixture of corn meal, three parts, ground oats, one part, shorts, one part, crude tallow, one part, scalded, is the best for the first three meals, with all the corn and wheat that can be eaten up clean at night. Weigh the articles given, and do not feed by measure.

Sugar in Green Fodder.

The sugar in the green fodder is practically all destroyed in the silo, and since it is most abundant in the corn plant in the early stages of ear development it is an additional argument for postponing cutting until the grain is full size and the sugars have changed largely to starch. The amount of seed per acre affects the yield of green fodder and also its composition. A medium stand is essential for the best results in both quantity and quality.

Shattered Dignity.

The crude humor that makes the small boy want to throw a stone at a silk hat on a man bristling with dignity is not to be disposed of as a mere ill-conceived prank of youth. There is deep in most people a spring of unsubduable humor that leaps gleefully when conscious dignity gets a fair tumble. That is why, for all the solemnity of the place, the soberest charity and the best-bred propriety in the world could not prevent a titter at a little farce that happened once in a church in Brooklyn.

A gentleman and his wife, who were offended at something the preacher said, gravely rose and stalked toward the door, with their heads held high in assertive disdain. The wife followed the husband.

Unfortunately, when they were halfway down the aisle, the husband dropped

his manure, but place the top soil next the roots. Shorten back the tops, so as to be able to shape the trees in the future, and also for the purpose of providing more nourishment at the start.

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Little Stories and Incidents that Will Interest and Entertain Young Readers

What a Boy Can Do.

These are some of the things a boy can do: He can shout so loud the air turns blue; He can make all sounds of beast and bird; And a thousand more they never heard.

He can crow or cackle, chirp or cluck. Till he fools the rooster, hen or duck. He can mock the dog or lamb or cow, And the cat herself can't beat his "meow."

He has sounds that are ruffled, striped, or plain; He can thunder by like a railway train, Stop at the stations a breath, and then Apply the steam and be off again.

He has all his powers in such command, He can turn right into a full brass band, With all of the instruments ever played, And march away as a street parade.

You can tell that a boy is very ill If he's wide awake and is keeping still; But earth would be—God bless their noise— A dull old place if there were no boys.

Changing the Rose.

It is a very pretty trick to present a little girl with a white rose, telling her that though the flower looks pale, it will revive and glow with the blush of health if she will wear it a few hours.

In order to make your prediction true you must select not a naturally



A PRETTY PARTY TRICK.

white rose, but a red one, which you have bleached in the manner illustrated in the picture—by holding it over the fumes of burning sulphur.

The rose can be bleached almost or quite white in this way, but the natural color returns after a few hours' exposure to the air.