HOW WELL IT HAS LINKED THE TWO TOGETHER!

MONUMENT FOR THE SOLDIERS.

A monument for the soldiers!
And what will ye build it of?
Can ye build it of marble, or brass, or bronze,
Outlasting the Soldier's love?
Can ye glorify it with legends
As grand as their blood hath writ,
From the inmost shrine of this land of thine
To the outmost verge of it?

And the answer came: We would build it
Out of our hopes made sure,
And out of our purest prayers and tears,
And out of our faith secure;
We would build it out of the great white truths
Their death hath sanctified,
And the sculptured forms of the men in arms,
And their faces ere they died.

And what heroic figures
Can the sculptor carve in stone?
Can the marble breast be made to bleed,
And the marble lips to moan?
Can the marble brow be fevered?
And the marble eyes be graved
To look their last, as the flag floats past,
On the country they have saved?

And the answer came: The figures
Shall be all brave and fair,
And, as befitting, as pure and white
As the stars above their grave!
The marble lips, and breast and brow
Whereon the laurel lies,
Bequeath us right to guard the flight
Of the old flag in the skies!

A monument for the soldiers!
Built of a people's love,
And blazoned and decked and panoplied
With the hearts ye build it of!
And see that ye build it stately,
In pillar and niche and gate,
And high in pose as the souls of those
It would commemorate!
—James Whitcomb Riley.

CROOKSIE.

He had never known any other name than Crooksie Peters, though there was a rumor afloat in the tenements that he had once been called Jerome, or Gerald—they had forgotten just which. What did it matter anyway? Crooksie was far more appropriate, for the only straight thing about him was the pair of little white pine crutches.

His memories of home were vague. There was a misty outline of a big, red-faced man, who stumbled in late, and went to sleep in the broken rocking chair, with his mouth wide open. There was a woman, too. Crooksie was more afraid of her. She had eyes that burned you, somehow, and straight, black hair, with gray in it. Nance, people called her.

Once the man went away, but the woman stayed at home, and kept the door locked and the old rickety bed against it, too. One day, just at evening twilight—that interval of lull before the noises of the night began, two horses came down the narrow street and stopped at Crooksie's door. The windows in the court were raised and grimy faces peered out.

Crooksie didn't know just what happened; but there was loud talking, and then the door gave in, and two men carried Nance, kicking and screaming, down the stairs and drove away. And Jakie Bollinas had sat until dark on the curbing singing over and over, in a drowsy monotone, "Crooksie's Nance has gone in the patrol wagon! Crooksie's Nance has gone in the patrol wagon."

All this was long ago when Crooksie was only a child. He was nearly 12 now. Other tenements had opened their doors to him, and there had been a great deal to do. There were babies to mind, and errands to go, and ever so many other things besides. As for Nance, he had never seen her again.

"I say, Crooksie, does yer want ter go out ter the graveyard to-morrow?" asked Jakie Bollinas one evening. Jakie sold papers and was authority on the news of the day.

"There's goin' ter be a big time out there—bands playin', an' speeches, an' real cannons, an' everybody in their best clothes! It's Mer-morial day, for the herors, yer know!"

"What's them?" questioned Crooksie.

Jakie scratched his head. The crown of his hat was missing; that was convenient at times.

"Well," Jakie answered reflectively, "them's fellers what—what fights, or somethin', an' then goes an' dies, an' every year the people goes out ter the graveyard an' takes flowers, an' sings, an' prays, an' gits a holierday. It's nifty. Let's me an' you go."

The first ray of light found Crooksie awake the next day. He knew just where in a neighboring court a milkweed had opened some fuzzy yellow blossoms, and the heroes should have them, every one.

It all seemed beautiful out there in the cemetery. In the tenements death meant a black box for those who went and a black bottle for those who were left behind. But this little world of grass and sunshine where the birds sang and the flowers bloomed was different.

The exercises had already begun, and the eager, surging, throng pushed and crowded on its way to the soldiers' plot. Once the boys were pressed almost under the feet of a big black horse.

The lady who was driving drew the rein sharply and stopped. The boys stared hard at her.

"Ain't she a pretty one, though?" whispered Crooksie, and Jakie nodded. "Sure!" he said.

There was something in the little bent figure, and the pinched, pain-scarred face of Crooksie that touched the pretty lady, for she leaned suddenly toward the boys and smiled.

"Wouldn't you like to ride?" she asked. Crooksie's heart gave a great bound, and then stood still. He had never ridden in all his life; but now something was choking him. He shook his head, and the lady drove up the hill alone.

The morning wore on and noon came. Children grew tired and cried, with their little faces hidden in their mothers' skirts, or went to sleep on the green turf. Women sat singly or in groups on the copings and ate sandwiches and boiled eggs. Thus does life assert itself in the presence of death.

At last the memorial address was over, and the heroes below the Stars and Stripes slept under a quilt of flowers. The volley had been fired, and the cannon's deep-mouthed cry went echoing through the hills.

Then there was a terrified shriek. "Runaway! Runaway!" somebody called. "Look out for the runaway!" and a big black horse came plunging down the narrow drive. The phaeton held the pretty lady. People screamed and scattered like frightened sheep. There was not a man among them who dared to stop the beast.

Near the foot of the hill a tiny figure stood, with one little crutch outstretched. "Crooksie! Yer durned fool!" screamed Jakie Bollinas. "Crooksie—" "Get the kid out of the way!" yelled a man. "He's no good!" and the women shut their eyes.

There was a crash. The horse had struck something and stood still; a policeman caught him by the bridle.

It was hours before Crooksie showed signs of returning to life. Then there was a rushing sound in his ears, like the wind in the pines; he was drifting somewhere, and patches of red and yellow light danced before his eyes.

"He's coming round at last," said the doctor.

Then Crooksie felt a soft, cool hand on his, and looked up, straight into the face of the pretty lady.

The night lamp shed a tender glow through the dainty room and rested lovingly on the little bed.

Crooksie had never seen such a room before. He tried to sit up, but fell back with a cry of pain and lay quite still.

"My precious little boy," said the pretty lady. "My dear, brave little hero."

Crooksie's eyes had a question in them and the doctor raised him on the pillow.

"Yer didn't mean me?" he said. "'Cause I'm crooked, yer know, and there ain't any crooked ones, is there?"

"Crooked what, dear?" asked the lady.

"Herors," he said with an effort. "Is there any with bad backs, an' legs that are sort er wabbly?"

The big doctor laid him suddenly down and walked away, but the pretty lady knelt beside the little bed and took Crooksie's hands in both of hers. Hot tears were blinding her, but to a woman it falls—this duty of taking the pilgrims half way to heaven.

"Dear little man," she said, "there are all sorts of heroes; big ones and little ones, white ones and black ones; yes, dear—and crooked ones, too."

"An' do they put crooked ones out where the grass an' the birds is?" was the eager question.

"Yes."

"And will they give 'em flowers—vi'lets an' perrywinkles an' pinks?"

The little voice was growing very weak.

"Yes, dear," said the lady, "and the backs are all good in the land where the heroes go, and the legs will all grow strong."

A happy smile glowed for a moment on the little face, and Crooksie gave a long, contented sigh. "If Jakie—could only—know," he said.

Next morning an early sunbeam peeped aslant through the curtain. It gilded a pair of tiny idle crutches and kissed a little sleeper. Some one had placed a sprig of mountain laurel in the childish hands, for the world had lost another hero.—Indianapolis Press.

One More Eulogy.

Lieut. A. W. Thomson says, in the Independent, that when the Civil War was practically over, he was sent from the camp at Lincolnton to Charlotte, N. C., under a flag of truce. He entered the town, and was conducted to Gen. Echol's headquarters in a large upper room, evidently a schoolroom.

Our guide pointed out the general, a fine, portly gentleman, seated at a table. I advanced, and laid my papers on the table.

"Gen. Echols, I presume?" I said. "These dispatches are from Gen. Gillam. Shall I wait for an answer?"

"Please be seated," the general said.

Glancing around, I saw sixteen or eighteen gentlemen, all, with one or two exceptions, in military uniform. Col. Morgan came up to me, shook hands and said:

"I believe you and I are not entire strangers."

He had been our prisoner a year or so before. While we chatted, a gentleman in a civilian gray suit turned to address Gen. Echols. The cold stare of a glass eye caught my attention, and the features were somewhat familiar.

"Ah, Jefferson Davis! Are you here, pressed to the wall?" was my first thought. His face was far more pleasant than our Northern papers had pictured it.

A dispatch was handed to Gen. Echols, who read and reread it with an earnest, anxious look. Half rising, he passed the paper to Mr. Davis, who read it slowly, and then handed it back.

"Well," said he, "we have lost a generous enemy."

It was the news of President Lincoln's assassination.

How Flags Wear Out.

It costs money to fly even two small flags every day in the year. The two small ones on the east and west fronts of the Capitol, each about three yards long, which is small for such an immense structure as the Capitol, fray out so fast that it costs one hundred dollars a year to replace them. They are darned every day, and on windy days probably two or three times. Even with all the economies, one hundred dollars worth of fine wool floats off into the air in such fine particles that never a trace of it can be found even at the foot of the two flagstaffs.

We can always see considerable poetry about the hard work other people have to do.

Tile and the Laying of It.

Horseshoe tile are not as good for the purpose of draining as round tile, says a correspondent of Country Gentleman. While they would be reasonably sure to stay in place if properly laid, they are not as efficient as round tile. The reason they are not as efficient is shown in the cut. If but a small stream of water is flowing, it spreads out over the entire flat surface of the horseshoe tile, and there is not depth enough of water to cause the removal of silt or sediment which may accumulate. It is far more difficult to lay horseshoe tile and do good work than to lay round tile. If the round tile does not make a tight joint with its neighbor, it may be turned until a place is found where the joint is reasonably satisfactory. If the horseshoe tile does not fit with its neighbor, then the shovel must be used and earth removed or filled in as the occasion may require. If horseshoe tile are used, they will do better work if they are laid with the flat tile up, for then conditions as to flow of the water are produced which are nearly like those present with the round tile. When round tile are laid, it is well to lay a piece of common tarred building paper over the joint before filling in with earth. No matter how tight the joint is made there is

always a slight opening, and there is a possibility that soil may pass into the tile and obstruct the passage. After the tile are placed a small piece of building paper laid over the joint just before replacing the earth will insure against obstruction.

The Round Silo.

As every student of mathematics knows, the circle is the shortest line which can inclose any given area. When the material for building a silo is an important object to be considered, the round silo will contain more than any other that can be built at the same cost for lumber, and thus it is the better form for many, but we think not for all. A silo built in the barn taking one or more of the bays used for hay, and extending from the cellar floor, if there is a barn cellar, to near the roof, can often be put in at small cost, simply by lining the outer walls and making strong partitions on the inner sides, and the space so taken up will not be needed for hay unless the stock kept is to be increased, as the ensilage in it will feed more animals than all the hay that could be packed in it, as farmers mow away their hay. Of course we are not speaking of baled hay, because the farmers do not often bale hay that they intend to feed out at home. But a cubic foot of ensilage in a silo eighteen to twenty-five feet deep will average to weigh about forty pounds, which is a fair amount to give a cow each day with the hay and grain that should go with it, and a farmer can very easily figure how large a space would be needed to provide food for his stock. Many of them could not as easily figure the solid contents of a round silo if given dimensions, though they may have children who have graduated from high school who could do so. But the silo in the barn requires but little extra lumber and no extra roof, and it keeps the food very near where it is wanted. Those who have limited capital often have to choose the cheaper way if it is not the better way.—New England Farmer.

Clover and Corn for Stock.

If one could raise good crops every year of clover and corn, there would be little difficulty in providing stock with suitable food, says a Michigan farmer. Clover I regard as a double ration, taking the place really of hay and grain. It is possible to winter horses and stock on clover without producing any ill effects or reducing them much in weight and strength. This I would not advocate except as an experiment or in an emergency. What our stock needs is variety, and while clover might supply both hay and grain constituents there would be the possibility of inducing sickness and poor appetite from the lack of variety. Clover, of course, produces a direct beneficial effect upon the soil and adds to it more than the corn takes away. Persistent cultivation of corn on any field must in time reduce the soil fertility to such a low point that succeeding crops will suffer. With clover as a part of a rotation there would be little chance of such soil degeneration.

Weights and Measures.

The old saying that "a pint is a pound all the world 'round" does not hold good with the many grain feeds. They vary much, and as the papers when giving balanced rations usually express themselves in pounds, while the farmer usually feeds by measure, dipping it up with the handy two-quart measure, it may be well to know just what a quart weighs. We copy from the Rural New Yorker this table, which we think is nearly accurate for weights of a quart. Coarse wheat bran ½ pound, coarse wheat middlings 4-5 pound, wheat, mixed feed, 3-5 pound, fine wheat middlings 1.1 pounds, linseed meal the same, gluten feed 1.2 pounds, gluten meal 1.7 pounds, corn meal and cotton seed 1½ pounds each. To dip up a measure full of fine middlings is to give more than twice as much as to use the same dish full of coarse bran, which may be a good reason why many get the best results from feeding the finer grain, while corn meal weighs three times as much as the bran.—Massachusetts Ploughman.

Raising or Buying Feed.

Where the farmer grows the fodder and grain for his animals he is justified in feeling that it has cost less than it would if he paid the cash for it in the market if he has been successful in getting good crops. He has made a market for his own labor, the labor of his team and use of tools, and for the manure that was a waste product of his stock. All of that forms a part of his profit, and the crops may be said to have cost him the seed, hired labor and fertilizer bought. But it may not be the cheapest feed for him to use. He may be able to sell it and purchase other food materials that would give him enough better results to repay him for the labor of drawing both ways. Bran and gluten feed produce so much more milk than corn meal that he may sell the corn he has raised, and buy the other feeds which he does not raise. Other foods are better for hens than the corn, or even than oats. The man who tries to be so independent as neither to buy nor sell, had better set up a hand loom and a cobbler's bench, to save spending money for clothing. We could fatten hogs and cattle on turnips and onions cheaper when we sold them and bought our corn than we could to have fed the roots, and we thought cheaper than if we had grown the corn.—Exchange.

Changing Seed.

We like to get new seed for farm crops from more Northern points, as the crop not only ripened earlier, but yielded better. We remember one year getting some seed potatoes from Vermont, and as we did not get as many as we wanted to plant we bought some of a neighbor who raised them the year before from Vermont seed, and finally finished with a row or so of seed which had been grown on the farm where we were. All were of the same variety, and looked equally good, and all planted the same day. The home-grown seed yielded half as large a crop as that we got from the neighbor and about one-third as that which came from Vermont. We have ripened a good crop of corn from Canadian seed, when the frost badly hurt that in our neighbor's field planted as early as was ours. Seeds from Southern melons fail to produce a good crop in Massachusetts, and we have thought that other garden seeds were not as good when purchased from our Southern dealers as when we knew they were of Northern growth.—American Cultivator.

Grade Mothers.

It seems to be a principle in breeding that when two animals of different breeds are mated, the influence of the one which is the nearest pure bred, if both are in equal vigor and strength, will be the most potent in its effects upon the offspring. If one is weak or in poor condition, the other may attain the ascendency, as surely will be the case with the one that is of a pure bred and the other only a grade. When both are equal in breeding and health, it is unsafe to predict which parent the offspring will most resemble, as it may vary according to their condition at the time of mating. This will explain why many who have begun to grade up their herds by the use of a pure bred male have succeeded better than those who have tried to effect a cross between two good breeds. And this is true of poultry as of animals.

The Pea Louse.

We hear of some who say they will not try to grow green peas this year, because they lost their crop last year by the aphis or plant lice on the vines. We would not cease to plant them for two reasons. If the insects came on so abundantly as to threaten destruction of the crop, we would plow them in, which would destroy every insect, and the green crop would be a good fertilizer on which to grow some other late crop, as winter beets or cabbages, or to set tomatoes, or to sow spinach or kale for next spring. But more than that these plagues of plant lice are seldom troublesome more than two or three years in succession, often disappearing as suddenly as they came, while if no peas are to be found they can as well live on the clover as on peas. If there are peas they prefer them to clover, and they are destroyed with the peas.—Exchange.

Farm Notes.

Mongolian pheasants are being successfully reared in Ohio.

The farmers of northeastern Ohio are making a great thing of the onion crop.

To push along the lima beans and cucumbers start them on sods in the hotbed or cold frame.

A commercial estimate of the cranberry crop of the United States for 1900 places it at 189,000 barrels.

All the world seems to have gone to raising mushrooms lately. Luckily, their popularity seems to be increasing with the supply.

Spurry is said to be of value as a catch crop on light, sandy soils, which it improves when turned under. It requires considerable moisture.

Cheap farm fire insurance on the mutual basis at low rates is the interesting experiment inaugurated by a Massachusetts grange.

Sow eggplant in the hotbed and transplant high to other beds or pots. Plants must have good beds, for a check in their growth means all the difference between profit and loss, says Bailey.

Help for Women Who Are Always Tired.

"I do not feel very well, I am so tired all the time."

You hear these words every day; as often as you meet your friends just so often are these words repeated. More than likely you speak the same significant words yourself, and no doubt you do feel far from well most of the time. Mrs. Ella Rice, of Chelsea, Wis., whose portrait we publish, writes that she suffered for two years with bearing-down pains, headache, backache, and had all kinds of miserable feelings,

MRS. ELLA RICE.

all of which was caused by falling and inflammation of the womb, and after doctoring with physicians and numerous medicines she was entirely cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

If you are troubled with pains, fainting spells, depression of spirits, reluctance to go anywhere, headache, backache, and always tired, please remember that there is an absolute remedy which will relieve you of your suffering as it did Mrs. Rice. Proof is monumental that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the greatest medicine for suffering women.

Not an Expert.

Miss Modderne—I thought you understood French?

Bluffington—Well-er-not fluently.

His Explanation.

"What do you mean by having a womans' letter in your pocket?" his wife inquired sternly.

For a moment his face went white. Then a shade of relief chased it away. "On my word, Maria, I forgot to mail it for you."

Explained.

"Your mother's still in bed? Is she so very sick?"

"She's not sick at all, but pop's on a spree, and she stays in bed so he can't hock it."

It Would Seem So.

Hix—Has your friend Wederly a hobby?

Dix—Well, I wouldn't call it a hobby. It's more like insanity.

"How's that?"

"He's been married five times."

Responsibility.

Dodger—I wouldn't be in the shoes of that New York clergyman who has married 3,012 couples in his life.

Codger—Why?

Dodger—Just think what he'll have to answer for.

An Instance.

"Thomas," said the teacher in the third class in physiology, "can you give a familiar instance of the power of the human system to adapt itself to changed conditions."

"Yes'm," responded Tommy Tucker. "My Aunt Abigail gained 100 pounds in flesh in less'n a year, an' her skin didn't crackle a particle."

No Wonder.

"Great Caesar! It is stated here that $3,600,000 is paid annually in New York for the protection of vice!"

"Calm yourself, man, and stop and think of the amount there is to protect."

Sobriety Among Railroad Men.

The number of railroad men discharged for excessive use of liquor during the past 22 years has decreased from 20 to one per cent, and during the past 25 years the proportion of men owning their homes has increased tenfold.

Perfumed Dervishes.

The Sudanese natives eagerly buy clothes, cotton goods, sugar, perfumes, tea, nails, chains, wire, leather, false jewelry and iron trinkets of Geneva. Great Britain furnishes the cotton goods, but Germany, Austria and Italy have almost the monopoly of the other articles. Germany does a huge trade in perfumes. A single caravan started off recently with 20,000 francs' worth of German scents for the natives.

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