

THE STEERSMAN.

The fore shrouds bar the moonlit sand,
The port mill laps the sea;
Aloft all taut, where the kind clouds
skim,
Aloft to the cutwater snug and trim,
And the man at the wheel sings low,
sings he:

"Oh, sea room and lee room
And a gale to run afore;
From the Golden Gate to Sunda Strait,
But my heart lies snug ashore."

Her hull rolls high, her nose dips low,
The rollers flash alee—
Waiver and dip and the untossed screw
Sends heart throbs quivering through
and through—
And the man at the wheel sings low,
sings he:

"Oh, sea room and lee room
And a gale to run afore;
From the Golden Gate to Sunda Strait,
But my heart lies snug ashore."

The helmsman's arms are brown and
hard,
And braced in his forearm he
A ship, an anchor, a love knot true,
A heart of red and an arrow of blue,
And the man at the wheel sings low,
sings he:

"Oh, sea room and lee room
And a gale to run afore;
From the Golden Gate to Sunda Strait,
But my heart lies snug ashore."
—Bookman.

THE MORTAL COIL.

These two, Allan and David, were brothers; and, what is often more than brothers do, they loved one another. While they were mere boys they had been left orphans, friendsless, alone with the world and with necessity. They were industrious and frugal, their purse was common, and working thus together they managed to keep off starvation and debt.

They were now in the period of early manhood. Allan, the elder, was 23 years of age, and David 20. They occupied two pleasant rooms in a respectable lodging-house, lived well, and had some money saved in the bank. "At first I used to be afraid that we could not make it," Allan would say to his brother, when they talked in the evening of their life and their affairs; "it was such a hard struggle. But there is no longer any doubt that we are going to succeed in the world."

To this prophecy, which Allan rejoiced to speak, David would always assent, with an enthusiasm that came not from any confidence in his own powers, but solely from his belief in his elder brother. The difference between the brothers was more than that of years, as each of them well understood. Allan was strong, keen, and determined. David was gentle and sympathetic, but a little dull. They were alike, however, in their intense devotion to one another.

It happened in the midst of this which they regarded as prosperity that Allan was suddenly beset by a grievous illness. It had been written down in the pitiless law book of nature that he should pay for the sins of some ancestor, of whose very existence he was ignorant. The disease ran its slow course through many weeks, and there were now and again critical times when the heart of the younger brother, watching by night, stood still.

At last it came to an end. The sentence of nature was fulfilled. The life of the young man was spared, but the disease left him blind and a cripple. As Allan began to recover his strength, and the dumb consciousness of suffering gave way to active thought, he demanded to know how soon the bandages were to be taken from his eyes. To this and to other questions of a similar nature, the doctor who attended him returned evasive answers. Thereupon, Allan, half guessing the truth, became silent. In the meantime, David, also silent, clung desperately to a fragment of hope.

One morning the doctor, as he was about to leave, motioned across the sick man's bed that he wished to speak with him alone. They went out into the hall, where the physician sat down upon a chair and David leaned back against a corner of the wall.

Presently Allan heard the confused murmur of their talk. He climbed out of the bed and dragged himself with difficulty across the floor into the sitting-room. Placing his ear against the hall door, which was not quite closed, he heard all, unseen and unsuspected.

"It is useless for me to continue these daily visits," said the physician; "hereafter I will come only when you send for me."

"Well, what shall we do about it—about his eyes?"

"They will probably not pain him any more. You can take off the bandage whenever you are ready to tell him the whole truth."

David's lips grew very white. "You mean that he will never recover?" he said.

The doctor looked up at him suddenly with a frown. "Really," he said, "I thought I had made the state of things pretty clear to you."

"Yes," said David; "I know—but I kept hoping."

"My dear boy, I am sorry, but I cannot even let you hope. If your leg was cut off would you expect another to grow in its place? A part of the eye is gone—and that ends it."

"And the lameness?"

"He will always walk with crutches." Perhaps it was well that no mortal eye saw the wan face pressed toward the opening in the door. There was a shuffling across the floor, and Allan drew himself upon the bed again, where he lay motionless and silent, though all his body seemed to quiver and his thoughts to cry aloud.

Presently the footsteps of the doctor sounded on the stairs and the lower door opened and shut. But nearly an hour passed before the younger brother

came back to the room. When he came it was with the belief that he was prepared to speak to Allan and tell him all. He looked for a moment at the figure curled on the bed and shook his head. He would wait.

Several days passed. Then in the evening Allan said suddenly to his brother:

"David, what is the matter? Perhaps I imagine it—but is there not something that you want to talk to me about?"

"Yes," said the other, startled. "It is about my eyes and my lameness, is it not?"

"Yes."

"The time had come. He sat down by the bed and took his brother's hand. His own trembled violently, but that of the sick man was quiet.

"Poor boy," said Allan, as though not he but David were the one upon whom misfortune had fallen. He stroked his brother's arm gently for a moment, and then whispered: "You must not tell me, David. I know all. I listened when you and the doctor talked about me."

David spoke also in a whisper: "I could not bear to think of it—and so I could not speak to you."

"Poor, dear brother," said Allan, but with perfect calmness. They sat in silence for a few moments, and then Allan said: "Now, David, we have looked the worst of it in the face; let us examine some of the smaller troubles. What about money matters?"

"Oh, Allan," cried the other, "don't ask about that yet."

"Yes," said the elder brother firmly; "you must tell me all. Be frank and fair, as I would be with you."

So David told. The money in the bank was all gone, of course, and there were debts—to the doctor, the chemist, and the landlady. Having explained thus far, David hung back, and it took determined questioning on the part of Allan to bring out the rest of the story. Their friends at the club, knowing the trouble of the brothers, had raised some money—a considerable amount—for their benefit.

"It just paid the nurse," said David. The proud lines in the other's face deepened to harshness. After a momentary struggle he managed to say aloud: "It was very kind of them."

But to himself into his pillow he muttered: "My God! This is the beginning!" "I am afraid," said David, "that it will be some time before we can pay these debts. Everyone seems to be good about it. The doctor says he will wait years if need be."

"Yes," replied Allan absently.

"Of course, you know what my pay is," continued the younger brother, "and you also know what our expenses are. Well, they don't fit. I've been thinking about it. We must move into one room and must economize in various other ways."

"Yes," said Allan.

"The worst of it is," David went on, without looking at his brother, "that we cannot get the things you ought to have. It is so hard for you to be all alone here—"

"Never mind about that, Davy," said Allan quickly; "what we must think about is how to clear up those debts and how to live on your pay."

After this the old confidence seemed to be restored between the brothers. What small part of the day David was not at work he spent with Allan, and they talked of their affairs just as they had done before the misfortune came. Yet there was one thing David failed to understand, although he studied over it a great deal. Why was Allan so calm and undistressed? It was not like him.

"Can it be that he does not really appreciate what it means to be blind and helpless?" thought the younger brother; "he was always so proud, ambitious and full of hope. And he is sensitive. I thought he would suffer."

The sick man's strength gradually returned. Presently he was able to move about the room, and then, accompanied by the landlady's little daughter, he managed to make short excursions into the street. He wore a dark shade over his eyes and walked on crutches.

The various economies which the brothers had talked over were practiced, and yet every day they ran more into debt. David's pay was very small; it was not enough to keep two people in comfort—one of them an invalid needing medicines and a physician's care. Yet Allan remained apparently unconcerned. At last David found work to do in the evening. He now earned enough to cover their necessities, but Allan was left alone most of the time.

One evening David had an unexpected vacation. An accident caused the establishment where he worked to close early, and he hurried to the room, eager for the pleasure of a few hours with his brother. When he came to the street door he said to himself: "I will go up quietly and surprise him."

He ascended the stairs with a quiet tread. The door to the room was open, and he saw Allan seated at the table, moving a pencil slowly over a large sheet of paper. "The poor fellow is trying to write," said David. Then he noticed that the edges of the sheet were notched at intervals, and that it had not been folded in creases. As the blind man wrote, he felt for these notches, and then ran his finger along the crease in advance of the pencil.

Full of tender sorrow and pity David crept up behind, that he might put his hand on Allan's shoulder and thus make his presence known, but happening to glance down upon the paper he saw the words, "My dear brother," and he knew that the writing was for him to read. He did not give himself time to wonder that Allan should be writing to him, but began instantly to decipher the misshapen characters on the paper. In a few moments he had overtaken the pencil.

This is what he read: "My Dear Brother—You will find this note fastened on the outside of the door. Please read it through to the end be-

fore you enter. Perhaps you will then think it best not to enter alone.

"David, my brother, these words come to you from the dead. I have destroyed the pitiful fragment of life which fate left me. You were wont to be so strong and brave—can you read on calmly now, and try to understand me when I tell you my reason? Can you love me and trust me as you always have done? I believe that you can and will, and that is why I have dared to take this step.

"Several days ago I procured some poison which I have kept concealed from you. Through it death comes swift but painless."

David watched the slow, laborious making of the last few words, and it gave him time to think. Where was the poison? He glanced across the room to a chest of drawers. There was a small drawer at the top which Allan had used exclusively, and which was now half open. With noiseless step, the younger brother crept over the floor to this chest of drawers. The guess was correct. Hidden under some handkerchiefs lay a small vial, filled with a colorless fluid.

David took it up, shook it mechanically, and then turned it over and over in his hands, while he tried to think what he had better do. At any moment Allan might finish his writing, and it was necessary for David to speak aloud and explain, and his brother would suffer the torture of humiliation. That would not do. Better to carry away the vial and make no explanations, unless they were demanded. He was about to steal out of the room when the thought struck him that his brother, if determined, could secure death by other means than this one bottle of poison. There was a loaded revolver in the drawer—that must be taken away. But what was to prevent Allan from obtaining more poison?

He was accustomed to buy his own medicines, and now he was strong enough to get about. Ah, there were so many ways!

The blind man seated at the table wrote on, feeling his way carefully along the folds in the paper. David crouched upon the edge of the bed, watched him and thought:

No; merely to remove the means of death would not save Allan. The only hope lay in appearing to him, in pleading with him for his own life, in convincing him by the love which held them together, not to do this terrible wrong. What should he say? David was not easy of speech. His very thoughts were blunt, ill-assorted and confused. Deep in his soul he felt that his brother was about to make a mistake—one of the most awful of which life contained a possibility. This feeling was independent of religion or of superstition; it was a part of David's very existence. But how was he to speak of this to Allan, who seemed to understand everything so much better than he?

And now it suddenly occurred to him that he really did not know his brother. Evidently this desire of self-destruction had been in Allan's thoughts for many weeks, and yet he, nearest to him of all beings on earth, had never been allowed to suspect it. This was why Allan had been so calm and had accepted his misfortune so lightly. Tortures of sorrow there must have been, unspeakable agonies of ruined hope, all endured in secrecy and silence. It seemed to David that he himself, and not Allan, must have lacked the power of sight.

But what was to be done now? The pencil was still moving slowly over the paper. David rose from the bed, and resuming his place behind the blind man read on:

"This concerns you and me and no one else; is it not so, brother? The world is far away from us; we are alone together."

"Now, what has existence for me? When first I learned I was to be always blind and a cripple there came with the knowledge an impulse for death. But I put it away and said: 'No, let me think of this more fully. The calamity seems now to sweep over all of life. Perhaps when I am more calm I shall find that much remains untouched.' So I waited and thought, and in the end I found one thing, the happiest of being with you. That is real and lasting, and for a time I asked myself if it were not enough. But I remembered that my existence, wretched and useless as it was, meant more of labor and hardship for you, and I thought, too, of what sorrow you must feel for me, and the pleasure of being with you turned to bitterness. There was nothing left."

"But you—you love me and you have a right to my life. It is for your sake that I have spent these long weeks in silent, solitary debate, after every other doubt was cleared away. At one time I had almost decided to beg my life of you, as I might any other favor, but I dared not. Yet I am begging it now—after I have taken it."

"Dear brother, I know that you are unselfish. I believe that for my sake you would give up the greatest happiness which life affords—as I would for you. Can you not, then, allow me the little that I take when I deprive myself and you of my existence? If, now, the conditions were reversed—if I were the one to be strong and well, while you were crippled and blind—I try to think of it in that way, in order that I may understand it better and judge more fairly—I should, of course, feel an intense sorrow—"

What was the matter? The pencil was moving slower and slower. At last it stopped. David looked up at his brother's face and saw it working with strong emotion. Then, after a moment the pencil went on:

"—that you should suffer so, and it would be an unspeakable happiness to help, to work for you—you would be dearer to me than a thousand times, than if—"

"Oh, what am I saying!" exclaimed the blind man aloud. The pencil drop-

ped from his fingers and he threw himself back in his chair. "I could not let him go," he cried; "it would be cruel in him to leave me. But I—what will he—oh, Davy!"

He leaned upon the table with his face resting in his open hands, while David stood watching almost breathless in the struggle to keep silent. At last Allan caught up the sheets of paper on which he had been writing and tore them to fragments.

"It is over," said David. He restored the bottle to its place and crept past his brother out of the room. Presently Allan heard the street door noisily open and shut and David's tread sounded upon the stairs.

That night, as the brothers were about to retire, Allan said:

"David, there is something that I want to promise you. I have already promised myself, but I want to assure you of it also."

"Yes," said David; "what is it?"

"I think I had better not tell you what it is. You would be distressed, perhaps. But I promise you."

"Very well," said David; "let it remain a secret, then. But I accept the promise."—Spare Moments.

A Thrilling Feat.

Colley protests that it was nothing at all; Mrs. Johnson insists that it was a daring feat, of which few would be capable. Residents of Bath Beach and Bensonhurst, share Mrs. Johnson's view.

Mrs. Jay S. Johnson's home in Bay 35th street, Bensonhurst, is one of the finest in that place. Her horses, behind which she and her daughter Mignon take the air each morning, could be driven by no less expert horsewoman.

Charles Colley, of No. 11 West 16th street, this city, who is working at Bath Beach this summer, is a practiced bicyclist. He was wheeling up 18th avenue in Bath Beach yesterday morning when Mrs. Johnson's handsome turnout came in sight. Mrs. Johnson was driving, and beside her sat her little daughter.

Colley dismounted from his wheel and stood at the roadside to watch the dashing equipage as it swept past. Hardly had the carriage rolled by when the horses broke into a run. In an instant Colley saw that Mrs. Johnson was powerless to control them.

Leaping on his wheel, the bicyclist put forth every energy in a race to overtake the horses. Fast as they went in their mad run, the wheelman went faster. Soon he was even with the carriage, then alongside one of the plunging horses. A burst of speed, and he was at the animals' heads.

Keeping one hand on the handlebar, the bicyclist shot out his arm and seized the bridle of one of the horses and still pedaling, as he held to the frantic animal, he called to the terrified woman and child not to be alarmed, but to sit perfectly quiet.

Riding in this fashion, Colley saw that he was powerless to check the speed of the runaway.

Grasping the bridle with a firmer hold, with a mighty effort he kicked his bicycle from under him, rolling it to one side.

Then, with all the strength that was in him, he swung to the horse's back. Once astride the animal, the rest was easy, and in a short time the animals were standing still. Dismounting, he stood by the horses until he had them perfectly quiet, then discouraging Mrs. Johnson's protestations of gratitude, he returned to his bicycle, mounted and rode home.

Not so much as a harness buckle had suffered in the runaway.—New York Herald.

Tea at \$175 a Pound.

Tea at \$175 a pound! If a grocer should ask the average housewife that kind of a price she would be likely to drop dead. Yet there is such tea, and G. N. Merriweather, a tea merchant of Cincinnati, has some of it. A little of this goes a long way and five ounces of it constitutes his stock.

Very little of this tea is ever brought to this country. Indeed, little of it is marketed anywhere, as it is extremely rare, and millionaires, even, if the price was no object, would have difficulty in getting hold of it.

This \$175-a-pound tea is known as the Ceylon golden bud. It is the pickings of the first tips of the blossoms. The greatest care must be taken in the picking, and nothing but the bright golden-hued tip taken off the blossoms. All the picking of this grade is carefully done by hand. The process of drying these tips is as delicate as the picking. The annual output is estimated at 12,000 pounds, valued at \$2,100,000.

But five pounds of this tea has ever been known to have reached the United States, excepting a few pounds placed on exhibition at the World's Fair. A rich lady residing at New York wrote to Mr. Marr, the agent of the Ceylon tea-growers for America, at Chicago, and asked him to try to procure for her if possible five pounds of this remarkable and expensive tea. Mr. Marr was successful in securing six pounds of the precious article. The New York lady gave a check for \$1,000 for her five pounds. Mr. Merriweather, who is a personal friend of Mr. Marr, received five ounces of the extra pound produced.

Beware of Tight Garters.

Bicyclists, male and female, should beware of tight garters and of stockings which are too thick. A garter which is wide and has little pressure is just as effective as a narrow one very tight. The result of wearing the latter is bound to be bad, it being a fertile producer of varicose veins.

How tantalizing heaven will be to the women, to see so much gold lying around, and no chance to spend it!



ter making, and with these essentials, good butter at only a slightly increased cost per pound can be made. But the quality must be good to make the most out of it, as the consumer demands good butter in winter, the same as in summer, and the price is largely determined by the quality all seasons.

Thousands of barns throughout the country are without gutters, and the rain from the roof washes down upon manure heaps, robbing the latter of more than half their richness. Gutters from a solid stick of timber are best, but these are expensive. The V trough is apt to lerk after a little. To prevent this, coat the inside

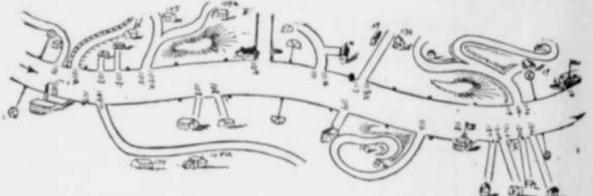
Gutters and Supports. Thousands of barns throughout the country are without gutters, and the rain from the roof washes down upon manure heaps, robbing the latter of more than half their richness. Gutters from a solid stick of timber are best, but these are expensive. The V trough is apt to lerk after a little. To prevent this, coat the inside



SECURE GUTTER, with concrete, made by mixing sharp sand and the best cement, as shown in the diagram, or a mixture of sand and tar can be used. Instead of the wooden supports cut from a piece of board, that are constantly splitting, use an iron strap bent by a blacksmith into the shape suggested, and screwed to the side of the barn. Such supports will, of themselves, keep the V gutters from opening at the joint, even if not coated inside.

Work of the Codling Moth.

The injury and loss occasioned by the codling moth has been very keenly felt in almost all fruit-growing regions, and many of the fine crops raised the past year will show the appearance of the worm unless spraying was resorted to in early spring. The female begins to lay eggs in the calyx of the blossom



TEN BLOCK SYSTEM OF NAMING AND NUMBERING COUNTRY ROADS.

boards erected. The measuring begins at the center of the street just in front of the courthouse and proceeds along the nearest line of travel. The village streets have the customary 100 numbers to the block, but outside the limits the country house numbers are used. Two to each block of 528 feet (32 rods) of road. Odd numbers are on the left hand, even on the right. A gate on the right-hand side, with its right post 3-10 miles by road from the courthouse, is 31 blocks distant, and is in the 32d block. Hence its road number is 64, or twice 32. A gate just across the road would be numbered 63. Half the even numbers of a block divided by 10 always gives its extreme distance from the beginning. Each house has the number of the block upon which its gate or entrance is located, as 64 for the first house. Other houses, built on the same block take the numbers 64a, 64b to 64z. On the fence, or a post, a line is placed showing the numbers and the divisions between blocks. On the right is 64 | 62. On the left is marked 61 | 63. At the end of each mile (ten blocks) an X is painted inside a circle. The half-mile is marked by a V in a semi-circle. There are 20 road numbers to the mile. The ten-block system works as well with houses miles apart as with those closer, even to 20 feet apart. The distance between any two house numbers in the country can be easily reckoned. The homes of farmers can be quickly found. Strangers can be given clear directions. The mileage of officers can be quickly calculated. Road work can be accurately located by its block number. A county directory could be printed with farm names and road numbers of every citizen. A former postmaster general has declared that the ten-block system of numbering country roads would remove the only obstacle to rapid and accurate free postal and telegraph delivery to farmers. Contra Costa farmers expect to secure free delivery at once, under the new appropriation by Congress for this purpose.

Feeding Apples to Hogs. There is a good deal of nutrition in apples, especially those of sweet varieties. Where they are plentiful and cheap, as sweet apples are almost sure to be when the crop is abundant, they are a good feed for hogs. But they are not a full ration, and should always be fed cooked and mixed with some kind of grain or meal, which should be put in while the cooked apples are hot, and thus cooked with them. The apples make the grain much more digestible than it would be without them. Thus the appetite is kept from being cloyed, which is the greatest difficulty in feeding grain to animals of any kind.



A MOST DESTRUCTIVE APPLE INSECT. That the injury caused by this insect can only be averted by careful spraying.—Farm and Home.

Poultry Pointers. Preserve the fallen feathers for the scratch pen in winter.

Get the poultry accustomed to roosting under shelter before cold weather sets in.

A good thing for the chickens is to char a lot of corn occasionally and let them pick at it.

Don't fail to have gravel and road dust in goodly quantities put away for use about poultry quarters during winter.

It is claimed by many that a hen will lay more and better eggs during an entire year if she is allowed to raise one lot of chicks.

Eggs upon which a fowl is sitting are not all of the same temperature; those upon the outside are cooler than those on the inside.

Eradicate the chicken lice by clearing out and burning out old nests, and whitewashing frequently. Spray the roosts and inside of the poultry house freely with coal oil and carbolic acid.

If charcoal and sulphur are burned in a poultry house we will guarantee that the sulphur will be rid of lice. Sprinkle the sulphur on the charcoal and shut the house up tight. Nothing can live in the fumes.

The Apiary. The dark brown color of combs is caused by the bees using bits of the old wax. When the sections are too near the brood combs, the bees seal it partly with old black wax. The use of thick top bars prevents this, it is said.

Each frame of comb in a bee hive should occupy about one and a half inches of space, and in spacing the frames it should be done with exactness, so that the frames will be one and a half inches from center to center.

Good Fatter in Winter. With care in making the proper arrangements, good butter can readily be made in winter, and the cost be not materially increased. There must be fresh cows. Good, warm, dry shelter, plenty of good feed and water, proper arrangements for handling the milk and cream so as to secure the desired temperature for cream raising and but-