

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 crooning, soft refrain,
That mother used, in years gone by,
To soothe the aching brain.

Some olden, golden, loveliest 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, hiccupped 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 recovering 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.

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 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

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.

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.

Literary Style.

Colonel Frank Beard, for many years a stenographer in the General Sessions Court, was discussing with some of his colleagues the difficulties of reporting speakers given to the use of long and involved sentences. Illustrations were given from speeches of William M. Everts, Bourke Cockran and Phillips Brooks.

"Why," said Colonel Beard, "none of them are in it with Judge James Fitzgerald, now of the Supreme Court. I reported a sentence of his on one occasion which, I believe, is the longest on record."

"Can you remember it?" asked one. "Why, certainly," said Colonel Beard. "It was in the Schoenholz firebug case, and the words, as I remember them, were: 'Forty-eight years at hard labor in State prison.'"—New York Times.

Irritating Iteration.

"I don't see why you call him stupid. He says a clever thing quite often."

"Exactly. He doesn't seem to realize that it should be said only once." —Philadelphia Press.

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 gray-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.

Entangled in a Live Wire.

If a person is entangled in a live electric wire and you want to extricate him therefrom do not take hold of the victim's hands, as is often done in a case of this kind. You will be shocked if you do. Be sure to grab the clothes alone, and then you are safe, and the current cannot reach you. Do not let anything come in contact with your bare hands but his coat and trousers. Or course if you have thick leather gloves on you can handle with impunity the individual in distress.

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 whilppn' 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 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, piles, 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.



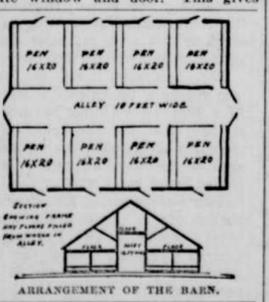
They have full, plump breasts and longer bodies than our exhibition games. In fact, they are the same as our pit games, only they are bred to exhibition form and color and not for the pit.—Country Gentleman.

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.

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 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



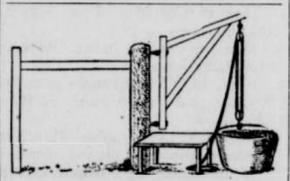
plenty of light and permits egress to yards outside. While this barn is only ten feet at the side, it gives ample storage for hay and a large amount of room without any waste space. The cost will not exceed \$500.

Draft Colts on the Farm. Grooming is all important. The colts should be well cleaned twice a day. Before breakfast they should be thoroughly brushed, the currycomb not being used too freely, especially in the summer when the hair is short. After the day's work is done and the teamster has had his supper—the horses will be dry then—they should receive their second cleaning. Be sure to remove all the sweat and dirt and leave the horses in shape to take a comfortable night's rest. The manes and tails should be well brushed, and, above all things, do not cut off any of the mane or forelock. The mane is sometimes cut off under the collar and bridle and does not look so bad when

the harness is on, but suppose a buyer comes to look at the colts on the halter, what do they look like beside those with full manes?—Breeders' Gazette.

To Prevent Smut in Wheat. Wheat should not be sowed without being first treated if it has any indications of having been exposed to smut. The trouble can be obviated by dipping the seed wheat in a solution that is sure to prove effective. Smut is carried over from year to year on the seed wheat. The mode of treatment is as follows: Dissolve one pound of copper sulphate in twenty-four gallons of water. Soak the seed in this solution for twelve hours, after which it should be drained off. Then the seed should be soaked for ten minutes in lime water made by slaking one pound of lime in ten gallons of water. The seed should then be dried as soon as possible. Care should then be taken that the seed wheat is not eaten by chickens or other stock, as the sulphate is a deadly poison. It is the experience of farmers that land that bore smutty wheat the previous year will not bear smutty wheat if the seed is properly treated, the smut spores in the ground having been all killed by the cold weather.

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 charcoal, 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



CONVENIENT HOG-SCALDING OUTFIT.

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

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 skimmilk 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.

How to Revive Meadows. Where meadows show indications of failing, give an application of manure this winter, leaving it on the surface. In the spring apply fifty pounds of nitrate of soda, 100 pounds of sulphate of potash and 200 pounds of acidulated phosphate rock. This should be done in April, the bare places to be seeded with seeds of a variety of grasses. Keep the cattle off until the grass makes considerable growth.

Pin Feathers. Do not expect eggs when the hens are moulting. If the fowls be stinted in food they cannot lay up material for eggs.

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. 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.

Now is the time to store a good lot of dry earth. None is better than drained and dried peat or muck, and none will absorb more gas and liquid.

NOW CORELESS APPLE.

After Years of Experiment a New Seedless Fruit Has Been Produced. The coreless apple has been produced and it is full of possibilities. The new fruit is regarded as "the world's greatest discovery in horticulture," says a writer in the Nineteenth Century and After, and in fruit-growing circles is called "the wonder of the age."

Its flavor is beyond question. If it proves as large as its rivals trees producing the new wonder, which is a winter variety, will be planted by the million in the commercial fruit fields at home and abroad. There is little likelihood of its impeding the profitable sale of ordinary apples of high grade.

The new apple, which is both coreless and seedless, was introduced by an old fruit raiser. For twelve years he experimented to obtain the fruit.

The tree is described as blossomless, the only thing resembling a blossom being a small cluster of tiny green leaves which grow around the newly formed apple and shelter it. Being devoid of blossoms, it is claimed that the fruit offers no effective hiding place in which the codlin moth may lay its eggs, which it usually does in the open eye of the fruit. Moreover, there is nothing to fear from frosts.

The color of the new apple is red, dotted with yellow on the skin. As with the seedless orange, so with the seedless apple, a slightly hardened substance makes its appearance at the navel end. But this can be obliterated by culture. The originator of the coreless apple states that the further "we get from the original five trees the larger and better the fruits become in every way."

Apple culture is more important even than orange culture. In the United States there are 200,000,000 apple trees in bearing, from which 250,000,000 bushels of fruit are annually harvested. In ten years these three will give a yield of 400,000,000 bushels.

At the present time the apple consumption of the United States is eighty pounds a head of the population a year. By bushel measure the American apple crop is four times greater than the entire wheat yield of Great Britain and Ireland.

Billions of apple trees are grown in the orchards of the world, and millions of them are still being planted each year. The apple imports of Great Britain alone range between 4,500,000 and 5,000,000 hundredweight. In addition, the writer estimates the census of our apple trees at 20,000,000.

There are now 2,000 of these coreless apple trees available for propagation to supply the orchards of the world. It is estimated that by 1906 2,500,000 of these trees will be put upon the market.

The Spencer apple is not the first seedless apple that has been grown. During the last sixty years about half a dozen such claimants have made their appearance. But in no instance was it found possible to reproduce trees from which would bear seedless apples. Though no blossom is at any time visible on the Spencer seedless apple trees, when budded or grafted they insure trees that will produce coreless apples. They are great bearers, and crop freely in any country where the ordinary apple tree will fruit.

In 1826 Abbe D. Dupuy, professor of natural history at Auch, drew attention to the Bon Chretien d'Auch pear, which produced fruit without seeds, though when removed to another locality the seeds reappeared in the fruit in the usual way. This fact up to that period had led the fruit-tree distributors to treat the pear in one locality as the Bon Chretien d'Auch and in another district to the Winter Bon Chretien. But the Spencer apple remains seedless in any soil.

The coreless apple will produce as great a sensation when brought before the public as the seedless orange did a few years ago. The orange is a luxury; the aromatic apple has become an absolute necessity.

Chinese Food.

A German epicure comes to the rescue of the Chinese in regard to their alleged habit of eating rotten eggs. The eggs, he says, are simply preserved in lime until they get a consistency like that of hard butter, and they taste somewhat like lobster. He declares them one of the choicest delicacies he has ever eaten. He thinks there are no better cooks in the world than the Chinese. When he went to live among them his friends predicted he would starve, but he had a good time, and gained weight—more than he wanted to.—New York Tribune.

Soothed to Rest.

The story is told of a man whose wife had arranged an "authors' evening," and persuaded her reluctant husband to remain at home and help her receive the fifty guests who were asked to partake of this intellectual feast. The first author was dull enough, but the second was still duller. The rooms were intolerably warm, and on pretense of letting in some cool air, the unfortunate host escaped to the hall, where he found the footman comfortably asleep on the carved oak settee. "Wake up!" he said, sternly, in the man's ear, "wake up, I say! You must have been listening at the keyhole!"

Kitchener's Way.

One of the London dailies tells the following characteristic story of Lord Kitchener: "On one occasion the Governor of Natal wired to the Commander-in-chief, 'My ministers and myself consider we should be vouchsafed further news.' This was Kitchener's reply: 'I do not agree with either you or your ministers.—E.'"