

**NO TIME FOR HOLIDAYS.**

He never had time to play,  
He never had time to rest,  
But he worked away and thought of a day  
When what he had done would attest  
The usefulness of his life;  
His worth as a man among men;  
Then he would quit the strife—  
He would rest on his laurels then.

As a bondsman chained he slaved,  
Ever looking ahead;  
As a miser he hoarded and saved  
Grudging his daily bread!  
Beyond was a happy day—  
Nearer and nearer it drew—  
When his work should be put away,  
And care should be banished, too!

At last, upon a day,  
When the sun was low in the west,  
He put his work away,  
And sat him down to rest;  
But where was the dreamed-of bliss?  
And why was it now denied?  
Things seemed to have gone amiss—  
So he brooded awhile, and died.

**The Death Head**

It was bought by Mortimer Davent at a sale held in a rambling old country house somewhere within twenty miles of London, and he was first attracted to it by its horribly repulsive appearance.

I allude to the mummified head of a Chinaman in a sealed glass case, shrunken and brown in appearance, and with the lips, as is usual, stitched together.

Not very formidable so far, and it was not until you noticed the eyes that you realized how extremely sinister an aspect they gave to the whole face. Deeply sunken with half-closed lids, they gave one ever the chilling impression that the sight still lurked within them, and move where you would about the room their stealthy gaze would follow.

Mortimer Davent was a strange man, and strange things had a fascination for him, therefore he carried his treasure home and placed it amongst the almost unique collection of curios he had gathered upon his travels abroad. And that same day there came an old and valued friend to see him. He arrived rather early in the evening, to find Davent alone in his study, with a pipe between his teeth, gloating over his latest purchase. As the visitor was announced, he rose quickly, and moving the case aside, came forward with outstretched hand.

"My dear Crosby," he exclaimed, "the very man I wanted to see! Sit down at once and light up. I've got something to show you."

Nothing loth, Crosby drew up a chair and rubbed his hands in pleased anticipation.

"What's the treasure this time?" he inquired with interest. "I thought you'd got everything worth having in that collection of yours. What is it? Another bronze?"

Davent shook his head. He was concealing the case with his sleeve.

"Wrong, old fellow. Guess again!"

"A crystal! A rare piece of china! A black-letter book!" Then seeing that Davent still shook his head: "I give it up. Show it to me, whatever it is, and put an end to my suspense."

"It's the mummified head of a Chinaman!" said Davent.

His friend's face fell. "Is that all?" he exclaimed. "Why, you bought a head not so very long ago! I thought you had discovered something out of the ordinary."

"Well, this is out of the ordinary," replied Davent, and, moving his arm, he drew the case forward until it stood exactly beneath the rays of the big shaded lamp above them. "Have the goodness to examine that face carefully!"

Crosby, bending forward, complied. Then he drew back and, sitting upright, gave a low whistle of surprise.

"Love, man! You are right," he commented. "This is out of the ordinary. Those eyes, if they were fully opened, would be simply diabolical. The fellow must have been as cunning as old Nick himself. I'm hanged if the brute isn't watching us all the time!"

"There you are! That's just it!" cried Davent excitedly. "The very thing that struck me! The whole evening I've sat in this room, and the beggar's never once taken his eyes off me. A minute ago I could have sworn he was grinning at me."

Crosby sprang to his feet.

"Look here," he exclaimed. "I'm going to fetch old Hammond. We must see if he notices anything strange. He's lived in China nearly all his life, and if there should be anything supernatural about the thing he's the man to find it out. Are you game?"

"By all means," assented Davent, consulting his watch. "At this time you ought to catch him, and, for goodness' sake, don't be long. This thing is getting on my nerves."

When Hammond entered, without knowing in the least why he had been fetched, the two men watched him keenly. He greeted Davent in his usual quiet manner, and then his eye fell upon the glass case still standing upon the table.

"Hallo!" he exclaimed. "Something new," and advancing closer he carefully adjusted his pince-nez.

Neither Davent nor Crosby were quite prepared for the strange scene that followed. Hammond had but taken one glance at the ghastly head when he suddenly uttered a loud and terrible cry and flung up his arms.

They caught him before he fell, and between them supported him to a chair. He was horribly frightened; they could see that by his pallid face and the twitching of his ashen lips, but with an effort he pulled himself together.

"That—that head!" he gasped brokenly, clutching at the arms of his chair with nervous hands. "Where has it come from? Who gave it to you?"

"I bought it only to-day at a sale. Nobody seemed to know anything about it, and I got it for a mere song."

"You are wondering, no doubt, at my agitation," exclaimed Hammond. "Suffice it to say that I recognized that Chinaman's face. Davent, I have a favor to ask of you which you must grant. Let me buy this thing of you! I am a wealthy man; you shall have anything you like to ask, only let me buy it!" For an instant Davent hesitated.

"If you want it so much, Hammond," at length came the reply, "you shall certainly have it; but, first of all, might I ask your reason? I feel sure there is some mystery!"

Hammond covered his eyes with his hand.

"At all costs it must be buried," he exclaimed. "And I must be the person to do it. At all costs I must do it!"

A little later he left, carrying the mummified head with him.

A day elapsed, and Davent heard no more of his friend; but when he descended to breakfast upon the morning of the second day he found a letter awaiting him addressed in the wide, sprawling hand he recognized instantly as belonging to Hammond. He tore it open and quickly scanned the contents.

"Dear Davent," it ran, "I feel that some explanation of my seeming strange conduct the other night is in some measure due to you. That explanation of necessity takes the form of a confession which I trust you will hold sacred between us. In the mummified head you purchased I recognized a man who years ago was my servant out in Pekin. Like all Chinamen, he was a liar and as cunning a thief as ever drew breath. He stole enough from me to set himself up for life. In those days I had a quick and fiery temper.



DAVENT FELL INTO A TRAIN OF THOUGHT.

and to draw a long story short I caught the fellow one evening red-handed. I had warned him more than once without effect, and now, although he knew perfectly well there was no escape, he grinned like a mocking demon straight into my face.

"That roused the fury within me, and, picking up a stick that lay close at hand, I administered a sounder thrashing than he had ever felt in his life before.

"In my anger I laid it on perhaps a bit heavier than I ought to have done, and, anyway, I did not cease till my arm ached. The man was small and a trifle fragile-looking, and when my left hand relaxed its grip he dropped limply upon the ground.

"Now, you devil! I exclaimed, 'let that be a lesson to you to keep your thieving fingers off other people's property.'

"He said nothing in reply, but just turned his head as he lay there and looked up into my face. Davent, that look will haunt me to my dying day. Fear, hatred and malevolent cunning all fought for mastery within the shining blackness of his eyes. I shudder as I think of it. As you have already guessed, the man died, and I, his murderer, fled from China! Now, you can understand my horror and my great desire that the head should be buried deep, deep in the earth, where the eyes can no longer see me. Davent! they watch me! they watch me!"

"To-morrow is the anniversary of the murder, and at dawn they shall be forever hidden." The letter ended abruptly without a signature, and laying it down beside his plate, Davent fell into a train of thought.

He was aroused by the somewhat noisy entrance of Crosby, who, unannounced, came rushing into the room. He was evidently wrought up to a high pitch of excitement, and seizing Davent by the shoulder he burst into a volley of wild explanations.

"For heaven's sake, come with me at once to Hammond. It's our fault, and I shall never forgive myself for bringing him here to see it. It's knocked me up so I'm nearly off my head!" Removing his hand he turned away and began to stride up and down the room. Davent had risen to his feet.

"Calm yourself!" he said, quietly. "I don't know what you are talking about. What is this about Hammond?"

"Forgive me!" exclaimed Crosby. "It has been a terrible shock. I want you to come with me now, without asking any questions, round to Hammond's rooms. His housekeeper found him this morning, foully murdered, his face horribly mutilated! A doctor is there now making an examination, and if we are quick we shall be in time to hear his report."

When the two men entered, the doctor was standing by the bedside. He

had finished his inspection of the corpse and the sheet had been drawn up to cover the dead man's face.

"It is most extraordinary," he exclaimed, upon seeing them. "There is something very strange here which I do not understand. Had the deceased gentleman a pet of any sort—a cat, for instance?"

Crosby shook his head. Not to his knowledge, but they would make assurance doubly sure by summoning the housekeeper. He rang the bell and the housekeeper came in, very pale and trembling and almost upon the verge of tears.

No, she did not keep a cat because Mr. Hammond disliked them so; in fact, they kept no animals at all about the place.

Davent turned to the doctor. "What, if I may ask, suggested the question to you?"

"Because," replied the doctor, slowly, "the man died from injuries caused apparently by the bites of some animal. His throat has been simply torn out, and there are extensive marks of teeth all over the face. If it did not sound too absurd, I could almost swear that they are the teeth marks of a human being. The death was a singularly terrible one."

A low exclamation from Crosby drew their attention. He was standing before something upon the chest of drawers, and without moving he stretched out his hand and drew Davent close beside him.

"Look," he whispered, hoarsely, "does that convey nothing to you?" and he pointed to the mummified head which reposed there in its glass case. Much of its ghastly expression had faded out, for the hitherto half-closed eyes were tightly shut. The strangest thing about it now was the mouth, and as Davent stared at it he felt the cold drops of sweat break upon his forehead.

The lips were no longer stitched together, and smeared upon them lay the crimson stain of blood.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

**WHAT BECOMES OF SISSY BOYS?**

**Do They Become Leaders in Business and Intellectual Pursuits?**

Just thinking about the old school days again and wondering what becomes of the sissy fellows that are to be found in every country school. You have asked yourself that question 50,000 times. You know, the fellows who were so suspiciously, unmanly good, proper and correct, that you, being a normal boy, had an intense desire to bloody their noses and spoil their clothes.

Remember Ethelbert Johnson Proctor? Maybe that wasn't his name in your school, but you had a fellow cut off the same piece. Ethelbert's mother made him wear curls until he was 11 years old, and he wore knee breeches until he was so tall that he looked like a pair of stilts. It is when he was about 10 years old that you remember him best. He didn't play rough games. He didn't spit through his teeth, was never late to school, wouldn't rob a bird's nest nor break windows in a vacant house.

He always wore a clean collar, and, oh the disgrace of it, he blacked his shoes every morning. To be fair, we will have to admit that he was a hog for knowledge. He gulped down the stuff that was in the books like a pup swallows milk, and was at the head of the class. He could tell you the answer to 11 time 11 as easy as anything.

And every time he got a hard knock or heard a harsh word he told the teacher. He was a tale-bearer. It came natural to him to snoop and sneak. If you whispered, he reported it. Most of the time he played on the girls' side of the school yard.

Everything about him was narrow, and you could safely wager that he came from the kind of a home where everything was according to rule. One of those houses where they never open a window for fear the sun will fade the carpet. And when examination day came, it was this same pale, nice-looking Ethelbert who took most of all the prizes and answered all the puzzling questions.

You threw rocks at him as he went down the road with his arms full of books, and then you grew up and moved away and never heard anything more of Ethelbert Johnson Proctor.

But what becomes of these fellows? Do they ever get to be bankers, congressmen, or senators, or do they build railroads or factories? Is there a place in the world for that bloodless sort of human, or do they just dry up and blow away?

If they do, it is just as well, for this is a world that calls for red blood, and more of it every year. It needs brains, but they must be backed by strong bodies.

Wouldn't you like to know what became of Ethelbert Johnson Proctor?—Old Timer in Chicago Journal.

**The Real Injury.**

"What's the matter, Johnny, did you hurt you?" asked the kind-hearted stranger to the child in tears.

"No," bawled Johnny. "I was just going to punch that Brown kid, and when I fell down he got away!"—Detroit Free Press.

**His Idea.**

"I was up to the city and Henry's been fool enough to buy an automobile and build a grodge."

"What's a grodge?"

"It's a stable for folks that haven't got any horse sense to put into it."—Baltimore American.

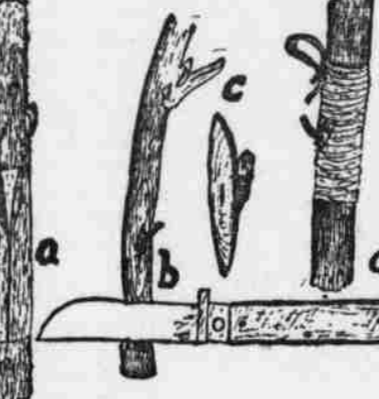
**In Writing a Love Letter a Man Should Remember that it may come home to roost.**



**Budding Fruit Trees.**

It is sometimes desirable to bud orchard trees at a time when cleft grafting can not be done. The work can be done in late August, September and early October. The purpose of budding trees is very much the same as that of grafting. The apple, plum and rose-bush particularly, may be operated upon to advantage and with good results.

The work of budding can be done by a sharp, round-pointed knife and a piece of yarn. Usually the best results follow by selecting a place where the branch is from 3/8 to 1/2 inch in diameter, and where the bark is smooth and healthy. With the rounded part of the knife cut lengthwise of the branch, just through the bark, a slit about 1 1/2 inches long, and at the top of this slit cut across about 1/2 inch, as shown at a. Next remove from a branch of the same season's growth of the desired variety one of the strong, healthy



THE STEPS IN BUDDING.

buds by cutting from below the bud up and under it. Start about 1 inch below the bud and come out again 1 inch above the bud, as at b. Cut deep enough into the wood so as not to injure the bud, and cut it so as not to have too much wood under the bud. Then place the bud, c, on the end of the knife and push down into the slit, as above described. Push securely in place, so that the bud is about 1 inch below the upper cut. Then wrap carefully with yarn, as at d. In two or three weeks examine and see if the bud has grown fast and so that the yarn is not injuring it. Should the yarn be loose, retie. The bud should start to grow the following spring.

Success largely depends upon whether the stock is growing vigorously or whether the bud is healthy. The bud serves the same purpose as the scion in grafting. From it springs a limb which will produce the kind of fruit borne by the tree from which the bud was taken.—W. H. Underwood, in Farm and Home.

**Protect the Birds.**

The farmer is liable to forget his bird friends. I wish to tell some of my farmer friends what I have done this spring, in regard to our quails. When our assessor came around I gave in some quails, as well as domestic fowls for taxation, as I knew about how many we had on our farm when winter was over. Some will say that you could not tell how many birds you have, because they will be on your farm one day, and on your neighbor's the next. While that is true, do not our domestic fowls go over on our neighbor's place, also. If you give them opportunity to do so? Which most people do that I know of. But do they not come back home every evening to roost? It is the same with the quail, and he will roost on the farm where he was bred and hatched, providing he is unmolested by hunters, hawks, etc. If you were to chase your domestic fowls with dog and gun one-tenth as much as you do the poor little quail, in the fall of the year, do you think that there would be many chickens on the roost in your chicken house at night?

The writer has known coveys that after being chased and shot at all day, would be whistling the call just at dusk, and after getting back together would fly to roost.

I think that anything that is as valuable as the quail and stays with you through such circumstances, should be protected better than most of our farmers are doing.—J. H. T., in the Indiana Farmer.

**Getting a Start with Sheep.**

When the farmers in the corn and grass states reach the point where they have their fields all fenced hog tight, they should not delay for any considerable length of time getting a start in sheep, says Wallace's Farmer. It is not necessary to have a large flock. It is a good deal better not to have it for two or three reasons: One is that sheep do not do well with hogs and cattle. This is the reason why so few sheep are kept in the hog and cattle country. Another reason is that those who have had no experience in sheep would do well to advance slowly, and, if need be, retreat rapidly. Twenty-five ewes and a good buck are as many as the inexperienced farmer should start with. The expense of these is comparatively small, the possible loss therefore not great in case the man should prove not to be a fit man to handle sheep. There are some men of this kind. The chances of loss, however, are very small where the farmer has any kind of sheep gumption about him.

**The Black Raspberry.**

The black raspberry has its peculiarities, and among them is that of the annual travel to new soil by means of the tips. Stocks from the hill are comparatively worthless for new plantations; and growers of valuable varieties must obtain their plants from the tips of the present year's growth. The first part of July, if it has not been attended to sooner, when the growing canes have reached the height of 4 feet, nip out the point with thumb and finger, and soon branches will come out along the cane, increasing the number to take root, and adding to the productiveness of the plant the next season. Leave the bearing cane in its place until fall. Later, when it is time for the tips to attach themselves to the soil, the rooting can be facilitated by a slight covering of dirt. In preparing for the crop in spring head in the branches to two or three feet, according to their strength.

**Testing the Health of an Animal.**

The pulse of a horse when at rest beats forty times per minute; of an ox from fifty to fifty-five; of a sheep and a pig about seventy to eighty.

The pulse may be felt wherever a big artery crosses a bone. It is generally examined in the horse on the cord which passes over the hump of the lower jaw in front of its curved position, or in the bony ridge above the eye; and in cattle over the middle of the first rib; in sheep by placing the hand on the left side, where the beating of the heart may be felt.

Any material variations of the pulse from the figures given above may be considered as a sign of disease. If rapid, hard and full it is an indication of high fever or inflammation; if rapid, small and weak, low fever, loss of blood or weakness. If slow the possibilities point to brain disease, and if irregular to heart troubles.

**Sow Fall Wheat Early.**

In the great corn belt of the Middle West most farmers are afraid their wheat will make too much top in the fall and sow very late in order to avoid the Hessian fly. As a rule, however, it is better to sow early enough to get eight or ten inches growth. Harrow the seed bed frequently, making a fine dust mulch, which will conserve moisture and cause regular germination. Wheat put in this way makes a stronger growth in the spring and matures at least a week earlier. If early and late seeded wheat come through the winter without injury the early wheat will always outyield the other, although it may have a tendency to lodge. Watch your own wheat next spring and see how it comes out and then sow next fall at a time to make it better the following year.

**Curtain Front Poultry House.**

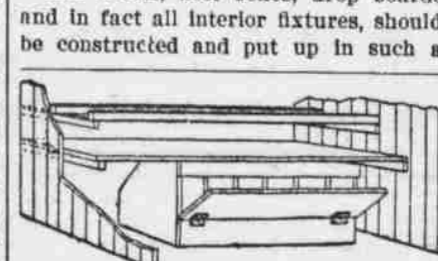
The style of curtain front house shown is of the shanty roof type, 8 feet 6 inches high at the front and 4 feet 6 inches at the rear. The width of this



CURTAIN FRONT POULTRY HOUSE.

or any of the houses may be varied to suit the builder. The front of this house consists of a curtain on a frame hinged in such a way that it may be swung to the roof to allow the sunshine to enter. The plans of the curtain front houses lend themselves to the construction of an enclosed house by using lumber instead of cotton.

The roosts, nest boxes, drop boards and in fact all interior fixtures, should be constructed and put up in such a



INTERIOR FIXTURES.

way that they may be easily removed for cleaning and disinfection. The diagram illustrates how they may be arranged with advantage in any house. The roosts should rest in sockets, and the drop boards should not be nailed in place, but simply rest on the cleats at the ends.

**Intensive Farming.**

The possibilities of a small farm under intensive cultivation are strikingly shown in the following record of production from eleven acres, located near Reading, Pa.: Three thousand six hundred and fifteen bunches of radishes, 30 bushels of white China radishes, 775 bushels of onions, 1,800 boxes of strawberries, 675 bunches and 20 bushels of beets, 500 quarts of lima beans, 12 bushels of soup beans, 75 bushels of peas, 63 bushels of string beans, 125 bushels of potatoes, 440 baskets of tomatoes, 1,000 heads of lettuce, 5,000 heads of cabbage, 600 dozen ears of corn, 125 baskets of egg plant, 100,000 pickles, 40 bushels of turnips, 12 bushels of carrots, 35 bushels of parsnips, 1,000 roots of horseradish, 2,000 stalks of endive, 20,000 stalks of celery, 25 bushels of artichokes, and 8 bushels of popcorn.

**Do Not Rob Yourself.**

Have you ever noticed that the farmers who buy corn, clover, hay and oil-cake for feeding their stock always have the most fertile farms? The man who practices selling his grain crops is taking just that much fertility from his own farm and selling it at the price of grain. It is a very bad practice.

**THE WEEKLY HISTORIAN**



- 1388—Earl of Douglas killed at the battle of Otterbourne, Northumberland.
  - 1409—Edward IV. defeated the Lancastrians at Banbury.
  - 1554—Queen Mary of England married to Philip of Spain.
  - 1603—Coronation of James I. of England.
  - 1600—Battle between Champlain and the Indians in Essex county, New York.
  - 1657—The first Sulpicians arrived in Canada.
  - 1661—Schenectady purchased from the Indians.
  - 1680—Forces of William III. defeated by adherents of James II. of Killecrankie.
  - 1766—Treaty of Oswego, making peace with Pontiac.
  - 1711—A British and Colonial fleet sailed from Boston for the conquest of Canada.
  - 1722—New England colonies declared war against the Indians.
  - 1758—Amherst and Wolfe captured Louisburg.
  - 1759—Crown Point abandoned by the French on the approach of the British. English took Ticonderoga from the French.
  - 1762—Moro fort, at the entrance to Havana harbor, stormed by the English under Admiral Pococke.
  - 1773—The city of Guatemala laid in ruin by an earthquake and the eruption of a volcano.
  - 1780—Rocky Mount, a British post on the Catawba, taken by the Americans under Gen. Sumter.
  - 1780—The department and secretary of "Foreign Affairs" created by act of Congress, but changed to the department and secretary of state soon after.
  - 1804—The American squadron began the siege of Tripoli. The New York State Society of the Cincinnati decided to erect a monument to Alexander Hamilton.
  - 1806—Buenos Ayres taken by the British.
  - 1818—Duke of Richmond became Governor of Canada.
  - 1821—San Martin proclaimed the independence of Peru.
  - 1828—Gilbert Stuart, American portrait painter, died in Boston. Born in Narragansett, R. I., Dec. 3, 1755.
  - 1830—Charles X. of France suspended the liberty of the press.
  - 1833—Lisbon surrendered to Dom Pedro.
  - 1838—Bolivian troops entered Lima.
  - 1852—Hudson river steamer Henry Clay burned near Yonkers, with loss of 52 lives.
  - 1854—The cholera made its appearance in the Massachusetts State prison at Charlestown.
  - 1856—Robert Alexander Schumann, composer, died. Born June 8, 1810.
  - 1808—Territory of Alaska organized. Military government ceased in Arkansas, North Carolina, South Carolina, Alabama, Louisiana, Georgia and Florida.
  - 1870—Benjamin Nathan, a wealthy Hebrew citizen of New York, found murdered in his home; the mystery of the crime never solved.
  - 1877—Statue of Richard Cobden unveiled in Bradford, England.
  - 1883—Capt. Matthew Webb drowned in attempt to swim the Niagara whirlpool rapids.
  - 1884—The Imperial Federation of Great Britain and Her Colonies formed in London.
  - 1880—Insurrection in Honolulu.
  - 1897—United States Congress passed the Dingley tariff act.
  - 1898—City of Ponce, Porto Rico, surrendered to the Americans. The American troops advanced on Yuaco, Porto Rico. Prince Karl Otto von Bismarck, German statesman, died. Born April 1, 1815. Pugwash, Nova Scotia, totally destroyed by fire.
  - 1899—Gen. Heuraux, ex-president of Haiti, assassinated by Ramon Caceres. Final sitting of the Peace Conference of The Hague. Reciprocity treaty between France and the United States signed.
  - 1900—Russians captured the forts at Newchwang.
  - 1901—Free trade between the United States and Porto Rico proclaimed.
  - 1907—The foundation stone laid for the Carnegie Palace of Peace at The Hague. Edmund W. Pettus, United States Senator from Alabama, died. Born July 6, 1821. Japs assumed control of Korea.
- Other Harmful Food Adulterants.**
- Dr. Wiley, the government chemist, says that the poison squad experiments have shown that both benzoic acid and benzoate of soda should be excluded from foods as being injurious to digestion and to general health.
- Miners Uphold Unionism.**
- The convention of the Western Federation of Miners at Denver reaffirmed its allegiance to the principles of industrial unionism and to aid in the solidifying of the working class.