

YOUNG FOLKS

Incident in McKinley's Life.
The Rev. Dr. James Chalmers of Elgin, Ill., tells the following story of President McKinley's boyhood days, which will illustrate his characteristic honesty:

John Robinson's circus was coming to town, and William wanted to go, but the money was not forthcoming to pay his admission. The McKinleys kept hens; so did their neighbors. The hens were hiding their nests. William's mother told him that by finding a hen's nest and bringing her the eggs day by day he could get together enough money to pay his own way into the circus.

And the boy did find a hidden nest just inside the line fence. Day by day he gathered the eggs. But the day before the circus was to come, being over-anxious and going to collect his treasures too early in the morning, he started and drove from the nest the hen that was laying for him the golden eggs, when, lo and behold! she crossed the line fence and rejoined the neighbor's flock of hens where she belonged.

Poor William, downcast and crestfallen, hastened to his mother and with-out a moment's hesitation, but with tears in his eyes, said, "Mother, I can not go to the circus." And then he told her of his discovery that the eggs were not their own, but must be returned to their neighbors.

But when the boy came back after delivering to the neighbor the eggs he had collected, his mother, with a swelling pride which she had never before experienced, quietly said to him: "You have proved once more, my son, that honesty is the best policy, and you shall go to the circus, William, besides."

This incident, related by his mother, I repeated to Mr. McKinley one day at my own dinner table in my Columbus home when he was Governor of Ohio, and asked him if it was authentic. "Yes," he said, "and it was the lesson of my life. From that day I made it the motto of my life never to appropriate my neighbor's eggs; and"—he added, with a twinkle in his eye—"It has never kept me from going to the circus, either."



I've a Bee in my Bonnet.
So Mama just said.
My! I hope I get home
'Fore I'm stung on the head!

Lightning and Feathers.
There is a woman up in the Adirondacks who used to believe in the old notion that a feather-bed is a protection against lightning, but she believes so no longer, and this is how she lost her faith: It seems that a party of tourists, being overtaken by a storm, sought shelter in the woman's cabin. Among them was a woman from New York, who was extremely nervous about the lightning, and when she uttered a little shriek and covered her face with a handkerchief, after a brilliant flash, the woman of the cabin asked her if she'd have a feather pillow to put on her head.

"No," answered the visitor; "I think that would not do any good."
"I guess it wouldn't," said the woman; "I used to believe in feathers and things, but after what happened last week, I don't believe in 'em any more."
"What was that?" asked one of the men.
"Why, two o' my ducks got hit by a streak o' lightning, an' stripped as clean o' feathers as pop's head, and pop ain't had a sign o' hair on his head for fifteen years. So feathers ain't no good, an' yer might as well sit still and 'ake it as it comes."

A Curious Incident.
Horses will form strong attachments for dogs, but it does not often happen that a horse derives any real benefit from having a canine friend. The following case will show that a dog may sometimes return a horse's affection in a very practical manner. A man living in the country had a horse which hap-

pened to be turned out just as his carrots were ready for pulling. He also had a dog that was on the best of terms with the horse. One day he noticed that his carrots were disappearing very fast, but he was almost certain that no one had gotten in and stolen them. Still he determined to watch and see who was robbing him. His vigilance was rewarded, for he caught the thief in the very act of pulling up the carrots. Then he cautiously followed him from the garden and found that he went off in the direction of the field where the horse was. Arrived there, the owner of the carrots saw that his horse was the receiver of his stolen goods. The thief was his dog. In some way the dog had discovered that the horse had a partiality for carrots, and was unable to gratify its taste; but with a sagacity that is almost incredible, the dog found the means of obtaining the succulent morsels for his friend, and this he did without scruple at his master's expense. There was something more than instinct in this dog's head. But any one who takes real notice of the habits and curious doings of animals must inevitably come to the conclusion that the theory is not tenable which maintains that animals can not think and reason.

New Neighbors.
"I see they are building a two-story house in our back yard," said papa.
"O papa, that won't be nice!" said Marjorie. "People will look into our windows!"
"Yes," said papa; "one of the builders was sitting on my window-sill this morning; but when he saw me he flew away."

"Oh, you mean a bird!" cried Nan Nan.
"A pair of the prettiest little yellowbirds you ever saw," said papa.
"But what made you call their nest a two-story house?" asked Tom.

"Because it is one," answered papa.
"You see, there is a great, selfish coward, who is too lazy to build a nest for herself or take care of her own children; so when she spied the nest our yellowbirds had made, she was mean enough to leave her great egg in it for her tiny neighbors to take care of."
"I would have smashed it, if I had been in their place!" cried Tom.
"They were not strong enough to break it, nor to roll it out of the nest," said papa, "and they did not like to build a new one in another place; so what did they do? They just put in a new floor right over the coward's egg and built the walls of their house a little higher. So they have left that egg in their cellar, where it will never bother them."

"Wasn't that smart!" said Nan Nan.
"Let's go and watch them."
The children visited the yellowbirds every day; and they examined the nest after the young birds had flown away. Sure enough, safely stowed away in the cellar, as papa called it, was the coward's large, blotched egg—
Youth's Companion.

How Trees Cool the Air.
Not one person in ten, perhaps, looks upon a tree as a cooling agent beyond the effect produced by its shade. And yet it acts on the hot air around it just as a lump of ice acts on the water in a pitcher. Here is the explanation: The human body, as you know, maintains, when in a sound condition, a temperature of about 98 degrees, called blood-heat. Well, a tree as a body has a temperature of about 45 degrees, which is not affected by outside influences. You see, therefore, how a clump of trees, irrespective of the shade they make, can lower the temperature of the air around them; and when you consider the combined effect of this and the shade they make, you readily understand why the woods are so cool, and why it is wise to have little parks all over a city, and plenty of trees along the streets.

The Mosquito's Hum.
It has always been supposed that the humming sound made by the pestiferous mosquito is caused by the rapid action of its wings, but a Scotch scientist, who has been investigating the subject, says he has discovered at the base of the insect's wings an apparatus that probably produces the sound. It consists of a movable bar provided with tiny teeth, and as the wings are moved up and down the teeth rasp over a series of ridges. The discoverer is not sure that the sound is produced by this apparatus, but he says that it might well be, and further investigation may show conclusively that it is.

How to Be Happy Though Married.
Wife, make much of your husband. Flatter him discreetly, laugh at his jokes, don't attempt to put down his club, never tell him home truths and never cry. Husband, praise and admire your wife, and let other men admire her too. Don't interfere in her department. Be reasonable about money if you cannot be generous and not offend of your own voice. And both of you: Be very tolerant, expect little, give gladly, put respect before everything, cultivate courtesy, and love each other all you can. If you do all this you are sure to be happy though married.—Maud Churton Braby in Grand Magazine.

A cheery man usually wears a small hat.

RECORD-BREAKING CLIMB.

Woman Scales Highest Mountain to a Height of 25,000 Feet.

Annie S. Peck is the most persistent mountain climber of her sex and no one who knows the history of her struggles against ill-fortune and realizes her indomitable pluck will fail to feel a sense of personal satisfaction at the success of her latest venture.



ANNIE S. PECK.

It is reported from Lima, Peru, that Miss Peck has ascended Huascarán to the height of 25,000 feet, the highest point ever attained by man or woman. Miss Peck had previously gone to South America twice to climb this mountain. On an earlier trial she was compelled to give up the attempt after reaching a height of 17,500 feet, owing to the cowardice of her guides. By reaching an altitude of 25,000 feet Miss Peck has ascended higher than any other person, man or woman, in the world. The previous record was held by W. W. Graham, who reached a height of 23,800 feet in the Himalayas. Miss Peck began her mountain climbing in 1895, when she scaled the Matterhorn. She ascended Mount Sorata, in Bolivia, reaching a height of 20,500 feet. Huascarán, or Huascan, towers above a notable group of volcanic summits in the south of Peru to the westward of the great plateau in which Lake Titicaca lies.

Miss Peck has surmounted almost impossible obstacles, chief among them the lack of means. Miss Peck was at one time professor in a Western college, but for many years she has been occupied as a lecturer and has climbed many mountains for the purpose of obtaining material for her lectures. It has been her ambition to climb Huascarán, reputed the highest mountain in the world, which all the climbers of the world had failed to ascend. She has had the greatest difficulty in raising funds for her trips, but she has persisted in the face of constant discouragement and has started on her mission each time with barely enough money to take her through her schedule, with no allowance for accident and with but scanty equipment. Scientifically her equipment has always been of the best and no doubt she will bring back some valuable observations. Her past two trips have been made with native guides who proved almost worse than useless. This time she had with her two Swiss guides and it is doubtless to their experience and hardness that she owes her success.—Utica Globe.

MAY FIRES.

Ancient Scotch Custom Which Involved Human Sacrifice.

Sir John Sinclair's "Statistical Account of Scotland" contains notices of many old customs, which still continued to be observed in the Highlands, though they were even then fast dying out. From the eleventh volume of that great work, which was published in 1791 and the succeeding years, we learn, on the authority of the minister of Callender, Perthshire, that the boys of the township assembled in a body upon the moors on May day and proceeded to dig a circular trench, leaving the soil in the center undisturbed, so as to form a low table of green turf sufficient in size to accommodate the whole party. They lighted a fire and prepared a custard of milk and eggs and a large oatmeal cake, which they baked upon a stone placed in the embers. When they had eaten the custard, they divided the cake into as many equal portions as there were persons in the assembly and daubed one of those pieces with charcoal until it was perfectly black. They then placed all the pieces of the cake together in a bonnet, and each in turn drew one blindfolded, the holder of the bonnet being entitled to the last piece. The boy who drew the blackened portion was destined to be sacrificed and was compelled to leap three times through the flames. Although the ceremony had degenerated into a mere pastime for boys, it is evident that it must once upon a time have involved the actual sacrifice of a human being in order to render the coming summer fruitful.—Gentleman's Magazine.

She Hated Garrick.
Mrs. Clive was eminent as an actress on the London stage before Garrick appeared, and as his blaze of excellence threw all others into comparative insignificance she never forgave him and took every opportunity of venting her spleen. She was coarse, rude and violent in her temper and spared nobody. One night as Garrick was performing "King Lear" she stood behind the scenes to observe him and, in spite of the roughness of her nature, was so deeply affected that she sobbed one minute and abused him the next, and at length, overcome by his pathetic touches, she hurried from the place with the following extraordinary tribute to the universality of his powers: "Hang him! I believe he could act a gridiron."—T. P.'s Weekly.

Same Thing.
"Miss Bloomer seems to keep her youth still," remarked Miss Godee.
"Well," replied Miss Chelius, "she keeps her age quiet."—Philadelphia Press.

Introduce wisdom into a love affair, and you will break it up.



AGRICULTURAL

Hired Man and The Horse.
Every man who works on a farm ought to know how to care for horses. By "care" it is not meant that he should know just enough to feed a horse, but he must know how to take care of a mare in foal, how to break a colt and how to feed it to the best advantage. He should know all about horses' feet and something about shoeing, too. Many a man has dropped into a fine and permanent job because he knew these things. Horses are the most valuable animals on the farm, of course, and the man who can take the best care of them is the most valuable help.

Changes in Farming.
Farming is not what it was twenty years ago from a revenue standpoint. Corn and cotton were the main products from which the farmer drew his income, and that, too, only once a year. Now the process has changed up. Instead of the one crop, cotton, farmers have invoked a multiplicity of crops, and not only grow corn and cotton for revenue, but have supplemented potatoes, both Irish and sweet; peaches and pears, onions, melons, berries, peanuts and ribbon cane, all of which bring money at all seasons of the year, and there is a continued market for what he has to sell.—Sulphur Springs (Tex.) Gazette.

Let Women Run Incubator.
Please do not get the idea that the incubator is so everlastingly automatic that you do not need to give it any attention. The result with the use of an incubator is a great deal like the results with the use of other things. They will be in proportion to the effort you make to a great extent. Of course I am not personally acquainted with you, but as a long-distance proposition I would a heap sight rather you would turn your machine over to your wife. The women folks have more natural good sense in raising poultry, and you can bet your boots they look after the pennies and dimes in whatever they undertake. While a man that is accustomed to dealing in big money often overlooks seemingly immaterial things that go to make the use of incubators and brooders a success.—M. M. Johnson, Nebraska.

A Clover Buncher.
Clover that is pastured until the middle of June and then permitted to make a second growth will escape in-



jury from the midge and usually give a better yield of seed. When 95 per cent of the heads are a dead brown color the mower may be set to work. The illustration shows a finger-like mowing machine attachment for bunching and laying the clover out of the way of the horses.

To Prevent Tomato Rot.
The disease often attacks plants that are not sprayed. It is first noticeable as small black or brown spots on the leaves and stems of the plants, occurring first on the lower and older leaves, but with favorable weather it spreads rapidly till the plant is defoliated and the spots on the stems have coalesced into irregular blackish patches. If a piece of bark with these spots be examined under a high power microscope innumerable small, crescent-shaped bodies may be seen. These are the fruiting spores of the fungus. Spray with Bordeaux mixture.

Get a Disk Harrow.
The disk harrow is a tool that is almost indispensable on an up-to-date farm. For working land that is infested with weeds that spread from their root systems the disk harrow is the only harrow that should be used. It cuts the roots where they lie and does not drag them from one part of the field and transplant them in another. With plenty of horsepower it will do the work of a plow on some kinds of soil, especially in fruit orchards, where a plow is liable to tear up large roots and start suckers to growing up where the root is cut.

Ration for Cows.
Experiments conducted last year at the West Virginia Agricultural Station go to show that, while a ration of grain given to cows that are on pasture may keep them in somewhat better physical condition and keep up their flow of milk, the increase in butter fat is not sufficient to pay for the cost of the grain ration. This would seem to be on the assumption of a lush pasture and that the cows would eat additional grass to take the place of the higher-priced grain ration.

Leguminous Crops.
Nature has provided a leguminous crop for every part of the earth where it was intended that man should farm. Cow peas, soy beans and Japan clover in the South, crimson clover in the Eastern slope, red clover in the Central states, alfalfa in the West, and Canada peas in the North show how thoroughly the distribution has been effected.

Growing Mangels.
Mangels grown continuously on the same land for four years, yielded over nine tons of roots, containing one ton of dry matter, while on land under rotation they yielded thirty-four tons of roots and four tons of dry matter per acre, at the New York Cornell Experiment Station. From 25,000 to 30,000 plants of mangels, rutabagas and hybrid turnips, and from 40,000 to 60,000 plants of carrots, per acre, are suggested as proper stands.

Spraying to Kill Weeds.
It has been proved that such weeds as false-flax, wormseed, mustard, tumbler mustard, common wild mustard, shepherd's purse, pepper-grass, bell-mustard, corn cockle, chickweed, dandelion, Canada thistle, bindweed, plantain, rough pigweed, king-head, red clover weed, ragweed and cocklebur may be destroyed by spraying the field with a 2 or 3 per cent solution of copper sulphate, using about eighty gallons of water per acre.

RAM'S HORN BLASTS.

Warning Notes Calling the Wicked to Repentance.



The right kind of sermon keeps on preaching after the benediction is pronounced. Unless we do something for the future the future will not do much for us. Too much care has kept many a house plant from becoming a tree. The Lord employs no hired help. It is a waste of soap to wash a pig. Only the worshiper can ask as God wants to give.

There are days when "Hold the Fort" is the right song to sing. Characters are not built by accident any more than houses are. Better be blind than see nothing but the shortcomings of others. Fill the mind with good thoughts and bad ones will be crowded out. Faithfulness in the day of small things is what makes the true man. The man who goes into God's business goes into a business that never fails.

The religion that makes no change in a man's life has made none in his heart. A man may never utter an oath, and yet swear like a pirate with his face or his fist. The real size of the man always depends upon whether he is growing or shrinking. You can not always tell how hard a man has been digging by what he brings home in his basket.

You have to explain a coal oil lamp, but no breath need be wasted in telling about the power of the sun. The springtime will do that.

LIFE IN THE MINING TOWNS.

Though Minus a Good Many Comforts It Has Its Attractions.

Dr. W. K. Robinson, formerly a prominent and popular Baltimorean, but for the past three years a resident of Goldfield, Nev., is a guest at the Bennett, says the Baltimore American. Dr. Robinson, who has prospered greatly through his ownership of paying mines, told some interesting facts about his adopted home. "Compared with Baltimore," said he, "the mining towns of Nevada are very shy of the comforts and pleasures of existence, but they have an attraction of their own, and I really enjoy living out there. Goldfield is a place of at least 15,000 people. It is a wide-open town. Gambling goes on day and night and the saloons are never closed. This does not mean that it is given up to disorder and violence. On the contrary, serious crime is rare, and what racket is kicked up is the work of young eastern chaps, who think they must cavort and raise Cain to make the native regard them with respect.

"While the cost of living is pretty high, there has been a great decline since the earliest days of the camp. One can now rent a very comfortable house for \$75 to \$100 a month. No Chinamen or Japs are allowed in Goldfield, and a strong Irishwoman who can do all the cooking and other family work can often get \$100 a month. We sigh for the soft-shell crabs of the Chesapeake and the other glorious sea food, but our beef and vegetables brought in from California are just as good as you can get in Baltimore.

"Goldfield is today in better shape than it ever was. Everything is on a solid basis. Speculation in wildcat property has ceased. Labor, like smelter charges and railroad rates, has dropped to a figure where the mine owners can pay and get their profits. Some of the biggest mines are not in operation, but that is only a temporary condition. The treasury shipments of ore out of Goldfield are not less than \$750,000 a month. Inside of two years I believe the camp will show an annual output of not less than \$25,000,000."

The Lion and the Child.

The strange spectacle of a lion playing with a child is reported to have been witnessed at Vryheid. A Dutch farmer, accompanied by his wife and little boy, was out shooting game. Suddenly the attention of the parents was drawn to the child, who had toddled a short distance away to gather wild flowers. Crowing with delight, the little fellow was pulling the hair of a full grown lion, and the animal appeared to be enjoying the operation. Spell-bound, the farmer and his wife stood gazing at the scene. The farmer, even if his gun had contained a shot, could not have fired because of the child. The lion skipped sportively round the boy until, startled by loud shouts from the parents, it walked quietly away, followed by a lioness, which up to then had lain concealed in the long grass. A hunt was afterward organized, but the lions had disappeared into the thick bush.—East Rand Express.

What It Means.

"Id like a reference, ma'am," said the cook, who had been requested to resign. "You mean," replied Mrs. Hiram Offen, "you'd like a letter in which there would be no reference to anything."—Philadelphia Press.

A manly man likes to acknowledge his faults to a womanly woman who tries to convince him that he has none. Many a man has a kick coming that never reaches him.