

THE WAR CLOUD IN THE FAR EAST AS THE LONDON PAPERS PICTURED IT.



A MONTENEGRIN COLUMN ON THE MARCH.

When the Montenegrins are advancing against an enemy the women not only look after the pack mules and transport arrangements generally, but themselves do the work of pack mules. In addition to this they form the Red Cross branch of the army, bringing the wounded in from the front and nursing them. Their strength is greater than that of many men—Illustrated London News.

A SONG OF FAR TRAVEL.

Many a time some drowsy oar
From the nearer bank invited,
Crossed a narrow stream, and bore
In among the reeds moon-lighted,
There to leave me on a shore
No ferryman bath sighted.

Many a time a mountain stile,
Dark and bright with sudden wetting,
Lured my vagrant foot the while
'Twixt uplifting and down-settling—
Whither? Thousand mile on mile
Beyond the last forgetting.

Still by hidden ways I wend,
(Past occasion grown a ranger);
Still enchantment, like a friend,
Takes from death the tang of danger;
Hardly river or rod can end
Where I need step a stranger!
—Atlantic.

Rather a Neat Job

My profession isn't a popular one. There is considerable prejudice against it. I don't myself think it's much worse than a good many others. However, that's nothing to do with my story. Some years ago me and the gentleman who was at that time connected with me in business—he's met with reverses since then, and at present isn't able to get out—were looking around for a job, being at that time rather hard up, as you might say. We struck a small country town—I ain't a-goin' to give it away by telling where it was, or what the name if it was. There was one bank there; the president was a rich old duffer; owned the mills, owned the bank, owned most of the town. There wasn't no other officer but the cashier, and they had a boy, who used to sweep out and run of errands.

The bank was on the main street, pretty well up one end of it—nice, snug place, on the corner of a cross street, with nothing very near it. We took our observations and found there wasn't no trouble at all about it. There was an old watchman that waited up and down the streets nights, when he didn't fall asleep and forget it. The vault had two doors; the outside one was chilled iron, and a three wheel combination lock; the inner door wasn't no door at all; you could kick it open. It didn't pretend to be nothing but fireproof, and it wasn't even that. The first thing we done, of course, was to fit a key to the outside door. As the lock on the outside door was an old-fashioned Bacon lock, any gentleman in my profession who chances to read this article will know just how easy that job was, and how we did it.

This was our plan: After the key was fitted I was to go into the bank, and Jim—that wasn't his name, of course, but let it pass—was to keep watch on the outside. When any one passed he was to tip me a whistle, and then I donsed the gim and lay low; after they got by, I goes on again. Simple and easy, you see. Well, the night as we selected the president happened to be out of town; gone down to the city, as he often did. I got inside all right, with a slide lantern, a breast drill, a small steel jimmy, a bunch of skeleton keys and a green balze bag, to stow the swag. I fixed my light and rigged my breast drill, and got to work on the door right over the lock.

Probably a great many of our readers are not so well posted as me about bank locks, and I may say for them that a three wheel combination lock has three wheels in it, and a slot in each wheel. In order to unlock the door, you have to get the three slots opposite to each other at the top of the lock. Of course, if you know the number the lock is set on you can do this; but if you don't you have to depend on your ingenuity. There is in each of these wheels a small hole, through which you can put a wire through the back of the lock when you change the combination. Now, if you can bore a hole through the door and pick up those wheels by running a wire through those holes,

why, you can open the door. I hope I make myself clear. I was boring that hole. The door was chilled iron; about the neatest stuff I ever worked on. I went on steady enough; only stopped when Jim—which, as I said, wasn't his real name—whistled outside, and the watchman toddled by. By-and-by, when I'd got pretty near through, I heard Jim—so to speak—whistle again. I stopped, and pretty soon I heard footsteps outside, and I'm blowed, if they didn't come right up to the bank steps and I heard a key in the lock. I was so dumfounded when I heard that that you could have slipped the bracelets right on me. I picked up the lantern, and I'll be hanged if I didn't let the slide slip down and throw the light right onto the door, and there was the president. Instead of calling for help, as I supposed he would, he took a step inside the door, and shaded his eyes with his hand and looked at me. I knowed I ought to knock him down and cut out, but I'm blest if I could, I was that surprised.

"Who are you?" he says.
"Who are you?" says I, thinking that was an innocent remark as he commenced it, and a-trying all the time to collect myself.
"I'm president of the bank," says he, kinder short; "something the matter with the lock?"
By George! the idea came to me then.
"Yes, sir," says I, touching my cap; "Mr. Jennings, he telegraphed this morning as the lock was out of order



I WAS BORING THAT HOLE.

and he couldn't get in and I'm come out to open it for him."
"I told Jennings a week ago," says he, "that he ought to get that lock fixed. Where is he?"
"He's been a-writing letters, and he's gone up to his house to get another letter he wanted for to answer."
"Well, why don't you go right on?" says he.

"I've got almost through," says I, "and I didn't want to finish up and open the vault till there was somebody here."
"That's very creditable of you," says he; "a very proper sentiment, my man. You can't be too particular about avoidin' the very suspicion of evil."
"No, sir," says I, kinder modest like.
"What do you suppose is the matter with the lock?" says he.
"I don't rightly know yet," says I; "but I rather think it's a little wore on account of not being oiled enough. These 'ere locks ought to be oiled about once a year."
"Well," says he, "you might as well go right on, now I'm here; I will stay till Jennings comes. Can't I help you—hold your lantern, or something of that sort?"
The thought came to me like a flash, and I turned around and says:
"How do I know you're the president? I ain't ever seen you afore, and you may be a-trying to crack this bank for all I know."

"That's a very proper inquiry, my man," says he, "and shows a most remarkable degree of discretion. I confess that I should not have thought of the position in which I was placing you. However, I can easily convince you that it's all right. Do you know what the president's name is?"
"No, I don't," says I, sorter surly.
"Well, you'll find it on that bill," said he, taking a bill out of his pocket; "and you see the same name on these let-

ters," and he took some letters from his coat.

I suppose I ought to have gone right on then, but I was beginning to feel interested in making him prove who he was, so I says:

"You might have got those letters to put up a job on me."
"You're a very honest man," says he; "one among a thousand. Don't think I'm at all offended at your persistence. No, my good fellow, I like it, I like it," and he laid his hand on my shoulder.
"Now, here," says he, taking a bundle out of his pocket, "is a package of ten thousand dollars in bonds. A burglar wouldn't be apt to carry these around with him, would he? I bought them to-night on my way home to place them in the vault, and I may add that your simple and manly honesty has so touched me that I would willingly leave them in your hands for safe keeping. You needn't blush at my praise."

I suppose I did turn sorter red when I see them bonds.
"Are you satisfied now?" says he.
I told him I was, thoroughly, and so I was. So I picked up my drill again, and gave him the lantern to hold so that I could see the door. I got through the lock pretty soon, and put in my wire and opened it. Then he took hold of the door and opened the vault.
"I'll put my bonds in," says he, "and go home. You can lock up and wait till Mr. Jennings comes. I don't suppose you will try to fix the lock to-night?"
I told him I shouldn't do anything more with it now, as we could get in before morning.

"Well, I'll bid you good-night, my man," says he, as he quietly swung the door to again.
Just then I heard Jim, by name, whistle, and I guessed the watchman was a-comin' up the street.
"Ah," says I, "you might speak to the watchman, if you see him, and tell him to keep an extra lookout to-night."
"I will," says he, and we both went to the front door.
"There comes the watchman up the street," says he. "Watchman, this man has been fixing the bank lock, and I want you to keep a sharp lookout to-night. He will stay here and wait until Mr. Jennings returns."

"Good-night again," says he, and we shook hands, and he leisurely went up the street.

I saw Jim, so called, in the shadow on the other side of the street, as I stood on the step with the watchman.

"Well," says I to the watchman, "I go and pick up my tools, and get ready to go."

I went into the bank, and it didn't take long to throw the door open and stuff them bonds into the bag. There was some boxes lying around, and a safe as I should rather have liked to have tackled, but it seemed like temptin' Providence after the luck we'd had. I looked at my watch and see it was just a quarter past twelve. There was an express train went through at half-past twelve. I tucked my tools in the bag on top of the bonds, and walked out of the front door. The watchman was on the steps.

"I don't believe I'll wait for Mr. Jennings," says I. "I suppose it will be all right if I give you this key."
"That's all right," says the watchman.

"I wouldn't go away very far from the bank," says I.

"No, I won't," says he; "I'll stay right about here all night."

"Good-night," says I, and I shook hands with him, and me and Jim—which wasn't his right name, you understand—took the twelve-thirty express, and the best part of that job was we never heard nothing of it.

It never got into the papers.—Penny-sylvania Grit.

A Change.

Mrs. Larkin—I want a little money to-day, Fred.

Mr. L.—I'm very glad of that.

Mrs. L. (surprised)—Why are you glad? Mr. L.—Because generally you want a good deal.

When a man asks your advice, he always tells you just how he expects you to decide.

WHY EGGS ARE HIGH.

Some Ways This Expensive Necessity May Be Turned to Profit.

By James Dryden, Poultryman Oregon Agricultural College, Corvallis.

Eggs are 50 cents a dozen, because the hens don't lay. The main reason why they don't lay is because this is not the natural laying season. In a state of nature fowls lay and breed in the spring season, and they haven't got quite away from that habit. Old habits die hard with hens as with men. This explains why with little care the hen will lay in the spring and with much care in the fall and winter she won't lay, or very seldom will. But through centuries of training and breeding the hen is gradually getting away from her old habit of laying a few eggs in the spring and hatching them, and it is possible now, with the proper skill in handling, to make her lay in winter whether she will or no. But the first thing we have to learn is that to get eggs in winter means a fight against nature, against the old hen nature. Winter is not the natural laying season.

When a pullet has reached maturity, no matter at what season of the year, if she be maintained in good health and vigor and gets the proper kind and quantity of food, she will lay eggs if she has the laying capacity. Let us analyze that sentence a little. The first point raised is a question of maturity. The pullet must be mature before she lays. If a pullet lays in October she must be hatched early enough in the spring so that she will reach maturity in October. A Plymouth Rock hatched the first of April should lay the middle of October or first of November. If they are to lay a month earlier they should be hatched a month earlier. The Leghorns should lay the first of October if hatched the first of April.

The next point refers to health and vigor. The pullet must come to maturity with good health and vigor. She must have had proper care during the brooding and growing period. A stunted chick, a chick hatched from an egg laid by a hen out of condition, a chick that has had to battle with insect pests, or a chick that has not had proper food and exercise, will not be a profitable layer in any season. How to maintain the health and vigor of the flock is the biggest problem in poultry keeping. To get eggs in winter the hens must have constitutional vigor.

The third point is that to get eggs the hens must have the proper kind and quantity of food. The hen requires more kinds of food than a cow or a hog. The cow needs no animal food; the hen does. The hen gives more consideration to cleanliness of the product than the cow. She seals it up in a shell of lime to keep it clean, and she therefore must have a liberal supply of mineral matter. All foods furnish a certain amount of mineral matter, but not enough to supply all the shell material when hens are laying heavily.

What foods should they be fed? They should have grain, but grain alone won't do. What will happen if the hen eats nothing but wheat? Remember that she does not eat, that an egg contains about one-fifth ounce of fat and that if she ate nothing but wheat she would get enough fat for three or four eggs a day and about enough protein for half an egg a day, the thing that will happen will be that she will refuse to make eggs. The hen does not adulterate her product, otherwise she could fill up the egg with surplus fat, like some people make butter, out of spurious oil or beef fat. She will make an honest article or none at all. The point is that the hen should have such foods as will furnish the necessary food elements in proper proportions; in other words, she should have a balanced ration. There are different ways of balancing the ration. For instance, if the hen has access to wheat, to clover or kale and to grasshoppers, angleworms and grit, she will balance her own ration. She will eat a little wheat, a little clover and a few grasshoppers or angleworms and eat enough of each to furnish the egg-making elements in right proportion. An occasional feed of corn or oats in place of wheat would improve the ration.

This should be the food. How shall it be fed? Again you must take account of the nature of the hen. She is a busy creature naturally; that is part of her life, and you must keep her busy or let her be busy. If she has free range on the farm she will keep herself busy and her muscle and digestion in good order, but when you shut her up in yards you are imposing artificial conditions and you must provide exercise for her. I have kept hens for a year on a bare board floor in a small pen and fed them well. They laid about three dozen eggs each during the year, and at the end of the year with this sort of luxury and ease they had lost their constitution and their usefulness; while other hens fed in the same way, but with a ground floor and deep litter to scratch in and yards to run in, laid over twelve dozen eggs each, and at the end of the year were still in the business. The hen needs exercise. The demand for animal food may be supplied in different ways. Skim milk, milk curds and buttermilk will make the place of meat if enough of it can be fed. Skim milk is largely water, and a heavy-laying hen can scarcely drink enough of it to get the necessary amount of animal food. There is nothing better than fresh-cut lean meat and bones, however, being that they are liable to contain disease germs, and unless it is known to be free from disease it is better to cook it. The commercial article of beef scraps put up by the large packing houses are largely used, some of the stuff sold for poultry food is only fit for fertilizer, however. During

Raspberry Ice.

Boil four cupsful of water and one and a half cupsful of sugar twenty minutes. Cool, add two cupsful of raspberry juice and two tablespoonfuls lemon juice. Strain and freeze, using three parts finely crushed ice to one part rock salt. To obtain the raspberry juice wash the berries and strain through double cheesecloth.

The men who can give satisfactory explanations of their failures are the ones who become loafers.

seasons of the year when insects and worms are plentiful and the fowls have the liberty of the farm, little animal food may be fed.

Another point about feeding grain: Should it be ground or fed whole? It is known that a certain proportion of the food of fowls is used to produce energy to grind the food, and from this point of view it is cheaper to have the food ground at the mill. But it has been found by experiment that fowls do not do well when fed altogether on ground food.

The final point in this discussion is the laying capacity of the hen. If all the three things mentioned above be properly attended to, there will still be a scarcity of eggs unless the fowls have the laying capacity, and it is no fault of the hen if she hasn't; the trouble goes back to her ancestors.

COMMERCIAL POTATO GROWING

Some Good Points on One of the Most Profitable of Crops.

By A. G. Craig, Assistant Horticulturist, State College of Washington, Pullman.

Potato land should be plowed in the fall and allowed to lie rough during the winter. This favors the catching of winter moisture, and allows the sub-surface soil to settle and the surface can be worked earlier in the spring. If the fall plowing is impossible, the land should be disced in the fall so that the surface may be rough and open through the winter. Deep plowing usually gives better results than shallow. The plowed land should be well harrowed early in the spring, and if not immediately planted, it should be frequently harrowed in order to conserve moisture and kill the weeds which start after the first harrowing. Spring plowed land should be harrowed immediately after the plow, to prevent loss of moisture. In the dryer sections, some form of subsurface packer should follow the plow, and this should immediately be followed by the harrow to work up a surface mulch. If the soil plows up cloddy, a plank clod masher may be used quite profitably.

The time of planting should be governed largely by the climate and the purposes for which the potatoes are grown. The potato plant needs ample moisture when the tubers are setting; hence, the grower should endeavor to have the plants reach that stage of development at the time when the moisture supply is likely to be favorable. For early new potatoes, the seed should be planted as early in the spring as the soil will permit, on light, warm soil. For late potatoes they may be planted as late as the middle of June, provided the moisture supply is ample and continuous; but where summer rains cannot be depended upon, the earlier the potatoes are planted the better, if the danger from frost is guarded against.

The distance between rows and between hills in the row is an important point in the potato culture. Varieties that tend to produce very large tubers should be planted close. Soil will admit of close planting in direct proportion to its fertility and moisture content, and the care given the crop. In high priced land, intensive culture should be practiced and the rows and hills planted as closely as the fertility of the land will permit. Increasing the size of the "seed pieces" will accomplish the same results as close planting, but the danger of sunburned tubers is apt to be increased.

No farmer who grows six or more acres of potatoes each year can afford to do without a horse planter. Of the several methods of hand planting, the following is the most satisfactory: After the soil is well prepared, open up furrows to the proper depth with a single shovel plow. After the seed is dropped, cover with the plow and harrow thoroughly. The depth of the planting should depend upon the texture of the soil, and upon whether early or late potatoes are desired. Five inches is not too deep for late potatoes, on light, mellow soils, but three to four inches is better for an early crop, or on very heavy, or very wet soil.

The amount of seed to use varies from three to ten sacks per acre, and depends upon the variety of the soil. Varieties which tend to produce very large tubers should have a large quantity of seed. Rich land should receive more seed than poor land. If the seed pieces are not too large, the number of eyes to each piece makes no difference. It is more important that the size of the pieces should be uniform than that there should be the same number of eyes in each piece.

Frequently only a part of the potatoes which are planted come up. This may be due to one or more of several causes, all of which should be guarded against. Cut seed potatoes should never be allowed to remain in piles until they heat, and are thereby seriously injured. Seed potatoes that have been exposed to too low temperature will seldom give a uniform stand. All decayed tubers and those which have brown or black spots through the flesh should not be planted as there are two diseases which are found in this state which are sure to result in an unsatisfactory stand if seed infected with them is planted.

Cut seed should never be planted deeply in the cold wet soil, or unsatisfactory germination is sure to result. Finally, in the dryer sections, potatoes should be planted to uniform depth below the dry surface mulch in order to secure a uniform stand.

Short Suggestions.

All laid to fry fritters and doughnuts must be sizzling hot before putting in the batter.

Candles will burn slowly and steadily through the evening if they are kept on ice all day.

To keep mold from pickles, in the top of each jar or bottle place a layer of horse-radish roots, sliced thin.

If you are unable to satisfy yourself—and you cannot—how can you hope to satisfy others?

Old Favorites

Flynn of Virginia.

Didn't know Flynn—
Flynn of Virginia—
Long as he's been 'yar?
Look 'ee here, stranger,
Whar hev you been?

Here in this tunnel
He was my partner,
That same Tom Flynn—
Working together,
In wind and weather,
Day out and in.

Didn't know Flynn!
Well, that is queer.
Why, it's a sin,
To think of Tom Flynn—
Tom, with his cheer!
Tom, without fear—
Stranger, look 'yar!

Thar in the drift,
Back to the wall,
He held the timbers
Ready to fall;
Then in the darkness
I heard him call:
"Run for your life, Jake!
Run for your wife's sake!
Don't wait for me."
And that was all
Heard in the din,
Heard of Tom Flynn—
Flynn of Virginia.

That lets me out
Here in the damp—
Out of the sun—
That 'ar derved lamp
Makes my eyes run.
Well, there—I'm done,
But, sir, when you'll
Hear the next fool
Asking for Flynn—
Flynn of Virginia—
Just you chip in,
Say you knew Flynn;
Say that you've been 'yar.
—Bret Harte.

AWNING FOR CHAIR.

Canopy to Shield User Can Be Attached to Back.

Sunshine has been robbed of its terrors for the fair sex by the ingenuity of a Scotchman. This man has devised a chair canopy or awning frame, that can be attached to the back of any ordinary chair and put up or down at will. The canopy, which is like an awning frame, is pivoted to the uprights of the chair back. At the top is a roller, on which the awning folds, and the arms of the frame can also be folded together and let down over the back of the chair when not needed. The roller on which the canvas folds works



NO SUNBURN HERE.

by a spring. The convenience of such a canopy can be readily seen. Persons who are not so fortunate as to have porches will be able to sit in the sun, with no fear of its effects and collapsible chairs, equipped with these awnings, will add to the comfort of outings. For use at the seashore alone this contrivance should have a big demand. Among its other merits is that of being easy to adjust in place.

The Treasury Vault.

The first question the average visitor to the United States treasury building asks is: "Couldn't burglars tunnel under the vaults and rob the government?" Well, that is not likely. An armed guard sits beside the vaults. Every twenty minutes he is required to ring an alarm just to show that he is awake. An armed patrol makes the rounds hourly. Secret service men in plain clothes, with concealed weapons, keep watch and ward outside and inside the building. As to tunneling, the officials hold that if a man by any possibility should manage to bore underneath a vault the heavy metal would crush him to a jelly, thus administering a lasting gold cure. Even if the tunnel burglar should get away with his life he could not get away with much gold. Ten thousand dollars in double eagles weighs thirty-eight pounds. Forty million dollars in gold certificates of the \$10,000 denomination weighs eleven and a half pounds. Even burglars prefer the gold certificates to the real thing.—Buffalo Times.

The Wedding Day.

"So she was led to the altar at last!" remarked the girl in blue.
"Led!" repeated the bride's dearest friend—"led! I fancy you didn't see her. She didn't have to be led. When she started down the aisle you couldn't have driven her off with a regiment of cavalry!"—Tit-Bits.

Just before breakfast every morning Saint Peter works hard and fast charging those with falsehoods who complain that they "never slept a wink all night."

When a man begins to tell a story, and introduces it by asking if we have heard it, we can get away.