

**THE TWO HIGHWAYMEN.**

I long have had a quarrel set with Time,  
Because he robbed me. Every day of life  
Was wrested from me after bitter strife;  
I never yet could see the sun go down  
But I was angry in my heart, nor hear  
The leaves fall in the wind without a tear  
Over the dying summer. I have known  
No truce with Time nor Time's accomplice,  
Death.

The fair world is the witness of a crime  
Repeated every hour. For life and breath  
Are sweet to all who live; and bitterly  
The voices of these robbers of the health  
Sound in each ear and chill the passer-by.  
What have we done to thee, thou monstrous Time?  
What have we done to Death, that we  
must die?

**Humble Beginnings**

Not long ago a grizzled millionaire  
miner from the far West drifted into  
town. He occupied a superb suite in  
one of Washington's most luxurious hotels  
during his stay here. Among his  
callers was a young man from his own  
state. This young man married, not  
long ago, a young woman "out home."

They got along all right, tidily on his  
\$1,000 a year, earned as a government  
clerk. The old miner had not only  
known the young man from his boy-  
hood, but he had ridden the young  
man's wife on his knee all the way to  
Banbury Cross, when she was a little  
girl in pigtails.

"Son," said the grizzled miner to the  
young man from his home state, when  
the latter was making his call at the  
fine hotel suite, "you and Aggie are  
keeping house here, aren't you?" z z

"Well, we're living in a little flat, if  
that's keeping house," the young man  
replied.

"Well," said the wealthy old miner,  
"I sure do take it powerful hard that  
you and Aggie don't invite me up to  
your place and give me something to  
eat—I sure do."

The young man started to make some  
reply, but the old man wasn't through.

"I'm getting mighty tired of hotel and  
restaurant grub," he went on. "I can't  
get any taste or good out of it—it all



THE TWO SAT PENSIVE AND SAD.

tastes alike. If you and Aggie only  
knew how I've been sort o' hankering  
for a good, big fillin' layout of shoulder  
and greens, I'll bet a box of matches  
that you'd have taken pity on me and  
asked me to your place to have some.  
Ever have shoulder and greens? Nothing  
on earth like shoulder and greens,  
after all, is there?"

The young man looked a bit embar-  
rased.

"Well," he said, "Aggie and I have  
talked time and again about asking  
you to take dinner with us since you  
came on here this time. But you know  
what these dinky little three-rooms-  
and-a-bath flats are—or do you? And  
Aggie and I had sort of an idea that  
maybe—well, to be frank, that after all  
the splendorousness that you're used  
to, why, it might make you feel sort  
of uncomfortable—oh, ours is just a plain  
little dump, you know, and we thought  
maybe it would—er—"

"Look a-here, boy," interrupted the  
old miner, "will you and Aggie give me  
some shoulder and greens to-morrow  
evening, say at 6 o'clock?"

"You know very well that we'll be  
delighted to have you," replied the  
young man.

"All right," said the old man. "Write  
me down the address. I'll be there."

"And, Joe," he added, as the young  
man prepared to take his leave, "you'd  
better warn Aggie about the low-down,  
ornery, shimmering habits of greens. It  
takes a lot of greens to make a proper  
mess of 'em. A pretty whopping basket  
o' greens—well, I've seen a bushel  
o' greens, almost, boll down to 'most  
nothing," and then the two laughed  
and the young man went away.

On the following evening the bluff,  
ruddy, fine-looking old mining man  
arrived at the little flat on the minute.  
It was a neat and tastefully furnished  
flat, but small, of course.

"Sure you've got plenty of greens?"  
the old gentleman inquired, with mock  
anxiety, when he was greeted by the  
pretty young matron, whom he had  
known as a child. "I've been worrying  
a good deal over that to-day."

"Oh, stacks and stacks of greens,"  
she replied, adding, "but if there  
shouldn't be enough I could eke out  
by boiling down the rubber plant, you  
know," and so the little dinner began  
merrily enough.

The shoulder was a sweet piece of  
mast-fed meat from Virginia, and after  
the old miner had tucked his napkin  
under his chin in the old-fashioned

**BORROWING and LENDING**



Quoth Poor Richard: "He who goes a-borrowing goes a-sorrowing," but really, isn't it usually the lender who does the sorrowing?

Some people seem to have the borrowing habit. They're always "just out of" something, and instead of doing without, or supplying their own need, they ask a loan. It's a postage stamp or a little change for the laundry boy, car fare or a quarter for the contribution box, and a treacherous memory is a convenient excuse for forgetting the small obligation.

There is a saying, "The way to lose a friend is to lend him money." This is certainly true if the friend doesn't or cannot repay, because he has a sense of guilt or discomfort over an undischarged obligation, and the lender has a sense of injury over being kept out of what belongs to him. He who is refused a loan feels hurt and affronted, and he who refuses feels uncomfortable in denying. Moreover, if borrowed capital is the beginning of a business success, no matter how scrupulously the loan has been repaid, the one who furnished the capital regards himself as in a way the source of his friend's prosperity.

"Neither a borrower nor a lender be," is a good working rule. But if occasion comes when a temporary accommodation seems necessary, make it a point to repay promptly. And the smaller or more trivial the sum or the article borrowed, the more carefully should we charge memory with it. It is little things we are apt to overlook, but it is not safe to predicate on the forgetfulness of those who have obliged us. One of the most awkward situations is reminding a friend of a forgotten obligation of this kind, and the curious thing is that the neglectful one always feels a little affronted at having been reminded. "Couldn't she have waited a little? I was just going to return it!"

way and gone at it, he came pretty close to looking like a thoroughly satisfied elderly man.

"D'ye children know," he said, as he passed his plate over for the third helping, "that I've been in training for this ever since yesterday? Fact, I've hardly eaten a mouthful since you invited me—or, better, since I invited myself. And it's worth the fasting."

After the dinner the old boy fixed himself in a big rattan chair in the tiny cozy corner near a window and got a well seasoned briar pipe belonging to his young host agoin'.

"A cigar after shoulder and greens!" he exclaimed, reprovingly, when the young man offered him a cigar. "Mighty tidy place you've got here," he said, after a pause, waving his pipe around. "Slick as a crick ell, I'd call it. Plumb luxurious, in fact, and a sort of misty light of recollection appeared in the gray old eyes of the man. "I suppose Mary and I wouldn't have looked upon this as a sort of heaven away back yonder in the tangle of years when we were struggling along the best way we knew how."

The young matron had been picking out soft little chords on the piano, but she crossed over and sat down by her husband.

"Didn't have any such things as cozy corners when Mary and I made our start at housekeeping," the old boy went on, crossing his legs and leaning back and puffing away at his pipe. "Not many scrumptiferous fixin's of any kind, for the matter of that."

"Fact is, it was a shack. And, on top of that, a one-room shack. Built it myself after working hours. Cut the scrub spruce and fir to build it, too."

"I was a timberman then in a new silver mine sixty miles from a railroad. Got \$25 a week, which wasn't much, counting how costly it was to live."

"Well, after I got the shack built I went down to Boise and asked Mary—she was teaching school there. Mary was agreeable about it—we'd been beans since we'd met a year before, although after I went to work in the new mine I didn't have much chance to see her."

"But Mary was ready, and we got married in Boise City, and I took her to the shack I'd built. Marvelous days, those—both of us young, you see, and not bothering much about anything nor minding any sort of inconvenience, so long as we were close enough to each other so's I could holler across the gulch on my way to work and on my way home. And it was a home, plumb and proper—never had any such home since."

"I made the stove myself, too, out of an old rusty two-horse-power boiler that I cribbed from the engine house. Made most of the furniture, too, including the bed, spare times. Wagon freightin' was costly, and beds and gear like that ready made, cost a heap of money out there those days—anyhow, they were beyond me."

"Had a rag carpet on the floor of the shack that Mary'd been making herself, after school hours, for a year. Dishes were mostly wooden—I was pretty handy with a jackknife those days. Had calico curtains in the one window—Mary had an artistic eye, and the way she draped those curtains sure was something dainty."

"I got the water from the crick, about 400 yards back of the shack. Used to fill up the three big barrels once a week, and let the water seetle."

"Didn't have any fresh meat, unless I shot it o' Sundays—freighters used to fetch in the salt meat once a week, over the trail. Canned vegetables, too, and scandalously high they were."

"I'd started a truck patch, but the soil wasn't adapted to truck raising. All right for flowers, though. Mary got hold of some flower seeds—sub-

scribed to a dollar-a-year weekly, I believe, and got the seeds as a subscription prize—and she had the prettiest little garden of flowers in front of the shack you ever saw; sweet William and pansies and bachelors' buttons and china asters and marigolds and old things like those."

"She used to sit in that teeny flower garden of summer evenings and play on the little old ten-stringed zither, fixed out with numbers for each string, that I got for her down at Boise. Mighty fetching and sweet the music from the zither sounded, too, out there in the open air, with the wind stringing through the branches overhead, and Mary with her pretty head, and a flower in her dark hair, tilted back against a tree, humming the tunes she played."

"Our first born arrived in that shack. The medical man who officiated on that occasion was a fellow who'd been arrested and locked up for horse stealing. They allowed him to come to our shack in company with a deputy marshal, and then they took him back to the lockup again."

"Well, Mary and I—and, later, the first one—kept house in that little, old hand-made shack, squatting at the base of the mountain, for three years. Speaking for myself—and if Mary was on earth she'd join me in saying it—those were far and away the happiest years of our lives, they sure were."

After some music the old man took his leave, with cheery praises for the young wife's dinner of shoulder and greens. The two young people sat pensive and silent, for quite a while after the old gentleman had gone.

"I guess our little flat isn't so dinky, after all, eh, little woman?" said the young husband then, pinching his wife's cheek.—Washington Star.

**FUN AT A BAGGAGE AUCTION.**

Gambling Spirit Caused Some Unprofitable Purchases.  
Patrons of a Grand avenue auction house indulged in a mild propensity to gamble this morning in bidding on a quantity of uncalled-for baggage sold for the Kansas City Southern Railway Company, says the Kansas City Star. There were more than 200 pieces disposed of, including paper parcels, pasteboard and wooden boxes, handbags, suit cases and trunks.

All of the pieces were more or less dilapidated. The nature of their contents was kept secret, so that purchasers experienced the risk and fascination of buying "a pig in a poke." Bidders were guided largely by "hunches" as to the value of a package, and they would frequently compete in a spirited fashion for a small parcel, when hardly an offer could be secured for a larger one of similar appearance. "Good goods come in small packages" was the old saw that seemed to be in the minds of a majority of the speculators.

"Oh-h! Here is a valuable-looking bundle," cried the auctioneer, holding up the smallest of a pile of parcels and peering carefully into a small hole in the enveloping paper wrapper. "It's red, too."

This bit of information so intamed the imagination of a stout colored woman that she bid 40 cents as an initial offer and was awarded the prize before she had a chance to change her mind. The package contained a soiled red "bandanna" handkerchief.

Well-trained employes passed up the various objects to the platform on which the auctioneer held forth. Handbags, "telescopes" and trunks were laboriously hoisted up, the helpers straining and groaning in an affectation of bone wrenching effort. The instant a sale was concluded the object was unceremoniously slapped off the platform, usually giving out a hollow echo as it lightly struck the floor. A grunting employe tugged desperately at a large cloth "telescope" and slammed it down with a crash on the platform.

"There you are!" exclaimed the auctioneer, triumphantly. "There is a valise full of gold nuggets lost by a miner returning from the Klondike. How much am I offered?"

Eighty cents was bid and accepted. Pushed from the platform, and "telescope" fell with a sound that unmistakably proved it empty. The crowd roared with laughter.

A large crowd attended the sale and the bidding was spirited, though the advances in offers seldom exceeded 5 cents at a time.

**Wit of the Youngsters**

Tommy—Where have you been, Willie? Willie—Been fishin' Tommy—Catch anything? Willie—Not yet; but I will when I get home.

Teacher—What is an engineer, Tommy? Tommy—A man that works an engine. Teacher—That's right. Now, Johnny, what is a pioneer? Johnny—A woman that works a piano.

"Now, Mabel," said the Sunday school teacher, "what can you tell me about Adam and Eve? "Nothing," answered the little miss. "Mamma says I musn't talk about people behind their backs."

After asking a blessing on various members of the household the small boy concluded his prayer as follows: "And, Lord, don't forget to bless Brother Charlie and make him as good a boy as I am."

"The Bible says there will be no marrying in heaven," said small Harry. "I wonder if that is true?" "Of course it is," replied his little sister. "How could the women marry when there are no men in the place?"

Small Harold had attempted to draw a picture of a horse on his slate. "Mamma," he queried, "can God see everything?" "Yes, dear," was the reply. "Well," continued Harold, "I'll bet He will laugh when He sees this horse."

**A Magnifying Pinhole.**  
Obtain a piece of blackened card and make a hole in it with a needle; then place a very small object—say, for instance, a tiny insect—on the end of a pin or gum to a strip of glass and view this object through the needle hole in the card at about an inch from it. The insect will appear quite distinct and about ten times larger than its natural size. If, however, you suddenly withdraw the card without disturbing the object, the latter will be invisible. The reason is that the naked eye cannot see at so short a distance as an inch, but the card with the hole enables the eye to approach within an inch and to see not only well, but, as it were, ten times better than with the naked vision.

**The Right Answer.**  
"I assure you," said the persistent suitor, "that I will not take 'no' for an answer."  
"You needn't," replied Miss Bright. "I'll say 'yes' upon one condition."  
"And that is?"  
"Just ask me if I am determined not to marry you under any circumstances."  
—Philadelphia Press.

**Cheering.**  
Aspirant—You have heard my voice, professor. Now please tell me candidly what branch of vocalism it is best adapted for. Professor—Well—cheering!

The only time some husbands take their wives' arms is when they assist them into a carriage at a funeral.

**FARMS AND FARMERS**



**Loco Weed.**  
It has been found by Government experts that the poisonous action of the loco weed is due to barium. Investigations have been in progress for the past few years to determine the cause of this condition of range stock, which has come to be known as "locoed." The reason the weed is so poisonous in some sections and not in others is that on some soils it contains no barium. The Bureau of Plant Industry, in a recent bulletin, says that it is possible to kill out the weeds if the pastures are fenced, as the weeds grow in patches. There is no feasible way of ridding ranges of the weeds, however.

**Attend the Institutes.**  
The farmers' institute season is at hand. Now, Mr. Farmer, these meetings are for you. They are held for the purpose of bringing you and your neighbors together to discuss the fundamental principles and facts concerning your great business. State speakers will be on hand to instruct and lead the discussions, but you must be there to get any benefit from the meetings. It is your duty to yourself and your neighbors to attend and take part in the farmers' institute when it is held in your county or township. Do not go in a critical mood, but go with a desire to learn more about farming and if you have some problem that is worrying you, tell about it and may be someone can help you out. Perhaps your experiences will be of direct value to some other man who is having a hard time.

The farmers' institutes were established for the same purpose as our agricultural colleges and experiment stations; for the purpose of furthering the cause of agricultural education; of helping the man on the farm better understand his business and thereby make a greater success. The State speakers are all thoroughly practical men and women who have had experience in what they talk about and are willing to give help and information whenever they can. But the success of any farmers' institute meeting will depend upon the farmers themselves whether they will attend and take part in the programs. Enthusiasm is generally marked by numbers and when an enthusiastic body of men get together, there is sure to be some good come of it.—Farmer's Guide.

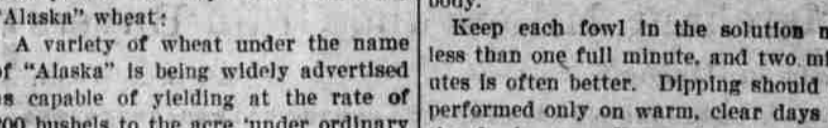
**The So-Called "Alaska" Wheat.**  
The Bureau of Plant Industry has prepared the following statement in anticipation of inquiries concerning "Alaska" wheat:  
"A variety of wheat under the name of "Alaska" is being widely advertised as capable of yielding at the rate of 200 bushels to the acre under ordinary soil conditions and even better "under extra conditions." It is stated that this variety was found growing wild in Alaska, and claims of the most extravagant nature are made for it. In consequence of this notoriety the department is receiving many requests for seed.  
This type of wheat has been known for many years both in this country and in Europe. It has been tried at several state experiment stations in the western part of the United States during the past fifteen years, but nowhere have the yields been high enough to merit attention. The wheat has been grown to a very limited extent on certain heavy undrained soils in France for many years. In such locations it is said to yield rather better than ordinary wheat, but as it is one of the poorest wheats known for making flour, it is never grown where ordinary varieties of wheat will thrive.

**Dipping Fowls for Lice.**  
To treat a number of fowls individually with louse powder is a tedious, unpleasant task. An easier and equally successful plan is to dip the fowls in a reliable brand of sheep dip.  
Hold the fowls by the legs, heads down, with one hand supporting their heads. Let the solution cover every part of the body from the toes up, except the head and eyes of the hen. Reserve this part until last, as the hens gasp and struggle when their heads go under. Pull the fowls to and fro several times in the tub, which insures the solution percolating through the feathers and reaching all sections of the body.  
Keep each fowl in the solution not less than one full minute, and two minutes is often better. Dipping should be performed only on warm, clear days so the fowls can afterwards dry themselves in the sun and will not catch colds.—Agricultural Epitomist.

**Graft and Stock.**  
The question of the influence of the stock on the graft and vice versa has been much discussed. The experiments recorded by M. L. Guignard in the Comptes Rendus were made with a view of discovering whether there is any migration of chemical substances from the one to the other. Plants rich in compounds of hydrocyanic acid were chosen, as this is easy to detect. It was found that when a plant containing a hydrocyanic glucoside is grafted on one destitute of it, or inverted, there is no passage of this substance from the one to the other. The general conclusion seems to be that grafting is a sort of artificial symbiosis in which each species retains its individuality.

**Not a Cure-All.**  
A great many have had an idea that pasteurization was going to solve all of the difficulties regarding our milk supply, but after a close study of the matter we believe that it is often used as a cure-all for milk and cream that is not fit for human consumption. It has been proven that the pasteurization given in the usual commercial way kills only the lactic acid germs which nature placed in the milk as a protection, while the pathological germs which are the real menace to health are left in an alkaline instead of an acid medium all ready to multiply when other conditions are favorable.

**Homemade Feed Cutter.**  
An old lawn mower can be arranged to make a fairly satisfactory straw or feed cutter. One must rig up a hopper.

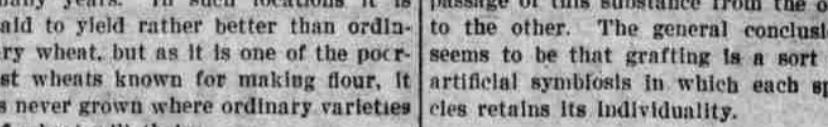


WORKING THE LAWN MOWER.

as shown in the sketch, and attach the mower to the lower end of it so that the straw or grain will just strike the knives where the grass usually comes into the mower. A crank and a belt arrangement makes it easy for one man to feed and turn the cutter. This is a good use for a lawn mower in the winter time when it is not working outdoors.—Farm and Home.

**Breaking a Colt.**  
Every farmer's boy should break a colt to ride and drive before he can call his education complete. It will be an experience that the boy will be proud of and which will do him much good. Three things must be taught every colt to make it useful. They are courage, obedience and good workmanship. The first is necessary to prevent horses becoming frightened at unusual things; the second is required in order that it may be of good service, and in the third case the horse's value depends upon the neatness and consistency with which it performs its work.—Field and Farm.

**Good Fence Wire Splicer.**  
There are not many people who know how to make a good neat wire splice.



In the picture figure A shows the first movement and figure B the ends after they have finally been secured.

**Value of a Cow.**  
A Denver dealer in dairy cows says the valuation of an animal is the price at the rate of \$12 a milk given daily rich enough to 3 1/2 per cent of fat. To this price adds or subtracts \$1 for every one-fourth of one per cent. By this rule a cow is bought entirely on her merits.

**Prairie Hay and Corn.**  
As the result of some experiments in fattening cattle, it was shown that when prairie hay was fed with corn alone it gave small, unsatisfactory gains and very little profit.