THE NORTH WIND.

Wind of the North, I know your song
  Out on the frozen plain,
But here in the city's streets you seem
  Only a cry of pain.

I know the note of your lusty throat
  Where the black boughs toss and roar,
But here it is part of the old, old cry
  Of the hungry, homeless poor.

I know the song that you sing to God.
  Joyous and high and wild,
But here where His creatures herd and die,
  'Tis the sob of a little child.
—Youth's Companion.

Jim's Vagrant

The burnished mountings and metal surfaces of "No. 20" glistened and sparkled as the suun's rays crept lazily into the engine house and fell in a golden shower upon the beautiful monster. But in spite of this the keen and practiced eye of Bim Jim detected a blue on one of the brass levers, and, fetching his chamois skins, he set to work with a will to remove this disgraceful blemish; for not a speck would be allowed upon his beloved machine.

"No. 20" was conceded to be the finest machine of its kind in the city; and Big Jim, as he was universally known, was acknowledged to be the tallest man and the best driver in the whole fire department. Many times he had been complimented by the district engineers, and on one occasion he and his engine rendered such signal service that the mayor of the town sent him a personal note of thanks. That note Jim carried constantly with him, and would not have given away for any consideration.

Strange to say, there was no envy of Jim or his engine. All who knew him loved and respected him; and Big Jim was the pride, and "No. 20" the pet of the entire department.

For the last hour Jim had noticed a little negro standing on the opposite side of the street and gazing into the engine house with evident interest. While the fireman plied his chamois, the lad grew bolder, and, crossing the street, stood timidly in the doorway. The day was far from sultry; and Jim gazed at the boy's bare feet and thin, ragged clothing, a feeling of profound pity stole into his heart.

"You should not be without your shoes, my lad," he said, kindly, in his deep, gruff voice.

"Hain't got no shoes, boss."

Jim gazed askance at the black urchin.

"Where are your parents?"

"Dunno. Neber had none."

"But surely you have some relatives or friends."

"Dunno what yer means by relatives, boss; but I hain't got no friends. Anyhow," he added, pathetically, as though

THE WHIR OF THE ALARM SOUNDED.

the fact had been impressed upon him until he had become thoroughly convinced of its truth, "I's no 'count, nohow, I is, so it do'n' make no diff'ence."

Jim's uplifted hand paused in mid air as he heard this remarkable statement.

"What's your name?" he inquired.

"Black Pete," answered the boy, simply.

"But what's your last name?"

"Hain't got no mo'ah names, boss."

"How old are you?"

"Dunno."

Jim gazed in blank astonishment at his new acquaintance, the like of whom he had never before met.

"Say, boss," said Pete, and his voice dropped to a whisper, and his eyes glistened as he gazed in undisguised admiration at the engine, "is you the drivah ob dis yere ingine?"

Jim nodded.

Pete gazed with such evident awe and reverence upon "No. 20" that Jim's big heart was completely won.

"Well, Pete," he said, a few minutes later, "I guess I'll have to leave you. It's time I was attending to my supper. By the way," he added, "if you have no friends, where do you get your meals?"

"Oh, I gets 'em best way I kin, boss; and when I can't git nuffin, I does without," was the philosophic reply.

"What are you going to do to-night?"

"Can't have nuffin to-night. Hain't got no money, and don' know where to go."

"Look here," said Jim, and the gruff voice grew a little softer, "you wait here a minute," and he disappeared.

Soon he returned with a package which he handed to Pete.

"There," he said, "I've divided my supper with you, Pete. Now tell me where you're going to stay to-night."

"Dunno, boss. Had a good place up an alley, but de copper dun fin' me last night, and chased me out."

"I'll tell you what," said Jim, thoughtfully, "it's against the rules, but you come round here after dark and I'll smuggle you into my bunk. If you keep right quiet no one will know, and to-morrow I'll see what I can do for you."

Pete's eyes sparkled as he raised his black face to Jim.

"I'll do as yer tole me, boss. Say" —and the boy's voice grew intensely low and confidential, "does yer think they'd have a cullud drivah on an ingine?"

The look of anxiety on Pete's face as he waited for the answer was painful to see.

"I'm afraid not, Pete," replied Jim.

Pete's black face assumed a look of unutterable woe. He turned sadly away, and made off with Jim's gift hugged closely to his breast.

Pete had been safely smuggled in, and all in the engine house were wrapped in profound slumber, when suddenly the whir of the alarm sounded loud and shrill throughout the building, and in an instant the firemen were tumbling into boots and coats.

With the first sound of the bell, Jim was on his feet. A moment later, he was equipped and harnessing the horses.

Big Jim was a born fireman. There was nothing so delightful to his ear as the clang of the alarm. The moment he heard it his spirits rose, the blood coursed more rapidly through his veins, and all else was forgotten.

So it happened that, strapped to his seat on the engine, the big driver dashed down the street without a single thought of the small piece of black humanity he had bundled up so carefully a few hours before.

"No. 20" was the first engine to reach the fire. A large manufacturing building was blazing furiously and threatening to consume everything in the block. Crowds of people were flocking from all directions.

Jim had just reined in the foaming, quivering horses beside a water plug, and was hastily dismounting from his perch, when a little, barefooted figure came panting up.

"I's got awful blowed, boss, but I dun keep behind the ingine's well as I could." And not till then did Jim recollect the admiring little friend he had left in the engine-house.

Before he could say anything there was a great shout from the multitude, and looking up Jim beheld three men standing at one of the upper windows, surrounded by the raging flames and cut off from all means of escape. An exclamation of horror fell from his lips as he realized the peril of the unfortunate men.

"They are lost!" he muttered, involuntarily. "The ladders have not yet arrived, and nothing on earth can save them now."

With mouth and eyes wide open, and horror expressed in every feature, Pete gazed in consternation at the appalling situation of the poor wretches. Then an inspiration seemed suddenly to seize him, and, quick as thought, he snatched a small ax from a truck nearby, and darted off through the crowd.

For several minutes Jim continued to gaze pityingly upon the imperiled men. At last he turned sadly away, and then he beheld Pete scrambling nimbly but laboriously up a high telegraph pole on the opposite side of the street. Even at that distance the heat was intense, and Pete had all he could do to retain his desperate clutch and work himself up.

He reached the cross pieces, and perching himself securely raised his ax in both hands and struck a furious blow, which was followed immediately by a scraping buzz, as the wire he had severed slid over to the beams and fell to the ground.

Then it was that Jim recognized the shrewdness and utility of Pete's act, for the other end of the wire was fastened to the roof of the burning building directly above the window at which the imperiled men stood, and as soon as it was severed it fell within their reach.

A great cry of joy went up from the vast throng below as the men grasped their improvised fire-escape and descended in turn; but above it rose a shrill wail of mortal agony.

"Help, boss! help! I's dun goin' to fall!"

The flames had burst through one of the windows, and were darting far across the street and beating upon poor Pete in his defenceless position. He could not move nor attempt to descend. It was all he was able to do to keep his hold upon the hot beams. Realizing that his nerveless fingers would soon be powerless to sustain him, he cried aloud in his anguish to the only being in that great crowd upon whom he could call.

As that desperate, appealing cry reached his ears, Bib Jim deserted his beloved "No. 20" and sprang toward Pete's lofty perch. Right and left the big fireman elbowed his way through the crowd, knocking gaping men hither and thither like so many tenpins.

But he was too late! Poor Pete hung on as long as he could, and then, with a slight quiver of the body, the scorched and blistered fingers relaxed their hold, and the little hero fell to the pavement.

Jim raised the limp form tenderly in his strong arms.

"Pete. Pete, my brave little fireman!" he murmured, chokingly, as he pressed his lips to the black face.

At the word "fireman," coupled with his own name by the gruff and tender voice whose owner had given Black Pete the only friendship he had ever known, the boy's eyes opened dreamily and rested for a moment on his big friend. A smile of recognition flashed over his features.

"So dey won't take no cullud drivahs, boss," he muttered, absently. "Well, I's done de best I could, anyhow." And with a sigh of satisfaction at this thought, mixed with regret though it was, his eyes closed once more, to open again where even Black Pete would be of some "account," and where "No. 20" would not be the realization of his highest admiration.—Waverley Magazine.

All She Could Think Of.

"How do you get on with your Christmas shopping?" asked the lady with her hat awry.

"Gracious," said the lady laden with bundles. "I haven't been able to get on. Every car is jammed to the rails."—St. Louis Star.

Infantile Sayings.

"Bliggins' child must be a prodigy!"

"Undoubtedly," replied Miss Cayenne. "The clever sayings he attributes to it indicate that even at this early age it keeps a scrapbook."—Washington Star.

You have probably, at some time, noted the resemblance of the critic to the crank.

STOPPING A SHOT HOLE.

LEAK CLOSERS PRACTICING ON DEVICE USED BY BRITISH NAVY.

The operator dons his rubber suit, which is made in one piece, the tank is filled with water, the plug is removed, and he now has to insert his leak-stopper and fix it in position by pulling out a pin and screwing it taut. The pressure of the water holds the leak-stopper in place when once it is in position, but the rush of water is tremendous, and anyone who out of bravado or forgetfulness stands too close will probably let himself in for a good ducking. The hole in the tank is supposed to represent a shot hole.—London Sphere.

FARM AND GARDEN

Stick to the Farm!

"Stick to the farm," says the President
  To the wide-eyed farmer boy,
Then he hies him back to the White House home,
  With its air of rustic joy.

"Stick to the farm," says the railroad king
  To the lad who looks afar,
Then hikes him back on the double quick
  To his rustic private car.

"Stick to the farm," says the clergyman
  To the youth on the worm fence perch,
Then he lays his ear to the ground to hear
  A call to a city church.

'Stick to the farm," says the doctor wise,
  To those who would break the rut,
Then hies him where the appendix grows
  In bountiful crops to cut.
—McLandburgh Wilson in New York Sun.

Why Boys Leave the Farm.

An official connected with an eastern agricultural college has made a summary of the reasons given by 155 sons of farmers for abandoning the pursuit of their fathers. Sixty-two of this number said that farming does not pay. A strong argument can be made on the idea that it pays better than other forms of business. The secretary of agriculture has stated that the products of the soil in this country in 1905 reached a value of $6,000,000,000, which is a good deal of wealth to divide up as a reward in one industry. Seventeen of the young men said the hours of labor on the farm are too long. No doubt they meant at certain seasons, but this is a detail open to adjustment. Twenty-six thought social advantages on the farms are not equal to those in cities, which is also a matter of opinion. Sixteen said they had a natural bent for something else, which is a point that deserves consideration always. Others objected to farm monotony, and fifteen said they would return to farming as soon as they made a pile of money at something else.

Many of these young men are the victims of illusion, and, unfortunately, of a kind curable only by experience. Probably they are not aware that 90 per cent of those who branch out into general business fail to accumulate any considerable wealth, while the positive wreckage in means, health and comfort is large. A farm is never monotonous to a good farmer. It is rather a book of fresh interest each succeeding day. A surplus at the end of a year is the rule on the farm; in the city a surplus is the exception, and the style of family living, on the whole, is in favor of the country. But statistics show that plenty of boys remain on the farms. The farming population of the United States in 1900 was four times as large as in 1850, and the value of their property increased five fold, or from $4,000,000,000 to $20,000,000,000.

Do Farmers Read Bulletins?

I have noticed one thing in particular while traveling in some of our best agricultural states, and that is, when I see a number of well dressed farmers discussing beef and milk rations, feeding young animals for a healthy development, nitrogen, potassium and phosphorus and their functions in plant growth and protein and carbohydrates and their functions in animal growth, I am invariably in a prosperous and up-to-date community. Now, the question is, do the best and most intelligent farmers read their bulletins and keep in touch with their station workers and read the agricultural press, or does the reading of these bulletins and agricultural papers make more intelligent farmers? It is one or the other considered from either standpoint, for these bulletins and agricultural papers are not read by the poor and uneducated class of farmers, neither do they circulate as freely among the poorer farmers as they do among the farmers in the better agricultural communities. — Agricultural Epitomist.

No Use for the Horns.

When cattle were raised on the range a good set of horns was necessary for protection. An all-wise creator put them there for that purpose. On the farm a cow or a steer is not in need of horns. Breeders are breeding them off very rapidly. Even the long-horned Hereford has a polled strain now, and it is predicted by many that within twenty-five years a horned animal of the bovine race will be a curiosity. On the other hand, advocates of horns say the hornless strain of every horned breed is undersized, and until it can come up to those that have horns in size and weight people will want the horned cattle of both shorthorn and Hereford breeds. However, there is no reason for leaving the horns on after they are there. The time to take them off is when the animal is young, and the way to do it is with any of the prepared horn killers. But take them off with the saw rather than let them go. It is more humane to do it than not to do it.—Farmers' Mail and Breeze.

Brush for Soil Wash.

There is nothing quite so good as fine brush to catch and hold soil wash. Where small trees are used to fill a gully the top of the tree should be placed toward the head of the gully, so that all soil and trash coming down will be caught in the forks of the branches. If the tree is placed in the opposite direction the descending trash will slip more easily by and over it. For the same reason, in filling a gully with brush and branches, the tops of the brush should be placed upstream.

Where gullies have been formed during the summer by soil washing it is well to fill them as early as possible in the fall while the leaves are still on the brush with which they are filled. When they are filled early and before the leaves of the trees have fallen, many leaves, as well as grass and weeds that may be blown about the fields by fall and winter winds will be caught in the brush to decay, will help fill and will form good soil. The brush itself will decay in a year or two, so that when the gully is filled it cannot only be plowed over, but will become the best soil. Never fill a gully with soil, unless some brush or similar material is put in the bottom to hold the soil.

In mending a steep place in the roadside, briers, brush and all fence row mowings make good material to lay down to place the dirt upon. If rocks are available it is best to first lay brush in the place to be filled, then place the rocks upon the brush, and last the dirt upon the rocks and brush. These will hold and bind the dirt until it becomes settled and firm, and it will be less subject to washing and being cut up by travel in wet weather. Never burn a bit of brush on the place, but put it to some good use.

Breeding Swine.

In breeding swine or live stock of any kind the breeder should have a well defined object in view, a point toward which to work, a type, an ideal, if you will, well fixed in his mind.

All hogs of the same breed are not alike, and it is this fact that makes improvement of any breed possible. There are different types of the same breed for the breeder to select from, and the intelligence and judgment used in the selection of the animals reserved for breeders will sooner or later demonstrate the success or failure of the breeder. Of course, methods of feeding and care cut an important figure. Many men who are good feeders of swine are very poor breeders, but few good breeders are poor feeders.

The tendency of all our improved animals is to revert backward toward the original type, and in the case of swine it should be borne in mind that while there is no stock that can be so rapidly improved by judicious selection, care and feed, there is none that will degenerate so quickly under neglect.—Kansas Farmer.

Vitality of Seeds.

The period for which the seeds of different plants maintains their vitality varies a good deal. The seeds of some vegetables are worthless after they are two years old, while the seeds of other plants improve with age until a certain period. For instance: the seeds of artichokes are good until they are three years old; asparagus, four years; beans, two years; kidney beans, one year; beets, ten years; broccoli, four years; cabbage, four years; carrot, one year; cauliflower, four years; celery, ten years; corn, three years; cucumber, ten years; egg plant, three years; endive, four years; kale, four years; leek, two years; lettuce, three years; melon, ten years; pea, two years; okra, two years; onion, two years; pumpkin, ten years; radish, four years; salsify, two years, spinach, four years; squash, four years; tomato, two years, and turnips, four years.

Scab in Sheep.

The disease commonly called sheep scab is one of the oldest known, most prevalent and most injurious maladies which affect sheep. It is a contagious skin disease caused by a parasitic mite. Investigation has shown that the disease is not hereditary, as the parasites which cause it live on the external surface of the body. It is possible, however, for a lamb to become infected from a scabby mother at the moment of birth or immediately thereafter. The treatment must consist of external cures to "purify the blood." Proper hygienic conditions alone, though of importance in connection with the subject of treatment, cannot be relied upon to cure scab. The only rational treatment consists in using some external application which will kill the parasites. By far the most rational and satisfactory and the cheapest method of curing scab is by dipping the sheep in some liquid which will kill the parasites.

Silo Feeding.

Not only must the silo be erected, shelter must be provided for the cattle during winter. Then if corn is fed in the form of silage there will be successful results. A great many farms buy stock cattle in the fall of the year, turn them into stalk fields and resell them toward spring as feeders. If the market is normal there will usually be a profit, but it, nevertheless, is a wasteful practice. A much greater profit would be secured from silo feeding as mentioned.

The Cost of Keeping a Cow.

According to careful experiments, the cost of keeping a cow a year with the best of feed and shelter, labor and interest on the investment included, all told, amounts to $55. If, then, the cow can not be made to produce more than $55, she is not worth keeping. A good cow ought to produce at least $110, or double the cost of her keep

HINTS FOR BERLIN FRAUS.

Flapjacks and Pumpkin Pies to Be Made at Exposition Next Year.

The American woman in all her glory is to be shown at Berlin's American exposition in 1910. Preliminary arrangements for such an exhibit have just been made by Mrs. Norma Knupfel-Lutge, who, despite her Teutonic name, is a native-born American, having just left New York to take up her residence in Berlin, the New York Times correspondent says. She is well known in a managerial capacity in the United States through her connection with important musical enterprises. The celebrated Leipzig Philharmonic orchestra, under the conductorship of Hans Winterstein, toured the country in 1900 under Mrs. Knupfel-Lutge's direction, and Daniel Frohman intrusted Kubelik's first tour of America to her hands a few years later.

Mrs. Knupfel-Lutge's plan is to exhibit feminine America to Germany from all sides, but particularly in the home, in order to show that the hausfrau flourishes in the United States, too. She has proposed to transplant interiors of model dwellings representing every stratum of Yankee womankind, from the working woman to the society queen. Characteristic American kitchens will be seen in the act of turning out such world-famous specialties as flap-jacks, corned-beef hash, pumpkin pies and other things mother used to make.

Special attention will also be bestowed on American feminine toggery, which is so admired by German and other European women.

The department in short is to be a composite of things which make American women, in the estimation of their husbands, the best housekeepers and the best dressers and, all around, the best women in the world.

The promoters of the exposition welcome Mrs. Knupfel-Lutge's project enthusiastically and promise to devote to the department enough space to make it one of the prime attractions of the show. If the management carries out its purpose of having a bevy of typical Gibson girls recruited from various sections of this country to preside over the department, the success of the enterprise is assured beyond the question of a doubt. Maj. Carson, chief of the bureau of manufactures of the United States department of commerce and labor, sends word that the department is doing its utmost to interest American merchants and manufacturers in the Berlin show.

Pellagra.

The dreaded disease called pellagra is common in Northern Italy, in the south of France, in Spain and in countries further east in Southern Europe. It begins with an eruption on the skin, which breaks out in spring, continues till autumn and disappears in winter. It affects those parts of the surface which are always exposed to the sun and the air. The disease is accompanied or preceded by remarkable lassitude, melancholy, moroseness, hypochondriasis and not seldom by suicidal mania. With its progress and duration the disorder becomes more aggravated, with shorter and shorter intervals in winter. At length the surface ceases to clear itself, and becomes permanently enveloped in a thick, livid, leprous crust, somewhat resembling the dried and black skin of a fish. By this time the vital powers are reduced to a very low ebb, and not seldom the intellectual functions as well. The victim loses the use of his limbs, especially of the palms and soles, tormenting the victim day and night. To these severe afflictions are often added strange hallucinations. The disease, when advanced, takes the form of many other maladies, such as tetanus, convulsions, epilepsy, dropsy, mania and marasmus, the patient being at last reduced to the appearance of a mummy. It is mainly confined to the poor residing in the country districts, and is seldom seen in very young children. The cause of the disease is traced to the eating of altered maize, in which putrefaction occurs during the warm season.

Eve and the Apple.

Princess Duleep Singh at a dinner in New York said that she found the American woman a marvel of beauty and the American man a model of good looks and kindness.

"The American man," said the charming princess, "is rightly held up to the world as the pattern husband. In Europe they have a saying about Eve and the apple which shows how wretched a failure the European husband is. This saying is unknown in America, I am sure. It would have no point, no application, here in the land of pattern husbands. The saying is this: "'The evil one didn't give the apple to the man, but to the woman, because the evil one knew well that the man would eat it all himself, but the woman would go halves.'"

A Legal Difference.

The Client—How much will your opinion be worth in this case? The Lawyer—I'm too modest to say. But I can tell you what I'm going to charge you for it.—Cleveland Leader.