

## THE FARMER'S BOY.

You ask about that boy of mine,  
An' what his inclination is?  
Why, stranger, can't you read the sign  
That's writ acrost that youngster's  
phiz?  
He's such a master hand to shirk  
That sometimes I can most admire  
him!  
An' lazy!—If you gave him work  
He'd help you make a chance to fire  
him.

His mother says he's quick to learn—  
That when he's foolin' out o' doors  
He's makin' poetry to burn—  
But watch him fool at dola' chores!  
His inclination is to be  
A smothering that they call a poet.  
Such foolishness don't come from me—  
I ain't that kind, not if I know it.

You see that critter on the wall  
There in the frame? Well, that's a  
cow  
His mother says he's got a call  
To be a artist; but somehow  
'Tisn't such a gift for him to draw;  
There's nothin' in it to surprise us.  
But what that boy is useful for  
Is what I'd like you to advise us.

When I was young it wasn't so;  
Boys had a different trainin' then—  
They knew they had to hoe their row  
An' work their way like little men.  
There weren't no fine contraptions known  
In them old days for saving labor;  
And he who'd finished for his own  
Would go and help a friend or neigh-  
bor.

You think I'm hard on him? Why,  
His mother says he'll turn out grand!  
He's just the apple of her eye.  
But, stranger, when I take a hand—  
H-u-s-h! Here she comes. Is that you,  
ma?  
I just was talkin' 'bout our Neddy  
So smart, I'm proud to be the pa  
Of such a son—eh? dinner ready?  
—Chicago Record-Herald.

## AN OLD-FASHIONED FATHER.

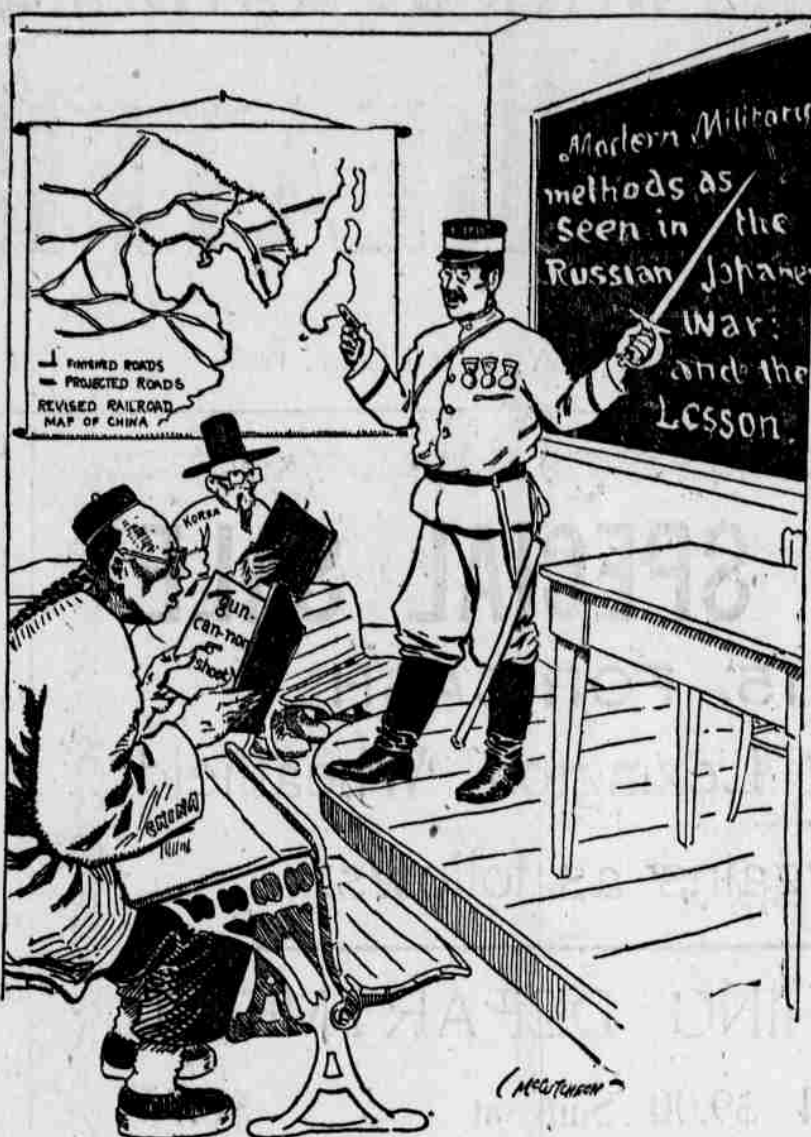
I said the Judge, "still cling to  
the old belief that a parent has  
the right to say whom his  
child shall or shall not marry."  
"Ye-es," agreed Mr. Robards, slowly,  
not wishing, for certain private  
reasons, to give an unqualified assent,  
and yet too well acquainted with the  
Judge to think of open disagreement.  
"Now," continued the elder man,  
ponderously, "Sarah, Martha and Con-  
stance all married to please me,  
Dorothy, although she is 25, is yet  
unmarried, but I have reason to be-  
lieve that she is not altogether indif-  
ferent to the attentions now being paid  
to her by Mr. Winthrop, a man who  
meets with my hearty approval, a man  
of wealth, culture, refinement, and a



"IF YOU ASK I SHALL TELL YOU."  
man of good character. You know Mr.  
Winthrop, William?"  
"Ye-es, I believe I have met him."  
"He was formerly one of my clients,  
but that was before you came into the  
office. He is a very worthy man."  
"And you say Miss Dorothy is in-  
clined to—er—favor his suit?"  
"I believe she is not indifferent to  
him, but, of course, she is discreet and  
modest; perhaps, I may say, even  
diffident. She has always been a most  
obedient child, and I always given her  
to understand that Mr. Winthrop is  
my choice. She will accept him when  
the time comes, and he will make her  
a most excellent husband. Ah! there  
she is now; just starting off for a walk.  
Dorothy! Dorothy! Take William with  
you. I am sure he would rather walk  
with you than sit here with me."  
Miss Dorothy drew pensively near,  
looking very pretty. She answered  
very demurely, her father thought  
shyly.

"If Mr. Robards wishes to come I  
am sure I shall be glad of his com-  
pany."  
Mr. Robards expressed himself as  
very willing, and the two set off to-  
gether. He was a junior partner in  
Judge Lawrence's office, but he was  
ten years older than Miss Lawrence.  
For several years now the judge had  
made him his guest for a fortnight at  
his summer residence, and in the city  
the judge's wife had been socially  
gracious to him when she needed one  
more man at her dinner table.  
"Your father was just telling me his  
views on the rights of parents," he ob-  
served meditatively after they had  
walked some distance in silence and  
had lost themselves in the shrubbery.  
"Yes! Father is very conservative  
in many things."  
"So I should judge. So I know, in

## SCHOOL OPENS IN THE FAR EAST.



—Chicago Tribune.

fact, in business matters, but I was  
not aware that he was quite so con-  
servative as his remarks seemed to im-  
ply in domestic affairs."  
"Will you tell me just what he said  
to you, Mr. Robards?"  
She looked at him gravely. There  
was certainly earnestness, almost en-  
treaty, in her tones.  
"I am not sure that it would be  
quite right for me to do so."  
"If you think it wrong, of course do  
not tell me, but you will permit me  
to guess?"  
"Oh, of course."  
"He told you that he chose the hus-  
bands for my three sisters?"  
"Yes. Was it not so?"  
"Yes, it was. He did choose them.  
They married the men that he picked  
out for them, and I cannot in justice  
say that the result was in any case  
unhappy, but I think the principle is  
wrong."  
"You think you should choose for  
yourself."  
"I think I should choose for myself.  
Did father tell you that I was going  
to marry Mr. Winthrop?"  
"He said that he believed that you  
were not indifferent to Mr. Winthrop's  
attentions; that he had given you to  
understand that Mr. Winthrop was his  
choice, and that he had no reason to  
think that you would disregard his  
wishes in the matter."  
"I am not going to marry Mr. Win-  
throp."  
"I beg pardon!"  
"I am not going to marry Mr. Win-  
throp. I have never disobeyed my  
father in my life, but I am not going  
to marry Mr. Winthrop."  
William Robards had made up his  
mind more than a year before that he  
loved Dorothy Lawrence. A man well  
practiced in the concealment of emotion,  
he was perfectly convinced that she  
had not suspected his passion.  
He was aware that the world, in-  
cluding Judge and Mrs. Lawrence,  
would not consider him a suitable  
match for Dorothy, but he had deter-  
mined to make an attempt to win her,  
nevertheless, for he believed in his  
own heart that he could make her just  
as happy as if he had the wealth and  
the social position requisite to his  
eligibility in the eyes of the world.  
When the judge had spoken of Mr.  
Winthrop he had been greatly dis-  
turbed; now for a moment his heart  
was lightened by Dorothy's deter-  
mined avowal, but in a moment it  
sank again, for the thought came to  
him that the reason she so positively  
refused to marry Mr. Winthrop was  
that she loved someone else. The  
thought made him cold, but his face  
was gravely impassive.

"Would not Mr. Winthrop make a  
suitable husband?"  
"It is not that. I do not love him."  
"You believe in love, then?"  
She looked at him seriously, re-  
proachfully.  
"I do not believe only; I know. But  
Mr. Robards, you—you believe, too?  
You are not the kind of a man to treat  
such things lightly. Tell me, am I  
not right? Do you not also believe in  
love?"  
"I believe," he answered solemnly,  
and then more softly, "I, too, know."  
She bit her lip, seeming to check  
some ill-advised speech; then, point-  
ing to a rustic seat under some willows  
that bordered the path, said:  
"Let us sit down."  
They were silent for a long time.  
"Dorothy," he began, "I must tell

you something. I am afraid it will  
sound a little strange after all this,  
but I must tell you all the same. I  
think it is best that you should know,  
and after I have told you I shall go  
away and shall not trouble you again."  
"Trouble me," she murmured.  
"Yes. I am afraid that what I have  
to say must trouble you more or less.  
It is a very simple thing, though, after  
all, and a very few words will express  
it. Dorothy, I love you."  
She seemed genuinely distressed.  
The man had spoken very quietly. His  
voice and his face were under perfect  
control.  
"Now, I shall go," he added.  
"But why" she stammered.  
"You have told me—that is, you have  
implied—that your affections are fixed  
already on someone so firmly that you  
will risk disobeying your father."  
"Yes, they are."  
"In that case should I not go away?"  
"No, you should not."  
"But, why?"  
"I have not yet told you on whom  
my affections are fixed."  
"I have no right to ask. But, of  
course, if for any reason you think it  
would be well to tell me—"  
"If you ask I shall tell you."  
"Well, who is it, then?"  
She leaned over and whispered in his  
ear very softly:  
"It is William Robards."  
"Dorothy!"  
"Oh, Will, don't! You are so im-  
petuous!"  
"I—I think I am rather slow."  
Some time afterward Mr. Robards  
and Dorothy marched up to the judge,  
where he was dozing over a book on  
the porch, and after they had made  
him aware of their presence Mr. Ro-  
bards said very firmly.  
"Dorothy and I have come to tell  
you, sir that we are going to be mar-  
ried."  
"Why, God bless my soul, William!"  
exclaimed the judge. "You! Why, I'd  
sooner have you than Winthrop."—  
Boston Globe.

## SCHOOLHOUSE IN PORTO RICO.

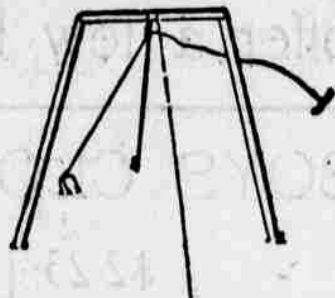


The structure herewith illustrated is  
one of the old-fashioned schoolhouses  
formerly erected in Porto Rico. Al-  
though the educational commission is  
building many schools of the modern  
American pattern a number of houses  
of the old type still remain. The roof  
is of tile so loosely jointed that dur-  
ing one of the sudden downpours so  
frequent in the tropics the floor has to  
be covered with vessels to catch the  
food. The windows are without glass,  
but are protected by wooden shutters.  
These must be closed during a shower,  
and darkness prevails within. The  
American schoolteacher meets the dif-  
ficulty by calling upon the children to  
sing.  
It takes a lot of philosophy to enable  
a man to admire a woman after he  
discovers that she has no earthly use  
for him.



## Good, Simple Hay Stacker.

An Iowa farmer writes that in his  
part of the country, where a large  
amount of hay is raised, but few farm-  
ers have barn room enough to  
hold it, so are compelled to stack it.  
In stacking hay out of doors some  
loss is unavoidable, but an effort  
should be made to reduce this loss to  
the minimum. One of the greatest  
mistakes is making the stack too  
small. The smaller the stack is, the  
larger the proportion of hay is spoilt  
by being on the top, bottom or  
sides. In making a large stack, a  
stacker of some kind is a necessity,  
and the one illustrated here seems to  
be best all-around device for the pur-  
pose. The device stands straddle of  
the stack and is held in place by brace  
ropes. The hay rope runs through a



SIMPLE HAY STACKER.

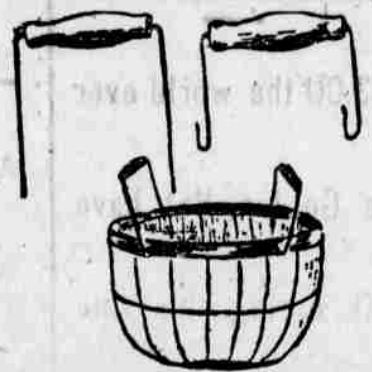
pulley in the cross-piece. Drive the  
load of hay up to one end of the stack  
to unload. After you have tried this  
method, says the farmer correspond-  
ent, you will never stack another load  
of hay by hand.

## Capacity of Wells.

A ready rule for arriving approxi-  
mately at the number of gallons per  
foot of water: From the square of  
the bottom diameter of the well, in  
inches, cut off one figure and divide  
by three. Thus: If the well is sixty  
inches in diameter, 60x60 equals 3,600;  
cut off one figure it leaves 360. This,  
divided by three gives 120, which is  
the number of gallons for each foot of  
depth. If, therefore, the depth of wa-  
ter were found to be ten feet, the  
available supply in the well would be  
1,200 gallons. As the bottom diam-  
eter of a well is sometimes less than  
the top diameter, care must be taken,  
in ascertaining the volume, as above,  
to adopt, for the purpose of calcula-  
tion, the diameter of the part where  
the water is: A lighted candle lower-  
ed down the well will serve to show  
any breaks of diameter above water-  
level.—American Cultivator.

## Handles for Large Baskets.

To make handles for bushel baskets,  
save the hand pieces of all the worn-  
out water buckets, or else make others  
like them, and passing a wire through,  
bend it down at right angles to the  
hand piece. Clipping the wire off at



HANDLES FOR BASKETS.

a proper length which is about 6 or  
7 inches, bend the ends up into hoops.  
Taking two of these handles hoop  
them in between the splits, under the  
rim of the basket, on opposite sides,  
and quickly have two good handles for  
carrying a basket filled with potatoes,  
or any heavy article. The handles  
can remain on the basket, or be re-  
moved at will.

## Cooling the Milk.

In summer the full milk cans should  
be set out in cold water. If the water  
is not cold enough a clean cloth, with  
its lower end dipping into the water,  
should be wound lightly round the can.  
On no account should milk intended  
for a creamery be kept at the farm for  
more than twelve hours.

## A New Fruit.

The berry of the ball just now (hor-  
ticulturally speaking) is the peach  
tomato! This lovely fruit-vegetable  
is of a glowing deep watermelon-red  
color. It is exhibited by a fruiter in  
the shape of one fine cluster. On this  
cluster are eight fine examples, all  
clustered thickly together and beauti-  
fied by means of laurel leaves. One  
of the clusters is yet a deep red.  
They are said to be of an exquisite  
flavor and to contain few seeds.

## When the Cow Chokes.

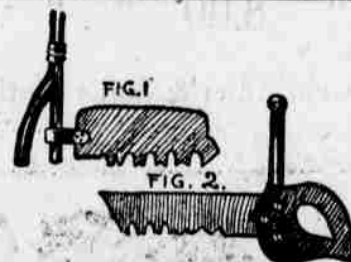
A neighbor turned his cows into his  
orchard with fallen apples. One cow  
became badly choked with an apple.  
We took a piece of rubber hose three  
feet long, rather stiff; we greased this  
with lard, held the cow's head up  
and shoved the hose down her throat,  
pushing the apple down in the stom-  
ach. A piece of rubber about 1 1/2  
inches in diameter is the proper size.  
Cow all right. Another plan I have  
tried with good success. Soon as the  
cow is choked lose no time in getting  
her into the stallion, draw the head  
up with a rope and fasten. Melt one  
pint lard, put in a long-necked bottle;  
while warm pour down throat. She  
will struggle to throw lard out; the  
throat being well greased will cause  
the apple or potato to slip out easily.  
—Exchange.

## Cows for the Dairy.

Before the dairyman can be success-  
ful in either branch he must draw the  
line between the breeds that excel in  
yield of milk and those that give milk  
rich in cream. The first thing the  
scientific dairyman does is to select  
the breed for the purpose he may have  
in view. The next will be to feed in  
such a manner as to secure the larg-  
est yield of either milk or butter in  
proportion to the cost of food, and the  
cost of the food depends upon its  
adaptability for conversion into the  
ingredients entering into the composi-  
tion of milk.

## One Man Crosscut Saw.

Most crosscut saws are made with  
two handles and are intended to be  
used by two men, but it is frequently  
desirable on the farm to have the saw  
available for use by a single man.  
Logs to be sawed may be too large  
for the bucksaw, and a sharp one  
man crosscut will saw almost if not  
fully as fast as a bucksaw and with-  
out the back breaking effect. In any  
event, whether a saw is to be used by  
one or two men, it is an advantage,  
says an Ohio Farmer writer, to have  
one end of it furnished with a two  
handed handle. Some small crosscuts  
are made with such a handle at one  
end (Fig 1), but, if not, the ordinary  
handle can be removed from any  
broad bladed saw and a homemade



handle inserted (Fig 2). In use, the  
sawyer will, of course, hold the main  
stem with his left hand while with  
his right he will grasp the lower and  
forked part of the handle. He will be  
surprised at his increased command  
over the working of the implement.

## The Barnyard.

There is nothing so repulsive as a  
wet and filthy barnyard, in which the  
animals are compelled to walk knee  
deep in filth. Such a condition is not  
necessary, and can be prevented if  
the barnyard is kept well supplied  
with absorbent material. Throwing  
whole cornstalks into the barnyard is  
the old method, but cornstalks do not  
absorb until they are trampled to  
pieces, and in the meantime much of  
the liquids are carried off by the  
rains. It will pay to shred the corn-  
stalks or cut the straw for bedding,  
while leaves and dry earth may also  
be used in the barnyard with advan-  
tage.

## Feeding Hens.

Hens like a variety of food, and  
they should be given as much in that  
line as possible. On the off mornings  
give a feed of equal parts corn and  
oatmeal, wet with milk, or boiled tur-  
nips or potatoes mixed with a little  
wheat bran. All scraps from the table  
and refuse from the kitchen should  
be mixed with the morning feed. A  
daily allowance of a small quantity of  
meat, ground bone and oyster shells  
should not be overlooked.

## Inoculating the Soil.

Any farmer can try the experiment  
of inoculating the soil with the nec-  
essary bacteria for promoting the  
growth of a crop. Should the soil  
seem unadapted to clover it will be  
found of advantage to procure a few  
bushels of earth from a field upon  
which grew a luxuriant crop of clover,  
broadcasting the earth over the field  
and seeding to clover, the possibility  
being that a good stand of clover will  
be obtained.

Our old and often recommended  
preventive of lice in nests is a big hand-  
ful of dry slaked lime in the bottom of  
nest boxes. A little carbolic acid is  
put on the lime before it is slaked.  
Every time the hen steps in that nest  
she stirs up the carbolated lime dust.

It is estimated that to collect one  
pound of honey from clover sixty-two  
million heads of clover must be de-  
prived of nectar, and 3,750,000 visits  
from the bees must be made.

The roots of a tree are often as ex-  
tensive as its branches.