

Topics of the Times

You might call Senator Depew one of our most distinguished American citizens.

Honeforth wife beating may be reckoned among the protected industries in Washington.

If the Kaiser enjoys being caricatured there are plenty of American artists who can accommodate him.

What a lot of new stories Dr. Depew must have by this time! And yet nobody thinks of asking him to make a speech at a public dinner!

Some of the composers of modern music should consult the dictionary as to the meaning of the word music. They seem to have forgotten it.

It seems that plants may be dragged into quick maturity. Perhaps it is not so novel, but it is equally true that men can be dragged into quick decay.

J. K. Jerome has been explaining why Americans do not appreciate Mark Twain. Perhaps Mr. Jerome is thinking of another distinguished humorist.

On the other hand, if everybody who formerly rode on a pass is paying fare now, cannot the railways afford to reduce their passenger rates to 2 cents a mile?

That Nebraska girl who wrote to John D. Rockefeller begging for a lock of his hair for her hair album will be disappointed. John will not disclose his new wig to gratify a girl's whim.

The Maharajah of Gwalior is said to be vastly richer than Rockefeller. It is difficult to understand how the Maharajah has been so long overlooked by John D. and his Standard Oil friends.

The Emperor of Korea says he didn't consent to Japanese rule. This would be an important revelation if any one had ever dreamed that the Japs took charge because the Emperor of Korea asked them to.

President Roosevelt says "the uniform of the enlisted man is a badge of honor. To discriminate against him in any way is literally an infamy." And the President isn't allowing to rough riders particularly, either.

When Joseph H. Choate, recently ambassador to England, rose to speak before the graduates of a woman's college he said that his task was almost as difficult as he found the making of a speech to an audience of one woman some forty years ago, with a side glance at Mrs. Choate, who sat near him. "That," he continued, "was the shortest, and, I think, altogether the most successful speech of my life." He might have said, as many another man has learned, that much of the success of that sort of a speech depends on having a sympathetic audience.

Early mental processes easily par-take of the fanciful. It is for this reason that many children lie. They cannot differentiate truth and falsehood. They must learn by experience the distinction between reality and dream im-pressions. There is a familiar story about a woman who was seeking to teach her little girl the value of truth. The girl had been told the story of An-nias and Sapphira. "Don't you know what happened to them?" asked the in-structor. "Yes," replied the child. "They fell dead, and I saw them car-ried into the corner drug store." Yet there was nothing wicked in this younger nor hopeless in her outlook. Still, her imagination could not be said to need stimulating.

Mark Twain thinks that he has dis-covered in "mahout" the proper name for the driver of an automobile. He says, in a letter to Harper's Weekly, that "Chauffeur is a good enough word when strictly confined to its modest and rightful place—as you will see by what Little says about it. I trans-late: 'A chauffeur is the firer-up on the street corner, peanut roaster, in English, stoker.' A good enough word, you see, in its own place, but when we come to apply it to the admiral of the thunderous 'moblie' or of the mighty elephant, we realize that it is inade-quate. No, stoker is not the thing, chauffeur is not the thing—mahout is the word we need. Besides, there is only one way of saying mahout, whereas there are nine ways of say-ing chauffeur, and none of them right." Mahout might do, too, for the title of the boy who drives the balky horse to water in the morning.

A great majority of us know what it is to be poor; to fight the battle against such odds as sometimes makes the contest appear an almost hopeless one. Poverty, however, is a relative term. To the man who is low in the scale poverty means acute physical sufferings for lack of necessary food and shelter. To others poverty means the surrender of certain comforts in which every man feels he has a right to share. But of all poverty that classed as "genteel" doubtless causes more widespread suffering than any other kind. This is the poverty of the fam-ilies that are trying to keep up a so-cial pace which they cannot afford; the poverty of the woman who cannot "get along" on her husband's salary and wear what she considers suitable gowns for her club meetings; the pov-erty of the young man who tries to shine out of true proportion to his in-come; the poverty of the madoover gowns and the shiny coats.

Americans are still, as they have al-ways been, an inventive people. The latest report of the commissioner of patents recalls anew the pertinacity of that national characteristic which has done so much to cheapen the processes of production; for during the year there were more than fifty-two thou-

For The Term of His Natural Life

By MARCUS CLARKE

CHAPTER V.—(Continued.)

The woman of whom they were speak-ing sat him at the table. Her face was pale as wax, and dark circles round her eyes gave evidence of a sleepless night. She opened her red lips to speak, and then, seeing Vickers, stopped abrup-tly.

"Well, what is it?" She looked from one to the other. "I came for Doctor Pine."

Vickers, with the quick intelligence of affection, guessed her errand. "Some-one is ill?"

"Miss Sylvia, sir. It is nothing to sig-nify, I think. A little feverish and hot, and my mistress—"

Vickers was down the ladder in an in-stant, with a scowl on his face. Pine caught the girl's round, firm arm. "Where have you been?"

Two great flakes of red came out in her white cheeks, and she shot an indig-nant glance at Blunt.

"Where you with the child last night?" asked Pine.

"No, I have not been in the cabin since dinner yesterday. Mrs. Vickers only called me in just now. Let go my arm, sir; you hurt me."

Pine looked his hold as if satisfied at the reply. "I beg your pardon," he said, "but the fever has broken out in the cabin, and I think the child has caught it. You must be careful where you go."

Sarah Purfoy stood motionless for an instant in deadly terror. Her lips parted, her eyes glittered, and she made a movement as though to retreat her steps.

"Poor soul!" thought honest Blunt, "how she feels for the child! That lubberly surgeon, he's hurt her! Never mind, my girl, he'll be here in a moment. It was broad daylight, and he had not such courage in love making as at night. Don't be afraid. I've been in ships with fever before now."

Awaking, as it were, at the sound of his voice, he said to her, "But ship fever! I have heard of it! Men have died like rotten sheep in crowded vessels like this."

"Tush! Not they. Don't be fright-ened, Miss Sylvia, don't be. We'll never knock off a few dozen prisoners or so. They are pretty close packed down there. What is the matter?"

"Nothing—a pain. I didn't sleep last night. I have the toothache," said she, putting her hand to her face.

"Take some laudanum," says Blunt, with dim recollections of his old mother's treatment of such ailments. "Old Pine'll give you some. No, I'll get it for you. You sha'n't ask that bear for it. Come into my cabin."

Blunt's cabin was in the starboard side of the ship, just under the awning, and possessed three windows—one look-ing out over the side, and two upon deck. The corresponding cabin on the other side was occupied by Mr. Mau-ricie Frere. He closed the door and took down a small medicine chest.

"Here," said he, opening it. "I've carried this little box for years, but it isn't often I want to use it. Now, then, get some of this into your mouth, and hold it there."

"Good gracious, Captain Blunt, you'll poison me! Give me the bottle; I'll help myself. You need not fear. I've used it before." And she put the bottle in her pocket.

Her tears were all dry long ago, and had only given increased color to her face. This agreeable woman never wait-ed long enough to make herself distasteful. She raised her dark eyes to his for a moment, with a saucy smile, and gain-ed her cabin by the most direct of paths. Her mistress, and she could bear the child feebly moaning. Her eyes filled with tears, real ones this time.

"Poor little thing," she said; "I hope she won't die."

And then she threw herself on her bed and buried her head in the pillow. The intelligence of the fever seemed to have terrified her. Had the news dis-ranged some well-connected plan of hers? Being near the accomplishment of some cherished scheme, and that she was in the sudden and unexpected presence of a disease falsified her carefully made cal-culations, and cast an almost insur-mountable obstacle in her path?

"She died, and through me? How did I know that he had fever? Perhaps I have taken it myself. I feel ill. She turned over on the bed, as if in pain, and then started to a sitting position, stung by a sudden thought. "Perhaps he might die! The fever spreads quick-ly, and if so, the child dying will have been useless. It must be done at once. It will never do to break down now," and taking the phial from her pocket, she held it up to see how much it con-tained. It was three parts full. "Enough for both," she thought, between her set teeth. The action of holding up the bottle reminded her of Blunt, and she smiled. "I'll go through with it, and if the worse comes to the worst, I can fall back on Maurice." She loosened the cork of the phial, that it would come out as little noise as possible, and then placed it carefully in her bosom. "I will get a little sleep if I can," she said. "They have got the note, and it shall be done to-night."

CHAPTER VI.

The felon, Rufus Dawes, had stretch-ed himself in his bunk and tried to sleep. But though he was tired and sore, and his head felt like lead, he could not but keep broad awake. The long pull through the pure air, if it had tired him, had revived him, and he felt strong-er; but for all that the fatal sickness that was on him maintained its hold; his pulse beat thickly, and his brain throbbled with unnatural heat. Lying in his narrow space, in the semi-darkness, he tossed his limbs about and closed his eyes in vain; he could not sleep. His utmost efforts induced only an oppres-sive stagnation of thought, through which he heard the voices of his fellow-con-victs; while before his eyes was the burning Hydaspes; the significant glance; the destruction had destroyed forever all trace of the unhappy Richard Devine.

As yet there had been no alarm of fever. The three seizures had excited some comment, however, and had it not been for the counter excitement of the burning ship, it is possible that Pine's precaution would have been thrown away. The "old hands," who had been through the passage before, suspected, but said nothing save among them-selves. It is likely that the weak and sickly would go first, and that there would be more room for those remain-ing. The "old hands" were satisfied.

Three of these old hands were con-versing together just behind the partition of Dawes' bunk. The berth was some comment, however, and had it not been for the counter excitement of the burning ship, it is possible that Pine's precaution would have been thrown away. The "old hands," who had been through the passage before, suspected, but said nothing save among them-selves. It is likely that the weak and sickly would go first, and that there would be more room for those remain-ing. The "old hands" were satisfied. Three of these old hands were con-versing together just behind the partition of Dawes' bunk. The berth was some comment, however, and had it not been for the counter excitement of the burning ship, it is possible that Pine's precaution would have been thrown away. The "old hands," who had been through the passage before, suspected, but said nothing save among them-selves. It is likely that the weak and sickly would go first, and that there would be more room for those remain-ing. The "old hands" were satisfied.

Gabbett, flinging himself on to the prostrate figure, raised it, held fore most to the floor. The sudden vertigo had saved Rufus Dawes' life. The robber twisted one brawny hand in his shirt, and pressing the knuckles down, prepared to deliver a blow that should forever silence the listener, when Vetch caught his arm. "He's been asleep," he cried. "Don't hit him! See, he's not awake yet."

A crowd gathered round. The giant relaxed his grip, but the convict gave to fall on his shoulder.

Gabbett took another look at the purp-ling face and the bedewed forehead, and then sprang erect, rubbing at his right hand, as though he would rub off some thing sticking there.

"He's got the fever!" he roared, with a terror-stricken grimace. "I've seen it before today. The typhus is aboard and he's the fourth man down!"

The circle of hoarse-like faces, stretched forward to "see the fight," widened at the half-comprehended, ill-omened word. It was as though a bombshell had fallen into the group. Rufus Dawes lay on the deck motionless, breathing heavily. The savage glare faded at his prostrate body. The alarm ran round, and all the prison crowded down to stare at him. All at once he uttered a groan, and turn-ing, propped his body on his two right arms, and made an effort to speak. But no sound issued from his convulsed jaws.

"He's done," said the Mocker, brutal-ly. "He's laid his arms."

The noise of the heavy bolts shooting back broke the spell. The first detach-ment were coming down from "exercises." The door was flung back, and the bayon-ets of the guard gleamed in a ray of the half-comprehended, ill-omened word. This glimpse of sunlight—sparkling at the entrance of the field and stifling prison—seemed to mock their miseries.

It was as though heaven laughed at them. By one of those terrible and strange impulses which animate crowds, the mass, turning from the sick man, leaped toward the doorway. The interior of the prison flashed white with suddenly turned faces. The gloom scintillated with rapidly moving hands. "Air, air! Give us air!"

"That's it!" said Sanders to his com-panions. "I thought the news would roar 'em."

Gabbett—all the slight of his blood stirred by the sight of flashing eyes and roving faces—would have thrown him-self forward with the rest, but Vetch plucked him back.

"I'll be over in a moment," he said. "It's only a fit they've got." (To be continued.)

LEARNING A LANGUAGE.

May Be Made a Pleasure Instead of Work.

"Schlemm's prescription" is a quick method of acquiring at least a reading knowledge of other tongues, and it is less fully appreciated than it should be in the very places where it could be of greatest use. There are all over the country homes where one or two of the family have had, at some time or other, a pleasant and broadening and refreshing acquaint-ance with German or French, or per-haps even Italian or Spanish. The difficulty has been to "keep up" that acquaintance; and a chance to bring a fresh, lively, outside interest into the home life is lost.

Dr. Schlemm's method was sim-ply this: He was too busy unearthing the nine buried cities of old Troy town to have much time left for hard work with grammars and dictionaries. So he did without them largely. He learned by reading, and by reading rapidly as one reads in English, dis-regarding upon habit and familiarity with the words to make their mean-ings clear to him. He is to-day almost as famous for the many foreign lan-guages he was able to read as he is for his archaeological discoveries.

The "prescription" amounts to this: Take five minutes a day for reading, say, German. Just read it. Don't think you are unachingly because you haven't time to "look up" some new word. Words have a way of teaching words. Reading a little each day will help in training your word memory and will fasten new words in your mind. Get your eyes and your ears, too, accustomed to the once unfamiliar phrases and words. Let the wits sharpen themselves on guessing at a meaning here and there. Don't be discouraged; the vital point is to have faith in this prescription. It has been tried, and it works.

All at once where you could only read a few sentences in your five minutes you will find yourself reading a page, two pages, three. The sense of whole phrases will seem to jump out at you without need of clumsy translations into English. And the cheap editions of foreign books are so easy to get and so fascinating once they are bought!

For many tired, overburdened or shut-in people just such an outside inspiration as this is of extraordinary value. It is not necessary to stop with the languages begun at school—far from that. Both Italian and Spanish are easily learned by one's self, so far as reading goes, and they are the pro-tect of pastimes for one who has even a slight knowledge of Latin or French.

Even the best translations lose some of the charm of the original, and read-ing at first hand has a sufficient re-ward for the trouble or costs. As a "hobby," that indefinitely thing which so many nowadays claim to be neces-sary to happiness, it ranks very high.

Better is a sentence a day where gain is than a chapter a month spring.

Wasted. Tess—May Honimley is making just the loveliest hat for herself. Oh, it's the sweetest!

Jess—Oh, what's the use? She'll spoil it.

Tess—Not at all. She's got it al-most finished, and it's perfect.

Jess—Yes, but I mean she's going to wear it—Philadelphia Press.

Fill Flat. "Puffson Rishly used to have the swelled head terribly, but now he's a very decent sort of a fellow. What changed him?"

"Some one called on him unexpect-edly one night at a banquet to re-spond to a toast. He's never had the nerve to get up on his high horse since!"—Detroit Free Press.

Clever at Handling Men. "How did your striking get that diplomatic position? Has he ever shown any diplomatic ability?"

"Yes, indeed! He landed the job,"



FARMERS' CORNER

Horse Blanket.

A horse blanket particularly adapted to draft animals is the invention of a Seattle man. This blanket is so ven-tilated that undue accumulation of animal heat under the blanket is pre-vented. This is accomplished by hav-ing openings in that portion of the blanket. The openings being at the highest point occupied by the blanket when arranged on the animal, the rising animal heat passes off freely. To



AFFORDS VENTILATION.

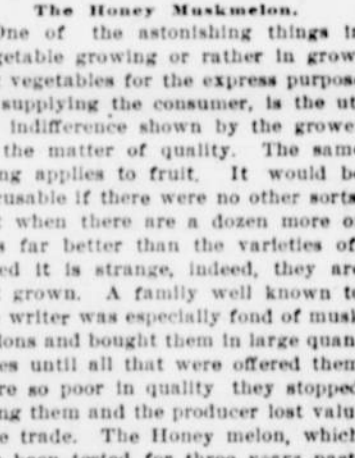
prevent water or snow from gaining access through these openings there is used a shield, which is supported above the openings by a skeleton wire frame. The reins for guiding the horse are held in place in the frame. The shield, which is made of fabric, is of greater width than the openings, thor-oughly protecting the animal. Such a blanket would be suitable for livestock of any kind.

Building Up a Beef Herd.

It is important to have cattle of good individual quality and to have this backed up by good pedigrees. But it is equally important that their en-vironment be right, writes a New York farmer in American Agriculturist. A farm that is naturally poor and grows poor crops can only develop stock of poor quality. I am positive of this. The farm on which my cattle are kept is considered one of the best in the county and is not getting any poorer with the large amount of manure my stock make. It is not what could be called high ground, but almost level and well drained. This soil is under-laid with limestone, similar to the limestone and blue grass lands of Ken-tucky, that have long been famous for the stock that came from them.

The Honey Muskmelon.

One of the astonishing things in vegetable growing or rather in growing vegetables for the express purpose of supplying the consumer, is the utter indifference shown by the grower to the matter of quality. The same thing applies to fruit. It would be excusable if there were no other sorts, but when there are a dozen more or less far better than the varieties of which it is strange, indeed, they are not grown. A family well known to the writer was especially fond of musk-melons and bought them in large quan-tities until all that were offered them were so poor in quality they stopped using them and the producer lost valu-able trade. The Honey melon, which has been tested for three years past, is one of the promising new sorts. It is a nicely formed melon, the skin green and the flesh a yellowish green. The flesh is firm and deep and of a



HONEY MUSKMELO.

sweet, spicy flavor, decidedly pleasing to the taste. If it does as well in general planting as on small plots, and there is no good reason why it should not, it will be a variety that should be extensively planted in all sections where the muskmelon may be grown. It will certainly please the consumer.

To Keep Sweet Potatoes.

When you have no cellar that will keep all the sweet potatoes you need, wash and fill a boiler full of potatoes, cover with cold water, place them over the fire and boil until you can pierce them with a fork. Remove from boiler and scrape the peeling off; slice very thin and spread on news-paper and dry them in the sun like fruit. Soak before cooking. Add a little sugar and butter, and you will have a nice breakfast dish.

Fat in Milk.

The percentage of fat in milk from a single cow may vary, one day giving different results from the next. In an experiment with a choice Jersey cow the milk was found to range from 4.45 per cent to 5.83 per cent. A single test with a cow may, therefore, be of no value, as in the one case more milk would be required to make a pound of butter than in the other, as was shown in the variation in fat with the above experiment.

Scrub Lambs Unprofitable.

As a result of some investigations, the Wyoming Experiment Station states that there is no real profit in putting small scrub lambs on ex-pensive feeds and trying to fatten them in a short feeding period. Lambs of better blood are needed for such in-terense feeding and only the picked class of most of the range lambs will do for fattening for short periods. There are probably no better or more practical feeds for fattening lambs in Wyoming than alfalfa and corn.

To Fight Hull Weevil. Secretary Wilson, of the Depart-ment of Agriculture, asks in his re-port to Congress that \$105,000 be ap-propriated as the hull weevil item for the following year. It is proposed that the Secretary be authorized to expend the appropriation in such manner as he shall deem best, in cooperation with the State experiment stations and practical cotton growers. Of the special appropriation of \$105,000 which was made for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1903, \$105,000 has been used by the Bureau of Plant Industry in the study of cotton diseases, diversifi-cation and cooperation with the va-rious experiment stations in extend-ing the improved cultural methods. It is recommended that this appropri-ation be continued, not as a separate item, but as a part of the regular bu-reau funds. It is highly important, the Secretary of Agriculture adds, that the investigation on breeding of new cottons, the general propaganda work on improved cultural methods, the study of the diseases and diversifi-cation of crops, be continued and ex-tended into other Southern States like-ly to be invaded by the weevil. The object of this appropriation is to en-able the department to continue this work.

Milk Pays More than Butter.

The following, with reference to the decline of butter manufacture in En-gland, is from Hon. Frank W. Mahlin, United States consul at Nottingham, England: "One plausible explanation of the manifest decline in dairying in England is that it is more profitable to sell the milk, the drinking of which is increasing, than to convert it into butter. Consequently the average British farmer is making no butter to sell, but is even buying what he needs for his own use. Furthermore, it is asserted that some English dairies buy foreign butter and sell it as their own product—the domestic article, though inferior, in the judgment of many con-sumers, commanding a higher price than the foreign."

Hinging Unruly Hogs.

When the sows get unruly and in-clined to make trouble of various kinds they can be readily controlled by an arrangement made of ropes and placed around the jaws of the animal. Such a rope is not easy to put in position with an angry hog, so a little device made of an old broom handle is used. Insert a small hook in one end of the handle and near the other end nail



FOR RINGING THE HOOK.

strap, which fastened so as to form a loop, will enable one to get a firmer grip on the handle. Then take the rope and make a slip noose in one end, hang it from the hook on the end of the small pole and, with a quick move-ment, place the loop over and around the upper jaw, when the mouth is forced open. Take hold of the rope with one hand just above the noose and with the help of the ringer insert the ring or rings on the snout. The animal will be unable to fight much with this appliance around its jaw. The illustration shows the details of the pole with strap and hook and also the method of having the loop over the jaw.

Demand for Trotters.

The breeding of hackneys may an-swer for men of great wealth and large incomes, but the average Amer-ican farmer will find it much more profitable to breed from the best of trotting stock, says American Cultiva-tor. He should aim to produce ani-mals of good size, high intelligence, pleasant disposition, a pure trotting gait and high, all round action. There is always a good demand for such animals and at prices that will insure a profit to the man who breeds and raises them, provided they are properly educated to harness and well fitted for the market.

Wheat the Best Sheep Food.

Some of the experiment stations find that a pound of wheat in feeding has more nutriment than a pound of any other grain. In corn there is 8 per cent of digestible protein, barley 8.65 per cent, oats 9.25 per cent, rye 9.12, while wheat has 10.23 per cent. An English authority estimates wheat fed to lambs is worth about 76 cents per bushel. The Indiana station re-ported 77 cents a bushel for wheat fed to sheep.

Roots Good for Poultry.

Roots of all kinds can be fed to pou-try with advantage in the winter time to supply green food. It is a good practice to split the roots and allow the hens to pick out the contents. Where the roots are small drive a nail through one end and into a board or the side of the house to prevent them from being dragged around and soiled.

Cure for Limerneck.

For limerneck in fowls try one ta-blespoonful of coppers dissolved in each two gallons of drinking water. Maggots from decaying animal matter are said to produce limerneck in fowls. This is doubtful, but as a mat-ter of precaution would suggest that any carcass that may be around be buried.

Selecting the Boar.

In the selection of breeding swine more attention should be given to the question of early maturity and easy feeding qualities. The matter of se-lecting a boar is one of supreme im-portance. A neat head and ear, a nice coat with style and quality, are points of importance equal to those of size and bone. White pine lumber costs to-day five times as much in this country as it cost in 1865.