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## MEMORIES OF THE OLD SCHOOLHOUSE.

Once more in fancy I hear the drone of the long recitation:
"Arma virumque cano." O shade of long-suffering Virgil!
Homer's sonorous lines; the Ten Thousand's "Thalatta; Thalatta!"
Gutteral German, narrating how Tell bade the tyrant defiance,
Stammering accents in French, concerning the coat of my uncle;
Sines and cosines and roots, and words of unknown derivation.

Then, best remembered of all, the day of the Class Graduation,
Parents and friends are all there, each watching the face of some loved one:
Committeemen, solemn and grave, and teachers, important, yet anxious.
Again I behold the proud youth the rostrum slowly ascending;
With a voice 'twixt a squeak and a croak, pouring forth the high-flown declamation.
"The Commons of France have resolved," or "The Union now and forever!"

Now a soft rustling I hear, as the girls, decked with ribbons and laces,
Fluttering forth, like white doves, read faintly their sweet compositions:
"A Vision," or "Shells of the Sea," or "What is the True Sphere of Woman?"
Seen through the vista of years, how clearly beheld is the picture!
How fair shines each face, even now, in memory's sight ever youthful!
Though the sweet eyelids of some are lifted now only in heaven.

Ah, never more will the skies seem as bright as were those of our school days!
Though the full noontide is fair, and beauteous the glories of sunset,
Fairest of all is the glow that shines on the wings of the morning.
—Eugene Barry, in the Albany Press.

## A SEA STEED.

By FISHER AMES, JR.

IT was a soft yet brilliant Southern night. The far stars seemed to hang clear of the heavens like a penetrable veil of radiant dust. The swell of the great, orange-colored moon could be plainly seen, with some of those hazy veins which scientists say are frost-cracks in her cold surface. Every dune and bit of wreckage on the broad bar stood out distinctly in her light, and a clump of frowzy-headed palms cast sharp-edged shadows on the sand. Those of two boys walking along the hard-packed beach below high-water mark hobnobbed in front of them with a friendliness which the youths themselves were not feeling at that moment.

"Pick up your feet, Bud!" exclaimed the elder, in a long-suffering voice. "You squitter like a girl in her first long dress. Think we can catch anything with you making that squit-squeak, squit-squeak!" He imitated with gross exaggeration the scuffing of his brother's "sneakers."

"I reckon I walk as well as you do!" spluttered "Bud," deeply irritated by the other's choice of similes.

John sighed in a patient, virtuous manner very difficult to bear.

"It doesn't look like you'd ever make a hunter, Bud," he observed, with a certain meek unction.

Bud halted instantly, straight and defiant.

"I'll go by myself, then," he said, "and bring back as many eggs as you do!"

"Oh, come on!" said his brother, relenting.

But Bud stood his ground obstinately.

"No. You're bossing, bossing all the time. I pity Grace Aline if you get her, that's all."

Grace Aline of the romantic name was a most particular friend of John's. Twice a week he sailed his bluff-bowed lugger across the three-mile stretch between the bar and the mainland, bringing an atmosphere of salt and shyness to the little house among the orange-trees. The imputation stung him to the quick. He turned on his heel and strode off, his chin very high.

"Huh!" grunted Bud, with the air of one superior to the soft passion. "Huh!"

He watched his brother until the tall figure could no longer be seen. Then he picked up his pail and stake and started toward the shelf of the beach. His lean, shrewd face was no longer smiling. There was a terrier-like concentration in its expression and in the forward thrust of his head, and as he zigzagged swiftly over the stretch of loose sand his movements had much of the nervous deftness of that gamy little animal.

As he trotted back and forth his stick tapped the sand like a blind man's staff. It had made perhaps a hundred little pecks, when presently Bud checked, and lowering the stick as delicately as if pricking a blister, drew it up and inspected the tip. It was gummy and glistening, and would have offended most people's noses.

"O-ho!" chuckled Bud. "Teach a pelican to fish! Huh!"

With deft, hollowed hands he uncovered the leathery eggs. In the moonlight they looked like fat milk pearls; 125 of them in two layers, with a wadding of sand between. The clutch just filled Bud's pail, and he set it well above high-water mark, and resumed his quartering.

When he came to the point where John had turned up from the slope of the beach, he hesitated, considering the chances of his brother having overlooked a nest. To get ahead of him he would have to walk at least half a mile. The night was warm and windless, and he was sweating profusely under his loose shirt. With a sigh of resignation he threw himself down on the sand, his face toward the sea. There had been no wind for several days, and the sea hardly stirred in its sleep. Now and then its bosom lifted in a slow breath that sent a swell rolling in, to die upon the beach with a drawn-out sigh. A film of stale, iridescent oil seemed to blanket the water thinly, flickering and passing from green to saffron and from saffron to rose as the tranquil heaving presented new surfaces to the moonlight.

Right in the midst of this subdued glitter and close in shore something black and wedge-shaped presently appeared. It came without a ripple, like the sodden rise of a water-logged timber. Then Bud saw it sink in the same stealthy fashion, as if it had withdrawn to weigh its estimate of the prospect in secret. Only a few moments elapsed, however, before it reappeared nearer shore.

Bud lay as motionless as the sand itself, and the turtle, after a long and wary inspection of the beach, swished through the shallow water and began to ascend the slope.

It was laborious work for the huge turtle, but at last it gained the shelf of the beach and looked round with blear and weary eyes for a suitable resting place. Then it saw Bud rising from the sand, and shrank inward into its shell in quivering apprehension. A long, dismal hiss escaped from its horny blow-holes.

"Hello, old camel!" mocked Bud. "I'm right glad I was in when you called." Then he rapped the shaking head smartly with his stick, and his high voice broke to a threatening soprano. "You squat still now till I stake you down. I don't want to lose you. I'm mighty fond of you—well done."

He uncoiled the braided rawhide wound round his waist, and began to knot it about one of the big, musky hind flippers. The loggerhead's baggy throat pulsed. Its round, hard eyes gleamed with an indignation it could not express vocally, for the great turtles are mute. It spun suddenly on its broad breastplate, almost knocking Bud off his feet, and with a powerful forward hunch started for the sea.

Bud dropped sitting upon the beach, his heels jammed into the sand, and both hands clutching the rawhide, one end of which was still tied about his body. His weight crippled the flipper to which he was fast, but the loggerhead seemed quite satisfied with what remained. Without any apparent increase of effort she dragged the boy steadily down the slope.

"John! O John!" bawled Bud. "Come quick! I've got one!"

"Pshaw!" he muttered, letting go with one hand and groping in his pocket. "John can't hear anything but what Grace Aline said to him last night, I reckon."

He took out his knife and opened it. The turtle was already at the lip of the sea, but Bud hated to cut. Economy is inborn among the inhabitants of the bar, and it hurt him to lose so much good meat. It was not yet too late for John to be of service if he should arrive upon the scene.

No John came, however, and the loggerhead plunged into the water with a joyous splashing. Bud drew the knife quickly across the line. The next instant he dropped it with a cry of pain as the brine struck bitterly into a gash in his finger. Clutching and tearing uselessly at the sand, he was jerked into the water, down, down, down, a crisp singing in his ears and cold fingers prying at his lips. By one of fate's malicious pranks the knife had somehow turned in his hand, and when he struck, it was the back of the blade that met the line!

At this part of the coast the sea lies warm and shoal above a great apron of submerged land fully a mile wide. The loggerhead had hardly begun its dive when it reached bottom. Its flippers struck violently, and sent up a boiling cloud of sand. Confused and winded by the violence of its fright, it turned and slanted upward to the surface, where it lay puffing like a naphtha launch, its limp flippers swinging with the sway of the water. A few seconds later Bud's streaming yellow head bobbed up close behind it.

The boy had the line tightly clutched in his hands, and hardly waiting to take the necessary breath, he pulled himself forward with a strong quick pull. The fore part of the loggerhead sank instantly, but before she had gathered her trailing flippers under her, Bud was on her back, all ten fingers hooked about the thick front edge of the shell.

The loggerhead, for obvious reasons, has no enemy but man, and this particular loggerhead had led a long and pottering existence of unbroken peace. To say that it was frightened would do scant justice to its state of mind.

Down it went with a rush that tore white streaks through the water, but this time it did not strike the sand. It turned as it neared the bottom and skimmed along just above it. Its powerful flippers, working with a propeller-like motion, drove it along like the wind.

As it went it turned on its side, glancing this way and that like a scaling stone; but Bud clung to the broad carapace with the tenacity of a barnacle. He knew that if he were trailed again at the end of the rawhide, he would soon drown. Three generations of gaunt "reefers" had left him a legacy of pluck and coolness that made a man of him, and a strong one, in times of danger. Young as he was, Bud had been in peril before, but never had thinks looked so bad. Something cold and tense seemed to knot within his head. He must, if it were possible, draw up his knees to the centre of the shell and fashion his body into a sort of drag or breakwater. It was a trick which some of the "reefers" declared would invariably force a turtle to come to the surface.

It had sounded easy; but in the pens, if one failed, one had only to let go and come up with no worse penalty than a derisive laugh from one's companions. It is different when one tries it out at sea, when life itself may be the price of a slip.

Something, however, must be done. Although in reality Bud had been below the surface but a few seconds, the force with which he was swept through the water and the efforts of the loggerhead to unseat him made it extremely difficult to hold his breath. A pair of iron hands seemed to press with terrible force against his lower ribs. His lungs shook like foul and shodden sponges within him. His legs, always hitching forward, were straightened again and again by the pressure of the water.

But Bud was as much at home in the sea as a South Sea Islander, and at last, favored by a momentary slackening of the loggerhead's speed, his knee caught under him, and he straightened his body as much as the length of his arms permitted.

Either the trick succeeded or the turtle was almost winded, for almost immediately it began a slowing and grudging rise. Bud had enough spirit left in him to grin a tight-lipped, dimpled grin. Owing to the backward tilt of his body, he could see the cheerful shimmer of moonlight on the surface. It danced like mercury, grew brighter and more dispersed.

Then his head shattered the silver film, and he shot the stale air from his lungs in a gulp that almost seemed to pull them into his throat.

"Um-m!" he panted. "I reckon we were right close to being late for that appointment.

The loggerhead, its dome just awash, moved seaward with a sudden accession of dignity. It was apparent that it did not intend to exert itself in any fancy diving until it was sure of deep water.

Bud glanced back over his shoulder, and the cabbage-palms seemed to him to have dwindled to the dimensions of hat pins stuck in a sand cushion. A lively and picturesque little wake of phosphorescence suggested that they might look even smaller in time.

Clinging to the shell with one hand, Bud picked at the knot with the other, but the swollen rawhide resisted his wet fingers. A sudden boyish outbreak of rage at his impotence swept over him, and he struck the loggerhead savagely on the head. The blows, aimed without intention, did more than skin Bud's knuckles, for the creature swerved confusedly until its course lay parallel to the beach.

Bud's temper passed as quickly as it had come. Another blow might undo the good he had gained. As long as they held their present course he was within swimming distance of the shore.

His face, pale from fatigue and the cold moonlight, set precociously. He had nothing with which he could cut the line, nor could he use both hands at the knot and keep his seat. He turned his hot gaze downward. What if he gouged out those blear eyes with his thumb, or tore open the baggy throat!

Something desperate Bud was prepared to do. He leaned forward, his face drawn like a weasel's, when suddenly the inspiration came. He caught up the line, and thrusting it under the sullen beak, rasped it viciously back and forth.

"Bite, you mossback!" he snarled, reckless of the danger his fingers ran.

The loggerhead did bite, with a quick venomousness that was uncanny. A gush of fat bubbles gurgled up, and the keen, horny jaws sliced through the rope as if it were kelp. The next moment the turtle dived, and Bud, unprepared, found himself gasping, but alone in the water.

He fell into the stroke, the long side-stroke he could maintain for an hour at a time, laying his course by the prim palms. He heard a faint "Hallo!" from John, returning down the beach, and grinned abstractedly.

It never occurred to him to ask for assistance. Such a swim was mere play in his two-piece costume. He was busy with the lessons of the recent incident.—Youth's Companion.

Lecturing at Berlin, Professor von Hansemann scouted the idea that cancer is on the increase.


### PASSING OF THE BED.

"This day is witnessing the passing of the bed," said a New York manufacturer. "Ground space is getting too valuable in New York to use for an old fashioned bed or to devote solely to sleeping purposes. We have the most curious calls for beds made to order. Some people have new beds made to order every time they move, so as to utilize every inch of space," says the New York Tribune.

### TO PRESERVE CUT FLOWERS.

A florist gives these directions for preserving cut flowers. When they can be picked free from a garden it is comparatively easy to preserve them, but when they must be purchased at the florist's they have lived half their lives already and need tender care. Cut the stems in a long, slanting cut and place in fresh water, taking care that the stems do not quite touch the bottom of the case. Some flowers, mignonette, for example, are extremely liable to droop when brought from the florist's to a warm living-room. Lay the flowers for a short time in the ice-box to freshen before placing in water. Every morning as long as the flowers last cut the stems, and place in fresh water.

### MISTRESS AND MAID.

Many mistresses and maids fail to grasp the fact that the engagement between them is in the nature of a legal contract. Mistress and maid are equals in the eyes of the law, and an agreement is as binding upon one as upon the other. It should be perfectly understood at the beginning for what term the maid is engaged, and at what rates. In some places it is the custom to pay by the week, and the servant is then engaged by that term. In other localities she is engaged and paid by the month, although she is frequently taken at first on a week's trial, with the understanding that if she gives satisfaction and is suited with the place, she is to continue her services by the month. When the latter period is the term of engagement, it is understood that the employer is expected to give not less than a week's notice of discharge to a maid, and that the latter should announce a week before her month is up her intention of leaving. Should the mistress prefer, she can give a week's wages in lieu of a week's notice, but the former method is in more general use.—Harper's Bazar.


Savory Omelet—Beat three fresh eggs, add three tablespoonfuls of milk, some pepper, salt, a little chopped onion and two tablespoonfuls of chopped parsley. Pour into a frying pan in which a little butter has been melted and fry a rich golden brown.

Pulled Bread—Remove the outside crust from a long loaf of well-baked bread, and with two forks pull the crumb apart down the centre of the loaf. Divide these halves into quarters, and again into eighths, place the strips in a lined baking pan and dry the same as zwelback.

Toast Meringue—Dip a slice of delicately-browned toast in boiling water, slightly salted, lay in a deep hot plate, and pour over it a cream made of one-half cupful of boiling milk, a teaspoonful of butter and the stiffly beaten white of an egg, added just before removing from the fire. Set in a hot oven five minutes until just colored.

An Uncommon Dish—Here is a rather uncommon dish of vegetables, but its excellence is vouched for: Cook string beans and lima beans separately, and when tender place them together in a saucepan with an ounce of butter, salt and pepper. Toss them together, while cooking, for a few minutes, and serve with a little chopped parsley sprinkled over them.

Mayonnaise—Blend well the yolks of two eggs, one teaspoon of mustard, ¼ of a teaspoon sugar, one saltspoon salt, four drops garlic and a speck of mace; add one teaspoon of oil drop by drop until thoroughly incorporated, then add one teaspoon of vinegar and beat well, then the oil by teaspoons, adding vinegar from time to time until a cup of oil and five teaspoons of vinegar have been used.

Sphagetti With Tomatoes—Boil half a pound best Italian sphagetti in plenty of boiling salted water until tender; drain, pour cold water over it through a colander and drain again. Make a pint and a half of tomato sauce, adding a minced onion and a clove of garlic; put the sphagetti into a china-lined saucepan, pour the sauce over, add a small slice of fat bacon, first browning it slightly and chopping, and a scant half cup of grated cheese. Cover closely and cook slowly nearly an hour.

## SOUTHERN FARM NOTES.

TOPICS OF INTEREST TO THE PLANTER, STOCKMAN AND TRUCK GROWER.

### Strong Healthy Chicks.

Last week we devoted most of our space to growing and feeding young chicks. But the subject is by no means exhausted. Thousands of chickens are hatched every year, only to droop and die before they are a month old. "In a multitude of counselors there is a safety." We hope by giving the experience of many poultry keepers to show that much of the loss is avoidable and unnecessary. The following is from The Successful Poultry Journal:

The breeding stock and the incubator are often wrongly blamed for the chicks being weak and puny, many of them dying the first few weeks when in fact the trouble is due to the improper care of the eggs during the period of incubation. If you want good strong, lusty chicks that will go through to maturity, scratching for a living, always in the very pink of condition, study well the conditions that you surround them with, while the tender germs are sprouting into life. Do not allow the temperature of your incubator room to run below sixty degrees, keep the ventilators wide open from the start, lower the upper sash of the south window all the way down during the day, except when raining or windy, close window at night and open a door leading into an adjoining room or hall, give them all the pure fresh air possible, but guard against drafts. Hold temperature of egg chamber at 103, mark eggs and turn them half over twice daily, bring the eggs from the outer sides of the trays to the centre each time, in order to equalize the heat, air them down to the same temperature as your hand; they should not feel cool to the touch; test out on the eleventh day, discard all clear eggs and those having streaks running through them. The eggs do not develop uniformly; most of the eggs you have left will be very opaque, a few will be doubtful; these are only somewhat tardy; mark them plainly, give them extra heat by placing them on top of the others in the warmest part of the machine, and they will soon catch up with their neighbors. After the eleventh day prolong the airing, gradually increasing the time, allow your machine to stand open five minutes with the eggs, exercise the eggs at each time of airing by rolling them under the palms of the hands, give them plenty of air and exercise; action is the very life of animal growth. Test a second time on sixteenth day; notice your tardies; if you have given them a little extra care they will be up with the crowd. They will pip at the close of the nineteenth day. Close the ventilators, run at 103½ to 104, do not open the machine under any circumstances, and in ten or twelve hours they will clean you up a hatch of big strong chicks, that will live through thick and thin. All this talk about weak breeding stock is bosh. It's only an excuse used for the worthless incubators. If the spark of life is present in the egg surround it with proper conditions and it will develop into a vigorous organism. The fact that the tardy eggs can be hurried along is proof of this.

### Wood Ashes and Kainit For Potatoes.

R. N. H., Evington, writes: "I would like some information as to the value of wood ashes and kainit for potatoes."

Kainit, as you probably know, is potash in its crude form. It is a low grade of potash, as only 12½ per cent. is actually available for plant food, and as it is mixed with considerable quantities of salt and chlorides it is not as satisfactory a potato fertilizer as the sulphate. Besides that, it is so low in available plant food that it is one of the most costly forms in which potash can be used because you will observe that a large amount of virtually waste material is shipped in every ton. Therefore the cost of potash in kainit is relatively higher than in the more concentrated forms.

Wood ashes make a satisfactory fertilizer for gardens and for the potato crop as well. Their value depends a good deal on the source from which they are derived and the treatment they have received. Ashes also contain considerable amounts of lime and a very small amount of phosphoric acid, so that they are useful in providing other forms of plant food. The average analysis of commercial wood ashes shows them to contain about 5 to 7 per cent. of potash, 1 to 2 per cent. of phosphoric acid and from 25 to 30 per cent. of lime. This, of course, is for the unleached form. Leached ashes frequently contain only 1 per cent. of potash, 1½ per cent. of phosphoric acid and 25 to 30 per cent. of lime. Where ashes that have been protected from the water can be purchased at a low cost they provide potash in a satisfactory form and should be utilized on gardens and in orchards. Should one desire to provide fifty pounds of available potash for each acre of land, it would be necessary to use about 500 pounds of wood ashes to the acre.

As to the amount that should be paid for wood ashes, it is only necessary to state that potash can be bought in the form of muriate at about 4½ to 5 cents per pound for available plant food. Therefore 100 pounds of wood ashes are not worth more than thirty-five cents at the outside. If they can be bought at 15 to 25 cents they can be used to advantage as a fertilizer. It is for these reasons that in previous communications relative to Irish potatoes the use of sulphate of potash has been suggested, because it provides plant food in a more concentrated form and also is better suited to the production of an Irish potato of high cooking quality. There is no objection to using wood ashes for potatoes. The objection to kainit is not serious, and any of these forms of potassic fertilizers can be used to advantage in the production of general garden crops.—Andrew W. Soule.

### Preparing Land For Alfalfa.

J. K., Farmville, writes: "I have read and heard much about alfalfa, but have never seen any, as there is none raised here. I want to try it, and would like some information as to how to prepare the land, and when is the best time to sow? Also where can the material be obtained for inoculating the land? Does the soil have to be inoculated for cowpeas?"

Land for alfalfa should be very carefully prepared. It is well to start a year in advance to get the land ready, and unless it is naturally very deep and porous it should be subsoiled, and subsoiling is best done in the fall of the year. It is also well to enrich the land by growing a crop of cowpeas and plowing them down before seeding to alfalfa. The seeding may be done appropriately about the first of September; not later than this, or the alfalfa will not make a strong enough growth to withstand the freezes of winter. Spring seeding may be practiced about the first to the fifteenth of March, depending a good deal on climatic conditions. It is generally best to wait until danger of hard freezing is past. It is well to inoculate your alfalfa before seeding. This may be done by obtaining some of the culture put up by the experiment station and sent at a very small cost to the farmers of the State upon application. As a rule, it is not necessary to inoculate land in Tennessee for cowpeas or red clover. Sometimes soy beans do much better when inoculated, and the station hopes to be in position to furnish the farmers of the State with the necessary germs for inoculating soy beans.—Knoxville Journal.

### Value of Lime For Corn.

W. E. G., Charlottesville, Va., writes: Please tell me how to test land to see if lime is needed. Do you think lime would benefit land for corn?

It is an easy matter to test land so as to tell whether it is acid or not. Purchase from your nearest drug store a package of blue litimus paper which you should be able to get for five cents. Take a handful of the soil to be tested and moisten with rainwater in a tin cup and insert a strip of the litimus paper. If it turns red quickly it is an evidence that your land is quite acid; if it turns red slowly, that it is only slightly acid. In either case lime should be applied. If it is very acid a heavy application would be advisable, say fifty bushels, applied in the caustic form. Purchase it when freshly burned and distribute in heaps in the field at suitable distances and cover lightly with earth and allow to slake. When thoroughly slaked, scatter it over the surface of the ground uniformly and incorporate with a harrow. Lime is not a fertilizer but is a stimulant and a corrective of certain objectionable conditions in the soil. It also sets free plant food which is held in unavailable forms, and may therefore injure the land if used to excess. An application of lime once in three to five years is ample as a rule. Land intended for corn will be benefited by an application of lime. The test indicated is very easily made and it will pay you to ascertain whether your soil is acid or not, and if it is, to make an application of lime.

### Making a Lawn.

Four things are required to make a good lawn: Time, soil, climate and intelligent labor. In England they have a saying that it requires 100 years to make a lawn, and 200 years to make a good lawn. In this country, where we are trying to make suburban homes while you wait, and where a month or two seems a very long time, people are too impatient. It speaks well for their ambition that they want lawns as soon as they move into their houses, but they are really exacting too much. At the very best, it requires no less than three years to make a presentable lawn, and five or ten years to make what we uncritical Americans call a good lawn. —The Garden Magazine.