

OLD TIME FAVORITES

THE ALBATROSS.

FROM "THE ANCIENT MARINER."

BY SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

At length did cross an albatross—
Through the fog it came;
As if it had been a Christian soul,
We hailed it in God's name.

It ate the food it ne'er had eat,
And round and round it flew;
The ice did split with a thunder-fit;
The helmsman steered us through!

And a good south wind sprang up behind;
The albatross did follow,
And every day, for food or play,
Came to the mariner's hollo!

In mist or cloud, on mast or shroud,
It perched for vespers nine;
Whiles all the night, through fog-smoke
white,
Glimmered the white moon-shine.

The sun now rose upon the right—
Out of the sea came he,
Still hid in mist, and on the left
Went down into the sea.

And the good south wind still blew behind;
But no sweet bird did follow,
Nor any day for food or play
Came to the mariner's hollo.

And I had done a hellish thing,
And it would work 'em woe;
For all averred I had killed the bird
That made the breeze to blow!
Ah, wretch! said they, the bird to slay,
That made the breeze to blow!

Nor dim nor red, like God's own head,
The glorious sun uprist;
Then all averred I had killed the bird
That brought the fog and mist;
'Twas right, said they, such birds to slay,
That bring the fog and mist.

The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,
The furrow followed free;
We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea.

Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt
down—
'Twas sad as sad could be;
And we did speak only to break
The silence of the sea.

All in a hot and copper sky
The bloody sun, at noon,
Right up above the mast did stand,
No bigger than the moon.

Day after day, day after day,
We stuck—nor breath nor motion;
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.

Water, water everywhere,
Nor any drop to drink;
Water, water everywhere,
Nor any drop to drink.

The very deep did rot: O Christ!
That ever this should be!
Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs
Upon the simy sea!

About, about, in reel and rout,
The death-fires danced at night!
The water, like a witch's oils,
Burnt green, and blue, and white.

Last Run of the Green Pea Desperado.

MY friend Buggles had gone so far as to put a name to his automobile, not the name of the make, engraved on its various inwards, nor yet the name of Buggles himself, dangling on a patent leather tag just above the steam. So you can see that he was pretty far gone, as automobilists go. I think he called it the Pea Green Desperado.

The reason I happened to mention Buggles and his machine at all was that he came round the other day and asked me to take a spin in it with him. It seemed to me as though the account of what followed might be interesting. I can't hope, of course, to stir any one up by a plain black and white story of the "spin" as I was stirred up, but if I can impart to this tale a hundredth part of what I felt I shall be well repaid.

Understand, in the first place, that I'm not an automobile man and not used to the machines any way, and that my heart is weak and I have a prejudice—foolish perhaps—against getting arrested.

But Buggles came around and asked me to come along with him, and, as you may have found yourself, there's a good deal in the idea of clattering about the drives in one of the things, whether you own it or not, with every one marking you down for having money. If you're careful not to make up too much like a professional chauffeur, you know, they're bound to think you're worth something—an automobile is vulgarly supposed to be a sign of lucre. They all cost pretty high, too. I know how much Buggles's cost, for one—he must have told me a dozen times.

Well, he came around and caught me just as I was feeling particularly perky and daring, any way. He had on a shiny automobile cap and an isinglass eyeshade and fine large oily gloves, and he looked just like the pictures of chauffeurs in the comic papers, drawn as standing at the prisoners' dock in court, by preference.

"Come along with me, old hoss," said Buggles, "I'll take you rattling up the Drive in the Pea Green Desperado and we'll scare all the old ladies out of their wits from here to the Monument."

The long and the short of it was that I climbed into his machine, standing outside my house with a crowd around it, watching it gurgle and tremble, and all the neighbors hiding behind their lace curtains and wondering who my expensive friend was. I didn't see them—the neighbors—but I knew they were there. Because I've done it myself.

It was a pretty instrument—Buggles's automobile. As you might have guessed from its sobriquet, it was a fine bright green, except the waist of it—as you might say—where you sit and work it. That was red and oily. There were a number of shiny lanterns and things stuck over the front slope of it, and down on the prow was a shutter that steam came through. You can see that it was the bona fide article.

We got into it and Buggles grasped some levers firmly and I curled up my mustache and glanced up at Miss Guinness's window—in No. 27—and wondered if she was home. There was a terrific steamy clatter that nearly shook my shoes off, a cloud of smoke dashed into my eyes, and by the time

I had assured myself that my head had not been snapped off we were in a strange street.

The rate of speed that Buggles was going at was positively sickening. I am willing to swear that when our big fat wheels hit a manhole the whole engine jumped a foot. We went around corners on one wheel, with women falling limply into policemen's arms on the curb, and the policemen shouting at us until their yells sank to a drone in the distance. We ran over a yellow dog and threw the animal into the air behind us in the most talented fashion. It landed on the top of a brougham—a rather stylish position for a yellow dog. I noticed these things then, but they didn't appeal to me as interesting. The most interesting thing just then was the preservation of my life. It was in Buggles's hand—I felt that—and Buggles was about as careless of it as though it was the life of a Rock-away oyster.

We dashed into the Park on a curve that shot a fan of gravel off of the rear wheel and all over a belated May party, which immediately looked to me like a coterie of landslide victims being dug out. A mounted policeman put his horse at us, but he got in the trail of our gasoline gas, from the exhaust thing in the back, and his horse balked. An old lady, trying to cross the drive ahead, just escaped being rolled out by such a close margin that her silk boa was whisked into the rear fere wheel and twisted about the spokes while she could have said knife. Try it on an electric fan with a handkerchief, from behind, and you get the same effect. Later on, Buggles said, he would get the boa out and put it up in his den with a lot of other relics that he was in the habit of prying out of the shutter on the automobile's prow after trips. Bits of little things he'd hit, you know. He admitted that he was a sentimental cuss, did Buggles.

We went up the West Drive like an express making up time and with about as much noise. Around the corner I saw the Van Douters coming in a victoria. They are one of the families that I really like to bow to, and so abolishing as much of my fear for my life as I could, I got ready to take off my hat, hoping, I must confess, that they'd take me for the owner of the Desperado, instead of Buggles. To carry out the idea I just rested my hand on the wheel thing that you steer by. I bowed, but I discovered, to my horror, that I was bowing to a park policeman—the Van Douters must have been whisked by about three blocks back by the time I got my hat off.

All at once there was a frightful rush of profanity from Buggles, and I noticed that we were ricocheting on a wonderful angle up an incline covered with tulip beds. I peered wildly behind me—the road was just disappearing in the distance between trees and the tracks of the automobile among the flowers looked like the first diggings for a canal. Suddenly we dived into a shady grove on the summit. There was a tremendous, shivering jar, and I shot head first into a prickly sort of bush. The Pea Green Desperado was trembling and gurgling, head on, against a tree trunk. As for Buggles, he had traveled some feet further than I had, and landed in a sort of rustic summer house through the window, on the laps of two persons already

there. They were very angry, both of them, and vanished down the hill threatening to have the law on us.

I told Buggles that I didn't blame them, either—that I had been young myself. He got mad at that and said it was all because I'd put my bally hand on the steering gear and switched the machine off the road, and that he'd "like to have been killed" in consequence. He wanted to know why the deuce I should switch him up on this hill—did I like the scenery so much, and would I pay the fine?

What's the use of arguing with a fellow like Buggles when he's mad, anyway? I just kept quiet and got into the machine and sat still, while he climbed in and backed her up and turned her around and tried to start her. But she wouldn't start. He pulled all of the levers and things in sight, but she just stood still and shook. Then he got out and crawled in underneath among the works, to see what was the matter. I sat in the waist effect, that was all red and oily.

Presently I heard him say from the bowels of the machine, as it were: "Are you touchin' anything?" I said, "No." Buggles said: "There's a chunk of wood in the chain—I'm a-goin' to pull it out."

"Pull away," said I, and I heard him give a grunt. Gee whiz! The Desperado leaped like the arrow from the bow; I heard a wail of horror from Buggles, and the next thing I knew, he and the hill were gone, and I was ripping across the sheepfold like the front of a cavalry charge.

I don't remember rightly the rest of the trip I made through the Park in the Desperado; it's more of a bad dream than anything else. There were crowds that dashed up on walls, yelling, and mounted police that galloped after, yelling, and horses that sat down on carriage shafts or tried to climb up with the coachman on the box—the coachmen yelling, too. I pulled all the movable bits of brassware that I saw, but there was no stopping her. Then I grabbed the wheel and fiddled about trying to get the hang of how to steer the blooming thing—plunging forward all the while, mind you, like a runaway engine. Finally, after a couple of wild runs onto walks and one complete circle, I got that straight, and started on, with a splintered park bench hanging over the prow, but happy, for at least I could put it to right and left. By this time it was dusk.

As the Desperado thundered around another curve, the lake unfolded away down below, on my left. Suddenly I got an idea. I twisted the wheels, put the machine's nose down the dusty slope and scrambled from my seat. Figuratively, I had washed my hands of all works. I slid over the back of the machine on my waistcoat, and dropped. My lapel caught on a hook. I was jerked in the air, sailed like a bird for twenty feet, broke loose suddenly, and struck the ground hard, but happily. Down below, in the growing twilight, I saw the Pea Green Desperado swaying toward the water at lightning speed. A splash, a muffled concussion—and a column of water shot into the air.

Silence fell.

After dinner I got on my hand-painted smoking coat that Miss Guinness gave me last Christmas—I always put it on when I'm in a chastened mood—and smoked a pipe by the fire, waiting for Buggles. I knew he would come if he was alive.

The first thing he said when he arrived was: "Where's the Green Desperado?" He said it quite fearlessly, too, although I couldn't so much as bear that name without shuddering.

I told him, though.

"In the lake!" he ejaculated, bounding out of his chair.

"And a good thing, too," I said, solemnly. "I looked forward to seeing you dead to-night, Buggles—dead-flattened! That devilish machine made my whole past come up in my mind, and, by gorry, it was up to the Desperado to finish."

"But my money!" cried Buggles pathetically. "I always thought he was a paper sport. I should have imagined he had a pretty good run for his money that afternoon."

I said nothing, however. Inwardly, I confess, I was a little pleased.

Buggles had lost his automobile, and I couldn't see how he was any better than I was now.—New York Evening Sun.

Generous Britain.
A correspondent who signs himself "The Parson," writes: "Some months ago a laboring man in a small parish near Reading stopped, at some risk to himself, a runaway two-horse post van. The horses had gone, without a driver, at a great pace, half a mile or more on a much-frequented high road. The man was not thanked at the time, but the matter was brought to the notice of the G. P. O.; inquiry was made, and he received—sixpence!—London Times.

What Doughnut Is.
"A doughnut, children," said the practical teacher of digestive economies, "is a round hole in the centre of a compound mixture of dyspepsia."—Baltimore News.

SOUTHERN FARM NOTES.

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

How One Man Improved a Poor Farm.
A correspondent of the Progressive Farmer gives this interesting narrative:
About twelve years ago an old Eastern North Carolina "sandhill" farm, worn out in the truest sense of the word, found itself without a tenant. This farm contained about 120 acres, thirty of which were woodland. Of the cleared land there were about thirty acres of what is known as pocoson, most of which had been turned out and allowed to grow up in broomsedge, bushes and running briars till two strong mules could scarcely pull a one-horse Dixie plow in it. The rest of the pocoson land had been planted in rice for several years and had gotten so it would not grow anything else. So only sixty acres were left upon which anything could be made to grow, and some of this was very light, sandy soil, covered with sassafras bushes, the other being of a sandy loam.

To improve such a farm would seem a task almost impossible of accomplishment. Nevertheless, within these twelve years it has been made "to pay for itself" by its present owner, and has been improved till it produces six or eight times as much as when he took it in hand.

The method followed was careful preparation of the soil for planting, careful cultivation of crops, with systematic rotation of the same when possible, no one crop being planted on the same field more than two years in succession.

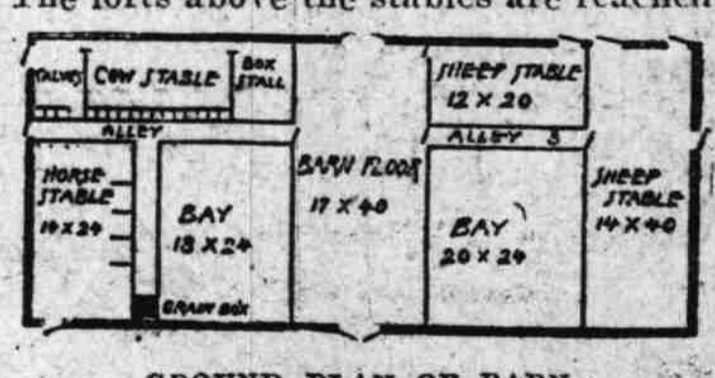
This farm is in the trucking section, and considerable truck has been planted, but of late years only strawberries and asparagus have been grown.

The cow pea has been planted after all small grain and always in the corn, either on top of the rows, between the hills of corn, or in the middle of the rows, when made wide enough, or both when seed are plentiful.

This season's production of the farm will be between \$2000 and \$2500. The following is a summary of crops grown, number of acres planted and value of produce (prices estimated at what they will probably be at time when produce is ready for market):

Twelve acres in wheat and oats followed half by peas broadcast for hay, half by peas and peanuts in drill for seed and hogs, total value estimated at \$350; three and one-half acres in strawberries, \$750; one acre in sweet potatoes, \$60; two and one-half acres in asparagus, \$85; one acre in watermelons, \$55; twenty acres in cotton (lint and seed), \$700; thirty-five acres in corn (grain and fodder), \$400. Total, \$2400.

A Convenient Farm Barn.
My barn, the ground plan of which is shown herewith, I find to be very convenient for all purposes, writes John Jackson. The alleys in front of the horse and cow stables make it very easy to feed the different kinds of stock, and also to clean the mangers of any kind of refuse that may be left. The lofts above the stables are reached



by short ladders from the alleys. On one end of the cow stable is a box stall, which I find to be almost indispensable when the cows begin to drop their calves. So, also, is the stable used for ewes when they begin to drop their lambs. The stables and alleys are well lighted by windows. In the alley in front of the horses, and next to the side of the barn is a grain box large enough to hold several bushels, which is mouse proof.

The barn floor is roomy, and affords a convenient place for storing wagons, as well as some farm tools. A track for a horse fork is fastened to the rafters in the peak of the barn and runs the whole length, so that hay can be unloaded from the floor and deposited in the bays or in the lofts above the stables at either end of the barn, by horse power. The sheep stable has an earth floor, which is thickly covered with dry straw. This stable is not cleaned out until spring. The contents of the horse stable are thrown out through windows, while those of the cow stable are taken out on a wheelbarrow and deposited with the horse manure, thus mixing the two.

To Sow Wheat in Mississippi.
We notice that the farmers in Clay County, Miss., around Griffith, have organized and will work together to encourage sowing wheat in that section. The movement is undoubtedly a good one, and if persevered in, will bring the most beneficial results. That wheat will do well there we know from what it has done and is doing at a few scattering places in the State. No

doubt these men knew this fact, too. They are acting wisely in organizing a co-operative effort, because while a few isolated individuals can do as well in raising good crops without co-operation as with it, they could not do so profitably for lack of market for their grain, or mills to grind it. Moreover, unless there are a number of farmers engaged in it, and a considerable acreage in the crop, there will be difficulty both in getting the wheat harvested and in getting it threshed. In fact, the success and profit in almost any business in which special implements and experienced labor is required, will always depend on there being enough grain grown to bring about the collateral conditions that are favorable to the business.

The article states that each farmer interested pledges himself to sow wheat in varying quantities, according to their facilities. They have, of course, been paying several profits as well as freight on several railroad hauls on their flour. If they grow their own wheat and can get it milled nearby, they will be laying the foundation of the most prosperous farming. When natural conditions are suitable, no man can buy as cheaply as he can raise the things that are needed for home consumption.

There was a time when the older States of the South raised everything on the farms that was consumed by the people. There were no railroads and no shipping was done anywhere except along water lines. All the bread and meat was made at home, and the farmers supplied the town people with flour, corn meal, molasses, butter, bacon and other table supplies, and no one thought of getting them at a distance. We believe the country was more prosperous under that system than the present and sincerely hope that the Mississippi farmers will persevere in their intention to raise their own wheat, and then add to it bacon, and all the other things for which there is a local demand.

Saving Pea Hay.
There are many ways of saving pea hay, and it is a hard thing to say which is the best way. I have tried several ways, and all did very well with one exception. A good deal depends upon the weather. They can be cut and put in small heaps, then left to remain this way for several days, then they can be hauled and packed away in the barn. It will not do to let them lay on the ground until cured, as they sicken so badly when hauled, losing most all the leaves, which make the best food. The way I like best is to get pronged poles, say nine feet long, put them in the ground about eighteen inches, making small stacks over the fields. This is very quick work, as fields can carry the vines on forks quicker than they can be hauled, because a radius of twelve yards will make a stack where the peas are good. Should there not be poles convenient having prongs, take a straight pole and tack slats on some same four feet long and stack on these; as the vines begin to cure, of course they settle and the prongs or slats cause the air to pass through the stacks, making the vines cure nice and bright. Vines put up in this way should not be left in the field more than two weeks, as they are liable to damage if they are not put up very well, though I have hauled them up the beginning of winter and they were not damaged at all, the stock eating them in preference to anything else.—Southern Farmer.

Cheap Reel For Wire.
The spindle should be hard wood, an old hoe handle or portion of railroad rail four or five feet long, a piece of board 12x4x1 inch fastened firmly

The diagram shows a wire reel mechanism. It consists of a horizontal spindle supported by two vertical posts. A crank is attached to the spindle. A wire is wound around the spindle. The caption below reads 'about one-third the length of spindle. Put a crank on the short end. The grindstone crank can be used by arranging the end of the spindle so it can be easily removed. A nail in each end of the crosspiece driven slightly into the reel when placed on the spindle will hold the reel in position. To operate requires a man at each end. The man on the crank side turning with one hand. Wire should lie on the ground and the tension will be sufficient to wind it very nicely. I find it the best thing I have tried.—S. Johnson.'

They Add Nitrogen.
The ranker growing legumes, such as the cow pea and soy bean not only add nitrogen to the soil if plowed under, or returned to it in the form of manure, but their lower roots penetrate the subsoils to a great depth and draw up considerable amounts of potash and some phosphorus which then becomes a constituent of the top soil and available for surface feeding plants.