

Children's Column



Over the River of Drooping Eyes
Is the wonderful land of Dreams,
Where hills grow as white as snow,
And fields are green and warm winds blow,
And the tall trees quiver, all in a row—
And no one ever cries.

Over the River of Drooping Eyes
Is the wonderful land of Dreams,
There's horns to blow and drums to beat,
And plenty of candy and cakes to eat,
And no one ever cleans his feet,
And no one ever tries.

There's plenty of grassy places to play,
And birds and bees, through all day—
Oh, wouldn't you like to go and stay
Over the River of Drooping Eyes
In the beautiful land of Dreams?
—Marlice Crayton in New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Habit of Cheerfulness.

There is a habit of looking at the bright side of things, and also of looking at the dark side. We possess the power, to a great extent, of exercising the will as to direct the thoughts upon objects calculated to yield happiness and improvement rather than their opposites. In this way the habit of happy thoughts may be made to spring up like any other habit. And to bring up men or women with a genial nature of this sort, a good temper, and a happy frame of mind, is perhaps of more importance, in many cases, than to perfect them in much knowledge and many accomplishments.

The True Character.

The true character acts rightly, whether in secret or in the sight of men. That boy was well trained who, when asked why he did not pocket some pears, for nobody was there to see, replied, "Yes, there was, I was there to see myself; and I don't intend ever to see myself do a dishonest thing." This is a simple but not inappropriate illustration of principle, or conscience, dominating in the character, and exercising a noble protectorate over it; not merely a passive influence, but an active power regulating the life. Such a principle goes on moulding the character hourly and daily, growing with a force that operates every moment. Without this dominating influence, character has no protection, but is liable to fall away before temptation, and every such temptation succumbed to, every act of meanness or dishonesty, however slight, causes self-degradation. It matters not whether the act be successful or not, discovered or concealed; the man is no longer the same, but another person; and he is pursued by a secret uneasiness, by self-reproach, or the workings of what we call conscience, which is the inevitable doom of the guilty.

The Yellowleg and the Hen.

Last August, on the shore of Silver Lake, Manitoba, I saw by the margin great numbers of snipe, tattlers, and other wading birds. As I drew near they arose in flocks and flew away, but as I was gazing after a noisy array of flying yellowlegs, my eyes fell on a single one that stood in the grass not more than ten feet from where I stood. It was looking at me fearlessly, and seemed to have so little idea of flying away that I got out my sketch-book and made a sketch of it. As it still stood looking at me, first with one eye and then with the other, I stepped up quietly, took it gently in my hand, and put it into my game-bag, intending to make a more finished drawing at home. When I reached the house I set the bird on the floor; it ran about whistling at times, did not seem much alarmed, but it refused all food. So the next morning I put it into the yard so that it might feed itself after its own fashion. There was a number of hens about, and as soon as they saw the stranger they were all excitement. They gathered together, and with loud cackles came on, with upraised feathers to attack the newcomer. The yellowleg was swift of foot and eluded them once or twice, but the hen-mob, noisier than ever, at length succeeded in surrounding him, and all closed in together with evident intention of pecking him to pieces, but the yellowleg, giving one glance, I thought, of scorn, at the noisy, cackling crowd, spread out his great, glorious wings for the first time since I had seen him, and pouring out his loud thrilling whistle, so well known on the breezy sandbars, he sailed away and away in great, over-riding circles till bird and chant were lost in the far heights of the sky, and the hens were left to feel as foolish and mean as it was possible for hens to do.

I was much puzzled by the whole incident, and can only suppose that the bird had in the first instance been slightly stunned by a stray shot from some sportsman; while it was reviving in the grass I discovered it, the gentleness of my approach gave it no alarm, and during the night it fully recovered its faculties and its power of flight.—Our Dumb Animals.

Franklin's Moral Code.

The professor was having a few pleasant and instructive moments with this class outside of the field of the text-book, just as every good teacher ought to do if he does not. He had knocked around in many localities, and had touched upon many subjects, coming back at last to the homely and plain.

"How many of you," he inquired, "ever heard of Benjamin Franklin?"

All hands went up.

"How many of you know that he sleeps in a neglected grave in a cemetery in the very heart of Philadelphia?"

All hands went up.

"How many of you know that he was the greatest philosopher America has produced?"

All hands went up.

"How many of you know the moral code which he formulated and kept for his guide to action, handing it down to posterity in clear and succinct form?"

No hands went up.

"Get out your pencils, then," said the professor pleasantly, "and write it down in paragraphs, as I call it off to you from memory, for I find it an excellent thing to know as one knows a road leading to a good place. It runs as follows:

"Temperance—Eat not to fullness, drink not to elevation."

"Silence—Speak not but what may benefit others or yourself; avoid trifling conversations."

"Order—Let all your things have their places; let each part of your business have its time."

"Resolution—Resolve to perform what you ought; perform without fail what you resolve."

"Frugality—Make no expense, but do good, to others as yourself; that is, waste nothing."

"Industry—Lose no time, be always employed in something useful; but avoid all unnecessary actions."

"Sincerity—Use no hurtful deceit; think innocently and justly, and if you speak, speak accordingly."

"Justice—Wrong no one by doing injuries or omitting the benefits that are your duty."

"Moderation—Avoid extremes; forbear resenting injuries."

"Cleanliness—Suffer no uncleanness in body, clothes or habitation."

"Tranquility—Be not disturbed about trifles, or at accidents common or unavoidable."

"Humility—Imitate Jesus Christ."

"There," said the professor, "how many of you think that is a good code of morals?"

All hands went up.

They Shot His Pets.

George Fytzel, a burglar serving a twenty-year sentence in the New Jersey state prison at Trenton, sat in his cell recently weeping because his pet rats were killed by the keepers. For years Burglar Fytzel and his pet rats had been an attraction to visitors to the prison. He found the old cookhouse infested with the pests when he was sent to work there, but soon he had become complete master of them. He taught them tricks, and called them forth from every crevice and hole by a peculiar whistle. They would crawl up his trouser legs, march in single file over his outstretched arms and over his head, and return to their hiding places under the floor at his word. Recently the old cookhouse was demolished, and Head Keeper Moore was convinced that to permit the rats to live meant that they would infest the new building, for he knew they would follow Fytzel. So he decided they should be shot. And the man who loved them was commanded to call them forth for the slaughter. He begged that his special favorite, whom he named Kitty, might be spared.

"She is a great comfort to me," he pleaded. "Indeed, sir, as much a pet to me as is your pet dog. Please do not kill her, even if you have to kill all the others."

But Kitty and the others were shot at sunrise.—New York World.

GOOD ROADS NOTES.

A Farmer on Toll Roads.

A veteran Michigan farmer, writing to the Grand Rapids Press, says: "Toll roads do not meet the wants of the farmer; he wants free roads, not toll roads, and wants all who use them to help make them at a cost that will not be burdensome on the farmer. The toll roads are too costly for the farmer. To get the products of the farm to market he now pays enough taxes in the way of tolls to pay for the toll roads in five years at a price they could be built for now. Though the tax is paid indirectly it is paid. Farmers, as a class, are opposed to monopolies, and yet they grant franchises to toll road companies which are, on a small scale, greater monopolies than any of the railroad corporations of the State."

"These toll roads are not only a public nuisance, but the owners of them are the worst tax dodgers of the State, railroad corporations not excepted. The farmers in many parts of the county cannot get into the city without being compelled to pay a toll, or else drive a long distance out of their way. The farmer's wife cannot get into the city with a small basket of eggs, or a few pounds of butter, without paying toll almost as much as she receives for what she has to sell."

"The farmer is opposed to high rates of interest, and if he wants to borrow money and the lender charged him fifteen per cent. for the use of it, he would decline the offer with indignation, and yet the same farmer votes franchises to corporations which make him pay, though indirectly, but none the less surely, over twenty-five per cent. on the money used to build toll roads for his accommodation, if the cost of the roads was figured at what it would cost to build them at the present time. The railroads of the State are required by law to pay taxes on gross receipts, but the toll roads only on net receipts. The toll-road lobbyist, when at Lansing, beats the railroad lobbyist two to one. You truly say that it is somewhat surprising that the farmers, in view of all the facts, are not more generally in favor of a system that will give better roads."

Education in Road-Making.

The Rhode Island Agricultural College has made a new departure in its work of education that deserves imitation by other institutions of that character. Its faculty has established a special department for instruction in the theory and practice of road-making. The word curriculum is etymologically applicable to the proposed course of instruction, which covers two years, and the announcement of the details is interesting. The plan is about to be put into operation after consultation with General Roy Stone, the road expert of the United States Department of Agriculture, and its advocates are enthusiastic in their predictions that it will bring intelligent industry to bear in improving the highways and byways of the tiny little commonwealth.

It is required that graduates from this school shall be competent to draw specifications and contracts, to manage all the machinery used in scientific road-building, and to be familiar with every detail of the profession of road engineering. For instance, candidates must pass an examination which includes algebra and geometry to the extent required for admission to any college. The instruction includes English literature, higher geometry, trigonometry, surveying, electrical mechanics, physical geography, mineralogy, geology and steam engineering.

But this is not all. That there is no "royal road to knowledge" will be sternly impressed upon the aspirants to the degree of road engineer by a novel requirement. For one month each spring the students will be expected to work ten hours a day at actual road-making, including all the mechanical appliances, from winding the pick and shovel to running the most elaborate machinery. While other collegians are training in such athletics as rowing, running, leaping, baseball and football, these sturdy youths of Rhode Island will be bending their backs, strengthening their muscles and expanding their lungs in improving and extending those highways which are the bands of civilization. May their ways be ways of pleasantness and all their paths be peace.—New York Mail and Express.

Aid From the Railroads.

In a number of States the railroads have shown a disposition to help the cause of better highways by transporting material for road building at very low figures. It is now reported that a railway in Indiana is hauling without charge, and dumping at any designated point along its right of way, all the crushed stone needed by the commissioners of Green County. If one will do it, others certainly will follow.

Deacon Jonathan Hayes, who wound the first wire rake ever made, lives in Middleton Springs, Vt., at the age of ninety, and is in perfect health, and can read without glasses.



The Best Celery.

Good celery—or we may say first-class celery—cannot be obtained without an abundance of water, for the plant is naturally a citizen of swamps. It is always best, therefore, to set the plants in shallow ditches, so that water can be more easily collected; and it is also very fond of high living, consequently no well prepared manure is too rich for it. The quality of market celery has fallen off somewhat of late years, chiefly through the cultivators treating it to surface culture. When planted in the latter way there is not the same advantage for blanching as when set in trenches. It is much easier to let down earth than it is to raise it.—The Silver Knight.

Millet Hay Good For Horses.

I am surprised to learn of Professor Hinebaugh's adverse experience with millet as horse feed noted in American Agriculturist of November 13, as mine is just the opposite. I fed three horses millet from October, 1896, till about the last of June, 1897, together with grain ration. I must say I never had my horses do better. In fact they rather lost flesh after feeding timothy hay with the same amount of grain. I am now feeding the same horses millet and grain and expect to do so as long as the millet lasts, which will be all winter at least. I have seen and talked with one man in this county who has fed millet longer than I have. He raises more and more of it every year and feeds it to all kinds of stock. I have cut the millet quite green, before it is all headed out.—William Dougall, Schenectady County, N. Y., in New England Homestead.

The Old Farm.

The following beautiful composition is from the pen of Jean G. Wiley, in the National Stockman and Farmer: "What a cherished spot in the memory of vast multitudes is the old farm! Men who have climbed to the topmost round of the great ladder of fame; men who have achieved by industry, self-reliance and perseverance, success in life; many of these look backward o'er the long years to the happy days of childhood spent on the old farm. "A memory lingers o'er this cherished spot, the loving face of a good mother, the cheerful countenance of a kind father, the bright faces of brothers and sisters gathered round the old fireside, soften the heart and bring tears to the eyes of the strongest men."

"A sweet influence of such a home is like a flower that never dies, but sheds its sweet perfume all through life, and re-blossoms anew in eternity. "It is said that in order to be successful in any pursuit one must first learn to overcome difficulties. It was on the farm where most statesmen encountered and overcame difficulties. A boy on the old farm has an opportunity to learn this important lesson without meeting many of the temptations incident to the life of a city boy. As we live in an age of progress, the farm of to-day bears but little resemblance to the farm of fifty years ago. It now requires an educated man to make a prosperous farmer."

"One who has spent his happy childhood on the old farm, received an education and went abroad, plunged into cares and bustle of city life, in after years revisits the old farm. All the old familiar spots, as the meadow, orchard and old-fashioned well, with its moss-covered bucket, recall scenes which seemed long since forgotten."

"Pictured on memory's wall are the faces of loved ones, those of father, mother, brother, sister and dearest friend, as they were in boyhood's days. They are all gone. Some are dead, others are toiling or roaming in different parts of the world; and as he sits [and meditates upon the past, he longs once more to be that free-from-care, light-hearted boy, roaming over the meadows and woodlands of the old farm, that he once was. He now realizes, more fully than ever, how vain are the hopes of life."

"The old farm house is filled with strangers, and he, feeling wiser and better by his visit to the old farm, returns to the toils and cares of city life."

Farm and Garden Notes.

The goose lays a score or two of eggs in a year.

From thirty-five to forty ducks and drakes are allowed in a pen.

Eleven dozen eggs a year is the average estimate given as the production of the hen.

Ducklings are marketed at five pounds weight, which they should attain in ten weeks.

The secret of large honey crops is, strong colonies and plenty of room for the bees to store honey.

Each frame of comb in a hive should

occupy one and a half inches of space, and in spacing the frames it should be done with exactness.

In 100 parts of the yolk, fifty-two per cent. is water, forty-five per cent. is oil and fat, and one per cent. each of albuminoids, coloring and mineral matter.

Peach trees may be examined for borers as late as the weather holds good, and if not yet attended to should not be neglected longer. Do not permit these grubs to winter in the trees.

If two or more swarms elude together, do not hive them thus, but hunt out the queens and divide them, especially if they are first swarms and large ones. Valuable queens are thus saved by so doing.

If properly kept and judiciously applied to land, poultry manure is worth one-half the cost of the food the fowl gets, and yet little account is taken of the droppings when an estimate is made of the profits.

A very profitable field of investigation for farmers the coming winter will be to learn all they can about the insect and other enemies of the various plants which they cultivate and the remedies therefor.

Robbing frequently occurs at the end of the honey season, as in swarming colonies frequently become queenless, and sooner or later they will fall a prey to robbers. If colonies are in proper condition in every respect robbing seldom occurs.

Beeswax is a valuable product, and every particle of comb should be saved and rendered into wax. The price of beeswax has not fallen below twenty-five cents per pound for the last twenty years. The solar wax extractor, which can be made very cheaply, should stand in every apiary.

In the planting of windbreaks the Nebraska station has found that the western grower needs protection chiefly on the south and west, since it is from that direction that the most damaging winds come. The eastern grower needs protection on the west and north for like reasons.

If obliged to keep apples and potatoes in the same apartment, store the apples in the cooler and the potatoes in the warmer portions of the cellar. Very many apples are lost every year by being kept too warm. They are best preserved in a temperature maintained close to the freezing point.

Largest Fountain in the World.

The Anaconda Mining Company has acquired rights to all the water in Heart Gulch and Lake, at Anaconda, Montana, which are fed by the melting snows that exist there the entire year. This lake lies up against Mount Haggis, 2900 feet above the level of the street in front of the Montana Hotel. The company will raise the bank about Lake Heart so as to make it a reservoir with a capacity of nearly a billion gallons and giving a daily flow of four million gallons down a slope of 3000 feet into the city.

A steel pipe line will carry this water down six miles to Anaconda's, where another immense reservoir will be built to receive it. This reservoir will be 320 feet higher than the business center of the city and a quarter of a mile long. Its short line will be irregular, lying against the hills, and it will be a beautiful sheet of water. As a further means of adding to the beauty of the spot, the supply main from Lake Heart will terminate in a fountain in the centre of the reservoir. Only a portion of the enormous pressure will be used, but a solid jet of water over three inches in diameter will be thrown 290 feet vertically in the air, while around the base of the fountain will be a fringe of sprays, consisting of rows of jets rising to varying heights and at different angles. The fountain, when completed, will be, without exception, the largest in the world.

Japanese Birth Trad.

At the birth of a Japanese baby a tree is planted, which must remain untouched until the marriage day of the child. When the nuptial hour arrives the tree is cut down, and a skilled cabinetmaker transforms the wood into furniture, which is considered by the young couple as the most beautiful of all ornaments of the house.—Meehan's Monthly.

Power of the Waves.

A dynamometer invented by an English engineer measures the power of the waves of the ocean. Experiments made with the apparatus during a storm have shown a pressure exceeding 7500 pounds per square inch.

Telephone competition in Wabash, Ind., has reduced the cost of the service to sixty-six cents per month.