Barton, Sailor

By Frank H. Sweet.

The great vessel was moving forward at quarter speed, the bows only breaking the water into small ripples which gurgled along her sides and quickly smoothed out astern. All around was darkness, thick, impenetrable, oppressive, not even the faint twinkle of a star relieving its enveloping sameness.

On the upper deck stood the captain with several of his officers. Near them a sailor was winding the frayed end of a halyard.

The captain held a night glass, and from time to time raised it to his eyes, but only to lower it quickly and impatiently. In that darkness the glass was of little use.

For an hour they had been running at slow speed, cautiously, and with eyes and ears strained, as though waiting for something to slip out of the darkness or for some signal or sign. But still there were only sea and the black wall of silence; as far as appearances went they might have been a thousand miles from land.

Another ten minutes, and the strain grew more tense. All over the ship were eyes watching and ears listening, on the lower decks, through the ports, the pilot's window, from the shrouds even. The secret was an open one, and all the ship knew that close on the starboard here, almost touching them perhaps, was a low, hostile shore, where were eyes as vigilant and keen as their own, and that, were their presence known or suspected, the mission of the ship would be frustrated.

"If only they would show a light or do something to indicate their whereabouts," the captain muttered for the twentieth time.

"But they don't know we're here, sir," observed one of the younger officers.

"Oh, I know they don't, of course," testily. "If they did, they would. But what are we to do? We've got to get away from here before daylight."

"Maybe a boat——" began another officer; but the captain cut him short.

"Wouldn't do at all under the circumstances," he declared, "the shore may be ten rods away, and it may be two miles, and we don't know the enemy's position. A boat would make more or less noise, and in a haphazard search for a landing would be sure to be heard. Captain Bixby is of course at his old ramp on the other side of the river, a mile in the interior. If he could show a light for an instant, we could make directly for it, some one slip from the boat near the shore and steal through the undergrowth to the camp. A few words would acquaint Bixby with the fact that Gen. Clay is fifty miles up the coast, marching toward him, and before morning he could have his men and the women and children well on the way toward safety. So far the enemy have counted on starvation as an easy and effectual means of subjugation. Neither they nor Bixby suspect the General is even in the country. But by to-morrow night the enemy's scouts will discover his presence, and then——well, it will be a quick rush and another day of horror for the people who read the newspapers. This sort of foe doesn't know the meaning of civilized warfare."

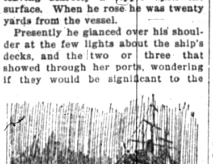
The sailor looked up from the halyard he was winding. "I'm a good swimmer, sir," he said, significantly.

The captain regarded him keenly for a moment, then shook his head. "You don't understand these Southern waters," he answered. "They are full of sharks. You wouldn't have to get a boat's length from the ship."

"But there are many lives in danger over yonder," the sailor urged, "and some of them are women and children. I'm only one. Perhaps I might get through. If I did, I'd show a light for one instant to let you know that everything was all right and that you could put on steam to join Gen. Clay and hurry to meet us."

But the captain again shook his head decisively. "There isn't a chance of succeeding," he said; "if there were, you should go. But I don't feel that I have the right to sacrifice a life uselessly. No, we will cruise back and forth until two hours before daylight; then, if no means have been found to communicate with Bixby, we will put on full steam to join Gen. Clay. If we can get a reenforcement of a few hundred men, we will hasten back and effect a landing. We may be in time to help Bixby that way, either by driving the enemy back or holding them in check until the General arrives."

The sailor did not answer. And apparently he thought the halyard sufficiently wound, for, as the captain ceased speaking he walked aft. But he did not seek other work; instead, he slipped down to the lower deck and continued aft until he found a place near the rail where he was alone. It took but a moment to fasten the end of a rope into one of the rail rings, test it, and drop the other end overboard. It was not long enough to reach the water, he knew; but he had no time to seek another. However, it was even shorter than he supposed, for when he reached the end of it, opposite a circle of light which came from one of the ship's port holes, he found the water many feet below.



When he rose he was far from the vessel.

But he was too expert a diver and swimmer not to know how to enter the water from that distance without making a splash. Letting himself hang rigidly at full length, with his toes bent downward and close together, to form a point, he released the rope and shot into the water like a wedge, leaving scarcely a ripple upon the surface. When he rose he was twenty yards from the vessel.

Presently he glanced over his shoulder at the few lights about the ship's decks, and the two or three that showed through her ports, wondering if they would be significant to the enemy. But he decided that they would not. Most of the ship's lights had been extinguished, and the few remaining would doubtless be thought lights of their own boats or of some wandering fisher or sponger.

An hour later the captain and his officers were at the same place on deck, still anxious and undecided. Suddenly one of them uttered a low exclamation and pointed into the darkness. "Look yonder at that light," he cried, "waving as though it might be a signal. I wonder what it can be——not Captain Bixby."

"No," said the captain with puzzled speculation in his voice. "It's not far enough away. There, it has disappeared." Then a sudden, comprehending, exultant ring came into his voice as he demanded: "Where's that sailor, Barton? Some of you go and find him, quick!"

Two of the officers hurried away. Ten minutes later they returned. "We have had the entire vessel searched, sir," one of them reported, "but Barton is not to be found anywhere. He must have fallen overboard."

"Dropped overboard, you mean," said the captain dryly. "He's slipping through the underbrush toward Bixby's camp by this time. Go tell the engineer to put on all steam. We'll get to Gen. Clay as quick as we can now."

SHAKERS GAVE HIM THE TURKEY.

How a Deacon Explained His Possession of a Fine Bird.

Walter Camp, the athletic peacemaker and sporting expert, enlivened a recent banquet of "The Yale Daily News" by telling how a deacon friend of his deceived by telling the truth. The deacon's home was in Lebanon, not far from the Shaker community. A couple of days before Thanksgiving the deacon had been allured into a raffle, where he had enjoyed splendid luck with the dice and won the prize, a turkey. He carried it home with many misgivings, as he dreaded the searching questions of his wife. She kept demanding how he had chanced on such a fine bird, knowing well that he was too careful of his money to have spent it for a family treat.

"Well," said the deacon finally, "I'll tell you how I got it. The shakers gave it to me."

"THE WHITE MAN'S BURDEN."

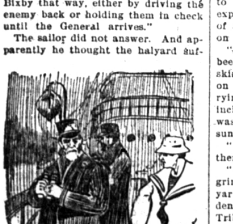
Colorad Trooper in the Philippines Credited with Witty Remark.

Peter MacQueen, the Boston lecturer, whose fund of anecdotes appears to be as limitless as his travels and experiences, tells the following story of a bit of humor which flashed out on the firing line in the Philippines:

"A colored trooper, whose horse had been shot under him in one of the skirmishes near Manila, passed me on his way to the rear. He was carrying his saddle and the entire outfit, including his rifle, on his back, and was perspiring heavily in the hot sun.

"'That's quite a load you've got there,' said I as he reached me.

"'Dat's wot it are, boss,' said he, grinning. 'I tell you, wot, boss, this yar carrying of the "white man's burden" ain't no easy job.'"—New York Tribune.



"I'm a good swimmer, sir," he said significantly.

The Luck of a Greenhorn.

Down on the Wenham golf course, a few weeks ago a new member was playing around the links for the first time. It was really his first serious effort to play golf. He made a pretty good strike-off from an elevated tee across a valley to the top of a hill about seventy-five yards beyond. Thinking to have a little practice across the valley, he struck his ball back toward the green beside the tee whence he had previously struck off. The ball sailed gracefully over the hill, and to his inexpressible surprise, the player heard it go "kerchunk" into the hole on the green. He had struck a ball seventy-five yards and landed it in the hole. Probably few players ever did such a thing, and this player says he does not expect ever to do it again if he plays golf for a quarter of a century. It was "the luck of a greenhorn."—Boston Herald.

It is vain giving men their rights unless you give them righteousness.

...YS FRENCHMEN ARE NOT LATINS

In Origin They Are Much Like Americans, Declare M. Le Roux.

M. Hughes Le Roux, the celebrated French author, journalist, dramatist and orator, lectured on a recent afternoon in the Auditorium of Houston Hall before the Cercle Francais of the University of Pennsylvania. His subject was "Les fils de France, que feront ils?"

"The people of France, said M. Le Roux, "are not a Latinized people as some have declared. In traveling through Normandy, Brittany and various other provinces of France I find no strict distinguishing characteristics or customs which would indicate Latin origin, with the possible exception of Avergine, where the women wear the same kind of jewels as the Romans did. France is similar to America or any other nation in its origin. Just as in chemistry various elements are mixed and heated together in a crucible until a residue of a shining golden amalgamation is precipitated, so France and other nations are amalgamated from various foreign elements and proples.

"Along with its similarities to America in origin there can be noticed a striking difference in the character of the two peoples. Americans have more strength of will. Frenchmen more sensibility and refinement.

To illustrate this he gave as an example a race at the last Olympian games in Athens, where he said: "A Frenchman outran by his heart a German and an American both running by their legs."

NOT A BADGE OF A POLICEMAN.

Officer's Long Hair Mystified an Intoxicated Woman.

George Innes, Jr., the son of the great landscape painter, tells a story on himself with great delight. Like Peter Newell, he has been connected with town government in New Jersey. He served on the town council in Montclair—in fact, he was the head of the police commission—the chief of police.

"In this capacity," he says, "I had about six policemen under me, whom I sent forth to do their duty. I used also to go about myself in search of wrongs to be righted and nuisances to be abolished. One day I saw coming up the main street a woman very much the worse for drink. I said to her: 'My good woman, have you no place to hide yourself in, no home where you can conceal your shame?'

"'Shure—and who the divil may you be?' was her retort.

"'Never mind who I am,' I answered. 'You will obey me and go home, or I will arrest you.'

"'You arrist me!' she cried in astonishment. 'How kin you arrest me when you ain't no perlicemon?'

"'But I am a policeman,' said I, with dignity.

"She looked at me a moment in astonished silence. Then she said: 'Thin, if you are a perlicemon, for hivin's sake go home and git yer hair cut!'—New York Tribune.

Not So Anxious to Go.

"Uncle Sambo, when alone in his cabin, often prayed to be delivered from all his earthly sorrows, asking God 'to send the angel Gabiel down to take poo' ole Sambo outn all his troubles, right up to heb'n.'"

Some boys "on mischief bent" heard the old man's prayer one night, and, after waiting until he was ready for bed, knocked at the door. "Who dar?" asked Uncle Sambo, in a startled voice.

"It's the Angel Gabriel," was the answer.

"Who dar, I say?" repeated Sambo, bustling around inside the cabin. "The Angel Gabriel, whom the Lord has sent down in his chariot to take poor Uncle Sambo up to heaven, where he'll see no more trouble."

"Well, boss, you jes' tell Mass Gabriel Sambo ain't been heah in two weeks!" and crawling under his wide bed, he lay there fearing and trembling, while the boys kept knocking and urging him to get ready for his ascension at once. But he kept quiet. He was not so anxious to go, after all.

Large British Families.

Mrs. Mary Lancaster, who was buried recently at Lancaster, in England, left 110 grandchildren and fifty greatgrandchildren. Around her grave were 100 descendants, relates the London Chronicle. But a still more remarkable case is recorded by Lord George Lyttleton in his "Miscellaneous Works," in an account of a tour in Wales. He mentions the death of a Welsh farmer near Festiniog at the ripe age of 105. The Welshman had married three times. By his first wife he had thirty children. Not deterred by this family, he married again, and had ten by his second. By his third wife he brought the children to forty-four, the last child being eighty-one years younger than the eldest. At the farmer's funeral there was an attendance of 800 descendants. A few families like that and Canada would probably no longer call for settlers.

Memorial Window Celebrities.

George R. Sims, the English playwright and novelist, published a protest against depicting the features of Dr. Johnson in a memorial window. Mr. Sims wants to know where the line is to be drawn in regard to such use of modern celebrities in church windows. "We might ere long," he says, "have a pro-Boer philanthropist presenting his particular church with a stained glass window in which Judas Iscariot will be presented with the features (and the eyeglass) of Joseph Chamberlain."

The Ceremony of Knighthood.

At the beginning of the eleventh century when a man, for some noble deed, was dubbed a knight, the ceremony of knighting him began by giving him a pair of spurs. The overlord in conferring the title attached the spurs himself to the heels of the newly created noble and then gave him his helmet, his horse, his sword and his lance.

The soundest fruit will be on the tempest-torn tree.

DAIRY AND POULTRY.

INTERESTING CHAPTERS FOR OUR RURAL READERS.

How Successful Farmers Operate This Department of the Farm—A Few Hints as to the Care of Live Stock and Poultry.

A Milking Glove Tube.

In Australia there has been brought into use in the dairies what is called a milking glove tube. A valve fits over the teat and from the valve extends a long narrow tube, which conveys the milk from the teat into a covered pail. The orifices in the cover of the pail are just large enough to receive the tubes. We illustrate the general idea herewith. From an American point of view the device does not seem practicable. From Australian reports we take it that the invention is supposed to be a substitute for cleanliness in the dairy. A paper in that country says: "Many of the troubles of dairying are caused by the injurious microbes that are carried by dirt into the milk, and it has been recommended by various authorities to groom the cows and wash their udders

with soap and clean water, and wipe them with a clean towel; to require the milkers to wash their hands and heads, to brush and trim their nails, to wear clean clothes, to put on white coats and caps at the time of milking, to construct the floor of milking yard and shed of asphalt, and to wash or sweep it after each milking, and to frequently tar and limewash both it and the woodwork of the shed; also to disinfect the shed occasionally with chlorinated lime. It has also been advised not to feed the cows in the milking shed. All these are undoubtedly important steps, and if they could be carried into practice would result in great improvement in dairy work. But how far are they practicable? Farmers who have heard these recommendations have expressed the opinion that if dairying is to require all this they had better give up dairying at once. We do not believe that any device can take the place of cleanliness in the dairy; and, moreover, a device of this kind will be very difficult to keep clean.

Siberian Butter.

The Siberian butter is looming up as a strong competitor with the butter from all other lands. The railroads, being controlled by the government, carry the goods at such a low rate that the butter is brought to tidewater on the Baltic at small cost. Moreover, the Russian government does not lose sight of it there. Recently a conference was held in St. Petersburg between the makers of butter and government officials that have duties more or less touching the shipment of butter. The secretary of transportation reported that 920 refrigerator cars for butter had been provided and cold storage plants at all stations likely to be used for considerable shipments of butter. Arrangements were also entered into for the shipping of the butter to England by steamers not touching at Danish ports. The Russians are evidently determined that no more Siberian or Russian butter shall be shipped to England from Denmark and labeled Danish butter. This is a wise step, by which an old trick is made impossible of working. Dairy schools are to be established. It is also urged that a central laboratory be equipped for the purpose of analyzing suspicious lots of butter and preventing their exportation. It is claimed that Siberian butter badly adulterated has appeared on the English market.

Poultry Briefs.

Not the least among the advantages of this invention is the being able to determine the laying period of the hens. A fowl that begins to lay in November and produces her eggs during the period when eggs are high in price is far more valuable than a fowl that begins to lay on the first of February and drops most of her eggs in the spring and early summer, when eggs are being disposed of at a very low price. The phenomenal winter layer, unless discovered by the trap nest, stands a good chance of having her head cut off at the end of the laying season, when, in fact, she should be kept as a breeder. The trap nest makes it possible for the breeder to become personally well acquainted with each member of his flock.

No invention of this day has in it greater possibilities for the poultryman than has the trap nest. The drone in the flock of hens has always been the factor that has kept down profits. If a man has a herd of cows and some of them are poor milkers it is easy to detect the poor ones and dispose of them. Up to the time the trap nest was invented, the poultryman had no way of finding out which of his hens were the drones and which were the good layers. With the coming of the trap nest, all is changed. The poultryman can now eliminate the unprofitable birds.

One man that has tried has found the trap nest very serviceable. It showed him that some of his most worthless specimens were those the most perfect in form. Some of the kinds that scored high in competitive exhibits proved to be among the worthless as layers. At least 50 per cent of the fowls so tested proved to be losing money for their owner, while as many more were shown to be barely clearing expenses. A few of the birds showed themselves to be persistent layers, and these were kept for breeders.

The trap nests show not only how many eggs the fowls lay but the kind of eggs. It sometimes becomes desirable to know what hens lay eggs with certain colored shells. This is particularly so in breeds that have been crossed by the crossing of other breeds, as such produces eggs varying all the way from white to dark brown. The trap nest enables the breeder to determine what kinds lay the eggs of the desired color. Then, too, the prepotent birds can be distinguished and those whose eggs are habitually fertile. This is a most important point.

Shedding the Coat.

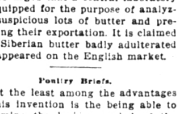
The present time of year, when work horses are shedding their winter's coat of hair, is always a critical period and much of the ability of the animal to withstand work well in hot weather depends upon the manner in which this spring change of garment is effected. If the shedding process be retarded it indicates lack of health. It indicates, as a rule, lack of attention upon the part of the owner. He is apt to forget that food suitable during cold weather is unsuited to change of temperature. Corn, which furnished fat and heat during winter, now becomes a burden to the animal economy. The heavy coat of hair leads to profuse perspiration and this to debility. Nature now seeks to throw off the incubus—the long coat becomes a foreign body to be gotten rid of. The horse fails to part speedily with this winter's protection unless he is given a chance by his owner. If he is confined to a badly ventilated, dirty stable and given hard water to drink, the glands and sweat pores of the skin fail to work properly. Sluggish circulation of the blood accompanies these conditions of the skin, and that means imperfect working kidneys and liver. The horse must be healthy to perform a healthy act. Coat-shedding is naturally a necessary; it is best done by horses in best condition. Such horses are those which have been properly exercised and fed during winter. To stimulate shedding at this season try to induce good health. If absent do this by flooding the stable with fresh air and sunlight. Change hard drinking water for soft water. Stop feeding corn and substitute bran mashes until the bowels are freely opened—until winter's costiveness gives way to the freedom of excretion which nature stimulates by green grass. Feed oats then to fill the blood with nitrogen; the carbonaceous matters of corn are no longer called for and nitrogenous matters will build up muscle and afford vim and vigor for hard labor. Lastly use the curry comb and brush thoroughly as mechanical stimulating factors. The skin will respond in kindly fashion and where this is brought about the horse may be considered healthy and fit for work.

Milk Yield of Sows.

The milk yield of sows might be thought to be considerable, as it must supply the food for sometimes very large litters. That it is not, large should teach us that the amount of milk needed for the sustenance of the young of any animals is relatively small. Man, when he tries to supply artificially the place of nurse to farm animals almost always overfeeds. This overfeeding is not infrequently the sole cause of the death of animals being brought up by hand. Nature has fixed matters in such a way that overfeeding is practically out of the question. As to the amount of milk yielded by sows we have no extensive data. Four sows were tested at the Wisconsin station and their milk weighed at different periods and for different lengths of time. Number one gave an average of 5.6 pounds per day; number 2 gave 4.1 pounds per day; number 3 gave 5.4 pounds per day and number 4 gave 5.5 pounds per day. The highest yield of milk on any one day was 8.7 pounds by sow number one, twenty days after farrowing.

Coop with Inclined Run.

The coop and run here illustrated are very serviceable where it is desired to restrain the chicks till they become fairly well grown. The wire can be of one-inch or two-inch mesh,



Chicken coop with inclined run.

but generally the one-inch mesh will be found best, as that stops the egress of the chicks and the ingress of rats. The whole may be moved from place to place with ease, especially where strongly built.

Prof. H. L. Russell says: The molding of cheese is, of course, a biological phenomenon due to the development of mold spores on the surface of the cheese, a condition brought about by the proper temperature and moisture. Mold will invariably occur when the degree of saturation in the atmosphere reaches the maximum point, and under these conditions at ordinary temperatures at which cheese is ripened you have more or less trouble from the molding of the cheese. We find that when cheese is cured at 40 degrees or thereabouts, these molds will not develop. They cannot grow to any considerable extent because the temperature is too low for them to develop, so that those losses are to a large extent obviated by the use of these lower curing temperatures.

Fancy butter from Canada and Ireland has recently taken high place in the London butter market. French butter and also colonial butter (butter from Australasia) has been to some extent crowded out. Butter from Siberia and Russia is reported in such quantities that it has sometimes deteriorated before being disposed of.

Better not write at all than write that which is not right.

IMPURE BAKING POWDER SEIZED

The New York Board of Health Find It Contains Alum and Rock, Declare It Dangerous to Health and Dump It Into the River.

The New York papers report that the Health Department of that city has seized as dangerous to health nearly two tons of cheap mixtures sold for baking powder and dumped them into the offal scow to be destroyed. More of the powder was found in a Bleiktr's department store. The report of the analysis of the Health Department stated that it was "an alum baking powder" containing alum and pulverized rock.

The different Health Authorities seem to have different ways of reposing the evils of bad baking powders. In England they have prosecuted the grocers under the general law and broken up the traffic. In Missouri the sale of alum baking powder is actually prohibited by law. In New York they seize the unwholesome stuff and cart it into the river without any discussion. The latter way is certainly effective.

The alum baking powders are usually offered at a low price, ten to twenty cents a pound, or with some prize, as a temptation to the housewife.

Consumers can protect themselves by buying only high-grade baking powder of established name and reputation. Do not be tempted by the grocer to take something else as "just as good" or "our own brand," for the trials show that the grocer himself is often deceived by unscrupulous makers, and is selling an alum powder without knowing it.

There are several good powders on the market; let the housekeeper insist on having what she knows is right, and not be induced to risk the life of the family for an imaginary saving of a few cents.

THE MAKING OF A BILLIARD BALL.

Care and Time Required to Produce the White Spheres.

It takes more than a year to make a billiard ball. Few devotees of the game probably are aware of the infinite pains that have to be expended on this important part of the equipment that contributes to their entertainment.

Billiard balls are made from elephants' tusks, and only the small tusks, from four to six inches in diameter, will do, for these furnish the best ivory. The price of this ivory has greatly increased of late, and the demand is far in excess of the supply. This stringency in the market has induced a prominent billiard company to offer $10,000 for a perfect substitute for ivory.

The elephants' tusks come to the factories cut up in sections, each having been cut into but large enough to allow of the turning of a single ball. Only skilled labor is employed to work upon it. The exact center of the piece must first be discovered by measurement. It is then placed in a socket and one-half of the ball is turned by a sharp-edged steel instrument. The ivory is then hung up in a act for a time. Later the second half is turned, and the ball again hung up as before, in a room where the temperature is from 60 to 70 degrees.

The ball must be kept thus suspended for about a year, when it is rubbed and polished so as to near a certain weight as possible, and to a diameter of two and three-eighths inches. Even with the greatest care it is impossible to make two balls of exactly the same weight.

The life of a billiard ball after it is placed in use is an uncertain quantity. If the room in which it is kept is too hot the pores of the ivory may close, and a crack ensues. Then it has to be returned to the factory, where it is shaved off and consequently reduced in size. A second-rate billiard room gets it next. By and by it develops another crack, and it again goes back to the factory, where this time it is probably fixed up for a cue ball in pool. When it has reached its last limit of usefulness as a ball it is bought by dealers in bone and ivory and turned into buttons.

Gaelic Language in Canada.

The Hon. John C. Linehan, insurance commissioner of New Hampshire, and one of the prominent members of the pension committee of the Grand Army of the Republic, is one of the most accomplished Gaelic scholars in this country, and received a degree from Dartmouth college for marked proficiency in the ancient language. The other evening he remarked to the writer: "Up in Canada, not far from old Arcadia, there is a large territory, composed of nineteen counties where English is never heard. Gaelic only is spoken, and it is taught in the schools and preached in the churches. The people are largely Catholic and Presbyterian, and the old tongue keeps them on excellent terms. It is a country where vice and crime are unknown, and where bolts and bars are never considered necessary."

Mr. Linehan's brother is pastor of one of the Portland (Me.) churches, and on one occasion recently an old lady from that particular country—and who was born and raised there—went to confession, and it was found that she had no word but Gaelic. Luckily the good father was versed in the language and was equal to the emergency.—New Century.

Smallpox in South Africa.

Cape Town cable: A dispatch from Beaufort West states that the medical men find it most difficult to cope with the smallpox, which has broken out there and is spreading rapidly among the natives.

Some husbands never think of telling their wives anything until after they have found it out for themselves.

Time is too valuable to be spilled like water on the ground.—April Ladies' Home Journal.