

On Decoration Day

By ARTHUR LEWIS TUBBS

I'm just a poor old veteran, I'm bent and silvered gray,
But once again they think of me, on Decoration day.
They call me "patriotic" then, and let me march again.

With my few comrades who are left, and call us "countrymen."
Once more I feel the old time thrill that's always sure to come
Whenever my ear detects the stirring sound of life and drum;
The years roll from me all at once, I'm ready for the fray!
But soft, the country rests in peace, 'tis Decoration Day.

We march, a remnant of the ranks that marched so long ago,
Our coats as blue, our hearts as true, but heads with touch of snow.
We march, but now no duty calls us on with hurrying feet,
And fear no longer marks the faces lined along the street.
We carry now no loaded guns, there is no call to fight,
But in our hands are garlands fair of blossoms sweet and bright.
They are the tributes that we bear on comrades' graves to lay,
Remembrance of a nation's love on Decoration day.

The children they are marching, too, a sunny band of youth,
With faces fairer than the day and hearts of trust and truth;
Ah, little do they know the strife and pain we faced for them,
Or every flower that now they bear would seem a diadem.
We may be "veterans," but there's a fondness 'n the heart
For something more than this display in which we have a part.
We ask no idle boast of praise, but all along the way
A bit of this same sweetness found on Decoration day.

There's something sweeter than the flowers—remembrance and a smile
Have power to cheer with thought so dear it lingers all the while;
A kind word as you go along, a tender touch of care,
Are better when you're growing old than princely homes to share.

I love these patriotic times, they stir
my heart with pride,
And there's a sweetness in them that
I never have denied;
But we are more than soldiers, friends
—yes, more than veterans gray;
We need your love and tenderness to
cheer us every day.



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ONLY ONE OF MANY

A Decoration Day Story

By ALMA J. NOBLE

"Good morning, Aunt Ruth. You see I am on hand bright and early for the illness. Aren't we going to have a beautiful day?" said Antoinette, cheerfully, seeming to have caught the contagion of the bright May morning.

"I am so glad it is pleasant, for I will remember how rainy it was last Decoration day. I'm sorry the illness are a little backward this year; still, I think we shall find enough for a fair showing. Did you bring a basket?"

"I did. The self-same one that has done service for the last three years. Ralph is coming for me about 11 o'clock."

With that they started for the garden. Everybody knew Aunt Ruth, and none knew her but to love her. She was one of those elderly women—shall we say, rare?—who had preserved a sweet, happy nature, free from disagreeable habits, both of speech and manner. Although over 60 years old, she still possessed that blessed faculty of adaptability which made her a coveted companion of both young and old.

"After all, Aunt Ruth," she said, "there is no season of the year quite so beautiful to me as the springtime, when everything seems fairly bursting with life and delighting in life."

thing for a long time, but I don't know that I ought."

"Certainly you may. What is it?"

"Will you tell me whose grave you visit so much, and on which you always put such lovely flowers Decoration day?"

"You will be surprised, my dear when I tell you that I do not know it is an unknown grave, but all I needed to know was that he was a soldier. When did you say Ralph was coming?"

"Not till eleven."

"Then come into the sitting-room where it is cool, and let me tell you a bit of my own life. Somehow, I feel just like it this morning."

"When you came in this morning so happy and light-hearted, my thoughts flew back 30 years, when I was about your age, and had just as much to make me happy as you have now. I was engaged to a noble man, and, strangely enough, his name was Ralph, too. He was a lawyer, and his fine mind gave promise of a brilliant career. We were to have been married in the spring of '63, but when the war broke out his country's call appealed to his noblest manhood. He didn't say much at first, but I knew that the only obstacle in the way of his enlisting was the pain it would give me. He was perfectly well and strong, an added reason for his going. Ah, well do I remember the night we settled it! How earnestly and tenderly he talked about it! In a few days he was gone. It took more courage than I then thought to make that sacrifice, but my sense of duty to country would not allow me to withhold the word. He joined the Fifth New York volunteer engineers, company G, and at first had an easy time. The letters were bright and cheery and full of enthusiasm, so that after a time I grew less anxious and more and more glad that he went. But there came a day when the regular letter failed, and a week passed; and another, and another, and finally one came in an unfamiliar hand, and told the story I so much feared. They thought he was killed in the battle of Gettysburg. In the desperate charge at the 'Bloody Angle,' where so many brave men on both sides gave up their lives, but diligent search brought nothing more definite. I sometimes wonder how I have lived through all these long 30 years, but you know we poor mortals can endure more than we think. I have much that is pleasant to look back upon, and much in the future to dream of. And now, about that lonely grave. He was a soldier, too, and there was no one to care for him, so I love to place my flowers there, and cannot help feeling that perhaps another is doing the same for Ralph."

A whistle interrupted the story, and Antoinette stooped to kiss the dear old lady, and in a moment was gone. Late that afternoon, after Antoinette's class had gone and the cemetery was quite deserted, Ralph and Antoinette lingered at a little distance from that grave, quite unobserved by Aunt Ruth, and watched her arrange the flowers.

FARM AND GARDEN

THE COTTON BOLL WEEVIL.

Scientists Have Made Some Progress in Their Efforts to Exterminate the Pest.

The United States census report recently issued gives some startling figures as to the great damage done to the cotton industry in the last year through the ravages of the boll weevil. The report gives the total crop as 10,045,614 bales of a 500-pound standard. This is about 800,000 bales less than produced last year. The total loss to the state of Texas up to date is about \$125,000,000.

During the summer of 1894 planters along the Rio Grande and southwestern Texas discovered in their cotton fields the presence of a small, grayish, long-nosed armor-clad beetle, about the



THE COTTON BOLL WEEVIL.

size of a common house fly. The states and the planters were at a loss to devise effective means to drive away the invader.

The department of agriculture came to the assistance of the planters, and sent special field agents from the division of entomology to make careful investigations of this enemy and invader and to devise plans for its extermination. Since then these scientists have waged relentless warfare upon the weevil, and made most exhaustive practical experiments to wipe out the insect, and have been partly successful. Recognizing the seriousness of this pest, congress has just appropriated \$250,000 to further aid in exterminating the weevil.

The adult weevil averages about one-fourth of an inch in length, and has a beak about half the length of the body. It is of a grayish or reddish brown color. The insect exists in four stages—eggs, larvae, pupa and adult. All the stages except the last occur inside of the cotton square or boll. The egg is deposited by the female weevil in a cavity formed by eating into the fruit of the plant. It hatches, under normal conditions, in two or three days, and the grub immediately begins to feed.

In from seven to twelve days the larva or grub passes into the pupa, or quiet stage, corresponding to the cocoon of the silkworm. This stage lasts from three to five days. Then the adult weevil issues, and in about seven days begins the production of another generation. Climatic conditions cause considerable variation, but on an average it requires from two to three weeks for a weevil to develop from the egg to the adult.

IN THUNDERSTORM SEASON

What Spots to Avoid in Order to Be Reasonably Safe from the Effects of Lightning.

The Philadelphia Ledger gives this excellent advice: "Now that the season of thunderstorms is approaching people should understand what spots to avoid in order to reduce to the minimum the chances of being struck by lightning. Out-of-doors, trees should be avoided, and if from the rapidly with which the explosion follows the flash it is evident that electric clouds are near at hand, a recumbent posture is the safest. It is seldom dangerous to take shelter under sheds, carts or low buildings, or under the arch of a bridge, and a distance of 20 or 30 feet from tall trees or houses is an eligible situation, for should a discharge take place these elevated bodies are most likely to receive it."

"It is well also to avoid water, for it is a good conductor, and the height of a human being near the stream may determine the direction of a discharge. Within doors we are tolerably safe in the middle of a carpeted room, or when standing on a thick hearth rug. The chimney should be avoided on account of the conducting power of the carbon deposited in it, and gilt moldings or bell wires are sources of risk. In bed we are tolerably safe, since blankets and feathers are bad conductors. It is injudicious to take refuge in a cellar, because the discharge is often from the earth to a cloud, and the buildings frequently sustain the greatest injury in their basements."

Agriculture in the Schools.
The idea of teaching agriculture in primary schools is growing steadily, despite well-intentioned but really groundless opposition. The greatest stumbling block has been ignorance of teachers concerning scientific agriculture. There is now little excuse for any teacher remaining ignorant of a few of the general principles of crop production. Anyone if he makes up his mind can fit himself for teaching how to prepare soil for planting and cultivate a few of our leading farm crops. Agricultural papers, agricultural books, nature study, literature, are within the reach of every teacher. Of course consolidation of country schools will render the teaching of agriculture comparatively easy, but until this is accomplished much can be done.—American Agriculturist.

VACCINATING FARM LANDS.

Science Claims to Have Discovered a Way for Making Barren Soil Fertile.

Have you had your farm vaccinated? If not, you should proceed to have it done at once.

Science has done a great deal for the farmer. It has killed the bugs and worms that prey on his crops; it has treated his animals when sick and saved their lives; it has experimented with seeds and raised the quality and quantity of their yield; it has done a great many things to help him achieve success. The latest service of special interest in the National Geographic Magazine, where it is shown that the process of inoculating sterile ground and making it bring forth the fruit in abundance is an easy task. Inoculation to prevent smallpox, diphtheria, rabies, etc., we know about, but it is quite as mysterious as the inoculation of old worn-out soils to make them fertile.

Certain germs make for fertility of the soil. They are collected or generated by the department of agriculture, according to this veracious authority, and sent by mail in a small package about like a yeast cake. The cake is said to contain millions of dried germs. It is thrown into a barrel of pure water and turns it a milky white. Seeds of grain and grasses are washed with this water and when planted are said to produce wonderful results even on what is regarded as exhausted soil. The land is really treated to an inoculation and cured of its disease of barrenness. Have your farm vaccinated and get rich from the big crops you will raise.

GOOD ADVICE TO STUDENTS

Kansas Man Tells Young Men How to Make a Success of Life in the Country.

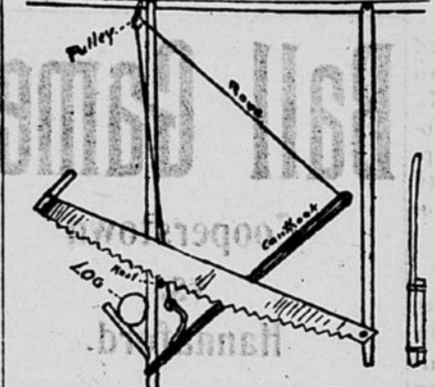
J. W. Robinson, of Towanda, Kan., who had an exhibit of horses at the Kansas City show last fall, in an address to agricultural students, said:

"Boys, I suppose many of you expect to be farmers. Let me give you some advice from my own experience. When you start farming, no matter if you are a renter, get two fine mares, two fine cows, two fine sows and two of the best hens you can buy. They will cost a good deal more than scrubs, but the difference in a few years will be immense. Sell their male progeny and keep the female. The male progeny will bring you as much as the whole product of cheaper stock, and in a few years the female portion will produce enough to buy you a farm, and then another farm. That old black mare you have been scolding was supposed to be one of the best mares in France in her time. She was imported 15 years ago. She made the first man who owned her \$5,000. We bought her seven years ago, and she has made us \$5,000, and she has done the full work of a horse in the field all these years. Don't start your farming with scrubs. If you can't buy as good a mare as this one, buy the best you can. Do your farming with draft mares, and if you manage right, the colts will be profit, and big profit at that. We have three old mares on the place that have earned us \$5,000 each. The old Rosa Bonheur mare I bought in hard times for \$200. She has made us five times that much money every year."

ONE MAN ON A CROSS-CUT.

Work That in Most Places Requires Services of Two Husky Fellows Done by One.

In a recent issue you ask how to rig up a saw for one man to use. I inclose a drawing of the way I have used one for four years, and I like it very well. The



ONE MAN CROSS CUT.

saw is on the right and the cant hook on the left of the upright. By unhooking the ring and pulling the rope the hook will go over the log and hold it firmly in place. There is a knot on the post on which the saw rests when not in use. I have cut logs larger around than my body, and any smaller size as well.—Rural New Yorker.

The Popping of Popcorn.

Why popcorn pops and ordinary corn does not is a question which has bothered many people for a long time. The department of agriculture has given an answer which should make it plain. (1) The popping of popcorn is due to volatilization of the oil contained in the kernel. (2) Field corn does not pop as readily as popcorn because the outer portion of the kernel is more porous, permitting the escape of the oil as it volatilizes, while in the case of popcorn a great pressure is developed in the kernel by the confined oil and the kernel is suddenly exploded and turned wrong side out. (3) In composition popcorn differs from ordinary corn in having a larger proportion of corneous element and a great per cent. of oil. (4) Popcorn pops more readily when dry because when moistened the kernels are swollen, more porous and toughened and do not explode so suddenly and completely as when dry and hard.



To be a successful wife, to retain the love and admiration of her husband should be a woman's constant study. Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Potts tell their stories for the benefit of all wives and mothers.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will make every mother well, strong, healthy and happy. I dragged through nine years of miserable existence, worn out with pain and weariness. I then noticed a statement of a woman troubled as I was, and the wonderful results she had had from your Vegetable Compound, and decided to try what it would do for me, and used it for three months. At the end of that time I was a different woman, the neighbors remarked it, and my husband fell in love with me all over again. It seemed like a new existence. I had been suffering with inflammation and falling of the womb, but your medicine cured that and built up my entire system, till I was indeed like a new woman.—Sincerely yours, Mrs. CHAS. F. BROWN, 21 Cedar Terrace, Hot Springs, Ark., Vice President Mothers' Club."

Suffering women should not fall to profit by Mrs. Brown's experiences; just as surely as she was cured of the troubles enumerated in her letter, just so surely will Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound cure other women who suffer from womb troubles, inflammation of the ovaries, kidney troubles, nervous excitability, and nervous prostration. Read the story of Mrs. Potts to all mothers:—

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—During the early part of my married life I was very delicate in health. I had two miscarriages, and both my husband and I felt very badly as we were anxious to have children. A neighbor who had been using Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound advised me to try it, and I decided to do so. I soon felt that my appetite was increasing, the headaches gradually decreased and finally disappeared, and my general health improved. I felt as if new blood coursed through my veins, the sluggish tired feeling disappeared, and I became strong and well."

"Within a year after I became the mother of a strong healthy child, the joy of our home. You certainly have a splendid remedy, and I wish every mother knew of it.—Sincerely yours, Mrs. ANNA POTTS, 510 Park Ave., Hot Springs, Ark."

If you feel that there is anything at all unusual or puzzling about your case, or if you wish confidential advice of the most experienced, write to Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., and you will be advised free of charge. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has cured and is curing thousands of cases of female troubles—curing them inexpensively and absolutely. Remember this when you go to your druggist. Insist upon getting

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