

THE FIRST ONE.

I loved a girl when I was young,
A girl I dared not try to kiss;
Our love was shy and found no tongue,
But eyes told tales we could not miss.

The years have stretched a lifetime now,
And I have loved more girls than one;
And I have kissed with deepest vow,
And kissed before I knew 'twas done.

And that first girl I never met
After her pigtail coiled her head;
And I can't say my eyes were wet
When some one told that she was dead.

Yet there it is; she is the one,
The only one of women all,
Now that that time is closed and done,
Whom dreams of day and night recall.

Only last night she came to me,
Still silent came, and shy and sweet,
And then I learned what life might be—
—Dream-drawn I sought my sweetheart's feet.

I laid my head upon her breast;
Within that haven reached at last,
There came no echo save of rest,
From all the life-long weary past.

To each poor dog his day, we're told;
Of my queer luck here is the best;
I dreamed that girl, forgot of old;
Careless my head against her breast.
—McClure's Magazine.

A STRANGE MANUSCRIPT

By TOM P. MORGAN

SOME time ago, a popular publication placed before its readers the story of "The Strange Manuscript Found in a Copper Cylinder."

While its startling revelations were only to read with bated hair and breath on end, its disclosures must needs get a long before day to equal in dark-dread thrill those of the strange manuscript found in a sardine can.

While strolling in his garden the morning after the great storm, Prof. Bolivar Woodhead discovered a queerly marked sardine can wrapped and tied in a cloth of strange hue and texture.

Upon prying open the can the pro-

HE DISCOVERED A QUEERLY MARKED SARDINE CAN.

fessor found that it was filled with a neatly-folded fabric, a good deal like paper. All over it was written a story that Prof. Woodhead read with absorbed interest.

The contents of the strange manuscript found in a sardine can were as follows:

"Kingdom of the Fool-Killer, 'Immolation Day.'"

"I, William Bigsmith, knowing that at any moment the Fool-Killer is liable to drop in upon me and make me the late Mr. Bigsmith, do write this with fear and trembling, also with a pen made of a sharp stick, keeping an eye on the rack where they are just now sawing in two a more than ordinarily depraved spring poet.

"Nearer at hand, the 'Is-this-hot-enough-for-you?' man is roasting over a slow fire, and his unreserved yells disturb me a good deal. He isn't a bit stinky with his howls.

"If I succeed in finishing this, and throwing it over the edge before the Fool-Killer gets to me, I hope it may fall into the hands of some one who will publish it as an awful warning to people who are smarter than the law allows.

"My intemperate indulgence in investigation is what has brought me here, where, cheered by the yells of the man who on earth left open the door, and now has his head eternally shut into one, I write and await the coming of the Fool-Killer.

"Thru investigation and invention to the dogs, I adjure you, and quit seeking to pry into the future, or, some day the ruler of this dread realm will get you by the surplus skin of your neck and jerk you from happiness into misery.

"As an inventor, I was far from being a pretender like Keely. For a time I invented with impunity, and nothing befell me. Made reckless by continued success, I accomplished that which eclipsed all my previous efforts. I have no time to go into details. Sufficient to say that I fooled with forces and conditions until I succeeded in overcoming gravitation as Keely's etheric force overcame men's resistance to humbug and made them come down with the ducks.

"The invention, which, for want of a better name, might have been called a gravity eradicator, was packed in a valise. All I had to do was to grasp the handle, touch a spring, and up we would go.

"The first time I pressed the spring too hard, and before I knew it, I was jerked up against the ceiling with a force that nearly cracked my intellectual radiator. How I got the valve under control again does not matter; suffice to say I lived through it.

"My next attempt was made out of doors. I would sail up as far as I liked in the air. I thought, then touch the spring softly and sail back to earth gently and safely. I went up all right, but when I tried to descend, the basket sprung would not work.

"Imagine my feelings if you have ever been on a 'high.' The spring positively refused to work. If I held on, I'd go up perhaps to worlds unknown. If I let go, I'd be dashed to pieces on the rocks in Henderson's addition.

"Up, up I went. I began to experience terrible pains in my cranium; my eyes bulged; my brain rattled like a lawn mower; bright flashes of light darted across my vision, and 75 million meters of my crimson tongue hung out. A band of steel seemed compressing my intellectual lobe; my frontal region was all pain and confusion,

which gradually melted into dreamy indifference and unconsciousness.

"When I awoke I was in a strange country, an unknown planet, perhaps—the kingdom of the Fool-Killer, at any rate. Since then, I have been confined in a cage, the only sleeping accommodations of which consist of a large ball upon which I am expected to hang myself each night.

"Perhaps I could sleep even there, were it not for the proximity and awful groans of the man who, upon earth, sheer force of his dignity, His dignity avails him but little now, for here they stand him on his head as soon as the sun goes down, and there he stays till morning.

"It is pretty hard to sleep in the daytime, on account of the punishment that is inflicted upon the 'Beautiful Snow' poets. Every morning they are chained in a row, and a reader, with an accentless but stentorian voice, reads over and over to them their 'Beautiful Snows.' By way of variety, he reads backward half of the time. This goes on until sunset. The 'Springs' and 'June' and 'Silver Moon' poets get only half as much, and in the afternoon are allowed to rest and recoup for the next day's reading.

"The midnight serenader is hung up in a cage close to the top of the highest turret, and made to sing, over and over again, the songs he used to sing to his lady fair, and everybody who has nothing else to do throws old boots and clubs at him.

"The man who said: 'I told you so!' has been hung. Always in life a kicker, he is still kicking as he swings.

"Weather prophets are tied in pairs, and flung over a great clothesline to fight.

"A band composed of bassoons and bass drums, with a few tom-toms and jim-jams, has been organized, and puts in ten hours per day in serenading the people who used to play the fife, fiddle and piano. Hand-organ men are slain at sight.

"People who only planted when the moon was right are kept on a diet of skimmed water.

"The airship and perpetual motion cranks occupy cages next to mine. The washing machine inventor has the entire laundry work of the kingdom to do.

"Every day a committee takes out the man who, on earth, was a sort of walking collection of ills, for which he was always doting or dosing himself, and they proceed to fill him to the muzzle with the latest fads in pills and nostrums.

"And so I might go on all day telling of the retribution that regularly befalls the unfortunates here. But time passes, and the executioner is liable to be at hand at any moment. The only thing that, in a measure, reconciles me, is the fact that every one of these people deserves all they can get, and more, too. I've lived among them, and I ought to know.

"Every now and then the Fool-Killer holds a slaughter or immolation day, during which he kills off a number of the worst fools in his collection. This is the day, and, although nobody has told me, I fear my turn is at hand.

"As a last fearful word of warning, don't. But here he comes! I've just time to stuff this into the sardine can and

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which usually lie at a depth of about four inches, midway between the rows.

The root system of corn planted in lister furrows develops at a uniform depth, and the surface roots lie uniformly deeper in the soil than do the roots of the level planted corn.

Lister corn may be cultivated close to the hill and three to four inches deep at the last cultivation without injuring the roots.

Level planted corn may not be cultivated so close to the hill at the last cultivation as lister corn, because with the level planted corn the roots rise nearly

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AGRICULTURAL HINTS

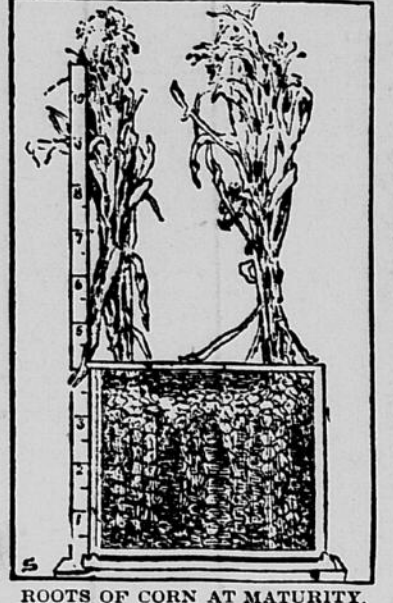
CORN ROOTS.

A Short Talk About Them with Special Reference to Lister and Level Planting.

The root samples show the natural growth of plant roots under ordinary field conditions, no artificial preparation of the soil being required previous to the taking of the samples.

Corn roots deeper and feeds through a greater volume of soil than Kaffir corn or sorghum.

Cultivation should not be so deep as to break the large lateral roots of corn,



ROOTS OF CORN AT MATURITY. (Planted in Lister Furrows.)

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CORN ROOTS AT MATURITY. (Planted with Check Row, Level Planter.)

to the surface several inches from the hill and are readily destroyed by close cultivation.

In a hot, dry climate rather deep cultivation of corn is desirable, especially as the season advances. A thin soil much will not conserve so much moisture as a relatively thick mulch.

The practice of laying by corn early in the season requires the farming of a deep soil much at the last cultivation in order to conserve the soil moisture and keep the ground from drying out.

A. M. Ten Eyck, Kansas Experiment Station.

SUGGESTIVE POINTS.

A dishorned goat is a renovated butter.

With us the alfalfa grows right away from the clover.

Now, then, if you only had a good field of crimson clover!

An air-tight silo is a blessing; a leaky one is an abomination.

It is a grievous mistake to follow land and then neglect to follow the drag.

Knowing the philosophy of the corn plant is important, but don't lose sight of how to cultivate it.

You owe the boy a fair start in life—at home or elsewhere. If you fall short of doing your part—don't blame him for looking elsewhere for it.

Rotation of crops helps to destroy insects, dispels disease-spores and gives hitherto unused plant-food a chance to get in its work. It is too bad that so few farmers understand the necessity, advantage and profit in crop rotation.

Pure Water.

It has been the experience of many farmers that pure water is necessary for the health of the herd of swine. It is easy to say give pure water, but it is not always easy to give it. The farmer that has a good windmill that is drawing water from a considerable depth in a position to give pure water and an abundance of it. But, remarks the Farmers' Review, we have too often seen the larger stock of the farm supplied with pure water and the hogs left to get water the best way they could from sloughs or from brooks almost dry in the summer time. Water is the solvent for the food, and in it all the food that goes into the body of the hog must be dissolved if it is to be used at all.

The growing and even the fattening hog uses an immense amount of water. Experience has shown that contaminated water supplies are numerous.

Pure Air in Stable.

Is the air in the stable pure and free from dust during milking? Would he be willing and glad to eat a plate of soup while he is milking a cow? If not, why not? Isn't milk a human food and isn't the milk pail that is under the cow being filled with food for his table?—Prairie Farmer.

QUARTERS FOR DUCKS.

Some Valuable Suggestions for the Successful Carrying On of This Branch of Poultry Business.

Netting for the yard need only be 16 inches high, a roll of 150 feet costing about \$1.50. An old shed will do quite well for their home, or, if you have not one to spare, 50 cents will buy a large dry goods box from the store in your village, which can be converted into a good, serviceable coop—five birds need only three by four floor space. Turn such a case on its side; put two strips of four by four quartering across the bottom to keep it from the damp of the earth; rip off the top and cut the ends diagonally across from front to back, so that when the top is replaced you have a roof with a pitch of half a foot; make the strips of boards that formed the original top (now the front of your coop) and fit them together evenly on the work bench, or, if you haven't arrived at that masculine dignity, the kitchen table. Measure and cut two lengths of single slats to fit across; nail on boards six inches from each end to form cleats to hold all the pieces together and form a solid door for the front of the coop. Cut an opening nine inches square on one side, and fasten the other side to the roof by hinges (strips of leather will answer for hinges). In this way it can be turned back on the roof for convenience when cleaning the coop, and on fine days to let in the sun. Unless it is a very good box it had better be covered with roofing paper or a coat of tar, to insure a total absence of leaks.

Whatever the house is, it must have clean, dry straw, or some sort of bedding about a foot deep on the floor, renewed every three days. It is not much use to put in nests, for ducks seem to prefer dropping their eggs around anywhere. Put one box not more than three inches from the floor in a corner with a china egg; it will sometimes attract them.

Under any circumstances care must be exercised in gathering eggs, for ducks generally lay very early in the morning; an egg frozen or badly chilled will hatch. Another need for care, says Pearson's Magazine, is necessitated by their habit of laying all over the coop and covering the eggs with straw, leaves, or whatever the floor litter may be. Until I became used to the trick some possible ducks were crushed under foot. If you are going to let the ducks have free range, contrive to keep them cooped till about ten a. m., or you will lose their eggs.

Though the fences round the yards need only 18 inches of height, the netting must be most securely fastened to the ground, for ducks seem to possess abnormal powers when it comes to creeping under anything.

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Netting for the yard need only be 16 inches high, a roll of 150 feet costing about \$1.50. An old shed will do quite well for their home, or, if you have not one to spare, 50 cents will buy a large dry goods box from the store in your village, which can be converted into a good, serviceable coop—five birds need only three by four floor space. Turn such a case on its side; put two strips of four by four quartering across the bottom to keep it from the damp of the earth; rip off the top and cut the ends diagonally across from front to back, so that when the top is replaced you have a roof with a pitch of half a foot; make the strips of boards that formed the original top (now the front of your coop) and fit them together evenly on the work bench, or, if you haven't arrived at that masculine dignity, the kitchen table. Measure and cut two lengths of single slats to fit across; nail on boards six inches from each end to form cleats to hold all the pieces together and form a solid door for the front of the coop. Cut an opening nine inches square on one side, and fasten the other side to the roof by hinges (strips of leather will answer for hinges). In this way it can be turned back on the roof for convenience when cleaning the coop, and on fine days to let in the sun. Unless it is a very good box it had better be covered with roofing paper or a coat of tar, to insure a total absence of leaks.

Whatever the house is, it must have clean, dry straw, or some sort of bedding about a foot deep on the floor, renewed every three days. It is not much use to put in nests, for ducks seem to prefer dropping their eggs around anywhere. Put one box not more than three inches from the floor in a corner with a china egg; it will sometimes attract them.

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