PIPER TIM.

"I can pipe, too," he said.

Do you know how a child's eyes look when he has just learned how beautiful this our world is, when he feels his wings like a bird, on the heritage of the sons of toil has descend them? So Tim's eyes looked that winter night. He opened the door of the smithy where the members of the village orchestra met to practice round the blazing forge. Every tone passed, instrument in hand, at the sound of the footfall, shrill young voice.

Then, smiling, Tim shut out the drifting snowflakes and stepped into the room. The small feet were shoeless and dark as the earthen floor on which he stood. The clothes he wore hung round his slim form in grotesque tatters. But above the tatters was a face such as God sends into a dark world now and then. Noble were the features; the energy of the blue eyes was clear and grand; the curve of the lips was proud yet sweet. From the beautiful brow waved kite tassy and curl kissed, on which the glowing snow shone like stars. The men had scarcely time to look at the child when, raising his pipe to his lips, he began to play. The wonderful eyes shone; the slim, brown fingers obeyed the impulse of the grand and inspirational in thy Tim. Strong men laid aside their instruments and covered heavy hands to listen. Here and there a face shadowed; now and then a tear was furtively wiped away.

The child ended as he took the pipe from his lips, and his eyes turned wistfully to the blazing fire. They made way for him; they entertained him as if he had been of royal estate. A small, three legged stool was his throne, and he sat there, pipe shaped chin, as happy as a king. He told them whence he came, as far as he knew.

"Over the hills," he said, "far, far over the hills." They called him Piper Tim in the morning, never another name. He had always piped.

Then he laughed and stretched his thin brown hands with joy to the blaze. He could tell nothing more; he belonged to the "linker band," and the sound of music had drawn him so that he lingered to listen while the caravan went on its way "over the hills."

The smith's wife admired the child's lovely face; his tattes brought tears to her eyes; womanlike, she gave him to eat and to drink. Then they sat once more around while he played on his pipe one, with laughing farewell, he went off into the darkness. That night the smith sat long dreaming by the red logs in his forge. He sighed as he turned to at the cottage door, where his wife awaited him by the fire.

"How would it ha' been," he said, "gin we'd kept that little chap, the piper? Our hairn would just ha' been about his age gin the Lord had spared him."

There was a note of anxious query in his tone. But the starved mother's heart in the woman cried out:

"Eh, but I've been selfish here with the bonny face o' the bairn in the firelight. I thought o' him out there in the darkness an the snow wi' the sinless feet. God keep an guide him. I wish you'd spoken sooner. Keep him! Would I ne', wi' you bonny face, you blithe e'en?"

"When he comes back again," the smith said as he drew his chair to the hearth, and his wife with a glad smile echoed his words.

The schoolmaster placed his old violin tenderly in its corner that night. He smiled a little bitterly as he thought of his gray hairs and his many years of plodding, then of Piper Tim.

"He plays as a bird sings," he thought really; "his heart is full of music." Then he trimmed his lamp and sat down to his books.

But the boy's face smiled from every page, the free, fearless voice was in his ears, the blue, pure eye shone in the crackling flames. The schoolmaster flung aside his book and was back in the old days, when the hills and the stars, and the sunshine had been his book, a maiden's eyes his heaven and the world a world of wonders. He looked at the empty chair of his dead wife, and he thought of sons and daughters far away.

"If I had kept the lad," he mused aloud, "I could have made a man of him, have saved him from the tinker's life. He would have filled my empty home."

Long he dreamed, then a smile of resolution curved his lips.

"When he comes again," he said.

And Piper Tim?

He went on his way that night, turning again and again to look at the long, bright gleams that fell on the snow from the great forest fire. He knew his people were camping in the mountains, and to the mountains and the darkness he turned his face. There was singing in his heart, there was always singing there, so he went on his way merrily. Up, up, through the blinding snow, neither cold nor weary for the singing in that heart of his, he wandered always for the gleam of the red campfire. But he behold never a spark.

The stars shone out serenely. Tim raised his face to them. They smiled into their twin stars, his eyes. Yet still was there no campfire.

Tim, growing sore, sat down in the sheltered cranny of a rock. He raised his pipe to his lips. He played a tune that began heavily and ended softly, and more softly still. Tim was asleep. The snowflakes fell like benediction; the dawn smiled over the hills, but Tim piped never again.

Little reckon the tinker band that one child less crouched to the fire, one brown hand less stretched to the steaming pot. When the wanderers meet in the smoke on winter nights, and the wind shakes wild melodies from trees and mountains, the men look at each other, and sometimes a light breaks over rugged faces. "Sounds like a tune from Piper Tim," say they.

Occasionally a strange presence seems to fill the place. The smith and the schoolmaster raise eager faces, words tremble on their lips, but—ah! the fetches that are ever submitted in dreamers' hearts have been stirred by the wind's sighing and the shadow of the dancing flames.—Black and White.

CONSERVATIVE.

The First Use of the Word as an English Political Term.

Canning, and not Cobden, was the first to use in English politics the word conservative in its present sense, and no less a authority than Disraeli (Lord Beaconsfield) "Mr. Wrangler" (Disraeli's "Mr. Higby") and the credit which belongs to a far more brilliant man. The general assumption has been that the term was earliest employed in The Quarterly Review for January, 1830 (No. 80, page 276), in an article which has been commonly said, but upon no specified authority, to have been written by Croker, but the term first saw was five years and a half previously.

On June 8, 1824, a dinner was given to George Hibbert, the chairman of the West India Merchants of London, by the members of that body, and several of the leading ministers then serving under Lord Liverpool, the Tory premier, were present. In the course of the proceedings, says a contemporary account, "an observation which fell from Mr. Canning was that the spirit of the present government, as that of all governments ought to be, was essentially conservative."

This reached in John Bull of June 13, 1824 (page 190), and the exact word was so obviously remarked that it was ridiculed. Years passed, and Canning had died before the word is again to be met in English politics, but on March 14, 1829, Charles Greville noted in his diary that "Herries told Hyde Villiers that their (the Tories') policy was conservative, that of the Whigs subversive, and that they never could act together."—"The Greville Memoirs," volume 1, page 1, page 194.

The word, employed by both Canning and Herries, was then "in the air" before it was given in The Quarterly, and this records with a statement made in the course of a correspondence on the "Etymology of the Word Conservative" which appeared in The Standard at the end of October, 1882, wherein it was said to have been first used in 1829, during the closing controversies upon Roman Catholic emancipation.—Notes and Queries.

INCAPABLE OF IMPERSONALITY.

An Alleged Failing That Has Deferred Woman's Emancipation.

The bond of fellowship which exists between man and man simply by virtue of a common act is entirely absent between woman and woman. It is, in fact, replaced by a fundamental antagonism, a vague enmity which renders the general attitude of a feminine creature toward her kind essentially different from that of the male creature in identical relations. In individual cases this feeling is counteracted by affection or by sympathy, but apart from personal sentiment it remains, covering every living woman as a mask from the rest of her sex. To a great extent this arises from woman's incapacity for impersonal feeling or abstract emotion. In life's fray she fights either for her own hand or, more often, for some one man or woman whom she loves, but rarely for the welfare of her sex at large.

Were it not for this strange lack of humanity in her nature, the emancipation of women would not have been so grievously retarded. If the few women who suffered affection under the restrictions which helped to keep their liberty had been able to stand on the sympathy and cooperation of all women, the time of their enfranchisement would have been enormously abbreviated. As it was, the first seekers after freedom met with more opposition from their own sex than they did from the other; nor, indeed, do they fare better today. Enormous changes in their social status were effected by an inconsiderable minority of women brave enough and logical enough to impress the main premise that he with the justice of their demands. But for their courage they received no sympathy and for their success not one word of thanks—nothing, in fact, but execration from the huge inert feminine mass in whose service their strength was spent.—Saturday Review.

Mrs. Elizabeth E. Hutter.

Mrs. Elizabeth E. Hutter, who recently died in Philadelphia, was widely known as the pioneer in many philanthropic movements in Pennsylvania. She was the widow of the Rev. Dr. E. W. Hutter, once editor of the Lancaster Intelligencer and afterward private secretary of President Buchanan and assistant secretary of state. During the war Mrs. Hutter frequently went to the front, rendering valuable service to the wounded and suffering. She took a conspicuous part in the great sanitary fair held in Philadelphia in 1864, acting as president of the committee of labor, income and revenue. She is credited with having raised $250,000 for the fair. She was the first woman to cross the line after the desperate three days' battle of Gettysburg. She went in a car provided by President Scott of the Pennsylvania railroad and by special permission of President Lincoln.—New York Tribune.

Wonderful Strength of the Beetle.

A noted entomologist who has been writing on the wonderful feats of strength as exhibited in the beetle family tells the following: "I selected a common black water beetle weighing 4.3 grains and found that he was able to carry a load of shot in a small bag, the whole weighing 93½ ounces, or exactly 858 times the weight of the bug. If a man weighing 150 could carry as much accordingly he could shoulder a 40 ton locomotive and then chain a train of cars together and take the whole for across the country at a five mile an hour gait."

A HISTORIC COW.

Undoubtedly the Spiest Jersey For Her Age In America.

Some time since a Jersey bull, Black Prince, was sold by Mr. T. S. Cooper of Pennsylvania for $10,000. It was one of the highest prices ever paid for such an animal. The dam of this golden bovine was the cow whose picture appears below. She is very old now, in her nineteenth year.

This cow is of the Stoke Pogis and St. Lambert family. She has been the mother of 16 calves and was never sick

An aged jersey cow

a day in her life. This does not look as if the Jersey breed is running out and getting so delicate that cows take tuberculosis and die and kill babies with their infectious milk.

On a diet of nothing but grass this cow produced 21 pounds of butter in a week. Five of her heifer calves made cows that give an average of 16 pounds 12 ounces of butter in seven days. The old matron was one of the premium Jerseys at the World's fair.

"Bullying Butter."

That the oleomargarine fiend has invaded England, too, is plain from the following from London Grocer:

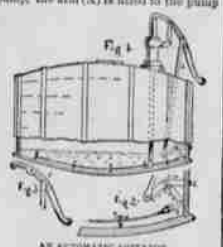
The fact that this fearful sort of butter is selling in London for less than at the chief Brittany towns has attracted the attention of English farmers, and inquiry has elicited that the French law against adulteration with margarine practically allows the adulterants a 10 per cent margin even in France, while the Brittany butter "for export only" is said to contain, over the very bodies of "exportation butter." The government is, we believe, to be positioned to represent to the French that such laxity is good for neither country and may lead to a prohibition of imports of butter from France except where the ingredients have been examined by an expert at the custom house. The struggles of the British dairy farmer are hard enough without this additional competition of an adulterated article. We note that genera are now sending out circulars advertising "freshly churned margarine" at sixpence per pound. This ingenious phrase, "freshly churned," evidently is intended to suggest to the masses a certain intimate connection between margarine and the cow, such as, in brutal fact, does not exist. The reluctance of executive governments to deal firmly with clear attempts at fraud is one of the most astonishing things of the present day. Outrages are met with in the most unexpected quarters, and nothing but very strong pressure from the agricultural interest will secure a remedy even for this flagrant adulteration. We are disposed to think that the present high standard for fatty matter in milk might be somewhat shaved, the strong hand of the law being more especially directed against the addition of foreign substances. A suggestion has recently been made that a seller of butter should not be allowed to be also a seller of margarine, and the vows. This would prevent many minor frauds.

FOR SPRAYING OUTFITS.

A New and Unsolicited Device For Thoroughly Agitating Spraying Compounds.

The great difficulty experienced by everybody who sprays in keeping spraying liquids in suspension has led Professor H. T. Hayward to experiment on an automatic agitator, with the result that one has been made that will keep any liquid fungicide or insecticide thoroughly agitated.

This contrivance, as illustrated by Rural New Yorker, is made for use with the barrel lying on its side and consists of an arm (A) of flat iron one-eighth inch thick and seven-eighths inch wide, attached to the handle of the pump and entering the barrel about six or eight inches from its head. This arm is attached to an elbow (B), with arms 8 inches in length, which is fastened into a socket about 4 inches in length, that is bolted to the head of the barrel at C. At the lower end of the elbow is attached a short arm (D), which is joined to the long arm that carries the discers or agitators (E). This joint is necessary in order that the dasher may lie on the bottom of the barrel, and to be lifted up at every stroke of the pump. With the movement of the pump handle, the dasher moves backward and forward over the entire bottom of the barrel, thus keeping the liquid in constant motion. In order that the liquid that may have settled on the bottom may be stirred thoroughly before starting the pump, the arm (A) is fitted to the pump



AN AUTOMATIC AGITATOR.

handle by a slot (F), so that it may be quickly slipped off and worked upward and downward a few times before beginning to pump.

All the parts are made of flat iron one-eighth inch thick by three-fourths inch wide and can be made by one having facilities for cutting such iron and drilling holes to fasten it together. The parts are held together by short stove bolts. The dashers are fastened to the rod by a screw passing through it.

In the adjustment of this apparatus to the barrel, the pump must be brought near enough to the end of the barrel to allow of the full sweep of the pump handle, and the rod (A) fitted to the handle so as to give a full sweep to the elbow (B), that the dashers may be carried forward and backward to their full extent. No patent has been applied for on this appliance, Professor Hayward wishing all the fruit growers to have the benefit of it.

Soft Shelled Eggs.

I noticed an inquiry in your paper in regard to soft shelled eggs, says a writer in Farm Poultry. My experience has been that when fowls are kept in confinement and have an abundance of food some of them will lay soft shelled eggs, and this will teach the flock the bad habit of eating their eggs. My flock of layers were quite troublesome while they were closely housed during the winter, though they were fed a great variety of food and they had plenty of crushed shell. Only a few days of liberty remedied the evil. I have just been driven almost to despair by a choice pen of Light Brahmas. There are only five of them, and they have plenty of room, but no out of door run. They have eaten all their eggs for some days, and I have no doubt that they were soft shelled ones.

But I hope that an occasional "little journey into the world" will keep them on their good behavior. These birds have had their grain scattered into litter, and they have had shell, water, meat and the one which goes so far toward making fowls healthy and profitable, but it is quite evident that they wanted what many a human being hungers for—the earth.

Go Hard Luck.

A sooty looking man with a white in his eyes and a tear in his eye stopped a portly, prosperous looking man as the latter of Brooklyn and Thirteenth street the other night.

"Mister," said he, "gimme a dime to get a bed. I don't touch either to a drink."

"Hire away," said the short man. "If you'd been honest and told me you wanted a drink, I'd have given you the money. Here, take it."

"Fact that I am," muttered the sooty man as he approached a jovial appearing portly man and asked for 10 cents for a drink.

"Come here," snapped the man addressed, "if you'd told me you wanted money to get a bed, I'd have given it to you. I don't believe in drink."

The sooty man groaned.—Exchange.

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