Topics of the Times

Doubtless some people think heaven is all right because there is to be no marrying there.

Frank Gould speaks of "the curse of money." Yet he doesn't act as if he would rejoice "to see the curse removed."

"Tangled Wedlock" is the title of a new novel. We take it for granted that the hero and heroine belong to rich families.

President Diaz of Mexico delivers only one message a year. This circumstance should not be overlooked in trying to explain why Diaz is given so many terms.

As regards the hen, furthermore, she has one conspicuous advantage over the cow. It is harder to counterfeit, adulterate or otherwise impair the usefulness of her output.

The man who goes around croaking that the worst is yet to come either has a weak spine or knows of something that he would like to get at a marked-down price.

A Minneapolis man claims that he owns thirty-seven acres of land on the Chicago lake front. Captain George Wellington Streeter will no doubt be glad to extend sympathy.

According to the Buffalo Express, some one has invented a scheme to insure umbrellas against theft. The company tackling any scheme of that kind will be kept busy at the paying teller's window.

Mrs. Howard Gould says no woman can dress decently on less than $20,000 a year. In that case we fear there are a good many women in this country who are not decently dressed any of the time.

A New Jersey woman has been getting into trouble because she spanked her 81-year-old husband. Before H. Gassaway Davis extends any sympathy he will want to know whether she caught the rascal flirting or not.

It is stated that the heart of a vegetarian beats fifty-eight times a minute, and that of a meat-eater seventy-five times. Thus the meat-eating young man with a vegetarian sweetheart can see how difficult it is at times for "two hearts to beat as one."

We welcome the story of the enormous meteor that fell into the Atlantic ocean a few days ago, narrowly missing a ship in its descent. It is a pleasing variation from the conventional sea serpent story that usually appears about this time of year.

"Always ready for sea duty, but afraid of social festivities," is the way the wife of Admiral Evans recently characterized her distinguished husband. Medical science would probably agree that the admiral has discovered which is the greater danger of the two.

In the early days of San Francisco, trading vessels were often deserted by the entire crew, who went hunting gold. There was nothing for the captain to do but abandon ship and join the rush. The deserted ships left on the beach were gradually filled round with sand, and were turned into "hotels." Recent excavations for the foundations of the new Niantic block disclosed the keel and ribs of the ship Niantic, which sailed from Maine sixty years ago. It was beached at San Francisco, hauled up on land, and used as a lodging house. Where it had stood was erected the first Niantic block, which was destroyed in the great fire two years ago.

Records of averted disasters do not get the attention that is given to disasters unaverted, but they make more cheerful reading and lift one's faith in human nature. The other day a Long Island Sound steamer caught fire, and there might have been another horror like the burning of the General Slocum. But there was no loss of life, no panic. The pilots kept the steamer steady, the captain fought the fire in orderly manner, summoned help, and transferred six hundred passengers to another steamer. At a children's entertainment in a New York church gauzy draperies took fire, flames shot to the ceiling, and burning bits fell on the children. The audience sprang up, but the little king of the play justified his regal part. He cried, "What are you all scared about? It's just a little fire." Meanwhile a boy at the organ was playing "Onward, Christian Soldiers." During the flurry he did not miss a note. Two men stamped the fire out. Others opened the doors and started to marshal the women and children. Most of the people kept their places, and there was no panic.

There are few things, certainly no article of jewelry, that a bride prizes more than her wedding ring. But a married woman cannot always remain a bride, not even in Chicago, where some of them try it by getting married frequently. And the views of a married woman later in life are apt to be different from the roseate visions of the bride. Perhaps even the wedding ring loses its glamor, and becomes merely so many dollars' worth of precious money. That this is true in certain cases was shown in a Chicago court recently, when a man was on trial for selling cocaine. A number of wedding rings were shown in the evidence; wedding rings that wives who had ceased to be brides had bartered for the drug. No more startling evidence of the power of the drug habit can well be conceived than this. To barter one's birthright for pottage were not so bad. Hunger is natural enough, and must be satisfied, if possible, at almost any sacrifice. But the drug fiend creates his own hunger, as the drunkard creates his thirst, and neither can be satisfied, even temporarily, except at a sacrifice. And the more frequently the victim seeks this satisfaction, the greater becomes the sacrifice. Health, hope, honor, one by one, are offered on the altar of the drug, and, finally, the miserable life that is left goes to complete the final sacrifice. Perhaps, after all, the sacrifice of a wedding ring is small compared with some others fools make that they may know for a little while, the joy of madness.

Charges of attempts to influence Congress by improper means have lately been under investigation in Washington. Such accusations are frequently made against persons whose interests may be beneficially or injuriously affected by proposed legislation. Fortunately, they are seldom sustained, because they are seldom justified. There is much legitimate and far less improper lobbying in Congress and in the State legislatures. It is proper for a legislator to seek information on any subject on which he must vote, and it is proper for a lawyer or a layman to give or even to volunteer the information. Former members of Congress frequently open offices in Washington, and offer their services to persons interested in the passage of laws. They receive pay for their services, and when they appear before congressional committees with arguments in behalf of their clients, they are as honestly engaged as when they appear in the Supreme Court. But many unscrupulous legislative agents have been dishonest, and have attempted bribery, and have caused the word "lobbyist" to become a term of reproach. In some States attempts improperly to influence legislation constitute a felony, punishable by disfranchisement and disqualification from holding public office. The anti-bribery laws are directed also against lobbyists as well as against corrupt legislators. In the British Parliament registered and officially recognized legislative agents perform those functions which reputable American lawyers undertake by supplying the needed information concerning private bills. In addition they are required to stand as sponsor for bills affecting private interests; but they must not attempt privately to influence the votes of members, being bound by the same honorable restrictions which forbid tampering with a jury or bringing private pressure to bear upon a judge who must decide the case. The scandals of the old system which this admirable custom has displaced in England were greater than any that have disgraced the American Congress.

ONE THING THEY COULD DO

"Young men of to-day are purely selfish," complained a weary and disgusted hostess. "I know many, and with a very few exceptions they accept my hospitality and then decline to contribute to the gayety of my entertainments." Her companion, a man of years and experience, smiled quietly.

"That's an old grievance," he said; "I remember hearing my mother say the same thing fifty years ago. I remember, too, with what relish she used to tell the story of a spirited woman of her acquaintance who administered justice, as she saw it, on a certain occasion.

"The woman had married an English man who had been an officer of a crack regiment, but who sold out when he married. Quite naturally, therefore his old comrades were often at their house, and to the disgust of his wife, they answered your description of the young men of to-day.

One evening, when there were several of her countrywomen among her guests, my mother's friend vainly tried to make the dashing troopers come to time. But when she suggested cards it was 'The Tenth doesn't play cards.'

"A suggestion of music was met with 'The Tenth doesn't sing.'

"At last one of the American girls said something about dancing, and my mother's friend tried to make up a set. Then came the haughty declaration, 'The Tenth don't dance.'

"'Well,' said the exasperated hostess, 'at any rate, the Tenth marches!'

"And march it did," concluded the man, "in defiance of the English husband's wishes."

Writers' Cramp.

Writers' cramp is a serious matter to people whose work requires that they use a pen very much, while for the unaccustomed writer who takes an afternoon off now and then to catch up with her correspondence it is, to say the least, very discouraging. The trouble is more than muscular in this kind of cramp. Very often a low, nervous condition will cause it. Then one should take it as a warning that the system is run down and needs general toning up. Very often, however, the trouble is all in the way you hold your pen.

Children now in school are not likely to be troubled with writers' cramp, because they are taught to hold the pen lightly and make all the movements from the arm instead of the hand. The old fashioned method which most of us learned of holding the pen between the thumb and forefinger is also very likely to encourage a cramp. The muscles become tense and hard, until finally they contract so much that all control over them is lost. The pen should be held between the first two fingers, well up toward the joint. The trouble may often be relieved by putting the hand and wrist into the hottest water one can stand.—Boston Herald.

Revised.

Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the milkmen happy
And the grocers bland.
—The Bohemian.

Most parents in raising children don't know the difference between training and the lack of it.

Watch a man peel an apple and you'l want a bite.

The Firm of Girdlestone

BY

A. CONAN DOYLE

CHAPTER XIX.—(Continued.)

She went down the avenue and had a few words with the sentry there. She felt no bitterness against him now—on the contrary, she could afford to laugh at his peculiarities. He was in a very bad humor on account of domestic difficulties. His wife had been abusing him, and had ended by assaulting him. "She used to argey first and then fetch the poker," he said ruefully, "but now it's the poker first and there ain't no argeyment at all."

Kate looked at his savage face and burly figure, and thought what a very courageous woman his wife must be.

"It's all 'cause the fisher lasses won't lemme alone," he explained with a leer. "She don't like it, knock me sideways if she do! It ain't my fault, though. I allers had a kind o' a fetchin' way wi' women."

"Did you post my note?" asked Kate.

"Yes; in course I did," he answered. "It'll be in Lunnon now, most like." His one eye moved about in such a very shifty way as he spoke that she was convinced that he was telling a lie. She could not be sufficiently thankful that she had something else to rely upon besides the old scoundrel's assurances.

There was nothing to be seen down the lane except a single cart, with a loutish young man walking at the horse's head. She had a horror of the country folk since her encounter with the two bumpkins upon the Sunday. She therefore slipped away from the gate and went through the wood to the shed, which she mounted. On the other side of the wall there was standing a little boy in buttons, so rigid and motionless that he might be one of Madame Tussaud's figures, were it not for his eyes, which were rolling about in every direction, and which finally fixed themselves on Kate's face.

"Good-mornin', miss," said this apparition.

"Good-morning," she answered. "I think I saw you with Mrs. Scully yesterday?"

"Yes, miss. Missus, she told me to wait here and never to move until I seed you. She said as you would be sure to come. I've been waitin' here for high on an hour."

"Your mistress is an angel," Kate said enthusiastically, "and you are a very good little boy."

"Indeed, you've hit it about the missus," said the youth, in a hoarse whisper, nodding his head to emphasize his remarks. "She's got a heart as is big enough for three."

Kate could not help smiling at the enthusiasm with which the little fellow spoke.

"You seem fond of her," she said.

"I'd be a bad 'un if I wasn't. She took me out of the work'us without character or nothing, and she's a-educatin' of me. She sent me 'ere with a message."

"What was it?"

"She said as how she had written instead o' electro-telegraphing, 'cause she had so much to say she couldn't fit it all on a telegraph."

"I thought that would be so," Kate said.

"She wrote to Major—Major—him as is a-follerin' of her. She said as she had no doubt as he'd be down to-day, and you was to keep up your sperrits and let her know by me if any one was a-wexin' you."

"No, no. Not at all," Kate answered, smiling again. "You can tell her that my guardian has been much kinder to-day. I am full of hope now. Give her my warmest thanks for her kindness."

"All right, miss. Say, that chap at the gate hasn't been giving you no cheek, has he—him with the game eye?"

"No, no, John."

John looked at her suspiciously. "If he hasn't it's all right," he said, "but I think as you're one of them as don't complain if you can 'elp it." He opened his hand and showed a great jagged flint which he carried. "I'd ha' knocked his other peeper out with this," he said, "blowed if I wouldn't."

"Don't do anything of the sort, John, but run home like a good little boy."

"All right, miss. Good-by to ye!"

Kate watched him stroll down the lane. He paused at the bottom as if irresolute, and then she was relieved to see him throw the stone over into a turnip field, and walk rapidly off in the opposite direction to the Priory gates.

CHAPTER XX.

Late in the afternoon Ezra arrived at the Priory. From one of the passage windows Kate saw him driving up the avenue in a high dogcart. There was a broad-shouldered, red-bearded man sitting beside him, and the owter from the Flying Bull was perched behind. Kate had rushed to the window on hearing the sound of wheels, with some dim expectation that her friends had come sooner than she anticipated. A glance, however, showed her that the hope was vain. From behind a curtain she watched them alight and come into the house, while the trap wheeled round and rattled off for Bedsworth again.

She went slowly back to her room, wondering what friend this could be whom Ezra had brought with him. She had noticed that he was roughly clad, presenting a contrast to the young merchant, who was vulgarly spruce in his attire. Evidently he intended to pass the night at the Priory, since they had let the trap go back to the village. She was glad that he had come, for his presence would act as a restraint upon the Girdlestones.

As the long afternoon stole away she became more and more impatient and expectant. She had been sewing in her room, but she found that she could no longer keep her attention on the stitches. She paced nervously up and down the little apartment. In the room beneath she could hear the dull, muffled sound of men's voices in a long continuous monotone, broken only by the interposition now and again of one voice which was so deep and loud that it reminded her of the growl of a beast of prey. This must belong to the red-bearded stranger. Kate wondered what it could be that they were talking over so earnestly. City affairs, no doubt, or other business matters of importance. She remembered having once heard it remarked that many of the richest men on 'Change were eccentric and slovenly in their dress, so the newcomer might be a more important person than he seemed.

She had determined to remain in her room all the afternoon to avoid Ezra, but her restlessness was so great that she felt feverish and hot. The fresh air, she thought, would have a reviving effect upon her. She slipped down the staircase, treading as lightly as possible not to disturb the gentlemen in the refectory. They appeared to hear her, however, for the hum of conversation died away, and there was a dead silence until after she had passed.

She went out on to the little lawn which lay in front of the old house. There were some flower beds scattered about on it, but they were overgrown with weeds and some very ugly weeds. She amused herself by attempting to improve the condition of one of them, and kneeling down beside it she pulled up a number of the weeds which covered it. There was a withered rose bush in the center, so she pulled up that also, and succeeded in imparting some degree of order among the few plants which remained. She worked with unnatural energy, pausing every now and again to glance down the dark avenue, or to listen intently to any chance sound which might catch her ear.

In the course of her work she chanced to look at the Priory. The refectory faced the lawn, and at the window of it there stood the three men looking out at her. The Girdlestones were nodding their heads, as though they were pointing her out to the third man, who stood between them. He was looking at her with an expression of interest. Kate thought as she repaired his character that she had never seen a more savage and brutal face. He was flushed and laughing, while Ezra beside him appeared to be pale and anxious. They all, when they saw that she noticed them, stepped precipitately back from the window. She had only a momentary glance at them, and yet the three faces, the strange, fierce red one, and the two hard familiar pale ones which flanked it, remained vividly impressed upon her memory.

Girdlestone had been so pleased at the early appearance of his two allies, and the prospect of settling the matter once for all, that he received them with a cordiality which was foreign to his nature.

"Always punctual, my dear son, and always to be relied upon," he said. "You are a model to our young business men. As to you, Mr. Burt," he continued, "I am delighted to see you at the Priory, much as I regret the sad necessity which has brought you down."

"Talk it over afterwards," said Ezra, shortly. "Burt and I have had no luncheon yet."

"I am near starved," the other growled, throwing himself into a chair. Ezra had been careful to keep him from drink on the way down, and he was now sober, or as nearly sober as a brain saturated with liquor could ever be.

Girdlestone called for Mrs. Jorrocks, who laid the cloth. Ezra appeared to have a poor appetite, but Burt ate voraciously. When the meal was finished Ezra drew a chair up to the fire, and his father did the same, after ordering the old woman out of the room, and carefully closing the door behind her.

"You have spoken to our friend here about the business?" Girdlestone asked, nodding his head in the direction of Burt.

"Yes. I have made it all clear."

"Five hundred pounds down, and a free passage to Africa," said Burt.

"An energetic man like you can do a great deal in the colonies with five hundred pounds," Girdlestone remarked.

"What I do with it is nothing to you, gov'nor," Burt remarked surlily. "I does the job, you pays the money, and there's an end as far as you are concerned."

"Quite so," the merchant said in a conciliatory voice. "You are free to do what you like with the money."

"Without axin' your leave," growled Burt. He was a man of such a turbulent and quarrelsome disposition that he was always ready to go out of his way to make himself disagreeable.

"The question is how it is to be done," interposed Ezra. "You've got some plan in your head, I suppose," he said to his father. "It's high time the thing was carried through, or we shall have to put up the shutters in Fenchurch street."

His father shivered at the very thought. "Anything rather than that," he said.

"It will precious soon come to that."

"What's the matter with your lip? It seems to be swollen."

"I had a turn with that fellow Dimsdale," Ezra answered, putting his hand up to his mouth to hide the disfigurement. "He followed us to the station and we had to beat him off, but I think I left my marks upon him."

"He played some hokey-pokey business on me," said Burt. "He tripped me in some new-fangled way, and nigh knocked the breath out of me. I don't fall as light as I used."

"He did not succeed in tracing you?" Girdlestone asked uneasily. "There is no chance of his turning up here, and spoiling the whole business?"

"Not in the least," said Ezra confidently. "He was in the hands of a policeman when I saw him last."

"That is well. Now I should like, before we go further, to say a few words to Mr. Burt as to what has led up to this. I wish you to understand," he said, "that this is no sudden determination of ours, but that events have led up to it in such a way that it was impossible to avoid it. Our commercial honor and integrity are more precious to us than anything else, and we have both agreed that we are ready to sacrifice anything rather than lose it. Unfortunately, our affairs have become somewhat involved, and it was absolutely necessary that the firm should have a sum of money promptly in order to extricate itself from its difficulties. This sum we endeavored to get through a daring speculation in diamonds, which was, though I say it, ingeniously planned and cleverly carried, and which would have succeeded admirably had it not been for an unfortunate chance."

"I remember," said Burt.

"Of course. You were there at the time. We were able to struggle along for some time after this on money which we borrowed and on the profits of our African trade. The time came, however, when the borrowed money was to be repaid, and once again the firm was in danger. It was then that we first thought of the fortune of my ward. It was enough to turn the scale in our favor, could we lay our hands upon it. It was securely tied up, however, in such a way that there were only two means by which we could touch a penny of it. One was by marrying her to my son; the other was by the young lady's death. Do you follow me?"

Burt nodded his shaggy head.

"This being so, we did all that we could to arrange a marriage. Without flattery I may say that no girl was ever approached in a more delicate and honorable way than she was by my son, Ezra. I, for my part, brought all my influence to bear upon her in order to induce her to meet his advances in a proper spirit. In spite of our efforts, she rejected him in the most decided way, and gave us to understand that it was hopeless to attempt to make her change her mind."

"Someone else, maybe," suggested Burt.

"The man who put you on your back at the station," said Ezra.

"Ha! I'll pay him for that," the navvy growled viciously.

"A human life, Mr. Burt," continued Girdlestone, "is a sacred thing, but a human life, when weighed against the existence of a great firm from which hundreds derive their means of livelihood, is a small consideration indeed. When the fate of Miss Harston is put against the fate of the great commercial house of Girdlestone, it is evident which must go to the wall. Our house has for nearly forty years been a bright spot in the darkness. If it should fall now it would be a stumbling block and a scandal. You see, therefore, that greater interests are at stake than the mere dross of this world. Having seen that this and accidently might arise, I had made every arrangement some time before. This building is, as you may have observed in your drive, situated in a lonely and secluded part of the country. It is walled round, too, in such a manner that any one residing here is practically a prisoner. I removed the lady so suddenly that no one can possibly know where she has gone to, and I have spread such reports as to her condition that no one down here would be surprised to hear of her decease."

"But there is bound to be an inquiry. How about a medical certificate?" asked Ezra.

"I shall insist upon a coroner's inquest," his father answered.

"An inquest! Are you mad?"

"When you have heard me I think that you will come to just the opposite conclusion. I think that I have hit upon a scheme which is really neat—neat in its simplicity." He rubbed his hands together, and showed his long yellow fangs in his enjoyment of his own astuteness.

Burt and Ezra leaned forward to listen, while the old man sank his voice to a whisper.

"They think that she is insane," he said.

"Yes."

"There's a small door in the boundary wall which leads out to the railway line."

"Well, what of that?"

"Suppose that door to be left open, would it be an impossible thing for a crazy woman to slip out through it, and to be run over by the ten o'clock express?"

"If she would only get in the way of it."

"You don't quite catch my idea yet. Suppose that this express ran over the dead body of a woman, would there be anything to prove afterwards that she was dead, and not alive at the time of the accident? Do you think that it would ever occur to any one's mind that the express had run over a dead body?"

"I see your meaning," said his son thoughtfully. "You would settle her and then put her there."

(To be continued.)

THE WORLD'S PERFUME.

An Industry in Which an Entire Town Is Interested.

Few people—in America at least—know that the town which might be said to supply the world with its perfume is Grasse on the Riviera, about 12 miles by train from that center of gayety, Cannes. It holds a population of some 15,000 persons, the great majority of whom are employed in the perfume industry which yields an income to the town of a million and a half a year.

The little perfume city is set on the side of the mountain Rocavignon and in the valley around it more than 60,000 acres of flower beds produce the petals from which are drawn the little drops of sweet incense that are sent out to all quarters of the globe.

Every available bit of ground, says Jane R. White, in The World To-day, has been walled in and the cassia or rosebush has to pay its yearly tribute of fragrance in return for the care lavished upon it. Here and there the flowers run riot, but usually tiny irrigating ditches separate the neat even rows of violets, jonquils, jasmine, tuberoses, heliotropes, roses and lavender. One breathes a new atmosphere here; it is as though the invigorating mountain air had been sprayed with eau de cologne.

When one goes into the factories of the town the process of manufacture one notes is much the same for all perfumes except those made from the rose or orange petals.

Glass sheets, held by frames a few inches apart, are smeared thickly with lard, and between these sheets the freshly picked blossoms are scattered, touching the frames, but not pressed by them. In one day the oil of the flowers exudes and the lard absorbs the precious drops. Before the grease is fully saturated the flowers are changed many times, the number depending upon the amount of oil the flowers contain. If the flowers are plentiful they may be changed as often as every six hours and in the case of the jonquils 30 times, but jasmine is usually changed 80 times before the layers of lard are entirely saturated.

Attar of roses and neroli, the base of eau de cologne, are made by a different method. The perfume may be extracted by an ordinary process of distillation if a very even heat is maintained, but the usual method is the "bain marie." A large kettle of lard is immersed in a tub of water at the boiling point until the grease reaches a uniform temperature and is entirely melted.

Into this warm lard the petals of orange blossoms or of roses are thrown. The petals remain a day or less in this bath and then the wilted flowers are withdrawn and fresh ones added until the mixture reaches the required strength. Women beat the mixture into a cream and the "bain marie" rooms look like cake bakeries.

To make one pound of attar of roses, which is worth $200, 20,000 pounds of rose petals are required. A thousand pounds of petals are needed to make a pound of neroli, which averages in value $20 a pound.

A Special Brand.

Brown—I want to thank you again for that cigar you gave me yesterday. I enjoyed it immensely.

Green—I'm glad you liked it. By the way, I have another of the same brand if you care to smoke.

Brown—No, thank you. I didn't smoke the other one. I have a grudge against Jones, so I gave it to him.

When you know a successful man, you also know of some little weakness that keeps him from succeeding a great deal better.

He who can move his ears can usually make his hair stand on end.

FARMS AND FARMERS

Farm Labor.

fronting agriculture is competent farm help that can be secured at a compensation proportionate to the net earnings for the farmer. Manufactures, mining and railroads furnish employment to a vast number of workers who are under trained foremen and their wages are graduated according to the amount of product they can turn out. Manufacturers and transportation corporations are capitalized and the investment is required to earn a fixed dividend for the stockholders. The earnings are expected to exceed the dividends, operating expenses and fixed charges to create a surplus fund to conduct affairs in emergencies and during panics without stopping dividends.

The farmer is compelled to compete in the open market for help to conduct his agricultural operations. While the farmer is delighted if his investment returns a reasonable profit, he has no recourse if the season's results are conducted at a loss. The manufacturer in times of financial stringency to protect stockholders discharges a part of his force, reduces their wages or runs his plant on shorter hours. The farmer can only protect himself from exorbitant wages by the purchase of costly labor-saving machinery.

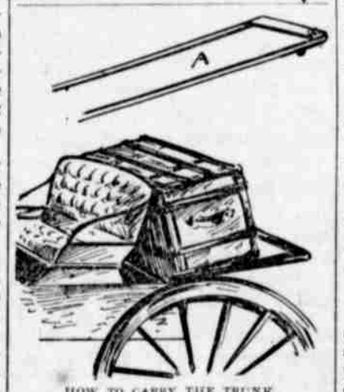
The world moves forward and the higher cost of living, the increase in value of farm lands and the higher prices of agricultural products will not soon revert to old low standards. The farmer will not find cheap labor offered in the market except by inefficient employes.

Agriculture is annually becoming more of a business proposition and the standard of labor advanced on the farm. The farm laborer must understand modern agricultural machinery and how to operate it to obtain employment. Machinery is too expensive to be trusted with inexperienced operators, and the man who can skillfully handle modern farm implements is in demand on the farm at a wage scale that will compare favorably with the employes in industrial enterprises.

Farmers are now practical business men and the majority of them keep books on farm operations and know the amount of their profit and loss annually. Farming as a profession is becoming more attractive and diversified and labor needs to be more skilled to meet new conditions of agriculture. The inducements are potential for young men to qualify as farm laborers and the field offers as brilliant prospects as any other profession. The farmer is not so much in quest of cheap labor as efficient help and is willing to pay a wage scale proportionate to the ability and proficiency of the laborer as an up-to-date farm hand.—Goodall's Farmer.

Carrying a Trunk in Buggy.

To carry a trunk or any bulky article in a small buggy, make a frame out of two pieces of one and one-half by two-inch scantlings eight feet long. Nail a board across the ends as shown



HOW TO CARRY THE TRUNK.

in A of the accompanying illustration. Place the free ends beneath the seat and under the foot rest in front, letting the frame extend behind the buggy. The trunk or box, explains Prairie Farmer, can then be placed on the end of the frame behind the seat of the buggy. It should be tied on.

Eggs Variously Preserved.

Eggs are preserved in many other ways besides cold storage. Often the preservative is effected by excluding the air by coating, covering or immersing the eggs, some material or solution being used which may or may not be a germicide. An old domestic method is to pack the eggs in oats, bran or salt; another consists in covering the eggs with lime water, which may or may not contain salt. In Germany sterilization is effected by placing in boiling water from twelve to fifteen seconds. Sometimes they are treated to a solution of alum or salicylic acid. Other methods consist in varnishing with a solution of permanganate of potash, varnishing with collodion or shellac; packing in peat dust, preserving in wood ashes, treating with a solution of boric acid and water glass, varnishing with vaseline, preserving in lime water, preserving in a solution of water glass. The last three methods have proved most successful. Infertile eggs will keep much better than fertile eggs by any manner of preservation.

The Consumer's Error.

The consumer is often to be blamed for the milk souring quickly. First-class milk left at his house in a clean bottle and at a low temperature may be sour or off flavor twelve hours later because it was left standing in a warm kitchen for a few minutes or was poured into a pan that had been washed in the dishpan and wiped on a towel that had done service for all kinds of dishes for several days. Also milk should not be left standing in the sun a minute after the milkman leaves it.

New Farm Products.

Alfalfa was an unknown crop a few years ago. Now it is one of the most reliable and profitable of Texas crops. It has not been long since the onion was produced only in a few short rows. Now the onion crop is one of Texas' best advertisements. The effort to raise for the market medicinal plants began with one enterprising citizen of Grayson County only a few years ago. Now this line is being taken up and will be carried on for all it is worth. The list is growing longer, and the prices of cotton and other farm products are better than they used to be, and the man with the hoe is growing more independent. The sugar beet is now being tested. Colorado holds first place in the production of beet sugar in the United States, with 422,732,530 pounds of sugar from 138,360,936 acres, while Michigan and California are closely matched for second place, producing 165,000,000 and 164,000,000 pounds respectively. The sugar beet crop in this country last year brought $4,500,000.

The present year will be an important season for experiments with the sugar beet in Texas. Let the tests be made under as good conditions as possible. There is really no doubt as to the results in localities where the soil is of the right density and quality. Lands that produce fine crops of beets of the ordinary variety or the "biggest turnips in the world" are quite sure to break a few records in sugar beets if given a fair test.—Galveston News.

Improved Chicken Coop.

The diagram shows a convenient way to make a coop for the poultry yard, of which the special feature is its door. Procure a box of the right dimensions and saw a hole, d, in one end. Then strengthen the box with narrow strips of wood, b c, on each side of the hole.

HINGELESS DOOR FOR A COOP.

b c. This acts as a groove for the door, a, to slide in. Thus you have a sliding door, which opens and shuts with the greatest ease. The front of the coop is inclosed with lath, or narrow strips, placed 2¾ to 3 inches apart. The top should be covered with a good grade of roofing paper to make it waterproof. A coop of this sort should be 2 to 2½ feet long, 16 inches deep and not less than 20 inches high, while 2 feet would be better.—Richard Moncure, in Farm and Home.

The Judge and $1 Wheat.

Maud Miller, in the summer's heat,
Raked the meadow thick with wheat.

The judge rode slowly down the lane,
Smoothing his horse's chestnut mane.

"With wheat at a dollar per," said he,
"This maid is about the size for me."

Then he smiled at her and she blushed at him,
And over the meadow fence he clim.

"Will you marry me, sweet maid?" he said,
And she told him "Yes," and they were wed.

Alas for maiden, alas for judge,
For old designer and wheat-field drudge.

Lord pity them both and pity us all,
For Maud didn't own the wheat at all.

And the judge remarked when he learned the cheat:
"Don't talk to me about dollar wheat!"
—San Francisco Argonaut.

How Animals Doctor Themselves.

Man might often take from the lower animals a lesson as to the cure of himself when ill. All sorts of animals suffering from fever eat little, lie quiet in dark, airy places and drink quantities of water. When a dog loses his appetite he knows where to find chiendent—dog grass—which acts as a purgative and emetic. Sheep and cows, when ill, seek certain herbs. Any animal suffering from chronic rheumatism keeps as far as possible in the sun. If a chimpanzee be wounded he has been seen to stop the bleeding by a plaster of chewed up leaves and grass.

Farm Hints.

The horse is man's best friend, therefore he is deserving of a friend's treatment.

Don't forget that the barnyard manure is the best all-round fertilizer you can obtain.

Pasture makes the cheapest hog feed on the farm and clover makes the best hog pasture.

Don't let money act as a padlock on your heart and shut in all the kindness and happiness.

The animal that has a full, bright eye is apt to be healthy. And a moist nose is another indication of health.

The man who keeps his troubles to himself is better thought of than he who burdens his neighbors with them. The neighbors have their own troubles to think about.

Little things on the farm amount to as much in the end as they do in any other business, yet the farmer as a rule does not pay as much attention to details as does the city business man.

Talk over with the good housewife all the undertakings of the farm. She will have some good advice to offer.

The burning of straw and stalks, except in special cases, is a wasteful practice and has no place in judicious farming.

Every farm should have a pair of scales. It is the only way for the farmer to know exactly where he stands in his buying and selling.

Farm machinery put in repair before the busy season opens means money in the pocket. When it is put away in the fall is a better time for repairing.