TOPICS OF THE TIMES

A lazy man can't see why others should be foolish enough to work.

Mexico can think of many owners it would prefer to the Standard Oil Company.

Dr. Cook is gradually learning to do without pickled dog and soused walrus flipper.

New York led the simple life when Hudson discovered it, but it hath sought out many inventions.

A girl never feels more important than when she is getting married, and a man never looks more inconspicuous.

A Chinaman has built the first successful aeroplane on the Pacific coast. We always heard that the Chinese must go.

"The more we are able to serve others the greater our happiness," says Mr. Rockefeller. More what? Kerosene?

"As to further explorations," says Dr. Cook, "much will depend on Mrs. Cook." Mrs. Peary has already remarked, "Never again!"

Scientists declare there is no such thing as an equinoctial storm. But they can't deny the fact that we have a lot of weather at that time of year.

Wilbur Wright says his aeroplane is perfect, but he is unable to get a perfect motor. That's a good deal like a man with a perfect leg, with rheumatism in it.

Kansas is reported to have a large surplus of rich widows. Owing to the efforts of William Allen White, however, it will be useless for titled foreigners to apply.

Japanese etiquette forbids a newspaper man from attempting to interview a member of the royal family. This is a kind of yellow journalism not at all to the reporters' liking.

It is alleged that J. M. Barrie wishes to obtain a divorce so that he may marry a beautiful young actress who has made a great hit in one of his plays. The gratitude of some authors is astounding.

We have a dim, nebulous suspicion that Booth Tarkington's purpose in going into agriculture is to demonstrate that a high class literary man, burning with a lofty ambition, can succeed in raising good cantoloupes.

Overdressing, flirting and gossiping are the three cardinal sins of woman, according to a vote which was recently cast by young men belonging to one of the Chicago churches. In England the desire to vote could certainly have crowded out one of the sins hereinbefore alluded to.

Science keeps well ahead of those who make the dictionaries. Just now aviation—which is still new in the dictionaries—is adding rapidly to the world's vocabulary. Aviation itself, from the Latin avis, a bird, is happily coined, for the monoplanes and biplanes with which such wonderful triumphs have been scored of late are sprawling imitations of soaring birds.

In our own country we are beginning to see the effects of that system of athletics which took possession of our colleges and other schools some fifteen or twenty years ago. Some of us, to be sure, have regarded the athletic practice of our schools as a thing somewhat overdone; and yet who has not observed a tremendous improvement in the physical condition—in the general get-up and set-up—of our school-bred youth as compared with the youth of a generation ago to whom athletic practice was unknown? In our more recent consideration of the college-bred man as a new and hopeful factor in the country, do we not think as highly of those qualities clearly the product of athletic practice—of sport—as of those directly associated with scholarly accomplishment?

A serious increase in the price of food has been predicted lately by men who are capable of taking broad views, and who use well known facts to justify their prediction. It is certain, as Mr. Hill points out, that the surplus production of wheat is steadily diminishing. As the population increases, and as the area devoted to grain and the agricultural population does not increase in proportion, it results that the people consume more and have less to sell in Europe. If this state of things continues for a long time, the United States will need to import wheat. But the process of diminution is slow, and a deficiency of wheat is years in the future. The meat situation is different. There is said to be at the present time a great deficiency of cattle, and if that is the fact the price of beef, and of other meats in consequence, will soon be much higher. But that condition of things need not and will not be permanent, since the high price will stimulate the raising of more cattle.

A study of the latest criminal statistics of the United States, for 1904, and a comparison of some important data with corresponding data of the census of 1890, made by the chaplain of the California state prison in the Popular Science Monthly, yield some interesting results. There has been, apparently, a healthy diminution of crime in the United States, though the population has increased during the period covered by 36 per cent. New York, Illinois, Missouri, [illegible] other States show actu[illegible] [illegible] population. The [illegible] [illegible] the juvenile [illegible] cides has increased by more than 26 per cent in the country at large, but in the "wild and woolly West" the percentage of homicides is only 1.5, as against 27.8 for the year 1890. Robbery, too, contrary to general notions, is least rife in the western division, being no more than 1.2 per cent, as against 13.6 per cent in the previous criminal census. Grand larceny has likewise decreased. The West has settled down, has developed anti-crime and anti-disorder habits and agencies, and in some respects is even setting an example to the East. The foreign-born population, being 13 per cent of the whole, commits 23 per cent of the crime in the country—almost, strangely enough, the ratio reported in 1890. There is no apparent relation between crime and illiteracy, but crime is shown by the figures to sustain a vital relation to "the two great negative centers of the social disease—ignorance and want." As regards occupation, the professional and agricultural classes are addicted to major offenses, while the servants and laboring classes are prone to the lesser forms of crime. Drunkenness is found in fully 50 per cent of all criminal cases, and one significant fact is worthy of particular attention in police and official circles—namely, that "perhaps 20 per cent of the crime in this country is actually committed in the saloons themselves." Of the prison population in 1890 over 23 per cent were entered as "drunkards," and yet in many cases the "habits" of prisoners had not been inquired into. Social and industrial students will find abundant material in the criminal census, but they will also find gaps and omissions which suggest more elaborate inquiries for the next census.

LITERARY LITTLE BITS

Sir Gilbert Parker says of the stories in his new book, "Northern Lights": "The tales in this book belong to two different epochs in the life of the Far West. The first five are reminiscent of border days and deeds, of days before the great railway was built which changed a waste into a fertile field of civilization. The remaining stories cover the period passed since the Royal Northwest Mounted Police and the Pullman car first startled the early pioneer and sent him into the land of the Farther North or drew him into the quiet circle of civic routine and humdrum occupation."

Charles Lever believed that novelists should retire or at all events refrain from writing love stories in due season. In his fifty-ninth year the author of "Charles O'Malley" writes to his publisher: "What you hint about a real love story is good, but don't forget that Thackeray said that 'No old man must prate about love.' I remember the Duke of Wellington once saying to me, referring to Warren's 'Ten Thousand a Year,' 'It is not that he never had ten thousand a year, but he never knew a man who had.' As to writing about love from memory, it is like counting over the bank notes of a bank long broken. They remind you of money, it is true, but they're only waste paper, after all."

William De Morgan's new novel, "It Never Can Happen Again," is published. It is not difficult to see from the leisurely air of Mr. De Morgan's books that he does not work systematically a definite number of hours a day. He "just works all day on and off," he says, "and sometimes a little in the evening." The weather does not affect him because he does all his work indoors. He lives much of the time in Italy, where it seems impossible to hurry, and as the writing of books is the pastime of his later years he lingers over his work with care and patience. "It Never Can Happen Again" concerns the love of one Blind Jim for his little daughter Lizarnanne, also the doings of Sir Titus Scroop, novelist, and his wife; and of the daughter of a wealthy baronet who has become obsessed of the feudal system.

George Manville Fenn, who died in England recently at the age of 78, was the author of upwards of 150 volumes of fiction. For many years he and George Henty divided between them practically the entire British field of boys' books. As one writer puts it in a sketch of his life: "For the greater part of the last two decades Henty and Fenn were the acknowledged laureates of the playroom and the holidays, and the benefactors of countless parents, who, when in doubt as to a Christmas present for growing-up children, knew that they were always safe with the last Henty or the latest Fenn." Mr. Fenn was one of the most prolific authors who ever put pen to paper, and yet he did not begin his work of writing boys' books until he had reached the age of 37. From that time on he wrote voluminously, and at the age of 70 he was turning out two or three boys' books, besides a novel, numerous short stories, and magazine articles, annually. Despite his great age, his work showed no signs of deterioration, retaining to the last the qualities of breeziness, ingenuity of plot, and wholesome simplicity which marked the earlier productions. Writing books for boys seemed to keep his mind and heart young, and he retained his popularity with youthful readers to the day of his death.

The Wrong Ticket.

Conductor (on railroad train)—This isn't the right ticket, sir.

Absent-minded Passenger—What's the matter with it?

Conductor—This ticket you gave me calls for a diamond ring!—Philadelphia Bulletin.

There is a certain type of quiet, [illegible] man that any woman can [illegible] and marry if she takes after [illegible]

[illegible] the biggest fish began life as a small [illegible]

The Redemption of David Corson

By CHARLES FREDERIC GOSS

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WE announce with a great deal of pleasure a serial that is somewhat exceptional, even in these days of active fiction. It is a story of unusual power, of wonderful pathos and yet dealing with practical, every-day life in a way that stirs the soul and teaches a lasting lesson.

The story begins with a description of the home and life of David Gorson, a young Quaker, whose career has been so peaceful and uneventful that when a traveling mountebank and his beautiful assistant, Pepeeta, visit the town, the glare and glamour of tinsel and excitement lead David to turn his back on the old life and plunge into the wide world he had only read about previously. David is entranced by the beauty of the peerless girl. He is led into a mad whirl of pleasure by the mountebank. Finally, he induces Pepeeta to desert her husband and flee with him. A rivivalist brings David back to a sense of his misspent life.

It is a marvelous life study. Everybody should read it.

CHAPTER I.

Hidden away in this worn and care-encumbered world are spots so quiet and beautiful as to make the fall of man seem incredible, and awaken in the breast of the weary traveler who comes suddenly upon them, a vague and dear delusion that he has stumbled into Paradise.

Such an Eden existed in the extreme western part of Ohio in the spring of 1849. It was a valley surrounded by wooded hills and threaded by a noisy brook which hastily made its way, as if upon some errand of immense importance, down to the big Miami not many miles distant. A road cut through a vast and solemn forest led into the valley, and entering as if by a corridor and through the open portal of a temple, the traveler saw a white farm-house nestling beneath a mighty hackberry tree whose wide-reaching arms sheltered it from summer sun and winter wind. A deep, wide lawn of bluegrass lay in front, and a garden of flowers, fragrant and brilliant, on its southern side. Stretching away into the background was the farm newly carved out of the wilderness, but already in a high state of cultivation.

In this lovely valley, at the close of a long, odorous, sun-drenched day in early May, the sacred silence was broken by a raucous blast from that most unmusical of instruments, a tin dinner horn. It was blown by a bare-legged country boy who seemed to take delight in this profanation. By his side, in the vine-clad porch of the white farm-house stood a woman who shaded her eyes with her hand as she looked toward a vague object in a distant meadow. She was no longer young. As the light of the setting sun fell full upon her face it seemed almost transparent, and even the unobserving must have perceived that some deep experience of the sadness of life had added to her character an indescribable charm.

"Thee will have to go and call him, Stephen, for I think he has fallen into another trance," the woman said, in a low voice in which there was not a trace of impatience.

The child threw down his dinner horn, whistled to his dog and started. Springing up from where he had been watching every expression of his master's face the shaggy collie bounded around him as he moved across the lawn, while the woman watched them with a proud and happy smile.

Unutterable and incomprehensible emotions were awakened in the soul of the boy by the stillness and beauty of the evening world. His senses were not yet dulled nor his feelings jaded. Through every avenue of his intelligence the mystery of the universe stole into his sensitive spirit. If a breeze blew across the meadow he turned his cheek to its kiss; if the odor of spearmint from the brookside was wafted around him he breathed it into his nostrils with delight. He saw the shadow of a crow flying across the field and stopped to look up and listen for the swish of her wings and her loud, hoarse caw as she made her way to the nesting grounds; then he gazed beyond her, into the fathomless depths of the blue sky, and his soul was stirred with an indescribable awe.

But it was not so much the objects themselves as the spirit pervading them, which stirred the depths of the child's mind. The little pantheist saw God everywhere. We bestow the gift of language upon a child, but the feelings which that language serves only to interpret and express exist and glow within him even if he be dumb. And this gift of language is often of questionable value, and had been so with him. All that he felt, filled him with love. To him the valley was heaven, and through it invisibly but unmistakably God walked, morning, noon and evening.

To the child sauntering dreamily and wistfully along, the object dimly seen from the farm-house door began gradually to dissolve itself into a group of living beings. Two horses were attached to a plow, one standing in the lush grass of the meadow, and the other in a deep furrow traced across its surface. The plowshare was buried deep in the rich, alluvial soil, and a ribbon of earth rolled from its blade like a petrified sea billow, crested with a cluster of daisies white as the foam of a wave.

Between the handles of the plow and leaning on the crossbar, his back to the horses, stood a young Quaker. His broad-brimmed hat, set carelessly on the back of his head, disclosed a wide, high forehead; his flannel shirt, open at the throat, exposed a strong, columnar neck and a deep, broad chest; his sunburned and muscular arms were folded across his breast; figure and posture revealed the perfect concord of body and soul with the beauty of the world; his great blue eyes were fixed upon the notch in the hills where the sun had just disappeared; he gazed without seeing and felt without thinking.

The boy approached this statuesque figure with a stealthy tread, and plucking a long spear of grass tickled the bronzed neck. The hand of the plowman moved automatically upward as if to brush away a fly, and at this unconscious action the child, seized by a convulsion of laughter and fearing lest it explode, stuffed his fists into his mouth. In the opinion of this irreverent young skeptic his Uncle Dave was in a "tantrum" instead of a "trance," and he thought such a disease demanded heroic treatment.

For several years this Quaker youth, David Corson, had been the subject of remarkable emotional experiences, in explanation of which the rude wits of the village declared that he had been moon-struck; the young girls who adored his beauty thought he was in love, and the venerable fathers and mothers of this religious community believed that in him the scriptural prophecy, "Your young men shall see visions," had been literally fulfilled. David Corson himself accepted the last explanation with unquestioning faith.

The life of this young man had been pure and uneventful. Existence in this frontier region, once full of the tragedy of Indian warfare, had been gradually softened by peace and religion. In such a sequestered region books and papers were scarce, and he had access only to a few volumes written by quietists and mystics, and to that great mine of sacred literature, the Holy Bible. The seeds of knowledge sown by these books in the rich soil of this young heart were fertilized by the society of noble men, virtuous women, and natural surroundings of exquisite beauty.

None of these reflections disturbed the mind of the barefooted boy. Having suppressed his laughter, he tickled the sunburnt neck again. Once more the hand rose automatically, and once more the boy was almost strangled with delight. The dreamer was hard to awaken, but his tormentor had not yet exhausted his resources. No genuine boy is ever without that fundamental necessity of childhood, a pin, and finding one somewhere about his clothing, he thrust it into the leg of the plowman. The sudden sting brought the soaring saint from heaven to earth. In an instant the mystic was a man and a strong one, too. He seized the unsanctified young reprobate with one hand and hoisted him at arm's length above his head.

"Oh, Uncle Dave, I'll never do it again! Never! Never! Let me down."

Still holding him aloft as a hunter would hold a falcon, the reincarnated "spirit" laughed long, loud and merrily, the echoes of his laughter ringing up the valley like a peal from a chime of bells. The child's fear was needless, for the heart and hands that dealt with him were as gentle as a woman's. The youth, resembling some old Norse god as he stood there in the gathering gloom, lowered the child slowly, and printing a kiss on his cheek, said:

"Thee little pest, thee has no reverence! Thee should never disturb a child at his play, a bird on his nest nor a man at his prayers."

"But thee was not praying, Uncle Dave," the boy replied. "Thee was only in another of thy tantrums. The supper has grown cold, the horses are tired and Shep and I have walked a mile to call thee. Grandmother said thee had a trance. Tell me what thee has seen in thy visions, Uncle Dave?"

"God and His angels," said the young mystic softly, falling again into the mood from which he had been so rudely awakened.

"Angels!" scoffed the young materialist. "If thee was thinking of any angel at all, I will bet thee it was Dorothy Fraser."

"Tush, child, do not be silly," replied the convicted culprit. For it was easier than he would care to admit to mingle visions of beauty with those of holiness.

"I am not silly. Thee would not dare say thee was not thinking of her. She thinks of thee."

"How does thee know?"

"Because she gives me bread and jam if I so much as mention thy name. Uncle Dave, was it really up this very valley that Mad Anthony Wayne marched with his brave soldiers?"

"This very valley."

"I wish I could have been with him."

"It is an evil wish. Thee is a child of peace. Thy father and thy father's fathers have denied the right of men to war. Thee ought to be like them, and love the things that make for peace."

"Well, if I can not wish for war I will wish that a runaway slave would dash up this valley with a pack of bloodhounds at his heels. Oh, Uncle Dave, tell me that story about thy hiding a negro in the haystack, and chasing the bloodhounds with thine own hands."

"I have told thee a hundred times."

"But I want to hear it again."

"Use thy memory and thy imagination."

The child, bounding forward, the tired procession entered the barnyard. The plowman fed his horses, and stopped to listen for a moment to their deep-drawn sighs of contentment, and to the musical grinding of the oats in their teeth. His imaginative mind read his own thoughts into everything, and he believed that he could distinguish in these inarticulate sounds the words, "Good-night. Good-night."

"Good-night," he said, and stroking their great flanks with his kind hand, left them to their well-earned repose. On his way to the house he stopped to bathe his face in the waters of a spring brook that ran across the yard, and then entered the kitchen where supper was spread.

"Thee is late," said the woman who had watched and waited, her fine face radiant with a smile of love and welcome.

"Forgive me, mother," he replied. "I have had another vision."

"I thought as much. Thee must remember what thee has seen, my son," she said, "for all that thee beholds with the outer eye shall pass away, while what thee sees with the inner eye abides forever. And had thee a mssage, too?"

"It was delivered to me that on the holy Sabbath day I should go to the camp in Baxter's clearing and preach to the lumbermen."

"Then thee must go, my son."

"I will," he answered, taking her hand affectionately, but with Quaker restraint, and leading her to the table.

The family, consisting of the mother, an adopted daughter Dorothea, the daughter's husband Jacob and son Stephen, sat down to a simple but bountiful supper, during which and late into the evening the young mystic pondered the vision which he believed himself to have seen, and the message which he believed himslf to have heard. In his musings there was not a tremor or a doubt; he would have as soon questioned the reality of the old farm-house and the faces of the family gathered about the table. He was a credulous and unsophisticated youth, dwelling in a realm of imagination rather than in a world of reality and law. He had much to learn. His education was about to begin, and to begin as does all true and effective education, in a spiritual temptation. The Ghebers say that when their great prophet Ahriman was thrown into the fire by the order of Nimrod, the flames into which he fell turned into a bed of roses, upon which he peacefully reclined. This innocent Quaker youth had been reclining upon a bed of roses which now began to turn into a couch of flames.

(To be continued.)

ITALIAN COLONIES IN TEXAS.

Syndicate with $1,000,000 Capital Arranges for Two Settlements.

Two localities in Texas are to be the scenes of a new plan in colonization, according to a report from Rome, says the New York Herald. An Italian syndicate will establish in the middle part of the State two agricultural colonies, each composed of 100 families, or about 1,000 persons in all, brought directly from the agricultural districts of northern Italy.

The entire scheme calls for the expenditure of about $1,000,000. One-third of the amount has been subscribed by Texas capitalists headed by Capt. Nicolini, Italian consular agent at Galveston. The rest has been furnished by a syndicate organized last winter in Milan, and presided over by Luigi Luzzatti, former minister of finance in the Italian cabinet.

The scheme calls also for the establishment by one of the Italian steamship companies of a direct line between the Mediterranean ports and Galveston.

The idea of colonizing the Italian immigrants in the agricultural districts of the south dates back to the time the Italian ambassador, Sig. Des Planches, made a tour of Louisiana and Texas, and was favorably impressed by the prosperity of the several Italian agricultural settlements already existing in those two States.

The splendid possibilities of the Southern States for those taking up land soon attracted the attention of northern Italian capitalists, who interested Senator De Martino, president of the colonial institute of Rome. He said he was willing to lend his support to the enterprise provided the syndicate would accept a certain control on the part of the colonial institute.

The result was that a commission of three members was formed and sent here to inspect the land. The commission arrived in New York in January, and after a brief stop in Washington went directly to Texas, where it remained for a month making a thorough survey of the land from the point of view of practical farming. Before leaving Texas the commission confirmed an option on 62,000 acres of land, 25,000 of which is near Keechie and the other 37,000 on the Trinity river, near Palestine.

The price stipulated for the land varies from $11 to $12.50 an acre.

According to the expert of the commission the syndicate is to furnish each colonist with a house of three rooms, a cow and a mule. They will also receive free transportation for themselves and families, and all they will need for the first year. The land and the house will be sold to the colonist at cost price, with interest at 6 per cent, and if all payments are made during the first ten years the colonist will then be entirely independent. While the report speaks of importing the first 200 families it does not make a secret of the fact that the main object is to relieve the congestion of the Italian districts in the big cities like New York, Pittsburg, Chicago and Boston.

Chinese Graduate at West Point.

Among those who this year receive diplomas of graduation at West Point Military Academy are two Chinese youths—the first of their race to win the honor.

During their four years' course they mastered English, Spanish and French in addition to the ordinary military and educational courses. The young men entered the academy through a special arrangement with the government, their home government paying all expenses.

The Apple Barrel.

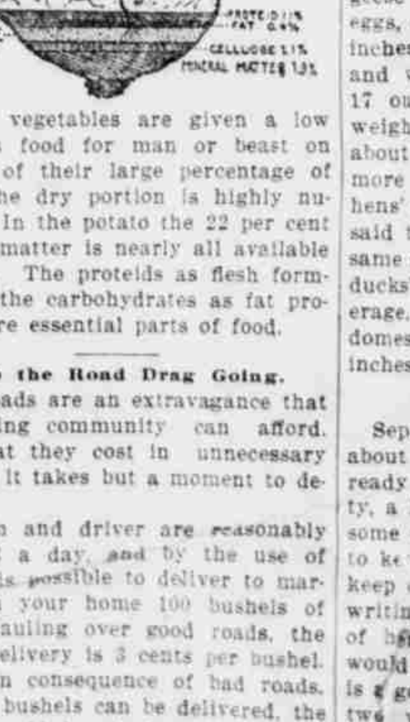
It stood in the cellar low and dim,
Where the cobwebs swept and swayed,
Holding the store from bough and limb
At the feet of autumn laid.
And oft, when the days were short and drear
And the north wind shrieked and roared,
We children sought in the corner here
And drew on the toothsome hoard

For thus through the long, long winter-time
It answered our every call
With wine of the summer's golden prime
Sealed by the hand of fall.
The best there was of the earth and air,
Of rain and sun and breeze,
Changed to a pippin sweet and rare
By the art of the faithful trees.

A wonderful barrel was this, had we
Its message but rightly heard,
Filled with the tales of wind and bee,
Of cricket and moth and bird;
Rife with the bliss of the fragrant June
When skies were soft and blue;
Thronged with the dreams of a harvest moon
O'er fields drenched deep with dew.

Oh, homely barrel, I'd fain essay
Your marvelous skill again;
Take me back to the past, I pray,
As willingly now as then—
Back to the tender morns and eves,
The noontides warm and still,
The fleecy clouds and the spangled leaves
Of the orchard over the hill.
—Edwin L. Sabin, in Lippincott's.

Composition of Vegetables.



While vegetables are given a low value as food for man or beast on account of their large percentage of water, the dry portion is highly nutritive. In the potato the 22 per cent of solid matter is nearly all available for food. The proteids as flesh formers and the carbohydrates as fat producers are essential parts of food.

Keep the Road Drag Going.

Bad roads are an extravagance that no farming community can afford. Just what they cost in unnecessary expenses it takes but a moment to determine.

A team and driver are reasonably worth $3 a day, and by the use of these it is possible to deliver to market from your home 100 bushels of corn. Hauling over good roads, the cost of delivery is 3 cents per bushel. But if, in consequence of bad roads, but fifty bushels can be delivered, the cost is doubled and the difference is what the impassible roads cost you. Continue this calculation, applying it to the hauling of all your crops, and it quickly becomes apparent that it amounts to a very burdensome tax.

Good roads help in every way; they promote sociability by making friends and relatives accessible, and by means of them it is easier to reach the schools and churches and to generally do and enjoy the things which make life really worth living.

Sunflowers for Poultry.

Sunflowers are grown by many poultrymen and farmers. The seed make an excellent feed for poultry and can be easily and profitably produced. The seeds can be sown in rows and the crop cultivated the same as corn. When ripe the seed is thrashed out and fed to the poultry either whole or ground. If the sunflower heads are thrown into the chicken yard, the birds will thresh the seeds out themselves with no expense to the grower. It is an excellent fattening food, and when fed with cracked corn gives good results.

It is too late this season to sow the sunflower seeds, but it is a good thing to keep in mind for another year.—Farmers' Guide.

Look out for the head lice upon the chicks. They will soon suck their lives away if not gotten rid of by rubbing a little coal oil upon the feathers.

It looks like a waste when thinning the fruit on the trees, but the harvest time of larger and better fruit proves the wisdom of the course.

Radishes need lots of potash, and for this reason wood ashes sprinkled on the soil where they are grown will give them large and rapid growth.

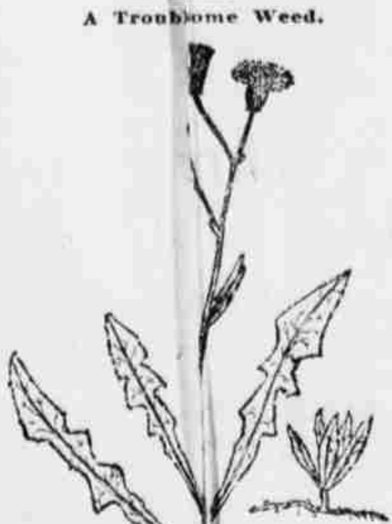
Hired Man and the Boss.

An exchange represents each of the two sides of the farm labor question in this somewhat homely but forcible manner:

"He felt that he was working too hard for the pay received; he knew better than the boss how the work should be laid out; he caroused on Sunday and was dead to the world Monday; he was jealous of the other hired men—he was fired!

"He had no regular hours; he shifted teams from one man to another; he spent his time in town; he had plenty of spare room in his house, but gave the hired man the best in the hay loft; he grumbled about trifles—his hired man quit."

A Troublesome Weed.



Reports come from Ontario that the perennial sow thistle has gained a firm foothold, making it the greatest weed enemy with which the farmer has to contend. It has been spread from one farm to another by the threshing machines, the numerous seeds being easily carried. One method being advocated for its eradication is to sow winter rye in September and pasture it the following spring. This can be followed in June by rye, turnips or buckwheat. In this way crops are secured and the sow thistle fought at the same time.

Fowls and Eggs.

Farmers' Bulletin No. 128, United States Department of Agriculture, says: "The eggs of different kinds of domestic poultry vary in size as well as appearance, and there is also a considerable range in the size of eggs of different breeds. Thus, hens' eggs range from the small ones laid by bantams to the large ones laid by such breeds as light Brahmas. On an average a hen's egg is 2.27 inches in length, and 1.72 inches in diameter or width at the broadest point, and weighs about 2 ounces, or eight eggs to the pound (1½ pounds per dozen). Generally speaking the eggs of pullets are smaller than those of old hens; those of ducks somewhat larger than hens' eggs, while those of turkeys and geese are considerably larger. Guinea eggs, on an average, measure 1⅞x1½ inches, are rather pointed at one end, and weigh about [illegible] ounces each, or 17 ounces to the dozen. Goose eggs weigh about 5.5 to 6 ounces each, or about 5 pounds to the dozen—that is, more than three times as much as hens' eggs. The eggs of wild birds are said to be smaller than those of the same species when domesticated. Wild ducks' eggs are said to be, on an average, 1.97 to 2.[illegible] inches in diameter; domestic ducks' eggs, 2.36 to 2.56 inches.

Woman in Chicken Yard.

September is a good month to look about for stock, and if one has not already settled upon a particular variety, a hint in that direction may be of some use. Unless a woman can afford to keep plenty of help she should not keep over fifty fowls. I feel that I am writing for the woman who takes care of her chickens herself, and to her would say that if she has the room it is a good plan to keep a small flock of two varieties—one for broilers or fricassees and one for laying eggs, and when it comes to the genuine business, then give me the Black Minorcas. The eggs are large and pure white. The hens are almost perpetual layers and do not make good mothers. The eggs will command the highest fancy prices, and if your stock is pure you can sell the eggs for sittings at prices according to the stock you keep.

The Plymouth Rocks or the Wyandottes are suitable breeds for broilers or for home use. I think there is more money in the selling of eggs to private customers, or even in the markets, than in broilers. There is less work and less worry. The latter fowl is a good layer if she does not get too fat, but when this occurs make a potpie of her.

[illegible] on Hog Raising.

Salt buried a few inches in the ground in certain spots will attract the hogs and confine them pretty closely to such places.

It is natural for a hog to root, but if you want to prevent him from doing so a simple ring in the snout will answer the purpose.

It is a great mistake to mark a hog by mutilating its ears. Better use a metal tag.

Successful hog raisers will always have clover or alfalfa pastures for their animals.

Every hog pasture ought to have an open shed on a high point of ground for shelter from the hot sun. Leave all sides open so the air can pass over them.

Keep the pigs growing from the day they are born until they go to the slaughtering pen.

The man who imagines that he can produce fat or lean bacon in streaks by feeding a week and starving the next will be disappointed.