TOPICS OF THE TIMES

Hope plants the seeds; but diggin knocks out the weeds.

Trouble never tries to dodge people who are looking for it.

A cynic is a person who makes a specialty of telling the truth.

It is better to have many good friends than a good many friends.

There are no rats at the North Pole. Probably in consequence of the polecats.

The Lincoln pennies do not seem to circulate. About 80,000,000 people desire pocket pieces.

To Mark Twain the clock must move pretty slowly, since his doctor has limited him to four cigars a day.

Haiti has just bought a gunboat. We would hate to see the Russian and the Haitian navies in a death grapple.

A New York City woman left her husband because he threw eggs at her. This was not only impolite but extravagant.

Dr. Cook has quit banquets. He finds that they are quite too wearing upon him after two years of pemmican and tallow.

The aeroplane is faster than the bird, but the bird seems to have a better grip at present on the science of aviation.

Wilbur Wright has opened a school of aviation. The time is probably near when people will be taught to fly by correspondence.

We regret to say, John, that the average man is a willing worker—when he meets another man who is willing to be worked.

Mrs. Harriman, who has $267,000,000, is said to have no special plans for charity. But, undoubtedly, she could get one if she advertised.

"Man need not die unless he wants to," remarks a Philadelphia scientist. He probably takes it for granted that the high price of living makes a good many men want to.

It was a prejudiced correspondent who raised the story that Mr. Roosevelt jumped behind a tree to escape a charging elephant. Everybody knows Mr. Roosevelt would have made the elephant climb the tree.

Rev. Dr. Munhall, a Philadelphia evangelist, has been telling an audience in Pittsburg that it was a shark and not a whale that swallowed Jonah. It is rather difficult for a layman to see what difference this would make to Jonah.

The excavation of the buried city of Herculaneum has proceeded slowly, owing to the depth and hardness of the volcanic material which covers it. Now it has been discovered that this material can be profitably prepared for fertilizing purposes, and the ruins of the old Roman town are likely to be brought to light much more rapidly.

Just when the geographers have been hastening to straighten out their maps in the regions about the south pole, Cook and Peary make it necessary to overhaul completely the old maps and geographies with relation to the arctic regions and delineate the vicinity of the north pole as a known part of the earth. What will be next? The south pole or Mars, or will England and Germany collide and change the map countenance of the world completely?

How rapidly scientific history is being made in the conquest of the air we who are privileged to look on while this is being accomplished can but feebly appreciate. When was there ever an age in the world when a single lifetime would compass such a scale of progress as the telegraph, the dynamo, with all its marvelous applications, the telephone, the phonograph, the automobile, the wireless and the flying machine? Talk about your golden ages and good old days! The world has never seen such vast progress as we are beholding right now, and in conscience and sense of responsibility as much as in mere material things.

Foodstuffs constitute the largest and most important item in personal and family expenditure. Official statistics show that out of the necessary expenditure of the average family in this country practically one-half is paid for foodstuffs. Such families spend three times as much for food as they do for clothes and twice as much for food as they do for rent and fuel. Food is the largest bill in the family expense book. The fundamental cause of the high prices of foodstuffs is the excessive cost of production, not as a consequence of lack of laborers or of the high price of labor, but as a result of ignorance of and indifference to common business principles. The day will come, because it must come, when the farm will be as much of a business enterprise as the store or the factory, when maximum production and minimum unit cost will determine the success of the individual farmer as they now determine the success of the manufacturer. Under a proper business system the farmer would make more money than he does by the now prevailing custom, and could as a result of better methods reduce materially the selling price of his products and so materially reduce the cost of living for the consumers.

"No man," said Johnson, "is a hypocrite in his pleasures." In an age given to posing this may be taken with a grain of salt, but it is a fair criterion that what the people call for most is good genuinely. No less an authority than Sousa, and who could ask for a better judge of musical taste, says that Wagner is the most popular name on his program. The German, who died in 1883 and was considered a musical anarchist, has achieved a permanent place after a lifetime of storm and stress. To the older members of European culture he was a madman who found no safe anchorage until he came under the protection of a lunatic. His successors have carried his theories to so strange an extreme that to the average music lover Wagner's great tonal compositions seem rational and pleasing. If he has found a place in the hearts of the people he has attained immortality. The so-called intellectual enjoyment of the German in his music is a mere term invented to differentiate the stolid Teuton from the more lively Frenchman, emotional Italian and sensuous Spaniard. Only the elect may grasp the meaning of leading motives or guiding themes but the people know when their feelings are touched and that is the true end of song. In the last half century music has been in the turmoil of a revolutionary movement. The combined realism and romanticism of Wagner, with his newer modes of expression, struck the first note of the revolt. If the ninth symphony of Beethoven was the climax of the older form, Wagner blazed the way towards new orbs beyond the limitations of the old. The average ear is not yet attuned to the ultra-school which is reaching out, groping towards the music of the fourth dimension. Maybe in the popular growth of Wagner is to be found the rainbow bridge to carry mortals over into that utmost realm of unfathomed sounds.

LONGEVITY OF OLIVE TREES.

Many Bear Fruit at an Advanced Age—System of Culture.

The longevity of olive trees is extraordinary, the Dundee Advertiser says. In Syria recently have been found some remarkably ancient olive trees whose ages are established beyond question. A trust deed exists which relates to an orchard covering forty trees near Tripoli, Syria, the trust deed having been issued 488 years ago.

Though the trees look aged, they still bear fruit of fine quality in abundance and are likely to maintain their productiveness for many hundreds of years. An olive grove near Beirut is admitted to be the third largest olive farm in the world. Syrian fruit farmers are extending olive culture with much zeal and effect. One planter recently set out 300,000 trees in a block for commercial purposes.

Under European systems of culture the Syrians make the olive trees bear each season, while in the old days one crop in three years was thought to be all that the trees could produce. The low-cropping capacity of the trees was due to the native method of thrashing the fruits from the branches with sticks, which seriously injured them.

The methods of grinding the olives for oil and picking the fruit are peculiar. Neither the grinders or pickers receive wages, but are paid on percentage. The pickers received 5 per cent of the actual fruit picked and the grinders got 10 per cent of the fruit ground.

Prying Him Up.

When resourcefulness and a moderate amount of assurance are needed, there is no one more competent than a commercial traveler. The latest exploit of the "drummer"—and one which does him credit—is told by a writer in the Kansas City Journal.

On a very hot afternoon in Topeka recently a number of around-town chaps who do not seem to have much to do were lounging in the chairs in front of a leading hotel. Several traveling men came out of the hotel and finding all the chairs occupied, expressed themselves with more emphasis than self-restraint.

"Let's dump a few of them out," suggested one.

"Hold on a minute," replied another. "Watch me get a chair."

With that he walked over to one of the loungers and in the most courteous way said, "Will you please tell me whether that is a drug store across the street?"

"No," replied the lounger, "that's a bank."

"Oh, is it? Well, say, what is that nice big building just down the street there, two corners away?"

"That's the postoffice," was the reply.

"You live in this charming city, then?" asked the drummer.

"I do," said the lounger.

"Well, then," replied the traveling man, "I'm a guest at this hotel and paying for accommodations. Suppose you get up and give me that chair."

A Costly Quarrel.

Rowley, the English violinist, was hard to beat on his perseverance against one who had incurred his ill will. Rowley had a quarrel with a horse dealer named Brant. It was a trivial matter, but Rowley took the next house to Brant, set up a piano, bought a cornet and proceeded to make insomnia for Brant. After one or two assault cases in court Brant moved. Rowley bought out the next door neighbor and followed with piano and cornet. Brant went to law, but found he could do nothing. Failing, he took a detached house. Then Rowley hired brass bands and organs and assailed him. This was actionable, and Rowley paid £1,000 for his revenge.—London Tatler.

A Slow Outlook.

"Gertrude," he sighed, hesitatingly, "do you think you could truly love a man if he were unfortunate enough not to own an automobile?"

"Yes, George," she answered, thoughtfully, "but, dear me, I could love him a great deal faster if he did own one."—Boston Herald.

People never lose an opportunity to take a stand at their neighbors. When there is a robbery, they say: "It my opinion the robber doesn't live very far away."

The Redemption of David Corson

By CHARLES FREDERIC GOSS

Copyright, 1906, by The Bowen-Merrill Company. All Rights Reserved

CHAPTER II.

At the moment when Stephen was sounding the horn to summon the young mystic to his supper, a promiscuous crowd of loafers with chairs tilted against the wall of the village tavern received a shock. They heard the tinkle of bells in the distance, and looking in the direction of this unusual sound, saw a team of splendid coal-black horses dash round a corner and whirl a strange vehicle to the door of the inn.

There were two extraordinary figures on the front seat of the wagon. The driver was a sturdy, thick-set man whose enormous moustache suggested a crow with outstretched wings. As if to emphasize the ferocious aspect lent him by this hairy canopy which completely concealed his mouth. Nature had duplicated it in miniature by brows meeting above his nose and spreading themselves, plume-like, over a pair of eyes which gleamed so brightly that they could be felt, although they were so deep-set that they could scarcely be seen.

This fierce and buccaneerish person summoned the dozing hostler in a coarse, imperative voice, flung him the reins, sprang from his seat, and assisted his companion to alight. She gave him her hand with an air of utter indifference, bestowed upon him neither smile nor thanks, and dropped to the ground with a light flutter like a bird. Turning instantly toward the tavern, she ascended the steps of the porch under a fusillade of glances of astonishment and admiration. Young and beautiful, dressed in a picturesque and brilliant Spanish costume, she carried herself with the ease and dignity of a princess, and looked straight past the staring crowd. Her great dreamy eyes did not seem to note them.

When she and her companion had entered the hall and closed the door behind them, every tilted chair came down in the floor with a bang, and many voices exclaimed in comment, "Who is she?" Curiosity was satisfied at 8 o'clock in the evening, for at that hour Doctor Paracelsus Aesculapius, as he fantastically called himself, opened the doors of his traveling apothecary shop and exposed his "universal panacea" for sale, while at the same time, "Pepeeta, the Queen of Fortune Tellers," entered her booth and spread out upon a table the paraphernalia by which she undertook to discover the secrets of the future.

When the evening's work was ended, Pepeeta at once retired; but the doctor entered the bar-room, followed by a curious and admiring crowd. He was in a happy and expansive frame of mind, for he had done a "land office" business in this frontier village which he was now for the first time visiting.

He looked over the crowd with an inclusive superiority and waved his hand with an inclusive gesture. The motley throng of loafers sidled up to the bar with a deprecatory and automatic movement. They took their glasses, clinked them, nodded to their entertainer, muttered incoherent toasts and drank his health. The delighted landlord, feeling it incumbent upon him to break the silence, offered the friendly observation: "S-s-see you s-s-stutter. S-s-stutter a little m-m-my own self."

"Shake!" responded the doctor, who was in too complacent a mood to take offense, and the worthies grasped hands.

"Don't know any w-w-way to s-s-stop it, do you?" asked the landlord.

"No, I d-d-don't; t-t-tried everything. Even my 'universal p-p-panacea' won't do it, and what that can't do can't be d-d-done. Incurable d-d-disease. Get along all right when I go slow like this; but when I open the throttle, get all b-b-balled up. Bad thing for my business. Give any man a thousand d-d-dollars that'll cure me," the quack replied, slapping his trousers pocket as if there were millions in it.

"Co-co-couldn't go q-q-quite as high as that; but wouldn't mind a hu-hundred," responded the landlord, cordially.

"Tell you what it is, b-b-boys," said the quack, "if it wasn't for this impediment in my s-s-speech, I wouldn't need to work more'n about another y-y-year!"

"How's that?" asked someone in the crowd.

"C-c-cause if I could talk as well as I c-c-can think, I could make a fortune 'side of which old John Jacob Astor'd look like a p-p-penny savings b-b-bank."

"You could?"

"If I can find a man that can do the t-talking (I mean real talk, you know; talk a crowd blind as b-b-bats), I've got something better'n a California g-g-gold mine."

"Better get Dave Corson," said the village wag from the rear of the crowd, and up went a wild shout of laughter.

"Who's D-D-Dave Corson?" asked the doctor.

"Quaker preacher. Young feller 'bout 70 years old."

"Can he t-t-talk?"

"Talk! He kin talk a mule into a trottin' hoss in less'n three minutes."

"He's my man," exclaimed the doctor, at which the crowd laughed again.

"What are you laughing at?" he asked, turning upon them savagely, his loud voice and threatening manner frightening those who stood nearest, so that they instinctively stepped back a pace or two.

"No offense, doc," said one of them; "but you couldn't get him. He's pious."

"Pious! What do I care?"

"Well, these here pious Quakers are stiff in their notions. But you kin judge for yourself 'bout his talkin, for there's goin' ter be an appointed Quaker meetin' to-morrow night, and he'll speak. You kin go an' listen, if you want to."

"I'll be there, boys, and d-d-don't you forget it. I'll hook him! Never saw anything I couldn't buy if I had a little of the p-p-proper stuff about me."

"I say, Don, that daughter of yourn knows her biz when it comes to telling fortunes," ventured a young dandy, whose head had been turned by Pepeeta's beauty.

"D-d-daughter!" snapped the quack, turning sharply upon him; "she's not my daughter; she's my wife!"

In order to comprehend the relationship of this strangely mated pair, we must go back five or six years to a certain day when this same Doctor Aesculapius rode slowly down the main street of a small city in Western Pennsylvania, and then out along a rugged country highway. A couple of miles brought him to the camp of a band of gypsies.

Around a campfire was a picturesque group of persons all of whom, with a single exception, ranked at the approach of the stranger. The man who stood his ground was a truly sinister being. He was tall, thin and angular; his clothing was scant and ragged, his face bronzed with exposure to the sun.

"Good morning, Balthasar," said the visitor.

The gypsy acknowledged his salutation with a frown.

"I wish to sell this horse," the traveler added, without appearing to notice his cold reception.

The gypsy swept his eye over the animal and shook his head.

"If you will not buy, perhaps you will trade," the traveler said.

"Come," was the laconic response, and so saying the gypsy turned towards the forest which lay just beyond the camp. The "doctor" obeyed. A moment later he found himself in a sequestered spot where there was an improvised stable, and a dozen or more horses glanced up from their feed whinnied a welcome.

A little rivulet lay across their path, and up from the margin of it where she had been gathering water cresses there sprang a young girl, who cast a startled glance at him, then bounded swiftly toward a tent and vanished through the opening. This keen admirer of horses was equally susceptible to the charms of female beauty. So swift an apparition would have bewildered rather than illumined the mind of an ordinary man. But the quack was not an ordinary man. He was endowed with a certain rude power of divination which enabled him to see in a single instant, by swift intuition, more than the average man discovers by an hour of reasoning. By this natural clairvoyance he saw at a glance that this face of exquisite delicacy could no more have been coined in a gypsy camp than a fine cameo could be cut in an Indian wigwam. He knew that all gypsies were thieves, and that these were Spanish gypsies. What was more natural than that he should conclude, with inevitable logic, that this child had been stolen from people of good if not of noble blood?

"Baltasar!" he said.

The gypsy turned.

"You are a girl-thief as well as a horse-thief. You stole this girl from the family of a Spanish nobleman. I am the representative of this family and have followed your trail for years. You thought I had come to get the horse. You were mistaken; it was the girl!"

"Perdita!" exclaimed the gypsy, taken completely off his guard.

"Lost indeed," responded the quack, scarcely able to conceal his pride in his own astuteness. And then he added slowly: "She must be a burden to you, Balthasar. You evidently never have been able or never have dared to take her back and claim the ransom which you expected. I will pay you for her and take her from your hands. It is the child I want and not vengeance. What will you take for her?"

The doctor drew a leather wallet from his pocket and held it up tantalizingly. Its influence was decisive.

"Pepeeta! Pepeeta!" called the gypsy.

Out of the door of the tent she came, her eyes fixed upon the ground, and her fingers picking nervously at the tinsel strings which fastened her bodice.

"Gif me ze money and take her."

The doctor counted out the gold, and then approached the child. For the first time in his life he experienced an emotion of reverence. There was something about her beauty, her helplessness and his responsibility that made a new appeal to his heart.

Yielding to the gentle pressure of his hand, she permitted herself to be led away. Not a good-bye was said. The doctor lifted the child upon the horse's back and climbed into the saddle. The beautiful child trembled; she also wept. She was parting from those whose lives were base and cruel; but they were the only human beings that she knew. She was leaving a wagon and a tent, but it was the only home that she could remember.

To have a fellow-being completely in our power makes us either utterly cruel or utterly kind, and all that was gentle in that great rough nature went out in a rush of tenderness toward the little creature who thus suddenly became absolutely dependent upon his compassion. After they had ridden a little way, he began in his rough fashion to try to comfort her.

"Don't cry, Pepeeta. You ought to be thankful that you have got out of the clutches of those villains. You could not have been worse off, and you may be a great deal better. They were not always kind to you, were they?" I shouldn't wonder if they beat you sometimes. But you will never be beaten any more. You shall have a nice little pony, and a cart, and flowers, and pretty clothes, and everything that little girls like. I don't know what they are, but whatever they are you shall have them. So don't cry any more. What a pretty name Pepeeta is! It sounds like music when I say it. I have got the toughest name in the world myself. I'm a regular law-breaker—Doctor Paracelsus Aesculapius! What do you think of that, Pepeeta? But then you need not call me by the whole of it. You can just call me Doctor, for short. Now, look at me just once, and give me a pretty smile. Let me see those big black eyes. No? You don't want to? Well, that's all right. I won't bother you. But I want you to know that I love you, and that you are never going to have any more trouble as long as you live."

These were the kindest words the child had ever had spoken to her, or at least the kindest she could remember. They fell on her ears like music and awakened gratitude and love in her heart. She ceased to sigh, and before the ride to town was ended had begun to feel a vague sense of happiness.

The next few years were full of strange adventures for these singular companions. The quack had discovered certain clues to the past history of the child whom he had thus adopted, and was firmly persuaded that she belonged to a noble family. He had made all his plans to take her to Spain and establish her identity in the hope of securing a great reward. But just as he was about to execute this scheme, he was seized by a disease which prostrated him for many months, and threw him into a nervous condition in which he contracted the habit of stammering. On his recovery from his long sickness he found himself stripped of everything he had accumulated, but his shrewdness and indomitable will remained, and he soon began to rebuild his shattered fortune.

During all these ups and downs, Pepeeta was his inseparable and devoted companion. The admiration which her childish beauty excited in his heart had deepened into affection and finally into love. When she reached the age of 16 or 17 years, he proposed to her the idea of marriage. She knew nothing of her own heart, and little about life, but had been accustomed to yield implicit obedience to him will. She consented and the ceremony was performed by a Justice of the Peace in the city of Cincinnati, a year or so before their appearance in the Quaker village. An experience so abnormal would have perverted, if not destroyed her nature, had it not contained the germs of beauty and virtue implanted at her birth. They were still dormant, but not dead; they only awaited the sun and rain of love to quicken them into life.

The quack had conversed with the passing years, but Pepeeta, withdrawing into the sanctuary of her soul, living a life of vacuous dreams and half-conscious aspirations after something she know not what, had grown even more gentle and submissive. As she did not yet comprehend life she did not protest against its injustice or its incongruity. The vulgar people among whom she lived, the vulgar scenes she saw, passed across the mirror of her soul without leaving permanent impression. She performed the coarse duties of her life in a perfunctory manner. It was her body and not her soul, her will and not her heart which were concerned with them. What that soul and that heart really were, remained to be seen.

(To be continued.)

CANCER AMONG FISH.

Scientists Trying to Discover if It Can Be Communicated.

The discovery that cancer is a very common disease with many kinds of fish, and especially brook trout, has been made.

Dr. Harvey R. Gaylord, head of the Buffalo State Cancer Laboratory, announced Sunday that scientists connected with that institution are now conducting a new line of experimentation to discover whether or not cancer is communicated to human beings by the fish they eat or whether the water of streams is infected by the cancer germ from the fish.

This new discovery on which the cancer experts are working may give a clew to the manner in which cancer is communicated to the human system. Heretofore cancer research had been conducted chiefly along the lines of a hunt for a cure. The disease was found to be most prevalent in mice and rats, and most of the experiments have been performed with these animals as subjects.

While it is an established fact that cancer is a common disease among fish, there is no certainty that it is the source of infection of human beings, Dr. Gaylord said:

"There is no certainty that cancer comes from fish. We are conducting a vigorous line of experiments, however, to find out if it does. These experiments have not gone far enough yet to warrant giving any opinion on the matter. The discovery that cancer exists among fish was made by a French scientist. A study of fish has shown that the disease is quite common among this species of animal life. It is found that the gills of fish are the part affected. The disease is found in many varieties of fresh-water fish, and many sea fish have also been found which are so diseased."

While Dr. Gaylord was quite guarded in his statements as to the effect of this discovery and the result of the experiments which are now being carried on, it is known that officials of the State Forest, Fish and Game Commission are much interested. Infected fish are now furnished to the cancer laboratory in this city by the State hatcheries for these experiments.

The fish experiments are being conducted along two lines—first, to see whether the fish infect the water in which they live, and, second, whether the cancer germs are entirely destroyed by the heat of cooking.—New York Tribune.

A Case for Sympathy.

Two matrons of a certain western city whose respective matrimonial ventures did not in the first instance prove altogether satisfactory, met at a woman's club one day, when the first matron remarked:

"Hattie, I met your 'ex' dear and Tom, the day before yesterday. We talked much of you."

"Is that so?" asked the other matron. "Did he seem sorry when you told him of my second marriage?"

"Indeed, he did, and said so most frankly!"

"Honest?"

"Honest! He said he was extremely sorry, though, he said, he didn't know the man personally."—Lippincott's.

Proof He Was "Dazed."

He had pleaded the "detained at the office" and the "balancing the books" excuses so often that they had become transparent, so when he arrived home late on a recent evening he determined to lean on the truth.

"Theodore, you've been drinking!" said his indignant wife.

"Selina, my dear, I cannot tell a lie—I—" stammered the delinquent.

"Then you're even more intoxicated than I thought. Go to bed."

We'd Be Mad Enough Ourselves.

Editor—What was that man so raving mad about?

Assistant Editor—Oh, he's just been married and in the notice where the reporter wrote "he was writing all over the bridegroom's countenance," the printer got it "jay."—Boston Transcript.

FARM AND GARDEN

For Cream Test Balance.

A simple and sensitive weighing instrument to be known as the Wisconsin hydrostatic cream balance has been devised at the agricultural experiment station of the University of Wisconsin. This instrument meets the long recognized need for a simple and accurate method of weighing cream in the Babcock test bottle for testing. The ordinary cheap scales are inaccurate, and the more delicate balances are too expensive for general use by farmers.

CREAM BALANCE.

The new invention consists of a specially devised brass float, similar to a hydrometer, which is placed in a cylinder of water. The instrument floats steadily in a vertical position, and supports a platform on which a cream bottle and a nine-gram weight are placed. Small, one-tenth gram weights are placed on the platform until the float sinks to a line marked on the spindle. The nine-gram weight is then put into the bottle with a pipette in a sufficient amount to again sink the float to a line of the spindle. This gives the weight accurately and the devise is so sensitive that it is effected by a single drop of cream. The weighing can be done rapidly, however.

Skim Milk.

At the West Virginia experiment station it has been found that skim milk for feeding laying hens is worth from 1½ to 2 cents a quart. Other experiments have fully proved that it has equally as great value for feeding pigs.

Figuring at this rate, the milkman who sells whole milk is selling from 60 to 80 cents' worth of skim milk to each can, and the general market prices of a can of milk is close around $1.25. Now, this can of milk contains enough cream to make four pounds of butter, which is worth about $1, leaving only about 25 cents for the skim milk sold, or a loss of from 35 to 55 cents on each can over making the cream into butter and feeding the skim milk. Also, when the milk is fed on the farm more fertilizer is made which makes the difference still greater in favor of keeping and feeding the skim milk.

Where one can secure select trade for whole milk at extra price it will pay to sell the whole milk and buy extra feeds and fertilizers, but selling whole milk at less than $1 for a 40-quart can is not profitable when one considers the future of the land on which he is dairying.

New Corn Feeding.

Not all farmers appreciate the value of feeding new corn. When handled properly more good results can be obtained from it than from any other crop grown. When fed in the green stage, from the time when grains are in the milk, till they become hard and the blades dry up, horses and cattle will eat almost, if not all, of the entire plant, and sheep and hogs will eat much of it, utilizing to advantage all there is in the crop. New corn, just after it has passed the roasting ear stage, is one of the best feeds for poultry, both young and old, and hens will lay eggs much better than on old corn. There is no feed much better for fattening horses and colts, as well as cattle, than new corn.

We always plant some very early, medium and the patches of corn to be cut and fed whole in late summer and fall. In this way we have the best of feed for the stock in August, September and October, one-fourth of the year. While the new corn is being fed none of the stock requires much other feed, and the grain in the bin and the hay in the mow are saved.

Farm Notes.

Get busy with the wobbly colt and teach him that you are his friend and master. It will be easy.

The average ewe requires from 3 to 5 pounds of salt a year, the variation depending largely upon the amount of natural salts contained in the pastures.

The bees should have plenty of water. They consume a great deal, and will travel a long distance to get it. Should there be no running stream or lake of pure water near, it is well to place a pail of fresh water near the apiary every day. Water is used by the bees to dilute the heavy, thicky honey left over from winter to make it suitable for the young larvae and also to make the cell wax pliable.

Cut out and burn all dead and diseased branches of fruit trees and bushes as soon as they are detected. Often the removal of a diseased branch will save the whole tree and save others from becoming infected.

It is a mark of poor farm management to allow any animals to become infected with lice. Hogs can not thrive when their vitality is sucked away by these insects. There are several good dips on the market, and kerosene and grease, mixed warm, is a good common remedy.

Wasteful Economy.

The number of people is small, we believe, who, knowing that through their fault some mistake of an injurious nature has been made, would want only to attach the blame to innocent parties. This is generally done thoughtlessly and ignorantly, albeit in good faith. The idea is to examine ourselves and methods before condemning another.

A patron of a Wisconsin creamery recently sent in some vigorous protests against its products. It transpired that the creamery was not in the wrong, except so far as the management put faith in a few of the patrons of the creamery. Several of them had thoughtlessly turned their herds into cabbage, rape and turnip patches immediately after the first heavy frosts, and the milk thus tainted was sent in, with the result of causing inferiority in the creamery's output.

Aside from the fact that we should not judge too hastily or be too ready to charge moral turpitude, the discerning farmer will understand from the case in point that feeding the stock any old thing to prevent waste may be the means of producing greater destruction.

Dairying in Winter.

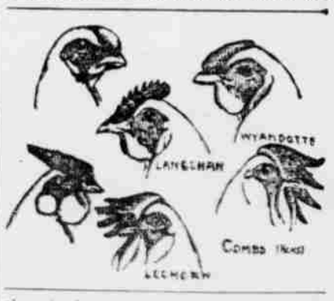
There are many advantages in having cows come fresh in winter, when all dairy products sell at a high price. In many places the price of butter is from 25 to 50 per cent higher in winter than in summer.

When the cows calve in the spring they generally milk well until the pastures dry up, when the flow of milk quickly falls off, so that by the time stable feeds begin the cows are almost dried up. Now, if the cows come fresh in the fall, they produce a good flow of milk during the winter months, and in the spring when they are turned on the grass, this acts as a second freshening and thus lengthens the period of milk production.

Another distinct advantage in winter dairying is that during this season the farmer is not so busy with other work, consequently he can give more time to the care of the cows, the milk and the cream than is possible during the busy season of the year. When winter dairying becomes more generally practiced, the subject of winter feeds will be given more attention. Of these silage is one of the most important, since one acre of good silage material will yield as much feed as three acres of pasture.

Forms of Combs.

No matter how poultry may excel in shape, color, and size, a malformed comb and bad lobes will detract from the chances of success, especially in the non-sitting or Mediterranean breeds, where the ornamental headgear, or comb, is so conspicuously attractive. There are many kinds of combs, as will be seen in the accompanying illustrations, which are deserving of notice, chief of which are



the single serrated comb, as seen in such breeds as Minorcas, Leghorns, Orpingtons, Plymouth Rocks, Langshans, Dorking, in different sizes; the rose-comb, beautifully worked or corrugated, and full of small points, as seen chiefly in the Redcap, Hamburg, and Wyandotte family. Then there is the pea comb, or triple comb, that is, three parallel ridges (or very small combs), as seen in the Brahman or the Indian Game.

Water and Air in Soil.

There must be a proper balance of air and water to have the soil work go on. Exclude either and there is failure. Soil work is stopped when the soil becomes so dry that the water films around the soil particles are destroyed. Then is when the plant food ceases to be elaborated, and what plant food there is in the soil is no longer carried to the roots of the plants.

Great losses in crops are annually recorded because these simple fundamental facts are not fully understood. There must be a balance. Drainage will often do much to bring about a good condition of aeration of soil; but in some soils something else is needed. Thus a sandy soil that is so light that the moisture film soon disappears to a depth of a foot or more will produce nothing. In such a case other things must be incorporated with the sand of the soil, such as muck, lime, humus, fertilizer, to give it the power to retain the moisture film.

Keeping Sweet Potatoes.

There are several different methods for storing and keeping sweet potatoes which have proved successful. Potatoes, when first dug, have a large amount of moisture in them, which must evaporate. When the weather is good they should be left out in the field until this evaporation is complete; otherwise the moisture and the intense heat generated by their drying in a hill will cause rot. When this is not possible they should be piled loosely in a dry house for a week or two. They may then be stored in the loft of a building or in a room, where the temperature will be such that they do not freeze.

Food for Young Pigs.

Do not make the food too sloppy for young pigs. Keep plenty of charcoal in the pen. Put a packet of Epsom salts in the food occasionally. Castrate pigs at three weeks, not later. Observe regularity in feeding, and let them out for a run occasionally. As the young pigs come in do not allow them to lose their baby fat, but keep them in good condition right from the time they are weaned.

Coffee is now roasted by electricity.