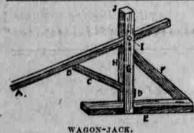


A correspondent of the Ohio Farmer thinks that the trouble with many in the fangs of a poisonous snake. It wagon-jacks is that they are inclined is rather the poison which comes from to tip toward the end of the lever, if the saliva, as the hog is a very indisthe ground is a little soft or uneven. criminate feeder and not at all cleanly. Another fault is that it takes the When a hog is made angry the amount greater part of a man's weight to raise of this saliva is greatly increased, and a heavy wagon because the lever is the danger is greater. Even a slight made too short. In this wagon-jack contusion from a hog's tooth should be the lever is made long. It projects a promptly washed out with some antifoot beyond the bolt, which is the ful- septic. Dilute carbolic acid, one part crum, at I. The advantage of this is of the acid to 2,000 of water, is good that the lever does not have to be and always a reliable antiseptic. Some raised or lowered at I, for the front and should always be kept where it can be hind axle. The base, E, comes well handly procured, to put on cuts or out beyond the end of the lever, A, so outside injuries received on any part of there is no tipping over the end of the body. It will greatly hasten their lever. With this wagon-jack one can healing.



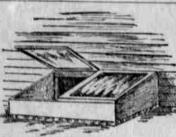
lift a ton and a half; can take off a wheel with a big load on the wagon. It requires no blacksmith work to make it. The only iron about it is a bolt at I, a bolt at D, and a strap-hinge at B. The rest is all wood.

When to Spray. The first spraying should be done early in the spring before the buds open, and it must be done thoroughly. The second should be done after the trees are through blossoming, while the third may come in to twenty days later. The fourth spraying is due about three weeks later. A tree is sufficiently sprayed when the drops of the mixture are seen hanging from the branches and leaves. Many orchard trees besides spraying need a thorough scraping, as in the case of the elm trees. Then the brush and other waste matter, including all dead leaves and rubbish, must be removed from the grounds and burned. Do not leave it near the trees or in the roadway, for the eggs deposited therein will hatch in the spring. If there are dead trees or badly diseased ones here and there in the orchard cut them down and burn them. -M. Goldman.

However resolutely a breeder may resolve to do without incubators, he cannot very well dispense with them if he wants the very earliest-hatched chicks, Any one who has tried to get a hen to sit steadily early in spring for sufficient time to hatch out the chicks will know that it is impossible. The broodlest hen after two or three days on the nest will probably leave the eggs and go to laying again. Yet it is necessary warm, light room, will continue to lay through the winter.

fu flowers. In 1842 a Russian farmer named Bokareff conceived the idea of extracting oil from the seed of the sunflower. His neighbor told him it was a visionary idea and that he would have his labor for his pains. He persevered, however, and from that humble beginning the industry has expanded to enormous proportions. To-day more than 7,000 000 acres of land in Russia are devoted seeds, which are crushed for oil, and the other with larger seeds, that are consumed by the poorer people in enormous quantities.-Farm, Field and Fireside.

Serves a Double Purpose The cut shows a hotbed that is built against the south side of the poultry house, serving all through the winter as a sunny scratching place for the fowls. These are shut our at the approach of spring and the hotbed start



HOTBED AS A POULTRY RUN.

About the time the plants are started the fowls will be getting out upon the ground, while all through the deep snows of winter they will have an flock is out of reach of the frost, and is exceedingly sunny space to run. Make pure. the hothed large enough to give sufficlent scratching space. The room can well be utilized with early plants in the flock. the spring.-American Agriculturist.

Enrly Weeds,

There are many different kinds of weeds and some of them start off early that give the farmer the most trouble. | be done.

If the land was plowed last fall cross plow it the coming spring, and then harrow or cultivate it as often as can be done until time to put in the seed. Every time the land is cultivated more weeds will germinate to be killed, and the more weeds that can be destroyed before the regular crop starts the fewer there will be to combat later on.

The Bite of a Hog. There is great danger of blood polsoning if a hog bits the flesh. There is no poison in the hog's teeth as there is That is Molly in the choir.

The Hull of Oats. feeding qualities. It is largely dependhas been thought that black hulled oats had not only a greater amount of hull, ham's." but that it was also coarser and rougher than white hulled oats. But there are some comparatively new varieties rough as barley hulls. Most new kinds of oats originate in cold or at least cool climates. If they are also moist, as Ireland and Scotland are, the hulls will be large but not rough. The roughest hulled oats have their origin in Nor-way, Sweden and Russia. they could buy you those two cows with it," Mabel answered, meekly.

Too Good to Fe a Farmer. The cause of the scarcity of agricultrural students goes about as far back as total depravity. The trouble does not begin in the college, but in the kindergarten. Almost as soon as the boy goes into school he finds a schoolma'am who tells him he is too good a fellow to be a farmer. If he is bright he must go to college and be a minister. So he goes to a classical college, and in just about sixty cases out of 100 turns out a nonentity. It is to be feared that some of the teachers in the agricultural colleges exert the same influence as the schoolma'am alluded to .-Orange Judd Farmer.

To Keep Milk Clean. Wishing to keep my milk as clean as possible, says a Hoard's Dalryman

correspondent, I got the tinner to make a cover for the neither-" pail, which I have not to be easily

PAIL COVER.

to have the chicks hatched early, so inches high extending upward. The it's hundred all right!" Peggy said, that they begin laying next fall before | tubes are placed about two inches and | with a note of triumph which she tried | the railroad. I knew you were not two the cold weather comes, in which case a half apart and about the same dis- vainly to subdue. Mabel squinted at it miles behind." most of them, if well fed and given a tance from the edge of the cover. The critically. "If I was you I'd pin It milkman holds the pail between his tight to my underbody," she said. "then knees, with tubes of the cover on the it couldn't get lost, and nobody could Peggy and Mabel ransacked the premopposite side from him, and milks with find it." each hand directly into the tubes.

Making Clay Land Pay. A rundown farm of any kind of soll is hard to reclaim, but if the soil be heavy it probably has much unused fertility, that only requires thorough working to develop. Almost all clay soils have a surplus of water, and they must be underdrained before any success can be made of them. It is a good to the cultivation of the sunflower. plan, after laying a tile drain, to fill up Two kinds are grown, one with small | balf the depth of the ditch above it with loose stone. Through this the water will run into the tile, and each year, for at least ten or fifteen years,

> will be extended. Smallest Tree. The smallest tree in the world is the Greenland birch. Its height is less than three inches, yet it covers a radius of two or three feet.

> the area of drained soil on either side

Sheep Shearing. Cull out the poor rams. Keep a good dip near at hand. Arrange to sell your feeders early. Have salt constantly before the sheep.

Be thoroughly posted on the market before shipping. Culls which are not fat should not be

shipped to market. Don't feed corn but twice a day. Too much is worse than too little,

Be certain that there are not ticks or lice on the sheep. Be sure that the water supply for the

ers that there are no signs of scab in

To fatten lambs they should be kept in pens which will not allow of a great | ran with Mabel for the apples. amount of exercise.

There should be a thorough inspecin the spring, almost before the frost tion of the feet of every member of the leaves the ground. It is the early weeds | flock, and the proper trimming should MOLLY IN THE CHOIR.

In a blaze of golden sunshine. Sabbath morning sunshine gay, Laughed a girl with hair all glory, Tresh young face and eyes of gray. Head uplifted, red lips parted, Caroled she of faith's desire, Sang she with a voice of heaven-That was Molly in the choir.

In a flood of chastened glory, Great white light from out the West, Stood a woman, loveliest, fairest, In her face her soul expressed. With a voice that pierced the stillness, Chastened sweetness rising higher, Sang she with a voice of heaven-That was Molly in the choir.

In the gloom of winter, beating 'Gainst the pane fierce storm and sleet, Stands a woman, sorrow-laden, With a face resigned and sweet. Still that voice that rises clearly Thrills all hearts with holy fire; Well she's used her gift from heaven--American Farmer.

A HUNDRED-

T ELP me think. I have got to do something. I feel so —so responsible," Peggy

DOLLAR BILL.

out her chin: "I do hope, Peggy Crayleave you a hundred-dollar bill. You hundred." ain't good for anything in the world since your father brought it home." "If he had just taken it with him!" Peggy sighed; "mother wanted him to,

All who have fed oats know that but he said it was safer here. As if there is the greatest difference in their anybody would think of picking pockets at a wedding! And they won't be ent on the character of the hull. It back until almost midnight. It's ten miles at least to Cousin Fanny Gor-

"I never saw a hundred-dollar bill. Let me look at yours-if you know where it is," Mabel said, almost penswith white hulls that are as coarse and | ively. Peggy gave her red skirts an airy flirt, saying: "Of course I know where it is. Do you reckon they would not tell me, so I couldn't get it first thing if the house should catch fire?"

"I thought maybe they hid it until Peggy smiled, but said, austerely: "Mother said I must not be vain and purseproud, and I don't mean to be; but it will be nice to have \$1,000 all my own when I'm 21. And father says he will give me the keep of the cows for the calves, so the milk and butter in eight years will make me a nice little

"Oho! You're like the milkmald over in the back of the spelling book," Mabel broke in. Peggy grew very sober. "It's thinkin' about her makes me so uneasy," she said. "Suppose something should go with the money. You know take care of it."

"You surely ain't 'fraid of robbers?" Mabel laughed. "There never was one in the county, father says. Nor tramps way. I suppose, though, you have

purpose very well. goin' to get out the money, and we'll the eighth, no matter what you did." The cover fits the study up where we'll put it, so it shall pail closely, so as be perfectly safe."

"Why! It's just like any other bill. farred off, has a I thought it would be ever so big." a half in diameter | It flat on the desk and traced the figures and three or four with eager, happy fingers. "You see

> "That won't do at all. Of course, robthing, after they didn't find it in the desk," Peggy answered. "Besides, we're goin' in the orchard for a basket of sweetings, and it might work loose." "Oh, I know where it'll be safe! Let's put it under Seraphine's new face before we sew it on. Nobody in the world would ever find it there," Mabel cried. Peggy beard her almost with envy. Seraphine was her biggest doll, a stout, bunchy rag damsel, who had a new staring, clean, white countenance every year of her life. If the bill, neatly tent that Peggy said, between sobs: "I folded, made her face somewhat bloatlived would guess the reason for it. had lost-your whole fortune." Peggy added, "We mustn't put her away in the closet, or a drawer. That just throw her there on the window seat, where we can keep an eye on her, and we will look like we had been playing with her and had dropped her." "Yes," Mabel nodded, "and if any-

thing comes we'll pick her up and slip leaves are so thick in the tops of the

"Let's go there right now! I'm apple hungry," Peggy said, reaching for the basket. Mabel picked up Seraphine. but Peggy said with emphasis, "Mabel Suppose we met the robbers right at the praise. door as we came back? They'd know right off we had a reason for lugging Seraphine around!"

"They'd just think we were fond of her. I am!" Mabel said stoutly, cuddling Scraphine and smoothing her red A close watch should be kept by feed- skirts affectionately. But Peggy snatched the doll and flung her against the window seat with a resounding thump, then banged the door behind her and

They were gone only a minute-at least it seemed so to themselves, but lustily at the gate.

"Say! Come here, you young misses! should be ashamed of themselves,

Are the people at this place all dead or asleep? My name is John Dutch-I've come twenty miles to fetch 'Squire Crayshaw that filly he said he'd buy

"You'll have to come in and wait, Mr. Dutch. He won't be home for ever so long," Peggy said, hospitably, setting open the door. Mr. Dutch shook his head. "Can't wait," he said, but got down from his horse and led through the yard gate a haltered filly, the very prettiest thing on four hoofs Peggy had ever seen. The filly pulled back, then nipped at Dutch as though angry, but when Mabel ran up to her she put down her dainty head to be stroked.

"She is mad with you because you made her come too fast. See how her flanks heave," Peggy said. Dutch smiled oddly as he answered: "I had to come fast. I am bound to go back to-night, and the days are short now. Say, miss, didn't your father leave the money for me? I can't well go without it-the filly, you see, is just partly mine, and 'tother fellow's a cross-grained chap that don't trust anybody."

"He didn't leave any money at all but my hundred dollars," Peggy said, trying to speak carelessly. Dutch laughed again. "Funny!" he said, "but that's just the price of this beauty. She's worth double, but I-well, I don't like to be partner with a skinflint. Suppose said to Mabel, who answered, sticking you buy the beast, seein' the 'Squire ain't here-and then tell him if he shaw, nobody else won't never die and | wants her, why! he must give you two

> "Oh, Peggy! Don't!" Mabel said eagerly, but Peggy frowned at her. "Don't you mind her, Mr. Dutch," she said. "Of course, I'll give you the money. Father must have forgotten you were coming, but I won't make him pay me quite two hundred. That wouldn't be fair-would it?"

"Anything's fair in a horse trade," Dutch said. "But let's finish our bargain. I must be movin' fast. Get the money, please, while I write a receipt." "In just a minute," Peggy said, leading the way to her father's desk. As Dutch sat down he looked apprehensively over his shoulder through the open door, and said almost in a whisper: "Make haste."

Hand in hand, Peggy and Mabel ran to find Scraphine. Scraphine had vanished. Yet the room was undisturbed. the windows fast, the door securely latched, Tipsy, the white kitten, sleeping peacefully beside the fire. The children looked at each other, awestruck, then began to cry. Dutch darted in to them. "If you've been fooling me you'll be sorry for it," he said savagely. "You had that hundred dollars -I know it-I know about your aunt's will. Give it to me. Quick! Quick! Do you hear? I'm bound to get away."

"Hardly-when you leave a stolen filly plain to view," a man said, stepping behind Dutch and selzing both wrists. Dutch struggled hard, but was in the story books something always promptly knocked down by the Sheriff does happen to the money, when it is and his deputies, who had been hot on left at home with nobody but girls to the trail. "I really thought better of you, Hankins," the Sheriff said, as he snapped the handcuffs on his prisoner. "It isn't like you to botch things this grown careless-as you had stolen sev-"You never can tell what's going to en horses and got away with them, found answers the happen," Peggy said. "Anyway, I'm you thought you'd make the riffle with

"How did he get my hundred dollar bill? Make him tell. Make him give it back. He stole it while we were in the orchard," Peggy cried, shrilly. The slightly convex Mabel said, as Peggy unlocked her fa- Sheriff looked significantly at Hankupper surface and ther's desk, touched the spring of the ins. Hankins shook his head, "I came has two tubes secret drawer and drew out a bit of after it," he said, defiantly, "but sure about an inch and crisp green paper. Together they spread as I'm in these bracelets, if it's gone, somebody else got it. If I had got it, you'd a-never caught me. 'The stock's dead beat-I'd a-left it and struck for

> Search proved that he told the truth. When the Sheriff had taken him away, every drawer and cuddy, the kitchen bers would look in our clothes first closet, the woodshed, even the pigeon house, the chicken coop and the pumpshed. "I don't believe it could have got to the barn," Peggy said despairingly, "and the cellar door is locked fast and tight," Mabel added, through sympathetic tears. Still they searched spasmodically, with no appetite for anything but sweetcake, until 'Squire Crayshaw and his wife came home from the wedding. They brought a great bundle of goodies, the sight of which consoled Mabel to such an exwouldn't sit there and gorge iced ed, as Mabel said, nobody that ever pound-cake, Mabel Bert, if you had-

Just as she said it there came a queer lumbering pit-pat on the kitchen stairs, might make the robbers think-we'll which ran up in one corner and led to a low, dark closet. Peggy and Mabel had looked it through as best they might by light of the stable lantern, turning inside out everything but Bose's box bed beside the warm chimney, in which Bose himself, most wagout to the orehard. They never can gish of shepherd pupples, lay curled find us if we get up high where the into a fuzzy ball. Bose was coming down the stairs now, moving sidewise, with something scarlet and heavyish in his mouth. At sight of his master he tumbled down the last three steps, dashed across the floor and laid the something at his feet, wagging his tail Bert, is that all the sense you have got? and looking up, as if for a word of

"Why, it's Scraphine! He carried her off to his bed!" Mabel screamed. Peggy had her arms about the puppy's neck. "Oh, you darling! You saved my hundred dollar bill!" she cried.-Cincinnati Commercial Gazette,

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