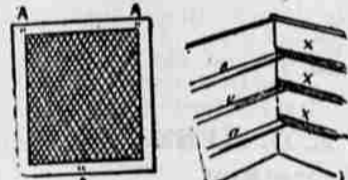
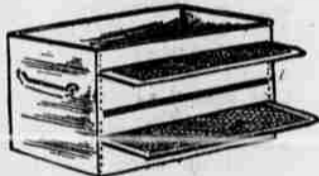




Home-Made Grain Sieve.

Where there is only a small quantity of grain to clean on a farm, a fanning mill seems to be in the nature of a luxury. Then there are often times when but a small lot of grain is to be cleaned for some special purpose. In either case the hand-made arrangement shown in the illustration will be found exceedingly useful. A box of convenient size is secured and handles fastened to either side for ease in handling. Inside this box strips are placed upon which the frames are to be run, as shown in the small cut on the right side of the engraving.

Frames of proper size and weight are covered with wire netting with meshes of various size. The upper

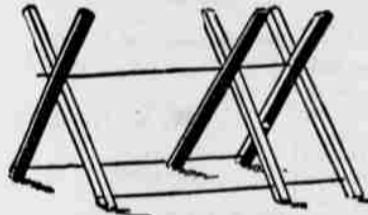


HOME-MADE GRAIN SIEVE.

mesh should be quite coarse and fastened into the box about three inches from the top. This is not to be taken out, but the frames below are to be made so they will slide in and out readily. It is a good plan to have more frames than slots, so that one may readily sift any grain one has. This little arrangement is inexpensive and any one at all handy with tools could build one in a short time.

Double Saw-Horse.

Unless coal is burned exclusively on the farm saw-horse such as is shown in the cut will be found a great labor-saving device. It is used for sawing both long and short pieces of wood, and if made four feet or more long it can be used by two men in operating a cross-cut saw. The two cross strips at the close ends are but fifteen inches apart, so one is able to saw strips as short as needed for any stove. This double saw-horse should be made of tough material and be braced as shown in the cut. The horse from which the



DOUBLE SAW-HORSE.

drawing was made was held together with iron bars, but the round pole, such as is commonly used in the center, would answer with inch-thick strips at the bottom on either side, if it was necessary to reduce the cost.

Over-Feeding the Horse.

While most horses on the farm are properly fed, and in some cases underfed rather than overfed, there are farmers who are not judicious feeders, and when the animal gets out of order they depend upon condition powders to set it straight instead of regulating the feed. It may not be generally known that a prolonged use of condition powders will produce indigestion of a most violent type. Horses that are fed on grains largely, and who do not perform a great deal of labor, are quite liable to indigestion, and the easiest way to cure the trouble is to cut off the grain for a week or more and feed exclusively of bran mash and good hay.

Farm Notes.

The horse will be here when all the automobiles have been sold for scrap iron.

Some farmers say that it will eventually kill alfalfa to mow it at any other than the time to cut for hay, namely, while it is in bloom. Has any one had experience that will serve to settle this question?

When sugar prices are low, German farmers can hereafter utilize their crops more profitably by drying the beets for use as cattle feed. Experiments have shown this method to be feasible, and the dried beets can be easily stored.

Pools of stagnant water should not be allowed to exist where hens can get to them; cover up, fill up or fence up. Poultry should have a constant supply of nice, clear, sparkling water. Wash out the drinking vessels frequently and occasionally put a drop of carbolic acid into the water.

The scarcity of help has caused people to think more and plan the work more carefully.

The shoats that are intended for breeders should not be made to become too fat.

The machinery will run so much better when it is kept well oiled. Make the hired man run smoothly by a generous supply of oil of kindness. Keep him in a good humor and get more work done and the farm animals will have better care and attention.

Any cow can be milked dry in a few weeks by irregular milking, sometimes at intervals of twenty-four hours and sometimes six. Separation from her usual company, a change to a new location, a strange milker and scolding voice are sources of irritation that more or less impair the milking qualities of the cow.

A Horse Malady.

Most farmers are familiar with the horse that puffs and wheezes at his work. The disease is technically known as "roaring," and is said to be similar to asthma in humans. There is really no cure for it, but trouble may be greatly alleviated by treatment, and especially by proper feeding. If the disease is not so seated that the animal cannot do farm work, then that given it should be light and the feed should consist of little hay, and this wet each time; feed mainly on grains. Take one drachm iodide of potassium and mix with one-half drachm nux vomica. Give this dose twice a day for two or three weeks during each bad attack, and during the period let the work of the horse be that which does not require much speed. The care and treatment indicated will relieve the animal greatly, although it is doubtful if it will ever amount to much for steady work.—Crown Point (Ind.) Register.

Planting a Peach Orchard.

Were I to set a large peach orchard I would prefer June budded trees. The roots are all in a bunch, and the tree can be easily started right and kept so. A great many persons in starting an orchard are in too big a hurry. They must have trees to come into immediate bearing, and so go to the nurseries and pick out the larger trees, overlooking the fact that the larger and older the tree the greater shock it receives. Years ago I set a large orchard from nursery rows two, three and four years old, and in five years the two-year-olds were the largest, thickest and best in every way. When set, the roots were all there, and the trees hardly stopped growing, while the older trees had mangled and cut roots, with too much body and limbs, and were more or less stunted. Be careful in setting an orchard, if roots are mangled, to cut them off smooth and trim most of the limbs or top.—Vevay (Ind.) Reveller.

Good Gains From Locust Planting.

The cultivation of the locust tree was recommended by Instructors Jones and Morse of the Vermont station for certain types of cheap barren land in 1897. One hundred seedling trees were set in rows four feet apart each way. At eleven years old they averaged sixteen feet in height and five inches in diameter. Encouraged by this small planting five thousand more seedling trees were planted in 1902 and 92 per cent of the trees were alive at the time of the report and making rapid growth. This planting was made at a total expense of from \$27 to \$32 per acre. Estimates are made of the possible value of the crop which it is believed at the twentieth year will be about \$256 per acre. Suggestions are given for planting, and where there is danger from attacks of insects mixed plantations are recommended in which white and pitch pines, birch, elm and box elder are believed valuable.

Value of Alfalfa.

It has been demonstrated that alfalfa can be grown in nearly all of the States and when farmers, and dairymen especially, learn of its great feeding value it will be found on every farm. Once established it may be cut several times a year and for many years. It is rich in protein and when fed with corn fodder makes nearly a balanced ration, furnishing the proportion of protein needed by stock during the winter. Dairymen have long recognized the necessity of feeding grains or other fodder containing protein, but groan under the expense when the protein feeds must be bought. If alfalfa will furnish the bulk of the expensive protein, as it undoubtedly will, a chance to save considerable in the cost of feeding is offered by growing alfalfa.

Advice to the Driver.

When a horse is running away it is then that the driver usually becomes as scared as the horse and the runaway is not helped much. The driver needs to keep his head at a time like this, even though he should lose it at other times. What the driver needs to do is to pull vigorously on one line and then on the other with such rapid succession as to confuse the animal so that his fear may be removed. A known runaway horse should be driven with care.



Gall Stones.—To remove gall stones without an operation, take five or ten drop doses of Tr. Chelidonium four or five times each day for a few days. It is often well to follow with four ounces of pure olive oil on the fifth morning.

Red Nose.—The following usually effects a cure: Zinc oxide ointment 1½ ounces, powdered starch 2½ drams, sulphur one dram and three drops oil of rose. Mix well and apply at bedtime. Avoid strong coffee, alcohol and highly spiced foods.

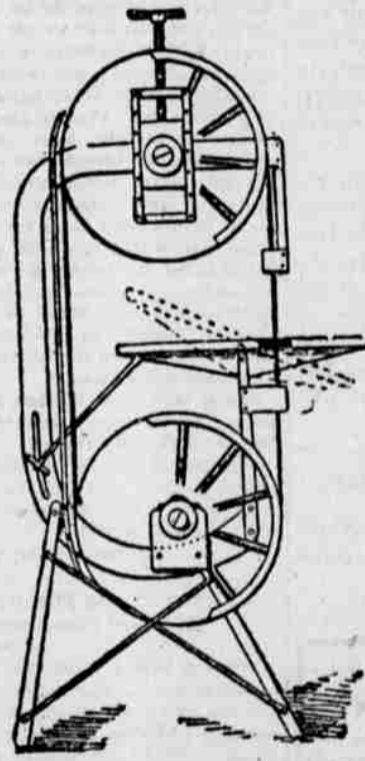
Cold Sores.—The appearance of such sores is simply an effort of the system to excrete through that particular part of the mucous membrane retained waste matter not carried off by the normal organs. Live more hygienically, paying special attention to water drinking, enemas, baths, sweat baths and outdoor exercise, all of which help excretion. Local massage is also of benefit in such conditions.

Hemorrhoids.—In many cases careful living with colon flushings of cold water, cold compressor to the parts, cold sitz baths with free water drinking will bring about a reduction of the protruding parts. In other cases, however, all these measures fail and under those circumstances the radical cure is a surgical operation. This like the operation for varicocele as now performed is entirely painless, safe and even bloodless.

Bronchitis.—For a mild attack rub the chest with warm camphorated oil and cover with flannel. Take a hot lemonade and go to bed. The next morning take a good dose of epsom salts before breakfast. If a troublesome cough accompanies the attack get a mixture consisting of two drams of muriate of ammonia, two drams of fluid extract of cubeb, two ounces of brown mixture and enough syrup of wild cherry bark to make four ounces. Take one teaspoonful every three hours until relief is obtained.

A BAND SAW THAT IS HOME-MADE.

The band saw shown in the cut was made by using an old plow beam, a smooth one, for the back, says a writer in the American Blacksmith. The legs are cultivator beams, the screw tightener was taken from an old Jones



HOME-MADE BAND SAW.

blinder and the two wheels are out of a press drill covered on the rim with rubber tires. The guides are simply made of brass with slots for ¼, ½ and 1-inch band, and they are cut in so that the saw will fit as shown at C. This saw will cut up to 9-inch stock. The table, of course, should be so constructed as to tilt to allow a bevel to be cut. This makes a useful machine and an inexpensive one.

In Accord With His Teacher.

Uncle—How do you like your Sunday school teacher?
Tommy—Oh! She's got good sense. She's smarter than mom is.
Uncle—Indeed? So you believe in her, eh?
Tommy—Sure! Her an' me thinks alike. She says Sunday school don't do me no good.—Philadelphia Press.

All the comforts of a home and all the conveniences of a hotel are never to be found under the same roof.

TEMPTATION OF BERNARD STRONG.

THE electric light went out with the click of the switch, plunging the room in total darkness, except where here and there a faint glimmer came through the window from the lamps in the street below, and the under-cashier of Brown & Brown's sank into his superior's easy-chair with a sigh of unutterable relief.

As usual, all his fellow clerks had gone hours ago, leaving him in solitary grandeur to continue working out rows of apparently interminable figures. At last, however, his task was finished, and he sought to rest his aching eyes by gazing blankly into darkness.

Bernard Strong was overworked and underpaid, which will, perhaps, account for the thoughts that crowded through his tired brain.

As he sat there in the darkness the full hopelessness of his position was borne home to his overworked mind. What was the use of working like a slave till 12 o'clock, as he had done to-night? What did he gain by it? Money? No; he had asked for an increase of salary till his very pride stayed him from repeating the attempt. Credit? No; the head cashier had never been known to say a good word for Strong, though it was very seldom that he found cause of complaint in the latter's work. Prospects? There were none.

He had asked himself these questions till the very thought of them sickened him, and always came to the same conclusion. He would slave no more in a dingy office; he would go to the director the very next morning and give notice, and, when asked the reason for so doing, would throw these bitter arguments in his face, leave the house forever and go away, away to Australia, South Africa, anywhere, so long as he was far from his present hated surroundings.

But in the morning the same despairing answer to all these questions would come as if to haunt him, "You cannot go! You have no money!" and he would again wend his way wearily to the same office, the same high stool, and go through the same daily routine of drudgery. It would be easier to bear, he had told himself a hundred times, if there was only himself to think of, but there was Kitty, poor little Kitty, waiting so patiently and saving as much as possible herself to hasten the day that seemed so far off.

As Strong sat there in the darkness, building the usual castles in the air, to be dashed to the ground the next morning, his abstracted gaze alighted on a large black object in the opposite corner of the room. Yes! the little strongroom tucked away behind that iron door contained enough to take Kitty and himself out of the country, where he could start afresh and perhaps make a fortune. He smiled bitterly at the irony of the situation; the money that safe contained was in his power; he had the key in his pocket at that very moment. Why not? Yes, why not? It would mean nothing to such a wealthy firm as Brown & Brown's, but what a lot to him! He would only take enough to pay their passage, and he would save every farthing he made to pay it back. It would not be stealing if he returned it. No; and only £20, that was all, but enough to take Kitty and himself away from this hated city and give him a fresh start in a new country, where, perhaps, they would give him a chance of showing his worth.

Yes, there were quite £20 in gold in that strongroom, and gold could not be traced like notes, and by the morning he could be safe away where no one could trace him. He would do it—do it for Kitty's sake. Half rising in his chair, he felt for the key in his pocket, but sank back immediately, guilty and terror-stricken, as a slight scraping caught his sharpened ear; the next minute he was sitting stone still, his fascinating gaze following every movement of a huge dark figure kneeling on the window sill. Slowly and deliberately the figure went to work. It produced a little pencil-like object from its pocket, it applied it to the window pane, and four distinct lines made their appearance on the glittering surface, accompanied by a slight crunching sound; now a long, thin hand is thrust through the neat little opening; noiselessly the catch slips back, and the next moment a man stands in the room, gazing searchingly round into the darkness with the aid of a bull's-eye lantern.

His investigations appear to prove satisfactory, for he gives an appreciative grunt and steals quietly toward the corner in which the iron door looms indistinctly out of the darkness.

There was no doubt in Strong's mind as to the intruder's intentions, as he sat huddled up in his chair, hardly daring to breathe, and vaguely wondering what would happen next. He was

no coward, but the whole thing had happened so quickly that he hardly realized what had taken place. It would not be the least use showing himself, for what could he do against a man nearly double his size, and who most likely carried a revolver. All his previous plans and schemes were forgotten in a moment, the one great sense of duty remaining. He was responsible for the contents of that safe, would save them at all costs. Could he crawl out of the room unobserved and summon the police? No, that was impossible in that limited space, and, in a silence that caused every sound to echo through the room like a pistol shot, it would be courting observation.

While thus cogitating on the best course to take there was a slight click in the farther corner, and Strong guessed what had happened by the repetition of the appreciative grunt—the door of the strongroom was open.

At last Strong's mind was made up, all his nerve returned, and he was as cool and calm as ever.

Very slowly and silently his hand crept up to the little brass knob above his head, there was a sharp click, and the next moment the room was flooded with a brilliant light.

The intruder was so taken aback by the suddenness of the act that for a moment he seemed glued to the spot, and could only stare vacantly at the blinding light. That moment Strong was upon him like a tiger, and, hitting him cleanly between the eyes, sent him reeling into the strongroom, there to fall with a dull thud on the hard iron floor. Like lightning the door slammed to, the skeleton key turned in the lock, and the bolt shot home.

Strong stood for a minute dazed and trembling, listening to the dull thuds and oaths proceeding from the room, then fell fainting to the ground. The excitement of the past ten minutes had been too much for an overworked constitution.

When Strong opened his eyes he was no longer lying on the office floor, but on the comfortable sofa in the director's office, with that worthy leaning over him, anxiety written on every feature.

"You're all right, my lad," he murmured, kindly. "You've had a nasty tumble, but it might have been worse. No, don't trouble to tell me about it yet," he added, as Strong tried to raise himself to speak; "that will wait till you've had a good sleep."

"But I must," persisted Strong, weakly. "He'll die if you don't let him out, and I shall be a murderer."

"Whatever do you mean?" gasped the astonished Mr. Brown, and then, helped by several sips at a glass of water, Strong recounted all the mysterious events of the previous night.

Mr. Brown would now trust Strong with his very life, but little does he imagine how near his money was to being stolen by the very man who risked so much to save it.—New York News.

HOW A TREE IS MURDERED.

Some Growths Are Exceedingly Difficult to Destroy These Days.

A gentleman of means living in a suburban town tells how his mother once undertook to murder a cherry tree. "I was a boy at the time," he said. "The tree stood on our lawn; it had been planted by my father, and he loved it with a parental affection; but it was an eyesore to my mother, for she thought it spoiled the looks of the garden.

"She decided to murder it secretly because she knew that my father would never consent to its removal. For a long time she pondered, asking herself how she might kill the tree without being detected, and finally she decided that she would use for her weapon boiling water. Accordingly whenever my father was away she would get a kettle, and, tiptoeing out to the tree with a guilty look, she would pour boiling water upon its roots.

"At first the tree showed no change under this treatment. After a time, though, a change began to manifest itself. My father noticed it.

"By jove," he said, "my cherry tree seems unusually fine and hearty."

"And this was a fact. The more boiling water my mother poured on the roots the more the tree thrived and flourished. Finally, in despair, she gave up trying to commit her vegetable murder.

"A florist, to whom she narrated this strange story one day, laughed when he heard it. He said it was no wonder the tree had gotten along so well. He declared that boiling water was often used on trees, as it killed off the worms and bugs molesting them."

A girl's handkerchief is a foolish thing; it isn't as large as one drop of sweat.