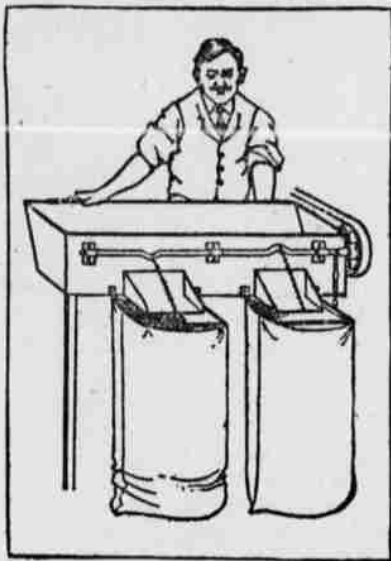




For Filling Sacks.

In filling sacks with grain, flour, cement, etc., it has been found impossible for one man to do the work. A second laborer is required to hold open the mouth of the bag while the other does the filling. The necessity of the extra laborer is eliminated in the sack-filling apparatus shown here, the invention of a Washington man. This apparatus was designed primarily to provide a device by which bags could be quickly and economically filled by one man. A hopper is provided, to which a pulley is attached at one end. At the front are the frames for supporting the bags after the latter have been fastened in position. The grain or other article to be placed in the



HOLDS BAGS OPEN

bags is shoveled into the hopper, from which it drops by gravity into the bags. As the grain descends the bags are shaken at regular intervals by an arrangement attached to the pulley. The bags are in this way automatically lifted off the ground a trifle at each turn of the pulley, allowing the grain to settle, filling the bags to their utmost capacity. This does away with the ordinary laborious method formerly employed by hand. It is claimed that the bags can be filled in one-fourth the time heretofore required and by one man.

Causes of Roup.

When fowls crow at night, which is the fact when the number quartered is greater than the capacity of the house, they sweat. This sweating causes the feathers to rot at the base, giving them the very appearance of molting. This explains why so many flocks look ragged in early summer.

It is a noted fact that the majority of cases where roup has become epidemic among fowls the latter were crowded in tightly-built houses when the weather is very cold and allowing the houses to remain closed all the next day. This creates a moisture which generates dampness, and the whole house feels very much like a vault. At night the house is more or less filled with dampness emanating from the fowls' breath, but if, on the following morning, the windows are opened wide, this dampness will be dispelled. This is a great point in favor of the scratching shed plan of house.

Popular Breed of Poultry.

Leghorns if compelled to roost in cold houses and pick a living from the slush of a barnyard will not lay.

But when warmly housed and properly fed they are the best of winter layers. The best bred leghorns are practically non-sitters and should not be counted on to rear their young. For those who are so situated that they can hatch and rear their pullets artificially or with hens of other breeds, and who give their hens suitable care in winter, the leghorn will prove a very profitable breed for the farm.

THE LEGHORN.

Nut Industry on the Farm.

An industry which the farmer might take up with profit is nut growing. Improved nut trees begin bearing at about six or eight years, bearing the same as apple or pear trees. Large trees when grafted begin to bear about the third or fourth year, and large trees that are budded will bear sooner than small ones, but the small ones bear longest. English walnuts can now be grown in the Central States.

Foundered Horses.

A. S. Alexander, veterinary surgeon, explodes the old idea that a horse can become "chest-foundered." He says that such cases are those suffering from chronic founder (laminitis),

which affects the feet and not the chest. In old-standing cases of foot lameness the chest muscles may waste away in sympathy, and that fact has led to the "chest-founder" idea. Such a horse should be shod with wide-webbed, flat bar shoes, put on over dressing of tar and oakum, and a thick leather sole. Then clip off the hair and blister the hoof heads (coronets) of forefeet with a mixture of one dram of biniodide of mercury and two ounces of cerate of cantharides rubbed in for fifteen minutes. Wash blister off in forty-eight hours, then apply lard daily. Blister every three or four weeks.

Transplanting.

As the time approaches for removing young plants from the flats in the house or from the hotbed outside, an extra amount of airing must be given to harden them. Plants which have started indoors or under glass are more or less tender and will not be able to thrive under the rigor of early spring planting without treatment. They must become hardened, or acclimated, to the new conditions.

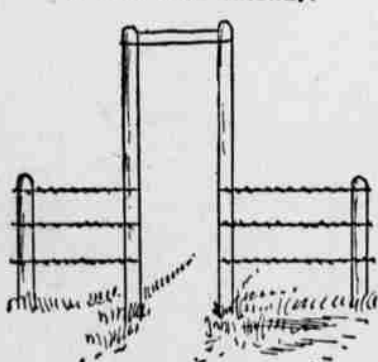
At least a week before transplanting remove the sash entirely from the hotbed during the day and allow abundance of ventilation at night, except when heavy frost threatens. This will give the plants practically an outside temperature for the greater part of the day and they will grow stronger and harder thereby. At this time also less watering should be given to check growth and make the plants more resistant to the cold. All plants can endure a lower degree of temperature under dry than under moist conditions.

Most seedlings are transplanted direct from the flat or hotbed to the open garden when they have attained a height of from four to six inches or more. When facilities are at hand a better way is to first transplant them to a cold frame, which is the same as a hotbed without the heat. In the cold frames they become accustomed to lower temperature and are still protected from frost of nights and on cold days. A still better way is to transplant the young plants at the appearance of their second or third set of true leaves to two inch flower pots.

Disking Alfalfa.

The work of disking alfalfa requires a little bit of skill. The disk must be set just so it will cut the ground sufficiently and do as little damage as possible. A little experience will enable any intelligent man to do the very best work in the field. There are times and conditions when the spring tooth harrow may do all right, but generally nothing but a good sharp disk with enough big horses in front and a competent man on the seat can do the work. I use only the smoothing harrow in the early spring, but after each mowing I use a disk or spring tooth, whichever I think best, always finishing with a spike tooth, so as to leave the field in the very best possible condition for the growing crop. It is a real pleasure to see the alfalfa start out anew and grow about one inch a day on an average.—Denver Field and Farm.

A Cow Yard Gateway.



A handy entrance into the cow yard is made by cutting the wires between posts and putting in two tall posts. Wire them together at top, put on fence wires and you can get through, but the cows cannot.

Helpful Hints.

Oil up the work harness.
The neglected colt or calf will prove profitless.

Cattle will never do well in the same pasture as sheep.

Wood charcoal should always be kept in the hog pen.

How are the farm implements? Any of them need repairs?

To improve live stock, requires intelligence and thought.

It is a good plan to have the horses and cows clean up their mangers after each feed.

There is such a thing as overfeeding. Feed stock all the food they will assimilate, but not more.

Don't have a lot of manure lying in the yards all summer. It will lose just about half of its value by fall.

It is better to feed the cows fodder and hay after milking, as it keeps the dust down. Feed the grain before milking.

The best feed for making muscle is oats. They are not heating nor very fattening. The young calves should be given oats in order to give them muscle and make them plump.

HALF-BREED IN DIRE PERIL.

Towed by a Wounded Moose, Which He Had Lassoed.

A tale of being saved from drowning by a moose he had shot, and which abounds in startling details, has been brought into Winnipeg, Manitoba, by a hunter familiarly known



throughout the northwest as "Traps." "Traps" is noted for his honesty and truthfulness. He says that about a month ago he wounded a great moose on the banks of the Saskatchewan River, and that, when the animal sprang into the river he jumped into his boat and started in pursuit, hoping for another shot at close range.

While trying to reload and row at the same time, says "Traps," he dropped his gun overboard and it went to the bottom. Marking the spot where the weapon went down by associating the location with a fallen tree on the shore nearby, he seized both oars and gained rapidly on the injured animal. When he reached it he made a slip noose of his tow line and skillfully threw it about the great, spreading antlers. This done, he attempted to tow his quarry ashore by backing up the boat, but the frightened beast pulled him rapidly down stream.

The rapidity of the current increased and soon "Traps" was terrified to hear the sound of the falls. His most desperate efforts availed nothing against the current and the frenzied animal. Having no knife, he attempted to untie the line from his craft, but it was water soaked and his trembling fingers could do nothing with it.

The cry of the falls came nearer and nearer and the boatman had given himself up for lost when the moose's feet struck bottom.

After some stumbling the beast braced himself and walked to a little island about five feet in diameter, composed of rock, and rising in the center of the river ten feet from the edge of the falls. "Traps" boat swung around over the falls, the stern projecting over about three feet. The moose braced his feet against the pull, fearful of being swept from his point of vantage.

Seeing that his preserver could not hold out much longer against growing weakness and continued loss of blood, "Traps" began cautiously to pull his boat to the little island, hand over hand. The moose looked on the approaching enemy with terror, trembling visibly. When "Traps" was within four feet of terra firma he sprang from the boat and after a scramble succeeded in getting to temporary safety, wondering the while whether or not the moose would gore him to death in revenge. But his fears were groundless, for the animal, in a frenzy because of his nearness, sprang into the swift current, and moose, tow line and boat went over the falls.

"Traps" had been on his little island without food for three days when he was discovered by passing hunters who floated him a line from a safe distance and he was dragged ashore. He recovered his boat and the dead moose entangled in the branches of a fallen tree eight miles down stream two days after his release, and has brought the antlers to Winnipeg as a souvenir of his wonderful experience.—Exchange.

THESE ARE WEATHER SIGNS.

Simple Indications that Show When Rain or Sunshine is Coming.

If it clears off in the night, look for rain the next day. If smoke from the chimney settles instead of rising there is a storm at hand. When sound travels a long distance there is also a storm near. Never expect much storm in the old of the moon. The absence of dew and unusually heavy dew are alike forerunners of rain. Not much frost need be expected in the light of the moon.

An owl hooting in the hollow is a sign of a cold storm; on the hill, it foretells a thaw. If the hornets build low the winter will be hard. When leaves fall early the winter will be long. When snow falls on a hard road it will not last long. The last spring snowstorm never comes until after the "sugar snow," which may be recognized by coming in unusually large flakes and lasting only a few minutes. If the hog's milt is found big at the front the first part of the winter will be most

severe; if the reverse is true, we may look for hard winter in February and March. Bright "northern lights" bring severe cold. Sun dogs indicate a bad storm.

Distant sound heard distinctly forebodes no good weather. If the sun "draws up water" it will rain. The pitcher sweating and the tea kettle boiling dry also indicate rain. Cobwebs thickly spread upon the grass are an indication of fair weather. Animal life seems, according to the popular notion, to have peculiar warnings regarding the weather changes. Some of these are explainable by natural causes. It is a fact recognized by all intelligent stockmen that cattle have an intimation of an approaching storm some hours before it is visible to the human eye. There is certain restlessness which the cowboy has learned to interpret at once.

When you see a pig pasturing in the field build for himself a nest you may look for a storm. Chickens take extra pains in oiling their feathers just before a rain. Peafowls send forth their shrill cries as a warning, and when the quail cries "more wet" from the meadow the farmer works briskly to get his hay under shelter.—Putnam's Magazine.

GEN. SICKLES AND HIS WIFE.

After Many Years in Spain Mrs. Sickles is Again in New York.

The unexpected return to this country of Mrs. Daniel E. Sickles, wife of the noted general, has created a great deal of interest among the general's friends. She is a Spanish woman and, at the time of her first visit to the United States as a bride, was acclaimed one of the most beautiful women who ever crossed the

Atlantic. She is many years the general's junior, and still shows traces of her beauty. Having lived her life in sunny Spain, Mrs. Sickles found it hard to accommodate herself to the severe American winters and it was not many years before her heart again turned to the land of her birth. Her mother, who was an invalid, grieved for her daughter and begged her to return. Duties in this country prevented General Sickles from accompanying his wife back to Madrid. Her mother died a few months ago and Mrs. Sickles made arrangements to return to this country and expects to stay with her husband until death parts them. They have two children, one daughter, now Mrs. Brackenthorpe, wife of the secretary of the British embassy in Vienna, and Stanton Sickles, formerly secretary of legation to Spain, Belgium and lately to Greece.

General Daniel E. Sickles is a remarkably preserved man of 85 years who throughout his long life has often figured prominently in the newspapers and in the making of his country's history. He is a native of New York City, a printer by trade, a lawyer by profession, a soldier when his country needs his services and a politician and statesman of wide experience and no mean ability. Before the war he was a member of both branches of the State Legislature, corporation counsel of New York City, secretary of legation at London and twice member of Congress.

At the opening of the war in 1861 he raised a brigade of volunteers and was commissioned colonel of one of the five regiments. He was soon raised to brigadier general and gained distinction in many hard-fought battles. In 1863 he was made major general. At Gettysburg he lost a leg. At the close of the war he joined the regular army as colonel and a year later was breveted brigadier general in recognition of his bravery at Fredericksburg and major general for gallant and meritorious conduct at Gettysburg. In 1869 he was placed on the retired list with the full rank of major general.

General Grant appointed him minister to Spain in 1869 and it was there he met and married his wife. Since the war he has been president of the New York State Board of Civil Service Commissioners, Sheriff of New York in 1890 and in 1892 was elected to Congress.

Happy Immunity.

"There's one advantage in being color blind, anyhow," said one marked by this visual peculiarity.

"What's that?"

"Why, all I know of the red necktie is based on hearsay."—Philadelphia Ledger.

A man must know himself in order to understand the meanness in others. The more money a man has the harder he strives for more.

First Japanese Stowaway.

The first Japanese stowaway ever brought to Boston arrived on a steamer from London the other day. He gave his name as Tasujo Nakamura, aged 30, and claimed to have been a member of the crew of an American sailing vessel.

It was learned that he was a sailor on board the ship Johanna, which arrived at Falmouth, Eng., some months ago. He was starving in London when he determined to come to this country. He wandered about the docks in the Thames and stole on board the Philadelphia and hid in the coal bunkers.

Nakamura said he was all through the Russian-Japanese war, having been one of the crew of a cruiser in the Japanese fleet.

Inspector Root examined the man and ordered that he be sent back on the Philadelphia when she leaves on her return trip.

On a Pinch.

"For the present," said the political magnate, "you will have to be satisfied with filling some temporary vacancy from time to time."

"I'll be more than satisfied," faltered the despairing office-seeker, "with anything that will fill the vacancy in my stomach from time to time!"

FITS St. Vitus' Dance and various diseases permanently cured by Dr. F. J. Allen's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE \$2.00 trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. Kline, L.D., 363 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Magic Theft.

Commissioner Bingham of New York, at a recent dinner, described in a most interesting manner the methods of the skilled pickpocket.

"He is so very clever at his best," concluded the commissioner, "that one might almost believe him capable of the feat attributed to a Western stevedore. A group of stevedores were lunching in a sheltered nook of a wharf. One of them went across the street for a plug of chewing tobacco, and in his absence another substituted for his tin of pale coffee and milk his own tin of milkless black coffee. When the first stevedore, plug in hand, returned, he could hardly believe his eyes.

"Well," he said, "I've heard of clever thieves, but to swipe the milk out of a feller's coffee beats the band!"

The Ancient Stone Slingers.

It has been said that Asiatic nations excelled others in the use of the sling, and the slingers of an ancient army used their little weapons with terrible effect. "These natives have such skill," says one old historian, "that it very rarely happens that they miss their aim. What makes them so great in the use of the sling is the training given them from their earliest years by their mothers, who set up a piece of bread hung at the end of a rod for a target and let their children remain without food until they have hit it, when the child who is the victor receives the bread as the reward of his skill and patience."

Hadn't Reached That Stage.

She—So you are an author?
He—Ye-es.

"Oh! how delightful it must be to earn one's living by wielding the pen."
"Yes, I always imagined it would be."

Handicapped.

Teacher—In this free country of ours, children, any boy may hope to be President some day.

Curly Haired Urchin (raising his hand)—Not me, ma'am. My name's William Jennings Bryan Simpson.—Chicago Tribune.

Suggesting a Possible Reason.

"Verena," impatiently asked the mistress, "what brings that policeman to the house so much?"

"Take a good look at me face, ma'am," answered the cook with a simper. "Do ye think it'd scare anybody away?"—Chicago Tribune.

Stung!

Nan—The trouble with Billy is that he's awkward when he's in company. He doesn't know what to do with his hands.

Fan—Oh, yes, he does; he told me once that you wore too many pins in your belt.—Chicago Tribune.

TYPEWRITERS. "New Visible Vest." All makes rebuilt like new, at second-hand prices. Two Smith-Dunn-R machines from \$25 to \$45. Supplies for all makes. Machines rented, \$2 to \$3.50 monthly. The Typewriter Exchange, 225 Montgomery, San Francisco

New to Him.

"Whatever success I have achieved," argued the passenger with the skull cap, "I owe entirely to heredity and environment."

"That's a firm I never heard of before," said the passenger with the loud necktie. "How long have you been traveling for them?"—Chicago Tribune.

The Luckiest Man.

Eben—So Miss Antique is going to get married at last. Who is the lucky man?

Flo—The clergyman. He's going to get paid for it and assumes no responsibility.

Sure.

"What was it Priscilla said to John Aiden?"

"You mean, 'Speak for yourself, John?'"

"Yes; what did she mean?"

"I don't know what she meant, but I know it must have been before she and John were married that she said it."—Houston Post.