THE MOST REMARKABLE CARAVAN THAT EVER ENTERED AFGHANISTAN.

A STEAM ROLLER AND MOTORS FOR THE AMEER.

The Indian tour of the Ameer of Afghanistan in 1907 has evidently impressed on him the advantages of good roads, and it would appear that he is now about to have such throughout his dominions. Doubtless good roads and motor cars would greatly facilitate the extensive tours his Highness has to take to keep in touch with the distant provinces of his kingdom. Recently some ten elephants were sent to Chaman to convey a steam roller, a motor car, a stone-crushing machine, and a motor boat to Cabul. The motor boat is probably for pleasure trips on the Cabul River, while the car will enable the Ameer to visit the outlying provinces of his dominions in as many days as it has hitherto taken months.

FAIR WOMANHOOD.

So gentle and so bounteous doth appear
My lady, when she maketh a salute,
That every tongue, trembling, becometh mute;
The eye to look upon her doth not dare.
Though conscious that her praise pervades the air,
In beauty clothed, she moveth modestly,
As if she were a being from on high,
Come down to earth to show a marvel here.
So grateful seems the vision from above,
The heart drinks sweetness from the entranced eye
Which would mock Fancy if it were not proved;
And from her lips it seems as there were moved
A delicate spirit, breathing full of love,
Which ever biddeth the rapt soul to sigh.
—Dante.

Heroism to Order

"Mindil Phillipstein told me you could tell me how to win her. Please do it."

"Sure you can," said Mindil. "You can do anything. I said it to Pincus—I said it to you or to anybody. Go ahead, Herr Einstein, and tell Pincus Leben how to win the girl. He ought to be married long ago."

A smile crossed the great detective's face. "I have had something to do with most kind of cases, but never before was I called upon to advise in a love affair. I'll do my best, and I seldom fail. Herr Pincus Cohen, attention!"

"Zu befehl!" said Pincus, saluting. He was a member of the Rosenstein Miners and Sappers' corps, attached to the state national guard.

"Did you ever do anything like a hero? That's what wins women," said Ignatz.

"Once I stopped a horse that was trotting down the road without anyone in the wagon, and it looked as though it would run over Miss Sarah Minzer. She saw me do it, awer did not think much about it. That's the nearest I ever come to doing anything brave. I can't brag about it, though, Miss Goldwasser would likely laugh at me."

"Can you swim?" asked Mr. Einstein.

"It is one thing I can do fairly well," said Pincus.

"Take her out walking along the East river some day, get a man to fall in for you, and then jump in and rescue him; it looks brave and probably will win the young lady."

"Good idea!" exclaimed Mr. Phillipstein. "I'll be the man to fall in. I been the best swimmer in Brownsville. Won a medal at College Point at the Eisenstein Club outing last summer."

* * * * *

"That man is ill!" exclaimed Miss Goldwasser. "Look at him; I think he is going to fall into the river. Run up and catch him before he gets in."

Mr. Cohen would like to have done so very much, as the wish to be a hero that day had entirely departed from him. Before, however, he had fairly started for Mr. Philipstein, who now was only a few yards ahead, the latter had given a groaning cry and fallen with a splash into the river.

Mr. Cohen echoed the groan. He just remembered that he had not prepared for jumping into the water and was wearing his costly Sunday suit with his gold watch, and that a goodly roll of bills was in his pocket, which surely would be spoiled by the water. He began to take off his coat with no enthusiasm.

Miss Goldwasser screamed: "Help him! Get him out!"

Mr. Cohen reluctantly approached the edge. Mr. Phillipstein had come to the surface and was treading water and floating along with the tide. He had on an old suit, and instead of a coat wore a tight-fitting sweater.

"Save me," he said, and waved encouragingly to Pincus.

With despair in his heart Mr. Cohen threw down his coat, handed his roll of bills to Miss Goldwasser and carefully entered the water. To make it realistic Mr. Phillipstein clutched him with what he imagined was the grip of a drowning man and whispered: "I'll sink again and pull you down with me. You are doing fine, only show a little more energy. You act like you was afraid."

Whereupon Mr. Phillipstein sank into the water and dragged the frenzied Pincus, who was a fair swimmer, but hated the water, along with him. When they arose Mr. Cohen gave a loud cry. Miss Goldwasser was running along the bank with a long stick in her hand which she had picked up and which she was trying to reach out to the struggling men.

"Just to make it seem more like the real thing," said Mr. Phillipstein, who was playing his part with much enjoyment and zeal, "I'll let go of you, go out a few feet and sink again. Then you got to dive for me, grab me by the hair and pull me ashore. I like to bet you win her sure."

And he again cried for help, and pushed out and sank, gasping and yelling for help.

Mr. Cohen had gone as far as he could or dared. He was more than ten feet from shore, weighed down by his clothing, almost exhausted and afraid to venture out any farther.

He turned and struck out for the land, disregarding Miss Goldwasser's cries to help the sinking man back of him. Mr. Cohen found he could make no headway toward shore. Then suddenly his courage left him and a little hysterical panic came upon him.

"Get me out!" he cried. "I'm losing myself. I can't keep up any longer."

Mr. Phillipstein took two strong strokes and reached the side of the scared Pincus. Supporting him with one hand he swam to land with the other. He dragged Pincus out on the bank and laid him down. The latter was fully conscious, and shame and fury because of his weakness and cowardice possessed him.

"Hero!" said Miss Goldwasser, in a rapture.

"Sure, he is a brave man," said Mr. Phillipstein, as he helped Mr. Cohen to his feet. "Did you see how he jumped in for me?"

"He's a hero!" Miss Goldwasser's tone was full of scorn. "Why, he even thought of his money. He saved that before he tried to get you out." She handed Pincus his roll of bills. "No, brave man," continued Miss Goldwasser, addressing the astonished Phillipstein. "You are the hero. You saved him. You are the most daring man I ever saw. I admire a man like you."

"Say," said Pincus Cohen. "Where should I come in?"

"You tried to do something," said Miss Goldwasser. "But you were not equal to it. You had to be saved by the man you were going to help."

Miss Goldwasser looked a little mystified. "How was it," she asked of Mindil, "that you were so weak that you fell in and then strong enough to not only get out yourself, but bring Mr. Cohen out with you?"

"A little faintness came over me," said Mindil glibly, as he gazed with admiration at Miss Goldwasser; "and when I fell in the cold water revived me. Oy! oy! I'm glad I was able to help this man."

The two men soon dried their clothing and returned to Miss Goldwasser. She greeted Mr. Phillipstein with enthusiasm and during the car ride on the street car back to Brownsville she frequently referred to him as a hero and learned something about his position in society, which was excellent. Going to her relatives, Miss Goldwasser made further inquiries about Mr. Phillipstein and found that he was popular and prosperous, highly regarded as a fine, smart man by all Brownsville.

Miss Goldwasser invited Mr. Phillipstein to call on her, and he promptly did so.

A month later the despondent Mr. Pincus Cohen read the announcement that Miss Rose Goldwasser and Mr. Mindil Phillipstein were engaged.—New York Telegraph.

Writing Hard to Read.

Speaking about handwriting which is hard to read an old-time conductor on the Louisville & Nashville railroad tells a story about James Guthrie, says the Louisville Courier-Journal. Mr. Guthrie, besides being Secretary of the Treasury under James Buchanan, was also president of the Louisville & Nashville railroad and a resident of Louisville.

In the early days of railroading there were no printed passes as at present, and Mr. Guthrie would frequently write a pass for a friend on a scrap of paper. The conductors on the road would honor these, of course, but one farmer carried a piece of paper purporting to be a pass for a friend on a scrap of paper. The conductor honored it, but later grew suspicious and one day took it up. He carried it to the office of President Guthrie and said:

"A farmer has been riding on this pass for about a year. Do you want him to continue to use it?"

President Guthrie put on his glasses, looked the paper over and said:

"Why this is not a pass. It is a receipt I gave a fellow for a load of wood about a year ago."

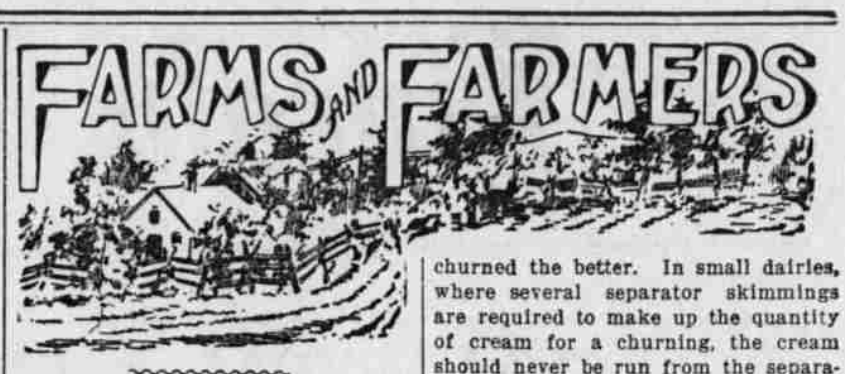
Coming Back Again.

Prisoner—"Can I speak with the convict Smith for one moment?"

Jailer—"No; he has just left, after finishing his time. But ask me again in about a week."—Fligende Blatter.

Some people imagine that as soon as they get married, they must kiss in public

FARMS AND FARMERS



Intensive Dairy Farming.

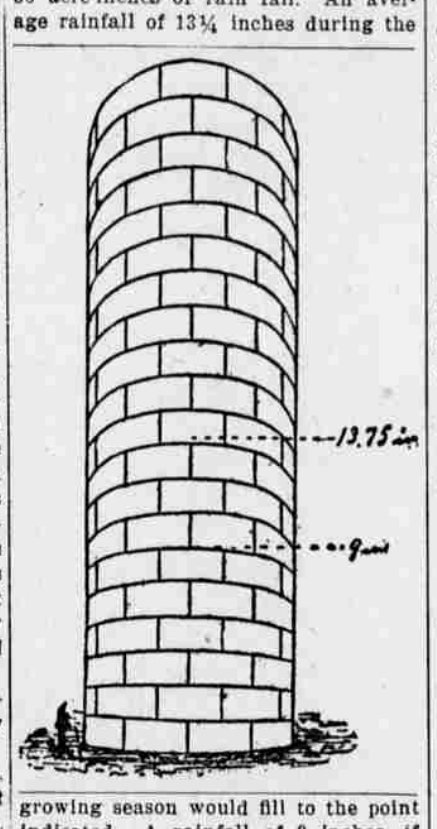
The question is often asked how many cows a certain number of acres will support. By the question is meant that the entire energy of the farm is to be devoted to raising food for the dairy cow. A farm in a good state of fertility can be easily arranged so that one could keep a cow to every two acres if the land is all good, rich, tillable land. And one would be able to raise both the forage or bulky part of the ration, and the grain ration, too. It could be done in a few years' time with the proper handling of the herd on the farm.

Three crops upon the farm will do it—first, corn; second, clover hay, and, third, peas and oats. Of course, the clover sod would be plowed down for corn and then the corn ground be put into peas and oats the following season. With these three foods one can make a balanced ration for the dairy cow without purchasing any other outside food, either concentrated or bulky.

The statement has often been made that an acre of good land will support a cow the year around. One dairyman made the remark that he could keep two cows on an acre, but practically the man who keeps one cow on two acres is doing very good business if he gets fair prices for the product. It is a fact that the demand for milk, butter and cheese is increasing faster than cows and the prices are continually advancing. There is no better business than dairying.—Agricultural Epitomist.

Water a Necessity for Crops.

This reservoir is 100 feet high and 37¼ feet in diameter and will hold 3,400 tons of water, an equivalent to 30 acre-inches of rain fall. An average rainfall of 13¼ inches during the growing season would fill to the point indicated. A rainfall of 9 inches, if completely utilized, would produce a yield of 30 bushels of wheat or 157 bushels of oats.



Silo Building.

In all silos the greatest waste occurs around the sides, particularly in the corners, because the air has greater access to these parts. The fodder is not packed tightly in the corners, the air fills the interstices and decay results. With the cylindrical silo the friction is equally distributed over the entire inside wall surface, so that the silage settles evenly.

The place a silo is to occupy may determine the form to build. There are several kinds. Chief among these are the round the stave, the square rectangular, and the octagonal form. A square or rectangular silo can usually be constructed within a barn with better economy of space than a round silo. For these reasons square silos are most frequently employed within the barn, and the circular type when a separate building is constructed.

Bitter Butter.

Bitter cream and butter may and generally does result after the cow has been feeding liberally on moldy hay, decaying roots and certain weeds. Another fruitful source of bitter cream and butter is the holding of the cream at too low a temperature, when objectionable bacteria get in their work, causing a pungent or bitter flavor. For best results cream should be cooled and held at a temperature of about 50 degrees for six or seven hours immediately after separation, after which it should be ripened in a temperature of from 60 to 70 degrees. When it begins to turn sour it is ready to be churned, and then the sooner it is churned the better. In small dairies, where several separator skimmings are required to make up the quantity of cream for a churning, the cream should never be run from the separator into the vessel holding previous skimmings. One needs a cream can of sufficient size to hold all that is required to make up the churning, and such vessels should be kept in a place where the temperature is about 60 degrees. Each skimming should be cooled before being emptied into this storage can. When fresh cream is emptied it should be at once thoroughly incorporated with the contents of the can by stirring with a spoon or ladle. Churning should not take place within five or six hours after the last cream has thus been added.—Field and Farm.

For a Sucking Cow.

The following description is given of a device to prevent a cow from sucking herself:

Secure two lengths of small cord, also six pieces of round, light wood about 12 inches long and 1½ inches in diameter, bore ⅝ inch holes at each end of sticks, then having tied a knot at one end of the rope, thread on the sticks. Knot the cord on either side of the sticks, then throw the same across the cow's neck (having regulated the knots and sticks to suit the small of the neck and also the shoulder), and the end of the cords around the first knot. The accompanying illustration shows the result. This device prevents the cow from reaching her flanks.

Reclaiming Washed Land.

I had about one acre of washed clay land on one side of a good field. It was absolutely devoid of vegetation, had been left out for a number of years after wasting fertilizer upon it, and was an eyesore. Early in the spring I crossed it with furrows about 5 feet apart. In these furrows I dropped wild blackberry roots, one about every 4 feet. I dropped a forkful of stable manure next to each root, partially covering it, and covered the whole with one furrow made with the turn plow. In the next furrow I dropped small pine tops and partially covered them with the plow. I went over all the land in the same way. The work required three days for two men and a team. The following spring I plowed out the middles. This was five years ago, and I have not touched the land since. I have gathered two good crops of blackberries and the land is now covered with heavy berry bushes and a good wild grass sod, with no wash to speak of.—G. M. Humphreys, in Agricultural Epitomist.

Fashion Robs the Farmers.

According to William Dutcher, president of the Audubon Societies of the United States, birds save to the farmer $200,000,000 a year in the destruction of noxious insects and noxious weeds. The great destroyers of birds are the plume hunters for millinery purposes. Birds destroyed for food are restocked by natural processes, but the plume hunters recognize no closed season.

Millinery interests in America represent $38,000,000 worth of work done by the birds for the farmers. The bobwhite is the arch destroyer of the potato bug, the cuckoo of the caterpillar, the woodpecker of the boring grub, the lark of the grasshopper and the sparrow of the weed seeds. President Dutcher thinks the birds are entitled to at least fair play from the milliners.

Beet Culture Wanes.

Comment has arisen over the apparent decadence of sugar-beet culture in the farming section about Toledo, Ohio. Where a few years ago a dozen fields could be seen without traveling more than a mile or two, now scarcely one exists. A farmer reported he saw but one field between Toledo and Monroe, though only a few years ago this section produced heavily. Several factors have arisen to work against beet raising. In the first place, labor and care considered, the present high-priced cereals are considerably more profitable; again, farmers have begun to learn that beets tax soil vitality about as heavily as any crop, and, unless fertilizing elements are constantly applied the land invariably suffers. Complaint is also made of difficulty in marketing the output.

Grass for Shady Places.

The Iowa Agricultural Experiment Station has found out that, on railroads running east and west, it is necessary to plant a different kind of grass on the north side of embankments from the south side because of the different amount of sunlight that each side receives.