County Olork

ing to be made willing. Pray make me

again. Make me a man. I yield. I

can hold out no longer. Thy sovereign

Conqueror." Before you go to sleep

to-night, yield to Him, and He will be-

gin to make every one of you again .-

Next in Importance.

The book next in importance to the

has pushed its way to the front rank

of book-making, and holds its place by

the common consent of Christendom

throughout the world, for it has

been translated into many languages

has secured more readers of a relig-

save the Bible. As an allegory it is

true to life; by its charming style it cap-

tivates the hearts of its readers and

holds them tenaciously till the Pilgrim-

age is completed. It appeals to the ex-

perience of all alike-to those in the

higher walks of life, the rich and the

great, the student and the philosopher,

as well as to the most lowly. The pea-

The Guide Was There.

F. B. Mever.

If, sitting with his little, worn-out shoe And scarlet stocking lying on my knee, I knew the little feet had pattered through The pearl-set gates that lie 'twixt

heaven and me. I could be reconciled, and happy, too, Aud look with glad eyes toward the jasper sea.

If, in the morning, when the song of birds Reminds me of music far more sweet, I listen for his pretty broken words And for the music of his dimpled feet,

I could be almost happy, though I heard No answer and but saw his vacant seat.

I could be glad if, when the day is done And all its cares and heartaches laid

I could look westward to the hidden sun And with a heart full of sweet yearning

"To-night I'm nearer to my little one By just the travel of a single day."

If I could know those little feet were In sandals wrought of light in better

And that the footprints of a tender God Ran side by side with his in golden

sands. I could bow cheerfully and kiss the rod, Since Bennie was in wiser, safer hands

If he were dead I would not sit to-day And stain with tears the wee sock on my knee; I would not kiss the tiny shoe and say,

Bring back again my little boy to me! I would be patient, knowing 'twas God's And that he'd lead me to him o'er death's silent sea.

But, oh, to know the feet once pure and

The haunts of vice have boldly ventured in. The hands that should have battled for the right

Have been wrung crimson in the clasp of sin! And should he knock at beaven's gate to-

I fear my boy could hardly enter in. -Oshawa (Ont.) Vindicator.

************** LOVE AND LAW.

IM," said Mr. Perkins to his office boy, "put on some more coal." "Yes, sir."

"And, do you hear? Take this packet of papers around to Peun & Ink's, and ask 'em what they mean by sending me such a blotted piece of work."

"Yes, sir," and Jim, evidently preferring the snow-freighted air and slippery sidewalks of the outer world to the close little law office, darted off like an arrow out of a bow.

of quill pens and a quire of legal foolscap and began to work in good earnest when, all of a sudden, a tap came to his office door.

"Come in." said Mr. Perkins, in a voice that sounded considerably more like "Clear out," and a young lady entered, dressed in currant-colored merino, with a little plumed hat and a neat-

looking flat satchel on her arm. "I haven't anything to give," said Mr. Perkins, sternly.

The young lady sat down uninvited, and then Mr. Perkins saw that she was "I was not begging, sir," she said."

"May I ask, then, what was your business?" said Mr. Perkins, more frigidly than ever.

The young lady took a parcel from her bag. "I don't want to buy anything," said Mr. Perkins.

"I was not selling, sir," said the lady. "Please explain your business at once," said he, tartly. "I have no time

to spare." "Please allow he to do so, then," said the young lady. "I was soliciting sub-

scriptions for-" "I don't want to subscribe," hastily Interrupted Mr. Perkins.

"How do you know whether you do or not," inquired the young lady, with some spirit, "until you have seen the work, at least?" Mr. Perkins smiled a little. She was

brusque, but he didn't altogether dislike that. And, besides, she was decidedly original. "Because there have been at least

three of your craft before you this morning," said he, "all selling 'Illustrated Lives of Great Men." "But mine is quite different. Mine is

'Careers of Famous Women,' with steel plate engravings," persisted the young lady. "Your business is overcrowded." said

Mr. Perkins. "No; you needn't take the trouble to show me the book. Why don't you do something else?"

"Will you tell me what?" said the young lady, despairingly. "Will you belp me to get anything whereby I may support myself?" "What can you do?"

"What can I do! That is what everybody says," she answered, "and be tween you all I should starve. You are glance at its contents, fell backward a lawyer. Will you give me some law copying?"

"Can you write a clear and legible hand?" Mr. Perkins asked.

The young lady sat boldly down at a desk by the chimney-piece. "I'll show you what I can do." said

Mr. Perkins looked over her shoulder as she wrote, in a quaint, distinct style,

"My name is Amy Archdale, and I want to earn my own living." "Amy Archdale," repeated Mr. Per-"Rather a romantic name, isn't

retorted Miss Archdale, "so I can't just- the carpet in a way that threatened a ly be held up to blame in that matter." vet more violent attack of hysterics.

mr. rerkins looked meditatively at her for a second or two.

"I should think you might teach," "I did try it," said Miss Archdale, "I was governess in a private family."

"And why did you give it up?" "Is this a catechism?" said Miss Amy, smiling. "Well, I haven't any objection to answering. Do you want me to tell you the plain truth?"

"Certainly." "Well, then, it was because my lady employer did not like to have her grown-up son address me with common politeness. Perhaps she thought I was endeavoring to fascinate him, but she

was entirely mistaken." "Oh!" said Mr. Perkins. "Please write down your address."

"Are you really going to give me some copying to do?" she asked eag-

"I am going to try you." For the first time the tears came into

under her shawl.

her eyes. "I'll try my very best-indeed, I will," she faltered. "For-I don't mind telling you now-I haven't got a single subscription, and I was so discouraged." And so Miss Amy Archdale walked off with a red-tape-tied parcel of papers

"If she does them well and promptly." said Mr. Perkins, inva sort of mental soliloquy, "there's no reason I can't let her have some more work. If she doesn't it won't be the first case of female swindling in New York. But she had a pretty, innocent little face, too-hang it, I've half a mind to go to her address on the sly and see if she really is a deserving object of-charity, I was going to say. But it isn't. She wants work, not alms. There's always somebody wanting something in this great, chattering Bedlam of a city of ours," added Mr. Perkins, irately, as he drove off two match boys, an apple girl, and a vender of pins and shoestrings

from his doorstep.

Mr. Perkins followed up his crochet and walked up to No. 6 Meassey street about dusk that self-same evening. heedless of snow and sleet.

"Does a lady named Archdale live here?" he asked in the grocery which occupied the first floor.

"Yes, sir, she do," the grocer's wife interrupted, pushing herself before her husband, "and a nice, hard-working young lady she is as ever breathed the breath of life, and pays her rent regularly every Saturday night, if she has



to live on a cup of water and a crust And if she's got any rich relation-"You mistake my purpose," said Mr. Perkins, coldly. "I am no rich relation -to any one."

Yet the woman's testimony, coarse and rudely given as it was, unconsciously influenced him in Amy Arch-

dale's favor. She brought the folios next day, neat legible, and without blot or erasure, and Mr. Perkins gave her some more

work "You needn't bring it," said he. "I-I have business that way and I'll call for it myself."

"We haven't seen your Uncle Elisha lately, dear," said Mrs. Molyneux Martin to her eldest daughter. "Kate must work a penwiper for him, and you must embroider him a pair of slippers. It won't do to let him lose sight of his nearest relatives."

"Ma," said Miss Katherine, "it's a pity you discharged Miss Archdale so suddenly, because she was so handy at fancy work."

"And, besides," added Edith Rosa belle, "it really and truly wasn't her fault because Walter chose to make eves at her!"

"Don't use such vulgar expressions my dear," said the mamma. "She was a pert, bold-faced thing, and would have eloped with your dear brother if she had remained in the house another week. And I told her so, pretty plainly, too. Who's that? The postman? Give me the letter at once, Edith Rosabelle!"

"Somebody has sent us wedding cards," cried the youngest hope of the family of Molyneux Martin. "Open it, mamma, quick, and let us see whom they are from."

Mrs. Molyneux Martin hastily tore open the envelope, and giving one

with an hysterical scream. "Elisha Perkins!" she shrieked. "Girls, it's your uncle. Alas! my poor,

disinherited pets!" For Mrs. Molyneux Martin has educated her daughters in the full belief that each and every one of them was to be an heiress in the right of Uncle

Elisha Perkins' money. "But, mamma, who's the bridewhom has he married? You don't tell us the name," persisted Katherine, who was endowed with a goodly spice of

Mother Eve's bequest. "I don't know! I don't care!" screamed Mrs. Molyneux Martin, tapping the soles of her slippered feet on

"Pick up the cards, Kathie, and look," urged Edith Rosabelle.

"Amy Archdale," she read aloud Why, ma, it's the governess you discharged! It's our Miss Archdale." "The old fool!" shricked Mrs. Moly

neux Martin. "To go and marry a gir

young enough to be his granddaughter Well, that caps the climax!" "You forget, ma," said Edith Rosabelle, "Uncle Elisha's only two years older than you are. I've heard you say

so lots of times."

"Hold your tongue, you ungrateful, him again."

mit to the inevitable—and she was one of the first to call on Mr. and Mrs. Elisha Perkins in the elegant brownfurnished for his bride. And perhaps one of the most triumph-

clous and patronizing greeting to the woman who had turned her out of found on the site of Nippur, which is doors scarcely three months before, "Things do balance themselves evenly in this world, if one only has pa- one of the cities built by Nimrod, the tlence and faith to wait!" she said to

NAVAL BATTLE OF THE FUTURE.

How Maritime Engagements Will Be Fought in the Next Century. The Stranger-Excuse me, I am stranger here. Will you kindly inform me why all these gayly dressed people are loitering on the shores of this bay? The Native-Eh? Don't you know? Why, a great naval battle is being fought here, and the people for miles around have come to enjoy the event. The Stranger-I'm new in this part

perhaps, as I look. You tell me that great naval battle is being fought here. And yet as far as the eye can reach I can discern no boat-no, nor even a ripple on those placid waters. The Native-That's all right. It's a submarine battle fought by submarine boats. They are now at it tooth and gon I. is reached, of date B. C. 3800, nail somewhere about the middle of the bay.

The Stranger - You astonish me. These people do not look as if they were attending a battle. The women wear summer frocks, and the men are in afternoon clothes, with top hats. And,

see, there is a band over there! The Native-Oh, yes; it's quite a function. That's the Marine band, and fill many gaps in history and corroborathose women and men about it are the tion of the Bible historic allusions and special guests of the Secretary of the Navy. You wait around a little while has been unearthed. Had not Nippur and we'll have some news. There, see! been besieged and looted quite fre-At that moment a black object like quently, very much more of value mammoth strong cigar leaped up- would be found; but enough remains to ward from the waters and lay quiverg on the surface. Every or was leveled at it, and the stranger slanted his hand above his eyes so he could see better. A grimy man crawled from the midst of the thing and raised a huge megaphone to his lins. Hilbrecht party have secured over 40,-The Native-Hooray! That's old 000 cuneiform tablets, containing dic-

Commodore Bob Evans' grandson! The man with the megaphone shouted in a stentorian voice:

"We've licked the blankety-blank blank socks off of 'em!" Whereat there arose a great cheer and a flutter of handkerchiefs, and the Marine band played, and the Secretary of the Navy held an impromptu reception, and then everybody went home to dinner.-Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Memories of a Waltz.

"Did you ever try to dance with a foreigner?" asked a Louisville gentleman, who had been traveling abroad, of the Detroit Free Press man. "I did once." he continued, "and that experience was more than enough for me. It happened | bacco, and the men engaged in games at a ball at Mustapha, at the Hotel St. In spite of orders to the contrary. One Georges. I asked an Austrian countess' evening a band belonging to the Fedto waltz, and when we started I supposed we would dance in the leisurely American fashion.

"The countess had a different idea in her head. She preferred to whirl mad- "Dixie," and it was the turn of the Conly, like a dervish, on a space that could federates to cheer, but the union army be covered with a parasol, and, on ac- gave no sign of approval. After a few count of her superior strength, I clung national airs and favorite airs of the to her and we began to spin.

"Finally, when it seemed to me that struck up "Home, Sweet Home." Then we were performing our antics on the both armies cheered till the mingled celling with our heads hanging down, voices of the opposing hosts made the could stand it no longer, and, gasping air ring with their gladness. Here was for breath, suggested that we sit down. a sentiment to which all could respond. saw two chairs galloping around the | The love of home is well-nigh univerroom and prepared to catch them on sal in the human breast. Some do not the next lap. We steered for them, I love England; some have no love for clinging helplessly to the athletic lady, Germany; many do not love France; and then we sank down. I sat dazed and some do not love the United States. and almost insensible until I was They are not charmed by the Stars and aroused by the countess saying:

"Evense me. but we are sitting on all men love home. "Be it ever so humthe same chair,"

Caesar Wasn't There.

The man on the street car was talkng to a friend about his trip through Greece and the tombs of the ancients e had met with, and, after awhile, the old man opposite, who had been listening closely, leaned forward and re-

"Sir, do I understand that you were n Greece?" "Yes, sir," was the reply.

"And you saw tombs?" "Plenty of them." "Did you happen to run across the comb of Julius Caesar?" "No, sir. Julius Caesar was not a

Greek, you know." "That's so-that's so. Now, that you nention it, I remember that he wasn't. You see, I had kind of got Julius Caesar and Christopher Columbus and George Washington mixed up, and I'm glad you set me straight. Thankee, sir. Do as much for you some time. Go on with your tombstones."-Washington

Spain's Hold on Africa. away only what will hurt her." Spain owns in Africa over 200,000

FOR SUNDAY READING | what will hurt us. Say: "I am will-

THE GOSPEL OF GRACE IS HERE EX POUNDED.

Words of Wiedom, and Thoughts Worth Pondering Upon Spiritual and Moral Subjects-Gathered from the Religious and Secular Press.

Archaeologists and anthropologists undutiful daughter," ejaculated Mrs. have long taken it for granted that the Molyneux Martin. "I'll never speak to principles of evolution are especially applicable to the history of mankind, But she did. Sober second thoughts that man has progressed and that the convinced her that it was better to sub- farther back you go into his history the more savagery you will find. These scientists have hooted at the theological premise which starts with stone house that the lawyer bought and the "fall of man." Now archaeologists in the employ of the University of Pennsylvania find in the Euphrates ant moments of Amy Archdale's life Valley evidences of civilization 5,000 was that in which she extended a gra- years before Christ. The party under Prof. Hilprecht has

sant in his cottage, the laborer and the the Calneh mentioned in the book of mechanic, have wept and smiled over Genesis, with Accad, Babel, Erech, as its simple eloquence and enchanting pages, as over no other book. It has no son of Cush, ample evidence to prove peer in the realm of book-making to her husband.-Cleveland Plain Dealer. that the nearer you get to "primitive dispute the first place with it in the man" the weaker the theory of squalld estimation of the religious world. savagery becomes. When the cave men Christian Herald. and savages of Western Europe were reveling in dirt and ignorance, in the region between the Caspian Sea and the "Man's extremity is often surely God's Persian Gulf, there was a highly civilopportunity." Some men were to climb ized people, living in opulence and luxa high mountain in Norway. A guide ury in large cities, with literature, arts had been hired at a great expense, who and sciences, with an imposing archiwas to call them in the morning. At tecture. At Nippur the excavations the appointed hour they were awakenhave left the level of the dawn of the ed, but by a boy of only 10 years. The Christian era behind, and down one can tourists remonstrated and said they go to the monuments and atmosphere had been cheated, for surely this boy of the country, but I'm not as fresh, of Ashurbanapal, B. C. 600; then the could not guide them. But the boy visitor treads the level of the remains could not understand and simply pointof the era of Kadashmar-Turgu, B. C. ed to the mountain. 1400, and, proceeding further, are en-So in disappointment they started, countered sculptured and other remains hoping in some way to get their money of a community living there back of the back. The boy led them for about two time of Abraham (about 1900 B. C.) and miles, when they came to the foot of further on, the temple platform of Sarthe mountain, and there was the guide with all the appliances for climbing and, through the debris thirty feet, He would not waste his strength in altars, urns and arches, constructed B. taking them along the comparatively C. 4500, are seen. Here is a civilization safe path from the hotel. But he was as highly developed as that of the ready to aid when the dangers were to Greeks. Tablets are found showing be met. So often God does not reveal business contracts in legal form; mort-Himself till our time of need. gages, notes and agreements of all kinds, as leases, bills of sale, etc. The PERSPIRATION A GOOD THING. inscriptions when read were found to It Saves Many Persons From Sickness statements, of a conclusive character. glass mia and contiguous regions some 7,000

-Des Moines News.

A Heavenly Home

were encamped near each other, and

there was a lull in the fighting for sev-

eral days. At such times it was dif-

ficult for the commanders to prevent

intercommunications between the sol-

diers on both sides. Federal bread was

often exchanged for Confederate to-

eral army played "The Star Spangled

Banner," and the Federal soldiers

cheered the music, but the Confederates

were silent. Then the band played

Confederates had been played a band

Stripes, nor by our national airs. But

Our heavenly home is bright and fair.

Here is comfort for the poor and for

the rich. The rich must soon vacate

their magnificent homes and go into

the silent tomb. The poor have no

homes to vacate, or, if they have any,

they are altogether inadequate. But

those who follow the Lord Jesus Christ

have "a building of God, a house not

made with hands, eternal in the heav-

The Father's Attitude.

ful child. She loves her own way. Sup-

pose she should say to me, "Father,

from to-night I am going to put my

life into your hands, to do what you

will. Your will shall be mine." Would

you call her mother in and ask her

what the child disliked, so that I could

force her to do it? No. I say: "Our

child is going to take our will from to-

night. Is there anything that is hurt-

ing her? Yes. Yes. Does she love it

very much? Yes. Then we'll make it

easy for her. I'll give her all a man

can to make a girl happy. I'll take

God knows. He'll take away only

I have a daughter who is a very wil-

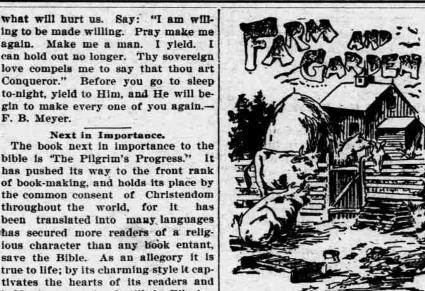
ble, there's no place like home."

In hot days many people complain loudly that they perspire too freely, little thinking that to that fact they owe the good health they enjoy and immunity from heat prostration or sunstroke. Perspiration is essential to health. A person in good health never inffers from the heat or cold duly exposed. One may be inconvenfar back of Abraham, and the first lenced, but it is a condition of health, chapters of Genesis are shown to be rather to be sought than to be avoided. an epitome of genuine history. The Too much of a good thing, however, is not desirable. Proper care of the body, proper diet, proper exercise, with protionaries, chapters of history, astronomper bathing, will produce the normal ical calculations, architectural inscripcondition-in which condition the heat tions, lists of taxes, plans of estates, will not oppress any one. Let me esmultiplication tables and other evipecially caution against the too sudden dences that the daily life of the people checking of perspiration. Millions of was not so very different from our own. canals and tubes from the inner part of the body open their little mouths at the surface and through these channels A soldier tells this story of the civil as ceaseless as the flow of time, a fluid war: The armies of Grant and Lee

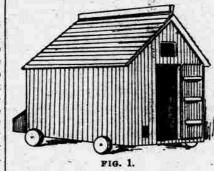
by Cleansing the System.

containing the wastes and impurities of the system is passing outward and is emptied out of the skin. This fluid must have exit or we die in lew hours. If it does not have vent at the surface of the body, it must have some internal escape. Nature abhors shocks as she does a vacuum. Heat distends the mouth of these ducts and promotes a larger and more rapid flow of the contained fluid; on the other hand, cold contracts them, and the fluid is at first arrested, then dammed up and then it rebounds. If these mouths are gradually closed nature has time to adapt herself to the circumstances by opening her cannels into the great internal waterways of the body, and no harm follows; hence the safety and wisdom of cooling off slowly after any exertion, and the danger of cooling off rapidly under the same circumstances Encourage perspiration, under proper conditions and with proper precautions Always keep the surface of the body warm and clean and at the end of the season you will be mentally, morally

and physically sound. Mou tains of the Deep. Many miles off the coast of New foundland the bottom of the ocean rises in a remarkable way and forms a compartively shallow basin enormous in extent and surrounded by water five miles deep. This region is known as the Newfoundland Banks, and is the famous trysting place of the merciless fogs and ice-clad brotherhood of the North. As these icebergs approach the warmer climate the action of the sun and water upon them is remarkable, and does for them what the sculptor's chisel does for the block of marble. Out of shapeless masses appear forms of the finest arch itecture; a drifting mountain careens topples over, and finally twists itself into a beautiful cathedral or a manyturreted fortress, set high upon an ele vation of clearest marble; vast interiors formed by ley arches springing from great bits of a breaking berg; and all these forms draped with rich traceries of cream-white lace in designs up dreamed of. Then, too, the melting ice on the crests of these bergs falls down the slippery sides and into the sea in streams and cascades; and, strange as it seems, this water is always fresh, despite the surrounding salt of the ocean. -Woman's Home Companion.



Portable Poultry Houses. Here are plans for portable poultry houses, which may be easily moved about to fresh ground. They are not too costly, but yet substantial. The plans here given are of houses which will accommodate fifty fowls each at least, and are light enough to be moved by a single horse. Fig. 1 is a house that will cost about five or six dollars needing only four hundred feet of



boards, all complete, but without a floor which is not really required. The size is seven by five feet and seven feet high. The wheels are of wood, made of five or six pieces a foot in diameter nailed together, crossing the grain of each pieces to prevent splitting. Fig. 2 is eleven by eight feet, and will easily hold a hundred fowls. It will cost about one-fourth more than Fig. 1. These portable houses are moved from one location to another by one horse



hitched by a chain to a ring in the front sill, and to sustain the draft a two-inch plank is dove tailed into the front and end sills, and strongly spiked. The house is quite light, not weighing over 1,500 pounds in all, and one-third less if the common siding, scant threequarters of an inch thick is used.

The Value of a Windmill. We take the following from the Farming World, as it tells what many would like to know: "The Wisconsin Experiment station thus sums up the value of a wind mill: To test the economic value of the pumping done by the mill a 214-horse power gas engine was out to running the same pumps, and it was found that it cost 95 cents to run the engine ten hours, and in that time it pumped 13,202 cubic feet of water, while the average for the mill was 3. 938 cubic feet in ten hours. Hence, it cost 32 cents to pump as much water with the engine as the mill pumped in ten hours. As the mill had an average of 141/4 hours per day, it would have cost 43 cents to pump as much water with the engine as the mill pumped each day, or \$156.95 for one year of 365 days. Tests made in grinding corn with the power furnished by this windmill showed that when the wind had a velocity of nine miles an hour, it would grind about 100 pounds an hour: a velocity of twenty-five miles per hour groundf over 500 pounds per hour, and a velocity of thirty-five miles per hour ground over 1,000 pounds per hour. The 25-mile wind enabled the mill to develop about 2 2-3 horse power. The work done shows that in a whole year the mill would grind 15,560 bushels. The 21/2 horse power engine was able to grind on the same grinding mill as much in 136 days as the windmill would grind in 365 days, it costing 99 cents a day to run the engine. Hence, when applied to the corn mill the power of the windmill was worth 136x99 cents, or \$134.64 per year."

Irrigation Problems. There is probably at present no commercial problem more important to the Western agriculturist than that of irrigation. Nowhere in the world is fruit growing more highly developed than n California, and nowhere in this country is water more valuable or more carefully handled and conserved. But irrigation has to be intelligently applied, and, like everything else, may be overdone. Over-irrigation results in overgrown, insipld fruit. Insufficient moisture shows itself in poor growth, poor fruit and intermittent bearing. One of the most popular methods of applying irrigation water, and one which is available to the small farmer, with a comparatively small outlay, is the furrow system, which consists in running the water through furrows, near together, usually about two feet apart. By ditching and the use of If a man is made of dust that may small reservoirs streams from springs explain why so many men are always or windmills, which, if left to themselves, would be lost within a short dis-

tance from their source, can be swored and made to water an acre or two of fruit and add many times the cost of the reservoir to the value of the crop. These and other interesting problems, some suitable for the humid regions, as well as the arid regions, are treated by a recent Farmers' Bulletin on Irrigation in Fruit Growing, about to be ssued by the Department of Agriculure for free distribution.

Corn as a Substitute for Hay. The experience of last summer, so

far as the hay crop was concerned, ought to put farmers on their guard to avoid a like result this year. To the man whose experience in growing forage crops is limited, corn should be the erop on which to bank, not only for needed summer fodder, but to harvest as a substitute for hay, if needed. The soil should be well fitted and enriched, and the seed of the variety selected drilled in so that it may be dropped in three rows at a time. Cultivate in the usual way, and that portion not used as green food during the summer should be harvested before frost in the fall. If well cut, cured and housed, this corn stover will make an excellent substitute for hay if properly manipulated before being fed. Vast quantities of corn fodder are yearly ruined by being left in the field cut and uncut during heavy fall frosts that take much of its nutriment. If a sile is not on the farm, store the corn stalks under cover after curing, and when about to feed. cut in a machine that will split the stalks as well as cut them. Moisten this odder with ground grain and all of the stock, even the horses, will thrive upon it.-Exchange.

The Prairie-Dog Pest. A correspondent in the Kansas Farm-er says: "Six years ago I had a prairie dog town in my pasture. Its noisy population on a sunshiny morning could be counted by the hundreds. We had tried to reduce it with dogs, drowning out, and shooting, but the increase seemed steady and fixed. A miller who had used bisulphide of carbon to rid his mill of rats recommended its use against prairie dogs. I procured two gallons of the odoriferous fluid, a bucketful of corn cobs chopped into short pieces, and a sharp pointed stick. Taking along a man with spade, I moved on the town. A piece of cob placed temporarily on the sharp point of the stick and dipped into the fluid was introduced into each hole, and the stick withdrawn, leaving the cob. Then the top of the hole was filled with earth. Each and every opening we could find received this treatment. The next morning only two dogs showed themselves. When pursued they seemed to find holes that we had overlooked, but, as ours was a war of extermination, we administered the treatment to these holes, and we have never since seen a prairie dog in that pasture."

A Good Pea Rake. Many farmers will find the rake a very convenient implement for gathering field-sown peas. They should be raked out when they are damp, the windrows immediately loosened and made into bunches of the proper size for loading. They can then be drawn in when dry without much loss by shelling. I sow three and one-half bushels of the larger varieties to the acre with the drill, sowing early and as deep as possible. I find it is better to leave the surface of the soil ridged, so that when the vines go down, the air having a better chance to circulate underneath, they are not so apt to spoll. Good results have been obtained showing three bushels to the acre checked .-C. L. Campbell.

New Plants. The enthusiasm of seedmen frequently leads them to make statements in their catalogues that are not borne out by actual practice under all conditions. A given forage crop may produce abundantly under favorable conditions in a climate very different from that of Oklahoma. A forage crop that does well here may yield very poorly elsewhere. For this reason farmers everywhere should be cautious before buying largely of untried seeds and plants. There is an experiment station in each State that is on the watch for new and good things, and these stations are in a position to know the truth about such

Cow Pens as Green Manure. The Agricultural Epitomist says some of the farmers in the South have succeeded in growing larger crops after cow peas when they have taken the vines off for fodder, and plowed under the roots and stubble, than when they have plowed the whole crop under. It scarcely seems reasonable, and yet there may be abundant reason for it. But whether this is exact or not, the crop of cow peas and vines are estimated to be worth about \$20 per acre for fodder, and we should much prefer to feed it out and use the waste, the excrements of the cattle that eat it to fertilize the soil with.

Antiquity of Onions. Onlons and cucumbers are two of the very oldest known vegetables. Like peas, the Egyptians grew them at least thirty centuries ago. Indeed, to the onion belongs probably the honor of being the first vegetable primeval man ever made trial of. Onlons are not found growing wild anywhere, but a kind of leek is not uncommon in Southern Siberia, which is very like the Welsh national emblem.

Planting Sweet Potatoes. Take an old broom handle, 3 or 31/4 feet long, and flatten two sides slightly at one end and cut a notch one-half inch deep. The vines are cut from 15 to 20 inches long and dropped on raised rows every 200 inches. Drop three or four rows, then follow with the stick, pressing the vines in the beds about 4 inches deep.