VOL. I. NO. 16.

If you should see a fellow man with

An' lookin' like he didn't have a friend in all the world, Go up and slap him on the back and holler, "How d'you do?" And grasp his hand so warm he'll know

he has a friend in you.

laugh his cares away, And tell him that the darkest night is just before the day.

Don't talk in graveyard palaver, but say it right out loud, That God will sprinkle sunshine in the trail of every cloud.

This world at best is but a hash of pleas-

ure and of pain; Some days are bright and sunny, an

some all sloshed with rain;
And that's just how it ought to be, for when the clouds roll by We'll know just how to 'preciate

bright and smiling sky. So learn to take it as it comes, and don' sweat at the pores Because the Lord's opinion doesn't coin-

cide with yours; always keep rememberin', whe cares your path enshroud, That God has lots of sunshine to spill behind the cloud.

A THOUSAND ODD.

-James Whitcomb Riley.

66777 OLD on, Fred! Got some

thing to tell you!" Fred Harkins turned, and seeing his special chum Charley Green sprinting toward him, stopped and waited for him to come up.

"Why weren't you at school this forenoon, Fred?" asked Charley, breathlessly.

"Too busy," answered Fred, with an important air. "Jerry's sick to-day and father's away, so I'm boss at the store. But what have you got to tell me, Charley?"

"Why, I caught that big woodchuck! He's a smasher, Fred! Come and look at him, just a minute?"

"Oh, I can't shirk business that way," replied Fred, as glancing around he saw a well-dressed stranger on the plazza of the village hotel near by. over-fond of "showing off," as the phrase is, and he thought this a good went on: "Besides, there's all the pistol went off," he added. money father's going to put in the bank to-morrow lying there in the

"That's so!" said Charley, catching up the joke. "Well, come over after wake up before long." you close up, then "

"All right!" and the boys separated, for his father's grocery.

Fred had often helped about the store, but he had never been "boss" before. Like the average boy of 14 he was very proud of the position. He hustled round, imitating his father and Jerry the clerk, and feeling every inch a man as he waited on his customers. Finally closing time came. The

youthful proprietor, having put every thing to rights was just preparing to leave when the door opened and a man stepped inside.

"Give me change for a five," he said abruptly.

At a glance Fred recognized the well dressed stranger on the hotel piazza But something, perhaps the shadows from the flaring lamp, now gave his face a hard and even desperate look. Instantly the boy recoiled.

"Everything put away," he objected "It's too late for business."

"Not for my kind of business, I reck on," answered the man with a harsh laugh. "Come, out with it!" There was the click of a key in the lock, a sudden gleam of steel, and Fred found himself facing a revolver not three feet away and pointed straight at him. Fortunately he was brave and quick-

witted. "Out with what?" he repeated, trying to gain time to think. "What do you want? Change for five dollars?" "I want the thousand-odd in the safe," was the impatient answer. "And

be quick about it!" In an instant Fred realized what his silly boasting had done. The welldressed man was evidently a criminal in disguise. What would he do when he found himself disappointed?

Fred braced himself up to tell the truth. "Why," he said, forcing a laugh, "the money isn't really there. That

was just a joke of mine.' "Oh, yes," mocked the stranger "And this is a joke of mine!" pointing the pistol nearer. "But unless I have that money inside of two minutes 'twill be the worst joke you ever knew, my

This completely staggered Fred. How was he to convince the robber? Perhaps by showing him how small a sum there really was. Unlocking the safe, he took out the money. Forty-seven

dollars, all told. "There," he said, pushing it forward. That's all there is. You can see for yourself."

Still keeping his aim, the man stuffed the bills into his pocket with his left | tion. The victim begins walking briskhand. "That's the odd," he said. "Now where's the thousand?"

"But there isn't any thousand---" "Look here, kid," interrupted the robber. "If you don't hand over that money before I count fifty, I'll let daylight through you!"

Felt felt that the desperado was in earnest. A cold sweat broke out over him. His heart beat like a drum in his ears. Yet still his wits kept at work as he mechanically followed the fatal

Thirty!-How many more second now?-Thirty-five-A faint sound suddenly reached his ear. Had his father

GOD WILL SPRINKLE SUNSHINE. | time!—He held up his hand. The mas stopped counting.

"So you've come to your senses?" he muttered, with savage triumph. "Bring on the thousand, then!"

"Yes-" hesitated Fred, as slowly as he dared. "Yes-I'll get it for youif-if you'll promise me my share-"You precious young rascal!" The robber started forward. There was a flash, a report, a confusion of soundsand the room seemed to whirl round

with Fred. When his wits came back again, he found himself standing just where he had stood a few seconds before. He was certainly alive and unhurt. But the robber? Beyond the spread smokepuff the boy saw a form lying motioniess at his feet, while nearby, Tom, the big grocery cat, sat with his back up, spitting at a thin stream of blood that

crept over the floor. Next moment the locked door was violently shaken. "Fred!" shouted his from a huge scoop bonnet, garlanded father's voice. "Open the door, Fred!

What's the matter?" Fred ran to open the door. Mr. Harkin's anxious face cleared, for he had heard the shot, and feared some accident. Then he bent over the still unconscious form on the floor.

"What's the matter?" he repeated. "A burglar-" stammered Fred, excitedly, pointing to the open safe. "He's got all the money!---" "Give me that rope," said his father.

'He's more stunned than hurt, I guess. Lay the revolver on the counter. Now tell me just what has happened." While the robber was being securely

bound, Fred described what had taken place up to the point when the pistol went off. "But how came he to shoot him-

self?" asked Mr. Harkins. "Did he stumble, or what?" Fred's puzzled look changed to sud-

den comprehension. He burst out laughing. "Why, that's just it!" he exclaimed. "It must have been Tom." "Tom? I don't see how a cat could

fire a pistol," said his father, laughing. "Well, he could make somebody else fire it, if 'twas already cocked," persisted Fred. "I know the first thing I saw afterwards was Tom spitting, with his tail as big as two. I guess he was asleep upon the shelf, and when the man went for me it waked him up, and he jumped down right in his face, and Though bright and sensible, Fred was then he jumped, too, and hit himself instead," Fred hurrled on, with a reckless confusion of pronouns. Anyhow, chance. So winking at Charley he there was a big noise just before the

"H'm," said his father, who meanwhile had been emptying the robber's safe. A thousand-odd's too much to pockets. "Here, Fred, lock this money up in the safe, and then run over for Mr. Greene. This fellow is going to

Fred soon came back with their neighbor Greene and Charlie into the Charley for afternoon school, and Fred bargain. Charlie seemed to regard the tears did not spot the pretty lavender whole affair as a first-class entertainment.

"Caught a burglar!" he repeated, in delight. "That's a jolly sight better'n my woodchuck!"

As Mr. Harkins thought, the desperado was more stunned than hurt, the wound proving very slight. When he came to himself they put him, tied hand and foot, into the team and took him over to the county town to be safely locked up. They learned afterwards that he was a notorious criminal, whose appearance had assisted him in all sorts of villainy. In fact, he was evading arrest in a distant State, when he was suddenly brought to pun-

ishment by Tom-as Fred believes. Mrs. Harkins believes so, too. She is convinced that the cat and nothing else saved her boy's life that night. So nothing is too good for Tom, and he is always sure of a kind word and a dainty morsel whenever she goes into

As for Fred himself, he makes a great pet of his companion in that stirring adventure. Charley Greene and he have rigged up a red leather collar with brass bells and have re-named him "Thousand-Odd," in memory of the scene in which he was the hero. This has been shortened for convenience, and he is known simply as "Odd." Only when Fred begins to "talk big," his father just says "Thousand-Odd," and Fred subsides at once!-Indiana Farmer.

An Adventure in Umgusa.

I had one shave. I went to help two men who were fighting a Kaffir at the foot of a tree, but they killed him just as I got there. I was under the tree. when something moving over my head caught my attention. It was a gun barrel taking aim down at me, the firer inmmed so close to the tree stem as to look like part of it. Before I could move he fired, and just plowed into the ground at my feet. He did not remain much longer in the tree. I have his knob-kerrie and his photo now as mementos.-From "The Matabele Campaign," by Major General Baden-Pow-

Curious Poison.

Certain Indians of South America use a curious poison which is called ezcal. A grain of it has the effect of good as he can be. One of Tommy's starting an irresistible desire for exerly round and round in small circles till he drops dead in his tracks. There is no pain, but much excitement.

Unhealthy Sections of India.

British India is fully detailed in a recent report. In the Surma valley, which is estimated to contain about 2,500,000 people, there were only 75,000 births in 1898, but 94,000 deaths; and in the Assam valley there were 71.031 births and 85,000 deaths.

An Irish student says the posthumous works of an author are those he writes in the back door to get it, and not findseturned? Now if he could only gain after he is dead.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

THIS IS THEIR DEPARTMENT OF THE PAPER

Quaint Sayings and Cute Doings of the Little Folks Everywhere, Gathered and Printed Here for All Other Little Ones to Read.

One pleasant morning many years ago the members of the Balde family took their seats in the big wagon Father Balde had just driven up before the

Although it was a week-day, all were dressed in their Sunday best. Mother Balde wore a pretty merino gown, short-waisted, scant in the skirt and with puffed sleeves; her sweet face, with smooth-banded hair, peeped out with roses and tied with a big bow. She wore mitts, and a Canton shawl with long silk fringe.

Father Balde's coat was long-talled and buttoned up tightly; his shirtbosom was ruffled, and around his neck was wound a black satin stock. He looked like the picture of Andrew Jackson, Abby thought.

The boys, Ben and Joe, were respiendent in new blue "roundabouts" wita brass buttons. As for Abby herself, she felt very fine in her pink frock, embroldered nantalettes leghorn hat and sandal slippers. Father had just opened his mouth to say "Get up!" to the horses, when somebody was seen hurrying down the dusty cross-roads, and two shrill voices called out, "Wait?" It was Aunt Prushy Becker and her

sister, Miss Rushy. Many years before, these two spinster ladies had been named "Prussia" and "Russia." They came up, puffing and swinging their green reticules like big hop-blossoms. "We'd like to go to town and see It!" gasped Aunt Prushy. "I says to Rushy,

'We've seen the stage-coach in its day, an' "Clinton's Ditch," and now we want to see It!" Father and Mother Balde exchanged glances, then the latter said gently, 'Abby, I guess you and the baby had better get out and make room for our

neighbors." Abby obeyed without a murmur, for that was the way children were brought

up in those days. "it's too bad to have the child stay at home on account of us," said Aunt Rushy, hesitatingly.

"Tut! tut! She'll live to see It long after you and Prushy and the rest of us are laid away in the churchyard!" exclaimed Father Balde, as he started up the prancing team. Abby walked slowly up the path

leading to the house. Her face was very sober, and I'm not sure that a few strings of her bonnet. But sh grew more cheerful, especially when Baby Elizabeth, sleeping in her arms, awoke and began to smile and coo!

"Yes, yes, little sister, you and I are left behind!" said Abby. "We can't go to town, hear the band play, buy training gingerbread and candy 'Gibraltars' and see It-but! We'll go down on the hillside, and you can roll on the green grass and I'll read 'The Children of the Abbey!" "

Soon the baby sister lay contentedly on her blanket spread on the grass, her fat hands clutching clover-tufts, while Abby sat reading. But the eyes of the latter often wandered from her book to the pleasant scene before her-the broad flats, green and fertile; the Mohawk River winding in and out like a silver thread, and close beside it the straighter line of the canal.

Nearly still was something that of late had especially attracted Abby's attention-a long row of wooden ties of vellow-white newness, and across them steel rails stretching far up and down the valley. The crowd of foreign workmen, who for weeks past had labored there with pickaxe and hammer, had

But suddenly a shrill sound smote the ilence-a sound never before heard throughout the length of the green

Abby sprang to her feet and looked eagerly eastward. What was that she saw-that great black something, rumbling and rushing, making one think of the fiery dragon St. George slew!

With swift motions it glided along the steel rails-there was a strangelooking cab or cart filled with gentlemen wearing tall hats and black satin stocks like her father's-and then the monster shot away, leaving a cloud of smoke and a shower of red sparks behind it!

Abby sat down with a thud of satis-"Well, I declare!" she exfaction. claimed. "Even if I didn't go to the village. I've seen It, after all!"

Do you know what It was? Why, the very first train that ever passed over the New York Central Railroad!-Youth's Companion.

Fooling Grandpa.

Tommy Hadley is one of the greatest boys for fun you ever saw. A great fat, awkward fellow, too, but just as pranks last summer, when he went to visit his grandfather, was to cause such surprise and fun in grandpa's house, that the old people have not yet got over talking about it. One day Tommy was up in the garret where there were lots of old trumpery, spinning wheels, The extraordinary unhealthiness of yellow wasps and such things, when he came upon a suit of clothes that his grandfather used to wear. Tommy put on the suit, and going down stairs found his grandpa's spectacles and hat. Then he sat down in his grandparent's chair, near the open kitchen door. The day was warm and old Mr. White had gone out into the garden in his shirt sleeves and without his hat. He came ing it on the neg, and not seeing the

"man" in the chair, began looking around. Tommy's grandmother now came in at the other door, and Tomm; winked at her to keep still while grandpa was looking for his hat. At last she said, "Father, can't you find your hat?"

can't see anything without my spec tacles." "And where are your glasses?" "Don't know. 'They're lost, too."

"Here's an old gentleman in your chair, father, maybe he knows."



longer and burst out with such a laugh that he will never forget about fooling grandpa.-Weekly Bouquet.

Mosquitoes Sing for Society. When you listen to the drone of mosquito it may detract from the annoyance you are likely to feel if you remember that the peculiarly teasing sound is really a song that the female insect makes to attract the male. The low notes of the mosquito are made by the drumming of its wings as it flies, but the keen, shrill hum that you usually become conscious of at about the time the mosquito is preparing to feast on your blood comes from little drums ranged along the sides of the female insect. Some interesting experiments with a tuning fork have shown that the nervous little antennae of the male mosquitoes beat time in harmony with the sound waves from the tuning fork provided the fork is held within the range of the sounds produced by the female mosquito.

Mamie Couldn't Do It. Mamie, aged 4, had been given a blue silk sash for a birthday present and the first day she wore it she was constantly running to her mother to have it tied. Why, Mamie," said her mamma, "this makes the fifth time I've tied your sash this morning. You must learn to tie it yourself." "But how can I, mamma," replied the little miss, "when I'm standing around in the front all the time?"

PATRIOTISM RUBBED IN.

That Is the Way We Sometimes Teach

It to Children.

I have a friend who teaches in one of the Boston schools, the last person in the world who would ever voluntarily be found marching in processions or engaging in hand-to-hand encounters with mobs. Yet on Dewey day she spent hours in helping to marshal a lost of school children through crowded streets, picking them from under the feet of tramping hordes, and protecting them from utter destruction when they were overrun by mob violence.

"Well, what then?" said my compan ion. "Would you have had the poor little chaps all left at home? That's the way we teach 'em patrooitsm-rub

it in, you see." "Every one of those children," I said severely, "was legally entitled to two parents in the everlasting economy of things though many of them don't seem to suspect it. If the time ever comes when the enriched natural history courses demand that the pupil shall be sent into the wild beasts' cages in order to observe their habits it is the teacher who will be doomed to accompany them. And if during the visit the lion begins to lick his chops and demand food it is the teacher who will be expected to come cheerfully to the front and say: 'Eat me! When I accepted my present munificent salary I prepared myself, of course, not to falter at little sacrifices like this.' In the meantime the child will have retired in good order, and the parent-the female parent-will be safely at home embroidering a dolly or writing a paper for the Woman's Club. What the male parent will be doing is one of the things 'no fellow could be expected to know!" "-Atlantic Monthly.

The Trouble in Havana. Much has been said and written about making Havana a good place to live in, but no one unfamiliar with the primitive conditions now prevailing in that city from a sanitary point of view can realize the greatness of the task. The city has no sewer system, and even no surface drainage. The houses are generally of stone, and consist of a room fronting on the street, back of which extends a court, along the side of which are arranged other and smaller rooms. The last room in the rear is generally the kitchen. In the floor of this kitchen is dug a sinkhole. Into this hole, which has no outlet except the natural seepage, flows all refuse from the house. As long as the contents of this sinkhole keep below the kitchen floor all is considered well. When it overflows, a few loads are taken out to make room for more. Some of these sinkholes had not been cleaned in fifty years until the restless Americans, with their troublesome ideas, came along and forced the owners to make some attempt at sanitation. -Harper's Weekly.

Foolish people allow pride to rob

TRICKS OF THE TRADE. Men Do Not Always Get What They

Pay For. At the cigar stand of an uptown hotel last evening a guest asked the deaier for an imported cigar. "No, mother!" answered grandpa, "I

The dealer handed out a handful of cigars which were in all appearance the real thing.

"Are these real imported cigars?" asked the purchaser, depositing his quarter on the little change mat. "Yes, sir," responded the other. "It is too hot a night for a dispute,"

said the guest, to a Star reporter, "and

since the cigar is a good one I will

smoke it, but it is not an imported ci-

gar that he sold me, though it resem-

bles one. It was made in this country of imported tobacco. If I called this dealer down, he would say 'What's the difference? as the tobacco was grown on the Island of Cuba. "I am an internal revenue inspector, and I can tell at a glance whether a cigar is the imported article in the box from Havana, or whether it is made in this country of imported leaf. The difference is great in many ways, and the fact that the average judge of clgars cannot detect it is no excuse why he does not get what he calls for. Who

made gown and one made here of the same imported materials? Very few. The difference is usually about \$100 in favor of the dressmaker. "But with cigars it is another matter. Some dealers will tell you that we make a better article of imported rolled tobacco than the Cuban cigarmakers. Perhaps so. The dealer makes a bigger profit on the sale, and that is what

can tell the difference between a Paris-

he is looking out for. "If you desire to buy a cigar made by Cuban workmen, and the real imported thing, examine the box for the internal revenue stamps. They will be observed, if you look carefully, and are six in number. All bear the words 'Imported cigars, United States customs,' and the number of the clears contained in the box plainly engraved at each end of the stamp, in the center of which is the engraving of a steam-

"The stamp for the box containing twenty-five cigars is smaller than the others and is drab in color. The box containing fifty cigars is distinguished by a green stamp, the 100 blue, the 250 red and the 500 yellow ochre, in deli-"There is a difference in both the

smoke and the flavor of a cigar made by Havana workmen and those made at the principal tobacco marts here. Our makers do not import the very finest leaf for the very excellent reason that the Cuban won't allow it to leave the island, desiring it for their own high-grade cigars, most of which find their way to the cities of London and Paris. The Cubans roll their cigars a way peculiar to themselves, a when a man calls for the genuine rolled article he wants it and ought to have it."-Washington Star.

THE DEED OF BUTCH.

He Killed a Coon and Worried His Young Master.

A young man who went over to New York to live awhile back left his bat eared, bow-legged, bloodshot-eyed, man-eating bulldog behind in Washington with his chum until such time as he could find a place in New York to keep the dog, says the Washington Post. One day last week he telegraphed his chum to ship the dog over to New York on a certain morning train on the following day. The chum put himself at one end of the bulldog's rope and led the brute down to the station. He was taking the dog through the gate to put him on the baggage car when a colored parents. There must be some use for man came along, leading a pet raccoon that was also about to be shipped to the big town. The bulldog and the raccoon spotted each other at the same instant. Three minutes later, after a scene unprecedented in the annals of that particular railroad station, the buildog was licking a few paltry scratches he had received, as he contentedly sat in a corner of the baggage car and the colored man who had been leading the rac coon was taking the remains of the same away to some vacant lot for burial. The chum sent the following elegram to the young man in New York, who was waiting for the arrival of the dog:

"Have shipped Butch. He killed a coon in the station this morning. Great excitement. May have to engage law-

The chum received frantic dispatches

all day from the young man in New

York, asking for particulars, but he didn't reply to one of them. "I had enough trouble with his dog," he growled, "and I'll just let my pal stew for awhile."

Sulphur the Mosquito's Foe.

One of our readers informs us that having seen a statement in some English medical journal to the effect that sulphur, taken internally, would protect a person against flea bites, it occurred to him to try it as a preventive of mosquito bites. Accordingly he began taking effervescing tablets of tartar-lithine and sulphur, four daily. He provided himself with several lively mosquitoes, and, having put them into a wide-mouthed bottle, inverted the bottle and pressed its mouth upon his bare arms. The mosquitoes settled on

when no one will take it.

his skin, but showed no inclination to Renewing an Asparagus Bed. bite him. If this gentleman's experience should be borne out by further trials it might be well for persons who are particularly sensitive to mosquito bites to take a course of sulphur during the mosquito season, especially in view of the growing opinion that the mos quito is the common vehicle of the plas modium malariae.-Medical Journal. A man is compelled to keep his word Keep the weeds out all the summer,

ary, if the ground is open, put on from 600 pounds to a half ton of good fertilizer to the acre. This will push it along to make a good growth, and it will be better if it is not cut very freely that spring or not at all after the first of Danger in Crimson Clover.

The little stiff hairs, only about oneeighth of an inch long, which are to be seen on the heads of crimson clover are barbed, and when the clover is ripe they are stiff and hard. When they are fed to horses they lump together into balls in the stomach and intestines, refusing to pass away in the excrement. Cases have been known where such balls were five inches in diameter, and with such a ball in the intestines it is almost impossible to save the life of an animal. For this eason when the clover is cut for hay it should be done before any of the heads mature, or even before they are in full blossom, while these hairs are soft and pliable. When the clover is grown for seed, do not use the straw for feeding or even for bedding, unless the animal is so fastened that it cannot reach the bedding to eat it. Many horses have been reported as having died from this cause, and some of them after most intense suffering.

Buck wheat.

To grow buckwheat for the grain the land should be made fine and fit for a seed bed as for other small grains. Then apply 200 to 400 pounds per acre of fertilizer rich in potash and phosphoric acid, and harrow it in well. This grain likes a dry or well-drained soll. Sow the seed at almost any time when convenient from July 1 to July 15. There should be from twenty to thirty bushels of grain to the acre. This crop is not thought exhausting to the soil, and it leaves the land in good condition for sowing or planting next spring. In sowing buckwheat to plow under, sow earlier, in June at least, and plow under while in bloom or just before any seed ripened, then follow by sowing winter grain.

A Long Row of Corn. The longest row of corn in Vermont is said to have been planted by E. H. Town of Chubb's Crossing, and it is not a straight row. He has on his farm a large cone-shaped knoll covering some three acres. He commenced at the base of this and run a furrow around it, corkscrew fashion, until he was at the top, getting one continuous row to cover the whole knoll.

MEANING OF DREAMS.

Crossing a bridge in a dream indicates future success in love.

A dream about a ghost indicates vextion, loss or disappointment, Combing your hair in a dream betokens success in love, or trade, or both.

Fighting in a dream means that you A dream about dice means a speedy estrangement from some very dear

If you dream that you have an ague, the sign is that you will become a drunkard.

A dream of a smooth, clear river is ndicative of future happiness and general success. A dream of a new pair of shoes

means that you will succeed against your adversaries. To dream of seeing guns fired means future difficulties, generally of a busi-

ness character. To dream that you are drinking out of a wash basin is a sign that you are soon to fall in love.

To dream of eating beans is a forerunner of troubles and quarrels with your acquaintances. A dream that you stand among build-

ings means that you will shortly change your residence. To dream about a piece of bacon, particularly if it is on your own plate,

means the death of a relation. It is fortunate to dream about your backbone, indicating prosperity and success in business enterprises. To dream that you are driving cat-

tle means that you will become rich through your own energy and industry. To dream of cats is always unlucky, and some unexpected misfortune is sure to follow during the next few days.

PHILADELPHIA.

First mint for coining American money. .

First opened a bank-Bank of North America. Here in 1731 was found the first pub-

lic library. Here was set up the first American printing press in 1685.

Here in 1690 the first paper mill in

our country was built. Here was laid the first experimental railroad track on our soil. Here in 1735 was erected the first

type foundry of our country. Here in 1753 the first American-Arc tic expedition was fitted out. Here in 1743 the Quaker City took

the initiatory at Bible printing. Here in 1746 sprang up the first medcal college in our native land. Here in 1741 Philadelphia published

he first magazine on this side. Here in 1784 the first daily newspa er in the new world was issued.

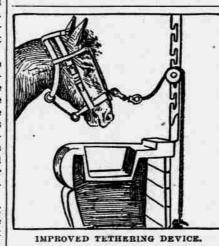
First man-o'-war under the Federal constitution was constructed here. Here in 1752 our first American fire nsurance company was organized.

Pennsylvania Mennonites recently selected a pastor by lot. There were ten candidates and ten Bibles were placed on a table before them. One contained a slip of paper and the preacher whe selected this one was duly chosen.



Horse Tie for Stables.

Horsemen will appreciate the value of the device pictured in the accompanying cut, the object of the invention being to reduce to a minimum the liability of getting the animal's feet tangled up in the tethering rope, and also to keep the rope out of the way while the animal is eating. By means of a specially constructed halter the connection is made on the upper instead of the under side of the nose strap, and the tie extends to a point level with or above the animal's head. The invention also includes an arrange-



ment for taking up the slack in the rope, without in any way pulling on the halter sufficiently to annoy the animal. The rope is passed through the front of the manger, resting on a pullev, which may be adjusted to any desired height, and a small weight is attached to the outer end, which is sufficlent to hold the rope taut, no matter in what position the animal puts his head. A patent on the device has been granted to William H. Bartrum, of Derby, England.

Cheap Poultry House, A plan for a cheap double house for fowls of two kinds, which may be kept separate, and with a yard to each part, is here given. It is seven feet high at the eaves, eighteen feet wide, and may be as long as may be required to give ample room for the flocks kept in it. For two flocks if it is divided in the

middle, each half having its yard,

which is closed in and roofed over.

Where the run is not large one flock

may be kept in the covered run, while

A DOUBLE POULTRY HOUSE.

the other is let out. The house is very cheap one, being built of common strips around the yard, and of rough

boards covered with tarred roofing pa-

per well secured by strips nailed down

over it. This kind of roofing will last

many times longer if it is well fastened

down in this way. The house should

be lined inside with the same stuff

We have heard of a man who thought

he was making money by selling his

which is a safe antidote against ver

min, if the house is kept clean.

grass standing or hiring it cut and selling the hay. He had what is often called a natural grass farm, moist enough to insure a pretty good crop every year, when in fair condition. For many years he had run it as a dairy farm, keeping considerable stock, and manuring his fields heavily. At last old age and a well-earned competense decided him to leave the farm, and instead of renting it out for some one else to skin off what he had put on the land, he put it all in grass. Then he sold grass or hay as seemed best at the time, and when the fields began to get thin they were given a very liberal dressing of commercial fertilizer. He said he received more than the fertilizer cost, enough to enable him to lay up more money than he could when working the farm. How long he would be able to do this we do not know, but we think the soil would soon begin to show a lack of humus or some other element of plant food. But if he succeeds according to his plan it will be by reason of the condition of the soll when he began, the large applications of fertilizers would be likely to keep the condition good for a long time. Not

An old and run out or neglected as paragus bed can be best improved after the season for cutting is over, by putting on a liberal dressing of manure in June or July and plowing it in, not tak-

and in early spring, or even in Febru-

every one could do so well,-Exchange.

ing much care to prevent breaking the roots or to save seedling plants. The plants are apt to become root bound. and they will grow all the better for a little breaking up of the matted roots.