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How's a man to write a sonnet, can you

How's he going to weave the dim poetic

When a-toddling on the floor Is the muse he must adore, too well.

Now to write a sonnet, overyone allows, One must always be as quiet as a mouse, But to write one seems to me

Quite superfluous to be, When you've got a little sonnet in the

Just a dainty little poem, true and fine, That is full of love and life in every line, Earnest, delicate and sweet, Altogether so complete

That I wonder what's the use of writing -Paul Laurence Dunbar.

A MOUNTAIN GIRL.

9 MP IS morning. The rising sun just tops the crest of that portion of the Appalachian chain of mountains between the northern and southern boundaries of the State of Kentucky, tinging its peaks and crags with a grayish vagueness. From every ravine and gorge huge clouds of smokelike mist arise, assuming wondrously odd and fantastic forms in the uncertain light. The stillness engendered by the natural environments and the time of day is unbroken save now and then by the far-off bay of a foxhound floating faintly from some mountaineer's cabin, or the whistle of a dove's wings

as it flies swiftly by to the sedge fields. The sun climbs higher, and conscious of its might, drives back to earth the quenching mists. The rear guard shadows of the night are mysteriously disappearing The smoke of numerous cabin chimneys can now be distinguished rising in curling columns of blue. Along the rutty clay road, or rather mountain path, and hugging the wormeaten rall fence for safety a red fox slinks under cover of the alder bushes, his whiskers and brush bristling with pendant drops of early morning dew. A mother quail and her brood, that have been pluming their feathers on a topmost rail, with an affrighted whirr fly to cover.

Presently a soldier in his uniform

comes galloping furiously down the road; he passes at full speed; the sound of his steed's hoof beats grow fainter. and sflence for a few minutes again reigns, only to be broken by a dozen or more men in uniforms of the other side, who break cover and also come down break cover and also come down the road like mad; their horses reeking with sweat and blood. The first man, farther down where the road forks, has turned to the right; these others take the left-hand branch. In a few moments shots are heard, and presently a horse, the one ridden by the first man, comes galloping back to be met and caught by a slim, dark-eyed mountain girl, who comes suddenly out of the bushes from somewhere. She stands there holding the bridle reins in her right hand; the left is pressed hard against her heart as if to ward off an unseen blow. Her eyes stony in their intensity, look off far up the valley to a break in the mountains, where God's good morning displays its brightest rays. Her gaze finally turns slowly to the pursuers, who at sound of the shots have ridden back to the forks, and catching sight of the girl and the horse comes excitedly up the road toward

"Bob Jordan's darter," says one of

"Jes' es I thought," laconically replies he, who appears to be in command. "The pesky critter 's got warnin' frum sum'ers, or he'd bin'r gone fawn skin afore now. Whut air you adoin' heah at this time o' day?" he demands of her. For the first time the girl seems to take full notice of their presence. "Did ye heah whut I sed?" he

mands more commandingly.

"I'd like to know what consarn that is uv your'n?" she replies, turning to

"Ain't er body got a good right ter go whar they please 'thout bein' stopped in ther road and pestered ter death How's your maw?" quickly changing bout hit by er lot ov big, cowardly men? Ef you air erbliged ter know tho', I'm er going down to Bob Blackmore's to hep his mother. She air sick in bed, an' hepless,"

"Did ye mean ter ride Bob's hoss down thar? I 'low ef my eyesight ain't er failin' me, that that air is his critter. Whar's Bob now?" he con-

tinued coaxingly. "I don't know nuthin' 'bout him. Ef you'uns want ter find him, you'd better look fer him."

"Whar'd you git his critter, then?" breaks in one impatiently.

"I stopped him in ther road, right heah, es I come from down ther path thar. The critter wuz comin' lopin' up, when I run out an' headed him off." After parleying a few moments, the

spokesman again turns to her. "We'uns think thet more'n likely ye wuz tellin' ther truth jest now," he ventures. "Spechully es ye air a member uv ther church, and your daddy wuz, too, an' er elder besides. Sissy,' he insinuates, "nobody ever heerd tell uv your tellin' no lie afore. Which way did ye say ther critter wuz kummin'

frum?" She looks him steadily in the "That way," she says, indicating with a wave of her hand the opposite direction. "Ther Lord fergive me," she

mentally pleaded, "fer tellin' ur lie fer "Thet won't do, Sissy. We'uns jes

THE POET AND THE BABY. | whar thar's enny petticoats er-round you marry me?" She hides her face Bob Blackmore ain't fur er-way." "You better look out fer yerself," she

handy with his weepins, and with his fists, too. I reckin you know thet, too, don't you, Jim Wooten? I hav heerd And this muse he loves, not wisely, but tell thet you an' him had er fight ter wunce, an' Bob didn't kum out no little

end uv ther horn, neither." "We'uns will fix all thet thar ef we ever git our han's on ther on'ry, goodfer-nuthin' scoundrel ergin. He'uns ain't fitten ter live neways."

"He's er sight mo' fitten than you air," she breaks in hotly. "He's allus bin er hard-workin', sober man, an' taken keer uv his mammy; sumpin you never done. 'Sides thet, he's er gentleman, an' allus minded his own business. Do you'uns call this wah?" she demands with rising vehemence. "Too cowardly ter go way frum home an' fight yerselves, but lay round heah an' take everything ennybody's got left. An' soon's somebody-that's Bob Blackmore-who's fightin' fer his side heahs his maw's sick, an' slips off ter kum an' see her, ter houn' him like er dog an' try ter kill him. Hit's jes cause

he's better'n vou air." The faint winding of a horn down the road arrests their attention, and burriedly mounting their horses they ride off, one calling back to her:

"We've got him, Sissy. Thet's Tom Winburn. I tole him ter kum up ther road, so's to head him off an' meet we'uns heah."

The pursuers proceeded down the right-hand road beyond the forks, from whence the shots seemed to have come. where the road makes a sudden dip into a dry ravine. Down there a man lies still in death, his cheek pressed heavily against the delicate ferns that grow luxuriantly out of the cool shadows. The trees meeting overhead almost exclude the light, but now and then a recreant bough, straying from its place through bidding of the gentle morning breeze, lets in a feeble ray of sunshine that touches up the dead man's face with a pallid coloring. The nodding ferns caress his pale cheek in vain. The morning songsters sing their lays to unhearing ears. The pines and hemlocks mingling their foliage with the poplars, and bowing their good mornings to the beeches and young hickories, sough in vain to arouse or soothe the sleeper. He will never again take cognizance of earthly things, nor inhale the beauty and vitality of his native mountains-his spirit has gone before the last tribunal. A round hole in the

slouch hat lies where it has fallen a few ing the trigger. His ga

center of his forehead shows where

the messenger of death has entered.

bringing its inevitable summons. His

same as they wear who find him. He had sought unfairly to take human life, and with his own had paid the penalty. Coming from farther down the mountain to meet his comrades and seeing the fugitive he had ridden aside into the ravine, intending to slay him unawares as he passed. But he had seen the interceptor, and was prepared, and as the other fired at him going by he too had fired in return, and slew him. It was but a moment's work to exchange his steed for the fresher one of the dead man and ride furiously forward again. The horse of something wrong and scared at sight of the dead man, gallops back to be

met and caught by the girl. road toward her she flees stricken and crushed, thinking it to be the other one. And thus it is for days and long weary days, until by chance she learns the truth.

The war's over. Another bright like beefsteak. morning. A man rides leisurely up the road; where it forks he catches sight of a woman's form sitting on a fallen tree, where she has evidently stopped | flamed in fair weather, but they did to rest.

"Mawnin', Miss Sissy," he says. At up quickly, and then as quickly down But it was very different in damp, again, a flush surmounting her usually colorless cheeks. "Mawnin', Bob," she quietly re-

sponds. "We 'lowed up ter our house es how maybe you'uns had forgot us. the subject.

"Hit did look bad in my not erkummin' ter see you all afore now," he rejoins, ignoring the last question. "But I had ter kinder straighten up around home a bit afore I got out much."

"I thaut you wuz killed wunce, Bob," she ventures by way of further conversation. Instantly he dismounts. eaving his horse standing in the road, and goes up and sits down beside her. "Why did you'uns think that?" he

"I wuz ergoin' down ter your maw's an' stopped your critter in the road up thar that time, an' then they brought he'un that wuz killed, an'-an'-" she could go no further at recollection of

"An' did you keer, Sissy?" he asks, leaning eagerly forward.

"You warn't dead," she protests. "Well, then uv ther fac' that you

haut I wuz dead?" She answers him nothing. A few dry leaves flutter in the autumn air and fall at their feet. A wild grape vine nods its approval and swings in the breeze, and the branches of the trees overhead rustle with the gambols of a roung fox squirrel. A flame-crested woodpecker flies to a dead pine and begins plugging unmolestedly away. He puts his arm around her and draws her

"Who writ that thar note, then, Sissy, that wuz shoved under ther door that kum thet air way ourselves, right after | night ter warn me? You will tell me him. We'uns had better look fer him | that, won't ye? An' who tuck keer of right er-round heah, I reckin. I hear my mammy when she wuz sick? Sissy, tell," he said for the girl's benefit, "thet | honey"—the arm draws tighter—"won't | dianapolis Journa'.

against his breast.

"You air shore good at axin' quesscornfully replies. "He'un is mighty tions, Bob," she says, "an' I love ye."-Louisville Times.

INHERITED DISEASES.

Care May Prevent Transmission from

Parent to Child. The question of heredity, or the transmission of certain mental traits or physical characteristics from parents to children, is one that has been much studied, but of which as yet too little the list of maladies to which children were supposed to be almost inevitably condemned by the accident of birth was a very long one.

Among these hereditary diseases were reckoned consumption and scrofula, leprosy, gout, rheumatism, goitre, cancer, insanity, epilepsy and many other nervous affections. As we learn more about these maladies, however, one after another of them is removed wholly or in part from this category and placed among the acquired dis-

Undoubtedly some diseases are really nherited, but their number is certainly not large. Many diseases run in familles, but are not on that account neces-

sarily hereditary. Consumption, for example, was only recently regarded as one of the most surely inherited diseases, and is still believed by many to be so. But we now know that it is a germ disease, which, while not "catching" in the ordinary sense of the word, is readily transmitted from the sick to the well when the invalid is careless in his habits, especially as regards expectoration. It is also acquired more readily by those of delicate constitution than by the robust.

The children of consumptive parents are seldom robust, and so are predisposed to any of the germ diseases, and iving constantly in a house where the germs of consumption are necessarily bundant, they are very likely to become victims of that disease.

This is an important fact. It teaches us that since, as a rule, only the predisposition to the family disease is inherited, and not the disease itself, the chances of the younger generation's escaping, if proper care is used, are very great.

The bringing up of a child in a consumptive family should be of a specially hygienic character. The best of foods, of fresh air and sunlight, not too much stude, long hours of sleep in a well-ventilated room and, as far as

are the weapons by which the malign influence of inherited weakness of constitution may be overcome and many precious lives saved.—Youth's Com-

DRY CLIMATE OF THE ARCTIC. Wounds Fometimes Heal Rapidly in

It-Meats Do Not Become Putrid. One of the American consuls in Germany has forwarded to the State Department a report made by Dr. Rowitz, the physician of the German Fisheries Society, who spent four months in the Arctic last year, on some climatic conditions of that region. He made some deserted, frightened at the realization interesting discoveries concerning the putrefaction processes and the healing of wounds. His steamer arrived at Bear Island in the beginning of July. But now, heartbroken, overwhelmed Fish caught on the voyage and dried in and frightened at sight of the inani- the Norwegian fashion showed not a mate body they shortly bring up the trace of putridity as long as the air remained dry and clear. Even the natural fishy smell disappeared. Walrus meat caught on the island and left exposed on the rocks kept perfectly fresh and sweet. It tasted, by the way, much

Wounds on the hands, though exposed to the contact of iron chains and bloody walrus flesh, did not become innot heal. They remained raw, open wounds. The surface gradually dried, the sound of her name the girl looks but showed no tendency to form a scab.

cloudy weather. Then fish, though already almost dry, soon became moldy and putrescent. The walrus meat also soon became offensive.

Shoes had to be kept well oiled to prevent molding. The slightest wounds festered at once. In some cases the pain was so intense as to make the hardy sailors writhe in agony. But, after lancing these wounds healed rap-

idly, sometimes in one night. In dry and germ-free air, therefore, there was neither inflammation nor a tendency to heal, while in moist, germladen air intense inflammation and profuse suppuration were quickly fol-

lowed by complete healing. It would seem as if the system made no effort to heal wounds except when the presence of bacteria makes them specially dangerous.

New Industry in Florida. The cultivation of the camphor tree in Florida has been so successful that this section promises to be a formidable competitor with the far east. In China, Japan and Formosa but a smale portion now remain owing to the wasteful methods of obtaining the gum from the trees, which in many cases were one for Ruth." She pointed to a basket cut down entirely. In Florida, on the other hand, it has been found that camphor could be produced profitably from the leaves and twigs, obtaining a pound of the gum from seventy-seven pounds of the cuttings. The tree requires no fertilization and is extremely orna-

By Innuendo. "Chollie is all right, but I think his cables have been cut."

"Cables cut?" "Yes. He has no intelligence."-InDEPARTMENT FOR LITTLE

BOYS AND GIRLS.

Something that Will Interest the Juvenile Members of Every Household -Quaint Actions and Bright Sayings of Many Cute and Cunning Children.

Once I was a fat enterpillar. You would not think so now as you look at Youth's Companion. is known. Formerly the inheritance of my beautiful wings, would you? I used disease was believed in implicitly, by to watch the butterfil's sailing about physicians as well as by laymen, and and wish I could fly as they did. I could not crawl and could not go very

I used to feed on milkweed leaves I liked them as well as you like bread

one day a little girl broke off the leaf on which I was feeding and took it, with me on it, into a room where there were many children. Some of them said "What a pretty caterpillar!" I had stripes of yellow, black and white across my back.

A lady took me and put me into a glass jar. I could not get out. Every day the children brought fresh leaves for me to eat. There was nothing else for me to do, so I ate and ate and grew very fat.

By and by I began to feel sleepy. spun a covering to keep me warm, roll-ed myself up in it and had a long, long

off my clothes, but they seemed very heavy, and I could not move them at at first. But after trying many times I was

at last able to crawl out of my warm I was stiff at first and could hardly move. Something seemed to have grown on my back, and I could not get

I crawled over some dry leaves and got out of the jar and walked on the

window sill. Soon a little girl said "Oh, see the lovely butterfly!" I looked around, but could not see one. Then some children came up to me and said again: "See

the lovely butterfly!" Then I knew they meant me, and I knew what was on my back. I had wings-just what I had always wanted. I spread them out that I might see them. Now I could fiy!

I tried it and fell. But after trying a few times I could do it very well. How happy I was! This morning the lady opened the

about and stopped Now I must be off again. I wish the

kind children who fed me had wings, too. Flying is so much more fun than walking. I know you would like it, little boy. Now off I go. Good-by!

Children of the Dragon Land.



Boy from far-away China.



A little Celestial maiden, Robin and Crusoe.

"Betty," said mamma, "how is it that Ruth never comes in any more with

Betty bit into her cookie and hesitated. "Well, we're mad," she said, slowly, with flushing cheeks. "Ruth said that Robinson Crusoe wasn't a real, live man, and I said he was, soer-we got mad about it, and now neither of us will speak first."

"Why, that's very sad." said mamma. "for Uncle Ben has been in from the farm and left these, one for you and on the lounge, where two furry little Maltese kittens lay curled up asleep. "You will have to keep them both now.

"Mamma, dear, please, did you see where my hat fell? I am so excited about the kittens! Why, I'm going straight over to Ruth's!" Ruth was doing her patchwork stint

by the sitting-room window. It was lonesome work, too, without blithe little Betty. But a shadow fell over her, and there was Betty looking eagerly into the window. "O. Ruth," she cried, "come over to

CHILDREN'S COLUMN. | our house. I don't care a pin about Robinson Crusoe, and Uncle Ben has brought us such lovely kittens!"

A happy smile broke over Ruth's sorry little face, and the patchwork block fell into the box with the needle punched into it. Mamma laughed at the hugging and squeezing the kittens received, and said, suddenly, "Betty, you had better call your kitten Robin and Ruth hers Crusoe. Then-"

"Yes, ma'am, we know," said Ruth, shyly. "And we're sorry," added Betty .-

One Wheat Grain. Did you ever stop to think of the responsibilities of a grain of wheat? We are so used to seeing the field sown with wheat and the crop come up and shaded to keep the heat of the sun off. ripen that we quite forget how each little grain does a great work through the summer days in multiplying and adding to the farmer's harvest. A farmer near Phoenix, Ariz., planted one grain of white Australian wheat, and at harvest time from it had sprung 1,360 grains of this large, fat wheat. He planted ten acres of this wheat and harvested 117 sacks, each weighing 138 pounds. The single grain spoken of produced thirty-six stalks, so you see even a grain of wheat helps wonder-

A Little Nap.
There is an old saying that opportunity is kind, but only to the industrious. As an illustration of this idea we may cite the old Persian legend that a poor man waited 1,000 years at the gates of paradise hoping that they would open and he could enter. Finally he snatched one little nap of a few minutes' duration, but then it was that the gates opened-and shut. Von Moltke, the triumphant strategist of the Franco-Prussian war, said:

"To win you must be at the right place at the right time, with a superior

The great Napoleon made that the active principle of his marvelous milltary career. The rule holds good in all the pursuits of life.

HE EVENED MATTERS.

A Small Boy Who Removed a Possible Casus Belli.

into mischief. The boy, who is the about daybreak is a good time-the older, is usually the instigator of the escapades, and so though the small girl runs away with him and gives the butter is put into a bowl, and may be cat coal oil and sets the plants on fire, kept in a pan set in the cold water on and steals the eggs the cook expects to

than is meted out to the chief culprit. Yesterday, however, the heir of th family got even. An uncle of the children had given each of them a beautiful little cut-glass goblet. Now, they didn't care a thing about the cut-glass part, but they cared very much for the fact that the name of each was traced on his possession, and they treasured them as if they were wrought of dia-

monds-for awhile. The first day, indeed, they would hardly drink from them, they deemed them so precious; the second the inventive genius of the son tempted him to set his on the kitchen stove so that it would get soft and he could write his the custom of our fathers. It is claimage on it. Directly, of course, it was in

Then he tried to buy his sister's treasure, but it was not for sale. Not even as the lighter meal when the cob is two boxes of tin soldiers and an equal share in the hobby horse could induce her to part with it. Then, after much coaxing the ingenious youngster bethought him of a project,

"Put your goblet on this stone, sis, on it and bounce off. It'll be lots of fun; the goblet is so nice and hard," he said.

Confiding little sister, nothing loth,

did as she was bid, and in a moment all that remained of her cherished possession also was broken to pieces. "Now, don't cry," said the brilliant

son of the house amiably, when all was over. "I did that on purpose, so we wouldn't quarrel over it. I shouldn't think you'd want anything I didn't have some of, anyhow. That would be selfish, so let's play policeman." And play policeman they did until called to account by the powers that are forever interfering with them. - Baltimore

China's Crack Regiment. All armies have their crack regiments. China's is known as the "Tiger Guard." Its members are supposed to be very tigers when turned loose in war. Then, too, they are dressed in vellow, the imperial color, with stripes of black in imitation of a tiger's skin. The cap is made of split bamboo, and has ears to it.

head painted on it, completes the fantastic uniform. A "Tiger" officer in full uniform, as he appears on occasions of review or parade, is a matter of no small interest

A bamboo shield, with a monster's

and wonder to the stranger. A highly polished helmet, terminating in a crest of gold, and a tuft of colored hair on a rod eight inches above the cap; a robe of purple or blue silk, richly adorned with gilt buttons, and reaching to the feet, which are encased in black satin boots, contitute a cos tume of picturesqueness and incon-

His implements of war are in keeping with the uniform. All of them glitter with gems and precious metals. What sort of fighters the "Tigers" make remains to be seen. They are carefully selected men, of good proportions, and enjoy numerous privileges.-London

venience.

Concelt is to character what paint is to beauty; it is not only needless, but impairs what it is supposed to im-

A Summer Dairy. As shown in the drawing, the ground is dug out thirty inches deep at the north end to make a tank, which is supplied by the spring, and to keep the water cool the spring is closed in by a small house, well ventilated, and The water is brought into the milkhouse by a pipe buried in the ground to keep it cool. The tank is walled up with bricks or stone, and is covered by two falling half doors. The milk is set in the tank, in pails sixteen inches deep and nine or ten inches in diameter, with a tap in the bottom to draw off the milk and a strip of glass set in the bottom to show when the cream comes down. When the cream is down the tap is shut and the cream is poured out into a separate can in which it is kept to gather for three days, when it warm quarters, should be ready to lay is ripened for churning. This tank is made wholly across one end of the

house. The house is used for churning

WATER TANK COOL MILK HOUSE.

An uptown family has two interest- in, and this work is done early in the ing children who are always getting morning when the air is cool-just yet not the unlimited run they were milk having been ripened by a starter the evening before. The newly churned a shelf of bars put across one end of have for breakfast, "to beat with sand to make a nice creamy cake," she usual-to make a nice creamy cake," she usual-tank. If there is no spring this tank ary Surgeons of E may still be used by supplying it with water from a well through a rubber hose kept for the purpose. In a house of this kind the best kind of butter may be made without difficulty, without ice, every day through the summer. The winter dairy is then made in a dairy attached to the house, and in a basement well lighted and having a cement floor, and if needed warmed in the coldest weather by an oil stove, to pre-

vent freezing. Corn and Cob Meal. Evidence accumulates in regard to the value of grinding the corn and cob together for feeding to stock, as was ed that the pure meal packs so much closer in the digestive organs as not to be as thoroughly acted upon by them ground. At the North Carolina station they found that 100 pounds of ears of dent corn had 81% pounds of kernels and 181/2 pounds of cob. There was 71.17 pounds of dry matter, of which 61.84 pounds was digestible in the kerand then we'll let this big stone drop nel, and 16.40 pounds of dry matter of which 7.11 was digestible in the cob. Then the whole ear ground should be nearly 13 per cent better than the kernels alone, an important item, well repaying the cost of grinding. At the Kansas station they reported that in a feeding test with pigs, 650 pounds of corn and cob meal made 100 pounds of gain, while of the pure meal it took | There are few farms where there is too 670 pounds. Taking the North Carolina figures with these, we find that the number of pounds of ears making 100 pounds of pork, when all was ground together, would make but little over 80 pounds when only the kernels were ground. A Nebraska farmer who feeds many cattle says he finds it profitable to grind corn and cob when it is 25 cents a bushel, and having his own mill of it, more than can be properly digest-

> fine grinding is important. Despite the fact that some growers do not favor the early Ohio potato, the variety is regarded by many as the best of the early varieties, which adds that a white form of the variety is being introduced. It originated with a Western



EARLY OHIO POTATO.

grower, who, having used Northern seed, found three years ago a plant producing pure white potatoes, identical in every way with the best of the old Ohio except in color, which is a fine white.-American Gardening.

The Mowing Machine We remember when the first mowng machines began to be used there were many farmers who expressed an opinion that they cut so close to the gives the tree a start that will carry it ground that the grass roots would be well through the first summer. The poburned out by the heat of the sun if tato tops serve both as a mulch and there was not rain soon. Probably this shade.-Mrs. A. M. Kelly.

has sometimes happened upon certal solls, where the roots did not penetrate deeply, and where the stand of grass was so thin that the stubble did not shade the soil at all to prevent the evaporation from it. Yet many of those same farmers cut their grass closer to the ground with the hand scythe than the mowing machine cut; that is, they did so in the center of the swath, for they were not what we call good mowers, pointing in and out and leaving the stubble level, but cut with a swing that left each swath what we called a "hog trough" high where the swaths met, but very low in the center. The most obvious way to remedy the danger of cutting too low would be to set the knives higher, but it is not the best way. Make the soil light and porous by having plenty of vegetable matter in it, and rich enough to grow a thick turf, and there is little danger of the sunshine injuring the roots, and a shower or even a heavy dew will cause it to brighten up very quickly .- Ameri-

can Cultivator. Push the Chicks. Growing chicks cannot be persuaded to eat too much. Push them along so that they will attain full growth before cold wealther sets in. The pullets of early hatchings, if well fed and in by winter, and if the quarters are warm enough they should lay fairly well all

Separate the young roosters from the pullets if it is possible and feed them extra, so that they may be full grown and well fleshed when the time comes to sell them. They should be kept hungry, yet have sufficient to eat. A good plan is to give them enough to only partially satisfy their appetite in the morning and never enough during the day, so that they will hunt around for food. The exercise will do them good. But for the evening meal they should have enough of good grain to fill their crop, so that they can go to roost comfortably. Late hatched chicks should receive the very best of care and be pushed along as rapidly as possible, as It is easier to do this now than when

the weather becomes cold. When the chickens have attained their full growth or nearly so, and the fattening period begins, they should be confined in a small yard, so that while they may have a little exercise, accustomed to. If the fattening is to be done very rapidly, each bird should be confined in a small coop just large enough for them.

To Judge Horse Character. Horse phrenology is the latest discovery of the Royal College of Veter-



profile and at the same time the ears are pointed and sensitive it is safe to bank on the animal as gentle and at the same time high-spirited. If, on the other hand, the horse has a dent in the

middle of the nose it is equally safe to set him down as treacherous and viclous. The Romannosed horse is certain to be a good anand safe to drive,

but he is apt to be worst TYPE OF HORSE. slow. A horse with a slight concavity in the profile will be scary and need coaxing. A horse that droops his ears is apt to be lazy as well as vicious, but hard work will sometimes make a horse which started out properly let his ears drop.

Stacking the Straw. In some way the wheat and oat straw should all be utilized. If it caunot all be fed to the stock to advantage, it can at least be used for bedding and in this way be converted into manure. much manure. Generally if more care were taken to make, save and apply more manure, better crops at a less cost would be grown, and where wheat and oats are made a part of the farm crops, the straw should in some way find its way back to the land.

Straw alone is not a complete food. Animals must consume too large a bulk with sweep power, he can grind it for a ed if even a fairly thrifty condition is half cent a bushel. But all agree that maintained. But if combined with other materials it can be used to a good advantage. If mixed with clover hay and a small proportion of wheat bran is added a very good ration is provided and one that is at the same time economical. Like everything else saved for feed much depends upon the condition. With a little care in stacking, so that it will keep in a good condition it can be used to a much better advantage either for feeding or bedding. Even when wanted for bedding it should be stacked up where it can be kept dry, as dry bedding will help naterially in making the stock comfortable in winter.

> For each tree dig a big hole. Into the hole put all the scraps of old iron, tin cans, old bones and all the rubbish on hand. Get a bushel or more of the best soll you can find, leaf mold if possible, and make a soft bed, in which to set your tree, with its roots comfortably spread out. Scatter a little more good soll on top of the roots. Now pour at least one-half peck of small potatoes on top of all. Water well with warm water, and fill up the hole with good soil which must be well firmed, but not packed. The growing potatoes will keep the soll about the trees loose, and