

Topics of the Times

Technicalities are for the purpose of getting men out of jail, not for getting them in.

When people look for trouble, some sort of esoteric intuition leads them right to the spot.

Perhaps that Ontario hen that laid its egg at the bottom of a well was advised to lay low.

"Dr. Wendel declares that men are more beautiful than women." Doctor, you make us blush.

Roquette, the Paris swindler, was once a waiter. The processes of evolution are slow, but sure.

No woman would ever agree to the proposition of not saying anything until she had something to say.

Padrewski's wife has paid \$7,500 for four chickens. The curious thing about it is that she didn't get them in a fashionable restaurant.

"Ohio Scientist Dies in Gratemala While Studying Flora," reads a headline in an exchange. Flora must have resented his inquisitiveness.

A Louisiana Congressman read an original poem of eight stanzas in the House the other day and escaped unharmed. The other members escaped first.

Mrs. Gould says she has had all the matrimony she wants. She ought to remember, however, that there are some much better brands than the kind she tried.

A widower in Louport, N. J., married his housekeeper in order to keep her in the family. He had a mistaken idea, perhaps, that he was doing something striking and novel.

That suppressed excitement in agricultural circles grows out of two startling facts. Long Island farmers have organized a potato trust, and a California Chinaman has produced an odorless onion.

Perhaps the new gun that shoots 2,000,000 bullets an hour will be a useful adjunct to higher civilization, but it doesn't appear as if there would be much left for it to shoot at after the first hour or so.

The Washington bank president convicted under the pure-food law of selling a headache cure containing dangerous drugs, blames the President for his conviction. Mr. Roosevelt's friends sincerely hope he is guilty.

"He never said, 'Go, boys,' but always 'Come, boys,'" was the splendid eulogy that Bishop Potter pronounced over the body of a New York fireman who lost his life on duty. But such heroism as his is not unusual in the fire department, for it is true, as the chief of the brave man says, that every fireman knows that he risks his life at every big fire, and does his duty in spite of it.

It has been supposed that smoking makes slaves of its victims that they rarely seek to lighten the yoke. National figures in regard to the tobacco industry indicate the contrary. When the financial panic of last October appeared, the production of cigars decreased a hundred and forty-six millions in a single month, and in December dropped off to the extent of another hundred million. The manufacture of cigarettes was also greatly lessened. There was evidently a desire to economize, if not to break off the habit.

Vaierlan Gribayedoff, who died recently in Paris, was called "the father of newspaper illustration." The practice of illustrating news articles was, of course, common to many weekly papers long before Mr. Gribayedoff reached New York in the early eighties; but it was he who first saw and mastered the difficulty of making illustrations for the dailies, and his work gave an enormous impetus to what may be called the graphic reporting of news. Through no fault of the distinguished Russian artist, his innovation also gave impetus, if not origin, to a new kind of "faking"—the "illustration" drawn from telegraphic reports, which, as the New York Nation remarks, might as well be drawn from the imagination. Many of the day might profitably study the faithful work and the admirable skill which Mr. Gribayedoff put into his drawings.

Judge Whitman declares that in his judicial experience he never knew a hardened criminal to reform, and he cites the chaplain of one of the great State prisons as admitting that all efforts to save habitual criminals are wasted. Judge Whitman even fixes 30 as the age after which the hope of reformation is groundless, and any extension of mercy a mistake. He insists that our treatment of hardened criminals is far too easy for the protection of the public from them, and for the mistaken good nature of our jurors he blames the system which allows so long a time to elapse between the commission of a crime and the trial of the men arrested for it. His illustration is the overcrowded Tombs prison in Manhattan, but he exempts the District Attorney of New York County from responsibility for the condition there. The effect of the delay is to make people forget the crime, so that when the trial comes the one personal appeal in the case is of sympathy for the prisoner who must face a long term in prison, or perhaps the electric chair, if the jury is severe with him. If trials could be held when the crime was still fresh enough in the public mind to excite horror, Judge Whitman believes that our verdicts would be far less foolishly soft-hearted and the protection of society from men whose only source of

Income is through crime would be far greater.

In an address on "Education in England" the Hon. Whitelaw Reid said that although a good many so-called "frills" are provided by the English elementary schools, they are not permitted to take the place of essentials. "Whatever else a London child may learn at a 'provided school' (in American parlance, a common school), he must and does learn to read, write and cipher." "Nothing is apt to strike an American more, when he comes to know the product of English elementary schools, than their thoroughness in these essentials." Thoughtful Americans are struck by the success of European elementary schools in teaching essentials, because they are accustomed to a considerable lack of success in this respect on the part of American schools. It is a pardonable breach of confidence to say that the "Companion" receives many letters, the substance of which shows that the writers are intellectually alert and have been to school, but which are inaccurate and essentially "uneducated" in style and spelling. There is no reason for desperate lamentation over the fact, and this is not the place to suggest revisions of the school system or to offer technical advice on education; but it is important to insist on the fact, and to keep it continuously before the minds of parents and teachers. European schools are harassed by many problems of administration and ownership from which America has always happily been free. We have plenty of money to pay for good schools; in almost every community the taxpayer gives the school committee what it asks for. Yet notwithstanding the freedom and generosity which our schools enjoy, they do not succeed as they should, and we have many lessons to learn from the common schools of the enlightened parts of Europe. Improvement will surely come if all questions of school administration and system are based upon the postulate that the business of the common schools is above all things to teach all children to read, to write, to cipher.

LETTING GO OF A GRUDGE To a writer for the New York Times a French soldier expresses his amazement at the ability of the British soldier to shake hands with his enemy after a fight, whether he is conquered or a conqueror. He declares that the Latin races have little of this virtue that they hardly understand its existence.

One day the Frenchman, who was in South Africa during the Boer war, saw two British officers walking through the camp with a Boer, all three engaged in earnest conversation. He turned aside so as not to have to salute one who, he supposed, had come to give information in regard to the Boer outposts. Presently he met one of the two officers.

"Be sure to be on time for luncheon," said the Englishman. "We're going to make a noble spread for the Boer you saw with us."

The Frenchman's anger broke out. He declared that he would not sit at meat with a traitor.

"Who's a traitor?" retorted the officer, much amazed. "The poor man's captured, and he's had such beastly bad luck, we thought a lunch would cheer him up."

"From that day," remarked the Frenchman afterward, "I saw what made the British great. The Boer war was carried on with the bitterest feelings between the two nations. To see the English now, building up the country in the same spirit that moved the officers of that regiment, is a wonder to us Latins."

"We do not forget and forgive easily. When my Italian friends are annoyed with me, they still reproach me with the murder of Conrad of Hohenstaufen by Charles of Anjou in eleven hundred and something."

The Uglier. I met her while crossing the street. Her cheeks had a wonderful glow. She is pretty and stylish and neat. Her hair glances is a positive blow. For she screws up her features, as though

She hated the sight of a male. And I shrink—judging inquiry will show She is merely adjusting her veil.

To see her at home is a treat. That only she can bestow: At the play she is perfectly sweet. But abroad she's the picture of woe. See her lips, how they twist to and fro! Is she suffering pain? Is she pale With physical anguish? Not so— She is merely adjusting her veil.

If she sticks out her tongue when you meet. Don't think you're insulted, and go. If she gasps like a fish in the heat Don't run for assistance—go slow. With practice, you'll probably grow Quite hardened, and not even quail At the sight, but may tell yourself, "Oh, She is merely adjusting her veil!"

On the levellest countenance, lo! This hideous serpent must trail. Is it toothache? Mumps? Chewing gum? No— She is merely adjusting her veil!

The Time for Disappearing. The seamy side of modern inventions is touched upon in the Toronto Globe story below:

An old fisherman was rowing in his boat one day when an automobile canoe sprang a leak near him, and immediately sank.

To the indignation of the canoe's occupants, the old man paid no heed to them, but rowed calmly on his way. However, the wrecked canoeists managed to swim to him, and as they clambered into his boat, one of them spluttered:

The Firm of Girdlestone

BY A. CONAN DOYLE

CHAPTER XII.—(Continued.) "Cut down! You don't mean to say you are paid in proportion to the rottenness of the ships?"

"There ain't no use makin' a secret of it among friends," said Miggs. "That's just how the land lies with us. A voyage or two back I spoke to Mr. Girdlestone, and I says to him, says I, 'Give the ship an overhauling,' says I. 'Well and good,' says he, 'but it will mean so much of your wage,' says he, 'and the mate's wage as well.' I put it to him straight and strong, but he stuck at that. So Sandy and me, we put our heads together, and we 'greed it was better to take fifteen pounds and the risk, than come down to twelve pounds and safety."

"It is scandalous!" cried Tom Dimsdale hotly. "I could not have believed it." "It's done every day, and will be while there is insurance money to be gained," said Miggs. "It's an easy thing to turn a few thousands a year while there are old ships to be bought, and offices which will insure them above their value. There was D'Arcy Campbell, of the Silvertown—what a trade that man did! He was smart! Collisions was his line, and he worked 'em well. There warn't a skipper out of Liverpool as could get run down as natural as he could."

"Get run down?" "Aye, he'd go lolloping about in the Channel if there was any fog on, steering for the lights of any steamers or headin' round for all the fog whistles if it was too thick to see. Sooner or later, he'd be sure as fate, he'd get cut down to the water's edge. It was a fine game! Half a yard of print about his noble conduct in the newspapers, and maybe a leader about the British tar and unexpected emergencies. It once went the length of a subscription. Ha! ha!" Miggs laughed until he choked.

"And what became of this British star?" asked the German. "He's still about. He's in the passenger trade now."

"There's many a way that it's done, sir," the mate added. "There's loadin' a cranky vessel w' grain in bulk without usin' partition boards. If you get a little water in, as you are bound to do with a ship of that kind, the grain will swell and swell until it bursts the seams open, and down you go. Then there's ignition of coal gas aboard of steamers. That's a safe game, for nobody can deny it. And there are accidents to propellers. If the shaft of a propeller breaks in heavy weather it's a bad lookout. I've known ships leave the docks with their propellers half sawn through all round. There's no end of the tricks of the trade."

"I cannot believe, however," said Tom stoutly, "that Mr. Girdlestone connives at such things."

"He's on the watchin' lay," the seaman answered. "He doesn't send 'em down, but he just hangs on, and keeps his insurance up. He's had some good hauls that way, though not 'o' late. There was the Belgica at Cape Palmas. That was five thousand clear, if it was a penny. And the Scotcote—that was a bad business! She was never heard of, nor her crew. Went down at sea, and left no trace."

"The crew, too!" Tom cried, with horror. "But how about yourselves, if what you say is true?" "We are paid for the risk," said both the seamen, shrugging their shoulders. "But there are government inspectors?" "Ha! ha! I daresay you've seen the way some of them do their work," said Miggs.

Tom's mind was filled with consternation at what he had heard. If the African merchant was capable of such things, might he not be capable of? Was his work to be depended on under any circumstances? And what sort of firm must this be, which turned so fair a side to the world and in which he had embarked his fortune. All these thoughts flashed through his mind as he listened to the gossip of the graying old seamen. A greater shock still, however, was in store for him.

Von Baumer had been listening to the conversation with an amused look upon his good-humored face. "Ah!" said he, suddenly striking in, "I will tell you something of your own firm which perhaps you do not know. Have you heard that Mr. Ezra Girdlestone is about to be married?"

"To be married!" "Oh, yes; I've heard it this morning at Eckermann's office. I think it is the talk of the city."

"Who's the gal?" Miggs asked, with languid interest. "I disremember her name," von Baumer answered. "It is a girl the major has met—the young lady who has lived in the same house, and is what they call a warder."

"Not—not his ward?" cried Tom, springing to his feet and turning as white as a sheet. "Not Miss Harston? You don't tell me that he is going to marry Miss Harston?" "That is the name. Miss Harston it is, sure enough."

"It is a lie—an infamous lie!" Tom cried, hotly. "So it may be," von Baumer answered serenely. "I do but say what I have heard, and heard more than once on good authority."

"If it is true there is villainy in it," cried Tom, with wild eyes, "the blackest villainy that ever was done upon earth. I'll go—I'll see him to-night. I shall know the truth!" He rushed furiously downstairs and through the bar. There was a cab near the door. "Drive into London!" he cried; "to Eccleston square. I am on fire to be there!" The cabman sprang on the box, and they rattled away as fast as the horse would go. Long before reaching No. 69 he had opened the door and was standing upon the step. The instant that the cab pulled up he sprang off, and rang loudly at the great brass bell which flanked the heavy door.

"Is Mr. Girdlestone in?" he asked, as a maid appeared at the door. "No, sir." "Miss Harston, is she at home?" he said excitedly. "No, sir. They have both gone away."

"Gone away!" "Gone into the country, sir. And Mr. Ezra, too, sir."

"And when are they coming back?" he asked, in bewilderment. "They are not coming back." "Impossible!" Tom cried in despair. "What is their address then?" "They have left no address. I am sorry I can't help you. Good-night, sir."

Tom Dimsdale stood upon the doorstep looking blankly into the night. He felt dazed and bewildered. What fresh villainy was this? Was it a confirmation of the German's report, or was it a contradiction of it? Cold beads stood upon his forehead as he thought of the possibility of such a thing. "I must find her," he cried, with clenched hands, and turned away heart-sick into the turmoil and bustle of the London streets.

CHAPTER XIII. Rebecca, the fresh-complexioned waiting maid, was still standing behind the ponderous hall door, listening, with a smile upon her face, to young Dimsdale's breasting footsteps, when another and a brisker tread caught her ear coming from the opposite direction. The smile died from her face, and her features assumed a peculiar expression, in which it would be hard to say whether fear or pleasure predominated. She passed her hands over her face and smoothed her hair with a quick, nervous gesture, glanced down at the same time at her snowy apron and the bright ribbons which set it off. Whatever her intentions may have been, she had no time to improve upon her toilet before a key turned in the door and Ezra Girdlestone stepped into the hall. As he saw her shadowy figure, for the gas was low, he uttered a hoarse cry of surprise and fear, and staggered backwards against the door post.

"Don't be afraid, Mister Ezra," she said, with a smile. "It's only me."

"What makes you stand about like that? You gave me quite a turn."

"I didn't mean to do it. I've only just been answering of the door. Why, surely you've come in before now and found me in the hall without making much account of it."

"Ah, lass, answered Ezra, "my nerves have had a shake of late. I've felt queer all day, and how my hand shakes."

"Well, I'm blessed!" said the girl with a titter, turning up the gas. "I never thought to see you afraid of anything. Why, you look as white as a sheet!"

"There, that's enough!" he answered roughly. "Well, are they gone?" "Yes, they are gone," she answered, standing by the side of the couch, on which he had thrown himself. "Your father came about three with a cab, and took her away."

"She didn't make a fuss?" "Make a fuss? No, why should she? There's fuss enough made about her, in all conscience. Oh, Ezra, before she got between us you was kind to me at times. You could stand harsh words from you six days a week, if there was a chance of a kind one on the seventh. But now—now what notice do you take of me?" She began to whimper and to wipe her eyes with a little discolored pocket handkerchief.

"Drop it, woman, drop it!" cried her companion testily. "I want information, not sniveling. She seemed reconciled to go."

"Yes, she went quiet enough," the girl said with a furtive sob. "Did you hear my father say anything as to where they were going?" "I heard him tell the cabman to drive to Waterloo station."

"Nothing more?" "No."

"Well, if he won't tell you, I will. They have gone down to Hampshire, my lass. Bedsword is the name of the place, and it is a pleasant little corner near the sea. I want you to go down there as well to-morrow."

"Want me to go?" "Yes, they need some one who is smart and handy to keep house for them. There is some old woman already, I believe, but she is old and useless. I warrant you wouldn't take long getting things shipshape. My father intends to stay down there some little time with Miss Harston."

"And how about you?" the girl asked, with a quick flash of suspicion in her dark eyes. "I'm not troubled about me. I shall stay behind and mind the business. Some one must be on the spot. I think Cook and Jane and William ought to be able to look after me among them."

"And I won't see you at all?" the girl cried, with a quiver in her voice. "Oh, yes, you shall. I'll be down from Saturday to Monday every week, and perhaps often. If business goes well I may come down and stay for some time. Whether I do or not may depend upon you."

Rebecca Taylorforth started and uttered an exclamation of surprise. "How can it depend upon me?" she asked eagerly. "Well," said Ezra, in a hesitating way, "it depends upon whether you are a good girl, and do what you are told or not. I am sure that you would do anything at all to serve me, would you not?" "You know very well that I would, Mister Ezra. When you want anything done you remember it, but if you have no use for me then there is never a kind look on your face, and a kind word from your lips. I could stand the blow you gave me, and forgive you for it, from my heart, but oh! it cut me to the very soul to be standing by and waiting while you were making up to another woman. It was more than I can bear."

"Yes, I will go."

"There's a good lass. Give us a kiss, my girl. You have the right spirit in you. I'll let you know when the train goes to-morrow, and I will write to you, father to expect you. Now, off with you, or you'll have them gossiping downstairs. Good-night!"

"Good-night, Mister Ezra," said the girl, with her hand upon the handle of the library door. "You've made my heart glad this night. I live in hope—ever in hope."

"I wonder what she hopes about," the young merchant said to himself as she closed the door behind her. "Hopes I'll marry her, I suppose. She must be of a very sanguine disposition. A girl like that might be invaluable down at Bedsword. If we had no other need for her, she would be an excellent spy."

He lay for some little time on the couch with bent brow and pursed lips, musing over the possibilities of the future.

While this dialogue had been going on in the library of Eccleston square, Tom Dimsdale was still vying his way home-wards with a feeling of weight in his mind and a presentiment of misfortune which overshadowed his whole soul. In vain he assured himself that this disappearance of Kate's was but temporary, and that the rumor of an engagement between her and Ezra was too ridiculous to be believed for a moment. Argue it as he would, the same dead, horrible feeling of impending trouble weighed upon him. Impossible as it was to imagine that Kate was false to him, it was strange that on the very day that this rumor reached his ears she should disappear from London. How bitterly he regretted now that he had allowed himself to be persuaded by John Girdlestone into ceasing to communicate with her. He began to realize that he had been duped, and that all these specious promises as to a future consent to their union had been so many baits to amuse him while the valuable present was slipping away. What could he do now to wait for the morrow, and see whether the senior partner would appear at the office. If he did so, the young man was determined to have an understanding with him.

So downcast was Tom that, on arriving at Phillimore Gardens he would have slipped off to his room at once had he not met his burly father upon the stairs. "Bed!" roared the old man upon hearing his son's proposition. "Nothing of the sort, sir. Come down into the parlor. Your mother has been waiting for you all the evening."

(To be continued.)

ELEPHANTS ATTACK MISSIONS.

One of the inconveniences of Farming in Central America.

The Rev. Mr. Grantham, in charge of the Wesleyan mission at Lomagundi, sends particulars of a raid made by a herd of elephants, which resulted in the loss of life, according to the Rhodesia Herald.

He says: "I shall be glad if you will make known through the medium of your paper the following incident and my comments on it in the hope that public sentiment may be aroused against a condition of things in which many suffer for the sake of a fad of a few, who share none of the misery that their hobby inflicts upon others. In May last the native gardens on this farm suffered serious damage from the incursion of a troop of elephants that visited seven nights in succession. In this respect we are not the only sufferers, for I am constantly hearing of the same kind of thing throughout the neighborhood. We have no lawful means of protecting our crops, and applications for damages are ignored."

"On Friday morning two old natives and a picanna, who had been sleeping in a skerm erected in the lands, awoke to find that ten full grown elephants and three calves were within a few yards of where they lay. The natives fled in terror, pursued by one of the beasts, which was apparently enraged at the sight of human beings in such close proximity to the calves. The picanna was just on the point of being tusked, but saved himself by rushing on hands and knees through the branches of a fallen tree. The elephant tossed these aside, and continued in pursuit of the old men. One escaped, but the other was overtaken in about 100 yards, and the vicious beast transfixed him through the back, the protruding tusk plowing deeply into the soil.

"The furious animal then proceeded to rip its victim to pieces, splitting one leg from buttock to calf and an arm from shoulder to wrist. He just lived long enough to urge his friend to fly back to the kraal, or no one would be left to tell the tale.

"We are told that in strict self-defense they may be fired upon. Are we then to wait until one of the brutes is in the act of charging upon us ere we pull a hasty trigger, which is more likely than not to be our last? And what is the use of firing at an angry elephant when several others are standing by ready to take up the cause of their companion if it falls?

"It is popularly supposed that elephants will not attack a human being unless they are molested by him; but they will invariably do so if the herd contains any calves. A price is set upon the head of lions—beasts that rarely initiate an attack upon human beings, and whose depredations are generally confined to cattle kraals and spans of donkeys. Why, then, should elephants, which in this district are a much greater scourge than lions, be protected, and the killing of one be a criminal offense?"

Hard to Open. "Ritch, isn't he?" "Fabulously." "Where did he get it?" "He's the man who applied the car-window principle to doors of safes and safety deposit vaults, making them absolutely burglar-proof."—Houston Post.

Pa's Experience. Little Willie—Say, pa, what is a scheme? Pa—A scheme, my son, is something that usually fails through shortly after you invest money in it.

Quick Returns. Tomson—Was Dr. Puff's treatment of your rich uncle satisfactory? Johnson—Quite so. I came into the fortune recently.

The speed of the otter under water is lightning-like. No fish can get away from it.



Preparation of Seed Bed.

It is always a questionable practice to crop newly broken sod in a dry year. The sod usually contains but little moisture, and the process of breaking causes one to lose an appreciable portion of it. Says a Colorado bulletin, Suggestive plan: Plow sod land not less than three nor more than five inches deep, turning sod down as flat as possible, and thus prevent its drying out too soon. Follow as closely with disc harrow as practicable, and this with some form of pack, either single or double roll. This will level the sod land above, and firm the soil in the lower portion of the furrow slice, restoring the capillary water plowing has arrested it. This firm upper surface soil is thus enabled to draw moisture from below and give good, normal root development. Follow up the packer with either an acme or a good smoothing harrow to produce a good earth mulch to arrest surface capillarity and check evaporation of soil moisture. Follow with the seeder. All small grain should be drilled in with a press-wheel drill, followed up with a good spike-toothed or smoothing harrow. It is almost essential that all tillage operations on sod be with the furrows rather than across them to avoid tearing up the sod and drying out your seed bed. Do not seed broadcast. Make each tillage operation thorough—plowing, disking, harrowing, harrowing and seeding.

When the new crop is up, cross harrow to prevent the formation of a crust, and giving the young crop a cultivation. Follow up each rain with a good harrowing as long as character of crop will permit.

Early in June prepare seed bed for the fall and following spring's seeding. Try to hereafter seed only on ground which has been given "summer culture" treatment.

Remember that roots of all cultivated crops make their best growth when you provide:

- A firm mellow. A warm mellow. Soil well supplied with plant food. A ventilated. A moist. Methods of farming which (a) conserve the moisture, (b) prepare a good seed bed, (c) reduce the evaporation to as near the minimum as possible, (d) use good vital acclimated seed, (e) employ a crop rotation which has stock foods prominent, contain at least one money crop (f) and practice thorough tillage of the ground, often tide the farmer over bad years and insure his success in good years.

Electrocuting Animals. The slaughtering of animals for food by electrocution is being experimented by Dr. Leduc, a French scientist, who has been conducting his investigations in the French abattoirs. He has been using the intermittent low-tension currents and says he is satisfied that the system is painless, the central functions of perception being first destroyed and then those of circulation and respiration, so that there is neither suffering nor reaction in the animals thus killed. The doctor is endeavoring to devise some piece of apparatus by which the killing of cattle may be accomplished by electricity with economy and celerity.

Feed for Horses. A colt or horse will live and develop on good hay alone. He will thrive better on a two-third ration of hay and the rest straw. If given a ration of oats with these he will still do better. If this grain ration will be changed occasionally to corn and bran, ground barley, etc., the advantages of a mixed ration will be strongly in evidence.

Dairy Jottings. Stock needs plenty of light. Insufficient light in the barn makes the place unhealthy. Calves need salt as much as older stock, and it is a mistake not to keep it before them at all times. If the teats of the cow have a tendency to be sore or dry, rub a little pure vasoline on them. The Iowa State Dairy Commission has discovered that it takes from 6 to 12 cents to make a pound of butter. One writer estimated that \$100 worth of butter bears off from the soil less of its valuable elements than 5 cents' worth of hay. When confined to the stable cows should be watered at least twice a day. The water should be clean and the chill taken from it. Grooming does much to quiet the cow and gain her confidence, and experiments show that from 2 1/2 to 8 per cent may be gained in milk and fat production by regular grooming. A case is related of a valuable cow being cured of a bad case of bloat, produced from eating apples, by a dose of two tablespoonfuls of gunpowder. The same remedy also cured a bad case caused by dry clover.

It never pays to use a cheap grade of salt in butter. If you have barrel salt for table use, buy a little fine salt to be used, especially in salting the butter. Barrel salt is too coarse and dissolves too slowly to make good butter salt. Some cows are not good for much except to raise calves. The quantity of milk is all right, and it seems to fatten calves as well as that which is butter fat. A poor quality of milk also seems to make hogs thrive, but it won't make butter.

The cow's body is warmed by the food it consumes, and if through exposure to cold or rain the temperature of the body is reduced, more food is required to keep up the inside warmth, and if the demand for food fuel is kept up, little or none is left for milk production.

Remedy for Brittle Hoofs. For brittle hoofs in a horse—even when so brittle that they will not hold a shoe—the following is reported as an excellent remedy: Two parts oil of tar with one part balsam of fir, mixed and applied every other night to the extreme top of hoof. One who has tried it says that in six weeks he cured completely a case as above.

Hog Raising in Siberia. Efforts have been made in Siberia to improve and extend the breeding of swine, with a view to make the animals and the pork products an article for exportation. The vast Siberian plains offer favorable conditions for raising swine stock, among which the cheap grain and the plentiful residue of the butter production are particularly important. The Siberian stock raisers have now commenced to conserve the pork and intend to sell it in foreign markets.