

## Topics of the Times

"Boy in Black Hand Peril," says the headlines. Never knew one that was not.

Getting out of bed in the morning is often the hardest part of a day's work.

There are lawyers in Congress who will continue to sacrifice their business for \$7,500 a year.

"Miss Helen Gould is closing up some of her favorite charities." Why doesn't she begin with some she doesn't like so much?

As to the startling rumor that the north pole is moving southward, in what other direction could it possibly move?

What is this country coming to, anyway? Down at Washington somebody has accused postmasters of not earning their salaries.

A war cloud has appeared over Central America, this being the regular time, according to the schedule for a war cloud to appear there.

If Evelyn can have her name changed back to Nesbit she will, to that extent at least, earn our thanks as a people for lessening the number of Thaws.

Probably Kaiser Wilhelm has millions of loyal subjects who would be willing to take his job and try to worry along uncomplainingly on \$4,000,000 a year.

Secretary Straus is fostering the export of one article in which a balance of trade favorable to the United States is exceedingly important and has never existed. This article is anarchists.

The German emperor hints that he would like to have his salary as King of Prussia increased; but there seems to be no probability that he will go on strike in case his demand is refused.

Up to date it is estimated that Count Boni de Castellane has set the Gould family back about \$3,000,000. Considered as an investment, Count Boni is the most unprofitable one the Goulds ever made.

Ships a thousand feet long are promulgated within a few years. A firm of Irish ship-builders is making preparations to lay the keel of such a vessel next year. The biggest ships now afloat are less than eight hundred feet long.

"Southern women," says John D. Rockefeller, "are the handsomest in the world." John D. proposes to spend most of his time in the South after this, and it appears that in addition to the ability he has as a financier he is a good deal of a diplomat.

In a case in which a suit for damages was brought against a corporation for negligence resulting in the death of a child, a New York jury determined upon its verdict by tossing up a coin. For this travesty of the duties of judgment imposed on them the judge fined the jurors fifty dollars each.

It is a fine bit of chivalrous sentiment which leads President Roosevelt to decide that the next new battle ship in the United States navy shall be named the "Florida." Young Senator Bryan requested this action a few days before his fatal illness, and the President could have found no more fitting way in which to honor the memory of his brief career at Washington.

Boys all over the country will envy the pupils of a new school that has been opened in New York. The teacher is the clown of a large variety theater, who teaches professional clowning to bright boys and girls who are ready to study hard. Two hundred and fifty children are enrolled. The clown is so busy that he has to conduct his school by correspondence, but he expects to have a "graduation" and address the successful pupils. Meanwhile amateur clowning thrives in all the schools of the world.

Employers' liability, under English law, is a serious matter. When a workman is injured, even if the "accident" may be partly his own fault, he is entitled to receive a specified sum, based on his average earnings. If he dies as the result of his injury, his dependents receive as much as he would earn in three years. The question what a man's earnings was lately decided by the English court of appeal. A waiter in a restaurant on a railway was actually paid by his employers twenty-five shillings a week, but he usually received ten or twelve shillings a week more as "tips."

The court decided that his tips were a part of his earnings, although they did not come from his employers, who must pay to the dead waiter's heir one hundred and fifty-six times all that he earned in a week—about fourteen hundred dollars in all.

In a meeting of a prominent woman's club, one of the members made a humorous criticism on the character and performances of man, who, she said, significantly, was created immediately after the brutes. And in Current Literature for April there was a symposium by a lot of anonymous philosophers, such as a "street car conductor," a "temperance-house commissioner," and a "judge"—they were afraid or ashamed to give their names—who cheerfully express the opinion that women, as a sex, are wholly destitute of "honor." It is a singular freak of human nature that whenever a person becomes irritated by the character or conduct of another person the fault is ultimately attributed to the offending person's religion, nationality or sex. This blundering conclusion may be the result of prejudice against a certain religion, nationality or sex, or it may be the effect of sheer stupidity and ignorance. But if it

is not the result of prejudice it is sure to beget it. The harsh criticisms of women by men and men by women are to be viewed in this light. They betray an utter absence of close observation and reasoning. And where the criticisms are not just those they are to be deprecated, as tending to produce what are called "men haters" and "women haters," and to give false ideas of life.

The extension of the higher education for women has now so rapid that a college course is now virtually as open to girls as to boys. Thirty years ago a girl who was studying Greek or trigonometry was a sort of natural curiosity. Now out of forty-six June graduates of the Boston Girls' Latin School, forty-one are going to college, and they will find there two-thirds of their friends. At a certain table in the dining-room of an ocean steamer there were recently assembled, by mere chance, seven women belonging to four different parties. Of these seven women, six were college graduates, and the seventh had entered Vassar college with its earliest class, and studied there two years. During the voyage they made one another's acquaintance, and compared experiences, which covered a wide range, from this time of carefully arranged, uniform written entrance examinations for women's colleges, held each year at stated times in scores of towns all over the land, backward to the day when the candidates for admission to the first class at Vassar college, gathered in one room, answered in concert questions in Latin and mathematics and history. Getting into college forty years ago was easier than it is now, so far as intellectual requirements were concerned. But it took moral courage of a high order to break away from all traditions of a society which regarded a blue-stocking as both thresome and dangerous, and restricted feminine acquisitions to enough arithmetic for keeping the household accounts, and enough French to read "Corinne." But the new generation will have to beware lest, while many new regions are open to them, the old graceful fields and pastures fall into neglect. It was not well in the old days that a woman should have a heart and a conscience, but no head to rule the one or to enlighten the other. It would be even worse if the day should come when she had a head without a heart to quicken it or a conscience to restrain it.

### FOR BEAUTIFUL CITY YARDS.

Art of Landscape Gardening Not Yet Fully Appreciated in America. It is commonly assumed that landscape gardening has to do only with large areas; that you cannot afford to engage a first-class landscape designer for a city lot, and that there is no sense in spending more than \$100 on a back yard, says a writer in Country Life in America.

On the contrary, I maintain that 5 per cent of the entire cost of a house and lot ought to be spent on the grounds, and I believe that you cannot have an appropriate garden for less. Of course, you can get a lot 100 by 150 feet planned and planted for \$100 by a first-class nursery that has a landscape department, and the effect may be neat and pleasing, but your garden will not have personality. It is not enough that a place shall respect the laws of landscape art and have plenty of flowers throughout the season. It ought to be dominated by the spirit of a cultured personality, so that your visitors shall exclaim, "What an altogether lovely garden! And isn't it just like its owner!"

No matter how cultured your personality may be you cannot express that personality perfectly through the medium of trees and shrubs and flowers unless you have given years of study to these materials of landscape art and to the art itself. Landscape gardening is the eighth of the fine arts, differing from the classical seven only in presenting the actual living things, whereas the others represent life. There is no short cut to the fine arts. The only way in which you can express your personality perfectly in any of these arts is to get a great artist to help you. That way always comes high, and it ought to.

The reason why American gardening has not yet come up to the standard of the European is simply that we do not pay enough. We employ incompetent landscape designers or none; we beat the nurseryman down on his plans; we are not willing to pay a first-class gardener what he is worth. Yet we are "dead game" when it comes to yachts, automobiles, horses, dogs and houses. Why should not our wealthy men be equally willing to pay for good gardens?

I believe they will. These things are all parts of the same outdoor life. The more self-respect a man has, the more he values his family life, and the more willing he is to spend as much on his outdoor living room as on one of his indoor rooms.

### The Turret Battery.

Early in the nineteenth century, in 1812, Colonel John Stevens conceived the idea of the construction of an iron plated vessel of war with a saucer shaped hull, propelled by screws so arranged as to give a rotary motion to the structure. The battery was to be of the heaviest ordnance of the time and the plating heavy enough to resist the shot of the main guns at short range. The main purpose of the craft was harbor defense, and the plan of action was to moor the vessel by a chain leading down through the bottom of the ship at its center and to spin it around this center, firing gun after gun as it came in the line of fire, thus anticipating the later Timby turret, which in turn was the germ of the modern monitor armored. Such a vessel was actually built half a century later by the Russian government and was a good representative of the first Stevens battery.—Cassier's Magazine.

### Bad to Lean On.

All those who borrow have been shown. It seldom recompensed them. And that 'tis hard to stand alone. When there's a lien against them.—Kansas City Times.

There are mighty few people who don't occasionally tell stories.

## The Firm of Girdlestone

BY A. CONAN DOYLE

### CHAPTER XV.

When supper was over the crone, who was addressed by Girdlestone as Jorrocks, led the way upstairs and showed Kate to her room. If the furniture of the dining room had been Spartan in its simplicity, this was even more so, for there was nothing in it save a small iron bedstead, much rusted from want of use, and a high wooden box on which stood the simplest toilet requisites. In spite of the poverty of the apartment Kate had never been more glad to enter her luxurious chamber at home. The little carpetless room was a haven of rest where she would be left, for one night at least, to her own thoughts. As she lay, however, she could hear far away the subdued murmur of Girdlestone's voice and the shrill tones of the old woman. They were in deep and animated converse. Though they were too far distant for her to distinguish a word, something told her that their talk was about herself, and the same instinct assured her that it bodied her little good.

When Kate awoke in the morning it was some little time before she could realize where she was, or recall the events which had made such a sudden change in her life. The small window of her apartment was covered by a dirty muslin blind. She rose, and, drawing the blind aside, looked eagerly out. From that she had seen the night before had she had hoped that this prison to which she had been conveyed might make amends for its loneliness by some degree of natural beauty. The scene which now met her eyes soon dispelled any expectations of the sort. The avenue with its trees lay to the right of the house. From her window nothing was visible but a dreary expanse of bogland and mudbanks, stretching down to the sea. At high tide this enormous waste of dreariness and filth was covered by the water, but at present it lay before her in all its naked hideousness, the very type of dullness and of desolation. Here and there a few scattered reeds, or an unhealthy green scum upon the mud, gave a touch of color to the scene, but for the most part the great plain was all of the same sordid mud tint, with its monotony broken only by the white flecks where the swarms of gulls and kieweaks had settled in the hope of picking up whatever had been left by the receding tide. Away across the broad surface a line of sparkling foam marked the fringe of the ocean, which stretched away to the horizon.

A mile or two to the eastward of her Kate saw some sign of houses, and a blue smoke which flickered up into the air. "This she guessed to be the fishing village of Lee Claxton, which the driver had mentioned the night before. She felt as she gazed at the little hamlet, and the masts of the boats in front of it, that she was not alone in the world, and that even in this strange and desolate place there were honest hearts to whom as a last resource she could appeal.

She was still standing at the window when there came a knocking at the door, and she heard the voice of the old woman asking if she were awake. "Breakfast is ready," she said, "and the master is wondering why you aren't down."

On this summons Kate hastened her toilet and made her way down the old winding stair to the room in which they had supped the night before. Surely Girdlestone must have had a heart of flint, not to be melted by the sight of that fair, fresh face. His features set as hard as adamant as she entered the room, and he looked at her with eyes which were puckered and angry.

"You are late," he said coldly. "You must remember that you are not in Eccleston square. You are here to be disciplined, and disciplined you shall be."

"I am sorry," she answered. "I think I must have been tired by my journey." The vast room looked even more comfortable and bleak than on the preceding evening. On the table was a plate of ham and eggs. John Girdlestone served out portion, and pushed it in her direction. She sat down on one of the rough wooden chairs and ate listlessly, wondering how all this was going to end.

After breakfast Girdlestone ordered the old woman out of the room, and standing in front of the fire with his long legs apart and his hands behind his back, he told her in harsh concise language what his intentions were.

"I had long determined," he said, "that if you ran counter to my wishes, and persisted in your infatuated affection for that scapgrace, I should remove you to some secluded spot where you might reconsider your conduct and form better resolutions for the future. This country house answered the purpose admirably, and as an old servant of mine, Mrs. Jorrocks, has agreed to reside in the neighborhood, I had warned her that at any time I might come down and should expect to find things ready. Your rash and heartless conduct has, however, precipitated matters, and we have arrived before her preparations were complete. Our future arrangements will therefore be less primitive than they are at present. Here you shall remain, young lady, until you show signs of repentance, and of a willingness to undo the harm you have done."

"If you mean until I consent to marry your son, then I shall live and die here," she said bravely.

"That rests with yourself. As I said before, you are under discipline here, and you may not find existence such a bed of roses as it was in Eccleston square."

"Can I have my maid?" Kate asked. "I can hardly stay here with no one but the old woman in the house."

"Rebecca is coming down. I had a telegram from Ezra to that effect, and he will himself join us for a day or two, in each week."

"Ezra here!" Kate cried in horror. Her chief consolation through all her troubles had been that there seemed to be some chance of getting rid of her terrible visitor.

"And why not?" the old man asked angrily. "Are you so bitter against the lad as to grudge him the society of his own father?"

this dreary abode? She knew Ezra well, and was sure that he was not a man to alter his ways of life or suffer discomfort of any kind without some very definite object. It seemed to her that this was a new mesh in the net which was being drawn round her.

When her guardian had left the room Kate asked Mrs. Jorrocks for a sheet of paper. The crone shook her head and wagged her pendulous lip in derision. "Mister Girdlestone thought as you would be after that," she said. "There ain't no paper here, nor pens, neither, nor ink, neither."

"What, none! Dear Mrs. Jorrocks, do have pity on me, and get me a sheet, however old and soiled. See, here is some silver! You are very welcome to it if you will give me the materials for writing one letter."

Mrs. Jorrocks looked longingly with her eyes at the shining silver. To which the girl held out her hand. She shook her head. "I dursn't do it," she said. "It's as much as my place is worth."

"Then I shall walk down to Bedsworth myself," said Kate angrily. "I have no doubt that the people in the postoffice will let me sit there and write it."

The old hag laughed hoarsely to herself until the scratches of her withered neck stood out like whipcord. She was still chuckling and coughing when the merchant came back into the room.

"What then?" he asked sternly, looking from one to the other. He was himself constitutionally averse to movement, and he was irritated by others. "Why are you laughing, Mrs. Jorrocks?"

"I was laughing at her," the woman wheezed, pointing with tremulous fingers. "She was asking me for paper, and sayin' as she would go and write a letter at the Bedsworth postoffice."

"You must understand one for all," Girdlestone roared, turning savagely upon the girl, "that you are cut off entirely from the outer world. I shall give you no loophole which you may utilize to continue your intimacy with undesirable people. I have given orders that you should not be provided with either paper or ink."

Her heart sank within her, but she kept a brave face, for she did not wish him to see how his words had stricken her. She had a desperate plan in her head, which would be more likely to be successful could she but put him off his guard.

She spent the morning in her own little room. About one o'clock she heard the sound of wheels on the drive. Going down she found that it was a cart which had come from Bedsworth with furniture. There were carpets, a chest of drawers, tables, and several other articles, which the driver proceeded to carry upstairs, helped by John Girdlestone. The old woman was in the room. It seemed to Kate that she might never again have such an opportunity of carrying out the resolve which she had formed. She put on her bonnet and began to stroll listlessly about in front of the door, picking a few straggling leaves from the neglected lawn. Gradually she settled in the hope of picking up whatever had been left by the receding tide. Away across the broad surface a line of sparkling foam marked the fringe of the ocean, which stretched away to the horizon.

Oh, the joy of the moment when the great white house which had already become so hateful to her was obscured among the trees behind her! She had some idea of the road which she had traversed the night before. Behind her were all her troubles. In front the avenue gate, Bedsworth and freedom. She would send both a telegram and a letter to Dr. Dimsdale, and explain to him her exact position. If the kind-hearted and energetic physician once knew of it, he would take care that no harm befell her. She could return then, and face with a light heart the worst which her guardian could do to her. Here was the avenue entrance now, the high lichen-eaten stone pillars, with the battered device upon the top. The iron gate between was open, and in another moment would have been in the high road, when—

"Now then, where are you a-comin' to?" cried a gruff voice from among the bushes which flanked the gate.

The girl stopped all in a tremble. In the shadow of the trees there was a camp of some kind. She saw a man in a cap and in another moment would have been in the high road, when—

"My good man," she said in a trembling voice, for his appearance was far from reassuring, "I wish to go past and to get to Bedsworth. Here is a shilling, and I beg that you will not detain me."

"You have no right to detain me," he said, and he looked at her with a gruff and angry expression.

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but it was a useless attempt. Her lips trembled, her eyes filled, and with a cry of grief and despair which might have moved a wild beast, she fled to her room, and, throwing herself upon her bed, burst into such scalding tears as few women are ever called upon to shed.

### CHAPTER XVI.

It would be impossible to describe this suspense in which Tom Dimsdale lived during these weeks. In vain he tried in every manner to find some way of tracing the fugitives. He wandered aimlessly about London from one inquiry office to another, telling his story and appealing for assistance. He advertised in papers and cross-questioned every one who might know anything of the matter. There were none, however, who could help him, or throw any light upon the mystery. No one at the office knew anything of the movements of the senior partner. To all inquiries Ezra replied that he had been ordered by the doctors to seek complete repose in the country.

His father became seriously anxious about the young fellow's health. He ate nothing, and his sleep was much broken. Both the old people tried to inculcate patience and moderation. "There are no gains in the law at present," they were wont to say. "You are on the right side of the law at present and you will be on the wrong if you do anything rash. The girl could have written if she were uncomfortable."

"Ah, so she could. She must have forgotten us. How could she, after all that has passed?"

Let us hope for the best, let us hope for the best," the doctor would say soothingly. Yet it must be confessed that he was considerably staggered by the turn which things had taken. He had seen so much of the world in his professional capacity that he had become a very reliable judge of character. All his instincts told him that Kate Harrison was a true-hearted and well-principled girl. It was not in her nature to leave London and never to send a single line to her friends to tell them where or why she had gone. There must, he was sure, be some good reason for her silence, and this reason resolved itself into one of two things—either she was ill and unable to hold a pen, or she had lost her freedom and was restrained from writing to them. The last supposition seemed to the doctor to be the more serious of the two.

Had he known the instability of the Girdlestone firm, and the necessity they were under of getting ready money, he would at once have held the key to the enigma. He had no idea of that, but in spite of his ignorance he was deeply distrustful of both father and son. He knew and had often deplored the clause in John Harston's will by which the ward's money reverted to the guardian. Forty thousand pounds was a bait which might tempt even a wealthy man into crooked paths.

(To be continued.)

### THEY REGULATE THE CLIMATE.

#### Marvelous Machines Below Ground in the Great Metropolitan Hotels.

All the modern hotel buildings in New York have marvelous subterranean departments, says the Broadway Magazine. The rooms in all of them nowadays are cleaned by pneumatic flexible pipes attached to an outlet found in every room or hall and connecting by a series of pipes with vacuum pumps, which suck the impurities to the basement, where they are properly disposed of.

It is in the underground hotel world, too, that a step has been taken toward the goal which Howells' "Traveler from Altruria" long ago saw as attainable—the regulation of the temperature, the control of the climate. In the basement of these new palaces for transients you may see the thing in its initial operation. Here is a net work of coils and ducts, and beyond them the mouth of a giant air shaft. From 400 above the surface of the street, high above the dust and the germ line, the air is forced into that shaft. On the way down it encounters a room full of iron coils filled with a freezing brine. This icy stream runs steadily, its temperature maintained by the ammonia refrigerating plant, which is also the center of the hotel's cold-storage system. Blown through these frigid coils, the air is then sifted through filtering screens of very fine cheesecloth, arranged in racks which form a continuous V-shaped series. These the air strikes obliquely and thus chilled and purified is conducted through large closed canals into smaller ones. Thence it is funneled to the floors above, being there admitted to the rooms. On the roof of the building another fan sucks out the vitiated air.

These wonderful floors below the street in all the new hotels, would fill the average housewife's heart with wild admiration and despair. Here are marble floors, here are tiled ceilings and walls, here are glass and marble tables, here are galvanized-iron plate warmers, wonderful machines for washing and drying dishes, other wonderful machines for keeping silver spotless, special dumb waiters connecting with the dining rooms of the various private suites, all sorts of fires for all sorts of work, from charcoal broilers to gas-tubers. Everything is as beautifully clean as is the operating wards of the best hospitals. The cooks' white uniforms are as shining as the nurse's best aprons in well-kept wards. All this is enough to send the average woman to her home in a mood to regard her own kitchen as the limit of dirt, disorder, inconvenience and unhygienic. She, she must take the ice which the ice company elects to give her, pure or impure. She or her cook or her maid must patiently wash dishes and scour silver and mix bread by hand. A visit to this part of any one of the great hotels would be likely to convert half the home-keeping women of New York into an advocacy of hotel life.

### Tongue Tied Talkers.

How many educated people there are who have no more than a peasant's vocabulary. They do not use the words that a peasant uses, but they do not improve upon them. They still go on saying, "How amusing!" "How lovely!" "How nice!" to the end of the chapter. Nobody can be interesting who is always working a limited vocabulary.—British Weekly.

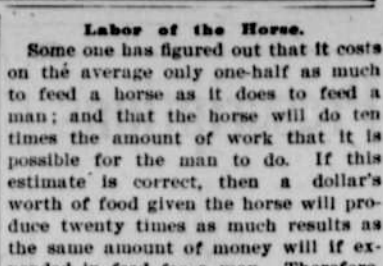


### LABOR OF THE HORSE.

Some one has figured out that it costs on the average only one-half as much to feed a horse as it does to feed a man; and that the horse will do ten times the amount of work that it is possible for the man to do. If this estimate is correct, then a dollar's worth of food given the horse will produce twenty times as much result as the same amount of money will if expended in feed for a man. Therefore, when man domesticated the horse he immensely increased his own power of securing results. When such farm work is to be done there should always be enough horses to do it. Farmers try to economize on the number of horses and have to leave much work undone. In the event of hired help being scarce, it is sometimes possible to offset this lack by increasing the number of horses kept. In some parts of the West and Northwest, declares the Farmers' Review, the scarcity of help has resulted in more horses being used. Five are hitched to a double plow, and one driver is thus enabled to turn two furrows at a time and practically double the work that one man has to do. This is the result of the complete utilization of horseflesh.

### Guide for Drag Saws.

A very simple method by which one man can manipulate a drag saw to cut down trees has been devised by a western timber man. In using these saws two men have heretofore been necessary, one at each end of the saw. According to the new invention, there is rested against a tree a rod from which is suspended a cord. At the end of the cord is an adjustable clamp, to which one end of the saw is secured. At the other end of the saw is a handle. In operating the saw to cut the tree, the end opposite the handle is supported by the cord in the same position as if operated by hand. With the employment of this guide the necessity of an extra man to manage one end of the saw is eliminated.



### AN ATTRACTIVE GATEWAY.

This rustic gateway, which was built at a small cost, may be worth imitating, modified, of course, to fit the surroundings. This one is between two cedar trees, and from it a winding path leads to a pretty rustic cottage. Such a gate would be entirely out of place at the entrance to a stately or formal building. The cuts give an idea as to how the gate is made. The two uprights and the cross-piece on the top are of locust. All the rest is of cedar. Parts of the smaller branches have been left on the pieces that go to fill up the gate. A gateway like this would not prove effective against pigs or chickens, but would turn larger animals. It is not only cheap and durable, but decidedly attractive, because

### Loss of Fertility by Leaching.

Land kept constantly as a garden loses much of its fertility by leaching. A clover rotation is the best preventive of this. There should be at least two or three garden spots on each farm kept rich enough so that one year's extra manuring will bring it into the finest possible condition for garden fruit. If farmers could always plant gardens on two-year clover sod they would raise better crops and with less stable manure and other fertilizers than they now require. The clover does much more than furnish green manure to ferment in the soil. Its roots reach down into the subsoil, thus not only saving and bringing to the surface plant food that would otherwise be wasted, but also by enlivening the subsoil, allowing the roots of crops to go deeper. Clover sod to begin with, if well enriched, is best for such crops as cucumbers and melons, that are always most likely to suffer from drought. It is quite impossible to make a good garden crop unless the land has previously been enriched by a series of heavy manurings. The fertility lost by leaching must be constantly renewed.

### A Feed Combine.

Feeding sheep and lambs for the market is very much of a lottery at best. It is the purpose of the feeder to buy thin stock and, after feeding it from sixty to ninety days, return it to market at a profit. This is the hope that impels him to put in his time and labor, else he would not do it. There are three important factors that enter into the operation. The cost of the sheep or lambs on the market, the price of the feed that is to make them fat, and the condition of the market when they are returned for slaughter. The first element is a known quantity, but the second and third are often a chance. They have proved to be very much of a chance this season. The original cost of the feeders was the greatest on record, feed was high and market conditions have not panned out as good as generally expected.—Drovers' Journal.

### Idaho Man Finds New Wheat.

A new variety of wheat has been discovered by a farmer living near Jullietta, Idaho. He says he found a few kernels of the wheat growing wild in Alaska, and being struck with their plumpness, hardness and other apparent good qualities, he brought home a few kernels and planted them. From those few kernels he harvested enough the first year to plant several square rods of ground the second year, the yield from this planting being at the rate of more than 100 bushels per acre, well-filled heads; the kernels are large, plump and hard and millers say it makes good flour.

### To Canvas Hams.

When hams are smoked, roll them in stiff paper, cut your brown muslin to fit them and sew it on with a large needle and twine; then make a mesh of flour and yellow ochre, and with a small whitewash brush cover them with it. Hang them up to dry.

### Poultry Notes.

Clean the droppings from under the roosts frequently. Buckwheat is excellent for both young and old poultry. A laying hen should have constant access to lime or gravel. Grit is the hen's teeth. Provide her with plenty of it, so that she may digest her food. If you expect the hen to lay freely, you must feed her the kind of stuff that will make eggs. Feed only what the hens will eat up clean. Any kind of feed left on one day to another is apt to start disease. Watching the incubator carefully is the way to get the best hatch. A little carelessness is sure to produce disastrous results. Charcoal or burned corn occasionally is a good conditioner for the fowls. It prevents indigestion and other diseases to which they are heir.

### The Curse of Weeds.

It is for the conservation of moisture that we keep up the cultivation of the crops in the summer, but the evaporation which can be checked by this means is small when compared with the amount of water taken up from the soil by an ordinary growth of weeds. We can hardly estimate the importance of killing the weeds.

### To Cool the Manure Heap.

When manure becomes heated and the odor of ammonia is noticed there is then a loss of valuable fertilizing substance—nitrogen. If the heat is very high force a crowbar down in the heap in several places and pour cold water in to reduce the temperature.

### If the Cow is Not by Nature a Heavy and Rich Milker.

One can prepare will not make her such. So with the hen. She will only return for food and attention up to her original capacity.