

Topics of the Times

Some rule is coming to Ireland, but it is not violating the speed limit.

The easiest way to a woman's heart now is to knock the people who are knocking the big hats.

The scientist who says a man gets a new set of brains every sixty days evidently aims to please.

It would be much easier for some men to practice what they preach if they would do less preaching.

The undertaker got the St. Paul man who fasted thirty-one days to "prove that mind is superior to matter."

There are men in every community who are too often influenced by the force of some other fellow's habit.

It is rarely that anybody but the prophet himself remembers the date he predicted the world would come to an end.

If all airplanes could be equipped with wings like those worn by the price of meat there would be something doing in aeronautics.

In order to marry the man of her choice a Texas woman has forfeited an estate of \$800,000. Hereafter let nobody ask what is love?

If those anarchists manage to plant a bomb under the New York Stock Exchange, it would be a good tip to buy stocks for a quick rise.

Possibly if the anarchists were compelled by law to take a bath every day, they would be glad to leave this country of their own free will.

We can imagine that after a man had lived a hundred and twenty years on sour milk he would feel that he had lived at least three hundred and twenty.

A New York man has been declared insane because he believes he is the greatest man living. And the strange part of it is that he doesn't even hold an office.

Donkibors are taking out their naturalization papers, and if they will only learn the folly of undressing in a snow bank when it is 40 below zero they may become fairly useful citizens.

Officials of the United States Steel Trust are to be deprived of bonuses hereafter and required to work merely for the salaries they get. This may result in further wholesale disposal of yachts.

Following the example of his master, a Chinese formerly employed by Luther Burbank has raised, so the story goes, no less a freak of nature than an odorless onion. If, as the report has it, the flavor has been retained, Western science must bow to Oriental subtlety.

Under the law, all immigrants who are admitted are on probation for three years. If in that time they become public charges, commit misdemeanors, or profess anarchism, they may be deported. The Department of Commerce and Labor intends to make practical application of this law, with the help of the police, to anarchists and others who pass the entrance examinations and later turn out badly.

Plans are maturing for the erection of a statue of Alexander Hamilton in Washington. It is rather curious that the intellectual prodigy whom Mr. Bryce characterizes as "the greatest constructive statesman of the nation" should be represented at the capital by no monument, when so many lesser men appear in marble or enduring bronze. Perhaps, however, it will be hard to make a monument which would overtop his own great work, the "Federalist."

After all, John Hay did write "The Breadwinners," a novel that had considerable vogue twenty-five years ago. It was published anonymously before the author had made a reputation as one of the greatest Secretaries of State the country ever had, and the secret was kept, although suspected, until at last Mrs. Hay has consented that the credit which belonged to her dead husband shall be given to him in an account of the book in "A Manual of American Literature," recently published.

Too little attention has been given to the effect of deforestation upon the water supply, and therefore the President, senators, congressmen and governors of States should carefully read and digest the resolutions sent them by the Union League Club of Chicago. Greatest stress has heretofore been laid upon the waste of timber which, unless it is stopped, will soon bring absolute want. The reason for this, of course, is that the financial loss that will be involved is readily grasped by even the dullest mind. But the destruction of forests that preserve the water resources of every section of the country and regulate the flow of streams will be productive of damage not less serious. When they are gone we shall be at the mercy of great floods, compared to which even the annual floods in the Ohio valley, due to deforestation of the mountains in which that river has its rise, will seem small. These will wipe out water power of inestimable value, render arid vast tracts of country now prosperous, injure agricultural lands and communities, and menace commercial and manufacturing industries in cities and towns on the banks of rivers. If the Ohio river floods destroy \$100,000,000 worth of property, as has been estimated, deforestation will result in the destruction of many times more. Congress should not only remove the tariff on paper and wood pulp, which furnishes one important reason for attacks on the forests, but should repeal the timber and stone act and create national

al forests in the White and Appalachian mountains and in the West.

An editorial in The Independent discusses the subject of "useless learning" and shows that all advanced learning may be considered useless on a strict test except for specialists. A student forgets his mathematics, his chemistry and his physics as he forgets his Latin and Greek. The value to him of any of these studies is occasional and indirect. What he gets from them is "simply a wider outlook and a larger breadth of life." If one of them is dead so are the others. "The defenders of Latin and Greek have no business to admit that they are at all more dead for practical purposes than the advanced study of biology or chemistry or astronomy." At least one well-known teacher of modern languages has argued that little can be said for their usefulness if we consider that term in connection with the ordinary demands of life. An American traveler would find French useful in France, but most Americans never see France, and those who have studied French in books are unable to make their reading knowledge count for much in conversation. On the other hand, a French waiter who comes to this country to live soon picks up enough English for his purposes. He is a specialist to that extent, but not an exemplar of the needs of an educational system. The truth is, as The Independent points out, that no scheme for a general education will stand the test of utility. When we turn to the special we pass from the general, and if we do not all want to become professors of Greek, neither do we want to become engineers. Hence the exclusion of the classics does not solve the puzzle, but leaves it to be considered in another form. This is not to say, however, that modern educational tendencies have not been productive of good. There have been some substantial gains, but by this time various extravagant claims that have been made should be pretty thoroughly discredited.

DANGER IN EARLY RISING.
Dulls Brain and Brings on Nervous Wrecks.
Somebody will have to revise the ancient proverb that "early to bed and early to rise make a man healthy, wealthy and wise." It does nothing of the sort. It makes him insane. Dr. Savary, the French scientist, said so to the members of the French Academy, and Dr. Forbes-Ross, in an interview, upheld the view of his French colleague. According to him, early rising makes for mental inefficiency. If we were allowed to go to sleep and to wake up when we liked, nervousness and half the ailments in the world would be abolished. It is only a plowman or a yokel who has no brain work to do who can rise early with impunity. But then, it is pointed out, he goes to bed at 8 in the evening. "People must have a healthy heart to rise early," said Dr. Forbes-Ross. "Many a person with a weak heart has jumped up, awaking early, and fallen back dead." "Few brain workers of any value get up early. One or two novelists boast that their best work is done in the early hours of the morning—but, then, they don't say how they rest for the remainder of the day." "If a man wakes up and remains awake for some time, he should then get up. But if he is awakened before his sleep is exhausted, the tendency is to go to sleep again. And this shows that forced early rising is wrong." "No man should be forced to get out of bed at 6:30, have to be idle half the day, finish with a hard spurt, and then be dragged out of bed again in the early morning." "Ninety per cent of the early risers end by suffering from insomnia. And many of them get the habit because they can not sleep. They are like the fox in the fable. They want everybody else to follow their pernicious example."

Finally, Dr. Forbes-Ross declares that "a man who wakes up of his own accord will do double the work of the man who forces himself to get up early. The thick-headed, sleepy clerk is the man who gets to the office first in the morning. He is not worth his wages. The brightest man is the man who is late because he has overslept himself."

HIS CHARGE.
The one special charge which Mrs. Locke gave her husband on the eve of her departure for a fortnight's visit to a friend was her fern—her beautiful, wide-spreading fern. "Don't forget it while I'm away visiting, will you, Henry?" she pleaded; and Mr. Locke answered that the fern should be forever on his mind till she returned.

Thereafter, when on the evening of her arrival she noticed with a start that the fern was not in its accustomed place, she turned reproachful eyes on her husband.

"Now, my dear, let me tell you," said Mr. Locke, glibly, "if ever a man kept his word, I did. That fern was on my mind day and night. I scarcely ever forgot it. I watered it—oh, I must have watered it four or five times the first two days. I wanted to be sure it had enough." "Then the water began to run out of the saucer, so I left it alone—entirely untouched, my dear, for the next three or four days, just as you would treat a person who had over-eaten."

"Then when it began to look a trifle dry I watered it again, very faithfully; but it began to look curious, very curious. So I just took it round to the florist, and he said he'd better look after it for a week or so."

"He told me that both Jennings and Wilkinson had brought their wives' ferns to him the day before—same kind as yours. He says ferns are something like children—they miss the person they are used to, my dear."

"I think very likely they do," said his wife, dryly.—Youth's Companion.

There are so many people in the world of the kind who discover that you have gray hairs coming in your head.

The Firm of Girdlestone

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

CHAPTER XVII.—(Continued.)
This last appeal of Kate's was in answer to an expression of incredulity and doubt which had passed over the face of the lady below. It was successful in its object, for the ring of truth with which she spoke and the look of anxiety and terror upon her face were too genuine to be mistaken. The lady drew her rein so as to bring the carriage as near the wall as was possible without losing sight of Kate's face.

"My dear," she said, "you may safely tell me everything. Whatever I can do to help you shall be done, and where I am powerless there are others who are my friends and may be of assistance. Scully is my name—Mrs. Lavinia Scully of London. Don't cry, my poor girl, but tell me all about it, and let us see how we can put matters right."

Thus encouraged, Kate wiped away her tears which had been brought to her eyes by the unbidden sound of a friendly voice. Leaning forward as far as she could, and preventing herself from falling by passing her arm round a great branch which shot across the top of the shed, she gave the lady a full and detailed account of all that had befallen her. She described her guardian's anxiety that she should marry his son, her refusal, their sudden departure from London, her life at the Priory, the manner in which she was cut off from all human aid, and the reasons which made her believe that she would be able to escape upon her life. In conclusion, she narrated the scene which had occurred that very morning, when her guardian had tempted her to commit suicide. The only incident which she omitted from her story was that which had occurred the night before, for she felt that it might put too great a tax upon Mrs. Scully's credulity. Indeed, looking back at it she almost persuaded herself that the sight which she had seen might be some phantom conjured up by her own imagination, weakened as she was in mind and body.

Having concluded her narrative, she wound up by imploring her new-found friend to assist her by letting her friends in London know what had become of her and where she was. Mrs. Scully listened with a face which expressed alternately the most profound pity and the most burning indignation. When Kate had finished she sat silent for a minute or more entirely absorbed in her own thoughts. She switched her whip up and down viciously, and her usually placid countenance assumed an expression so fierce that Kate, looking down at her, feared that she had given her offense. When she looked up she said to the future, "I am glad to hear that you are well, and that you are so pleasantly situated. The poor girl was reassured, and felt instinctively that she had really found a true and effective friend at last."

"We must act promptly," she said, "for we do not know what they may be about, or what their plans are for the future. Who did you say your friends were?"

"Dr. Dimsdale, of Phillimore Gardens, Kensington."

"Hasn't he got a grown-up son?"

"Yes," said Kate, with a slight flush on her pale cheeks.

"Ah!" cried the good lady, with a rough smile. "I see how the land lies. Of course, of course, who shouldn't? I remember hearing about that young man. I have heard about the Girdlestons also. African merchants they were in the city. You see I know all about you."

"You know Tom?" Kate cried in astonishment.

"Oh, don't let us get talking of Tom," said Mrs. Scully, good-humoredly. "When girls get on a subject of that sort there's an end to everything. What I want to know is business. In the first place, I shall drive down to Bedsworth and I shall send to London, and I shall tell Mr. Dimsdale. Hot-headed young men do foolish things under such circumstances as these. This is a case that wants careful management. I know a gentleman in London who is just the man, and who I know would be only too proud to help a lady in distress. He is a retired officer, and his name is Major Clutterbuck—Major Tobias Clutterbuck."

"Oh, I know him very well, and I have heard of you, too," said Kate with a smile. "I remember your name now in connection with his."

"It was Mrs. Scully's turn to blush now. "Never mind that," she said. "I can trust the major, and I know he will be down here at a word from me. I shall let him have the facts, and he can tell the Dimsdales if he thinks it best. Good-by, dear, don't be unhappy any more, but remember that you have friends outside who will very quickly set you right. Good-by!" and waving her hand in encouragement, the good widow woke up the pony, which had fallen fast asleep, and rattled away down the lane in the direction from which she had come.

CHAPTER XVIII.
At four o'clock Mr. Girdlestone stepped into the Bedsworth telegraph office and wired his short message. It ran thus: "Case hopeless. Come on to-morrow with a doctor." On receipt of this he knew by their agreement that his son could come down. There was nothing for it now but that his ward should die. If he delayed longer the crash might come before her money was available, and then how vain all regrets would be.

It seemed to him that there was very little risk in the matter. The girl had had no communication with any one. Even those around her Mrs. Jorrocks was in her dotage, Rebecca Taylorforth was stanch and true, and Stevens knew nothing. Every one on the country side had heard of the invalid young lady at the Priory. Who would be surprised to hear that she had passed away? He dare not call in any local medical man, but his inventive brain had overcome the difficulty, and had hit upon a device by which it might defy both doctors and coroner. If he went as he had planned it, it was difficult to see any chance of detection. In the case of a poorer man the fact that the girl's money reverted to him might arouse suspicion, but he rightly argued that with his great reputation no one would ever dream that such a consideration could have weight with him.

Having sent the telegram off and so taken a final step, John Girdlestone felt more at ease. He was proud of his own energy and decision. As he walked very pompously and gravely down the

village street his heart glowed within him at the thought of the long struggle which he had maintained against misfortune. He passed over in his mind all the successive borrowings and speculations and make-beliefs and ruses which the firm had resorted to.

Yet in spite of every danger and difficulty it still held up its head with the best, and would weather the storm at last. He reflected proudly that there was no other man in the city who would have had the dogged tenacity and the grim resolution which he had displayed during the last twelve months. "If ever any one should put it all in a book," he said to himself, "there are few who would believe it possible. It is not by my own strength that I have done it."

When he was half way to the Priory he saw a small pony carriage which was rattling towards him at a great pace, driven by a good-looking middle-aged lady with a small page by her side. The merchant encountered this equipage in a narrow country lane without a footpath, and as it approached him he could not help observing that the lady had an elegant and doomy look upon her features which was out of keeping with her general contour. Her forehead was contracted into a very decided frown, and her lips were gathered into what might be described as a negative smile. Girdlestone stood aside to let her pass, but the lady by a sudden turn of her right hand brought the wheels across in so sudden a manner that they were within an ace of going over his toes. He only saved himself by springing back into a gap of the hedge. As it was, he found on looking down that his pearl-grey trousers were covered with mud. He was angry. When the incident more perplexing was that both the middle-aged lady and the page laughed very heartily as they rattled away to the village. The merchant proceeded on his way marveling in his heart at the uncharitableness and innate wickedness of unregenerated human nature.

Mr. Girdlestone was more gracious to her than usual for a little dream of the urgency of the case. Had she seen the telegram which John Girdlestone had just dispatched, it is conceivable that she might have read between the words, and by acting more promptly have prevented a terrible crime. As a matter of fact, when she saw the telegram she had taken a last part of Kate's story with the proverbial grain of salt. It seemed to her to be incredible and impossible that in this nineteenth century such a thing as deliberate and carefully planned murder should occur in Christian England. That these things should be done in the nineteenth century, but we find it very difficult to realize that they may come within the horizon of our own experience. Hence Mrs. Scully set no importance upon Kate's fears for her life, and put them down to the excited state of the girl's imagination. She did not consider that she was being deceived, and she was not a justifiable thing that a young girl should be cooped up and separated from all the world in such a dreary place of seclusion as the Priory. This consideration and nothing more serious had set that look of wrath upon her pleasant face, and had stirred up the indignation which she had to communicate with Kate's friends.

Her intention had been to telegraph to London, but as she drove to Bedsworth she bethought her how impossible it would be for her within the limits of a telegram to explain to her satisfaction all that she had to say. A letter, she reflected, would, if posted now, reach the major by the first post on Saturday morning. It would simply mean a few hours' delay in the taking of steps to relieve Kate, and that difference could be a few hours more or less make to the girl. She decided, therefore, to write a letter to the major, explaining all the circumstances and leave it to him what course of action should be pursued.

Mrs. Scully was well known at the post-office, and they quickly accommodated her with the requisites for a respondent. Within a quarter of an hour she had written, sealed, stamped and posted the following epistle:

"Dearest Toby—Who do you think I have come across down here? No less a person than Miss Harston who was Girdlestone's ward. You see I talk about it, I remember, and understood were a great admirer of hers. You would be surprised if you saw her now, so thin and worn and pale. Still her face is very sweet and pretty, so I won't deny your good taste—how could I after you have paid your addresses to me?"

"I have brought her down here and has looked her up in a great bleak house called the Priory. She has no one to speak to, and is not allowed to write letters. She seemed to be heart-broken because none of her friends knew where she is, and she fears that they may not care to look for her. Still, she is a devoted and willing creature, and she means that she will stay here until she is able to return to her friends. Of course, by her friends she means that curly-headed Mr. Dimsdale who you spoke of. The poor girl is in a very low, nervous state, and told me over the wall of the park that she feared her guardian had designs on her life. I can hardly believe that, but I do think that she is far from well, and that it is enough to drive her mad to coo her up like that. We must get her out somehow or another. I suppose that her guardian is within his rights, and that it is not a police matter. You must consider what must be done, and let me know what you think. If you can't do it, I'll go and see Tom. He won't, no doubt, and if Toby were to come, too, I should not be sorry."

"I should have telegraphed about it, but I could not explain myself sufficiently. I assure you that the poor girl is in a very low, nervous state, and I do think that it is enough to drive her mad to coo her up like that. We must get her out somehow or another. I suppose that her guardian is within his rights, and that it is not a police matter. You must consider what must be done, and let me know what you think. If you can't do it, I'll go and see Tom. He won't, no doubt, and if Toby were to come, too, I should not be sorry."

Her Right to Preach.
Woman's inborn right to preach has been recognized by Bishop Talbot, of Pennsylvania. A skirred itinerant expounder of the gospel used to gather a crowd every Sunday within sight of the bishop's cathedral and many of his flock were seen lingering under her spell. One of the vestrymen went to the bishop to remonstrate. He wanted something done to stop the preaching so near the cathedral. "Oh, never mind," said the bishop. "she cannot hurt me. Let her preach. She must exhort somebody, and you see, she has no husband. I warrant your wife gives you many a good sermon in the retirement of your home. All women like to preach."—Cleveland Leader.

Not a Crank.
He—I notice you call a good many of your acquaintances cranks. I hope you do not consider me a crank? She—Certainly not! A crank is a person with one idea, and I never heard anybody accuse you of having one!—Pearson's Weekly.

The Fertilizer Business.
The total fertilizer production of the United States is placed at 4,000,000 tons annually, valued at over \$60,000,000. It is estimated that Nashville, Tenn., has \$3,000,000 invested in the fertilizer business.

Good Points in Hog Selection.
When you have selected a well-constituted hog you invariably have one that is extremely good through the heart and chest, for here is where he lives, and he cannot be strong and rugged if he lacks in this essential point.

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of all her troubles to the Widow Scully, and had secured that good woman's co-operation, a great weight seemed to have been lifted from her heart, and she sprang from the shed a different woman. It would soon be like a dream, all these dreary weeks in the grim old house, with a day she was sure that either Tom or the major would find means of communicating with her. The thought made her so happy that the color stole back into her cheeks, and she sang for very lightness of heart as she made her way back to the Priory.

Mrs. Jorrocks and Rebecca observed the change which had come over her, and marvelled at it. Kate attempted to aid the former in her household work, but the old crone refused her assistance, and repulsed her harshly. Her maid, too, answered her curtly when she addressed her, and eyed her in anything but a friendly manner. She amused herself that morning by reckoning up in her mind what she heard from her friends. If Mrs. Scully had telegraphed, news would have reached them last night. "Probably," she would write, "giving all the particulars about her. The post came in about nine o'clock, she thought. Then some time would elapse before the major could find Tom. After that, no doubt they would have to consider what had best be done. Dr. Dimsdale, that would occupy the morning and part of the afternoon. They could hardly reach the Priory before nightfall."

Ezra would be down by that time. On the Saturday before he had arrived between five and six. A great dread filled her soul at the thought of meeting the young merchant again. It was merely the natural instinct of a lady shrinking from whatever is rough and coarse and antagonistic. She had no conception of the impending danger, or of what his coming might mean to her.

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President a Poor Dresser.
Scout of Nation's Clothing Carpenters Points Out Weak Spots.
"President Roosevelt is a poor dresser. His clothes have the 'no more or less' and 'from the mills to the man' look."

"Secretary Taft dresses well for a fat man, but he should avoid the dinner jacket. His girth makes his dress vest look like a belt."

"Speaker Cannon is a total loss as far as clothes are concerned. Once in a while he looks pretty good, but most of the time—"

"Vice President Fairbanks is a difficult man to drapery correctly. His clothing is of costly material, but in full dress he looks as comfortable as a man hanging from a tree."

"Senator Beveridge is a swell dresser."

"Tim Woodruff looks like a cozy corner."

Now you know what the chief tailor's scout of the Merchant Tailors' National Exchange thinks of these statesmen as far as clothes are concerned. Hughey Ardleigh, official hand-drafter of the organization, is the man who discovered the weak spots in Washington's wardrobe. He made his report at the final try-on of the clothing carpenters who have been in sessions at the Park Avenue Hotel in New York.

"I attended the President's reception in Washington a few weeks ago," said Hughey, "and the clothing disorders I saw there made me yearn for a pair of overalls. I had all I could do to keep my chalk in my pocket. And the tailor that has to make alterations in that bunch will need more than one piece of chalk."

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Woman's inborn right to preach has been recognized by Bishop Talbot, of Pennsylvania. A skirred itinerant expounder of the gospel used to gather a crowd every Sunday within sight of the bishop's cathedral and many of his flock were seen lingering under her spell. One of the vestrymen went to the bishop to remonstrate. He wanted something done to stop the preaching so near the cathedral. "Oh, never mind," said the bishop. "she cannot hurt me. Let her preach. She must exhort somebody, and you see, she has no husband. I warrant your wife gives you many a good sermon in the retirement of your home. All women like to preach."—Cleveland Leader.

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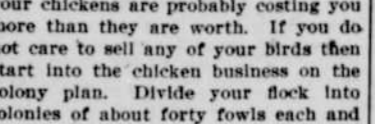
A Gate for the Barn Doorway.
When the horse stable opens into the buggy room and it is necessary to keep the door open for ventilation, I find that a small gate constructed of light material is an excellent protection against horses getting loose and injuring the buggies. The cut here shows a light gate we have in use in our horse barn. It is very simple in construction, but serves a very important purpose. Were it not for this light gate we would find it necessary to keep the door closed between the horse stable and buggy room, thus shutting off ventilation.

The gate is hinged onto the rolling door with light strap hinges, explains a writer in the Prairie Farmer, so that when the gate is not in use it swings around and fastens to the large door out of the way. For material in making the gate we use inch strips of good pine for the horizontal pieces. The upright pieces are light strips gotten out for fence pickets. I find a light gate of this character a good thing to keep poultry out of the barn during the summer months.



Double Brooding Coop.
The double brooding coop shown in the drawing is four feet square and three feet high at rear, two and one-half in front. It may be built of tongue and grooved stuff or straight-edge boards one-half or three-fourths inch thick. The hinged lids should have two cleats each to make them firm. In front is a one-inch mesh wire netting and at the edges are strips of three-quarter by one and one-half-inch stuff, to insure rigidity. In one corner, as shown, is the nest, four inches deep and fifteen or eighteen inches square, according to the size of the hens kept. The board floor, explains the Orange

The Colony Plan.
If you want vigorous chickens and hens that lay do not overwork them. Forty or fifty in one flock are sufficient. If you have more than this number by all means make a change for your chickens are probably costing you more than they are worth. If you do not care to sell any of your birds then start into the chicken business on the colony plan. Divide your flock into colonies of about forty fowls each and build houses for them in different parts of the farm. For instance, if you have one hen house on the east side of the barn, put another house on the west side. Then if you have enough birds put another house down by the calf lot and another to the farther end of the barn yard. A dozen different places will suggest themselves if you look for locations on your farm. If you have made a failure in raising chickens or your hens "don't amount to much," try this method. It will surprise and please you. Your hens will be healthier, will lay better and will require less feed. The reason for this will be easily seen when you have once tried it. Chickens, or anything else for that matter, cannot stand crowding. Also the colony plan gives the fowls wider range and encourages the birds to hunt for their living.—Exchange.



Corn Leading Western Crop.
The statistical bureau of the Union Pacific passenger department issues a statement compiled from government reports showing the value of farm products in seventeen States west of the Mississippi in 1907 to have been \$1,091,000,000. Corn leads in production, being valued at nearly half a billion dollars. Winter wheat is next, valued at \$200,000,000, and domestic hay was valued at only \$2,000,000 less. Rye, oats, barley and potatoes follow in order. The report also shows an increase in live stock of 250 per cent since 1870.

Color of Eggs.
There is no difference in the color of the yolk of the eggs laid by different breeds, nor individually. But the color of the shell is a matter of breed and mating, and the color of the yolk is governed by the food given. The average length of a hen's egg is 2.27 inches; diameter at the broad end, 1.72 inches; weight, about one-eighth of a pound.

Farm Notes.
Alfalfa seed is now selling in many parts of the West for 10 to 12 cents a pound.

Egyptian cotton land produces nearly four times as much per acre as that of this country.

In four years a pair of rabbits could secure a progeny of nearly 1,500,000. A doe rabbit produces as many as seven families a year.

Many important drainage projects are under way in the marsh land in Louisiana, which will ultimately make it a great agricultural country.

A dairy train which recently went out from Lafayette, Ind., covered 500 miles on the Monon route, and 4,000 people heard the lectures which were delivered from the cars.

The Sacramento Valley, in California, shipped over \$3,000,000 worth of oranges last year, and the growers of that section estimate that the new crop will be worth \$1,000,000 more.

It is estimated that if the cattle shippers of Iowa succeed in establishing their claims against the railroads for excessive shipping charges in Chicago they will get back fully a half million dollars.

Great Britain now imports every year about 9,000,000 bushels of apples, one-half of which come from the United States. Canada sends over about 3,000,000 bushels and Australia nearly all the rest.

An effort is being made to establish in the Ozark region of Missouri an extensive breeding station for farm animals. The project has the approval of Secretary Wilson