

## Topics of the Times

A great deal of advice about married life comes from people who have never tried it.

Judge Gray says he is out of politics. Several other men who are out of politics have not discovered it yet.

If the tea trust is at all sensitive it must be deeply pained to hear the unkind things they are saying about it in New York.

The fly, says Dr. Adolph Gehrman, is as dangerous as the wolf. And we cannot make milk muffs out of its hide, either.

It is estimated that in every \$100,000 in circulation only \$1.50 is counterfeit. Of course Mr. Easy Mark is bound to get more than his share.

The next time the government takes a census we suggest that an effort be made to find out what the pessimist population of the country is.

When we finally establish communication with Mars we probably shall find that the newspapers there are devoted exclusively to the chronicle of high life.

There is in New York a man who has gone insane because he made money rapidly. Usually this kind of insanity develops in the sons of the men who do the money-making.

Somewhat it does us good to read of that man who traveled more than one hundred thousand miles looking for a wife. It goes to show that a wife is still worth having.

The French republic is going to spend \$8,000 for the purpose of transferring the remains of Zola to the Pantheon. There is nothing like death to cause a man to be appreciated by the French republic.

As to the devotion of a wife to a husband who beats her, one philosopher has observed that the average woman would rather take a sound thrashing than be knocked speechless by unanswerable logic.

A barbed-wire fence is soon to mark the boundary line between the United States and Canada. Gentlemen who start for Canada, taking their affidavits with them, may in future years find it necessary to provide themselves with wire clippers.

Some one has discovered that our quarter is a "hoodoo" coin. It has thirteen stars, thirteen bars, thirteen arrowheads, and so on. Yet no one seems to object to hoarding thirteen of them when they come in bunches nor adding the thirteenth to the pile.

In an attempt to fast forty days, a man succeeded in starving himself to death in thirty-one days. His purpose was to prove that the mind controls the body. All great religious teachers and philosophers have already proved this, and a sound knowledge of their noble demonstrations should forbid such ignoble experiments.

Death duties on great estates are extremely heavy in Great Britain. The beneficiaries under the will of an Englishwoman who died recently had to pay to the government two million seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars in taxes on an estate worth about eighteen million dollars. Such a tax is urged in America by influential public men.

We are not informed as to the amount of Sunday work required of government employes in the departments at Washington, but there can be no question of the desirability of reducing it as far as possible, in accordance with the petition of the citizens of the capital who recently waited upon the President. Popular sympathy, too, will be with the movement, inaugurated by the same petitioners, to prevent government contractors from compelling their employes to work on Sunday. Whether we believe in the Puritan or the continental Sunday, or, as most of us do, occupy middle ground, we must admit that employes' rights are invaded by the operation of any system that encourages work on Sunday, whether it specifically exacts such labor or not. It is to be hoped—and expected—that President Roosevelt's sympathy with labor and the decent observance of the Sabbath will bring about a reform in this direction, and there need be no politics in it.

No nation has a finer opportunity than this to learn the lessons of right living and to apply them, for in our country every sort of condition is represented somewhere, every stage of development can be studied in the life; young, growing communities can see the faults of the overgrown, and plan to avoid them. Such an exhibit as the "Congestion Show," recently held in New York City, has its lessons for the remotest American village. It was graphically shown that most of the evils of a large city, ill health, poverty, crime, imperfect education, are due to overcrowding, to improper distribution of population; that the human being needs space to live and grow in, and that a large city is tolerable only when it is laid out with wise foresight. These obvious conclusions are important to every small American city; for almost every one has the blind ambition to be bigger. If it is to grow large healthily and gracefully, the small city must study the history of New York, the problems it has met and failed to meet. What may not the young western city which has not yet gone wrong learn from a comparison of the factory and tenement-house areas in New York? Even the farmer whose nearest neighbor is ten miles away is concerned with this city problem. Societies in the city are trying to send to him some of the people who are stuck in the city. Many

of them have been brought up on farms in Europe, and would be useful on American farms. Moreover, the lesson of the crowded city should be driven home to the boy who thinks there is no chance on the farm or in the small town. The large city is the worst place in the world to be poor in, to fall in; and even to succeed in it, as one man in a thousand does succeed, is by no means the highest aim of wholesome American ambition.

The imagination is strongly affected by the recent Governors' conference at the White House, which suggested the power and greatness of the country and has a spectacular and dramatic interest. But it was hard logic that brought the conference about. The condition of the natural resources of the United States is such that some general movement for their protection may be regarded as absolutely necessary, and under no circumstances could it be postponed many years. The logic appears in the facts that are recited by Gifford Pinchot, chief of the forest service, in a bulletin sent out recently by the Agricultural Department to which we shall now refer. This country had at one time a million square miles of timber land, the most magnificent forests of the globe. Its people thought the forests inexhaustible and treated them as though they were, "but we have now reached the point where the growth of our forests is but one-third of the annual cut, while we have in store timber enough for only twenty or thirty years at our present rate of use." This is a bad story, but it is only the beginning. The older oil fields are exhausted already, natural gas has been wasted until the supply has failed in many places. It is said that our anthracite coal fields are in danger of being exhausted in fifty years, the bituminous in a hundred years. "Our ranges in the West, from which we first drove the buffalo to cover them again with cattle and sheep, are capable of supporting but about one-half what they could under intelligent management, and the price of beef is raised accordingly." We are really suffering now from the carelessness of the past, and so are beginning to realize that protection is necessary. We see, too, that it is desirable to consider all the natural resources at the same time and to prepare for united efforts to save them. This is what the forester calls the new point of view.

### THE MAP IN POLITICS.

President and Vice President Selected from New States.

Candidates for President and Vice President on a party ticket nearly always come from widely separated States, says the Brooklyn Eagle. John C. Fremont of California was united with William L. Dayton of New Jersey, Abraham Lincoln of Illinois was first conjoined with Hannibal Hamlin of Maine, and then unhappily with Andrew Johnson of Tennessee.

When Grant of Illinois was first nominated his mate was Schuyler Colfax of Indiana. Those States were adjoining, but that was the only modern instance in which adjoining States have been drawn on for such a purpose.

Democratic nominations in the same period followed the rule of widely separated States. In 1864 McClellan of New Jersey ran with Pendleton of Ohio. In 1868 Seymour of New York ran with Blaine of Missouri. In 1872 Greeley of New York ran with B. Gratz Brown of Missouri. That was the year in which Grant, renominated, ran with Henry Wilson of Massachusetts.

In 1876 the Democratic ticket comprised Tilden of New York and Hendricks of Indiana, and Republican ticket Hayes of Ohio and Wheeler of New York.

The recapitulation could be further pursued to show that Garfield and Arthur, Hancock and English, Cleveland and Hendricks, Blaine and Logan, Cleveland and Thurman, Harrison and Morton, Cleveland and Stevenson, and Harrison and Reid represented widely different States in the national elections.

### The Heaviest Man.

James Creelman, the well-known war correspondent, who is on record over his own signature as having provoked the war between the United States and Spain, gives this description of the bravest man he ever saw:

"It was during the siege of Fort Arthur," says Mr. Creelman. "On the edge of one of the parapets, his feet hanging over the edge, sat a man making a sketch of the scene. From the Japanese ships in the offing there came a continuous stream of screaming, death-delivering shells. But the man sketched on unmoved. Manner bullets, with their peculiar snake-like hiss, flew over and beside him. In all this noise and imminent death the man continued his work, completely absorbed in it.

"Finally there came from within the fortification a Russian officer of gigantic size. He stood long beside the man who was drawing and watched the pencil carefully filling in the graphic lines. The shells from the ships when they struck the masonry stirred up a cloud of mortar dust, and as they exploded threw chunks of broken stone in every direction. The officer's uniform was covered with mortar dust, and his fatigue cap had been knocked away by a Manner bullet. I have never seen a braver man. At last he said, in excellent English—for all Russians are excellent linguists—and speaking with an aristocratic drawl, 'I say, Creelman, aren't you ever going to finish that sketch?'—James S. Metcalfe, in Success Magazine.

The three-ball merchant never advances any thing on the rewards of virtue.

## The Firm of Girdlestone

BY A. CONAN DOYLE

### CHAPTER XXII.—(Continued.)

Another moment and the door was stealthily opened. Once again the broad golden bar shot out across the lawn almost to the spot where the confederates were crouching. In the center of the zone of light there stood a figure—the figure of the girl. Even at that distance they could distinguish the pearl-grey mantle which she usually wore and the close fitting bonnet. She had wrapped a shawl round the lower part of her face to protect her from the boisterous wind. For a minute or more she stood peering into the darkness of the night, as though uncertain whether to proceed or to go back. Then, with a quick, sudden gesture she closed the door behind her. The light was no longer there, but they knew that she was outside the house, and that the appointment would be kept.

What an age it seemed before they heard her footsteps. She came very slowly, putting one foot gingerly before the other, as if afraid of falling over something in the darkness. Once or twice she stopped altogether, looking round, no doubt, to make sure of her whereabouts. At the instant the moon shone out from behind a cloud, and they saw her dark figure a short distance off. The light enabled her to see the withered oak, for she came rapidly towards it. As she approached she raised herself apparently so that she was the first on the ground, for she slackened her pace once more and walked in the listless way that people assume when they are waiting. The clouds were overtaking the moon again, and the light was getting dimmer.

"I can see her still," said Ezra in a whisper, grasping his father's wrist in his excitement. The old man said nothing, but he peered through the darkness with eager, straining eyes. "There she is, standing out a little from the oak," the young merchant said, pointing with a quivering finger. "She's not near enough for him to reach her."

"He's coming out for m'th shadow now," the other said huskily. "Don't you see him crawling along the ground?" "I see him," returned the other in the same subdued, awestruck voice. "Now he has stopped; now he goes on again! He is close behind her! She is looking the other way."

A thin ray of light shot down between the clouds. In its silvery radiance two figures stood out hard and black, that of the unconscious girl and of the man who crouched like a beast of prey behind her. He made a step forward, which brought him within a yard of her. She may have heard the heavy footfall above the shriek of the storm, for she turned suddenly and faced him. At the same instant she was struck down with a crashing blow. There was no time for a prayer, no time for a scream. One moment had seen her a magnificent woman in the pride of her youthful beauty, the next left her a poor battered senseless wreck. The navy had earned his blood money.

At the sound of the blow and the sight of the fall both the old man and the young ran out from their place of concealment. Burt was standing over the body, his hand on his forehead. "Not even a groan," he said. "What d'ye think of that?" Girdlestone wrung his hand and congratulated him warmly. "Shall I light the lantern?" he asked. "Don't!" Ezra said earnestly. "I had no idea that you were so faint-hearted, my son," the merchant remarked. "However, I know the way to the gate well enough to go there blindfold. What a comfort it is to know that there is no blood about! That's the advantage of a stick over a knife."

"You're correct there, guv'nor," Burt said, approvingly. "Will you kindly carry one end and I'll take the other. I'll go first, if you don't mind, because I know the way best. The train will pass in less than half an hour, so we have not long to wait. Within that time every chance of detection will have gone."

The men showed great deference to the German, and the major began to perceive that his friend was a very exalted individual in socialistic circles. He liked the look of the two foreigners, and congratulated himself upon having their co-operation in the matter on hand. "I'll look in on you in the morning," he said, and he bowed and beseeching the officials, however. On inquiry at the ticket office they found that there was no train for upwards of two hours, and then it was a slow one, which would not land them until eight o'clock at Bedworth. At this piece of information Tom Dimsdale fairly broke down and beseeching the officials to run a special, but the cost what it might. This, however, could by no means be done, owing to the press of Saturday traffic. There was nothing for it but to wait. The three foreigners went off in search of something to eat, and having found a convenient shop they disappeared there and feasted royally at Von Baumer's expense. Major Tobias Clutterbuck remained with the young man, who resolutely refused to leave the platform. The major knew of a snug little corner not far off where he could have put in the time very comfortably, but he could not bring himself to desert his companion even for a minute.

Indeed, it was well that day that young Dimsdale had good friends at his back. His appearance was so strange and wild that the passers-by turned back to have another look at him. His eyes were open and staring, giving a far-inspiring character to his countenance. He could not sit still for an instant, but paced up and down and backwards and forwards under the influence of the fierce energy which consumed him, while the major plodded along manfully at his side, suggesting every consideration which might cheer him up, narrating many tales, true and apocryphal, most of which fell upon heedless ears.

Ezra Girdlestone had four hours' start of them. That was the thought which rankled in Tom's heart and outweighed every other consideration. He knew Kate's nature so well that he was convinced that she would never have expressed such fears to Mr. Scully unless she had very assured reasons for them. In fact, apart from her own words, what did this secrecy and exclusion mean except foul play? After what he had learned about the insurance of the ships and the manner in which the elder Girdlestone had induced him to come corresponding with Kate, he could believe anything of his employers. He knew, also, that in case of Kate's death the money reverted to her guardian. There was not a single link missing in the chain of evidence which showed that a crime was in contemplation. Then, who was that butcher-like man whom Ezra was taking down with him?

The major has put it on record that those two hours appeared to him the longest that ever he passed in his life, and Tom, no doubt, would indorse the sentiment. Everything must have an end, however, and the station clock, ticking of which seemed several times as he stopped altogether, began at last to approach the hour at which the Portsmouth train was timed to depart. Baumer and his two friends had come back, all three smoking cigarettes, and looking the better for their visit to the cookshop. The five got into a first-class railway carriage and waited. Would they never have done examining tickets and stamping luggage and going through all sorts of tedious formalities? At last comes the shrill whistle of the guard, the answering rattle from the engine, and they are fairly started upon their mission of rescue.

There was much to be arranged as to their plan of action. Tom, Von Baumer and the major talked it over in a low voice, while the two socialists chatted together in German and consumed eternal cigarettes. Tom was for marching straight up to the Priory, and demanding that Girdlestone should deliver his writ up to them. To the major and the German this seemed an unwise proceeding. It was to put themselves hopelessly wrong from a legal point of view. Girdlestone had only to say, as he assuredly would, that the old story was a ridiculous man's nest, and then what proof could they adduce, or what excuse give for their intrusion? However plausible their objections might be, they were, after all, only suspicions, which other people might view as grave as light as they did.

"What would you advise, then?" Tom asked, passing his hand over his heated forehead. "I'll tell you now," the old soldier answered, "and I think my friend Von Baumer will agree with me. I understand that this place is surrounded by a wall to which there is only one gate. Sure we shall wait outside this wall, and find out who can go in as a skirmer and one out how the land lies. Let him ascertain the route he has to take, and if he requires immediate help, and what she would wish done, if he can't make his way to her, let him hang about the house, and see and hear all that he can. We shall then have something solid to work on. I have a whistle here on me watch chain. Our skirmer can take that with him. If he requires immediate help one blow of it would be enough to bring the four of us over to him. Though how the devil I am to get over a wall," concluded the major ruefully, looking down at his own proportions, "is more than I can tell."

"I hope, my friends," said Von Baumer, "that you will allow me the honor of going first."

"That is my place," said Tom with decision. "It was nearly eight o'clock by the time they reached their destination. The station master directed them to the Flying Bull, where they secured the very vehicle in which Kate and her guardian had been originally driven up. By the time that the horse was put in it was close on to the half hour.

"Drive as hard as you can go to the Priory, my man," said the major. The sulky ostler made no remark, but a look of surprise passed over his phlegmatic countenance. For years back so little had been heard of the old monastery that its very existence had been almost forgotten in Bedworth. Now, while the Londoners were coming down in succession, demanding to be driven there, he pondered over the strange facts as he drove through the darkness, but the only conclusion to which his bucolic mind could come was that it was high time to raise the fare to that particular point. It was a miserable night, stormy and wet, and the Londoners were scarce. None of the five men had a thought to spare for the weather, however. The two foreigners had been so infected by the suppressed excitement of their companions, or had so identified themselves with their comrades' cause, that they were as eager as the others. "Are we near?" the major asked. "The gate is just at the end of the lane, sir."

way round in his seat and took as good a look as was possible in the uncertain light at the faces of his passengers. It had occurred to him that it was more than likely that he would have to swear to them at some future date in a police court. "I'd know that thick 'un wif' the red face," he muttered to himself, "and him wif' the yellow beard and the stick."

They passed the stone pillars with the weather-beaten heraldic devices, and drove along by the high park wall. When they had gone a hundred yards or so the major ordered the driver to pull up, and they all got down. The increased fare was paid without remonstrance, and the ostler rattled away homewards, with the intention of pulling up at the county police station and lodging information as to the suspicious visitors whom he had brought down.

"It is likely that they have a watch at the gate," said the major. "We must keep away from there. This wall is a great height. We best keep on until we find the easiest place to scale it." "I could get over it here," Tom said eagerly. "Wait a bit. A few minutes can make no difference one way or the other. Old Sir Colin used to say that there were more battles lost by over haste than by slowness. What's the high bank running along on the right here?" "Dat's a railway bankment," said Von Baumer. "See the posts and the little red lights over yonder."

"So it is. The wall seems to be to lower here. What's this dark thing? Hullo, here's a door leading into the grounds."

"It is locked, though." "Give me a hoist," Tom said imploringly. "Don't throw a minute away. You can't tell what may be going on inside. At this very moment, for all we know, they may be plotting her murder."

"He has right," said Von Baumer. "We shall wait here until we hear from you. Help him, my friends—shove him up." Tom caught the coping of the wall, but the broken glass upon the top cut deeply into his hands. With a great heave he swung himself up, and was soon astride upon the top.

"Here's the whistle," said the major, standing on tiptoe to reach a downstretched hand. "If you want us give a good blow at it. We'll be with you in a brace of shakes. If we can't get over the wall we'll have the door down." Tom was in the act of letting himself drop into the wood, when suddenly the watchers below saw him crouch down upon the wall, and he motionless as though listening intently.

"Hush!" he whispered, leaning over. "Some one is coming through the wood." The wind had died away and the storm subsided. Even from the lane they could hear the sound of feet, and of muffled voices inside the grounds. They all crouched down in the shadow of the wall. Tom lay flat upon the glass-studded coping, and no one looking from below could distinguish him from the wall itself. (To be continued.)

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY JEW. His Desires and Ambitions Are Not of His Race Nor of His Creed. Ezra Brudno, the widely known Hebrew novelist and essayist, in Lippincott's writes most interestingly of the life of the 20th century Jew. Despite the happiness which the Jewish immigrant feels when he first sets foot on our shore, the newcomer has a lurking longing in his breast for home. Says Mr. Brudno: "Not that he likes that 'home'—he speaks of it with a creeping sense of horror; but he is helpless against the enchanting echo of old memories. The warm, ill-smelling synagogue of his native town, as contrasted with the airy American house of worship, calls him back with the magic charm of childhood; the communal atmosphere of the Pale lures him with the sweetness of a family fire; somehow, at a safe distance, the very yoke from which he sought to free himself seems to him now pregnant with poetic sentiment. Does not the beggar grown rich sometimes yearn for his discarded tatters? American customs and atmosphere are to him what a food of sunshine is to the blind; he may feel its warmth, but the brilliant beams are not for him. It is only after a sojourn of a few years that his viewpoint begins to broaden. Then he begins to realize that in the whole history of his people the Jew never had a period of tranquility parallel to the present in the United States. Gradually he even becomes proud of his adopted fatherland. And while in his heart of hearts he never ceases to hanker after 'the fish, which we did eat in Egypt,' he knows that this country is his Canaan, the Promised Land."



### Quality of Seeds.

As the result of tests of alfalfa, red clover and grass seeds secured in the open market Chief Galloway of the bureau of plants industry makes a report that is certainly of interest to farmers.

Red Clover.—Of the 1,217 samples of red clover seed secured 405, or one-third, contained seed of dodder, 424 contained traces of yellow trefoil seed, and 135 bore evidence of having originated in Chile.

Alfalfa.—Of the 399 samples of alfalfa seed secured 191, or about one-half, contained seed of dodder, 135 contained a trace of yellow trefoil seed, 120 contained a trace of sweet clover seed, and 16 contained a trace of bur clover seed.

Bromus Inermis.—Of the 55 samples of Bromus inermis seed obtained 15 contained seed of cheat, or chess, 28 contained from 2 to 3 per cent of seed of the wheat grasses, several contained seed of meadow fescue and one contained more than 24 per cent of meadow fescue and rye grass seed together.

Kentucky Blue Grass.—Of the 429 samples of Kentucky blue grass seed obtained only 8 were found to be free from any trace of Canada blue grass. In most of these samples the trace of Canada blue grass found was immature seed, showing that it was harvested with the Kentucky blue grass seed. The seeds of the two plants not ripening at the same time, it is improbable that mature seed of Canada blue grass would be harvested with Kentucky blue grass seed. In 110 samples, however, Canada blue grass seed was found in quantities exceeding 5 per cent, 32 of these being Canada blue grass seed misbranded as Kentucky blue grass seed.

The Potato Bug, or Colorado potato beetle, passes the winter in the ma-

If given before the hogs get past the eating and drinking stage, the following is claimed to be an infallible cure for hog cholera: To a barrel of good slop add one pint of Venetian red and one pint of kerosene oil. Mix well.

The first rule for getting a good profit from poultry is to get the chicks hatched early, and the next is to keep those chicks growing so fast that they will reach laying maturity before the commencement of cold weather.

The garden should contain most of all of the common medicinal and flavoring herbs. Most of these can be grown with very little trouble, and the herb plot should include such useful plants as sage, horseradish, caraway, saffron, pennyroyal, tansy and others that will suggest themselves.

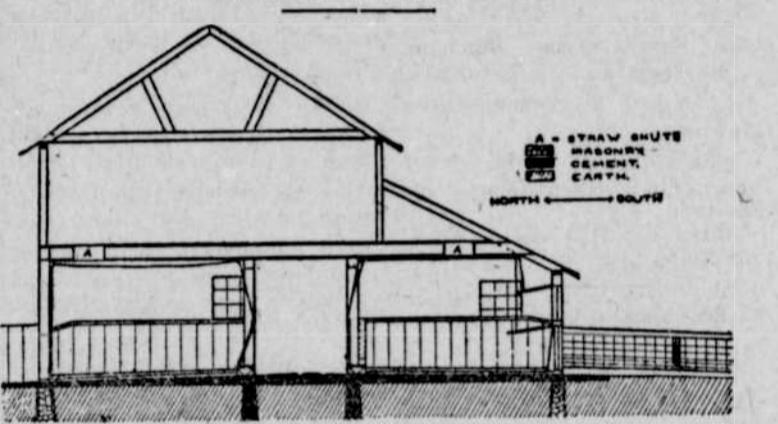
Three Horse Doubletree.

A doubletree attachment to binder or sulky plow can be made according to the plan shown. The dimensions can be varied slightly to accommodate horses of different sizes.

Seed Germination. It requires from 20 to 30 days for asparagus seed to germinate; beans, 5 to 10 days; broccole, broccoli, Brussels sprouts, cabbage and cauliflower, 5 to 12 days; carrots, 14 to 21 days; celery, 14 to 20 days; corn salad, 14 days; corn, 8 to 14 days; cress, curled, 3 to 5 days; cress, water, 12 to 14 days; cucumbers, 5 to 10 days; eggplant, 8 to 20 days; endive, 3 to 7 days; lettuce, 3 to 5 days; melons, cantaloupes, 5 to 10 days; melons, water, 8 to 15 days; mustard, 3 to 6 days; onions, 7 to 14 days; parsley, 20 to 30 days; parsnips, 8 to 14 days; peas, 5 to 10 days; pepper, 8 to 20 days.

Wood Ashes. Ashes made from hard wood are more valuable than those made from soft wood. It is claimed that some ashes from soft wood have not enough value to make it worth while to bother with them. It has also been discovered that the value is largely governed by the part of the tree from which the ashes are made. It is declared by

### FARM-BUILDING CONSTRUCTION.



PLAN OF A PIGGERY.

The above diagram shows a cross section of a piggy building thirty-four feet wide, which may be of any desired length. The foundation is of stone, but may be built of concrete to be in keeping with the floor and the piers, which are concrete. The floor is in two layers, the lower three inches being comprised of coarse gravel, seven parts and cement one part, the upper inch being mixed three parts sharp sand to one of cement. The alley running throughout the center of the building is six feet wide, with a crowned floor one-half inch higher in the center, to insure its being kept perfectly dry. The floors of the pens are given a fall of two inches from the alley to the outer doors.

The partitions are constructed of one and a quarter-inch boards cut into three-foot lengths. These are placed in an upright position, the bottom ends resting on a two-by-four and the tops capped with similar material. The loft above is about eight feet high at top posts and furnishes an abundance of room for storage of straw, crates, crate materials, etc. No meal feed should be stored here, as it is likely to become contaminated.

The illustration shows the ropes and pulleys by which the doors and ventilators are opened and closed from the feeding alleys. On the right side the door and ventilator are open; on the left side closed.

As soon as the potatoes are up these bugs begin feeding and laying eggs on the young leaves. The young that hatch from these eggs, as well as the next brood, are the ones that do the damage. Therefore, it is necessary that treatment should be begun as soon as the young beetles appear on the vines. Dust the plants while the dew is on, with a mixture of 1 pound of Paris green to 10 pounds of slaked lime or cheap flour.

Another good method is to spray the plants with a composition of 2 ounces of Paris green in 50 gallons of Bordeaux mixture, spraying the vines two or three times. For this purpose the Bordeaux mixture should be made out of 3 pounds of bluestone and 5 pounds of lime to 50 gallons of water. This mixture will not only kill the beetle, but also prevent the early blight from destroying the leaves and stems of the vines.

When the wheels get so dry that they rattle, have the tires properly set; do not try to chink up the spokes. With all classes of stock the value of the feed is the same, whether it is supplied to the scrawnies or the best of thoroughbreds.

Teams that have been partially idle for some time should come into work again gradually and their shoulders bathed with salt water. The cutworm is the larvae of a moth; the worm is of a brown color, fat and sluggish, about an inch long, and feeds only during the night.

For bumble-foot in poultry joint the corn liberally with tincture of iodine daily for a week. If this is done in the early stages the corn can be spread. To easily remove the handle from an axe, place the blade on top of a heated stove and leave it there till the iron around what is known as the "eye" becomes quite hot. Heat expands the iron, making it an easy matter to drive the handle from the blade. A horse will never run into any other burning building besides his own, or even pass a bonfire if he can help it, but when once he scents danger he tries to get to his stall—his home—and when once he reaches there can only be driven away by fright or shock superior to his draw 4-4 Ag

chemists that the ashes of young twigs are of more value than the ash of the trunk of the tree, while the ash of the leaves is still more valuable.

Rhubarb requires a deep and very fertile soil. The great secret of success in raising it is high manuring. It is a gross feeder, and requires a liberal application of manure every year. A grower whose small patch produces rhubarb of enormous size explains his success from his practice of throwing soapuds over the ground on washing days. He had sold \$30 worth from a patch of two and one-half rods in a single season.

Creameries and Factories. There are now in Minnesota 825 creameries and seventy-six cheese factories in actual operation, nearly all of them being operated and owned by the farmers, using the same system of bookkeeping that is given in the short course in the dairy school, and every creamery in the state is using the Babcock milk test and is making first class butter.—President Northrup of Minnesota University.

Garden Cleanings. To make the garden soil warm drain off all the surface water possible. Use underdrains and overdrains. The best way to secure very early plants is to start them in the seed box or hotbed, then transplant to two-inch flower pots as soon as the seedlings are large enough.

Don't work the garden and truck patch while the ground is wet in the haste of starting an early crop. Noting is gained, but much is lost, in working wet soils.

Are the garden and truck patches well drained? The garden should have two gates—one small one and one large one. The small gate should be convenient to the house and the large one convenient to the barn for hauling manure and entering with team and tools. If the garden fence is defective either mend the old or build a new one. Fix it so poultry and other animals cannot disturb it. It is a waste of time and vexation of spirit to have the chickens and ducks forever destroying the garden.