

SUPPLEMENT TO LEXINGTON WHEATFIELD

LEXINGTON, OREGON, THURSDAY, JUNE 14, 1906

THE CODE OF HONOR.

Dealing as it Was in France in the Time of Richelieu.
The passion for dueling, which had cost France, it was said, between 7,000 and 8,000 lives during the twenty years of Henry IV's reign, was at its height when his son came to the throne. The council of Trent in 1645 had solemnly condemned the practice of single combat, impartially including principals, seconds and spectators in its penalty of excommunication. In 1602 an edict of Henry pronounced the "damnable custom of dueling introduced by the corruption of the century" to be the cause of so many pitiable accidents, to the extreme regret and displeasure of the king and to the irreparable damage of the state, "that we should count ourselves unworthy to hold the scepter if we delayed to repress the enormity of this crime."
A whole series of edicts followed to the same effect, but it was easier to make edicts than to enforce them. Degradation, imprisonment, confiscation of property, loss of civil rights and death were the penalties attached to the infringement of the laws against dueling and still the practice prevailed. In 1626 Richelieu published a milder form of prohibition. The first offense was no longer capital, a third only of the offender's property was to be confiscated, and the judges were permitted to recognize extenuating circumstances.
A few months later the Comte de Bouteville thought fit to test the minister's patience in this direction. The Place Royale had long been a favorite dueling ground, and De Bouteville traveled from Brussels to fight his twenty-second duel here, in the heart of Paris, in deliberate defiance of the king's authority. The result was not encouraging. Montmorency thought his duel was the count's last, and he waited for the scaffold, and the marked decrease from that time in the number of duels may be attributed either to the moderation used in framing the law or to the inexorable resolution with which it was enforced.—Macmillan's Magazine.

RUSSIAN PROVERBS.

Rogues are the last of trades.
Without cheating, no trading.
Every fox praises his own tail.
A debt is adorned by payment.
A good beginning is half the work.
Every little frog is great in his own bog.
Trust in God, but do not stumble yourself.
Go after two wolves and you will not catch even one.
If God doesn't forsake us, the pigs will not take us.
The deeper you hide anything the sooner you find it.
Be praised not for your ancestors, but for your virtues.
Send a pig to dinner and he will put his feet on the table.
Dr. Holmes' Revenge.
When "The Last Leaf" was published by Oliver Wendell Holmes a critic attacked it savagely and cruelly. Dr. Holmes, though imperturbed by friends, did nothing in revenge. He waited for the man to attack him, which time did liberally. The critic fell upon evil days and ended his existence with suicide. The only morose of personal revenge which the good doctor allowed himself was to cut out the paragraph about his enemy's career and paste it in his scrapbook on the same page and the announcements of the successive editions of the poem. This was a mild revenge, but even this was unworthy of Dr. Holmes.
Seemed to Have Him Cornered.
The teacher was discoursing to the class on the wonders of nature. "Take the familiar illustration of the sting of a wasp," he said, "as compared with the finest needle. When examined through a microscope the sting is still sharp, smooth and polished, while the needle appears blunt and rough."
"It is so with everything. The works of nature are infinitely superior to those of art. Try how we may, we cannot improve on nature."
"It isn't so with my eyes, teacher," said a little girl in the class.
"Why, how is that, Nellie?" he asked.
"Cause nature made me cross eyed," she said, "and the doctors fixed my eyes all right."
Brasserie Theft.
During the South African war an immense stone monument was removed at Cape Town during the night, and no one knows to this day by whom or why it was taken. Some years ago, in broad daylight, a clever and bold gang of thieves carried off a valuable fountain spout exciting the suspicions of any one and quite recently an omnibus was calmly removed, horses and all, while standing unguarded outside a public house in London and has never been seen or heard of since. It would seem, indeed, that it is often far easier to steal a big thing than a little one.—London Telegraph.
Placing Him.
"Young man," began the dignified gentleman in black dress, "have you fully considered the future? Have you made provisions for the hereafter? Is it not true?"
"Pardon me one moment, please, but are you a minister or a life insurance agent?"—Milwaukee Sentinel.
Saver.
Patience—it's a very bad sign to tumble upstairs. Patience—Even as I'd standing unguarded outside a public house in London and has never been seen or heard of since. It would seem, indeed, that it is often far easier to steal a big thing than a little one.—London Telegraph.

HAND GRENADES.

Requires Nerve to Use Them as the Bulgarians Do.
Reginald Wron in his book on "The Balkans From Within" writes from the interior of a blockhouse on the Turko-Bulgarian frontier: "We are shown captured bombs, heavy cylinders used for blowing up buildings and the dreaded hand grenade, whose short fuse is calmly lighted by a burning cigarette and hurled among the attacking Turks. A man must indeed have nerves of iron to do this deed. Picture a devoted handful of men surrounded by an overwhelming force of Turks, slowly but surely drawing nearer. Now they are a hundred yards away, fifty yards—thirty—twenty—fifteen—but it is too far to put the grenade with effect."
"They must wait, though here and there a bullet fired at random thins out the little band. A rush—now. See! One coolly lights the fuse and quickly hurries it at the foe. He must make no mistake, his aim must be correct and his arm strong. A slip at the moment of throwing means his and his comrades' lives instead of the Turks', for the fuse is very short. But he has thrown it well. The Turks see it coming and halt in blind fear."
"A deafening crash, screams and yells of anguish, and the Turks break and run, shot down by the triumphant Bulgarians. Down into the valleys they fly to the nearest village, where their officers, anxious to save themselves a semblance of authority, order its massacre and pillage. And the next day we read of the extermination of another band."

CAESAR RODNEY'S GREAT HORSE-BACK RIDE IN 1776.
How the Declaration of Independence Was Saved by a Vote in the Session of the Provisional Congress in Philadelphia.
It happened on that famous Fourth of July, 1776, the day on which the American colonies were declared free and independent states. If Caesar Rodney had not made his historic ride there might not have been any free America today.
The provisional congress was in session at Philadelphia, each of the thirteen colonies having representatives there. It was a great congress, and a momentous question was before the distinguished body. The great charter of our freedom had been written by Jefferson, and Benjamin Harrison, father and great-grandfather of presidents, had presented it to congress on Monday, July 1. What would the Continental congress do?
In order that our country should be free and independent the declaration must be adopted. This could be done if only the colonies were divided, and there were some good men who did not believe it best to take this step at this time. Four of the seven delegates of Pennsylvania were opposed to it, and the two Delaware delegates present, Thomas McKean was in favor of independence, but George Read was opposed to the measure. Caesar Rodney, the other member, was in the southern part of his state in the capacity of a brigadier general, organizing and drilling troops for the coming struggle.
Two of the opposing Pennsylvania delegates were persuaded to absent themselves, and thus the Keystone State would favor the declaration, but the vote of Caesar Rodney was necessary to carry the state of Delaware.
A messenger was dispatched in hot haste to summon him to Philadelphia and then for four days the "patriots of '76" talked and maneuvered to delay the final vote. On Thursday, July 4, congress was to vote on the momentous question.
On the afternoon of the 3d the messenger found Caesar Rodney in Sussex county, more than eighty miles from Philadelphia. General Rodney was at that time forty-six years old, with a tall, lean, worn figure, his face scarred by a cancer that was finally to cause his death. The brave patriot did not hesitate. "Saddle the black!" he commanded, and in ten minutes he had mounted his faithful steed and was galloping as if for life to the northward.
Eighty miles away from congress, which was waiting for him to declare the independence of the colonies. The thought caused him to drive his spurs deep into his horse's flanks and sent him flying along the long, dusty highway that stretched away toward the Quaker City. It was one of the great rides of history. That black steed bore the destinies of America, and his rider knew it, and there was neither halt nor delay.
The sun went down, and the stars came out one by one in the blue vault of heaven, and that solitary rider cooled on his way. All through the cool summer night Caesar Rodney kept up his reckless pace.
The stars faded out of the morning sky, and the sun rose red and fiery, with a herald of a sultry day. And still Caesar Rodney kept on his way. He was yet many miles from Philadelphia. His horse was jaded, and he was travel worn and covered with dust, but the patriot did not slacken his rein. He must be there to vote for the independence of America. And he was there. All that hot, sweating July day the delegates of the colonial congress were talking and voting in Independence hall. The session had begun. The president, John Hancock, was in the chair, and the clerk, John Dickinson, was calling the colonies one by one. Virginia had voted and Massachusetts and the great state of New York and the little state of Rhode Island, and now New Jersey was voting, and Caesar Rodney had not come.
Anxious and worried, Thomas McKean went out to the door of Independence hall. Would his friend and comrade be too late? His face brightened as he heard the sound of hurrying hoof beats coming down Chestnut street. A foaming, panting steed dashed into the yard. Its dusty rider leaped to the ground. Booted and spurred and the dust of his long ride thick on his long flapped coat and iron gray hair, Caesar Rodney entered the hall of congress leaning on his friend McKean's arm.
He was just in time. The vote of Delaware was being called. George Read voted "Nay." "Aye!" called the clear voice of Thomas McKean. It was a tie. All eyes turned to Caesar Rodney. The famous rider cleared his throat, and many a patriot heart beat with pride as he declared firm tones: "The voice of my constituents and of all sensible and honest men, I believe, is in favor of independence, and my own judgment concurs with them; therefore I vote for the Declaration." And so Caesar Rodney by his famous ride and by his noble vote helped to settle the question of independence and insured the future celebrations of the Fourth of July.
He Ate Often.
Doctor—You must take a quarter of an hour's walk before every meal. Stout Patient—But, doctor, you surely don't want me to walk all day long!—Fleegende Blatter.
Affection soothes, it hollows, elevates, seduces and bringeth down to earth its native heaven.—Landon.

A HISTORIC JOURNEY.

CAESAR RODNEY'S GREAT HORSE-BACK RIDE IN 1776.
How the Declaration of Independence Was Saved by a Vote in the Session of the Provisional Congress in Philadelphia.
It happened on that famous Fourth of July, 1776, the day on which the American colonies were declared free and independent states. If Caesar Rodney had not made his historic ride there might not have been any free America today.
The provisional congress was in session at Philadelphia, each of the thirteen colonies having representatives there. It was a great congress, and a momentous question was before the distinguished body. The great charter of our freedom had been written by Jefferson, and Benjamin Harrison, father and great-grandfather of presidents, had presented it to congress on Monday, July 1. What would the Continental congress do?
In order that our country should be free and independent the declaration must be adopted. This could be done if only the colonies were divided, and there were some good men who did not believe it best to take this step at this time. Four of the seven delegates of Pennsylvania were opposed to it, and the two Delaware delegates present, Thomas McKean was in favor of independence, but George Read was opposed to the measure. Caesar Rodney, the other member, was in the southern part of his state in the capacity of a brigadier general, organizing and drilling troops for the coming struggle.
Two of the opposing Pennsylvania delegates were persuaded to absent themselves, and thus the Keystone State would favor the declaration, but the vote of Caesar Rodney was necessary to carry the state of Delaware.
A messenger was dispatched in hot haste to summon him to Philadelphia and then for four days the "patriots of '76" talked and maneuvered to delay the final vote. On Thursday, July 4, congress was to vote on the momentous question.
On the afternoon of the 3d the messenger found Caesar Rodney in Sussex county, more than eighty miles from Philadelphia. General Rodney was at that time forty-six years old, with a tall, lean, worn figure, his face scarred by a cancer that was finally to cause his death. The brave patriot did not hesitate. "Saddle the black!" he commanded, and in ten minutes he had mounted his faithful steed and was galloping as if for life to the northward.
Eighty miles away from congress, which was waiting for him to declare the independence of the colonies. The thought caused him to drive his spurs deep into his horse's flanks and sent him flying along the long, dusty highway that stretched away toward the Quaker City. It was one of the great rides of history. That black steed bore the destinies of America, and his rider knew it, and there was neither halt nor delay.
The sun went down, and the stars came out one by one in the blue vault of heaven, and that solitary rider cooled on his way. All through the cool summer night Caesar Rodney kept up his reckless pace.
The stars faded out of the morning sky, and the sun rose red and fiery, with a herald of a sultry day. And still Caesar Rodney kept on his way. He was yet many miles from Philadelphia. His horse was jaded, and he was travel worn and covered with dust, but the patriot did not slacken his rein. He must be there to vote for the independence of America. And he was there. All that hot, sweating July day the delegates of the colonial congress were talking and voting in Independence hall. The session had begun. The president, John Hancock, was in the chair, and the clerk, John Dickinson, was calling the colonies one by one. Virginia had voted and Massachusetts and the great state of New York and the little state of Rhode Island, and now New Jersey was voting, and Caesar Rodney had not come.
Anxious and worried, Thomas McKean went out to the door of Independence hall. Would his friend and comrade be too late? His face brightened as he heard the sound of hurrying hoof beats coming down Chestnut street. A foaming, panting steed dashed into the yard. Its dusty rider leaped to the ground. Booted and spurred and the dust of his long ride thick on his long flapped coat and iron gray hair, Caesar Rodney entered the hall of congress leaning on his friend McKean's arm.
He was just in time. The vote of Delaware was being called. George Read voted "Nay." "Aye!" called the clear voice of Thomas McKean. It was a tie. All eyes turned to Caesar Rodney. The famous rider cleared his throat, and many a patriot heart beat with pride as he declared firm tones: "The voice of my constituents and of all sensible and honest men, I believe, is in favor of independence, and my own judgment concurs with them; therefore I vote for the Declaration." And so Caesar Rodney by his famous ride and by his noble vote helped to settle the question of independence and insured the future celebrations of the Fourth of July.
He Ate Often.
Doctor—You must take a quarter of an hour's walk before every meal. Stout Patient—But, doctor, you surely don't want me to walk all day long!—Fleegende Blatter.
Affection soothes, it hollows, elevates, seduces and bringeth down to earth its native heaven.—Landon.

SUGAR BEETS.

Irrigation Methods Near Rocky Ford, Colo., in 1904.
Beets more than any other crop depend on constant care and cultivation for their tonnage and sugar content, and methods of irrigation have more influence on the value of the crop than in the case with any other crop, says A. E. Wright in discussing their irrigation as practiced near Rocky Ford, Colo. The first irrigation for beets is to bring up the ground thoroughly during the winter or in the early spring before plowing. If irrigated after plowing, the soil must be well harrowed before the seed is drilled in. Many of the best fields noticed were planted in this way in the last days of March and came up in two weeks, giving almost a 100 per cent stand of beets. Several of these fields received no further moisture aside from rain until the last of June. At that time they were larger and more promising than most of the later plantings. No case of replanting on account of too early seeding was observed. One advantage of winter irrigation for beets which would be much more important in average years than in 1904 is that water is in demand then than during the growing season, and a large saving of water is thus effected. But the main advantage is probably the greater ease with which a good stand of beets is obtained, for it avoids all the difficulties of "irrigating to bring up the beets."
Planting and Cultivating.
As to the practice in planting and cultivating, W. K. Winterhalter, manager of a sugar factory, says: The best drills are now equipped with cultivator shovels, making furrows between the seed rows at the same time that the seed is planted. Harrowing to break the crust before the seed is well germinated should always be done crosswise and not in the same direction in which the seed is planted, as there is danger of pulling out a number of plants if a harrow tool follows a seed row for even a short distance. When the seed is well germinated and a crust forms an account of rain or careless irrigation the spider attached to the cultivator is the only tool that will break the crust without doing considerable damage to the crop.
Catalpa Seed.
The crop of Catalpa speciosa seed for 1905 was very poor, many of the seeds were small and whatever. The cause of this situation, which is the same to a large extent every year, is that at the blossoming period for Catalpa speciosa in the middle states bees and other insects have not yet become active, and the flowers fail to become pollinated while two weeks later, when the inferior varieties open, the insects are abundant, and pollen is carried from flower to flower in great abundance. Several rainstorms which occurred in early spring also tended to prevent complete fertilization of the Catalpa speciosa.—Arboriculture.

TWO SCOTCH STORIES.

Origin of the MacIntyres and the Moody Hand Legend.
My father, says a writer in Blackwood's Magazine, had no and of ancestors about our ancestral parts of which I remember, though I was only a schoolboy child of under fourteen when I heard him relating them. I was, however, old enough to feel keenly interested in them. One story that impressed me very much was related to account for the origin of the Clan MacIntyre. A party of Macdonells on one occasion were out in a boat upon a knoed of wood sprang out, causing a serious leak, whereupon one of the party stuck in his finger to fill the hole and then cut it off with his dirk, thus saving the life of the whole party. From this circumstance his descendants were called the MacIntyres, or sons of the carpenter.
Another story which I heard my father tell relates to the bloody hand which appears in our coat of arms. A doubt having arisen as to which of two brothers a certain estate belonged, it was agreed that first touch the property was to be regarded as the rightful owner. Accordingly the two young men started in two boats for the land in question. One of them, seeing that he was losing the race, when near the shore pulled out his dirk, cut off his hand and threw it on land, thus establishing his right to the property, as his flesh and blood had touched it first.
SLAVERY IN ENGLAND.
In 1772 it was that the Courts Declared it to Be Illegal.
In 1772 slavery was declared by the judges to be contrary to the law of England. But during the years immediately preceding this date slaves were commonly sold in England. In the previous year a Birmingham paper advertised for sale "a negro boy, sound, healthy and of mild disposition," while in the same year another paper records (and condemns) the sale of a short time previously at Richmond in a negro boy for £22. This is believed to have been the last actual sale of a slave that took place in England.
White slavery was very common in the English colonies in the seventeenth century. Cromwell seized Irish boys, girls and women "by the thousand" and "sold them in the slave markets of Barbados," as may be seen in numerous places in the state papers of the period. He treated some of his royalist opponents in England and Scotland in the same way. A similar fate befell many of the supporters of Monmouth's rebellion in the west of England. In the latter case, as Macaulay tells us, the ladies of the gods Mount Olympus made large profits on the sales.—London Standard.
Smith a Greek God.
In the grammar department of one of our public schools the teacher, after talking with her class on the subject of mythology, read to them as follows: "Vulcan, smith, architect and chariot builder for the gods of Mount Olympus, built their houses, constructed their furniture," etc. The following day the subject of the preceding day was given as a language lesson, and as no mention was made of Vulcan the teacher asked the class who built the houses for the gods of Mount Olympus. For awhile the children seemed to be lost in deep thought, when suddenly a gleam of intelligence illumined the face of one little girl, and she replied: "I can't think of his first name, but his last name is Smith."—Magazine of Fun.
Seven Days Is a Year.
At the examination of pupils in a primary school the inspector put questions at random to the scholars. Among the latter was a towheaded lad who on being asked how many days there are in a year answered, "Seven." When the titling of the rest of the class assisted the inspector remarked: "I said a year, not a week. Now, try again. How many days are there in a year?" The lad appeared nonplused and vexed for a moment, then ejaculated: "Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday; just seven. If there's others I never heard of 'em."—London Mail.

IMPORTANCE OF DEHORNING

If cattle raisers and feeders could bear the comment of buyers on the market they would realize the importance of dehorning. On more than one slow market last year we have gone into pens of horned cattle on which buyers had absolutely refused to make a decent bid. The feeder buyer wants hornless steers to save him the trouble and possible loss of dehorning them. If they are not hornless he makes a bid low enough to allow him to take this trouble and risk, and it is hard to get him to pay what the quality of the cattle should command.
Horned fat cattle are discriminated against particularly by buyers who ship them away from the market point, but not solely by them. The local slaughterer has learned to look for bruised carcasses from a load of horned steers, and he naturally protects himself in the price he pays for them. The day of horns on cattle has gone by so far as the markets are concerned. They mean a loss of \$25 to \$50 a car as compared with dehorned or polled heads, which should be argued enough in favor of the dehorner.—National Stockman.
No Profit in Scrub Cattle.
Scalers who make a business of buying and selling feeding cattle in the big live stock markets of the country report a radical change in demand during the last two years. They state that feeders who formerly were content to purchase steers of ordinary breeding in this flesh will not look at anything unless it is well bred and good enough to kill. A glance at the store cattle that have been carried over from one week to another in the Chicago live stock market during recent months reveals the fact that scrub feeder cattle must be peddled out or sold to the big packers for canning purposes. The fact that the steer is in good condition when offered for sale as a feeder convinces the experienced feeder that he is of a thrifty, flesh-carrying disposition; if he is thin and emaciated, he is immediately dubbed a harel keeper and culled out of the drive.
The Pure Bred Bear.
One great source of failure in producing good crops of pigs is the poor estimate farmers place on the breeding and pedigree of the male, for every one of them has a pedigree, whether written or not, says John M. Jameson in National Stockman. If some were written they would present a most astonishing array of blood lines, but some men seem to like them the better for the complex mixture of blood that courses through their veins. I am not saying that every bear with a written pedigree is a good one, but undoubtedly it is safer for a farmer to use a pure bred bear than one of mixed breeding. Last summer I fed a lot of hogs purchased at different places. Those showing that they were nearest pure bred ancestors were much the best animals.
Highland Cattle.
Highland, or Kyoie, cattle are a variety of rough coated, usually red or black cattle, with untamed horns, kept half wild upon the moors of the Scotch highlands. They are believed to represent in part the cattle of the aboriginal Britons. The specimen here shown was reproduced from Breeder's Gazette and won the cup for the best Highland cow at the recent Smithfield (England) show.
Wintering Idle Horses.
Grain is always or nearly always more expensive relatively than fodder, says Professor Thomas Shaw in American Agriculturist, but it would be better to feed some grain than to allow the horses to run down in flesh. The kinds of grain will depend to some extent on what the farmer has. But in feeding such grain an excellent opportunity is furnished of putting in to wheat bran, ground flax or oil cake to act favorably on the digestive organs. In the absence of meal, field black top and other rough feeds should be given in moderation.
Roots are not much fed to horses in the United States. They are not much raised because they are not much raised because of the plentifulness of other foods and because of the hand labor required in growing them.
Ten pounds of such food fed daily has a wonderfully beneficial influence upon the health of horses that are being wintered on straw. Without some such addition to the food the animals become constipated, and under such conditions they do not thrive to the best advantage, as is seen in the staling and harsh quality of the coat.
Selecting a Bear.
The bear with a broad chest and with large girth at the heart has the greatest vitality and, other points being equal, is the kind to select for strong, vigorous pigs that will resist ordinary disease germs and grow rapidly.

HAMMES AND COLLAR.

Should Be Molded to Perfectly Fit the Horses' Shoulders.
Almost everybody talks knowingly about the different makes and styles of collars, yet it is the rarest thing to hear any one mention the style of hames. The hames, to bring the collar up to the sides of the horse's neck, must be so shaped in form that the collar can be forced up snugly to every part of the sides of the horse's neck, which can be done by tacking on pieces of wood or leather, so as to have the hames fit the exact form of the horse's neck; then there is no question about the collar coming up to the neck where the hames straps are properly buckled.
As no two horses' necks and shoulders are alike, it is the duty of the owner or driver to see to it that the hames are first altered to fit the sides of the horse's neck that is to work in them. If the neck is thin through its central portion the hames must be built out to fit into this depression, and when the neck is thick through its central part (stogy) then the hames must be filled in at the upper portions in circular form to fit such fullness, and so on, whatever the conformation may be.
Hames and collars are made for the trade, but it is the duty of every teamster to aid the horses in every way toward perfect fitting hames and collars. And it is to be done by first being sure that the hames are just the form for bringing the collar up to the sides of the horse's neck, then with the proper length of collar, say Saturday evening, wrap the collar to be fitted round and round many times with gunny sacking, old blankets or other material and keep this wrapping thoroughly wet. Morning and night drench the collar with water and with a piece of fork handle or other smooth stick beat up the face or shoulder bearing surface of the collar to loosen up the filling and make the leather pliant and yielding, put it on the horse's neck, buckle up the hame straps top and bottom, so as to bring the collar rim snug to the neck, and in one day's moderate work the horse will fit the bearing surface to his shoulders better than it is possible for the collar maker on his block.—Dr. J. C. Currier in National Stockman.

CROWS HELP FOX HUNTERS

They Follow the Alert Birds When Reynolds is Roaming.
For some reason crows have seated and mortal antipathy to foxes. As crows build their nests in trees, where no fox can climb, and as an adult crow can escape from any fox by flying, we cannot understand why all crows seek and destroy every fox they see. But we know this to be a fact, as we have watched the performances of crows when foxes were near many times.
We have seen crows watch for running foxes on such occasions for hours at a time, and as soon as a fox emerged from the thick woods and let a crow get a glimpse of its body every bird would hover over the running beast and peck at it and scold it and show marked evidence of a bitter hatred. Several fox hunters whom we know make a practice of following the alert crows, and the foxes are soon being scolded back lots, claiming that the birds are fully as reliable as hounds and less trouble to maintain.—Bangor News.

THE TRAMP.

The curse of the man who will not work has always been with us. In Henry VIII's reign he was not allowed to beg the bread that belonged to honest folk, for a statute was made by which the old and impotent were granted licenses to beg, and any one found begging without one was punished. A statute was also made in 1552 in which a hundred in Elizabeth's time were sent "back to the land." The begging license seems to work well enough abroad, where the row of authorized beggars is a familiar sight outside every church and where the halt and maimed are seldom seen any where else. The rise of the vagrant in England no doubt took place after the destruction of the monasteries and before any other relief giving body took their place.—London Chronicle.

NO HARM DONE.

The customer at the five cent lunch counter, with some exertion, had dug a spoonful from the contents of the side dish.
"Walter," he said, "this tastes different somehow from the mashed potatoes I usually get here."
"It is different," said the waiter, inspecting it. "It's the chunk of putty man has been making a fuss about for the last ten minutes. He'll be glad to get it back. Thanks."—Chicago Tribune.

THE ORIGIN OF A FAMILIAR SAYING.

When Aurelius Paulus, the Roman consul, desired a divorce from his wife he was seen reasoning with him asked: "Is she not beautiful and virtuous and of noble family and great wealth? What fault, then, can you find with her?"
And the consul stooped down, unfurnished his shoe and, showing it to them, answered: "Is it not well made? Is it not well made? Does it not appear to fit excellently? Yet one of you knows where it pinches me."

MILTON'S WORKS.

Milton regarded the "Paradise Regained" as infinitely superior to the "Paradise Lost" and once expressed great surprise that any one should entertain a contrary opinion. He said that of all his works the poem "On the Morning of Christ's Nativity" was his best. It was his earliest, being written in 1629, when he was twenty-one years of age.

INDISPENSABLE.

Mabel—But, papa, I know that he must have money. He doesn't attempt to conceal it. Papa—That settles it. He hasn't any.

TROUBLE.

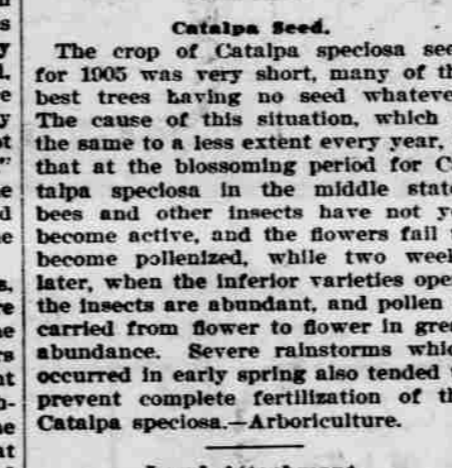
The fellow who "borrows trouble" always has on hand enough to start a gloom factory. Try lending it for awhile.
Patience is the support of weakness; impatience is the ruin of strength.—Yonkers Statesman.

HERE AND THERE

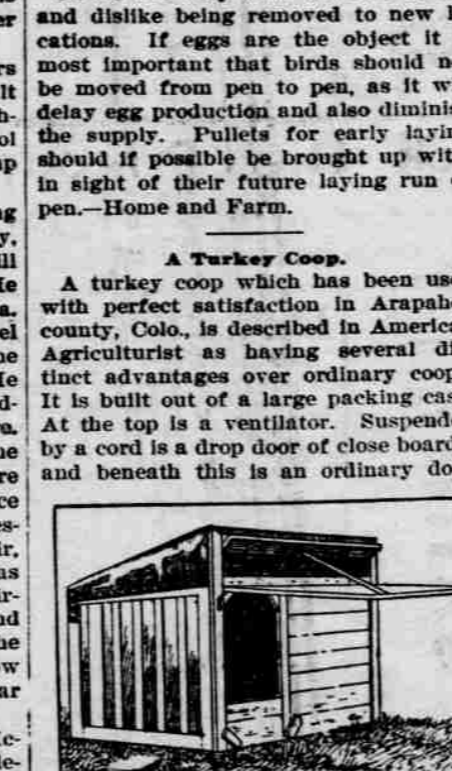
Broken crackers, the refuse from the successful poultrymen, and the consumption is increasing annually. It must be remembered, however, that the main nutriment in this instance is starch.
As among a thousand human faces no two are alike, so among an equal number of horses none have hoofs exactly alike, a fact which is of important bearing in correct horseshoeing.
Much care should be taken in obtaining the various kinds of grass and clover seeds, as these often contain injurious seeds of weeds that thus become widely scattered over the country.
It is claimed by a New York farmer that wireworms will live in ground where buckwheat is grown for two seasons and that potato land may be cleared of these worms by growing buckwheat.
Goethe.
Goethe was pronounced "the handsomest man of Europe." He was a little over six feet in height, but so well proportioned that he did not seem tall. His features were of the Roman type, his hair rather light than dark, his whole appearance commanding. Even to extreme old age he retained a large share of the personal good looks that in his life had made him so attractive.
Women Must Weep.
"You look discouraged."
"I am," answered the newly married man. "I have done all in my power to make my wife happy. She can't find anything at home to cry about, so she goes downtown and weeps over the heroine at the matinee."—Washington Star.
Even the lion has to defend himself against flies.—German Proverb.

HANDY TURKEY COOP.

A turkey coop which has been used with perfect satisfaction in Arapahoe county, Colo., is described in American Agriculturist as having several distinct advantages over ordinary coops. It is built out of a large packing case. At the top is a ventilator. Suspended by a cord is a drop door of close boards, and beneath this is an ordinary door.
Local Attachment.
Fowls are very fond of their homes and dislike being removed to new locations. If eggs are the object it is most important that birds should not be moved from pen to pen, as it will delay egg production and also diminish the supply. Pullets for early laying should be put on their feet in a place where they will see their young in the sight of their future laying run or pen.—Home and Farm.
A Turkey Coop.
A turkey coop which has been used with perfect satisfaction in Arapahoe county, Colo., is described in American Agriculturist as having several distinct advantages over ordinary coops. It is built out of a large packing case. At the top is a ventilator. Suspended by a cord is a drop door of close boards, and beneath this is an ordinary door.



HANDY TURKEY COOP.



TYPE OF HIGHLAND CATTLE.

WINTERING IDLE HORSES.

Grain is always or nearly always more expensive relatively than fodder, says Professor Thomas Shaw in American Agriculturist, but it would be better to feed some grain than to allow the horses to run down in flesh. The kinds of grain will depend to some extent on what the farmer has. But in feeding such grain an excellent opportunity is furnished of putting in to wheat bran, ground flax or oil cake to act favorably on the digestive organs. In the absence of meal, field black top and other rough feeds should be given in moderation.
Roots are not much fed to horses in the United States. They are not much raised because they are not much raised because of the plentifulness of other foods and because of the hand labor required in growing them.
Ten pounds of such food fed daily has a wonderfully beneficial influence upon the health of horses that are being wintered on straw. Without some such addition to the food the animals become constipated, and under such conditions they do not thrive to the best advantage, as is seen in the staling and harsh quality of the coat.

SELECTING A BEAR.

The bear with a broad chest and with large girth at the heart has the greatest vitality and, other points being equal, is the kind to select for strong, vigorous pigs that will resist ordinary disease germs and grow rapidly.

THE VETERINARY

The turning up of the toes of sheep is not a disease, but only a result of neglect to clip the toes by the proper clipper and keeping the sheep in wet pasture in the summer. Sheep's toes need regular attention or the sheep will go lame, and the result will be loss of condition due to the pain and inability to go about freely. Wet pasture is very injurious to the feet.
Abortion in Ewes.
Smut will cause abortion in ewes if it is eaten any short time before the lambing season and the smut will prevent the ewes from getting with lamb if they are feeding on smutty corn stubble at the time of service, says American Sheep Breeder. There is no practical method of prevention other than avoiding the smut. Animals not breeding condition may be saved by the smut, which is commonly eaten freely by sheep or cattle, if there is not a large quantity consumed. Abortion is caused in several ways, such as overcrowding the ewes in the pens; injury by the butting of the rams on the flanks of the ewes is also a frequent cause, but the most common cause of losing lambs is by the smut on the feeder fed to the ewes. Nothing but prevention is of any use.
Worms in Hogs.
For worms of young pigs and small sows give half ounce dose of fluid extract of spiraea and senna every four hours until scouring is produced. The dose may be lessened or increased according to size of pigs. Litter dose is for sows, say, of fifty pounds weight. For worms in hogs and, in fact, all swine, turpentine is effective when given at the rate of one teaspoonful in slop three mornings in succession for each eighty pounds live weight.—Breeder's Gazette.
Catarrh in Horses.
Syringe out nostrils once daily with a dram of tannic acid in a pint of water, says Breeder's Gazette. Sprinkle chloride of lime under hay in manure. Mix one dram of dried sulphate of iron in feed night and morning for a week, then in same way use a dram of powdered sulphate of copper for another week, then a dram of iodine of potassium daily for a week. Change about twice these treatments until horses are cured. At the same time feed well on oats, bran and hay and allow plenty of outdoor exercise.
Remedy for Sheep Ticks.
Flowers of sulphur freely dusted in sheep's fleeces has some effect in ridding them of ticks, and at same time sulphur should be mixed in feed, says Breeder's Gazette. Insect powder has also been used with some degree of success. Dipping is far the most effective treatment, but is dangerous in cold weather unless sheep can be kept in barn with stove heat until thoroughly dry and then well sheltered for some days. As a general proposition dipping at this time of the year is out of the question.



TYPE OF HIGHLAND CATTLE.