FARM AND GARDEN

Buff Plymouth Rock.

While the Buff Plymouth Rock is no better than the well-known barred, it has proved itself better than the white sort, and, as a breed for fanciers, has become very popular. As a practical fowl, we consider it not as good as the barred, for with us it has shown some weaknesses that the older strain does not have. It must not be inferred, however, that this is likely to be the case with all of them, for many breeders consider them even better than the barred. They are similar in size and form, lay well, are good mothers and the carcass is quite like the barred. The breed is attractive because of its genuine Plymouth Rock form and size and the beautiful plumage.

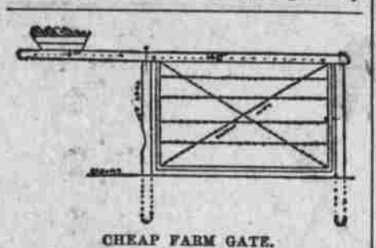
THE BUFF PLYMOUTH ROCK.

The Marketable Hog.

Hogs to be marketable at the highest prices must be largely of a uniform type or at least the types must approach in uniformity. The buyers in the great markets of the country carry in their mind's eye the style of the hog they think will make the most salable pork. The tendency to gravitate toward one type is, therefore, marked. The buyer is inclined to be arbitrary. He cannot tell why he prefers a certain type, but sticks to it that that type is the kind he wants. This varies also in different markets, both at home and abroad. The English buyer who has been buying bacon hogs for many years has in his mind a very different type from the type of the man that in the Chicago market has been buying lard hogs all his life. This variable type the raiser of hogs has to consider and it both hinders and helps him in improving his herd. It helps him in improving his herd. It helps him while his animals are far below that type, but it hinders him as soon as he has reached the type of hog in the mind of the buyer, for he cannot progress beyond it except at loss to himself. This fact has been the greatest obstacle in the improving of the bone and stamina of hogs raised in the corn belt. —St. Louis Republic.

Gate that Will Not Sag.

The accompanying illustration represents a form of farm gate, which is cheap, durable, easily made, easily operated and will not sag with years of use. The gate shown in the illustration is 14 feet long, but may be made any reasonable length desired. The top bar is a twenty-four foot stick. The bar is fastened to the gate post by means of a pin on which the gate turns. The box shown on the free end of the top bar is filled with sufficient field stones to almost balance the gate. The frame of the gate consists of a stiff wooden structure strapped and bolted at the corner. On this barbed, plain or common wire is fastened. It is well to drive a ring over the top end of the large gate post to keep it from wearing or splitting, and also to attach an iron plate to the underside of the top bar where it rests on the post.



CHEAP FARM GATE.

Potatoes as Hog Feed.

Potatoes are quite largely fed to hogs, but it is found advisable to boil them. In the New England States they are fed extensively, being boiled in milk and mixed with meal in a barrel. Frequently several bushels are boiled at a time, and when mixed with cornmeal make an appetizing mess. The only fault to be found with this combination is that it is badly out of balance. The potatoes are rich in starch and so is the corn. To such of our readers as are still following the old practice we would advise the substitution of bran or of ground oats for the cornmeal. This would make a fairly well-balanced ration. The Canadians say that potatoes have a good effect on the quality of bacon produced. There is probably no better use to which small potatoes may be put than this.—Exchange.

Chickens that Eat Eggs.

A poultry man says: Four years ago I had a coop of buff Wyandottes that ate eggs as fast as they laid them, and I was at loss to know what to do, so I tried the following experiment: I went to neighboring baker shop and procured all the egg shells that they could give me and put them in oven, browned them, and had, constantly, a peck of them in the yard, and I found that it lessened the evil very much, and after killing two leaders, I had very little trouble. I have bred buff Rocks fifteen years, and never had any trouble about soft-shelled eggs. I always keep my yards covered with a foot of gravel. I find that the chicks as well as old chickens get all the substance for eggs from gravel, and for digesting food.

The Manure Spreader.

This department is not for the purpose of advertising tools or implements, and no such article that is sold is ever mentioned by the manufacturer's name. There are implements and conveniences, however, made by different manufacturers which should find a place on every farm, and one of them is the manure-spreader, of which there are several good makes.

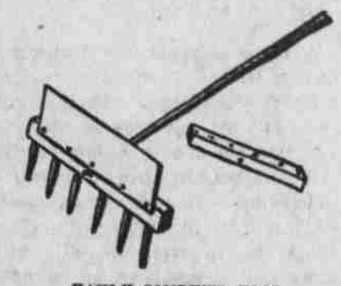
No one can appreciate the value of this implement until he has used it. It is not only a labor-saver, but it spreads the manure in any quantity desired, and spreads it evenly. All of its operations are controlled from the driver's seat. The work of manure spreading should be in operation from now on more or less through the winter, and no farmer can make a better investment than to have this implement. It will give him added years of life in the labor it will save him, and enable him to grow better crops.

An Improved Lawn Mower.

An exchange reports a machine which is a combination of the bicycle and the mowing machine for mowing lawns. They cut a much wider swath than the ordinary lawn mower and do the work much easier. We would like to see one of them in operation. It is now more work to take care of a few square rods of lawn and keep it neat and clean as it should be, than to care for an acre of grass grown for hay or an acre in some cultivated crops. And yet many people wonder why the farmer does not have an acre or two of lawn around his house.—American Cultivator.

Combined Hoe and Rake.

In hoeing of any kind one generally feels the need of a rake as well as the hoe, and the little tool here described is a happy combination of both that any one handy with tools can readily construct. Select a piece of hard wood eight inches long, one and one-half inches thick and three inches wide. Bore an inch hole in the center of it, into which to put a handle. Then take six six-inch spikes or ten-penny nails and drive into this strip at equal distances apart. To make the hoe take a portion of an old cross-cut saw blade, or have the blacksmith fashion a piece of iron for you, bend over one edge an inch so that it may be riveted to the piece of wood. Then fasten the handle in the hole and your tool is ready for use. The illustration plainly shows how the details are perfected.



HANDY COMBINED TOOL.

Potato Growers' Outfit.

To grow potatoes easily the grower should be supplied with all necessary machinery. In addition to the plow, a spring-tooth harrow, roller and two-horse cultivator, with which almost every farmer is supplied, should be used; it is also essential to have a planter, digger, weeder, smoothing harrow, low wagon with platform and a number of bushel crates. A four row barrel sprayer is very useful for spraying potatoes, to prevent blight and to kill bugs, but can be dispensed with and the work done with cheaper machinery.

Farm Notes.

High and gravelly soil is the best for fruit trees.

The farm work should always be kept in advance of the season.

The profitable culture of the soil depends upon its thoroughness.

The nature of farm life is, in no small degree, conducive to economy.

Good stock will not sustain its excellence long if it is not well cared for.

Premature cooling of the milk before setting will injure the butter yield.

A pedigree is simply a certificate of character, and unless it shows a good character it is of no practical value.

Fill the vacant places with young trees, unless the orchard is old, then it is better to plant a new one.

Farm life may be made a burden or a pleasure according to the management of the home, the farm and the work.

Every farmer should have a few colonies of bees, enough at least to supply the table with pure, fresh honey.

Clean up the farm, and its value will be increased, and when it is cleaned and cleared it will cultivate more easily and cheaply.

An unfruitful orchard may often be brought into bearing by a heavy application of good stable manure scattered broadcast.

A wet place in a field can often be drained out with but little trouble and expense, but if this is allowed to go undone will spoil the field and ruin the crops.

It is essential that a cow's udder be entirely freed from milk at each milking for if any milk is left in the udder from any cause the secretions are checked and the cow will soon go dry if this method of milking becomes a common practice.

DOINGS OF WOMEN

A Song to Brave Women.

They were married in the autumn when
the leaves were turning gold,
And the mornings bore a menace of the
winter's coming cold;
Side by side they stood and promised
hand in hand to walk through life,
And the parson said, "God bless you!"
as he named them man and wife.
They had little wealth to aid them; little
of the world they knew;
But he whispered, "Oh, my darling, I
have riches—I have—you."
Then they vowed that, walking ever side
by side and hand in hand,
They would gain the distant summits of
their far-off, happy land.

Side by side they walked together, lingering sometimes for a kiss,
Dreaming of those far-off summits, of the future's perfect bliss;
But the battle-stress was on them, and the foeman bade them yield,
And their onward steps were hidden by the smoke upon the field;
And his heart grew faint within him, as he murmured, "I must fall,
For the foeman presses ever, and his cohorts conquer all."
But the woman, loyal ever, only whispered, "You shall win!
You shall snatch the victor's laurel from the battle-strife and din."

Then again he struggled onward, though his wounds were gaping wide,
Listening ever for a whisper—"I am battling by your side."
Struggling onward, struggling ever, though the mists were dark about;
Beaten downward by the foemen, lost in mists of gloom and doubt.
Still he heard that gentle whisper that his spirit must obey,
Till he reached the golden summits past the borderland of gray.
Then the world, as wise as ever, said, "Behold a conquering knight!"
For it never heard the whisper that had urged him to the height.

Call it fable, fable only; lo, the world is full of these,
Men who struggle onward, upward, till the splendid prize they seize;
Men who stumble, stumble often, dazed and stricken in the din,
But to rise and falter forward at the whisper, "You shall win!"
And we name them knights and heroes of the battle and the fray,
Knowing not that there behind each is the one who showed the way;
Just some little loyal woman, forcing back the tears that blur—
You may honor your brave hero; I will sing a song to her.
—Alfred J. Waterhouse, in Success.

Dainty Lawn Shirt Waist.

Women in War-Time.

Terrible as are the miseries of the battlefield and the hospital, they do not equal the heart-sickening suspense which is the lot of women in time of war.

The pain which must be borne in inaction is of itself paralyzing to the will and to high resolve. A man overboard in mid-ocean, for example, suffers a fear beside which that of the battlefield is a trifle. The bravest of men, alone in the waves, will turn coward, although he may have a life-buoy and practical certainty of rescue. But the heart which fainted at its own powerlessness before the great forces of nature moving remorselessly on may rise to splendid feats of bravery on the field of battle.

To women war must be always like the untamable sea—a succession of billows, rising each above the other, and each capable of engulfing the world of love and hope in its bitter depth. No woman's hand can stay them. No woman's voice can calm them. And so, on the steppes of Russia and in the villages of Japan to-day, women are praying, in strange tongues and with fantastic rites, but with a world-old mingling of cowardice and courage, of love of country and hatred of war, that the angel of peace may again fold his wings over the earth.—Youth's Companion.

The Influence at Home.

A delegation of young men lately waited on their employer's wife with the oddest request on record. "You see," said the spokesman, "we want to have a half holiday every Saturday. Now, if you will be particularly nice to Mr. Jones for a few days, we'll go to him and ask——" "Gentlemen," the lady haughtily interrupted, "do you imply that I do not understand what is due to my husband?" "Oh, I know all about it," the spokesman went on. "I'm married myself. Things go wrong in the house, and you're tired and cross at breakfast. Then we suffer at the office. You stay up late to chaperone your daughter at a ball, and we have more trouble at the office. You're a bit cross three mornings in succession, for one reason or another, and we have a —a—terrible time at the office. You see how the matter stands, and how greatly you will oblige us by being more than usually agreeable to Mr. Jones for three or four days? The fourth day give him the best breakfast you can—everything that he likes best—and we'll get what we want in three minutes. Talk about a woman having no influence in the business! Why, the humor she's in has more effect than a bank failure or a boom in trade." She thought she ought to be angry, but, instead, she laughed, and agreed to the proposition, and four days later, when they waited on the head of the firm, he made the closing hour 12 o'clock, and said that never in the history of the firm had things run as satisfactorily as they had the last four days. All hail to the power behind the throne!—Exchange.

MOTHERS AND DAUGHTERS

Mrs. Daniel McCall of Cat island lighthouse, on the Mississippi coast, turned the light for two nights by hand because the mechanism was out of order and her husband was lying dead.

The richest spinster in New York City is Mary G. Pinkney. She is said to have more money than Hetty Green, and certainly more than Helen Gould. The reason her name has never been connected with matrimonial gossip is that she is 87 years old.

To paint portraits of American society women, says a writer, is an achievement seldom attained by an American artist, as the grande dames of the "550" aristocracy of the land of the free usually insist upon a foreign signature to their pictures.

The custom of marrying girls when they are mere children of 9 or 10 years is increasing rather than decreasing in Bengal and other parts of India. The resulting racial degeneration is becoming so obvious that laws have been passed in several regions forbidding the marriage of girls under 14.

English women, according to Miss Anthony, are well informed on politics, and talk of it, and indeed of most subjects of general interest, much more than do American women. The same holds true of Scottish and Irish women. Miss Anthony also reports that "we found the German woman very responsive."

Health and Beauty Hints.

Plenty of fresh air in our living rooms, in our public conveyances, in our bedchambers, our schools and our churches would insure us longer lives and more joy in living.

A harmless, inexpensive and yet beneficial powder for profuse perspiration is made from two ounces of cornstarch with one dram each of boracic acid, alum and salicylic acid. Dust this over the skin immediately after bathing.

That Americans as a general thing suffer from living in overheated rooms must be conceded, and perhaps we should be hardier, less liable to colds and maladies which follow in their wake if we believed more firmly in the beneficent effect of open windows.

Many cures for nerves are advised and advertised, but the greatest of these is—common sense. How shall we manage not to be nervous? By proper living, proper working and playing, eating, drinking and sleeping; above all, proper thinking and feeling.

A satisfactory skin food that will not induce hair to grow on the face is witch hazel cream made by heating once ounce each of white wax, spermaceti, lanolin and witch hazel together, then adding three ounces of almond oil and rosewater with one dram of tincture of benzoin.

The teeth should be rinsed after each meal, and for this purpose there is nothing pleasanter than a mouth wash of peppermint water. This perfumes the breath and is very refreshing. Pour a little of the essence of peppermint in a glass of water and rinse the mouth and throat with it.

Was It You?

Somebody did a golden deed;
Somebody proved a friend in need;
Somebody sang a beautiful song;
Somebody smiled the whole day long;
Somebody thought, "'Tis sweet to live;"
Somebody said, "I'm glad to give;"
Somebody fought a valiant fight;
Somebody lived to shield the right;
Was that somebody you?
—E. Vinton Francis.

Boys And Girls

LITTLE STORIES AND INCIDENTS

That Will Interest and Entertain Young Readers.

The Remorseful Cakes.

A little boy named Thomas ate
Hot buckwheat cakes for tea—
A very rash proceeding, as
We presently shall see.

He went to bed at eight o'clock,
As all good children do,
But scarce had closed his little eyes,
When he most restless grew.

He flopped on this side, then on that,
Then keeled upon his head,
And covered all at once each spot
Of his wee trundle-bed.

He wrapped one leg around his waist,
And tother round his ear,
While mamma wondered what on earth
Could ail her little dear.

But sound he slept, and as he slept
He dreamt an awful dream
Of being spanked with hickory slabs
Without the power to scream.

He dreamt a great big lion came,
And ripped and raved and roared,
While on his breast two furious bulls
In mortal combat gored.

He dreamt he heard the flop of wings
Within the chimney-flue,
And down there crawled, to gnaw his ears,
An awful bugaboo!

When Thomas rose next morn, his face
Was pallid as a sheet;
"I never more," he firmly said,
"Will cakes for supper eat!"
—Eugene Field.

Jolly Evening Games.

A number of jolly evening games can be played with ordinary pins, one 5-cent papee of which will supply the foundation for an evening's entertainment.

A Paper-Spearing Contest—Tear or cut clean scrap paper into inch squares and pile them on a pasteboard box lid. There should be several handfuls, enough to make a good-sized heap.

Place the box lid in the center of the table at which the game is to be played and give each player a pin. The fun consists in seeing who in the fifteen minutes allotted to the game can spear the most pieces with his pin.

By the rules of the game only one piece of paper may be taken on the pin at one time. If two are captured by mistake, both must be returned to the pile.

A small prize may be given to the boy or girl having the most squares when the game is at an end.

Pins and Marbles—Each boy or girl receives three pins, which are stuck upright in the carpet. Marbles are then used to bowl over the pins. Naturally, there must be a prearranged place for the pins to be stuck and for the bowler to stand, in order that everybody shall have an equal chance. If more than one boy or girl should succeed in downing all three pins in the three bowls allowed by the rules, the successful players can have "rubber" games together until one or the other becomes champion.

True Education of Boys.

A philosopher has said that true education of boys is to "teach them what they ought to know when they become men."

First—To be true and to be genuine. No education is worth anything that does not include this. A man had better not know how to read and be true and genuine in action rather than to be learned in all sciences and in all languages and be at the same time false in heart and counterfeit in life. Above all things, teach the boys that truth is more than riches, power or possessions.

Second—To be pure in thought, language and life—pure in mind and body.

Third—To be unselfish, to care for the feelings and comforts of others, to be generous, noble and manly. This will include a genuine reverence for the aged and for things sacred.

Fourth—To be self-reliant and self-helpful even from childhood, to be industrious always and self-supporting at the earliest possible age. Teach them that all honest work is honorable; that an idle life of dependence on others is disgraceful.

When a boy has learned these things, when he has made these ideas part of him, however poor or however rich, he has learned the most important things he ought to know.

Elmer Was Willing.

Little Elmer had a habit of leaving the crust of his pie, and one day his mother said: "Elmer, you should not waste your pie crust. There are hundreds of poor little boys who would be glad to get it."

"All right, mamma; let them have it," replied the charitable youngster.

From the Dead Letter Office.

"Oh, mamma!" exclaimed little Margie, who had met the postman at the door, "here's a letter from the dead letter office!"

"How do you know, dear?" asked her mother.

" 'Cause it's got a black border on it," replied the small observer.

Johnny Had a Way.

"Elsie," said small Johnny to his little sister, who was running the scale, "if you'll give me half your candy I'll fix the piano so you won't have to practice any for two weeks.'"

A Popular Abbreviation.

"What is 'don't' the abbreviation of?" asked the teacher.

"Doughnut," promptly replied the small boy at the foot of the class.

Clerical Bill of Fare.

"We had the minister for dinner last Sunday," said little Harry.

"Huh, that's nothing," rejoined small Fred. "We had a turkey."

SOME POINTS ON HUMIDITY.

Weather Expert Explains How Moisture Affects the Temperature.

While it has been the aim of the officials of the weather bureau to get the best possible instruments for registering the temperature and making the predictions of "weather present and to come," it is said no thermometer is perfect, and that no two thermometers register exactly alike.

This is the reason given by weather bureau officials for the difference in temperature noted at the weather bureau and that registered by thermometers in the possession of private citizens.

According to Professor Garriott neither the weather bureau nor its official thermometer is, as many suppose, any material height above the city. The thermometer, according to Professor Garriott, is probably forty feet higher than those on the city strets, but this, it is said, is not great enough to affect the mercury to any noticeable degree.

Professor Garriott says that the question of "humidity" is one which frequently agitates the mind of people during the summer, but that it is so technical in its nature that hardly one person in ten understands what it all means when an authority dissertates on the subject.

For this reason little is given out officially at the weather bureau. It is disposed to confine itself to the mere statement of temperature.

After a rain in summer time, when every one is declaiming about the stickiness of the atmosphere, it is because the air retains all the moisture it has absorbed and there is no means of cooling the atmosphere. On the contrary, when it is dry the heat may be greater, but the moisture is evaporated, and in that process the air is really cooled. It is on the same principle, Professor Garriott said, as the cooling air of the morning, when the dew from the grass evaporates and materially cools the air.

It is not, therefore, the purpose of the weather bureau to attempt to make plain to the general public the question of humidity. Professor Garriott says it is a thing which must be studied thoroughly in order to be understood.—Washington Star.

India's Great Cities.

Bombay is the second city in population in India, Calcutta standing first on the list with 1,350,000 people, and, if you will take your map for a moment, you will see that the two cities lie in almost the same latitude, one on each side of the peninsula called India—Bombay at the top of the Arabian Sea and Calcutta at the top of the Bay of Bengal. By the census of 1891, Bombay had 821,764 population. By the census of 1901, the total was 776,006, the decrease of 45,758 being attributed to the mortality by the plague in 1900 and 1901. It is the most enterprising, the most modern, the most active, the richest and the most prosperous city in India. More than 90 per cent of travelers who enter and leave the country pass over the docks, and more than half the foreign commerce of the country goes through its custom house.

The reason a widower forgets sooner than a widow is that the latter has to wait till a man hunts her up, and tells her it is time wasted to remember.

It sometimes happens that a woman never forgives a man for letting her marry him.