

KLAMATH FALLS REPUBLICAN

Issued Each Week

KLAMATH FALLS, OREGON

The United States Senate will note that it has become good magazine material.

Ennyhow, this spelling reform business is likely 2 hav ruf sleding before it gets thru.

As a rule the imaginative poet is one who imagines he can exchange his poetry for real money.

There is no law against women voting in Italy, but the women appear to have discovered it only lately.

If every bridal couple could start with \$300,000 worth of gifts the question of easy housekeeping would not be hard to solve.

Dr. H. Preston Pratt, of Chicago, believes electricity will drive us all blind. Then we will take more interest in second-sight.

Tobacco is said to be the currency of British New Guinea. When a man smokes there his wife can tell him he is just burning money.

Conan Doyle says: "Reformed spelling might become universal, but it would cease to be the English language." Yes, if reformed it would be "Inglish."

The rarity of the conviction of men in high places who are accused of fraud cannot fall of giving the masses a poor opinion of the way the law is administered in this country.

Elijah I. don't have to have a bank account, and Elijah III. has overdrew his. A prophet without honor in his own town is normal, but a prophet in trouble with his banker is absurd.

Oiga Nethersole, referring to the stage, says: "It does not save lives; at least, not directly." Miss Nethersole's statement can hardly be regarded as hysterical or lacking in conservatism.

What is to become of that chorus girl who is heiress to \$500,000? Of course she doesn't have to "act" any more, but then, she can hardly afford to lose the benefit of all that free advertising.

According to Mr. Carnegie, no rich man can be happy. H. H. Rogers would probably be able to furnish strong evidence in rebuttal if something horrible were to happen to the Supreme Court of Missouri.

The latest alarm that has been rung in is that the potato is poisonous, the reason being that the paris green with which the plant is sprinkled has settled in the ground and infected the tuber itself. The time is coming when everything we eat will have to be provided with a certificate of good character.

One class of New York policemen are not always what their title indicates. One of these men appeared as a witness the other day in a tan overcoat, a many-colored undercoat and trousers, a plaid vest and a red necktie. To the question what was his business, he replied that he was "a plain-clothes man."

Several of the fruit ports of Central America have called upon the United States—more particularly on New Orleans—for aid in stamping out and preventing yellow fever. Port Limon, which was formerly a pest spot for breeding the disease, has been entirely rebuilt in the last three or four years, and the result is so satisfactory that rival banana shipping ports wish to imitate its example.

Plans for an organic union of the Congregationalists, the United Brethren and the Methodist Protestants were perfected at a conference in Dayton last month. A common name for the new denomination is to be found later, but the selection of a name does not seem to trouble the men behind the movement. There are more interested in developing plans for working together for the good of the world. When the union is perfected, there will be a compact body of more than a million communicants in place of three separate bodies with separate denominational machinery.

Among seven hundred boys recently examined in an East side school in New York only three could raise themselves up by their arms on a horizontal bar until their chins were on a level with their hands. Many of the children in the schools in the poorer parts of the city do not know how to play. They have to be taught the simplest games, like tag and hop-scotch. The paths of a childhood without play has begun to appeal to the public-spirited persons in the city, and they are asking the government to provide more playgrounds in the crowded quarters. Money spent in this way will save thousands of boys and girls from pauperism and crime.

Collier's Weekly throws a bouquet at American newspapers by declaring that they "today have more power and use it for better ends than at any previous time." It goes on to say that the permanence and reality of the gain depends on whether the public will show its appreciation of higher standards by support and patronage of the better class of newspapers rather than the poorer and demoralizing class. Some few postmasters who bewail the fact that the most vicious yellow journals seem to flourish may be disposed to question this, but a careful and unprejudiced survey will surely confirm Collier's conclusion that the tone of our American newspapers is steadily higher as well as the tone of American business and society, both. Doubtless, reacting upon one another in the same direction.

President Angell has stated fairly the position of those who wish to see in football. He is not opposed

to the game honestly played. He played when in college and likes the game still. His words, coming from a friend, may have more weight with the fanatical defenders of the game than those of a man whose objections to football are more fundamental. Omitting minor points, President Angell's criticisms of the game may be grouped under three heads: The serious consequences of the game among young players in high schools and academies, the waste of time during twelve weeks of the college year, and the huge amounts of money involved. The larger number of the serious injuries reported during the season occur among the young players in the preparatory schools, whose frames have not reached the vigor which will stand the severe strain to which nerve and bone are subjected during a hard fought game. Besides conspicuous bruises and fractures on the field the game is even more fatal in its after effects on many of the boys who take part in it. Besides that, a player who distinguishes himself on the field is likely to be coaxed away from the natural order of his studies and sneaked into college with inadequate preparation and under circumstances which make it almost inevitable that he should regard the playing of football as the chief end of his ambition. The larger part of the fall term of college is given up to drill on the part of the players, varied with hours of battle and days of slow recuperation. The rest of the students talk almost exclusively of the game. This waste of precious time must be avoided somehow. It must be remembered that the tuition fee charged by universities not State institutions pays only from one-half to one-fourth the cost. Universities are supported either by State grants or by the income of funds contributed by pious or charitable people. The acceptance of the privileges thus liberally offered involves a moral obligation on the part of the student to use his time to advantage, but this obligation and this indebtedness are too often forgotten. President Angell calls attention to the fact that a good football coach gets a larger salary than a cabinet officer or a justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. The amount of money received and spent in football is demoralizing to all who have to do with it. With this and the other objections removed and brutally lessened by wise regulations there will be a chance to get the benefits of a many game such as football ought to be.

CHINA ONCE MOST CIVILIZED.

While Other Countries Progress, However, It Remains the Same. Ten centuries ago China was undoubtedly the most civilized portion of the world and 3,000 years ago only Egypt and possibly India could have competed with it. But while the others have changed in various ways, China has remained the same. Think of some of its achievements. Its greatest structure ever reared by human hands is the great wall. It is 15,000 miles long; without break it crosses valleys, climbs mountains, clambers up the face of precipices and bounds an empire on the north. It was built before the formation of the Roman empire, while it was still a republic and while Christianity was still unborn, in 204 B. C. Or, to take a modern instance, while the enlightened peoples of Europe were still engaged with the crusades, before gunpowder or the printing press had been invented China built the great canal, almost 700 years ago.

CHAPTER XII.

"Of course, I couldn't let him go; but I took him out of the chain gang and put him on the Oprey. You saw her in the lock as you came in. He worked for some time very well, and then tried to bolt again."

"The old trick, Ha! ha! don't I know it?" says Mr. Frore.

"Well, we caught him and gave him fifty. The man was sent to the chain gang, cutting timber. Then we put him into the boats, but he quarreled with the coxswain, and then we took him back to the timber rafts. About six weeks ago he made another attempt— together with Gabbett, the man who nearly killed some of our boys in the field, and I was in the boat with Gabbett and three more, however, got away."

Just then some one came up the garden path and saluted.

"What is it, Frore?"

"Prisoners, sir. One of our boys, Gabbett. He came back to-night. He's down at the sheds. You can see him at once, gentlemen, if you like."

It was not far to the sheds, and after a few minutes' walk through the woodland on the side of the stretchers sat a man in a white dress of "good conduct" prisoners. This man held between his knees a basin containing a mass of the most precious material on the place.

The intelligent Frore, considerably alive to the wishes of his superior officers, dragged the mass into a sitting posture, and awoke it.

Gabbett—for it was he—passed one great hand over his face, and leaning exactly in the position in which Frore had placed him, bowed, bewildered, at his visitors.

"Well, Gabbett," says Vickers, "you're come back again, you see. When will you learn sense, eh? Where are your mates?"

For The Term of His Natural Life

By MARCUS CLARKE

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"Well, Gabbett," says Vickers, "you're come back again, you see. When will you learn sense, eh? Where are your mates?"

"Why don't you say your gruel?"

"I have eaten it. Ain't yer got nuffin' better nor that to dog a man on? Ugh! yer a mean lot! Wot's it to be this time, major? Fifty?"

"A nice specimen," said Vickers, with a hopeless smile. "What can one do with such a fellow?"

"I'd dog his soul out of his body," said Frore, "if he spoke to me like that."

The giant raised his great head and looked at the speaker, but did not recognize him. He saw only a strange figure—a visitor, perhaps. You may dog and welcome, mister," said he, "if you'll give me a bit of tobacco."

Frore laughed. The brutal indifference of the rejoinder suited his humor, and with a glance at Vickers, he took a small piece of cavendish from the pocket of his pea jacket, and gave to the recipient a couple of snatches at a hone, and thrust it whole into his mouth.

"How many mates had he?" asked Maurice, watching the champing jaws as one looks at a strange animal, and asking the question as though a "mate" was something like a dog.

"Three, sir."

"Three, eh? Well, give him thirty lashes, Vickers."

"And if he had three more," growled Gabbett, mumbling at his tobacco, "you wouldn't 'at' out from his gills."

"As he sat there gloomily chewing, he was a spectacle to shudder at. Not so much on account of his natural hideousness, increased a thousandfold by the tattered and filthy rags which barely covered him. Not so much on account of his unkempt hair, his bare lips, his torn and bleeding feet, his haggard cheeks, and his huge, wasted frame. Not only because, looking at the animal, as he crouched, with one foot curled round the other, and one hairy arm pendant between his knees, he was so horribly unhuman, but because he made one think that tender women and fair children must, of necessity, confess to fellowship of kind with such a monster. But also because, in his slavering mouth, his slowly grinding jaws, his restless fingers, and his bloodshot, wandering eyes, there lurked a hint of something more awful than the terror of starvation—a memory of a tragedy played out in the gloomy depths of that forest which had vomited him forth again—and the shadow of this unknown horror, clinging to him, repelled, as though he bore about with him the rep of the shame."

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has heard the night before. "It's my belief, sir, that he was trying to swim the bay," he said. "He must 'a' gone to the bottom anyhow, for he couldn't swim five yards with them leons."

Vickers, busily engaged in getting under way, accepted this very natural supposition without question. The prisoner had met his death either by his own act or by accident. It was either a suicide attempt or escape, and the former conduct of Rufus Dawes rendered the latter explanation a more probable one. In any case, he was dead. As Mr. Frore rightly surmised, no man could swim the bay in leons; and when the Lady-bird, an hour later, passed the Grummet Rock, all on board her believed that the corpse of the late occupant was lying beneath the waves that seethed at its base.

The drifting log that had so strangely served as a means of saving Rufus Dawes swam with the current that was running out of the bay. For some time the burden that it bore was an insensible one. Exhausted with his desperate struggle for life, the convict lay along the coast, at the mercy of the sea, without motion, almost without breath. At length a violent shock awoke him to consciousness, and he perceived that the log had become stranded on a sandy point, the extremity of which was low in darkness. Painfully raising himself from his uncomfortable position, he staggered to his feet, and, crawling a few paces up the beach, flung himself upon the ground and slept.

When he woke up it was past midday, and the sun poured its full rays upon him. His clothes were dry in all places, save the side on which he had been lying, and he rose to his feet refreshed by his long sleep. He scarcely comprehended, as yet, his true position. He had escaped, it was true, but not for long. He was versed in the history of escape, and knew that a man alone on that barren coast was face to face with starvation or recapture. Glancing up at the sun, he wondered, indeed, how it was that he had been free so long. Then the coal sheds caught his eye, and he understood that they were untenanted. This astonished him, and he began to tremble with vague apprehension. Entering, he looked around, expecting every moment to see some lurking constable or armed soldier. Suddenly his glance fell upon the leaves which lay in the corner where the departing convict had flung them the night before. At such a moment, this discovery seemed like a direct revelation from heaven. He would not have been surprised had they disappeared. Had he lived in another age, he would have looked round for the angel who had brought them.

A JOURNEYMAN BARBER.

This Totalitarian Makes Good Sense Every Morning.

There's at least one barber in Washington who doesn't have to keep his ears turned to the word "next," says the New York Post.

This barber doesn't work in a shop, nor has he any establishment of his own. He's a peripatetic barber, and he averages something like \$8 or \$10 for four hours' work a day, wears diamonds, and is a perpetual mystery and a source of puzzled eyes to the barbers with whom he formerly worked in hotel barber shops.

He is literally a journeyman barber. He carries the tools of his trade around with him, suspended in a case from the handle bars of a bicycle, and he might easily be taken, to see him on his rounds, for a rising young surgeon.

He shaves men in their rooms—men who are not quite able to have valets, but who are willing to dig up a half dollar every day for the sake of making their initial appearance about noon, shaven, shorn, done up, and groomed-looking.

A considerable number of his customers are army and navy officers living at clubs, but he has also a clientele of luxurious civilians. He starts out on his rounds at 8 o'clock in the morning, and by 10 o'clock he has shaven about ten men as they recline in their cozy lairs. When he finds his earlier customers asleep some of them are prominent government officials, who report at their offices at about 10 o'clock in the morning—he does not wake them up, but goes ahead and shaves them, and he says that plenty of his customers don't wake up at all while they're being shaved. He says that in the course of a couple of weeks' practice any man may easily learn how to remain in the land of Nod while being shaved.

When he finishes with his earlier patrons he glides around among his customers who dawdle in their rooms in dressing gowns until about noon. He has a regular hour for each patron and always sticks to schedule time, keeping none waiting. He gets half a dollar for a shave and \$1 for a haircut. Those of his patrons who want hair-touts notify him a couple of days in advance, so that he can arrange his schedule. By 1 o'clock in the afternoon this businesslike razor-wielder has done all his day's work, and then you'll see him, a picture of grooming and a sort of glass of himself, strolling on F street any fine afternoon, "stalking the girls to a treat."

Rattled.

Miss Deery's mother came into the room rather suddenly, and Mr. Spooner endeavored to cover his embarrassment.

"As I was just saying," he began in a formally conversational tone.

"Why, no you weren't, George!" interrupted Miss Deery, hastily. "You were speaking of football—don't you remember?"—Cleveland Leader.

Unwelcome Contents.

"I see you carry a heavy stock of eggs," remarked the caller. "Is there anything in eggs?"

"Well," replied the truthful grocer, "there was something in the consignment that came in last week."

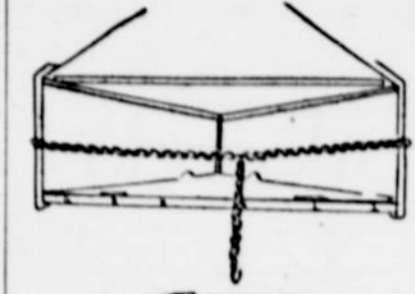
"Chicken."



Farm Wagon Attachment.

A well-constructed shoveling board attached to the wagon box is a great convenience when unloading ear corn, root crops or any similar thing. The illustration shows a simple, practical

idea, the lower picture showing the board lowered for use and the upper one showing how it can be closed. The shoveling board proper is about one inch narrower than the width of the inside of the wagon box and is attached to the latter with strong hinges; the board may be the same width as the sides of the wagon box, or wider, if desired. The side-boards A and B are slanted off at the back sides and the front ends are the same width as the box where they are attached with strong hinges. Strong, short hooks are placed in each side-board, as shown un-



SHOVELING BOARD.

der letter A, and an eye in the shoveling board just under the hook, thus keeping the board in position. There is a light iron chain support at each side of the box and hooked underneath.—Indianapolis News.

Making Incubator Profitable.

The incubator passed the experimental stage, and is no longer a machine of chance results. Any one with a reasonable amount of common sense and the ability to take care of the machine and its contents while it is in operation will be rewarded by success.

If one is in a position to go into the poultry business on a scale of considerable magnitude the better plan is to prepare a cellar expressly for the work, for, perfect as they are, incubators sometimes catch on fire, and then the loss of the building they are in generally follows. The cement building blocks which have recently come into use offer the means to construct an incubator cellar in any section of the country at moderate cost. Brooders, too, must be added, and there should be a structure for the brooders, so that the early hatched chicks need not be turned out of doors to get wet or catch cold.

Incubator cellar in any section of the pacity and sold at a low price. A 50-egg machine of reliable make can be bought for \$10, and with it one can get all the experience needed to enable him to operate those of larger capacity a second season. The incubator and the brooder are essential in operations of considerable size, the sitting hen to be used only as a makeshift.

When and What to Prune. This list of plants and shrubs, with their requirements in regard to the pruning season, is especially timely and helpful. It has the weight of authority, as coming from a practical gardener.

There is a right time and a wrong time to prune each plant, but few amateurs can distinguish between them. Also certain trees do not need pruning at all.

Head back immediately after blooming: Kalmia latifolia, diervilla, or wigwaga, azalea, forsythia, snowball, kerria, mock orange, Philadelphia, barberry, most woody spiraea.

Head back when dormant: Roses, clematis, spirea sorbifolia, hydrangeas. Large flowering trees not requiring pruning: Aesculus (horse chestnut), sorbus sambucifolia, catalpa, sorbus Americana (American ash), Hriodendron (tulip poplar), pavla, sorbus grandiflora, pyrus arisa (white bean tree), sorbus elaeagnifolia, robinia, cad-rastia, tingitola (Virgilia tree), sophora, sorbus aucuparia (mountain ash).

Clipping Horses.

The clipping of a horse in the early spring is now conceded by all the leading veterinarians to be an essential to his well being as shoeing him or giving him a comfortable bed to lie on. A clipped horse dries out rapidly after a hard day's work and will rest comfortably and be refreshed for the next day's work. An unclipped horse is liable to catch the heaves, pneumonia and all sorts of colds, etc., because the moisture from perspiration is held by the long hair and chills the body.

A man would not expect to enjoy very good health if he did hard manual work clothed with heavy underwear, a heavy suit and a fur overcoat, and after perspiring freely, as he naturally would, go to sleep without removing same. It is just as ridiculous to expect a horse to be in perfect health if worked under the same conditions.

If you would get the best returns from your investment in your horse, treat him right, and be sure to clip him in the early spring.—Horse Review.

Don't Set Berry Plants Too Soon.

If the strawberry plants are set in the cold moist soil they are likely to rot at the crown or, if this does not result, they will make no growth to speak of. Wait until the soil has dried out some so that it is mellow and easy worked; have the plot in good condition, well worked so that the soil is free from stones and clods of earth and the plants can be easily set and will begin to grow uninterruptedly so that one will lose no time by waiting until the soil is in perfect condition before setting out the plants.

Is Your Dairy Farm a Success?

Are you making all there is to be made in the dairy business? If not, why not? This is a question which every dissatisfied dairyman may well ask himself. When a business man or manufacturer finds his business is not paying to suit him he seeks for the causes of loss and strives to eliminate them.

If we investigate we shall find that the successful dairymen attend to every little detail that affects their business. They look at everything from a business standpoint, save wherever anything can be saved, and discard animals or methods that don't pay.

If you are not one of the successful dairymen, look around and see why you are not. There is a reason for everything, and when you know the reason you are in a position to remedy the trouble. If you have no liking for your business, the sooner you change to something you do like the better it will be for you and those dependent upon you. Have you tested your cows individually and discarded those which show by their own performance that they are not profitable? The Babcock test and the scales will show which are profitable and which are not, and it is sheer silliness not to apply such a test.—Indianapolis News.

Improving an Old Orchard.

It is often the case that an orchard in middle life is found to be no longer profitable, mainly because a mistake was made in the selection of the varieties in the beginning. In such cases the orchard may be made profitable again by top-grafting the trees. This is no a difficult task, provided it is properly done and the union between the branch and the scion is perfect. As a rule branches not over an inch in diameter are the best to work with. Of course, it is understood that the scions would be much smaller in diameter than the parent stock, so the plan is to insert two on each outer edge. The main thing to observe is to be sure that the bark of both scion and parent stock is in perfect line, so that the flow of sap may be perfectly free. Care must also be taken that the space between the scions and the parent stock made by the chisel be filled with the grafting wax, as well as any other spaces in which the air may get. It is not customary to leave both of the grafts, but to cut out the weaker one if both grow. This work is interesting and really very simple if one gets the knack of it, and it certainly pays with an orchard that is not too old if care is taken to obtain scions from known bearing trees of the best sorts.

Do Not Overpet the Young Stock. One of our contemporaries says "make the calf the family pet." In the opinion of the writer and of other dairymen of long experience this would be one of the worst mistakes that could be made. The calf that is the pet of the family is more than likely to be used by the children for many purposes for which it was never intended. By all means treat the calves that are to be raised kindly, handle them so-berly and pat them caressingly often, but let the petting stop here, for if it is played with by the children, running and jumping with them, being harnessed up with strings as children are quite likely to do, it becomes a nuisance as it grows; it soon gets impatient, noses around where it has no business, and, if its horns are allowed to grow, becomes dangerous later on. Such a calf will invariably try to "boss" the herd after it gets old and strong enough, and is a nuisance generally.—Exchange.

Self-Feeder for Poultry.

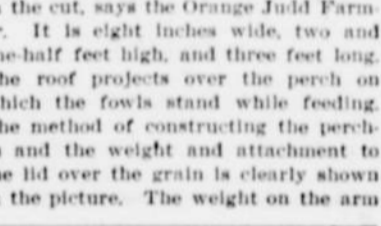
A perfection feed hopper is shown in the cut, says the Orange Judd Farmer. It is eight inches wide, two and one-half feet high, and three feet long. The roof projects over the perch on which the fowls stand while feeding. The method of constructing the perches and the weight and attachment to the lid over the grain is clearly shown in the picture. The weight on the arm

should be adjusted to the size of the fowl. This box may be made of any length desired, but the height and width are about right.

Where swine are raised in sufficient numbers so that they are herded in small inclosures, it is essential to change these lots yearly if one would avoid the danger of cholera or other diseases. The way to accomplish this to the best advantage is to have the swine distributed in small colonies, each with a movable house. Have the lots of double size, using one-half of each lot during the early part of the season and the other half at the latter part. This will carry one through the season with little danger of trouble, and then these lots should be abandoned for swine, being cultivated the next year and new lots provided for the swine. This is considerable trouble to be sure, but there is no way more certain to avoid disease than this. Particularly is this plan valuable in sections where the soil is inclined to be heavy so that the fifth made by the swine does not drain into the soil readily.

Freezing in Warm Air.

The freezing of leaves and buds on clear spring nights, when the air temperature is above freezing point, has been superstitiously looked upon as an effect of the moon's light. An English experimenter finds that, while all objects have the temperature of the surrounding air on cloudy nights, rapid radiation may produce a difference on clear nights, and a piece of cotton proved to be at times six and even eight degrees colder than the air. Plants may be similarly chilled below freezing with the air above.



FEED HOPPER FOR POULTRY.