BUFFALOES ALMOST EXTINCT.

Little More Than a Thousand of These Animals in Existence.

The American buffalo is fast disappearing from the earth. It is estimated that there are now remaining alive in the world only 1,024 of these noble beasts, 684 of which are in captivity. But it is not possible to be exact in such a statement, inasmuch as the wild survivors cannot be rounded up and counted. In the densely wooded regions between the Saskatchawan and Peace Rivers, in British Columbia, are several hundred buffalo; there are twenty or so perhaps in the desert Panhandle region of Northwest Texas, and in the Yellowstone National Park there are fifty or sixty more, it is believed. There are none at liberty anywhere else.

These few remaining wild bison are being steadily reduced in number. In British Columbia they are being killed off gradually by the Indians, while those in the Yellowstone Park are potted by poachers whenever the chance offers. A mounted head of one of these animals is to-day worth from $150 to $200 and a skin brings a good price. Ten years ago there were nearly 400 buffalo in the park, and it is thought that the survivors can be preserved only by corraling them and reducing them to captivity.

C. J. Jones, better known as "Buffalo" Jones, of Oklahoma, has a herd of over 100 full-bred buffalo, which he wishes to sell to the government. Austin Corbin was the possessor of ninety bison, which have been more or less scattered since his death, some of them having been presented to New York City. The animals, when kept in captivity, show a tendency to increase in numbers, and Buffalo Jones has produced thousands of desirable cross-breeds from his herd.

It is stated that there are not 110 pure-bred American bison outside of this country.

A HUNDRED YEARS TO COME.

Who'll press for gold this crowded street,
A hundred years to come?
Who'll tread yon church with willing feet,
A hundred years to come?
Pale, trembling age and fiery youth,
And childhood with its brow of truth,
The rich and poor on land, on sea,
Where will the mighty millions be,
A hundred years to come?

We all within our graves shall sleep,
A hundred years to come;
No living soul for us will weep,
A hundred years to come;
But other men our land will till,
And others then our streets will fill;
And other birds will sing as gay,
And bright the sunshine as to-day,
A hundred years to come.

THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.

JACK WARING was bashful, but it was a question if he was any more bashful than Ethel Talcott. They could not speak to each other on even the most trivial subjects without stammering and blushing, but Jack persisted in calling, despite the apparent discomfort his visits caused both. Everybody could see that he was desperately in love, and it was a saying among their friends that if Jack could ever summon up the courage to propose, Ethel would be too bashful to refuse him, whether she loved him or not. She had just come out at the beginning of the season, about the same time that Jack who had just graduated from college and entered his father's business, of which he was the prospective heir, first began to attract the attention of designing mothers and attractive daughters. Perhaps it was while avoiding them that he met Ethel, who had found that there are ways of keeping out of sight when a ballroom was crowded with other girls who were enjoying themselves. Anyway, some common chord of sympathy made them embarrassed friends from their first meeting.

Although Jack was bashful, he called on Ethel as often as he dared, but in spite of all resolution to overcome his diffidence he made little progress with his suit. They could get along fairly well when there were others in the room with them, but when left to themselves they suffered. Unlike most young people in a similar case, they courted rather than avoided the company of Ethel's little brother, Gus, and Jack soon became such friends with him that he felt called upon to remember his birthday. This he did by sending him an elaborate box of building blocks, which Gus dragged into the parlor on the occasion of his next visit, and insisted that the donor teach him how to build with them.

"What shall I build?" Jack asked.

"Build me a big hotel like the one Ethel and I were at last summer."

Jack obediently drew his chair to the middle of the room and began on a suitable design. But he soon found that building while sitting on a chair was difficult, and as Gus was sprawled comfortably on the floor watching the work, he presently slipped down beside him. Now it is a peculiar thing about building blocks that although they are always bought for children, very few children can work out the designs that go with them, and consequently they are forced to call on their elders to help them. Moreover their elders usually take kindly to the task, and are apt to get cross if the child interferes in any way and delays the work in hand. In a very few minutes Jack was as deeply interested as if he were building a sure-enough hotel, and Gus watched with admiration. Presently he tried to put in place an arch that was in two pieces and needed two other blocks to be placed beside it in order to hold the pieces in place, but in doing so he knocked a corner out of the building with his elbow.

"You clumsy boy!" exclaimed Ethel, who had been watching with the utmost intense interest. "Here—let me hold them," and a moment later she was sitting on the floor with them.

Jack patiently rebuilt the damaged corner and then Ethel held the arch until he had built around it.

"Now make some bathing houses on the beach," commanded Gus.

Jack obeyed, and then Gus brought out some men and women cut out of cardboard and set them around to represent the guests.

"Here's you and Ethel. I'll introduce you, for you weren't acquainted then," said the young rascal, as he placed the figure of a man raising his hat before that of a young woman with a parasol.

"All right," said Jack. "But I am not raising my hat at her as I should. I am raising it at the far corner of the building. Here, let me set them right."

Saying this, he reached out and turned the figure representing himself so that it faced the figure representing Ethel. Immediately a white hand shot out and turned the back of the pasteboard belle toward the bowing figure.

"Snubbed!" exclaimed Jack, having a boldness for his pasteboard representative that he never would have presumed to have for himself.

"But you don't know him yet. He's the cheekiest man on the beach, at heart;" and he moved his representative with his bow in front of the maid with the parasol.

"And she's the haughtiest girl at the beach," said Ethel, as she again snubbed her cavalier.

"Try them behind the hotel where the hammock is and folks ain't lookin'," volunteered Gus.

"Great head!" exclaimed Jack, picking up the two figures to make the change.

"Take care whom you're handling like that!" exclaimed Ethel, grasping him by the wrist and striving to pry his fingers loose from her figure.

There was a struggle full of the abandon gayety of the nursery, to which the blocks had brought them back far from the formalities and embarrassments of social life. Gus jumped into the struggle to help Jack, and in the general mixup the hotel was wrecked worse than any house that was ever built on sand. The clatter brought them back to themselves again, but the nursery spirit remained with them. They once more had the frank fearlessness of children and could look one another in the face without blushing.

"Now, you must build me something else, you two," whined Gus, over the ruins of his hotel.

For an hour they built and rebuilt all kinds of houses to the infinite delight of the boy, who watched and criticised. At last they disagreed about what should be built.

"Let's build a cottage," said Jack.

"No, let's build a church," said Ethel.

"I want you to build both," said Gus.

So, as there were plenty of blocks to build both, they started a race to see who could finish first. But it was a peculiar thing that Jack built with his left hand and Ethel with her right, while each leaned on the hand that was supposedly disengaged. But an observer less interested in building than Gus might have noticed that the two hands not used in building were trying to rest on the same spot of floor, and occasionally the fingers intertwined in a way that brought the color to the cheeks of the two young people, whose faces were carefully averted.

"Jack's cottage is done first," cried Gus, sprawling forward with his cardboard figures. "And here you both are going in the front gate."

"But we should go to the church before we go to the cottage," said Jack, gallantly. "Don't you think so, Ethel?"

A gentle squeeze of the hand was the only response.

"Then it's settled," he exclaimed, in a trembling voice, glancing at the back of an averted head. "First to the church and then to my cottage."

Another pressure of assent.

Just what would have happened next, in spite of the presence of Gus, will never be known, for his mother, who had entered the room unnoticed, suddenly exclaimed:

"Well, bless my heart, is this a nursery? Bless you, my children."

They both sprang to their feet in confusion, but Jack still clung to Ethel's hand. Her mother looked from one to the other, and then Jack managed to stammer:

"That's right—we want your blessing."

"Engaged!" exclaimed the mother. "Well, I never. And that boy in the room all the time! Talk about bashful people!"

"Never mind that," said Jack, suddenly grown bold as brass, as he planted his first kiss on Ethel's lips. "The question is, do we get the blessing?"

"You'll be able to tell better after you are married," said the mother, as she pushed them ahead of her toward the study, where her husband was sitting, pretending not to overhear.—Ledger Monthly.

THE KAISER'S DANGER.

Suffering from a Malady the End of Which Is Insanity.

Medical papers in various parts of Europe are now seriously discussing the mental condition of the German Emperor and seem pretty unanimous in their expression that he is suffering from "nervous disease," resulting from "constitutional causes." Along the same line purely secular papers openly discuss the necessity of a regency in the empire. It is said that the inevitable end of the malady from which the Kaiser is suffering is insanity, and there is no means known to medical science by which this lamentable result can be averted. William's disease is the same malady as that with which King Frederick William IV. of Prussia, granduncle of the Kaiser, was stricken, and which culminated in his insanity. He was not, however, deprived of the reins of government and placed under restraint until he had astounded and shocked all Europe by his extraordinary vagaries and extravagant utterances.

There are many traits of resemblance between this monarch and Emperor William. Both have been remarkable for their generous impulses and for their paradoxical combination of a liberalism akin to downright socialism with autocratic and absolutist ideas worthy of the Middle Ages. Like the

EMPEROR WILLIAM.
(From his latest photograph.)

Kaiser, King Frederick William was animated by the most noble and high-minded intentions, was anxious to right every wrong, and to assume the part toward his subjects in particular of an all-wise and far-seeing Providence.

In the event of the failure of the Kaiser's mental powers, the regent of the empire would be his eldest son, the crown prince, who is not yet 19 years old. Placing the reins of power in such youthful hands would be a risky experiment and hence the grave apprehension which pervades the governments of Europe over the Kaiser's condition.—Utica Globe.

FORETELL COMING STORMS.

Telegraph Wires Are Said to Be Unfailing Weather Prophets.

According to Dr. Eydam, a German physician, there are no more reliable weather prophets than telegraph wires. This novel discovery was made by him in the following manner: As he was waiting for a train at a country station he heard a shrill sound, which was made by the wind as it passed through a network of near-by wires. At once the doctor remembered that he had frequently heard a similar sound either immediately before or after a storm or a heavy fall of rain or snow, and it naturally occurred to him to try and ascertain between the sound and such changes in the weather.

As a heavy shower of rail fell within forty-eight hours after he had heard the sound at the railroad station he concluded that there was such a connection, and he then determined to investigate the matter thoroughly. As a result he now maintains, first, that any unusual disturbance in the telegraph wires is an infallible indication of bad weather, and, second, that the nature of the changes in the atmosphere may be learned from the sound which the wind makes when passing through the wires.

Thus a deep sound, he says, which is of considerable or medium strength, indicates that there will be slight showers of rain with moderate winds within from thirty to forty-eight hours, and, on the other hand, a sharp, shrill sound is the sure token of a heavy storm, which will be accompanied by much rain or snow.

Capable Sign Artists.

The makers of the big and gaudy advertisements which so offend on every side are not, as might be supposed, mere inartistic daubers. They are frequently real artists, who have had years of training even abroad, but who find that more legitimate forms of art afford them only a precarious livelihood.

Deaf-Mutes and Blind.

The number of deaf mutes in the United States is over 111,000; the number of totally blind is 88,924.

Economy supplies old age with an easy chair.

THE HAWKEYE STATE

NEWS OF THE WEEK CONCISELY CONDENSED.

Losses from Lightning—An Epileptic Tramp Falls Into Fire—Figures Regarding Blind People in the State—Iowa Capitalists Sell Texas Lands.

The report of the Iowa weather bureau for the last year, in speaking of the losses by lightning, says: "The reports probably do not include more than one-tenth of the actual casualties from lightning during the season, but they give some of the essential details and convey practical lessons of instruction as well as could be derived from a much larger number. The total losses reported amount to $47,294. This includes losses on buildings, $38,040, and on live stock, $9,254. The total number of buildings reported struck was thirty-five, including twenty-two barns, ten dwelling houses, two churches and one school house. Of the thirty-five buildings struck nineteen were consumed, viz.: sixteen barns, one house, one church and one school house. As in former years, it will be seen that the heaviest loss has been suffered by the burning of barns. Of the twenty-two barns struck by lightning, nearly three-fourths were consumed, mostly with their contents, which in many cases greatly exceeded the value of the buildings. In the months of August and September nine of the ten barns struck were burned, as a result of the combustible nature of their contents at that season of the year.

Tramp Burned to Death.

A tramp, whose name is unknown, was burned to death near the Chicago and Northwestern depot at Slater in a peculiar manner. He and a companion had built a fire alongside the track out of bits of wood and brush. Before lying down to sleep one of them informed the other that he was subject to epileptic fits and that if he should have one during the night he asked to be looked after and cared for. He had hardly finished speaking before he had tottered over backwards into the fire. His comrades rescued him at once, burning his own hands slightly. He then went to the depot to see if he could find a place to stay, leaving the one who had had the fit to put out the fire. As the latter did not make his appearance as soon as he should have done the first tramp returned to the fire and was horrified to find his companion lying across the fire, lifeless and burned to a crisp.

Blindness in Iowa.

Dr. L. W. Dean, professor of physiology in the University of Iowa and a prominent oculist of the State, read a paper on the causes of blindness in children in the State of Iowa. The cases illustrative of the paper were all drawn from those in the school for the blind at Vinton, for which Dr. Dean is physician, during the last eighteen months. The total number of cases was 187. Dr. Dean discharged twenty-five children from the school on the ground that they could see. He found them disputing about the colors on the wings of a bird on a church steeple some distance away and thought that they would be able to find their way in life without further State instruction. Diseases of the eye due to specific causes costs the State of Iowa over $30,000 annually.

Quadrupled Their Money.

Gov. Shaw, Lang Brothers, H. C. Harris and T. M. Walker of Des Moines, owners of 3,400 acres of land twelve miles east of Beaumont, Texas, sold half their property to an Eastern syndicate for $250,000. Gov. Shaw owned half the property and gets $125,000 of the money. He paid $30,000 for his half interest in the farm two years ago.

Dedicate a Chapel at Davenport.

The dedication of the new $25,000 chapel at the soldiers' orphans' home in Davenport was made a gala occasion. Gov. Leslie M. Shaw made an address and all the members of the State board of control and prominent members of the Legislature were in attendance. Ex-Gov. William Larrabee has presented the chapel a $5,000 organ.

Artemus Lamb Is Dead.

Artemus Lamb, a millionaire of Clinton, died at the Hotel Coronado at San Diego, Cal., of dropsy. While on his way home three months ago Mr. Lamb was injured in a railroad accident in Wyoming and his death is attributed to the injuries then received.

All Over the State.

The old court house of Clay County has been sold for $225.

Centerville will vote May 15 on its Drake library proposition.

Work has comenced on the new Dallas County court house at Adel.

A farmers' co-operative creamery has been organized at Lost Nation.

The postoffice at Rochester is to be supplied in the future by rural mail carriers.

A number of weddings are being deferred at Victor on account of scarcity of dwelling houses.

So far about twenty-six towns in the State have decided to hold fairs the first week in September.

The Illinois Central on account of light business has withdrawn five crews from work at Waterloo.

Creston has decided to keep its streets in better condition and has contracted for a scraper and grader.

Conrad Shades of Gravity has been sued by Mrs. Davis for $25,000 damages for breach of promise.

Fort Dodge expects the Illinois Central will expend about $50,000 in improvements there this summer.

C. V. Bodell has been designated as a member of the civil service board for the postoffice at Waterloo.

A rescue home is being talked of in Des Moines because of the numerous cases of child abandonment there.

Ten discharges from bankruptcy were made during the last six months in Marshall County, representing debts of $18,839.65.

H. Johnson of Jewell had a foot badly mashed in a straw press, but unless complications set in amputation will not be necessary.

The anti-saloonists at Keosauqua are fighting strongly against granting permits to druggists, and a hatchet brigade is threatened.

Ringgold County has eleven paupers at its poor farm, and it cost the county $1,000 over and above all receipts.

Mrs. C. I. Thomas, near Kirkham, died under very mysterious circumstances. Suicide by poison is the theory generally advanced, but there is some talk of foul play. The matter will be thoroughly investigated.

Adam Rockey of Des Moines gave his purse containing $475 over to a clairvoyant, confidently believing in the wizard's power to convert his life's savings into $1,000. When he opened his purse several hours after the operation was over he discovered a quantity of wrapping paper.

Mrs. R. A. Kayser of Davenport was almost fatally burned while burning up leaves in her door yard. Her clothes caught fire and before neighbors rescued her from the flames her body had been terribly burned.

An old resident of Boone, John McCarthy, aged 65 years, committed suicide by hanging. He had been in failing health for some time and had become very despondent of late. His daugthter going to the woodshed, was startled to find his lifeless body suspended from a rafter by a clothesline. Mr. McCarthy was one of the wealthy men of Boone County, his fortune being estimated anywhere from $80,000 to $50,000.

Grinnell is to have a hospital.

A canning factory is to be established at Afton.

A driving club has been organized at Ottumwa.

Tabor is to erect a new $20,000 high school building.

The school building at Bode is to be rebuilt this summer.

Rural free delivery service is to be established at Hillsboro.

Keosauqua is making a determined effort to secure a pickle factory.

A site is being looked for in Waterloo for the proposed public building.

The contract has been let for a new $8,000 business block for Albia.

Work has been started on the new storage elevator at Missouri Valley.

The rural mail routes mapped out at Gilman will be established May 15.

The C., M. & St. P. will work its gravel pits at Coon Rapids this year.

George Luna, a lineman of Grinnell, dropped dead while fixing an arc light.

Additional rural free delivery service will be established May 15 at LeMars.

Jewell expects that a new passenger depot will be erected there before long.

Work will commence again at once on the sewage disposal plant at Marshalltown.

The oil discovery in Clay County is again said to be genuine, and in abundance.

A judge at Waterloo refused to send a lad to the reform school because he was an alien.

Keosauqua is to have a pickle factory if a sufficient acreage of pickles can be secured.

The postoffices at Neptune and Mammon are to be supplied by rural mail carriers.

Smith Saunders, a prominent real estate man at Council Bluffs, dropped dead on the street.

The church goers of Missouri Valley have started a movement against Sunday base-ball, etc.

Joshua Durbin of Hastings was found dead in his buggy. Epilepsy was the cause of death.

Three horses of H. Oken, near Ackley, died from being fed castor beans by some children.

The supervisors of Poweshiek County are planning an electric light plant for the county home.

Samuel Esslinger, living near Sheffield, is in a critical condition resulting from the kick of a horse.

Mrs. Conrad Deitz, aged 80, of Des Moines, fell down stairs, but it is thought will recover.

The authorities at Newton raided a woman's house and discovered a quantity of beer and whisky.

Miss Laura Akers of Bloomfield, who took two doses of poison with suicidal intent, may yet recover.

Silas Rosenberger, a well-to-do farmer near Ladora, committed suicide by hanging while despondent.

Eighty acres of land has been deeded at Fort Dodge for the proposed Coffin home for ex-convicts.

About $16,000 has been subscribed for the proposed opera house at Grinnell and a company has been incorporated.

The State has at its various institutions 602 head of cattle, 159 horses and mules, 1,640 hogs and about ninety sheep.

Frank Smith, who resides near Unionville, lost a foot while attempting to board a moving train at Burlington.

The casket plant in Des Moines was seriously damaged by fire and some valuable stock destroyed. Loss about $12,000.

The Independent school district of Waterloo has sold $25,000 of 4 per cent bonds. The interest is reduced to 3⅝ per cent.

Gust Samuelson of Deer Creek has been bound over to the grand jury charged with sending obscene matter through the mails.

Henry Anderson of Tama fell from his wagon and the wheels passed over his head, but the soft roads prevented serious injury.

Mrs. Edward Norton of Clinton was awarded a verdict for $500 against the city for injuries received on a defective sidewalk.

The Secretary of the Interior has just decided that $50,000 worth of swamp land in Clay County belongs to the United States.

Smith Saunders, an extensive property owner of Council Bluffs, died very suddenly on the street as a result of a stroke of apoplexy.

The jury investigating the mysterious death of B. F. Grayson at Des Moines returned a verdict of poisoning by unknown persons.

Ray Steele, a lad of Missouri Valley, was shot in the leg while fishing near a place where some young men were firing at a target.

Eugene J. Corr, a railroad employe at Marshalltown, used corn salve which started blood poisoning and lockjaw resulted, causing death.

Much uneasiness has been aroused by the disappearance of George McMahon, a prominent farmer four miles southwest of Fort Dodge.

The wall paper and painting establishments in Des Moines have voluntarily granted their men an eight-hour day with nine-hour wages.

Senator Allison has been assured by Arshbishop Keane that Iowa will be divided into four dioceses and that Des Moines will have one.

At Cedar Rapids George Peetz, who was indicted for the murder of William Higginson on the night of Jan. 12, was convicted of manslaughter.

A good flow of oil has been discovered in California on a tract of ground belonging to Father Hayes, pastor of the Catholic Church at Imogene.

Ella Selensky of Waverly was struck by a Chicago Great Western train some time ago. She sued for $1,000 damages, and the jury returned a verdict for the amount.

E. L. Van Horne, a debt collector at Keokuk, was indicted by the Federal grand jury for mailing envelopes with skull and cross bones on, and the words "Bad Debt."

C. C. Wolf of Parkersburg has offered $8,500 for the erection of a new M. E. Church building, if the church will raise a similar amount and establish a $2,000 public library.

So far 237 names of old settlers of Scott County have been secured to be placed on the tablet to their memory in the court house in Davenport.

A syndicate has bought the Grand Opera House at Dubuque and leased it to the Chamberlain-Henderson circuit, which now includes fifteen cities in Iowa and Illinois.

The three and a half year old daughter of John McBride, who lives three miles north of Earling, with a number of other children, were playing in the haymow, and in trying to climb down she fell, the scarf around her neck caught on a nail and she was choked to death before assistance could reach her.

Polk County heads the counties of the State in the number of school children, having 19,311 enrolled.

The State architect is now working on plans for a new $100,000 medical building at the State University.

Millions of fish that sought the quiet river bayous near Waterloo at the time when the waters were stirred by ice going out, are now left high and dry and are dying in great numbers. The receding water left the finny tribe in a trap from which there is no escape. Many choice game fish are already dead, and an effort will be made to save some of the others by seining and carrying them back to the main body of water.

FARMS AND FARMERS

Corn for the Silo.

There is a popular notion that the ensilaging of corn adds something to its value which is not contained in the original material. This notion is wrong and the greater the feed value of the product put into the silo the greater will be the value of the ensilage. Corn should be planted for the silo but little if any thicker on the ground than it should be planted where the object is to produce grain. Corn is distinctively a sun plant, and if it is so thickly seeded that the sun cannot reach all parts of the growing plant there is produced a product which is lacking in digestibility and which is not relished by farm stock.

A few years ago some experiments were conducted by the Cornell experiment station, the object being to determine what method of planting corn produced greatest food value. Certain plats were drilled in thickly so that no ears would develop, other plats were planted with the rows 40 inches apart and with the plants close together in the row, and other plats were planted in hills from 3 to 3½ feet apart. While a larger quantity of produce was obtained per acre where the corn was

CORN PLANTED FOR THE SILO.

drilled in thickly, yet it contained a higher per cent of moisture and was deficient in protein and in fat.

While the money value of the broadcasted corn is not very different from the value of that grown on the other plat, this estimate does not take into account the digestibility of the various products.—Country Gentleman.

Treatment of the Hired Man.

Because a man is working for wages on a farm or anywhere else it is not necessary to make him feel that he is a menial or a mere machine to be wound up every day to run for so many hours. I never worked as a farmhand, but during some ten years or more in business houses in the city I only had one employer who gave me to understand that I was nothing but a machine to run ten hours a day. I only stayed with him a year; another year would have killed me. Every man in whose employ I was, this one excepted, made me feel that I had some responsibility outside of the general routine of my work. These men would discuss methods and ask advice, and it was no unusual thing for me to be left in full charge of the business for weeks, and in one instance several months. In every day I was made to feel that the success of the business somewhat depended upon me. I was not only to do a certain amount of work, but was expected to have eyes and ears open and be ever on the alert to further the interests of the firm, and that I succeeded in so doing is one of the happy memories of life.

If our farmer community would elevate the position of the farmhand by the same kind of treatment that the successful business man of to-day employs toward those in his service there would soon be a better class of help in the field, a brainy, thinking, seeing man about the farm in place of the careless, shiftless, ne'er-do-well farmhand of bygone days.—New York Tribune.

Poor Butter Versus Butterine.

Farmers, their wives, sons and daughters and those helpers on the farms must decide whether butterine shall have the preference to butter on the tables of citizens of cities. Butterine now has the preference to much of the butter which is put on the market.

A good, even quality of butter can be produced on every farm every week in the year if pains be taken with the cows, the feed, the milking, the milk, the cream, the churn, the churning and keeping the butter after it is churned. Much of the spoiled butter is spoiled after churning by being placed where it can take up the odors from vegetables, meats or the tobacco smoke from the pipes of men who sit and smoke their tobacco in the kitchen while the crock of butter sits in the pantry or cupboard near by.—H. W. Phelps.

Growing Table Beets.

Upon a sandy loam land which had been for ten years heavily manured and cropped with table beets and celery, it was found by the New Jersey station that the use of nitrate of soda in amounts varying from four hundred to seven hundred pounds per acre, in three equal applications, hastened the maturing of the crop. At the first pulling and making of two-pound bunches, there was 63 per cent. more on nitrated plots than on those without the nitrate. At a second pulling, four days later, the nitrated plots gave 135 per cent more bunches, and at third pulling, three days later, there was 17½ per cent more, after which they produced about equal amounts. The greatest gain per acre by use of nitrate was where they used seven hundred pounds per acre, $27.10 more than where nitrate was not used. This was due to the higher price obtained for the earlier pullings, and amounted to about $3 for every dollar the nitrate cost.

Ripening Cream.

It is desirable that the ripening of cream either naturally or artificially should be at a temperature not exceeding 65 degrees, and after the ripening has been completed—that is, when the lactic acid has been well developed—it should be reduced still lower before churning, say not to be above 50 degrees, and some of the best butter has been made at 47 degrees. Cheese also ripens best at a low temperature. The experiment stations have said that cheese ripened at 65 degrees was better than that which was allowed to stand in a higher temperature and that ripened at 55 degrees was much superior to that at 65 degrees.

The Hare Craze.

The Belgian hare craze reminds me of the carp craze of twenty years ago, when every man with a pond could raise his own meat. But where are the carp and the carp ponds now? Gone glimmering. A hundred farmers in the country where I live had carp ponds. There is not a carp pond here now, and the carp is execrated, cussed. Three years ago more than 400 persons in the country kept Belgian hares. Now not half a dozen keep them, and those who did keep them could not be persuaded to try them again. I write this as matter of history. When foolish hare breeders tell about the hares being better and more profitable than fowls, they are digging their own financial graves. The people can be fooled some of the time, but not all the time.—J. H. Davis, in Practical Poultryman.

Notes for Beekeepers.

Drones do not live so long as workers.

Bees can endure dry cold, but not dampness.

Good vinegar may be made from honey.

More bees are lost in wintering than by disease.

Lack of ventilation is the cause of dampness in many hives.

Combs cost the bees about ten pounds of honey for every pound of comb.

The life of the bee depends on the work it does. When it labors most its life is shortest.

It is a serious mistake to let a colony of bees become overstocked with drones.

To secure the best results in bee keeping good movable hives should be used.

Guides for the brood frames and boxes need not be more than an inch in width.

Bees should not be moved during the winter, nor should they be disturbed or molested in any way.

All empty frames of combs should be well taken care of during the winter when not in use.

The worst enemy to empty combs in winter is mice; if allowed access to them they will destroy them.

Successful wintering of bees depends to a great extent on the right kind of fall management.

If colonies are found short of provisions during the winter they may be supplied with food in the shape of candy.

The entrance to the hives should be contracted during the winter. Three inches long and three-eighths wide is sufficient.

Bees seldom, if ever, take a fly while there is much snow on the ground. If they are in a proper condition they will not fly at all.—St. Louis Republic.

Money in Eggs and Poultry.

According to the report of the United States Commission of Agriculture, New York State consumes as many eggs as England, both disposing of $18,000,000 worth of hen fruit annually. The United States yearly consumes $500,000,000 worth of eggs and poultry. Canada exports $30,000,000 worth of eggs annually. The egg industry is worth $150,000,000 more than all the dairy products of this nation. The poultry products of this country aggregate more in a year than any single crop. Of all the country's industries the poultry industry is most generally pursued. Last year the poultry earnings of the United States amounted to over $300,000,000, being a greater value by $52,000,000 than our entire wheat crop, $105,000,000 greater than our swine brought us, $30,000,000 more than our cotton crop, more than three times as great as all the interest paid on mortgages during the year, $112,000,000 more than we spend for schools, and yet there are people who think the hen "small potatoes."

A New Radish.

The mongri, or edible podded radish, is a new vegetable from Java which is now recommended by the American Consul in New Zealand, where it has been tried. It is as easily grown as the ordinary radish, producing enormous crops of long pods, which are crisp and tender, with a delicious flavor. Persons who cannot eat the common radish because of its indigestible qualities should hail this new variety with pleasure.

Stealing from the Farm.

A man can steal from a bank, a merchant or a corporation, but he can not steal from old mother earth on the farm. The soil may be robbed in a sense by being made to grow worthless products, but the man is never benefited thereby. A man may beat his neighbors, but he can never beat his farm. It is always and ever true that whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap.—Field and Farm.

Marketing Farm Products.

Selling grain and hay from the farm in bulk reduces the profit in two ways. It is expensive to handle and haul, and it takes away elements of fertility that should be saved and returned to the soil. Feed hogs, sheep and cattle and so market your product in the most condensed form and in the easiest way, on the hoof, and keep up the land while you are cropping it.

Horses Coming Back.

Horses are again coming back in the harness. A big concern in Chicago which invested heavily in all kinds of horseless vehicles to do their transportation have abandoned them and gone back to the horse. What with keeping them in repair and the charges for electricity, they found that the new method cost twice as much as the old method.

Odds and Ends.

A man's best friends are his ten fingers.

Take a dollar a day for your work if you can get no more.

Somehow the man with the far-away look always stays near home.

There are nearly 4,000 miles inland navigation in England and Wales.

It is estimated that American travelers annually spend $100,000,000 in Europe.

Kindness is wisdom; there is none in life but needs it and may learn.—Bailey.

Milwaukee, the city of lumber and breweries, is built over twenty-one square miles of ground.

The cities which stood the longest sieges during the civil war were Vicksburg, Miss., and Petersburg, Va.

In the Lake Erie fisheries 3,728 men are employed and $2,719,654 capital. Last year's catch was valued at $1,150,890.

New Orleans is the city of the least altitude. It is at the sea level, some parts of it are actually below the level of the Mississippi, and protected from overflow by levees. During high water in many streets of the city the wheels of heavily laden vehicles cut through the pavement into the underlying sand.

SPRING MAKES HIM HOMESICK.

Texan Afflicted with the Ailment Like the Cattle on the Range.

"You can talk about Christmas and Thanksgiving and the other holidays being the high-tide times for homesickness, but they aren't a circumstance to the first spring days."

The old Texan looked out of the window of his Broadway office, and eyed the trees in Trinity churchyard wistfully while he talked with a Sun reporter.

"I can stand this blamed town all right, in winter," he went on, "and I can put in a summer at Bar Harbor, without much groaning; but every year, when the first spring days come, I get so homesick that I'm actually maudlin. Maybe a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love, in the spring, but I know one old man whose fancy turns heavily to thoughts of Texas. Great Scott! What wouldn't I give to be down there to-day, with a good horse under me, and a herd of cattle ahead of me, and the prairie rolling off, in big waves, to the horizon line. I'm homesick, I tell you.

"It's this soft hinting weather that has crept into me. That's nature. Why, the very cattle on the range get restless on such days and break away. If the boys miss any of the herd in the early spring they don't fool around wondering where the brutes have gone. They know the place to find them is on the range where they were born.

"I've known steers to go across country, straight as a die, through all kinds of obstacles, back to their old range. Horses will do the same thing. I've had wild mustangs break away in the night and make tracks for the place where they were foaled. A man is only a higher order of brute, and he keeps a good many instincts, though he doesn't always recognize them.

"I'm homesick for Texas, but I'm homesick for something further back than that.

"I've been sitting here at my desk, and every little while, without any reason or warning, I would find a shallowy pebbly stream running across my ledger and shutting out the figures, while there by the inkstand a dirty little chap would lie on the bank, fishing with an old hickory rod. I don't believe I ever caught a fish in that creek, but I was a tremendous optimist. Homesick weather I call it."

And the Texan blew his nose angrily.

THE CHICAGO "CORN KING."

George H. Phillips Is Young, Modest and Hardworking.

The "big little man" of the Chicago corn pit is George H. Phillips. He is "big" because of his tremendous transactions in corn, but in physique he is small, being little else than a bundle of wire and steel nerves. He is 34 years old and was born in Morris, Ill. His father was a grain dealer, and the life of the young speculator has been associated with grain and principally corn. As soon as his school days were over he went to Chicago and worked at anything his hands found to do. Owing to his knowledge of corn he secured a position with the corn inspectors of the Alton and Burlington Roads. Later he became a buyer for the house of George A. Seaverns & Co., and finally started in as a commission merchant on his own account, having a very limited capital but a wide experience.

His first big transaction was in the corn deal of November, 1900, when without a dollar to control the market he had the entire product of corn then in sight under his thumb. This was because he depended upon the farmers for his guidance and support, and not upon Government or other crop reports. The farmers had confidence in him, and were ready to help him, for he believed that through fictitious operations the bears kept the price of corn too low in the Chicago markets, and

PHILLIPS AND HIS HOME.

that it could be made higher if any one dared to maintain the fight.

Phillips is fair and open in all his dealings, and shows no disposition to conceal anything or to spring any surprises. He says: "I believe in a legitimate market. If corn or oats are not in sight the market should be a rising one. The farmer is entitled to the best prices possible, and the trader's aim should be to deal on the facts as they are. I am in this business as a business man dealing with facts."

Those who admire him most in the Board of Trade say: "He has done more than any five or ten of the old-time operators to bring outside trade to the Chicago market. He has a big line of customers buying corn on its merits, and ought to be helped instead of injured."

Mr. Phillips works hard and is modest and retiring. He cares nothing for the glamour of society. In an unpretentious dwelling on the edge of the northwestern limits of Chicago his happiest hours are spent with his wife and three little children. He hates notoriety and avoids it in every way possible. He does not wish to be interviewed or held up to the public view in any way. He may be a deposed "Corn King" in time, but it will not disturb his full and greatest enjoyment—his modest home life.

Preferred Death.

Myrtle May Flanagan, a New York girl, took carbolic acid and died rather than be an old maid. She told her mother that Louisa Hartmeyer, her chum, had made a similar vow.

Dogs can't talk, but you always know what they mean. Some folk are different.