THE SWEET, LONG DAYS.

The sweet, long days when the morning breaks
Over the mountains in rose and gold,
When the shadows linger on vale and lakes,
And the afterglow tints field and wold,
The summer days when the pasture land
Lies dappled with daisies beneath the sun,
When the waves wash up on the pebbly strand,
And the little ripples leap and run.

The sweet, long days when the children play
Merry and sweet as the day is long,
Driving the cows, and tossing the hay,
And singing many a snatch of song.
When mother is busy from morn till eve,
And father is earning the children's bread;
In every task when a prayer they weave
For blessings to rest on each little head.

The sweet, long days when, though trouble may come,
We bear the trouble in trustful cheer
For ever in God is our constant home,
A refuge and shelter from grief and fear.
The sweet, long days which our Father sends,
Foretaste and pattern of days to be,
In the time when the measure by days shall end,
On the fadeless shore of the Crystal Sea.

—M. E. Sangster.

SUSAN'S LUCKY SHOT.

IT was a very pretty prospect that confronted Miss Susan Galton Brown. The scattering white homes among the trees in the valley, the blue hills beyond with their fringes of pine trees, the clear sky that was such a novelty to the girl from the great manufacturing town—it was all bright and fresh and so delightfully clean. Miss Susan Galton Brown looked back on the peaceful prospect for a lingering moment or two and then pressed ahead up the mountain road.

She certainly was an unusual figure, for that quiet neighborhood. Attired in a close-fitting suit of gray with a short walking skirt and a wide-brimmed gray felt hat that concealed her beautiful hair, she might at a distance—save for the skirt—have been taken for an extremely handsome boy. Her gait would have carried out the impression, there was such an unconstrained swing to it. But her high boots were not a boy's boots and her hands were neatly gloved. Miss Susan Galton Brown carried something under her arm. It was a light magazine rifle, the gift of an adoring father. For she could shoot and fish and swim and run, and do it all in a way that met that adoring father's critical approval. She had minor talents, of course—an education rounded off in a finishing school, a pleasing smattering of music, taste for art that was only second to her taste for nature. But all these were quite dwarfed in her daddy's opinion by those manlier attributes that he so assiduously cultivated. She was his companion on long hunting and fishing trips, and an ideal companion at that.

It is needless to say that quiet Elmwood looked upon this accomplished young woman with a very doubtful expression. She was a little too advanced—that was the term they used—for Elmwood's old-fashioned ideas of maidenly modesty. The mothers of Elmwood held her up as an example of the baneful coming woman, and the girls of Elmwood thought her dreadfully bold—and secretly envied her. As for the men—well, there were but few of them in Elmwood whose opinion was worth recording, and of these a mere handful dared to express an honest opinion in the face of the universal feminine condemnation. Of these independent souls it must be admitted that John Cortwright stood first and foremost.

If Miss Susan Galton Brown knew of the unfavorable light in which her short skirt and her Teddy hat had placed her—and there is no doubt she did—the matter failed to worry her in the least. She had come down to Elmwood to stay a month with her maiden aunt—her dead mother's only sister—who lived in the big white mansion on Main street, just beyond the Baptis meeting house. It was this fond aunt, who had invited Jack Cortwright to call, and although this was a particular youth, with high ideals of womanhood, he called again and again, and again. What was strange about it, too, was that Jack hailed from the East, and from Puritan surroundings at that. Yet with all this discreet bringing up he certainly was fascinated with the wild Western hoyden.

They all said that Jack Cortwright was a rising young man. Boston capitalists had sent him—fresh from college—to the Western town to look after their interests in certain undeveloped coal-mining property that lay a few miles north of Elmwood. And Jack had taken off his coat, metaphorically, and gone to work to develop it. There was plenty of capital behind him, and he had built a railway branch to the mine, and started a bank in Elwood, of which he was temporary cashier, and stirred the little town into making certain improvements that had long been discussed. In short, Jack Cortwright was recognized even by those who didn't approve of his revolutionary tactics to be the livellest factor of progress the sleepy little hamlet had ever known.

Miss Susan Galton Brown had poor luck that bright October afternoon. She didn't rouse a solitary rabbit. But, after all, it was the tramp she was after rather than the game. Still she must have a shot at something. So she pinned a brilliant leaf to a tree trunk and at twenty paces—split it at the first trial.

The sun was still high above the hills when she started to return to her aunt's. As she went down the old state road a sudden clattering caused her to turn her head. Three men mounted on powerful horses came trotting down the slope. Susan stepped aside to let them pass and one of the horses, catching sight of her, suddenly sprang aside and almost unseated his rider. Susan looked up anxiously and saw to her astonishment that the man's heavy beard was twisted very much to one side. But he quickly regained his seat with an oath, and, striking the horse, clattered after his companions. Susan wondered why the man was disguised and dimly fancied that the three rough-looking strangers were up to some mischief. But she was thinking of Jack the next moment and the strange incident was shelved.

A few moments of brisk walking brought her to the brow of the hill where the road turned sharply and ran at an oblique along the side of the steep descent. Susan seated herself on a log and looked down into the village, which lay, as it were, at her very feet. She traced the one long street of the hamlet, which was but a continuation of the highway, and followed the dusty line past her aunt's trim home, and the little park with its soldiers' monument, and the town hall, and then along to the bank—Jack's bank—and there her gaze rested.

Miss Susan's eyes were good ones and the air was very clear. She saw a horseman sitting in his saddle at the bank door. He was holding the bridles of two riderless horses. Even as she noted this the two riders rushed from the building and leaped into their saddles. There were puffs of white smoke and sharp denotations. Susan could see people running in wild confusion. Then three riders started at a sharp canter up the road. Every dozen yards or so one would turn in his saddle and fire down the roadway.

Susan knew what this strange scene meant. It was a daylight bank robbery, one of a series that terrorized all the countryside during the past summer. The three robbers were retreating with their plunder. What had happened in the bank? Why was Jack not pursuing them? She suddenly turned sick and cold.

Then an indescribable impulse seized her. She let herself over the edge of the bank and began a mad scramble down the steep declivity. She meant to intercept the ruffians. She slid, she stumbled, once she fell, but she never let go her hold on her precious rifle. And then, as the earth suddenly seemed falling away from her, she reached the level ground in a confused heap. But she was on her feet in a moment. The highway was directly before her. The robbers were cantering by. The man in the rear was the man with the beard, and he had a coarse bag flung across the saddle before him. He was directly opposite Susan as she plunged down to the edge of the roadway. He must have taken her for an enemy, for his glittering revolver flew up and he fired in her direction quite at random. Susan felt a sudden twitch at her broad-brimmed hat and quickly dropped behind some bushes that lined the roadway. The barrel of her rifle rose. The robber was rapidly increasing the distance between them. She had him covered. A moment more and it might be too late. She thought of Jack and fired.

The horse of the fleeing man suddenly leaped to one side and flung his rider heavily to the earth. As he went down he dragged the bag of plunder with him. The riderless horse galloped after his companions.

Then Susan Galton Brown sprang into the roadway and fired five shots in rapid succession after the two horsemen. She did not aim to hit them, but rather to frighten them away. They hesitated a moment and then dashed madly ahead; the riderless horse galloping in the rear.

Susan ran forward to the prostrate man. He was unconscious. She stooped over him for a moment and then drew away the coarse bag. As she suspected, it was half filled with currency. She shuddered as she looked at the livid face of the ruffian and then at the blood that was slowly saturating his coatsleeve. She began to feel a little faint.

She was aroused by the sound of wheels and the shouting of a man. A light phaeton was coming toward her. In a moment she recognized the driver as the local livery stable proprietor. He leaped out beside her.

"Nailed him, didn't you?" he shouted in a paroxysm of excitement. "I was just ready to drive out o' my stable when they pelted by. As I got into the roadway, I saw you blazin' away. Kill him?"

"No," said Susan. "He is stunned by the fall from his horse. I only aimed to break his shoulder."

"You done it all right," cried the liveryman. "By George!" he shrieked, "it's Jim Bascom himself!"

Susan felt her head going round.

"Mr. Tompkins," she said, "will you kindly drive me to the bank as quickly as you can?"

"Yes, ma'am, I will," he replied, with great heartiness. "You've got the stuff there, haven't you? Jump in."

And a moment later they were speeding toward the bank. They had not gone twenty yards when they met the first group of hastily-armed men who were on the trail of the robbers.

"You'll find Jim Bascom lyin' up there," shouted the liveryman. "She shot him an' we've got the bank stuff all here." And he touched up his horse again. And the next group heard the same story, and the next, and the next. And they all turned and started after blushing Susan Brown.

And then they were at the bank. There was a little crowd about the door. But they quickly made way for Susan, and the liveryman, and the precious bag.

And there was Jack sitting up in a big chair, and somebody was bathing his head, and he was blinking queerly like a man slowly waking up. But he suddenly seemed to regain his faculties when Susan Brown, forgetful of all the curious eyes about her, suddenly dropped on her knees beside him and put up her loving arms and cried, "Oh, Jack!"

"Why Susan, dear!" murmured Jack. "There, there, don't worry. I'm just a little dazed. One of them hit me over the head with something from behind and stunned me. I'm almost all right again."

"Oh, Jack," moaned Susan Brown, "—I thought they might have killed you, and—and I shot the man, and—and—and got the money back—oh, oh, oh!" And here poor Susan quite broke down, and putting her face against Jack's coat, sobbed convulsively. And Mr. Tompkins told what he knew, and then the astonished and delighted Jack turned the recovered treasure over to his assistant, who had been temporarily absent at the time of the attack, and borrowing the happy Mr. Tompkins' phaeton, drove Susan to her aunt's.

"Oh, Jack," she murmured on the way, "it was so unwomanly and so cold-blooded!"

"I'm afraid it was, my dear," said Jack in a painfully-solemn voice, "but as it saved the bank in which I am intimately interested $37,000 in cold cash, and at the same time appears to have broken up the most desperate gang of thieves the State has ever known, I fear I must condone the fault. But you will promise not to do it again, won't you, dear?"

Susan promised.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

AMERICAN ARCTIC EXPLORER.

EVELYN B. BALDWIN.

The head of the celebrated Baldwin-Ziegler north pole expedition was forced to return from the arctics with his playship because the reserve of food was getting low and because of the destruction of the expedition's sledges. He arrived at Honningsvaag, Norway, recently and reports a successful year's work in establishing food depots for the final dash for the pole.

MISS MAUD GONNE, KNOWN AS "ERIN'S JOAN OF ARC."

Miss Maud Gonne, who made a tour of the United States last year, speaking in all the principal cities, is known as "Erin's Joan of Arc." She is tall, of slender figure and finely proportioned, while her carriage is queenly. Nature fitted her to command attention in any walk of life, and her inclination and education have combined to make her conspicuous in her chosen field, that of an advocate of the political rights of her native country.

Few women agitators have received the respectful homage that has been bestowed upon Miss Gonne. The cause for which she pleads appeals to her fellow countrymen; her personal graces

MISS MAUD GONNE.

and mental endowments secure from others the consideration to which they entitle her.

Miss Gonne is a little on the shady side of 40, but could pass for a much younger woman, for her complexion is as fresh and fair as that of a girl in her teens. She speaks in a clear, resonant, musical voice, with just a trace of the Irish accent, and has a command of language that few orators possess. Less argumentative than emotional, she stirs the sentiment rather than the judgment of her hearers, although she does not lack of forceful reasons for the faith that is in her and can hold her own with the best of controversialists. Wherever she has been heard the cause of her country has been advanced and friends of free Ireland have multiplied by the scores and hundreds.

A New Attraction.

A man who had been hired to write a circus announcement suddenly found himself at a loss for a fresh adjective.

"See here," he said to his employer, "I don't know what to say about this panther. Have you got a thesaurus?"

The manager of the circus looked at him with suspicion.

"No, sir, I have not," he said, "and I don't think I shall do anything about getting one this year. I never heard of Barnum having one, either, and he had a good show. Where are they raised, anyway, I'd like to know?"

English in Egyptian Schools.

English is studied by 95 per cent of the students attending the higher schools of Egypt.

OF INTEREST IN IOWA

A DIARY OF NOTEWORTHY HAPPENINGS.

Reunion of Philippine Veterans a Council Bluffs—Double Murder Near Muscatine—Stock Trains in Collision—Robber Gets What Is Coming to Him

Veterans of the Philippine war gathered in Council Bluffs to take part in the reunion of the National Society of the Army of the Philippines. Among the early arrivals were Gen. Irving Hale, president of the society, and Gens. Funston, MacArthur, Wheaton and King, who were escorted to headquarters by committees of the local society. Delegations from Iowa, Nebraska, Minnesota, North and South Dakota, Kansas and Colorado came in early trains, and later in the day those from other camps began to arrive. The feature of the second day of the reunion was the military parade. The parade was headed by Govs. Cummins and Savage and their staffs and was participated in by regular army troops from Fort Crook, the Nebraska and the Iowa National Guard, high school cadets from Council Bluffs and Omaha and the veterans of the Philippine war. The marchers were reviewed by the two Governors and Gens. Hale and King. It is estimated that 20,000 people witnessed the parade. Two regimental and two State bands headed the different divisions. A division of the Grand Army 150 strong attracted attention. The veterans were under command of Col. William Piper and carried a flag which had been through a large number of battles of the Civil War. St. Paul was chosen as the next place of meeting and the following officers were elected: President, Gen. Irving Hale, Denver; first vice-president, Lieut. Donald Macrae, Council Bluffs; second vice-president, Brevet Brig. Gen. Alfred S. Frost, Evanston, Ill.; third vice-president, Brig. Gen. Charles King, Milwaukee; fourth vice-president, Col. J. W. Pope, Colorado; fifth vice-president, Brevet Brig. Gen. Wilder S. Metcalf, Lawrence, Kan.; sixth vice-president, Capt. H. A. Crow, Connellsville, Pa.; secretary, F. M. Schutte, St. Paul; treasurer, C. B. Lewis, Colorado; chaplain, Rev. Charles Mailley, Nebraska.

Reported Confession Denied.

A story was sent broadcast a few days ago to the effect that Charles Holada, who is in jail at Iowa City charged with the murder of his employer, James Gallaugher, at River Junction, had confessed to a sufficient knowledge of the crime to involve him as accessory both before and after the fact. The purported confession stated that he and Mrs. Gallaugher had planned to poison Gallaugher, and that he visited the scene of the murder after crime, but knew nothing of the shooting. It stated he admitted going to the Gallaugher house on the night of the murder, but claimed it was simply to get a note from Mrs. Gallaugher. Holada's attorneys, Messrs. Ranck and Bradley, were seen and branded the purported confession as absolutely false. Holada was also seen, and stated that he had not made a confession and had none to make.

Fatal Northwestern Wreck.

One man was killed and another was injured in a rear-end collision between two east-bound special stock trains on the Chicago and Northwestern three miles east of Humboldt. The first section, a double-decker, was running not more than twenty miles an hour when it was struck by the engine of the second train. Conductor Roe Harlan of the head train jumped and his head was crushed. The caboose was hurled thirty feet. Six stock men on the leading train were slightly bruised. Engineer E. C. Norris of the second train jumped and his arm was broken. The fireman escaped. The dead conductor is blamed for not having red lights displayed on the rear of his caboose.

Woman Killed; House Robbed.

The body of Mrs. Jesse Tuman was found a hundred yards away from her home, near Muscatine, and her husband, unconscious and with mortal wounds, was found on the floor in the house, which showed signs of a desperate struggle having taken place. The couple are known to have had considerable money. The money cannot be found and Dan Williams, who for two weeks made his home with the Tumans, has also disappeared. Williams is said to have come from Texas. The police are looking for him. The murderer of Mrs. Tuman had evidently followed her when she made an effort to escape and brained her with an ax, which was found close to her body.

Drowned in Four Feet of Water.

Tolliff Holand was drowned in Skunk river at Cambridge. He, in company with his young wife and a number of friends, were on the river spending the day as an outing, and Mr. Holand went into the river, wading across. He started back and was seen to go under the water and none of his friends being able to swim, he was allowed to perish, as it afterwards proved, in water about four and one-half feet deep.

Would-be Robber Shot Twice.

A man giving his name as John Silas, Madison, Wis., was shot at Campbell by J. W. Himes while trying to rob the latter's store. Himes was awakened by some one raising the window. He nearly tore off the burglar's arm with a load from a shotgun and brought him down as he attempted to flee with a ball from a revolver in the hip. Silas is expected to recover.

Within Our Borders.

Horse thieves are operating in Pottawattamie County.

A number of counterfeit 50-cent pieces are in circulation in Waterloo.

B. Been has been appointed postmaster at Henshaw, vice James Higgins, resigned.

Miss Susan Orvis of Dubuque will leave in a few days to take up work as a missionary in Asia Minor. She goes under the auspices of the Congregational Church.

Henry, the 8-year-old son of Charles Daniel, a farmer residing west of LeMars, was fatally burned. The boy was alone in a summer kitchen, where there was a lighted stove. An explosion was heard and the boy rushed out, his clothing in flames. He was so badly burned that he died in a few hours. It is thought he threw some oil on the coals in the stove.

Prof. C. F. Curtis is being suggested as a suitable successor to the late Dr. Beardshear, as president of Iowa State College at Ames.

Rev. John W. Boyle, a former lawyer-preacher in Iowa, met death in a runaway accident in Oklahoma. He was past 80 years of age.

F. C. Church has sued the village of Denver for $5,000 damages for injuries alleged to have been sustained by a fall on a defective sidewalk.

John Schrader, aged 16, and Joy Thomas, 14, were captured at Burlington on an order from Fort Madison, whence they had eloped, en route to Davenport. They were sent home.

The formal opening of the new golf club house at Muscatine was made the occasion of a great reception, which was attended by 500 people.

J. M. Molsberry, ex-postmaster of Plymouth and a pioneer, was gored to death by a bull. He was driving cattle from the pasture when the bull viciously attacked him. He was 80 years old.

The Blackhawk County Board of Supervisors has accepted the new $100,000 court house. In the construction of the building there were used over 1,000,000 brick, 15,000 cubic feet of sandstone, 1,500 barrels of Portland cement, 125 tons of steel and 7,000 square feet of marble.

Zook Bros.' laundry was destroyed by fire at Atlantic.

The Shenandoah gas plant, complete, will cost about $35,000.

Judson Hyde, a prominent Clinton County Odd Fellow, is dead.

Nora Springs is now connected with the surrounding towns by telephone.

State Labor Commissioner Brigham will speak at Keokuk on Labor Day.

The Letts Oil and Development Company has incorporated; capital $40,000.

Mrs. Fred Rutenback of Lost Nation suicided while insane over continued illness.

Grinnell voted nearly unanimously to grant a franchise to a water works company.

The reunion of the Twentieth Iowa regiment will be held at Davenport Sept. 24 and 25.

The pioneer settlers of Blackhawk County will have a picnic at Waterloo Aug. 30.

The Republican campaign headquarters at Des Moines will be officially opened Sept. 15.

Carl Wilkins, a 12-year-old Burlington lad, was drowned in the Mississippi while in bathing.

Work has begun on the foundation for a new $8,000 United Presbyterian church at Mt. Ayr.

The new independent telephone exchange to be erected at Davenport will cost $12,000.

Dr. E. C. Whiting, a prominent physician of southwestern Iowa, is dead at Shenandoah.

H. O. Funson, who resides northwest of Washington, was killed by falling from a load of hay.

An electric railway line is proposed to connect Mt. Ayr with the C., B. & Q. road at Creston.

The death is announced of John Sprouse, a pioneer citizen of Louisa County, aged 83 years.

A large party of Warren County people have left on an extended trip through Yellowstone Park.

Several thousand dollars is being expended in improvements on the LeMars water works system.

Secretary of State Martin collected $133,404 in fees during July, the largest in the history of the office.

A number of Waterloo sportsmen are mourning the loss of valuable dogs, which have evidently been stolen.

The dead body of a baby was found in the Middle river near Ford. There is no clue to the author of the crime.

Ottumwa Elks have abandoned their proposed carnival. Inability to secure desired attractions is given as the reason.

W. A. Durham, a former resident of Carson, is under arrest in Idaho on the charge of murder. He claims his innocence.

A $5,000 building will be erected on the Hardin County poor farm, the Board of Supervisors having accepted plans for the same.

Thomas E. McCall of Underwood, A. C. Rhine of Taunton and E. J. Whistex of Letts have been appointed railway mail clerks.

Ben Brown, a new arrival at Waterloo, stole a coat and vest and sold them for 20 cents, for which he was sent to jail for ten days.

William Kleihm and daughter of Clare, who were frightfully injured by a mowing machine, are still living, but are not expected to recover.

The case of C. C. Beird, the Keokuk printer sent up for manslaughter, has been appealed to the Supreme Court. The papers have just been filed.

Henry Richtsmeyer, a farmer living near Ackley, was seriously injured by falling on a fork, the tines penetrating his body and producing an ugly wound.

The Democrats of Des Moines are arranging to send a committee to interview W. R. Hearst regarding the establishment of a Democratic paper at that place.

Blackhawk County veterans will hold their annual reunion at Waterloo Sept. 10 and 11. Speaker Henderson will deliver the principal address on the second day.

Doris Kingston has entered the Trappist monastery at New Melleray. He spent several years in the Klondike, where he made $17,000, all of which he takes into the order.

The First National Bank of Toledo is a new financial institution; capital $50,000. The stockholders are L. B. Blinn, R. G. Wieting, W. A. Dexter, J. N. Lichty and H. J. Stiger.

The official reports of the various branches of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows in this State show that the order is having a remarkable growth in every branch and that the year which closes in October will show some surprising gains in the order's membership in Iowa. The Rebekah degree, which is the ladies' branch of the order, has instituted thus far this year twenty-eight new lodges. Thirteen camps of the encampment branch and fourteen subordinate lodges have been organized.

The earnings of the Minneapolis and St. Louis Railway Company for the fiscal year show tremendous increase in all departments. The passenger earnings for the year ending June 30 were $876,485, an increase of $172,659. The total earnings of the road were $3,540,840, an increase of $265,336. The Iowa Central passenger business for the year ending June 30 was $474,743, an increase of $60,270. The total earnings of the road were $2,543,350, an increase of $259,226. These are the heaviest increases ever known by these roads, both in amount and percentage. The July earnings by the Minneapolis and St. Louis were, in the passenger department, $104,184, an increase of $23,352 over last July. The total earnings for the month were $308,214, an increase of $10,813 over July of last year. The total business of the Iowa Central for July shows an increase over July of last year amounting to $27,113.

J. F. Mintun, a missionary of the Latter Day Saints, has brought suit for damages against Rev. G. D. Gurley, a Presbyterian minister at Dallas Center, for alleged slanderous statements concerning the Mormons in general and himself in particular.

The latest railway company to file articles of incorporation in Iowa with the Secretary of State is the Continental Company. It has $100,000 capital. The road as projected runs from an indefinite point on the Lake of the Woods through Minnesota, Iowa and Missouri to Kansas City.

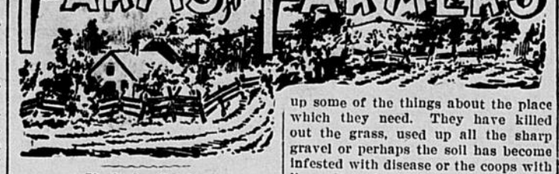
R. L. Mitchell, the traveling man arrested for enticing Ava Ducommon of Fort Dodge away from her home, was released, no case being made out against him because the girl was over 15 years of age.

Frank E. Scott, who was in company with A. M. Potter of Waverly in Des Moines previous to the latter's sudden death, has issued a statement in which he declares his belief that both Potter and himself were drugged by some one who desired to get rid of Potter and then attempt to fasten the crime on Scott. He declares they were both doped in a Des Moines dive, but does not indicate who might have been the guilty person.

A farmer who drove into Des Moines with a load of hay was surprised when some one tossed a cigar stub into the load and a small conflagration resulted. The fire department was called to extinguish the flames.

James Sims, a farmer near Bussey, was killed by his son John, 30 years of age. The father had returned home intoxicated, abused his wife, driving her from home, and declared he would kill her if she returned. When he awoke and saw her at home he rushed at her with a butcher knife. The son attempted to protect his mother and the father cut im across the arm and breast. The son then shot him in the head.

FARMS AND FARMERS



Shade for Chicks.

There are thousands of chicks hatched late in the season that need protection from the sun's rays to enable them to make a proper growth during the summer. The coop illustrated may be used, or any coop of a plan best suited to the ideas of the poultry raiser; any of them may be protected by an arrangement such as shown. Whatever the form of the coop, the shed which is to furnish shade should be built on the slant shown, so that any rain which falls on it may be shed. To make this roof, a frame should be

SHADE FOR LATE CHICKS.

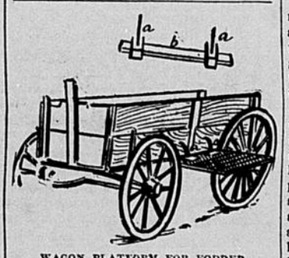
built of light lumber and the corner stakes driven firmly into the ground. The top may be covered with light cornstalks, hay, straw or burlap; in fact, with almost anything that will not draw heat, and which will be fairly weather-proof.

Such an arrangement as shown will be of great benefit to the chicks, for it will give them a cool and shady place after a run on the range. A number of these shades may be made at very small cost, so that there is no excuse for going without such a protection for the coops.

Rig for Corn Huskers.

For the benefit of those who have corn to husk, I send a sketch of a platform I made to husk fodder on. I find it very simple and convenient. Take two 6-in. boards, c c, 4 ft. long, for cleats. Space them so they will pass between the two center crosspieces under the wagon box. Nail four boards 2 ft. long on end of cleats, as shown in the cut. This makes the platform on which to lay fodder. Take a piece of hard wood, b, 3 in. wide and ½ in. thick, long enough to reach from one crosspiece to the other, bolt this to the under side of two center crosspieces of wagon box. This can be done by taking the nuts of the braces on side of wagon box, as shown in the

RIG FOR FODDER.



WAGON PLATFORM FOR FODDER.

figure. Slide cleats under wagon box, as indicated in the illustration. A farmer having this arrangement may husk corn all day with ease.—Nelson Savage, in Farm and Home.

Nitrogen for Sweet Corn.

The New Jersey Experiment Station has been for three years testing different forms and amounts of nitrogenous fertilizer for sweet corn. The first group of plants had either nitrate of soda 150 pounds per acre, sulphate of ammonia 120 pounds per acre, or dried blood two hundred pounds per acre. Each was calculated to furnish the same amount of nitrogen. On a second group these amounts were multiplied by 1 2-3, and on a third group by 2½. The three years test has shown an increase of 23.3 to 40.2 per cent. The yield was largest where the most nitrogen was applied. The returns for sulphate of ammonia for three years was $12.66, for dried blood, $9.95, and for nitrate of soda $9.69 per acre, and as the average cost of fertilizer was $4 per acre, they think it pays to supply the nitrogen. On cabbages they found the best results from dried blood, about 270 pounds per acre, though 200 pounds of nitrate of soda was nearly equal in results. The average increased value of the crops was over $50 per acre. They seemed to act about alike in hastening the earliness of the crop.—New England Homestead.

The Corn-Fed Hog.

When the time comes that the cook prefers cottonseed oil to lard for household use, we shall expect to see what is called the bacon hog, with two streaks of lean to one of fat, take the place and sell for as good a price in our markets as the corn-fed animals. We do not mean that it will be necessary to go back to the animals that weighed four hundred or five hundred pounds when slaughtered, because feeders have learned that they can be fattened at 175 to 225 pounds, be well fattened, too, but the thin-backed scant-hammed and peak-nosed tribe do not find favor among our marketmen, however well they may be liked by the aristocracy of England.—American Cultivator.

Don't Sow Seed by Hand.

The sowing of seed by hand is not an economical method, as more seed is required than when a drill is used, and there is a larger return from the drill, owing to better covering of the seed and greater uniformity of depth. The drill has been improved to a high degree of efficiency, and some have fertilizer attachments. In all experiments made to determine the comparative value of the drill and hand seeding a less quantity of seed, carefully drilled in, yielded more bushels per acre, in proportion to seed used, than seeding by hand.

A Change Needed.

Fowls will often do well on a small place for several years and then fall off and become unprofitable just as the owner thinks he has learned it all. The usual reason is either that the stock has become run out by too much confinement or that the fowls have used up some of the things about the place which they need. They have killed out the grass, used up all the sharp gravel or perhaps the soil has become infested with disease or the coops with lice. Remedy is to note conditions, supply what is needed and introduce fresh stock.

Care of Poultry House.

Nine out of ten poultry houses remain uncleaned during the summer, except for the removal of the droppings. If the houses are occupied. As a result the lice greatly increase in number, and are responsible for the slow growth made by many of the chickens during the summer.

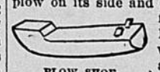
There is no reason why the houses should not be fumigated during the summer almost as regularly as during the winter, and the labor involved is really not so great. An abundance of whitewash and some carbolic acid will usually do all necessary to rid the houses of lice, provided it is applied so that all cracks and crevices are reached. Nest boxes should be removed and new ones substituted unless the old ones can be thoroughly cleansed. Roosts should come down so that the disenfectant may be placed in all the cracks; in short, the house should be thoroughly cleansed, and that several times during the summer.

Grain and Dairy Farming.

An important difference between dairy farming and grain farming is the amount of the farm that is sold with the product that is of the fertility of the farm. The man who sells a ton of wheat sells in it about $7 worth of fertilizing elements, and if he does not buy something to replace them his farm is so much poorer. The dairyman who sells a ton of butter has sold but fifty cents' worth of fertilizing material, and if he is a good dairyman, he has probably added much more than that, or twenty times that to the value of the farm in the bran, oil meal, cotton seed or other food that he purchased while feeding his cows for making that ton of butter. It is in this way that the dairyman's farm is continually growing more productive, and if he does not make much from his dairy, he should from the crops that he can grow on his much enriched soil.—American Cultivator.

A Plow Shoe.

The good farmer does not throw the plow on its side and drag it from one field to another. He will make a wooden runner, as shown in the cut, or he cuts away an old boot or shoe, all but the sole and toe, for a runner. The good appearance of a lane or roadway should not be spoiled by plow marks—it looks as if the farmer didn't care.—Epitomist.



PLOW SHOE.

Late Fodder Crops.

Late fodder crops include Kaffir corn, millet, sorghum, rape, corn, the cereals and the clovers. One writer claims that where hogs are kept rape is the greatest of all those mentioned, as a half acre will feed forty hogs during the season if the crop gets a good start. Sorghum is looked upon as one of the very best crops for shocking and curing to be fed cut during the winter. As this crop may be seeded after cereals have been harvested, there is still ample opportunity to prepare the soil and sow the seed. If the soil is plowed to a depth of three or four inches and afterwards well worked down with the harrow and cultivators such a seed bed will favor the production of several tons of cured sorghum per acre. One writer recommends Mammoth Early Orange as being the best sorghum for both fodder and seed purposes.—Iowa Homestead.

Effect of the Oleo Bill.

Some dairymen are inclined to believe that the passage of the oleo bill means a permanent heavy advance in the price of products, particularly butter, and are banking the future of the dairy interests along these lines as being very promising. The best intent of the oleo bill is the suppression of fraud, and it is doubtful whether prices advance as much as some seem to think. Yet a national law forcing bogus butter to sell for just what it is must exert a salutary influence on the market for butter. Dairymen should keep up the high standard of the pure product and see that the oleo bill is strictly enforced.—Farm and Home.

Mule Statistics.

According to the government census of 1900, there are 3,271,121 mules in the United States. It is also stated by the census officials that mules are increasing in this country. According to the numeration in 1890, 157,022 mule colts were foaled in 1889, whereas in 1899 the number had increased to 231,697. The actual increase of the total number of mules in the entire country is said to be some 34 per cent during the past ten years.

Important Little Things.

Horses are high this year, and every farmer should keep only just the number necessary for his work. He should get all he can out of them by giving good grooming and feed, starting in work gradually, providing well-fitting collars and keeping them clean. These may appear little things, but are just what often determine the success or failure of a season's work.—American Agriculturist.

Growing Radishes.

The radish is a hardy plant and can be grown every month from spring until late in the fall. But few should be planted at a time, as they soon become tough if left in the ground or are allowed to approach maturity. To have them crisp and tender they should be grown on rich soil and forced, as the sooner they reach the table stage the better their quality.

Long Trip to Buy Stock.

The Drover's Journal tells of a man who came from New Plymouth, New Zealand, to Syracuse N. Y., a distance of nine thousand miles, to purchase a herd of Holstein cattle. He bought eleven head, eight heifers and three bulls, which he will take home with him. This will be the second herd of Holsteins ever imported into New Zealand.

Motor Plow.

The Agricultural World of London England, says that Dr. Gatling, inventor of the Gatling gun, has invented a plow to be operated by a gasoline motor. He claims that it can be run at a cost of $2 per day, so that it will do the work of thirty men and eighty horses. He proposes to make it a feature of the St. Louis Exposition.

FATHER OF THE STEEL TRUST.

John W. Gates' Rise from a Salesman to a Millionaire.

The father of the steel trust after all is not J. Pierpont Morgan but John W. Gates. So the latter declares in a recent interview. He says that he not only conceived the gigantic project, but laid down the plans which Morgan carried out.

Incidentally Gates told the story of how he rose from a traveling salesman to be a millionaire and one of the greatest financial powers in America. He first started selling barbed wire at a salary of $100 a month. Soon he concluded that there was more money in the manufacture of barbed wire than there was in selling it and with Alfred Clifford he embarked in manufacture for himself. The business was small at first, the capital being less than $8,000, but it increased and soon an incorporated concern was started under the name of J. W. Gates & Co. Into this concern each of eight men put $2,500, making a total working capital of $20,000. The profits for the first year were $150,000. Gates bought out his partners and with Clifford and another stockholder incorporated the Southern Wire Company, capital $50,000. The profits for a year in this were $188,000.

"Then we concluded," says Mr. Gates, "to build a mill near Pittsburg, and selected Rankin as a site. In 1884 we began the erection of what is now known as the Braddock Mill. We started in to build a mill that would cost us $110,000. We concluded that we would incorporate for $100,000 and borrow the $10,000. Before we had completed the mill $250,000 had been expended, and we were obliged to borrow $150,000.

"We began operations in the mill early in 1886, and I went abroad for the purpose of buying steel, it being unobtainable in the United States—I mean steel billets. I purchased about

JOHN W. GATES.

50,000 tons of steel in Great Britain for shipment via Baltimore to the Rankin mill.

"I had great difficulty in obtaining a bankers' credit to satisfy the European makers. Finally I called upon Mr. Morgan, and he very cheerfully gave us credit for £60,000 sterling, which was more money than we were worth.

"Owing to our exceedingly large purchase in Europe the price of steel advanced $5 to $10 a ton, which meant a profit to us of from $250,000 to $500,000. I sold 10,000 tons of the steel to the Carnegie Company without touching it, simply delivering the shipping documents to them, and thereby made $100,000 net profit. The balance of the steel we worked up into rods and wire.

"Our profits in the manufacture of wire in 1885 were very small, caused largely by the Grant-Ward panic. The year 1886 was fairly good. In 1887 we realized the profits of the steel purchased in Europe in 1886, together with the steel sold to the Carnegie-Phipps Company.

"In 1887 we increased the capital stock of the Braddock Wire Company from $100,000 to $500,000, and paid a cash dividend of $100,000—making a 500 per cent dividend as the result of work during 1884, 1885, 1886 and 1887."

Mr. Gates is now well launched on his career. His policy after that was consolidation. In 1892 the Consolidated Steel and Wire Company was formed, with an actual paid in capital of $4,000,000. For three years Mr. Gates managed the concern, the earnings of which were $1,100,000 a year. In 1895 Mr. Gates was elected president of the Illinois Steel Company, of which he owned 27,000 shares. Later the American Steel and Wire Company, with a capitalization of $90,000,000, was formed. Then came the billion dollar steel trust, which swallowed all the Gates interests as well as those of Carnegie and other iron masters.

HER DOWRY HALF A MILLION.

Mrs. Van Alen Collier One of the Most Fortunate of Brides.

In the matter of wedding gifts Sarah Stewart Van Alen, whose marriage recently to Robert J. Collier furnished New York and Newport society plenty of topics for chats over the tea cups, was probably the most fortunate bride who ever stood at the altar. Though her father was opposed to the union at first, he treated her generously in the matter of a dowry. His gift amounted to nearly half a million dollars. A chest of table silver, a diamond brooch and a diamond tiara were among the other magnificent gifts from relatives. The bride, by reason of her family connections and her pleasing personality, has long been one of the conspicuous figures in metropolitan society. She is a granddaughter of Mrs. William Astor and, like the grandmother who so long was a leader of the foremost social set in this country, is attractive in face and figure and charming in conversation.

MRS. COLLIER.

Fund for Educating Catholic Priests.

Mrs. Ann Eliza Walsh, of New York, has created a fund of $1,250,000 for the purpose of educating candidates for the Catholic priesthood in dioceses lacking means for that purpose. Many scholarships will thus be created in seminaries in the United States and elsewhere. The fund has been created as a memorial to her brother, the late Henry McCaddin, of Brooklyn.

Nothing Doing.

"How are the times?" queried the traveler in Kentucky.

"Hard! very hard, suh," replied the Colonel. "If you'll believe me, suh, I nevah saw such a scarcity of feud."—Houston (Tex.) Post.

A man who never made a fool of himself is unable to appreciate human sympathy.