A WEATHER SONG.

Don't worry 'bout the weather; if the breeze is blowin' cold,
The world will yet have blossoms—jest all your arms can hold!
An' you'll wonder at your grievin' when the blue sky is unrolled—
Don't worry 'bout the deather. Oh, my dearie!

Don't worry 'bout the weather; there must still be sun an' rain
To freshen up the flowers when they want to bloom again!
The lesson o' the love o' God to all the world is plain—
Don't worry 'bout the deather. Oh, my dearie!
—Atlanta Constitution.

HIS HOME COMING

AFTER the great battle of Shiloh had been fought and won, for many weeks that shattered wreck of what was once John Fairfax lingered on the very threshold of death in a Southern hospital.

A bullet had plowed its way through scalp and skull, and for a time the issue was uncertain; but finally the skill and care of surgeons and nurse won the day, and he who had once been John Fairfax arose and went forth into a world of strangers.

He knew no one. His own name was gone from him. The past was sealed. He knew that he must have had a name and a home, and friends; but when he tried to recall them his mind saw only a blank wall.

John Fairfax, known as John Doe, of Nowhere, the name by which a merry clerk had entered him on the hospital records, carried musket and knapsack no longer. Physically he was incapable of that, or at least the army surgeons so considered him, and he was told that he might go home.

"Home?" said he, simply. "My home is with the army. I don't remember ever being anywhere else than here,

DEATH OF CHARLEY GREY.

and here I'll stay. If I can't handle a gun let me drive one of the wagons, or cook for the soldiers, or do anything to help along. I've got to stay with the boys. I wouldn't know where to go if you turned me away." And so, not being [illegible] him, John Doe was allowed to remain with the army.

He had been reported missing and his name had been dropped from the muster roll of the Pennsylvania regiment to which he belonged when he went into the fight at Shiloh, and he was now assigned to a regiment from another State.

The mind of John Doe was of such recent birth, so untrained in the ways of the world that its owner soon became the standing butt and jest of the camp. Subjected to constant ridicule, sent on all sorts of foolish and impossible errands, tormented and abused by

THE HOMELESS VETERAN.

the rough and unthinking, John Doe submitted to it all with a patient forbearance that was pathetic to witness.

During the final day of the terrible battle of the Wilderness a soldier, whose canteen he had just filled with water, dropped dead in the act of raising it to his lips. The victim was Charley Grey, a young soldier who often had befriended poor, stricken John Doe when others were trying to torment him.

And during the rest of the battle John Doe loaded and fired in frenzied haste; sprang from tree to tree as the line advanced or retreated; and fought like a hero till the sun went down.

Then throwing aside his musket, he flung himself exhausted on the ground, all the wrath and fire of battle gone from him, and slept soundly till morning. Then he quietly resumed his place as cook, water carrier and servitor in general to Company H, of the —th Massachusetts infantry.

Cook and water carrier he remained to the end, and when Appomattox came and the cannon ceased their growling, John Doe was swept northward with the returning wave of soldiers.

And by some strange irony of fate he was left stranded in a Pennsylvania village scarcely a score of miles distant from the home from which he had gone forth to do battle for his country.

His once dark hair and beard were now a silvery white, and that and the hardships through which he had passed had made so great an alteration in his appearance that even if anyone who had known him as John Fairfax had met him there was small probability of his being recognized.

And here, within a few hours of the wife and daughter who mourned him as dead, the ex-water carrier and hero of Company H lived and toiled for 15 years, a cheerless, lonely man, with great, strange, indefinable longing for something, he scarcely knew what.

At last John Doe, no longer able to work, friendless and forlorn, went forth into the highways a homeless tramp, clad in the tattered [illegible] he had helped to save.

And in his wanderings he came to a little white cottage. As he stood gazing at its inviting porch a sudden faintness came over him, and he reeled and fell, striking his head heavily against the gatepost.

When he recovered by his side stood a blue-eyed girl artlessly prattling to him.

"Poor soldier man, did it hurt you to fall that way? I'm so sorry, 'cause I love the brave soldiers. My grandpa was a soldier, but grandma says he went to war and never came back. I wish he'd come, 'cause grandma is so lonesome and always cries when she tells me about him."

The homeless veteran struggled to his knees and gave one eager, inquiring look at the form and features of the pretty little one before him.

"What is your grandma's name, little one?"

"Mary Fairfax, and mamma's name is Etta Fairfax Field, and mine is Marietta Field. Isn't that a lovely name?"

"Yes, it is," said John Fairfax (John Doe no longer), rising to his feet and taking her by the hand. "Come on, deary; let us go and find grandma and mamma, and tell them that grandpa has got home at last!"—Utica Globe.

A Self-Contained Crowd.

James O'Neill, the actor, tells of meeting a man who was indeed a "host in himself." It was in the far West. Mr. O'Neill one day found himself at a small station, where he would have to wait several hours for another train. A New York paper prints the story:

"Sort of dull place," the conductor said to him, as he descended. "Still, you'll have company; the ticket agent, the operator, the flagman, the storekeeper, the postmaster, and the agent of the accident insurance company are all inside."

Mr. O'Neill entered the station and looked round. In the dim light he could distinguish only a red-haired man at a telegraph instrument.

"Where are the others?" the actor asked.

"Gone, what?" said the man.

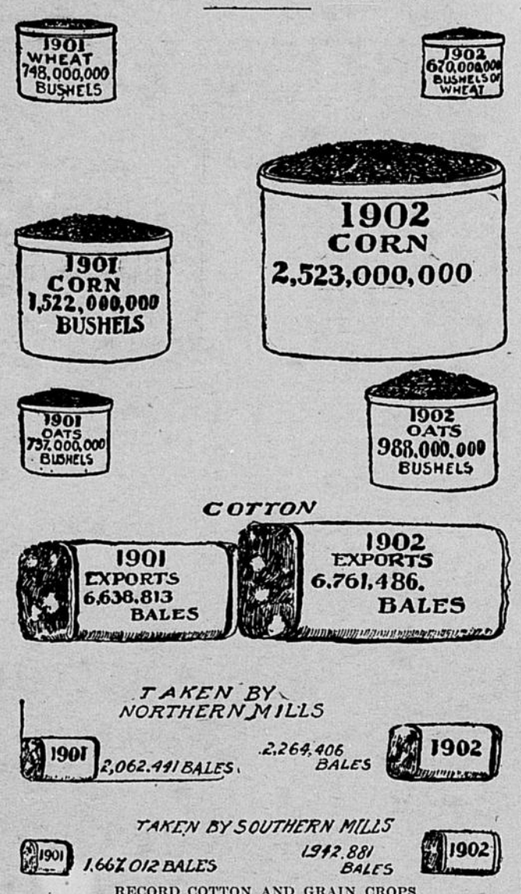
"Why, the ticket agent, the flagman the postmaster and the rest."

The man grinned.

"Where are they?" Mr. O'Neill repeated.

The red-haired man grinned again "I'm um; come in and join us," he answered.

BIGGEST CROPS IN HISTORY.



RECORD COTTON AND GRAIN CROPS.

ACCORDING to figures compiled by Uncle Sam farmers in the United States have taken from the soil the past year crops having a value of $2,557,895,416. The crops are the largest ever garnered in the history of this country, according to the experts, and their value is unprecedented in the annals of trade. To the tillers of the soil the year 1902 will go down in history as the most prosperous in their lives. It is said to be a fair estimate that the farm value of wheat, for which the farmers have disposed of half their holdings, is 65 cents a bushel. Oats have netted the farmer about 27 cents, and the balance, it is estimated, will be sold at that figure. Corn will net the farmer at his nearest market town about 30 cents a bushel, and so on throughout the entire list. The basis on which the government estimates the value of the crop is not the current market quotations in Chicago, but the farm value or prices at which the producer sells his goods.

Final returns to the statistician of the Department of Agriculture from the regular and special correspondents, supplemented by reports of special field agents, show the acreage, production and value of the principal farm crops of the United States in 1902 to have been as follows:

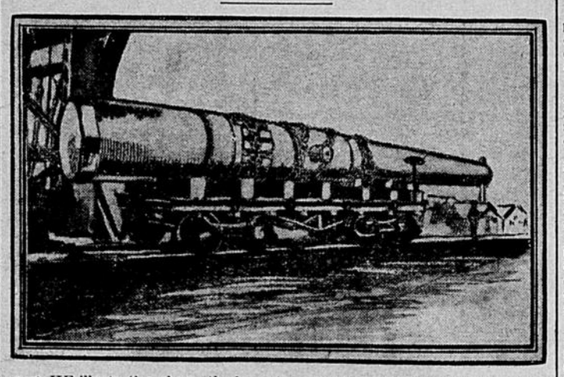
Crops.	Acreage.	Production.	Farm value, Dec. 1, 1902.
Corn	94,043,613	2,523,638,312 bushels	$1,017,017,349
Winter wheat	28,581,426	411,788,666 bushels	266,727,475
Spring wheat	17,620,998	258,274,342 bushels	155,496,642
Oats	28,633,141	987,842,712 bushels	303,584,852
Barley	4,061,063	134,957,623 bushels	61,898,634
Rye	1,978,548	33,630,592 bushels	17,080,793
Buckwheat	804,989	14,529,770 bushels	8,654,704
Potatoes	2,965,587	284,632,787 bushels	134,111,436
Hay	39,825,227	59,857,576 tons	542,036,364
Tobacco	1,030,734	821,823,963 pounds	80,472,506
Flaxseed	3,739,700	134,954,623 bushels	61,898,634
Total value			$2,557,895,416

GENERAL F. V. GREENE, HEAD OF NEW YORK'S POLICE DEPARTMENT.

General Francis V. Greene, the new head of New York's police department has inspired a wholesome fear among the cliques of law breakers that in the past has considered itself altogether immune. Offenders realize that he "means business;" inspectors know that laxity will result in decapitation. General Greene is a scholar, a scientist and a soldier. He is now in his fifty-third year. When a lad he was appointed to West Point, from which academy he was graduated in 1870 first in a class of fifty-eight. He began his career in the army as an engineer, was later astronomer and surveyor for the United States government, and assisted in running the boundary line between this country and the British possessions in the Northwest. Twenty-four years ago he was sent by the Secretary of War to watch the Turko-Russian conflict. His observations in that field are standard works in army literature. In 1880 he entered the national guard as a major, and four years later was elected colonel of the First Brigade. When the war with Spain broke out he was sent to Cuba as colonel of the Seventy-first New York Volunteers. Elevation to brigadier general followed, and he then assumed command of the Third Division of the army in the Philippines.

GEN. GREENE.

THE LARGEST GUN IN THE WORLD.



THE illustration shows the largest gun in the world, and the most gratifying thing in connection with this weapon is that it is the property of "your Uncle Sam." It was built at the Watervliet arsenal, near Troy, N. Y., and as the railroads refused to transport it because of its 130 tons of weight, it was brought down the Hudson to the proving grounds at Sandy Hook on a specially constructed car, which was mounted on a double boat. This gun, which was four years in building, cost $150,000 and has a range of twenty-one miles. Standing on its breech beside an ordinary three-story building, there would be enough of it projecting above to make a very respectable chimney, especially since the bore of the gun is so large that a man may easily crawl inside it. More than a thousand pounds of powder are used to expel the projectile, which weighs 2,370 pounds.

THE HAWKEYE STATE

NEWS OF THE WEEK CONCISELY CONDENSED.

Perry Banker's Son Shot by Robbers—Four Indicted for Corcoran Murder—Most Pupils in Cedar Falls Normal School—Elevator Burns at Fontanelle.

Henry M. Patee, son of the president of the National Bank of Perry, was shot by robbers. He was awakened by a noise in the rear of the house, and taking a revolver slipped out on the back porch. In an instant he was confronted by two men. He grappled with one of them, and in the struggle the robber wrenched the gun from Patee and shot him in the breast, inflicting a dangerous if not fatal wound. Bloodhounds were put on the trail of the robbers. The dogs went straight to the home of Steve Crandall, an ex-convict, and he was arrested. The militia was called out to guard the prisoner, who was rescued with difficulty from an angry mob and taken to Adel.

Four Indicted for Corcoran Murder.

Jack and Carrie BaTiese, alias Jack and Carrie Aaron of Sioux City; George, alias "Whitey" Beveridge, and James, alias "Slim" Burns, were indicted by the grand jury in Des Moines on the charge of murder in the first degree. They are accused of having murdered Jerry Corcoran on the night of Dec. 27, by putting morphine in beer drank by Corcoran so as to secure possession of a check for $38.50 which Corcoran had on his person. All four of the defendants were incustody when the indictment was returned into court and no time will be lost in arraigning them and bringing them to trial.

State Normal Leads in Enrollment.

According to the annual report of State Superintendent Barrett, the State Normal school at Cedar Falls takes the lead in the number of pupils enrolled. For the last school year, 2,464 names were enrolled, against 1,512 at Iowa City and 1,400 at Ames. Among the sectarian schools Drake University leads with an enrollment of 1,486. Highland Park College leads the private schools with an enrollment of 1,840.

Big Elevator Burned.

The D. N. Dunlap elevator at Fontanelle was destroyed by fire. Loss $10,000; insured. The fire is supposed to be of incendiary origin, as some time ago Mr. Dunlap received some threatening letters telling him that if he did not leave a certain amount of money in a certain place the elevator would be burned. There is no clue.

Robbers Frightened Away.

An attempt was made, it is supposed, to crack the bank of Clare, as three sticks of dynamite were found outside the door the other morning. The robbers were evidently frightened away by some person or some noise and were so badly scared that they did not return to complete the work.

Victim of Runaway Accident.

After a wild ride behind a runaway team across Pella bridge, which spans the Des Moines river, John Van Wyngarden, a well-known young man of that vicinity, was thrown from his wagon and instantly killed.

Another Depot Robbery.

The Great Western depot was entered at Meservey, while the agent was at supper, and the drawer robbed of $100 in cash and checks. The officials are investigating.

Fire at Grand Junction.

A row of four small wooden buildings at Grand Junction occupied as shoe shops, restaurants and offices, was destroyed by fire. Loss $5,000; partly insured.

State News in Brief.

A $5,000 opera house is to be constructed at Manchester.

Boone claims a population of 13,000, based on a directory census.

A new interurban line is being surveyed from Keokuk to Fort Madison.

The Union Trust Company, capital $50,000, has been incorporated at Davenport.

Company F of Oskaloosa is raising funds for the erection of a new and modern armory.

The police of Dubuque have been instructed to seize and destroy all kinds of slot machines.

The Oskaloosa City Council has granted a franchise to the Postal Telegraph Company, allowing it entrance to that city.

It is rumored in railroad circles that the Rock Island is contemplating building from Dows to Fort Dodge, a distance of thirty-five miles.

An Indianola man stole $3 worth of chickens from a henhouse and left a pocketbook containing $25 in his efforts to outrun a load of buckshot.

A factory for the making of pressed brick is being agitated at Buffalo Center, clay of a suitable quality having been located in that vicinity.

An effort is being made by bowling enthusiasts to arrange for a tri-State bowling tournament, to include cities in Iowa, Minnesota and Wisconsin.

A Page County man who annexed four chickens belonging to a neighbor carelessly allowed himself to be caught in the act and it cost him an even $100.

The explosion of a gasoline lamp in Rechterfig's store at Waterloo caused a fire that destroyed a pile of clothing and threatened to wipe out the entire stock.

A pair of grafters, giving their names as "Mr. and Mrs. Mize," blew into Clinton with a "touching" tale of woe at their tongues' ends, with the result that several ministers and other charitably inclined people of that city are short on pin money and long on experience.

The Great Western Cereal Company will rebuild the mammoth elevator recently destroyed by fire at Fort Dodge, the City Council having promised adequate fire protection.

It is proposed to raise $50,000 for a new Methodist hospital in Des Moines, and the promoters announce that a resident of eastern Iowa has pledged $5,000 of the required amount.

Charles Laravere, a resident of Harper's Ferry, was found dead north of that city. It is thought he died a natural death, as no indications of violence were found on his person.

Turner Black, a farmer near Blockton, quarreled with his wife, and securing a rope hanged himself to an apple tree. A neighbor witnessed the performance and cut him down in time to save his life.

College students in the State will be interested in the ruling of the third Assistant Postmaster General to the effect that college papers cannot be admitted to the mails as second-class mail matter.

The lodges of the A. O. U. W. of Iowa have contributed over $200 to the fund for the Temple of Fraternity to be erected on the exposition ground in St. Louis next year. The work of raising the fund continues.

The county seat fight is on again in Hancock County. A petition asking for the re-location of the county seat from Concord to Garner is being circulated.

The death is announced of Consul Benjamin Johnston at Cebia, Honduras. Johnston was a resident of Keosauqua, and the body will be brought to that place for burial.

The farmers' institute at Spencer will be a scene of intense interest this winter. A cake baking contest for girls under 14 and a bread baking contest for boys and girls under 16 will form the attraction. The committee has captured two judges already and has a third man up a tree.

A new bank will be established in South Ottumwa.

Shenandoah is threatened with a diphtheria epidemic.

The Catholic Church at Ionia was gutted by fire. Loss $1,000.

Pottawattamie County had a balance on hand Jan. 1 of $80,000.

In Dubuque in 1902 there were recorded 570 births and 485 deaths.

Council Bluffs has contributed $500 to the famine sufferers of Sweden.

A baby recently born at Shenandoah weighed one and one-half pounds.

The largest button factory in the world is to be erected at Muscatine.

The next prohibition State convention will probably be held in Marshalltown.

Scott County will invest in a pack of bloodhounds to be used in tracking criminals.

Fire at Swaledale destroyed the furniture store of L. Triplett. Loss $3,000; insured.

There are about forty-five cases of typhoid fever at Creston, mostly in a mild form.

The Iowa Retail Hardware Dealers' Association will meet at Des Moines Feb. 11-13.

One hundred and seventy-six intoxicants appeared in justice court in Iowa City in 1902.

Fire at Ryan destroyed the blacksmith shop of J. A. Thomas. Loss $1,500, partially insured.

Dubuque will insist that all buildings three stories high or over be equipped with fire escapes.

Kirk Winchell, who broke jail at Audubon last summer, has been arrested at Eau Claire, Wis.

Burlington butchers have organized a retail protective association, with a capital stock of $10,000.

The judicial district composed of Delaware, Blackhawk and Buchanan counties wants a third judge.

Wolves are abundant in Dubuque County and the county is paying out large sums for bounties.

The Commercial National Bank of Waterloo has increased its capital stock from $100,000 to $200,000.

A number of Iowa City business men were made the victims of a pair of smooth advertising sharks.

Clinton ministers have filed several suits against saloonkeepers of that city, alleging violation of the mulct law.

A company of the National Guard will probably be organized at Iowa Falls to succeed the Marshalltown company.

Arguments for a new trial in the case of Jerome Hoot, the Waterloo dynamiter, have been filed in the Supreme Court.

The little daughter of Barney Racey of Waterloo was seriously scalded by the upsetting of a kettle of boiling water.

Fire at Hayesville destroyed Crabb's hardware store and two small adjoining buildings. Loss $4,000, partly insured.

Thomas Neagle's shoe store at Oskaloosa was burglarized while fully lighted, and $100 in cash taken from the safe.

The addition to Waterloo, where the recent factories secured for that city have been located, has been named Westfield.

Elijah Heathcote, sent up from Des Moines for ten years for attempted murder, is dead at the Fort Madison penitentiary.

The Union Electric Company of Waterloo has expended $20,000 in purchasing new arc lamps for that city's lighting system.

A gasoline lamp caused a fire in the postoffice at Doon. All the valuables were saved, and as far as known no great damage was done to the mail.

Burlington taxpayers, at a well attended mass meeting, decided in favor of several miles of paving and other improvements during the coming summer.

Gen. Byron A. Beeson, quartermaster of the Iowa Soldiers' Home, has received an appointment as treasurer of the Southern National Soldiers' home, Hampton, Va.

The Council Bluffs trades and labor assembly is seriously considering the proposition of employing a general business agent to look after union labor interests in that city.

Fire at Dewitt destroyed three buildings containing the stores of W. H. Schlabach, shoes; W. T. Dennison, hardware, and T. S. Connole, groceries. The loss will exceed $30,000.

A prominent coal operator is authority for the statement that at the annual convention of Iowa miners and operators in March the miners will be given a substantial increase in wages.

F. A. Marson, the pious fraud, pleaded guilty at Toledo to the charge of jumping a board bill and was sentenced to twenty days in jail, pending which his other misdeeds will be investigated by the officials.

Chairman John Cownie of the State board of control said that the board would probably ask the Legislature at its next session to vote an appropriation to defray the expenses of the care and education of the deaf-blind daughter of Mrs. Stein of Knoxville.

John Collins, a wealthy resident of Dysart, was robbed of $2,115, the robbers carrying off a trunk in which the money was concealed. The robbery was effected without awakening the family, and the trunk taken to a field, where it was looted. Collins is 80 years old, and is said to be very wealthy.

The colored population of Burlington, and many white persons, are intensely interested in a 6-year-old wonder called Lonnie Lawrence Dennis, who is conducting revival services there. The boy holds forth at the A. M. E. Church in Central avenue and is greeted by crowded houses every night. He is said to have had no schooling, yet he repeats chapter after chapter of the Bible accurately, and delivers long, earnest and interesting discourses on Bible texts.

Fire destroyed the building of the Farmers' Co-operative Creamery Company at Cascade. Loss $5,000, insurance $2,000.

The count of money in the State treasury on the beginning of another term for the State Treasurer showed a total of $1,029,544.76 cash on hand and in banks, of which $921,472.27 belongs to the general fund of the State.

Burglars looted the money drawer in the C., & N. W. depot at Council Bluffs of $20. They had begun work on the safe, which contained a large amount of money, when they were frightened away.

J. A. Shelley, an Ottumwa packing house employe, is dead of injuries received by faling down an elevator shaft from the third story of the plant.

Pottawattamie County Supervisors have just purchased a quarter section of land for a new poor farm, paying therefor $12,000. The sum of $13,000 will be spent in buildings.

Relatives and friends in Iowa of Frank Bryant, a former resident of Ames, have received an appeal for financial aid to be used in the prosecution of Bryant's murderer, a man named Clark, who killed him in cold blood Oct. 25. Both were employed on a Texas railroad, and had quarreled over a trifling matter.

Dubuque police made but 870 arrests in 1902, and the officials claim that city is more free from crime than any other Iowa municipality.

Helmer Deboer, who was shot in a quarrel by August Bunge at George, Dec. 27, is dead. Bunge will be arraigned on the charge of murder in the second degree.

John N. Miller, leading merchant of Larrabee, was burned to death. He lived over the store room. Hearing a noise, he started down stairs in his night shirt, holding a kerosene lamp. The chimney fell off. He grabbed for it and set his clothing on fire. Miller died shortly after help reached him. He was a bachelor.

How to Grow Peanuts.

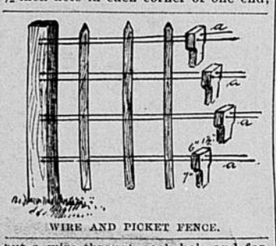
Plow your land early in spring, and about the 5th or 10th of May cross-break, harrow, lay your rows off 28 inches each way, put two kernels in a place, cover lightly with shovel plow, and in four or five days put another furrow on and drag off. Be careful not to touch the peanuts; cultivate as level as possible with small plow. You can plow both ways; keep the vines uncovered and let them grow as fast as possible. When they go to blooming, never mind the bloom; just let it alone, it doesn't have anything to do with the peanut. Don't go to the trouble that I have heard of to cover the bloom up.

In the fall, before frost, when your peanut vines look matured and you know the nuts are matured, take a No. 19 or 20 chilled plow, take the wing off and you can plow them up without leaving too much dirt on vine. Run once or twice to the row; if your vines are small, once will do, but if large you will find it best to run twice. Take a four-pronged pitchfork, raise the vines up and shake the dirt off, and let it back; shake them up in the morning and stack in the afternoon. Now comes the particular part. Get your stack poles about 7 feet long, small poles, sharpen each end, jab it in the ground good and firm and lay some chunks, split pieces or anything else that is handy around. It is hard to stack them without molding or turning black unless you understand it. Pick the vine up by the root, let the root pass the pole; every time you put up a vine, or vines, let the roots pass the pole, and so on until the stack is finished. Take a nice bunch of grass and cap your stack. When they have stayed in stack four or five weeks they are ready to pick and sack and will keep in any quantity. — J. W. Reeves in the Globe-Democrat.

Cheap Fencing Machine.

It is not every farmer that has a few rods of picket fence to make that feels himself able to buy a fencing machine. I designed the following plan, and while it is not so rapid as a regular machine, I think the work is better. It makes no short twists in the wires which unfits them for use if the pickets should in time rot, or one should want to move the fence.

Cut a piece of plank for each pair of wires, 7x1½x6 inch, as at a. Bore a ½-inch hole in each corner of one end;



WIRE AND PICKET FENCE.

put a wire through each hole and fasten the wires in place to the post where you begin to weave. Then unroll and stretch the bottom wires first, the full length of the fence if straight, and staple them in place to the other end, or corner post, but not so tight as to not let them slip. Draw them straight and extend them beyond the last end post some 15 or 20 feet. Fasten them to some kind of heavy weight that will slip on the ground as the pickets are being woven in.—Cor. Farm and Home.

Oleo People in a Corner.

The oleomargarine people seem to be between the devil and the deep blue sea. They have been doing some mixing of their product with genuine butter for the better class of trade. This is of course expensive to them, but it seems to be the only way they can avoid the law regarding coloring matter—to get it from butter. But even right here the question comes in for the revenue officers to consider—and they are considering it—whether this is not an evasion of the spirit if not the letter of the law. If such trade should grow into any proportions, it is claimed that the revenue people will decide that oleo mixed with butter, while it may not be adulterated or colored oleo, is adulterated butter. And here you are. They catch them going and coming.—Tennessee Farmer.

Profit Comes Slowly.

The profit from farming comes in slowly, and several years may elapse before the farmer is aware that his farm pays. This is due to the fact that fertility in the soil is cumulative, the results of the first year being but little apparently, though every year thereafter the farm will increase in productive capacity. The system of farming practiced will also influence the future of the farm. Where stock is a specialty the results are nearly always excellent, and rotation of crops aids in giving a profit, but the largest gain is when the farmer uses fertilizers liberally and gives his attention to the preservation of the manure produced on the farm.

Facts for Potato Growers.

Potatoes are the most expensive of all the staple foods. They contain from 750 to 800 pounds of water in every 1,000 pounds, the solid matter being mostly starch. The farmer also finds the potato crop one of the most exacting in its requirements of labor, one of the greatest obstacles being warfare against beetles and diseases. At present prices potatoes are more expensive than beef, considering the actual proportion of nutritious matter contained, but it is only when prices are high that the potato crop is very profitable, owing to the expenses necessary for its cultivation.

The Orchard a Necessity.

An orchard is a necessity on the farm. It is well known that a farm containing an orchard will sell at a fair price, when farms with no orchards are sacrificed. The buyer always looks for the greatest number of advantages, and if apples, peaches, pears, plums and the small fruits can be found, instead of only an apple orchard, the value of the farm will be increased much more than the original cost of the orchard. If the farm is not for sale the orchard will be a source of profit to the farmer.

Deaths Among Farmers.

It is sad to hear of the recent deaths or present desperate illness of several young and middle-aged farmers—men who before the present winter never knew from their own experience what it was to be seriously sick. They have been prostrated by such formidable diseases as pneumonia and typhoid fever. Sometimes the strong and robust neglect precautions to preserve health which those apparently much weaker have learned to observe. Farmers are more or less inured to exposure to the elements, but, however strong and hardy, thy should not forget that the laws of Nature apply to all alike.—Exchange.

A Cave for Storing Apples.

For storing fruit on the farm nothing can equal a good cave. One of the leading orchardists in southwestern Iowa built a cave seven years ago, and has found it an excellent place in which to store apples. The cave was dug into a north hill slope and the dirt removed with a spade and wheelbarrow. It is 16 feet wide by 50 feet deep and will hold two carloads of apples. The clay walls need nothing to hold them in place.

The roof is made of bridge plank, held in place by posts along the sides. The plank are covered with dirt and sodded over to turn the rain. Two 12-inch tiles at the top provide ventilation. Rats have not bothered much. A few got in, but were caught with a wire trap. A fruithouse 16 by 20 feet is built in front of the cave. Double doors open on the north, so that two wagons can be backed in for unloading. There is an orchard and timber on the south, so that hot south winds have no chance to enter this cave. Apples are stored in barrels, which are kept off the ground.—American Agriculturist.

A Lifting Frame.

From the accompanying cut you will be able to get an idea of a handy arrangement for lifting, especially so on butchering day. The side pieces of the frame are made of 2x6x14, the legs are 2x4x12, and the roll A is a round block of wood 18 inches long with two 2-inch holes to insert the lever B; C is a stick between the lever and frame when the load is drawn up; D is a ¾-inch rope and E is a single block. The legs should be attached by a bolt running through the frame, and the holes in the legs be made oblong in shape so they will fit over a wagon. The bolt must be at least 4 inches longer than the frame is wide.—R. E. Clark, in the Epitomist.

Feeding of Soft Corn.

There is very little difference in feeding value of the dry matter of soft, or thoroughly ripened corn, pound for pound, but it requires about 20 per cent more soft corn to make an even amount of dry matter. Of course the same amount of cob is necessary to grow a soft ear that is required to grow a good ear. A good deal of soft corn is musty. This may or may not be injurious to stock. It is better to use caution in feeding soft corn until its effect on the animals eating it is determined. Ordinarily there is very little trouble from this source, but specific cases of stomach trouble have been traced to damaged or moldy corn. As there is so much of this class of stock food in the country this year, it is better to go slow.—Henry Payne, in Farm and Home.

Quality of Milk.

Which is the richest milk? Experiments plainly show that the last milk from the udder—the "strippings"—is much richer in fat than that first drawn. Several tests in this country have demonstrated that fact, and in an experiment a cow was milked until the udder was completely empty, all milk being weighed. The milk was divided into three lots and tested for butter fat. The first milk contained only .9 per cent of the fat, the second 2.06 per cent and the third lot 4.06 per cent. At the New York station an experiment was made, the first milk containing only three-tenths of 1 per cent of fat and the second 6.85 per cent, two lots only being used, the whole milk averaging 2.55 per cent.

Cotswold Sheep.

The Cotwood sheep possesses large frame and long fleece, but it is not suitable for farmers where pastures are not of the best quality. The Merinos, when used for crossing, do not increase in size, although the grade of wool is better. The Southdown is best for use on common flocks, as it is bred for mutton in preference to wool, and, being hardy and active, the cross is less violent than those between Cotswolds and our small natives. The wool from the Southdown is not inferior, being classed with the middle grades, nor is it deficient in quantity as compared with common stock, but much above the average. Their excellence is in the superiority of the mutton, and in that respect they have no superiors.

Canadian Wrinkles with Silage.

The Canadian method of preventing the souring of silage is said to be to fill the bottom of the silo to a depth of three feet with cut wheat straw. There will be no loss, as the straw will be eaten by stock as readily as is the silage. Another method is to scatter pieces of marble (carbonate of lime) the size of an egg through the filling, say five pieces on top of each four feet of filling. The carbonic acid gas generated will expel the lighter oxygen and prevent fermentation.

Farm Notes.

When farmers are busy in the spring they are liable to neglect many matters which deserve their attention. Now is the opportunity for getting the implements in order and sharpening the tools. The grindstone is a valuable adjunct to good farming if thorough work is desired.

Irish potatoes in the cellar should be covered with carpet and boards. Light and air spoil their eating qualities. Sweet potatoes are handy to have around during the winter and spring months, but they will not keep during the winter in the cellar. They must be kept in a room where there is fire enough to keep out dampness, and where there is no danger of freezing.

The free use of lime in the autumn, especially under fruit trees, will materially assist in destroying fungi. Use air-slaked lime and apply it freely. It is not as efficacious as some of the spraying mixtures, but is beneficial to a certain extent at this season. Some soils require lime, and it will prove as valuable under trees as on land intended for regular crops.

Some farmers prefer to save their seed potatoes, but before doing so there are precautions to be taken. The slightest indications of disease on potatoes should cause their rejection, as the crop of next year will be diseased from such seed. Every bushel of seed potatoes should be carefully examined and examinations of the potatoes in the bins should also be made during the winter.

"Were you ever up before me?" asked a magistrate. "Shure, I don't know, yer anner. What time does yer anner get up?"

Pat—An' so yez shtruck for shorter hours? Mike—Yis. We want each wan to consist av for-rty minutes, begorry!—Puck.

"Didn't you hear the doorbell, Bridget?" "Yes, mum." "Well, why didn't you answer it?" "I did answer it; I said 'Oh, fudge!' mum."

Mistress—Can you draw this fowl, Bridget? Bridget (who has been brought up on praties and buttermilk)—No, mum! Oi can't wroite, let alone draw!

Stella—I came near missing a proposal last night. Bella—You did? Stella—Yes. He got down on his knees, and I thought he was merely looking for a ping-pong ball.—Harper's Bazar.

Magistrate—Rastus, I see you are here again. I believe you have been tried and convicted seven times for stealing. Rastus—Yes, jedge, it seems to be nuttin' but trials and temptations wid me in dis life.

"Mamma," cried little Willie from the bathroom, "please get me another sponge." "Why, what's the matter with the one you have?" asked the mother. "It's full of holes, and leaks awfully," was the reply.

Borem—"I'm something of a mind-reader." Miss Hittem—"Indeed!" Borem—"Yes; I can usually tell at a glance what a person thinks of me." Miss Hittem—"Wonderful! But don't you find it awfully embarrassing?"

Bookkeeper—I would like a little more salary, sir. You see, I'm married now, and———. Employer—And need the increase for your family? Bookkeeper—No, sir; for myself. You see, my wife knows just what I'm getting now!

Schoolmaster—"What is the meaning of one-twenty-fifth?" Boy—"I—I don't remember." Schoolmaster—"If you had twenty-five friends visiting you, and only one apple for them, what would you do?" Boy—"I'd wait till they'd gone and then eat it myself."

Tommy has been making a study of etiquette. When his little sister was opening the door to leave the nursery he pulled her back by the hair and elbowed her out of the way. "Don't you know, you ignorant little thing," he said, indignantly, "that it's a gentleman's place to open the door for a lady?"

Miss Mug—I don't understand how your sister failed to find me at the station. You said you would describe me to her. Infatuated Lover (who sees a good deal more in Miss Mug than other folks can)—Yes, I told her to look for a beautiful girl, with the face of a Madonna and the form of a sylph. It's queer she missed you.

"Ah!" he said as they were exploring among the rocks back of the hotel, "here is 'Lover's Lane.' Let's go through." "That deep place there, where it is so dark, with the steep, rocky sides?" "Yes. Come on." "I'm afraid you would kiss me if we were down there alone together." "No, honest!" "Well then we may as well remain up here."

Mrs. Winks—A peddler was here today, and I got the greatest bargain—a whole pound of insect powder for only ten cents. It looks just like dirt, but it's awfully effective, I tried it. Mr. Winks—Worked, eh? Mrs. Winks—Yes, indeed. The peddler said I should put a little in water and apply it boiling hot, and I did, and it killed every insect it touched.—New York Weekly.

Johnny (who is jealous of mamma)—"Mamma likes me better than she does you!" Evelyn (who enjoys teasing)—"Why, no, Johnny, of course she loves Betty and me best! Just think, she was our mother long before she was yours!" Johnny (scornfully)—"Huh, what of that? You are nothing but a sample copy, anyhow! And Betty's only a trial subscription! But I'm the real thing!"—Life.

"Have you seen Mrs. Connyshaw's wonderful collection of old china?" "Yes," replied Mrs. Fussilove, "I have; and I can't say that it gives me a good opinion of the Connyshaws' social position." "Dear me!" said the other lady. "How is that?" "Well, you see," explained Mrs. Fussilove, "they can't ever have kept many servants, or they would never have had all that china unbroken!"

"You, boy," exclaimed the colored woman, "what is you gwineter do wif dat watermillion?" The urchin looked surprised for a moment, then grieved and then scornful. Placing his burden of sweetness on the curbstone, he replied: "I's gwineter git a can o' vahnish an' vahnish it; den I's gwineter git a yahd o' red ribbon an' tie aroun' it an' hang it to de chandelier in de pahlor foh a ohnament so's we kin look at it an' enjoy oursel'fs while we's eatan' hahd-tack."

Poetical and pedantic young lady walking in the wood with elderly and learned professor. "Oh, Mr. Bookworm, look at that magnificent oak! Let us stop one minute. I must tell him how the sight of such beautiful trees raises keen emotions in my soul; because, you know, I'm sure they can hear us and enjoy a compliment as well as you do. You superb oak, what would you say if you could talk?" "I believe I can be his interpreter, dear Miss Hopkins. He would most likely say, 'Beg your pardon, miss; I'm a beech!'"

Maine Geographical Names.

Maine's rivers, lakes and mountains have names that could not be forgotten. These are some: Cupsuptac, Pohennegamook, Sagadahoc, Chimmenticook, Chimpasaoc, Chinquassabamtook, Essquilsagook, Schoodic, Umsaskis, Ripogenis, Wassatoquoit, Matagomon, Pangokomook, Wallagosquegamook, Moosetocmaguntic, Apmonjenegamook, Wetokenebacook, Sysladobsis, Millenkikuk, Cosbosecontic, Umbazookskus, Damariscotta, Notch and Pemadumook.

Scandinavians Coming.

The exodus of Scandinavian emigrants to the United States continues to be the greatest in twenty years. The hard times at home and the more stringent laws for the conscription of soldiers, together with the reported prosperity in America, are responsible for the universal movement.

Imports to America.

One-half of the imports into this country are of materials for manufacture.

Luck is a combination of an opportunity and the man.