TWO SCHOOLS.

I put my heart to school
In the world where men grow wise.
"Go out," I said, "and learn the rule;
Come back when you win the prize."

My heart came back again.
"And where is the prize?" I cried.
"The rule was false, and the prize was pain,
And the teacher's name was Pride."

I put my heart to school
In the woods where wild birds sing
In the fields where flowers spring,
Where brooks run cool and clear,
And the blue of heaven bends near.
"Go out," I said, "you are only a fool,
But perhaps they can teach you here.

"And why do you stay so long,
My heart, and where do you roam?"
The answer came with a laugh and a song,
"I find this school is home."
—Henry van Dyke in Atlantic Monthly.

GRANDFATHER'S PANTHER STORY.

BY C. A. STEPHENS.

Grandfather used to tell us the following story of an adventure he had with a panther when a boy.

He never speaks of a panther, though. Catamount is his name for the creature; though sometimes, when he is talking with any of the old hunters and trappers, they speak of it as the "Indian devil." That was the name the first settlers here gave it, because the Indians used to have such a dread of it. But it's all the same thing. Catamount, "Indian devil," cougar, and puma, all mean panther, and a still more general name for it in this country is the North American tiger.

I suppose one reason why it has so many names is because it differs in color and size through different latitudes of the continent. Along the northern portions of the United States and in Canada it is of a maltese gray, fading into white upon the under parts of the body. But farther south the fur takes a sunny tint growing tawny in the Southern States. While still farther down, in Mexico and South America, it becomes spotted and mottled, like the tiger and leopard, and the people here call it the jaguar. In California they have named it "the Californian lion." And up in Oregon and Washington they have "a purple panther," at least they say so.

"It was in the year 1812," as grandfather tells it. "I was nothing but a boy at that time, and the country was all new around here. My father had moved up two years before, and had got a clearing of some fifty acres made, and a frame house up. There was but one family nearer than the settlement, in the lower part of the township, where the village is now. Jeremy Edwards had come up the year before father, and felled the trees across the stream there, where Edwardses live now.

"In 1812 was Jim Madison's war—with England. They didn't volunteer then; troops had to be raised by draft. Father and Edwards were both drafted. I well remember the night they were summoned. Terrible time among the homefolks! Mother and Mrs. Edwards and the girls cried all night. But there was no help for it. There was no such things as substitutes then. They had to go the next morning, and leave us to take care of ourselves the best we could up here in the wilderness.

"Little Johnny Edwards—old Uncle Jack, as they call him now—was just about my age—let's see we were fourteen then—and the men away, everything depended on us. Those were tough times; we had something to do, I tell you. But we used to change works, as we called it, so as to be together as much as we could, for it was rather lonesome planting and hoeing off in the stumpy, sprouted clearings. Ah! that was a long, anxious Summer. He was somewhere on Lake Champlain. But the weeks dragged by, and cold weather came on.

"We were getting things fixed up to pass the Winter as well as we could, when one night about the first of November, Johnny came running over to ask if we had seen anything of Brindle, the cow. It had been a bright Indian Summer day, and they had turned her out to browse, but she hadn't come up as usual, and was nowhere in sight. It was already dusk, but taking the old gun we started together, and hunted both clearings well over. Brindle was certainly not in the cleared land.

"Have to give her up tonight, Johnny," said I. "But I'll go with you in the morning. She's lost in the woods, or hedged up somewhere, among windfalls. We heard the lucivees crying, and as we went back along saw a bear digging ground-nuts under a rock. Although these were common enough sounds and sights in those days, still we didn't care to go off into the forest after dark.

"It snowed during the night, several inches. But Johnny was over early. Brindle hadn't come in. He had brought his gun and taken Gub along (Gub was Johnny's dog), and we now started off for a thorough hunt in the woods.

"How queer everything looked that morning—so thick and white and ghostly! The snow had lodged upon all the trees, especially the evergreens, bending down the branches, and every stump and bush was wreathed in blinding white. As the cows used frequently to follow up the valley to northward, we entered it and kept on to where it opens out upon the Sachem's Pond, at the foot of the Great Crag, which rises right up from the water's edge some two hundred feet, a sheer precipice, naked and rocky, with just a footway between it and the pond which is very deep off there. About the pond and the crag the trees are mostly low black spruces. This morning they looked like white tents lined with black, in infinite multitudes. And this appearance, with the ground all white, and the not yet frozen water looking black as ink, made everything appear so strange that, although we had several times been there before, we now scarcely knew the place.

"As yet we had seen no trace of Brindle. But just as we came out on the pond at the foot of the crag we heard a fox bark, quite near at first then at a distance; we had startled him suddenly. Gub sprang ahead among the snowy spruces, but came back in a few moments, and looking up into our faces, whined and ran on again. 'He's found something!' exclaimed Johnny.

"We hurried in on his track, and a few rods farther up saw him standing still sniffing at something, and there, under a thin covering of snow, near the water, lay old Brindle torn and mangled and partially eaten. A feeling of awe crept over us at the sight.

"'Dead!' whispered Johnny.

"'Something's killed her!' I whispered back.

"There were fresh fox-tracks all around, and the carcass had been recently gnawed in several places. Some transient little Reynard had been improving the chance to steal a breakfast. But what savage beast had throttled old Brindle and torn her to pieces? No bear nor lucivee had done it. It was not their work, we well knew—some stronger and fiercer unknown animal.

"Not a sound, not a breath of air to stir the loaded boughs, and the wild gray face of the precipice towering above us seemed to grow more terrible in the stillness.

"But looking more closely, we now discerned, partially obscured by the more recent snowflakes, some broad heavy footprints, larger than old Brindle's hoof, going off along the narrow path between the crag and the pond. With a sort of fascinated curiosity we began stealing on tiptoes, from one to another of these, Gub keeping close to us and glancing up beseechingly in our faces. At the distance of a few rods the tracks stopped all at once. Beyond a certain point there were no footmarks. Gub whined, almost getting under our feet in his efforts to keep near us. Instinctively our eyes wandered up the rock beside us. But ere we had seen the spectacle there, a cry—a shrill, piercing screech—broke the stillness, and lo! on a jutting rock full twenty feet above us and in the very attitude of springing, crouched a large gray creature, its claws working on the bare rock, its ears laid back and its long tail switching to and fro with a restless, dangerous motion. One momentary glance! Then came another scream; and we felt, rather than saw, that the fierce creature had sprung—and was in the air. In that second we also sprang backward, frenziedly, falling over each other and sprawling on the snowy rocks. There was a heavy pounce down in the path before us, a yell of agony from Gub and a loud growl, with a noise of grappling.

"Poor Gub had been the victim. Scrambling to our feet, we saw the animal leap upward, back to the top of the rock, at one spring; where again grappling and gathering up the dog in his mouth it bounded up to another rock. Then, going up the crag, it leaped upon a projecting ledge, along which it ran to a great cleft or cavern, a hundred feet above the path, in the mouth of which it disappeared with its prey. It had all been so sudden and so appalling that for some moments we stood bewildered and staring at the spot. Then remembering our danger, caught up our unused guns and turned to run from the fearful place, when another wild scream rooted us to the path, and looking up we beheld the catamount glaring down at us from the mouth of its den, and running along the ledge to the point where it had sprung up.

"Frightened as we were, we still had sense enough to know that it was of no use to run. From his lofty perch the panther crouched, switching his tail and eyeing us much as a cat might watch a couple of mice. For some moments we stood perfectly motionless. As long as we kept still the monster remained watching, but the moment we started, he would rise and poise himself to spring down, growling fretfully at the least movement. If we ran, he would bound down and overtake us in no time. If we fired our old guns at him he would spring instantly, and unless fatally wounded make short work of us.

"'Oh, what can we do!' whispered Johnny, as we shrank, shivered there beneath those savage eyes, which never for a moment left us.

"We had but one hope, if we didn't move, he might go back to eat Gub in his den.

"But no, he liked the looks of us too well for that. One or both of us he was bound to have, and like all cat creatures, he loved to watch his prey. I don't know how long we stood there, but it seemed hours, and we grew desperate and fairly reckless in our terror.

"'I am going to fire—may as well, muttered Johnny at last. I was coming to think so too. Slowly we raised our rusty old flint-shot. They were well charged with buck-shot—if they would only go off. The panther growled, seeing the movement, and started up but we pulled the triggers. They both went off. There was a loud scream of pain or rage. We sprang away down the path, but glancing over our shoulders, beheld him struggling and clinging to a lower rock, upon which he had jumped or fallen from the ledge above.

"'He is hit! we did hit him!' exclaimed Johnny, and pausing in our headlong flight we turned to watch him. For a long time he clung there writhing up and falling back, and tearing at his wounds. Shriek after shriek echoed on the black mountain across the pond, and we could see the blood trickling down over the edge of the rock. Oh! it was a fearful sight. But he grew weaker at length, and by and by fell down to another rock, where, after fainter struggles and cries, he finally stretched out—dead, no doubt. But we leaded again and gave him another round. The fur flew up from the carcass, but there was no further movement. Gub and Brindle were avenged—as much as they could be, though it was a long time before the Edwardses ceased to lament the slaughter made by the cat amount.

"We were up at the crag several times during the Winter. A mass of gray fur was still lying on the rock fifty or sixty feet above the path. And for years after we used to see the white skeleton up there, a reminder of our narrow escape."—Our Young Folks.

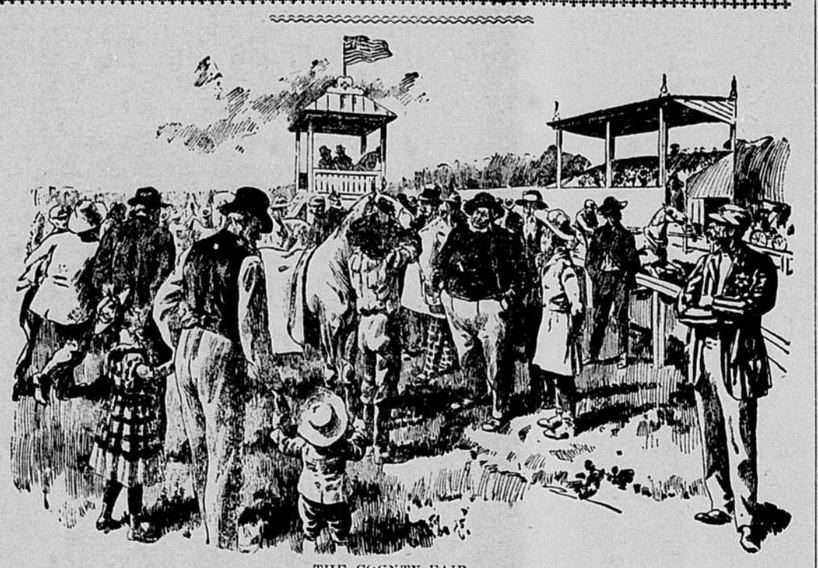
Burned on a Bug.

Alice rushed in from the garden where she had been picking flowers. She was badly stung by a bee, and was holding on to her finger and sobbing pitifully.

"Oh, mamma," she cried, "I burned me on a bug!"—Brooklyn Life.

SEASON OF THE AGRICULTURAL FAIR

Origin of the Popular Exhibitions



THE COUNTY FAIR.

FROM the first of August to the middle of October is the season of the agricultural fair. As now used in the United States, the word "fair" appears to have completely lost its old world significance.

Fairs in England are of ancient origin and appear to have been but the natural expression of a general demand for a public market where the seller with his wares might meet the buyer with his money. Lord Coke quaintly defines fairs to be "a greater species of market recurring at more distant intervals." Fairs and markets have both been distinguished by this writer from a "mart," which he considers as a "yet greater species of fair." All three may comprehensively be described as a customary or legalized place for the sale of commodities.

In the old days in England the laborer out of a job journeyed with the agriculturist and offered his services to the highest bidder. These laborers, who were as often men and girls as men and boys, were put through their paces as thoroughly as were the horses offered for sale upon the same course. They were carefully examined as to soundness of wind and limb, and the bidding was placed purely on the physical condition of the subject offering to sell his or her services. So strict were the laws of the day defining the rights and powers of the employer, or "master," over the hireling or "serf," that the relationship amounted to practical ownership and the service was little short of actual slavery.

Origin of Our Fair.

In this country the word "fair" appears to be applied exclusively to industrial exhibitions, and to what may be more appropriately described as "fancy bazars." The horse fair was the start of it, and it is believed that the institution had an involuntary origin. In the early days a man who owned a horse just a little faster than his neighbor's would issue a challenge for a race. A smooth stretch of road was selected, word was passed around among the neighbors, and on the day of the race a fair-sized crowd of women and men, usually on horseback, was present to witness the sport. The occasions were found to be enjoyable, and the practice was encouraged by public men, with the result that the regularly-constituted horse race, with its thousands of attendants, has succeeded.

The institution grew, and was made the occasion for the display of perfected products of farm, shop and loom. When once started, the mighty possibilities became apparent and were utilized. It will be seen that the present agricultural fair did not spring into being full grown, but gradually assumed its present proportions and character. From the diversity of the interests that called the agricultural fair into being, it is perhaps the most varied form of entertainment to be found in America. It is for all classes and grades of people. Undoubtedly the dominant idea of the originators and promoters of fairs was to make them an exhibition place for all sorts of products, whether grain, fruits, live stock or for the household, but custom has greatly modified the rule, and the amusement feature of fairs of to-day is not second in importance to the exhibits.

The agricultural fair is the only institution which combines in a close relation business and pleasure, profit and amusement. Visitors at such a place can hardly be entertained without receiving benefit, so closely allied and associated are all the departments of the exhibition. The fair is a time for relaxation and for many persons is the only vacation the year affords. Persons who attend the fair cannot be said to do so because they want to be improved, but are seekers after amusement. The horse race is a popular amusement offered to the people. The continued popularity of the race is attested by the big crowds that throng the fair tracks.

Statistics show that the number of exhibitors in proportion to the number of fairs held in various parts of the country are sadly disproportionate. This fact has been commented upon by students of industrial conditions, and explanations have been offered for it. There can be no quarrel with these people. They overlook the real benefit of the fair to the people. Thy have surmised that unless the effects of the fairs were displayed at the annual exhibitions no good effects were possible. Such is by no means the case.

Day of the Street Fair.

A few years ago a rival form of "fair" sprung up in many cities and towns, says the Indianapolis News. The street fair was devised to furnish a counter attraction, or claim for the patronage of the people. These fairs are all that their name indicates, an exhibition of industrial products given in the streets of a town or village. Prizes are usually offered by merchants for the best bushel of corn, potatoes, wheat, etc., for the best loaf of bread, and for cake, pies, etc. Agriculturists have never entered heartily into this new scheme, and the street fairs of to-day have become merely an array of side shows of questionable fitness and by no means questionable purpose. The principal object of street fairs, as far as observation goes, is to provide means for separating visitors from their money in the quickest way possible. In many cities and towns the street fairs have brought along a gang of fakirs, peddlers, showmen and transitory merchants whose mere presence was a menace and danger to the public generally. Gamblers were permitted to run their games openly and at all hours. In almost every place where such exhibitions have been held ministers and various societies made them the subject of protest and publicly criticised them until now the day of the street fair is almost gone.

AFRICAN PYGMIES.

Recent investigations of the region about the head waters of the Congo have excited new interest in the mysterious small folk who inhabit the forests of the island. Tiny denizens of the deep, still woods, sparing of speech and having either no form of religious worship, or a very crude one, they are of a very low order of intelligence. But they know how to make fire, to poison their little murderous darts, and they have a language, although it is simple, and contains but few words. Although averaging only about four feet in height they are nevertheless not to be despised as foemen. They are strange, uncanny-looking creatures, of lighter color than the average negro, and having rich hair which rolls in tightly-curled spiral locks. This gives it the appearance of growing in tufts.

The pygmy race was known to the ancients. Aristotle, Herodotus and Homer wrote of the dwarfs, and probably many of the legends of gnomes and fairy folk grew out of the misty knowledge of these small tribes. "A kinde of little people which are no bigger than Boyes of twelve yeares olde but verie thicke, and live only upon fleshe which they kill in the woods with Bowes and Dartes," wrote a seventeenth century author.

The pygmies have little or no idea of a Supreme Being. One tribe has been found who in times of danger prayed to "Yer." One traveler records such a supplication.

"Yer, if thou dost really exist, why dost thou let us be slain? We ask thee not for food, for we live on nuts and mice. If thou hast made us, why dost thou let us be trodden down?"

A stranger is fair game to a pygmy, a legitimate mark for his little deadly arrows. He sometimes traps the unwary. Having tied a cord to his ankle, the pygmy conceals himself in the bush. The other end of the string is tied to a bough of a tree which stretches across the forest path. When some one comes that way the pygmy agitates the bough by jerking his ankle. Every sound or motion of the forest is of moment, and the newcomer stands still to look and listen. Then the pygmy shoots him in the back.

"But," said one of the little creatures, when rebuked, "he was a stranger. He had no business here," an argument which reminds one of Leech's picture and story in Punch: "A stranger? 'Eave 'arf a brick at 'im!"

Fine Scorn.

"The defeated crew's captain claims they would have beaten you if they hadn't caught so many crabs," remarked the spectator.

"Huh!" snorted the captain of the victorious 'varsity eighty. "I don't believe there ever was a crab slow enough for them to catch."—Philadelphia Press.

When the Lord made the watermelon he didn't know that he was also making every woman dissatisfied with the size of her refrigerator.

HARVESTERS EN ROUTE TO MANITOBA WHEAT-FIELDS.

In August in each year a busy scene takes place at Winnipeg Railway Station, the harvesters—a jostling, sturdy crowd—entraining here for the great wheat districts in Manitoba and the Northwest Territories of the Canadian Dominion. Thousands of men and a large number of women leave this place during the course of a few weeks to take up the work of harvesting. The general wage offered to the men is $40 a month for the harvest, but in some cases good men secure $45 to $50 for that period—the larger wages are, however, principally for threshing.

Little Lessons in Patriotism

Among the distinguished names of the great governors of Illinois none enjoys a more deserved repute than that of Richard Oglesby. Oglesby was born in Kentucky in 1824, but removed to Illinois while very young. He learned the carpenter's trade, which, with farming and rope-making, occupied his time until 1844. In the meanwhile he studied law in his leisure time, and in 1845 was admitted to the bar. In 1846 he was commissioned first lieutenant in the Fourth Illinois Regiment, which he accompanied to Mexico. He was present at the siege of Cerro Gordo and that of the City of Mexico, distinguishing himself upon both of these occasions.

R. J. OGLESBY.

In 1860 Oglesby was elected to the State Senate, but resigned to enter active service in the Union army. He commanded a brigade at the capture of Fort Henry and of Fort Donelson, and was promoted to brigadier general for valiant action on these occasions. At Corinth he was severely wounded in battle.

In 1864 he was elected governor of Illinois. It was during his term of office that the close of the war threw the State into the most disorganized condition. Thousands of duties devolved upon the governor that were outside the regular routine, but Oglesby met all of them ably. He served as governor until 1872 and was United States Senator from 1873 till 1879, declining a renomination.

Kaiser Races a Train.

The Kaiser's recent journey from Hanover to Hamburg, a distance of about 120 miles, was accomplished in about three and a half hours.

Owing to the rain, the Emperor had intended to travel in the royal train, but the weather becoming fine he expressed his intention of making the journey by motor car in order to enjoy the beauties of the Luneburger Heath, across which he would have to pass.

In the forest the royal train, which had left Hanover shortly after the Kaiser, came in sight.

His majesty immediately gave orders to his chauffeur to quicken speed, and the motor, a Mercedes car, dashed forward at the rate of about sixty miles an hour.

His majesty enjoyed the sensation immensely, and was anxious to race the royal train. He had long expressed a desire to see such a race, and had maintained that on a straight road the automobile would win. The race was entered upon with great zest, but owing to the curving of the road had to be abandoned.

Near Celle the royal car met with an accident. A loud report was heard, the automobile staggered, turned, tilted sideways, and almost pitched into the ditch. One of the tires had burst.

The Emperor continued his journey to Hamburg on a car which was following.—London Mail.

Many a girl can handle a hair curler with more grace than a potato peeler.

QUEEN OF SOCIETY.

Mrs. John Jacob Astor, an American Woman, the Rage of London.

Many Americans, and especially those who look with longing eyes toward the top round of the social ladder, are fond of saying in a knowing and rather convincing manner that Mrs. So and So, a wealthy leader in society, has gained her place "by sheer charm of manner," and that Mrs. Blank, a multi-millionaire's wife, holds her envied position in the fashionable world simply through "grace of character" or "sweetness of disposition." As a matter of fact it often seems to the every-day, "common" people that "character" or "personality" has very, very, little to do with the process of "getting into" society. Unlimited wealth, the knowledge of how to spend it and a very ordinary disposition make a much more popular combination among "smart" people than do a manner "charming," "fascinating," "sweet," "lovable," etc., etc., coupled with but $3,000 or $4,000 a year.

For some time the main topic of conversation among New Yorkers and Londoners who are "high up" in social life, and among many who are not, but who would give a great deal to be, has been the reign of Mrs. John Jacob Astor in London. In a single season this beautiful American has achieved what some of the best-born women in England have never done—the privilege of entertaining his majesty the King. She has all that can be desired in the social world; there is nothing more to be had; there are no more worlds to conquer!

In the drawing-rooms of London the name of Mrs. Astor has been on every lip. No American woman has ever done in one season what Mrs. Astor

MRS. JOHN JACOB ASTOR.

has done. They have become well known, popular and have even achieved the acme of success, but it has taken years where it took Mrs. Astor weeks.

Undoubtedly there are very few women in society who possess the beauty of Mrs. John Jacob Astor. She is tall and willowy, with masses of soft, curling hair slightly tinged with gray. Her chief loveliness lies in her eyes, which are large and literally glowing with a clear, soft radiance. They attract great attention wherever she goes and give her a singularly naive, artless look. Mrs. Astor's gowns are part of her attraction, as she has made them a study, and some of her "creations" are marvels of beauty and richness. The King was heard to remark after having met Mrs. Astor at a gathering of social lights, "She is the best advertisement Worth ever had!" She seldom wears a gown more than twice. Her costumes all come from "gay Paris" and are of two distinct styles. In the daytime she is stately and decidedly "clean cut" in the English style of tailor made, but at night she is a radiant vision of beauty in soft, clinging, sweeping frocks and with her hair falling in loose waves about her face. She possesses sets of jewels to suit each costume which she wears, whether intended for day or evening. It is said that "Live and let live" is Mrs. Astor's motto, which sentiment ought not to be unusual for a woman whose husband is one of the world's wealthiest men.

Mrs. John Jacob Astor was Miss Ava Willing, a beauty of Philadelphia. She was married to Mr. Astor in February, 1891.

The first John Jacob Astor was a financial success of the first rank. In 1789 he was a merchant in New York, who dealt in furs and pianos, certainly a most singular combination. Five years before that he was a poor immigrant working for $2 a week as a delivery boy to a German baker. In the course of time, attaining success as a merchant, he began to put his money into land and, his prophesy of the growth of New York having been verified, he became wealthy. He was the richest man in the city and worth the then fabulous sum of $1,000,000.

The two present heads of the Astor house are William Waldorf, who lives in England, and John Jacob, of New York. To-day the combined Astor estate is estimated at $450,000,000, and it is said will reach $1,000,000,000 before many years pass. William Waldorf Astor is a keen-sighted business man, prudent and energetic. John Jacob has been interested in literature and scientific subjects, but in real estate matters he has been quite content to follow the lead of his more progressive cousin. The English Astor is worth about three times as much as John Jacob, but the latter manages to worry along somehow on about $100,000,000. The wealth of the Astors is in land, and a writer, William S. Bridgman, says their fortune does not depend, as most of the others do to a greater or less extent, upon the life of any individual or individuals. Industries may change and fluctuate, railroads may be injured by new competition or new inventions, but nothing can stay the expansion of the American metropolis; and it cannot expand without paying an ever greater tribute into the Astor coffers.

The Way He Lived.

Replied Bill Nye to an inquirer as to his mode of living:

"I belong to an athletic club and a pair of Indian clubs with red handles. I owe much of my robust health to this.

"I do most of my writing in a sitting position or in an autograph album. When I am not engaged in thought I am employed in recovering from its effects. I am very genial and pleasant to be thrown amongst.

"I dress expensively, but not so as to attract attention. In the morning I wear morning dress, in the evening I wear evening dress, and at night I wear night dress."

It pays to be good; if you get in the penitentiary it shortens your term.

It is better not to get the horse overheated, but if this can not be avoided do not bring him in warm.

Use a disinfectant in the stalls. It will make them sweet and clean and help to keep flies and mosquitoes away from the horses.

Every poultryman should have a small glass medicine dropper such as may be bought from any druggist, for making local applications to the eyes, nose and throat of the fowl.

Collect trillium bulbs if you must, but you ought to buy them. You will find a lot of interesting western trilliums in the bulb catalogues. Mark plants of marshmallow for transplanting.

Visit a good collection of phlox, select what you like and make note of the nightmares so that you won't buy them from the catalogue next spring and fill your garden with magenta horrors.

In the past few months five spans of draft horses have been sold in Chicago at $1,000 a span. Not pedigreed stock for breeding purposes, mind you, but just common drafts such as any farmer might raise, but few do.

With lambs over the $8 mark, a shortage of 9,000,000 head of sheep with us, and a substantial falling off in most other sheep raising countries, should give the most skeptical sheepmen at least a five years' confidence in the industry.—Sheep Breeder.

Mutton legs can be cured and smoked just as pork hams are, and they are found to be one of the very best kinds of meat when prepared in that way. Those who usually object to mutton when fresh cannot find any reason for complaint in smoked mutton leg.

Those who desire to learn much about those fell equine diseases glanders and farcy should send to the Secretary of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., for circular No. 78 of the Bureau of Animal Industry. The text is from the pen of Doctor Rush Shippen Huidekoper.

Oregon growers' association are uniting in a plan to prevent overstocking any markets to which their fruits are shipped. One firm will be selected in each market to look after the fruits from the different shipping points, and this firm will be sent only such fruit as can be disposed of profitably.

Kerosene emulsion, an excellent wash for nest boxes, roosts and even as a wash on walls and ceiling, is made as follows: Kerosene, one gallon; water, one gallon; soap, one pound. The soap is dissolved in boiling water. While warm pour kerosene in and mix thoroughly for five minutes.

Plow up the land you intend to sow with winter grain, such as wheat or rye. If this is done it turns up all the roots of rank grass, thistles, daisies, wild carrots or whatever there is that will injure the crop you intend to put in the field. It also gives you a clear field of hay the next year, after you seed it with grass seed.

Hot weather is the time to make cheap pork; then every farmer should have plenty of clover, grass or alfalfa pasture, some skimmed milk and, if he chooses, summer squash and other things to go with the grain, and balance the ration, thus keeping the pigs in good health. Summer-made pork is always cheaper than the winter article.

Onions have become a great crop for market in Texas. The crop the last spring was very large and seemed to sell at good prices. Farm and Ranch tells about one train of thirty-six carloads that passed through San Antonio. They sold for more than $400 a carload. A May issue of that paper stated that the early crop would be more than 2,000 carloads.

Flies are one of the most pestiferous things the housekeeper has to contend with in her dairy work, if she does the work as many do in summer, out of doors. They can be avoided by putting up a frame of suitable size and covering it with wire gauze. A screened-in section of the cellar is a good place to keep the milk and butter vessels, if one does the dairy work in the cellar.

Plant some rhubarb; everbody plant some. This old, reliable garden product is one that commends itself to all who appreciate a good thing. Rhubarb possesses more desirable features than any other vegetable. It is less trouble to grow, is one of the most wholesome, has a delightful flavor and is one of the earliest to come in the spring. Plant some and you will be glad you did for years to come.

A Louisiana man thinks garlic will cure chickens of gapes. He says: "I see many cruel ways of getting rid of the gapes in chickens, such as running something down the windpipe, etc., which I have tried. If garlic is chopped up fine and fed to chickens (if they won't eat it alone, mix it in their feed), it will rid chicks of the gape worms. I do not doubt that tincture of asafetida will produce the same effect, though I have not tried it.

Bacon hogs are slowly growing into favor, because a demand has been built up for bacon of that sort. The demand for fat hogs has been a natural development of several generations of raising hogs on corn. It paid to raise hogs on corn and consequently farmers have raised hogs that were mostly fat. But it is now more generally known that grass is cheaper for making pork than corn, and together with the increasing demand of people for less fat in pork this will make the bacon type of hogs more popular.

Cultivating an orchard always involves more or less difficulty. If it is an orchard that has been long in sod many large roots probably have come near the surface, and to plow with a heavy two or three horse team plow will be sure to break many of them. This of course will injure the trees seriously. Deep cultivation is not needed. Keeping the surface well stirred is all that is wanted and the best tool is a disk harrow made for the purpose. In using one of them, it is not necessary to run close under the trees and break branches with the high top hames.

For setting or for sale, there is no advantage in extra large eggs. They are all right to eat at home, especially if scrambled. When sold by the dozen, however, they bring no more than small ones. For setting they are failures. Very large eggs do not usually hatch. They are abnormal and probably are not perfect in their organic construction. "Monstrosities" do not usually reproduce properly.

These points on hay feeding are valuable to all who desire the best results. Too much bay rather than the kind makes heavy horses. Clover hay is as superior to timothy for work horses as it is for dairy cows. The horse at work and the cow giving milk want about the same kind of feed. We do not mean to feed the horses dusty or musty clover, or any other hay in this condition. Save your nicest, brightest clover for them. It is what they need to go with the heavy corn ration you are giving them now.

Remedy for Worms in Hogs.

Hogs affected with worms in the intestines run down in condition, become very thin and lank, the back is arched, the eyes are dull, they refuse feed, walk stiffly and appear lifeless. The worms may be very numerous, in bad cases completely filling the intestines; the pigs die if not treated. To secure the best results affected hogs should receive individual treatment.

Twenty-four hours before administering treatment very little feed should be given them. Then give the following medicine as a drench, to each 100-pound hog; larger or smaller hogs should receive a dose in proportion: Oil of turpentine, four drams; liquor ferri dialysatus, one-half dram; raw linseed oil, six ounces. If necessary, repeat the dose in four days. After the worms have been removed give the tonic recommended above to put the pigs in condition.

Successful Tomato Growing.

The tomato is a plant that responds well to heavy fertilization. The best method is to use part farm-yard manure and part fertilizer. Put a couple of forkfuls of good rotted manure in each hill and then add to each hill a good handful of fertilizer made by mixing 600 pounds of acid phosphate, 300 pounds of muriate of potash and 500 pounds of tankage or cottonseed meal. Mix with the manure and soil, and at the time of setting out the plants apply 100 pounds to the acre of nitrate of soda by spreading a small quantity around on each hill, not touching the plants.

In experiments made at the New Jersey Station, nitrate of soda used at the rate of 160 pounds to the acre in one application and at the rate of 320 pounds to the acre in two applications increased the yield materially. Have the plants raised and hardened off, ready to set out in May. They should be transplanted once or twice from the time they are started in the seed bed in order to secure short, stocky plants. Cultivate frequently—at first deep and then shallow, and keep level. —Southern Planter.

Caustic Soda for Scale.

A Maryland orchardist gives the press the following experience with caustic soda as a spray for scale: "One application of soda has about cleared them up. It has been used here in many orchards that had not been sprayed before and the results were all that could be desired. It not only killed the scale, but cleaned the bark and gave it a nice, clean appearance. Our trees never looked better. We think we know a good thing when we see it and want our neighbors to know it, as it may do them good. We know the value of lime, sulphur and salt wash also. We are satisfied with caustic soda. We find it less than half the expense, not one-fourth the trouble as the L-S-S wash. Eight pounds of crushed caustic soda to fifty gallons of water is the proportion we use. Put the soda in your spray barrel; fill the barrel with water; stir a few minutes and you are ready for work. It should be applied before leaves put out. Simple, inexpensive and effectual, has been our experience. We have had only one year's experience with it, but feel encouraged to continue it in preference of anything else, even at the same cost."—Midland Farmer.

Gets $170 from 100 Hens.

H. Bryant of Plankington, S. D., gives the following account of how he raises poultry to obtain the best results: I take much pleasure in reading the experiences of other farmers, and it may interest others to know how I make it with my poultry. I started in with 110 hens and roosters all told; lost a few, and culled out some old and odd-colored ones down to ninety-three, which number I have on hand now; all Rocks are worth more than the original flock by considerable. I kept strict account of all eggs sold and used; but was unable to keep run of the feed consumed, much of which would not have brought us much, if anything, if the hens had not eaten it.

	Eggs.
In January they laid	220
February	477
March	1,468
April	1,432
May	1,152
June	1,158
July	770
August	726
September	322
October	142
November	129
December	123
Total	8,149

The total value of these eggs at our market was $138.64. We also sold $32.25 worth of chickens, making a total income of about $170.89. There was little labor connected with all this, our girl caring for the poultry most of the time. We keep the quarters clean, and feed a variety most of the time; beets and potatoes raw, for most of the green food; corn, speltz, oatmeal, with scraps and shells and corn fodder and cane to run to.