—Denver Sun.

AT PARTING

Until we meet again! That is the meaning
Of the familiar words that men repeat
At parting in the street.
Ah, yes, till then, but when death intervening
Rends asunder, with what ceaseless pain
We wait for thee again!

The friends who leave us do not feel the sorrow
Of parting as we feel it who must stay,
Lamenting day by day,
And knowing, when we wake upon the morrow,
We shall not find in its accustomed place
The one loved face!
—Longfellow.

The Factory Foreman

IT was just such an American village as you see in pictures. A background of superb bold mountain, all clothed in blue-green cedars, with a torrent thundering down a deep gorge and falling in billows of foam; a river reflecting the azure of the sky, and a knot of houses, with a church spire at one end and a thicket of factory chimneys at the other, whose black smoke wrote ever-changing hieroglyphics against the brilliancy of the sky. This was Dapplevale. And in the rosy sunset of this blossomy June day, the girls were all pouring out of the broad doorway, while Gerald Blake, the foreman, sat behind the

"A FEE! FOR WHAT?"

desk, a pen behind his ear and his small, beady-black eyes drawn back, as it were, in the shelter of a precipice of shaggy eyebrows.

One by one the girls stopped and received their pay for one week's work, for this was Saturday night. One by one they filed out, with fretful, discontented faces, until the last one passed in front of the desk.

She was slight and tall, with large velvety-blue eyes, and a complexion as delicately grained and transparent as rose-colored wax, and an abundance of glossy hair of so dark a brown that the casual observer would have pronounced it black; and there was something in the way the ribbon at her throat was tied and the manner in which the simple details of her dress were arranged that bespoke her of foreign birth.

"Well, Mlle. Annette," said Mr. Blake, "and how do you like factory life?"

"It is not disagreeable," she answered, a slight accent clinging to her tones, like fragrance to a flower, as she extended her hand for the money the foreman was counting out.

"You have given me but four dollars," she said. "It was to be eight dollars by the contract."

"Humph!" he grunted; "you ain't much accustomed to our way of doing things, are you, mademoiselle? Eight—of course; but we deduct two for a fee——"

"A fee! For what?" Annette demanded, with flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes.

"For getting you the situation, mademoiselle to be sure," said Mr. Blake, in a superior sort of way. "Such places don't grow on every bush. And folks naturally expect to pay something for the privilege."

"I did not!" flashed out Annette Duvelle.

"Oh—well—all right. Because you know, you ain't obliged to stay unless you choose."

"Do you mean," hesitated Annette, "that if I don't pay you this money—"

"You can't expect to stay in the works," said Mr. Blake, hitching up his collar.

"But the other two dollars?"

"Oh," said Mr. Blake, "that's a percentage the girls all pay."

"But what is it for?"

"Well, it helps out my salary. Of course, you know, the girls all expect to pay something every week for keeping their situations in a place where there's so many anxious to get in."

"And Mr. Elderslie?"

"Oh, Mr. Elderslie," repeated Blake. "He hasn't much to do with it. I am master at the Dapplevale Calico Works."

"Mr. Elderslie owns it, I believe?"

"Well, yes, he owns it. But I manage everything. Mr. Elderslie reposes the utmost confidence in my capacity, ability and—and—responsibility. Mr. Elderslie is a good business man. He understands his own interest. And now if you've any more questions to ask——"

"I have none," said Annette, quietly. "But—I want this money myself. I work hard for it. I earn it righteously. How can I afford, and how can the others among these poor laboring girls, to pay it to your greed?"

"Eh?" ejaculated Mr. Blake, jumping from his seat as if some insect had stung him.

"I will not pay it," calmly concluded Mlle. Annette.

"Very well—very well. Just as you like, mademoiselle," cried the foreman, turning red in the face. "Only if you won't conform to the rules of the Dapplevale works——"

"Are these the rules?" scornfully demanded Annette.

"Pray consider your name crossed off the books," went on Mr. Blake. "You are no longer in my employ. Good-evening, Mademoiselle Whatever-you-may-call-yourself."

And Mr. Blake slammed down the cover of his desk as if it were a patent guillotine and poor Annette Duvelle's neck were under it.

Two or three of the factory girls, who had hovered around the open door to hear the discussion, looked with awe-stricken faces at Annette as she came out with the four dollars which she had received from the cashier in her hand.

"You've lost your place, ma'mselle," whispered Jenny Purton, a pale, dark-eyed little thing who supported a crippled mother and two little sisters out of her mulcted earnings.

"And he'll never let you in again," added Mary Rice. "He's as vindictive as possible!"

"It matters not," said Annete. "He is a rogue, and rogues sometimes outgeneral themselves."

"But you can't starve," said Jenny. "Look here, ma'amselle, come home with me. It's a poor place, but we'll make you welcome till—till you can write to your friends.

Annette turned and impulsively kissed Jenny on her lips.

"I thank you," she said, "but I do not need your kindness. My friends are nearer than you think."

And Annette Duvelle went back to the little red brick cottage, all thatched with the growth of the woodbine, where she lodged with the wife of the man who tended the engines in the Dapplevale works.

"Does he cheat you, too, of your money?" she asked, when Simon Pettengill came home, smoke-stained and grimy, to eat his supper.

"One-sixth I have to pay him," said Simon, with an involuntary groan, as he looked at the five little ones around his board. "Yes, miss, he's a villain; but the world is full of such. And I find it a pretty hard world to get on with. Mr. Elderslie never comes here, or maybe things would be a bit different. Mr. Elderslie lives abroad; in Paris, they say."

"He is in this country now," said Annette. "I intend to write to him."

"Twon't do no good, miss."

"Yes, it will," said Annette, quietly.

* * * * * * *

The petals of the June roses had fallen, a pink carpet all along the edge of the woods, and the Dapplevale works wore their holiday guise, even down to Simon Pettingill's newly brightened engine, for Mr. Elderslie and his bride were to visit the works on their wedding tour.

"It's a pity Ma'amselle Annette went away so soon," said Simon to his assistant; "'cause they say the master's kind-hearted in the main, and she might have spoken up for herself."

Gerald Blake, in his best broadcloth suit, and mustache newly dyed, stood smiling in the broad doorway as the carriage drove up to the entrance, and Mr. Elderslie, a handsome, blonde-haired man, sprang out and assisted a young lady, in a dove-colored traveling suit, to alight.

"Blake, how are you?" he said, with the carelessness of conscious superiority. "Annette, my love, this is Blake, my foreman."

"Mademoiselle Annette!"

And Mr. Gerald Blake found himself cringing before the slight French girl whom he had turned from the factory door a month before.

"I must beg to look at the books, Blake," said Elderslie, authoritatively. "My wife tells me some strange stories about the way things are managed here. It became so notorious that the rumors reached her even at Blythesdale Springs, and she chose to come and see for herself. Annette, my darling, the best wedding gift we can make to the poor working girls is a new foreman. Blake, you may consider yourself dismissed."

"But, sir——"

"Not another word," cried Mr. Elderslie, with a lowering brow, and Gerald Blake crept away, with an uncomfortable consciousness of Annette's scornful blue eyes following him.

Elderslie turned to his wife.

"You were right, my love," said he. "The man's face is sufficient evidence against him."

And a new reign began for poor Jenny Burton and the working girls, as well as for Simon Pettengill.

Annette never regretted her week's apprenticeship at the Dapplevale Calico Works.—Waverley Magazine.

Profitable Fellowship.

Among the pleasures and profits of intelligent travel are the companionships one forms. The well-poised traveler is never afraid to make new friends. He soon learns to read human nature sufficiently to know whom to trust, and he cannot travel, even to a very limited extent, without meeting many people well worth knowing. The little home circle is delightful and often helpful, but the view points and opportunities of our fellow citizens are so nearly identical that our next-door neighbors are not apt to furnish as profitable friendships as persons we meet whose environments are different and who have, perhaps, had a wider range of opportunities and seen more of the things worth while, which are the heritage of the traveler.

When the man who is familiar with the East meets the man who has learned the great story of the West, the conversation is pretty apt to be worth listening to.—Four-Track News.

Dressed for the Occasion.

"Take a good look at all those women in the boxes," said Citiman, who had brought his country cousin to the opera, "swell society people, all of them; they're all in the swim."

"Cracky!" exclaimed the country cousin, "I s'pose that's why they're wearin' so few clothes."—Philadelphia Press.

Tired of Waiting.

Abner Slopoak (desperately)—"May I name the day?"

Jemima Jones (decisively)—"No!"

Abner Slopoak (in alarm)—"Why?"

Jemima Jones (frankly)—"Because, if you put it off as long as you did your proposal we never will be married. I'll name the day myself!"—Cleveland Leader.

Some people think it a sin to let a piano alone a minute.

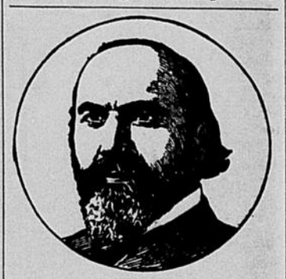
NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE.

The magnificent New York Stock Exchange has entrances on three streets—Broad, New and Wall. The present building is worth, with the ground on which it stands, more than $7,000,000. It is of white marble and is said to be the finest building devoted to a similar purpose in the entire world.

FROM CLERK TO MAGNATE.

Remarkable Rise to Wealth and Power of James J. Hill.

Forty-one years ago James J. Hill, the great railroad magnate, who recently celebrated his 67th birthday anniversary, was a mud clerk on a small steamboat plying up and down the Mississippi. A mud clerk in Mississippi River parlance is applied to under clerks, who go ashore at landings and check baggage and freight. That is what Hill was. Not many years later he controlled the line of steamboats on which he had been employed as mud clerk. He is a Canadian by birth, having been born at Guelph, Ont., in 1838. His father was Irish, his mother Scotch, and while the son had the characteristics of both races, he was essentially American, first and last. He attended the Rockwood Academy, a Quaker school, for eight years, and then the death of his father threw him upon his own resources, which were ample. At the age of 18 he looked about him, and finally selecting St. Paul as the most likely place in the West for an ambitious young man, he went there, taking a position as mud clerk on the Dubuque and St. Paul Packet Company's line of steamboats. In the next few years he served with various shipping firms, and in 1865 took the agency of the Northwestern Packet Company. He served in this capacity for two years, and then he started in business for himself, engaging in the fuel and transportation trade. As he once put it, "I found it better to expend my energies in my own behalf than in behalf of others." Among other things he decided in looking about that the railroad business offered even greater fields than that offered by river traffic, and firm in this belief he laid plans to secure the agency for the St. Paul & Pacific Railroad, and his plans did not miscarry. They seldom have. In 1869 the Hill, Griggs & Co. transportation firm came into existence. This firm was very successful, but not sufficiently successful to suit young Hill. About that time he made many trips up into North Dakota, or the Red River valley, and there he saw natural agricultural facilities second to none in the country. It was a howling wilderness almost, but never mind that; the opportunities waited to be taken advantage of, and young Hill forthwith did take advantage of them. In 1870 he started the Red River Transportation Company, opening up the northwestern wilds to the farmer, and a year later he had bored his way into the interests of the Hudson Bay Company and consolidated with it.



JAMES J. HILL.

But in the meantime he had his eye on the gradually increasing railroad interests of the country, and in 1872 his great opportunity presented itself. The St. Paul & Pacific Railroad defaulted, and Hill, having foreseen it and laid his plans accordingly, promptly set about interesting English capitalists in this road. Lord Mount Stephen and Sir Donald Smith listened, and the end was that in 1878 Hill gained control of the bonds of that company. In 1883 he was made president. He reorganized the road and named it the St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba Railroad. Slowly but surely the Great Northern system came into existence. In 1890 he became president of the Great Northern, a system extending from Puget sound, on the Pacific coast, to St. Paul; from Duluth on the north to Yankton, S. D., on the south. He started the Northern Steamship Company, controlling the great lake traffic, and not content with his line of trans-Pacific steamships he is now perfecting plans for additional Oriental trade through the Nippon-Yushon Kaisha Steamship Company.

Domestic Economics.

The man whose thrifty choice of a wife is chronicled in the Rochester Herald will doubtless make a success in the business of life. His talents destine him for a wider sphere than that of a simple farmer's life. He was an Alabama youth, and courted two girls at the same time. One was Sally; the other was Mary.

Sally was a very fine girl, thrifty, industrious, and of a domestic turn. She was not so pretty as some other girls, but James, the swain in question, had courted her in his early years. When he had prospered and earned a little money, he became infatuated with Mary, sweet, pretty, but always idle. The neighbors at first were puzzled by the double courtship, but after a while they decided that Mary was the favored one.

Suddenly James married Sally.

The Methodist preacher who performed the ceremony had a little of the curiosity which possesses all mankind.

"James," he said, "we all thought you were going to marry Mary."

"Yes," replied James, "but I thought if I married Mary I should have to engage Sally to wait on her. If I married Sally she would wait on herself.

Perhaps the Time Will Come.

Visitor—Who is the benevolent-looking convict with the bald head and side whiskers?

Warden—That's Steel, the notorious bank wrecker, who got away with three millions. He's in for life.

"And the gaunt one next to him"

"He's only a ninety-day—er—held up a man at night and robbed him of $3 to get food for his starving family.—Puck.

One or the Other.

Cobbs (holding up a fish)—"Isn't he a beauty?"

Dobbs—"Buy it from some kid?"

Cobbs—"No, sir!"

Dobbs—"Good heavens, old man! You don't mean to say you stole it?"—Detroit Tribune.

Give a girl a dollar and it will goither for a complexion beautifier, chocolate caramels, or to a fortune teller in exchange for a peep into the future.

A mind reader has a snap when he encounters two souls with but a single thought.

A spinster says that a stolen kiss is better than no kiss at all.

THE SHEARING.

The day they cut the baby's hair
The house was all a fidget;
Such fuss they made, you would have said
He was a king—the midget!

Some wanted this, some wanted that;
Some thought that it was dreadful
To lay a hand upon one strand
Of all that precious headful.

While others said to leave his curls
Would be the height of folly,
Unless they put him with the girls
And called him Sue or Molly.

The barber's shears went snip-a-snip,
The golden fluff was flying;
Grandmother had a trembling lip,
And aunt was almost crying.

The men folks said, "Why, hello, Boss,
You're looking five years older!"
But mother laid the shaven head
Close, close against her shoulder.

Ah, well; the nest must lose its birds,
The cradle yield its treasure;
Time will not stay a single day,
For any pleader's pleasure.

And when that hour's work was weighed,
The scales were even, maybe;
For father gained a little man
When mother lost her baby!
—Nancy Byrd Turner, in St. Nicholas.

UNCLE PHIL'S STORY.

"Tell us a story, Uncle Phil," said Rob and Archie, running to him.

"What about?" said Uncle Phil, as Rob climbed on his right knee and Archie on his left.

"Oh, about something that happened to you," said Rob.

"Something when you were a little boy," said Archie.

"Once when I was a little boy," said Uncle Phil, "I asked my mother to let Roy and myself go out and play by the river."

"Was Roy your brother?" asked Rob.

"No, but he was very fond of playing with me. My mother said yes; so we went and had a great deal of sport. After a while I took a shingle for a boat and sailed it along the bank. At last it began to get into deep water, where I couldn't reach it with a stick. Then I told Roy to go and bring it to me. He almost always did what I told him, but this time he did not. I began scolding him, and he ran toward home.

"Then I was angry. I picked up a stone and threw it at him as hard as I could."

"Oh, Uncle Phil!" cried Archie.

"Just then Roy turned his head and it struck him."

"Oh, Uncle Phil!" cried Rob.

"Yes. He gave a little cry and lay down on the ground.

"But I was still angry with him. I did not go to him, but waded into the water for my boat.

"But it was deeper than I thought. Before I knew it I was in a strong current. I screamed as it carried me down the stream, but no men were near to help me.

"But as I went down under the deep waters, something took hold of me and dragged me towards shore. It was Roy. He saved my life."

"Good fellow! Was he your cousin?" asked Rob.

"No," replied Uncle Phil..

"What did you say to him?" asked Archie.

"I put my arms around the dear fellow's neck and cried and asked him to forgive me."

"What did he say?" asked Rob.

"He said, 'Bow, wow, wow!'"

"Why, who was Roy, anyway?" asked Archie, in great astonishment.

'He was my dog," said Uncle Phil—"the best dog I ever saw. I have never been unkind to a dog or to any other animal since, and I hope you will never be."—Sydney Dayre, in Our Dumb Animals.

MASCOT OF THE GALVESTON.

The cruiser Galveston, which sailed for Havre with Admiral Sigsbee's squadron to bring the body of Paul Jones to the United States, has a lively and energetic mascot. He was shipped at Hampton Roads, says the New York Sun, and he made the cruise to Galveston, with the ship when she went there to receive a gift of silver plate from the municipality.

He is now quite familiar with the routine of man-o'-war life and he has got his sea legs. He is regularly carried on the ship's muster roll as Patrick Spike. His rating is "butter."

Patrick draws his ration daily, like any other member of the ship's company, and, to supplement it, he strolls from mess to mess at meal times to pick up what he can. Soft tack is always welcome, and in port he enjoys green vegetables as much as any one.

At all the regular drills he is among the busiest. At quarters he appears in charge of the master of arms. When the men race about the decks at the double quick he capers along beside them.

During exercises with the guns he usually takes a spell of vigorous buttings. At first he made a target of any old thing, but he soon found out that a steel bulkhead was too hard for comfort and now he selects a coil of firehose in preference.

Between watches Patrick Spike has a good time with the men. They keep him beautifully washed and combed, and they make all sorts of finery for him from pilot cloth, bunting, yarns and brass buttons.

A QUEER EXPRESS.

Not many years ago, on the highroads about Wittenberg, in Germany, travelers frequently met an old woman trudging slowly along, pushing before her a light wheelbarrow loaded with bundles and parcels. The old woman was at least sixty, but she was so cheerful and uncomplaining that the people had no hesitation in employing her. She had many knick-knacks and parcels to carry to and from the city, into which, three or four times a week, she pushed her barrow, which folks called the "Wittenberg Express." This plucky old woman walked with her express wheelbarrow at least ten miles each trip, and her earnings, a small fee for each parcel, served to support herself and two invalid daughters, who could do only a little sewing. The old woman would allow no one to pity her; she liked the work, she said, and was only sorry that as she grew older she could not make such frequent trips, for her earnings were helping herself and her children.—St. Nicholas.

BLUEBIRDS AS PETS.

The bluebird makes a very playful and affectionate little pet. Mr. A. Radclyffe Dugmore tells of a very interesting one he possessed. "While I am writing," he says, "a pet one but three months old, is sitting on my paper, seeming to wonder what I am doing and why I do not play with him. He nips my pencil, but I pay no attention to him; then he tries to creep up my sleeve, and still I pay no attention; so, disgusted, he flies off in search of ants and other small insects. After a time I raise my hand and call; back he comes, like a flash, and hovering, more like a large moth than a bird, he perches on my finger, singing at the same time a soft little song that is his method of speech."—St. Nicholas.

A JAPANESE BIRTHDAY CUSTOM.

On the anniversary of a boy's birthday his parents present him with a huge paper fish, made of a gayly painted bag, with a hoop of proper dimensions forming the mouth. A string is tied to the hoop, and the fish is hoisted to a pole on the roof of the house. Then the wind rushing through causes the fish to swell out to the proper size and shape, and gives to it the appearance of swimming in the air.

A Japanese boy carefully preserves every fish thus given to him. One can tell by the number of them that swim from the same pole how many birthdays the little fellow has had.

Japanese Spies.

Japan has endeavored to raise the business of espionage to the standing of an honorable profession. It regards its own spies with the same pride that it feels for its soldiers. Every one remembers the incident of the Japanese officers who, disguised as Chinese, were arrested in the early days of the war, when they were about to make an attempt to blow up the bridge over the Sungari River. The rank of the senior officer, says Mr. Douglass Story, in "The Campaign With Kuropatkin," was a colonel.

Before they went out to stand against the Russian platoon of infantry, they specially bequeathed the money in their pockets to the uses of the Russian Red Cross.

To mark their appreciation of espionage as a distinct branch of honorable warfare, the Japanese did a curious thing after the Battle of Lieuyang. They captured a Russian spy, dressed as a Chinaman, and after shooting him, passed into the Russian lines a communication in which they hailed him as a brave man, and expressed the hope that the Russian troops held many others such as he.

When one remembers the execration with which spies have been hailed by other nationalities, this Eastern exaltation of the calling is to say the least of it, curious.

English House Gardens.

American children learn that London is a centre of trade with a dense population, and they grow up with the idea that it is a mart perpetually overhung with fog and smoke. To have a private residence in New York City is a luxury possible only to the rich, and none but a multi-millionaire could live in a house with a garden.

When the American girl, therefore, went to have tea with some friends in moderate circumstances she was astonished to find them living in a large house with a little garden in front and a spacious one in the rear. Tea was served in the garden.

Her mind reverted to a suburban house at home that had about as much land as this English one. The "backyard" was used as a drying place for clothes. The front yard was a smoothly clipped, over-bedded lawn kept for show, so open to the street it was of no use to the family.

"No, it is not like home," said the American girl, wondering if every one in London had a garden or a terrace or a park.—London Telepraph.

Paysage Intime.

The portrait of a landscape may reproduce the sentiment which attracts to the country-side—the love of the painter for it, the attachment of those who live in it, whwat it is to them as part of their lives. Such a landscape is in a measure ideal. The modern French have coined a phrase for it—paysage intime—for which I can find no better translation than "the well-known, well-beloved country-side." They coined it to describe the kind of land-scape that was painted by Rousseau, Dupre, Corot, and some other French artists, who made their headquarters at the little village of Barbizon on the borders of the forest of Fontainebleau; and these men were followers of Hobbema and the other Dutch artists who had lived two hundred years before.—St. Nicholas.

The empire of Japan comprises nearly one hundred main and nearly five hundred adjacent small islands.

Tridacna shells are very commonly used in churches in Europe for holy water basins and even fonts.

A few months ago the pearl button industry of Birmingham, was practically dead. Today it is flourishing.

The cholera-proof hog has not yet been found.

Poor seed is the cause of much of the failure in the garden.

Nothing will increase egg production quicker than green bone freshly cut.

The early killed is the easy killed weed and the weed that robs the crop the least.

Charcoal is good for hens. An ear of corn charred in the oven supplies it in convenient form.

If you expect good cows to take good care of the heifers, give them feed that will properly nourish and develop them.

It costs less money to make the meat that is in a fat lamb than it costs to make weight afterwards, and the lamb will bring more money per pound.

An Indiana orchardist says that in localities where there is a thin soil over an impervious clay, the subsoil plow should be used before planting out an orchard.

Every pound of flesh lost will have to be made up again when the pastures supply food; but with growing stock this means often more than a loss of flesh; it means a loss of growth.

Giving the fowls too much corn results in weak bones. The fowl that has a ration rich in protein and has lime in some form with plenty of grit will develop a bone that will stand almost any ordinary use. Jumping from a high porch will not then result in a broken leg.

Snuffles or running at the nose is found in all flocks, especially at this time of year, and is only the effects of a bad cold, but if not given attention may develop into roup. Pour into the nostrils a few drops of sweet oil. Feed soft food and usually they will come out all right.

Fowls are naturally averse to darkness. A dark poultry house is a breeder of disease. Some with windows only two feet square can be made light by cutting out some of the side of the house and putting in glass. Fowls can stand cold much better than they can stand darkness and disease.

On the farm where poultry is made something of a specialty, and where most of the grain raised is fed to them, it becomes a matter of practical importance to make the most of the manure product. A hen is said to produce twelve pounds of dry manure in a year, the value of which, according to chemical composition, is about eight cents.

Crimson clover, either green or cured into hay, makes an excellent forage for sheep. It is rich in the elements which go to form flesh, milk and wool. For the best quality of hay it should be cut when in early bloom. If cut late the leaves are more apt to fall off and the hairs on the heads become hardened into stiff spines, which are sometimes dangerous, though more so with horses than with ruminants.

The profit from the milk sold depends upon the quantity yielded by the herd in proportion to the amount of feed allowed and the capital invested in the shape of labor and buildings; but the larger the yield of each cow the greater the investment, for the reason that the productive animal requires no more room, shelter and care than does one yielding a smaller quantity. In the production of butter the cows will afford a profit in proportion, not solely to the quantity of milk given, but also to the amount of cream contained in the milk.

Artichokes.

Artichokes are frequently placed among the lists of garden plants, which is due to the fact that there are two species—the globe, which is not tuberous rooted, growing only from the seed, the blossom only of which is used; the other, improperly called the Jerusalem artichoke, is tuberous rooted, and grown chiefly for its roots. There are two varieties of the latter—the white and red. Any land suitable for corn will produce artichokes. Cut the tubers and plant them in the same manner as for potatoes. They do not keep well if dug out of the ground. The usual method is not disturb them, as freezing does them no harm. The hogs will root them out, but enough tubers will always be left for next season's seeding.

The Hand Separators.

When local conditions are such that it pays to take the milk to a creamery then it may be policy to save the cost of a hand separator, but where one has worked on this plan for a number of years and gotten but little out of it, the hand separator question ought to interest them. Here are some of the advantages of this machine of which there are several reliable makes on the market. There is no wasting of the butter fat as when the separation is done by hand in the old-fashioned way. You get the warm, sweet milk to feed to swine and poultry instead of carting home a lot of mixed skim milk from the creamery as now. The amount of butter you can make and sell will net a much greater return than will be received from the creamery. We believe that if one has six cows or more and a lot of poultry or swine that the cost of the machine will be saved in the value of the sweet milk for feeding purposes, saying nothing at all about the increased value of the butter product. Better look into the matter, friend.

Smoked Goose Hams.

In many parts of Europe and here in America quite an industry in smoked goose hams has been worked up, says the National Provisioner. Goose hams are a luxury, and they are not dear, considering the holiday prices of prime geese. The goose ham is worth about thirty cents apiece, and each ham weighs about twelve ounces. It makes the smoked ham come to about forty cents per pound. These tiny hams are cut and trimmed so as to look much like a Westphalia ham, and are thoroughly cured, so that they can be kept anywhere and for a long time. They are lean and can be sliced. The viand has a delightful taste and the flesh is not hard. There are hundreds of thousands of smoked goose hams sold in this country annually, largely to the Hebrew trade.

How Much Will Corn Shrink?

In the fall of 1898 an experiment was undertaken by Prof. Atkinson at the Iowa experiment station to ascertain the amount of moisture contained in ear corn. A crib was constructed upon the platform of a pair of scales, the scales so constructed that an exact register of the weight could always be made. Seven thousand pounds of corn were husked and placed in the crib October 19, 1898. This crib was 18½ feet long by 7½ feet wide. The corn was then weighed once each week for a year. During the first three months the loss was 630 pounds, or 9 per cent of the original weight. During the next three months, from January 19 to April 19, the loss was 390 pounds, or 5 per cent of the original weight. During the next three months the loss was 220 pounds; during the last three months the loss was 190 pounds. The loss during the full year was 1,430 pounds, or a trifle more than 20 per cent. This means that a bushel of corn weighing 80 pounds when husked like this sample will weight 64 pounds at the end of the year.

Dual Purpose Cow.

Several writers are advocating the so-called dual-purpose cow for the use of feeding them afterward, there is no doubt that the cow which may be converted into beef of a satisfactory grade when her usefulness in the dairy is over is desirable, when the carcass is to be consumed at home, there is serious doubt as to the profit in raising such an animal for market. It seems as sensible to advocate the cow for the specific purpose as the crop for that purpose. That is, if a cow is wanted for the milk supply the breed which should furnish it should be the one selected and not a breed which will finally make good beef. When we want wheat we raise the kind that will give us the best results for the purpose intended. The dairyman wants a cow that will supply the milk most valuable and he should carry that idea in mind not only with the present herd, but with the increase that are to be added to it and have the males which will bring about that result. So the man who wants a beef animal should breed with that single purpose before him and reap the result accordingly.—Indianapolis News.

Increased the Yield of Wheat.

The results of twelve separate tests made at the Ontario Agricultural College, show an average increase in yield of grain per acre of 6.8 bushels of wheat from large as compared with small seed, of 7.8 bushels from plump as compared with shrunken seed, and of 35.6 bushels from sound as compared with broken seed. Seed which was allowed to become very ripe before it was cut, produced a greater yield of both grain and straw and a heavier weight of grain per measured bushel than that produced from wheat which was cut at any one of four earlier stages of maturity. In 1897 and again in 1902, a large amount of the winter wheat in Ontario became sprouted before it was harvested, owing to the wet weather. Carefully conducted tests showed that an average of only 76 per cent of the slightly sprouted and 18 per cent of the badly sprouted seed would grow and produce plants. Surely he is the wise farmer who will sow none but large, plump, sound, ripe seed of good vitality.—New England Homestead.

Corn Smut.

Because it is generally known that the losses from smuts of wheat and oats may be prevented, or greately reduced, by various treatments of seed, the Oklahoma experiment station at Stillwater is frequently asked whether there is not some way in which smut of corn may be prevented by treating the seed. The answer to this question is, that not only is there no such remedy known, but from the nature of the case, such a remedy is not possible. Smuts of wheat and oats are caused by fungi which enter the plants at the time of germination of the seed, and which are prevented by treatments which kill the smut pores which cling to the seed. But the smut of corn develops from spores which fall on the plants during the growing season. So the corn plants may become smutted even though grown from seed on which there are no living spores. Though no method of preventing corn smut is known, it is doubtless true that, by gathering and burning the smutted ears at the time of husking, the chances of infection with smut may be lessened for corn grown in the following year.

Washed-Off Land.

Here is one of the hardest questions we have had to answer in years. "Indianian" writes: "I have lately bought fifty acres of land, and at one corner is a four-acre plat that is washed badly. In many places the soil is all gone and the whole of the four acres is full of gullies. I do not care much about the expense so that I get the land leveled again and down in grass." We should plow the land as deeply as possible, grading it down until the washes were all filled up. Then we would disk and cross disk it, and apply 400 pounds per acre 16 per cent dissolved bone, dragging it in well with spike drag. In May plant it to cow-peas in drills thirty inches apart, twelve to fifteen peas to the foot. If the land is very thin you might use 100 pounds muriate of potash and seventy-five pounds dried blood per acre broadcast before planting the peas. Cultivate the peas, keeping all weeds down, and in September cut them in with disk harrow sowing one bushel of rye per acre. Sow one gallon of timothy seed per acre in the fall and the same amount of red clover seed in March, and we think you will be pleased with the result.—Adams' Magazine.