Over the Line With Dad.

From the Topeka State Journal.

If I could be a boy again,
On the wings of fancy loose,
Free from the cares that make us men,
In my dear old dad's caboose;
Of all there was I now recall
That made my boy heart glad,
I wish that I might go again
Over the line with dad.

Chums with the brakemen laugh and joke,
Ride on the engine awhile,
Washing away the grime and smoke,
Standing up straight in the aisle;
Climbing up on the counter high,
O, what a treat for a lad!
Coffee, sandwich and custard pie—
Over the line with dad.

Sit way up in the lookout, too,
With an eye on the jostling cars,
Climbing there in the night to view
The way of the lanterned stars;
Snuggled close to the truest friend,
That ever a fellow had,
Wishing the trip might never end—
Over the line with dad.

I grudge no one the train de luxe,
With its splendid woods and brass,
For fond I keep in memory's books
A record none may surpass;
Ah, could I only by magic ruse,
Take any trip to be had,
I'd rather ride in that old caboose,
Over the line with dad.

The old caboose has gone long since,
And its crew has whistled the sky,
Fancy still with its radiant tints
Illumines the days gone by;
And when God's caller comes round for me,
My heart shall be far from sad,
If only I know that I'm to go
Over the line with dad!

—D. A. Ellsworth.

ACCURSED OF ALLAH.

BY MAJOR R. L. BULLARD.

They haunt the swet potato patches and rice fields of the Moros, these wild hogs of the Island of Mindanao. As the most omnivorous of animals, they live, thrive and fill the land where other game, monodietists, fail and perish from the earth. Roots, barks and nuts, fruits, seeds, grasses, vegetables and herbs, bugs, grasshoppers, worms and insects, snakes, "varmints," all flesh, living or dead, fresh or putrid, are their food. "They come out near sunset," the old dato told me, "and at night they break our fences and destroy our potatoes and rice. We kill but few of them, because their touch defiles a Mussulman. They are the vilest of all animals; the nonucs, which are devils, live in them and they are accursed of Allah." The young dato smiled furtively. "But we will show you how to get them," said he.

The dato's seed lands lay in a stretch of gently rolling hills covered with tall, thick cogon grass, broken frequently with hollows of deep, impenetrable thickets of bamboo and brush loaded with convolvulus and all the vines, creepers and parasites of the tropics. Here and there were clumps of fruit-bearing trees and lines of graceful, feathery, lyre-like bamboos, marking the sites and earthen walls of Moro cottas, forts, long since abandoned by restless masters for fresher fields and newer homes. Yonder was an old sweet potato patch, covered still, nothwithstanding long human neglect, with luxuriant vines—for these were cultivated and throve by the very rooting they recieved of the wild hogs seeking food. Many pig-trails crossed each other in the tall cogon, which, close kin to sugar cane, had, also, like the old potato patch, been ploughed about for its sweet roots by the wild hogs. Over there a little way was a bit of rice ground fenced closely with strong bamboo slats and ratan withes and set about with rattle-traps of dry bamboo. A Moro watchman dozing in a miniature tower from time to time jerked a cord and set his traps rattling and clattering to frighten away marauding boars and birds. Surely this was the spot, none better, for the wild boar. Food, cover, bed, safety were all here.

Dismounting, I tied "General Baldwin" to a shrub and began a creeping hunt among the trails and cogon. I gradually wandered to where a clump of wavy bamboo marked the site of an ancient cotta. To such places the wild boar loves to come and ruminate and ponder. I loitered to watch. It was a dreamy afternoon, with the caressing air of an Indian summer. Gradually I came under the spell of the day and the place and, forgetting my errand, fell to wondering what had been the lives of the savage men and women who once dwelt within those cotta walls; then to listening to the rustle of the grass and the ghostly, hollow groaning and craking of the bamboo stems, swaying against each other by the wind.

After a time I began to perceive that I was not the only occupant of the cotta; a big, black, bristling object emerged slowly, majestically, from the rank grass in one corner. I was startled. Was it a bear? Yes? No? Then I remembered. There he stood, a lordly boar, young and vigorous, slowly turning his broad left side. My heart jumped, my blood surged and roared in my ears. It was a moment of boundless joy and elation. I stood and gazed. My quiet gradually returned and my carbine went slowly to my shoulder. I was deliberate, I stopped to feel my joy, to prolong my moment of delight; then I put my whole nerve and feeling and soul into the touch of the trigger for so fine a game. It was an easy shot. He fell, then half rising, but with pain and death in his eye and face, turned firecely upon me. A coup de grace ended it.

"Good! good!" cried the young dato, running up; and in his enthusiasm, out of sight of his father, he forgot his Mohammedanism, and together we soon had the great boar gutted and cinched fast across the withers of "General Baldwin," who conducted himself most commendably under his unusual load.

My shots had doubtless scared away the game near by, so I remounted. We moved on past the little field with its lone Moro watchman, along a trail winding about the forest of cogon that reached to the horse's withers.

"Swish! swish! swish! swish!"

My neighbor's horse shied violently and "General Baldwin" plunged and snorted. There was a great commotion in the grass on both sides of us.

"Peegs, peegs, Senor," cried my Filipino companion.

I was off "General Baldwin" in an instant and abandoned him to chance. We had surprised them and were in the very midst of a herd of wild hogs that were flying wildly in all directions, plunging and floundering in the thick, tangled grass. One startled me on my right another in front, another on my left. I could hear them everywhere, but one does not shoot a rifle by ear. Would every one of them escape? I was badly rattled when at last a foolish young sow did for an instant show herself, dashing in wild flight across a little opening. I fired wildly, desperately, with the feeling that something must be done. She tumbled headlong, dead as a door nail, her brains blown out.

Knocked me down with a feather? Easily. Never was there such luck, never such a chance kill; but with a supreme effort I hid my surprise, recovered my composure and walked up in the most matter of fact way, as if such kills were everyday affairs with me. From my Moro friends from behind I heard the "Cluck! cluck! cluck!" of the tongue in the roof of the mouth, with them the sign of wonder and admiration.

My Filipino had caught "General Baldwin" and now led him forward to the dead sow, but another mounted member of the party kindly took her and saved my good mount from the triple load with which he was thrgatened.

It was near nightfall. "Let us go," said one, "to the dump; they will be coming there for supper."

The dump was the depository of the swill and other refuse of the little army camps. It was at the foot of a mesa-like hill; on all sides cogon, beloved resort of the wild hog; beyond and below a broad fringe of forest, brush and vines on the broken slopes of a volcanic lake. Here were safe refuge and cover. A stub of a tree on the mesa slope gave good view. I slipped into it and confidently waited for the pig-appetite to fetch me game; for that appetite, while the saving, was, I knew, also the undoing of all pig-kind. Its omnivorousness enables them to live well where others starve; but its sharp insatiable greed drives them remorsely to danger and death that others risk not.

The scavenger had deposited his swill; its scent pervaded the evening air; covering darkness was nigh My wait was long.

The sun had set, which in the tropics means quick darkness. Soon my eyes could no longer discern anything; but after perhaps half an hour of quiet and darkness, I heard from the direction of the dump a rustling in the grass, followed by numerous little grunts of quiet satisfaction—pigs in friendly converse and congratulation. The herd had come. They had found swill for their stomachs. They never missed their dead companions nor long remembered the shots that had lately rung out over the slopes and breaks.

I stealthily slipped from my bush and crept down through the tall cogon. They were scattered now, hidden in the grass and shadows, intent only on filling their stomachs, dead to all things else. "Smack, smack, smack," went their mouths, on this side and that. How they were enjoying it! I was right in their midst. But I could not see them.

I crept on, peering about with wide-open, strained eyes. At last I began to make out a dark object, a pig intent on something, some of the celebrated commissary roast beef, perhaps, in an old can, which he rolled and rattled with impatient greed. I sneaked right up to him, close enough, it seemed, almost to prod him with my carbine. He was busy, very; I was smiling. It was comical. I could hardly keep from laughing outright, it was such a joke on that boar. I was half tempted to jump at him and cry "Boo!" to enjoy his surprise and confusion. But I didn't.

It was hard to see; aiming was out of the question in that shadowy place, so after a little I just prodded my carbine forward at him and fired. A flash, a squeak, a plunge in the grass, and quiet. I had missed him.

I stood up, irresolute. It was hard to thus quit the hunt; yet it was dark. Would there be a moon? Perhaps; I believed I remembered a moon the night before. But who ever heard of shooting pigs by moonlight? However, I crept back to my vantage on the hill, sent the young dato to camp with my game, and waited for a time.

I was rewarded. Came the moon in all her silvery tropical splendor, and so soon as it was light enough to see a little, a shadowy nose was thrust out of a bunch of grass from the side of the jungle, a hundred yards below me. It was followed by a bulky head and stalwart shoulders. The nose was in the air to take the scent. It was filled quickly with the strong odor of the swill. Thereupon his greedy stomach pricked him onward with a start, to stop again as suddenly after a few steps; but only for an instant; for nose and stomach quickly got the better of caution and on he came again with a rush, then stopped. It was plain that he knew the spot was full of danger, but starting and stopping, dashing forward and halting, alternately driven by greed and held back by fear, and the instinct of the wild, on he came and passed thus fitfully over half the distance between us. Then he stopped. The coarse head, gnarled and knotty with bnoks, wattled and tusked, turned slowly, listening attentively, and the little eyes keenly swept the moonlit mesa slopes and ridge. I could see all the workings of his conflicting pig emotions. Fear was in his attitude and in his motions, but greed, insatiable and irresistible, was in his stomach and sent him on. I waited with surging joy, regarding him attentively but with thumping heart, relying still on the swill-scent and the pig-stomach.

I laid my finger on the trigger, then hesitatingly withdrew it. I felt a twinge of shame at the low advantage which my human reason was taking of his brute weakness. But he was fine, he was a monster, and suddenly he seemed to get wind of me; for now, after a last rush, right at his food, he raised his nose high in the air and with a deep snort looked upward, straight at me. But he did not flee; he stood, he had nerve. My compunction was gone; the hunter's passion rushed over me.

For an instant the smoke hung over the muzzle. When it cleared, I saw the grass faintly tremble where he had stood. He was laid low, a warrior marked with the scars of many boar battles, an old giant of whom any hunter might be proud.—Field and Stream.

HOLLAND'S BUTTER SYSTEM.

How it Conduces to Excellence of Product.

Perhaps no more happy meetings between Dutch and English have taken place for many a long year than those of the agricultural editors and journalists from England on the one hand and of the Dutch farmers and other agricultural authorities and experts on the other hand. The Britishers wanted to see Holland, and especially the agricultural districts. They achieved their purpose.

In the country districts one notices a complete absence of excitement; the people occupy their farm houses, places at intervals of about a mile or more apart, and, except for the cattle on the pastures one sees very little of the farmer. In Great Britain we consume a lot of Dutch butter, but we are afraid the British public, as well as the retailers and wholesalers, are unaware of the strides which the Dutch people have taken and are taking with a view of placing the best possible article upon the market. We desire, therefore, to say a word on the system of "butter control" as conducted in Holland. Any farmer, or creamery, can decide to come within the purview of this system. If he does, then he not only obtains the advantages it offers, but he is also liable to very heavy penalties if he makes attempt by fraud to benefit himself, and by so doing, to injure the system. So perfect is the system of "butter control," that if a farmer or creamery sends out adulterated butter, such butter can be traced to the individual farmer or creamery which manufactured it, and then, of course, the penalties would come into force. So far those who have leagued themselves together have kept faith with the government, under whose auspices the system has been established. The system is practically this: The government supplies labels to, say, a creamery. Each label is, first of all, numbered differently, and bears also a letter. A register is kept by the government of how many labels (and of what number and letters they bear) are sent to the creamery. The labels are so thin, and so arranged that if, after being placed on a package of butter, one attempts to pull them off, they will tear in all manner of ways, and thus they are unable to be used again. We gathered that no case of fraud has yet been found out against any farmer or creamery which had come under the "butter control" system; and we can only hope that more and more Dutch farmers will adopt this system. Moreover, the co-operative system is one which has raised the price of dairy produce to the producer, and although it is perfectly true to say the Dutch creameries were first started by private owners, still in the competition of today co-operation, we believe, judging by what we have seen in Holland and in other parts of the world, is likely to bring more money into the pockets of the producer, whether in Holland or elsewhere, than any system started by private owners. In Holland, and especially in Friesland, co-operation has increased by leaps and bounds and, combined with the "butter control" system already referred to, it is proving very successful to the Dutch farming community. Considerable attention is also paid in Holland to the export of meat in the carcass form, and this is rigidly inspected, both before and after slaughtering, by government authorities.—Pall Mall Gazette.

CURE FOR TIGHT DOORS.

How You May Open Dresser Drawers When They Stick.

"Patrons come to me every day and say that the drawers of dressers and other furniture stick fast and cannot be opened or shut without great difficulty," said the "complaint man" in a downtown furniture store. "This is a trouble with much furniture, especially common in the spring

"What do we do in such cases? We simply tell the customers to wet the surface of a bar of common laundry soap and rub it firmly over the parts of the wood that stick. This makes the surface smooth and slippery, and in nearly all cases the drawer will slide easily, especially after it has been opened and shut a few times.

"This also is valuable with doors, which, in new flats, are likely to settle or are apt to scrape at the top as the building settles. Just use soap on them and save the trouble of calling in a carpenter, who will plane the varnish off.

"China cabinet doors, with curved glass, cause us a lot of trouble, but most of the tightness can be remedied by the use of soap and a few applications of sandpaper."

The furniture man gave another "helpful hint."

"If mission furniture, with the dull finish, loses its smooth surface and characteristic waxy appearance," he said, "do not despair and send it to the renovator. Take a pound cake of common floor wax and rub it over the surface until the finish is restored. If you have no floor wax use beeswax, and if you prefer something made especially for the purpose you can buy liquid preparations, one of which will remove the old finish, leaving the table top or other object ready for the application of the other substance, which will duplicate the original finish."

To Tell a Horse's Age.

The age of a horse cannot always be told by looking at its teeth. After the eighth year the horse has no more new teeth, so that this method is useless for a horse which is more than eight years old. As soon as the set of teeth is complete, however, a wrinkle begins to appear on the edge of the lower eyelid and another wrinkle is added each year, so that to get at the age of a horse more than eight years old you must count the teeth plus the wrinkles.—London Tit-Bits.

The London County Council announces that hereafter school managers may exclude from board school children under five years old.

OFFICE WORK BY MACHINERY

This is a parable. He who runs may read; or, to use the modern version, he who travels per Mercedes will see the world.

There was once a too-old-at-forty merchant. He had toiled—toiled unto grayness.

But fortune had not come.

He pared the point of a quill pen (he remembered his father using one in that very room), and gazed gloomily at an ancient inkstand filled with a viscous, tarlike mass. And the spirit that was in him evaporated and dried up like his ink, with only the dregs of gall and iron left behind.

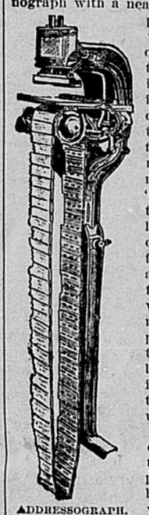
He thought of the days of fret and worry, the nights of cramping pen work, when he had set till the small hours checking Eiffel Towers of figures and writing letters which an office boy had smudged into gray indecipherability with the aid of a copying-book and a brush charged with solid sloppiness.

He thought of the headaches and the restless nights in which he lived again through the petty annoyances of the day, and as he dispatched a boy with a message (he had always hated telephones) he decided to end it all.

So he retired and lived economically in the suburbs, and another man reigned in his stead. This is the prologue.

Six months passed. The too-old-at-forty merchant again visited his old office. It was in the same room, but—

The new manager was seated at a roll-top desk. Before him was a phonograph with a neat recording mouthpiece. Into this he was speaking quickly: "I want two thousand copies of the following letter posted to our regular customers in time for the four o'clock mail this afternoon. Take down: 'Dear Sirs—Owing to our having new labor-saving machinery in all our factories, we are able to quote lower for all our goods, which you will note are now ten per cent cheaper than those offered by foreign competitors. A glance at the following figures will——' "



ADDRESSOGRAPH.

For thirty seconds he continued to talk into the phonograph. Then he removed the wax cylinder and handed it to a boy who carried it into the next room where the patter of many typewriters sounded like hail on the roof.

The too-old-at-forty merchant looked on with smiling toleration.

"I think you made a mistake in that letter," he said. "I heard you dictate that you wanted two thousand copies. I suppose you meant two dozen."

The return smile was of tender compassion. He was informed that two thousand was correct.

"But you said they were to be sent off by the four o'clock mail, and it is one-thirty now. However big your staff may be you can hardly have two thousand letters typed and the envelopes addressed and stamped in two and a half hours."

"I shall employ exactly one girl clerk and a boy on that job," remarked the new manager, leaning back luxuriously in his chair, "and if they tried they could do double the quantity in the time."

He rose. "Perhaps you would like to see the miracle?" he said as he opened the door next to his room.

A girl typist was taking down in shorthand the words of the letter as they were dictated from the phonograph on which she had placed the wax cylinder. This was completed in one minute forty-five seconds by the watch. She then adjusted a sheet of wax paper on her typewriting machine and typed the letter.

A few minutes later the waxed paper was fitted to a rotary duplicator, and an office boy was reeling off eighty copies per minute.

"Rate of 4,800 an hour," commented the new manager.

The too-old-at-forty merchant looked thoughtful.

Meanwhile the girl clerk was feeding envelopes into the addressing machine, which was printing them (each with a different name and address) at the rate of 2,000 an hour.

The t-o-a-f merchant seemed to want to ask questions.

"Quite simple," said the new manager. "Every customer on our books has his name and address set up in rubber type. The boy does this in his spare time. The address, set up in a little metal galley, is then attached to one of these endless chains which pass through the machine. Each time an envelope is printed by the machine the chain moves round so as to bring another address into position for the next envelope. Simple, isn't it?"

"In my time it would have taken a man about four days to do what that machine does in one hour," said the merchant, musingly.

"But this isn't your day; it's ours," said the new manager.

"What next?" asked the merchant of the past.

"Next comes the envelope sealing machine," said the new manager remorselessly. "Now in your day one office boy using single tongue power would probably stick down about forty envelopes in an hour. This little machine seals nine thousand in that time. You see, it is quite small. You just put the pile of letters in at the top and turn this handle. Then the letters (now typed, duplicated, addressed and sealed by machinery) fall out on the table. Oh! I wouldn't try to count them. It might strain your arithmetic to keep pace with the machine."

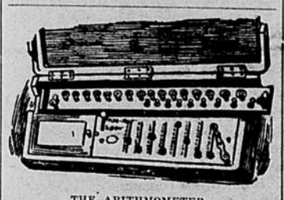
The rotary duplicator and the "Addressograph" were still working merrily. "Would you like to see the other things?" asked the new manager.

"Now this machine," he said, moving over to another instrument in a neat-looking case, "not only prints letters in exact imitation of typewriting, but it also prints a different name and address on each and adds a perfect imitation of your signature in black ink at the bottom."

"I begin to feel very old," said the former owner of the business. "I suppose your chief cashier is made of levers and sprockets and your confidential clerk is driven by a mainspring?"

"Well, I think there are cog wheels and spacing gears in them, too," said the new manager. "Now, here is the book typewriter, with which we keep our ledgers, and, in fact, all the books in our firm. We only use pens here as pipe cleaners. You lay the book on the table, so, draw the machine over it, and make your entries cleanly and neatly.

"But bound books are now out of date. The loose leaf book is the modern idea. Dr. and Cr. sheets are of



THE ARITHMOMETER.

different colored papers, and the leaves can be removed and reinserted in the binder at a moment's notice."

"Then all you have to do is to cast up the figures," said the old merchant.

"Pardon me, we do nothing of the kind." With calculating machines that will tell you in ten seconds what 9,756,834 multiplied by 456,873 amounts to, and which will extract the square root of 587,867,901 with a few turns of a handle, the human brain becomes too slow for practical purposes.

"Now, if you will look at this 'Arithmometer' for a moment, you will see that all you have to do is to place the pointers at the figures which you wish to multiply, subtract from or add together, then turn this handle, and the result will appear in that row of spaces at the top."

An office boy now came up and reported that the two thousand letters had left the office at 3:30.

"It seems to me that brains are quite obsolete," said the antediluvian merchant.

"And that is the biggest mistake of all," returned the twentieth-century manager. "Brains are what we want, and all we want. We are freed of the old grinding routine that business men used to break their hearts over: now we have time to think. Our clerks have shorter hours and are better paid; but those we do employ have brains, otherwise we should have no use for them.

"No, brains are not at a discount, but brainless handwork is."—Montreal Star.

LINCOLN'S WEAKNESS.

He Was Inclined to Always Temper Justice with Mercy.

"Abraham Lincoln's weakness, if it can be called a weakness, was a tendency, in matters not involving great or general issues, to let his heart run away with his head. It was difficult for him to resist a plea for a pardon for a man who had been condemned to be shot or hanged. His inclination to temper justice with mercy saved many innocent lives during the civil war," said William O. Stoddard to a representative of Success Magazine.

"I remember one day when he was heels over head in work and had spent nearly all of the previous night at his desk, a delegation called at the White House to intercede for a certain notorious leader of a band of hard characters who had been carrying on a sort of guerrilla warfare and had done some needless killing. It was the purpose of the delegates to tell the President that the bloodshed had been due to zeal, and that the man had a mother and a family.

"I had previously investigated the case and had laid the facts before Mr. Lincoln. He agreed with me that the man should be made an example of and executed. I received the delegation, and to relieve the President from the pain the visit would cause him at a time when it was necessary to spare him in every possible way, I told them that the President had positively made up his mind not to interfere, and was engrossed in a very important matter that made it impossible for him to be seen.

"I stood guard, and at last the delegation went away. Afterward I told the President of their visit.

"'Well,' he said, with an almost imperceptible sigh, 'I suppose you did right. The man ought to hang, but he has a family. I believe that if I had met those people I should have signed an order for a pardon.' "

When the waiters and attendants around a restaurant work fast, the customers eat in a hurry.

ON TREACHEROUS GROUND.

Fearful Experience of Hunter Trapped in Quicksand and Saved.

"You must be careful of your ground," my host warned, as, gun in hand, I was about to set out for a few hours' shooting. I laughed.

With a glorious afternoon before me I felt my spirits rise. There was a crispness in the air that boded well for sport. Beneath my feet the ground heaved and squirmed as when one treads upon a sponge. But I cared not, for where the grass grew short and thickest there I knew the ground would bear.

Tired, but satisfied with my sport, I had arrived within a quarter of a mile of the bog's edge, when from a clump of rushes a loud quacking told me that ducks were near.

Whether the birds saw me or not I cannot say, but of a sudden they rose. Thinking to get a better view of them, I moved some yards to right, and gave them the contents of both barrels. As I did so my right foot sank into the ground. In a flash it passed through my mind what had occurred. I wrenched it free. The mud gurgled, and the effort sunk my left leg to the knee. Again I struggled. This time I found it impossible to raise either leg above the ground.

The mud soon reached my elbows. I tried to collect my thoughts. My eyes fell on my gun. Better far to end my sufferings quickly than to feel the cold mud oozing about my neck, then creeping up, icy as a serpent, towards my mouth, and then—

Across the bog the lights from my friend's house gleamed.

The horrible sensation of sinking had ceased. Under my feet it seemed to be solid ground.

Was it a shout that I heard, or was it some wild freak of fancy It came from behind me. With an effort I looked over my shoulder. I saw a light—a bright yellow light.

I fired my gun. A score of startled ducks rose and vanished noisily into the darkness. The light drew nearer, and a few minutes later, to my joy, I heard my friend's cheery voice. With the help of ropes and planks I was soon rescued from my perilous position, half frozen.—Chicago Tribune.

Geordie's Revenge.

A certain butcher in a village in the north of England was standing before the shop of Geordie, the baker, whose loaves of bread were rather small, when Geordie came up the street. "Just been in your shop, Geordie, buyin' a loaf," said the butcher. "Where is it?" asked Geordie. "In my waistcoat pocket," said the butcher. No more was said, but Geordie thought for a long time how he could pay the butcher back in his own coin. A few days later, as he stood before the butcher's shop, an idea came to him. Meeting the butcher on his way home from market, Geordie said: "Been in your shop buyin' a calf's head!" "Where is it?" asked the butcher. "Under my hat!" said Geordie, with an annihilating look.

A Royal Treasure-House.

At Marlborough House the plate room contains what is probably the most valuable collection of treasures in any private house in England. The room is underground and lighted by electricity, the walls being lined by bookcases containing many rare volumes presented to King Edward and the Prince of Wales from time to time, forming a valuable library. In big iron safes in the center of the room is stored away a wonderful collection of gold and silver plate, including two enormous silver pilgrim bottles presented by Alexander III. of Russia to King Edward, and a priceless embossed gold shield, which was a present to the sovereign from a number of Indian princes.

A Mark of Distinction.

A short while ago a certain well-known country magistrate who is blessed with a tremendous head of hair, which is generally in a state of wild disorder, was questioning a youthful witness in order to make sure that he comprehended the character and importance of the oath he was about to take. "Boy," he said, in his severest magisterial manner, "do you feel sure you could identify me after six months? Now, be careful—think before you speak!" "Well, your honor," replied the boy, after a prolonged survey of the magistrate's portly figure and rugged features, "I ain't sure, but I think I could if you wasn't to comb your hair!"

Knocking.

"That horrid brother of mine has trained his bulldog to howl every time I sing."

"Must be a very unintelligent dog."

"Thank you, I—"

"To have to be trained, you know."—Cleveland Leader.

The Landlord Miscalculated.

Departing Guest—Do you permit your servants to accept little—er—presents?

Summer Landlord—Great Scott! You haven't any money left, have you?—Cleveland Leader.

Fully Enlarged.

"I was surprised to hear the elder Miss Timmins propose a kissing game at the house party."

"What would you? It was her only chance."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Evidently Mr. Cleveland Never Expects to Run for Office Again—Chicago Tribune.

Proper bedding is essential in making rich manure as well as increasing the bulk.

Foot-rot is one of the worst enemies of the sheep breeder, especially where they are run on low, marshy land.

When a horse has frequent fits of colic it indicates chronic indigestion and should have careful treatment.

With the majority of fruits the aim should be for a few fine, large, smooth and plump specimens rather than for many small ones.

One advantage in feeding wheat middlings made into a slop with skim-milk to hogs is that it will give a better proportion of lean meat.

Much of the poultry we see in the market is poor and scrawny. The breed, of course, has much to do with this point, but the quality of any breed can be improved by a judicious mode of fattening.

Keep winter beets growing rapidly, as they must come out of the ground before being touched by the frost. If the roots are not large enough, growth may be prolonged by protection with newspapers on cold nights.

With one-half day's labor a hot-bed can be constructed in which not only tomatoes and other early vegetables can be started for early planting, but in which can also be grown lettuce, radishes, etc., sufficient for the needs of the ordinary family.

Ever think of the work one hen will do? A hen will raise at least one lot of chickens every year, but suppose she raises ten. If half of these ten are pullets they will reproduce at least one lot of chicken the next year. In addition, the young roosters may be sold.

The surest way to make a profit is to keep down the cost. There should be no hesitation in procuring that which is needed, but waste should not be allowed. The cost may be lessened by doing all the work at the proper time and by the use of the best implements.

It is claimed that if grain is ground there is a saving of one-third, and that 15 pounds of hay, when cut up fine, will be more serviceable than 25 pounds uncut. Cutting the hay permits of mixing with it not only ground grain, but also linseed or cotton-seed meals, or other concentrated foods.

It is claimed that for the perfect maturing of corn in this latitude the growing season must have an average mean temperature of 75 degrees for 90 days, or there must be an excess of 75 degrees multiplied by 90, equaling 6,750 degrees of accumulated heat. Should the heat be lower the crop may be longer in maturing.

It is reported that a discovery has recently been made whereby vegetables may be preserved indefinitely by sterilizing them with hot air. Corn, peas, string beans, Lima beans, etc., thus treated "take on a withered form much like cured hay, but when put in cold water will resume their shape and regain their former brittleness and garden flavor.

The making of butter on farms leads to great variation in the quality, owing to the difference in methods used on the farms. While a choice article of dairy manufacture will bring a higher price than creamery butter, yet the creamery butter is more uniform, as the milk from a large number of farms is handled at the same factory. There are a few dairies which sell butter at two or three times the regular price, but they are exceptions.

Do not make the earth in the boxes and flower pots too rich. All plants protected during the winter, by setting them on a stand in a warm room, such as geraniums, should not make heavy growth, but be kept in good condition for slipping, as the spring and summer are the proper seasons for having them to perfection. The mealy bug must be guarded against when the plants are kept in a warm atmosphere.

The profits are sometimes absorbed in a manner that may not easily be noticed, and frequently the loss is in the manner of shipping an article to market. It costs no more to market $10 worth of butter than it does to send two or three bushels of wheat to market, while wheat is more profitable to the farmer considering the receipts from each. The best produce should be marketed as such. Inferior grades should never be shipped with that which is good as the inferior article will regulate the price.

A great scheme of irrigation for the wheat lands of India has in view the vast possibilities it will open up for the growing of wheat. The works will take ten years to complete, and will cost something like $30,000,000. During the last forty years much has been done in this matter, but what is yet easy of accomplishment may be judged by the fact that five years ago just about six million acres received the benefit of the Punjaub rivers, while the present scheme will irrigate an additional two million acres, command six thousand square miles of country, while behind these are many millions of acres of the most fertile kind imaginable—given the necessary added moisture.

Fertilizers and Manure.

Farmers who have used fertilizers and manure together claim that the combination is superior to either alone, and that acid phosphate is excellent as an addition to the manure heap. The mixture of fertilizers and manure gives the crop soluble plant food in the early stages of growth and the manure provides a supply later. Every farmer values his manure, and will apply it somewhere, hence the best mode of deriving the greatest benefit from it is to increase its efficiency by adding fertilizers in some form to the heap.

Losing the Cud.

When a cow "loses the cut," or, more correctly, fails to "chew the cud," it is not because she has lost any definite object or material, which, if she still retained, would be used as a "cud," for all such necessary material lies useless in her paunch. Her failure to chew the cud is due to ill health, just as a lack of any desire for food characterizes a sick man. A cow that fails to chew the cud is a sick cow, and as soon as she recovers from that sickness she will recover her desire and ability to chew the cud.

Preserving Manure.

Experiments recently made in Europe with a view to ascertaining the best method of preserving manure show that manure allowed to accumulate under cattle three months or more, in specially constructed, deep stall, was found in every case, as compared with that of ordinary manure heaps, in a more workable condition, the ammonia salts were better preserved and the useful ingredients were present in greater proportions.

Intensive Farming in Japan.

When it comes to intensive culture of the soil the Japanese seem to take the lead. According to experts who have investigated agricultural conditions in Japan there is nothing in the annals of agriculture that ever approached the scientific skill in Japanese husbandry. If all the 14,995,000 tillable acres of Japan were merged into one field a man in an automobile, traveling at the rate of fifty miles an hour could circle arable Japan in eleven hours.

Rations for Colts.

The young colt should be kept growing all the time. There is nothing better for promoting growth than cow's milk that has been skimmed. Most colts can be taught to drink milk without much trouble, especially if they have learned to eat bran mash while running with their dams. A spoonful of ground flax-seed added to each grain ration tends to keep the bowels in excellent condition and gives a rich gloss to the coat. It is also a good idea to teach the foal to eat apples, potatoes and carrots.

Destroying Insects by Electricity.

An apparatus is mentioned, invented by a Russian, for killing injurious insects by electricity. A dynamo is so placed upon a hand car that no electricity is engendered while the car is standing still. When in motion the current passes into the ground through the iron wheels of the car upon one side, and upon the other through the points of brushes of copper wire, which are fastened in the rear of the car so as to be a few inches above the ground. The result is said to that all insects in the vicinity of the copper brushes are killed as if by lightning.

Beets as Cow Feed.

At the Iowa station is was found that turnips injure the flavor of both milk and butter. This injury is due to volatile acids which can be driven off by heating the milk to 100 degrees for a short time. Beets increased the milk and butter product and caused all the cows, even Jerseys, to lay on fat quite rapidly. When the roots were discontinued butter fat decreased and the cows ceased to gain weight, and it took more pounds of feed (calculated to dry matter) to produce a pound of butter. When turned on pasture there was immediate increase of milk, butter and live weight. Feeding bran during part of the grazing period produced sufficient gain to yield a small profit.

Care of Horses' Feet.

If your blacksmith knows his business your horses will be properly shod, but do not lay foot troubles of the horse at the door of the blacksmith, for the chances are you are at the bottom of the trouble because you will not keep the floor of the stables clean and thus avoid thrush. There is no reason why there should not be a gutter behind the horses such as are behind the cows, and thus avoid to some extent the possibility of the horse standing in his excrement. Then, keep close watch of the hoofs and see that they are cleaned daily. With sticks dig out any substances and then cleanse with a stiff brush and finally wash with a sponge, using tepid water, in which a dozen drops, or a teaspoonful, of carbolic acid has been mixed. Try it, keep it up and avoid thrush.

Give Plenty of Water.

It is astonishing how many people think animals do not particularly need water. They give the horses and dogs all they want and frequently, the cows not so frequently, and the rest of the stock on the farm when they think of it. Frequently people say that cats do not require water, and yet those who have had experience know that cats crave water—not much at a time, but several times a day. The lack of water has thrown them into convulsions. If man needs considerable water in order to be healthy, there is no reason why animals should not need it. Water poultry and other stock as regularly and as carefully as they are fed. Take swine as another example. Make it a business to see that they have clean, fresh water daily in a clean vessel, and you will see how readily they drink it, and drinking it they must need it and it must do them good.

Summer Work on Potatoes.

Many potato growers make the mistake of stopping the sprayer as soon as the plants have gotten a good start. From the middle of July on is the time when the sprayer gets in its most effective work, although it is not necessary to do the work as frequently as earlier in the season. If it is thoroughly done once a week is sufficient. The formula of 6—6 of the Bordeaux mixture is quite strong enough for potatoes, using at the same time the paris green for the bugs and thus overcoming the blight and the bugs at the same time. It has been demonstrated that the blight can be overcome by the use of Bordeaux mixture, and it should be freely used all through the summer by potato growers. The cost can be reduced to a minimum if one has large areas in potatoes by using a horse sprayer. In some sections men make a nice living operating the horse sprayer for their neighbors and by frequent practice become experts in the work, doing it cheaper than the grower could himself.—Exchange.