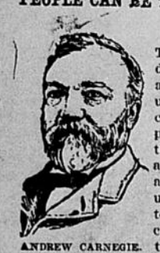
PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

PEOPLE CAN BE TRUSTED.

By Andrew Carnegie.



ANDREW CARNEGIE.

You can always trust the people. They demand and will have a square deal. Their voice is going to be heard, and when they are interested they usually vote right. Whatever is increased in value by the increase of population of a city should belong to the city. The people should not give away their franchises. Whether it is advisable for them to operate public utilities is of small importance. As to the giving away of franchises a city should be in a position to take them back.

There is nothing so purifying as public opinion. There will be cases of jobbery under municipal ownership, but this must cease as a result of public opinion.

This insurance affair has made a profound impression throughout Europe. It is amazing that Americans are willing to lend their good name to financial institutions where they cannot or do not have time to perform their duties. The men we need are those that can lend their money and their good names, too, and guard both jealously. To control such evils we should have men in office who are not money grabbers, who have retired from business and who will conduct their public offices as they would their own private business.

MAN WITH "SNAP" AT START SELDOM WINS.

By John A. Howland.

One of the greatest misfortunes which may come to the young man of average intelligence and yet with more than the normal degree of world ambition is to be so situated in his early manhood as to step easily into some position paying him more money than ordinarily he might have expected and at the same time furnishing him with an attractive environment. Naturally, the associations of a pleasant general office appeal to him. Quite as naturally, the few dollars a week in excess of his expectations are alluring. His work is clean, he may dress well, and his hands may be kept smooth and white. It is out of this early environment in the business world that a man at almost middle age suddenly awakes to the fact that he is occupying the position of a boyish young man and earning only a young man's salary.

General clerical work in an office, too long followed, is demoralizing to the man, while a touch of it may be capital to him for the rest of his life. How to escape too much of it should be a question for father and son and the son's best friends, and a question that cannot be answered too early. It is an almost impossible inquiry when at 29 years old one is asked what recourse the person may have to retrieve his lost time and concentrate upon a lost opportunity. At such an age and after twelve years of almost incapacitating routine, the person may have some good cause for his lack of awakening effort for the betterment of his condition, but the question is no easier of answer for all that. For a man 29 years old, having intelligence, education and some of the refinements of taste, $15 a week is an utterly inadequate compensation save as the man has been content to do $15 a week work.

Such a man, if he have a vacation of two weeks, could not spend it half so well in any other way than in getting himself together and sounding some of the possibilities of a new future that shall satisfy his ambition and compensate him for his work.

CHILDREN DISHONEST AND DIPLOMATIC.

By Paola Lombroso.

I often ask myself in the interests of my son, what importance should be attached to tendencies to unright and to the lack of honesty in the child, and what means are the most efficacious in correcting them. Wrong things are done by nearly all children, even by those who later become the most honest, the most virtuous, and the most loyal of men. We must see here rather a phase in the development of the moral sense than an inexorable index. The individual psychic development before arriving at the degree which we regard as normal passes transitorily through the lower forms such as lying, simulation, egoism, injustice, and finally, from contact with honest persons develops the capacity to judge and to compare, the moral sense is organized and strengthened, and the little children of seven or eight become accomplished, scrupulous, and perfectly honest men.

When children are greatly attached to some one, to their father or to their mother, a good way to correct them is to have them see how painfully those whom they love are affected by their misdeed. But the most difficult thing to teach a child and that to which we should bend all our efforts in order to inculcate in him is that an act can be evil in itself regardless of immunity from punishment or the opinions of others. If we succeed in having a child understand that it must not tell a falsehood not because it thus grieves its father but because it is evil in itself from the viewpoint of strict probity, we can be happy over the result, because the precious seed of a moral sense will have been victoriously sown in that little soul.

THERE CAN BE TOO MUCH MONEY.

By George E. Roberts, Director of the Mint.

In so far as an enlargement of the money supply furnishes support to growing industries and promotes the natural and orderly development of the world's resources it is a good thing; but, after every man is at work, when all the productive forces of society are in full action, you cannot make the world richer by pouring money into it.

You reach a point then where every addition means dilution, for the new supplies can only find employment by decreasing the value of the old stock. When this occurs, speculation rather than industry is promoted, economic waste and adventure are likely to run riot and come to an end in a collapse which disorganizes the whole industrial system.

GRIT.

There's nothing that's gained without grit—
Remember that always, my lad—
Ambition will solemnly sit,
And energy, mayhap, go mad;
Unless grit will push them along
To the goal where success reigns supreme,
Your life's but a somnolent song,
Your struggle a wearisome dream.
Ah, then, if the nail you would hit,
Be sure that you do it with grit;
For, until you do,
You will find it quite true
That nothing is gained without grit,
my lad—
That nothing is gained without grit.

You struggle until you are old,
Then say, with a sigh, "Nothing won,
Oh, why didn't some one take hold
And drive me till something was done?"
Why didn't you know how to grasp
The value of each flitting day,
And not let old Idleness clasp
You tight in his meshes, and say:
"Ah, lad, you can't win on your wit,
It takes lots of courage and grit—
You may conquer a place
Near the first in the race—
But nothing is gained without grit,
my lad—
No, nothing is gained without grit."
—Success.

A QUESTION OF OWNERSHIP.

BANG! And the silence of the still October woods was broken by the flutter and hoarse cawing of some quickly disappearing crows, while out from behind a patch of crimson and gold foliage Dunstan appeared with a smoking gun.

"You only missed them by three feet," cried a rather shrill girlish voice, and there in the flecked sunshine, between two glorious oak trees, Dunstan met his first delightful surprise in that day of many disappointments.

The surprise smiling at him in amusement was a pretty brown-eyed girl, with wavy black hair in fluffy disorder. She, too, was carrying a gun, and her short skirt and trim jacket were as faultlessly correct as Dunstan's own.

"Really, that's encouraging," he found himself replying, after a brief second in which his startled glance had changed to a look of admiration. "You see, the others I shot at didn't even budge, so my aim must be getting quite dangerous when they move at all." Then, noticing her gun: "I trust I haven't disturbed your game."

While he was talking Dunstan had mentally concluded that Miss Huntress, confronting him, was one of the girls from New York seminary on the outskirts of the woods. Since coming to the village he had heard of their latest craze for hunting, and certainly, judging by the specimen before him, they themselves were game worth trying for.

"Oh, no, not at all!" Miss "Huntress" was assuring him. "I was simply passing this way, but I was about to take a shot at that 'No Trespassing' sign there on the tree. I don't believe your dangerous aim could disturb that, but possibly it might disturb you. There are keepers about, I hear."

The sign alluded to was a glaring warning to all trespassers. "Trespassing! Great heavens!" thought Dunstan. "She must regard me as a petty poacher." Somehow the idea of appearing ridiculous to this brown-eyed girl was particularly disagreeable to him. A sudden wild resolve to carry the situation with a high hand came upon him and his line of action was decided in a moment.

"Really, it doesn't disturb me in the least. You know when one is owner of an estate signs like that don't necessarily need to worry him," Dunstan replied with perfect self-possession.

Miss "Huntress" gave a little start of surprise and her merry smile completely dazzled Dunstan. "Then I must apologize for trespassing, as I infer from what you've just said that you're the owner of the lands—sign and all. Kindly be lenient in prosecuting me 'to the full extent of the law,'" with a mischievous glance at the sign, "for I haven't fired a single shot. May I depart in peace before you give me up?"

"Don't go—er—that sign doesn't apply to you. The fact is, I've—er—always intended to have an additional line printed, 'This doesn't include seminary girls.'"

"THE OTHERS DIDN'T EVEN BUDGE."

"Oh!" said Miss "Huntress," and smiled. "No doubt the seminary will appreciate your kindness. But when they hear of your generosity there's likely to be such an influx that you'll regret it. And you know how notoriously bad a woman's aim is."

"You have seen a sample of my own marksmanship and I'm sure I couldn't regret the presence of the seminary students," and there was true sincerity in his tone, "for my knowledge of them, although but lately acquired, is most pleasing." Then in Dunstan's mind came an awful foresight of the real owner of the land at some not far distant time ejecting the invading seminary girls. "What a brute I am," he muttered miserably, "but I'm too far in it now to back out."

The girl broke in upon his thoughts: "I must be going, kind proprietor. You know the seminary requires the students to be back before sundown."

"Does it?" said Dunstan dully. He was mentally cursing his stupidity. The prettiest girl he had ever met was the one with whom he had irrevocably placed himself in the attitude of a fool and liar.

"I thank you for your liberality," she was continuing. "Good afternoon."

"Good afternoon," answered Dunstan, and hat in hand watched her disappear.

Suddenly he started running in the same direction. The thought had come to him that his senseless lie might lead to this girl being gruffly ordered off the grounds by a surly owner or brutal keeper. It was unbearable. He caught up with her almost in front of the stately white house he had noticed when he came that way in the morning, and the girl turned as he stepped just behind her.

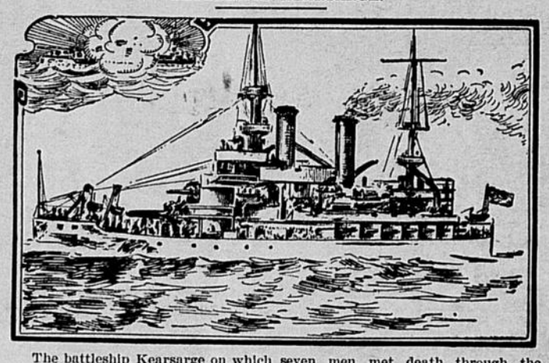
"I beg your pardon"—Dunstan rushed out his confession standing bareheaded—"I'm a cad. I don't own these lands. I—lied to you. I haven't anything to do with them. I was trespassing myself. I'm at the village for a week's shooting. I couldn't bear to think of you being driven off. I can't expect your pardon—but——" he stopped and kicked the dust savagely.

"I'm very glad you came and told me this," said the girl simply. "You have proven you are a gentleman. I knew all the while, because Mr. Lee, the owner, is my father." She suddenly held out her hand and said softly, "I shall be at home to-morrow evening," then crossed the lawn to the large white house.—Boston Post.

Stevenson in Samoa.

Stevenson's life in Samoa is, in some ways, the most interesting story of all, and here again you can find that story in his own writing. This time, however, it is in his letters more than in his books. These letters are so vivid, moreover, that you feel as if you were right in Samoa with him. You are living in his spotless little box of a house, called Vailima, which means "five rivers," and so reminds you that it is within sound of flowing streams. There, from the broad veranda—and the house is almost half veranda—you can look straight up on one side at the wooded Vaea Mountain; and on the other side down 600 feet before you gleams the sea, "filling the end of two vales of forest." The house is built in a clearing in the jungle. The trees about it are twice as tall as the house; the birds about it are always talking or singing; and here and there among the trees echoes "the ringing sleighbells of the tree toad."—St. Nicholas.

BATTLESHIP KEARSARGE.



The battleship Kearsarge on which seven men met death through the accidental discharge of a quantity of powder in one of the gun turrets during target practice off the coast of Cuba, is one of the most powerful fighting craft of the United States navy. When she went into commission six years ago she attracted much attention among the naval experts because of a peculiarity in her construction, the placing of the turrets for the eight-inch guns directly on top of the turrets carrying the thirteen-inch rifles, a plan which aroused considerable controversy. The Kearsarge was launched at Newport News, Va., March 24, 1898. She measures 368 feet on the water line, 72 feet beam and her draught is 23 feet 6 inches, with a displacement of 11,525 tons. She has a speed of sixteen knots an hour, the indicated horse power being 10,000. Her battery consists of four thirteen-inch guns, four of the eight-inch type and twelve of the five-inch in the main battery, with twenty six-pounders, six one-pounders and four machine guns in the secondary battery. By a judicious arrangement of the guns, much weight was saved, which was devoted to unusually heavy armor. With this extra protection the Kearsarge is unusually light in draught for a battleship and can go in shoal water where many another lighter craft would be unable to follow her.

FOR YOUNG FOLKS

TWO POINTS OF VIEW.

"Oh, dear!" Teddy sighed to plump little Tige,
"I wish the world different were made,
I'd have all the ground one jelly-cake mound,
The great ocean pink lemonade;

"The houses and trees of striped peppermint,
Like Santa Claus' mansion you know,
The mountains ice-cream, the stones lemon drops,
An' popcorn balls falling like snow."

"Bow wow!"—Tiger hopped and licked his fat chops—
"I, too, wish 't were something to eat;
If once left to me, the great world would be
A fine roly-poly of meat."

"I 'spose," Ted remarked, as he weighed Tiger's bark,
"On this point we'll never agree;
I guess the great world exact' as it is,
Is best, Tige, for both you and me."
—Harriet P. Fenton in the Christian Register.

DANIEL IN THE DRAWING CLASS.

I don't see why it is boys always get the worst of it. Their shoes gets into the biggest mud puddles, their hands gets the coldest snow-ballin' and their elbows are always knockin' things over. Sometimes I wish I didn't have any elbows—and sometimes I guess other folks wishes so too.

The last time it was in the drawing-class. I kind of like that class—that is, leastwise, I used to like it when I could do it with transfer paper. That's easy. You put it over the picture and draw a outline. Then you take it off and black one side of it, and then you can draw it right into your book.

But Miss Henrietta she don't let us do that, and she said it was cheating, and took away my transfer paper, and now I ain't so good a artist as I used to be, and I got pretty tired of it till we got into water-colors.

That was some fun, anyway. We had little boxes with red, blue and yeller paints in 'em and a dish to mix them on, and brushes and a glass er water to wet 'em up in; and we all made greeny-reddery smutches on our paper and called 'em things.

The first thing I painted was two reddishes, an' I used red on the reddishes an' blue and yaller on the leaves, and if you'll believe it, they came green, right on the paper! I wouldn't of believed it if Miss Henrietta had told me, 'thout tryin.' She said I painted reddishes pretty well.

I took 'em home and showed 'em to mother, and she said: "My how fine! Are they cherries?" And father said it looked like a Christmas tree on fire, and my big sister said: "It don't look like anything but a splotch of paint," and she wouldn't even guess.

The next day we had a pink onion to do; and that's a hard thing to tackle, because there's a lot of curly streaks to draw, and they're shiny, and she makes you leave a square white place on it where she said the window was deflected. But I couldn't see any window, but I had to put on the square place just the same.

I was hurryin' to get to the paint part when the old elbow of mine just swung around and gave a whang, and away went my tumbler. It didn't break, but it made a noise, and Miss Henrietta looked around. But I kept still, and she went on givin' lessons to the girls.

The water was the worst part. It went all over. I grabbed my sponge and sopped it off my drawing book, and pretty soon the sponge was full. So I borrowed one of Sammy Carter, and that got full. They are awful little, those sponges. But I'd got the floor and things wiped up, and I set the sponges careful in my desk, and just then the bell rang for school out, so I put my things away, and Miss Henrietta didn't catch me.

Well, next morning when I came in there was a trickle under my desk, and Miss Henrietta was looking at it, and when she saw me she said:

"Daniel, what is the matter with your desk?"

And I looked and said: "I guess the sponges is leaking, ma'am." And she said, stern: "What sponges?" And so I had to tell her, and we looked, and I'd put my drawing book on top of the four sponges, and it was all soaked up, and the water had run onto my joggerfy and nature book, and they was sights. Miss Henrietta made me take all four of them sponges and go and see the principal with 'em.

And so I had to, and I was awful scared when I told him. And he said he hoped I wouldn't do it again, and I said I hoped not, too. And he talked to me about being careful and things, till I bet he never was a boy himself. And when I was going away, I said: "Mr. Polk, I guess this will be a warning to me." And he coughed behind his sleeve, and said he thought so, too.

And I had to squeeze out all them sponges and give 'em back before the hull school.

If I can I'm going to get some of that elbow grease mother tells father to use sometimes, and I'm going to rub it on my elbows, so when they hit things they will slide past and not knock 'em off and get me into trouble. —New York News.

RULES FOR A CHILDREN'S CLUB.

A plan of self-government has been worked out for a group of tenement house children in Boston, known as The Hawthorne Club, and here are the rules made by its "Board of Health," a girl of eleven and two boys of ten and eight. They show that hygiene lessons have been remarkably well assimilated, and we know of some college graduates who need to read them.

If you are a consumptive don't spit on the floor or street. Destroy the spit.

Keep yourself neat and tidy and don't bum around.

Eat simple and nourishing food, such as plain meat, fruit, eggs, crackers, cream and cereals.

Wash your face, hands, ears, teeth and nails.

In Summer take two baths a week, and a sponge bath every day.

When you get up in the morning take a few breathing exercises.

Take plenty of exercise.

Take plenty of regular sleep.

Don't eat cheap candy and pickles.

Don't let anyone use your own towel.

Keep clean houses.

Try and have sunny rooms. Dark and damp rooms are not healthy.

Children from five to ten should take special care of themselves.

Older children should help the little ones keep clean.

Keep fresh air in your house.

Dirt is bad.

Flies are bad.

Don't let garbage stand around.

Clean your closets steady.

Change your clothes every week promptly. — Congregationalist and Christian World.

GAME OF INITIALS.

Give out a set of cards with pencils attached. You can either buy them at a stationery shop or make them yourself. Each card should have a certain number of figures, from 1 up, on it, according to the number of questions you have to ask your players.

The game is for each player to answer all your questions with words beginning with his own initials, in order in which they stand.

Here are sample answers to one hostess' questions (the guest's initials were H. I. M.).

What's your favorite dish? Hot Irish Murphies.

What's your favorite drink? Honey in Milk.

What's your favorite pastime? Howling In Mud.

What is your greatest virtue? Having Innocent Mind.

What is your worst vice? Hurling Icicles Midair.

What would you like to be? His Imperial Majesty.

These are only some of many questions that may be asked. You can award a prize to the one whose answers are cleverest.

A MINIATURE COURT.

Here is an interesting game for youngsters: One person goes out of the room and another, who acts as public prosecutor, goes round the circle and invites each of the company to accuse the absent one of some offense; the more absurd the imputed crime the better.

This done, the culprit is brought in and the prosecutor addresses him. "It is my painful duty to inform you that, in this open and honorable court, you have been accused of"—here follows the charge. "Dyeing your hair," "Going to sleep in church," "Wearing green gloves," "Writing poetry," "Shooting cats."

The prisoner, having heard the accusation, makes a short defense of himself and winds up by pointing out the person whom he supposes to have made the complaint, as a proof that no belief need be placed in it. If he guesses right the accuser is sent out and made to sit on the stool of repentence; if not, the next charge is heard until they are all exhausted.

TIERCE, OR TOUCH THE THIRD.

The company must stand in a circle in pairs, one behind the other, excepting in one place, where they stand three deep. One person stands outside of the circle, and is on no account allowed to go within. The object is to touch the third one, wherever she may stand; but when he attempts this, she darts into the circle and takes her place before one of the others. Then the third one, who stands back of her, becomes the object; but she likewise slips into the circle and takes her place in front of some one else. The pursuer is thus led from point to point in the circle; for he must always aim at one who forms the outside of a row of three. Anyone caught changes places with the pursuer. This is something like the old game of Fox and Geese.—Philadelphia Record.

Relic of De Soto's Expedition.

A gentleman of Monroe county Mississippi, while fishing in the Tombigbee about two miles south of Aberdeen, found in the edge of the river, partially imbedded in the soft clay, an old Spanish halberd

There is a peculiar interest in this find, because there is little doubt that it is a relic of the expedition of Hernando de Soto, then on his way, unconsciously, to the discovery of the mighty river so closely associated with his name. There is no remnant of the wooden handle, the metal is heavily incrusted with rust and the once keen edges have worn away, but the form of the weapon is well preserved and, when struck against a hard substance, the steel rings almost as true as when it left the armorer's hand more than three hundred years ago.

It has the spear point on top, battleax on one side and a curved knife on the other, reminding one of the ancient instructions to the halberdier in training, who was taught that "if the axe stroke should fail, to repair his mistake with a prompt thrust of the piked head."

De Soto went into camp for the winter in what is now Pontotoc county, and the remains of his intrenchments were in evidence a few years ago and may possibly be still visible. In April, 1541, he continued his march to the Northwest until he reached what is now De Soto county, where he turned due west and came out upon the bluffs overlooking the Mississippi, which he here saw for the first time.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Dust Showers.

Particles of dust which came from the Desert of Sahara have often settled on ships in the Mediterranean and even out on the North Atlantic. A still more remarkable phenomenon is reported by Science. A "dust fog" so dense as to interfere with navigation was observed in the Malay Archipelago in 1902. Scientific experts at Batavia, on the island of Java, have been studying the matter, large numbers of circular letters of inquiry having been sent to ship captains whose business took them to those seas at the time in question. The causes of this remarkable dust fog have been sought in the deficient rainfall of the year of 1902; in extended forest fires, especially in Borneo and southern Sumatra, and in the transportation of dust by the southeast trade from Australia. As the progress of the dust from Australia could be followed by successive stages northward, the last-named cause was doubtless the most important one

There are probably 300,000 men employed in the mines of Mexico.

WORLD'S GREATEST SHOWMAN.

James A. Bailey, Who Has Passed Away.

James A. Bailey, who died of erysipelas at Mount Vernon, N. Y., was undoubtedly the greatest showman of the present day. Since the close of the Civil War he had been continuously in the business, in which he amassed a fortune, conservatively estimated at $8,000,000. His extensive travels in Europe had made his name a household one in the old world as well as in the new and to his enterprise millions of people owe many joyous moments in their lives.

JAMES A. BAILEY.

Mr. Bailey, whose real name was McGinnis, came up from the ranks of poor boys and early experienced the hardships of life. Born in Detroit, Mich., fifty-nine years ago, he set out at the age of 11 to make his way in the world. He worked at first on a farm for $3.50 a month and then became a bell boy in a Pontiac hotel. There Frederick Bailey, general agent for the Lane & Robinson circus, became interested in him and gave him a place on the advance staff of the circus. Out of gratitude the young man changed his name to Bailey. Many years later when Frederick Bailey was old and needy, his wants were tenderly cared for by his former protege.

In 1864 young Bailey quit the show business and became clerk to a sutler in the army. At the close of the war he rejoined the circus, then managed by Lake, as an agent. In 1872 he became equal owner with J. E. Cooper of the Great London Show and traveled with it all over the world, visiting the Sandwich Islands, Australia, India and South America. Bailey at this time had no serious rival besides Barnum and the competition between them was for several years keen. In 1881 they united their shows and after Barnum's death Bailey purchased the interests of the latter's heirs, becoming sole proprietor. Other shows were at different times bought and added to the Bailey aggregation. Bailey had almost the whole responsibility and management of the Barnum & Bailey combination and it was his ideas that entered so deeply into its success, although Barnum reaped the credit.

Therein is seen the difference between the two. Barnum courted notoriety; Bailey shunned it. The latter was unassuming and retiring—qualities one does not usually associate with the business.

By those who know Mr. Bailey intimately, will be best remembered for his benefactions. These, while numerous, were secretly performed and this phase of his life will appear new to many. By his employes he was beloved. He was one of the most generous employers in the country. He educated the children of those who worked for him, and those who had become aged in his service he never let pass therefrom. There are men to-day about the circus who have no possible work to do but to draw their salaries.

He never forgot a former friend. Once from Vienna, amid a multiplicity of duties, he sent a check for $2,000 to a former acquaintance, whom he had not seen in five years, but whom he had learned was in need. Often at Christmas he would distribute as much as $10,000 among his employes.

In private life Mr. Bailey was blameless. His chief interest centered in his home, his show and his quiet philanthropies.

A Pointed Reminder.

There is an old story of the man who "knew every rock in the channel," and when a fearful jar came, said, "There's one of them now!" His system was not wholly unlike that pursued by Miss Abigail Spears for the purpose of strengthening her brother's memory.

"When you've kept house for the minister as long as I have for Brother James, my dear, you'll know all men have to be reminded of things day after day," said Miss Abigail to the minister's bride.

"Now there was the table in Brother James' room. He was always knocking it over when he went into his room in the dark, till I devised a means to remind him of it."

"How did you do it?" asked the bride, with gratifying eagerness.

Miss Abigail beamed with the pride of a successful inventor.

"Why, it was simple enough," she said. "I used to keep it parallel with the shape of the room,—the walls, I mean,—till one day I bethought me how I could set it cornerwise, and the corners are remarkably sharp. And do you know, my dear, James has grown so careful that there isn't more than one night in four now that he has to call on me to help him."

"To help him!" echoed the bride. "How, Miss Spears?"

"To bring him the liniment, my dear," said Miss Abigail, impatiently. "Don't you understand? He not only tipped it over, but he—the contact was really quite painful. There's always some such easy way to help a man remember, but it requires a little thought."

Cheered Him Up.

When John Sharp Williams was fighting to get the quarantine bill through the House the other day the Texas delegation fought it tooth and nail. They denounced it as a violation of the constitution and to a man predicted the downfall of that venerable document if the bill passed. The House, however, passed it. An hour or so later Mr. Williams bumped up against Mr. Slayden of Texas in the cloakroom. Slayden looked at Williams with sad reproach, but spoke not. Williams looked back at Slayden apologetically. Then he placed his hand on the Texan's shoulder. "Slayden," he said, comfortingly, "cheer up. To-morrow I am going to introduce a bill to re-enact the constitution."

Underground Telegraphic Lines.

There is now underground telegraphic communication between London and Scotland. Germany's underground system dates from 1870. France followed suit in 1879, as the result of a great storm that isolated Paris in 1875. Up to date her system has cost $36,000,000, but is believed to have more than paid for itself. Lines constructed in 1880 are still in excellent condition.

The man who travels over the path behind you looks wisely at your footprints, and sees where you could have avoided many a pit-fall.

About the only excuse the average little girl has for a ring is to have it "wished on."

FARM AND GARDEN

The hotbed brings the best luxuries of green vegetation.

Many good farmers like ear corn as winter feed for horses on light work.

The cow will do better next year if well fed and carefully managed this year.

A well-managed dairy will increase the value of the land and is better than everlasting cropping.

See that the poultry house is so erected as to give no hiding-place for rats or other similar pests.

Do not overfeed hogs. Feed them just a little less than what they will eat. Do not keep feed lying on the ground nor employ self-feeders.

The contraptions which are often put on the cow's head to keep her in the pasture had better been put on the fence before she had formed the habit of going through it.

All troughs and feeding pens should be kept scrupulously clean. Don't let any feed remain after they get through with the food in the trough. It sours, molds and is unhealthy.

Corn should not form a very large proportion of the grain ration for laying hens in close confinement, as it has a tendency to make them too fat. When results are considered, wheat and some oats will be found to be a better and cheaper grain ration.

The teats of some cows are very tender, and many cows kick because it hurts them to be milked, whereas their kicking is often interpreted as a sign of bad temper. It is a good plan to take the mildest view possible of a cow's kicking. It seldom pays to punish a cow, even for bad habits. Get her out of her bad habits through kind treatment.

Indiana Farmer says: Think of farmers commanding $3 to $8 a barrel for fine apples this winter! Those prices have been realized by readers of this journal who had the usual opportunity to accept $1 to $1.20 a barrel for the apples at picking time. This is a year when the owner of the orchardless farm looks with new interest on the apple tree.

Some farm writers have been making comparisons and have come to the belief that low priced corn is the cause of much disease in swine and that when corn is high priced we see but little disease. They reason that when corn is cheap hogs are overfed, and when corn is high they get more sensible treatment. It is said that on the other side of the Atlantic, where corn forms no part of the hog diet, swine plague is raging virulently.

Apples for Storage.

Formerly it was supposed the apples ought to sweat before they were stored, but recent investigations indicate that any ripening which takes place between the picking time and the storage house is injurious to the keeping qualities of the fruit.

The Dry Barnyard.

While the paved barnyard is fine if one can afford it the expense is unnecessary if one is willing to use a little brains, a little muscle and considerable gravel. In the first place fill up the holes and get the yard level; then cart gravel until there is enough to pack the stuff down firmly several inches deep and slope it gently from the center to the edges all around and have the gutters outside the barnyard fence.

Don't Feed Hay at Noon Hour.

The work horse or the mule at work should get no hay at the noon hour. The hay feed at noon induces scouring. A heavy grain feed exerts the same influence, because the weight of the mass in the stomach presses much of the grain improperly and crudely digested into the intestines, when the material sours and gives off irritating gases and excites the intestinal glands to exude an excess of digestive juices in an abortive attempt to work up the crude material forced upon these organs. In many cases no hay at noon should be the rule, and only a half grain feed.

Apples Should Be Handled Quickly.

In speaking of the proper time to harvest the apple crop, a well-known Hampshire county producer emphasizes the importance of getting the fruit from the trees into the storage house with as little delay as possible. For that reason he does not attempt to grade his fruit in the orchard, but puts it into storage, where it is quickly cooled, thus improving its keeping qualities. The sorting and packing begins as soon as the fruit is all picked and stored. A sorting table four by sixteen feet is used, beside which four to six men work sorting, packing and shipping at the rate of a carload a day. —American Cultivator.

To Avoid Scabby Potatoes.

Even with the greatest care it is not always possible to grow potatoes free from scab, but it surely pays to take all the precautions possible. It is decidedly an uphill job to attempt to grow potatoes on soil that is infested with the scab and the only way to avoid this is to put the ground into some other cultivated crop for two or even three years. If possible, obtain seed tubers that are free from scab and under any circumstances they should be treated or sterilized so as to prevent the spread of the scab. This process is very simple and is easily accomplished by soaking the seed tubers for two hours in a solution composed of one pound of farmalin to each thirty gallons of water.

Apple Trees.

Nearly all apple trees are too high-headed. The object of some planters and early trainers seems to have been that it would not do to let branches hang so low that the largest horse could not plow or cultivate close to them without injury. The consequence is that the stems mostly run up seven or eight feet without a limb, and some of the fruit, exposed to winds, is blown off and spoiled for marketing. Keep the surface under the tree well mulched, and this will suppress most of the grass that would otherwise creep in. Many of the apples thus grown can be picked from the ground, or by low step-ladders set under the trees.

Calves Bloating on Foam Milk.

I have had some experience in calf feeding that might be interesting to some of your readers, and if someone else has had the same trouble I would like to hear from him. When I first got my hand-separator I fed the milk to the calves without taking the foam off. It would be two or three inches deep in each pail.

I had three calves die with bloat. They would commence to bloat as soon as they drank the milk, and died in from two to three hours. As soon as I made up my mind that it was the foam that killed them I skimmed the foam off. Then I had no more calves die for about three months, when one of the boys got careless and went out one evening and fed one calf without taking off the foam. Next morning it lay dead where he had fed it, all bloated. Since that we are very careful to take the foam off, as I feel certain that it is the foam that kills them.—Cor. Wallace's Farmer.

Trees Killed by Winter.

Severe winters, without much snow, alarm orchardists, and with good cause, although experience has shown that oftentimes trees that are supposed to be injured beyond recovery can be brought around to profitable bearing with the proper care. Of course, if the trees are actually killed by the severe winter there is nothing left to do but cut them down, but be sure the injury is fatal before taking this step. The tree that has been well cared for and which has made a strong, healthy growth the previous season, will stand a hard winter without fatal results, if, in the spring, one is certain the roots are not injured, and that the freezing has not been sufficient to cause a complete separation of bark and wood on nearly every part of the tree, there is still hope that the tree will recover, although the treatment is heroic. In most sections it consists of a severe pruning, cutting off the smaller branches and cutting back the larger branches severely. This applies to young trees, while the older trees should be only moderately cut back.—Indianapolis News.

The Draft Horse.

The demand for the various draft breeds has been steadily growing for several years past. Foreign countries have not been able to supply this demand by a good deal, and this country is looked to for its surplus. England and Scotland do not raise enough of them to suppply the industrial demand, and they buy some from Belgium, France and take all we have to spare at high prices. Germany has no draft breed, but buys from Belgium, Holland, France and United States. France sells chiefly breeding stallions, with a duty of $40 on American horses. Austria, Italy, Spain, Russia, Australia and South America have only small horses. America is the only country that can increase the supply for export to supply the world's markets, hence the prices must advance as the demand continues to increase beyond the supply of heavy draft horses.

The American farmer has a monopoly of raising draft horses. Only a few countries can produce them. We have imported the great bulk of the heavy draft stallions from England, Scotland, France and Belgium, and as we begin to mature our high grade American draft horses we find the whole world eager to get them. The draft horse is produced upon the farm and matured with grain, care and work. We cannot raise big draft horses out on the plains on grass like cattle, but reared by good care on abundant feed he sells for more money than any other farm stock, as he is the industrial horse of the world.—Home Monthly.

Some Planting Rules for Vegetables.

Asparagus—Set out two-year-old plants in trenches six inches deep and one foot apart as early in the spring as ground can be worked. The rows should be four feet apart. Fill in as plants grow.

Beets, Carrots and Turnips—Plant as soon as ground can be worked, and later drill in rows, two to three feet apart. Cultivate frequently until plants begin to head, then if possible, place a heavy mulch of manure between rows.

Celery—Make seed-beds in open ground as soon as it can be worked. Pulverize the surface very fine, sow seed in drills eighteen inches apart, and cover by treading with the feet only. Transplant when one or two inches high. Make plant-bed level. Set plants for early celery in alternate rows, two feet and one foot apart, and six inches in row. Cultivate until plants are six or eight inches high, then place heavy mulch of manure between rows, and give plenty of water. Blanch early celery with boards in double rows.

Cucumbers, Melons and Squashes—Plant when trees are in full leaf, four to six feet apart each way, except winter squash, which plant ten feet. Make the hills especially rich with decayed manure, or compost. Protect plants with boxes covered with fine netting.

Spinach, Lettuce, Radishes and Onions—Plant in drills twelve to eighteen inches apart, as soon as soil can be worked, and later for succession. Make the soil very compact for onions, place a mulch between rows of lettuce.

Peas—Plant as early as soil can be worked and later, in trenches six to eight inches deep, and as wide at the bottom, with flat surface, and mix compost with soil. Sow peas thickly, and cover over only one or two inches deep. As they grow, draw in soil until trench is filled. Support with wire netting.

Tomatoes, Peppers and Eggplant—Grow plants under glass, or near a sunny window, in the house. Transplant again under cover, to get stocky plants, and to harden out of doors. Transplant in open ground when trees are in full leaf. Tomatoes four feet apart each way, and peppers and egg-plants twelve inches. Mulch tomatoes deeply between rows. Support the vines, and prune them to let in the sun. —Indianapolis News.