GOOD MORNING.

Day daws and bids the blushing sky
"Good morning!"
The flute-voiced birds take up the cry:
"Good morning!"
And nearer home, beneath the eaves,
The gnarled old maple's tender leaves
That shivered in the midnight rain,
Now whisper at my window pane:
"Good morning!"
The genial sun peeps o'er the hill
And laughs across my window sill.
Eyes quiver under sleepy lids—
This is the King himself who bids
"Good morning!"

I rise and ope the window wide,
The sun-kissed breezes charge and ride
Straight through the breeze in merry rout,
And scale the walls and fairly shout:
"Good morning!"
They made me captive to the King,
They pluck at me and bid me sing
Their paean to the Golden Day,
Whose conquering slogan is their gay
"Good morning!"

They frolic here, they scamper there,
They clutch the singing birds in the air,
On all the world their music beats
"Good morning!"
Heart to heart. The surly wight,
Who scorned his neighbor yesternight,
With smiling visage stops to greet
That neighbor in the busy street:
"Good morning!"

O joyous day! O! smile of God
To hearten all who toil and plod,
We hail thee, Conqueror and King!
We hug our golden chains and sing:
"Good morning!"
—T. A. Daly in the Catholic Standard and Times.

Uncle Jeffy's Latest Catch.

By E. Crayton M'Cants.

Three miles out from Keowee, upon what is known locally as the "Mink Trap" road, and just at the summit of that long red hill which is flanked on one side by the stony slopes of the pasture land and on the other by the brown wastes of the stubble and the straight green rows of the corn, stands the "Uncle Jeffy Barnes old place." The house—a quaint "double-log" cabin—has little in common with the newer dwellings which the negroes round about inhabit, for men do not build its kind any more. Modern cabins may be reared in a day, and are built, principally, of thin boards and of scantling, but the domicile of old Jeffy Barnes is a relic of a bygone age, and stands as a specimen of that rude order of architecture which was evolved under the stress of circumstances, and which served over fifty years ago to shelter those faithful black slaves, of whom Uncle Jeffy was one.

For when old Benjamin Barnes, Uncle Jeffy's one time "marster," had come to die, realizing the honest service of Jeffy and that of gentle Aunt Sara, he had bequeathed to the two old negroes some acres of land that lay about the hill, and had given them the cabin as well—the cabin which was then but a single-roomed pen of logs, but to which old Jeffy, as great of muscle in those days as he is now of heart, soon added another pent-log room, shed-rooms and passages, and in front, a long, low-roofed "py-azza."

The site of the house, with its cribs and outlying barns, is quite an elevated one, and in the warm spring mornings, when the trailing mists hide the tall cottonwoods that fringe the nearby streams, and cover, as with a garment, the long, low stretches of the fertile valley land, the earliest beams of the upcoming sun fall here upon the tops of the spreading old red oak trees. Then, before the amber light has time to drop downward to the roofs of the barns, the lusty, black ploughmen emerge from their doors and go whooping across the green breadths of the fallows, and the red cattle and the dun wander forth to pasture, and presently one may hear the sheep-bells tinkling on all the far-off slopes—for Uncle Jeffy is a notable farmer and his day's work begins with the day. Later, long after Aunt Sara has put aside "de brekfus' things," and has taken complacently to her rocking-chair and her knitting, the gray mist begins to dissolve in the warm and liquid sunshine, and as it streams away and vanishes, the land far-stretched and fair lies open to the eye like some panoramic view. In one place there is a spring overhung by pale green willows, further along a little brook brawls in miniature fury over the opposing stones, while further still there is the gleam of the creek as the hurrying water slips quickly past the bridge, only to linger further along in the deep pools and in the eddies which lie beyond the bends. To the right of all this the hill falls away rapidly, and stands foot to foot with a long gray ridge whereon the hickory trees and the great pleasant white oaks grow, while north and east and south and west other crests show themselves, and behind these others still, until at last there is but the far horizon where, as it were in the semblance of hills, the little blue cloudlets lie. And over it all, over hillside and valley and stream and wood, there drifts the marvelous sunlight, and the Keowee country seems a peasant land, and the Uncle Jeffy Barnes' old place seems set in the midst thereof.

So it may be that one passing that way will linger for a space in front of the old-fashioned dwelling, and will notice that the moss lies green on the steep and shingled roof and upon the well curb that stands beside the door. And such a one, standing in the red, dusty stretch of the road and looking beyond the doorway and the curb, will see under the trees of the yard a milkhouse that is suggestive of shadows and of great stone crocks, while nearer the fence there are beehives and damask roses and trailing honeysuckle vines. And with so much given the traveler, be he a man of even small understanding, will picture readily the faces of those old people who from the eternal fitness of all things must necessarily inhabit here—will imagine Aunt Sara Barnes, with her broad, black, good-humored face and her blue-checked, cotton apron, and will give heed to Uncle Jeffy's voice as the old man calls: "Light, boss, 'light; an' des come in dis yere py-azzy, suh, an' res'."

But if in response to the invitation so heartily given our traveler should seek to enter, he will likely find opposing his passage a dog—a bandy-shanked and brindled dog, which will plant itself firmly in his way and will growl ferociously and otherwise so misconduct itself that Uncle Jeffy will hurry out in alarm to cow the beast with hot words and with blows. Afterward, however, when cool water has been brought and the wayfarer is duly refreshed, the old man will turn again to the brute and will call to it temptingly:

"Here, Rowdy, here! Come here to me, my lad!" And he will take the evil looking head between his knees and will stroke the same reflectively. "Yas," he is accustomed to remark as he waggles the fragment of wolly beard which hangs at his chin, and spits well out across the steps, "Rowdy air part p'inter and part houn'—might nigh half houn', hit 'pears to me lak. An' I think thar's a lettle touch o' bull in him—an' then thar's some fice in him shore, fer his great gran'mammy on his daddy's side she were a full blooded fice. But I don't reckin he's got much tarrier blood. I jedges that ther rest uv him—what's lef' atter ther houn', an' ther p'inter, an' ther bull, an' ther fice—is just mostly dog. He's a mighty fine yawd dog, too, Rowdy is, but he air a gittin' a sight too sharp—he's agwine ter bite somebody ther very fus' thing I know. Thar he was a t'arin at you just now—I'll bout have ter brush him one er these days."

Then the old man will pinch the dog's ear, and Rowdy will yawn and will stretch his left hind leg as if to say, "What a pleasant morning it is." And when no one replies he will go back down to the gate, where he will turn round three times—presumably "for luck"—after which he will compose himself to rest.

In the leisure which this episode will afford him the wayfarer may study the old negro. He will, if perception has been vouchsafed unto him, observe that Uncle Jeffy has once been a "pow'ful man," and that even now his hairy chest still looks broad and muscular as it shows through the open front of his coarse, white cotton shirt. The old man wears no coat, of course—who wants a coat in the open Spring weather? —and his face is honest and shrewd. Only laughter, too—whole-hearted, kindly laughter—could have drawn those lines which radiate so finely from the corners of his quizzical eyes. And beneath all this, beneath the wrinkles which the years have left, and the dull ahd weather-beaten skin, and the gray growth of stubby beard, there exists an odd look of youthful drollery, as if the boyish blood time-hindered in its surface flow, still stirred within and sent new currents, warm and free, about the old man's cheerful heart.

It has been said by those who are in a position to know that in his youth Uncle Jeffy "wuz pow'ful wile" —that once he ran "hoss-races" and openly "fit chickens." But let this be as it may, our hero is a staunch enough church member now—and sleeps on Sundays very peacefully in the solemn "Amen corner" of "Lower Betharbry" church. And when Aunt Sara would call him to account for this somnolence he readily defends himself.

"Brother Larkin'"—he will remark —"Brother Larkin, he do talk so feelin'ly 'bout that thar res'—ther res', sweet res,' whut we alls is agwine ter git over on t'other side o' Jurdin—'at ther ve'y fus' thing I know I is done fergit whar I is, an' I is a restin' afore my time."

But he cannot easily evade Aunt Sara. "Jeffy!" she will continue, "ain't you afeerd of de bad place, Jeffy?"

"Tooby shore," is his ready answer. "Tooby shore I is 'feerd. Dey say 'at water is skace in Torment an' I cuddent never go a fishin' thar!" For fishing is the old man's weakness, and he knows every "hole" in the creek.

But last June Uncle Jeffy had what he calls an "espeerunce." Some one in Keowee had given him a new recipe for bait—a bait which he was firmly assured would "suttinly fetch them suckers." The bait itself was a malodorous compound of dough, cotton batting and dried beef's liver, but, notwithstanding this, on the first "likely" day the old man set off for the stream to try its effect, followed according to time-honored custom by Rowdy, well-tried and true.

So familiar is Uncle Jeffy with those fishing "holes" that he has given to each one a name. There is the "minner-hole" and the "cat-hole" and the "brier-hole." The "minner-hole" lies just below the bridge. One is able to smoke in comfort there, and may hold converse with the passers-by as he waits for the fish to bite; while the "cat-hole" affords great sport whenever the stream is "up." But notwithstanding the fact that the day was fine, the sun lying warm on the long brown furrows of the hillside fields, the south wind just stirring in the leave, and the water laughing musically as it slid round the grassy bends, none of these places just now attracted Uncle Jeffy—not even the "water-hole," where a willow offers its shade, and where the rush and hurry of a foaming little fall strikes pleasantly on the ear. A half mile further down, however, and just at the spot where the "horse branch" pays its toll to the creek, there is a broad, still pool, which is deep at its upper end, but which shelves rapidly until it featheredges in a shoal against a white sand-bar below. Above this spot are cottonwood trees, and at their roots a fallen log offers one a pleasant resting place; moreover, there is brushwood close by, where a dog may amuse himself, and if he is diligent he may perhaps find a gray rabbit there. In view of these advantages the place attracted Uncle Jeffy, and it was here that he halted.

After the bait had been adjusted and the old man had seated himself and Rowdy had gone away to nose through the bushes, the silence grew soft and somnolent. Away off down the creek a bull-frog was croaking hoarsely; back in the long stretch of the road an empty wagon came rattling down the hill, and up among the leaves of the cottonwoods the heavy-winged bees were circling drowsily.

"H-r-r-ump! h-r-r-ump! h-r-r-umph!" chanted the frog, and its tones reminded Uncle Jeffy of the preaching of Brother Tom Larkin of "Lower Betharbry" church. Presently he closed his eyes in order to heighten the effect.

"H-r-r-umah! r-r-umph!" The line paid slowly out from the rod, the cork bobbed inshore, and the hook, floated upward by the light cotton which the bait contained, drifted down-stream into the shallow.

"H-r-r-umph!" The preacher by this time was well launched into his discourse, and Uncle Jeffy snored gently as his head drooped and rested lovingly against the trunk of the tree.

The afternoon wore along. The slanting sunlight crept under the leaves and rested on the old man's forehead, the wind caressed his gray locks, and the curving branches seemed to stoop toward his weather-beaten face, but all unheeding, he dreamed on and on and on. In his slumbers he had grown young again, and the preacher was rebuking his sins. His pole lay lax in his fingers, and the hook and the bait rested lightly against a bank of sand.

In the meantime Rowdy had grown tired. The one rabbit which he had started had behaved reprehensibly, and had led him a long chase around the brow of a gullied hill, then it had eluded him altogether. Ready to stomach refreshment let its kind be what it might, the dog came panting to the water's edge, lapped hastily, sniffed the inviting bait and then—

"Gee whiz! Hit's a gollywhopper!"

Startled almost into affright at the magnitude of his "bite," the old man "struck" and sprung, wide awake, to his feet.

Rowdy lunged. "Yi! kiyi! ky-i-i!" he yelped in the greatness of his pained surprise.

For a moment Uncle Jeffy stood speechless, then, as the dog plunged again, the situation dawned upon the old man and his face flushed.

"Come yere, Rowdy!" he yelled. "Come yere, yer blamed ole fool, an' lemme onloosen dat hook!"

But Rowdy, hurt now and voicing his wrongs until the red hills rang, ran backwards and sideways, struggling and leaping.

"Rowdy! Rowdy!" Mastering his wrath Uncle Jeffy tried persuasion, then rushed forward suddenly.

Rowdy crouched and tugged once more at the line, then in a last wild effort he shot forward as if from a catapult, struck Uncle Jeffy and tripped him, and both went down, yelling and yelping, into the deep, chill water of the creek.

When at last the hook had been extracted and the two had crept out upon the bank, sundown had come, the west was ablaze with purple and gold, and the bats were flying high to welcome the shadows. And, as the twilight gathered and Uncle Jeffy went walking up the path to his house, a single star came out above him, then another and yet another, and then, faint and far away, he heard Aunt Sara calling him.

"Here! here!" he replied, and she came to him.

"Is that you, Jeffy?" she asked. Her voice was tremulous and she drew very close to him, but as she touched his wet sleeve she stopped suddenly and faced him.

"Jeffy Barnes!" she exclaimed, very sternly. "You don't tell me youse been in dat creek!"

The old man looked aggrieved. "'Twarn't me!" he replied stubbornly. "'Twarn't me at all. Hit were Rowdy!"—Good Literature.

America's Dead Sea Railroad.

Right through Great Salt Lake—the Dead Sea of the New World—runs a railroad! The actual length of this, the longest trestle in the world, is 12 miles. It contains 25,000 piles, the longes single pile being 90 feet, and the longest spliced pile 120 feet. The cost of constructing this wonderful piece of railroad was $5,000,000 and the time required to build it was three years. At one place in the bed of the lake thousands of cars of rock were emptied without making the least impression in the way of foundation.

In riding over this road—right through the beautiful sparkling Salt Lake—one notices the absence of boats of any kind, although the lake is over 100 miles in length and 70 miles across at its widest place, and one would think it afforded great attractions for the sailor or oarsman. But the fact is, rowing or sailing is almost impossible on the waters of this Dead Sea, for it is so heavy with salt that navigation—or even swimming—is slow and laborious rendering, therefore, little pleasure for the pains.

If one dips up a pail of water from Great Salt Lake and lets it stand in the sun till the water evaporates there will be found one-third of a pail of salt.

Hundreds of centuries ago the waters of this great body extended over the thousands of acres of land that surrounds it now in the form of dry, desolate wastes on which nothing grows, for no animal, vegetable nor fowl life can exist on this one time salt sea bed.

Milk-Made Combs.

There are, of course, degrees of probability—probable things, less probable things, improbable things, and plain foolishness. Near the far end of the latter class, close to the shelf where obvious lies comes from is the statement that people in Germany are now combing their hair with milk-made combs, or, perhaps more accurately, combs consisting of that portion of milk usually turned into cheese. Strange as this statement may appear, however, and bearing, as it does, all the earmarks of an outrageous lie, there seems to be considerable reason for believing that it is true.

Consul Brunot of St. Etienne, under the title a new milk industry, sends home a detailed account of a business based on the extraction of casein—the cheese-making part of skim milk. After the cream has been used for butter making the casein is extracted from the milk, and, following a special treatment, used for the making of expensive paper, playing cards, stiffening textiles, as a highly nutritious powder of easy digestion, and finally for the manufacture of a hard, stony substance called galalith, which closely resembles celluloid.

The casein is hardened by means of formaldehyde. Galalith, or milk-stone, is slightly heavier than celluloid, but has two important advantages over the latter. In the first place, it is not inflamable, and, secondly, it is cheap. Combs, penholders, piano keys, buttons, cigar-holders, knife handles, and many similar articles are now manufactured from galalith. It is said to be a good insulating material, and is hence useful in certain kinds of electrical work.—New York Globe.

TO PREDICT WEATHER AND CROPS MONTHS AHEAD.

Remarkable Results Expected from Government's Study of Sun's Radiations.

On the top of a mountain of Virginia, sixty miles southwest of Washington as the clouds drift, is Mount Weather, and on its peak the meteorological experts are at work perfecting a system of long range weather forecasting so there may be fulfilled the prophecy made by Professor Willis L. Moore in New York that before long the state of the weather could be foretold accurately a month in advance. Crop forecasting will also be taken up by the weather bureau as soon as the weather forecasts have advanced satisfactorily. The importance of such foreknowledge as will enable men to forecast the harvests cannot be estimated.

Professor Moore has spoken once; now he is silent; but silent though he be to-day, it is possible to give after the manner of a layman an account of the doings of the men on Mount Weather whose minds are filled with the hope that they are about to seize the secret of the sky and sun, and by correlating them learn to know on what days it will rain or snow and on what days there will be calms or hurricanes.

The observers on Mount Weather are trying to fix the law which governs the variations from time to time of the heat which comes to the earth's atmospheric envelope from the sun. It is the effect of the sun's heat on the atmosphere which governs the weather. There is a periodicity of sun spots, and sun spots have a governing influence, so it is that the problem of the spots is being studied in connection with pressure, density and volume in the matter of the varying heat.

The theory is that if the law of all these things can once be determined, an advance can be made from mere seasonal predictions to actual diurnal forecasts. There are, of course, local influences which may war against external influences, but with study it is believed that the relations of the two can be ascertained, and that true prophecy

PROF. WILLIS L. MOORE.

concerning weather conditions for all sections of the country can be made.

Under authority of Congress the station at Mount Weather, Virginia, was established three years ago. It is devoted to meteorological research, and the plant is adapted especially to the study of atmospheric conditions. Daily on Mount Weather the study continues, and at intervals kites and balloons are sent into the upper air with automatic registering attachments for recording conditions. Temperature, moisture and air movements at great heights are ascertained by means of these balloons and kites; the absorption of solar heat by the asmosphere is measured and determination is made of the dissipation of solar light and heat. In addition to this the observers are engaged in a work which would seem to belong rather to the field of poetry than to the field of science—the analyzing of the sunbeams.

At Mount Weather, as is learned from a brief statement of the Secretary of Agriculture, the observers are studying "the relations to the atmosphere of the magnetism of the earth, the temperature of the soil and even the motions of the earth. All these phenomena have been shown to have more or less intimate connection with meteorology."

As a part of the system of experimentation which it is hoped—and believed, for that matter—will result in making long-distance forecasting possible, balloons are liberated from time to time at many of the weather stations in different parts of the country, the balloon work being in connection with that at Mount Weather. It is considered of the utmost importance that the condition of the atmosphere above the land to the greatest attainable heights should be known every day of the year, especially in the time of storms and of intense cold.

Two years ago Senator Bard of California introduced a bill in the Senate authorizing the treasurer of the United States to pay $150,000 in prizes to prophets who could give evidence that they were able to tell a month ahead whether it was to be cold or hot, or whether it was to rain or snow, or to be as dry as the bone of proverb. The bill was eleven pages long, and to the layman's eye the whole thing looked like eleven pages of humor. It was laughed out of the Senate into a committee room, and there it lies to-day.

FAMOUS FERRIS WHEEL.

Attractions of Two Great Exhibitions Now a Heap of Junk.

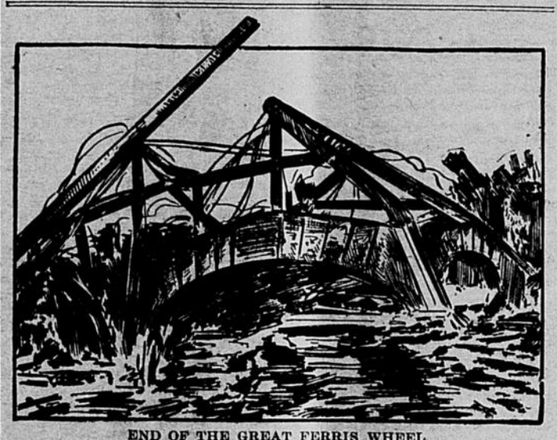
The famous Ferris wheel, which was one of the great attractions at the World's Fair at Chicago and again at the St. Louis Exhibition, was blown up by dynamite recently by the wrecking company which had purchased the salvage upon the fair grounds. The wheel weighed 4,200 tons. It had an altitude of nearly 200 feet, and when built fifteen years ago in Chicago cost $750,000. It was built to eclipse the Eiffel Tower at the Paris Exposition, and was the marvel of the world, more than 6,000,000 persons from every corner of the habitable globe having been carried in its cars.

Many have been the deaths it has caused among the workmen who have labored in the work of setting it up, taking it down and re-erecting it in the several migrations it has had in its fifteen years of existence. Daring rides have been taken upon its outer rim, on its cross-rods or upon the roofs of its cars while in motion by those who had no fear of altitudes.

Many couples longing for new thrills in the marriage ceremony have elected to be joined in wedlock in one of its cars while the great wheel slowly circled in the air.

The wheel made money for its concessionaires at the World's Columbian Exposition at Chicago in 1892, and after the close of that fair it was dismantled and set up in a summer garden in North Clark street in Chicago. It did not prove so profitable an attraction there, and before the opening of the St. Louis World's Fair it was purchased for $200,000 and re-erected on the exposition grounds.

At St. Louis it also proved a money-maker, but after the fair, although it was still in good condition, it was decided that its money getting days were over, and that it should go to the junk heap. One hundred pounds of dynamite were required to reduce the famous wheel to the condition seen in the accompanying photograph.



END OF THE GREAT FERRIS WHEEL.

RUINS OF SAN FRANCISCO'S CITY HALL.

FEARFUL SCENE OF HAVOC BY EARTHQUAKE AND FIRE.

The most striking illustration of the havoc caused by the great Pacific coast earthquake is to be found in the ruins of the City Hall, San Francisco. The fire came along afterward and did much to destroy the building, but, nevertheless, the greater part of the damage resulted from the earthquake itself. The great central tower, which is seen in the picture, was entirely stripped of the stone and brick work, exposing the steel skeleton and spiral stairway leading to the dome. The street back of the City Hall was piled high with shattered columns and portions of the upper structure. These columns for the most part were made of cast-iron, and the hollow insides were stuffed with a mixture of mortar and broken bricks. The columns were of such height that in falling, portions of them landed on the sidewalk on the opposite side of the street. The Corinthian capitals became separated from the columns in falling, and struck the street with such force as to become imbedded in the bitumen pavement.

The City Hall cost nearly $7,000,000. During the construction of the building, years ago, there were stories that inferior workmanship was done upon it. Whether or not this was true, the fact remains that the building went to pieces in the shock, and the bricks fell apart as if held together by sand instead of cement and mortar. The entire building, which stretches over nearly two blocks of ground, must be torn down.

THE PALACE OF KNOSSOS.

Archaeological Treasures Discovered Near City of Candia.

Four miles south of Candia, between the road to Arkhanes and a stream, lies a hill on which was found the prehistoric palace of Knossos, says the Chautauquan in an article on Crete. Archaeological treasures were turned up almost by the mere scratching of the surface and further digging revealed a great palace, the floor area of which, counting the different stories, covers between five and six acres. Unlike Tiryns and Mycenae in Argolis, this great Cretan site was neither fortified nor did it possess a naturally defensive position. Knossos is a luxuriant palace of somewhat oriental type, with broad corridors, spacious courts, open galleries, store rooms in which stand huge jars, three to six feet high for storing grain, oil and wine; and beneath the floor are lead-lined stone cists for the concealment of treasure.

One of the most interesting chambers is the well-preserved throne room where stands a carved stone chair—the oldest throne in Europe, says Mr. Evans. Three columns of cypress wood supported the roof; and the walls, throne, and even the floor were brilliantly colored. These wall paintings of Knossos are the very best examples of pre-classical fresco work. Among the most remarkable is a cup-bearer, the life-size figure of a boy carrying a tall funnel-shaped vase, a painted frieze with men and women in ceremonial procession, the scenes depicting women seated at palace window or wandering in the gardens. These women have been called by a clever French woman "true Parisians" because of their startling modern attire and coiffure. In one of the northern chambers a bull is modeled on the wall plaster in low relief and of nearly life-size, and from the rest of the composition it is recognized as a representation of a combat between man and bull, possibly the legendary Theseus and Minotaur.

His Own Executioner.

Naughty boys used to be sent to cut the birch rod with which the master whipped them. A most satisfying case of similar poetic justice is reported in the Paris Journal, and concerns a French architect, Monsieur Georgel.

He was sitting in his office when he heard a knock at the door, but as he desired to be alone, he took no notice, and went on with his work. A few moments later he heard a key moving in the lock. Not doubting that his visitor was a burglar, the architect armed himself with a revolver and quietly hid behind some curtains. Presently the thief entered and proceeded to rifle the room. Then suddenly he started, and grew pale. In a mirror he had seen a revolver leveled at his head from behind the curtains.

"Open the window," ordered the architect, "and shout 'Police'!"

The burglar had no alternative but to obey, and so summoned the officer, who speedily arrested him.

The woman who can argue should be man-like enough not to cry.

Act of Spartan Mother.

The wife of a well-known official in Washington holds some novel ideas with reference to the punishment of refractory children. Physical chastisement is most repugnant to this lady's mind, but she has evolved a unique system that has proved successful.

On one occasion a friend was visiting her when one of the boys had surreptitiously appropriated an orange belonging to his younger brother. The misdemeanor was discovered before the culprit had disposed of his spoil; so the youngsters were summoned to the judgment seat.

"James," was the stern command of the mother, "take this seat; and you, Thomas, that one. Now, Thomas, give James the orange you have stolen from him."

When the lads had done as they were ordered, the mother added:

"James, I want you to take as long as possible to eat that orange. You, Thomas, are to sit there and watch him eat it. Under no circumstances are you to leave the room."—Harper's Weekly.

Clerical Milk Dealer.

Sir Charles Kirkpatrick, of the English football team, was drinking milk with his luncheon in a Philadelphia hotel.

"Milk is a good drink," a visitor said.

"Yes," agreed the other, "and whenever I take it I think of a curate in Surry, near my country place. This curate had a small salary and a fine lot of cows. He decided, therefore, to open a dairy. So he rigged up a little shop and bought a wagon, and on his sign his name appeared—'John Vincent, M. A.' He was an Oxford man, you see, and proud of his degree.

"But one morning he overheard two farm hands talking before the shop.

"'Wot does the "M. A." mean on that there sign?' said the first.

"'Milk 'Awker, o' course,' the other answered."

A Home Thrust.

"I hear your newly married daughter is residing in Chicago. Does she like it?" asked Mrs. Nexdore whose daughter bangs the piano.

"No," replied Miss Pepprey, "she just hates it."

"Ah! too noisy, perhaps?"

"I guess that's it. I read in a paper the other day that there are 300,000 pianos used in Chicago."—Catholic Standard and Times.

"It don't take your father long to brush his hair, does it?" "No. Mother says his hair reminds her of a fool and his money."—Cleveland Leader.

Usually about six months after a girl marries a man to reform him she gets disgusted and throws up the job.

A cow that is a hearty eater is usually a profitable producer, providing she is liberally fed.

The kind of feeding that keeps a lot of pigs or stockers from three to six months without gain is a total loss of feed.

Because a hog is a hog is no reason why he should live all the time in a muss. He will be about the cleanest animal on the farm if you will let him.

The object to be gained in raising chickens for early market is to have them weigh from one and a half to two pounds in the shortest time possible.

The stunted pigs will make fine, fat porkers for the meat barrel next winter if singled out and penned by themselves where you can give them extra attention.

Sheep management involves the recognition of a number of details, each one of which may in itself be comparatively trivial, but the performance or neglect of which constitutes the difference between a flock successfully and disastrously managed.

It does not require a very wise man to see why seed corn bought in the ear is a good plan. The chances to go wrong are not so apparent. There is a chance to discard any ear that does not fill the bill. One can also study the type of ears.

A man never ceases to hate himself when he has permitted his policy to expire only to lose a dwelling or a barn in a few days afterward. Insurance agents usually keep tab on expirations, but sometimes they fail and as a rule it is in such instances where there is a loss.

Nothing helps out the social life on the farm as much as a country church. It causes a closer tie than mere neighborship. Then there comes all sorts of social gatherings as a result of the church relations. Anniversaries, birthdays and other occasions call for people to come together to enjoy themselves.

Under no circumstances should a miscellaneous lot of hens and cocks or cockerels run together if the eggs are to be used for hatching. Such mixtures are at the bottom of the trouble in laying, as a rule. The 150 or 200-eggs-a-year hens are not rrom eggs lain by pullets or hens that have run with a mixed lot of males, but are the product of intelligent mating along the lines specified.

System in Breeding.

It is a remarkable fact that, although we have in this country the best breeds of cattle to be found in any portion of the globe, yet the majority of farmers have no system of breeding, and use cows in the dairy that give only one-third the quantity of milk and butter that could be derived from an animal of the well-known milking and butter breeds.

Salt on Asparagus.

Increased yields of asparagus are secured at the Arkansas Experiment Station by applying common salt at the rate of 1,000 pounds to the acre. Salted areas produce 13½ per cent more than the unsalted. Salt was applied the preceding summer and the following season salt was again put on at the rate of two pounds per square yard, applied in two equal applications at intervals of twenty days.

Working Colts.

Do not wait until the plowing season begins in order to work your colts. Their shoulders should be hardened by moderate use before they are compelled to bear against the collar from morning until night, as plowing naturally necessitates. It must be recollected that in plowing, dragging, etc., there is nothing to ease the shoulders, as is the case on the road, where it is up and down hill. It is steady pulling all the time.

Fodder Corn for Horses.

Fodder corn, grown so thickly as to permit of only small nubbins forming and cured in the shock into a bright, dust-free forage, is one of the best articles available for roughage in horse feeding. The stalk and husk may be left uneaten, but the leaves are eaten with relish when offered to horses under any conditions. For stallions, broodmares, idle horses and growing colts, corn fodder or stover of good quality will be found an economical substitute for timothy hay.

The Farmer's Fruit.

It has been frequently stated by those who make a business of fruit growing that the farmer's orchard will soon be a thing of the past. They assert that the labor for caring for it and the constant warfare against fungi, insects and blight will restrict fruit production largely to the specialist; that the farmer can better devote his land and work to farm crops and buy his fruit. We don't believe in this doctrine, and this year will convince many that it is false. When farmers have to go without apples or pay present prices for them they are very likely to figure on producing their own. There is no great mystery or expense about caring for an orchard that puts it beyond the ability of any man who can run a farm. Prepare to care for the orchard. Though some expense and some study may be necessary they will also be profitable. If the farm orchard is about played out, set a new one. And if small fruits are not grown prepare to raise enough for home use. There is no more sense in a farmer buying his fruit than in buying his "garden sass" or eggs.—Exchange.

Free Rural Delivery.

The free distribution of mail to country districts costs a good deal of money, but the postal employes should not lay the blame for postal deficiency on the farmer. Residents of cities have had free delivery at the expense of the whole country for a great many years but because it is comparatively new in the country districts the howl about expense is being overworked. At the present time the farmer gets one delivery while the city man gets from two to seven or eight per day. Still certain well paid officials would have us believe that the farmer is to blame for the deficiency.—Farm and Fireside.

Experimental Station Ewes.

It is reported from the Ames (Ia.) Experiment Station farm that they have raised forty-three lambs from twenty-five ewes. At this rate the flock would soon double itself in the hands of experienced breeders, says the Farmer and Breeder. Some years ago the late "Uncle Willie" Watson, while at Turlington, Neb., managing the herds and flocks of T. W. Harvey, raised thirty-six lambs from eighteen Southdown ewes. It must be remembered that these ewes were of an especially productive breed, possibly selected for the flock because of their having previously produced twins or were themselves twins.

Climate and Crops.

The climate has much to do with the quality of the product. Years ago it was noticed that wheat from France, when cultivated in Canada, had to be acclimated before it gave satisfactory results. Climate has also an important influence on the proportion of gluten and starch in wheat, the wheat grown in a warm climate containing more gluten, proportionately, which is equivalent to a large amount of nitrogen. Wheat contains the largest amount of gluten in proportion when it is ripe. In an experiment made with a variety it was found that when wheat was cut eighteen days before it was ripe it contained only 6 per cent of gluten, but when fully ripe it contained 12 per cent; but, as gluten is not quite as white as starch, it will follow that when wheat is cut a little before it is dead ripe it will make a whiter flour than when it is cut at a later period, but it will be less nutritious and less in quantity. These conditions are, however, subject to the variety of wheat and the climate and soil.

Horse Values Up Again.

The whirligig of time has brought horse values to high tide again. They are no longer killed for their hides, as reported from the extensive horse-breeding ranches on the Western plains. Neither is the buyer at a public sale of horses who bids off "lot—" informed that several more head goes with the animal led out. The buyers are making dates for taking in horses, and urging farmers to bring whatever they have to sell in this line. Blemishes that a few years ago would have depreciated the value greatly are passed by with slight remarks and prices are higher than ever before. It would seem as if the horse had come to his own again with an era of prosperity at hand. The sad feature of the whole thing is the unpreparedness of farmers generally to benefit by existing conditions. The temptation to sell a proven, or promising, brood mare is too great for most to withstand. And thus it happens that the normal improvement which should follow the continued use of good sires is not attained; so that considerable loss is the result.

Use the Egg Tester.

If one is having the first experience with an incubator, he had best get an egg tester with the machine and use it strictly in accordance with directions. If no tester is had, make one or use the hand. The way to test the fertility of an egg is to take it into a dark room, which is fairly warm, so that the egg will not become chilled; have a lamp or candle in the room and also a perfectly fresh egg. The eggs to be tested should have been in the incubator or under the hen for seven or eight days. Now take the fresh eggs in the hand or between the thumb and finger, encircling it, and hold it between the eyes and the light.

It will appear to be almost transparent; more so if it is a white shell egg than if a dark one. Look at it closely and it will be the same all through. Now take the egg that has been in the process of incubation for seven or eight days and look at it closely in the same way. If it is fertile you will observe a dark spot floating around in the otherwise almost transparent matter; this is the germ which is in the process of growth. A little practice will enable any one to test eggs for fertility readily and accurately.—Exchange.

Avoid Cheap Fertilizers.

It is hard for the man who has depended upon stable manures for years to pay what seems to him the very high prices asked for commercial fertilizers, and, perhaps, it is quite natural for him to buy the cheaper grades, thinking to save something on the transaction. This is a serious mistake, and one he must pay for by a reduced crop, so that in the end his cheap fertilizer has been more expensive than if he had bought the highest-price article on the market. If one is not acquainted with the needs of his crop or rather of his soil it is a safe plan to buy the "complete" fertilizers which are planned on the basis of furnishing the average amount of each of the three essential plant foods required by most crops.

If one understands that his soil requires an application of potash in excess of nitrogen and phosphoric acid, let him buy a fertilizer so manufactured, but in all cases buy of a reliable manufacturer and pay his price. It is quite true that the price of from $40 to $50 a ton seems more than the stuff is worth, but remember that the same argument holds good with the cheaper fertilizer, and even more so because the necessary bulk must be made up of "filler," so-called, which is usually of some material having little commercial value and less fertilizing value.

Some years ago a wealthy city man, who owns a farm near the writer, asked him to demonstrate this idea at his expense, and he furnished the money for a ton of fertilizer for each of four acres, the fertilizer ranging from $22 to $45 a ton. The same crop was raised on each acre, and the results demonstrated for him, as they will for any one, the fallacy of buying cheap fertilizers.