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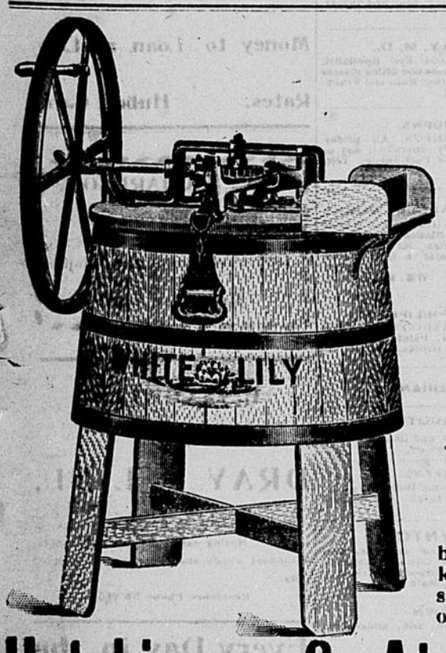

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J. J. Ingalls' Rhapsody on Grass.

Next in importance to the divine profusion of water, light and air, those three great physical facts which render existence possible, may be reckoned the universal beneficence of grass. Exaggerated by the tropical heat and vapors to the gigantic cane congested with its saccharine secretion, or dwarfted by polar rigors to the fibrous hair of Northern solitutes, embracing between these extremes the maize with its resolute pennons, the rice plant of Southern swamps, the wheat, rye, barley, oats, and other cerials, no less than the humble verdure of hillside, pasture and prairie in the temperate zone, grass is the most widely distributed of all vegetable beings, and is at once a type of our life and the emblem of our mortality. Lying in the sunshine among the buttercups and dandelions of May, scarcely higher in intelligence than the minute tenants of that mimic wilderness, our earliest recollections are of grass; and when the fitful fever is ended, and the foolish wrangle of the market and forum is closed, grass heals over the scar which our descent into the bosom of the earth has made, and the carpet of the infant becomes the blanket of the dead.

Grass is the forgiveness of Nature—her constant benediction. Fields trampled with battle, saturated with blood, torn with the ruts of cannon, grow green again with grass, and carnage is forgotten. Streets abandoned by traffic become grass grown like rural lanes, and are obliterated. Forests decay, harvests perish, flowers vanish, but grass is immortal. Beleaguered by the sullen hosts of winter, it withdraws into the impregnable fortress of its subterrnean vitality and emerges upon the first solicitation of spring. Sown by the winds, by wandering birds, propagated by the subtle horticulture of the elements which are its ministers and servants, it softens the rude outline of the world. Its tenacious fibers hold the earth in its place, and prevents its soluble components from washing into the wasting sea. It invades the solitudes of deserts, climbs the inaccessible slopes and forbidden pinnacles of mountains, modifies climates and determines the history, character and destiny of nations. Unobtrusive and patient, it has immortal vigor and aggression. Banished from the thoroughfare and the fields, it bides its time to return, and when vigilance is relaxed, or the dynasty has perished, it silently resumes the throne from which it has been expelled, but which it never abdicates. It bears no blazonry of bloom to charm the senses with fragrance or splendor, but its homely hue is more enchanting than the lily or the rose. It yields no fruit in earth or air, and yet, should its harvest fail for a single year, famine would depopulate the world.

Have Railroad Men Learned Their Lesson.

Is it not high time for railroad men themselves to read clearly the handwriting on the wall, and to comprehend what is so apparent to almost every one else in the country? Through their powerful influences at Washington they spent the entire winter and spring in trying to obstruct legislation that was essential to their own permanent welfare, at the very time when they should have applied their energies to setting their houses in order and preparing themselves for a new period of railroad management as free from abuses as vigilance could possibly secure. In the end, their obstructive tactics all failed, and the Senate itself added amendment after amendment to the Hepburn bill, to make it more sweeping and severe than it was when it came up from the House of Representatives. So much has happened, however, within a month or two that one seems to be dealing with history rather than with current events. Railroad managers are no longer disposed to be obstructive. The period of reform and regeneration has fairly set in.—From "The Progress of the World," in the American Monthly Review of Reviews for July.

It takes a great deal of brain work to kill a man; in fact, other things being equal, the man who keeps his brain constantly occupied is much more likely to live long in the land than the man who leads a mentally stagnant life. The brain not only needs exercise, but demands it if its owner is to keep well; the medical authorities go so far as to say that it should never be allowed to rest except during sleep. It is a notorious fact that statesmen, lawyers, writers and others who do much mental work not only live longer but are far less liable to insanity than agricultural laborers, whose lives are spent underwhat seem to be much more healthy conditins

The Commoner in an editorial reference to the democratic platform of 1896 and the one of 1908, says that "ancient animosities should not be aroused or factional controversy encouraged The democratic platform of 1896 represented, as it does today, the real conservatism of the country. The money question will not be discussed in detail again, but the democratic platform for 1908 will be written in the same spirit which controlled the man who drafted the largely vindicated declaration of 1896."

THE IDEAL LIFE.

'Tis nothing that God within the world
Withholds the revelation which we seek,
Man's ignorance of life and death is what
It should be. Born to struggle and progress,
His limitations make his destiny
To him the knowledge that he should possess
Is given—wisdom bounded by his sphere.
We stand but darkly on the outer edge
Of matter, force and mind and feel no more
of their transcendent power than he who spors
Along the shore feels the throbing sea.
Tremendous is the force that still expends
Itself to swing the earth around the sun
As through the ages which outreach the stretch
Of furthest fancy; yet we feel it not.
The seasons silently unfold themselves
And dreamlike glide away the days and years,
Time's snowflakes heaping up the centuries.
A mighty presence vibrates through the whole
Vast fabric of the universe. The leaves
That flutter in the wind are swayed by it;
The storm that twists and rends the giant oak,
While flares the lightning that might wreck a world,
Is but its momentary playfulness.
It cast the earth, a spark, from out the sun,
Just as a child might whirl a top and when
Its course is run 'twill fall obedient back
Into the mass of whose immensity
Imagination can but faintly dream.
And all we see is but an outer skin
Behind which dwells the true, eternal One,
Unchanging cause of change, unseen, unfelt.
The veil of matter hangs 'twixt him and us.
The human mind is as a glass and can
Reflect the tangible alone. We feel
The force of matter, but the Force of Force,
The Cosmic Artisan, is as remote
From us as if he were not Still we know
He must exist and all that he has done
Or does is for the best. And thus by hope
Not too much buoyed nor by despair cast down
Our lives should flow from day to day and year
To year e'en as a stream whose ripples are
But scarcely seen until all silently
It mingles with the sea from which it came.
—JAMES ARMSTRONG.

A Balanced Ration for the Calf.

Calves that will be steers and milk cows two years from now are being fed by the thousands on skim-milk. What kind of steers they will make and what kind of cows they will become depends partly on the breeding, but to quite a considerable extent on the kind of a ration they are fed for the next three or four months.

There is nothing better than the ration which nature provided, but unfortunately the farmer on one hundred dollar land cannot afford to feed his calves in nature's way. As a rule that would cost him more than they are worth on the market.

In the dairy sections calves are raised on skim-milk, and the result will depend not on the amount of skim-milk that is fed, but on the way in which it is balanced. For the first ten days the calf should have nothing but the mother's milk. For tho next ten days or two weeks it should gradually be put upon a skim-milk ration. As soon as it has a grain and grass stomach it should be given all the grass it wants, or good, bright clover and timothy hay, and these feeds balanced up with a carbonaceous feed. The best and the cheapest is corn meal for the young calf, and shelled corn for the calf six weeks old and over. Why? In milk nature provides a balanced ration, but in running it through the separator, or removing the cream in any other way, you take out the fat. This must be supplied, and the carbohydrates of corn prove an excellent substitute for the fat of the milk.

This milk should be fed as sweet as posible and about the temperature of the cow, or about 100 degrees. It should be fed in clean throughs. It can then be balanced up with shelled corn fed in a clean trough.

Many farmers, of course, shake their heads and bring out the old saw "when creameries come in good calves go out," but it is none the less true that hundreds and thousands of farmers have shown themselves fully capable of developing a calf raised on skim-milk that can not be distinguished in the feed lot from the calf that has run with the cow and been fed in nature's way.

The mistake farmers make in raising skim-milk calves are feeding the skim-milk sweet one day and sour another, feeding irregularly, and feeding it without a balance. If the calf does not do well they double the skim-milk ration, and it naturally does worse; becomes spindle-shanked and pot-bellied; and after two or three months' treatment of this kind cannot by any means, however skillful, be developed into a first-class steer.

Another mistake they make is in feeding oil meal as a balance for skim-milk. Instead of correcting the balance, it makes it more unbalanced still, for skim-milk and oil meal are both highly albuminous or nitrogenous products. The skim-milk itself has this element in excess. Neither will oats or barley or wheat, no matter how manipulated, balance the ration.

Skim-milk can be balanced by corn or Kaffir corn. These are the cheapest and also the best. Therefore if your calf is not doing well, don't double the amount of skim-milk and make it do worse, but divide the skim-milk between the calf and the pig, and divide the pig's corn between the pig and the calf. For corn alone is as unbalanced a ration for the young and growing pig as skim-milk for the calf. On the ordinary farm the calf needs what the pig gets in excess; and on the average farm where dairying is followed the pig needs what the calf gets in excess. Divide their rations, and you will benefit both.—Wallace's Farmer.

Fattening Chicks.

There is probably no animal on the farm that is capable of making more economical use of food consumed than is a young pullet or a cockerel. As a general rule farmers market their pullets and cockerels before they are in their best condition for marketing. They should be fed for at least three weeks prior to shipment. In the corn belt there is probably no grain better adapted for fattening chicks than corn. During the first two weeks of the feeding period, however, it is well to mix with it more or less of animal food. Some of the large poultry feeders use as much as 20 per cent of animal food mixed with the grain ration. It is questionable whether such a large quantity can be used with economy on the average farm, for the reason that intensive feeding is seldom practical, and the consequent needed care is not usually given, but as much as 10 per cent of animal food mixed with the corn ration should give good results.

For fattening purposes it is better to feed ground corn and, if possible, to moisten it with milk. Milk is rich in protein matter and helps balance the ration. The last week or ten days of the feeding period corn may be fed to the exclusion of all other feeds. Bear in mind that when feeding chicks for the market they should not have too much exercise. During the first two weeks they may run about in a comparatively small yard, but during the last week or ten days better results will be secured if chicks are penned up in very small pens where they can practically secure no exercise at all. Some of the large English feeders allow their chicks no exercise whatever. They feed them on the intensive plan, and in many cases use what is called cramming method. For two weeks they feed the chicks all they will eat of ground feed, such as hulled oats and barley mixed with milk, and as soon as the appetite of the chicks wanes they force the feed nto their crops by means of a machine especially constructed for ithat purpose. In this way it is claimed that more rapid gains are secured and the meat of such chickens is also very tender and juicy.—Farmers Tribune.

Tree peddlers are entitled to take high rank among the champion liars. One of them is telling guileless Kentuckians that his nursery buds an October peach seedling, which causes them to bloom late, escaping cold snaps and late frosts. The story would work better if it were not so well known that the blooming of trees is regulated from the bottom and not the top.—American Farmer.

Let the Children Play.

It is too often true of the unhappy children who are forced to rise too early in their classes that they are conceited all the forenoon of life and stupid all its afternoon: The vigor and freshness which should have been stored up for the purposes of the hard struggle for existence in practical life have been washed out of them by precocious mental debauchery—by gluttony and lesson bibbing. Their faculties are worn out by the strain put upon them before manhood has dawned and they are demoralized by worthless childish triumphs before the real work of life begins. I have no compassion for sloth, but youth has more need for intellectual rest than age, and the cheerfulness, the tenacity of purpose, the power of work, which make many a successful man what he is, must often be placed to the credit not of his hours of industry, but to that of his hours of idleness in boyhood.—Huxley.

Rogers as a Story Teller.

Charles Dickens used to describe the way in which Samuel Rogers, the poet, told dinner table stories when grown old and feeble. A manservant stood behind Rogers' chair and at appropriate intervals would thus admonish his master: "Tell Mr. Dickens, sir, the story of the Hon. Charles Townshend and the beautiful Miss Curzon." The old poet would start in a slow chant: "The Hon. Charles Townshend became enamored of Miss Curzon. She was beeyewtiful. He be-ribed her maid to conceal him in her chee-amber and when she arrived to dress for a ball emerged from his hiding place. She looked at him fixedly, then said, 'Why don't you begin?' She took him for the 'air-dresser."

Two Ways of Putting It.

Two groups of persons were seated in a railway station, according to Lippincott's Magazine. One consisted of a fashionably attired pair, the other of a pair who looked as if they were from the country. They had been there only a few minutes when a girl came in whose complexion was as nearly perfect as anything in this world ever is. While she was buying her ticket the young man remarked to the ladies with him:

"Isn't Miss Cransford a beauty? Her complexion is as perfect as a rose."

At the same time the other man clutched his wife's arm and whispered:

"Lord, Nan, hasn't that gal got a purty hide?"

Sterne and Garrick.

Sterne, who had the reputation of treating his wife very badly, was one day talking to Garrick in a sentimental way in praise of conjugal fidelity and love. "The husband," he declared, "who behaves unkindly to his wife deserves to have his house burned over his head."

"In that case," replied Garrick, "I hope your house is insured."

An Exception.

"Which is the first and most important sacrament?" asked a Sunday school teacher of a girl preparing for confirmation. "Marriage," was the prompt response. "No, baptism is the first and most important sacrament," the teacher corrected. "Not in our family," said the pupil haughtily. "We are respectable."

Precisely Located.

"Where were the kings of England crowned?" was the question on an examination paper.

"On their heads," wrote a boy in the space left for the answer.

No gentleman ever finds it necessary to proclaim his character in the assertion that he is a gentleman.—Duluth News-Tribune.

Just the Thing.

Young Lady (to clerk in bookstore)—I am looking for something suitable for an old gentleman who has been married fifty years. Can you suggest something? Clerk (promptly)—"A Half Century of Conflict."—Life.

As long as the heart is young and the thought is youthful old age cannot touch you.—Success Magazine.

Ants Kill a Rattler.

A hunter tells an interesting story of the way in which a colony of red ants put to death a rattlesnake which dared to disturb their abode. He was out hunting when he saw the rattler and started to put a load of shot into the reptile when he noticed that it was headed straight for an ant hill of unusual size and waited to watch the proceedings. It had hardly got halfway across the mound when a big red ant hastened to the attack and sank his nippers into the snake's body. In less than two minutes he was joined by the whole colony, which practically covered the whole body of the rattler, each one sinking its scissors-like blades into the intruder's body. The snake began to thrash and squirm, but the ants held on like bulldogs. The rattler's fury grew so great that he sank his fangs into his own body, then straightened out after a few more convulsive efforts to get away and was dead in less than ten minutes after the first ant had mounted his body.—Kansas City Journal.

Should Have Been Put Otherwise.

An esteemed Perthshire minister was visiting a burly parishioner suffering from the "mulligrubs," or "Effie Lindsay." The strong man was intensely irritated at being attacked by disease, and he greeted his minister thus: "Weel, Messjohn, I thocht ye wad never come. I ken ye are busy wi' thinkin' whatna fresh notion ye can gie huz on the Sawbath, and I ken ye maundung yer brains—as I jalose—by readin' a' the bit bookies ye can come by to hae a crap o' profitable notions for a'body. Sit ye doon, sir, in the big chair, and, Janet, gie Mr. Pottedhead a whang o' gouda cheese, a souple scone and the grunds o' the greybeard. The bite and sup will keep his hoast, puir stock. Noo, sir, it's baith lamentable and awfae, but this is the first illness I have ever had in a' my born days. I tell ye, my first illness!" "Well," replied the minister, in a voice meant to be plangent with suppressed emotion, "I most earnestly hope it may be your last."—Dundee Advertiser.

Honeymoon Reading.

The house had quieted after the wedding. Mother and Aunt Mary were in the parlor talking it over.

"So it's over," said Aunt Mary, smiling into mother's eyes.

"Yes," said mother bravely, although a little tearfully, "it's over—and begun."

"They'll be happy, I'm sure."

"Yes. They are very well suited to each other."

"Very. I could see that. They both have studious habits."

"Yes. But, Mary"—mother paused, and the gleam of mischief evoked by Aunt Mary sooner than anybody else darted into her eyes—"Mary, they can't have much sense of humor. Though it's [illegible]"

"Why not?"

"Do you know what she took to read on their wedding journey? Stevenson's 'Travels With a Donkey.'"—Tit-Bits.

Give Your Horse More Water.

Water should be before horses at all times when indoors, and at least no meal should ever be offered and no night lights ever turned out until every animal has had his chance at as many brimming buckets as he will take, says the Outing Magazine. The shy drinker may be tempted by many artifices, like mixing a little molasses, or salt, or oatmeal, or flaxseed jelly, or bran, etc., with the water, and constantly varying the flavor. Horses may even have all they want right after feeding, provided they have not been deprived of water for some time previous. Many shy drinkers, like shy feeders, who are generally nervous, take all nourishment best at night, when it is dark and quiet, and morning finds the empty manger and bucket which it had seemed, by day, almost nauseated them.

Nelson In Wolsey's Tomb.

Lord Nelson's sarcophagus in St. Paul's cathedral has been aptly described as a secondhand national tomb, for it was originally constructed for another great Englishman, Cardinal Wolsey. Wolsey had cherished an ambition to be buried within the precincts of Windsor castle and caused his sarcophagus to be carved by one of the most famous sculptors of his time. But Wolsey died in disgrace, and the sarcophagus remained empty at Windsor until Nelson's death, when it was thriftily employed to hold the remains of the hero of Tratalgar.

Old Tue Punishment.

In "Pike's History of Crimes," volume 1, page 226, is found the following copy of the sentence of an old time traitor: "It is the order of the court that for your treason you be drawn and hanged and beheaded and that your heart, bowels and entrails from whence come your traitorous thoughts, be torn out and burned to ashes and that the ashes be scattered to the four winds and that your body be afterwards cut into four quarters."

A Disintegrated Group.

"What did the girl do when her father discovered them eloping?"

"She burst into tears."

"What did the young man do?"

"Oh, he went all to pieces."

"What did the old man do?"

"He! Why, he exploded with rage and blew them both up."—Louis Post-Dispatch.

Daring and Dexterous.

For a feat of dexterity and nerve it would be difficult to surpass that of the Bosjesman of South Africa, who walks quietly up to a puff adder and deliberately sets his bare foot on its back. In its struggles to escape and attempt to bite its assailant the poison gland secretes a large amount of the venom. This is just what the Bosjesman wants. Killing the snake, he eats the body and uses the poison for his arrows.

Lowell's Motto.

In a eulogy which appeared in the Century Magazine just after Lowell's death are these words: "This is Lowell's legacy as a patriot, not the sentiment, 'My country, right or wrong,' but 'My country—it shall never be wrong if I can help it.'"

No Disguise.

Husband (admiringly)—There's no use trying to disguise the fact that you are smarter than I am, my dear. Wife (complacently)—The fact, my love, has never been in disguise among those who know us.

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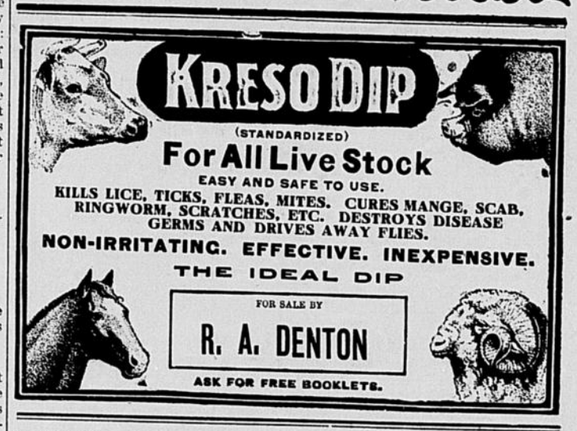

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