There is nothing so fascinating to the man in whom there lingers something of the romantic aspirations acquired by an early perusal of "Robinson Crusoe" as the possession of an island. To be, like Alexander Selkirk, 'monarch of all he surveys" has its attractions to the person who longs for some olden-time adventure. Already there are several "Island Monarchs" in the world, who find the life not only delightful but even profitable, and others now have a similar opportunity to become emperors on a small scale.

Three islands, which are "in the market," are Melville Island, a satellite of Australia, lying about twenty miles northeast of Port Darwin; Washington Island, lying in the Pacific a few degrees north of the Equator, and Lundy Island, which is in the Bristol Channel. Fanning Island, which is near Washington, has just been sold in London to a man named Greig.

If one desires rest and quiet, he would probably choose to make himself king of either Fanning or Washington Island, but he would have to take his subjects with him, for, apart from some officials and some imported South Sea Islanders on Fanning Island, the two isles are uninhabited. If, on the other hand, the aspirant for kingship wants real adventure, Melville Island will probably fill the bill. There the new "king" will find a hardy race of savage blacks and a land overrrun with big game, including 10,000 buffalo. The strenuous life is the only one that has a foothold there, and an energetic conqueror can find "something doing" every minute.

Although Fanning and Washington Islands were discovered by Captain Edmund Fanning, an American sailor, they are British possessions. Unless the demand for coral necklaces becomes more insistent than it has been for a hundred years or so, the islands will have little value so far as their natural production is concerned, so whether the Union Jack or the Stars and Stripes float over these micronesia is a matter of no serious importance. It must be admitted, however, that they have some strategic value, for they lie almost on the course of steamships from Hawaii to New Zealand, and Fanning Island is at present a station of one of the "all-British" cables.

This fact has caused some heartburnings among patriots in Australia and Great Britain. They have sounded an alarm. They have written to their newspapers, and have described the sale as "amazing." At this stage, the High Commissioner of the Western Pacific relieved all the agitated minds by declaring the purchaser of the islands must hold them subject to the rights of the British Crown and the territorial rights of the Pacific Cable Board.

Fanning Island, the most important of the Fanning group, which also includes Palmyra, Washington and Christmas Islands, was discovered by Captain Fanning in 1798. The same year he saw Washington Island for the first time, and named it for the American general and patriot. Christmas Island, the most southerly and easterly of the group, was discovered by the English navigator, Captain Cook. Fanning and Washington Islands were afterward occupied by Gregg and Bignall, two adventurers, who claimed possession by occupation. At the time of the laying of the British Pacific cable an agreement was reached between the British and American governments by which the former acquired the sovereignty.

The Fanning group is of coral foundation, being the caps of peaks of a submarine range of mountains, having a general direction of from northwest to southeast. Fanning Island is really composed of three islands grouped around a lagoon. Its general shape is that of an oyster. English Harbor is at the western end of the southernmost island. Here is located the cable station and the settlement. Melville Island has an area of more than 7,000 square miles. At its greatest breadth it is about 110 miles across, and its greatest length is about the same.

Anticosti Island, at the mouth of the St. Lawrence River, which was purchased for $125,000 by M. Henri Menier, the 'chocolate king," a few years ago, is about half the size of Melville Island. M. Menier soon found that he was not "king" in his island, for the British government interfered when he attempted to raise the French flag and give the impression that it was the territory of the French Republic. It remains, however, that as owner of the island he has sufficient power to govern it very much as he chooses.

Although the proprietor of Anticosti has already spent almost $5,000,000 on his improvements, it is admitted he has a bargain. The lobster fisheries are considered of great value; the enormous forests of spruce trees are alone worth the money, and in addition to this he has a fine game preserve, which, with a party of friends, he visits every year.—Montreal Star.

THE WIND.

I saw you toss the kites on high
And blow the birds about the sky;
And all around I heard you pass,
Like ladies' skirts across the grass—
O wind, a-blowing all day long,
O wind, that sings so loud a song!

I saw the different things you did,
But always you yourself you hid.
I felt you push, I heard you call,
I could not see yourself at all—
O wind, a-blowing all day long,
O wind, that sings so loud a song!

O you that are so strong and cold,
O blower, are you young or old?
Are you a beast of field and tree,
Or just a stronger child than me?
O wind, a-blowing all day long,
O wind, that sings so loud a song!
—Robert Louis Stevenson.

THE ONLY WAY

OF course it was planned beforehand, he knew who would do it best, I'm sure, and perhaps if the girls had known what the prize was to be, they would have tried harder for it, although I think none of us would have gotten that one.

It came about this way: Ten of us girls have a sewing club and meet once a week. We do not accomplish much, Ned says, because we do too much gossipping, but then, Ned is horrid, anyway.

Right across the way young Dr. Thornton has his office, and on a warm day when the windows were open, he could hear everything we said, but we did not realize that until afterward. We were all slightly acquainted with him and were dying to know him better—he is awfully good-looking, you know, but all taken up with his work, which made him even more attractive to us.

One day we were busy as bees—if not with fingers, with our chattering—when the door opened, and in walked Dr. Thornton. He held a bundle in his hand, and after greeting us, he walked up to Maude, who is our president (although how he knew I didn't find out until later), and said: "Miss Williams, I have rather a peculiar request to make, but perhaps you will overlook its peculiarity, as you know I am a 'lone bachelor.' I am in an even more lonely state than usual, as my housekeeper is away, and there is no one to do my mending for me. This bundle contains ten pairs of socks which need mending most awfully (the girls looked scandalized), and it struck me to-day that possibly as yours was a sewing club, you would take pity on the 'lone bachelor' and each darn a pair for me, perhaps one pair each will not be too much of a tax on you, and I shall not need them until next week."

Of course we could not refuse, for his loneliness and (apparent) helplessness appealed to us.

The doctor stayed long enough for us to feel that he was not so unapproachable as he had seemed. I remembered afterward that he never once looked toward Claire or spoke to her during his stay. Claire is our shy one, with the great brown eyes and dusky hair with a touch of sunshine in it—we call her our wood anemone—the most domestic of us all.

The doctor started to go, but turned back and said, as in after-thought, "I never thought about payment." We all protested, horrified at his wishing to pay for what we "considered a pleasure." "Well," said he, "since you refuse payment, I will let you do the work on one condition—that the one who darns her pair the neatest shall accept a prize, and will take whatever I offer for a prize—of whatever value." We agreed to this, and he said, laughing, "Will you consider this promise binding?" We promised solemnly that we would, laughing all the while, as we thought it all an excellent joke.

The next week when we met we compared our work, and Claire's mending, as we expected, was so daintily done that you could hardly tell where the darns were.

Then the doctor came in, and when we showed him the socks he declared Claire's the best, and said that the prize was not quite ready, but begged to be allowed to call on Miss Claire that evening to bestow it upon her. She reluctantly said that he might, and the doctor suggested a meeting next day, in order that we might (his eyes twinkling wickedly) see how we liked the prize. So next day we met, all eager to see what the mysterious prize was to be.

In about half an hour the door opened and the doctor and Claire came in together, he looking very happy and Claire blushing divinely, but looking not less happy, and what do you suppose?

The doctor said: "Last night I went to Miss Claire's home with the prize, intending to bestow it upon her, but when she saw what it was she very strongly declined to take it. I used all sorts of persuasions, telling her that she had promised faithfully to take whatever was offered, of whatever value. At first she said she had not said a word of promise, but I held, and you will all agree with me I know, that the class had promised for her as well as for themselves. Last evening I had to give up in despair, but asked her to sleep on it, and I should return in the morning to see if she did not think it would be better to accept the prize after all, saying also that we had promised to show it to the class this afternoon, and must not disappoint them.

"It took a long time, but I have finally persuaded Claire to accept this very poor prize—myself—but perhaps she can utilize it in some way, or make it over."

We girls were breathless, as we never even suspected that they were more than acquaintances, but it turned

PERSUADED CLAIRE TO ACCEPT THE PRIZE.

out that the doctor had loved Claire for ever so long, but she had held him at a distance, so that he never got a chance to tell of his love. One day the doctor had been standing at the window, and overheard the girls talking about the neatness of Claire's work, when she was mending a tear in Louise's gown. He decided to take advantage of this knowledge, and took this way to get a chance to offer himself to Claire—you see, he was pretty sure who would get the prize. It was very clever of him, I think.

That is all. The wedding is to be the first of next month, and the doctor insists that the girls shall all be bridesmaids, but I cannot, because, you see, Ned wants me to make it next month, so it may be a double wedding.—Boston Post.

Why Ice Floats in Water.

Water is the sole exception to the otherwise universal law that all cooling bodies contract and therefore increase in density.

Water contracts as its temperature falls, and therefore becomes heavier and sinks until it reaches thirty-nine degrees. At this temperature water is the heaviest. This is the point of its maximum density. From this point it begins to expand. Therefore in winter, although the surface may be freezing at a temperature of thirty-two degrees, the water at the bottom of the pool is six or seven degrees warmer.

Suppose that water, like everything else, had gone on contracting as it cooled until it reached the freezing point. The heaviest water would have sunk to the lowest place and there become ice. Had the water when at the bottom turned into ice, the stones would have locked it in their interstices and held it there, and before the winter was over the whole pool would be entombed in clear, beautiful crystal.

Little Satisfaction.

"Here, you!" growled the fat man in the corner seat of the crowded car, "my feet are not there to stand on!"

"That's so," replied the quiet offender; "since you're sitting down you don't need 'em for that purpose, do you?"—Catholic Standard and Times.

SECRET OF THE PYRAMIDS.

American Engineer Says the Tools Found Explain Construction.

A Brooklyn engineer of note who spent several years in Egyptian exploration is of opinion that the mystery of the pyramids has been solved. The most extraordinary pictures showing 200,000 men hauling on a rope to raise a 200,000-pound stone into its proper niche near the pinnacle of old Cheops is familiar to all of us. Theories as to the mode of construction are legion. But all the engineering logic and experience of to-day and for the last 100 years have failed to cast more than a shadow over the mystery. Piazzi Smith thought he knew all about it, but nothing of a practical nature has come of his researches.

It is singular that our wise men did not think of examining with critical eye the tools found in the catacombs. The old saw—a workman is known by his tools. Our Brooklynite says that the tools are not those of rock masons nor mere plasterers' implements for filling the cracks between stones, but are plainly the crude Egyptian plant of operatives engaged in mixing and laying cement. What a splendid patch of sand they had as a foundation for their cement!

Cement is the coming building material. Railroads are renewing their steel, iron and stone piers, abutments, culverts, etc., with it, and it is expected to last forever. No great skill is required in manipulating it. There are no chiseling, hammering, doweling, no heavy lifting with derricks, no misfits. The industry has already grown to enormous proportions. Drop a sack of dry cement to the bottom of a river and in a few minutes you will have a solid stone that will never wear away. Drop 1,000 sacks on top of it and round it and presently you will have a foundation that will sustain for all time a million-ton bridge.—New York Press.

WHERE PRESIDENTS REST.

What to Do with Bodies of Chief Executives Is a Question.

The proposal of the descendants of Andrew Johnson that the Federal government should take his last resting place as a national cemetery of the fourth class suggests a new obligation to our Presidents. What shall we do with our ex-Presidents has long been a familiar topic of after-dinner discussion wherever any surviving members of the craft have gathered, says the Boston Transcript. What to do with the bodies of our Presidents has not before become a national question. A wholesome sentiment directs that their graves should not be neglected. The efforts which are expended abroad upon memorials to distinguished rulers, notably the Albert memorial in London, the grave of Napoleon in Paris, the Pantheon in Rome, to say nothing of the pyramids, contrast noticeably with the democratic simplicity which has allowed so many of our Presidents to lie in the country graveyards where the "fathers of the hamlet sleep."

Three stages are already apparent in American practice regarding the last resting places of our Presidents. Seven of them lie in what was originally private grounds of their old-fashioned estates, in accordance with the custom of their time. These are: Washington at Mount Vernon, which is visited by thousands of tourists annually; Jefferson at Monticello, Jackson on a part of the Hermitage near Nashville; Polk in the garden of his home near the same city; Taylor in the Taylor family cemetery, five miles from Louisville, Ky., which is a part of the old farm where he was born, and Andrew Jackson, whose remains have rested on Monument hill, near Greenville, Tenn., where the monument is pointed out from the windows of passing trains.

Nerve.

"Mr. Farsyte sent me over to ask you if you'd lend him your umbreller?" said the boy.

"Certainly," replied Sububbs; "but what does he want with it? It isn't raining."

"No, sir; but he said it was pretty sure to be rainin' some day soon, and he'd need it then."—Catholic Standard and Times.

A Mistake.

"The mills of the gods grind slowly."

"Not on your life if they are gallery fights."—Baltimore American.

A country woman's idea of shiftlessness is to see a man doing nothing during harvest time.

Tour of Europe

After Munich the traveler usually takes in Switzerland by way of Zurich, reaching Uetliberg, where there is a big tourist hotel. In the morning there is a climb for breakfast to the restaurant at the Uto-Kuhn, beneath a big marble obelisk. The view from here shows the lake of Zurich and a zigzag horizon line from the snow-clad Sentis to the distant Jungfrau, one peak after another revealing itself in splendor. Far on the southwest, beyond the hidden lake of Thru, curves the bell shaped top of Stockhorn, with the long crest of the Rigi in the foreground, and the rugged mass of Pilatus almost isolated from the surrounding heights. On the west the Jura sperads to the great spurs near Aaran. The Vosges peaks beyond are cloaked in mist. Northward is the Black Forest, near a cluster of volcanic peaks.

It is a sight to remember always; mountain peaks and mountain hollows, labyrinths of valleys; dazzling whites, soft pinks, and purples, the silvery sheen of snow in masses, and of clouds above that seem to be all filled with shining light. Below the line where whiteness ends are greens—light, dark, gray, yellowish greens—as the mist floating up from the valleys partially hides the hills, or the sun pouring down from above discloses their vesture. The Alpine fever has the traveler in its clutches; he wants to climb among these mountains, to know them, to subdue them.

All tourists visit Zug, the little capital of Switzerland, and the Lake of Zug, which is a blue lake, most of the other lakes being green. There is much that is interesting on every hand. There are strong buildings, fine apple orchards, handsome schools, condensed milk factories, tooth-wheeled railways and landslide and avalanche presentations. Then comes Lucerne, the lion city of the Alps. It is reached by way of the lake of the Four Forest Cantons, which is shaped like a cross. Its shores are familiar to history as the scenes of the exploits of William Tell, and at the base of the Axenberg is a narrow ledge of rock whereon Tell's chapel stands, built on the spot where the great Swiss liberator sprang out of Gessler's boat. Bern is the seat of the Swiss government, and here debates and rulings are held alike in French and German. This city is more mediaeval in aspect than any town in Switzerland, being a quaint old place of queer houses and of queerer fountains that date from the sixteenth century. It has a curious old clock, a sight really worth waiting for. First, a cock crows, flapping its wings as if it meant never to stop; then, two minutes before the hour, a solemn troop of chunky bears march in slow procession around a sitting figure of a man, who at the proper moment strikes the hour with a small hammer, while a second little man turns an hour glass upside down. The heraldic bear is everywhere in Bern, for from that animal the city gets its name.

Interlaken is headquarters for excursions into the Oberland, and from here the first good view of the great mountain wonder, the Jungfrau, is obtainable. She is all marvelous, not massive and forbidding, but great and white compared with other mountains; it is easy to comprehend why she is called "the maiden."

The designation holds the potent poetry of truth. About the outlines of her virgin whiteness there is a grace of femininity, there is a pleasing roundness in the grand simplicity of her statuesque repose. She has one rival only in the neighborhood, the great Aletsch, mightiest of all the glaciers in the Alps, beautiful exceedingly, whether gazed upon from above or from below.

A cog and pinion road leads to Lauterbrunnen, and then transfers passengers to a car on an inclined plane that seems to rise vertically for three-quarters of a mile. On the left the mountains and glaciers unfold gradually until they form a mighty amphitheater. The Eiger and the Moench disclose themselves in dazzling array; there is the Jungfrau, with her splendid pinnacles; precipitately from the valley the Schwarz Moench rises, a great wall of splendid blankness; on the left the Ebne-Fluh rears proudly aloft its conical cap that matches its mantle of snow. And grouped about in stately silence stand the rest of the court of the Jungfrau, the monarch of them all.

AROUND THE CLOCK WITH THE PRESIDENT'S WIFE.

Mrs. Roosevelt's average vacation day at Oyster Bay is a busy one, because she is a good housewife. She oversees all the food that goes to the dining room, and therefore she is up and in the kitchen at 6:30 a. m. After breakfast, however, she is out of doors. She never fails to pay a visit to the stables to pet Mollie, her riding mare. Mrs. Roosevelt has a beautiful garden at Oyster Bay, and an hour is spent working midst the flowers. A tour of inspection among the house servants follows, and very frequently the first lady of the land goes to the kitchen to make, with her own hands a pie or a cake which is a favorite with Mr. Roosevelt or the children. Mrs. Roosevelt darns the boys' stockings herself. She is charitable, and is often seen of an afternoon carrying a basket into the house of some poor family. One of her regular afternoon pleasures is a horseback ride with the President. All the members of the family are expected to be present at dinner, and Mrs. Roosevelt always says grace.—Cincinnati Post.

RARE SIGHTS.

The old San Francisco of story and association is gone forever. No city in the country had a more decided individuality nor more characteristic points of interest, yet it acquired them all within a half century. It seems strange that men living to-day can recollect the time when a woman seen in San Francisco would cause more excitement and curiosity than an elephant or a giraffe would have a few weeks ago. In a book on the city published some thirty years ago, the writer tells his experiences of the earliest days of the city, when the chief inhabitants were rough miners and eager fortune hunters.

Men pined for the sight of a gentle woman's face. In '49, near San Francisco, some miners discovered an old bonnet lying in the road. Without a word they dropped their picks and shovels simultaneously, joined hands as if by preconcerted signal, and danced rapturously about the dilapidated headgear.

In Riddle's auction room one day, during a crowded sale, some one shouted, "Two ladies are going along the sidewalk!" Instantly the crowd of purchasers rushed out pell-mell, startling the unconscious objects of their interest into the impression that there was a fire or an earthquake.

When a certain judge arrived in '49 and walked up from the ship with his wife and little children, men crowded about the tiny ones, asking permission to kiss them, to shake hands with them, to give them gold specimens of little bags of gold dust. They followed the family a long way, as if fascinated by the little faces and voices.

The old signal station on Telegraph Hill was a point of great interest in those days. When the long black arms were outstretched everyone knew a steamer was in sight, and that meant all from home. The street would wake up; all along the line of stores men would come out in excitement. No one did any business until the steamer was in and the mail secured.

A Dakota Cyclone.

A southeaster wind hurled tumble weeds and Russian thistle through the air at a twenty-nine-mile gait, and the gait went, too. Many stoves were drawn out of the chimneys; the strong wind blew in at the neck of a bottle and blew the bottom out. Nebraska wagon tracks passed over the town by the thousands.

The strain on the wire fences was so great that staples were drawn out of the north sides of the posts. A kerosene barrel standing in front of a grocery store was sucked out of the bunghole and turned inside out, like a lady's slipper. The dirt blew from a posthole in the hillside and left the hole sticking out of the ground about two feet high with no dirt around it.—Estelline (S. D.) Bell.

Warm Gales of Switzerland.

Most people have heard of the Fohn wind of Switzerland—that warm, dry gale which comes over the mountains and in spring will melt two feet of snow in a day. Its cause is most peculiar.

The Fohn comes from the south. As it strikes the Alps it is wet, like most gales which have crossed the sea, but the south face of the mountains receives its rains, and as it crosses the summits it is dry.

The moving air current is also compressed and therefore dynamically heated. As it falls into the northern valleys in a cataract of air, it gains heat at the rate of half a degree for every one hundred feet of descent. It usually blows for two or three days, causing great suffering by its dry heat and oppression.

While it lasts, the temperature is about thirty degrees above the average.

Mother Remembered.

Dad (severely)—And look here, Ethel, you mustn't encourage that young man to stay so late every night. It's disgraceful. What does your mother say about it?

Ethel—She says men haven't altered a bit, dad.

Cut in Telephone Rates.

To meet the telephone competition it is proposed in England to reduce the cost of a six-word telegram, including the address, to 6 cents.

The Hottest Day on Record.

The highest temperature recorded is one hundred and twenty-four degrees and a fraction, taken in Algeria, July 17, 1879.

By the time a man has made enough money to enable his wife to command elegance in dressing, she hasn't the form that will show off clothes.

Most people who are satisfied with themselves don't want much.

FARM AND GARDEN

The early hatched chick is always the largest and strongest.

The chickens that eat the most grit are usually in the best condition.

Don't think that the hen will or can give you any more than you give her.

Sheep have excellent digestion, and hence they utilize feed to the fullest degree.

Grit, cracked oyster shells and charcoal are almost as essential for chickens as food.

Ventilation is best afforded the fowlhouse at the top or through openings near the eaves.

Experience is a good school, but there is no reason why one should spend more than one term there.

On account of their being so very timid, sheep ought not to be pastured in the same field with other stock.

The use of a wheel hoe saves labor in the care of a garden, even when much of the tillage is to be done with a horse.

In cultivating corn it is necessary to get close to it the first time, and each subsequent time the cultivator can get further away.

Cowpeas sown in midsummer, after orchards have been cultivated, and turned under are a good fertilizer, but nothing is better than barnyard manure.

Too much haste should not be exercised in getting the calf upon skim milk. It should have a good start, and the change from whole to skim milk should be very gradual.

Clover is a fertilizer factory that always has a full force of hands employed and there are no strikes. It works night and day and cannot be too warmly supported.

It is surprisingly how stubborn some farmers cling to old-fashioned ideas and methods of the dairy when they can plainly see their neighbors coining money right along with advanced dairy science and improved methods.

Newly-set trees spend much of their exertion in making new roots and in getting established. They need careful, frequent cultivation, so as to bring the nourishment they need close to the surface and in contact with the roots.

It will be necessary to perform occasional jobs in the rain, but rather than make a practice of it one had better be in the house during rains brushing up his ideas. Read while it rains, and when dry work with brawn and brains.

An asparagus patch makes an ideal summer retreat for chicks. Every poultryman should have a patch. In the early spring it furnishes a most delicious dish for the table, and later furnishes a cool, shady place for the chicks.

There is now no necessity for making out-of-doors caves for lumber to rot down in a short time since cement has come into general use. Some of the most economical caves are now made of concrete and cement. They are durable and economical.

Seed corn should be so well cared for that it will contain no ears that will not germinate, and seed testing should be employed as a demonstration of the fact that the seed has received proper attention rather than as a screen to separate the worthless from the poorly preserved seed.

The cheese output of the United States for the last year, according to Secretary of Agriculture Wilson, amounted to about 300,000,000 pounds, worth approximately $30,000,000. Mr. Wilson thinks the cheese-making industry is on a much better basis, more scientific than ever before.

The full value of the vegetables and fruit from the family garden is never fully realized unless there's a Jersey cow co-operating. Her product in the shape of milk, cream and butter puts the finishing touches on succulent vegetables and juicy fruits, adding a hundredfold to their palatability.

There is not a sufficient number of geese grown to meet the market demand. Thousands of them have been shipped in from Nova Scotia and other localities. The cultivation of geese can be readily carried on in almost every locality where farming is in vogue. Geese are easily grown, cared for and readily marketed at fairly good prices.

Most of the differences between the employer and the hired man on a farm are due to a lack of a perfect understanding of what is legally and justly expected of the latter. A verbal contract is easily forgotten and is not always lived up to. A written agreement will sometimes be a salient reminder of what is due both parties.

It is a mistake to overstock your farm with pigs or any other animals. Too many farmers, in attempting to make money by increasing the number of animals, do so at the expense of quality. An overstocked farm is not a profitable one, having more animals than can be properly cared for, thus rendering it impossible to keep all of them in a thrifty condition.

On some farms late fall pigs are considered valuable property. A November pig makes a desirable feeder for the next summer on pasture, and not infrequently is the one sought after to follow cattle that are being finished with corn or grass. But to make the late fall pig useful for this purpose he must be well wintered, and, most important of all, he should be kept growing all the time.

Field beans often make a desirable crop to plant on portions of the farm which may be somewhat run down or for one reason or another cannot be got in shape in time for other crops. The ground should be put in good condition and the beans drilled in with the corn planter. If the vines are not of a variety or the ground is not so rich as to make a rank growth of vine the field may be gone over with the planter a second time, which will leave the rows about a foot and ten inches apart. If the field is planted in this way the cultivating will have to be done with a fine-toothed single-horse cultivator.

Packing hogs are of a poorer grade than butcher hogs. They include old brood sows and other hogs which are heavy enough for this class and not good enough for the butcher hog class, except the very poor class, such as boars, roughs and coarse stags. About 40 per cent of the hogs that go to the Chicago market annually are of this class. What the breeder wants to do is to avoid raising such hogs.

Western Corn Planting.

Good crop rotation is a prominent feature of corn planting in the Central Prairie States. The crops differ, but the idea is to use clover at least once in four years. Corn scoring is a prominent feature, and agricultural institutes and farmers who have not selected seed buy it of those who have. Barnyard manure is the approved fertilizer, also chemical fertilizer, including much potash and phosphoric acid. Thickness of planting varies with the richness of the land.—Massachusetts Ploughman.

Care in Selecting Eggs.

Much depends upon the selection of eggs for hatching. Eggs for hatching should be of uniform shape and size and thickness of shell. Rough-shelled, dirty, mottled and eggs with thin shells should be excluded. Eggs which are over five days old should not be used. Every egg when laid should be carefully dated, to show when taken from the nest in order to avoid error on this point.

Summer Grain for Poultry.

It is not to be expected that the fowls can be taken care of wholly on the range during the summer no matter how extensive it may be so that the grain must be fed in a greater or less amount. During the summer we do without the mashes and the corn, feeding wheat and buckwheat and, beginning in June, more or less cottonseed meal, adding it in very small quantities and increasing it gradually until about one-tenth of the daily ration consists of the oil meal.

Greatest Butter Market.

England is the greatest butter market in the world. Her imports of butter in 1905 included: From Denmark 182,000,000 pounds, Australasia 84,000,000, Russia 52,000,000, France 39,000,000, Canada 32,000,000, Holland 24,000,000, and the United States 9,500,000 pounds. Denmark sent 198,000,000 pounds of butter to England in 1903, so that her decline in the two years was 16,000,000 pounds. Australasia increased her contribution from 41,000,000 pounds in 1903 to 84,000,000 pounds in 1905. The Russian contribution is mainly Siberian butter.

Millet for Silage.

Japanese millet is excellent for silage, having a nearly solid stem, and thus being better adapted to keeping than many other fodder crops. It will produce twelve tons or more of green fodder to the acre. The advantage over corn is that it stands dry weather somewhat better and may be sown later than corn. Soy beans have the advantage over either of these crops in containing protein, and when mixed with corn make a balanced ensilage, thus cutting down the grain bills. But with the amount of land limited, it might be better to plant all corn and buy the grain, since no crop gives so great a bulk of cattle food for the labor and expense required as corn.

Asparagus Grown from Seed.

The following suggestion from a Kansas writer on growing asparagus from seed is easy to follow on any farm:

Asparagus is a paying crop, and one that is easily raised. The plants may be grown from seed at a very small cost. Plant the seed in good garden soil, keep well cultivated the first year and transplant to a permanent bed the second year. Make the soil very rich, pulverizing it thoroughly, and set the plants two and one-half feet apart in rows three feet apart. In the spring, before the tender stalks shoot up, sprinkle the top of the ground along the rows with common stock salt. Keep weeds down by cultivating on mulching—preferably the former, if the season is not uncommonly dry. A bed located on a south slope will bring very early asparagus, and this commands the best price.

Starting the Celery Plants.

The celery seed should be sown in either shallow flat boxes, pans or flower pots having drainage and filled with reasonably rich loam and placed in either kitchen window or hotbed in February or March. Sow the seed rather thickly, and when the soil has been made quite moist, sift light soil or sand over, firm well, and cover lightly with one thickness of paper or cloth to exclude light and keep the soil moist. The temperature should be moderate. Ten or twelve days after sowing, the seeds begin to sprout, and care must be exercised that the soil does not dry out, nor be exposed to direct rays of the sun, for in this way they are easily destroyed. The paper or cloth must be gradually raised, that the young plants may become accustomed to the light and air.

When an inch or less in height, transplant into four-inch deep cigar or other boxes or to a hotbed containing rather rich earth, as upon their strong, sturdy growth depends in a great measure the success of the full-grown plants. Set about one-half or three-quarters inch apart. Keep well watered, though not too wet, and shade lightly if the weather is too bright for two or three days. If growth becomes too rank, before time for transplanting to the open ground, the tops should be sheared nearly to the heart leaves. In fact, this is a good policy to follow in transplanting most plants where the roots are disturbed to any extent by being uprooted from the nursery bed. It forms an equilibrium between the tops and roots which permits both to repair before each can overload the other with work.—Michigan Farmer.

POLITICS OF THE DAY.

Corruptionists and Grafters.

It is a matter of great satisfaction to Democrats that none of their leaders have been found identified with the numerous corruption, grafting and fraud scandals so far exposed. The reason for this is that the Democratic voters look much more closely into the character of those whom they select to represent them and keep much closer watch of official doings than the rank and file of the Republican party does. Direct primaries are the rule in the Democratic party, while with the Republicans the corrupt caucus system is still almost universaly maintained. Republican nominations are almost always manipulated by the inner ring of leaders, who give the word that the ring candidates must be supported by the followers of the machine and are enabled to force such nominations in most cases through the power of public plunder. The Republican voter who refuses to register the choice of the machine leaders is marked for political slaughter, if he should be bold enough to offer himself as a candidate. In the distribution of national, State and local offices the Republican reformer has no part or lot. The meanest grafters in the ranks are preferred to the honest and independent voter who dares to dispute with the Republican boss the availability or honesty of his selections.

Under such a system, in which cold cash and patronage of office are the chief mainspring, it naturally follows that corruptionists and grafters have been selected for appointive offices, to the great scandal of the Republican party and its loss of the respect of most honest voters. Not content with filling offices, both national and State, with many most unworthy recipients, many of those elected to Congress and the State Legislatures have deliberately refused to carry out platform promises or the will of their constituents. This has been going on for years, until the exposures came and the people can be fooled no longer.

The voters of the United States are now in housecleaning mood and it will be difficult, if not dangerous, to try and get them to slight the job. Whitewashing is unpopular and slurred-over investigations are laughed to scorn by the honest voter. He is in no mood to be trifled with and is rampant for reform, and experience shows that when aroused to a full sense of the corruption and grafting he has been the victim of he will be satisfied with nothing less than real reform. Experience also shows that when the independent Republican voter cannot get what he wants from his own party he turns the rascals out and tries the Democrats, on the principle of a new broom sweeps clean and as a salutary lesson to his own party.

There is a very natural reason why the corruptionists and grafters have gravitated into the Republican party, for that class of politicians has no regard for good government; he is a spoils-monger pure and simple. He always joins the majority and stays with it as long as it pays him to do so. As the Republican party has virtually been in power for forty years, the Democrats during that time having only controlled all branches of the government for two years, the grafter has stuck like a leech to the g. o. p. Those in politics for the money there is in it have therefore all become Republicans, for the enormous patronage of the President and the vast corruption funds extorted from all classes of corporations have enabled the Republican leaders to more than gratify the longings of the grafters for place and pelf, so that the national Republican machine and most of the State machines are entirely dominated by the worst element in the party.

That Dollar Campaign Fund.

The patriotic desire of the Republican Congressional Campaign Committee to "maintain the work of this campaign" with contributions of $1 each from Republicans seems beautiful in sentiment and looks well in print. So did Mr. Cortelyou's assurance to President Roosevelt that the great corporations had not contributed to the campaign fund of 1904. It looked well until the insurance scandals compelled a showing of books.

Chairman Sherman appeals to Republican newspapers to print, free of charge, his call for dollar contributions, regretting that "our financial condition is such that we are unable to place this notice as an advertisement."

In its poverty, the confidence of the committee in the self-sacrifice of the Republican press and the devotion of the Republican voter is truly sublime. The press will print the notice, but the voter has been too often bunkoed by Republican bosses to take this new bait greedily.

The voter remembers that, toward the end of the recent session of Congress, the House was held to its work on every administration measure, but that Speaker Cannon did not hold back the adjournment gavel for the Senate bill prohibiting corporate contributions to political campaign funds.

The President and the House leaders could have forced the passage of the bill easily enough, but it was allowed to die obscurely, and corporations are as free to contribute as they ever were.

The Dingley trusts are not so poor as Chairman Sherman tries to make out his committee to be. And they are profoundly interested in the congressional elections of this year. Maybe Treasurer McKinley is playing wicked partner to Chairman Sherman, and receiving the checks of the Dingleyites all unbeknown to his chief.

Treasurer McKinley and the Dingleyites will see to it that the committee's bank account is kept well filled. The individual voter who sends his dollar with the proud consciousness that he is helping to save the party and the country will thereby prove himself as green as the Western farmers who have in the past voted for the monopoly protective tariff.—St. Louis Republic.

Frigid.

Tom—That beautiful blonde over there never carries her heart on her sleeve.

Dick—Don't, eh? Where is she from?

Tom—Boston.

Dick—H'm! I guess she carries it in a refrigerator.

Brief.

Percy Bore—Love you? Why, girl, I love you from the word "go."

Miss Tabasco—Then please go.

But one person in eighty of the workers of London goes to church.