WOODCHUCKING.

WED'

...ve chased fugacious woodchucks over many leagues of land,
... at last they've always vanished in a round hole in the sand;
Thead though I've been woodchucking many times—upon my soul—
... have never bagged my woodchuck, for he always found his hole.

I have chased my hot ambitions through the meadow white with flowers,
ab Chased them through the clover blossoms, chased them through the orchard
n bowers;
Chased them through the old scrub pastures till with weariness of soul
I at last have seen them vanish like a woodchuck in his hole.

But there's fun in chasing woodchucks, and I'll chase the vision still,
If it leads me through the dark pine woods and up the stony hill;
There's a glorious expectation that still lingers in my soul,
That some day I'll catch that woodchuck ere he slides into his hole.
—S. W. Foss, in Yankee Blade.

The Insane Surgeon

"I have heard of persons whose hair was whitened through excessive fear, but I never saw any one so affected." So I spoke to Dr. Maynard, as we sat on the piazza of his pretty villa, discussing the different effects of terror on dissimilar temperaments. Without replying to me, the doctor turned to his wife and said:

"Helen, will you please relate to my old friend the incident within your own experience? It is the most convincing argument I can advance."

I looked at Mrs. Maynard in surprise. I had observed that her hair, which was very luxuriant, was white, but it only heightened the brilliancy of her fine dark eyes.

The doctor and I had been fellow students, but, after leaving college, we had drifted apart. I was now on a visit to him for the first time since his marriage.

Mrs. Maynard smiled as she saw my eyes fixed on her snowy hair over her shoulders, and, seating herself by her husband's side, related the following story:

It is nearly two years since my husband was called on one evening to visit a patient several miles away. Our servants had all gone to a wake in the vicinity, the dead man being a relative of one of our serving maids. Thus I was left alone. But I felt no fear, for we had never heard of burglars or any sort of desperadoes in our quiet village, then consisting of a few scattered houses. The winlows leading out on the plazza were open as now, but I secured the blinds before my husband's departure, and locked the outside doors, all except the front one; this I left for the doctor to lock after going out, so that, if I should fall asleep before his return, he could enter without arousing me. I heard the doctor's rapid footsteps on the gravel, quickened by the urgent tones of a messenger who awaited him: and, after the sharp rattle of the carriage wheels had become but an echo, I seated myself and soon became absorbed in the book I had been reading before being disturbed by the summons.

But after a time my interest succumbed to drowsiness, and I thought of retiring. Then the clock in the doctor's study struck twelve, so I determined to wait a few moments more, feeling that he would be home very soon. I closed my book, put on a dressing gown, let down my hair, and then returned to my seat to patiently wait and listen. Not the faintest sound disturbed the stillness of the night. Not a breath of air stirred the leaves. The silence was so profound that it became oppressive. I longed for the sharp click of the gate-latch and the well-known step on the gravel walk. I did not dare to break the silence myself by moving or singing, I was so oppressed with the deep stillness. The human mind is a strange torturer of itself. I began to conjure up vivid fancies of ghostly visitants, in the midst of which there occurred to me the stories I had heard from superstitious people about the troubled spirits of those who had died suddenly, like the man whom my servants had gone to "wake," who had been killed by an accident at the sawmill.

In the midst of these terrifying reflections, I was startled by a stealthy footfall on the plazza. I listened between fear and hope. It might be the doctor. But no, he would not tread like that; the step was too soft and cautious for anything less wily than a cat. As I listened again, my eyes fixed on the window blind, I saw the slats move slowly, and then the rays of the moon disclosed a thin, cadaverous face, and bright, glittering eyes, peering at me. O horror! Who was it? or what was it? I felt the cold perspiration start at every pore. I seemed to be frozen in my chair. I could not move; I could not cry out; my tongue seemed glued to the roof of my mouth, while the deathly white face pressed closer, and the great sunken eyes wandered in their gaze about the room. In a few moments the cautious footsteps came toward the door. "Merciful heavens!" I cried, in a horror-stricken whisper, as I heard the sound of the latch, "the doctor in his haste must have forgotten to turn the key."

I heard the front door open, the step in the hall, and, helpless as a statue, I sat riveted to my chair. The parlor door was open, and in it stood a tall, thin man, whom I never before beheld. He was dressed in a long, loose robe, a sort of gabardine, and a black velvet skull-cap partially concealed a broad forehead, under which gleamed black eyes, bright as living coals, and placed so near together that their gaze was preternatural in their distinctness; heavy, grizzled eyebrows hung over them like the tangled mane of a lion; the nose was sharp and prominent; the chin was overgrown with white hair, which hung down in locks as weird as the Ancient Mariner's. He politely doffed his cap, replaced it, and then said, in a slightly foreign accent:

"Madam, it is not necessary for me to stand on any further ceremony, as your husband, Dr. Maynard," here he again bowed profoundly, "has already acquainted you with the nature of my business here to-night. I perceive," he added, glancing at my negligee robe, "that you were expecting me."

"No," I found voice to stammer; "the doctor has said nothing to me about a vistor at this hour of the night."

"Ah, he wished to spare you, no doubt, a disagreeable apprehension," he returned, advancing and taking a seat on the sofa opposite me, where for a few moments he sat on the sofa opposite me, where for a few moments he sat and eyed me from head to foot, with a strange glittering light in his eyes that mysteriously impressed me. "You have a remarkably fine physique, madam," he observed, quietly, "one that might deceive the eyes of the most skilled and practiced physician. Do you suffer much pain?"

Unable to speak, I shook my head. A terrible suspicion was creeping over me. I was alone, miles away from aid or rescue, with a madman.

"Ah," he continued reflectively, "your husband may have mistaken a tumor for a cancer. Allow me to feel your pulse," he said, rising and bending over me.

I thought it best to humor him, remembering it was unwise for a helpless woman to oppose the as yet harmless freak of a lunatic. He took out his watch, shook his head gravely, laid my hand down gently, then went toward the study, where on the table was an open case of surgical instruments.

"Do not be alarmed, madam," he said to me, as I was about to rise and flee, and in another instant he was by my side, with the case in his possession.

Involuntarily I raised my head, and cried: "Spare me! Oh, spare me, I beseech you!"

"Madam," he said, sternly, clasping my wrist with his long, sinewy fingers with a grip of steel, "you behave like a child. I have no time to parley, for I have received a letter from the German emperor, stating that he is desirous of my attendance. I must start for Europe immediately after performing the operation on your breast," and, before I could make the slightest resistance, he had me in his arms and was carrying me into the study, where was a long surgical table covered with green baize. On this he laid me, and, holding me down with one hand, with the strength of a maniac, he brought forth several long leather straps, which bore evidence of having been recently cut, and with which he secured me to the table with the skill of an expert. It was but the work of a moment to unloose my robe, and bare my bosom. Then, after carefully examining my left breast, he said:

"Madam, your husband has made a mistake. I find no necessity for my intended operation."

Ah this I gave a long-drawn sigh of relief and prepared to rise.

"But," he continued, "I have made the discovery that your heart is as large as that of an ox! I will remove it so that you can see for yourself; reduce it to its natural size by a curious process of my own, unknown to medical science, and of which I am sole discoverer, and then replace it again."

He began to examine the edge of the cruel knife, on which I closed my eyes, while every nerve was in perceptible tremor.

"The mechanism of the heart is like a watch," he resumed: "if it goes too fast the great blood vessel that supplies the force must be stopped, like the lever of a watch, and the works must be cleaned, and repaired, and regulated. It may interest you to know that I was present at the post-mortem examination held over the remains of the beautiful Louisa of Prussia. Had I been consulted before her death, I would have saved her by taking out her heart, and removing the polypi, between which it was wedged as in a vise, but I was called too late. The king and I had a little difference; he was German, I am French. I trust that is sufficient explanation."

He now bent over me, his long white beard brushing my face. I opened my eyes beseechingly, trying to think of some way to save myself. "Oh, sir, give me an anaesthetic; that I may not feel the pain," I pleaded.

"Indeed, indeed, madam, I would comply with your wish were you not the wife of a physician—of a skillful surgeon. I wish you to note with what ease I perform this difficult operation, so that you may tell your husband of the great savant whose services he secured, fortunately in season."

As he said this he made the final test of the knife on his thumb. How precious were the moments now! They yere fleeting all too fast, and yet an eternity seemed compressed in every one. I never fainted in my life, and I never felt less like swooning than now, as I summoned all my presence of mind to delay the fearful moment, fervently praying in the meantime for my husband's return.

"Doctor," said I, with assumed composure, "I have the utmost confidence in your skill; I would not trust my life to another; but, doctor, you have forgotten to bring a napkin to stanch the blood. If you will have the goodness to ascend to my sleeping chamber, at the right of the hall, you will find everything you need for that purpose in the bureau."

"Ah, madam," he said, shaking his head, sagaciously. "I never draw blood during a surgical operation; that is another one of my secrets unknown to the faculty."

Then, placing his hand on my bosom, he added, with horrible playfulness:

"I'll scarcely mark that skin, whiter than snow, and smooth as alabaster."

"O God!" I cried, as I felt the cold steel touch my breast; but with the same breath came deliverance.

Quick as thought a heavy woolen piano cover was thrown over the head and person of the madman, and bound tightly around him. As quickly was I released and the thongs that bound me soon held the maniac. My husband held me in his arms. He had noiselessly approached, and, taking in the horror of my situation at a glance, had, by the only means at hand, secured the madman, who was the very patient he had been summoned to attend, but who had escaped the vigilance of his keeper soon after the departure of the messenger, who had now returned with the doctor in pursuit of him.

As the poor wretch was being hurried away, he turned to me and said: "Madam, this is a plot to rob me of my reputation. Your husband is envious of my great skill as a surgeon. Adieu!"

I afterward learned that the man was once an eminent surgeon in Europe, but much learning had made him mad. When he bound me to the table my hair was black as a raven; when I left it, it was as you see it now—white as snow.—The Argonaut.

SILVER CENTER CENTS.

Another of These Rare United States Coins Has Turned Up.

A curious cent, dated 1792, which has come into the hands of a coin dealer, is said to represent the first attempt to strike a coin of this denomination at the United States mint at Philadelphia, says the New York Sun.

On the obverse is a rather ugly head of Liberty to the right, with hair flowing behind, and below, in small figures, is the date "1792." Around the border is inscribed "Liberty Parent of Science & Indust." On the reverse is a wreath, inclosing the words "One Cent," with "1-100" below, and surrounding the whole central device is the inscription "United States of America."

The piece is much smaller than the ordinary colonial cent, being about the size of the half cent struck in the year following. It is composed of copper, but before placing the blank in the coinage press a small plug of silver had been inserted in the middle, and the rarity now is known to coin collectors as the "silver center cent." It is said the intention in putting in this plug of silver was to bring up the intrinsic value of the coin to exactly 1 cent.

It is thought that the cent was the design of a blacksmith named Peter Getz of Lancaster, Pa., a self-taught engraver, who was employed at the mint when that institution first began operations in 1792, and who cut the dies for several other varieties of the early coins. The same design was struck in plain copper, but without the silver plug, and this variety, too, is very rare.

The inscription on the obverse of the silver center cent is the same as that borne by the interesting "disme" and "half disme," also struck at the mint in the same year from Washington's private plate, the head of Liberty on the two latter coins being posed for by Martha Washington, it is popularly supposed. The latter coins also are rare, but do not compare in scarcity with the silver center coin, of which only five are known to be in existence. A fine specimen brought $160 at the Smith sale a year or so ago.

While regularly struck and issued by the United States mint engravers, still the silver center cent was for some reason rejected by the authorities and so never got into general circulation.

This particular specimen has been in the possession of a small country merchant for forty years, and he was overwhelmed with surprise to learn that the coin was regarded as one of the rarest of the United States coins.

ART IN TAPESTRY WEAVING.

Norwegian Novel and Interesting Color Schemes in Textiles.

One of the oldest weavings known in Europe is the Norwegian tapestry, or, as it is called in Norway, "picture weaving." The word "picture" in primitive times was used in place of the word "painting," and the art of weaving dates back to the eighth century, long before the art of painting was known in Norway. The weaving of Norwegian history and sages into "picture tapestry" seems most to have flourished at the time of the invasion of Normandy by the Norsemen and at the time of the Crusaders.

Tapestry belonging to these periods is exhibited in the museums of Norway and is different from other textiles not only by reason of the mythological subjects chosen for representation but by the manner of weaving, the design, however elaborate, being made absolutely reversible, alike on both sides in color as well as in outline.

Like most handicrafts, this weaving was almost forgotten until recently, when the museums and a talented Norwegian woman, Mme. Frida Koehler-Hansen, caused a revival of the beautiful art. Mme. Koehler-Hansen's works have become world known, having been sold to European museums, to the board of education, South Kensington, and to the royal houses of Europe.

At the universal exposition in Paris in 1900 a series of these textiles was awarded the grand prix and the same honor was accorded exhibits at the world's fair at St. Louis as well as in London, Hamburg and Turin. The jury at the exposition in Paris gave the following concise description and appreciation of Norwegian textile art:

"Norway's production of tapestries has been a revelation to the whole world. * * * A nation here appears which possesses in full measure an original talent of undeniable value."

In the Norwegian tapestries the wool nearly always shows a mixture of different tints in one and the same color. A few strong colors are chosen and the wools dyed in these colors are mixed together before they are spun into yarn. It is precisely the theory of decomposition of tone so modern in its application to painting. Every inch of the yarn is woven especially for the place where it is to stand in the fabric, as every tint is especially mixed for the painter's brush.

His Kick.

A traveler putting up at a small hotel out in California brought the porter up to his room with his angry storming.

"Want your room changed, sir? What is the matter?"

"The room's all right," fumed the guest, searchingly. "It's the flea I object to, that's all."

"Mrs. Hawkins!" shouted the porter, in an uninterested sort of a voice, "the gent in No. 7 is satisfied with his room, but he wants the fleas changed."—Harper's Weekly.

A Perfect Fellow.

Jones—Who is the really perfect man, I should like to know?

Brown—The man your wife was going to marry if she hadn't married you!—Philadelphia Inquirer.

CURING ILLS WITHOUT MEDICINE

Physician Tells How Every Man Can Be His Own Doctor.

"Have you noticed," said the physician in his post-prandial rest, "what a tidal wave of 'Every man his own doctor' is sweeping over the land?"

"I suppose you mean," said the other man, who had come to him for a little friendly advice about spring fever, "Christian Science and other cults?"

"Not alone that, but the growing tendency to keep well instead of being cured is fast relegating medicine to the dead arts. We must keep up with the procession, even if it robs us of occupation, and I'll assure you, if every man understood giving himself massage he might practically be his own doctor. For instance, half the world either has, or claims to have, liver troubles. A spare five minutes can be turned to excellent account by giving your liver a lift. Place one hand heavily on the right side at the lower border of the ribs and rub it down slowly four or five inches. Do this a dozen times, and you will empty this overfull liver of its superabundent contents. This cures heartburn and remedies cramps by removing the acidity from the stomach as well as relieving the liver.

"The food of a dyspeptic remains too long in his stomach, fermenting and causing inflammation. Try helping the stomach to get rid of its contents. Place one hand at the extreme edge of the left side immediately under the ribs and slightly overlapping them. Then work it round to the right by pressing the fingers in as hard as you can, drawing the hand across to the right with the other hand, at the same time swinging the body to the right, then to the left. Practice this daily before meals and reasonable food will never 'set like lead' on your stomach. Here is a good suggestion for a plethoric, or full-blooded, man: When waiting for the fellow that doesn't keep his appointment, place your hand at the back of your neck where the hair joins it and rub downward. You will thus empty the glands and prevent their turning into boils. Or put your fingers on the neck at the angle of the jaw and draw them firmly downward over the course of the jugular vein. This will remove the used-up blood from the brain and make that organ feel light and clear, helping you to keep from getting 'hot under your six collars,' like Kipling's engine.

"If you have a tendency to varicose veins, when you sit down elevate your feet. The blood will flow out of the turgid veins and give you great relief. By deep friction from the heel upward you can encourage the return of the blood to the heart as well as give tone to the feeble veins. If you have a red nose it is because the blood enters the superficial vessels of the skin and does not return from it. If you would remedy this condition, perform regularly this little feat: Grasp the tip of the nose between the thumb and fingers and massage upward to the root. This method empties the vessels of used-up blood and allows fresh blood to flow. Besides, you are not half as likely to be afflicted with cold in the head. One exercise especially designed to prevent a 'bay window' below the ribs is this: Lit flat on your back, raise one foot and leg to its full height without bending the knee, then the other, alternatingg the motions, or vary the exercise by putting the toes under the bedclothes, raising the body to the sitting posture several times. This exercises the muscles of the abdomen and prevents the accumulation of fat.

"Cold feet, so often found among brain workers, can be overcome by promoting a vigorous circulation. Immediate relief can be had by standing in about one inch of cold water in a bathtub. Stand on one foot and rub it with the other, alternately, a number of times for not more than three or four minutes. Follow this up by vigorous rubbing with a crash towel, and the good effects are almost equal to walking in dew, recommended by Father Kneipp. A fit of blues is a habit that grows upon one so rapidly that in a short time it becomes a disease. Whenever I feel an attack coming on I put on stout walking boots and tramp till I can go no farther. This effectually dispels melancholia. An Oriental philosopher says fast, breathe and exercise and you will never be ill, so we might as well accept the situation that doctors are no longer needed."

COARSE FISH FOR THE TABLE.

Neglected Food Supplies of British Inland Streams.

Puzzling enough to the student of natural economy must be the fixed prejudice of the English people to the edible Roman snail, the titbit frog, more especially, the common "coarse" fish of fresh water streams, says the Pall Mall Gazette. Fresh water salmon trout, grayling and eels are everywhere regarded as edible fish, though until very recent times the grayling or "ouncer"—one of the salmonidæ—was but little esteemed either by sportsmen or cooks. To-day grayling ranks so closely with such game fish as salmon, trout, char and possibly the rarer vendace, etc., that the angler must not under penalty "feed" its "swim," and it must not be fished for with maggot or worm except in the depth of winter.

The point is that since our notions about grayling have so utterly changed, why should not our notions about the more sizable pike change, too? For "Esox lucius," the luce of English heraldry, better known as pickerel in America, is truly a "game" fish, judging from the manner he fights and the great number of denticles in his mouth, which are strong enough to bite off an angler's finger. Yes, our familiar "fresh water wolf" is game enough, and I can say from experience that his many pounds of sound flesh taste exceedingly choice about Christmas time when stuffed with veal forcemeat and basted with savory gravy. Yet very many hundreds of enormous pike are captured on our streams yearly by "trimmers" and other questionable devices of the river watchers; moreover, they are throughout treated as so much vermin. If exposed for sale on the fishmonger's marble slab they could hardly fail to command a good price, little as the world in general cares to make the experiment of cooking a pike.

Take the case of the equally abundant chub. I am told that it takes a Jewish tailor or furniture broker's family to appreciate it.

NEW KING RULES SWEDEN.

New king of Sweden, his son and daughter-in-law, and late ruler.

SCOOP THAT WEIGHS.

Does Away with the Necessity of Employing Counter Scales.

Every grocer can scoop up sugar or coffee, etc., from the storage bin and very closely gauge the correct quantity. Yet he would not be willing to give it to the customer as the full weight to be purchased without first testing it on the scales. A Texas man has hit upon the idea of having the scoop indicate

INDICATES WEIGHT.

the weight of the contents, eliminating the necessity of transferring it to the scales. His weighing scoop is shown in the accompanying illustration. The pan for gathering up the article to be weighed is pivoted to the handle and operates a pointer, which indicates the weigt of the contents on a scale. If a pound of sugar is wanted, the grocer dips enough out of the bin to swing the pointer to the pound mark. The sugar is then transferred directly to a bag, doing away wih the necessity of weighing on the scales.

Plants Remember.

Plant memory is a problem for the inquisitive botanist. In 1901 a plant allied to the squash and pumpkin was taken to New York from the desert of Sonora, in Mexico, and since then it has been kept—without water—in a strange climate 3,000 miles from home. During the six weeks of rain in the desert the plant grows its leaves and flowers and perfects its seed. Then it dries up and leaves only a water filled gourd, which a thick, hard shell seals against animals and evaporation. The transplanted specimen still remembers the rainy season of six weeks. It wakes, sends out rootlets, stems and leaves, and then dries up again until the following year—Kansas City Journal.

If you are idle, your excuse for calling on a busy man is, "I will not take up much of his time." But the busy man will have other callers during the day.

EXCITING RACE OF TRAINS.

Each Is Broken in Two, but Neither Engineer Knows It.

The following story was told by J. D. McNamara, assistant general passenger agent of the Wabash railroad:

"From Clark to Mexico, Mo., our line runs almost parallel with that of the Alton. The distance is about twenty miles. It is open country and the grades are light. The 'going' is good and trains race with each other as often as occasion offers.

"One day two long freight trains, one on each road, reached Clark about together. A race, of course, was in order. Passing Centralia the Wabash engineer turned partly around in his cab and noting that the Alton man was minus a portion of his train gave a 'broke in two' whistle signal for the information of his rival. The Alton man, hearing the signal, himself turned in his seat and observing that the Wabash train was considerably shorter than when the race began he pulled the throttle open a notch or two more and smiled as he looked forward to winning the contest. As the speed of the Wabash train continued to increase the Alton man in a spirit of banter gave with his whistle the 'broke in two' signal. As there was no apparent effort made to stop, the signal was repeated.

"Again and again was the signal given by one or the other of the racing enginemen.

"At length Mexico was reached, both trains arriving there at the same time, each engineer laughing at the joke he would have on his competitor when the break would be discovered. As soon as he stopped at the Mexico water tank the Alton man called across the right of way:

"'How far you goin' without your tail lights?'

"The Wabash man, observing for the first time his own predicament, said:

"'Gosh, but I thought you was whistlin' for your own hind end!'

"'Ditto, Bud!' exclaimed he of the C. & A. as he noticed regretfully that about two-thirds of his own train was absent."—Kansas City Star.

Southern Exposure.

Little Charlie is the bright son of a poor downtown family. He goes to school every day and is a model in his studies and conduct, but he is much ashamed that his clothes are not as good as those of the other boys. His teacher was explaining the points of the compass the other day. She said: "You have in front of you the north, on your right the east, on your left the south. Charlie, tell me what have you behind you." Charlie turned crimson and, after a moment's hesitation, said: "I've got a patch on my pants; I knew you'd see it. I told mamma you would."—Philadelphia Record.

A Fool Might Say

That the glitter of gold is better than the gray garb of brotherly love.

That it does not pay to be forgiving in a world which so rarely forgives.

That the one to whom the laurel is given necessarily deserves it.

That the plaudits of the mob are better than the appreciation of those who see most clearly.

That a million dollars is more to be chosen than a humble and happy home.

But what would you expect of a fool?—Success Magazine.

Her Method.

Miss Gettingon (archly)—I hear you are thinking of matrimony, Mr. McCoy?

Mr. McCoy—Me? Say, what do you take me for?

Miss Gettingon—Oh, Jack! For better or for worse of course, but this is so sudden!—Cleveland Leader.

The Heiress.

He (tenderly)—When I woke up this morning you were my first thought.

She—Indeed? Were the creditors already standing at your bed?—Mergendorfer Blatter.

When a man is called to the telephone by a woman the conversation from his end of the line indicates that he is trying to bring it to a good-bye and break-away.

In selecting apple trees choose young vigorous trees, not over two years old from the graft.

As long as the brood sow is prolific, a good suckler and a careful mother, she is too young to be sacrificed for an uncertainty.

Because a hog will seemingly thrive on stale food and that bordering on decomposition, it does not follow that this is the best kind of feed for them.

Exposed manure, according to the Canadian experimental farm test, loses about one-sixth of its phosphoric acid and more than one-third of its phosphate.

Skimmilk is more valuable as a hog food when mixed with ground grain, shorts or something of the kind. The grain also does the hog more good than if fed without the milk.

About the most profitable animal on the farm now is the sheep. At present prices, and even a little lower, they are the easiest and best money, yet do not put all the eggs in the one basket.

The cow's stomach is not a complete strainer that separates all good from all bad; and all kinds of food cannot be given to a cow with full expectancy that she can from it give an absolutely pure milk.

The soil is the stomach of plants. In the soil the food is received and digested. On the quantity and quality of food put in the plant's stomach depends its welfare, just as much as you depend upon the food in your stomach.

The advantage of using the separator over the old plan of settling the milk consists in the uniformity and certainty of the results, the saving of labor, time and storage room, ease of management and as a result of these economy.

Men who handle pure-bred stock and who use printed stationery ought to have printed directions, telling where the farm is located and its direction from the nearest railroad station. This might bring many a buyer who would not otherwise visit the farm.

On the tract of 360 acres purchased by the State, near Madison, Ind., for the Southern Hospital for insane people, is a fine fifty-acre orchard of Winesap, Grimes, Transparent and other good apples, and the crop was bought by a Lafayette dealer for $2,600.

Ordinarily there is no advantage in high roosts and the fowls will do better and keep healthier if the perches are not more than three feet above the floor. Of course all the slats should be on a level, as this avoids crowding and fighting for the highest positions.

If you are not using a low-down wagon you are doing a whole lot of unnecessary lifting. For hauling fodder or corn for the silo, the low-down wagon fits exactly. It is good, too, for hauling out manure, if you do not have a spreader.

According to an exchange, a townswoman who recently visited in the country fainted dead away twice in her hostess' kitchen. Once when she saw her put at least a pound of butter on mashed potatoes and once when she saw her using real cream in making a chicken gravy.

A farmers' club in northern Illinois has been formed for the sole purpose of looking after the roadways in the district. It has been proposed that clover or alfalfa be sown, each farmer seeding the strip adjacent to his own land, and then each one is bound to keep his strip clear of weeds.

When oats and other grain having a liberal percentage of protein are scarce and high, horses doing hard work will do well on corn if fed in connection with a liberal proportion of clover or alfalfa hay. In fact, some horses doing regular work have been and are fed on clover or alfalfa hay with no grain and do well.

If one wants to have green corn on the table long after frost, let him plant some sugar corn very late in the season so it will be in the milk just about frost. Before frost falls pull up the stalks by the roots, with dirt on them and store them in a cellar, where it is pretty damp. It will keep this way for weeks. As far south as St. Louis it is possible to have green corn in this way well into November.

Immature Corn for Cows.

Trials at the Vermont station show that there is no material difference in milk-producing value between immature and mature corn fodder when compared on the basis of dry matter. The same results were secured with silage made from mature and immature corn. A pound of dry matter of the immature corn produced the same results as a pound of dry matter of the mature corn. This suggests that if corn is cut too early the farmer loses too many pounds, and on the other hand if cut too late too much in the way of coarse butts is wasted.

Separator Minimizes Waste.

As a reference for those who may desire to know how much butter to expect from milk, it may be mentioned that no correct average can be given, as milk from different cows varies. Milk containing 3 per cent of butter fat will make about one pound of butter from twenty-nine pounds (about thirteen and one-half quarts) of milk. One quart of milk weighs 2.15 pounds. Milk containing 13 per cent of solids should contain about 4 per cent of fat, 8½ per cent of albumen and 5½ per cent of milk sugar, ash, etc. The average amount of butter fat in cream is about 22 per cent. The separator method of handling cream occasions less waste than by the old method. An ounce of salt is the allowance for one pound of butter.

Milk of Swiss Goat.

The Swiss goats' milk is considered very fine in flavor and nutrition, containing about twice as much butter fat as that of the best cow's milk. Goats are practically immune from all diseases, which makes the milk a valuable factor when used by infants and invalids. One man near Loomis Sanitarium at Liberty, N. Y., quotes that he is milking forty Swiss Toggenburg does and that he cannot supply the demand for goats' milk at 25 cents a quart. The average Swiss Toggenburg goat will give two to four quarts a day; some instances are recorded where extra good milkers have given as high as seven quarts a day of milk equal in richness to twice the amount of cow's milk.

Angora Goats.

All goats are fairly good at cleaning fields of brush, but the Angora is especially adopted to this work. They seem to prefer the leaves and small twigs of bushes to grass, and strip them clean so that they die.

A writer in a farm paper tells about the clearing of a field that had become overrun with hazel and other brush and which was entirely cleared of the brush in one season. This was done last year and this year not a single living bush can be seen, but the dead ones are in evidence all over the field. Now, naturally, the grass has a chance and can make a reasonable growth. No doubt, it would pay on the average farm of several hundred acres to keep a herd of goats to keep the fields clean.

On many old farms the fields so soon become foul that it becomes a laborious as well as expensive undertaking to clear them. Whereas the goats can do it and make money for the owner at the same time.

The Seedless Apple.

One of the hoary old frauds that comes up from age to age is the production of the so-called seedless apple. Some nurserymen have boomed the seedless apple as though it was a new thing, one of the latest scientific discoveries. As a matter of fact, it is one of the hoariest old frauds that was ever foisted upon a gullible and confiding public, says Wallace's Farmer.

The seedless apple was described by a French pomologist in 1628. It was illustrated in several of the old horticultural documents of that century. These old writers refer to still earlier ones, like Pliny, who described the seedless, bloomless apple about the time of the Christian era. It was described in 1668 as having been found in West Virginia, in 1870 as coming from Connecticut, with the statement that the original tree had been bearing for fifty years.

The modern phase of the seedless apple craze occurred in 1890, after which it apparently went to sleep until quite recently. It will thus be seen that there is a seedless apple, but that it is no new thing. Professor Hansen, of the South Dakota Experiment Station, describes it "as poor as any Ben Davis; keeps well, but when kept no one will eat it." Other authorities give practically the same description.

King Corn.

In commenting on the National Corn Exposition recently held at Chicago, Orange Judd Farmer says:

There were about 8,000 exhibits of corn on display. Taking the entire exhibit into consideration, the corn on the tables was probably the best ever shown at any exhibition. This is most remarkable, considering the unfavorable conditions which prevailed through the growing season. It would not be possible to have anything like corn of the high quality shown were it not for the great advancement in breeding and cultivation of late. Pure bred varieties mature earlier and resist unfavorable weather conditions to a greater extent than the inferior corn grown a few years ago. In the class open to the world the showing was wonderful. Probably a third of the entire exhibit was in this lot.

The Illinois exhibit, as would naturally be expected, was very complete in white and yellow classes. Undoubtedly, however, the yellow varieties predominated, the majority of them being of the Reid type. This is a remarkable uniform variety and of high scoring quality. The white samples were just about as numerous, and many of them were of very excellent character, but as show corn they did not compare quite as well as yellow corn.

Outside of the white and yellow varieties shown by Iowa exhibitors there was an exceedingly fine showing of calico and red corn. In the cattle feeding States these varieties seem to be exceedingly popular.

Dairy Management.

The Vermont Dairymen's Association has promulgated the following rules for the management of dairies:

The stable should be well ventilated, lighted and drained; should have tight floors and walks and should be plainly constructed.

No musty or dirty litter, no strong-smelling material and no manure should remain in the stable longer than is absolutely necessary.

Whitewash the stable once or twice a year. Would recommend the use of land plaster in manure gutter daily.

Feed no dry, dusty fodder previous to milking. If dusty, sprinkle before it is fed.

Brush the udder just before milking and wipe with a clean cloth or sponge.

Keep healthy cows. Promptly remove suspected animals. In particular, add no cows to the herd unless it is certain that they are free from tuberculosis.

Do not excite cows or expose them to stress of weather.

Feed a good cow liberally with fresh, palatable feeding stuffs. Do not change these suddenly. Provide water, pure, but not too cold, in abundance.

The milker should be clean and his clothes likewise.

Milk quietly, quickly and thoroughly.

Throw away into the gutter the first few streams from each teat. This milk is very watery, of very little value and is quite apt to injure the remainder of the milk.

Remove the milk promptly from the stable to a clean, dry room where the air is pure and sweet.

Drain the milk through a clean flannel cloth, or through two or three thicknesses of cheesecloth.

Aerate and cool the milk as soon as it is strained. The cooler it is the more souring is retarded. If covers are left off the cans, cover with cloth or mosquito netting.

Never mix fresh milk with that which has been cooled, nor close a can containing warm milk, nor allow it to freeze.