TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications for this paper should be accompanied by the name of the author; not necessarily for publication, but as an evidence of good faith on the part of the writer. Write only on one side of the paper. Be particularly careful, in giving names and dates, to have the letters and figures plain and distinct.

THE POET'S FAITH.

To-day the world may pass him by
With heedless haste, averted eye;

To-day the world may go unstirred
By all the witchery of his word;

To-day the clamor of the street
May drown his song so wild and sweet;

To-day unto himself alone
His art melodious may be known;

The world untouched may go its way,
Nor listen to his song to-day.

Yet, does he murmur? Nay, not he;
He muses on the days to be,

Upheld serenely by the faith
That though he die, there is no death.

For that immortal voice which rings
Through e'en the lightest song he sings;

The faith that though all flesh must fade,
The beauty which his soul has made

Will never perish; but live on
To win the world when he is gone;

The faith that when he's dead, that same
Old heedless world will breathe his name

With love and reverence, and keep
His memory sacred—ay, and steep

Its very spirit in the lay
He sings to deafened ears to-day!
—New York Sun.

Jim Ford's Redemption

He had dreaded most of all the return to Hingham. He knew what the boys would say. He knew how unmercifully they would gibe at him. He had no mother to care, but there was a girl whose opinion was the dearest of all. She wouldn't gibe at him. She would look at him with those big, questioning eyes, and—no, he couldn't tell her. That was impossible.

He waited awhile before he returned to Hingham, but he was only putting off the inevitable hour. So he went back one day, and kept aloof from the boys, and almost buried himself in the old farmhouse that had been his father's and his grandfather's, and was now his.

His Aunt Amelia had met him at the door.

"Home again, Jim?"

"Yes."

"Best place after all, I guess."

"It's the safest place," he had answered.

And she asked him no more.

He busied himself about the house a few days and then went down into the village where he knew he would meet the boys. They gibed him as he expected they would, and he had taken his medicine quietly. Bitter as it was he knew he deserved it. From their point of view he had proved a failure.

"They're right," he growled at himself as he trudged home in the moonlight. "I am a failure—a failure and a fool." And he kicked the clods along the way viciously.

Then he met Laura Crane.

"Well," he said in a flippant way, "you see what happens to a bad penny."

Her clear eyes searched his face.

"I am very sorry you failed," she said.

He drew a quick breath.

"Farming's my work," he said. "I was a poor fool to imagine I could succeed at anything else." He drew another quick breath. "It is a little hard to have your air castles blown over. I fancied I could earn enough and save enough in five or six years to put me in good shape. I meant to have a new home, and—well, that's not worth talking about. You are looking very well, Laura."

He flinched a little under her steady gaze.

"You must come and see me, Jim," she said.

But he was ashamed to go. She was disappointed in him. She thought him a failure, too.

And then one morning an item in the Hingham Times drew his eager attention. He read it through twice. Then he took his hat and walked down to Abner Quigg's harness shop. Abner was there alone.

"Abner," he said, "I want to have a talk with you."

Abner pushed a splint-bottom chair toward him.

"Sit down, Jim," he said. "Glad to see you." He threw a sharp look at his caller. "See here, Jim Ford, there's no use your sulking over this thing. You had your chance, you failed just as lots of other fellows have failed. There's no use brooding over it. It was rough on you, and kind o' rough on us, too. But you needn't feel as if your life was soured by it."

Jim clicked his teeth together.

"You think I was a failure, don't you, Abner?"

"Why, yes."

"Well, I wasn't—at least, I wasn't the kind of failure you mean."

"What's that, Jim? Don't you s'pose we read the papers? We know all about the only game you pitched while you was with Cullinan's team. Didn't you go all to pieces in the fifth and let the Browns hammer in five runs? Didn't all the papers come out and say you was in too fast company, and you hadn't any nerve, and you ought to hike back to the bush? What's the matter with you, Jim?"

But his caller's glance did not waver.

"I tell you, Abner, I'm not the failure you and the boys think I am. Do you know why I couldn't pitch that day? It was 'cause I was getting over a drunk."

"You, Jim!"

"That's right. I didn't go to bed till 3 that morning. I was with some fellows who fooled me and flattered me and made a laughing stock of me. You know me, Abner. You know the life I've led here in Hingham. But you can't imagine how a little dissipation upsets me. The big salary, the fact that I was on a league team, the flatteries of the fellows who hang round the players, all conspired to make a monumental fool of me. I went on the field that afternoon with a muddled head and a shaking hand. Cullinan didn't know it. I did my best to put up a confident front. I knew it was all a bluff. I cursed my folly as I stood there and saw all my hopes slipping away from me, but it was too late—it was too late."

His head drooped. His gaze sought the floor. There was a little silence.

"I'm awfully sorry for you, Jim," said Abner Quigg. "I was mad at first, but now I am only sorry."

"Thank you, Abner," said Jim. "You're the only one I've told about it."

"I understand," said Abner. "What did Cullinan do to you, Jim?"

"Suspended me without pay."

"Do you think he found out about the—the spree?"

"I don't know. I didn't get any chance to talk with him." He looked up suddenly. "Abner," he said, "do you know what brought me down here to-day? It was that notice about the game. Is it a sure thing?"

"Yes. We've guaranteed Cullinan what he asked. They've nothing scheduled for the day, and they'll be just that much ahead." He looked at Jim curiously. "I don't suppose you'll care to see the game?"

Jim's eyes snapped.

"Yes, I will." His tone suddenly changed. "Abner," he said, "let me pitch against the leaguers."

Abner stared at him.

"You, Jim?"

"Yes."

There was a little silence.

"Northcote has a lame arm and Simmons may not be here," muttered Abner. "Why do you want to pitch against the big fellows, Jim?"

"I want to show them I can pitch. I mean to do my best to beat them, Abner."

Abner laughed.

"That's the hardest hitting bunch in the league, Jim. You know that. If you can beat them you can beat the others sure."

"Then you'll let me pitch?"

Abner hesitated.

"They are here next Thursday. I'd like mighty well to beat them. It would make our Hingham backers feel good for a month or Sundays. But of course that's all nonsense. They'll make monkeys of us, no doubt. If we can score at all against 'em I'll be satisfied. You're the best pitcher Hingham ever had, Jim. If anybody can hold 'em down you're the man. But it's going to look mighty funny to see you going up against the club that turned you down."

"Never mind the looks, Abner. Will you catch for me?"

"Want me, Jim?"

"Of course I do."

"Garver is catching mighty well."

"I want you, Abner. You an I have won many games together."

"All right, Jim. I'll catch for you. We'll have to get together as many

LAURA CRANE WAS THERE.

times as possible—and on the quiet, too. I don't suppose the boys will be over pleased with the idea at first, but I'll bring 'em round. Wouldn't it be a howling joke if we should beat 'em!"

And Abner laughed loud and long.

"When will I see you again, Abner?"

"At 4 o'clock, back of the willows in the old place. We won't be disturbed there."

And so Jim and Abner, who was captain-manager of the famous Hingham team—famous at least in its own section of the state, met twice daily and renewed their old-time cleverness. And Abner told the other boys of Jim's return to the team, and there was a disposition to criticise his judgment, but in the end Abner won out, and while there was a little coolness between the former players and Jim, there were no more sneers or jibes.

Jim worked with a quiet persistency that aroused Abner's admiration.

"You're just as good as you ever were, my boy," he said. "And I believe you are a little better."

And then the night before the game Jim went round and called on Laura Crane.

"Laura," he said, "I'm going to pitch for Hingham to-morrow."

"You, Jim?"

"Yes. I want to show Hingham that I'm not the quitter they take me to be. I—I want you to see the game, Laura."

"I'll be there, Jim."

Her searching eyes were on his face.

"Jim," she said, "some day tell me why you quit the league team."

He flushed.

"I can't do that," he stammered.

"Yes," she said.

"No," he persisted.

"I think I can guess, Jim."

Then he turned and came away. What did she mean? How could she guess?

But she had promised to be at the game. This would give him an added incentive.

"With Cullinan there, and Laura there," he muttered, "I'll have no excuse fo, not doing my level best."

The day of the great game dawned bright and clear. At 1 o'clock Hingham ball park contained pretty nearly all the active residents of the town.

Abner Quigg was delighted.

"Boys," he said, "the town has moved over into the park to see you play. Now give 'em something to look at that will be worth their while. And another thing, boys, Jim Ford knows these big fellows and he's going to handle you in the field. Watch him."

There was a cheer from the Hingham rooters when the team came into the field, but Jim Ford realized that there was very little of the encouragement intended for him. The town still looked upon him as a quitter, and he knew that a good many friends of the club blamed Abner for lettering him play.

The Hinghams went to bat and Jim Ford kept out of sight as much as possible. He knew the men of the league team had seen him and he fancied they were laughing. Once he looked up and caught Manager Cullinan's gaze, and Manager Cullinan was smiling.

Jim realized that they considered him an easy mark.

The first three Hingham batters went down like stubble before the unerring shoots of the veteran Wingfield, and a little later Jim Ford found himself facing that extremely confident hitter, Jack Logan. And he was quite sure that Logan winked at him slightly.

Jim had firmly resolved that he wouldn't waste a ball.

"One strike!" cried the umpire.

Logan looked surprised.

"Two strikes!"

Now the batter was in a hurry. Jim shot the ball away from him. He reached for it with a half-regretted swing.

"Striker out!"

A little cheer went up from the Hingham rooters.

The second leaguer was more wary. He found the ball he wanted and drove it straight at Jim. And Jim met it pluckily and beat it down and flung it accurately to Charley Grimes. As he turned back to the points there was another little cheer.

The third leaguer popped him a fly and as he walked back to the bench there was quite a little hand-clapping.

"You're slinging 'em like a demon, Jim," said Abner as he laid aside his mask. "But can you last?"

"Yes," responded Jim, and his teeth clicked.

"The big fellows think you'll fall down along about the fifth," whispered Abner.

"I'll show 'em," growled Jim, and his teeth clicked again.

"Laura Crane is here," said Abner, and his voice dropped. "She's sitting over there at the left. See her?"

Jim flushed.

"I can't see anything but batters to-day."

Out went the Hingham men in on-two-three order, and again Jim found himself in the points. Now he faced the mighty Norris, the leading batter of the league. Jim shot a disconcertingly close ball at him and Norris barely escaped it. Jim grimly smiled. He knew the big batter's weakness. Norris dreaded being hit. And Jim played on his anxiety and eventually struck him out.

This time Hingham's cheer was undoubtedly jubilant, and it grew still louder as a fly to short and an easy bounder to second disposed of the next two leaguers.

And then it was a pitcher's battle to the very finish, with all the odds against Jim Ford. The veteran Wingfield had that wonderful human stone wall about him, while Jim's support, although generally excellent, was just a little ragged at times. In the fifth with one man out, the leaguers contrived to fill two bases, a scratch hit and a low throw being responsible. Then Jim bucked down and struck out the next two batters and a mighty roar went up from the excited crowd.

"The big fellows don't know what to make of you, Jim," chuckled Abner. "They've stopped laughing."

And pretty soon it was the ninth inning and neither team had scored. Then Jim saw Harlow speak to Cullinan and Cullinan nodded, and then Harlow pulled Wingfield aside, and Wingfield flushed and shook his head vehemently and went back to the points.

Jim knew what this meant. The veteran was getting tired, but he wasn't ready to fall down before this bush outfit. And Jim grimly smiled.

Then Wingfield caught his second wind and quickly disposed of the Hingham trio, and Jim, steady as clockwork, was equally fortunate.

Whereat Hingham suddenly lost all control of itself and swarmed over the field. It was some little time before it could be driven outside the ropes. And then the tenth inning began, and it began with Wingfield out of sorts. He was tired and Harlow had irritated him. And Tom Cannon caught the second ball pitched and cracked a liner a little too high for the thirrd baseman. And Dick Steele had advanced him by a double play. And Jack Groom drove a long fly to right and Tom Cannon was on third with two out.

Then Jim Ford came to bat. And there was a dead silence.

"One strike!"

Jim hadn't moved.

The crowd groaned.

"Hit it out, Fordy!" shouted a small boy.

Wingfield paid no attention to Tom Cannon. He was determined to strike out this saucy upstart.

He sent the ball in like a shot from a gun. And Jim met it with a light tap that drove it gently a little to the left of the pitcher. And Wingfield sprang for it, but it was an awkward ball to handle and when he had it in hand he threw it wide—and Jim was safe, and Tom Cannon had crossed the plate!

The next man was an easy out and then in the midst of an awful uproar Hingham took the field.

Jim had never felt better in his life. With five balls he disposed of the first man up. And Hingham roared. The next man batted a high fly for Tom Cannon at second which that reliable player harvested. And Hingham roared again.

When Tom returned the ball to Jim he threw a little wild and Jim had to cross the base line to get the sphere. As he picked it up he suddenly encountered the gaze of Manager Cullinan, who was only a dozen feet away. And Manager Cullinan's face was beaming.

"Great boy!" he distinctly uttered as he caught Jim's eye.

And then with four heavy shots the great boy disposed of the third batter, and Hingham had beaten the leaguers!

Jim dodged the eager arms that were stretched to embrace him and ran to the dressing room. And Abner, half crying, hugged him tight and the other players showed their jubilant delight in his prowess.

He waited until the crowd had thinned away. When he reached the sidewalk Laura was there. Her eyes were shining as she gave him her hand.

And then a voice hailed Jim. He looked around. It was Manager Cullinan.

"Just a word, Ford," he said as he came up. "You will report on the field Monday. I am going to put you in against the Bostons." He paused and looked at Jim with his keen eyes. "I'm in a business where a man has to be careful with his compliments," he said, "but you certainly are one of the finest youngsters that ever walked on spikes. And now tell me why you didn't do what you have done to-day in that game against the Browns."

Jim hung his head.

"I think I know, sir," Laura said. "You must remember that he is a country boy who has seen little or nothing of the world. Is it to be wondered at that its allurements caught him unawares?"

Cullinan nodded.

"I understand," he said.

"Jim needs somebody to look after him," said the girl and her voice trembled a little.

Cullinan suddenly smiled.

"You mean a wife?"

The girl flushed and nodded and laid her hand on Jim's arm.—W. R. Rose.

SHOES THAT "TALK."

Creaking Kind Preferred by the East Coast African Native.

The east coast African, buying shoes, is less concerned with fit or style than with a quality the white man ignores, or, at worst, wishes to, if he cannot. That is, the squeak.

"Do they talk proper loud?" inquires the ingenious native, first of all; and if they do not "talk" he will not buy.

In the South seas it is the same with the bronze man as in Africa with the black. Perhaps it is only a natural desire for harmony in the attire, for his other articles of dress, although seldom numerous, are frequently also "loud." The preparations of a native crew about to receive shore leave are amusingly described by a passenger, the Youth's Companion says.

"Tapitua, who is a great dandy, puts two gold earings in one ear and fastens a wreath of cock's feathers about his hat. Koddi, christened George, gets into a thick blue woolen jersey, very suitable for antarctic weather, a scarlet and yellow parco or kilt, and a pair of English shoes which make him limp terribly, but they are splendid squeakers, so Koddi is happy.

"Ta puts on three different singlets—a pink, blue and a yellow—turning up the edges carefully so as to present a fine display of layered colors, like a Neapolitan ice, and gums the gaudy label christening himself with the imposing title of 'Our Real Raspberry.'

"Neo is wearing two hats and three neck handkerchiefs.

"Oki has a cap with a P. & O. ribbon and Union Steamship Company's jersey, besides a three-penny piece in the hollow of each ear. Truly we are a gay party by the time we are ready to land."

So certain are the islanders to select squeaking shoes that many clever manufacturers now put special squeakers into goods intended for the island trade.

The value of shoe music was recently amusingly impressed upon a good-natured visitor who presented some shoe polish to a native friend, whom he found mournfully contemplating the fast fading glories of his footwear.

The native departed, grateful and enjoyed, but inquiry a day later proved that the gift had not accomplished all that was expected of it.

"Shoe feathers shine again all right," explained the recipient, figuratively, "but shoes don't sing."

EVOLUTION OF A TYPHOON.

Explanation from Newspaper Reporting the First of the Season.

In recording the first typhoon of the present season, which occurred somewhere in the neighborhood of Haiphong, a seaport in Tongking, a local newspaper gives an interesting account of how a typhoon is formed, the Pall Mall Gazette says.

It begins in a very small way. The day is exceedingly hot, and the atmosphere expands and rises. As this hot column of air rises, cooler air rushes in all sides to take its place, and as the heated air continues to ascend it cools, and then presses down on the air under it, forcing the latter to rush in more rapidly to take the place of the recently ascended hot air. The ascending column of air, being acted upon by the sun's rays, increases its velocity and circumference, and in a short time it is several miles in diameter, and rushes upward at increased speed. Then the inrushing air begins to revolve, and the diameter keeps on increasing till the rotary motion extends perhaps a thousand or more miles in circumference.

At first the commotion has been almost stationary. Now it attains two motions, one round its axis and the other along a course in which the typhoon commits great havoc. So long as there are no obstacles in the way the course of the typhoon is pretty regular, but when it reaches land it is liable to be deflected or broken up, though a mariner knows that when he faces the wind in his locality the center of the typhoon is then eight points or so on his right, though in the southern hemisphere it is on his left. In the center of the typhoon there is a perfect calm, but the wind increases farther out. Farther out still it will not be so bad.

An instrument called a barocyclonometer has been invented, which admirably serves the purpose, for, by its aid, the accurate position and direction of the typhoon can be found.

Actor a Man of Resource.

District Attorney Jerome of New York was praising at the Union Club a resourceful lawyer.

"Get him in a hole," said Mr. Jerome, "and he is out of it the very next second. He is as resourceful as an actor I recently heard about.

"This actor, at two or three o'clock one morning, got in a taxicab to drive home, and when almost there discovered that his money was spent. He had nothing for cab fare.

"A famous physician lived near by, and the resourceful actor told the chauffeur to stop there. Then he jumped out, rang the physician's night bell and screamed up the tube in an agonized voice:

"Doctor, our baby! It has swallowed its rattle! Quick! I've got a taxicab waiting.'

"'I'll be down at once,' said the doctor.

"And he appeared at once, an overcoat over his pajamas, and a case of instruments under his arm.

"The actor bundled him into the taxicab.

"'To 84 West Steenth street,' he said to the chauffeur. "I'll go on to the druggist's.'

"And the actor walked off chuckling, for the address he had given was that of an old maid dramatic critic who had dared to roast his last play."

Too Good to Be Missed.

Comedian—I can't go on for a minute, sir, I feel funny. Manager—Funny! Great Scott, man! Go on at once and make the most of it while it lasts.—Stray Stories.

FARM AND GARDEN

Steam Plows in Egypt.

Steam plows are becoming more popular in Egypt each year. In the last six years over 150 sets of a patent steam plow of British make have been sent to Egypt. Each set consists of two engines and one cultivator and can plow twenty feddans (twenty-one acres) per day.

Hogs in the Dairy.

A Maine dairyman has found the keeping of hogs and converting them into sausage a profitable side line. He has erected a sanitary slaughter house, with all the up-to-date conveniences, and with an ample supply of both hot and cold water. The piggery is also constructed on plans which insure the highest degree of sanitation, and the pigs are kept clean and healthy. The sausages are packed in oiled paper in 1-pound boxes and in bags and find a ready sale to city consumers at very attractive prices.

Transformed by Forests.

A most striking example of the transforming effect of forests, not only on the appearance, but on the productivity of a country, is afforded by the Department of the Landes, in France. At the close of the eighteenth century about 2,500,000 acres of that region were "little more than shifting sand dunes and disease-breeding marshes." At present the same lands are among the richest, most productive and healthful in France, and the change has been brought about by intelligent cultivation of pine forests. Even the character of the climate of the region has been ameliorated, and it has become mild and balmy. A thin layer of clay beneath the sandy upper surface soil, formerly impervious to water, has been pierced by the pine roots until a thorough drainage is established to the spongy earth which lies below.

Ropy Milk.

Ropy milk is caused by the ropy milk bacteria which has got onto the milk ducts of the teats. This is not a serious proposition, and can be easily remedied by washing the udders of the cows and all dairy utensils thoroughly with a 5 per cent solution of carbolic acid. This will destroy the bacteria. Cows that have access to marshy pasture, or cows that run in wet pastures, especially in the spring of the year when they are inclined to be muddy, and in muddy lanes or barn yards, are apt to get this ropy milk bacteria. Wash the dirt from the udder of the cow and also rinse the dairy utensils, pails, strainers and cans and everything that the milk touches, with a 5 per cent solution of carbolic acid. If this is done at once I think there will be no further trouble. The cows' udders and teats should be washed with this solution two or three days in succession.—Michigan Farmer.

Government Whitewash.

Whitewash, as used by the government, is prepared as follows: Take one-half bushel unslaked lime, slake it with boiling water, cover during the process to keep in steam; strain the liquid through a fine sieve or strainer, and add to it a peck of salt previously dissolved by soaking in warm water, three pounds ground rice boiled to a thin paste and stirred in while hot, one-half bushel Spanish whiting and one pound clean glue, previously dissolved by soaking in cold water and then hanging over a slow fire in a small pot hung in a larger one filled with water. Add five gallons hot water to the mixture; stir well and let it stand for a few days, covered from dirt. It should be applied hot, for which purpose it can be kept in a kettle or portable furnace. The east end of the White House at Washington is embellished by this brilliant whitewash: It is used by the government to whitewash lighthouses. A pint of this mixture, properly applied, will cover one square yard and will be almost as serviceable as paint for wood, brick or stone, and is much cheaper than the cheapest paint.

Protecting Your Fruit Trees.

There are many home-made remedies that are effectual. The mounding of earth about the base of the trunks is all that many of the most advanced growers provide. Others feel that the little extra cost of protectors and the short time required to put them on is not to be compared with the insurance that their trees get thereby. This, of course, may be influenced by the number of the pests in the different localities, as in some places the danger is not large and the mounding would be all that could be asked, while in other localities where the animals are plentiful, or the sources of food for them is small, the danger is multiplied and the extra precautions are required. Usually where the protectors are used mounds are also provided as the shedding of the water away from the crown of the tree is advantageous. The temptation to use tars, and oils on the bodies of the trees should be discouraged unless the material has been tried out and the person is aware of what he is doing, for oils and tars are often more detrimental to the trees than the rabbits and mice, the substance penetrating to the growing parts, killing the tissue and destroying the trees. The writer has seen a young orchard in which a large number of the trees had been killed by the application of a coal tar to the trunks of the trees. There was no trouble from rabbits or mice, to be sure, but the remedy did many times the damage the animals could have done.—Exchange.

Loco Poisoning.

The ravages of the loco weed concern every person in the United States, for the reason that the food supply has been seriously affected by the prevalence of locoed stock on western ranges. The loco weed flourishes throughout the western range country.

The government experimenters, during their three years of investigation, found that horses, cattle and sheep are differently affected. Horses are most susceptible to the poison, though cattle succumb nearly as quickly. Sheep will eat both species of the loco, but for some reason only one kind of the plant is particularly deadly in their case. Different breeds of cattle vary in their susceptibility. Generally the better bred animals are more suceptible to the poison than those which have been accustomed to range. Among the sheep, the black-face type yield much more quickly than the hardy merinos. Among cattle, Durhams and Aberdeen-Angus are more susceptible than the Herefords. Even pigs have been "locoed," after being fed loco weed in large quantities, and one Colorado ranch even reports a lot of "locoed" hens that had eaten the deadly poison of the range.

There are traditions in the west of human beings contracting the loco habit. Stories are told in the sheep camps and cow camps of men who have eaten the weed and have found it pleasant as opium, and who have died raving from the effects of their debauch. There are no authenticated instances of human beings being "locoed," however.

Value of Manure.

The plant food in a ton of manure varies somewhat with the kind of live stock. Thus young, growing animals and animals giving milk will retain a larger proportion of the nitrogen and phosphorus than fattening stock, work horses or other mature animals. On the other hand, it is well to understand that the difference in value frequently considered, as, for example, between sheep manure and cattle manure, is due almost entirely to differences in water content. As a matter of fact, manure from work horses or from fattening steers fed on clover hay and heavy grain rations is fully as rich and valuable as sheep manure if both are reduced to the same percentage of dry matter. Of course, sheep manure containing only 60 per cent of water is twice as rich as cattle manure containing 80 per cent of water.

Average moderately fresh cattle or horse manure, made from clover and timothy hay and some grain, with sufficient straw bedding to absorb and retain the liquid manure, will contain per ton of manure about 10 pounds of nitrogen, 2 pounds of phosphorus and 10 pounds of potassium, on the basis of 25 per cent of dry matter. Computed at the present market values for these elements—15 cents a pound for nitrogen, 12 cents for phosphorus and 6 cents for potassium—such manure is worth $2.34.—Illinois Experiment Station.

Canada Thistle.

The Canada thistle is a biennial plant; that is, two years are required for its round of life. The first season it comes up from seed and grows as a low plant with a circle of leaves in a rosette, from near the ground. In this state it remains alone over winter and the following spring begins vigorous growth and sends up a strong central stalk, at the top of which blossoms and seeds are born. At the maturity of the seeds the plant permanently dies, but the seeds it produces are scattered to the four quarters of the earth for the beginning of more thistles.

The only effective way of eradicating the Canada thistle is to keep it cut down to the ground during the second year's growth, so that it can not send up a flower stalk to produce blossoms and seed. Where there are only a few on the farm this can be done with little effort, but where they are very numerous in a field it should be planted to a cultivated crop and given the most thorough cultivation with the hoe extra if necessary, so that not a single plant remains at the end of the growing season, for one plant will seed a whole farm.

It must be remembered, however, that when you have killed every plant on your farm you may find a thousand growing in fields the following years. If your neighbor allows any to go to seed the seed will be scattered far and wide by the wind. All neighbors should combine in fighting them.

The Canada thistle is a greater pest in some sections than in others, for the reason that it is better adapted to some soils and climates than to others. In the latitude of Illinois it is reasonably easy to control and is never a serious pest.

Hives Outdors in Winter.

In packing hives for outdoor wintering, any good dry, loose material may be used, such as wheat chaff, forest leaves, planer shavings or excelsior. The best packing material is that which is loose enough to allow air to penetrate it and carry off the moisture of the bees. Put over this a good tight cover to keep the hives perfectly dry. With single-walled hives the moisture must be carried off by a slow upward curent of air, otherwise the sides and bottom board will become saturated, compelling the colony to endure a condition which is disastrous to its vitality. Bees will stand a great degree of cold, day or night, if they can have spells of warming up. It is not so much the severity of the cold as its long continuance that kills the bees. I prefer outdoor wintering in chaff-packed hives, as outdoor bees are better able to stand the spring weather and to have an abundance of young bees by the first spring bloom.

Modern hives with good brood chambers equal to the laying capacity of the queen, are considered best for obtaining surplus honey. Such, however, are not the best for wintering, as the stores are usually insufficient. When all breeding is over for the season, the central combs are often deficient in stores. Here a good, practical feeder comes into requisition, one that can be used during the cold nights of October, and that will work successfully with thick sirup. Nothing is gained by compelling the bees to evaporate a large amount of water so late in the season. For late feeding I use about one quart of water to every fourteen pounds of the best granulated sugar. When early feeding is practiced, thin sirup may be used, but for late feeding we need the sirup very thick—just thin enough so the bees can work it nicely.—F. G. Herman, in Michigan Farmer.

The Idiots.

"Just think of it—a full table d'hote dinner for 30 cents: oysters, soup, fish, roast duck, salad, ice cream, fruit, demitasse!"

"Where? ! ! !"

"I don't know—but just think of it!"—Harper's Weekly.

ENGLISH ROYAL LAUNDRY.

Linens Marked in Red Cotton with Initial of Royal Residence.

There is a very general belief that royal people never wear the same undergarments twice, but this is a simple fiction, for on the borders of Richmond park is situated the building in which all the royal clothes are laundered, Vogue says. The entrance to this building is protected by a lodge, and there is a close guard kept on the door, and no visitors are allowed except by special permit, which is not often given. The building is very interesting inside. Along the sides of the passages are huge, well-aired cupboards, in which are tons of soap of different kinds, with chests of soda and carbonate of soda below.

The ordinary household linen, such as tablecloths, napkins, doilies, curtains, etc., as well as towels, sheets and pillow slips, arrive in huge baskets and are taken out, sorted and compared with the lists sent from the various royal households. The personal linen arrives in wooden boxes, and is sorted in a special room. Each box has a brass plate, bearing the owner's name, as well as a number. The machinery is of the most perfect kind, and any improvements are adopted at once. All the work is conducted with the regularity of clock work, and extreme cleanliness and order are apparent everywhere.

The clothes, when washed, are placed in heaps, each pile representing those belonging to the various royal residences. Most of the linen is marked in red cotton with the initials of the royal residence, "B. P.," "O. H." or "B. C.," meaning Buckingham palace, Osborne House and Balmoral castle. Above these letters are the initials "V. R. P."

The linen is of the finest and best make, and the table linen is of beautiful patterns, formed by the queen's monogram, intertwined with emblematical designs of the rose, shamrock and thistle. Royal underlinen is beautifully made, and of the finest materials, trimmed with real lace. Some of the lace on the younger princesses' petticoats is almost priceless. There are little ribbons run about necks and sleeves of the garments, and they are very French-like altogether. The royal laundry bill for a year is $275,000.

SHORT METER SERMONS.

The man who uses his Bible as he should, learns to use his ballot as he should.—Rev. C. C. Pierce, Baptist, Los Angeles.

Impossible ideals make for lawlessness rather than for righteousness and the betterment of life.—Rev. H. Martin, Disciple, Brooklyn.

In this day of crime God is looking for men and women who will stand out for Him.—Rev. J. O. Boswell, Evangelist, Pawtucket, R. I.

One of the most vital questions in present-day politics is that of obedience to laws of the commonwealth.—Rev. M. B. Williams, Methodist, Chicago.

All sins begin by doubting God and it always begins in a small way. Men go to the depths in a bound.—Rev. J. W. Chapman, Evangelist, Hartford.

What is it that really is heart's desire? It is friendship, approval, love; it is success, satisfaction, gladness of soul.—Rev. Dr. Leete, Episcopalian, Detroit.

Better than stone buildings to take care of prisoners are decent abodes for children, that they may be kept out of prison.—Rev. L. M. Zimmerman, Lutheran, Baltimore.

If we compare every Christian with the Mohammedans or other heathen religions it does not always result with credit to the Christian.—Rev. Earl Cranston, Methodist, Washington.

As a Christian nation, we pray for peace and we labor for peace, but it is no indication that a nation has lost its Christianity when it goes to war.—Rev. Charles E. Craik, Episcopalian, Louisville.

That religion which causes a person to lose all interest in the movements of this world and causes him to pine for heaven is too selfish and too narrow.—Rev. J. H. Vincent, Methodist, Indianapolis.

The gift of Christ is the only adequate measure of God's love. The world contains many things to bless man, but we cannot judge from what we see about us the measure of God's love.—Rev. D. R. Rankin, Presbyterian, Denver.

Bring your justice and your mercy and your love so close to sinning, ignorant, suffering humanity that they will come to believe in these first and then in the God whence they came.—Rev. A. G. Singsen, Methodist, Providence.

We must obey the powers that God has ordained. Each nation has its particular work to do—the same as an individual. Kingdoms have gone down, but each has taught the world some lesson.—Rev. R. C. Kauffman, Lutheran, Aurora.

As Represented.

Irate Stranger—Look here! I thought you told me that dog I bought from you had a good many fine points. He looks like he has been shot full of arrows.

Mountaineer Pete—These be the fine points, stranger. He tackled a porcupine the day before you bought him.—Los Angeles Times.

A True Philosopher.

"I wish I were eligible to join one of these patriotic sons of something."

"Too bad you're not."

"Still, if my ancestors hadn't always taken to the woods in time of warfare. I might not be here."—Washington Herald.

Weeding Out the Dead Material.

"We talk about reviving the sport of the arena in our town."

"Indeed."

"Sure. Some day we are going to herd all of our mossbacked near citizens together and have a grand killing."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Ready to Exchange.

"I was reading to-day about the cat exchange they have in Paris."

"I wish we had one here. I've got a cat at home that I'd exchange for a bogus check on a busted bank and throw in the car fare to boot."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

With the possible exception of a willingness to fight, you can't prove anything by calling another a liar.

SHEAR NONSENSE

"How often does your car kill a man?" "Only once, guv'nor!" replied the chauffeur.—Tit-Bits.

Poet—Did she think my sonnet was good? Friend—She must have. She didn't believe you wrote it.—Kansas City Journal.

"I want one of the new spotted face veils, please." "Yes, madam. Specked, spattered or splotched?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"I ordered a love of a hat sent up to the house and asked hubby to buy it for me." "Did he?" "No; my love was returned."

Mr. Henpeck—We're going to remove to the seaside, doctor. Doctor—But the climate may disagree with your wife. Mr. Henpeck—It wouldn't dare!—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Pat—Could yer give a man a job, yer honor? Barber—Well, you can repaint this pole for me? Pat—Be jabers, I can, sor, if you'll tell me where to buy the striped paint.—Punch.

"You say you are in love with Miss Baggs?" "I sure am." "But I can't see anything attractive about her." "Neither can I see it. But it's in the bank all right."—Cleveland Leader.

The Night Nurse—Has that medicine come that the doctor promised to send. The Day Nurse—Not yet. The Night Nurse—Then I guess the patient will live through the night.—Chicago Tribune.

"After all, there's only one thing absolutely certain in this world." "Indeed. What?" "That fashion will never increase the size of women's shoes, as it does their hats and sleeves."—Boston Transcript.

St. Peter (to applicant)—What was your business when on earth? Applicant—Editor of a newspaper. St. Peter—Big circulation, of course? Applicant—No, small; smallest in the country. St. Peter—Pick out your harp.—Epoch.

The small son and heir had been sent into the garden to fetch a stick with which he was to be punished. After some delay he returned, saying, with a sigh: "Couldn't find a stick, mover; but here's a little stone you might frow at me."

"I can say one thing in favor of Mr. Featherly," remarked Mrs. Hendricks, the landlady; "he never takes the last piece of bread on the plate." "No, indeed, Mrs. Hendricks," assented Dumley, cordially, "Featherly ain't quick enough."—Bazar.

"Here, I say! Be a bit more careful with that razor; that's the second time you've cut me." "Well, well, so it is; but there! I always deduct a ha'penny for every cut. Why, it's nothing for a man to go out of here having won fourpence off me."—The Tatler.

Returned Explorer—Yes, the cold was so intense at the pole we had to be very careful not to pet our dogs. Miss Youngthing—Indeed? Why was that? Returned Explorer—You see, their tails were frozen stiff, and if they wagged them they would break off.—Boston Transcript.

Bridget—Will yez have your dinner now, sorr, or wait for the missus? Head of the House—Where is your mistress, Bridget? Bridget—There's an auction beyant the corner, sorr, an' she said she'd stop there for a minnit. Head of the House—Have dinner now, Bridget.—New York Sun.

Traveler—What do you think of the tariff? Old Farmer—What they doin' to it? Traveler—Why, haven't you read the papers? Old Farmer—Well, I used to, but 'bout a year ago I stopt 'em off. They got to be too frivoling for me. Since then I've been took up reading a book.—New York Sun.

"Your husband has been ill," said the caller. "Yes," replied the little, worried-looking woman, "he has been feeling very badly. I do my best to please him, but nothing seems to satisfy him." "Is his condition critical?" "It's worse than critical," she answered, with a sigh, "it's abusive."

Willy—You see, it was this way. They were all three so dead in love with her, and all so eligible, that to settle the matter she agreed to marry the one who could guess the nearest to her age. Arthur—And did she? Willy—I don't know. I know that she married the one who guessed the lowest.—Life.

"I hear that your church has installed a phonograph stuffed with sacred music?" "Yes. Had to do it. Choir had struck." "New scheme work all right?" "It's beautiful. Never quarrels with itself, has no skirts to rustle, doesn't fret about the angle of its hat, refrains from giggling or powdering its nose, and if it gets out of order a mechanic can repair it."—Philadelphia Ledger.

"It makes you look small," said the saleslady to the elephantine woman who was trying on a hat. Sold! "It makes you look plump," she said to the cold, attenuated damsel. Sold! "It makes you look young," she said to the fair-fat-and-forty female. Sold! "It makes you look older," she said to the slate-and-sums miss. Sold! "It makes you look short," she said to the lamp-post lady. Sold! "It brings out your color," she said to the feminine ghost. Sold! And of course all the hats were exactly alike.—The Sketch.

Not Literary.

"The late Frederick Burton was the world's foremost authority on the American Indian," said a Yale ethnologist. "Burton was almost alone in his field. There are, you know, so few students of Indian lore. He said to me once, with a vexed laugh, that he found it quite as impossible to discuss the Indian with people as a Boston critic found it to discuss poetry with the girl he took down to dinner. The girl was very pretty. Leaning her dimpled elbows on the table, she said to the critic:

"'And what is your lecture to be about, professor?'

"'I shall lecture on Keats,' he replied.

"'Oh, professor,' she gushed, 'what are Keats?'"

Not Materializing.

"I went to the spiritualistic seance to find out if I had a ghost of a chance of getting the sealskin coat I want."

"Dear me! Would you be satisfied with nothing more material for a coat than a spirit wrap?"—Baltimore American.