THE STORY TELLER

THE OLDEN TIME.

The olden time of long ago!
When skies were clear and blue,
And hearts were young and light, you know,
And yet so good and true;
When "yes" was "yes," and "no" was "no,"
And tears were rare and few.

Our world was hedged by bounding hill,
Beyond we could not see.
We did not have the thoughtful skill
To solve the mystery
Of distant place, nor yet the will
To care if such could be.

For us alone arose the sun;
For us the moon at night
Came stealing up when day was done,
With disk of frozen light.
And when their courses these had run,
They just dropped out of sight.

The singing birds from Southland came,
But that was "off somewhere."
The howling winds that none can tame
Rushed in from "over there."
And flying snow—God made the same
From bits of cloud and air.

The long ago, now lost to view,
The time of love and song,
When days were all of life we knew,
With nights a minute long,
We dreamed of things we meant to do—
Has life proved dreaming wrong?
—John L. Shroy, in Saturday Evening Post.

AN UNCONVENTIONAL COURTSHIP.

"THIS sort of game is all well, but if it lasts much longer I shall be a perfect wreck," said Arthur Mason to himself one evening, as he sat gazing thoughtfully at the fireplace. "For the last six months I have been head over heels in love with Vera Fray, and, what is worse, not had the pluck to tell her so. But she is such a peculiar girl" (he argued in self-defense). "If it was anyone else I wouldn't hesitate a moment."

Mason was a man of about 25, and as full of passion and sentiment as a man well could be. But he had been brought up in orthodox English style with many sharp lessons never to betray his feelings. These lessons had been so hammered into him in his youth that he found now that even against his own wishes it was almost impossible to show what his real opinion was of anything that affected his likes or dislikes. When he was most happy people thought him sad, and vice versa. It was, perhaps, on account of the peculiar way he had of looking at things that he invariably saw the funny side first, sometimes on the most serious occasions.

His passion for Vera at times made him laugh, and when on the verge of proposing to her the thought would strike him how foolish he would look. The truth of it was, he knew too much of the world, and the love affairs of his friends had appeared ridiculous to him.

One of the chief attractions of Vera in his opinion was her passive nature, and it was that perhaps which made him falter. The idea of her being in love seemed absurd to him.

The week following the self-communings just recorded, he knew that Vera would be at a dinner party to which he had also been invited, and he determined, if an occasion arose for a serious talk, to have the matter settled. How he would manage it he did not dare to decide; chance, he thought, would have to be his guide.

Mrs. Fairburn's drawing-room was packed on the night of the dinner. So much so that poor Mason's heart sank. If Vera did come his opportunity for a tete-a-tete with her appeared small. She was a popular person, and he knew she would be dragged off to entertain some of the "lions" of the evening.

The Fairburns' house luckily boasted one of the finest gardens in Sussex, and if he could persuade his idol to go for a stroll in that garden he meant to do so.

At dinner Vera sat directly opposite him, and he inwardly blessed his hostess for not crowding the table with flowers, ferns, or ornaments, which would have hidden her charming, clear-cut features from him. When looking at her a calm always came over him that he could not explain. Even when absent from her, he generally pictured her as a limpid spring from which peace was always flowing. Nothing on earth, he imagined, could ever ruffle her.

The dinner passed off perfectly. All seemed thoroughly pleased with themselves and the world in general.

It was an hour later, and he was sitting by Vera's side in the drawing-room. They were enjoying an animated discussion on some topic of public interest, and no chance had so far presented itself. At last, in pure desperation, Arthur blurted out, during a slight fall in the tide of argument: "This room is terribly close; shall we finish our little controversy in the garden?"

Vera was nothing loath.

It was a lovely night; the sky was a mass of twinkling stars, and the moon gave a light that one could easily read by. Such a moment seemed specially ordained for lovemaking, love whispered in the trees and echoed in the bushes. And yet these two still continued to disagree, as if such romantic evenings were intended for the battledore and shuttlecock of social commonplaces.

They had by now wandered to an arbor, and without either of them drawing attention to it, they entered and sat down in the two deck chairs it boasted. Vera tried to continue the subject at issue, but Arthur remained silent. In this wise the conversation stopped, and each became absorbed, for the first time, in the beauty and the stillness of the night. Presently, with startling abruptness, the silence was broken upon.

"Vera," said Arthur, turning toward her, "would you care to marry me?"

It was not, by a long way, the first time she had received a similar request, for she had been vainly courted by the richest and highest in the country. So vainly, indeed, that people were even beginning to hint of the shelf when speaking of her. But whether it was the suddenness of the request, or the personality of him who made it, for the minute her confusion was obvious, though luckily for her the friendly moon did not light up this little arbor. Calming herself immediately, and looking quickly up at her companion, Vera queried: "Why do you ask me? You don't think I'm in love with you, do you?"

"No, in fact I'm sure you are not."

"Then that settles the question without further trouble," said Vera, carefully rearranging her shawl and establishing herself in a more comfortable position, as if some knotty problem had just been solved

"Not at all, for you haven't answered me."

"You have answered yourself, though; you would hardly marry a woman who did not love you."

"That's one of the reasons I am asking you," replied this cool diplomatist, slowly lighting a cigarette.

"Then before answering," she said, appearing to be interested in this strange species of proposal, "let me question you. Do you love me?"

"No, I don't."

"Then why on earth do you talk such rubbish? How can you wish to marry me?"

"Simply because neither of us is in love with the other, which shows that we are both mentally and physically in sound health."

"You consider, then, that love is a disease; in fact, I suppose," she added, sardonically, "a kind of disordered liver?"

"Exactly. But let me put the case before you properly," said Arthur, rising and walking up and down in front of her as he spoke. "You and I have been friends for 12 years, and by now know each other thoroughly. I am thankful to say I have never loved you, nor, to my knowledge, have you loved me, and it is these facts which convince me we should make a thoroughly congenial and happy married couple. On these grounds I again ask you—will you marry me?" he concluded, stopping opposite Vera's chair.

During this curious monologue the moon had traveled somewhat on its journey, and now cast a pale light into the arbor—just enough to show Arthur that his fair companion's eyes were twinkling, and that she was on the verge of smiling. Looking straight at him, Vera composedly answered:

"Your philosophy, dear Arthur, is excellent, and your case apparently fully proved, but—er—if you would not mind sitting down here" (nodding toward the empty chair at her side), "hold my

WANDERED TO AN ARBOR.

hand and look me full in the face, and then tell me that you are not head over heels in love with me, I will believe that for the last five minutes you have been speaking—as they say in courts—the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth."

Arthur felt dazed. He sat down and took his pretty companion's hand—he observed it was beautifully soft. He looked into her eyes—he noticed they had in them a light he had never seen before, and that on her face was a smile and an expression that could have but one interpretation—and he faltered.

And the silence of night wrapped the arbor in its embrace. A bird moved in the ivy—a nightingale came to its mate—and the moon traveled farther on its journey. It sank—but not before it had witnessed what, in the course of its considerable experience, it had often seen before, but of which—it never told.
—Mainly About People.

PLAYED TO EMPTY HOUSE.

Saint-Saens, the French Composer, Nevertheless Bowed Politely to the Vacant Chairs.

Camille Saint-Saens, the distinguished French composer, is very near-sighted, and his affliction was the only cause of the following story: Being asked to play something at a party in Paris, he extemporized for an hour in the most brilliant fashion. Then some of the guests began to leave, and after two hours the rest took their departure. The hostess retired to bed, and the master of the house alone remained in the room, but still Saint-Saens, lost in musical reverie, and not perceiving that the guests had departed, played on. At last, about two a. m., seeing Saint-Saens playing with more ardor than ever, the host, completely overcome with fatigue, became desperate and said: "I beg pardon, my dear sir, but, pray, are you not a little fatigued?" Saint Saens replied, without leaving the piano: "Not in the least," and to show how fresh he was struck into a new improvisation with wilder enthusiasm than ever. The host gave it up, stole out of the room and went to bed. At daybreak Saint-Saens arose, gravely bowed to the tables and chairs, and went home, completely ignorant that the chairs and tables had been for hours his only audience.

Ought to Cut His Head Off.

When a former sultan of Turkey was on a visit to England he was entertained by the prince of Wales in a manner befitting his rank. One day the sultan and the prince were driving when the latter pointed out the home of the duke of Westminster, saying that it was the abiding place of his richest subject. "How rich is he?" inquired the eastern potentate with interest. "Oh, enormously wealthy, beyond all calculation!" returned the prince. "Do you mean to tell me that he is richer than you are and yet your subject?" was the next question from the visitor. "Richer than I am?" laughed England's future king. "Indeed he is, ten, possibly twenty times richer." "Then why don't you cut off his head?" murmured the foreign ruler, as he settled back in his seat.—Chicago Chronicle.

CAMP FIRE STORIES

A GEORGIA INCIDENT.

Story of a Tempestuous and Intemperate Colonel and His Lesson.

An old man leaning on a cane and nearly blind is to be seen daily walking about his premises in North Denver. His disability is so marked that anyone would say he must be a civil war veteran. But recently he celebrated his 75th anniversary. He is a typical "old man," made so by war, says the Denver Post.

Some 19 years ago a petition for a pension was sent in by John C. Fitnam. The grounds for asking it were that he was disabled while in the service of the United States as a corporal in the One Hundred and Sixth Illinois. It hung fire for seven years. Then some technical flaws were found and the aid was refused. Mr. Fitnam, even then an old man, was disheartened. Twelve years more rolled by and then a lucky turn came to him.

Aid from the pension bureau was out of the question. Some other means must be found. Why not ask congress? "I am a lawyer and surely will be able to get aid from congress," thought Mr. Fitnam. He sought Congressman Shafroth. The congressman was interested. He would aid Mr. Fitnam if there was any way of doing it. There was a way, and last December a bill was introduced for Mr. Fitnam's relief. Senator Teller gave his services and thus it was possible to pass the bill through both houses by last February. It was not signed until a few days ago.

The aid which had been so long sought was now lessened in its degree, for Mr. Fitnam, now almost blind and helpless, is forced to employ a man who pilots him about whenever the aged lawyer moves from place to place. Though old and blind and feeble he is not helpless or weak-minded. The brain which has for fifty-three years argued before the jury is still in good condition. When asked if he were ever in the active service Mr. Fitnam answered: "No, but I was in a far worse place. The defensive line with its hell of disease and filth is worse than the shot and shell of battle. I saw active disease, but no active fighting. That disease has made me what I am.

"Let me tell you a story," he continued. "It's a good story and shows the type of men we had as commanders when I was in the service. While we were stationed at Dalton, Ga., I was placed in charge of a squad to which the duty of bringing the commissary supplies from the surrounding country was assigned. At dress parade one afternoon an order was read. Col.—let us say Smith—our commander, ordered that each and every man should do the proper amount of saluting at the proper time. If an officer did not return the salute of his inferiors then the inferior would not be compelled to salute in return on the next meeting.

"Now, our colonel was a good man, but subject to fits of temper and also of intemperance. Well, sir, one day I

"DO YOU KNOW WHO I AM?"

was returning from the commissary farm when I met our colonel. Liquor seemed to have a pretty good hold of him. I drew up my men in order that we might salute the colonel, but he rode on and said nothing.

"The incident passed. I forgot it almost completely. Some weeks later I met the colonel at the same place. My squad happened to be the same men. I realized what I ought to do. The colonel was now sober, but I did not salute him.

"'Men,' I commanded, 'you are not to salute the colonel.'

"And we did not.

"In an instant the colonel was in a rage. 'Do you know who I am?' he demanded.

"'Yes,' I replied. 'You are Col. Smith of the One Hundred and Sixth Illinois. But, sir, do you remember the order read at dress parade the other day? Not long ago I met you at this place. I saluted. You did not return the salute.'

"'Well—er——,' said the colonel, and then a suspicion entered his mind. He knew his weakness. In an instant he spurred his horse to the middle of the road and then saluted in a most soldierly style.

"The funny part of it was that every officer and soldier knew about it in less than an hour."

As to Divorce.

"Mamma," said little Ethel, "Mrs. Gayley's husband isn't dead, is he?"

"No, dear."

"Then what's she going to be married for?"

"Never mind, dear. You can't understand such things."

"Oh, I know," exclaimed the little girl, "it's just like getting vaccinated. It didn't take the first time, did it?"—Philadelphia Press.

Where the Colonel Was.

"You say the colonel was in the latest battle?"

"Yes, he was."

"Was he in the van?"

"There wasn't any van. He was in the baggage wagon."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

ATHLETES IN THE ARMY.

There Were Times When Plenty of Muscle Was Needed at the Guns.

"The enthusiasts in athletics," said the colonel, relates the Chicago Inter Ocean, 'who enlisted in the army in 1898 have certainly had full justice done them, but there were the same sort of enthusiasts in the army of 1861, and of them very little has been said. When I read the announcement of the death of William B. Curtis I remembered the stalwart Chicagoan who entered the service in 1861 as orderly sergeant of Capt. Hayden's zouaves, or company A of the Nineteenth Illinois regiment. Curtis was at that time one of the most noticeable men in the regiment. He was a skilled oarsman and was an enthusiast in all athletic sports. The first time our division crossed the Tennessee river the skill and resourcefulness of Curtis were put to a severe test.

Gen. Mitchell, or whoever was in command, was impatient over the delay in crossing the river. That was early in the war, and the engineer corps was not well organized. Many expedients were suggested and some of them were tried, but all failed. The general spoke in a complaining way to Col. Turchin, of the Nine-

STUCK IN THE MUD.

teenth Illinois, of the helplessness of an army that ought to have men who could meet such an emergency. Turchin said that he had the man, and sent Curtis to the general. The plans were explained, the difficulty of the undertaking was discussed, the general remarking that if he could get a rope across the river, securely fastened to the only tree accessible, the problem would be solved. He asked Curtis if he thought he could get a rope across to that tree.

Curtis went up the river, threw a piece of wood into the water, watched it in its course down stream to get an idea of the drift of the current, then took a boat and by skillful use of the oars and by taking advantage of the current he landed at the right place, made the rope secure around the tree, and the engineers completed the work. This adventure, it must be remembered, required courage as well as strength, skill and resourcefulness, but the boys of the Nineteenth Illinois were from the first called on for the most perilous duty. There are many of them in Chicago who can testify that there was no flinching.

In another case where a battery was stuck in the mud and was in danger of capture, Curtis went to the rescue, and by the exercise of strength and skill literally lifted one of the guns out of the mud, and by example secured the safety of all. Strong men were not always successful in such undertakings. I remember that at Stone river, when Negley's division was compelled to retire before the charging column of confederates, the guns of one of the batteries were abandoned among the cedars. A stalwart captain commanding a German company in another division passing the abandoned guns stopped and insisted that they should be saved.

His men moving as a part of the regiment in line did not heed their captain's appeal to save the guns, possibly did not hear it. At all events the captain found himself with one man tugging and pulling to get the guns into the road. But the carriages were so tightly wedged between the trees that this was a very difficult undertaking. The captain was very strong himself, and the man with him was a stalwart, and as they worked they became more tenacious and more interested. The result was that before they fairly realized what was taking place they were surrounded by confederates who had been watching them for some minutes in wonder.

The captain and his athletic friend were sent to Libby prison. After several months they returned to the regiment to be received with great enthusiasm. One of the first men to greet the captain shook his hand, looked around inquiringly, and asked: "Where is the cannon, cap?" At this there was a roar and the captain, flushing, said: "I was a big fool that time. But in the old country I was taught never to leave the guns. If ten men strong like myself had come with me, we would have saved every cannon!"

Celebrating a Lost Leg.

On the 9th of June, as Burton N. Harrison, father of Capt. Harrison, who married Miss Crocker, entered Delmonico's Beaver street restaurant, he was hailed by Col. John C. Calhoun: "Come over here, Harrison; we're celebrating; want you to join us." With the gallant colonel sat three friends—a railroad president, a mining promoter, and Gen. Matthew Galbraith Butler, ex-United States senator from South Carolina. They were all southern men, and, as Harrison was President Davis' private secretary in the war, he was right welcome to enter the circle and partake of several cold bottles. "What are you celebrating?" he asked. "Why," replied Col. Calhoun, "don't you know that Senator Butler lost his right leg at the battle of Brandy Station on June 9, 1863? To-day is the thirty-sixth anniversay of the loss of that leg, and we are celebrating it. We celebrate it every year."—N. Y. Press.

Old Features of the Paris Show.

The Paris exposition of 1878 is commemorated by the Trocadero and that of 1889 by the Eiffel tower, both of which form part of the present exhibition.—N. Y. Sun.

Our Young People

"MANY A LITTLE."

Little seeds make blooming acres,
Woods from tiny acorns grow,
Little drops make up the brooklets,
Brooklets into rivers flow;
Minutes make the endless ages,
Word by word the book is read,
Grain by grain the wheat is winnowed,
And the whole wide world is fed.

Step by step ascend the mountain,
Soon the valley 'neath you lies;
Pile the little bricks together,
See the statellest mansion rise.
Just by one stone on another
Was the wall of China laid;
Hist'ry says it is the greatest
Work that man has ever made.

"Many a little makes a mickle,"
As the canny Scotsmen say.
Put the simple rule in practice,
Learn a little every day;
Here a fact and there a reason
In your brain store safe away.
What a treasury you'll garner
If you add a mite a day!
—C. G. Tharin, in Golden Days.

A LIVE COAL TRICK.

How to Put a Red-Hot Coal on a Handkerchief and Still Not Burn the Cloth.

No one would suppose that it is possible to hold a glowing coal on a piece of linen or cotton without burning the cloth, but that such can be done is easy for anyone to prove, and at the same time the experiment teaches an important natural law.

Every child knows that the telephone and telegraph wires are made of copper because that metal conducts sound well. It is also a good conductor of heat and electricity, which is only another form of heat. If a poker is heated in the fire you pick up a cloth to hold the outer end, although it has not been in the fire, because experience has taught you that the heat is connected through the metal from the fire to the outer end.

This experiment with the flaming coal is based upon this principle, and

HOW TO DO THE TRICK.

the additional one that linen and cotton are poor conductors of heat.

Take a globe of copper and draw a piece of cloth tightly over it, so that there is not a wrinkle at the top. If the linen or cotton is closely woven, the trick is all the more certain. Then holding the clothing tightly in place you can safely put a glowing coal on top of the cloth, and while it burns fiercely the cloth will not even be scorched. The reason is that the great conductivity of the copper draws the heat of the coal before it can burn the cloth.

Do not try this experiment with a good handkerchief first, for if the cloth is not tightly drawn it may burn; but take some worthless piece of linen or muslin, and after you are certain of your experiment you can astonish your friends who do not know the secret.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

A Hint to Stamp Collectors.

Did you ever hold a sheet of white paper to the light and notice white letters or a figure of some kind in it? That is called the water mark. Most postage stamps are water marked, some with letters, some with figures, while others have some simple little character. Very few stamps will reveal a water mark when held to the light, but a simple way to detect them is to procure an old "tintype" picture. Lay the stamp upon the back of it, face down, and drop upon the stamp a few drops of gasoline. The water mark, if the stamp contains one, will be readily discernible.

MUSKRAT AT SUPPER.

The Little Creature Is Particularly Fond of Rushes, Which He Eats in a Peculiar Way.

In the department of "Nature and Science" in St. Nicholas, we find this account, by William J. Long, of the doings of a muskrat:

If you know where there is a colony of muskrats—and if you don't know you can easily find out; any farmer or hunter will show you their village of green houses by the river—you can have no end of enjoyment by going there at twilight and calling them out. Squeak like a mouse, only louder, and if there is a pointed nose in sight, making a great letter V in the water, it turns instantly toward you. And if the place is all still, you have only to

MUSKRAT DINING ON A RUSH.

hide and squeak a few times, when two or three muskrats will come out to see what the matter is, or what young muskrat has got into trouble.

If you go often and watch, you may see a good many curious things; see "Musquash" (that's his Indian name) digging a canal, or building his house, or cutting wood, or catching a trout, or cracking a fresh-water clam, or rolling a duck's egg along on the water's edge, so as not to break it, to his little ones in the den, far below. And if you like bananas, you may sometimes smack your lips at seeing him eat his banana in his own way. This is how he does it:

First, he goes to the rushes, and, diving down, bites off the biggest one close to the bottom, so as to save the soft, white part, that grows under water. Then he tows it to his favorite eating place. This is sometimes the top of a bog, sometimes a flat rock on the shore, sometimes a stranded log; but, wherever it is, he likes to eat in that one place, and always goes there when he is not too far away, or too hungry to wait.

Crawling out to his table, he cuts off a piece of the stump of his rush, and sits up straight, holding it in his fore paws. Then he peels it carefully, pulling off strip after strip of the outer husk with his teeth, till only the soft, white, luscious pith remains. This he devours greedily, holding it in his paws and biting the end off and biting it off again, until there isn't any end left—exactly as a schoolboy often eats a banana. Then he cuts off a second piece, if the rush is a big one, or swims and gets another, which he treats in the same way.

And if you are a boy watching him, your mouth begins to "water," and you go and cut a rush for yourself, and eat it as Musquash did. If you are hungry it is not very bad.

Skunk Pursued by Sparrows.

While hunting on the flats of the lower Ohio a man saw a polecat attacked by at least 200 sparrows. He did not discover the animal's offense, but the sparrows were exceedingly angry. The skunk had taken refuge in a thicket, badly frightened, and was dodging from one side to the other of a log, trying to escape the savage attacks of the feathered tribe. At last the persecuted animal took to the open and ran, but the birds kept pace with him and fairly riddled his hide with their beaks. The last he saw of them they were still pecking away, and the hunter thinks they killed the skunk.

Wanted to Be an Angel.

"Oh, dear!" sighed small Tommy, as he gazed at the flaming posters across the street, "I wish I were an angel!" "Why do you wish that, Tommy?" asked his astonished mother. "'Cause," answered the little fellow, "then I could see all the circuses at once."

That Baseball Funeral.

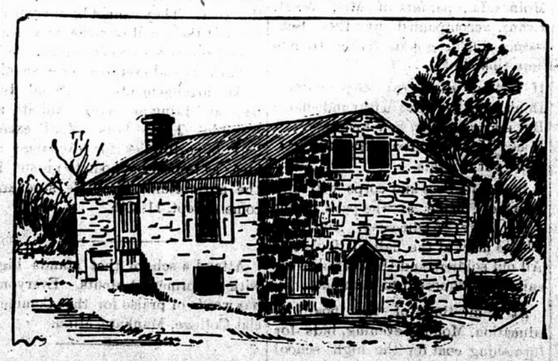
Employer—Was much feeling shown at your grandmother's funeral?

Bookkeeper—Yes; they mobbed the umpire.—Harper's Bazar.

Home of LINCOLN'S ANCESTORS

It Is Located In Exeter Township, Berks County, Penn.

It is not generally known that the ancestry of President Abraham Lincoln, before their emigration to Virginia and then to Kentucky, lived in Berks county, Pa., and that the ancestral home still stands in Exeter township, eight miles below the prosperous city of Reading. Here Mordecai Lincoln, the great-grandfather of the famous president, settled about 1725, and built a stone house, which the ravages of a century and a quarter have not destroyed, as is evidenced by a glance at the picture herewith presented. He had a son named Mordecai, and the latter had a son named Abraham, who was the father of Thomas Lincoln, father of President Lincoln.



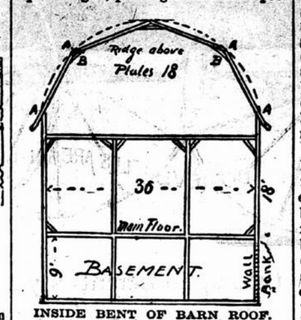
Numerous Lincolns still reside in Pennsylvania, and the old home in Exeter of the progenitor of the greatest of latter-day American presidents is an object of interest to many; and should, in the opinion of scores of patriotic Berks county people, be bought by the government and converted into a museum.

FARM AND GARDEN

RE-ROOFING BARNS.

How Capacity of a Structure May Be Nearly Doubled Without Lengthening the Posts.

I send you a rough plan showing a way we have here of re-roofing old barns; indeed nearly all new barns are built with the same kind of roof. The capacity of the barn is nearly doubled without lengthening the posts. Each pair of rafters is made of four pieces of oak, 2x5, and of equal length, put together as repre-



INSIDE BENT OF BARN ROOF.

sented in the drawing. B, B, are pieces of board 12 or 14 inches wide at the widest point, spiked or nailed on each side of the joint in the rafters. A piece same thickness as rafters should be fitted in between these boards, filling space formed by the angle in the rafters and all firmly nailed together. C is a piece of board eight inches wide spiked on each side of pair of rafters at ridge. The car track can be hung on these.

The ridge of barn should be one-half as many feet above the plates as the barn is in width. The dotted half circle touching at the points marked a, a, a, a, a, shows the form of the roof if properly made. Rafters two feet from centers. Rafters put together as described would break in solid wood before they would part at the joints. This is considered one of the strongest roofs made.—H. E. Taber, in Ohio Farmer.

GROWING WOOD PULP.

An Off-Hand Suggestion Which Seems to Be Worthy of Serious Thought and Consideration.

A few days ago I cut a silver poplar which had been planted for ornamental purposes in the spring of 1889, and which had grown nearly 18 inches in diameter a foot above the ground, and probably contains a cord of wood. The tree became a nuisance where it stood, and so it had to come down. But it made me think of the possibilities of growing such trees for commercial purposes. Poplar is being much used for paper-making. How many years will it take at the present rate of using the native poplars for this purpose alone before the natural supply will be exhausted? Possibly we may be able to find other materials for paper-making, such as cornstalks, etc., but I would feel pretty safe to predict a ready sale of all poplar wood that one could grow for the next 100 years. I do not know what price paper-makers have to pay a cord for the wood they use. But think how quickly one could produce a big lot of poplar wood. The tree grows marvelously fast. In ten years from planting you would have quite a good forest, and even before that time much of the wood could be utilized for various purposes, as the trees could be set quite thickly at the start and gradually thinned out. Trees can be cheaply procured, too. I only offer this as a suggestion.—Farm and Fireside.

PERMANENT PASTURES.

To Keep Them in Good Condition Is a Problem That Has Puzzled Many Farmers.

Probably the easiest way to keep a permanent pasture in good condition is to stock it hard enough so that the grass will be eaten before it throws up a seed-stock or becomes hard and woody, and then give extra feed at the barn so that the animals will return at least as much fertility to the soil as the grass takes from it. Of course manure or fertilizer may be carried out, and spread on the pasture, but that costs money, and many farmers are often at a loss to obtain fertilizing elements enough for their mowing lands and cultivated fields. If they buy feed to use in summer when cattle are in the pasture, they hope to and usually do get enough in the way of growth, fat or milk production to pay for it, and look upon the increased quantity and extra quality of the manure heap as an extra profit. In this matter of overstocking the pasture it is best done and produces best results where there are two pastures, so that the animals can be changed from one to the other about once a week, or as often as the feed is eaten down smooth. This helps to prevent them from gnawing so closely as to destroy the roots, which they may do in some favorite spot if they are kept too long in one pasture.—Midland Farmer.

How to Fight Hog Lice.

H. V. Tellor, in his "Diseases of Live Stock," says: These disgusting parasites abound on ill-fed and half-sick hogs. Indeed, their presence may almost be said to be a sign that the animal is out of condition. It is not sufficient therefore to destroy the lice with an insecticide; if the cure is expected to be permanent, the animal must be kept clean, well-fed, and supported with tonics, such as sulphate of iron, if occasion demands it. As a safe and efficient ointment to kill lice we may use scotch snuff, rubbed up with lard or the following: Staves acre seeds four ounces, white hellebore one ounce, water one gallon. Boil to two quarts, and apply with a brush where lice are seen.

FIGHTING BEE MOTHS.

A Warfare That Calls for Constant Application and Exercise of Considerable Patience.

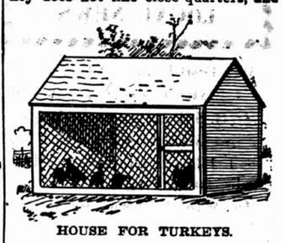
One of the worst pests in the bee-yard is the bee moth, says L. W. Lighty, in Country Gentleman. Neglected, weak or queenless colonies fall an easy prey to them and are speedily ruined. The worst damage they do is generally in hives where the bees died during the winter and the combs are kept where the moth can get at them. In an incredibly short time all combs are a mass of black ruins. The common black or brown German bee is generally troubled more by the moth than the Italian. This might be accounted for by the fact that the moth is very active and can raise many broods per season in a warm climate like Italy; hence the Italian race has acquired, through the long experience of many generations, the ability to resist the moth successfully. So if we wish to get rid of the moth's depredations in our colonies, we simply Italianize them all and then allow nothing in the yard but good, strong, healthy, normal colonies, allowing none to remain queenless any length of time, and we may not see a worm in a comb all summer.

If we wish to keep combs in empty hives where bees have perished, we must fumigate with sulphur about every two weeks. This is easily done by closing the hives and blowing some fumes of sulphur into them from the bee-smoker. I like to have a good mass of glowing hardwood coals in my smoker and drop a handful of sulphur on them and fill every empty hive with the fumes, though I prefer, when the honey flow begins, simply to tier up story on story on strong colonies, and one colony will take care of many combs and often store an astonishing quantity of honey. Some believe that anti-moth balls placed in the hive with the empty comb will keep away the moth; but it was not a success with me, and the bees did not take kindly to the bad-smelling comb when given to them later. It repelled the bees better than the moth.

HOUSE FOR TURKEYS.

In Many Sections of the Country It Will Afford Sufficient Shelter All the Year Around.

Those who have had experience with turkeys know that these birds prefer to roost on the ridge-pole of a building rather than under it and that, too, in exceptionally cold weather. The turkey does not like close quarters, and



HOUSE FOR TURKEYS.

thrives best where it is given plenty of air. In many sections where winters are not too severe, an open house, as illustrated, will be found an excellent one for turkeys in winter, while in northern regions, even, such a building will be found most useful as a roosting place for both chickens and poults during the late summer and fall, since they need protection from rain and prowling animals, but plenty of pure air to secure the finest growth. This need of pure air at night is not properly appreciated by most persons who attempt to raise chickens.—Farm and Home.

AMONG THE POULTRY.

Plum trees like rich soil, and they grow well in a poultry yard where the fowls pick off the insects.

If the insect pests become too thick around fruit vines or in the orchard, turn in the poultry A cooped-up hen and brood of chickens are likewise excellent insect exterminators in the vegetable garden.

The young turkeys must be kept dry. This lesson comes dear to many young poultry-breeders. Up to the time the red appears in gills, turkeys are the most tender of all kinds of poultry; after that, they are the most hardy.

Many of the most prominent men of to-day had a flock of fowls when boys, and saved their spending money from the profits. Do not attempt to start the boys at the top of the ladder. Be content to see them climb step by step, and rest assured the foothold then will be more secure.

When a flock is fed with the refuse from the table, the hens are capable of appropriating and saving that which would otherwise be wasted, and though in fact an expense has been incurred, as the refuse possesses a certain value, yet the hens provide a market for it and permit of it being exchanged for eggs.—Midland Farmer.

Destroying Cholera Germs.

When cholera has once appeared, it will break out again if the germs are not all destroyed. To do this it is best to clear out all the hens, and not allow one on the farm until the premises are cleaned, as the disease may be continually appearing if this precaution is not taken. To eradicate cholera requires a great amount of care and labor. Dissolve a pound of copperas and a pound of blue vitriol in six gallons of boiling water. When cold, add one pound of sulphuric acid. To this add ten gallons of cold water, sprinkling the mixture everywhere, on the ground, in the poultry house, and on every spot that a hen has at any time occupied. Then whitewash everything inside and out. This will rid you of the germs and the lice, too. Do not, however, mistake indigestion for cholera. Cholera is very severe and is quick to kill.—P. W. Hearn, in Ohio Farmer.

Red or White Kafir Corn.

In western Kansas the farmers raise the red Kafir corn, thinking it a little hardier and better. In central Kansas some of the feeders raise both the red and the black-hulled white and feed alternately, the stock seeming to relish the change. The records at the agricultural college farm show the red to be about ten days earlier than the black-hulled white, but this is regarded as of little importance in that section.