GROWTH IN SOUTH IN TON MILEAGE

Advance in Twenty-two Years Has Been Phenomenal.

THE MILEAGE OF THE WORLD

United States Possesses Nearly As Much As the Rest of the World Combined.

According to a Baltimore authority, the growth of the South is probably in no way better illustrated than by statistics of the railroad business of that section. Taking the ton-mileage of the United States for a period of years, we have the following:

Years.	United States. Tons.	South Atlantic States. Tons.	Gulf and Mississippi Val. States. Tons.
1882..	29,302,200,249	1,152,261,588	894,184,392
1890..	79,192,988,125	3,921,778,157	3,618,298,877
1900..	141,162,109,413	10,598,796,262	5,709,612,838
1904..	173,613,762,130	13,964,827,573	7,626,175,159

Comparing the total of the South during these years with the rest of the United States, the figures are as follows:

Years.	Southern States Tons.	United States, not including South. Tons.
1882	2,046,445,980	37,255,763,269
1890.....	7,540,077,[illegible]	71,652,988,091
1900.....	16,308,406,100	121,853,700,313
1904.....	21,590,802,732	152,022,959,398

In 1882 the South had less than one-eighteenth as much as the rest of the country, in 1890 a fraction over one-teenth, in 1900 a little less than one-eighth and in 1904 nearly one-seventh. These figures show that while the total mileage of the railroads of the United States of 1904 was about four and a half times as great as in 1882, the mile-tons of the South in 1904 was more than 10 times as great as in 1882.

The United States leads the world both in the present mileage and the recent growth of its railways. Of the total railway mileage of the world, aggregating 571,000 miles for 1904, 211,074 miles were in the United States, 35,323 miles in European Russia, 32,961 miles in Germany, 28,102 miles in France, 26,950 miles in India, 24,120 miles in Austria-Hungary, 22,634 miles in the United Kingdom, 19,611 miles in Canada, 15,560 miles in Africa, 14,113 miles in Australia, 11,559 miles in Argentina, 10,356 miles in Mexico, 9,961 miles in Italy, 9,363 miles in Brazil, 7,697 miles in Sweden, 7,322 miles in Siberia, Manchuria, and other Asiatic possessions of Russia, 4,495 miles in Japan, and 1,176 miles in China.

Railroad officials of Ohio and Indiana state that if the Legislatures of these States pass a 2-cent a mile rate for passengers and the bill becomes a law the railroads in these States will not run any excursion trains or give any excursion rates during the summer seasons.

The full report of the Alabama Car Association for the past year shows that there were 752,882 cars handled, against 707,680 the previous year, an increase of 45,202. The new year started off briskly and it is believed as good a showing will be made in 1906.

The Louisville and Nashville has announced the following appointments: H. P. Stewart, general agent at Jacksonville, Fla., vice O. P. Bartlett, transferred; H. P. Salter, general agent at Anniston, Ala.; O. P. Bartlett, general agent at New Orleans, vice H. P. Salter, transferred; Willis Calloway, traveling agent at Jacksonville, Fla., vice H. P. Stewart, promoted; D. Linehan, traveling passenger agent at Montgomery, Ala.

EDNA MAY STOPS THEATRE PANIC

Fire in Cellar of the Colonial, in Boston, Starts Audience for the Exits.

"PLEASE DON'T!" SHE SAID

Star Smiled and Went On With Lines, While Stage Hands Put Out Fire.

(Special to The Times-Dispatch.)

BOSTON, MASS., January 21.—During the last act of "The Catch of the Season," at the Colonial Theatre, yesterday afternoon, a cloud of smoke from one of the wings suddenly enveloped the star, Edna May, and then expanded into the auditorium. Frightened women immediately jumped from their seats and rushed up the aisles. Then Miss May, cool and smiling in spite of the smoke, advanced to the footlights, and said:

"Please do not move. It is only some excelsior burning in the yard outside."

By this time the men in the audience had recovered, and, with the assistance of the guards, succeeded in quieting the startled women. Miss May, without stopping to learn whether there was a fire or not, continued with her lines and the rest of the company, taking their cue from her, followed suit.

Meanwhile the stage hands put out the cause of the smoke—a brisk blaze among the properties in the cellar of the theatre. The fire started in some unknown manner, licked a path among this inflammable material, spread up the sides of the boxes, and was just beginning to do serious damage when the stage carpenter smelt the smoke and ordered an investigation. The house hose and the automatic sprinklers then made short work of the incipient fire.

Within a few minutes after the first evidences of excitement everybody was seated again, and Edna May was rendering her part as daintily as ever. At the end of the performance she was brought before the curtain with much enthusiasm.

Infection From School Books.

A discussion of far-reaching interest has taken place in the French Academy of Medicine on the subject of class books as disseminators of contagion in schools, especially in the case of such diseases as scarlet fever, measles and diphtheria. Paper has long been recognized as a dangerous agent of infection, even in tuberculosis, owing to the habit among children of turning over leaves with fingers wetted with saliva. Dr. Lop, in order to test the extent of the danger in school books, made long experiments to establish the duration of infective power of various bacilli, finding it to range from 48 hours for some, to 50 days for the Ebertle, and 103 days for the Koch bacillus. General agreement was expressed as to the importance of thorough disinfection of school materials. Formeldehyde is declared to be better than sulphur.

Wife and Child of "Joe" Lewis, Barney Barnato's Successor.

(Special to The Times-Dispatch.)

NEW YORK, January 21.—"Joe" Lewis, the multi-millionaire diamond merchant of London, is now in New York with his wife, who was once the famous stage beauty, Fanny Ward, and their child. Although Lewis was born in Russia, he boasts of being an Englishman.

He came here to inspect some silver mines in Ojalca, Mexico, of which he is the principal owner. He will start for Mexico to-morrow.

Wee Macgreegor's Piece o' Putty

By J. J. BELL.

"When I'm a man," observed Macgregor, leaning against the knees of his father, who was enjoying an evening pipe before the kitchen fire—"when I'm a man, I'm going to be a painter."

"A painter?" echoed John. "D' ye hear what Macgreegor's sayin', Lizzie?" he inquired of his wife.

Lizzie moistened her finegr and thumb, twirled the end of a thread, and inserted it into the eye of a needle ere she replied. "What kind o' a painter? Is it pictures ye're wantin' to paint, Macgreegor?"

"Naw!" said her son, with great scorn. "I'm goin' to ha'e a big pot o' paint an' a big brush, an' I'm goin' to stand on a ladder, an' paint with white paint an' red paint, an' blue paint. An' I'm goin' to ha'e big dabs of putty fur stickin' in holes. I like putty. Here's a bit!" And Macgregor produced from his trousers-pocket a lump of grayish, plastic substance.

"Ugh!" exclaimed Lizzie, in disgust. "Where did ye get that? Ye'll just soil yer clothes with the nasty stuff."

"Willie Thomson sometimes gets putty from his paw. Willie's paw's a joiner."

"I thought you an' Willie was out," said John. Ha'e ye been makin' friends wi' him again.

"Naw. But I seen him wi' the putty, an' I asked him for a dab."

"It was real nice o' the laddie to gi'e ye a bit," remarked Lizzie, looking up from her seam.

"He didna gi'e it, maw. I took it from him."

"Aw, Macgreegor!" said Lizzie, shaking her head, reproachfully.

"Willie's bigger than me, maw."

"Ay; but he's very weak in the legs."

"I hit him, an' he tumbled; an' I jist took half his putty," said Macgregor, unconcernedly.

John was about to laugh, when he caught his wife's eye.

"An' how would ye like," she said, addressing her son, "if yer paw gi'ed ye putty, an' another laddie came an'—

"Paw hasna ony putty."

John sniggered behind his hand.

"Well," said Lizzie, casting her husband a severe look, and turning again to her son, "how would ye like if yer paw gi'ed ye tablet, an' anither laddie cam' an' took half o' it awa'?"

"I would gi'e him one on the nose twice!" said Macgregor, boldly, going over to the window to see the lamps being lighted.

"But if he hit ye an' knocked ye down?"

"I wudna let him. Paw hasna gi'ed me tablet fur a long while," said the boy overhieshoulder.

"Macgreegor," said his mother, solemnly, "I'm thinkin' ye're gettin' worse every day."

"Aw, the boy's all right, Lizzie," interposed John, softly.

"Hold yer tongue, John," retorted Lizzie, quietly. "The boy's not all right. An' instead o' laughing at him an' making a pet o' him, ye ought to be gi'en him a good whipping."

"I've never whipped a lad yet, an'—"

"It's easy seen ye've never whipped Macgreegor, John. Ye jist let him get his own way, an' he does not know when he's misbehavin' hisself."

"Well, what do ye want me to do, Lizzie?"

"I want ye to punish Macgreegor for hittin' that poor laddie, Willie Thompson, an' stealin' his putty," said Lizzie, in an undertone.

Macgreegor came back from the window with the putty plastered over his nose.

"Paw, see my nose!" he said, gayly, unaware of the conversation which had just passed concerning him.

"John, ye ought to be ashamed o' yersel' a fine nose to-night, Macgreegor!"

"Take it off this minute!" cried Lizzie. "John, ye ought to be ashamed o' qersel' to sit there laughing at his nasty tricks! D' ye no' mind how Mrs. Cochrane's man tell't us his nose was always bent wi' him puttin' putty on 't when he was a child? Take it off, Macgreegor, or I'll spank ye!"

Macgreegor, but little abashed, returned to the window, removed the offending plaster, rolled it into a ball and proceeded to squeeze it through his fingers with undisguised relish.

"John," said Lizzie, "do what I tell ye."

"I canna," returned John, miserably. "It might waken wee Jeannie," he added, a little hopefully.

"I did not exactly say ye was to—to whip the laddie," said his wife, "but ye might gi'e him a lesson he'll not forgot. I'm not goin' to ha'e him boastin' an' illusin' other children. D' ye see?"

"But what am I to do, Lizzie?"

"I'll tell ye, John. Ye go over to the dresser an' open the wee drawer, an' ye take out the tablet ye brought home for Macgreegor— Are ye listenin'?"

"Ar, woman."

"An' ye tell Macgreegor ye brought the tablet for his Saturday treat, thinkin' he deserved it, but ye've found out he does not deserve it, an' ye canna gi'e him 'any."

"An' ye tie up the parcel, an' make him take it round the corner to Willie Thomson, an' gi'e it to Willie Thomson, an' gi'e him back his putty as well."

"Aw, Lizzie!"

"An' it'll be a lesson to Macgreegor not to strike laddies weaker than hissel' Ye wud be very angry, John, if a big laddie was strikin' Macgreegor."

"Deed, wud I! But—but Macgreegor's that fond o' tablet—"

"Man, man, can ye not think o' what's good fur Macgreegor? That's the way ye spoil him, John. Ye wud gi'e him the cock off the steeple if he cried fur it!"

"Maybe ye're right, Lizzie. But it's a hard thing ye're askin'. Wud it not do to gi'e him half the tablet to take to Willie Thompson?"

"No, no," said Lizzie, firmly. "Here, Macgreegor!" she called to her son. "Yer paw wants to speak to ye. Now, John!"

With a huge sigh, John rose, went to the wee drawer in the dresser, and returned with the poke of "tablet."

"Paw," said Macgreegor, absently, "I like tablet better than putty."

The father glanced appealing at the mother, but she was adamant. She had resumed her needle, but was keeping an eye on the twain.

"Macgreegor," said John, with a painful effort, "why did ye strike poor Willie Thomson?"

"I wanted a wee bit o' putty."

"Ay," murmured John, and paused for a moment. "Are ye sorry ye hit him?"

"Naw. I got the putty, paw."

"But ye should be sorry, Macgreegor."

"Why, paw?"

John looked across at Lizzie for aid, but she was sewing diligently.

"Well," he said, haltingly, "yer maw an' me's not very pleased with what ye done to Willie Thomson. It wasn't fair to strike the likes o' him."

Macgreegor's visage began to assume an anxious expression.

"Yer maw," continued John—"yer maw says ye canna—"

"John!" murmured Lizzie, warningly.

"Yer maw and me thinks ye canna get ony tablet to-morrow mornin'."

Macgreegor's under-lip shot out quivering.

"An'—ye've got to gi'e the tablet to Willie Thomson, an' gi'e him back his putty, too, an'—an'—oh, Lizzie, I canna say ony mair!"

It took a few seconds for the dire truth to dawn upon Macgreegor, but when it did a low wail issued from him, and the tears began to flow.

John was tbout to life him onto his knee, but Lizzie interposed.

"Put on yer cap, Macgreegor," she said, quietly, "an' take the tablet an' putty round to Willie Thomson. It's not dark yet," she added, glancing out of the window.

"I'm not wantin' to gi'e the tablet to Willie Thomson," sobbed the luckless youngster.

"Ye've jist to do what he're told," returned his mother, calmly, but not unkindly. "Ye're not to be a softy now," she went on, endeavoring to dry his eyes. "Ye're to be a man. What wud Willie Thomson think if he seen ye crying? Eh, Macgreegor?"

Lizzie had struck the right note. The sobs ceased, though the breath still came gustily. He mopped the tears with his cap, and replaced it on his head.

"Am I to gi'e him all the tablet an' the putty, too?" he inquired, plaintively.

"Ay. An' ye're to say e're sorr fur hurtin' him. He's not a big, strong laddie like yersel', Macgreegor—mind that! Yer paw an' me wudna like if ye was weak in the legs like poor Willie. Now, just go round an' gi'e him the tablet an' his putty, an' see if ye canna make friends wi' him again."

"I'm not wantin' to be friends," said Macgreegor, rebelliously. "I'm not wantin' to go."

"Are ye feart of Willie Thomson?" asked Lizzie. Another clever stroke!

"I'm no feart! I'll go!"

"That's the boy!" cried John, who had been listening in gloomy silence. "I knew ye wasn't feart."

Macgregor began to feel himself rather a hero. In dignified silence he took the poke of "tablet," which his mother had tied securely with a piece of tape from her work-bag, and departed on his errand.

John looked anxiously to Lizzie.

She sat down to her seam again, but her fingers were less deft than usual. They both eyed the clock frequently.

Ten minutes dragged slowly past.

"Did ye expec' he wud dae't?" asked John, presently.

"Och, yes!" with affected, carelessness. "I wisht I had went wi' him," said John.

Lizzie put in half a dozen stitches in silence. Then she said: "Ye might go round an' see what's keepin' him, John."

"I'll do that, Lizzie. Do ye think I might buy fifm a bit tablet when I'm out?" He asked the question diffidently.

His wife loaked up from her seam. "If ye like, John," she said, gently "I'm thinkin' the laddie has his lesson now. He's very proud for a child, is he not?"

"Ay," said John. "There's not many like Macgreegor." He nodded to his wife, and went out.

About 20 minutes later father and son re-entered the house together. Both were beaming.

"I couldn't get Macgreegor awa' from Willie Thompson, Lizzie," said John, smilin."

"Well, well," said his wife, looking pleased. "An' did ye gi'e Willie the tablet an' the putty, Macgreegor?"

"Ay, mar."

Whereupon his mother caught and cuddled him. "Gi'e him a bit o' tablet, John," she said.

John did so right gladly and generously, and Macreegor crumped away to his heart's content.

"An' what kept ye waitin' at Willie's all this time?" inquired Lizzie, pleasantly.

"He gi'ed me a big piece o' putty, maw," said the boy, producing a lump the size of an orange.

"Oh!" exclaimed Lizzie, trying not to look annoyed.

"An' him an' me ett the tablet," added Macgreegor.

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HORSE EVOLUTION IS NOW COMPLETED

American Museum of Natural History at Last Successful in Its Search.

At last the chain of equine evolution is complete. After years of search, and just when all hope of success had been abandoned, the American Museum of Natural History, New York, has been rewarded by the discovery of remains of the "mountain horse," or Orohippus. This discovery fills in the last gap in the record which science has long endeavored to make perfect.

The museum began its explorations in 1901 under the direction of Professor Henry F. Osborne, curator of the Department of Vertebrate Paleontology, with a trip to the Big Horn Basin of Northern Wyoming. The expenses were defrayed from a fund contributed by the late William C. Whitney. At his death these special explorations had to cease, the hunt for fossil horses is now carried on in conjunction with that for other fossil animals, until some equally public-spirited horse loved comes forward to continue it distinctively.

The locality around Fort Bridger, Wyoming, was carefully searched for fossils, but particularly for the "mountain horse," fragments of which had been found and named by Professor Marsh in 1872. Parties sent out by the American Museum visited this region in 1893 and 1896, and from 1903 to 1905, but in spite of the most indefatigable efforts the Orohippus eluded the searchers.

It had begun to look as though the attempt to locate his skeleton would have to be given up as hopeless, when one the very last day of the final expedition of 1905, just when the party was about to return, the long looked for remains were unearthed. These consisted of the skull, backbone, limbs and other parts of the skeleton of the very stage wanted.

The find has not been publicly announced heretofore, and it will be some time before the museum has ready its exhibit, showing every stage of horse evolution, beginning when the ancestors of the horse of to-day was about the size of an Irish terrier. The museum has already classified the fossils of the horse previously found in various localities in the western part of the United States, and will thus be able now to place before the public a complete ocular record of equine evolution from the early days of the Eocene period, estimated at three million years ago, down to the present time.

The museum's latest discovery is of the greatest importance, not only because it will make these records more complete, but also because it may lead to the verification of the theory that the horse originated in this country. Prof. Osborn will make a thorough examination of these remains and his conclusions are awaited with a great deal of interest.

Where Fads Are Useful.

One of the professors in the University of Nebraska claims that the American people are running too much to fads. He says they are wearing themselves out either chasing after physical culture, golf, tennis, automobiling, massage, diet, baths, etc. He denominates these things as fads. The person gets interested in one or more of them and spends a great deal of time and energy pursuing them.

No doubt a person can run a thing into the ground and make it harmful, even though of itself it be a good thing. But we believe, says Medical Talk, that every person should have at least one side issue or fad from his regular vocation.

After one gives so much time every day to the routine of work to turn aside for a while and take up golfing, tennis or physical culture, or other outdoor sport, is restful and beneficial. True, some people do become regular cranks on health culture, diet, bathing, athletic sports, etc., but any one of these pursued in moderation, with common sense, can be made of a great deal of use, especially to the person confined in an office all day. It brings into play muscles that are unused and it drives from his mind all business cares and sets another train of thought going. Reasonable attention to diet and bathing is also sure to improve health. The woman who is confined to her home the larger part of the day with housework will find golf or tennis or an hour spent in physical culture a relief to tired muscles and nerves.

Change and variety in our daily routine is necessary to our well-being. No matter what our regular vocation may be, it is harmful to get into a rut. Just simply going through a treadmill of duty day after day, with no let-up. One should always try to bring into each day some new activity, some new train of thought. It is not a wise thing to get into a certain groove and just simply wear one's life away. Monotony kills quicker than anything else. We should have our daily work, in which we are interested, put our energy and enthusiasm into it, and do it with all our might. Then, when that is done, turn to some other forms of activity or rest.

Modern Love Making.

Courtship is dead. Young men no longer make passionate avowals, they never start when she approaches, they do not grow pallid with jealousy if another seems to be in favor, they certainly do not write sonnets to their mistress's eyebrow—in fact, they scarcely even go so far as to write her a letter, and if they do go to this length, the result is never worth republishing in book form. Lovers do not talk about their hearts and so on, and if engagements are terminated, the severed twain have no scruples about subsequently meeting each other. In novels something must be done to make up for the unromantic spirit of the age, so awful situations have to be invented for hapless heroines, who either have to kill themselves or be killed or die in lunatic asylums or convents.—London World.

An Honorable Death.

Two burglars one Saturday night were slowly prowling about in the auditorium of a wealthy church. Unmolested and with great dexterity, they were appropriating valuable ornaments, when of a sudden one whispered warningly:

"Look out, Bill, there's the water tank. If you fall into it, you'll drown like a rat."

"Perhaps," muttered Bill, as he slid a rich silver plate into a sack and readjusted his mask; "I might drown like a rat; but, at least, I'd die like a Christian."

Prices Reduced on All Leather Goods.

A Limited Number of Hand-Bags At Just ONE HALF Their Value.

Cowhide Cases: 24-inch, $5.50 value, only $4.00; 22-inch, $5.00 value, only $3.50

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FOR THE FARM.

STUDY CATTLE MARKETS.

Too Many Feeders Do Not Look Far Enough Ahead.

Possibly more loss is sustained through a failure to study the markets and the best conditions of the cattle trade six months hence—the selling time—than from other cause. In a number of instances last winter men who had undertaken the feeding of cattle, failed according to the observation of the writer, because of a failure to map out a definite plan before they commenced feeding. One man, for example, started to feed a number of cattle for the Christmas market. He had had very little experience, and not knowing how long it took to finish an animal, found them unfit for the market when Christmas arrived. He had foolishly commenced feeding them a heavy grain ration from the start, thinking that by so doing he would finish them rapidly, and thus he found his grain supply pretty well exhausted before his cattle were half finished. He had also fed them about twice as much grain as was necessary to secure a good gain, and hence with half-finished cattle on his hands, used to a heavy grain ration, he could not let down on the amount of meal feed.

There was no recourse but to increase the supply of meal and continue to feed for several months in order to get rid of the cattle at a fair price. The experiment, so far as he was concerned, was a financial failure, though men in the vicinity where this happened fed cattle at a profit.

The other instances referred to, while different in detail, were similar in results, and the cause was almost the same. The inference to be drawn is that one who proposes to feed cattle must know what he is trying to do, and then proceed in an intelligent way if he hopes to succeed.

Formulating the plan is therefore the first essential, and might appropriately form a feeder's motto. True, a plan, no matter how well prepared, cannot always be adhered to, but it is easier to meet contingencies with one in mind than when going at a haphazard gait. After the cattle are secured many persons make the mistake of putting them on feed at once. Animals brought off the grass will not readily take to a fodder and grain ration. They must be given several days in which to become accustomed to the changed food and surroundings. This is appropriately termed the preliminary feeding period, and should cover from seven to fourteen days, the longer period being preferable. During this time very little grain need be fed; just enough to accustom them to its use and to get them to relish it. Give them good corn fodder or silage, but do not feed lavishly. The attempt should be rather to teach them to acquire a liking for the new food.

Animals will sometimes not take readily to new kinds of foods for several days. Examples of which are sometimes seen in the case of silage and cottonseed meal. After they once acquire a taste, however, they eat these foods ravenously. The "putting on feed" process should therefore be slow and deliberate. A violent change of foodstuffs requires a new adjustment of the digestive system, and many people make the mistake of trying to rush cattle on a heavy grain ration in the beginning, with the result that the appetite soon becomes cloyed and the animals go "off feed," something little short of a disaster to the feeder. With new foods and forced feeding from the beginning, the digestion of the animals is likely to be upset, so the cloying of the appetite and "getting off feed" is often not a simple matter, but something whose effects may be felt for several months.

How About Green Food?

If your hens are to thrive this winter, green food is essential, and cabbages, mangels, or something of that nature, should be provided for the birds. It is safe to feed all they will eat of green food, grit and oyster shells, and they will consume considerable if it is within easy access of the flock. Keep the grit in boxes made for that purpose, and feed the mangels the first thing in the morning. Have large nails driven into the walls of their houses and impale the mangels on them, where they keep up out of the dirt until nearly consumed by the fowls. Well-cured clover hay is relished by fowls, and they will eat considerable of it in the dry state. Clover chaff or cut clover steamed and mixed in the mash food is excellent.

GROW EARLY POTATOES.

Rich Soil Necessary, But Beware of Fesh Stable Manure.

A rich, deep, sandy loam is best for potatoes, but fresh, strong manure should not be used, as conditions are made which are very favorable to the propagation of scab. Better use commercial fertilizers than to risk using fresh stable manure. With well-rotted stable manure care should be taken to incorporate thoroughly with the soil. With all potatoes, whether planted early or late, a deeply stirred soil is best, and in addition to being deeply stirred, the soil should be worked into a fine tilth.

When it is desired to grow extra early potatoes, select one of the extra early varieties and prepare the soil by plowing deep and thorough. The soil should be well-drained and the furrows marked deeply. This is most essential. Drop a forkful of reasonably fresh manure (where each hill is to be planted. This manure should come from the horse stable. Over the manure put about three inches of rich, loamy soil, and on this plant a medium sized potato. Cover with four or five inches of soil and press the soil well down upon the seed.

The fresh manure will aid very materially in supplying warmth and drainAs soon as the plant show well above age, and in securing a quick germination. the ground, thin out to not more than three good stalks in one hill. Cultivate sufficiently often to keep the soil loose and the weeds down.

Under such conditions a very rapid growth can be secured, and potatoes for the table can be had more quickly than by almost any other method.

Woman's Dairy Work.

(Dorothy Tucker.)

Never put off churning when the cream is ripe. Gilt-edged butter cannot be made from over-ripe cream. The minute it is [illegible] the delicate aroma is destroyed.

No amount of fussing will reclaim butter that is off flavor—poor quality. The churning is not all of the butter making. It is being made from the time the milk is drawn from the cow.

Never put off the work of washing the dairy utensils. Everything should first be rinsed in cold water in order to remove all milk before it has dried.

Then wash thoroughly with warm water in which put some sal soda.

Never use a cloth. Always use a good stiff brush.

More germs lurk in an old rag than can be imagined. Lastly, scald thoroughly with boiling water. Steam is best if you have the appliances, if not, boiling water is effective.

Then place the utensils where they will be thoroughly aired and dried. Never put the cover on the churn except when you are churning.

The churn, and all articles, before using, should be first thoroughly scalded and then well rinsed and cooled with cold water.

If the butter sticks to the butter-worker, scald again and scour with salt and cold water. Repeat this until it is in proper condition.

Some dairymen recommend rinsing utensils occasionally in lime water.

Remember that no amount of straining or separating can take the soluble filth out of milk.

Keep dirt out if you value your reputation as the maker of gilt-edged butter.

If you make a success of the dairy business, you must not put a pound of better on the market that is not of the finest quality—perfect.

Let your stamp be a guarantee of excellence.

Let one person take charge of the milk and attend to the butter-making, and let this be his or her first duty.

The delicate aroma which all well-made butter on the market that is not of the exposed to the air is soon lost, especially when it is put up, in prints or small packages.

GIVE THE TREES ROOM.

Two Many Farmers Plant Trees Very Much Too Close.

The temptation is always to plant trees much closer than is best, with the reservation that they can be thinned after a crop or two has been produced. This is not often done, however, because it takes too much nerve to cut down good trees.

A Kansas grower gives his experience along this line. He planted his trees just twice as close as he intended his permanent trees to stand, intending to cut at least half of them when they began to crowd, and the orchardist resolved that he would cut them after the next crop—just one more crop and half of the trees would be removed.

The next year the trees did not bear at all and he still waited to gather another crop. The next year the crop was fairly good and after he had gathered it, the orchardist thought he would surely cut out some of the trees, for, by this time, they were getting very thick. However, when he looked at the thrifty appearing trees his heart failed him and the cutting was not done.

The next year, knowing that the orcard had already been injured, the orchardist was not willing to risk the temptation of looking at his trees; instead he sharpened the axe, gave instructions to the hired man to cut out certain trees, and then mounted his horse and rode away, returning after the chopping had been done. It takes a good nerve to cut out these trees and few persons possess it.

One of the most notable cases of this kind was the orchard of John Y. Stone, in Mills county, Ia. The trees were planted very close and bore one or two crops, then grew together so that the limbs were interwoven, and the trees then began to grow up more like poplar trees, and the usefulness of the orchard was past.

In good, strong soil, where trees will grow to a good size, 30 by 30 feet is none too far apart, ent in the West, where trees do not live so long as they do in the East. Many growers plant even farther apart than this for their permanent orchards.

Ever Hear of "Wether Wool ?

A hog fleece is that of a sheep which was lambed in February or during the winter and not shorn until May or June of the following year. A wether fleece is that of a male sheep, and may or may not be a hog fleece. The fact that the hog fleece is not shorn so long after the birth of the animal makes the wool longer and staple. Hog wool is not only long, but soft and very pliable, and can always be detected from the fact that its fibres are softer and slikier. This wool also grows to an extreme needle point at the top, which shows that the sheep has never before been shorn. The terms "hog" and "wether" are English and are not applied to American wools.

In the Sheep Fold.

Don't forget that timothy hay is not good for sheep, but clover, alfalfa or red top is.

Sheep are very nervous animals and should never be disturbed at night by a lighted lantern in the place where they are confined.

Never allow your sheep to be frightened if you can help it. Frequently they become unconscious from fright and sometimes actually die.

If you have a hilly field put a flock of sheep into it. They will make it pay where crops cannot.

A little linseed meal, mixed with oats or wheat bran is excellent for sheep—particularly for ewes and lambs.

Sheep are declining in number in the United States, and the total value is less than nine years ago. But the men who have stuck to sheep-raising and worked intelligently have made money.

An impatient or careless man has no business with sheep.

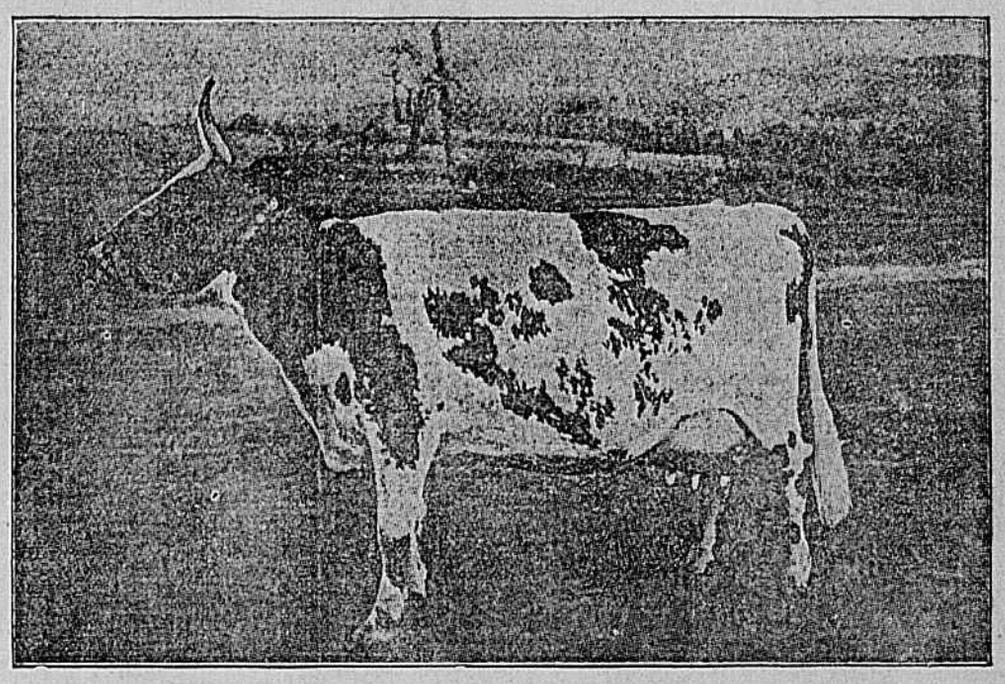
Good fat lambs are bringing $5 to $6 in the big markets. There is good money in them at such prices.

Can Heaves Be Cured?

Some good horsement say heaves cannot be cured permanently, and it is a fact not generally known. However, the trouble is constantly and rapidly increasing. If the case is a mild one and of recent origin it may often be cured entirely by turning the horse out to pasture for two or three months. If it is necessary, however, to work a horse affected with this trouble, he can be relieved greatly by feeding no hay except at night, and then only a very small amount of clean and bright hay, entirely free from dust. If there is any danger of dust it is well to dampen it, but only bright hay should be given. Roots will be found helpful; beets, turnips, potatoes or anything of that sort that the horse will eat. The amount of water should be limited as much as possible, and no horse with heaves should be given water for two or three hours previous to going to work. Dr. Law recommends arsenic in five-grain doses daily, and continued for a month to two months, as especially valuable, and says that the bowels must be kept easy, by laxative, if necessary. By treatment of this sore a heavy horse can be greatly relieved. When the disease first comes on it will pay to turn the horse to grass, with the hope of effecting a cure at once, and before the disease progresses to the extent where it becomes incurable.

Some Curious Facts.

Animals to the number of nearly 70,000,000 are killed yearly for their fur.



THE BEST MILKER FOR VIRGINIA.

When a fish loses any of its scales, by a wound or other means, they are never renewed. The largest moth known is the giant atlas found in China, the wings of which measure nine inches across. The wasp has been observed to waylay and rob bees while the latter, laden with honey, were returning to the hive. Civilization does not tend to the horse's longevity. In the wild state he lives to be thirty-six or forty years old, while the domestic horse is old at the age of twenty-five years.

"On behalf of the bears," the Berne municipality has accepted a legacy of $700 left by a man for the inmates of the well known pits in the Swiss capital.

Among insects the most intelligent are those of the ant tribe, while next to them rank wasps. Bees come some way lower down the scale. Beetles are hopelessly stupid, but even they are not as bad as butterflies and moths.

In West Australia some farmers send their cattle for about six weeks' holiday to the seaside each year. The change of air and food is said to be extremely beneficial to them. The grass on the coast is impregnated with saline and has the effete of a tonic on the animals.

Arabian horses show remarkable courage in battle. It is said that when a horse of this breed finds himself wounded, and knows instinctively that he will not be able to carry his rider much longer, he quickly retires bearing his master to a place of safety while he has yet sufficient strength. But if, on the other hand, the rider is wounded and falls to the ground, the faithful animal remains beside him, unmindful of danger, neighing until assistance is brought.

Diving for Sponges On Florida Coast.

The practicability of the method now being employed extensively in the sponge industry in procuring this product is no longer in doubt, and a large percentage of the Tarpon Springs vessels are changing from the old method of hooking to the new one of diving. In order successfully to accomplish desired results with the diving method it was thought necessary to employ Greeks who are accustomed to the work as it seemed doubtful whether many of those who have followed the hooking process would care to don the helmet and leaden shoes and pull sponge with from thirty to sixty feet of water overhead. But recent experiments by a few have demonstrated that a little practice and confidence, together with good physical condition, are all that are needed to become a diver. Already a number of our native spongers have become proficient in this line, and the probabilities are that in the near future a large percentage of the catch will be obtained in this manner.—Tarpon Springs News.

Vigorous Training.

Representative John Sharpe Williams tells of a college student who was severely injured in a practice game of foot-ball.

An ambulance was called, and the bruised player hurried to the hospital. Several days later the foot-ball captain was permitted to see the injured member of his team.

"The training is too vigorous," said the captain in the course of his conversation, "and we are going to adopt a milder form of practice game. Have you any suggestions?"

"I have," moaned the patient, as he looked wistfully at the doctor, who stood near; "give our team a ride in this hospital's ambulance, and we'll beat Princeton."

Made No Mistake.

A story is told of the Soudan Railway which shows patient literalness. To an official there came the telegram from an outlying station: "Station master has died. Shall I bury him?" The reply was sent: "Yes, bury station master; but please make sure he is really dead before you do so."

In due time back came the message: "Have buried station master. Made sure he was dead by hitting him twice on the head with a fishplate."