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THE BUTLER CITIZEN.

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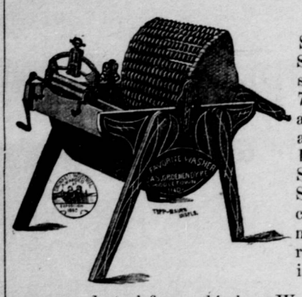

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AN AMBER SCARF PIN.

It Brought About a Cruel Separation of two Lovers.

ABOUT half a year ago I left England for France in a singularly happy mood. I had just become engaged to a charming girl, and the object of my visit to Paris was to purchase, as presents to my bride, a quantity of those articles so delightful to the fair sex which Paris alone produces.

We had an excellent crossing, and, after a hasty supper at Calais, I had got into a first-class carriage in the express to Paris.

At Amiens a French gentleman entered the train and seated himself directly opposite me. He was in a talkative humor, and it was not long before we were engaged in conversation. Five minutes later he had introduced himself to me as the Marquis de Kergaradec, and it was not long before I was fully acquainted with his opinions on the general variety of Parisian topics.

When we had spoken together for a little, I noticed that he was staring at me in a manner that was almost offensive. His eyes were fixed on my collar.

While I was wondering whether anything in my linen was exciting the curiosity and interest of this carefully-attired old gentleman, he bent forward and said, in a quiet and altered tone of voice:

"I beg your pardon, sir, but what a curious scarf pin that is that you are wearing. Would you mind showing it to me?"

He examined it carefully, turning it round and round. At last he handed it back to me with a curt:

"Thank you."

"It is a curious pin, is it not?" I said, mystified by his change of manner.

But he made no answer.

When we reached Paris I jumped into a cab and drove at once to the Grand hotel. As I was leaving the bureau of the hotel, where I had registered, to go to the room assigned to me, I met the old gentleman again. He stared hard at me as I passed, first at my face and then at my pin.

At ten o'clock I rose, dressed, and after breakfast started out for the boulevards to visit the shops I had determined to patronize. As I passed under the porch of the hotel, a man laid his hand on my shoulder, and thrust a paper under my eyes.

"It is a warrant of arrest. I am ordered to secure your person."

"I am perfectly ignorant of your laws," I said. "What am I to do?"

"To follow me."

The magistrate charged with the instruction of my "affair" asked my name, age and profession and received my answers with credulous indifference. He then opened a drawer in the table at which he was sitting, took out an object and laying it before me said:

"Do you recognize this jewel?"

"Certainly," I answered; "it is my scarf pin."

"Can you tell me when and how this pin came into your possession?"

"It's a curious fact," I added, smiling at the judge, "but true, I have no idea where that pin comes from. A few days ago in turning over the contents of an old portmanteau I found this pin. I did not care very much for its style and can only account for it being in my possession at all by the fact that I dressed in a very great hurry on the evening that I left London."

"Perhaps you know when and how you came into possession of this book?" said the magistrate, producing a volume and laying it before me.

It was an old copy of the "Memoirs of Abbe de Croisy," which I had brought over from Paris with me and had left in my valise at the hotel.

"Yes," I said, "I picked it up on a bookstall on the Quai des Grande-Augustine about seven years ago. It—"

"About seven years ago," said the magistrate, slowly, as if to give his

HE EXAMINED IT CAREFULLY.

scrivener time to get my answer written down. "Where were you living in Paris seven years ago?"

"I don't remember. It was some hotel in the Latin quarter."

"What were you doing?"

"I was trying my hand at literary work."

The magistrate here rose and touched a bell. To the usher who answered his summons, he gave the order to introduce Marquis de Kergaradec.

It was the old gentleman who had been my traveling companion that morning.

"Monsieur de Marquis," said the magistrate, "do you recognize this pin?"

"I do. It is the one which belonged to my late brother, Comte de Kergaradec. He brought this stone from China and had it mounted in the Rue la Paix. I recognized it all the more readily inasmuch as the setting, which is by no means a common one, was executed from a design I gave him."

"And this book?"

"As certainly. That book belonged to the count. On the fly-leaf is a dedication from the abbe to Mme. de Poranoue, our ancestor in the time of Louis XV. Besides, the Kergaradec arms are on the cover."

"Quite satisfactory. These two articles were among the contents of the valise stolen from the count, your brother, at the hotel in Senlis on the night he was murdered?"

"They were."

"Well, then, all that I have to ask of you now is to sign the paper on which my clerk has written my questions and your answers."

"What's all this nonsense?" I said, when the door had closed on the old gentleman.

"I am here to question," said the magistrate, "not you."

"You might at least tell me of what I am accused."

"Of the willful murder of Count Louis de Kergaradec in the hotel of the Running Stag at Senlis, on the night of September 12, 1881, and of the robbery of his valise, which contained, among other valuables, the two articles found in your possession."

I burst out laughing.

"Nothing else?" I said.

"Not that I know of," said the magistrate. "I must ask you to sign this paper after reading it. It is our conversation just now."

I signed, and as I was leaving the room the magistrate added in a most paternal tone:

"Yes, just try and remember how that amber pin came into your possession. It will really be worth your while to account for it."

That evening I was transferred from the depot to Mazas jail. The first question the magistrate asked me on the following morning was:

"What were you doing at Senlis on the night of September 12, 1881?"

"I don't recollect having been there at all in that year."

"Very good. It is well to be frank. As a matter of fact, you stayed there on the twelfth, as we have learned by examining the hotel woman's register for that year. You left the hotel on the morning of the thirteenth, and afterwards disappeared. Where did you go?"

"I stayed in Paris a week and then went to London, where I have since lived."

"Well, how about that pin? Have you remembered how you got it?"

"I have been cudgelling my brain all night on the subject, but I cannot remember."

"It is unfortunate," he said. "In fact, a number of unfortunate circumstances are against you. By the way, what has become of Pierre Bastide?" he asked, abruptly.

"Pierre Bastide? I never heard that name before."

"Yes, Bastide. The man who was in the hotel the same night that you were, and who is suspected to be your accomplice."

"Do you really think, Monsieur le Judge," I said, "that if I had murdered this count to rob him I would carry about on my person in prominence evidence against myself? I know nothing about this murder. I never heard of it."

"Your statement will be tested. Meanwhile let me put before you the position in which you stand. I must warn you that it is a very serious one. On the 10th of September, 1881, Count Louis de Kergaradec, an eccentric old gentleman, arrived at the Running Stag hotel. His valise, besides a change of linen, contained a quantity of bank notes and a few of the antiquarian treasures of the count. He was a great collector of curios of all sorts.

"On the 11th a man passing by the name of Pierre Bastide, and describing himself as a cafe waiter, came to the hotel and took the room at the top of the house. On the 12th you came, and after inspecting several rooms insisted on having the one adjoining the one in the occupation of the count. You refused supper and went to bed at a remarkably early hour.

"The next day you left the hotel hurriedly at five in the morning, while it was yet dark. At eight o'clock Bastide came down to breakfast, ate quietly, paid his bill and went away with his knapsack on his back. At eleven o'clock the woman of the house went to wake the count, but was unable to do so. The woman, seriously alarmed, had the door broken open, and found the old gentleman dead in his bed, with his right temple fractured. All the valuables contained in his valise had disappeared. Suspicion immediately attached itself to Bastide and to you. You were both searched for by the police, but in vain, when by the merest hazard the other morning the brother of the victim recognized the count in your cravat. You will admit there is at least reasonable ground for suspicion. By the way, how did you get the money to pay your bill at the hotel and get your ticket to London?"

"I pawned a gold watch which had belonged to my father. The pawnbroker lent me one hundred and sixty francs on it. My bill at the hotel was eighty francs, and my ticket cost about thirty-five."

"At what date did you pawn this watch?"

"It was about a week after I left Senlis. On the twentieth or twenty-first of September."

On my third visit the magistrate received me with greater courtesy than before. He said:

"I have examined your statement and find you have spoken the truth. The official record of the pawnbroker makes mention of you having pawned your watch. The hotelkeeper remembers you; and, finally one of my agents has succeeded in discovering the bookseller who sold you the 'Memoirs of Abbe de Croisy.' The only circumstance now against you is that of the possession of the pin."

"And that, I am sorry to say, I cannot explain to you."

"On the other hand," continued the magistrate, benevolently, "our inquiries in London have produced satisfactory results, as far as your character is concerned. If only you could explain that one obscure point I could proclaim you innocent."

The same evening, after various formalities, I was set free. I returned forthwith to London, and went straight to the house where my *fiancee* lived. I was received by her father, who said over in the Friedrichstrasse was a Frenchman who had been a resident in Berlin for seven years, where he had acted as valet in several houses, passing under the name of Michael Doriat. Immediately after this accident he had been carried to the hospital, where he had died in the evening. Before dying he had been able to state that his real name was Pierre Bastide, adding that he wished to make confession of some crime to the proper authorities. Before these, however, could attend the man died. Among other houses where this valet had served was mentioned that of a certain Dr. H——, where he had stayed three years.

"Dr. H——!" I cried, jumping to my feet; "but I know that house. I dined there five years ago, when I was over in Berlin, as correspondent to the ——. Let me think. Ah! I have it now."

My memory recalled in a wonderfully vivid manner the event which happened five years before. I saw the whole mystery in a flash.

I had brought an introduction to Dr. H—— from a mutual friend in London, and, not having been able to see him on the day I called, left it with my card.

The next morning I received a telegram from the hospitable doctor, inviting me to lunch at his house that day. The telegram found me in bed, and it was then only twenty minutes of the hour fixed for the lunch. I jumped out of bed, dressed in haste, and drove off to the doctor's house. As I was giving my hat and coat to the valet in the ante-chamber, I noticed that the man was staring at me in a curious way.

"What are you staring at me like that for?" I cried irritably.

"I beg monsieur's pardon," said the valet, with all the politeness of his countrymen; "but if monsieur will look in the glass."

"Dear, dear," I cried, when I had examined myself, "I was in such a hurry I have forgotten my cravat. What shall I do? I say, my good fellow," this to the valet, as I handed him a thaler, "you must have plenty of ties to spare; run and get me one out of your room. Anything will do, so long as it looks tidy."

The valet hastened off, and presently came back with a black tie, a ready-made sailor's knot, very stiff and large. I put it on hastily, and giving the man another piece of money, asked him if I might keep it to go home in.

"Oh, certainly," he said, "monsieur has given its value twice over."

Having a repulsion for other people's wearing apparel, I had taken it off as soon as I reached my hotel and flung it into my portmanteau. It was the same portmanteau in which, several years later, I had found the scarf pin which had got me into such trouble.

I imagine that the pin had slipped down between the cardboard framework of the tie and its silk cover, and that Bastide thought it lost when he gave me his black sailor's knot. In flinging it into my trunk the pin must have fallen out, to remain undisturbed until that unlucky day.

Unlucky? Well, yes, inasmuch as what ensued brought about this cruel separation between Clara and myself. Perhaps, though, a girl who could cast off a lover, as I was, on such a suspicion is not worth troubling about.—B. F. Barnes, in Yankee Blade.

THE VALET RETURNED WITH A BLACK TIE.

first time. Suddenly, and I should be puzzled to say by what inspiration, I turned round and called out:

"Hi, Pierre, Pierre Bastide!"

The man stopped as if struck from behind, and looked around at me; his face was very pale, and he was trembling in every part of his body. After a second's hesitation he started off running like a madman, as if his object was to put as great distance as possible between us two.

He was not, however, destined to run far, for in dashing across the Friedrichstrasse, his haste was so blind that he did not notice the close approach of a heavy omnibus. From where I stood I heard a cry, and then the man went down under the horses' feet, and the great wheels rolled over his body.

The next morning I read in the Tageblatt that the person who had been run

THE NATIONAL CAPITOL.

Dimensions of the Building's Various Departments.

The entire length of the national capitol building from north to south is 751 feet 4 inches, and its greatest dimension from east to west 359 feet. The area covered by the building is 153,112 square feet. The dome of the original central building was constructed of wood. This was replaced in 1856 by the present structure of cast iron. It was completed in 1865. The entire weight of iron used is 8,909,200 pounds. The dome is crowned by a bronze statue of Freedom. It is 19 feet 6 inches and weighs 14,985 pounds. It was modeled by Crawford. The height of the dome above the base line of the east front is 287 feet 5 inches. The height from the top of the balustrade of the building is 217 feet 11 inches. The greatest diameter at the base 135 feet 5 inches. The rotunda is 95 feet 6 inches in diameter, and its height from the floor to the top of the canopy is 180 feet 3 inches. The senate chamber is 113 feet 3 inches in length by 80 feet 3 inches in width and 36 feet in height. The galleries will accommodate 1,000 persons. The representatives' hall is 139 feet in length by 93 feet in width and 36 feet in height.

When Life Is Extinct.

The French Academy of Sciences ten or fifteen years ago offered a prize of one thousand six hundred pounds for the discovery of some means by which even the inexperienced might at once determine whether in a given case death had ensued or not. A physician obtained the prize for having discovered the following well-known phenomenon. If the hand of the suspected dead person is held toward a candle or other artificial light with the fingers extended and one touching the other, and one looks through the spaces between the fingers toward the light, there appears a scarlet red color where the fingers touch each other, due to the blood still circulating, it showing itself through the tissues which have not congested. When life is entirely extinct the phenomenon of scarlet space between the fingers at once ceases. The most extensive and thorough trials established the truth of this observation.

Cloud Photography.

A great deal of remarkable data, which is of immense value in the preparation of weather forecasts, has lately been compiled from an investigation of cloud photographs. The range of observations extended from clouds floating less than one and a half miles high in air moving at seven miles an hour, to nine miles above the ground in gales blowing sixty-five miles an hour, while the surface wind was only a gentle breeze of five miles an hour.

Speaking from Experience.

An old country gentleman, returning home rather late, discovered under his kitchen window a yokel with a lantern, who, when asked his business there, stated that he had only come a-courting.

"Come a-what?" said the irate gentleman.

"A-courting, sir. I'se courting Mary."

"It's a lie!" exclaimed the old gentleman. "What do you want a lantern for? I never used one when I was a young man."

"No, sir," was the yokel's reply, "I don't think yer did judging by the missis!"—Jury.

A Married Look.

Mrs. Grumps—Your friend, Mr. Baldpate, did not mention his wife the whole evening.

Mr. Grumps—Wife? He's an old bachelor.

"Well, I declare! I took it for granted he was married."

"Why?"

"Oh, I don't know. He has a sort of married look somehow."

"He used to live out west, and once he was treed for three days and three nights by a grizzly."—N. Y. Weekly.

His Age.

Attorney (to witness)—What is your age, sir?

Old Beau—What has that to do with this case?

"I insist upon an answer."

(After a pause) "I was just five years old at the breaking out of the war."

"What war?"

(With extreme reluctance) "The Blackhawk war."—Chicago Tribune.

A FORTUNATE ESCAPE.

How an Imprisoned Traveler Was Saved from a Lion.

An agent for a Hamburg firm that deals in wild animals was riding on the bank of a Transvaal stream, says Golden Days, when his horse suddenly reared and threw him, and then ran away. The man picked himself up, only slightly bruised, and was calling to the fleeing horse, when a monster lion rose up from behind a bush. The agent's rifle had been strapped to the saddle and his revolvers were in the holsters on the horse's back, so there was nothing to do but run. Luckily there was an opening in the rocks close by and in this he squeezed himself. The hole was irregular and ran back nearly eight feet, but was too narrow for the lion to enter, and he could not reach the intended victim with his paws. When he found the man beyond his reach, he grew furious and growled and bit at the rocks. The agent at first rather enjoyed the situation, feeling that his fortress was secure, and taunted the lion by shouting and kicking at him. The camp was only six miles distant, a search would soon be made for him, and the lion would lie down presently for a nap, so the man argued; but the lion had other views. Hour after hour passed, no help came, and the lion did sleep, but right in front of the opening. The agent assuaged his thirst by licking the damp rocks, but was terribly cramped and now quite anxious. But deliverance came in an unexpected form. Another lion happened that way, and in two minutes a terrible battle was in progress. The agent listened to the sounds of combat until they finally ceased, and then carefully came out and made a bee-line for the camp. Next day both lions were found dead a few rods from the rocks.

A VALUABLE OPINION.

It Brought a Lawyer a Comfortable Fortune.

The late A. T. Stewart was harassed by a certain treasury decision which vastly increased his payments of duties. His lawyer, says the New York Press, called one day about another matter. Stewart spoke in an exasperated way about the treasury decision.

"Let me see the decision," said the lawyer. After reading it through he said:

"This law speaks of 'all-silk' garments. Why don't you have a thread of worsted run into these goods when they are made abroad?"

"Will that come within the new law?" asked the great merchant.

"Certainly."

"How much do you want for that opinion?" asked Stewart a few months later.

"Fifty thousand dollars," said the lawyer. And he got it. He was modest, too, but a dollar went further in those days than it does now.

Stewart years after told his legal adviser that the casual suggestion made that day had been worth over one million five hundred thousand dollars to the merchant.

So the fifty thousand-dollar fee was not high.

A Romantic Marriage.

Twenty years ago a young Chicago couple were engaged to be married, but the groom's parents interfered, because of his age, and sent him west with the understanding that if at the end of two years he was able to support a wife he might marry. In the meantime, however, the young lovers were not to correspond. He prospered, and at the appointed time communicated with the girl. He misdirected the letter, however, and it never reached her. He interpreted his failure to receive an answer as a rejection, but eventually he received his own letter through the dead letter office, and he then understood the situation. Not hearing from him the girl naturally thought he had lost affection for her, and married another suitor. Her husband died three years ago, and her first admirer, learning this, wrote his old love with the result that they were married at his home in Rochester, Minn., one day recently. He is one of the richest men in his town.

A Snake's Big Undertaking.

A negro woman in Georgia hoed cotton until midday, and then lay down for a nap in the shade of a tree. She was barefooted. Suddenly a tickling sensation in one of her big toes disturbed her slumber. She looked sleepily in that direction, and saw a sight that made her teeth chatter. A huge blacksnake had swallowed the toe, and was acting as though he proposed to swallow the rest of her. As she gazed along the sleek back of the undulating serpent he seemed so long that his tail was below the horizon. When she recovered from her temporary paralysis she arose like a skyrocket fired slantwise, and disappeared in the pine timber with a blood-curdling shriek. After being jerked through the underbrush for a few rods the snake let go.

The Patient Chinee.

A wonderful example of patience in the Chinee is afforded by a consular report dealing with the manufacture of salt in central China. Holes about six inches in diameter are bored in the rock by means of a primitive form of iron drill, and sometimes a period of forty years elapses before the covered brine is reached, so that the work is carried on from one generation to another. During this time the boring, as may be imagined, goes down to an immense depth. When brine is found it is drawn up in bamboo tubes by a rope working over a large drum turned by bullocks. The brine is evaporated in iron caldrons, the heat being supplied by natural gas, which is generally found in the vicinity of the salt wells.

Plants of the World.

The flora of Europe embraces about 10,000 species. India has about 15,000. The British possessions in North America, though with an area nearly as large as Europe, have only about 5,000. One of the richest floras is that of Cape of Good Hope and Natal, which figures up about 10,000 species. Australia also is rich in species, about 10,000 being now known.

Brutal.

She—It is better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all.

He—Yes. It is better for the florists, for the jewelers, and sometimes even for the lawyers.—Harper's Bazar.

TROUBLES OF A YOUNG RAKE.

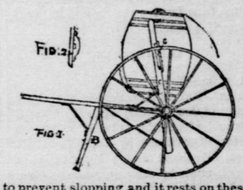
Grandmamma—You seem very solemn this morning, Johnny—what's the matter?

Johnny—I'm in trouble, grandma. Jennie Jackson says I've trifled with her affections, and she's going to have me arrested if I don't marry her, and the fact is I love another girl.—Munsey's Weekly.

USEFUL BARREL TRUCK.

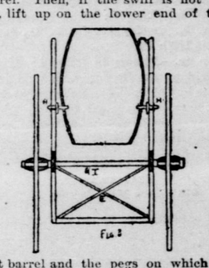
An Implement Which Relieves the Farmer of Much Hard Work.

But few of the smaller implements for use on the farm relieve the farmer of so much hard work, besides turning burdensome labor into such fun that all the farm hands are ever ready to take a turn at it, as the swill carriage shown. I built mine from one like it owned by a neighbor and anybody can make one, if handy with tools. It is merely a barrel on wheels, arranged so it can be easily dumped. The barrel on mine is a cognac barrel 28 inches high and 19 inches in diameter. The handles A are 4 feet long, the feet B 2 feet, the posts C 4 feet and the bottom brace F in Fig. 2 2 feet long. The brace D crosses the frame from the left arm to the right post and vice versa as do also the post braces E, in Fig. 2. I have a loose lid



to prevent slopping and it rests on these braces when not in use. The wheels are the old hind wheels of a carriage.

The junction of the handle with the post is 13 inches from the bottom of the post and the junction of the foot with the arm 19 inches from the post. The length of the slots G in the posts is 10½ inches, the distance of these slots from the top of the post 17 inches and the distance of the axle from the bottom of the post 14 inches. These slots are so fixed that in emptying the barrel into the tank on wheels it tips over as shown by the dotted lines in Fig. 1, until the top rests on the big barrel. Then, if the swill is not all out, lift up on the lower end of the



cart barrel and the pegs on which it rests, H H in Fig. 2, will slip easily in the slots and all the contents will be entirely discharged into the barrel on the ground, thus doing away with all dipping to get the barrel empty. The axle is fastened on the sides of the posts with blocks, thus preserving the strength of the posts at that point, see Fig. 3. The wooden pins in the barrel, H H in Fig. 2, are below the center to make the barrel dip easily and the hook at the top of the barrel, as shown, keeps it from tipping over when being wheeled. The length of the axle between the hubs is 25 inches.—Jacob Wyckoff, in N. E. Homestead.

KEEPING SOIL LEVEL.

It Will Preserve It in Good Condition for Succeeding Crops.

One advantage in keeping the soil reasonably level in finishing up the cultivation of the crops is that it leaves the soil in a much better condition for the succeeding crops.

This is especially the case when the next crop is to be small grain or grass. Many prefer to have wheat follow corn, and when the cultivation has been thorough during the growth of the cultivated crop in many cases it will not be necessary to plow. The spring tooth or disc harrow will work the soil into a good tilth, better in fact than to plow, and having the soil reasonably level will lessen the work necessary to get in a good condition.

When the land is to be seeded to grass either in the fall or spring the same will apply. With both small grain and grass or clover it is quite an item to have the surface reasonably level, and when in cultivating the land is plowed or cultivated into ridges it requires considerable more work to secure this condition than when left level. With both grass and small grain it is better to have the surface worked into a good tilth before sowing the seed, but at the same time it is an item to lessen the cost as much as possible. By leaving the soil reasonably level and in good tilth when the last cultivation is given, ordinarily but little work will be necessary to prepare in a suitable condition for rye, wheat or grass. While if hilled up or full of weeds or grass it is often quite a task to clean up and get into a first-class condition.—Prairie Farmer.

NOTES ON BEEKEEPING.

THE bees garner what would otherwise go to waste.

EVERY fruit grower ought to raise a few bees, and so should every grain grower.

FOLLOW the bee's example and in your care of honey and comb don't let anything go to waste.

THE ideal place for an apiary is where the bees can get plenty of blooms, spring, summer and autumn.

OUR boards of education would do well to follow the example of the thrifty Germans and have the art of beekeeping taught in the public schools.

THE value of bee products is being recognized more and more every year. Already a large amount of honey is annually consumed in the various industries of pork-packing, tobacco and other manufactures, while the commercial value of beeswax is very great. Nearly five hundred tons of beeswax are annually imported into Great Britain, while Russia alone uses nearly five thousand tons in the ceremonies of the church.—Farm, Field and Stockman

How to Stop an Express.

Suburban Resident—See here, sir! You told me that that country place I bought of you was only thirty-five minutes from the city.

City Agent—Yes, sir, thirty-five minutes by express. You remember, when we went out to look at it the time was thirty-five minutes exactly.

"But, confound it, sir, the express trains don't stop there, not one of them, and the accommodation takes about an hour and a half!"

"You and I went by express, and it stopped for us, you know."

"Yes, I know; but it hasn't stopped since."

"It will stop if you hire a man at your station to buy a through ticket for somewhere. That's the way I did the day we went out."—Good News.

The Engine of Civilization.

Rural Editor—Have you finished that editorial on the recent mistakes of the young German emperor?

Assistant—Yes, just got through.

"Did you write any article on the Italian question?"

"Yes, got up a column of good advice to the king of Italy."

"Glad to hear it. We'll send him a copy. What else did you write?"

"A long editorial on national finances."

"Good! That will fill the page. Now let's go out and see if we can borrow a dollar."—N. Y. Weekly.

CLOVER FOR SEED.

Points to Be Considered in Raising This Valuable Crop.

Under ordinary conditions the growing of clover for seed can readily be made profitable. The first crop can be cut for hay and fully as good a crop of seed be obtained. It should be allowed to get fully ripened before cutting, as harvesting too early injures the quality of the seed.

It is quite an item in harvesting to lessen the handling as much as possible, as every time it is handled it wastes more or less. For this reason one of the best implements to use is a self-rake reaper. That will cut and lay off in even gavels that can be readily handled with the fork when gathering up. If the threshing can be done reasonably soon, the more economical plan is to let it lie, and when ready to thresh load it on the wagons and haul direct to the machine.

But too much risk should not be run, and rather than do this the hay can be gathered up and stacked, or be stored away, where it can be got at conveniently to thresh. It is best to thresh with a regular clover huller, as this will clean, all ready to market, while with a common threshing machine it will nearly always require recleaning, and this not only adds to the cost but increases the waste, and it is too valuable a product to waste.

The usual price for hulling and cleaning is $1 per bushel, and counting in the expenses for hands, teams and board, it makes the product too costly to waste. From four to six bushels per acre is considered a good yield, depending considerably upon the season. The straw should always be carefully stacked; it makes fully as good a winter feed as the average wheat or oat straw, and if not needed for feeding makes a better bedding and a more valuable manure, and it should not be wasted.

If stacked before threshing the safest plan is to top out the stacks with timothy hay or wheat straw, as it is somewhat difficult to make the clover turn water thoroughly. It will thresh easier if the straw is thoroughly dry and the seed will be gotten out of the straw more thoroughly. And considering the yield and the value of the product, it is important not only to save it all, but to save it in a good condition, and the less handling both before and after threshing, the less the waste.—St. Louis Republic.

HORSES LIKE SUGAR.

How to Improve the Condition of Run-Down Animals.

The fondness for sweets on the part of the horse has been taken advantage of in different parts of the world, and his appetite for saccharine matter catered to with the best results in improving his condition, says the Newark (N. J.) Call. Horses thrive remarkably well on sugar and molasses, and these ingredients—interchangeable terms in this connection—have been regularly used since 1873 in Australia and South America and other parts of the world for getting horses into condition for sale and also for colts while wintering in the yard. In raising colts there is a risk of their suffering from stoppage of the bowels if fed entirely on dry food, and to avoid this they are allowed carrots or roots of some kind in addition to their dry food. Sugar not only improves the condition of the colts, but prevents any risk of the stoppage above referred to. The way it is used is to dissolve the sugar in water and pour it on the chaff or cut hay, taking care that the food is well mixed, and in a day or two the colt will be found licking the sides of the mangers long after the last morsel of chaff has been eaten. The saccharine matter left after the extraction of table sugar from the cane, and leaving about ten per cent. of solid matter, is used by horsemen in South America. In the case of horses which are "off their feed," or to induce them to eat their food which they would otherwise reject, sugar may be used. The average quantity of sugar per day for a horse in poor condition is about a pound and a half. This should be mixed with cut hay or chaff and turned over a few times, leaving it for a few hours to allow the sugar to be absorbed. Seven pounds of sugar to fifty-six pounds of hay is a good proportion. From some interesting experiments conducted lately by an eminent scientist it appears that sugar should not be used in any quantity with such food as the cereal grains, maize or meadow hay. All these substances are somewhat low in nitrogen, and to dilute nitrogen by way of sugar would tend to waste it.

AN EXCELLENT DEVICE.

How to Give Medicine to Struggling and Squealing Pigs.

Pigs make more noise about taking medicine than children. The illustration herewith shows the most efficient means of securing large pigs for the administration, but even when thus secured they will struggle and squeal, and spill the remedy if possible, but

DOSING A PIG.

with the head thus raised and secured a little tact will accomplish the object aimed at. A sick hog is more stupid and stubborn than a well one, and inquiries are frequently made how to give medicine to hogs. This sketch will answer the question better than a long description, and the method will not be readily forgotten.—American Agriculturist.

WHAT may be a perfect animal in the eyes of one breeder will fall short in some of the essential particulars with another, mainly because some breeders will consider some things more essential than others.

MILLET seed is a good feed for young chickens. In saving the crop it will often be a good plan to stew up a good supply especially for this purpose.

They All Do That.

MRS. BROOK—My husband keeps account of every drink he takes.

MRS. BANKS—Are you sure?

MRS. BROOK—Oh, yes; the dear fellow says he never gets one that he doesn't put it down!—Puck.

AN EXTRAVAGANT EDUCATION.

Son—Poppy, de teacher told me ter bring a penny ter school fer a new slate pencil.

Pop—Of cose, money ag'in! Dat mailks twenty-free cents I'se spent already on yo' edication, an' yo' dunno yo' A B Abs yit.—Judge.