

A STORY OF THE SEA.

As Told by Crazy Nell to a Summer-Day Visitor.

The steamer time-table said: "Passengers can land and have one hour to inspect this typical New England fishing village, with its queer, rambling streets, its houses, its old wharfs, once the scene of activity, now silent and deserted," etc.

I stood at the end of the landing-place and looked down the long street with the walk on one side and the harbor on the other, then turned to watch the crowd, rushing to take the town by storm, starting in at the windows of the houses, overrunning the quiet little grave-yard, intruding everywhere; in fact, doing everything that rude, vandal excursionists do the world over.

"Decorators!" I thought, "how shall I avoid you? Here I am, what I suppose to be an out-of-the-way trip to an out-of-the-way place to get a little rest, and, if possible, new ideas, but instead of a quiet boat and leisurely sail, you, the great uncounted, overflowing with summer spirits and lunch baskets, are before me, you, the noisy, the noisy, the noisy, and the marks of your children's clammy hands and the sound of their unguished sobs are even yet mine."

After which elegant apostrophe I desperately struck into a straggling street, and in a few short moments, to my astonishment, they were left far behind.

I stopped and looked about. Behind me the town lay, a narrow fringe of gray, colorless houses bordering the inner harbor. Here and there a thin, pencil column of smoke rose straight up from a fire in a desert, the air was so still and hot.

Before me a stretch of blinding yellow sand, sparkling with glints of amethyst and pearl from the disintegrated sea shells which formed part of the drift that lay heaped up in odd, monstrous, angular dunes, tufted with occasional bunches of vivid green wire grass; a veritable sea-serpent's lair; a domain of desolation.

Beyond, a sea so calm, so translucent that the horizon line is lost, melted away into the sky.

A monotonous ironing filled the ear, reminding one of the clematis of Provence. From some shippard came the dull-measured stroke of a caulker's hammer, sounding like the tapping of a woodpecker; again the "peep peep" of a sand bird; these are the only evidences of life. The spell of sleep is over everything, and I stand looking unconsciously right ahead till the sudden noise of the excursion boat blowing off steam arouses me, and I see a low cottage, the last on the lane, surrounded by a flower garden fenced with driftwood held together by pieces of rigging.

Before the door is a pretentious porch or arbor constructed of the gray, bleaching ribs of a whale. An enterprising morning-glory vine is endeavoring to creep up and climb the post, but it protrudes, and stands off from the flabby, sun-killed wreaths like a whitened sepulcher. A cobble-stone walk edged with pink couch shells completes the dreary ensemble.

I am about to turn back to the town, for it is not very pleasant padding about in the shifting sands under the broiling sun, when I see a little crouched-up figure sitting on a block of wood in the shadow of an old dory, and so much the color of the surroundings as to be almost unnoticed.

It is a woman, gray and bent with years, looking fixedly at me with queer, canny eyes, her lips moving as she counts the stitches of the knitting in her hands.

I push open the gate on its rope hinges and enter, asking politely for a drink of water. "Never stopping such nodes toward the water, mister, mother, got then sit down near her, remarking: "This is a beautiful day."

"Sun draw water in the mornin' Sallors take warnin' she answers, never taking her eyes off me. It was so unexpected I started, but rallying said: "Well, a nice fresh breeze wouldn't hurt us."

In sad, monotonous tone, she replied: "When winds blow fresh across the main And mild winds blow from the lea, There's apt to be some rain, And a choppy sea 'cross sea."

"Well, well," I laughed, pleasantly, though I didn't feel a mite that way; "you're quite a mother, got gobs for all kinds of weather."

The laugh seemed to please the old sibil for an instant, then the small eyes grew sad again and she said, nodding toward the village: "Strayin' below?"

"No, I just came down and going right back."

"Then nobody send you here?" leaning forward.

"No; just strayed this way to avoid the crowd. Why do you ask?"

"They send people here to bother me. They say I'm crazy, crazy. Nell, you know ever body here?"

"No; but tell me, mother, how do you live in this wilderness?"

"All the day I knit stockin's an' mits an' lots of nippers for the fishermen to wear when they're fishin'. They're not all bad. They give me food and things for them, sometimes a little tea; but it's a poor life, my boy, an' sorrowful life for old crazy Nell, with only her thoughts and the sea's moans for company; an' death passes me, that only longs to go, and takes the young an' strong, that wants to live; but the day is nigh at hand now; soon I will see my Malcom, my boy, my boy, my boy, gone, lad, gone, gone, and only married one day; think of it, me all alone, alone for forty weary winters and forty wearier summers, waitin' to die an' go to him. Do you think he has forgiven me?"

"Suppose you tell me your story," I said, gently, rather touched by her plaintiveness.

"My story? ay; and what joy would you find in the vagaries and mumbins' of an old crazy woman like me, I cannot tell."

"He built this house for her, his bride. Oh, but I was a happy girl then!

yes, an' one of the tidiest and prettiest of the village, and often I was told of it, and he was the smartest and bravest of all the fisher lads that went out to the banks; every one loved him, myself most of all, tho' I was a bit pert and liked my own way; well, well, the day of rest is nigh to me now. Hark'en, then, sir, an' I'll tell ye a tale of the sea, sad, sad; a tale of its cruelty to one I loved; I take that's brimful with pain, an' woe, an' grief; ah, God, that he should go wild an' awful the tempest raged when he dared an' perished!"

After a few moments of weeping and muttering to herself she began her disjointed narrative answer: "Softly the gray mists hung far o'er the smiling bay, an' the sun sparkled on the little ripples that were so weak they hardly broke on the shore that fair September morn we two were married. But as night came on, great dark clouds, leaden-headed, scurried across the heavens, an' fierce, red lightnings glowered an' flashed on a roarin' sea. From the dark south, up came the gale, drivin' before it straight, unbroken rows of mountainous billows, crowding on top same as waves, an' when they came, they were like a flood of boiling water, an' the feet long as they were, an' the jets of gas are turned on and ignited. By this means the water is heated. For each son one is entitled to eight liters. It is expected that this fountain will be a great assistance to the human race, and, if successful, others will be built."

"But in the house here we were havin' a merry time. We had a lot of women and children from town, and a couple of the young men who were just in from a trip and stopped over to see us married. Old Cap'n Thomas and the minister had each just said a grace, and we were about to fall to and eat, when suddenly some one heard a faint signal gun. In a minute feast and everything was forgotten; off rushed the whole company, men, women and children, Malcolm and me with them, to the beach. What did we see in the darkening evening light? A vessel way out seaward, pounding on the bar! Not a stick nor spar did she have standing; shora of everything by the force of the shock when she struck, and the big waves dashin' and lashin' clean over her."

"Not a minute do we waste, but it hands help drag the life-boat down to the edge of the surf, and then quick call for volunteers, brave fellows who count themselves nothing if they can only save some one else's life. My Malcom and I were the first to spring forward, and, though I cling to him and beseeched, and sobbed, would not heed me. He gave one last embrace to me, his new-made wife, and turned to the boat."

"Only I begged him to remain with me that night, but he would not heed me, but he counted his duty before all else. Oh, that I had died then! My heart was filled with a dark terror; 'twas torn and rent apart with anguish that he would go; my head was swimmin' and reelin', and crazed with the sight of him, and I cursed him, and I cursed him there. Aye, cursed him for what was only right, for the boat was but poorly manned, there were so few men at the beach, and of these some were old and almost crippled; but in my selfish ravings I felt no pity for the men, and I cursed them, and I cursed them again, and again that I wished it would break up before they got started, and that if they went I hoped never to see any of them again!"

"Slowly my Malcom left his place at the bow of the boat; if I live till I'm a hundred years old, I'll never see you, never can I forget the look I saw on his face in the walt light."

"Nell, darling, less me good-by. Won't? Ah, well, God bless you!" and he was gone.

"Down on the sand I fell in a dead faint, and at that time, I lay there, but a moment; the wet sand on my face brought me to. I stared about me; none were left but a little knot of women and children huddled together, crying and peering through the gloom at the struggling boat, and a couple of old men, still in the water where they had helped shove off."

"Now the surf is passed; they are tossed on the great waves; down, down they go far from sight in the mad sea; then up they come again, up, up, against what an tide, and splashing on the point of some pier, blowing only to go plunging down to meet the next, and pulling up with might and main to reach the wreck that labored and strained on the bar and threatened to go to pieces every second."

"Now they work round under her stern, and are hidden from us by the bulk, but soon we see them again, carefully approaching from the lee side; but even there it seems too rough to try to board her. Then we know from the motions that they have cast a line, which must be caught, as now we see a dark shape suspended over the boat for an instant; the next, a vast, mountainous wall of foam overwhelms them, the gale bursts out afresh and when we can get our breaths and look again they are gone! Nothing is left but a ragging line of breakers black with wreckage! Ship and boat are no more."

Calmly she wiped her streaming eyes and concluded: "At daybreak eight bodies had washed ashore; four our own men and four strangers; the rest of the ship's company, no one knows how, none of the fifth of the boat's crew, my own Malcom, were never recovered!"

The heat, which pulsed around us like a draught from a hot furnace, and the dramatic intensity of the old dame's recital had so worked upon me that I was in a sort of added comatose condition. The few sounds of life from the village were unnoticed; even the warning whistle had blown some minutes before entirely unheeded; so I had to take the Cape train back to town, but somehow I didn't feel like complaining."

"H. Hamilton, in Boston Budget."

"Bobble—"Don't they feel awfully funny when you walk?" Mr. Gualze—"What do you mean, little man?" Robbie—"Why, somebody said you had snakes in your boots real often!"—Inter Ocean.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

—In Chin a traveler wishing for a passport is compelled to have the palm of his hand brushed over with fine oil paint; he then presses his hand on thin damp paper, which retains an impression of the lines. This is used to prevent transference of the passport, as the lines of no two hands are alike.

—A man named Schneider deserted his wife in Thessingen, Bavaria, came to America, and here committed bigamy. Learning, some years later, that his first wife had died, he returned to his old home, and is in jail there. The report of his wife's death was merely a ruse to get him in the clutches of the law.

—It is believed by the engineers and officials of the enterprise that the Manchester ship canal will be opened for traffic along its entire length, from Liverpool to Manchester, by next February. The export of coal from Liverpool is retarded beyond that date it will likely be by legal rather than engineering difficulties.—N. Y. Sun.

—A hot-water fountain is now in operation in Paris. The water that comes from the fountain passes through a series of copper tubing three hundred feet long. By dropping plates, jets of gas are turned on and ignited. By this means the water is heated. For each son one is entitled to eight liters. It is expected that this fountain will be a great assistance to the human race, and, if successful, others will be built."

—Denial is made in St. Petersburg to the unfavorable reports recently published in Great Britain and elsewhere regarding the prospects of the coming harvest in Russia, and to the statement that the government would, in consequence of the present crop, reduce the present condition of the crops, although unsatisfactory in the governments of Podolia, Kiev, and Cherson, is excellent in practically all other districts.

—Japanese gardens are the most fairylike of places. You see in them many trees and plants, and many bridges, summer-houses, lanterns—here dwarf pines six or eight inches high, but one hundred and twenty-five years old; there others one foot high, but five hundred years old. In the garden of Yeljugin—within the temple grounds of a famous monastery in the South Africa is regarded at present as the most promising field for development in the production of the precious metals. The continued extension of mining operations in the Transvaal, and the more recent rediscovery of the ancient gold-fields in the district of the Transvaal, seem to be drawing miners and mining engineers from other countries in considerable numbers, and the movement is likely to continue for some time to come.—Engineering and Mining Journal.

A story comes from Irkutsk, the capital of Siberia, of a fox-terrier kept in a house for seven months old that has suddenly developed the faculty for making sounds so like a human voice that a person in the next room could not tell the difference. The dog seems to have no comprehension of the meaning of the words he utters, but he readily repeats anything that is said to him in a shrill, boyish-sounding voice. Some days he seems to lose the faculty or to be disinclined to exercise it, but on others delights to say anything he is told.

—Gen. Dodds says in his report on the Donkey campaign in the rebel field of Mississippi, that the rebel forces were in no way affected by the voyage out or by the climate of Dabonkey. Smokeless powder and the old kind were used in the way of experiment in several operations. The smokeless powder proved by far the best. The old powder drew the fire of the enemy instead of masking the detachment using it, and the troops using the smokeless powder suffered much less than the others.

RAMADAN AND BAIRAM.

The Mahometan Month of Day Fasting and Night Feasting. Ramadan is the Mahometan Lent. At this time the sultan always goes from the Ghidiz palace in Pera across the great bridge of boats into his Turkish capital, Stamboul, to kiss the mantle of Mahomet. Ramadan is in the ninth lunar month of the Mahometan year, and during it the people are required, both by the law and the prophet to spend their days in fasting and prayer. From sunrise to sunset not a morsel of food and not a drop of liquid must pass their lips; and the more conscientious of the people consider it a sin to swallow their saliva during this time. They must not smoke or take snuff, or use any means to stay their appetite, and even the use of perfume is forbidden. The Mahometan who is a perpetual smoker misses his tobacco more than his food during the fasting, and even the poorest of the day laborers, who faint from working twelve hours on an empty stomach, having their dinner ready for them, watch the sun going with a cigarette in their hands, and will consume this before they begin to eat. The olive is considered to be the best food during this time. They break the fast with, and the dinner which follows the fast of Ramadan is always the best that the purse of the faster can procure.

Ramadan is to all Mahometan countries a month of day fasting and night feasting. They make up for their abstinence during the day by a grand carouse at night, and Stamboul during this period holds a nightly carnival. All the restaurants and cafes are lighted and the streets filled with revelers, who are making up for their privations during the day. The wealthy sit up all night, receiving and returning calls on their dinner parties, and after the evening services at the Mosque, the people go to the esplanade of the Sull-Manich, the fashionable promenade. The bazars are illuminated and the lemonade peddler and the sweetmeat man are on all their glory. The season which the great fast of Ramadan, and which might correspond to Easter is called Bairam. This is a time of feasting and rejoicing that the months of fasting are over.—Cosmopolitan.

PITH AND POINT.

—Staylate (yawns)—"Excuse me." Ethel Knox—"Certainly. Goodnight."—Vogue.

—He—"Which way was Tommy Toodles bound when you saw him?" She—"In full call, judging by his conversation."—Belford's Magazine.

—No wonder De Hoot likes classical music. He is properly constituted. "How so?" "He can disguise his feelings perfectly."—Detroit Tribune.

—"Do you suppose there is any danger of his illness running into quick consumption?" "Pooh, no; he's a messenger boy, don't you know."—Inter-Ocean.

—"You can always tell the man who has a free seat at the theater by the calmly-critical way in which he abstains regularly from all applause."—Somerville Journal.

—Hess—"That old Mr. Booger drinks like a fish." Sharleigh—"Nonsense, a fish never gets drunk, and a whale never takes to its mouth every ten minutes."—Raymond's Monthly.

—"I might have married half a dozen better men than you," said Mrs. Jackson Parke in the course of a little conjugal tiff, "and what's more, I mean to do so."—Indianapolis Journal.

A western paper says warm weather accelerates the growth of whiskers. That may be a reason why cyclones come to play with them when the summer is on.—New Orleans Picayune.

—The Butcher (haughtily)—"Madame, my reputation rests upon my meat." Doubling Customer—"Well, if it's as tough as that last steak, I'm sorry I feel sorry for you."—Buffalo Courier.

—His Golden Text.—Dr. Thirdly—"You love to go to Sunday-school, don't you, Dick?" Dick Hicks—"Yes, indeed." Dr. Thirdly—"What do you expect to learn to-day?" Dick Hicks—"The date of the picnic."—Punch.

—Willie—"Come here, you little cub." Fond Father—"William, don't let me hear you speak to your baby brother like that. He's no cub." "Oh, yes, he is! I heard ma tell granddaddy that you were nothing but an old bear!"

—Woman, Woman!—She—"Why don't you tell me that noise isn't a bugler." George—"A woman always needs to be reassured." George, of course, it isn't a bugler, dearest. That is only the rain dropping on the eaves. There! do you hear it again?" She—"What do you want to keep talking about it for?"—Judge.

—A Truth-Teller.—Owner—"When did your father say he wanted to have the job done?" Truthful James (son of contractor)—"Well, I heard him tell mother that if he got a certain job he'd look after he'd have yours finished by to-night, but if not, he guessed he'd make this job last out another week!"

—Yankee Blade.—Best.—Husband (who has had "jumping neuralgia" for two days)—"Ligh! I don't see why—oh, oh, oh! we were not born without teeth!" Ligh!—Wife (soothingly)—"If you had only stopped to consider it, you would not have made such a remark. Surely, for you know, we really were born without teeth."—Truth.

—"What shall we do with our living skeletons?" is a question that is engaging the attention of the Louisville authorities. A showman brought a female skeleton from Georgia, but as she was not a profitable attraction, and as she was in the city, it was necessary to put her up to a normal and comfortable condition. The city hasn't been able to decide as to its liability under the law.

BLOWN ON THE OFFICE BOY.

How the Latter Got Square on the Blonde Typewriter.

The office boy and the blonde typewriter, and quite a number of other things, were over a trivial matter to be sure, but nevertheless they were on the outs.

Both seemed spitefully revengeful, and when one day the office-boy played off sick and went to the base-ball game the typewriter made known to the employer the month's sporting proclivities. This might be expected, caused trouble, and the wrath of the office-boy against the young lady with nimble fingers increased more and more. Days passed and the lad planned and dreamed of schemes to "get back" at his fair employer, and began to growl so well in the graces of the employer. Now on every typewriter there is a small gong which rings when the end of the line is reached. The office boy knew this, and as he watched the prettily-tapered fingers thrash back the carriage at each tap of the bell he smiled with fiendish glee.

It was late in the afternoon. The young lady was industriously tapping the keys to finish the firm's correspondence. She had reached the last letter, and remarked to the office boy that her best young man was going to take her to the theater that evening. Hence her hurry. This only made the office boy smile all the more, for he knew that this time had come. His eyes seemed to say: "Revenge is sweet." The young lady slipped the sheet of paper into the machine, and began to type with lightning speed to write from her notes.

The youth watched the carriage sliding to and fro. He took from his pocket a rusty nail, and, as the typewriter wrote on unconsciously, he tapped the bell lightly with the nail. The young lady never thinking, pushed the paper up another line, and went on. Again the boy tapped the bell, and again the young lady turned the machine. This was kept up until the maiden had written all there was to write.

A small figure had sneaked easily out of the door. The blonde withdrew the sheet from the machine. She looked at it, and looked again and saw before her a letter written something after the fashion of the latter day step-ladder poetry. Not a single line was properly written. The girl grew thoughtful, never thinking, pushed the paper up another line, and went on. Again the boy tapped the bell, and again the young lady turned the machine. This was kept up until the maiden had written all there was to write.

—Gold always has a market.—Ram's Horn.

THE VICIA AMERICANA.

American vetch, or wild pea vine, grows commonly on the prairies of Minnesota, South Dakota and westward in a very pretty little plant from one to three feet in height, supporting its slender form by clinging to the surrounding verdure with its delicate clasping leaf-tendrils. The flowers are beautiful, of a brilliant blue or purplish color, and were the plants less common, it would be an acquisition in any flower garden. Few flowers can be arranged in such a manner as to make a handsomer bouquet than these wild pea vines and blossoms. Where the land has been broken and lies idle a year these little plants spring up in great numbers, and are cut through the months of May and June create a lovely natural flower garden, spreading a rich mantle of blue over the brown earth. When cultivated the

period of bloom can be greatly lengthened by picking the flowers as soon as they begin to fade. The pods, though smaller, resemble those of the cultivated members, but the seeds have much the same flavor.

Vicia Americana is one of the native food plants of the large, brilliant western species of blister beetle, known to science as *Cantharis Nuttalli*. Whole patches of wild peas are denuded by these insects. Unfortunately they have also acquired a taste for cultivated beans, and as soon as wild peas begin to get hard the beetles turn their whole attention to the gardens and bean patches, where, on account of their large size and innamed numbers, they make sad havoc.

This is only another instance of a change in the food habits of an insect by which it discards the plants which afforded subsistence to its ancestors, to become an enemy to the tender and more nutritious cultivated species. The vicia native to the United States, besides the two species naturalized from Europe. These latter are the troublesome weeds found in grain fields and known by the common name of vetch or tares.—Prairie Farmer.

TEXAS TO THE FRONT.

The Excellent Road Law Passed by the Lone Star Legislature.

The agitation begun some time ago for the improvement of country roads that will be passable at all seasons of the year is not to be allowed to die out without having produced any practical results. It is now bearing fruit in some sections of the country where the need of good roads has been most severely felt. The legislature of the Lone Star State, which has recently adjourned, passed an act for the beginning of the work of road construction in the state which, if it should prove effectual in its working, will doubtless be given wider scope at subsequent sessions of the lawmaking assembly until a proper survey has been made to embrace every portion of the state and furnish good roads in all directions.

As yet the law applies only to counties that contain cities and towns of considerable importance, probably because the expense of the construction would be more than the sparse population in other counties could stand. By the act passed the counties are authorized to issue bonds for road construction. The amount of these bonds is to be governed by the assessed value of the property in the county issuing the paper. No larger amount may be issued than a tax of fifteen mills on the assessed valuation. The bonds may not be redeemable in less than ten or more than forty years, and they may not be sold for less than their par value. The act taken in the law to provide safeguards for the proper expenditure of the money. Money thus raised may not be expended for any other purpose than the construction of roads and bridges. These must be built under the supervision of a competent engineer, and the cost of the work must be made for them. They are to be built in a substantial and permanent way so that they will be passable at all seasons of the year and in such a way that they will be easily kept in proper repair. Should the act be administered as originally intended, which it has been passed, it is probable that Texas will soon be ahead of most of the other western states in regard to good country roads.—Chicago Evening Post.

A Profitable Investment. Good roads pay. If our country could be made to believe that decent roads increase the value of their property they might take a brace and make the suburban roads passable.—Lowell (Mass.) Times.

If you have no separator do not fail to provide for the rapid and thorough cooling of milk by means of some deep cooling system. Heavy losses are sure to come if this is not attended to.

HIGHWAY ENGINEERS.

How They Should Be Educated and Trained for Their Work.

The history of the art of road-making is singularly replete with important lessons. It is doubtful if the recorded experience of any other branch of engineering is more instructive. Therefore the highway engineer needs to know much of the history of his profession in other times and countries than his own.

Last, but not least, the student of this subject needs ample practice in the construction work of the road engineer. He must see an extended series of practical constructions, observe the work in progress, and note the results attained by the various methods; above all he must become familiar with the manual and mechanical processes which have been found to give the best results with the least expenditure. He should, if possible, before graduation, have a chance to do the actual work of his proposed occupation.

There is reason to hope that the education of engineers in the manner here proposed will bring about a gain which will go much further than it at first sight appears likely to do. Up to the present time our country produces few engineers of the field of their usefulness will be in the services of skilled men in engineering work. Although such experts are needed in a great variety of ways in every rural community, there has not been as yet enough employment to tempt them to the field. If the plan is adopted of having township or county engineers for the care of the highways we may look forward to a wider dissemination of this class of persons, and to their aid in many branches of work, where they will prove most helpful. They will be good and trustworthy; they can give valuable advice in questions of water supply and drainage; they may be trusted to better the methods of construction used in our buildings. As soon as it becomes the custom to rely upon this class of experts in the field of their usefulness will rapidly widen, and our economic conditions will profit much from their aid. They will bring the resources of a great field of natural science home to our people. There can be no doubt that through this addition of specialists to our country, the field of their usefulness will make a distinct advance in our societies outside of the great towns.

To young men who are seeking a safe and honorable occupation the field of employment which is opened by the developing profession of the highway engineer is likely to prove very tempting. It offers an opportunity for a large and interesting kind of activity. Considered with the other duties which will naturally fall to such experts, it will not only give a man a living, but will make him a person of importance in the community in which he dwells.—Prof. N. S. Shaler, in Leslie's Weekly.

OPEN SHED FOR COWS. One That is Combined with a Corn and Grain Chamber.

In cold climates many farmers take the precaution to surround their barnyards on three sides with buildings, which adds wonderfully to the comfort of the animals, and makes at least a portion of each day out of doors, whether it be winter with its necessary stable feeding or summer with itsolling. But to secure the comfort of cows that are turned into the yard in summer an open shed is highly desirable. It is also an

important addition to a yard where cows are turned at night in summer, whether kept in the stable or in a pasture during the day, for sudden storms and showers frequently arise in the night and thoroughly drench the stock that has no shelter it can seek. For sheep, cows, weanling calves and other stock such an open shed has pronounced advantages both in summer and winter. The one shown in the illustration is combined with a corn and grain chamber, which is entered from the midway landing of the stairs leading from the first to the second floor of the stable to which the smaller buildings are attached. It is made of canvas, and is easily and conveniently housed after being threshed from the straw or husked from the stalk.—Country Gentleman.

FACTS FOR DAIRYMEN. Strict cleanliness is one of the requisites for successful dairying.

The amount of fat which a cow gives is the test of her value in the dairy. The neatness of the package has much to do with the selling price of butter.

Test the cows in the dairy herd. Some of them are not paying for their keep and should be disposed of.

The dairy cow will not give something for nothing. You must feed her well to get good returns in milk and butter.

It is said that the milk sugar contained in a hundred pounds of average milk would bring more money on the market than the butter it contains. As yet there has been no cheap method discovered of extracting it.

The commercial creamery is the outgrowth of a demand for a better and more uniform grade of butter. Many of the private dairies produce first-class butter and have not suffered from the establishment of creameries.—Orange Judd Farmer.

Arkansas Wants Roads. It is a question of roads or no roads with us. Whether we shall go on as we have been doing for fifty years, or awaken with new-born energy and determination and build the roads. Meanwhile let us always bear in mind that it takes money to make roads.—Little Rock (Ark.) Democrat.

WILD PEA VINE.

American vetch, or wild pea vine, grows commonly on the prairies of Minnesota, South Dakota and westward in a very pretty little plant from one to three feet in height, supporting its slender form by clinging to the surrounding verdure with its delicate clasping leaf-tendrils. The flowers are beautiful, of a brilliant blue or purplish color, and were the plants less common, it would be an acquisition in any flower garden. Few flowers can be arranged in such a manner as to make a handsomer bouquet than these wild pea vines and blossoms. Where the land has been broken and lies idle a year these little plants spring up in great numbers, and are cut through the months of May and June create a lovely natural flower garden, spreading a rich mantle of blue over the brown earth. When cultivated the

period of bloom can be greatly lengthened by picking the flowers as soon as they begin to fade. The pods, though smaller, resemble those of the cultivated members, but the seeds have much the same flavor.

Vicia Americana is one of the native food plants of the large, brilliant western species of blister beetle, known to science as *Cantharis Nuttalli*. Whole patches of wild peas are denuded by these insects. Unfortunately they have also acquired a taste for cultivated beans, and as soon as wild peas begin to get hard the beetles turn their whole attention to the gardens and bean patches, where, on account of their large size and innamed numbers, they make sad havoc.

This is only another instance of a change in the food habits of an insect by which it discards the plants which afforded subsistence to its ancestors, to become an enemy to the tender and more nutritious cultivated species. The vicia native to the United States, besides the two species naturalized from Europe. These latter are the troublesome weeds found in grain fields and known by the common name of vetch or tares.—Prairie Farmer.

TEXAS TO THE FRONT.

The Excellent Road Law Passed by the Lone Star Legislature.

The agitation begun some time ago for the improvement of country roads that will be passable at all seasons of the year is not to be allowed to die out without having produced any practical results. It is now bearing fruit in some sections of the country where the need of good roads has been most severely felt. The legislature of the Lone Star State, which has recently adjourned, passed an act for the beginning of the work of road construction in the state which, if it should prove effectual in its working, will doubtless be given wider scope at subsequent sessions of the lawmaking assembly until a proper survey has been made to embrace every portion of the state and furnish good roads in all directions.

As yet the law applies only to counties that contain cities and towns of considerable importance, probably because the expense of the construction would be more than the sparse population in other counties could stand. By the act passed the counties are authorized to issue bonds for road construction. The amount of these bonds is to be governed by the assessed value of the property in the county issuing the paper. No larger amount may be issued than a tax of fifteen mills on the assessed valuation. The bonds may not be redeemable in less than ten or more than forty years, and they may not be sold for less than their par value. The act taken in the law to provide safeguards for the proper expenditure of the money. Money thus raised may not be expended for any other purpose than the construction of roads and bridges. These must be built under the supervision of a competent engineer, and the cost of the work must be made for them. They are to be built in a substantial and permanent way so that they will be passable at all seasons of the year and in such a way that they will be easily kept in proper repair. Should the act be administered as originally intended, which it has been passed, it is probable that Texas will soon be ahead of most of the other western states in regard to good country roads.—Chicago Evening Post.

A Profitable Investment. Good roads pay. If our country could be made to believe that decent roads increase the value of their property they might take a brace and make the suburban roads passable.—Lowell (Mass.) Times.

If you have no separator do not fail to provide for the rapid and thorough cooling of milk by means of some deep cooling system. Heavy losses are sure to come if this is not attended to.

HIGHWAY ENGINEERS.

How They Should Be Educated and Trained for Their Work.

The history of the art of road-making is singularly replete with important lessons. It is doubtful if the recorded experience of any other branch of engineering is more instructive. Therefore the highway engineer needs to know much of the history of his profession in other times and countries than his own.

Last, but not least, the student of this subject needs ample practice in the construction work of the road engineer. He must see an extended series of practical constructions, observe the work in progress, and note the results attained