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HOME FROM SCHOOL.

When sweet Libbie's home from school
There are voices in the hall
Mixed with bubbling happy laughter,
And the air seems all a-call
With the voices of wild songsters,
And the perfumed days and cool
Are like beads of pearl and amber,
When our Libbie's home from school.

There's a frow-frow too of garments
Over tessellated floors;
There are romping bits of music,
There's an' opening of doors,
'Till the breath of many blossoms
Comes on breezes sweet and cool,
And their sweetness stirs your heart-strings
When our Libbie's home from school.

Ev'ry day is like a jewel,
Each far fairer than the last,
Slipping past your eager fingers!
Slipping faster and more fast!
How we'd love to clasp and hold them,
Days enchanted sweet and cool,
When our hearts are full of music,
When our Libbie's home from school.

Days a-glint with gray-eyed laughter,
Days of red lips, half a-pout,
Rose-red cheeks wherein wee dimples
Half are hid, half peeping out;
Life which erstwhile lay as quiet
As a shaded wayside pool,
Wakes into a laughing torrent,
When our sweet Libbie's home from school.

Child, whose ev'ry day is May time!
Would for you Time might stand still!
Would these days might last forever!
Orchard, meadow, valley, hill,
Might retain the splendid beauty,
Fountains sing the self-same way,
Would for our sake you might ever
Be, dear, as you are to-day!

—J. M. Lewis, in Houston Post.

The Postmistress of Circle City.

By Elizabeth Florence Gray.

BEFORE a table, upon which lay an open letter, sat Eleanor Van Dyke, her chin resting in her hand and her eyes gleaming with amusement. Her brow was slightly wrinkled, but the light in her face indicated that the problem to be solved was a humorous one. Again her eyes sought the note.

"My dear Mr. Van Dyke," it ran, "the photograph of Chief Kadisham sent in care of the postmaster of Circle City has been received and delivered to the Indian. The old fellow was greatly pleased and grunted his satisfaction when I told him it came from a gentleman living in San Francisco. I have many snap-shots of the chief, but none of them represent him, as does yours, patriotically draped in the stars and stripes in celebration of the Fourth of July. I should therefore consider it a favor if you would send me a copy of the photograph to add to my collection. Yours truly,

CAROL H. MORGAN."

With the envelope was a card bearing the words, "Miss Morgan, Circle City, Alaska." Evidently the postmaster of this northern town was a woman, and she had inclosed ten cents in payment for the picture. Eleanor gazed at the coin whimsically, and wondered whether it would be better to send it back or have it framed. She rather inclined toward the latter, for money which she had herself earned would be a curiosity to show her friends. As she turned the coin over it seemed to convey some thought, for she dropped it with an amused laugh, and exchanged the dainty monogram paper for a plain sheet of larger dimensions, upon which she wrote in a bold, angular hand:

"My Dear Miss Morgan:

Your letter at hand. Enclosed you will find the coveted photograph of the old chief and several pictures of the Klondike which I hope may be of interest to you. I trust you will pardon me, however, if I return this coin, for I could not think of accepting money from a lady, especially one whose handwriting has taken so great a hold upon my fancy. Some claim that the soul is revealed in the face, others in the voice, but it seems to me that yours has crept out through your finger tips. May I not see more of it?"

"Hello, Sis, what are you doing?" asked a youthful voice from the door.

"I am playing the part of a man, in a comedy," replied the girl, "and I—" A merry laugh broke into her sentence.

"Now, I'd advise you—"

"That's just like you, Harold, Always ready to give advice. Perhaps if you read these, your opinion will have more weight." She handed her brother the two letters.

"Well, this is amusing," he said, as he read the first note. "What do you suppose made her think you were a man? Your handwriting?"

"No, I don't believe it was my handwriting. I suppose few women visit Circle City, and besides, I enclosed the photograph in a business envelope of father's, because mine were all too small."

"A few more letters such as this one will open her eyes," replied the girl's brother, glancing over the reply she had written. "I'll bet a box of candy to a pair of gloves that the postmistress either doesn't answer your letter at all or discovers you're a girl before the Yukon freezes."

Long before an answer could possibly be received, Eleanor began to watch for the reply. She wondered if the postmistress would be offended by her bold declaration, or if any word or phrase had betrayed her sex. At last the letter arrived, and her heart gave a glad bound when she saw that it was addressed to Mr. E. B. Van Dyke.

"You see, I am taking it for granted that you are a man," it began, "because it did not contradict the assumption in my last letter, but what a joke it would be if you should prove to be a spinster school ma'am visiting Alaska on your summer vacation."

Eleanor had been brought up with puritanical rigidity, and had she lived in the time of martyrs would have gone to the stake rather than tell a falsehood. But her desire to win the wager had somewhat clouded her moral vision, and a white lie and a black lie seemed hardly akin. In her twentieth year she certainly had not reached the age of spinsterhood, and she had never taught school; so she could see no wrong in denying this charge.

For the next week she buried herself in the library, where she delved into dusty, dog-eared books and brought forth nuggets of wisdom which she stowed away in her memory for future use.

One morning she startled her father by presenting him with five dollars and demanding a share in his Dawson mine. He mildly protested, but her persuasion won, and she received the deed.

Eleanor's appearance that evening gave one the impression that she was writing a learned thesis. With flushed cheeks and hair charmingly disheveled, she eagerly studied the pieces of paper with which the table was strewn. Some contained mining terms and statistics, while others were finely written with phrases and even sentences cribbed from various men's letters.

The girl felt re-paid, however, when the next note arrived from the postmistress. The writer wondered how she had ever doubted that her correspondent was a man. "You must have laughed heartily over my mistake," she continued, "but your knowledge of mining and your ownership in a Dawson claim have convinced me that you are a broad-shouldered, bronze-faced miner."

Eleanor showed this letter with great pride to her brother, and informed him that she preferred chocolate creams, while he reminded her that the Yukon was not yet frozen.

Frequent letters passed between the San Francisco girl and the postmistress of Circle City during the succeeding months. At times Eleanor's conscience gave uncomfortable twinges, for her enjoyment in this practical joke had gradually been merged in a keen interest in this fearless frontier woman.

"If it weren't for losing the wager," she confessed to her brother on their way to a dinner three months after the sending of the first letter, "I would write to her that I am only a mere slip of a girl and not the six-footer she imagines me. The postmistress is coming out this winter, and——"

"My gloves are rather shabby," remarked the man, "but I guess they'll last until——"

"Oh, don't count on my giving up at this eleventh hour," interrupted his sister, "and there is no chance of the postmistress discovering my identity, for she is convinced that I am a young Hercules, calls me her 'big Californian,' and I fear she is becoming very fond of me, Harold."

"Take care," warned her brother, "or you will have a breech of promise suit against you."

At the dinner table Eleanor found herself seated beside her hostess' nephew, a sturdy Alaskan miner, who had recently returned from the Klondike. In the hurried introduction she had not understood his name. Of course he should have devoted himself to the young woman on his right, but the light in Eleanor's eyes as she spoke of the beauty of his fosterland, together with her sweetness, held him, and the girl herself found it difficult to turn her attention from this face, in which were welded physical courage and intellectual ability. Besides she had discovered that the young man had spent much time at Circle City, and thought he might know the postmistress. Here was her opportunity to discover more about her delightful correspondent. Salad had been served before the girl managed to turn the conversation to the subject. The man glanced up quickly. "What do you know about the postmistress of Circle City?" he asked, watching her narrowly.

"Oh, I know a great deal about her. At least—I mean—I—I have never met her, but——" Eleanor was becoming hopelessly entangled in the meshes of her own deception. "I have seen some letters that she has written to an acquaintance of mine," she declared, desperately, "and I think she is the most remarkable woman I have ever heard of. She has endured the perils and hardships of that northern life with the courage of a man, and her description of the trip over the Chilcoot pass and through the White Horse rapids fills one with admiration for her bravery."

"You are a bold champion to espouse the cause of one whom you have never met," declared the man.

"But I know her very well, through the letters she has written to—to my friend. Her moral courage is equal to her physical. Not an atom of bitterness or discontent has entered into her description of the months she has spent on her mining claim, and yet I can read between the lines that it was a desolate life. I hope some day I shall meet this woman, and yet I am almost afraid to, because—I can't explain—but——"

"You may well pity any one obliged to live on an Alaskan claim," said the man. "It is an isolated life, and the only glimpse one has of the outside world is through letters. These are read and reread until they are worn in shreds."

Eleanor's practical joke assumed a different appearance. She had crept into this woman's life in the dress of a masquerader. How would the postmistress feel when she discovered she had been duped? To be sure, the interest expressed had been genuine, but the belief that the letters were written by a man must have magnified its importance.

There was a dull pain in her heart and her eyes were moist as she exclaimed:

"Do letters really mean so much in the far north? I didn't know, or I wouldn't have—I admire the woman so much, you know. If she were a man I believe I should say I was in love with her, and——"

"What are you people so busily talking about? Won't you give the rest of us the benefit of your Alaskan experience?" exclaimed one of the party, addressing the Klondiker.

"How much longer will the Yukon river be open?" interrupted Harold Van Dyke.

"Winter has surprised the Alaskans by appearing a month ahead of the usual time," was the reply. "The Yukon has been frozen for a fortnight."

Eleanor shot a triumphant glance at her brother.

"Tell us about your trip through the White Horse rapids, Mr. Morgan," said the girl opposite. "It must have been a terrible experience."

"Well, it is not a ride one would care to take more than once in a life time," acknowledged the man. "And yet, it's very peril gives it a charm. I made the run in the fall of '98 with two companions. As I knew nothing about managing a boat, I suggested that I walk along the shore and meet the scow further down the river, but my proposition was received with indignant protest. The provisions were to be carried around the rapids, my companions declared, but I must lie down in the boat as ballast, because if the scow turned over the beans would surely go to the bottom, whereas I might possibly swim ashore."

An uncanny feeling crept over Eleanor. Where had she heard this tale before? Had she suddenly received the gift of second sight, or had she met this man sometime in the dim, forgotten past? Every word, every phrase, was foreseen by her before they had slipped from his mouth. Suddenly the girl's cheeks flamed, and she dropped her eyes in confusion. In vivid words he pictured his wild ride through the canyon, and the frail craft's battle with the angry, churning flood. A breathless silence reigned when he had ceased; then the hostess arose and the guests pushed back their chairs from the table.

The man turned to the girl at his side. She had risen and stood with her head drooping slightly and her cheeks burning.

"Your letters were a great pleasure to me while in Alaska, but since I have known their author their value has increased many times," he said, gently.

Eleanor did not raise her eyes from the floor.

"You have taken an unkind advantage. You have known all this evening and I—I never dreamed that —— Why did you say you were a woman?" she demanded.

"I didnt," protested the man. "My sister must have slipped a card into my letter mistaking it for one she had written. I can't help feeling however, that what appears to be an accident is really fate. Are you very much disappointed in the postmistress of Circle City?" He bent nearer and tried to read the answer that lay behind the long lashes.

"I—I'll have to become accustomed to the fact that she is a man, and then perhaps——"—Overland Monthly.

COURT DIFFICULTIES.

Troubles of a Young Woman Who for the First Time Paid Homage to Royalty.

Charlotte Disbrowe, the daughter of Sir Edward Cromwell Disbrowe, in her "Recollections of a Closed Century" tells of her appearance at the court in Amsterdam. She was a young girl at the time, and youth and inexperience entangled her in an amusing difficulty.

"All stood in their appointed places, the diplomacy on the right of their majesties, the Dutch ministers on the left hand. I was to stand with Mademoiselle de Selby, daughter of the Danish minister, whom I always looked upon as a protectress during those early days, when I used to be so alarmed by the foreign custom of girls not remaining under their mother's wing.

"Ella de Selby was a great stickler for etiquette, and had that day warned me that we daughters of ministers were to pass before the wives of the secretaries of legation. These ladies, I believe, had no intention of taking the lower place. I do not know exactly what happened, but in the doorway I was seized by my friend Ella, that I might pass on with her in front of a Madame Pelaprat, who meant to go before us.

"Both were much bigger than I was, and each pulled as hard as she could; and what with my train to look after and my fright, I went the wrong way, and when able to look up found myself at the head of the columns of ladies of the country, which was quite incorrect.

"I was consequently the first person the king addressed when he started on the round of the room, and he said: 'Young lady, I should like to know how you got here?'

"I answered: 'Sire, Madame Pelaprat pulled so hard.'

"He was so much amused that for a long time afterward he used to say: 'Charlotte, tell me, what has Madame Pelaprat done to you lately?'

"But my troubles were not over when the king and queen, after going their round, had returned to their places; for, thanks to where I was placed, I was the last person to get out of the room, which I had to accomplish by walking backward along two sides of the room, with my train on the floor behind me. The queen, when she saw how frightened I was, sent me word that I had managed my train most beautifully."

Paid in Advance.

Payment in advance sometimes involves obligations that the payer would gladly cancel. Madame le Blond gives an amusing instance of this in her stories of Alpine climbing.

A mountaineer of my acquaintance once met a climber and his guide ascending the Breithorn, she says. The traveler was tired, and the snow-slopes were long and wearisome. The guide had put the rope over his shoulder and was pulling the gentleman along. It was a hot day and the amateur was very weary. Furthermore, he could speak no German. So he entreated his compatriot to intercede for him with the guide, who would insist on taking him up in spite of his groans of fatigue.

"Why do you not return when the gentleman wishes it?" queried the stranger.

"Sir," replied the guide, "he can go, he must go; he has paid me in advance."—Youth's Companion.

A Rare Disease.

Mrs. Juniper entered the doctor's office, dragging by the hand an overgrown boy of 14. She was excited and impatient; he was dogged and glum. "O doctor, he has lost his voice! He hasn't spoken a word for two days," she said.

The boy looked at her sullenly and suffered the doctor to hold his face up to the light.

"Open your mouth. H'm! Tongue all right?"

"Ya-ah."

"Hold your head up and let me look at your throat. Seems to be nothing the trouble there. Push your tongue out. Now pull it back. Feel all right?"

"Ya-ah."

"Why, Mrs. Juniper, there is nothing the matter with him," said the doctor, impatiently. "Boy, why don't you talk?"

"How can I when I ain't got anything to say?"—Youth's Companion.

Returning the Enemy's Shot.

Two colored boys of Washington, one large, the other small, had become involved in a misunderstanding, and the big bully was pouring out the vials of his wrath upon the little chap in all the abusive epithets he had ever heard, and some that were manufactured especially for the occasion.

His small antagonist, meanwhile, was standing calmly in front of him, with his grimy hands hanging idly by his side, and his eyes fixed upon his opponent with a curious expression of reserved power, and he seemed to be gloating over every word, as if it were a personal compliment.

Finally, when the large boy had exhausted his vocabulary and his breath at the same time, the little black mite delivered himself in the gravest and most perfectly unexcited tones after this fashion:

"All dem t'ings wha' you say I is, you is 'em."—Youth's Companion.

Her Hope.

"Yes, mamma," sighed the fair young thing, raising her limpid eyes to the tender ones of her mother: "yes, mamma, I have set my heart on marrying a nobleman."

Dumfounded, the good woman, her mother, raises her hands and gasps: "Lord love you, child! What—"

"That's just what I hope, mamma," she interrupts, ingenuously.—Judge.

The United States the World's Educator

By SIMON W. HANAUER,

United States Deputy Consul-General at Frankfurt, Germany.

NOT ONLY in political and international law, but in the realms of science, mechanics, economics, and business methods, the United States is becoming the high school for the other nations of the world.

This is shown by the numerous agricultural and commercial commissions, experts in manufacturing, students of political economy, scientists, ministers of state and chiefs of governmental bureaus, managers of industrial concerns, banks, etc.—all from the highly cultured European countries—visiting the United States for the sole purpose of studying American working methods.

With far-seeing men in Europe it has become a matter of firm belief that it is strictly essential to study American ways, means, and methods before the education of higher craftsmen or managers of industrial or public works, etc., can be called complete.

The statements which Mr. Goldberger, Dr. Salamansohn, and other chiefs of great German financial institutions; Wilhelm von Polenz, the author; Minister of State von Rheinbaben and his accompanying counselors and experts, have made, and which were published by the press and discussed at meetings of economic bodies in Germany, caused deep interest in that country and in all industrial circles of Europe. As a result numerous visits from other experts, bankers, managers, and scientists are to follow, all with the same aim: "To study the United States; to see how the Americans do it."

Three of the most prominent men of German finance and mechanical science are now proceeding to the United States for this purpose. They are Director Dernburg, of the Bank of Commerce and Industries; Director Winterfeld, of the Berlin Commercial company; and Privy Councilor von Rathenau. The two first named represent great banking and promoting institutions, and Mr. Rathenau is director-general of the greatest electrical works in Germany.

THE CITY OF MEXICO.

Rapid Growth and General Progress of the Metropolis of the Southwestern Republic.

This is a city with an immense future. You can safely enter this remark in your notebook. You can refer to it ten years hence, and underscore it approvingly. By that time all the troglodytes and pessimists will have been buried in the expanding cemeteries or be dwelling, quite at their ease, in the handsome residential sections of the city, already filling up with progressive people, says Modern Mexico.

Twenty year ago—cobblestones, people living over shops and offices, not one fine display of merchandise of the luxurious sort anywhere to be seen, plate-glass windows unknown, and ladies shopping from their carriages, the assistants bringing out the goods for inspection; people all huddled inside the "hull of the city" for fear of robbers and what might happen in "the next revolution." Sad-visaged men of prominence standing in their zaguan doors, predicting "terrible times" and asserting that they were "going back to Europe."

They did not go back; they all stayed here and accumulated wealth; the "next revolution" was always nipped in the bud by a great statesman who was never slow to stop the plotters, and who by diversifying employments made it easy for every industrious man to win his bread.

The old city grows and grows; new streets, a keen demand for electric lighting, sewers and water; the municipal administrators hardly able to keep abreast of the calls upon them. Smooth asphalted streets with swift automobiles gliding over them; charming and elegant homes furnished with everything that modern luxury can furnish; great shops existing to supply the demands of taste and wealth; the middle class rising into power and influence; nowhere any sign of halt or retrogression.

As the capital of a country which is all alive with new activities, with wealth fast accumulating in the interior, this city is bound to keep pace with it all; hither come, already, rich men from all over the republic to establish their new homes; here they find their "Paris." Here are clubs, the theater, splendid shops, the luxuries they crave. Hence this capital grows like a young giant. The City of Mexico is on its way to a vastly greater population, to a splendor and an elegance of which we now catch prophetic glimpses. Lucky is the young man who is growing up with it, who has a stake in its real estate, who is to be one of the substantial citizens here in the year, say, 1930.

ORIENTAL SCHOOL LIFE.

The Children Find It Something Different from a Holiday Season.

The beginning of school days is a critical period in the life of a boy or girl in oriental countries. In the first place, the priest or astrologer must be consulted to choose a lucky day. Every precaution must be taken to avert the jealousy of the gods, whose malice is especially directed against a fine boy.

The Chinese father, who adores his son, will take the utmost pains to convince the powers of the air that the boy is of no account. The child may be given a despicable name, like flea, or Chutze, a pig, or, more insulting still, he may be given a girl's name. The boy may be started off to school wearing a girl's dress and one earring and if the deception is complete this will be the most effectual of all, for even the gods do not care for girls in China.

The Japanese schoolboy wears hanging from his belt a little red bag, containing a brass tag, with his name and his parents' name and address upon it. He must have his paper umbrella and his fan, and in a gay bag upon his arm is a jar of rice for his luncheon. This quaint little fellow has probably made his offering at his own private shrine to Tenjinsen, the god of penmanship.

When the Hindoo boy has found an auspicious day to begin school he is taken to the god of learning, Sarasvati. Here the little supplicant presents his offerings of rice and betelnuts and repeats the letters of the alphabet after the priest. Thus is he entered into the ways of knowledge in the very presence of the god.

Made Him Anxious.

Cholly—I see they've organized a new tailors' trust.

Reggie (excitedly)—Where? Where? My own tailor has quit trusting.—San Francisco Bulletin.

A Character Study.

"Brilliant and impulsive people," said a lecturer on physiognomy, "have black eyes, or if they don't have them they are apt to get them, if they're too impulsive."—Tit-Bits.

Sounds Reasonable.

She—Why do you suppose a woman always likes to talk about her ancestors?

He—Because they can't talk back, I suppose.—Yonkers Statesman.

A Good Caterer.

Content is a good caterer, and can make the humblest meal a banquet.—Chicago Journal.

WILD ANIMALS FARSIGHTED.

The Defect of Nearsightedness Seems to Be a Product of Civilization.

"The defect of nearsightedness appears to be largely a product of civilization, of our method of living," says Dr. Grier, in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. "The natural condition of the eyesight for all kinds of animals is what is commonly termed farsighted. Wild animals are invariably farsighted, and remain that way even after capture by man and confinement in menageries or zoological gardens. Animals, even as young as four and five months old, when captured continue farsighted in the zoos until their death, but the animals born in captivity are always (there may be some exceptions, though I have never heard of any) nearsighted. This is probably due to the constricted range of their vision, for which nature endeavors to adapt their eyesight to the best advantage.

"Among human beings, it is very nearly the same. Hunter, trapper or sailor, a man who spends most of his life in the open and has an unlimited range for his vision, has the natural eyesight, and can discern objects a great distance beyond that possible to the eyes of the dwellers in cities. We have little need to see far away in a city; and the telescopic power of our eyes, therefore, diminishes perceptibly from generation to generation, until in the course of time it is probable we may all be nearsighted, without the power to see distinctly over a hundred yards.

"The many hours each day a child spends in the schoolroom with its restricted area helps spread the nearsightedness a great deal. The little one before it enters school can see much farther than it can a few years after having begun its scholastic career. Then for a half dozen hours daily it is called upon to look no greater distance than to the teacher's desk, less than 30 feet away, so its eyesight becomes adapted to seeing clearly at 30 feet, but not so well at a hundred feet, decided contrast to the quality of the primitive eyesight."

SONGS OF THE OJIBWAS.

The One Beautiful Type of Folk-Songs Wholly Indigenous to This Continent.

In an interesting article on Indian music in the Southern Workman, Frederick R. Burton writes as follows of the songs of the Ojibwas:

"Composition of melody does not require education. Writing it is quite another matter, but for ages the learned composers have recognized that the most potent melody is that which originates with simple people. When the songs of a nation are expressed in periodic form, it follows that the people, musically considered, have taken a long stride out of savagery. Applying these observations to the music of our North American Indian, I find that in all tribes, except the Ojibwa, there is only a crude manifestation of form. A reaching out for it is clear enough in some instances, and more rarely there is semblance of a period, but in the latter instances it is attained through a monotonous repetition of a single phrase. In the songs of the Ojibwas there seldom occurs one that is not couched in a well defined period, and this is the chief technical or structural difference that distinguishes the music of this tribe from that of others. The form of the Ojibwa song is usually perfect, and that is why the layman would naturally refer to it as a tune.

"Unhappily the Ojibwas are inclined as they come in contact with civilization, to neglect their own songs, using in preference the songs of the paleface. This is regrettable in every way; they are losing one of the finest distinctive features of their ancient life, and we are in danger of losing the one beautiful type of folk-songs which is wholly indigenous to this continent."

The Man in the Moon.

Probably even in prehistoric times men have noticed the face of the "man in the moon." Plutarch noticed it and even wrote a whole book about the face in the moon. But besides this, many other objects are supposed to be visible. The dark markings on the surface are likened by the Chinese to a monkey pounding rice. In India they are said to resemble a rabbit. To the Persians they seem like the earth's oceans and continents reflected as in a mirror.

Driven to It.

First Writer—My next story will be in dialect.

Second Writer—What for?

"I'm all out of plots."—Judge.

Effective Talk.

"There is a good deal of talk to the effect that the duke will marry in America."

"Yes, the money of at least a dozen heiresses is talking all at once."—Puck.

Anything to Blame It On.

Mother—Johnny Jones, did you get that awful cold out skating?

Son—Mother, I think I caught it washing my face yesterday morning.—Judge.

Exception Proves Rule.

What a man sows he shall reap—unless he is an amateur gardener.—Chicago Daily News.

FARMER AND PLANTER.

SOUTHWEST AND ITS CROPS.

They Make an Immense Aggregate and Bring In a Comfortable Money Return.

Cotton, corn, wheat, oats, barley, hay, tobacco, etc., are the leading crops of the United States and the state which produces the maximum value in any one of these classes is entitled to distinction. Cotton heads the list, with Texas as the chief producer, according to government crop reports of 1901, when the average price was 9.49 cents per pound. For 1903 the valuation exceeds that of 1901, but for the sake of a conservative comparison, the figures for the latter year are given:

Texas, cotton	$223,047,334
Iowa, corn	118,736,556
Kansas, wheat	58,456,789
New York, hay and forage	55,237,446
Illinois, oats	45,012,761
Kentucky, tobacco	18,541,982
Colifornia, orchards	14,526,786
California, barley	11,617,108
Louisiana, sugar	11,000,000
North Dakota, flax seed	7,735,640
New York, buckwheat	3,627,284
Wisconsin, rye	2,663,205

Northern and eastern states included in the above are thickly populated, and have probably reached their highest stage of development. With the leading cotton state it is different. Thousands of acres of virgin soil have never been penetrated by the plow, and await immigrants who may cultivate land to its highest state of usefulness. Cotton is a money crop.

The value of Texas-raised cotton is almost equal to the combined values of the corn crop of Iowa, the wheat crop of Kansas and the oat crop of Illionis—truly a wonderful showing. Other striking comparisons could be drawn, and were the southwest referred to with its cotton crop of $323,023,648 (including seed) the figures would be even more favorable. Cotton is not the only crop of this section.

Statistics based upon the federal census of 1900 show that out of 5,737,657 farmers (not including farm hands) in the United States, 777,164 are in the southwest.

Other comparisons follow:

Farm owners—southwest, 540,440; United States, 5,737,372.

Land deeded to aboveowners—southwest, 181,822,080 acres; United States, 838,591,774.

Land and improvements, with buildings—southwest, $1,159,779,882; United States, $16,614,647,491.

Implements and machinery—southwest, $79,076,600; United States, $749,775,970.

Live stock—southwest, $454,865,895; United States, $3,075,477,703.

That the Southwest is the garden spot of the world and is destined to increase in commercial importance and become the most densely populated portion of the earth is apparent when the following figures tell what was raised in this section in 1903.

Cotton, 4,500,000 bales, value, $292,500,000.

Cotton seed, 8,944,457,000 pounds, value, $71,494,845.

Corn, 200,000,000 bushels, value, $120,000,000.

Oats, 100,000,000 bushels, value, $50,000,000.

Wheat, 55,750,000 bushels, value, $41,812,500.

Dairy products from 1,265,000 cows, value, $33,644,430.

Hay and forage, 4,519,416 tons, value, $21,010,809.

Sugar, 279,409,230 pounds, value, $18,627,282.

Vegetables, 55,433 car lots, value, $16,629,869.

Poultry, 48,060,321 fowls, value, $15,040,280.

Rice, 300,000,000 pounds, value, $15,000,000.

Fruit, 20,000,000 bushels, value, $15,000,000.

Eggs, 49,434,425 dozen, value, $9,846,885.

Potatoes, 10,000,000 bushels, value, $7,500,000.

Wool, 21,938,658 pounds, value, $3,948,958.

Bees, 826,138 swarms, value, $2,478,414.

Honey and wax, 10,250,000 pounds, value, $1,225,829.

Kaffir corn, 2,925,063 bushels, value, $667,580.

Nuts, 3,993,780 pounds, value, $659,254.

Broom corn, 8,555,270 pounds, value, $532,152.

Thus a total of $737,619,087 for Texas, Louisiana, Arkansas, Oklahoma, New Mexico and Indian territory is reached by conservative estimates which do not include important miscellaneous crops. It is apparent that the southwest abounds in milk and honey; bread and meat; fruits and vegetables sufficient to enable millions of citizens to live at home and also assist in supplying the markets of the world. The value of products is increasing each year as the result of improved methods of farming and in a few years the crops specified above will reach a total valuation of more than one billion dollars in the southwest. These facts taken from the highest authority of the general government, show where production is greatest in this country.—Phil C. Travis, in Farm and Ranch.

KEEP AN EXACT RECORD.

The Practical Farmer Should Keep an Account of All Gains and Losses.

All farmers should be practical. They should keep an accurate account of all losses and gains, in fact an accurate account of everything done on the farm, an account of every cent paid out and ever cent taken in. Failure to do this has placed the mortgages on three-fourths or more of the mortgaged farms, and failure to do this will cause a great per cent. of those farms to remain mortgaged.

The best way is never to go into debt; but there are some instances where it seems to be unavoidable. In such a case don't leave the account to be kept by others alone; keep an account of everything yourself. Reself you may be the loser. Besides, you will always find people who are member all are liable to make mistakes, and if you keep no account yourself you may be the loser. Besides you will always find people who are ready to impose on others if they know them to be persons who never keep an account of anything.

Expenditures mount up much faster than one thinks, unless an account is kept, and are apt to run beyond the income; whereas, if an account were kept, one could lower the expenses, or if that could not possibly be done, one could at least see the condition of things and prepare some way to meet them. Some farmers put out the same crop from year to year, and fail to make it a success financially, and then wonder why it is so, not knowing that the expense of raising that crop is greater than the income. If such an one had kept an account, he would have known the first year that he could not make that crop pay, and then would have been ready to raise some other crop that would bring him a profit.

One can get books already prepared, divided into sections, one for each department of the farm, but such books that have come under my observation are a little expensive. One that I have used, and found very convenient, is only a common note book, with separate division for each department. Don't put off noting down your accounts until Saturday evening, or some more convenient time, but be puntual, note them down at the close of every day; it will take only a few minutes, and nothing will be forgotten. Always be sure and date everything. I have found times when the date was as important as the account. Keeping the account may, if convenient, be assigned to some particular member of the family. If there is a girl or boy old enough to attend to it, you would be surprised at the interest they will take in it. It will also be a good lesson in bookkeeping, and help them to know the business forms of life; also to be progressive and practical farmers.—E. P., in Midland Farmer.

Nitrogenous Foods for Fowls.

The poultry editor has a high opinion of cow-peas and soybeans as food for laying hens. Even the leaves and small stocks of these legumes are first rate for fowls. In an exchange we find the following report:

"Cow-peas for food for poultry were harvested after maturity, stored in dry lofts and thrown to the fowls in scratching pens, where they scratched over and searched during the day. After a few days the egg supply visibly increased, and within a few weeks almost doubled that from an equal number of hens kept in separate quarters and fed on no other grains. The hens seemed to like the small branches and leaves, and would eat every particle except the hard, stiff stems. The general health of the flock was excellent, and not a single hen showed the least symptom of ailment during winter season."

Our own experience in feeding cowpeas and soy-beans, and their vines, is entirely in line with this. Linseed meal also gives good results. All these are to be fed in moderation.—Midland Farmer.

Quick Returns in Pigs.

There is one particular advantage about pigs which makes them emphatically the stock for the poor man to grow, and that is the very quick returns which they offer, by the rapidity with which they increase and come to maturity. From one brood sow two litters of pigs may be sold each year, numbering from six to a dozen in each litter. No other kind of stock will make so large a return in so short a time.

Cottonseed meal must be fed with great caution to pigs; in fact, most feeders insist that it should never form part of the swine ration. In some Alabama tests, shotes averaging 143 pounds were not hurt by eating a quarter of a pound of cottonseed meal daily per 100 pounds live weight for 31 days. It seems that the younger the pig, the more susceptible he is to cottonseed meal poisoning.

The stunted pig is a losing proposition nine times out of ten. A little care with the young pig in the beginning will save dollars in the end.—Midland Farmer.

Feeding Young Pigs.

Sow's milk is the natural food for young pigs and when they are weaned they should be given food as nearly as possible like that which they have been having from their mother. A very good ration at this time is middlings one part, corn meal one part and skim-milk eight parts. If skim-milk is not to be had, the ration might be filled out by adding a little more middlings and a little tankage. Tankage is a packing house product which is very rich in protein, and only a little is required to balance a ration. As the pigs grow in age and size, the proportion of food rich in protein should be reduced and the proportion of food rich in carbohydrates should be increased.—Midland Farmer.

HERE AND THERE.

—Purchase beef cattle when they are cheap as at present and lay the foundation for raising blooded stock. The nations of the world must be fed and in time they will pay well for beef.

—Dairy cows should not be obliged to travel a long distance for water. If they do, they will go without until they get very thirsty and feverish, and will then drink until they are uncomfortable.

—Broad tires on wagon wheels do not destroy roadbeds as do narrow tires. On the other hand, broad tires pack the earth in dry weather so that the highway will turn water when the rainy season sets in.

—Horsehides have a value and when for any reason a horse is killed or dies, the skin should be taken off and preserved for the market. Fair-sized horse-hides are worth $3 to $3.25; surely an amount worth saving.

—Clean up the "eye-sores" and while you are about it clean up all the old pieces of machinery, broken down implements and farm machinery and sell the old iron if you can; if not, take it "outside the camp" and dump it into some hole or hollow, out of sight.

—We have feed when we give the farm animals proper shelter. It is a sign of bad farming, of farming sure to result unprofitable, to see, as one sometimes does, beasts shivering in a fence-corner during the bitter blasts of winter without a bite to eat.

—Did you ever notice that the reading farmer is the prosperous farmer. The man who already knows it all, and has no time for new fangled notions is generally the one whose farm is ornamented with a mortgage,—and as a rule the more set he is in this way, the larger the mortgage.

—There is a growing sentiment among the best element of the farming class, that with the advent of improved methods of transportation, lighting and communication, those who are engaged in agricultural pursuits are gradually attaining a higher power to enjoy the beautiful things of life.

—There are but two profitable kinds of hens as winter layers. One is the well-grown, strong, vigorous, early-hatched pullet of the year; the other one-year-old hens of strong, vigorous constitution that have been splendid egg-producers the winter before as pullets.

Constipation.

An Atchison man tells the Globe about his uncle, an Irishman, who suddenly became rich. The first thing he did was to buy the best pew in the church. When Sunday rolled around the Irishman walked grandly down the aisle, carrying a silk hat and elegant overcoat. He found two strange women occupying his pew. "Come out," he said, imperiously. The women were very much shocked, and walked out, their heads hanging in shame. "Now, then, ladies," the Irishman said, "oblige me by walking back. I just wanted to show you who owned this pew."

Three Doctors' Opinions.

Buffalo, N. Y., Feb. 15.—Physicians have accepted Dodd's Kidney Pills as the standard remedy for diseases of the Kidneys and kindred complaints. R. H. Dunaway, M. D., of Benton, Ill., says:

"Dodd's Kidney Pills cured me of Diabetes after everything else had failed and I was given up to die. I have since prescribed them in my regular practice for every form of Kidney Trouble and have never as yet known them to fail."

Jesse L. Limes, M. D., St. John, Kansas, says:—

"I prescribed Dodd's Kidney Pills for the little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. McBride of this place who suffered from Epileptic fits following Scarletina; results were miraculous; I have never seen anything like it."

Leland Williamson, M. D., Yorktown, Ark., says:—

"Dodd's Kidney Pills are the best medicine I know of for all forms of Kidney Disease. I believe in using the remedy that relieves and cures my patients, whether ethical or not, and I always prescribe Dodd's Kidney Pills and can testify that they invariably accomplish a permanent and perfect cure of all Kidney Complaints."

His Disappearing Pulse.

"My!" exclaimed the doctor, "you've hardly any pulse to-day!"

"Well, don't you remember, doctor," replied the patient, "you took it when you were here yesterday?"—Yonkers Statesman.

The U. S. Dept. of Agriculture

gives to Salzer's Oats its heartiest endorsement. Salzer's New National Oats yielded in 1903 from 150 to 300 bu. per acre in 30 different States, and you, Mr. Farmer, can beat this in 1904, if you will. Salzer's seeds are pedigree seeds, bred up through careful selection to big yields.

	Per Acre.
Salzer's Beardless Barley yielded	121 bu.
Salzer's Home Builder Corn	300 bu.
Speltz and Macaroni Wheat	80 bu.
Salzer's Victoria Rape	60,000 lbs.
Salzer's Teosinte, the fodder wonder	160,000 lbs.
Salzer's Billion Dollar Grass	50,000 lbs.
Salzer's Pedigree Potatoes	1,000 bu.

Now such yields pay and you can have them, Mr. Farmer, in 1904.

SEND 10c IN STAMPS

and this notice to the John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., and you will get their big catalog and lots of farm seed samples free. [K. L.]

"What is the difference between the northern and southern shores of Long Island?" "On one side you hear the sea and on the other you see the Sound."—Princeton Tiger.

80 Bu. Macaroni Wheat Per Acre,

introduced by the U. S. Dept. of Agr. It is a tremendous cropper, yielding in good land 80 bu. per acre, and on dry, arid lands, such as are found in Mont., Idaho, the Dakotas, Colo., etc., it will yield from 40 to 60 bu. This Wheat and Speltz and Hanna Barley and Bromus Inermis and Billion Dollar Grass, makes it possible to grow and fatten hogs and cattle wherever soil is found.

JUST SEND 10c AND THIS NOTICE

to the John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., and they will send you free a sample of this Wheat and other farm seeds, together with their great catalog, alone worth $100.00 to any wide-awake farmer. [K. L.]

Music of the Spheres.

Mrs. Gusher—Don't you think my daughter has a heavenly voice?

Mr. Weereigh—Well—er—it certainly sounds unearthly.—Woman's Home Companion.

To Wash China Silk Dresses.

China silk dresses may be quite successfully washed. Remove all spots with benzine. Then wash in warm soapsuds, rubbing between the hands; rinse through several waters. Use Ivory Soap and do not rub the soap on the dress. Wring as dry as possible, wrap in a sheet or clean, cotton cloth and when partially dry, iron.

ELEANOR R. PARKER.

Hojack—"You don't really imagine that girls actually propose sometimes, do you?" Tomdik—"Well, all I know is that this is leap year, and some girls are getting married who never got married before."—Town Topics.

A Father's Protection.

Father, it is as