THE STORY TELLER

HECUBA

By Rossiter Johnson.

YES, old chum, I will tell you all about it.

It was a great procession, and I stood at the northeast corner of —— street and watched it as it swept along up the avenue with an even stride, and at intervals with a monotonous song. I was not altogether comfortable; for it was one long, moving column of enthusiasm, inspiring almost equal enthusiasm in two stationary columns on either side of the way, and it was enthusiasm for a ticket that I did not intend to vote.

I busied myself with counting the ranks and making large allowance for the boys that were apparently under 21.

Suddenly my counting came to an end—I forgot what total I had arrived at, cared no more for the banners and mottoes, and was deaf to "the noise of the captains and the shouting." By one of those movements that occasionally take place in a good-natured crowd there was a little whirlpool where I stood, everybody within two or three yards was moved to a new spot on the pavement and all relative positions were changed. With this change suddenly loomed up in front of me one of the most delightful visions of my life. She was taller than most of the men that stood near her, and was perfectly proportioned. Her dark brown hair was rolled into a smooth, solid mass at the back of her head, and balanced it perfectly above shoulders that seemed to have the strength of a man's without losing the beauty of a woman's. She wore a dormer-window hat, ornamented by a single rosebud, with just the least touch of jauntiness, and the October sunlight fell athwart one of those faces that words can never portray and the painter can seldom do more than attempt. It might be said that it was almost Grecian, and it must be said that it was wholly American. But the chief glory was in the expression, and as I edged around to one side and the other, through an arc of 240 degrees, I saw it from many different angles, but discovered no abatement. I have seen perfect profiles on plain faces and handsome faces with pitiful profiles, but here it was impossible for light and shadow, by any change, to betray a fault or a weakness, for there was nothing to be betrayed. She could have stood as the comprehensive model for womankind, whose separate excellencies might be caught by one and another of her sisters, but who in her entirety was not likely ever to be duplicated.

Twice only in my life had I seen a similar vision, and these two visions were but pictures of a moment; yet they never have faded from my memory. They are nameless, but immortal. The third such, far more impressive, more real and yet more romantic, was—who was she? When the procession disbanded and I was walking slowly home some fragment of consciousness rose and said: "What is she to you?" Thereupon I named her Hecuba—and Hecuba she is and will be to the end of time.

Hecuba did not wave her hand at the procession nor nod to anyone in it, nor smile immoderately when the noise of the multitude culminated in cheers or a specially witty motto was carried by. But she watched the movement intently, and I could readily see from the expression of her face that her politics were identical with those of the marching men. This I immediately excused, saying to myself: "Of course her politics are merely hereditary—all women's are; and she is not to blame for the stupidity of her father."

When the crowd dispersed after the last troop had passed I watched her as she climbed into an omnibus.

"Now, why," said I to myself after dinner, "should you think a second time of Hecuba? You know absolutely nothing about her, except that her personal appearance is remarkably fine, and her politics remarkably faulty. Not so. Every lover of a fine art knows there is something in it which he cannot describe, and perhaps cannot even account for; and we all know that here and there, as we go through the world, we come upon a person whose evident qualities are not to be summed up by any words that the dictionary affords. I wish I could see Hecuba once more, but I never shall—and yet the world is small."

For weeks I found myself looking intently at every stage that happened to pass me on the avenue, as if I had expected to recognize a friend inside. I could not pass the entrance of a photograph gallery without stopping long enough to scan every portrait that was displayed beside the door.

My religion was—well, the fact was, I feared it was becoming too narrow. A man should always try to broaden himself, especially in his moral nature, and should listen occasionally to the services of other churches than his own. Yes, I must broaden my religion, and so I attended a different church every Sunday for many weeks. They were a little tedious, all of them. Occasionally I saw in the congregation some person that I knew, but no one particularly interesting.

Perhaps there are other means of broadening one's nature—the drama, for instance. Yes, I ought to attend a good theater oftener than I do, especially to lend support to the efforts that are being made to elevate the stage.

It was near the close of the season, and I was telling myself how much I had been disappointed in the elevation of the stage when I went one night to see "As You Like It." The lights are a little dim; I will just sweep the circle with my glass, lest I might have some old friend in the house and overlook him.

Ah! there's Hecuba! She sits beside a middle-aged lady on the opposite side of the house. The play has but just begun. I will slip down to the box office and see if I can buy a seat on that side. No, that would be a little silly. I'll stay here and depend on the glass. Scan the lady's features closely next time the lights are turned up. Oh, yes, she is evidently Hecuba's mother. What a fine-looking woman! Evidently the people on either side of them are not of their party; so probably she is a widow, and this her only daughter.

It was perhaps six weeks later when I went out for a long walk one Sunday afternoon and was caught in a shower. The first shelter I could find was a building where a mission Sunday school was being held with open doors. A young man in the porch bade me welcome. The auditorium was rather somber. When my eyes became used to the scant illumination I looked about me, and there, only three seats ahead of me, teaching a class of boys, was Hecuba. What sang the genial Mark Lemon? "Oh, would I were a boy again!" I would not spend Sunday afternoons going in swimming or playing marbles; I would go to Sunday school with great regularity. But you cannot fool the almanac. Yet I might become a teacher here. I will ask the superintendent if they need more teachers. The gamin harvest truly is great. And how it must broaden a man's spiritual nature to teach every Sunday afternoon in a mission chapel. True, I don't know much about the Scriptures myself, but would not that be a good way to learn? Yes, teaching others is the surest way to acquire knowledge.

I lingered after the services to ask the young man in the porch all about it. Hecuba passed out, with an umbrella in her hand, opened it on the steps and rapidly walked away. Oh, if that umbrella had only been mine instead of hers! But there's the luck of it.

I have always been particular about my hands, but have neglected them somewhat of late. I ought to be especially particular now that I am proving my religion—"neat hands and a pure heart." That doesn't sound quite right; I'm a little weak on Scripture quotation, but shall be stronger when I have taught the Sunday school class. I must stop at a manicure's on my way downtown. Here is one, with the name on a modest sign—"Mme. Nidivear"—probably assumed.

A very pretty reception room for patients. "Take a seat, sir. The operator will be at liberty in a few moments."

Certainly—and I look around, examine everything, as I always do in such cases, though I am not a professional detective.

What is this rolled parchment on the little side table? Unroll it—it is not tied, and can hardly be anything private. Ah! a graduation diploma from one of the best of our colleges for women, issued to Hester Nidivear. So that is not an assumed name, after all; and the manicure sent her daughter to college—why not, in our free land? Good for her! Look at the date of the diploma—but I must not tell that; however, it was recent. Books on the centertable indicate that somebody here knows what literature is.

"Your turn, sir"—and I walked into the little operating-room. Nobody there. I take the patient's chair, and pull off my gloves to hasten matters, for my time is valuable to-day.

A slight rustle of skirts; the operator has come in. I look up, and do not quite faint away. It is Hecuba! What am I to do? Do! why, have your

WIELDING THE KNIFE AND THE POLISHER.

hands made presentable, you simpleton. Of course, that's exactly what I came for.

Hecuba was as dignified in wielding the knife and the polisher as when she handled the Bible or the opera glass.

One talks with his barber, his dentist and his manicure more freely than with his other tradesmen; there is a personal contact that seems to warrant it; it is hardly natural to be altogether reserved with the custodians of your hair, your teeth and your nails.

So I regain my self-possession and gently fish for Hecuba's story.

Briefly, her mother had died suddenly four weeks ago. She had been a widow several years, and always earned a good income, but never accumulated any money. She had given her daughter an education, and now Hecuba had taken her mother's place in order to do the like for her younger brother. The money was wanted at once, and this was the quickest way to earn it.

"That is the boy's picture on the opposite wall?"

"Yes."

"And the sword that hangs over it—that looks historic."

"It was our great-grandfather's. He was an officer in the revolution—in a Connecticut regiment."

Let me think the situation all over as I walk away. First, the romance of it. I remember cutting from a newspaper last year and placing in my scrapbook an exquisite little poem signed Hester Nidivear. One of the best French poets was a barber, and one of our own was a dentist; after the beard and the teeth, why should not the nails have their turn at poetics? Second, the sense of it. My great-grandfather also took part in the revolution, but he wore no sword; he was only a private. Better a private under Washington than a colonel under Cornwallis, I have always boasted. And after the war he pared the hoofs of horses before nailing on the shoes. Rule of three: As the human hand is to the horse's hoof so is—um, I fear I rank a little below her. Where am I? I do not know where I am. Oh, Hecuba!

Now, old chum, perhaps you can guess why I have not married. But it is not certain that I never shall.

WAR REMINISCENCES

THE DRUMMER BOY'S ALARM.

A Sleeping Army Brought to Arms by His Accidental Firing of a Soldier's Gun.

BY HAMLIN GARLAND.

[Reprinted from the Saturday Evening Post, of Philadelphia, Copyrighted, 1901, by the Curtis Publishing Company.]

An army lay sleeping on the tumbled land around Chattanooga. The moon was full, but fell through a fleecy-white vapor and lighted the camps but vaguely with diffused radiance.

The white tents gleamed out of the obscure shadows of valleys, and dark masses of horses and rows of commissariat wagons showed as anomalous humps and splotches of darked shadows on the banks of the deep, silent river which had the mystery of death.

The picket line extended in a wide irregular semicircle over the hills for miles. Behind the pickets lay the skirmishers entrenched, rolled in their blankets, their muskets beside them.

In one of the tents well to the van of the army a drummer-boy lay wide awake—a young, slender, imaginative lad, who had been in camp but a few days and who hungered to be a soldier, not a drum-beater. He longed to handle guns. To play rat-tat was childish.

He tossed restlessly about for a long time, and at last, mastered by his desire, arose and looked out on the camp. No one was stirring, and the stacked arms proved irresistible. He dressed and went out cautiously and stood erect in the shadow of a small oak, near the first stand of muskets.

Gaining courage, he cautiously took a gun from its fellows and sat down to look at it by the moonlight.

It seemed as if he were a man already as he handled the gun. He would have marched up and down

IT SEEMED AS IF HE WERE A MAN ALREADY.

with it, only he was a little afraid some one might see him there and order him to bed.

It was marvelously still and beautiful and solemn, as if the army had been reabsorbed into mother earth again. The boy dimly felt this solemnity, and with the gun across his lap he sat and listened with beating heart.

If only they would let him march in the ranks to-morrow!

Suddenly the cocked hammer of his gun fell and the flash and its report stunned him for a moment. It seemed as loud as a cannon shot, and rolled away in the still air like the crack of doom.

For three beats of his heart the lad listened to the echoes bounding from the hills and stabbing the perfect stillness of the night like assassins.

Then a scared picket fired an answering shot. Another excitable answered it; then a third, farther away. With a flash of defensive inspiration, the boy replaced the gun and scurried into his tent and lay listening, like a fugitive rabbit. A wild, hoarse, throaty voice arose, a captain's voice.

"Company K. Fall in! Fall in, fall in, there!"

A drummer half asleep seized his drum and began the long roll, that terrible snarl whose jar brings the sleeping soldier to his feet as if by lightning stroke.

Dim forms arose like phantoms. Officers beat and called and swore and raced to and fro between the tents.

The whole picket line seemed to be firing. They were like a line of bricks, one shot brought forth another. The skirmishers took it up like watch-dogs on winter farms and passed the alarm along in drowsy thoughtlessness.

Drum after drum took up the wild call. The still, beautiful night palpitated with the accelerating crescendo warning roar.

Regimental bugles added their wild, sweet reveille and their voices ran over the hills fainter, faintly, far in the valley.

"FALL IN."

"Fall in."

"Fall in."

Commands and queries ran along the regimental camps down the valley and over the hills. Before each group of tents squads of soldiers formed in line with marvelous celerity.

Old war horses neighed as shadowy troopers flung rattling saddles over them. The clanking of accouterments was heard on all sides. The hoarse, far-shouting of men to horses ran back to the river where the wagon trains lay encamped.

And still the bugles called and the drummers played on. With roll after roll of snarling drums, with bugles echoing bugles, mile after mile of ranked and ready men, the army arose. Their rise was like the waking of nations on resurrection morn. It was majestic. It was terrible.

The boy lying there shuddered with horror and grew rigid with awe. It seemed that the end of the world had come suddenly, without warning. Oh! it was so grand and terrible!

Then the firing on the picket line began to die away. The skirmish line also woke to its folly.

One by one the near drums ceased their uproar. One by one the near bugles fell silent and the distant calls seemed but sweet echoes, sleepy and jocular.

Then the army listened. It held its breath there in the glorious moonlight and listened.

Nothing was heard of war. The cool wind came from the dark mountains across the river gentle and admonitive.

Horses moved restlessly and hoarse words passed along the line. Commands and angry inquiry mingled. Nothing was heard from the opposing legions. All was peaceful, hushed, solemn.

Near his head in the grass the boy heard the first chirp of a cricket resuming his interrupted song.

A horseman galloping wildly along scattered a new command, mixed with half jocular oaths. He passed like a small whirlwind in summer plains, leaving the landscape stiller than before.

Then the bugles sounded a new note—a softer note, a drowsy note, that was taken up and passed from point to point like a low gurgle of laughter.

Then jests and muttered oaths broke from the men. The subdued clatter of their arms as they broke ranks died slowly away into silence.

The cavalry bugles wailed from the valley: "Lights out."

The army slept again under the misty blue sky, deluged with the faint light of the broad and smiling moon.

ENTITLED TO A PENSION.

An Old Printing Press That Has Served Full Time in the Union Army.

Thirty-seven years ago the Sixteenth United States infantry, having certain rather important business to transact in the town of Jackson, Miss., performed the work with much thoroughness and dispatch and then, as a sort of memento of the occasion, took, seized or otherwise acquired a printing press that for some mysterious reason had struck the regimental fancy as a good thing to have. The ownership thus established, though perhaps slightly irregular in a few respects, had never been contested in court or out of it, and the press is still in the possession of the Sixteenth United States infantry. So, by a truly strange sequence of events, we are now in receipt of two copies of a small but well-appearing newspaper from Aparri, a town in northern Luzon, Philippine islands, and these newspapers, as one of them informs us, were printed on the very press which the Sixteenth infantry took unto itself so many years ago while transacting important business in Jackson, says the New York Times.

The old press is evidently in good working order, for every letter of the Aparri News addresses the eye with whatever are the typographical equivalents for courage and self-respect. The general aspect of the paper is in every way superior to that presented by the common run of colonial journalism and, though the columns are few and short, they are filled with real news, most of it distinctly local and therefore interesting, or with intelligent and not too serious comment on the same. Discussing its historic and far-traveling press, the editor says: "It is now enjoying the refreshing bleeze that blows from the China sea over northern Luzon. It is a long story from Mississippi during the great civil war to the insurrection in the Philippines in 1900. How much service this press has seen before it became the useful trophy of the Sixteenth United States infantry cannot be known. It takes only 30 years' service in the army of the United States before a soldier can retire, but this press is apparently serving a second retirement. Nevertheless, it is a faithful servant yet, despite the fact that it has had so many repairs that it would be unrecognizable by the maker." Perhaps there are people in Jackson who can make interesting additions to this story.

An Incident of Travel.

The woman and her children, native Mexicans it was plain, were crying bitterly.

"My husband is drunk!" sobbed the woman.

"But is this the adequate occasion for such tumultuous grief?" we asked.

"Si, senor!" said the woman, in Spanish. "For a full greaser means an empty larder, don't you know!"

We handed her a fresh cigar; it was all the stately etiquette of the country permitted us to do.—Detroit Journal.

Color.

He—My wife asked me to stop for a pound of tea.

Grocer—What does she want—black or green?

"Why, it seems to me it's a light cream color she uses."—Philadelphia Record.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

He (on short acquaintance)—"You have divine eyes." She—"And I must say you have sublime cheek to tell me so."—Philadelphia Times.

Mrs. Bixby—"I don't believe the doctor's medicine agrees with mother." Bixby—"The medicine would be more than human if it did."—Town Topics.

"Do you want to hire some boys?" "What can you do?" "Well, Billy kin sing an' I kin whistle, an' we'd liven yer old office up a whole lot."—Indianapolis News.

Youth—"Miss Stanhope, you're positively the only person I've met to-day worth stopping to speak to." Miss Stanhope (thoughtfully)—"Indeed! You are more fortunate than I am!"—Punch.

Statu Quo.—Mrs. Pettit—"Whenever I express a desire for anything my husband never objects." Mrs. Ig. Nord—"Same with me. I can express the desire as often as I please. It never disturbs him."—Philadelphia Press.

"The people lined the banks of the river." Perhaps it was done to keep the stream from catching a cold in its head. But the ice man was much annoyed at the precautions of the populace, and talked of an injunction.—Indianapolis News.

Mr. Newliwed—"So you've been buying more useless truck! We have absolutely no use for those curtains. Haven't I told you to stop buying things just because they were cheap?" Mrs. Newliwed—"Yes, my dear, and I've obeyed you. Those curtains weren't at all cheap."—Philadelphia Record.

KAISER ORDERS SAUERKRAUT.

Tons of American Delicatessen Will Be Sent to the German Army in China.

To the long list of triumphs achieved by Philadelphia manufacturers during the last few months there was added recently one that is likely to create in Germany almost as great a feeling of commercial indignation as was inspired in England when contracts for British bridges and locomotives were awarded to American contractors. In short, the German government, which has been so inimical to the interests of expatriated American hogs, has just placed with a Philadelphia firm an order for 2,400 tons of sauerkraut, which is to be sent to the kaiser's army in China.

For many years there was a disposition on the part of the Germans living in this country to regard American-made sauerkraut as inferior to the German product, says the Philadelphia Press. As a result of this preference, sauerkraut was for a long time imported in very large quantities from Germany. This was sold in the American market in large tins and earthenware jars at prices considerably in excess of those charged for the domestic product. In the course of the last three years, however, Germans generally have come to recognize the fact that great improvements in the American methods of manufacturing sauerkraut rendered it far superior to that imported from abroad. Accordingly the demand for German sauerkraut has been rapidly diminishing, and at the same time domestic manufacturers have been in receipt of constantly multiplying orders from Germany. Despite these facts, however, the order for 2,400 tons which has just been placed by the German government has occasioned not a little surprise to American manufacturers.

The large order will be shipped west in a few days and no less than eight freight cars will be required to transport it.

LIQUID-AIR MARVELS.

Beefsteak Which Smashes If Dropped—Ice Made Hard Enough to Cut Glass.

A Paris correspondent says that M. d'Arsonval lately gave a successful demonstration at the museum of natural history of the qualities of liquefied air. By enormous pressures he reached a temperature of minus 180 centigrade. The liquefied air was contained in a double-sized silver-covered bottle, and did not evaporate. Experiments with the India rubber bottles showed that they became as hard and brittle as glass. The rubber could be pulverized, but became elastic again when the air was evaporated.

M. d'Arsonval showed a beefsteak dipped in liquefied air, and then let it fall on the floor, when it sounded like a stone and broke in pieces. It was eventually reduced to a pink powder easy to masticate and assimilate, likely to be of important service to hospitals. Ice dipped in liquefied air cut glass like a diamond. mercury became hard as antimony. Metals, especially steel, had their qualities increased tenfold by the application of liquefied air. Conducting wires could be reduced to a hair's breadth in thickness and remain as strong as enormous cables.

Liquefied air cannot, however, do anything to preserve meat, as it is no way antiseptic and will not kill microbes. Moreover, it is now five times dearer than ice. Nor can it be used for motor carriages nor submarine boats, because when heated it is such a powerful explosive that no metal yet known could resist its shocks. M. d'Arsonval warned the French public to beware of companies collecting money for preserving meat or propelling motors by liquefied air. Personal investigation showed that such experiments must necessarily end in failure.

Hard Drinking in the Old Days.

On the 29th of March, 1768, the landlord of "The Ram" tavern, London, sent in the following bill to a parliamentary candidate: Two hundred and twenty-three gallons of strong beer, 76 gallons of porter, 368 bottles of ale, 44 dozen of rum, 20 dozen of brandy, 1 pipe of port, 1 butt of mountain, 30 dozen bottles of cider.—Argonaut.

Within Hearing.

Suburbanite—You've got a new baby at your house, I hear.

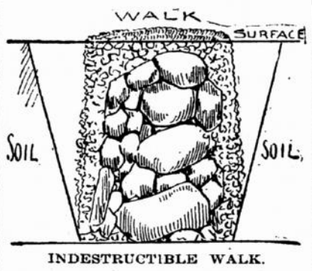
Townite—Great Scott! Can you hear it away out there in the suburbs?—Detroit Free Press.

THE FARMING WORLD

BUILDING DRY WALKS.

It Is Quite Expensive to Build Them, But, When Properly Constructed, They Will Last Forever.

A walk from house to barn and woodshed is a good thing in times of mud or slush. It should be high and dry. A chief reason why so few farmers have these walks is the expense, and still most farms can procure material of some sort at little or no cost. Strips of wood three inches wide pegged on edge two feet apart or further, and filled between with gravel or sawdust, make good walks. Another useful thing is slabs, but they must be put together right. The round side of each end must be hewed flat and two inches thick. These must butt one against another on a thick, flat stone or block of wood, or upon a pier of brick. Use the longest slabs obtainable, 12, 16 or even 20 feet. Between the flat



INDESTRUCTIBLE WALK.

stones or blocks use heavy pieces of wood hollowed down to fit the rounding side of the slab, which, of course, is turned flat side up to walk upon.

Two rows of cobbles or bricks on each side, laid to break joints and filled between with broken stone or gravel and surfaced with sawdust or sand, make durable and pretty walks. Expensive plank walks or slat walks are least satisfactory.

The indestructible walk, though expensive, is made by first excavating the soil three feet deep or below frost or to bed rock, and filling in with cobbles, brickbats, gravel or shale, rounding it above the surface and covering it with finely sifted gravel, or with coarse gravel and fine gravel or sand on top. When the trench is dug it should be excavated six to eight inches wider than the walk that is desired. The filling should be tapered to the width of the intended walk, and the soil filled in as shown in the cut.

This permits the frost to lift the soil and leave the walk undisturbed. The great trouble with all walls and walks is the frost. It will heave and spoil if the works are not put in under the best conditions. The best work is cheapest in the end.—Farm Journal.

INDIANA ROAD LAWS.

Changes in Course of Highways and Limit Loads Which Are of Interest Everywhere.

Two amendments to the highway law of 1881 have just been passed by the Indiana legislature, one being the senate act adding a provision that when a petition shall so provide, the board of commissioners and the viewers shall have power and authority to establish any portion of a proposed improvement by changing the highway to run over lands not before used for that purpose, upon the assessment and payment of damages, and the other the house amendment providing that it shall be unlawful for any person to haul over any turnpike, gravel or macadamized road when it is thawing so as to break through, or by reason of wet weather is in condition to be cut up and injured by heavy hauling, a load on any vehicle with tires "of less than three inches," the combined weight of which load and vehicle shall be more than 3,200 pounds, or to haul a load which, with the vehicle, weighs more than 3,700 pounds, on any vehicle with tires of three inches and less than four inches in width, or mare than 4,000 pounds where the vehicle has tires that are four inches and less than five inches in width, or more than 4,500 pounds where the vehicle has tires five inches or more in width. Violations of the act are to be punished by a fine of not less than five dollars nor more than $50 for each load so hauled.

The question what should be considered a load of more than 2,500 pounds under the law, before it was amended, was raised in a recent case where a driver for the Standard Oil company was arrested on a charge of hauling an excessive load, and he took the ground that his wagon and tank constituted his vehicle and his load was only the oil which the tank contained and weighed less than a ton, although his wheels had cut through a gravel road and "stalled" his three horses.

Grass Seed for a Cemetery.

No grasses excel Kentucky blue grass and red-top either in beauty or utility for the purpose named. The seeds may be mixed in equal proportions, and 80 to 100 pounds of the mixture should be sown to an acre of well-prepared and enriched soil. A pound of sweet vernal grass may be added for the sake of the pleasant odor. This is rather heavy seeding, as the above grasses only weigh about 14 pounds to the measured bushel, but the result will be better, and far more permanent than if a smaller quantity is used. Six or eight pounds of white clover per acre may well be sown separately. It is very useful for covering vacancies and supplying nitrogen to the grass roots as time goes on.—Rural New Yorker.

Once again we say that a thickly planted orchard is more apt to be injured by fungi than one where the sun and air can get freely in. Just as likely as not your apples are scabby and small, and you have twig blight, just because you have two trees where one ought to be. Cut every other row out, and then spray with the Bordeaux mixture.

ABOUT BITTER MILK.

Injudicious or Poor Feeding or Diseased Condition of the Udder Responsible for It.

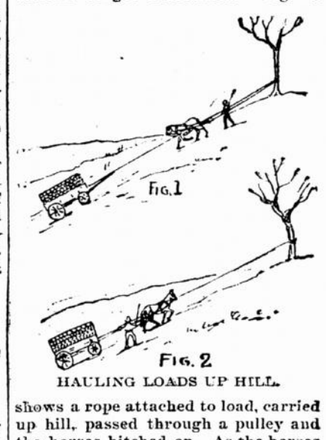
The bacteriologists, some of them at least, say a bacterial organism gets in the milk during milking, which there multiplies so rapidly as to soon make the milk bitter, writes Dr. Smead, in the National Stockman. Well, that may be true sometimes, but more times it is not true in my experience. Some cows long in lactation will produce a bitter, nauseous milk by reason of a natural change going on in their own system. Of this I am fully convinced, and have so expressed myself in a previous article. In other cases, a cow badly fed will give bitter milk, or a diseased condition of the udder will do the same. The latter we can easily find out by simply milking each teat separately, and thus find which quarter is producing this kind of milk, as it is rare indeed that each quarter is ailing. Not so when the cow's liver or digestion is deranged. Then all the teats will furnish bitter milk. The same is true when the length of lactation is the cause.

It is, therefore, important to know about these things before prescribing. The cow whose habit is to give bitter milk when five, six or seven months in lactation had better be dried off and sold for beef. The one whose liver or digestion is off should have a pound of epsom salts given as a physic and two drams of powdered hyposulphite of soda morning and night until the trouble ceases. If bad, moldy food is the cause, correct that by a better class of food. If, as the bacteriologist says, she is carrying around on her carcass a lot of filth-laden germs, ready to drop in the milk, go at her with soap and water, curry comb and brush, backed up with plenty of elbow grease, and scrub off the old cow and make her clean. Then clean the stable. Use lime or land plaster freely in it, and bed the cow with clean, dry straw. Some men's cows I know of would look a little wild out of their eyes and might cause the owner to believe they were going crazy, but they won't.

HAULING LOADS UP-HILL.

Two Methods Which Are Quite Commonly Made Use Of in Hilly Sections of This Country.

For hilly teaming some prefer to haul a load up hill by means of a long rope, especially where horses find it difficult to get a foothold. Fig. 1



HAULING LOADS UP HILL.

shows a rope attached to load, carried up hill, passed through a pulley and the horses hitched on. As the horses move down and against the hill, the load is drawn up at a corresponding pace. In Fig. 2, a rope is attached to a tree, carried down the hill and passed through a pulley attached to the wagon and horses hitched on. Some prefer one, some the other plan of drawing.—Charles Moiles, in Farm and Home.

The Man and the Farm.

How any farm should be cropped depends upon where the farm is, its character and location. Some farms are by nature pasture farms, because they are not adapted to cultivation; other farms invite tillage. Size, too, is a controlling factor. A crop rotation and schedule of farm work that is admirable for 50 acres may be wholly impracticable for 500 or 1,000. All of these and many other circumstances and conditions need to be carefully considered by each farmer who desires to make the very best possible use of his land. Another and the most potent factor of all is the man himself. The man makes the farm good or bad, as the man makes almost everything else that comes under his control.—Jersey Bulletin.

Improved Roads at Buffalo.

The method of constructing highways as employed by the Massachusetts state highway commission will be exemplified at the Pan-American exposition. John McClintock, a civil engineer of Boston, has secured a concession of 7,000 square feet, located near the central power station. The highway commission has also entered into the plan and has agreed to send over an expert to superintend the construction of a section of model highway. It is proposed to have a small municipal road-building plant in operation to demonstrate to visitors from the central and far west what can be done with rough country roads under the Massachusetts system.

The Place of Process Butter.

The process of gathering up low grades and refuse butter and so renovating the mass as to produce a clean, palatable article, is in the abstract a gain to huamnity, as is any process that economizes wastes, utilizes by-products and perfects or increases the world's food supply; but when avarice impels weak mankind to sell the product dishonestly, when this clarified stuff is in many cases given to the consumer as fresh creamery butter, law is necessary to protect consumer, honest dealer and the better class of producers.—George M. Whitaker, in Farmers' Review.

If you want a nice little peach orchard of 20 trees here is a selection for you: Three Mountain Rose, three Stump, two Old Mixon, three Crosby, three Lovett's White, three Smock, and three Fox's Seedling.

Care should be taken never to overwork butter as the grain and texture should be preserved.—Rural World.

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