THE ROMANCE OF A POLE-HUNTER

The Long Wooing of Anthony Fiala Is Soon to End.

BACK FROM THE NORTH TO CLAIM A BRIDE

Wooed for Eight Years, a Pretty Southern Maid Will Wed an Ardent Lover—Her Word Given as He Sailed Northward Two Years Ago.

Nashville, Tenn.—Some time during the coming winter there will be solemnized in this city a marriage that will mark the climax to one of the prettiest romances this land of romances has known in many a year.

It will be a union of the north and south — of that north represented by the frozen ice fields surrounding the north pole, and of this sunny southland.

Anthony Fiala, the hero of the Ziegler expedition in search of the pole, is the hero of this romance, and Miss Claire Puryear, a young lady prominent in Nashville society, is the heroine, and the story of their courtship is an interesting one.

It has been a long engagement, even as long engagements go, and even a longer wooing, says a special writer to the New York World. It was eight years ago that Anthony Fiala, then a youngster of 27, first met Miss Puryear. He was a member of gallant troop C, of Brooklyn, then. He had gone as part of the escort of the governor of New York to the exposition at Nashville. On New York day, just by chance, he was introduced to Miss Puryear, a guest at the governor's reception.

Of course the trooper did just what he ought to have done—he fell in love with her. They corresponded after he left Nashville for good, but that was all. Chance took young Fiala back again to Tennessee and he made bold to say what his heart had bidden him.

"No," said the young girl, thinking, of course, it was final.

But men who are fit to brave the terrors of the arctic don't give up at one rebuff, and a hundred times more not so Anthony Fiala. He went away undaunted. Again and again he begged the girl to marry him, sometimes going to Tennessee just to make one more proposal; at other times sending his message by letter.

Then in seeming despair he gave it up.

"I am going after the pole," he wrote in 1901, and it wasn't a joke, either. William Zeigler was then fitting out his first expedition under Evelyn B. Baldwin in his quest to attain the farthest north. When young Fiala applied for a place he was accepted. Mr. Ziegler found that the young man had already an enviable war record in '98, when he went to Porto Rico with troop C, and was also an accomplished artist, photographer and stenographer. So the young man got one of the coveted places.

Two years later he came back.

The expedition had been a failure. There had been dissension among the officers of the America, which finally stirred up a spirit of mutiny even in the men. Little was accomplished; the bickerings which had been bred in the Arctic were kept up when the expedition arrived back in New York. Mr. Ziegler was disgusted. He spoke his contempt for the men who had wasted his money in no uncertain words. But Anthony Fiala was not one of them. He had done good work, and when it came time for the baking powder millionaire to cast about for a man to lead a second expedition in 1903, he selected young Fiala, then but 33 years old.

"Northward, always northward," was Mr. Ziegler's injunction, as he intrusted the young man to the command of the America, the best ship that ever ground her way through Arctic ice.

Fiala promised.

He sailed from New York in May with the members of his party. The other officers with him were: R. R. Tafel, of Philadelphia; Charles L. Seitz, of Evansville, Ind.; William J. Peters, of the geological survey, second in command; Francis Long, of the weather bureau, the meteorologist of the expedition; Dr. G. W. Shorkley, of Camden, Me.; J. Collin Vaugh, of Forest Hill, N. J.; Charles E. Rellits, of St. Louis; John Vedoe, of Boston; Spencer W. Stuart, of Brooklyn, and H. H. Newcourt, of Milford, Mass.

When he sailed there was a little party of women to see him off—his mother, one or two relatives and the girl from Nashville. She had relented at last.

"When you come back," she whispered, as he started up the gangplank of the steamer that was to take him to Norway, "I will marry you."

"When I find the pole," answered Fiala, "I'll be back."

But nobody knew that either had promised the other. It was only when the brief dispatch came on August 11 that Miss Puryear told her secret—she was to marry the intrepid young arctic explorer when he could come back to her. Wooed six years and his promised sweetheart for two years more, she had kept her secret well. For two years lacking less than a month she had not heard a word from him. Her last letter was dated in September, 1903, when the gallant little band passed out of reach of the mails for almost 12 months.

The expedition cost $250,000. The party were taking everything possible for the prosecution of the search for the pole. Everything that science or comfort could suggest found a place aboard the sturdy ship. There were 210 Siberian dogs, 30 Siberian ponies, ten tons of horse food, 41 tons of dog food, 160 pounds of tobacco, 1,200 pounds of guncotton, 5,000 rounds of ammunition for rifles and shotguns, 63 sledges of special design, two specially built canoes 18 feet long, made to take apart in sections for transport on the sledges, tons of the most skilfully prepared concentrated food of all kinds, and so on without limit.

Fiala took 37 men with him, two of them Norwegians inured to Arctic cold. The America sailed from Tromsoe, Trondjhem, Norway, on June 23, 1903, for Franz Josef Land, where Fiala intended to spend the winter, dispatching thence dog sledges with small parties farther north. The last heard from him before the cables brought the news of his rescue the other day was in October, 1903, when a whaling vessel brought the news that the America had failed to make Franz Josef Land, but would try again the following spring.

Mr. Ziegler discredited the report. But in 1904 he sent his secretary, William S. Champ, from Trondjhem on the steamer Fritjof, but Champ returned without tidings. This year, just before he died, Mr. Zeigler sent two expeditions. One was commanded by Mr. Champ on the Terra Nova, the other by Dr. Oliver L. Fassig, of Johns Hopkins university, on the Belgica. On August 7 came a message from Shannon island, from Dr. Fassig, stating he had found no traces of Fiala. Four days later came word from Champ. He had found Fiala, and all were well. One of the Norwegians had died of natural causes, that was all.

It was a long weary wait for the girl.

It was not the wait of a girl who can reach her sweetheart by mail or telegraph. It was not the wait of a girl whose affianced might be on the other side of the globe and yet able to communicate with her. For two years she never knew whether he was alive or dead, whether he was achieving the glory of being the first to set foot on the spot that has been men's ambition for a century, or whether his bones were not whitening on some Arctic waste.

The first relief expedition started a year ago. She waited for its return. No news. A second went out and came back without finding a trace of the man she loved, or his ship. A third went northward nearly four months ago—she waited again.

And then—the glorious news, alive and well!

It came first in the regular dispatches from far away Norway, and then in another message to Fiala's brother, Louis—"Returned, good health, love from Anthony." A third dispatch went to Tennessee, but what was in it is not on record. It was then that Miss Puryear's secret became known to the world. She admitted that she would become the wife of this man who had twice risked his life in search of the frozen pole.

Up in Norway, meanwhile, the young man was receiving the congratulations of men who know what it means to brave the terrible rigors of two Arctic winters. Though he had lost his ship and had failed to reach the pole, or even the farthest north, he had come back with an honorable record—everybody knew that. Of the 38 men, all but one were safe and sound. The dead man did not succumb to anything that he might not have died of in his own home. It was a record far surpassing that of the other Ziegler expedition.

Fiala spoke modestly of what had happened during these past two years, saying nothing for himself, though it was largely due to him that he had brought his men back all right.

Fiala didn't have much to say of what he had been through, but others told of it. The men were in fairly good shape, but some were so weak that they never could have withstood a third winter in the Arctic.

It was the terrible winter of 1903 and 1904 that was against them. When storms and grinding ice crushed the stanch America like a pasteboard box, this ship that had weathered many an Arctic winter before, Fiala did not give up. He saved 50 tons of provisions and 100 tons of coal, which he deposited on the ice for further use. Then he led his men out on the ice fields. The last wreckage of their ship disappeared in the fearful storm of January 22, 1904. His ship gone, Fiala did not give up his search for the pole. Parties went out east, west and north, trying to force a passage north. There was impassable ice everywhere, and much open water, which forbade other attempts. Then the provisions began to fail. It meant a forced march south or death for everybody.

It was a long, painful and terrible journey on foot and sledge to the southward. Ultimately the party reached the caches at Cape Flora, Cape Dillon and Cape Ziegler. The men were distributed at these three places, and eked out the provisions they found by catching bear and walrus, on which they subsisted.

Everybody was hopeful until the autumn of 1904, when no relief ship came. The party knew it was doomed to pass another winter in the Arctic without any hope of rescue. Solid ice fields stretched in every direction. It was plain that no help could come until another season.

But at home there was one girl who had hope. And when spring came again, there was one man who had made up his mind to obey to the letter the parting injunction of William Ziegler, even then doomed to death:

"Don't come back without Fiala. Bring him back dead or alive."

Mr. Champ knew what that meant, and he resolved to do it. While Fiala's men were fast losing hope, the Terra Nova was making her way northward almost by inches. She sailed from Tromsoe, Norway, on June 13 last. She encountered tremendously thick ice all the way. She encountered perils that would have driven back almost anyone save an American.

From Tromsoe she shaped her course direct for the ice fields, which she found on June 19. Then she slipped along eastward until June 27, when she began to drive her way through the floes. On July 25, four weeks later, the Terra Nova struck open water.

But this was only for a brief spell. On July 28 she again hit the ice. Champ had experienced navigators with him and they were agreed that they could never reach Fiala. Some even doubted that they could get back themselves until next year.

"Keep on," ordered Champ quietly, and the resolute men set their faces still to the north.

On July 28 they sighted Palmi island. Next day, after a 24-hour battle, they reached the island. Then they knew they had won. There they found six members of the expedition which Fiala's foresight had left there. Then Champ knew that his mission was successful, for the six told him where headquarters were at Cape Dillon, and that Fiala and the rest of his men were alive and well there.

Out went the sledges.

They bore joyful news to Fiala—a rescue ship was waiting! Fiala told them where the rest of his party were at Cape Flora, and on July 30 these were found, too. Some of the men were mere skeletons, worn down by the hardships they had endured for two years, but no one was in such a bad way that good food and plenty of rest would not bring him around all right. On August 1 all the parties were gathered together and the start made for Norway, where everybody arrived safe and well on August 10. It took six days' hard work to get out of the ice-pack—the rest of the sail to Norway was easy. The sturdy ship that had rescued the men was unharmed.

Miss Puryear, the girl who has waited, has been teaching school in Tennessee for the past five years. She is strikingly handsome, talented and cultured. She moves in the best Nashville society. Maj. John Reid, of Virginia, is her grandfather; the family is well known throughout both Tennessee and Virginia.

Miss Puryear was too modest to say anything to a correspondent about her romance.

"We will be married in the winter," was all that she would vouchsafe.

CAN DETECT HUMAN BLOOD

New Method of Distinguishing It from That of Animals Is Discovered.

Consul General Guenther of Frankfort reports that the Prussian military surgeon, Dr. Uhlenhuth, who has been transferred to the hygienic institute of the University of Greifswald, is the discoverer of a new method for distinguishing human from animal blood. In 1897 Dr. Uhlenhuth was assistant at the institute for infectious diseases at Berlin, and is a member of the commission for investigating the foot-and-mouth disease.

In the fall of 1900 Dr. Uhlenhuth published important investigations with reference to distinguishing between the albumen of eggs of various birds upon the basis of modern science, which is mainly the result of the researches of Bordet of France and Ehrlich of Frankfort. Uhlenhuth found that these albumens can be differentialted biologically. His researches resulted in the important discovery of a new forensic method, was soon confirmed on all mal blood so that it is now possible to tell with absolute certainty the origin of even the smallest traces of blood either in dry or also in putrefied form. This method, was soon confirmedfi on all sides, and has become of fundamental importance for forensic medicine.

By his method he can tell the presence of horse meat in sausages and other smoked meat articles, which is a great step in advance for the examination of foodstuffs.

NATIVE SERVANTS IN INDIA

Obey Orders to the Letter, But Seem to Be Wholly Lacking in Judgment.

Native servants in India have the generally desirable though sometimes inconvenient virtue of the Chinese—doing exactly as they are told. The trouble is that they seldom use judgment.

Lord Roberts, during a campaign in India, had ordered his man to prepare his bath at a certain hour. One day a fierce engagement was going on, but the servant made his way through a storm of bullets and appeared at the commander's side.

"Sahib," said he, "your bath is ready."

Even a better story comes from an unknown soldier, who was awakened one morning by feeling the servant of a brother officer pulling at his foot.

"Sahib," whispered the man—"sahib, what am I to do? My master told me to wake him at half-past six, but he did not go to bed till seven."

How Crocodiles Are Caught.

In some parts of India the natives dig a crocodile pit which they cover with sticks and leaves. The pit surrounds a little island or a mound of earth and is close to a stream where crocodiles abound. On this mound they fasten a young goat, and its bleatings through the night attract the crocodiles who break the frail floor of sticks with their heavy bodies and fall into the pit prepared for them.

Same Feelings.

Howell—I feel like 30 cents.

Powell—I feel like 25 minutes to 11, when the train goes at 10:30.—Judge.

The Bad Boy Goes to Belgium—Dad Buys Fake Souvenirs at Waterloo—He Goes Swimming with King Leopold and the Bad Boy Ties Up Their Clothes.

BY HON. GEORGE W. PECK.

(Ex-Governor of Wisconsin, Former Editor of "Peck's Sun," Author of "Peck's Bad Boy," Etc.)

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Brussels, Belgium.—Dear Old Skate: "What is the matter with our going to Belgium?" said dad to me, as we were escaping from Germany.

"Well, what in thunder do we want to go to Belgium for?" said I to dad. "I do not want to go to a country that has no visible means of support, except raising Belgian hares, to sell to cranks in America. I couldn't eat rabbits without thinking I was chewing a piece of house cat, and rabbits is the chief food of the people. I have eaten horse and mule in Paris, and wormy figs in Turkey, and embalmed beef fried in candle grease in Russia, and sausage in Germany, imported from the Leutgard sausage factory in Chicago, and stuff in Egypt with ground mummy for curry powder, but I draw the line on Belgian hares, and I strike right here, and shall have the International Union of Amalgamated Tourists declare a boycott on Belgium," said I just like that, bristling up to dad real spunky.

"You are going to Belgium, all right," said dad, as he took hold of my thumb in a jiu jitsu fashion, and twisted it backward until I fairly penuked, and held it, while he said he should never dare go home without visiting King Leopold's kingdom, and having a talk with an 80-year-old male flirt, who had a thousand chorus girls on his staff and could give the sultan of Turkey cards and spades and little casino in the harem game.

AND BEGAN TO SELL THINGS TO DAD.

"You will go along, won't you, bub?" and he gave my thumb another twist, and I said: "You bet your life, but I won't do a thing to you and Leopold before we get out of the Belgian hare belt," and so here we are, looking for trouble.

It is strange we never hear more about Belgium in America, but actually, I never heard of a Belgian settling in the United States. There are Irish, and Germans, and Norwegians, and Italians, and men of all other countries, but I never saw a Belgian until to-day, and it does you good to see a people who don't do anything but work. There is not a loafer in Belgium, and every man has smut on his nose, and his hands are black with handling iron, or something. There is no law against people going away from Belgium, but they all like it here, and seem to think there is no other country, and they are happy and work from choice.

I always knew the Belgian guns that sell in America for 12 shillings and kill at both ends, but I never knew they made things here that were worth anything, but dad says they are better fixed here for making everything used by civilized people than any country on earth, and I am glad to be here, cause you get notice when you are going to be be robbed. They ring a bell here every minute to give you notice that some one is after the coin, so when you hear a bell ring, if you hang on to your pocketbook, you don't lose.

This is the place where "There was a sound of reveiry at night, and Belgium's capital had gathered there." You remember the night before the battle of Waterloo, when Napoleon Bonaparte got his. You must remember about it, old man, just when they were right in the midst of the dance, and "soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again," and they were taking a champagne bath, inside and out, when suddenly the opening guns of Waterloo, twelve miles away, began to boom, and the poet, who was present, said, "But hush, hark,—a deep sound like a rising knell," and everybody turned pale and began to stampede, when the floor manager said, "'Tis but the wind, or the car on the stony street, on with the dance; let joy be unconfined; no sleep till morn, when youth and pleasure meet, to chase the glowing hours with flying feet."

Well, sir, this is the place where that ball took place, which is described in the peace I used to speak in school, but I never thought I would be here, right where the dancers got it in the neck. When dad found that the battlefield of Waterloo was only a few miles away, he hired a wagon and we went out there.

Well, sir, of all the frauds we have run across on this trip the battlefield of Waterloo is the worst. When the farmers who are raising barley and baled hay on the battlefield, saw us coming, they dropped their work and made a rush for us, and one fellow yelled something in the Belgian language that sounded like, "I saw them first," and he got hold of dad and me, and the rest stood off like a lot of hack drivers that have seen a customer fall into the hands of another driver, and made up faces at us, and called the farmer who had caught us the vilest names. They said we would be skinned to a finish by the faker who got us, and they were right.

He showed us from a high hill where the different portions of the battle were fought, and where they caught Napoleon Bonaparte, and where Blucher came up and made things hum in the German language, and then he took us off to his farm where the most of the relics were found, and began to sell things to dad, until he had filled the hind end of the wagon with bullets and grape shot, sabers and bayonets, old rusty rifles, and everything dad wanted, and we had enough to fill a museum, and when the farmer had got dad's money we went back to Brussels, and got our stuff unloaded at the hotel. Say, when we came to look it over we found two rusty Colt's revolvers, and guns of modern construction, which have been bought on the battlefields in all countries, and properly rusted to sell to tourists. I showed dad that the revolver was unknown at the time of the battle of Waterloo, and that every article he had bought was a fraud, the sabers having been made in America, before the war of the rebellion, and dad was mad, and gave the stuff to the porter of the hotel, who charged dad seven dollars for taking it away.

Dad kept one three-cornered hat that the farmer told him Bonaparte lost when his horse stampeded with him, and it had drifted under a barbed wire fence, where it had lain until the day before we visited the battlefield. Say, that hat is as good as new, and dad says it is worth all the stuff cost, but I would not be found dead wearing it, cause it is all out of style.

We have seen the king of Belgium, and actually got the worth of our money. He is an old dandy, and looks like a Philadelphia quaker, only he is not as pious as a quaker. Dad wrote to the king and said he was a distinguished American traveling for his health, and had a niece who had frequently visited Belgium with an opera company, and she had spoken of the king, and dad wanted to talk over matters that might be of interest both to Belgium and to America. Well, the messenger came back and said dad couldn't get to the palace a minute too quick, and so we went over, and as we were going through the park we saw an old man in citizen's clothes, sitting on a bench, patting the head of a boar hound, and when he saw us he said, "Come here, Uncle Sam, and let my dog chew your pants."

Dad thought it must be some lunatic, and was going to make a sneak and get out, when the man rose up and we saw it was the king, and we went up to him and sat down on the bench, and he asked dad if he had come as a relative of the opera singer, to commence suit against the king for breach of promise, or to settle for a money consideration, remarking that he had always rather pay cash than to have any fuss made about these little matters. Dad told him he had no claim against him for alienating anybody's affections, or for breach of promise, and that all he wanted was to have a little talk with the king and find out how a king lived, and how he had any fun in running the king business, at his age, and they sat down and began to talk as friendly as two old chums, while the dog played tag with me. We found the king was a regular boy, and that instead of his mind being occupied by affairs of state, or his African concessions with Congo country, where he owns a few million slaves who steal ivory for him, and murder other tribes, he was enjoying life just as he did when he was a barefooted boy, fishing for perch at the old mill pond, and when he mentioned his career as a boy, and his enjoyments, dad told about his youth, and how he never got so much pleasure in after life as he did when he had a stone bruise on his heel, and went off into the woods and cut a tamarack pole and caught sunfish till the cows came home.

The king brightened up and told dad he had a pond in the palace grounds, stocked with old fashioned fish, and every day he took off his shoes and rolled up his pants, and with nothing on but a shirt, and pants held up by one suspender of striped bed ticking, he went out in a boat and fished as he did when a boy, with a bent pin for a hook, and he was never so happy as when so engaged, and they could all have their grand functions and balls and dinners and Turkish baths, if they wanted them, but give him the old swimming hole.

"Me, too," said dad, and as dad looked down into the park he saw a little lake, and dad held up two fingers, just as boys do when they mean to say, "Come on, let's go in swimming," and the king said, "I'll go you," and they locked arms and started through the woods to the little lake, and the dog and I followed.

THE KING BEGAN TO PEEL HIS CLOTHES OFF.

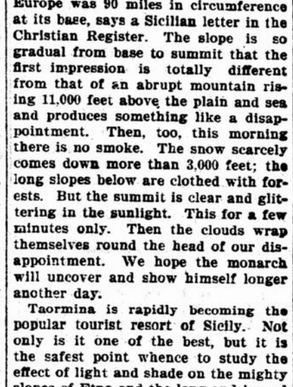
Well, sir, you'd a dide to see dad and Leopold make a rush for that swimming place. The king put his hand in the water, and said it was fine, and began to peel his clothes off, and dad took off his clothes, and the king made a jump and went in all over, and came up with his eyes full of water, strangling because he did not hold his nose, and then dad made a leap and splashed the water like an elephant had fallen in, and there those two old men were in the lake, just like kids.

"I'll swim you a match to the other side," said the king. "It's a go," said dad, and they started porpoising across the little lake, and then I thought it was time there was something doing, so I got busy and tied their clothes in knots so tight you couldn't get them untied without an act of parliament. They went ashore on the opposite side of the lake, cause some women were driving through the grounds, and then I found a flock of goats grazing on the lawn, and the dog and I drove them to where the clothes were tied in knots, and when the goats began to chew the clothes I took the dog and went back to the entrance of the park, and dad and the king swam back to where the clothes and the goats were, and when they drove the goats away and couldn't untie the knots, the king gave the grand hailing sign of distress, or something, and the guards of the palace and some cavalry came on the run, and the park seemed filled with an army, and I bid the dog good-by and went back to the hotel alone, and waited for dad.

Dad didn't get back till after dark, and when he came he had on a suit of the king's clothes, too tight around the stomach and too long in the legs, cause dad is pussy, and the king is long geared.

"Did you have a good time, dad?" says I, and he said, "Haven't you got any respect for age, condemn you. The king has ordered that you be fed to the animals in the zoo."

I told him that I didn't care what they did with me, I had been brought up to tie knots in clothes when I saw people in swimming, and I didn't care whether they were crowned heads or just plain dubs, and I asked dad how they got along when their clothes were chewed up. He said the soldiers covered them with ponchos and got them to the palace, and they had supper, he and the king, and the servants brought out a lot of clothes and he got the best fit he could.



THE KING GAVE THE GRAND HAILING SIGN.

I asked him if the king was actually mad, and he said no, that he always enjoyed such things, and wanted dad and I to come the next day and go fishing with him, barefooted. Say, dad can go, but I wouldn't be caught by that king, on a bet. He would get even, sure, cause he has a look in his eye like they have in a sanitarium. Not any king business for your little

HENNERY.

VASTNESS OF MOUNT ETNA

Circumference of the Highest of All Volcanoes at Its Base Is Ninety Miles.

"Just come out. Yes, it is visible!" So it was. But how different from the Mount Etna of our imagination! Its very vastness dwarfed it. We had not realized that the highest volcano in Europe was 90 miles in circumference at its base, says a Sicilian letter in the Christian Register. The slope is so gradual from base to summit that the first impression is totally different from that of an abrupt mountain rising 11,000 feet above the plain and sea and produces something like a disappointment. Then, too, this morning there is no smoke. The snow scarcely comes down more than 3,000 feet; the long slopes below are clothed with forests. But the summit is clear and glittering in the sunlight. This for a few minutes only. Then the clouds wrap themselves round the head of our disappointment. We hope the monarch will uncover and show himself longer another day.

Taormina is rapidly becoming the popular tourist resort of Sicily. Not only is it one of the best, but it is the safest point whence to study the effect of light and shade on the mighty slopes of Etna and the long and jagged coast line of the ever-foaming sea. Places down below are malarial. This place is high in air, above all risk of malarial fever. It is also extremely picturesque—some one called it "madly picturesque." It lies on a shelf of limestone rock, one long street with rib-like lanes ascending and descending on either side. Above and behind this one long street three tall, jagged peaks fling themselves wildly upward against the sky, like "mountains altogether gone mad and raving." If one wishes to realize what may be meant by "mountain insanity" let him come to Taormina.

Two weeks at Taormina and Etna would not be gracious! Sometimes, for an hour in the early morning, his head remained uncovered. Then we had to be content with a tremendous mass of cloud, dark and far from impressive. He was a cold neighbor, sending a chill air or a tempest or a rain almost every day. One day, to the delight of the Taorminians, he covered all the ground with snow. After a night of storm, on the morning of our last Sicilian day, he stood forth in all the glory of his majestic greatness. No single mountain we had ever seen had presented outline so simple, so grand. From the most distant upslope of his base to the dazzling whiteness of his summit not a suggestion of cloud; all the eyes that had waited so long were uplifted, fixed upon him. Taormina was not. Etna was everything. How stupendous a presence. What individuality! Not one of a range, but standing there alone; not beautiful, but more than that—sublime; strong and mighty, his head clearly outlined against the brilliant sky! Nor is this the mood of an hour. All the day he stood forth shadowless. It was enough, all that we could have asked or waited for.

Our Cold Waves.

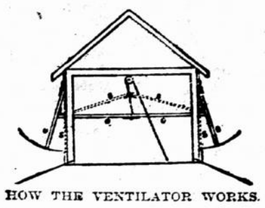
We Americans are always talking about our mountains of gold and coal and iron, of our fat fields of corn and wheat, but few of us ever realize that we have in our climate a great advantage over all other nations. In the cold wave which in summer and winter so often sweeps across the land and sends the thermometer tumbling 30 degrees in almost as many minutes, we have a constant, a never-diminishing asset of priceless value. The wave acts as a tonic, but, unlike any tonic made by man, it carries no reaction. No other land has cold waves like ours. To the cold, dry air of this periodic cold wave, which brings extraordinary changes of temperature, we owe much of the keen, alert mind, the incessant, unremitting energy of our American race.—Century.

STABLE VENTILATOR.

Simple Method by Which Fresh Air May Be Supplied to the Stock Without Draughts.

Down in New York there is a genial old shepherd and fruit-grower, J. S. Woodward, who gave me a hint as to how to arrange a ventilator on a sheep barn, or, in fact, on any sort of a stable. This ventilator is always in working order; there never is any chance for wind to blow into it, but always the air currents are out, as they should be, and when it is desired it is readily closed up tight, says Joseph E. Wing, in the Breeders' Gazette.

By reference to the illustration it will be seen that it consists of the ordinary cupola, which may be of any form, on the sides of which are hinged light tight doors, the hinges at the top. These doors are connected by a board that holds one or both a little way ajar. Suppose the wind blows; one of them will shut and on the leeward side the other will be open. This makes it impossible for cold draughts to come down. Then supposing you wish to lessen the amount of air entering; you simply draw down on a cord that is attached to the middle of the connecting board at a place where there is a hinge, and it bends there, drawing the doors together somewhat or close up as you like. I have seen the thing work and it is goood. In the illustration the dotted line S shows the ventilators closed; O shows them open.



HOW THE VENTILATOR WORKS.

DARK STABLES.

They Are Unhealthy Places in Which to Shelter Stock and Are Generally Dirty.

I have just been over to one of my neighbors who has completed an addition to his barn. In the addition are the stables for the cows and the horses. It is not wise for one to criticise his neighbor or, at least, to the neighbor's face, so I did not make any comment on the arrangements of the stable. But, says a writer in the Farmers' Review, I will express the opinion that the stables built are all wrong. I do not see how it will be possible to keep them clean. The great objection to them is the fact that they are on the north side of the barn and have no windows at all except the small windows that are made for the purpose of throwing out the manure, and which are kept covered with slides. Through these small apertures little light percolates. The stables will always be dark, and that means that they will be always dirty and have in them bad smells. The man keeps six cows, and there is but one aperture behind the cows. Late in the winter the manure pile outside will be higher than the little window, which would not, of course, be left open in the winter anyway.

I have always found that a dark stable will continue to be a dirty stable, no matter for what animals it is used. A man does not generally light a lantern to find the dirt in his stable, and that means that the stable is never perfectly cleaned out. The use of water in the stable that is dark results in dampness and mold. I have a strong sympathy for the animals shut up in a dark stable, either summer or winter.

BAD ROADS, HIGH PRICES.

The Two Nearly Always Go Together—Why the Farmer Loses in Marketing His Crops.

Men who have closely studied the markets have observed that during certain seasons of the year when the roads have been particularly bad over a large area the prices of certain commodities have been affected, and have risen in value in response to a decreased supply. In such case the farmer able to put his produce upon the market, when his neighbors could not do likewise, has reaped the benefits. It naturally follows then that the better the conditions of the highways in a certain locality the better able are the farmers in connection with such roads to realize on their products.

Better roads will mean, in addition to the other conveniences, a balancing element for the market, says the Prairie Farmer. If all of the people are to benefit from the sale of their products, they must be able to have access to the market equally at all times. Otherwise the man most favorably located on a good road will reap the harvest. The telephone and the daily paper aid the farmer in keeping trace of the market, but this information will avail him little unless he is able to deliver his produce.

CAUTIONS TO DAIRYMEN.

Soft, white butter comes from hot cream.

Too much sourness in cream causes white specks in butter.

After a cow passes much beyond nine years of age, she begins to deteriorate.

Set milk after milking before it becomes as cool as the atmosphere. The cream will rise better.

Have the milk for the calves sweet and of the same temperature as when it comes from the cow.

Never let the heifer become more than three years old before breeding. Cows which have been bred young are usually good milkers.

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