CONTENTMENT IN NATURE.

I would not change my joys for those
Of Emperors and kings.
What has my gentle friend the rose
Told them, if aught, do you suppose—
The rose that tells me things?

What secrets have they had with trees?
What romps with grassy spears?
What know they of the mysteries
Of butterflies and honey-bees,
Who whisper in my ears?

What says the sunbeam unto them?
What tales have brooklets told?
Is there within their diadem
A single rival to the gem
The dewy daises hold?

What sympathy have they with birds,
Whose songs are songs of mine?
Do they e'er hear, as though in words
'Twas lipsed, the message of the herds
Of grazing, lowing kine?

Ah no! Give me no lofty throne,
But just what Nature yields.
Let me but wander on, alone
If need be, so that all my own
Are woods and dales and fields.

—John Kendrick Bangs, in Harper's Weekly.

LUCY'S TWO LOVERS.

WITH a flourish of his whip, old Dr. Ramsey drew his gig up at the gate of Dame Wemple's substantial dwelling and spryly descended and tied his horse. He then took a hasty glance at his attire, flicked the powder from his lapels, shook out his ruffles and, whistling to his greyhound, entered the gate,

Evidently his arrival had not been observed from the house. The doors were closed, but from an open window to the right, where he knew the sitting room to be, came the sharp tones of a female voice speaking with considerable asperity.

The doctor paused. He knew Dame Wemple, and was aware that she was of somewhat uncertain temper—in fact, a bit of a vixen. He had no desire to face her in one of her tempestuous moods, and he stopped, turned his back to the house, took a pinch of snuff, and finally drew forth a paper and began to examine with an absorbed air, as though informing himself on some knotty point before seeing his patient. While thus intent however, he found time to let his eyes wander furtively over the prosperous scene before him—the gray barns across the road evidently filled to the eaves; the orchard and cornfields stretching over the hills; the pastures, with grazing, well-fed kine; and far to his left a glimpse of the silvery Hudson as it lost itself in the dark peaks of the Highlands.

While thus engaged the good doctor's ears were not closed. He distinctly heard every word that floated from Dame Wemple's window.

"A pretty pass—a pretty pass, indeed!" came in the unmistakable tones of Dame Wemple herself. "I will have no excuses. Let me hear nothing more about it. A brave wench, in truth—weeping over a mere boy, a foolish rebel, too, in arms against his king! Why, if he cares for you, should he run away to put his neck into a halter? Why, indeed, don't he stay at home and care for his mother and sisters?"

"You know, mother, said a sweet voice, "his mother and sisters approved his course in joining the patriot army."

"Patriotic fiddlesticks!" quoth Dame Wemple. "What are they but guerillas and plunderers?" See how I have been used—my orchards plundered, my horses and cattle taken, my servants beaten, and my very life threatened because I will not hold my tongue in fear! Well, it will not be for long. The king's forces will soon triumph, and if Rob Heathcote suffers the fate of a traitor his mother and sisters can thank themselves for it. And he the son of a man who wore the king's uniform in the Indian wars! I wish him no harm, for he is too young to know folly, but he must never darken my doors again. Let me see no more tears no more foolishness on his account. Now go to the dairy and catch up with the work you have neglected."

Silence ensued; and the doctor, after waiting till assured that the domestic scene was over, approached the door and rapped with his silver-headed cane. The door was opened by a colored servant, and he was ushered into the presence of Dame Wemple, who sat, propped up with pillows, in a large, straight-backed rocker. The doctor made a profound and studied bow.

"How do we find our rheumatism to-day?" he queried; "better, I hope?"

"Ah, doctor," replied the invalid, "how can I improve when I have so much to worry me? Is it not enough that I am plundered by every strolling band of rebels—my best team of horses taken, my poultry and swine haled away, my cattle driven off—but my daughter must fall in love with that beggar of a Rob Heathcote, and weep her eyes out because he has joined a band of rebels?"

"Truly, this is serious business," said the wily doctor; "still, my dear Mrs. Wemple, you must think of yourself, and not agitate yourself overmuch. Your daughter is young, and maidens will look for lovers. While Heathcote is away, would it not be a good plan to induce her to turn her eyes on some more desirable gallant?"

"Who can it be?" said the dame, shaking her head. "The loyalists are all driven away—none remain but those who keep a bridle on their tongues, like you, doctor."

"You know my son, Mrs. Wemple, has fine expectations from his uncle in the city—a wealthy bachelor merchant, without other heirs. My son has been with him you know, and has taken service under the king with Sir Henry Clinton. I expect to see him soon, I learn—and the news is only for your ears my dear madam—that Sir Henry will soon sweep up the Hudson with a large force to join Burgoyne at Albany, and with their united forces, rid the colony of the rebels,"

"I am glad to hear it," said Dame Wemple, eagerly. "It is good news. I hope to see every rebel banished from the country.

When your son arrives let him call. I would be glad to see Lucy married to some servant of the king. for she will never forget the rebel Heathcote till she has a better lover."

After making some inquiries regarding his patient's condition and prescribing therefor, Dr. Ramsey took his leave.

The events of the fall of 1776 were of great interest to the counties of New York bordering on the Hudson river. Sir Henry Clinton had left New York with a force of 5,000 men to effect the rescue of Burgoyne at Saratoga. As he swept up the Hudson the defense at West Point fell before him, and, leaving a garrison there, he marched on his course of devastation.

The residence of Dame Wemple was situated in the rolling country a few miles northwest of West Point, and the country about was soon overrun by the British and Tories, as the patriot bands all fled or joined General Clinton in Ulster county, where he was organizing a force to resist the British advance.

Dr. Ramsey was soon gladdened by a visit from his son, and was made happy to learn that the latter was an aide on the staff of the officer who had been left in charge of the captured forts below West Point. Events could not have been arranged more favorably. He felt that the circumstances were so promising that immediate action should be taken. He urged the young man to call at once at Dame Wemple's press his suit, and carry off the prize with as much dispatch as possible.

This advice was followed, but Alfred Ramsey made little progress in his suit with Lucy Wemple. In spite of the most ardent protestations of love, in spite of the efforts of Dame Wemple, who in turn stormed, threatened, and entreated, the apparently gentle Lucy remained as firm as a rock in her devotion to her rebel lover.

Dr. Ramsey was puzzled; the young man desperate. At last came news of Burgoyne's surrender, and word that Sir Henry Clinton, after burning Kingston, was in full retreat down the Hudson. A council of war was called by the doctor and his son.

"There is but one way," said the elder Ramsey. "You must abduct her. Seize her and carry her away. The most obdurate maiden will always yield to that argument. Her mother need not be informed until after she is in your hands, for she will not object, Bribe the old colored nurse to assist you and carry out your plans at once."

There was need of haste. It was evident that the country would soon swarm with rebel bands again.

Alfred Ramsey made his arrangements as rapidly as possible. The very next afternoon just before sundown, a carriage with a driver and two mounted troopers was in waiting in a grove only a few rods from Dame Wemple's house. It was known that Lucy was daily in the dairy at a certain hour attending to the disposal of the evening's milking, and that this duty was especially urgent during her mother's illness. The plan of Alfred Ramsey was suddenly to invade the dairy and seize and carry off the girl before an outcry could be raised or help summoned.

At the appointed hour, the young man, accompanied by one of the troopers on foot, approached the house from the rear. The dairy was situated in a separate building back of the dwelling, and adjoining it was an open shed in which was a well and places for disposing of various dairy utensils. The adventure required that no ceremony should be used. The carriage had been ordered to slowly approach the house, while the other trooper remained in hiding to render assistance if needed: Approaching the dairy the young man seized the knob of the door and pushed it rudely open. To his surprise the door gave way, falling inward, and he was precipitated forward by the impetuosity of his movement while at the same instant a pail of water fell from above, pouring its contents upon his head.

For a moment he lay half stunned upon the floor, uttering impotent imprecations, while his companion hastened to his rescue. He was quickly on his feet. and a sorry sight he presented, his scarlet uniform deluged with water and the blood flowing from a cut on his head made by the falling pail. But where was Lucy Wemple? The dairy was empty. Where was old Cassie, the colored nurse, who was to be present to accompany her mistress? Evidently they had been betrayed and a trap had been laid.

"Ten thousand furies!" roared young Ramsey. "This is a trap. Let us follow the scoundrels. Blood must flow for this."

A hasty investigation was made. Dame Wemple was found sitting in her rocking chair, in but an ill-temper, for the excitement of late had not benefited her rheumatism, but she knew nothing of Lucy or Black Cassie, and went into a violent rage over the rough invasion of her premises.

Baffled and humiliated, Alfred Ramsey gave up his quest and that night left hurriedly to join the retreating columns of Clinton's army. It was well that he did so, for the next day Robert Heathcote arrived at the head of a band of patriot scouts.

The escape of Lucy Wemple had been a simple matter enough. In taking old black Cassie into his confidence, Alfred Ramsey had made a mistake. He had not counted on the fidelity so characteristic of her race. She had revealed the whole plot to Lucy, and the unpleasant reception had been arranged for the abductors, while the fair girl was taken to a place of safety and guarded by patriots who had remained concealed in the neighborhood.

Neither British nor tory ever returned to vex again the quiet neighborhood. Dame Wemple became reconciled in time to the inevitable, especially as Robert Heathcote rose rapidly in rank in the pariot army, and was assigned to an important command in connection with the defenses of the Hudson. A quiet wedding followed within a year, and the occasion was of greater importance to any one present than it apparently was to old Aunt Cassie, the colored nurse, whose assistance in bringing about the happy event was recognized by all.

"Da's no use talkin, " she was wont to say when speaking of the event. "'Ol' Cassie fool dat Alf Ramsey and cool'im off; an' he run away and never stop runnin' yet. Run'way over de sea and never come back. Couldn't have our Mis' Lucy nohow."

LITERATURE OF ANCIENT TIMES.

Alphabetic Writing Known to the Greeks Long Before the Time of Moses.

In Egypt writing and literature date from the time before Abraham. We have no monumental evidence of any time when she Acadian people of Babylonia were destitute of writing and science, and now we find that there were learned scribes in all the cities of Canaan, and that the Phœnicians and southern Arabians knew their alphabet ages before Moses, while, according, to the North American Review, even the Greeks seem to have known alphabetic writing long before the Mosaic age. These men, in short, were descendants of the survivors of the Noachian deluge, and therefore civilized from the first. Though we have no certain evidence of letters before the flood, except the statement of the author of the Babylonian deluge tablets that Noah had written archives at Sippera before going into the ark, yet it is quite certain that men who could build Noah's ship are not unworthy ancestors of the Phœnician seamen who probably launched their barks on the Mediterranean before the death of Noah himself. Thus whatever value we may attach to the record in Genesis, we cannot refuse to admit that it is thoroughly consistent with itself and with the testimony of the oldest monuments of Asia and Africa, as it is also with the evidence of the geological changes of the Pleistocene and early modern epoch. In like Egyptian inscriptions of the conquests of Thothmes III. give us a premosaic record of Palestinian geography corresponding with that of the Hebrew conquest, and the picture seiges coincide with the excavations of Petrie at Lachish in restoring those Canaanite towns, "walked up to heaven," which excited the ear of the Israelites. Neither can we scoff at the illiteracy of men who were carrying on diplomatic correspondence in written dispatches before Genesis was compiled.

WHILE HE WAITED.

Scene on the Steamer Deck--the Last Call.

"Come, Mousey," he called from the head of the cabin stairs as the boat landed.

The passengers watched, says the Detroit Free Press, wondering meanwhile if Mousey was a black and tan or a Skye terrier.

"The boat is nearly there, Birdie," he called again.

Were there two of them? All eyes were strained, but nothing answered to the call. The whistle of the steamer blew, and again the man peered anxiously down the cabin stairs over the heads of the uprushing crowd.

"Ducky," he called loudly, "aren't you coming?"

No "Ducky" put in an appearance and again he called in pleading tone:

"B-a-b-y! why don't you hurry? We'll be the last to get off the boat."

Then a woman weighing at least 250 pounds appeared on the stairway carrying a big lunch basket, two camp chairs and several shawls and rugs.

"I'm comin' hubby," she said placidly, and everybody who saw her coming got out of the way as they recalled Mr. Shakespeare's pertinent inquiry, "What's in a name?"

The Oppression of Chinese Women.

The Chinese mother is not educated. Few of them can read. It is common for Chinamen to have two or three wives. When you go to his house you do not see his wife. She does not come to the table. She is a servant. A friend of mine was invited to a Chinese dinner in Shanghai. He was greeted by four Chinamen and pretty, printed and silly women who begged presents of rings and breastpins from the guests—teased them for trinkets. The next day he spoke of meeting some Chinese gentlemen and their wives.

"Wives?" exclaimed his friend. "No, they were not wives. They were playthings—polygamous wives, taken into their own families with the consent of the downtrodden wife. Such mormonism is customary among rich Chinese in Shanghai, Canton and Hankow and other large Chinese cities."

There is no caste now in China except the caste caused by small feet. So every woman who pretends to respectability must deform her feet. The fashionable husband countenances the deformity because it makes his wife too helpless to walk "and it keeps her out of mischief."—New York Sun.

SOME FARMING MATTERS.

INFORMATION ON MATTERS PERTAINING TO THE FARM.

How to Build a Silo--About Watering a Horse--Lime in Horticulture--Poultry Yard Talks--Useful Pointers on Various Subjects.

How to Build a Silo.

Answering a New York correspondent concerning the best way to build a silo, the thickness of the walls, etc., the Country Gentleman says:

It is a little difficult to give a satisfactory answer, as the inquiry is so obscure. If the kind of wall had been stated, the answer could have been made to the point. As there are half a dozen kinds of silo walls, the only way is to give a general answer, and if the reply is a miss, the inquiry can be made again, and more definite. The importance is not so much in the thickness of the wall as in the character of the wall itself. The first thing is to make it absolutely as near air-proof as possible, as on these two conditions, rests the success of the undertaking. If the question about thickness refers to the protection against frost, this object is accomplished by having a deadair space in the walls if built of wood, and if of stone build them hollow, tying the two walls together frequently with long stones, to make them firm. It is more to be supposed that the silo is to be built of wood, but in or out of the barn is a question. If in the barn, the thing resolves itself into a big box in a corner. in which event the silo will not need an outside protection or a dead-air space, as the barn affords all this that is needed from cold or storm. If the barn frame is a strong one to "back" the silo, the studding need not be more than 2x4 inch stuff, resting against the girths; but where the silo walls leave the barn frame to cross the open space, they will need to be at least 2x6 or 2x8 inch material, and "bridging" all the center so as to strengthen them against springing out.

If you should shingle ceil or plaster the silo, you will need a little stronger frame than where the inside is double boarded. If you lath and plaster, it would be better to get the patent lath which are made of inch lumber furrowed into parrallel grooves, so that clinches are afforded for the plaster, and by the use of this kind of lath no sheathing is needed; and springing of the walls is prevented by using more studding, or setting the 2x6 studs 20 inches apart, and then setting a 2x4 between them.

The danger of freezing a pit of ensilage, if in a wooden silo, is a very small part of the "risk," and it may be accepted as settled that the ensilage is so protected by a dead-air space and two thicknesses of lumber that freezing is not more than a remote danger, and, as a rule, only to the extent of chilling a thin layer on the top and this can be avoided by having an old canvas to use during the coldest weather to spread over the surface, when the thermometer gets below zero.

In making the dead-air space in a silo, there should be a way to give the space ventilation at all times when there is no danger of frost, so as to keep the wall as dry as possible, and the best way to do this is to have the outside bottom boards hinged, and the outside board under the plate the same way; then this space will dry out, and the decay that would otherwise soon set in would be arrested, and the "physical" life of the silo prolonged.

Where the silo is built in a barn, and inside of the walls, and it is impossible to get ventilation for the space it is a good thing to throw air-slacked lime down between the wall and the silo, which will take up the dampness, and what is more, the rats and mice will not care to trouble the foundation if they have a layer of lime to burrow into to reach the soil.

If this silo is to be built out-of-doors, and with walls 20 or more feet in height, it will be best to use 2x10 inch studding, set not more than 18 inches from centers, and if 20 feet high it will be a good precaution to put two rows of "bridging" between the studding to give it additional strength.

Poultry Yard Talks.

In starting out to run a large poultry ranch, begin small. Books on poultry keeping are useful, but they cannot supply the place of experience.

Some people could never succeed with one hen, let alone a hundred. It requires "gumption" to manage poultry so as to make a profit out of it. But there is no doubt that a man who can manage from one to ten thousand fowls can make money out of them.

Other things being equal, the man who succeeds best with poultry is one who has a faculty for attending to details in the nick of time and in just the right way. "A time for everything done in its time" is a sound maxim for the poultry keeper. That eggs are every year imported into this country to supply a "felt want" is evidence that the poultry business is far from being overdone. There's plenty of room yet for Yankee enterprise in producing hen fruit. Good Dr. Hoskins thinks the egg deficit in New England is due to the introduction of Asiatic blood into the poultry of Yankeedom, and advocates a return to the old-fashioned "dunghill" varieties. Perhaps it is the increase of population without a corresponding increase of the poultry stock that causes the deficit rather than the change of breed.

Don't let the hens roost in the stables. It is no place for them. They should have a house of their own with convenient roosts, and be compelled to occupy it.

Dirty water is no more suitable for fowls than for folks. Give them fresh water at least once a day, and in a vessel so constructed that they cannot foul it.

If obliged to keep the hens in confinement most or all of the time, provide them with a daily supply of green food. A cabbage hung up by the roots, or a clover sod, or a bunch of purslane, freshly gleaned from the garden, will be eaten with avidity, and will greatly aid in keeping the poultry in good condition.

For gapers, a poultry keeper recommends, as a positive cure, taking a tight box, two feet long, one foot deep. Divide off about ten inches of space at one end with a lathe or wire partition. Have a bag or cloth for a cover. Put a brick or suitable piece of iron in the stove to heat while catching the chickens, and when heated to a dull red, place it in the smaller division on a stone or brick.

After placing the chickens in the larger space, pour liquid carbolic acid on the hot stone or iron, and put on the cover. Dense fumes will be given off at once, which at every respiration will reach the exact spot where the enemy has hold. The chicks should be kept in from two to ten minutes, according to density of gas, and any that appear to be exhausted should be removed and laid in the sun. During six years this remedy has been repeatedly tried, with a loss of only three chicks, and that through sheer carelessness in leaving them in the gas for an hour or more.

About Watering a Horse.

There are some mistaken notions in vogue with regard to watering a horse. The fear of foundering him by watering at the wrong time often leads to real, though, of course, unintentional cruelty.

Feeding a horse principally on grain and driving him several hours without water is according to a current paragraph, like giving a man salt mackerel for dinner and compelling him to go without a drink till supper time. That would be thought pretty severe treatment; yet the poor dumb horse, which cannot grumble or crave pity in his suffering; is often served in that unfeeling way.

It does no harm for a horse to drink often when he is in active service. The oftener the better—at least once an hour, if possible—for if allowed to drink when he wants to he will drink less than if forced to wait till the thirst becomes intolerable. The horse's stomach is not large, and if, after a thirst-provoking feed, he is driven a long time without water he will imbibe more than is good for him when the opportunity is presented. By frequent watering the craving is satisfied, and he will keep in better condition and do more work.

Of course, it is not proper to give an overheated horse water after his work is done. Mischief would be pretty sure to follow. But if a taste of oatmeal water is given time to allay the immediate thirst no harm will be done, and he will be made more comfortable at once, while waiting to get cooled off before being fed and watered.

An animal that has been allowed to drink at moderate intervals when on the road or at work in the field will not drink more than is good for him and chill his stomach when returned to the stable. It is well to exercise a little common sense in such matters, and not follow old tradition too closely.

Lime in Horticulture.

I have great faith in the use of lime by fruit growers. I have used it plentifully for removing night-soil, having found it very effective. I keep a good supply in the poultry house, underneath the roosting poles, and I find by mixing night-soil and fowl manure after being treated in the way I have mentioned, with dry wood ashes in about equal quantities, it makes a very powerful fertilizer for most any kind of crops more particularly for hops and onions. It works in the ground for three or four years; I believe the second and third years it seems to tell the most on the crops. Of course you will see some good effect the first year. I think if my neighboring hop-growers were to try an experiment with this valuable manure for gardens they would see an improvement in their crops that would give a good return for outlay of cash and the small amount of extra labor in carting the lime and putting it on the land at a proper time and in a proper manner. The best time for putting on lime on a hop garden to do good is soon after the plant start in growth in the spring, by forking it around the plants. This does a good deal of good work in killing insects and grubs that infest the plant and damage the young tender shoots, as they begin to start above ground, for quick lime is a perfect grub killer. I had the opportunity of watching the effect of lime on the potato grub last spring. The slightest touch of quick lime on a grub and he bursts, and for fruit trees I believe it is the best of manures. I think the only reason why there is so little used is that many people do not know its valuable properties as a fertilizer of plant life.—J. Stent, in Horticultural Times.

Useful Pointers.

Bees may always be made peaceable by inducing them to accept liquid sweets.

Bees when frightened by smoke or by drumming on the hives fill themselves with honey and lose all disposition to sting unless they are hurt.

Most brands of fertilizers are not compounded according to any well grounded principle, but according to fancy. The names signify nothing.

It used to be said, "the farmers can take care of themselves." Now they are beginning to think about doing it.

HOW IT FEELS TO BE A TWIN.

One of a Pair Describes the Experiences of Herself and Sister.

Although imitation is the sincerest flattery yet no woman likes to know that another one has a hat or gown exactly like her own, or at least the generality of feminine fashionables feel that way, and consequently it occured to a writer for the Philadelphia Times one day to ask a twin sister how it felt to have one's own reflection materialized and know that the girl in the pink gown and white hat looks exactly like herself.

"Do you know," laughed the twin in question, "I never thought of that until one day I heard a man say May was pretty. Well, as I looked exactly like May, I began to take an interest in her such as I had never done before. Poor May couldn't understand my attentions at first, but one day I told her I wanted her to look as sweet as possible and then I would copy every touch that she put to her gown, her hair or her hat, and if she looked pleasing in my eyes then I knew I did also. It was better than a mirror, for I could take in every detail, and between the genuine cheval glass and my flesh and blood model I managed to look quite nice—at least May did," she laughed, as if to excuse the vanity this speech represented.

'It is all very well for twins to dress alike providing they have features exactly the same—in fact, are counterparts one of the other—but to wear duplicate gowns simply because you are sisters is a horrid custom. They may not look at all alike, and what would be suitable and becoming to one might be hideously ugly on the other. There is everything in knowing what suits you, but in my case I can see that May and I are alike as two peas. Therefore, if I fix her so that she looks charming my little act is only to follow suit, with the happiest results for my trouble. It sort of scares me sometimes—though, of course, I am used to it at home—to see a girl coming across the lawn of some hotel escorted by a couple of men and know that I look exactly the same way. It makes me a pretty severe critic and I drive May almost to distraction, for you see, after all, she must feel the same way every time she looks at me."

HOW TO COW A MASHER.

Glare at Him Through a Pair of Lorgnette Glasses and See Him Wilt.

He was a masher, and when the swell girl got into the street car he spotted her and began his operations. He looked at her in evident admiration, and in a minute or two had added a half smile. Soon he made this a full smile, quite tender and fetching and wholly innocent and sweet. Then he gazed awhile fondly and with a far-away you'll-lose-me-if-you-don't-catch-on expression, and the girl became nervous. She tried to conceal her consciousness, but the Detroit Free Press says, it grew into embarrassment, and at last she was about to leave the car when the lorgnettes she carried in her belt came to her rescue. She took them out, opened them, brushed them with a dainty handkerchief, set them on her haughty nose, and turned upon her enemy. He smiled as before, but only once. The steely stare of those insatiate lorgnettes had fastened itself upon him. There was no response in them to his wiles. They were cold, cruel, tyrannical, invincible, irresistible.

He squirmed under their basilisk glassiness and looked out of the window. But they followed him.

They crept over his helpless feet, which seemed to him to extend clear across the car; they followed slowly up the faint gray line of his trousers; they spread out over his cheerful-hued vest; they grasped the lapels of his coat and withered the rose in his button-hole; they dappled their claws in his mustache; they tweaked his nose; they chilled his eyes; they rumpled his hair; they marched in dreadful monotony around his hat, and then they went slowly to his feet and began their awful work over again. But human endurance has its limits, and as the torturing lorgnettes, with the pretty girl's eyes behind them, came to his face once more he made a wild, impulsive dive for the rear platform, with one horrified look over his shoulder only to see them calm and cruel as ever, he dashed from the car and was lost in the crowd. Then the girl smiled softly and stuck them in her belt again.

The Wool Standard.

The Grange Advocate thinks that Australia sets the wool standard. It argues as follows: "We American wool growers have to meet Australians in our own wool market and we have to do so on standards of their own making. It is the fineness, length of staple and soundness of fibre, freedom from grease, uniform percentage or shrinkage, and their system of grading wools that have brought them into favor with the manufacturers. These conditions of fleeces are reasonable and just. If we were exporters instead of importers of wools we would study the likes and dislikes of the markets we sought to supply with the greatest care. As all our wools go into domestic uses the wool growers do not consider it worth while to consider the wants and wishes of home manufacturers. Thus the men we most need to please are driven to buy in other markets and go where they can do the best."

Nearly all bee keepers express a preference for thin or "light foundation." Many say, "The thinner the better." One man says there should be a law to prevent the use of heavy comb foundations in sections.

DEFECTIVE PAGE