

THE DIAMOND DRILL.

M. H. MORIARTY, Publisher.

CRYSTAL FALLS, MICHIGAN.

HEREAFTER.

Day by day and year by year
We are growing old, my dear,
Drifting toward the shoreless sea
Bounded by eternity.

In the far-off by and by
When the dawn shall glid the sky
Yet our eyes shall still behold
Midnight miracles of gold.

When the city of the dead
And the dark, clay-curtained bed
Hold our dust, in some glad way
I shall know you as to-day.

I shall see your smile and hear
Words like honey to my ear.
I shall know your heart is filled
With the joy that mine has thrilled.

We have woven all our years,
In a wreath of smiles and tears,
And the heaven were a hell
Where but one of us might dwell.

Butter that our souls should steep
With our dust where roots shall creep
And within the rose combine
Color from your heart and mine.
—Nixon Waterman, in L. A. W. Bulletin.

A GIRL WORTH HAVING.

BY AUNT HOPE.



OUR father is better now, Miss Marcia, and I'm going to let you sit with him a little while, so that your mother can rest. But be careful that you don't let him talk too much, won't you?"

"Yes, doctor. But do you think papa will ever be well again, just as well as he used to be?"

"It will be a long time before he will be, and he may never be, but I hope he may be quite strong, and able to get much enjoyment out of life, even if he must spend the rest of his days as a cripple."

Marcia winced a little at that word, and the tears filled her eyes, but she bravely forced them back. She did not intend that the doctor should see her crying; she was afraid he would think she was not womanly enough to help take care of her father.

"It will be hard for him to be a cripple, and hard for us to see him helpless, but it is so much better than for us not to have him at all, that I can't feel any other way than thankful about it." Even as Marcia spoke, her voice trembled with suppressed feeling, but her lips smiled as pleasantly as usual, and that was very pleasant.

"Papa," she said, cheerily, a minute later, "I've beaten them all; they just had to let me take care of you. They couldn't hatch up another excuse to prevent it. That's what comes of persistence. The doctor said you mustn't talk, but he didn't say I mustn't; neither did he forbid my kissing you, just once. There!"

"She'll do," said the doctor to himself, as he started off. He had been playing eavesdropper, to find out if it were really safe to leave a 16-year-old girl in charge of his very sick patient. Marcia had only seen her father once before, since he had fallen from the high building on which he was helping to build a chimney, and she had been hastily summoned from school, because they thought he was dying. The old doctor had feared that she would "make a scene," when she did see him. But the wife was tired, the sick man would have no strange nurse, and he had been calling for Marcia, so it had been thought best to try her.

"If that bright-eyed girl had only been a boy, there would be a little brighter outlook for poor Morris," mused the doctor, as he rode towards the next patient's house, "for then there would be a prospect of help at some future time; but now it certainly looks very dark for him."

It surely did look dark, and the sick man, in spite of the repeated injunction not to worry, could not help wondering over and over again what was to become of them all, and how they were to keep out of the poorhouse. A workman, with a family to feed and clothe and educate, and who has only his own hands to depend on, can generally manage to lay up but little for the proverbial "rainy day." But when the rainy day has not only put in its appearance, but has rendered the head of the house forever unfit for labor, the outlook is far from pleasant. The Morris family were fortunate in having their little home all paid for, and enough money to help them through the first weeks of their great trouble; but, in the eyes of their neighbors, they were unfortunate in having no boys in the family. "If Marcia had only been a boy, and could go to work!" had been said in her presence over and over again, when sympathetic friends had dropped in with well-meant advice and suggestions as to the best way for the troubled family to earn their daily bread.

"Why can't I work, if I'm not a boy?" demanded Marcia.

"Why, you can, of course," was the answer, "but what will it amount to? Girls get so little for their work; but with a boy it is different. A boy of 16 is capable of earning very good wages."

"Never mind, girls," Marcia would say, turning to her three younger sisters, "we won't cry because we're girls till we're very sure that girls are no good, will we? I believe we can help papa and mamma just as much as if we were boys."

"So do I," answered each one of the sisters, who always believed everything Marcia did.

But let us go back to the sick room and see how Marcia is getting along in her new role of nurse.

"As I said before, papa, you mustn't

talk, but there is no reason why you shouldn't listen. At least the doctor didn't say you shouldn't. I've been thinking of something for two or three days, and now my mind is made up to try it, if you are willing. That is one reason why I was so determined to take care of you all by myself. I haven't said a word about it to mamma yet, for she is so perfectly distracted that she can't think of anything else but just you. But I'm more heartless, thank fortune! I speculated on what you were thinking about, and was sure it was money. You've been worrying about how we were going to live, haven't you? Wink your eyes fast, this way, if I've guessed right. There, I know it all the time. Are you tired? Just shake your head, but don't speak. Oh, papa, don't laugh! don't, for anything! for that will excite you, and then I'll get scolded, and they won't let me see you again!"

"You're most too careful," said the sick man. "I have been allowed to talk a little all along, and I guess it won't hurt me to say yes and no now."

"Oh, won't it?" I'm awfully glad, for it was almost too much for my gravity to see you lying there, blinking like a sleepy owl. But I know you mustn't talk much, or the doctor wouldn't have laid such fearful commands on me. Well, what I wanted to say is this: I believe I've thought of something I can do to help support the family. I'm going to be traveling salesman for a grocery store."

Mr. Morris looked at his daughter in amazement and opened his mouth to echo her last remarkable statement, but a plump hand instantly covered it and a merry laugh sounded in his ear.

"Oh, papa, don't speak, please don't! I suspect I have spoiled everything by giggling out in that way, but you did look so funny! Actually, papa, you did look too horrified for anything. Do you suppose anyone heard me laughing? I hope not, for I haven't got half through with you yet. Now be patient, and I'll explain. I was thinking how easily Mr. Bailey made a living. You know he is traveling salesman for a grocery store; and I came pretty near wishing that I was a boy so that I could go and do likewise. Guess I should have wished it, if I hadn't been taken with the idea that I could do it anyway; so I called on Mr. Allen at once—your look of horror grows more intense, but don't you dare utter a syllable—and laid the plan before him with many misgivings, much trembling, and a few tears on my stubby eyelashes. Honestly, papa, I was pretty nearly frightened to death; but Mr. Allen says he will give me ten per cent. commission on all the groceries I can sell, and I am to deliver everything but flour and heavy things of that sort. I thought if I could make Dobbins useful, then we shouldn't be obliged to sell him, and you will need him when you are able to ride out. There's a great many people in this city, and it seems as if I could persuade a few of them to buy their groceries of me. doesn't it? What do you think of the plan? Are you willing I should try?"

Mr. Morris nodded assent. There was no need this time for his daughter to warn him not to speak, for he couldn't have said a word had he tried.

"All right, papa," answered Marcia, "I'll begin to-morrow, and oh, how I do hope I shall succeed! I might go out as a child-nurse or housework girl, but I couldn't earn much, and I don't want to go away from home. I want to earn just as much money as a boy would, and stay at home, too. And, you see, if I can work up in this, Gertie can help me after awhile."

Mamma came in just then, and was informed that papa was much better, for

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"YOU ARE MOST TOO CAREFUL!" he had been receiving treatment from an excellent mind-cure physician, whose services he wouldn't exchange for a dozen Mr. Wilsons.

Marcia went at her new work energetically, just as she did everything else. She found many disagreeable things about it, and met many impolite people, and experienced not a few discouragements, but she would not give up, and she finally succeeded in earning a very good living for her family. Every forenoon is spent in taking orders for groceries; every afternoon in delivering them. She is prompt, businesslike and pleasant, and is welcomed in many homes where a man would not be tolerated. As fast as she got regular customers whose patronage she was sure of, she put them on her list to be visited on certain days of the week, and gradually Gertie was brought to be of use in taking their orders, while Marcia went into new quarters to "dram up new trade," as she delighted in calling it.

Mr. Morris is not able to work, and never will be again, but their pretty little home has not been mortgaged, as the neighbors said it would have to be; the horse and buggy have not been sold, the family is not in debt, nor do they depend on their neighbors for help, and everyone is obliged to confess that they get along quite as well as they could have done had Marcia been a boy. —Minneapolis Spectator.

Women Versus Men.
While the men of Wichita county, Kan., are talking reform the women are marketing 500 dozen eggs a week.

NATURAL SELECTION.

He Preferred to Start Out on a Tall Train.

The old colored man, who stepped cautiously into the depot, appeared to be dressed for an important occasion. His long broadcloth coat was rather rusty, and his silk hat did not seem used to being brushed the right way. He stood just inside the door, and, bending over, with his umbrella behind him, peered cautiously around through the spectacles which he had been polishing with great care. His manner seemed so diffident that one of the men employed in the place was moved to come to his assistance.

"Anything we can do for you?" he inquired.

"Yessuh, I reckon dar is," was the answer. "Is dis de place whah de kyahs stahs away fum to whah's dey's gwine at?"

"You mean, is this the place where the trains go out?"

"Yassuh," was the answer, with a grateful smile.

"Yes, this is it. Where are you bound for?"

"No place in particklar. I jes' wants ter travel."

"But you must have some destination?"

"I didn't know 'bout dat. But mebbe de lady was posted an' packed it up for me. Dah's er pow'ful sight o' col' vittles an' fixin's in dat kyahpetbag."

"But where do you wish to go?"

"Jes' travelin' I ain't nebbber been away fum home. We done got some money saved up an' de folks all 'lowed dat I orter celebrate my birfday by takin' er 'sursion an' seein' de sights er dis great country. I's got twenty-foh dollars an' eight cents. How much is half er dat?"

"I reckoned I'd git on de kyahs an' travel dat much vorf one way an' den git de conductor ter stahk me back foh de balance o' de money."

"Haven't you any idea about the train you want to take?"

"When do one go?"

"There's a 9:30 train."

"An' ef I doan git dat I reckons I'll haffter wait tell tomorrow."

"No. There are lots of trains; the 10:18 train, the 11:25, the 11:50, the 12:15, the 1:03—"

"Dem all soun's good. But, honey," and he leaned over confidentially, "dah's one ting I'd like ter ax yer."

"What is it?"

"Yoh see, dishere's a kin' er frolic foh me, an', while yo was nam'in' 'em over, it jes' happened ter strike me. Yoh isn't got er 7:11 train, is yer?"—Washington Star.

"CLOUD GOWNS."

Ruffles, Ribbons and Laces Have Given Them That Name.

The new gowns for early spring are called cloud gowns. This word "cloud" is a general term, and applies quite as well to the new goods, laces, ribbons, parasols, gloves, veils and even handkerchiefs, as to frocks. For some time past the lighter materials for wear, as far as it was possible, have been in the chine, Dresden, Mikado, Punjab, Mandarin, plumes, checked, hair-lined, plaided and dotted designs. This was a relief from the plain colors, and also from the conventional effects.

The splash, dash, shadow, beam, glint, dazzle and delicacy of the chine and Dresden silks have made them almost the most attractive materials ever put upon the market. Last year it seemed as though they could not be improved upon, but this year the designs have grown even more delicate and dainty. They are masses of color, streaks of hues, and just the faintest intimations of lines, flowers, leaves and moons, in fact they have developed into clouded designs entirely.

The organdies, dimities, batistes, India and China silks, taffetas, French gingham, Swiss milks, satinettes and crepe cloths are now being manufactured in the most fascinating patterns. Changeable silks will be very popular, as poplins, watered silks and brocaded silks.

In one new line of fancy surahs, the patterns applique or woven in are the wings of different birds. These wings and feathers, plumes and heads, which have been ornamenting the spring and winter hats, are beautifully copied and are embroidered or woven into the silk surfaces with such skill as to almost equal in color and shape the originals. —N. Y. Mail and Express.

Spring Wraps.
The spring jacket has not evolved itself into any fixed special shape, for there are wraps and wraps this season—very short, medium, three-quarters, and reaching the skirt hem in redingote form—and they are made for every possible occasion, from a walk in a drenching line storm to a walk up the church aisle at a grand wedding; of all materials, from serge and Harris homespun to a white satin velvet or cloth bolero lined with satin brocade. There are also very elegant "dress" jackets made of the palest shades of ladies' cloth or light-weight Melton, lined with satin of a matching or delicately contrasting tint, and trimmed either with elaborate appliques in cut work or with simple silk stitching and expensive buttons. These imported jackets cost quite as much as an elaborately-decorated velvet garment of the best quality. The exhibit also contains oddly-fashioned Russian coats, English walking styles, in several tailor trim, and French creations displaying many coquetries. The varied spring shapes show collars, both high and low, and are both single and double-breasted. Conspicuous among the new garments offered are Polish coats of vivid red tailor cloth, showily braided in black.—N. Y. Post.

The Polka Dot Again.
Red foulards, red dimities and red lawn are liberally sprinkled through the stock of summer materials, and the large white polka dot on blue ground is one of the newest patterns.—Chicago Tribune.

STORY OF "FIRST" ELEPHANTS.

Evidence to Show That Jeannette Was Not the Lastest in America.

The African elephant, Jeannette, which died recently at Peru, Ind., while undoubtedly "one of the first" elephants to be imported to this country, was not "the" first to reach these shores. According to reliable accounts, Jeannette did not reach New York until 1824. There is indisputable evidence to show another elephant arrived from Bengal nearly 30 years earlier, and that still another was brought here as early as 1804. The first elephant to reach this country arrived in New York in 1796 on board the ship America, of which Capt. Jacob Crowninshield, of Salem, Mass., was master. This animal was sold upon its arrival in New York for \$10,000, and was extensively exhibited throughout the east. The Boston Gazette advertised its second appearance in that city on Christmas day, 1797. It was a female, and then about three years old.

Another elephant arrived here in 1804 and was extensively exhibited during the next dozen years. This animal was also a female, and was known as "Old Bet." She was maliciously killed in Rhode Island in 1816. There was a current report that the animal's hide was bullet proof, and to test the truth of this statement a boy was instigated to conceal himself beside the road along which the elephant was to pass and fire when it came within range. He did so. The bullet struck the animal in the eye, causing instant death. The hide of this elephant was stuffed and mounted, and was for many years one of the attractions of the American museum in New York, being part of the collection which afterward came into the possession of the late P. T. Barnum. "Old Bet" was brought to this country by a sea captain named Bailey, and was sold to his brother, Hackeriah Bailey, of Somers, N. Y., one of the earliest American showmen. When he retired from the show business, about 1824, he opened a public house in the little town of Somers. He called it the Elephant hotel. In front of the house he erected a monument of "Old Bet," which was still to be seen within a few years. The image of "Old Bet" was carved in wood, some three feet high and about four feet long. This figure was originally gilded, but after a few years' exposure the gilding wore off, and it was then painted a sort of drab, not unlike the animal's natural color.

Another elephant which was brought to this country early in the present century developed a bad temper, and after it had killed several keepers it broke away while traveling through South Carolina in 1827, and after being pursued for many miles was finally shot to death by its followers. This latter animal has often been confounded in showmen's traditions with "Old Bet," but there is remarkably good evidence that this one was a male and was brought to this country about 1814.

A pair of elephants brought to this country some time about 1830, and known as Pizarro and Virginia, were drowned in 1847 while endeavoring to swim the Delaware river. Hannibal, a large elephant, which was brought to this country some time in the '30s, was exhibited until the summer of 1865, when he died of lung fever in Centerville, Md. Columbus, another large and an extremely vicious elephant, fell through a bridge in North Adams, Mass., in October, 1851, and was fatally injured.

Another vicious brute among the earlier elephants brought to this country was the animal known as Romeo, who killed several keepers, and finally died in Chicago in 1872. At the time of his death Romeo was owned by the late Adam Forepaugh, and was said to be the oldest and largest elephant then owned in this country.—Chicago Times-Herald.

WOLVES IN RUSSIA.

They Are Ferocious and Destroy Many Domestic Animals.

When they cry wolf in the government of Saratoff, Russia, it means something. During the last two years wolves there have devoured, according to the official returns, 11,000 horses, 10,000 horned cattle, 25,000 sheep, 5,000 swine, 1,000 dogs and 18,000 fowl. They have also during the same period attacked 68 persons, devouring two on the spot and inflicting fatal wounds on 12 others. In France it is estimated that 500,000 of these animals exist and the damage inflicted by them is set down at about 50,000,000 francs annually. A regular body of men, numbering over 1,000, called the loutveterie, is maintained to keep down wild beasts, and the force has a certain efficiency, but is unequal to keeping the country clear of them. From time to time high bounties for wolf scalps have been paid, as much as 200 francs in the case of a known man-eater, drenched there as the man-eating tiger is in the Hindoo villages; but the animal is never exterminated. In some years his ravage is greater and in others less, but he is always in evidence. In this country he has been pretty well put down in the inhabited parts. A few days ago a prodigious wolf drive was set on foot in Atchison county, Kan., five square miles being covered and 700 persons participating. They rounded up 200 Jack rabbits, but not a single wolf. Considering his fierce and predatory character abroad and his resistance to all efforts to destroy him, the American animal must be set down as a rather meritorious creature, easily amenable to extinction and not so desperately destructive, even where it continues to maintain a foothold.—N. Y. Tribune.

Little Hardwood There Now.
There was a time not long ago when the "big woods" of Minnesota were dotted here and there by hardwood mills that were a considerable source of income. To-day most of these mills are gone. The great belt of timber in south central Minnesota, known as the "big woods," is fast passing away and it will be but a short time before farmers in a very large territory will be using coal for fuel.—Chicago Tribune.

AGRICULTURAL HINTS.

GOOD TIMES COMING.

Prices Are Unknown Wherever Improved Roads Are Introduced.
That good roads will bring prosperity is no idle dream. Through all the panic and depression of the last three years the farmers in the few good-roads districts of the country have gone on making money and improving their farms, and they have not troubled themselves much about politics or finance.

It is enforced idleness that makes farmers poor, and no farmer need be idle a day on account of bad weather or wet fields if only his roads are good. On a good road there is always paying work of some kind, and wet weather is just the time to go on the road. The French farmer never loses a good day in his fields, for he can do all his marketing and hauling of fertilizers in rainy times.

What prosperity would burst upon this country if every farmer and farmer's boy, not at school, and every farmer and team could earn a full day's wages every day in the year, rain or shine!

When you have convinced your neighbors in the cities, and especially those of them who are candidates for public life, that the interests of the city population demand that they shall come to the relief of the farmers, you can go to the farmers with this assurance of help and ask them to take into careful consideration the practical measures by which this relief can be brought about, and especially the measures for providing state aid and for the use of convict labor. It is only through state and county aid that the cities and villages can help. If you find the farmers clinging to the old ways, say to them that these ways are mainly an unfortunate inheritance from the mother country, which we brought away with us and failed to shake off when the sys-

tem was abandoned there; and that today in Great Britain not only are the roads maintained at the general cost of the people, but government loans are made for any specially heavy improvements that are desired. Two hundred years ago the great highways of that country were kept up, so far as they were kept up at all, just as they are in this state to-day, by local taxation, while they actually served the people of the whole kingdom.

Upon the convict labor question, let them understand that 1,000 idle men are being marched about in Sing Sing prison to-day for exercise, whose labor, if properly directed, could provide the material for thousands of miles of good roads every year, and that the honest industry of the country pays for maintaining these criminals in idleness. These things would be incredible if told in England to-day. They would be a bitter reproach to our republican institutions. And they would add another argument, and a most powerful one, for those who claim that our system of government cannot care for the economic interests of the people as well as a monarchy. It would be a fatal indictment against our institutions, if it must be truly said, that a free people, in a rich country, cannot secure for themselves the blessing of good roads.—Gen. Roy Stone.

PLANTING THE LAWN.
Valuable Suggestions for Setting Out Trees and Shrubbery.
When planting trees in the lawn," writes Evan E. Rexford, in the Ladies' Home Journal, "we must remember that the tree of to-day is only a hint of what the tree of ten or 20 years to come will be. The trees we plant to-day, perhaps five or six feet tall, and with a spread of branches not more than two feet across, should in a dozen years from now, stand 25 feet high, and have a spread of 15 or 20 feet. If we plant them but ten or twelve feet apart now we will have, at the stage of development they are expected to reach in a dozen years, a perfect thicket of branches overhead and dense shade beneath. Never plant with regard to 'regularity,' that is, 'so many feet apart each way,' as the rule has been laid down for orchards.

"If you want several shrubs on a small lawn, and the space is too small to allow you to set them as far apart as they ought to be, in order to give them the benefit of space individually, group them, that is plant them in a clump. The idea is to make the three, or four, or five shrubs which you plant in the group produce a unit of effect which will give much the same impression that one well-developed specimen would. By selecting varieties in which there is contrast of color as to foliage, as well as flowers, satisfactory results may be secured. In the irregularity which produces charming effects there is always a method and a plan."

Never buy trees and plants at any price that have been unskillfully mutilated at the root, and the roots being fully supplied, never cut away more of the top than just sufficient to bring the tree into an asymmetrical shape as possible. —Western Plowman.

Dig when ripe, and not until ripe. Potatoes are not ripe or fit for market when the skin will rough in handling.

CREAMERY SUCCESS.

Unless All Patrons Work Together It Cannot Be Achieved.

If creamery butter is better than average dairy butter it is because the management at the creamery is upon a higher scale than in the average private dairy. There is no gain in taking the milk of a dozen or more second or third-class farmers and handing it over to an unskilled creamery man to make into butter. Two inferiors do not make one superior. Two ciphers cannot by any arrangement be made into a whole number. A successful creamery must have not only a skillful manager and butter maker, but a guaranteed supply of good, sound milk or cream in sufficient quantity to utilize the capacity of the concern. The more cows the greater will be the percentage of profit. Nor can the butter-maker alone control the character of the butter product.

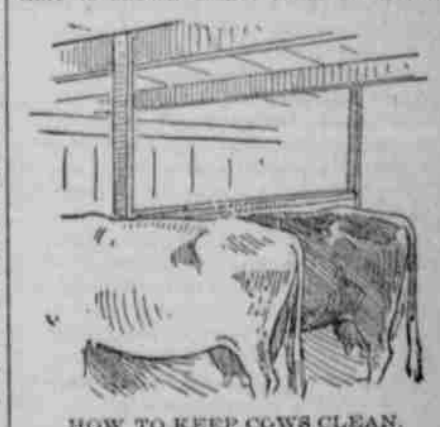
Poor, dirty milk cannot appear later in form of first-class butter. The skill and intelligence, indispensable at a creamery, must extend out among the milk producers. Poor cows yielding but little milk can never pay their keeping, and no number of them, however great, can render a creamery profitable to its patrons. For the highest success under a cooperative system each individual must put forth the same effort that would be required for success in private management. Dairymen who join a creamery association expecting to gain more than they give are hardly deserving of pity when they discover their mistake.

No one has any business to ask for anything beyond what he is willing to give an equivalent for. Men join in raising the heavy frame of a building because they can accomplish in that way what they could never do singly. A man who on such an occasion does nothing but "holler" is a sneak and when found out is always despised. Not less mean is it to join a creamery association and then carry poor milk, expecting to divide the profits of those who furnish the best they know how. Cooperation is a success only when each works for all and all for each, and this idea lies at the bottom of all forms of associated effort whether in the factory, the grange, the municipality or the church. —Rural World.

BUTTER-MAKING RULES.
Valuable Hints from the Cornell Agricultural College.
The instructor at Cornell agricultural college, Ithaca, N. Y., has sent out a list of rules about butter-making and ripening cream. He says:

The practical part of cream ripening is this: Keep your vessel so that it may all ripen evenly and thus avoid loss in churning. Raise the temperature to 62 or 68 degrees and keep it as near that temperature as possible until ripe, and then cool before churning. Well ripened cream should be coagulated or thickened. It should run from a height in a smooth stream like oil. When a paddle is dipped into it and held in the hand, it should stick all over in a thick even coat, not running off in streaks and showing the surface of the paddle. When the last drops run off the paddle back into the vat they should leave little dents or depressions on the surface, which do not close up for an instant. The cream should have a satiny gloss or fresh surface. Churn until the granules are the size of wheat kernels; then draw off the buttermilk and wash through two or three waters, whirling the churn a few times around. Use from a pint to a quart of water per pound of butter. Have the water at a temperature of 40 to 45 degrees in hot weather and from 50 to 62 degrees in winter, always depending upon the season, natural solidity of the butter, warmth of the room and size of granules. If you do not care about feeding the washings, I would put some salt in my first wash water. It will help to float the granules better, and perhaps dissolve out the casein to some extent. I would generally salt the butter in the churn.

KEEPING COWS CLEAN.
An Arrangement Which Has Been Tried with Success.
The illustration shows a device that has been tried successfully for keeping cows clean in the stable. The frame that is shown comes from Iowa and



HOW TO KEEP COWS CLEAN.
stands an inch above the cow's back, just forward of the rump. When dropping manure, the cow must step back into the gutter as she cannot round up her back when the frame is in place. Have the side pieces screwed so tightly to the beams overhead that the frame will stay at any angle it is put. It can thus be swung up out of the way when the cows are out of the stable.—American Agriculturist.

The Dehorning of Cattle.
The process of dehorning cows is quite general now. Some object to it on the grounds of cruelty. That the operation of taking off the horns is painful to the animal is self-evident to anyone who witnesses the operation. When one sees how peaceable the cattle become, when there is no more goring each other, and he observes other favorable results, the feeling of cruelty passes away and he is very apt to be converted to the practice. Whether there is anything in the coincidence or not, it is the testimony of some of the best dairymen that the flow of milk is increased and the quality improved.



A MODEL COUNTRY ROAD.