

FARM NOTES.

Keep the old fighters apart and so remove them from temptation.

The laying hen develops a great appetite and an enormous thirst.

Owner of the coop: "Who's in there?" Rastus: "Aint nobody in here, 'cep'in us chickens."

Egg-shells are largely lime. The hens can't make good shells unless you furnish plenty of lime.

Lack of a constant supply of clean, pure, fresh water before the fowls means defeat in the end.

Keeping too many fowls in a pen with an insufficient amount of floor space is a pitfall to be avoided.

A feed of finely-chopped onions, once a week, is a tonic that helps to keep broilers lively and healthy.

Lice which sap the life blood and undermine the flock furnish a pitfall into which far too many stumble.

Though it is well known that poultry need sharp gravel to grind their feed yet, many a flock is deprived of this necessity.

You can not feed hens that lay colored eggs so that they will lay white ones. If you want white eggs get the kind of hens that lay them.

Deal pretty sparingly with red pepper as a spice for poultry. It is sharp stuff. Better warm your chicks up some other way than by feeding it.

Clover and other legumes cannot restore old land to its former state of fertility unless supplemented with manure and mineral plant foods.

In a corn-growing contest in North Carolina 227 bushels were grown on one acre. It is believed that this breaks official records in this country.

The white-feathered broilers always have the more attractive appearance in market, as the pin-feathers do not show as they do on dark-plumaged birds.

A nest egg makes a nest more attractive to most hens, especially of the smaller breeds. We like the china eggs. An egg eater will pick at them for a little bit and give it up as a bad job.

Government reports show that the average prices paid farm workmen have risen from an average of \$10.43 per month in 1870 to \$17 in 1906. The next census is expected to show a very much larger increase.

Of the 2685 county correspondents who report on conditions to the Bureau of Statistics of the Department of Agriculture 194 have served in that capacity more than 20 years. One correspondent has served since 1861.

Ice-cold water can not help chilling the hen. It must be warmed up somehow, and that takes vitality. Save the hen's strength of body by warming the water on the kitchen stove. You can do it cheaper than the hen can.

W. M. Hayes, Assistant Secretary of Agriculture, declares that there is good reason to believe that domestic animals can be bred resistant to tuberculosis and that in time we may have a breed of animals that are immune from many diseases that are now fatal.

Is the heavy wagon getting a little rusty? Let it go and it may be spoiled by the weather in a few years. But you can paint it yourself. Take it all apart on the barn floor where you can shut the doors and keep out the cold; get some nice smooth wagon paint and a good brush, roll up your sleeves, put on a pair of old overalls, and go at it.

Here is a new plan for killing mites on poultry roosts: Take two pieces to make a roost seven-eighths inch thick and two inches wide; bevel the edges a little, and nail together, not too close, and set up on edge. The mites will all congregate in the seam between the two pieces. Pour kerosene in the groove formed by the bevel on top, and you have them dead.

In reply to a "Record" correspondent (J. E. F.), the average percentage composition of milk is: Water, 87 per cent.; fat, 4 per cent.; casein, 3.4 per cent.; milk sugar, 4.9 per cent., and ash, 7 per cent. The milk should be weighed and the amount of butter fat determined by the use of the "Babcock test," by which every per cent. recorded will represent one pound of butter fat in 100 pounds of milk.

Many who keep poultry overlook the importance of grit. Lack of grit means poor digestion and few eggs. A load of gravel near the chickens' house would improve the health and increase the egg yield on many a farm. I know it is claimed that the grit of commerce is the best, but the gravel is good enough grinding material. If you have never tried it you will be surprised how fast it will disappear when placed in a box where the hens can help themselves.

The uninitiated, in visiting a dealer with the intention of buying a horse, may notice some enlargement or something which in his mind may suggest a defect. Upon questioning the dealer about this he will invariably receive a reply that "it is nothing more than an eyesore."

As illustration of these defects, a horse receives a blow on the point of the hock. In time the point of the hock becomes permanently enlarged and unsightly, and to horsemen is known as a "capped hock." But notwithstanding this injury, the horse goes sound enough, and as the dealer designates it only as an "eyesore," the inexperienced buyer is thrown off his guard and makes the purchase.

But when the new owner wants to dispose of the animal a shrewd buyer will put lots of questions about this "capped hock." "Does the horse kick in harness or in the stable, or both?" He must certainly have done something wrong to get his hock capped like that. No explanation of an "eyesore"—and "it doesn't hurt him a bit"—will catch the wily buyer, and the sale is not made. Such an "eyesore" is an impediment to resale and needs consideration.

Another illustration: A horse may have the remains of a curb; he may go correctly and be none the worse for this "eyesore," but the fact of its presence in nearly every case will interfere with a resale. So that, while the horse may work satisfactorily, the defect is proof of a previous weakness, and the "eyesore," in consequence, is magnified.

Origin of Tory.

Sir Walter Scott's explanation of the origin of "tory" as "give me" is not quite the same as that of other inquirers. According to a high authority, the word is Irish for a "pursuer" and was at first given to moss troopers, who for their own villainous purposes pretended to be on the side of the crown and the constitution and the rights of property and in that disguise haunted the bogs of Ireland, robbing the inhabitants in the name of the king. About 1080 those who "contended for the extreme prerogatives of the crown" had this contemptuous term applied to them by their opponents, and thus we arrive at the meaning of today. Macaulay points out as a curious circumstance that "whig" and "tory" originally applied as a term of insult should so soon have been assumed with pride. An odder circumstance is that two great English parties should have taken their titles the one from the bogs of Ireland and the other from the lowlands of Scotland.—London Times.

Gilbert Islands Tipple.

Neither tea nor coffee is drunk in the Gilbert islands, but liquor named karafee, or toddy. It is the juice of the coconut tree, from which it is drawn daily at sunrise and sunset. To obtain it the natives climb up the tall trees and while extracting it keep up a constant yelling to let those below know that they are at work. The sap when fresh is a harmless and delicious beverage, but after it has been kept a day or two fermentation sets in and it becomes intoxicating. Karafee does not, however, fly to the head, but a man who drinks it to excess loses the control of his legs. However, when this befalls a native he has sense enough to remain indoors and shows his face to no one, for if his chief should ever hear of it he would be tried and sentenced to hard labor and a heavy fine. In former days a native found intoxicated was tied to a tree and received a hundred lashes, the blood fairly streaming down his back. Besides this, all his lands were confiscated to the king forever.

Didn't Call Him Names.

Mickey's mother visited a young schoolteacher on the east side the other day, says the New York Sun. As nearly as she could make out from the mother's splutterings the teacher had been calling Mickey "names that no lady would use and no decent mother would stand for." The teacher thought hard, but could recollect no time when she had given way to an impulse to call Mickey dreadful names. "Sure but you did," insisted the mother. "I don't know what you mean by it, but scurvy elephant is no nice name to call a boy. That's what he said you called him—a scurvy elephant." "Scurvy elephant! No," said the teacher in a relieved voice; "I didn't call Mike a scurvy elephant. I called him a disturbing element, and I reiterate my statement."

Mickey's mother went home partially satisfied, but not quite sure that the teacher hadn't been calling her names too.

To the Highest Bidder.

Even tobacco buyers have their troubles. One of them, who represents a New York house, met a Connecticut man who had sold his crop. The buyer was amazed at the price the man said he had received.

"You have been cheated," said he. "You are entitled to more money than that."

"Well," replied the farmer, "nothing has been paid to bind the bargain."

"Then I'll give you 5 cents more a pound and a bonus of \$100 for the crop."

"Agreed," exclaimed the farmer, and he received a check for the full amount.

"Oh, by the way," observed the buyer, "who was my rival in this transaction?"

"He was informed."

"I might have known it," said he sadly. "That man is my partner."—New York Press.

The Code of Hammurabi.

The so-called "code of Hammurabi" was brought to light during the excavations on the site of Babylon and is looked upon as being one of the very oldest if not the oldest of all known records. It is believed to be at least 1,000 years older than the Mosaic law. King Hammurabi reigned over Babylon about the year 2300 B. C., and the laws he inscribed on the clay tablets for the most part no doubt long antedate that time. The Mosaic law is supposed to have been given to Israel about 1200 B. C., and it would appear, therefore, that the Hammurabi code has the much greater antiquity.—New York American.

Witness My Hand.

In the early days only a few scholars knew how to write. It was then customary to sign a document by smearing the hand with ink and impressing it upon the paper, accompanied by the words, "Witness my hand." Afterward the seal was introduced as a substitute for the hand mark and was used with the words above quoted, the two forming the signature. This is the origin of the expression as used in modern documents.

The Nearest He Ever Came to It.

"Colonel," she asked, "have you ever been up in a balloon?" "No," he answered, "but I got to talking art to a Boston lady once, and she had me away up in the air inside of two minutes."—Exchange.

Persevering mediocrity is much more respectable and unspenkably more useful than talented inconsistency.—Hamilton.

Get Ready for St. Valentine's Day.

The original "Valentine" was a saint living during the third century in Rome, where he was martyred, and it is purely by chance that his name became associated with the many curious customs and superstitions that cling to the observance of his day. At the time of his death the Christian priests were using all their power to do away with the pagan customs still practiced by the people, or at least to give these a Christian significance, and among others there was one that was celebrated in the middle of February, when the names of the marriageable young women were thrown into a box from which they were drawn on chance by the young men. It was decided that instead of the names of the maidens, those of saints should be written upon the slips, and the new custom was celebrated on St. Valentine's Day, which came at about the same date. But it is almost impossible to do entirely away with any popular custom, especially such as this one, and so to the present time we look upon this day as one to be devoted to the interests of Cupid.

In England and Scotland it was believed by the peasants that upon this day the birds mated, and from this readily grew the idea that such matings as took place then among the people were the decree of fate, and many were the marriages a direct result of the general superstition that the first unmated person of the opposite sex whom one met on that propitious morning was, indeed, one's true love. Quaint are the dainty bits of ballad upon this theme that come to us from those simple times.

Another superstition that prevailed mostly in England, though it was known in other countries, was one that led the youths and maidens to procure five green bay leaves and on the eve of St. Valentine's Day these were pinned to their pillows, one in each corner and one in the middle, for, as is still recorded in the diary written by an English lass and published in the year 1754, "If I dream of my sweetheart, Betty said we should be married before the year was out." Later this same young lady notes that to make the test more sure she boiled an egg hard, taking out the yolk, filled the space with salt and before retiring to her dreams that night, ate it all, without speaking or drinking after it. This was rather heroic, but it evidently was successful, for she "dreamt of Mr. Blossom," and the next morning she refused to get up or to even open her eyes until the arrival of the gentleman was announced, for, she declared, "I would not have seen another man first for the world."

After all, the custom of the bay leaves is not so different from that which many of us indulge in yet of sleeping on a piece of wedding cake three nights in succession, believing that the one we dream of then is our destined mate. Then, too, the test of the three chestnuts, which is used on Halloween, is most the same as another one, also of English origin, and practiced on the day of True Loves, in which the names of one's sweethearts were written on slips of paper and rolled in clay. These little balls were then dropped into a glass of water, the first to rise to the top being the chosen one.

These superstitions and customs, with slight variations, have come down for many generations in almost all the Christian countries, and, if they were effective in those days, why should they not be so now?

Let's try and see!

—One of the reasons why suspenders are going out of style is because nowadays men look more and more to their wives for support.

—The whole truth is very much different from the truth with a hole large enough to crawl out of.

—In drinking a toast it is well to be sure that the toast is the only thing that's drunk.

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Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria.

The Origin of Valentines.

A fact in natural history, namely, that birds in Southern Europe pair about the middle of February, is said to have inspired a custom of the ancient Romans, to which the origin of the modern valentine cannot undoubtedly be traced. At the feast of the Lupercalia, held in honor of the great god Pan, the names of the virgin daughters of Rome were put in a box, and drawn therefrom by the young men. Each youth was bound to offer a gift to the maiden who fell to his lot, and to make her his partner during the time of the feast.

How this secular custom became allied to the name of a saint is altogether a different matter. Saint Valentine was a bishop of Rome during the third century. He is said to have been a man of very amiable nature, and most eloquent of speech, wherefore he was very successful in converting the pagan Romans to Christianity. Marcus Aurelius was then emperor, a relentless persecutor of the Christians, and by his order the bishop was beheaded. The date of his death was February 14, 270 A. D. We find the statement in Archbishop Wheatley's "Illustrations of the Book of Common Prayer" that "Saint Valentine was a man of admirable parts, and so famous for his love and charity that the custom of choosing valentines upon his festival took its rise from thence." But probably the connection of name is wholly due to a coincidence of date. When the saint's name was placed on the church calendar, the day of his death was made a festival, to offset that

of the Lupercalia, on the 15th. In Allen Butler's Lives of the Saints we read that the zealous Christian fathers tried to substitute the names of saints for those of girls in the lottery game, but without success. So the "valentine" custom spread from Rome through Europe to Great Britain, always in high favor; and later, in the form of sending tender missives, came to America, and down to the present time.—The February Housekeeper.

"I suppose you carry a memento of some sort in that locket of yours?" "Yes; it is a lock of my husband's hair."

"But your husband is still alive!" "Yes, but his hair is all gone."

—The chief reason why some people do not live beyond their means is because they are too mean.

—A woman may have absolutely no sense of humor, and yet they all want to be humored.

—An advertisement in the WATCHMAN always pays.

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