AMONG OURSELVES.

IF WE ONLY KNEW

Could we but draw back the curtains That surround each other's lives. See the naked heart and spirit, Know what spur the action gives Often we should find it better, Purer than we judge we should; We would love each other better

Could we judge all deeds by motives. See the good and bad within, Often we should love the sinner All the while we loathe the sin. Could we know the powers working To o'erthrow integrity.

We should judge each other's errors

With more patient charity If we knew the cares and trials, Knew the effort all in vain. And the bitter disappointment, Understood the loss and gain-Would the grim, external roughnes Seem, I wonder, just the same?

Should we help where now we hinder? uld we pity where we blame? Ah! we judge each other harshly, Knowing not life's hidden force; Knowing not the fount of action

Is less turbid at its source. Seeing not amid the evil All the golden grains of gold; Oh! we'd love each other better If we only understood.

-The Homestead.

THE VALLEY OF PARADISE.

The sun was setting, and as the man and the girl stood side by side, the golden light seemed to envelop them like a tender benediction. Around them and about them was no other visible living soul— they were separated from the world of men and women. As they gazed at the entrancing vista, a wandering bird alighted on the bough of a great maple close beside them, cheeping a little noisily, as of one who had great excuse to make, and was answered as noisily from within the shelter of the clustering leaves. Nell listened with laughter in her soft brown eyes, a smile on her parted lips, and the hand which wes imprisoned in her lovers trembled a little with sheet pleasure—in the scene, in their solitude, in the busy rascal of a bird so close to them (a bird that should have been at home and in bed an honr since), hopping up and down and declaiming violently. She waited until the low "cheep, cheep"

had resolved itself into a few scattered notes, then ceased altogether.
"How lovely, how lovely!" she whispered "I want to say it as a child says, John,

ling. "And you?" she asked. "Is there no vein of deeper feeling to be stirred at that," and she pointed toward the glorious western sky, "or this?" with a sweep of her arm toward the valley lower down

-their valley. He hesitated, and it seemed as if a slight flush rose to the lean brown cheeks. He looked at the golden splendor in the west, at the dimpling, laughing earth beneath them and then into her face, pale clear, with its sensitive lips and delicate

"Judge me," he said, and the quiver in his voice matched her own. "For I have been lost in dreams—asking myself if the world grows new for such as we; wondering if this is the first sun that has ever given light; or if this is the close of the first magnificent day, and we the first man and woman, unspoiled, fresh from the Maker's hand, gazing down on the Vision unveiled!'

She said nothing, but the little wistful curve between her brows disappeared uddenly and the fine lips grew trem To her, indeed, the world seemed recreated, but she had not hoped to have her feelings set to words-and now he had spoken and she knew they were in unison. The harsh business of life would claim them before long, the affairs of other men and other women would oc-cupy their days—but this hour was theirs, and she drew a long, deep breath, standing silently, quietly, beside him. The golden glow took a deeper tinge, and they on the heights looked from slope to hol-low, from wooded side to placid lake, from cool stretches of green to the wild verdure clothing the opposite hills. Here were rest and contentment.

We will go away," he said musingly, "you and I, each to an appointed task, nd we will bruise ourselves on the noisy highways, and our feet will grow weary walking them. But here is peacewhich the hopes of both might find ful-

"Peace is not always best," she answered briefly. "It is a guerdon to be won." Tall, strong-browed, with clear gray eyes under heavy eyebrows, he stood be-fore her, and as she lifted her own eyes to meet his glance, a thrill of pride shot through her frame. No dreamer he—his words, his mood, belied him. A doer of deeds, rather-a man as he stood above her and bent his head toward her.

"A guerdon to be won!" he echoed.
"Ah, now I know. What armor shall I "Ah, now I know. What armor shall I ardent friends, these two, opposite in buckle on to win it, Nell? For you are my peace, my guerdon, my valley of face, but alike beneath. my peace, my guerdon, my valley of paradise. The silence of it is on your paradise. The silence of it is on your lips, the dreamlessness of it in your girl's eyes, the contentment of it in your heart."
He paused and smiled. Then he continued: "A guerdon to be won. And when I win it-will the time ever come,

"You know it will, oh, you know

will," she whispered. "I am ready now. There is no obstacle in the way, none in mine, none in yours—"
"Hush!" she said, suddenly. "Not here, not here! Let us take leave of our valley-I can't bear to spoil it. One word of our practical existence—the existence that you and I must face when we leave it—would mar this perfect day. Let us

go seek our other world, John, and leave this true world of ours behind." The violet haze in the valley was deep-

up at them with the confidence of a trust- enough. Have you heard from Tom?" ing friend as they turned away from this royal spot where Nature at her loveliest

And as she had felt it would, every step away from it saw the feeling of every day creep back upon them; the spell dissolved, the outside world of deeds was calling loudly—calling the fresh young blood in their veins to action. John Douglas, the determined, said no word, but the stern resolve which the quiet valley had stolen from his countenance crept back upon it by degrees. Nell threw up her head,

breathing quickly.

"Come!" she said. "It is behind us, John—and what î see on your face has been unspoken all this day. What is it,

"The same old story, Nell. Forgive me if I have no other tale to tell." "Please, John!"

"Nell, I wish I could make you under-"Will you let me try to tell you how !

He slackened his pace. "Yes, Ne.ll
"It is my mother's opposition that you
cannot understand—that's it, John!" "Evidently—since that is the only obstacle. How to overcome that iron prejudice, that strong will, which has slipped a notch or two, my dearest, even if you

disagree with me."
"I also am strong-willed and determined and prejudiced, John." "I'm afraid that's true, Nell."

"I know every one of my faults. My only hope is that faults are sometimes indications of possible good. Don't you

"I can't see any faults in you, Nell." "It's good, then, to be serious, to have the courage of one's convictions, and all that. Buf from whom have I inherited these traits? In ways, in mannerisms, even in expression (not in looks, for she has always been beautiful) I am my mother's counterpart."

"Well? "And while I do not say that she is right now or that her prejudice against our marriage is anything but the outcome of a mother's foolish fears, I shall never tell her so. For as I am, she was. And as she is, I may be. I would not want al?" my children to oppose me when I grew old and prejudiced in the care of them. So I shall not oppose her. You must have table.

patience John. "Preach patience if you will, dear girl. While you preach it, it must be my creed.

"But I want you to be satisfied—"
"What nonsense, Nell!"

a definite time. A year—two years. I come out young and hopeful, or even have waited three years now, Nell, for with any joy remaining." She smiled my home and you—and will wait ten, then, a smile of deprecation, "I need twenty, if I must, for you are the only not dilate on my experience—you've had twenty, if I must, for you are the only not dilate woman in the world for me. But do not your own. say 'in time., I can't stand anything so vague as that."

is every word. For the first time her over and over again. I want to say it as a child says, John, over and over again. I want to dance up and down and sing and call out, the way the forest creatures do, for very joy of life and living."

John Douglas, the practical, smiled at her indulgently.

"I'm afraid there's a deep vein of sentiment under that every-day common sense of yours, Nell," he said.

"It's well to name it my every-day common sense of yours, Nell," he said.

"It's well to name it my every-day common sense. John, out where we live anything else wouldn't do."

Those word. For the first time her seven though we know what poison lurks in the lees."

"I wish I knew how it would end—I wish I knew some arguments to move her. But, oh, John!" Her soft brown eyes sought his face, appealingly. "She is my mother—she has cared for me so long—for twenty-four long years. You love me for what she has made me. John. You see it, don't you, dear? To snatch at my omn happiness without thought of her—on vein of deeper feeling to he stirred at lety of discord—and I don't want a shadley of paradise would seem a valley of discord—and I don't want a shadley of paradise would seem a valley of discord—and I don't want a shadley of paradise would seem a valley of discord—and I don't want a shadley of paradise would seem a valley of discord—and I don't want a shadley of paradise would seem a valley of discord—and I don't want a shadley of paradise would seem a valley of discord—and I don't want a shadley of paradise would seem a valley of discord—and I don't want a shadley of paradise would seem a valley of discord—and I don't want a shadley of paradise would seem a valley of discord—and I don't want a shadley of paradise would seem a valley of discord—and I don't want a shadley of paradise would seem a valley of discord—and I don't want a shadley of paradise would seem as valley of discord—and I don't want a shadley of paradise would seem as in flamed in those of the cup though where though when whow what the lower the lower ow, not a single shadow ever to linger

above it. "You have loved her dearly, Nell."

"Have loved? Forgive me that-I did not mean it. But Nell, Nell, if through her-let us suppose this now-if through her you and I looked upon our valley of paradise for the last time in our lives, what then?" She lifted her grave, sweet face to his. The red lips were tremulous, the delicate

nostrils quivered. "What then?" she echoed, slowly. "It would snap my life in two. I do not mean that I would lose my grip on things—I am too strong, too ambitious for that. But there would be no future for me. Yet-I would not blame her, John. I feel she does not comprehend.

He hesitated a minute. "She was happily married to a good an," he said. "She idolized her husman," he said. band, and she has taught her children to revere his memory. If she had been un-kindly or coldly treated as some men treat the women they profess to love—"
He paused then; the look on her face, the tears that sprang to her eyes, hushed the words on his lips. "I will say no more, sweetheart," he went on gently, "I

do not want to sadden you."

Yet never had his arguing or pleadings left that strange unrest at her heart. She could not solace herself with the reflection that her mother's opposition would soon be lessened. And now, because he had brought her to his way of thinking for the first time, now that she saw with his eyes, she was doubtful and disturbed. For the rest of the long way home she said no more.

Mrs. Northrop sat quietly rocking in the low chair in the middle of the room. Her friend, a little woman with soft white hair above a wrinkled forehead and with lips that in repose were wistful, even sorrowful, had been looking at her curious ly. She thought how well Eleanor Nor-throp stood the stress of years; how lovely she was still; how her very person, her slender figure, in its well-worn black gown, radiated her personality; how she fitted into this room which, artistic and beautiful and quietly subdued, was dominated by the woman's presence, the touch of her hand, her tastes. She watched the curve of her wrist, the turn of her head, the daintiness that was part and would always be part of her-a daintiness she loved, for they were true and

"It's strange, Eleanor," she said. "No amount of worry seems to be able to affect you. Do you know you are almost as attractive today as ever you were?"
Eleanor Northrop lifted her head, flung

it up rather, and her eyes met her friends

"Almost!" she said. "With one or two exceptions. This gray hair, for example, which is barely enough to cover my poor scalp; the crow's feet and the very handsome teeth substituted for my own rather insignificant ones! I may be almost as attractive to those who care for me, Juli-

et, but not nearly so genuine?" There was an undercurrent of mockery in her tones. Juliet Clarke glanced a her searchingly.

"I wanted to feast my eyes on ening to purple, the golden sun was a pale yellow behind the last thin clouds, the shadows were darker, the little lake a mellower blue. Yet it seemed to smile I know no one else would be courageous

"From my son?" Her expression a warning hand, and turned to the table, changed a trifle. "No, Juliet, I haven't so that her back was toward the door. heard from him. When Marsden's man her face was very pale, her eyes strained. Then the door was opened, and Nell stood. seven hundred dollars-Nell and Margaret and I scraped together and paid it.
Mr. Marsden was very nice. Said that
Tom was so young that there was every
hope for him, and did not wish to take the money. But, of course, I insisted. Nell and Margaret insisted, too, though it deprived them of a few comforts for a

"That's over two years ago, isn't it?"

"And you've heard nothing since?" "Nothing. To tell you the truth, Juliet, I want to hear nothing. Tom is twenty now—he can take care of himself. I am not a foolish mother to grieve over what is past and gone. Besides—I have other and closer worries."

There was silence. Mrs. Northrop's lips closed in a straight line and she settled herself back in her chair. Juliet Clarke, her sweet, old, care-worn face very grave, put her cup and saucer on the table that stood between them.

"One has to know you as well as I do, Eleanor, to dare your unresponsiveness. Yet you cannot conceal your real senti-ments from me, and because I know them, and because I have felt the trouble burdening you, I wanted to have this chat with you

She spoke so gently that the proud woman could take no offense. She looked at her affectionately-for they loved

each other.
"Why should I wish to conceal anything from you, Juliet?" she asked quietly. "You have been my safety valve too long. Who knows all that you do-my only confidant? And now you have something to say to me-a lecture to read perhaps? Let me have it. We may be interrupted.

"I like-John Douglas, Eleanor." Mrs. Winthrop winced. Her friend had put an unerring finger upon an open "Oh, you do? Then you like some one

who is very disagreeable to me. "Your objection is not to the individu-

"Not at all." Her grave face relaxed, as she pushed the teacups farther on the table. "I know what you want to say, Juliet. But Nell is myself. I see myself in her. I, too, had her high hopes and ambitions, once upon a time. My hus-band—." Her lips tightened. "The less said about him to you, the better. He is "What nonsense, Nell!"
"In time—"
"In time, in time! How long? Set me can't go through the fires of misery and

"Yes," said Juliet Clarke slowly, "but ague as that."

Her practical common sense seconded for us to forbid the drinking of the cup

into face and eyes. "It is not!"
"Eleanor, Eleanor!" said Juliet Clarke,

matching the flame with pitying tenderness. "It is just as much your duty to let her go as it was and is your duty to shield their father's failings from his chil-

"Juliet, what are you saying?" Mrs. Northrop's lips quivered, her nails were pressed into her cold palms.

"Just as much!" repeated her friend "Some of us must pay-some solemnly. one must pay. The dead cannot-the young will not-but there are those who stand between who must. You are one of these, Eleanor, and just or unjust, the debt is yours. You contracted it when you gave birth to that child who is your secend self. How your heart was tramp led on, your finest feelings outraged, you know and I know, my dear. Will you inflict your suffering on another? stood the test nobly so far, and before Nell and Margaret and Tom and all the world Francis Northrop was the ideal father, the idolizing husband. And you would put part of this sacrifice on Nell—"
"To save her!"

"Her life is not your life," said the gentle mentor, steadily. "If you spoil it, as you will by forbidding this marriage, you lose everything and gain nothing. The mother rose to her feet, her breas

heaving.
"I lost everything when I lost her," she said in a dogged tone. "The sharer of all my early dreams. I lost them before Margaret and Tom came. Sometimes I'm glad Margaret is so beautiful-it will make up to her for her lack of heart And Tom-oh, Tom is indeed to my credit, the carefully-trained boy who could not resist the first slight tempta

"Poor, foolish lad!" said Juliet Clarke 'Had he dared to come and fling himself at his mother's feet, it might never have

Mrs. Northrop stared at her resent

fully.
"'Don't get angry, Eleanor. I dare to tell you the truth. No one else in this world would—you know that—so respect me for my bravery. You are jealous of Nell's love, Nell's affection, and you tell yourself that you are trying to save her, forgetting that a mother never comes into the true kingdom of her daughter's heart until that daughter is herself a wife and mother.' "You speak as if you knew what you

were talking about," said Eleanor North "My boy did not live," said Juliet Clarke

simply. "In that I am the less fortunate for you have your children. But when I held that tiny body in my arms for the first time, I would have given the world, did I possess it, to lay my head once on my mother's knee. I thought that I had loved her—then I knew. I lived to be glad that I had lost all else—my husband and my child, but never, never, that I did

not have my mother!"
What Eleanor Northrop saw in that tender face moved her strangely. A low sob broke in her throat.

"Possibly they have asked you to intercede for them," she began bitterly. "Don't, dear," said her friend. "You "Don't, dear, said her friend. "Four on the way dawn-hill. Some things we see too clearly, and are miserably blind to others—that is why we make mistakes. Perhaps, since I am only an onlooker, I can see that which is hidden from you—"

She paused, for Mrs. Northrop held up warning hand, and turned to the table, Then the door was opened, and Nell stood

on the threshold. "May we come in, mother?" she called, brightly. "And Mrs. Clarke!" in a tone of pleased surprise. "How good to see you here!"

"Your mother would not come to me so I was forced to come to her," said Mrs. Clarke, smiling into the girl's interested face. "You young folks keep her so busy I never have five minutes with her any more. And now that I've caught a glimpse of you. Nell. I'll take myself. a glimpse of you, Nell, I'll take myself off." Nell bent from her greater height to kiss the little lady's soft, pink cheek. "Good evening, Mr. Douglas. Haven't noticed your card among those received lately-no apologies! I understand. Goodbye, Eleanor.

"Good-bye, Juliet." Nell looked after her, amused, smiling. "She is just like a dainty little bird that in some unaccountable manner has lived to grow old," she said. And then, with a

to grow old," she said. And then, with a change of tone, a slight embarrassment: "Mother, don't you see John?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Northrop, quietly. "I see him." She sat down in the little rocker somewhat heavily, for she felt sick and dizzy. "Will you both come over here when Dougles" You, too, Mr. Douglas. Wondering a little, the young man obeyed, drawing Nell's chair forward.

Nell, with her eyes fastened dubiously on her mother's face, saw that she was deeply moved, as she bent near and took the girl's hand in hers. 'Where were you today?" she asked.

"Where did your long walk bring you?"
Nell hesitated, and her eyes brightened. She did not look at her lover as she answered in a low tone that quivered in spite of her efforts to control it: 'In the valley of paradise, mother," she

said, "the valley that every woman walks in at one time of her life, I think.'

it is not mine to see again."

She faltered, and her lovely face, with its few fine wrinkles and unfurrowed forehead seemed to grow old and wan.

It is quite easy to get hold of a method "I have been a little blind," whispered Eleanor Northrop. "I have been told so, and I think it is the truth. But I want to do right—I must do right. John Douglas, what have you to offer me in exchange

for the gift I mean to give you—my girl?
"Nothing," he answered slowly, but his face startled her with the happiness that flashed into it. "I could not see a value on that gift—it is above value."
"True!" She gazed straight before her

an instant, her brows meeting. "Well, I've decided, John. I think you are a good man." Her eyes sought his steadily, and he seemed to be looking into Nell's eyes without their trusting confidence; Nell's eyes which had seen much misery

John Douglas, leaning forward, took Nell's hands in his and held them tightly. The mother looked back—at the girl, half-turned toward her, gazing after her, wondering, a little saddened; at the man, rapturous, happy, his eyes aglow, fasten-

ed on Nell's lowered head. "God grant that you may walk long in the valley of paridise, my children," said, and so passed out of the room, leaving them alone.-By Grace Keon, in Woman's Home Companion.

Principle of Air Flight.

From Francis Arnold Collin's "A New Sport for

Boys" in August St. Nicholas Every boy who has played the thrilling game of "tickly benders" on particularly thin ice has applied the principle of the æroplane or heavier-than-air machine. As long as one fairly flies along the ice will bear one's weight, although it may sag or threaten. Let the speed slacken for an instant, or the skater come to a standstill, and the experiment will be at an end

for that day at least. Now an æroplane may be kept aloft on exactly the same principle. Let these broad planes stand still for a rioment and they will begin to flutter downward or turn on edge and plunge swiftly to the ground. By keeping them moving, however, they gain the very slight supporting power of the air. The greater the speed the more level is the flight and the less the chance of falling. An æroplane flight therefore is a glorious game of tickly benders high up among the birds.

The Actor's Encounter With an Im-

pertinent Critic. Many years ago Edwin Forrest, the celebrated actor, when in New York, was in the habit of dining at Windust's, a noted restaurant on Park row that was a favorite resort of actors and literary men. It usually happened that Forrest would be joined by friends and that the little group would sit together at one table. On one occasion it chanced that an Englishman with a reputation for conceit and impertinence, who had scraped acquaintance with the tragedian, was one of

Early in the course of the dinner the Englishman began to make criticisms which he considered pleasantries about Forrest's conception of certain roles. Encouraged by his own appreciation. he gave full play to his humor and concluded each of his impertinences with "Pardon my freedom, sir-it's my

way." To the astonishment of all who knew Forrest's irascible disposition he bore the Briton's offensive remarks patient ly and seemingly ignored them as far as possible. When, however, the nuts were brought in by the waiter he took several cracked walnuts in his hand and, walking over to the Briton's place, jocularly snapped them suc cessively in the face of that individual lightly saying after each shot, "Par don my freedom, sir-it's my way," and snapped him out of the restauFOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

DAILY THOUGHT.

To have suffered, nay, to suffered, sets a keen edge on what remains of agreeable. This is a great truth, and has to be learned in the fire.—
R. L. Stevenson.

A Word to the Summer Girl.-Do you ant streaked hair of seventeen different shades, when next autumn comes

If you do not, you must make up your mind to wear a hat during the sum-

mer. A bother, you say? Of course. Did you ever know anything connected with keep-ing fresh that wasn't a bother? And it is not half as hard as spending

time and money later getting over the effects of sun-burnt hair. Too strong a dose of sun acts on the

scorches linen. If it is impossible for you to wear a hat, oil must be rubbed regularly into the scalp, to counteract this drying effect. Remember that the most beautiful hair in the world comes from the peasant women of Brittany, who keep their heads covered with their little white caps.

One of the things a girl should be most careful about at this season of the year is giving her hair a good vacation. She wants to give it sun and air as much as she can. She wants to leave off artificial tresses and give nature a chance to do

its work. Air and sun do an immense amount of good to the scalp. If indulged in to any extent they renew the lustre, lengthen broken ends, promote a new growth and

cure dandruff. It is not possible to give one's hair this chance for life during the winter. The natural air is too cold for one to go about bareheaded and the artificial air is not healthy. It is now, during these summer months, that the work of rejuvenation

"Yes," said the mother slowly. "I, too, have walked in that valley—but I left it behind me very, very long ago, Nell, and behind me very, very long ago, Nell, and are enthusiastic about it. Women who are enthusiastic about it.

learn by experience.

It is quite easy to get hold of a method of arranging the hair that will allow one to do without all or most of the false hair that has been worn. This lifts a weight from the hair and gives the air a

chance to penetrate to the scalp.
Whenever one goes out the hair should be loosely arranged, without a roll, under the hat. The modern headgear does not the hat. The modern headgear does not show enough of the hair to demand what is called a coiffure beneath it. It goes down over the head to the eyebrows and as a horse feed when corn forms all or a nape of neck and the hair can be heaped | part of the grain ration than where all on top of the head and there loosely oats are fed. Clover hay, being rich in on top of the head and there loosely caught with a shell pin and left to grow.

One should not braid the hair at night. It shoul be left quite loose in a sleeping cap or without one. Whenever one is around the house and not in evidence to callers or acquaintances the hair should be left down. This latter habit should be indulged in most of the day during

the hot weather, especially when one is negligee in one's room.
It should be brushed for ten minutes before one dresses for dinner or retires for the night. The brush should be washed every day. If it has a coating of dust on it, it carries it back into the hair. The experts on scalp treatment say that the first coating of dust should be washed off the brush at once and the brushing re-

Therefore if you have a good head of hair next fall wear hats that do not need false hair beneath them, omit false hair whenever it is possible, let the hair hang down for at least an hour or two every day and sleep with it unbraided at

From the age of five or six onward to sixteen years and later the most important thing in the world for boys and girls is to eat nourishing food and plenty of it. This is a period of rapid growth, and a

child must eat enough, not only for the wear and tear of the day, but to lay down material for building up the body.

People used to think that children should be made to control their appetite and the control their appetite. and be compelled to eat things they disliked. But it is now admitted by many medical authorities that a child's great lifficulty is to eat and digest enough

food. If the quantity is stinted, if the food is not of the proper kind, if the intervals between meals are too long, then neither body nor brain will develop as they

In selecting food for children of this age a very good guide is their own palate. A weil-known physician has laid down two very good rules, applicable to the case of children as well as of grown-up people.

Do you like it? Does it agree with you? "If the answer be in the affirmative," he says, "there is no intelligible reason why the use of that article should not be

No doubt some children are capricious They may not like the taste of milk, or they will not eat soft-boiled eggs, or they not eat fat substances. But in this case it is an easy matter to scramble the eggs or give them in the form of omelettes, to put the milk and the fat into puddings, to boil the milk with rice or sago, or to flavor it with

In fact, if a child's tastes are consulted as those of growh-up people—and they should be—there will be no difficulty with

regard to any kind of food.

In the food of growing children milk, eggs, meat and bread should have an important place. Fish is not so nourishing as meat, and, although it may be occa-sionally substituted, it cannot wholly take the place of meat.

As to the kind of meat, it does not matter much whether it is beef, mutton or fowl. But it should be given hot, not cold. Highly-spiced dishes are as bad as A day's diet for boys and girls has been sketched by another doctor, who gives

the warning that a step in growth once lost through improper feeding can never Breakfast for younger children should consist of milk, or cocoa made with milk. From a half to one pint of milk should

be taken. Bread and butter, with perhaps an egg are sufficient in the way of solids up to the age of 9 or thereabouts. After that age, eggs, or bacon, or both, may be

Dinner at 12.30 should consist of ho meat, potatoes, bread and green vegeta-bles (not cabbage.) These are to be fol-lowed by a nutritious pudding.

Supper is well borne by children. It should consist of bread or toast and milk, or a pudding of eggs, milk and bread, or FARM NOTES.

-The United States and Russia together own about one-half the horses in world, each having about 21,000,000

Fodder corn is the staple roughage for the man who milks cows, and when prop-erly cured is a good substitute for ensilage. The silo, however, saves all the feed and the cows relish the ensilage bet-

-Tests made by the Wisconsin Experiment Station show that Yorkshire hogs require the least amount of food for 100 pounds of gain of either Poland Chinas or Berkshires. Common stock hogs made the smallest gains and ate the least food.

-The goat, because of its hardy nature, is less liable to tuberculosis than the cow. It utilized food better, and gives more milk, considering its bodily weight. Goats hair by drying natural oils in the scalp and then burning, just as a hot flatiron milk, considering its bodily weight. Goats prefer hilly ground, and do not do so well on low, swampy ground. They need pro-tection against cold rains and should be well housed

-The herd at the Ontario (Canada) Experiment Farm consists of the three leading daily breeds, the Holsteins, Ayrsbires and Jerseys. The record of the breeds last year shows that the Holsteins produced the most milk, the Ayrshires the most butter and the Jerseys the richest milk. These results were obtained from the experience of two years.

-In testing several breeds of cows the Virginia Experiment Station found that in profits on milk the Holsteins led with \$4.92 per individual per month; the grades were second with \$4.27. The most profitable cow was milked 21 months, gave 12,498,4 pounds of milk and 524.24 pounds of butter. The profit on the milk was \$201.05, and on the but-ter \$41.51.

-Poor pastures do not pay for the reason that it is to the interest of the farmer that his cows secure an abundance of food at the least cost. The animals should not be compelled to work for their food on the pasture by tramping the ground in the search for grass. As soon as a pasttre does not supply an abund-ance the cattle should be taken off and fed on green food at the barn, as they will fall off in milk if the supply of food on the pasture fails.

-An experiment conducted at the Illinois Experiment Station in fattening horses for the market showed that clover is worth twice as much as timothy, pounprotein, renders it especially valuable for

feeding young horses. -Corn has been grown at the Virginia Experiment Station continuously on one plot since 1894, with an average yield since 1900 of 24.4 bushels per acre. In a three-year rotation of wheat, clover and corn the corn yield has averaged 45.2 bushels per acre since 1900, showing a difference of over 21 bushels increase, due solely to rotation. Where the land was manured at the rate of about eight tons per acre in a five-year rotatation of wheat, timothy and clover hay, pasture, oats and corn, the corn yield has averag-

ed 60.8 bushels per acre. -The dairy population of the United every five people. The average yield, according to official figures, is only about 3500 pounds a year, or, roughly, five quarts a day on the average. It is figured that each person in the country eats about 20 pounds of butter each year. Very little butter is imported. Each person takes only four pounds of cheese of the domestic product. Condensed milk is a somewhat localized industry, about threefourths of it coming from New York and Illinois, where more than half of the condensers are located. The yearly output is about 250,000,000 pounds

-Wheat grown at the Minnesota Experiment Station continuously on the same plot since 1894 shows an average vield of 18.6 bushels per acre since 1900. Grown in the three-year rotation since 1900, the average yield has been 20.6 bushels per acre. No manure being given the plot, the increase must be charged alone to rotation, the seed and other conditions being substantially the same. In a five-year rotation, with manure well ap-plied, covering the same period, the yield has averaged 26.6 bushels per acre, and the conclusion at the station is that more grain can be grown in three years of rotation than in four years of continuous cropping.

-State Zoologist H. A. Surface, in regapes and lice in little chickens, wrote as sponse to a request for a remedy for

"This disease is due to little worms in the windpipe, which come from the chicks eating earth-worms. If they are never allowed on the ground where there are earth-worms, they will not get the gapes. For example, if you can keep them on the barn floor, or on soil well covered with lime or ashes, they will be free from this disease; but, of course, they do much better if allowed to run out, especially during nice weather.

"Within the earth-worm the little gape worm is encysted, just as the parasitic worm causing the human disease known as trichinosis is encysted in the flesh of pork and develops when eaten by a person. In the same way does this little gape worm remain in the earth worm until eaten by the fowl or chick, when it develops into the gape worm, causing the disease which indicates its presence.

"A successful physician has recom-nended to me to destroy the pest by putting the chicks into a box and dropping a few drops of carbolic acid on hot bricks, closing the box, and letting the chicks breathe the fumes for a few minutes. Pepeat treatment once or twice. There is, of course, danger of overdoing this by making the fumes too strong, if one is not careful.

"One simple remedy which I have seen successfully used this spring is common kerosene or lamp oil applied by dipping the tip of a feather into it, and inserting it into the windpipe of the chick. The shank of the feather should be stripped of its side barbs and only the tip remain to act as a soft feather brush. By opening the mouth of the chick and pulling the tongue slightly, the opening in the windpipe is to be seen, and the feather can be inserted.

"For lice on little chicks I recommend a drop of grease on the head and under the wing. Fresh lard, without salt, is the best. Do not use much. Only a slight drop or touch is enough, and put a little under the wings of the mother hen."