

POOR ME!

Poor Me! I have done the best I could. Oh I think I have done the best. Which means, that my bill to do was good. But the deed scarce stands the test. As only too clearly I now can see—  
Poor Me!  
Poor Me! I have gone about, about. And run in a little round. I thought I moved in the world without. And I laughed at bar and board; I boasted of freedom—who never was free—  
Poor Me!  
There was some (I know) who loved me well (Oh they loved where I least deserved). There were some who would not tell. Wherefore their wrath I served. Among themselves could neither agree—  
Poor Me!  
Poor Me! And, always, I fondly deemed. Spite of each frustrate deed. Just one, at the end, would show what I dreamed. And, after—my part might plead. But now I know this never will be—  
Poor Me!  
By Edith M. Thomas.

THE TIDE'S FOOLS.

We saw them coming across the frozen fields that gray before the storm, the man, big and gaunt and rick-skinned, leading with the rusty pump-gun that had never killed anything, and the boy, thin and pale, a mere wisp of a lad, trailing in the rear with the rest of the dunnage. We shook our heads when they boarded the little catboat with the canvas cabin. Even up in the sheltered creek we could feel the force of the damp December gale that swung down out of the north, rattling the frozen grass on the shore and wetting its lips on the white water. We didn't attempt to deny that the man was a fool for risking the open water on such a day, but when they hoisted sail with only a single reef we expostulated. Of course we might have known it wouldn't do any good, for we had expostulated on other occasions. But we tried again just the same, and when we failed we watched them pass down the creek and out toward Sea Dog Shoal with the little cat poking her nose in the wind-lashed seas and the spray breaking and carrying their sail. Then Drowned Man's Point hid them, and the gray distance of scudding sky and tossing water was without a sail. The rest of it—well, we didn't hear that till afterward, till they came back; but it seemed they rounded the point and trimmed their sheet to lay a course for the sand islands far out past where the big combers break over the offshore bar and the gray ocean stretches its vague expanse a thousand miles eastward. They were going after those brant and geese that defied pursuit out there on the desolate shoals, and they had picked the worst day of the year. It makes little difference how they got across the bay. It was the other part that counted—the part that came afterward. I suppose they lay to and reefed closer when they found they couldn't carry their sail, dropped the peak, and held her to it. When night settled down with no seam of red in the west they were pitching to their tiny anchor on hard bottom half a mile to the northward of an oval barren sand that was retreating rapidly into the gathering darkness. Hardly a hundred yards and toward the sea pounded and crashed on the edge of the flat and they were wet to the skin and shivering. The man furled the sail clumsily and lashed it. They boy, struggling to keep his footing in the heaving cabin, lit the single-burner oil-stove and tried to make coffee. Out on deck the man paid off the cable to the straining anchor, lashed the end around the mast, and, coming below, drew a rotten tarpaulin over the break of the cabin to keep out the wind. And the night closed on them. They went to sleep. Rather they lay down on the reeling locker-tops and tried to sleep. The man dozed off at times, but the boy lay awake. The long, surging plunge of the boat as she rushed down a sea, the staggering jar as she brought up on her cable, and the quivering, straining heave as she answered her way out from the trough made him sick. The whipping of the halyards against the mast sounded sharp and insistent above the rush of the wind. All the while the gale freshened. Once the man awoke and went on deck and peered into the gray drift of night and mist that had come in upon them from the sea. Clinging to the top of the flimsy canvas cabin, he worked his way forward through walls of hissing spray to the cockpit through which the cable led. Bending over, he felt the rope. It was rough and the bristle of dripping water made her loose in many little threads. The man groped in his pocket for a bit of canvas or a handkerchief. It was empty. Then he shivered, and gunching his shoulders to the icy blast crawled back. The boy was sitting up shivering, the single blanket drawn tightly around him. The cold wind sifted through the canvas walls of the cabin, and the place was like ice. The man looked anxiously at his pinchad face. "It's all right, sonny, we're doing fine," he said. The boy pulled the blanket up to his mouth. "It's cold," he murmured. The man groped forward of the center-board trunk for the oil-stove, lit it, and set it in a rack made for the purpose on the floor. The boy was asleep when he finished, so he slipped off his coat and spread it over the reclining figure. Then he lay down under his own blanket. It was daylight when he woke again. By the wild lurch of the boat he knew the gale was still holding. He knew also that it was colder, for he was numb; and as he looked up at the roof of the cabin he saw a drop of salt water filter through a crack in the boards, lengthen out, and freeze before it could drop. He glanced at the stove. It was out. The tarpaulin hung across the break of the cabin banged stiffly in the wind. It was frozen hard. Awkwardly he crawled out of the blanket, for his joints were stiff, and, striking a match, held it to the oil-burners. The wick smoldered red, smoked, and died. The man took the stove in his hands and shook it. No familiar swishing sound came from within. The oil had burned out. When he turned the boy was sitting up, the blanket covering his face to the eyes.

"Kind of cold, sonny?" asked the man, huskily. The boy nodded and moved restlessly. "Never mind," said the man, "we'll get some birds to-morrow. This gale'll drive 'em in for shelter." Then he moved forward under the deck and felt in the darkness around the step of the mast. His hand came in contact with a cylindrical object. As he did so, He drew it toward him. As he did so, the odor of kerosene came to his nostrils. He held the can before him and shook it, then shook it again. The cork was out. It was empty. The pitching of the boat had overturned it, and the oil had gone to mingle with the freezing bilge water that had beaten in through the deck during the night. The man carried the stove forward of the trunk and set it down. The boy had dropped back in the blanket and was sleeping again. The man took the other blanket and spread it over him. The morning dragged on. One by one the drops of spray drenched through the top of the cabin and became tiny icicles, until the whole roof was covered with them. Once the man crept past the frozen tarpaulin to the cockpit and started southward into the leaden haze of mist that walled them in from which came endlessly upon them the procession of gray-crested seas. Carefully he worked his way forward over the decks that were now coated with glass ice until he reached the metal chock which held the cable. Throwing his weight on the fraying hemp, he tried to heave the boat up shorter so that he could get a bend around the mast below the place that was being slowly chewed through by the chock, but the force of the gale and sea tautened the rope like a bar of steel. A flock of brant flying low swept within a dozen yards of him, driving before the wind back into the bay for shelter. From the gray haze to windward they came like drunken phantoms, and like spectres they vanished in the scud astern. The man moved back to the cabin and rummaged in a locker. Then he cut the quarter loaf of bread remaining and gave the boy half. There were three thin slices of dried ham and a paper of raw oatmeal in the locker. He ate one slice himself and gave the other to the boy. The oatmeal he put back. It was now noon and there were no signs of the gale's abating. Once the boy proposed that they cut the cable and let the boat run before the wind without canvas, but the haze about them shut out from view the buoys that marked the shoals and islands behind them and the man did not know the way. At dark a single strand of the cable held them to their anchor. At midnight they divided the last slice of ham. Then, with the blood congealing in their veins, they lay down on the lockers. An hour later the cable parted. The man did not wake. Once the boy roused to the tumbling roll of the boat as she wallowed in the trough, but he was too cold and exhausted to get up. It was three in the morning or thereabouts when the shock came. Reeling to his feet, the man pitched forward at the first heavy blow as the vessel struck. Steadily himself against the shocks that shook the craft to her keel, he dragged himself to the tarpaulin. It was frozen to the stanchions of the cabin by a sheet of ragged ice that had walled across the gap. This the man broke away and he crept out. The deck tilted to port at sharp angle. The boat had struck on a bar and the sea was breaking over her quarter. Somehow she had swung around and was lying almost stern to it, with the gale, which was now filled with dry snow, sweeping straight into her cabin. The man stared vaguely into the rushing darkness. Far off to starboard a faint spark of light glowed, went out, and glowed again. It was the revolving lamp of the lighthouse. But the man did not know whether he was offshore or inshore of it. He could not tell how far away it was on account of the gloom and storm. He ought to have known that the gale that had wrenched him from his anchor had taken him far inshore of it, but his brain was too numbed to reason. His attention went back to the boat. She was in grave peril. The heavy seas were pounding her on the bar, raising her in their arms and crashing her against the bottom with a force that shook her timbers. The cockpit was half full of water from the crests that smothered foaming over her quarter. The cabin floor was awash. How long she would last no one could tell, but the man went into the cabin to wait. The boy was moaning in the darkness. The man bent over him. "Never mind, sonny," he said, thickly; "it's all right—and we'll get some birds to-morrow. This gale'll drive 'em in for shelter." But the boy was asleep. The man did not lie down again. He bundled the two blankets and his coat close about the sleeping figure, pulled the ice-crested tarpaulin tighter across the break of the cabin, and sat down on the lockers. One of the boy's hands froze that night. The one that the man held in both his own did not—and when the dawn came the gale had broken. For the first time the sun, lifting red and small from the eastern sweep of gray waves, looked curiously upon them. The sky was clear and blue. A heavy swell still lifted and fell, but the wind was gone, and the boat, though filled to her flooring, had held together. It was very cold. From the starboard locker the man took the package of raw oatmeal and fed the boy and himself. Then he went on deck. Mountainous walls of gray water, climbing upward, it seemed, for miles and hissing away in bottomless chasms, barred off the horizon. Far off the starboard bows a great fan-shaped sweep of gloom swept upward toward the blue zenith. It was the departing shadow of the storm, and the man knew then that the stern lay the vastness of the open sea. He knew, too, that he was inshore of the beaches, for the storm that chewed off his anchor cable had taken him with it. Just whereabouts in the bay he was he did not know, for northward the haze of the gale still hung low over the water obscuring the vision, and the towering seas made it impossible for him to see objects to the south more than a mile away. Painfully he dragged his body to the top of the ice-crested cabin, and, clinging to the bar of ice that had once been a halyard, he stared hollow-eyed over the tossing distance. Twice he thought he saw a long dark streak far to windward, but each time, before he could be sure, a mountain wall of gray water barred his view. The third time through a gap in the waves he saw it—a low-lying strip of land a mile or more away. This he knew was the beach, and it told him that the gale must have carried him on at least five miles before it beached him on

one of the shoals that crawled snake-like behind the barrier of sand that shut off the bay from the open ocean. He staggered back to the cockpit where the stern of the boat was pounding heavily on the shoal. He wondered how long the little craft could stand those jarring shocks. The water that had swept in until it covered the flooring was now frozen solid clear to the tanking. Below in the arctic cold of the cabin the boy lay huddled on the locker tops that were built out from under the bilge. He was awake, but he did not move. The ice-stiffened blankets were twisted tightly about him. He was moaning with the pain of his frozen hands. The man bent over him unsteadily, the gaunt seams of suffering deepening on his face. "Never mind, sonny. We're all right now," he said. "We'll get some birds to-morrow—gale'll drive 'em in for shelter." The boy moaned weakly. Noon came. The sun was a tiny white point of frigid fire. The climbing seas had lost some of their height. The sky was very blue and very cold. From the deck the man could see the gray finger of the beach plainly now. Near its point a single shadow crouched. It was the life-saving station. The man's face worked with agony as he thought of the red-hot stove within its walls. He dragged himself aft on hands and knees. Over the stern he peered down into the water. The shocks decreased as the falling sea dropped the keel of the craft on the bar more gently. From the dull color of the water he knew they were resting on a mud bottom. This told him why the boat had not broken up. Her keel had been pounding into the soft black ooze of a bay bar. He listened in the cold to the sounds as the seas humped the vessel on the mud. The shocks were certainly not as heavy as they had been an hour before. He attributed this partly to the fact that the sea was going down, partly to something he thought that the tide was rising. The light-gauge gave him new strength. Once the boat was clear of the bar, even though not a breeze of ice-encrusted sail was set, the breeze that still blew in from sea could carry her across to the mainland. For a long time the man listened, his body crumpled to the icy deck, his head turned sideways to catch the sound of the blows. At the end of that time he knew the tide was gathering under his keel. He crawled forward of the cabin for the sixteen-foot oar that was always carried on deck. It had gone to pole with the boat hook and that was too short. He must wait until the tide carried them free. He crept below. The boy was sleeping, writhing uneasily and mumbling incoherently. The man's frost-bitten fingers worked curiously on the lockers with his head sunk forward. He was asleep. Little by little the force of the blows on the keel of the craft diminished. At last they ceased. Outside the bill had dropped flat and a gripping wind had longed the vessel struck. Steadily himself against the shocks that shook the craft to her keel, he dragged himself to the tarpaulin. It was frozen to the stanchions of the cabin by a sheet of ragged ice that had walled across the gap. This the man broke away and he crept out. The deck tilted to port at sharp angle. The boat had struck on a bar and the sea was breaking over her quarter. Somehow she had swung around and was lying almost stern to it, with the gale, which was now filled with dry snow, sweeping straight into her cabin. The man stared vaguely into the rushing darkness. Far off to starboard a faint spark of light glowed, went out, and glowed again. It was the revolving lamp of the lighthouse. But the man did not know whether he was offshore or inshore of it. He could not tell how far away it was on account of the gloom and storm. He ought to have known that the gale that had wrenched him from his anchor had taken him far inshore of it, but his brain was too numbed to reason. 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some sticks of candy that he had so often seen the boys buying at the grocery store. He had never dreamed before how delicious sticks of candy were, how greatly to be desired, how much better than anything else. He half-consciously reached above and broke one off, putting it to his mouth. But it was salt, and he sickened at the taste. The wet contact suggested another idea. He crept forward to the water-cooler and turned the tap. A single drop oozed out of the spigot and fell on the ice-coated flooring. He beat the cold, round body of the cooler with his hands. A dull, heavy sound came back to his ears. Then he realized that the water in it was frozen. His cold-dried lips writhed in the semblance of a grin. Suddenly he bent close to the flooring. A gentle, sucking murmur came up through the planking to him. It was the same sound he had heard for hours. It had not changed—no increased, not diminished. It was the same. He tried to reason how long a time had elapsed since he began to count the icicles. Three hours, four, six hours at least. He went back over the time he had spent watching the grains in the wood of the combing—stove to reduce it to minutes. It seemed very long, as though it had covered ages. The tide must have set in flood before this, he thought. He struggled to whip his idea of time into action. Yes, surely the tide must be sweeping in. Then why was there no diminishing in that gurgling at the keel? Why did the same gentle sucking whisper creep up through the bottom planks? He went out on deck, found the boat-hook, and sounded over the side. The first one just after the gale had dropped. There should have been three feet of water under the boat at least now. Quietly the man sat down on the ice-glazed deck. He struggled hard to think, and slowly the light of understanding came to him. He remembered that the boat had come ashore in a gale blowing in from sea, that she must have come in on the high tide, a tide that was unusually high because of the heavy onshore blow. But now the storm had gone and the high water had dropped, leaving him above the aid of the ordinary tides. The boat had come ashore in a gale, and might have floated him, but he had been asleep. He looked over the water westward along the faint path of light left by the departing day. It was smooth and ripple less, he knew that the skim ice was claiming it, but the knowledge left him unmoved. It would have taken more than that to move him then. He crawled back into the ice-bound cabin, and the winter night, merciless and black, closed him in with despair. The power-skip from the lifesaving station, striking her way at dawn across to the mainland through the hardening skin, came upon a stranded catboat sheeted in ice from masthead to water-line. The captain looked at her with scorn. "Dragged her anchor from the other side," he grunted. "Landsman's trick to get short on ground tackle this time of year." The mate pointed to the frayed ends of an ice-encrusted rope hanging stiffly over the bows. "Guess she chewed her cable," he remarked. "Shall we go aboard?" For an instant the captain hesitated. Then he put the helm hard down and ran alongside. He climbed aboard, jerking himself on the slippery decks, steady as a stiffened tarpaulin across the break of the cabin, and, with a rough exclamation, stepped quickly inside. A grotesque creature was kneeling stiffly before a heap of blankets on the locker tops. One rigid arm lay across the formless bundle, the other was raised aloft in ludicrous gesture, the fingers touching the ice-sprinkled roof of the cabin. They were the frozen hands of the skilled physician who has time and again traced disease back along the delicate nerves to the sensitive womanly organs, who understands how closely related are those organs to every body function and attribute of the life. Women who have used Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription for diseases of the delicate organs understand the remarkable relief given to overstrung nerves. It cures irritability, hysteria, depression, spasms and various other forms of nervous diseases because these originate in a diseased condition of the delicate womanly organs. "Favorite Prescription" is a special remedy for woman's special ailments. It makes weak women strong and sick women well.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN  
DAILY THOUGHT.  
So what is there to frown or smile at? What is left for us, save in growth Oh soul, to rise up, far past both. From the gift, looking to the giver. And from the criteria to the river. And from the finite to infinity. And from man's dust to God's divinity? —Bromine.  
Many smart gowns have appeared for those who wear mourning. The severe plainness, once so favored, no longer the present gown is conspicuous. A little trimming has been introduced to give character to the dress. Heavy fringes in silk, wool or chenille look extremely well and are in quiet taste. Ruchings, pleatings and puffs of soft crepe are always effective. Buckles, beads and buttons of the unpolished jet may be used. Chemisettes and cuffs of finely tucked mousseline are fresh and dainty. Sometimes these may be finished with a fine pleating. Dresses with sash ends of lusterless satin are permitted. These may be embroidered in dull, black silks. The hats worn during mourning are usually small. They may be trimmed with crepe, satin or taffeta. The veil of crepe is folded in broad pleats and falls a little below the waist line. A face veil of coarse or fine net bordered with a band of crepe is worn in conjunction with this. Very little jewelry is worn with a mourning costume, but pins and brooches of black enamel come in many pretty designs. These may be inset with pearls, in fact, pearls may be worn during the period of half-mourning. The rules for mourning are not quite so rigid as heretofore. If a costume is black, quiet and subdued, it may be relieved by trimming. Nine times out of ten it is the little touch of clear, vivid color, used exactly in the right place, that will give the note of individuality to a gown as nothing else will. And this color touch—also nine times out of ten is a thing to be given by the deft fingers of the girl who is cultivating a sense of artistic effect as regards her own clothes. The exquisite and dainty neckwear and sash effects give many opportunities for unacknowledged and original ways of bringing out this note of emphasis. Of a length of lusterless crepe de chine, hem-stitched with heavy silk in a contrasting color all the way around and pressed in tiny, even pleats, a jabot of most attractive material can be made. After pleating it is simply folded lengthwise, not quite in the middle, so that the handwork on the longer under plaits can be seen. To vary this a girl of clever faculty made for herself the prettiest of jabots, trifles by making the hem of a contrasting tint, such as one of white and pinky lavender, with a baby Irish butterfly to fasten the top, and she had another of black crepe de chine with a hem of golden brown in which the fagoting stitch joining hem to body of the jabot was of gold. On a jabot of soft ecru lace this same girl gave "the color touch" by two tiny bows of dark green velvet ribbon and a band of the same which connected the two, one of them being at the top of the jabot and the other about five inches below it. In the centre of each bow and studded along the ribbon were square buttons of steel. If you desire to follow the very latest fad of fashion, invest in one of the fascinating embroidered net blouses. These of pale shade of ecru, lavishly hand embroidered in white or ecru and trimmed with real laces. Every stitch placed in these dainty waists is done by hand. They are cut on genuine French lines and fit perfectly, which ordinary blouses seldom do. Many models have groups of tiny pinch tucks inset with lace medallions. Others are braided in dainty designs. The colored blouses of mousseline de soie or chiffon retain their popularity. Stunning new models are constantly appearing. One attractive chiffon blouse of blue had a pleating three inches wide to finish the neck with its low-cut V in front. A frill of this also fell from the sleeves. A girle of folded black velvet caught with a flat bow at the left side low girl fell a poplarn of the pleated chiffon. A chemisette of white lace was worn with this blouse. Blouses of striped or figured silks veiled with silk net or mousseline de soie and trimmed with dark lace are fashionable. The soft satins in black and white or plain colors are used for blouses to be worn with tailored suits. Covered buttons and pleatings usually trim these.

THE REVIVAL OF CLASSIC DANCING AND ITS attendant styles in costume is responsible for the appearance of a modern sandal for every-day wear. It hails from Paris, whence come most of the bizarre fashions. It is an original boot, which at a little distance has almost the effect of a neatly laced sandal. It is carried out in gray suede and crossed at intervals with finely stitched straps of thin kid giving the effect of the Directorate stripes used in dresses. The boot is not divided into uppers and toe-caps, but is made without seams, so that the lines of the stripes are uninterrupted from beginning to end. The majority of dressy waists are made with three-quarter sleeves, says the Dry Goods Economist, although some full-length styles are noted, generally finished with a soft pleating to fall over the hand. These models are made with some fullness at the elbow, tapering off to a snug finish at the wrist. They are not largely represented in the lines, however, as the shorter lengths have thus far met with success. Semi-tailored waists are made in both three-quarter and full-lengths, and these half way from the wrist to the elbow. Tailored waists are made full length. The medium and popular-priced white skirts are made in fairly narrow widths, says the Dry Goods Economist. The extreme style is eliminated, but the measurements vary from two to two and one-half yards. Manufacturers state that there has been a good trade on two-yard styles without underlay and finished off at the bottom with a scant flounce of medium width. Cheaper numbers widen somewhat, but few garments are featured showing over two and one-half yards measurement.

FARM NOTES.  
—Damp houses are the greatest promoters of disease among fowls.  
—It is not so much in the breed in poultry as in the care and feed.  
—Good horse blankets are savers of valuable horseflesh and high-priced feed.  
—More fowls die from bad ventilation and overcrowding than any other cause.  
—It is practically impossible to store fertility in soils deficient in carbonate of lime.  
—Study the effects of care and feeding with your poultry to work out some poultry problems for yourself.  
—The man who said "the best poultry men on most farms are women" knew what he was talking about.  
—As with other animals, chickens must be induced to consume large quantities of food to become heavy producers.  
—Have the drinking trough deep, so the duck can get its head in the water, neglect of this will result in sore eyes.  
The tiny mite becomes a mighty factor in reducing the egg supply unless it is constantly kept down. Halfway measures will not do.  
—The bulk of the poultry comes from the farm and not the fancier, but the best poultry usually comes from the fancier or small farmer.  
—Butler county, Kansas, celebrated this fall the growing of more than 100,000 acres of Kaffir corn, much of which went 60 bushels to the acre.  
—The most successful people to handle domestic animals of any kind are those who make a careful study of their animals under all conditions.  
—If you have hens with little chicks do not put the coops near the ones where the turkeys will kill little turkeys. A hen with chicks will likewise kill the chickens.  
—Leached hardwood ashes contain 65 to 70 per cent. of calcium carbonate, and under favorable conditions may be used as a substitute for commercial lime. Unleached ashes are more valuable for the potash they contain and should not be used as a source of lime, except in cases where this element is also needed.  
—For some weeks before mating the mare should be well fed and not overworked. It is a mistake to select sires that carry so much flesh that their defects are covered up. If proper care is exercised in the matter of mating the percentage of colts will be much larger, and they will be of much better quality.  
—A. B. Alford, a transfer man, of Philadelphia, states that with statistics showing a larger number of horses in the United States than ever before, it is harder to get hold of a good draft animal, at a fair price, than it was 15 years ago, when he could buy all he wanted for from \$10 to \$125, and today he cannot get horses of the same kind for \$200 or \$250.  
—The actual feeding value of roots is not very large, because of their large content of moisture, there being only from 9 to 13 per cent. of dry matter in the roots. They have a much greater feeding value than their content of nutrients would indicate, where there is no other factor in the ration which will supply a needed succulence to produce the best results in digestion.  
—Thumps is an ailment so common to young pigs that a knowledge of its prevention or cure should be understood by all swine breeders. These thumps of the flanks is often so severe at times that it moves the entire body to and fro. Usually there is a derangement of the digestive organs and nerves, commonly believed to be caused by overfeeding and lack of exercise. It is best to give each animal a half-ounce of castor oil once as a purge and one grain of digitalis three times a day as a sedative. If the pigs refuse to move force them to take exercise. Mix lime water in the slop at the rate of one ounce per quart. Feed roots also if they can be obtained.  
—The Maryland Station allowed 80 tons of manure to lie exposed to the weather for one year and found that the amount was reduced to 27 tons at the end of that period. Professor Shutt, of Canada, allowed two tons of manure, containing 1938 pounds of organic matter, to lie exposed during the four warmest months from April 29 to August 29, and found the amount reduced to 655 pounds, and the nitrogen was reduced from 46.1 pounds to 27.7 pounds, or almost one-half was lost. The experiments emphasize the necessity of putting the manure on the land as soon as possible. It is sometimes piled up and allowed to heat, thus destroying much of its value. It must not be forgotten that much of the value of manure and all forms of organic matter come from its rotting while in contact with the soil, and if allowed to decay before it is gotten into the soil much of the benefit will be lost. Crop residues, such as cornstalks, stubble, straw and all other forms of vegetable matter, should be turned back into the soil and not burned, as is the common practice in some parts.  
—Birds are so constituted by nature that they require an abundance of fresh air for health and vigor. They never do well with a limited supply of air, and when the supply becomes very short, death is sure to result. For this reason all coops or boxes in which poultry of any kind is kept in the summer should be as open as possible. Let the roof be tight, to protect from rain, but let at least one side of the coop be fully open for the admission of fresh air at all times. This open side may be protected by wire cloth or other material that will let in the air but keep out the rats. When a large box is used for summer coops for chicks after they have left the brooder or been weaned from the hen, the box should be provided with a small inclosed run. This run is made by nailing a wooden frame to the open side of the box and covering it on all sides and the top with loosely woven poultry netting. In such a coop, or colony house, the chicks will have all the fresh air they need at night, and they will be otherwise protected and cannot escape till they are fed in the morning.  
Fresh air for laying hens is just as essential as for young chicks. You cannot expect to get plenty of eggs if the hens are confined in a tight house, either winter or summer. Have plenty of doors and windows in the roosting house and keep them wide open all through the hot weather. Open poultry houses are best.