

THE MOO-COW-MOO.

My pa he led me up to the moo-cow-moo. So close I could almost touch. En I fed him a couple of times, or two. En I wasn't a fraid cat much.

THE TROUBLE-HUNTERS.

Leaning hard over against the driving sleet and pushing against the wind as though it were a great load, three men were beating their way into the teeth of a blizzard, on the top of the Rocky Mountains. Icicles hung from their mustaches, and in front of their faces they carried shovels that they might breathe. Underfoot the snow packed hard as marble, and at each step the wind threatened to take their feet from under the men. At a distance of twelve feet they were visible to one another, and they kept their uncertain course by following the tops of telephone poles which stuck out two or three feet from the level of the snow.

what he started after; and not only does he take the message to Garcia, but he hurries back to another—the thing is a habit with him. Like most thoroughbred trouble-hunters, Bill is a great walker. On the last of a three-day trip he once made through the mountains to Denver, in an effort to protect his homestead from contest, he covered sixty-six miles over the continental divide in twenty-two hours, and then went to a dance in the evening. He is a little man, but he has one of those jaws that is the feature of a face. The fact that he would take the stages out through the snows after other men had abandoned them was what brought him to the attention of the telephone company.

pass proper there is used a "submarine" cable. The cable leaks—and what a paradox it is, a "submarine" cable, thirteen thousand feet above the top of the sea! Another district which makes peculiar difficulties for the trouble-hunter is what is known as the San Juan country in southwestern Colorado. It is a mining district in the roughest part of the mountains, and while only eight miles separate two of the towns, they are accessible to one another only by a climb over the mountains of thousands of feet, or a railroad trip of about one hundred miles round. The country is "all on end." The ore from the mines is handled almost entirely in aerial trams, because roads are impractical. The towns nestle below the mountains. The mountains themselves are grim and rusty with iron ore and the timber hangs on their sides like last year's furs on an old buffalo.

press a man till he lies down flat and gets under them. At such times blue sparks play all over the mane of a sweaty horse, and enough static electricity is gathered on a telephone wire to light lamp globes, and sparks will jump to the linemen's spurs as he climbs a pole. Lightning is such a factor that barbed wire is often strung on the cross arms with mountain toll lines to catch and ground the bolts.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN. DAILY THOUGHT. Never let us think evil of men who do not see as we do.—Drummond. The little glass covered trays which are so popular just now form attractive gifts, and can be made at home at little cost by the clever fingered woman. First she must look out for picture frames of suitable size and shape. These are often to be found in shops which deal in cheap goods, surrounding some worthless picture, or there may be some lurking in attic or lumber room in which one's own family have no further interest.

FARM NOTES. "Feet and legs first; no feet no horse," says the Scotchman. He's not right on the subject. Don't be carried away at first sight by a round, sleek, well-turned body, mounted on post legs and shelly feet. Look at the ground first. If feet and legs and joints are acceptable the rest is very likely to be. —Always be careful of the cut or tear with a nail about the barn stables. The dread tetanus lurks in every manure pile, and on the nails driven in stable boards. Three young men in a neighborhood in recent years have died of this disease, resulting from wounds made about manure piles. Have such a wound looked after immediately.

WINTER SPRAYING.

—Spraying time has come again, and with it the uncertainty as to what we must spray for, what materials to use and how much of them. In spite of the fact that so much has been written every year about spraying, the majority of farmers seem to feel that it is a job for the fruit grower alone, and that they do not need to join in the fight against the ever-increasing pests. There are comparatively a small number of farmers who do any spraying, whereas every man who grows trees, whether it be two or 2,000, ought to use it, and spray several times a year.