

CUDDLEDOWN TOWN.

Cuddledown town is near Cradleville. Where the sand men pitched their tents; In Drowsyland You understand, In the state of Innocence. 'Tis right by the Grandma of the River of Life, Where the Sandman Storks watch over, While honey bees Neath funny big trees Croon lullabies in sweet clove. 'Tis a wondrous village, this Cuddledown town, For its people are all sleepers, And never a one From dark till dawn, Has ever a use for peepers. They harness gold butterflies to sunbeams, Play horse with them a screaming, While never a mite, Tho' out the night 'Er dreams that he's a-dreaming. Oh, Cuddledown town is a village of dreams, Where tired little legs find rest; 'Tis in God's land, 'Tis holy land, Not far from mother's breast. And many a weary grown-up man With sad soul, heavy, aching, Could lie down In this sweet town, Might keep his heart from breaking. —From "Mrs. Wiggs" of the Cabbage Patch.

WONDERFUL FACTS CONCERNING BEES.

Queen Lays from Two Thousand to Three Thousand Eggs a Day.

There are some curious facts connected with the life and workings of the bee that are not generally known. Scientists tell us that the bee has two stomachs and 1000 eyes, and that a queen lays between 2000 and 3000 eggs a day.

A hive is made up of a single queen bee, working bees (female non-breeders) and male bees, known as drones.

As many as 2000 drones and many thousands of workers are quartered in a single hive.

Drones do not sting, but they make considerable noise while flying.

The smallest bees in the hive are the workers, and they are armed with a stinger.

The queen lives to the age of 3 or 4 years, but her fertility decreases after the second breeding season.

The worker's life is limited to from 5 to 8 weeks, in which time she literally works herself to death.

To hatch a drone requires several days more than it does to hatch a queen or worker.

Bees cannot climb a smooth surface like glass, earthenware or tin.

The eggs of bees are white, similar to polished ivory, and about the size of a period.

For several evenings before swarming a peculiar noise can be heard in the hive. The celebrated Huber described it as a kind of ring, or sound of a small trumpet; by comparing it with the notes of a piano-forte, it seemed to be the same sound with the lower A of the treble.

John Burroughs says that when a bee brings pollen into the hive he advances to the cell in which it is to be deposited and picks it off as one might his overalls or boots, making one foot help another.

Because of its thoughtful provision for the future, and for the care shown its young, the honeybee ranks among the highest of all insects.

Toward the close of the summer season queen bees shrink in size, so much so that they are often mistaken for workers.

The young queen takes her wedding journey when but 6 to 8 days old, mating with the drone bee in midair. This single mating is said to be good for the fertilization of a few hundred thousand eggs.

The average drone does not live more than from two to four months.

Every bee has two kinds of eyes, says a scientist, two large, compound ones looking like hemispheres on either side, and three simple or single eyes, which crown the head. Each compound eye is really an immense aggregation of eyes, composed of 3500 facets, which mean that every object seen has its image reflected 8500 times in the bee's tiny brain.

It is characteristic of bees that they can foretell an approaching storm. If a shower be approaching, they hurriedly fly through the air in a regular scramble for their hive.

Scientists tell us that when the workers discover that two rival queens are in the hive, numbers of them will crowd around each queen and seem to encourage a fight. Should the queens seem averse to fighting, or attempt to fly off, the bees at once detain them. If, on the other hand, either combatant shows a disposition to fight, all the bees forming the circle at once move back so as to give full room for that attack. As one writer puts it, it seems strange that those bees, who in general show so much anxiety about the safety of their queens, should, in particular circumstances, oppose her preparations to avoid impending danger—should seem to promote the battle, and to excite the fury of the combatants.

The young bee is at the height of her strength and usefulness in a few days after she comes out from her cell.

For the next two weeks, generally, she remains at home, making herself useful in helping to do the housework of the hive, removing dead bees and foreign matter, attending the queen and feeding her, secreting wax, building comb, caring for the larvae and ventilating the hive.

Herman says that, when first hatched, the bee appears to have no desire to collect honey; she must first serve her apprenticeship in the hive before the desire awakens to go forth to the honey fields. When older, she either joins the field force and collects honey, or is detailed to do sentinel duty at the entrance of the hive, for bees have a habit of placing a guard at the entrance of the hive to prevent any intrusion from other colonies.

Before leaving their old home, each bee fills her honey sac so as to be provided for the journey.

After the cells are completed, and nearly filled with honey, they are allowed to remain open a few days, that the extra water may evaporate, and the honey be properly cured. They are then sealed or capped over with wax. The wonderful regularity of the honeycomb is a beautiful tribute to the skill of the tiny worker, while its slight irregularities show it to be the work of intelligence

rather than of an unreasoning machine.

The time of the drone is spent in gluttony and idleness. He has a very short tongue, too short to gather honey from the flowers. In size he is large and bulky, and in each hive there are hundreds or even thousands of them, just before the swarming season.

As the season advances the workers slaughter these drones in the most cruel manner. In the strictest sense, bee life is communal, and the death of the drone is necessary to the welfare of the hive. It is not profitable to carry these idle, non-paying boarders over the winter season.

According to the World's Encyclopedia of Wonders and Curiosities, we find that when a queen is removed from a hive the bees do not immediately know it. They go on with their young and do all the ordinary chores. But, after a few hours agitation ensues. There is a great tumult in the hive. A strong, humming noise is heard. The bees desert their young and rush over the surface of the combs in a wild, panicky confusion.

Evidently they have discovered that their ruler is gone, and the bad news spreads like wild fire through the hive. On returning the queen peace is at once restored. The bees recognize the individual person of their queen. Should another be placed upon them, they seize and surround her, so that she either suffocates or dies from hunger. It is very remarkable that the workers never attack a queen bee with their stings.

But should more than 18 hours pass before the stranger queen is introduced, she has some chance to escape this cruel punishment. At first the bees arrest and hold her, but less rigidly, and the crowd soon begins to disperse, and finally shows her to rule over the hive in which she was at first treated as a prisoner.

Should 24 hours have passed, and at once admitted to the sovereignty of the hive. It appears that the bees, when deprived of their queen, are thrown into great agitation; that they wait about 24 hours, hoping she will return; but after this agitation stops, and they begin to construct royal cells. It is when they are in this temper, and not sooner, that a stranger queen will be graciously received, and upon her being presented to them the royal cells, in whatever state of forwardness they may happen to be, are instantly abandoned and the larvae destroyed.

The sting of a bee is fatal only when she leaves her sting behind her in the wound she has made. A careful observer thus describes the modus operandi of the bee in inflicting her sting: "If she has plenty of time, she uses a pair of instruments called palpi—wonderful instruments full of fine hairs, each hair terminating in a delicate nerve—and with these palpi she will sound a piece of flesh—a nose or a hand, say—as perfectly as a physician will sound a patient's lungs. She can tell precisely in this way whether or not her sting will penetrate without meeting any obstruction or coming to any harm. If it seems good to her at the end of her examination, she turns, darts in her sting, and at the same time injects into the wound a tiny drop of a clear, pale-green venom. If she has time she withdraws her sting, circling around and around the wound, screwing out the little weapon as a carpenter screws out a bit. But if she has not time her life is in danger; she flies away, leaving behind not only her sting, but her poison sac as well.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN

DAILY THOUGHT.

The biggest art is the art of life.—Constance Smedley.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY CONTESTS.

Hostesses who do not care for cards are often at a loss to provide amusement for a special entertainment, such as a Washington's birthday party. Here are a few contests that may prove both amusing and appropriate.

Have a large Norfolk Island pine or araucaria covered thickly with paper cherries, previously numbered by the hostess. The guest who guesses nearest to their number gets a prize.

Arrange a spinning wheel with flax and test the girls in a forgotten art. The one who succeeds in spinning the best thread in five minutes wins. Or, the men can be set to spinning while for the girls there can be a huge log of wood and a hatchet to see which one can most successfully emulate the truthful George in chopping. The threads spun should be fastened to a name card to make prize awarding easy.

Have the flags of the original 13 States pasted on a large card that all can see. Each flag is numbered and the guests are provided with small cards with corresponding numbers to be filled out with the name of the Colony owning the flag. A prize for this contest would appropriately be a book of Colonial history.

Another contest would be the names of the 13 colonies in anagram. The anagram is written on cards with space for the name of the State beside it as I am (Maine) Lead E raw (Delaware), May darn L (Maryland). The hostess can easily arrange the other colonies and can add, if desired, names of well known Revolutionary heroes.

Initial characteristics of well known colonial heroes and heroines prove amusing if the guests are fairly well grounded in history. Have a number of names written on under the other with space beside it to write the characteristics, thus Benjamin Franklin—Boasted Freedom; Benedict Arnold—Betrayed America; George Washington—Governed Wisely. The one who makes the cleverest characteristics wins the prize.

George's relatives and friends might form the basis of another contest, the guests being asked to fill in names to a list numbered, his father's name, his wife's maiden name, of what land was he a protegee? and as many more as the hostess thinks are well known or should be.

Cheap and appropriate prizes can easily be picked up in this day when every store is filled with Washington favors.

FEBRUARY BIRTHDAY.

The fact that February is the month when so many of our celebrated men and women were born gave me an idea for a birthday party to be given in honor of a young lady whose birthday came in February. The guests invited all claimed February as their birth month; but this need not be so, unless desired. The invitation-cards were decorated with the zodiacal sign for the month, and the rooms were decorated with carnations—the month's flower—and foliage plants.

The guests were each given little booklets with stiff covers decorated with the zodiacal sign, and tied together with scar-

let ribbon. The following inscription was found on the first leaf of the book: "Fortunate are you this is your birth-month. You too may awake some morning to find yourself famous. Show how wise you are already, by guessing correctly the names of six celebrated authors, six celebrated musicians, six celebrated statesmen, and six others, not classified, born in February. These names are suggested by objects, words, and through music. Write the names down in the booklet as they are suggested to you, each class on a page by itself, as indicated by the name on the top."

The authors represented were Dickens, Longfellow, Lowell, Ruskin, Hugo, Lamb; the musicians, Mendelssohn, Handel, Paganini, Victor Herbert, Sembrich, Ole Bull; the statesmen, President Lincoln, President Washington, President William Henry Harrison, President Fillmore, General Sherman, and Horace Greeley; the unclassified six were Daniel Boone, Sir Henry Irving, Edison, Evangelist Moody, and E. V. Vedder, the painter. The picture of an English inn with these words below, "Born February 7th, one hundred years ago," suggested Dickens; Lamb was represented by a toy lamb on the mantelpiece; a pretty landscape picture with the words below, "By a Modern Painter," suggested Ruskin; a little Indian doll suggested Longfellow; and a letter L tacked up to the floor, Lowell. A wedding-march played on the piano made the guessers think of Mendelssohn; a violin with one string, Paganini, since he was the violinist that was noted for playing with only one string. A picture of the Messiah suggested Handel, and selections from "The Wizard of the Nile," played by the hostess, spaced Victor Herbert for the contestants.

"Marching Through Georgia" recalled General Sherman at once. A negro doll suggested Lincoln. A copy of the New York Tribune resented Horace Greeley. A picture of colonial times, decorated with flags suggested Washington, and a phonograph, Edison.

The prizes were books and sheet music. The birthday cake was decorated with red candles, and had a wreath of carnations—the month's flower—around the bottom. The place-cards were decorated with pictures of the noted men of the month.

An interesting and novel entertainment for a Washington's Birthday fete would be a revival of the art of cutting watch papers, called paprotomania, such as the ones of the olden days used to delight to make for the favored swain.

The old watches used to have separate cases, and the papers were used to make them fit. There were also papers cut in ornate open-work, designs, sentimental or grotesque, which were printed or worked with gay crewells.

We read of Jefferson, in his young days, bemoaning that the watch papers cut for him by his adored Belinda were torn, whereupon he "could have cried bitterly, but I thought it beneath the dignity of a man." He asked his lady for another paper of her cutting, which though but a plain round one, he promises to esteem more than the nicest in the world cut by other hands.

To use this old art as a modern amusement supply a pair of sharp scissors for each guest, sheets of gold and silver paper, boxes of color, some embroidery silks and fine needles.

Explain what is wanted and set the girls of the party to cutting designs for their partners for dinner. Offer a prize for the most artistic of these papers.

The men in the meantime should be given strips of other shapes of muslin and set to sewing a patch such as were pieced into the quilts of our grandmothers.

Have on hand a number of old patches in different designs to copy, also a supply of big thimbles and big-eyed needles. Offer prizes for the most neatly sewed patch, also for one of original design and artistic coloring.

Amusement of the present generation that is serious art work for our Colonial ancestors is the making of wax flowers. Have a supply of wax screets in various colors and set your guests to copying from memory the impossible designs and flowers dear to our ancestors.

Again, there can be cutting of silhouettes on black paper. If some of your guests have artistic tastes excellent likenesses can be made in this way; others will have to resort to tracing shadow pictures reflected on a sheet.

As prizes give old prints or one of the books on Colonial customs.

A Goat in a Studio.

From "More Than Conquerors: The Magic Touch," by Ariadne's report in the January, St. Nicholas.

Among other stories in the charming "Reminiscences of Augustus Saint Gaudens" by father and son is a confession by the son. When he was a boy in Cornish, he had a pet goat which he had trained to play a butting game. The goat would butt, Homer would butt back, then, to his great glee, the goat would butt through the air.

One day at dinner time, when the studio barn was deserted, Homer was playing this game. Beyond the open barn door stood the wax model of the Logan Horse, "waiting to be cast in plaster." This time, when Homer dodged, the goat butted the back of the horse. But since it did not fall or break, the reliever child thought it wasn't hurt, and didn't tell. Before any one noticed that "the rear of the animal was strangely askew," the horse had been cast in plaster and the enlargement begun. This meant the loss of a whole summer's work—just one of the accidents and errors that increased the "toughness of the sculptor's life."

Fancy a man dying of thirst, by the side of a spring of sparkling water. Thousands of thirsty people pass him, quench their thirst at the spring and go on their way rejoicing. But he doesn't know whether the water will quench his thirst or not. He never will know until he tries. But the fact that the thousands have slaked their thirst at the spring is evidence enough. There are people bearing the burdens of disease, who are offered healing in Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It has healed hundreds of thousands whose lungs were diseased, whose blood being impure bred disease in other organs nourished by the blood. And yet these people have never yet made the trial of this great remedy. They are not sure it will cure them. It has cured ninety-eight per cent. of all who have used it. It always helps. It almost always cures. They will know when they have tried it.

When there is constipated habit use Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets.

FROM INDIA.

By One on Medical Duty in that Far Eastern Country. A Visit to Lucknow and a Comparison of Its Beauties With Other Cities in India.

Lucknow, January 7th, 1913.

Dear Home Folk: The pleasant, cool weather is still with us and I am glad that even for such a tiny period of the year one can depend upon being cool, and have warm clothes look comfortable.

Lucknow is a beautiful place; it is noted chiefly for its magnificent palaces and its gardens, and it does not disappoint one in the least. I arrived here about 9.30, after one of the very worst railroad journeys it has ever been my lot to take, and I sincerely hope that nothing of the kind will ever come my way again.

As I had been on the train from eleven o'clock the night before I was indeed glad to get off, and went at once to get something to eat after which I started out to find a place to stay.

This is the centre of Methodist mission work in upper India so that they have a fine big girls' school and college here, which is situated in a garden called "Lal Bagh." Sometimes they take guests for a few days' stay, and hoping that they would take me in, I told the driver to go to "Lal Bagh," and off his poor old skeleton like team started. Past the most beautiful big trees and pretty home gardens on each side of the wide, smooth road we ambled in and we ambled out, then we stopped and started, and finally we came to the city, where the roads are narrow, so we twisted and curled and backed and side-stepped, until I could almost wipe those horses noses and I wondered whether the man really knew where he was going, or was only trying to make the way seem long that I would the more willingly pay him a big fee. The latter surmise proved to be correct, and after what I thought was an hour, (it should have been fifteen minutes) we drove through a gateway into an immense big compound and on all sides one saw very fine big brick buildings and I read the name of the college on the gatepost.

I was fortunate enough to be kept here and I put my various blankets, mattress and pillows, as well as clothes into the "guest" room and then started out to see the place. In contrast, I could scarcely imagine a more different place from Benares. This is a big Mohammedan centre, and besides, the king of Oudd believed in not letting his neighbor look at his breakfast table, and the palaces are all placed at long distances from each other and the grounds between are beautifully kept. Roses and flowers of all kinds, as well as grass make these parks, as they are called, instead of parks, a delight to me, for grass is at a premium here except during the rains.

The one place of interest here to an English traveler, is the place where the mutiny occurred and as the residency (as the headquarters are called) is situated in the center of a large green park and the building itself was once a beautiful old palace, it is well worth even my American eyes seeing. These old Mohammedans loved show and they built for themselves the most gorgeous tombs—nothing like the Taj, but still very elegant. Their fish ponds were hewed from marble, and you would have rejoiced could you have seen the big fish jumping for flies in that magnificent place. It was from a second story veranda of one of the palaces that I stood and looked at them.

The Saturday I arrived here I drove and drove until I vowed I hated the sight of a conveyance. Sunday I found the Methodist church was just across the way and I went over. On being told that a family of Meeks was very much interested in the church it sounded so homelike to me that when I heard Mrs. Meek played the organ, I remained after the service to speak with her. She invited me to their home that night for dinner, and I enjoyed being with them very much.

The next day I went out on more sight-seeing jaunts and one place I visited, called "The Garden of Delight," made you think of the "Arabian Nights." Although now only a crumbling mass of ruins and the garden very neglected, one could easily people it, in imagination, with beautiful women and music. It was so beautiful I wanted to stay, but as I am always finding contrasts, I next drove to a garden celebrated in the mutiny times. The way led through the native bazaars, past car shops and over the most bleak, bare country I have ever seen. There are no stones in Lucknow and only little rolling hills so that I could readily see for miles and miles. I then came to the garden and found it was merely a brick enclosed space, with great cannon holes in the wall and the grave of a very famous soldier about the center.

Having been bitten to the Meeks for tea I went there at three o'clock and after tea Mr. Meek took me to the "Chawk," or native bazaar, and to see a picture gallery of the old kings of Oudd, for Lucknow is the capital of what used to be a native State.

On returning from the "Chawk," we found that a big reception was going on at the college. A big conference of Mohammedans was being held in Lucknow to consider the establishment of schools for their children, especially the higher education of their girls, and it was deemed advisable to entertain them at this big college, which is in all respects purely American. We drank their coffee

and ate some cake and then went to listen to some speeches, after which I said good-bye to my new found family and went back to Allahabad. I started for home on Thursday but had to stop at Fatepur, as there is another hospital there belonging to this same mission and they thought they would like to see me. I staid over night with them and leaving them at 7.30 the next morning, I got into my own room about 3.30 in the afternoon. It took me several days to settle down to work, but now it is all a thing of the past and unless I must, I don't think I will stir again until next fall, when I want to go to see Kashmir.

You will wonder how I can afford to travel about like this; well on nearly every train in India there is a third class compartment and the railroad fare is only a few cents. Coming from Fatepur, and that was an eight-hour journey, on the very fastest train in India, I paid the immense sum of one dollar and ten cents, and most of the fares were much lower than this, as one must pay a little extra for traveling by mail trains. I did go second-class but found that as I had to carry a mattress, a blanket and pillows I could just as readily use them to make myself comfortable, so go third-class and carry my own upholstering.

(Continued next week.)

The Hazel Hen Said to Be a Wonder in a Short Spurt.

What is the fastest game bird that flies? Of course, in seeking an answer to the question, as a writer in the Scotsman points out, one must assume equal conditions of atmosphere and cause for flight, for all creatures, human or other, seek their highest rate of speed under the influence of fear.

A recent writer declares that in a race of, say, 200 yards he would back a bird which, though not found in Britain, is indigenous to most of the rest of Europe and is especially familiar in Scandinavia—the hazel hen or gellinotte.

Yet, curiously enough, this is one of the forest haunting birds which, like the American "fool hen," usually fly up into a tree when flushed and, rejecting further attempts at escape, elect to be shot sitting. "But," says the writer referred to above, "on the rare occasions and that they are rare I readily admit when one catches a gellinotte in the open I have never seen any bird fly so fast nor move its wings with such extraordinary rapidity."

Next to it at any rate one must surely place the teal, which has a marvelous knack of getting under way quickly. Some experienced observers would give the third place to a bluecock pigeon—the wild, not the Hurlingham variety.

Inflammable Celluloid.

Celluloid, being first cousin of gun-cotton and closely related to nitro-glycerin, is highly inflammable and should never be brought in close proximity to a flame. Celluloid is a compound of cellulose or vegetable fibrine, reduced by acids to gun-cotton. Cellulose is found in all vegetable life, particularly in young plants. It is a starchlike substance. Cotton fiber is principally cellulose. After the cotton fiber is cleaned it is submerged in acids, which quickly reduce it to cellulose in the form of a thick, pasty, semi-transparent mass. Camphor is added further to thicken it, and the required coloring matter is thoroughly mixed in, after which the celluloid is molded by heat and pressure into various useful and ornamental objects, such as combs, boxes, pins, paper cutters, ornaments, etc.—New York World.

Learn to Write Well.

First legibility, second sightliness, should be the endeavor in handwriting and let the "character" and the "individuality" take care of themselves. If you wish to devise a signature hard to forge that is another thing, but one's everyday handwriting should be plain and as good looking as one can make it. The art of writing a neat, legible, well punctuated, correctly expressed and spelled letter should be taught to every high school graduate, and the thanks of the community are due to those who are testing and trying to improve our methods of education; but they must remember that the letter style is properly more loose and conversational than any other and therefore should not be criticised in just the same way.—Kate Upson Clark in Leslie's.

Within the Law.

A real negro mammy of the old type came up the walk through the old-fashioned garden to the side porch. She had a basket of "fresh aigs" on her arm and was offering them for sale.

"Are you sure they are perfectly fresh, auntie?" asked the lady who came out of the house.

"Yes'um, they sho is all right, Miss Bess. Ah'n't nary disorderly aig amongst 'em."—New York Post.

Exclusiveness.

The pinhead puts a barbed wire fence around himself because he instinctively knows he's a fourtusher and is afraid you'll find it out if you get too close.—Indianapolis Star.

The Main Point.

Crummer—I see that a woman was killed in the crush at a bargain counter yesterday. Mrs. Crummer—Dear me; what bargains were for sale?—Puck.

Adversity borrows its sharpest sting from our impatience.—Horne.

Panama's Cathedral.

The towers of the Panama cathedral are roofed with pearl shells, which reflect the sunlight so that they can be seen far out at sea.

FARM NOTES.

—There is coming to be an egg crisis in December of every year. The city people get excited about the price of eggs. They blame the cold-storage people, and the grocers, and the hens, and everybody else—except themselves. Last winter the cold-storage people in some cities, having good store of eggs, skillfully worked up "co-operative" movement among the city consumers, and worked off a great many of their eggs independently of the grocers. This year the egg panic took the form of a boycott on eggs. People raised a slogan against the use of eggs until the price went 'down. About that time the pullets began to lay—and the price went down.

As a matter of fact, the city people are themselves to blame for the high price of eggs. The New York Times Annalist shows that clearly. They have grown fond of eggs and eat more of them than formerly. The population of seven great cities of the United States has increased 20.5 per cent. in ten years, but their consumption of eggs has increased 73 per cent. It is stated that the city person who ate four eggs a dozen years ago now eats five. So eggs have risen in price faster than anything else.

If the cities are eating nearly twice as many eggs as formerly, and we are producing only a fifth more, clearly the country people are going without eggs so as to do them to the cities. What more can we tell? It may well be said that we might keep more hens. Well, that isn't a bad idea, and we commend it to all farmers who can see their way to increasing their flocks. And if the flocks now kept were all cared for as they should be, and placed under the command of cockerels hatched from the eggs of hens with records as first-class layers, that would go far toward filling the aching void in egg production.

—Will farming pay? That is the question that generally presents itself to the man who is contemplating engaging in agricultural work. Will it pay? Ask the same question of the merchant, and what would be his reply? Much depends upon the man.

No business can be guaranteed a success until a certain amount of experience is gained. Of what worth is land, or implements, or stock, if the man in charge does not know how to use them? In farming, as it would be in business of any kind, the beginner should start in a steady way—he should grow as his experience and capital will warrant.

First, it is important that a proper selection be made of a farm. It should not only be of good soil, but it should be pleasantly and profitably located. Nearness to market is a consideration worth taking advantage of.

The word "farming" has a broad sense. It is a tree with many branches. As many of these branches should be taken care of as the ability and facilities of the owner will warrant.

—The general preference seems to be for live stock. This is a very important branch, and when rightly handled, brings big returns. But not all men are equal to the task. Some might be a failure with horses, or cows, or chickens, or grains. A man should know his talents.

Some men, naturally, take to horses; others to cows, and so on. A good horseman might prove to be a failure as a dairyman, and vice versa.

We believe in people being "born" to their occupations. By that is meant, if a man is a "born" horseman, from small up he will show that talent. It comes natural to him. He is an apt scholar. His judgment of the value of a horse is seldom at fault. It is his forte.

It is so with some men in regard to cattle. Others manifest a preference for sheep, some for hogs, some for poultry.

The beginner had best select the branches that he takes the most interest in, and then a selection of the farm best adapted for those interests should be made. For instance, if a man intended to make pork-growing a feature, it follows that he should be selected that will grow corn. Corn and hogs are inseparable.

Many farmers are always behind with their work, and yet they are economical and industrious. This proves they have selected the wrong branches. There are men who, without capital or experience, adopt farming for a business, and then are surprised that they are not successful. There is a saying, "Muscle without brains on the farm is like a ship at sea without a compass."

A right beginning will need no changing. Some men are constantly changing from one branch to another. They do not fully test the one before they adopt the other. Such men never succeed. A man should stick to his calling.

It is only the ignorant who learn nothing by experience. The longer one sticks to a certain line the better will he understand it, and the greater will be his success.

—Common-Sense Farming.—There is nothing mysterious about farming. Followed on the same lines that would be allotted to any other business, it is practically sure of meeting with success. Using good common sense is about the greatest secret.

The farmer who is making a success is a practical man. He has few theories to work out. He has learned what to do and how to do it. He reaps profit where men less practical find disappointment, if not disaster. It is well to be an enthusiastic farmer.

An institute lecturer, some years ago, said: "I believe that farming, when conducted with the same skill, economy and enterprise which characterizes most other fields of industry, affords ample remuneration; that it leads to abetter physical development than almost any other vocation of life; that its lessons and surroundings promote a higher moral and spiritual development than any other calling, and therefore, it pays."

There is nothing more important to successful farming than a judicious application of time, and an intelligent rotation of crops.

How to maintain the fertility of our soil is a question of primary importance. Not more than two crops of grain should precede the sowing of clover. The farm should be in grass at least one-half the time.

Another important matter is the division of time. The man who works from 15 to 18 hours a day is generally a man who is behind with his business. There is just as much need of good, sound judgment in farming as in any other vocation. To use muscle instead of brains, is but to court failure. Ten hours is sufficient for any man to work in one day, and if the work is systematically arranged, it is surprising how much can be accomplished in that time. Farmers must have more system in their work. They must be closer readers.

—Have your Job Work done here.