

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

NOTES OF INTEREST ON AGRICULTURAL TOPICS.

Alfalfa for Stock Feed—Secure Good Milkers—Necessary for Intelligent Pruning, Etc.

Alfalfa for Stock Feed.
All through the arid States of the West the alfalfa clover succeeds better than our common red varieties. It has the advantage also of remaining in the ground several years when it is once fairly rooted. The alfalfa roots go down much deeper than red clover roots, and in this way keep green in dry weather that curls the red clover. Yet the alfalfa undoubtedly evaporates more moisture than red clover, as it makes a larger growth.

Secure Good Milkers.
There are comparatively few places where the milking is now done by women and children. Their hands are not strong enough to do the work effectively, and a slow milker tires the cow that she is apt to hold up the last milk, which is richest. This dries the cow off. It is the interest of the farmer to hire only men who are used to milking, who are kind to all animals, and especially when they are milking. Whoever beats a cow, or even speaks loudly to her as to frighten her, lessens her product in the milk pail.

Necessary for Intelligent Pruning.
In pruning one should be governed by the habit of growth and nature of the plant to be operated upon. If an apple tree recently from the nursery, the orchardist should have a well-defined object in mind as relates to the symmetry and proper development of the tree in future years; incidental to these are the production of fruit and the well-being and longevity of the tree. Many trees become ruined before they attain to the middle period of usefulness and profit by family pruning—trunks split down and stubs of large branches rotten and hollow-hearted. A knowledge of the habits of growth of the species of trees to be pruned, as well as the variation in this particular of varieties of the same species, is necessary.

Beekeeping on the Farm.
Any farmer who might have a taste for keeping bees on his premises, would soon find that twenty or thirty colonies of bees would furnish him with several hundred pounds of honey annually, a sufficiency for his own family's needs, with a surplus to be converted into quite a handsome revenue on the business. Keeping bees is probably less troublesome and less expensive than any other department of the farm work. Independent of the table luxury and financial revenue to be obtained from apiculture, the business is an extremely fascinating one to persons who enjoy a study of nature through this particular source.

Where large apiaries are planned, and it is proposed to devote one's entire time to the industry as it is carried on in many sections of the country, the work is very hard, and constant watchfulness is required to get such profit out of the business as would make the venture desirable. We speak with special reference to the advisability of adding several colonies of bees to the farm, which may be numbered among the various profitable enterprises in a system of diversified undertakings, that is so earnestly advocated for the rural districts. All the moneyed crops which can be successfully operated in our climate should be studied and developed if we expect to realize successful prosperity in the future.—Atlanta Journal.

Turkey Raising.
I have been raising turkeys for several years and find it is quite a paying business. Turkeys are not difficult to manage when one gets acquainted with their ways. Keep them gentle by feeding them every day; it keeps them closer to the house and they are not so apt to go off to find a nest. Wheat bread is the best food for them. When laying time comes it is a good idea to drive them into the hen house yard and feed them. Some of them will be likely to lay there, or they will make a nest close by. You can make turkey as well as chicken nests if you have timber. Make a nest in the brush by putting some straw in it, enough for an egg in it, and if the turkey is looking for a nest drive her to it. She will often be satisfied with it, and when she begins sitting, if you want to change her to a different place it is little trouble to do it. Have the nest of eggs ready, put the turkey on the eggs, close the nest for a couple of days. The second day let her out, feed and water her, then see that she goes back. About the second time she comes off, she will be apt to go back of her own accord, and the nest can be left open. I seldom molest my turkeys when they are sitting. They are very quiet and are careful with their eggs. When eggs are ready to hatch, I examine them once or twice a day. Always be gentle with the turkeys; never fight them; have something on your hands, so that if they pick at you they can not do much harm. Do not attempt to lift the hen off the nest, but put your hand under her and gradually get her off; otherwise she will flop and kill the young. A turkey does not necessarily have to sit on the eggs in order to mother young turkeys. After she commences to sit, if you have poulters that have been hatched under chicken hens, you can give them to the turkey, she will be as proud of them as if she had hatched them. Always raise the young ones with the turkey hen. It is a good idea to put a few drops of coal oil in the drinking water for poulters. Carbolic acid is one of the best things for fowls when they have the cholera; put

a few drops in a gallon of water.—S. E. R. Bancroft in the Epitomist.

Stomach Worms in Sheep.

A. W. Ritting, the veterinarian of Purdue University experiment station, claims that the numerous losses of sheep, especially spring lambs, is largely due to the presence of the twisted stomach worm. The symptoms of the disease produced by this worm are not very characteristic and therefore do not admit of a close description. They are dullness, languor, loss of appetite, increased thirst with or without diarrhoea, usually some accumulation of serum in the space between the lower jaws, and paleness of the mucous membrane. In acute cases there are symptoms of colic and the animal will eat decayed wood, earth, etc. In the majority of cases the animals simply lie around for a few days and then die. The duration of the disease is from a few days to a week or more.

The parasite which causes the disease is found in the fourth stomach. It is quite small, being only about one-half inch in length and as large around as a leaven thread. They have the habit of collecting in masses and are thus readily mistaken for fibres of the food. If the sheep is killed and opened at once, the worms have a reddish appearance, due to the blood which they have extracted from the wall of the stomach. In a short time they become pale. They obtain entrance to the stomach with the food while on pasture.

The treatment consists in giving a vermifuge, and we have found none better than santonin, or powdered wormwood seed. When single individuals are to be treated, the former is preferable, and is given in doses of one to four grains, depending upon the size and age of the sheep. The dose is given once a day for a week. Whenever the disease makes its appearance, it is well to treat the whole flock, and this is best accomplished by mixing one part of the powdered wormwood seed with eight parts of salt. Salt frequently, or keep it where it is constantly accessible.—The Weekly Witness.

Feeding Grain on the Farm.

There is great unwillingness on the part of many old farmers to feed grain to stock unless they are obliged to do so. They have grown up with the belief that coarse fodder and even hay are more economical than grain, and as a desire to economize is their ruling idea, they try to save all the grain the farm grows to turn into money. If all the farm produce were to be sold in its original state, doubtless the grain would bring the most in proportion to the cost of getting it to market. Indeed, there are large amounts of coarse fodder grown on most farms that are too bulky in proportion to their nutritive value to be profitably sold. If it were not possible to get some good out of them by feeding to stock, they must be allowed to rot down into manure. Yet in feeding this rough, bulky food so much of its nutrition goes to keeping up animal heat, and making the digestive organs work, that there is little gain for the animal itself. It is not an uncommon experience with farmers who feed thus to have stock fall off in flesh all winter, and be "spring poor" at its close. If such farmers would make the experiment of feeding some grain with this bulky food it would make their stock more thrifty, make the manure pile much richer, and would make the bulky food an advantage instead of a source of loss to its owner.

Concentrated nutrition is necessary if we would dispose of a large amount of rough, coarse feed with profit. On most Eastern farms corn is the grain that can be most easily and profitably grown, and that furnishes in its stalks a great amount of roughness that requires all the grain grown, with it to dispose of to the best advantage. But we believe it possible with good stock to purchase feeds for feeding to supplement the corn grain that will be of even greater advantage. Linseed and cotton-seed meal are so rich feeds that great care is required in feeding them. They are nitrogenous feeds, and are therefore better fitted to supplement most of the coarse feeds, like straw and corn stalks whose nutrition is chiefly carbonaceous. When we feed corn grain and corn stalks, together there is not wide enough difference between them to make the best ration. When we add a small proportion of linseed or cotton-seed meal, most of whose increased cost will be returned in the manure pile, it enables the animal to digest the whole ration more perfectly.

Where the policy of purchasing these concentrated meals to feed with coarse fodder is generally adopted, it will greatly add to the value of much that, as it is generally fed, does neither stock nor its owner much good. The farmer, instead of throwing it out as if it had little value, will care for his corn fodder and straw as he has never done before. While they are of little value to be fed alone, they become valuable as an adjunct to feeding a large amount of oil or cotton-seed meal that could not be disposed of without them.—The Cultivator.

A Salvation, Yet His Ruin.

"Yes, his business reputation is blasted."
"How did it happen?"
"He dropped a can of his new-process dynamite."
"Blasted him, eh? Blew him up?"
"No, it didn't go off."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Bitterness of It.

Wife of his Bosom—Socratic, dearest, what is the matter?
Mr. S. Welled Hedd a literary celebrity.—At last it has come—at last! Not a single paragraph about me in any of the papers this morning.—Punch.

UNCLE SAM A SOLDIER'S HEIR.

Musical Benson's Savings of \$4,000 Revert to the War Department.

Principal Musician George W. Benson died as he had lived, a brave soldier and an honest man. In his long service with the Eleventh Infantry, U. S. A., he had saved \$4,000. He left no heirs and the money, under the law, will revert to the War Department. Benson's body was buried in Cypress Hills Cemetery a few days ago. A soldier's burial was given to him. Benson's regiment is in Porto Rico guarding the new possession. Boys of Battery A, Fifth United States Artillery, fired the three rounds blank over his grave.

Benson entered the service eighteen years ago. He was then thirty-seven years old. He never married and his near relatives died years ago. He laid aside his savings with the adjutant. As they increased they were turned over to the paymaster.

Benson rose steadily from the ranks until he gained his coveted appointment on the non-commissioned officers' staff of the Eleventh Regiment. Then came the call for foreign service. Benson was fifty-five. With his regiment he went through the Santiago campaign. He laid aside his cornet for a "Krag," and when not in the trenches he helped bring up ammunition or rations to the front.

A year to a day before his death he was on the hills before Santiago fighting for Uncle Sam and the glory of the Eleventh. From Porto Rico the campaign went into the march and nights in the trenches told on Benson. The fever got into his bones. He fought it off all winter, but six weeks ago he was sent home to die, and death's discharge came in the hospital at Governor's Island.—New York World.

A Baby Girl Mascot.

The officers of the Seventeenth regiment of French Chasseurs have adopted a girl baby as a regiment mascot. The French regiments do not usually have mascots, or pets, as the Americans and British do. During the Spanish-American war the Frenchmen heard a great deal about the American mascots. The illustrated papers published pages of pictures of them, and excited the French public, always eager for novelty.

Now, the Frenchman does not love dogs and goats quite as much as the Anglo-Saxon does. A human being of the fair sex is more to his liking, and the selection of one in this case strikes the French public as a happy improvement of the American mascot idea.

Several officers of the Seventeenth Chasseurs found the little girl abandoned in a railway carriage at Rambouillet, where the regiment is stationed. The baby would have been taken to a foundling asylum, but the officers, being kind-hearted and in a good humor, decided to save her from the fate. They took her home to the barracks and all of them cheerfully agreed to adopt her as "the daughter of the regiment."

Arrangements were made with a sergeant's wife to care for her. The little girl will in future go wherever the regiment goes, and be educated at its expense.

It has been suggested that this mascot will entail a great deal more trouble when she grows up than if the regiment had adopted a dog, a goat or a monkey.—Boston Globe.

Where Flies Go in Winter.

Some one has asked, "Where do flies go in the winter?" This is a question of some interest, for a house fly is born fully grown and of natural size, and there are no little flies of the same species, the small ones occasionally observed being different in kind from the large ones. The housefly does not bite or pierce the skin, but gathers its food by a comb or rake or brush-like tongue, with which it is able to scrape the varnish from covers of books, and it thus tickles the skin of persons upon whom it alights, to feed upon the perspiration. A fly is a scavenger, and is a vehicle by which contagious diseases are spread. It poisons wounds, and may carry deadly virus from decaying organic matter into food. It retreats from sight at the beginning of winter, but where it goes few people know. If a search of the house be made flies will be found in great numbers secreted in warm places in the roof or between the partitions of floors. Last winter an architect had occasion to examine a roof, and found around the chimney myriads of flies hibernating comfortably, and sufficiently alive to fly when disturbed "in overpowering clouds." No doubt this is a favorite winter resort for these creatures.—New York Press.

The Dog and the Bootblack.

A scheme of a Girard avenue bootblack to boom business has been interfered with by the police, though it was not found out until after the originator had reaped quite a harvest. The bootblack has a dog, one of the ordinary boardyard beasts, which is very susceptible to training, and the shiner, when business was slow, he thought him of a good plan to make it brisk. As a result, he went to work as a trainer, and soon had his dog well enough trained to spring the new invention. Several weeks went by before it was discovered that the bootblack was not only in the shoe-cleaning business, but also made a practice of dirtying the shoes and trousers of men who passed near his stand. Young "Shine-them-up" had taught the dog to walk in the muddy gutters and then jump up in a playful way at men who passed by, with the result that the animal made the legs of pedestrians' trousers and their

shoes anything but presentable. In nine cases out of ten the bootblack was called upon to clean the shoes and clothes, at so much per job. The dog had been trained not to loiter around the stand, and thus the fact that the bootblack owned the animal was not found out. Finally the bootblack told the secret of his brisk business to a storekeeper near by, who thought it his duty to inform the police. Now the cleaner of footwear is not allowed to have the dog at his place of business.—Philadelphia Record.

Costly Care for Ostriches.

There was a happening at the ostrich farm recently which disproves the theory that the ostrich is satisfied with eating nails, barbed wire and the like. A man who had visited the farm the day before discovered that his gold watch was missing. Thinking that he might have lost it at the farm, he returned to look for it. When he arrived he enlisted the services of a youth and started in quest, without entertaining much hope of finding the watch. About the first thing noticed by the youth was an ostrich tossing something in the air. It was the watch, and would have been swallowed if it had not been a glass-faced watch. It happened that both sides were open, and lodged in the beak. The next day the valuation of one of the birds was enhanced \$50. It swallowed a diamond from the setting of a woman visitor who inadvertently sought to console the bird by caressing its forehead.—Arizona Republican.

Most Popular Wedding Day.

So far as the day of the week is concerned, Wednesday is the favorite wedding day. If there were anything in the antiquarian theory, the favorite weekday among the Anglo-Saxons ought to be Friday, for Freia, the Sax goddess after whom our day of ill luck and misfortune was named, was like Juno, a patroness of matrimony but no English or American girl, how ever devoid of superstition, would care to take the risk of being married on Friday. Freia was the wife of Woden who has given the name to our Wednesday, but the transfer of the favorite weekday for weddings from the day of Freia, as among the pagan Saxons, to the day of Woden, was probably caused by convenience rather than by any regard for the feelings of either Woden or his spouse. Wednesday is the middle day of the week and therefore the most convenient, for it affords time for preparation after the preceding Sunday, and opportunity for travel before the Sunday following.—St. Louis Republic.

Machine Blower for Glass Working.

A new invention threatens to put the blowpipe out of date as the symbol of the glassworking fraternity. The new machine makes bottles, fruit jars, lamp chimneys and all similar ware four or five times as fast as they can be made by hand and leaves no seam such as is the mark of the ordinary mold. It takes the glass, presses it into a blank, carries it along to the mold and blows the finished article with the regularity of a clock, at the rate of about nine articles a minute. Only four men and one or two small boys are required to operate a machine, and it is this that is frightening the glass workers with loss of work and promising a revolution in that branch of the glass business.

A Satisfactory Explanation.

Jim Frye, of Hustonville, tells this of Jim Coulter, of Middleburg: One day when Mr. Coulter was at Liberty a very young man with a very bald head came into the hotel. He was a stranger, and Mr. Coulter, by way of commencing a conversation, said to him: "My friend, I am not asking to guy you, but I would like to know how it comes that so young a man is so bald?" "It was in this way," he replied. "When my time to get hair came they said there was none left but red; so I told them I didn't believe I cared for any."

As Coulter has a very red head he was satisfied to let the conversation drop.—Stanford Interior Journal.

Heights of Which Birds Fly.

Very few people realize at what tremendous heights birds sometimes traverse the air. Herons and wild ducks go and swans, when traveling long distances, fly at great heights, often as much as 2,000 feet. But it is the hawk, and more particularly the vulture tribe, that constantly wing their air at far greater heights than these. The common buzzard spies for carrion suspended a mile above the earth, and the great condor of the Andes has been watched through a powerful telescope floating at the amazing height of 27,000 feet, over five miles above sea level.

Fair All Around.

George Selwyn had a strange passion for seeing dead bodies, especially those of his friends. He would go any distance to gratify this pursuit. Lord Holland was laid up very ill at Holland House shortly before his death. George Selwyn sent to ask how he was, and whether he would like to see him. "Oh, by all means," Lord Holland answered. "If I'm alive to-morrow I shall be delighted to see George and I know that if I am dead he will be delighted to see me."—The Argonaut.

In 1880 it was estimated that there were 650,000 princes and other hereditary nobles in Russia, and since then the number has increased.

NEWS FOR THE FAIR SEX.

ITEMS OF INTEREST ON NUMEROUS FEMININE TOPICS.

To Ward Off Wrinkles—A Woman's Unique Distinction—Toques for Fall—Wilhelmina's Beautiful Necklace.

To Ward Off Wrinkles.
Tepid baths are considered best for the skin. They are supposed to ward off wrinkles, and with the addition of a vigorous rub will keep the skin youthful and glowing.

A Woman's Unique Distinction.

A woman professor in a college faculty of men is a novelty provided by Stanford University. Miss Lillian J. Martin has been appointed to carry on the work in psychology of Dr. Frank Angell, who will be absent in Europe next year. Miss Martin is a Vassar graduate of the class of 1880. She was at Göttingen University for several years, working in psychology, and in collaboration with Dr. G. E. Müller, professor of philosophy at Göttingen, prepared a treatise of 300 pages entitled "Analysis of Sensibility."

Toques for Fall.

Toques, whether of tulle or straw, are now turned up in front or more decidedly so on the left side, the latter arrangement being almost invariably chosen when flowers are used for trimming. These are arranged in a large cluster covering the whole of the portion of the turned-up brim, which rises rather higher than the crown. Medium sized blossoms—half open roses, ox-eyed daisies, poppies, cornflowers, and for the early autumn asters and small dahlias—are most appropriate to the purpose. For trimming hats, on the contrary, large blossoms are preferred. A sudden furore for the grandiflora clematis has lately been evinced. The peculiar shades of mauve and lilac natural to it are the favorites in these colors, and has helped to bring them into fashion.—Millinery Trade Review.

Wilhelmina's Beautiful Necklace.

Wilhelmina, the young Holland Queen, wore a necklace recently in Paris that attracted much attention. It was a long gold chain of medium thickness, attached to which was a snake about eight inches in length, coiled around the chain. The head was made of a magnificent diamond, and the flexible body was composed of various stones so closely set that not a bit of gold showed, the colors giving a realistic effect of scales. It was said at the time that no matter how many times she changed her gown in a day, she was never seen without the chain. Romances were immediately surmised, but nothing was arrived at. The charm became known as the "Dutch snake," and imitations were demanded at once.

Quick Wit of An American Girl.

As one of our countrywomen was going down the rather narrow stairs that lead from the house to the garden, at the American Embassy, she met three or four young attaches of foreign legations, who were entire strangers to her. Their politeness induced them to stand aside for her to pass, but their courtesy did not prevent their making audible personal comments. They seemed to take it for granted that French was an unknown tongue to Americans.

"Look at her yellow dress; it's very pretty," said No. 1.
"Yes but she has on white gloves," announced No. 2.
"She has good teeth," said No. 3.
"And an enormous mouth," added No. 4.

"And she understands French perfectly," said the owner of the enormous mouth, turning suddenly upon them, "and would like to say that her ears are even bigger than her mouth." This in French and with such an air of giving impersonal information to nobody in particular, that it was quite as if she had been kindly helping strangers to information out of a guide-book.

The men had just enough presence of mind to flee from the premises.—London Correspondence. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Concerning Feminine Beauty.

Is feminine beauty on the wane? This is a question that is frequently asked nowadays of portrait painters. Sir Edward Poynter, the president of the English Royal Academy, is emphatic in his assertion on the affirmative side of the question. A prominent Philadelphia artist gives several reasons why women are less beautiful than formerly, and the most potent one is that the men of the present century, especially American men, are becoming indifferent to mere physical perfection in womanhood. The gentle sex he claims has been quick to perceive the change, and has prudently decided not to waste time in nourishing bodily charms, but has turned its attention to more important things. This notion, according to the artist, is considered really deplorable, for in underestimating the great gift of beauty the modern woman is as busy as possible destroying it. She is doing it by over-study for one thing. In payment for her book learning she is contracting her chest, extinguishing the brightness of her eyes and ruining her complexion. Those who are carried away with athletics become horny-handed and ruin the contour of their limbs; their faces become weather beaten, and their hair rough. In summing up his argument, the artist concludes that the whole course of our civilization is against the growth of feminine beauty.

Miss Reel's Little Adventure.

One of the most energetic as well as efficient officials in Washington is Miss Estelle Reel, Superintendent of Indian Schools. She is not only competent but is enthusiastic, and although she

only received her appointment from Secretary Bliss two years ago she has accomplished much for Indian schools and scholars. Miss Reel is a Wyoming girl, young, attractive and with lots of the breeze of the Western plains. She has that "go-aheadness" so characteristic of the West, and for this reason she has accomplished so much for the Indian schools. Before her appointment she occupied a similar place in Wyoming under the State government, and is thoroughly familiar with her work. Miss Reel recently completed a two-months' tour of the Indian schools in the West.

Miss Reel had a number of experiences during her tour of inspection, but perhaps one at a school in Oklahoma was the most exciting. During her visit there, while she was attending one of the sessions of the school, a desperate character of the neighborhood entered the school building and began beating the superintendent. Miss Reel did not lose her presence of mind or scream, as most women would have done, but with her Western pluck she went to the assistance of the superintendent, and grabbing his assailant by the coat tails, managed to pull him off and then gave him such a thorough shaking that he stopped beating the superintendent, and seeing that a woman was getting the better of him he turned and fled out of the schoolhouse.—New York Mail and Express.

High-Heeled Shoes Again.

Since women have been wearing sensible, broad-toed, flat-heeled boots most of the chiropodists have found business slack. But if Dame Rumor foretells correctly, they'll soon be brushing up their signs and working overtime to meet demands.

Our British cousins say that women's feet should look small. American girls always had their own ideas on this matter, and crammed their toes into narrow shoes until they hobbled like the dainty little almond-eyed ladies of China, but, since the golf girl came and the bicycle girl, too, there has been a change. Louis XV. shoes are all right to dance in, but they don't amount to a row of pins where one is boating or wheeling or fishing or climbing hills. And that's what the summer girl of to-day is doing most of the time. She doesn't want to be pinched up or helpless, and enjoys the fresh air of heaven and the sunshine of nature. The broad, comfortable shoe was a godsend after years of misery with sharp-pointed footwear that kept her toes twisted together and her instep raised like a flagpole. And now, just after salvation has come, must she once more don the painful horrors from which she has been but recently unchained?

Every woman will declare that she will never again be a victim of short, narrow shoes, whatever the fashion may be. That's all right to say, but how many will have the courage to wear one sort of a shoe when all the rest of beskirted humanity is wearing some other style? Not many, it is to be feared. The physical culture advocates will be among the minority, and possibly the girls who go in for outdoor sports to an unusual extent. But no matter how advanced women may become, or how strong-minded, it takes the nerve and energy and courage of a Julius Caesar or an Alexander to war against the decrees of fashion—and Julius Caesars and Alexanders are rather rare in femininity's ranks these days.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Novelties Seen in the Shops.

Much white pique neckwear.
Jade bangles mounted with sterling silver.
Plenty of new ideas in sets of pins for the skirt.

Many black velvet belts with cut-steel buckles.
White-beaded elastic belts with diamond-shaped buckles.

Separate bands in bright plain and plaid ribbons for sailor hats.
White felt golf hats trimmed with crepe de chine and long quilts.

Gray felt golf hats adorned with birds instead of the regulation quill.
Large shade hats made of shirred mull or lawn for the seashore and country with and without strings.

Many quill-trimmed felt golf hats that are being worn for shopping or travelling, with shades of gray preferred.

A great variety of whole birds, breasts and wings in white, gray, black and combinations of these for trimming turbans and other ideas in millinery.—Dry Goods Economist.

A Tame Mot' er Bass.

Perhaps some of your readers would be interested in a little fish story which, by the way, is quite true. While on a short stay at Lake George I discovered a large black bass about ten feet from our dock, where she had her bed and hatched out the largest brood of young ones I ever saw at one time. Other fish seem to annoy her and I have seen her chase a pickerel, twice and three times her size. One of the small boys fishing off the dock hooked her, and Mrs. Bass gave him quite an exciting time, until some of the men came to his rescue and succeeded in landing her on the dock where we took the hook out of her mouth and put her back to take care of her young. She is now so tame that the children throw her worms; and it is very interesting to see one of the gamest fish that swim eat her meal to the satisfaction of young and old.—Forest and Stream.

A Bright Idea.

"How did the burglars happen to miss your jewelry?"
"Only yesterday morning something told me they were not safe in the tomato can in the cellar where I usually keep them, and I had accordingly concealed them in a jewel case in my room."—Detroit Journal.