

Americans Are Paint Users.

It has been remarked that the American people consume more paint, both in the aggregate and per capita, than any other people in the world. In a recently published article on the subject it was figured that our yearly consumption is over 100,000,000 gallons of paints of all kinds, of which over one-half is used in the paintings of houses.

The reason for this great consumption is twofold: a large proportion of our buildings, especially in small towns and rural districts, are constructed of wood, and we, as a people, are given to neatness and cleanliness. For, take it all in all, there is nothing so cleanly or so salutary as paint.

Travel where we will throughout the country, everywhere we find the neat, cheerful painted dwelling, proclaiming at once the prosperity and the self-respect of our population. Fifty years ago this was not so; painted dwellings, while common in the larger cities and towns, were the exception in the rural districts; because, on the one hand, a large proportion of those buildings were temporary makeshifts, and, on the other hand, because paint was then a very expensive and difficult to obtain in the out-of-the-way places, and requiring special knowledge and much preparation to fit it for use.

The introduction of ready mixed or prepared paints, about 1860, changed the entire aspect of affairs. As the Jack-of-all-trades told the Walking Delegate in one of Octave Thane's stories "Any one can slather paint." The insurmountable difficulty with our predecessors was to get the paint ready for "slathering." That the country was ready for paint in a convenient, popular form is shown by the immediate success of the industry and its phenomenal growth in fifty years from nothing to 90,000,000 gallons—the estimated output for 1900.

Some pretty severe things have been written about and said against this class of paints, especially by painters and manufacturers of certain kinds of paste paints. Doubtless in many instances these strictures have been justified and some fearfully and wonderfully constructed mixtures have in the past been worked off on the gullible consumer in the shape of prepared paint. But such products have had their short day and quickly disappeared, and the too enterprising manufacturers that produced them have come to grief in the bankruptcy courts or in "leaving" by costly experience that honesty is the best policy and have reformed their ways.

The chief exception to this rule are some small order houses who sell direct to the country trade, at a very low price—frequently below the wholesale price of linseed oil. The buyer of such goods, like the buyer of a "gold brick," has only himself to blame if he finds his purchase worthless. With gold price advances of gold do not sell it at a discount; and with linseed oil quoted everywhere at fifty to seventy cents a gallon, manufacturers do not sell a pure linseed oil paint at thirty or forty cents a gallon.

The composition of prepared paints differs because paint experts have not yet agreed as to the best pigments and because the daily results of tests on a large scale are constantly improving the formulas of manufacturers; but all have come to the conclusion that the essentials of good paint are pure linseed oil, fine graining and thorough incorporation, and in these particulars all the products of reputable manufacturers correspond; all first class prepared paints are thoroughly mixed and ground and the liquid base is almost exclusively pure linseed oil, the necessary volatile "thinners" and Japan driers.

The painter's opposition to such products is based largely on self-interest. He wants to mix the paint himself and to be paid for doing it, and to a certain class of painters it is no recommendation for a paint to say that it will last five or ten years. The longer a paint lasts the longer he will have to wait for the job of repainting. The latter consideration has no weight with the consumer, and the former is a false idea of economy. Hand labor as machine work, and every time the painter mixes paint, did he but know it, he is losing money, because he can buy a better paint than he can mix at less than it costs him to mix it.

THE PREACHER.

"Lay up in heaven," the preacher cried, "Your treasures 'gainst your coming to abide." Now I have nothing here to lay away, But live my life with poverty and pride. But I may lay away all the bright things That here I long for, but which all take wings— The riches I have not, the house, the lands, And I will lay away the bird that sings, The cloud that shades the ever-burning sun, The rest that I will take when toll is done, The mountain peaks I've longed to see, The rivers that adown the mountains run, The restless ocean and the cool soft wind,— These I could never leave at last behind; I've always longed for them through life, but still Have only had them safe within my mind. And I would lay away so tenderly The friend I wished one day to see,— The love that missed me all these lonely years, Waiting amid my treasures there for me. Edward Williard Watson, M. D.

William.

By Evelyn Orchard. William Briggs was a youth of no particular distinction. He had had the misfortune at a very early stage in his career to disappoint the dearest expectation of his parents. He was their second child. The first-born, a little girl, had died at the sweetest of all ages—the toddling stage. And both had prayed for another child, with what earnestness can only be understood by those who have been similarly bereft. The baby girl had been an angel of beauty; the new baby, so eagerly expected, and for whom all his small sister's dainty belongings had been lovingly prepared, had no beauty. He was squat, featureless, vacuous in expression from his infancy up. His mother cried when she beheld him, and his father turned away. Such had been their attitude towards William from his youth up. Other children followed in quick succession. William remained the outsider of the family. No pet abbreviation of his name was bestowed upon him; he remained as he had begun, plain William. The atmosphere by which he was enveloped in his childhood and youth had its due effect upon William. He became self-contained, a playless child, a companionless lad, who wandered solitary, pursuing his own thoughts. There was not much money spent on his education, it being decided that he had no conspicuous ability. At an early age he was hustled into his father's office, a commercial office, wherein he occupied the humblest stool. And there he remained quietly and apparently contented for two years. At the end of that time he went to his father, being more than seventeen years of age.

"I want to go abroad," he said, in that quiet, rather dull way of his. "I cannot remain here any longer. My life is without meaning. Give me fifty pounds and let me go." Briggs senior stared. Never had William surprised him more. "It is a cool request," he grunted. "I must talk it over with your mother." He went home to Streatham Common an hour earlier than usual for the purpose, with the result that the following week William said goodbye to his family, and left London. They gave him a good plain outfit, paid his passage to New York, and gave him a bank draft for fifty pounds. "I will pay it all back," he said quietly.

"You speak with great confidence," observed his mother drily. "What if you don't get on? Those who don't get on here don't generally saime abroad." "I mean to get on," he said quietly, and pretending he had forgotten something he went upstairs again. But it was only to kiss his sister Lucy again. They were passionately attached to one another, and Lucy believed in him.

So William disappeared, and for four years his family heard nothing of him. Then a letter came containing a cheque for fifty pounds, which indicated that he had a banking account. The postmark was a small frontier town in Northern India. Quite evidently he had not remained in America. There was no address, however, so they could not write. Four more years passed. Colonel Frank Lemoine sat on the veranda of the dark bungalow smoking a very long cigar. A soda-water bottle and a glass stood suggestively on a bamboo table at his side, together with a pair of powerful field glasses, through which he had been examining, off and on for the last hour, the defile which led through the gorge, and so to the desert plains beyond. His brows were knit, his keen gray eyes were troubled, the strenuous face had aged in twenty-

four hours beyond the telling. The thing that had aged him does not happily occur in many lifetimes, nor more than once in one. Suddenly he leaped to his feet. A horseman was in view in the bridge path which cut the defile in two, a few moments more and he saw the white folds of the turban on the rider's head. In less than half an hour the spent steed was at the veranda steps, and Lemoine conversing with the rider thereof. It was a colloquy both brief and unsatisfactory. Lemoine, having dismissed him, passed within. "Are you there, Una?"

"Yes, papa." She came to him as she spoke. A young girl, who bore herself well, as a soldier's daughter should, but whose womanly charm far surpassed her dignity. "Ahmed is here and his report could not be worse."

She leaned against a chair, and for a moment her face became white as the soft muslin of her gown. "What does he say?"

"Only that we have feared. They are cut off at Ragoote, and nothing can save them."

His face worked as he spoke these words. And small wonder. At the hill station of which he spoke were his wife, his younger daughter, a handful of friends; and they were at the mercy, if not now in the hands of a hostile tribe, who, in comparison with the slender garrison, were as the sands of the sea for multitude. "And we are here!" she cried desperately. "But Ahmed sometimes lies. I don't trust him. If we had had a trusty messenger Dalton's company would have got to Ragoote in time."

"A trusty messenger!" he retorted curtly. "That is the curse of this cursed country. Outside of our own people, there are none."

She was silent a moment, and a faint flicker of color rose in her cheek. "Papa, we have forgotten William Briggs."

Then did the Colonel laugh in sheer disdain. "Did we forget him, what's the odds? How could a little civilian, good chap though he is, work a miracle?"

"He has been gone three weeks," she said. "And dead two of them, I could swear," he retorted. "No, no, Una, there is nothing left but the mercy of God."

He went back to his chair and his solitary, desperate musing, which was interrupted once more by the apparition of another horseman in the defile. He stood up and raised his glasses to his eyes, and his face brightened to work. He did not wait the arrival, but took the compound in a series of long steps, and went swiftly forward. A haggard man on a foaming and weary horse drew rein close to him, and bent from the saddle, after he had saluted.

"All's well at Ragoote, sir," the Colonel started. "Briggs, you must have gone mad! The thing's impossible!"

"No, Sir Frank. I got to Del Pindi in time, and then rode on, because it was deserted, to Washmak. I caught up with Dalton in time, nine miles out, and he arrived at Ragoote five hours ahead of the enemy. I did not wait to hear the result, but I know by the outpost signs as I rode back that they had been beaten, and that probably the trouble is wholly over for the present."

The man spoke modestly, and his tired voice had a certain melodious sound. Also his face, though covered with the dust of the plains, seemed to shine.

The Colonel continued to stare. Relief and wonderment struggled for the mastery on his handsome face.

"Briggs, you're a hero; a hero, I tell you, I'm dumb. I don't know how it's been done. Would you mind telling me how as we go back? It's not ten minutes since I told my daughter you'd been dead a fortnight. She was trusting to you."

Briggs bent down under pretense of fastening a loose end of his puttees. They came to the bungalow at the moment; a servant took the horse, and the two men were alone together.

"I'm astonished, I tell you. When they hear in England it'll be the V. C. (Victoria Cross), Briggs, and Heaven knows what else. You take it very coolly. Personally, I owe you a debt which will never be repaid. You understand without my telling?"

"Yes, Sir Frank, I fully understand."

"You'll get recognition, don't fear. Chaps like you are only born once or twice in a while, and we generally know what to do with them. But you are so quiet with it all, just as Una says. You have a champion in her, Briggs. You and she seem to understand one another."

The Colonel's keen eyes on Briggs' face read his soul. It was a revelation to the old man, and for the moment a quenching of hope. For she was a very rare creature, concerning whom he had dreamed his dreams. But that unworthy moment passed, and he offered his hand.

"You have given me back all I prize in this world save her, and you have the right to speak. You will find her within."

Three weeks later the story of the peril and the salvation of Ragoote was told in the home papers, and read at many breakfast tables. In a certain middle-class morning-room at Streatham Common, in the columns of the Daily Telegraph, William Briggs, senior, now grown portly and

bald, read the brief despatch which conferred distinction on his son. "Mother, read that," he cried excitedly, and passed it over.

Some one leaned upon her shoulder and read with her the words with which all England was ringing. It was Lucy. She burst into tears. —British Weekly.

MONEY MARKED WITH A PIN.

Detective Says This Is Better Method Than Marking With a Pen.

"How is money marked?" repeated a headquarters detective. "Well, it is not marked in the manner that the public thinks it is.

"The average person, no doubt, believes that money is marked by private marks placed on the bills with pen and ink; perhaps some employers thus mark the bills they place in the cash drawer which is being robbed by a dishonest clerk. Of course, 'marked money' of this kind is good evidence in court on the trial of a man upon which it has been found. But a check mark in ink, unless very expertly put on, might, with the aid of a good lawyer for the accused, be shown to have been perhaps accidental, and thus would the ever-sought, reasonable doubt of the accused's participation in the robbery be raised.

"There are several different ways of marking money by police experts to the end that they may establish its positive identity of having been in their hands before the thief extracted it. The way I personally employ, and which is perhaps the safest to secure certainty of conviction, is the 'pin prick' method.

Let us take the familiar silver certificate of the five-dollar denomination for an illustration; one that has been somewhat worn is better than a new note from the Treasury. In the center is the well known vignette of the head of an Indian chief in dress regalia of feathers and trappings, presenting a full face view. We now take this pin and make two punctures right through the bill and directly through the pupils of the eyes—so. I hand you the bill, and, even though you saw me make the punctures, they are not visible at a casual and even critical glance.

"I now raise it to the light and you can see the two tiny holes made by the pin point, as distinctly as windows in a building. I then apply the pin point very neatly at the twist in the neck of the large figure 5 at the two upper extreme ends of the note. You will observe that these diminutive twists do not appear in the necks of the two figures of 5 which are in both ends at the bottom of the note. I then pierce the note at the extreme ends of the scrolls on either side of the word 'five,' which may be seen in the direct centre of the note at its lower edge.

"The marking of the note is now complete. It is exhibited to one or two persons in the secret for the purposes of preliminary examination and identification, and then placed in the money drawer, perhaps with several others of the same denomination, all exactly marked alike with the greatest care. The thief may be usually ink marks, but he is a slick one who will get on to the invisible but surely present pin pricks. You see, this class of thieving does not admit of a crucial examination of the money before taking; it is usually done very quickly by palming the bills, placing them in some preliminary place of safety, to be later removed. Then we count on detection with the bills on the person before the thief has a chance to exchange or to spend them.

"And the pin pricks remain? Indeed they do. The money is afterward carefully placed in envelopes and is not promiscuously handled. When they are exhibited in court and their preliminary preparation explained under oath conviction is practically certain.—Washington Star.

Jap Farmers Know no Window Glass

Some of the institutions on Japanese railways are peculiar to that country. One of these is a smear of paint across the windows of third-class carriages. This is made necessary because thousands of native travelers in Japan, accustomed to only paper walls for letting in light have no knowledge of glass. Its utter transparency leads them to believe that the window is simply a hole in the side of the car. With painful results many native passengers have stupidly attempted to stick their heads through the glass. For a long time ambulances from receiving hospitals had to meet nearly every train arriving in Japanese cities and hence the streak of paint is a warning to the Oriental farmer from the back country that there is something more than atmosphere in the window.

In the Pine Tree State.

Many of the titles of the smaller Maine towns and localities are worthy of special mention. Hog Valley is a picturesque retreat near Raymond. Dog Corner, Henocove, is a well known place in Winthrop, while out on the Coon road strange things have sometimes happened. A mile long is Pin Hole Hill, the steepest ever, and all the way up are little rests, "to hang the pins on," people say. Over Poland way is the hunger inspiring name of Beettown, while highly suggestive of negligence was the old name of Saccarappa.—Kennebec Journal.

SET MORE NUT TREES.

From time to time we have urged that farmers give up a portion of their grounds to trees in order that coming generations may not be without a supply of wood, which is likely to be the case if we keep on denuding the forest lands and plant so few trees. It is not necessary to confine the planting of

FARM AND GARDEN



CLEANING ALFALFA SEED.

Dodder is a yellow, threadlike twining weed which is exceedingly troublesome in alfalfa fields. Many fields have been completely ruined by it. It is not injurious to other crops, except red clover, but once established in an alfalfa field it is impossible to eradicate it without killing the alfalfa.

In most cases dodder gets into the field through the use of impure alfalfa or clover seed. Hence it is of the utmost importance that no dodder-infested seed be sown. As the greater part of the alfalfa seed on the market is more or less infested with dodder it is a difficult matter to obtain dodder-free seed. Farmers have been advised to protect themselves by sending samples of seed to the experiment station for examination. This is well. The samples should contain at least one ounce of seed taken from the bottom of the bag.

However this method of securing pure seed is not entirely safe and is often unsatisfactory. It is sometimes difficult to obtain representative samples and seedsmen do not always fill the order with seed like the sample.

We believe that the safest and best method is for farmers to hand sift their alfalfa seed. Dodder seeds being much smaller than alfalfa are easily removed by sifting through a wire sieve having twenty meshes to the inch. Unfortunately, ready made sieves of this size are not readily obtainable at hardware stores, but a cheap, serviceable sieve for the purpose may be made by constructing a light wooden frame about 12 inches square by 3 inches deep and tacking over the bottom of it 20-mesh wire screen made of No. 22 (English gauge) round wire. Some hardware dealers do not carry such screen in stock but they can easily procure it.

Strange as it may seem also, the hens will submit to the torture and allow their necks and breasts to be kept bare all the time.

We usually hear of this bad habit this season of the year, probably because the fowls are confined and fail to get something which nature requires.

We have never yet found anything that would break them of the habit—clipping their beaks will not; neither will the most nauseating drug that can be applied to the feathers.

Sometimes if they are given their liberty and compelled to go out in the fields and search for food they will forget the habit but as a rule they are almost worthless after they once begin.—Home and Farm.

TREES GIRDLED BY MICE.

An interesting feature of the horticultural exhibit on the Maine farming train was a maple of birch grafting in which ordinary scions were used to bridge over the gap made by field mice in the trunk of a small apple tree the ends of the scions being whittled down and inserted under the bark both sides of the gap.

This plan is no doubt successful, but is not needed so often as might appear. As a rule the mice do not absolutely girdle the trees. The writer has known cases where a three or four-inch band of bark was apparently removed entirely showing the white wood all round. The trees so damaged were expected to die and small trees were set nearby to take their places but the trees lived and the wound healed over. Evidently the soft wood next to the bark was able to carry enough sap to sustain life until the injury healed.

In fact it is seldom that the writer has known a tree to die from girdling. If the tree is not a very large one a rough-and-ready way to reclaim it will be to cut it off just below the injury caused by the mice. A new sprout will grow very fast and soon replace the tree. But from experience, I should simply smear over the wound with grafting wax to prevent drying out and should expect that at least nine out of ten of the trees would recover and grow without much of a setback.—G. B. Fiske, Middlesex County, Mass.

GOING TO THE BOTTOM.

Extracts from an address delivered by J. C. Halfleigh, before the Jasper County, Iowa, Farmers' Institute: While there can be no set rule for successful farming, as the condition of soil and weather must be considered on the farm as in all lines of practical business, the aim should be to go to the bottom of things and understand thoroughly the why and wherefore.

The farmer has many obstacles to contend with in his daily duties about the farm premises. He is called upon constantly to decide methods of seeding, breeding, feeding, harvesting and so forth, which are of vital importance to his success.

If he would seed his land properly, he must handle his soil and put it in a good state of tilth for the reproduction of the seed. Every crop planted should be placed in rotation; that means the getting out of the soil the most there is in it with the least possible loss of fertility. The seed should be selected of the best strains and freed from impurities; which means the use of fanning mill if home grown seed is used.

In breeding stock there comes the necessity of determining the type best suited to the farmer's conditions and surroundings. The "hit or miss" method in breeding if followed by the farmer means that he is a loser. He must follow some definite type and breed for a purpose. Such a type must be selected that will mean profit every year in the face of the strongest competition.

The harvesting of crops means a large amount of hustling at the right time and involves a study of conditions in the reduction of expenses to a minimum. The farmer today not only must understand how to raise a large crop from his acres and produce fine stock but he must also understand the best methods to pursue in disposing of the crop and stock at profit.

FEATHER PULLING.

If there is any one vice more annoying than others among poultry, it is that of feather pulling.

One cannot imagine how firmly set the habit will become until he has seen a flock which has acquired it. Hens will actually leave their food to go and pluck a feather from the neck of others, and no sooner has a tiny pin feather made its appearance than it is pulled out and eaten.

such trees to the native forest trees, for a number of the nut-bearing trees, nursery grown, can also be planted to advantage.

Wherever the American sweet chestnut grows naturally it will pay to set young trees of this class and care for them till well established. The same applies to the varieties of the walnut. The pecans, almonds and other nut-bearing trees ought also to be planted, where they will grow well, as a source of profit independent of the wood.

In every State, men who know, are urging this nut planting, but our people do not wake up to its importance very fast. The late Governor Hogg of Texas, did much in his State to encourage nut tree planting, and the importance of his work was very close to his heart, evidently, for he is reported to have made this dying request: "I want no monument or stone; plant at the head of my grave a pecan tree, at the foot a walnut tree, and when these shall bear, let the nuts be given to the people of the State so that they may plant them and make Texas a land of trees."

There are other States in the Union that need nut trees as badly as Texas, and they will only be set through the individual efforts of farmers and to them the appeal is made to begin now. —Indianapolis News.

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TOO MANY HENS IN A HOUSE.

The main idea in keeping a large number of fowls in one house is to care for them more easily, but there are always risks to run which can not be avoided even by the most experienced and careful worker. All things considered, the plan of having one roof covered the poultry house, no matter how large, is advisable, but the matter of division is a thing to be seriously considered. In our own experience we like the scratching shed divisions better than anything else. This is worked out by building a roosting room, then a scratching-shed, then another roosting-room, another scratching-shed, and so on to the end of the house. This idea is that each house has its scratching-shed, which is located between two roosting-rooms except at one end.

Spokane has a church that cares for servant girls. Swedish Congregational churches from all over the inland empire have just held a conference followed by a dedication of the handsome new \$12,000 tabernacle at Second Avenue and Division street.

DOES YOUR BACK ACHE?
Care the Kidneys and the Pain Will Never Return.
Only one way to cure an aching back. Cure the cause, the kidneys. Thousands tell of cures made by Doan's Kidney Pills. John C. Coleman, a prominent merchant of Swainsboro, Ga., says: "For several years my kidneys were affected, and my back ached day and night. I was languid, nervous and lame in the morning. Doan's Kidney Pills helped me right away, and the great relief that followed has been permanent."
Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.