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"IT'S IN THE ALTITUDE."

When we moved out from Illinois we had the blamedest time
A gittin' used to what pa called this cur'us Western clime,
Him tellin' us 'most every day it wasn't in the least
Like what we'd all bin 'customed to back yonder in the East.
He said the air was raryfide to sich a much degree
At fust it 'fected tenderfeet like ma an' Cis an' me;
An' after that fur quite a while, no matter what ensued,
He'd say in an excusin' way: "It's in the altytude."

When sister got a sort o' beau, a little popinjay
That wore a cane an' spectacles an' grinned in a monkey way,
That combed his hair jest like a gal an' wore a mustach that
I tol' him once he'd better hide away from our ol' cat.
I noticed pa a-watchin' him like he was wonderin' what
In thunder was the funny thing that she'd gone out an' caught,
An' I heard ma a-tellin' him that he was beastly rude
In sayin' that he kinder guessed 'twas in the altytude.

I never will forgit the time pa went to lodge one night
To take the Royal Blue degree, an' say, he was a sight
When he come wobblin' home agin onstiddy on his pegs,
Just like he was a-breakin' in a pair o' rubber legs.
Ma asked him what the matter, was, an' had to bawl, an' Cis
She said: "Well, who'd 'a ever thought that it'd come to this?"
An' pa he jest sot stupid-like, an' sort o' grinned, an' you'd
A died to seen him try to say: "It's in the altytude?"

Pa waked me up not long ago, his face all screwed in grins,
An' tol' me to git up an' see my little brother twins.
An' sure enough the kids were there, the cutest little mates
That ever happened, I jest bet, in forty-seven states!
I thought that ma would have a fit! She laffed an' said: "Oh, dear!"
An' 'lowed I'd guessed it sure enough, an Cis looked mighty queer,
An' turned her back the other way, but pa he jest pooh-poohed,
When I inquired of him if that was in the altytude.

—Denver Post

THE NEWEST WOMAN.

"Well, really now, this is awfully good of you, Miss Polly, taking pity on a poor devil like me. Have a chair, will you?" and Roderick hospitably swept a pile of papers from the single chair his stuffy little office contained.

"Thanks," said Polly, demurely. "It grieves me to see"—with a severe bending of her pretty brow—"that you are not quite so commodiously domiciled as you have led your friends to believe. Indeed, I fail to observe the costly statue or the curtained recess which hid a painter's masterpiece, or the bric-a-brac which adorned your special sanctum, or the jardiniere of exotics—or—"

"Oh, come now, don't be hard on a fellow if he tried to cheat the world a little with his optimism, but I found a parallel for every parable."

"Parable is a very mild expression," put in Miss Polly. "I call it lies."

"The Bible name sounds better," he suggested mildly, "and more appropriate; besides, I can illustrate every assertion. For instance," he pulled aside the curtain from his one window—"this is the curtained recess from which I look down upon my costly statue; there it is—old Ben Franklin, shedding his benign presence over that dingy square. Is he not as much mine as he is yours, or Mr. Smith's, next door? That's the sociological light to view it in; and the painter's masterpiece is a little further on, but visible to the naked eye. The shimmer of the bay is exquisite in the sunlight, and on dull and murky days it is Corot at his best; it might be a Turner just now, it is such a brilliant dash of color. And the bric-a-brac, I assure you, Miss Polly, that broken-nosed Juno on the shelf just over your head is a marvel of the rare unique."

"And the exotics," murmured Polly, "how can you account for them?"

"My greatest treasure!" he announced—pushing a single flower-pot in view. "That is a sprig of rose geranium that a certain young lady dropped from her hair last Christmas at the Carrington's ball. Are you satisfied?"

"No. All those half-truths are worse than lies"—with a queer little catch in her voice, then with a sudden change—"Roderick—"

"Well?"

"I've come to eat my lunch with you; it's dreadfully improper, I know, but," maliciously, "my little office was so small that I sighed for more spacious quarters. Are you sure your clients will not interrupt us?"

"I think I may assure your safety on that score."

"Very well, then, I shall spread the feast," cried Miss Polly, springing up and grasping a fat black bag, which had nestled unnoticed in her lap. "Remove your ink and quills from your desk into the recess, also the legal cap and those heavy tomes of jurisprudence and 'The Heavenly Twins,'" with withering scorn. "Is that the way you spend your time, Roderick?"

"Only my leisure moments," he pleaded.

"Do you know," said Miss Polly, "I've been thinking it over calmly and deliberately, and I've come to the conclusion that progress and poverty don't pull together at all. Theoretically it's all very well to strain a point and say they do, but, coming down to facts," with a smart thump of her closed fist on the desk, "it doesn't work. The grindstone of poverty has no more in common with the giant strides of progress than—than—"

"Than you with me," suggested Roderick.

She sent a reproachful glance across the desk to where he sat in the window recess.

"Can't you be impersonal for just two minutes?" she asked. "I like to generalize wide of the mark and narrow down gradually and logically to my objective point. It is such a mistake to think that all women jump at conclusions. The new woman is entirely above such things."

"You must be the very newest thing in women," he said, in an emphatic tone of approval.

She shook her head.

"No, we haven't reached the superlative yet."

"'We?' Then you are one in the ranks?"

"Certainly," cried Polly, looking distinctly offended. "You don't suppose I have come here for nothing?"

"I thought—I flattered myself that the pleasure of my society had something to do with it."

"Nonsense!" She flushed up to the roots of her pretty hair. "Don't be foolish, Roderick. I came here with a purpose; do be serious."

"I am," he assured her, "perfectly. Now to the purpose."

"Oh, well," biting into another sweet biscuit, "let us discuss things first."

"What things?"

"How provoking you are! Why, progress and poverty, if nothing better suggests itself; we'll get to the point somehow."

"The first thing you spoke of?" questioned Roderick.

"Yes."

"Well, then, fire away."

"Thanks; your elegant invitation puts me quite at my ease. I will 'fire away.' You see, Roderic, poverty is relative, as most things are, of course; the absence of money means the absence of so much more, not only the material necessities of existence, but the finer fibers of the soul and mind, which crave—not luxury—but careful and judicious nutriment. Can you follow my flight?" she asked.

"You soar high; it is hard work."

"Keep up as best you can—I'm coming to—"

"Presently; have patience. The handful of very rich do a vast deal for the great army of the very poor, although they don't get half enough credit for it, but that kind of universal beggary is not the sort I mean. It is the genteel poverty that is the bitter foe to progress. Too proud to beg, too honest to steal—its votaries stand apart in dumb suffering, and fail to grasp the remedy."

He smiled at her eagerness; it was a bitter, rather hopeless smile.

"Are you the discoverer of the promised land for such hapless mortals?"

"There is no promised land unless we go in a body and seek it. If our class of poor were only kinder to one another, more confiding and less suspicious in their intercourse—if they would only stand shoulder to shoulder—why, what an army of workers we should be!"

"Chimerno, Miss Polly; we can't set the world revolving the other way, else the delinquent clients would step backward into my anxious clutches."

Polly opened her eyes.

"Why, I thought your creed was optimism?"

"Well, it is, with reservations. I don't believe in fairy tales, however, even though told by the most bewitching of fairies."

"Roderick, I wish you wouldn't talk that way; it hurts."

"I beg your pardon."

"And shakes my resolution to say what I have come to say. You wouldn't have me go away without that, would you?"

"Not for worlds."

But Miss Polly seemed to have suddenly lost her tongue. She sat staring at Roderick's masterpiece—a gorgeous bit of turquoise bay dotted with white-winged sailboats.

"Pride is a very selfish thing," she remarked at length, apropos of nothing.

"That depends," said Roderick.

"It has done a great deal of mischief," insisted Polly.

"Only in the sense that one can have too much of a good thing sometimes."

"Yet proud people are not often happy," she said.

He reflected gravely.

"I give you the inside track of the argument there."

"Roderick, I am afraid you are very proud."

"Perhaps."

"And unhappy."

"Not now."

Miss Polly changed her tack.

"Don't you think if people want something very much they should ask for it—if—if it is so within the bounds of reserve?"

"Asking and getting are two very different things; it's well worth risking, I should say."

"And—and—suppose—for the sake of argument—that—there were two people—a man and a woman—of the genteel poor class who want something, say, for instance, each other, more than anything else in the world—"

She stopped, a little scared look in her wistful eyes, but he was silent, so she went on:

"Suppose the man's pride stood up like a gaunt, grim ghost and said: 'No, you can not marry this woman. You must let your youth drag on in unloved loneliness because you are struggling and poor. You must have no one to help you—it would be unmanly.' If this were really so, would it be right for the woman to suffer and remain silent?"

He was forced to answer her.

"That would be her only course," he said, slowly.

"That may be your 'old woman' with the meek brow and head bowed to adversity's blast. We new ones know better. We are not going to let our chances of happiness slip through our fingers for mere form. Roderick, do you hear me?"

There was low entreaty in her tone.

He had risen and turned away from her, his broad figure shutting out the view.

"Roderick," she entreated, "won't you speak to me?"

Still there was no answer.

"Roderick," with a break in her voice, "don't you love me after all?"

Her face had grown suddenly colorless; her lips trembled, and she was obliged to bite hard on a biscuit to keep back the tears of mortification.

The new woman was making a hazardous experiment.

He wheeled around and looked at her defiantly.

"Well, suppose I do—what then?"

But he reckoned without his host.

Such an admission set Miss Polly on her feet again. She laid down her biscuit and leaning both elbows on the desk, nodded across at him with a determined air.

"Roderick, will you marry me?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"I have only a woman's reason—I won't. Let us talk about something else."

She rose and came around to him so swiftly that he could not escape her. She stood beside him with her two hands held out in supplication.

"Couldn't we pull together for a while until you are able to go it alone? No one need know."

"Jack Penrose is coming in here, Polly—for heaven's sake, go—"

"Not until you say 'yes,'" said Polly, seeing her advantage, and holding it with all her feminine will.

"Polly, I implore—"

"Then say it," cried Miss Polly, laughing hysterically.

It is now two years since Roderick married the new woman, and the newest woman lies cooing in her cradle.—Chicago News.

Measuring Hay in the Stack.

Here are a few simple rules for determining the amount of hay in a stack or mow, when it is not convenient to weigh it, which we have printed several times, but give them again for the benefit of new subscribers and those who forget. Selling by measurement is not always the most satisfactory method, but it is sometimes the most convenient. Sellers are disposed to insist that a cube of 7 feet is a ton. This is entirely too small and will not weigh out. How many cubic feet will make a ton depends on so many conditions that no certain rule can be given. It depends on the kind of hay, whether timothy, alfalfa, or prairie; on the character of the hay, whether fine or coarse; on the condition in which it was put in the stack, the length of time it has been there, and particularly on the size, especially the depth of the stack or mow.

In a very large mow, well settled, 400 cubic feet of alfalfa or timothy may average a ton, but on top of the mow or in a small stack it requires 500 to 512 cubic feet, sometimes even more. It is not safe for the buyer to figure on less than 500 cubic feet, but in a well-filled stack, in selling, it would be safer to weigh than to sell at that measurement. To find the number of tons in a barn mow or hay shed multiply the length, depth and breadth together and divide by the number of cubic feet which, considering the quality of hay and condition in which it was put up, will make a ton. For long stacks or ricks multiply the length in yards by the width in yards and this by half the altitude in yards and divide the product by fifteen, and this should give the tonnage.

To measure a cone-shaped stack find the area of the base by multiplying the square of the circumference in feet by the decimal .07958 and multiply the product thus obtained by one-third of the height in feet and then divide as before, cutting off five right-hand figures. The correctness of this will depend somewhat on the approximation of the stack to a regular cone, and if the stack bulges out it makes the product too small. The better way is to estimate the area of the stack up to the point of tapering in and apply the rule to the cone-shaped top. The best way is to weigh. The experience of weighing a few stacks will enable any one to judge quite correctly.

Another approximate rule for measuring a round stack is this: Select a place which is as near as possible to what the average size would be if the stack were of uniform diameter from the ground to the top of the point. Measure around this to get the circumference. Add four ciphers to the circumference at the right and divide the whole by 3 1559 to get the diameter. Now multiply half the diameter by half the circumference and the feet of the circumference area are obtained. Multiply by the number of feet the stack is high, and the solid or cubic feet in the whole are ascertained. Then divide by the number of feet in a ton, which ranges all the way from 370 to 512, according to the fineness and compactness of the hay. This will give the number of tons in the stack.

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He'd Been Helping Jerry.

In a small village in Kent lived a farmer who had two sons. The elder, Jerry, an industrious and hard-working boy; the younger, Willie, just as idle.

His father, wishing to encourage the idle one, said to him:

"Willie, my boy, work hard all day and I will give you a shilling when I come home."

Evening came. Willie met his father at the gate, saying:

"Father, I have just about worked to-day. I have been helping Jerry all day."

His father, greatly pleased, replied: "That's a good boy, here's your shilling. By the by, what has Jerry been doing?"

"Oh, he's been fishing, father," came the unexpected reply.—Spare Moments.

Robbed the Grave.

A startling incident, of which Mr. John Oliver of Philadelphia, was the subject, is narrated by him as follows: "I was in a most dreadful condition. My skin was almost yellow, eyes sunken, tongue coated, pain continually in back and sides, no appetite—gradually growing weaker day by day. Three physicians had given me up. Fortunately, a friend advised trying 'Electric Bitters;' and to my great joy and surprise, the first bottle made a decided improvement. I continued their use for three weeks and am now a well man. I know they saved my life, and robbed the grave of another victim." No one should fail to try them. Only 50 cents a bottle, at J. N. Snyder's Drug Store, Somerset, Pa., and at G. W. Brallier's Drug Store, Berlin, Pa.

LEFT THEIR FEUD TO GO TO WAR.

Bakers, Hatfields and Whites Enlist in the New Volunteer Army.

From the Chicago Times-Herald.

Peace reigns in the mountains of Clay county, Ky., for the fighting men of the famous Baker family, knowing themselves overpowered, beaten and outnumbered, resolving not to stand and be killed nor to sue for peace with the Howards, have enlisted in the United States army. The fighting strength of the Baker family is gone; the boys have joined Company M of the new Thirty-first United States Volunteer Infantry, and are now at San Francisco waiting to go aboard the transport bound for Manila.

Forty of the most famous of the Kentucky fighters—Bakers, Hatfields and Whites are in Company M. The Whites of Company M, although related to the Whites, of the Howard family, are friends of the Bakers and related to them through marriage, and are exiled with them through fear—if the word can be used in connection with these men—of extermination. The boys are marching to war, but they vow to return when the two years of service in the Philippines is over, and one of them, a corporal, says when they do they will rally and there will be left no Howard in all Kentucky.

The Thirty-first Regiment under Col. Pettit, was recruited at Fort Thomas, in the highlands back of Newport, Ky. When the call for troops to suppress the rebellion in the Philippines came and recruiting of the new Thirty-first commenced, a blue-eyed handsome mountaineer, armed with a revolver came and announced his intention of enlisting. He was examined and accepted. He was Bob Baker, one of the nerviest men and one of the best shots in the mountains; and everybody in the Kentucky hills can shoot.

Within a week he was joined by a dozen of his brothers and kinsmen, and when the regiment moved on August 18 there were 42 of the clan enrolled in Company M, and peace was assured in Clay county for the next two years at least. Of those 42 men every one is a crack shot, but they long for their pistols, and will not be reconciled with a Krag-Jorgenson.

A few days ago when the company was on the rifle range Bob Baker shooting over 400 yards, scored 96 out of a possible 100, and when his lieutenant congratulated him on his marksmanship he said: "That ain't nothin'. If I only had my 45 Winchester I reckon I could shoot some."

The Baker and White boys, of Company M, as they clambered for the first time in their lives—into the sleepers that were to carry them to San Francisco, and gazed for the last time in two years, perhaps forever, at the Kentucky hills, went hopefully. One of them, talking to his lieutenant just as the train moved said:

"We'll come back, and when we do them fellows had better watch out."

Outnumbered and driven from home, the spirit of the feudists still held strong in the mountain lads.

They declare the Bakers are not yet whipped, and that they will revenge themselves yet. They say they cannot hope to contend with the Howards unless they secure allies, and they hint that the Philpots—one of the strongest clans in the mountain country—are friendly to the Bakers, and that if the Philpots ever come out openly against the Howards the feud will end in the extermination of the Howards and the Griffin-Morris families. The Philpots and Griffin-Morris clans have been at war for five years.

The history of the Baker-Howard war has been written many times. The trouble started originally in a dispute over the ownership of some logs, and in the fight which followed Tom Baker killed W. Howard and B. Storer. From that day to the departure of the Bakers for the army there has been no cessation of hostilities. During the last two years four Bakers and nine Howards have been killed.

Bob Baker, a corporal in Company M, is the leader of the Bakers in that company. His father, one brother and three cousins have been killed in the last four years. His cousin, Tom Baker, was killed recently while in the guardhouse of a Kentucky militia regiment, surrounded by soldiers. He was being held for the killing of Will White. John and Sid Baker are the best shots and the nerviest men of the clan. They are brothers, but have arrayed themselves on different sides of the feud, for Sid Baker married a Howard and since has fought with the clan of his wife against his own family.

Bundy Green, private in Company M, is a cousin of the Bakers, and in the recent rifle practice on the range at Fort Thomas made the best score of all the sharpshooters of the company. Two days ago he scored 96 out of a possible 100 at 400 yards. He is known as the best shot with a Winchester in all the mountains, and last Christmas killed 12 turkeys straight at 300 yards, and every turkey was hit in the head.

Corporal Bob Baker, the military leader of the clan, seems to bear a charmed life. He has been the especial object of dislike of the Howards for several years, and half a dozen attempts to kill him have failed. He has never been scratched by a bullet. He and his brother, who afterward was killed, were with their father when he was fired upon and killed, and together the boys killed their father's slayer, John Wilson.

Among the recruits in Company M is another famous Kentucky fighter, Jim Hatfield, a nephew of "Old Cap" Hatfield, who enlisted, so he says, because he hates peace. Hatfield carries a bullet in his thigh which was buried there when he was but 13 years old, and he quietly adds, in telling the story, that a year later he killed the man who shot him.

Company M is the pride of Colonel Pettit's regiment. It has been advanced to the first company in the regiment, and almost all its drill has been in outpost and picket duty, showing that the company is intended entirely for sharpshooters' duty when it arrives in the Philippines. With 42 wonderful shots and men schooled to fight against ambuscades and from ambush, the chances are it will be a sharp thorn in the side of Aguinaldo before the campaign is over. The company is now at San Francisco waiting to go aboard transports as soon as the brigade can be organized.

The Blind Sparrow.

There was a commotion in the apple tree, where the sparrows had congregated in great numbers, and with more than usual demonstrations of interest in the first flight of a young sparrow family. They seemed greatly excited, uttering strange notes of wonder or of fear, as if something were out of the regular order.

One of the young birds was standing on the edge of the nest timidly fluttering its wings, while the others urged it to flight, both by precept and by example. When the poor thing finally ventured to use its wings, it fell down fluttering to the ground.

Ruby picked it up tenderly, and, trying to soothe its distress, she discovered that it had no eyes. The head was otherwise perfect, but where the eyes should have been, it was curiously smooth, with no signs of even embryotic orbs of vision.

Here was a strange freak of nature, a curiosity, to be sure, but a sad fate for the poor little sparrow to be blind! What chance could a blind bird have to make its way in the world?

Ruby placed it carefully in a basket, where the old birds brought food to it for several days, until it gained strength and courage to try its wings in an upward flight.

Then there was a curious school of methods in our back yard. All the sparrow colony seemed interested in the blind bird, and evinced considerable wit or wisdom in their plans for teaching it how to reach the tree where so many of them made their home.

Relays of sparrows were perched upon a bush, the fence, the tree, all making plaintive calls, which the blind bird answered. After many efforts it succeeded in reaching the first group of its friends, and they received it with great demonstrations of delight. Success brought courage, and in a few hours it had reached the tree, guided by the calls of its comrades.

The blind bird is full grown now, but dependent upon the neighborly offices of its friends, which fly down with it evey day into the grass under the apple tree, and the afflicted bird waits patiently, while they feed it with the crumbs that we leave there, and a few bugs and worms by way of relish. —Our Animal Friends.

Bill's Luck.

A Chicago hotel manager employed a handy man going by the name of "Bill" to do his window washing. One morning Bill, instead of doing his work, was amusing himself by reading the paper, and, as bad luck would have it, the manager looked in.

"What's this?" he said. Bill was dumfounded. "Pack up your things and go," said the manager!

So poor Bill went to the office, drew the money which was owing to him, and then went upstairs and put on his good clothes. Coming down, he went to say "Good-by" to some of the other servants, and there he happened to run across the manager, who did not recognize him in his black coat.

"Do you want a job?" asked the manager.

"Yes, sir," said Bill.

"Can you clean windows?".

"Yes, sir."

"You look a handy sort of fellow. I only gave the last man $5, but I'll give you seven."

"Thank you, sir," said Bill; and in half an hour he was back in the same old room—cleaning the window this time, and not reading the paper.—Collier's Weekly.

A Thousand Tongues

Could not express the rapture of Annie E. Springer, of 1125 Howard st., Philadelphia, Pa., when she found that Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption had completely cured her of a hacking cough that for many years had made life a burden. All other remedies and doctors could give her no help, but she says of this Royal Cure—"it soon removed the pain in my chest and I can now sleep soundly, something I can scarcely remember of doing before. I feel like sounding its praises throughout the Universe. So will every one who tries Dr. King's New Discovery for any trouble of the Throat, Chest and Lungs. Price 50c. and $1.00. Trial bottles free at J. N. Snyder's Drug Store, Somerset, Pa., and at G. W. Brallier's Drug Store, Berlin, Pa., every bottle guaranteed.

Both Afflicted.

There came to a young doctor an uncommonly unclean infant, borne in the arms of a mother whose face showed the same abhorrence of soap. Looking down upon the child for a moment, the doctor solemnly said: "It seems to be suffering from 'hydropathic hydrophobia.'" "Oh, doctor, is it as bad as that?" cried the mother. "That's a big sickness for such a mite. Whatever shall I do for the child?" "Wash its face, madam," replied the doctor; "the disease will go off with the dirt." "Wash its face—wash its face, indeed?" exclaimed the mother losing her temper. "What next, I'd like to know!" "Wash your own, madam—wash your own," was the rejoinder.—Buffalo Enquirer.

Red Hot From The Gun

Was the ball that hit G. B. Steadman of Newark, Mich., in the Civil War. It caused horrible Ulcers that no treatment helped for 20 years. Then Bucklen's Arnica Salve cured him. Cures Cuts, Bruises, Burns, Boils, Felons, Corns, Skin Eruptions. Best Pile cure on earth. 25 cents a box. Cure guaranteed. Sold at J. N. Snyder's Drug Store, Somerset, Pa., and G. W. Brallier's Drug Store, Berlin, Pa.

FARM NEWS AND VIEWS.

Wind-Breaks and Shelter in Winter. Sheep and Pasture.

Most farms lack wind breaks or open shelter. A shed facing the south gives abundant fresh air, sunshine and shelter from winds, and is preferable to compelling animals to remain confined in stalls. The use of wire for fencing exposes cattle to the full force of the winds, while old-style fences were partial wind-breaks. The same objection applies to wire as fencing for poultry. To remove the difficulty the yard should be surrounded with a thick hedge, or a hedge may be grown on the north and west sides. American arbor vitae is excellent for the purpose, and two lines of hedge—one in the rear of the other—will greatly assist in protecting against the cold winds. Sheltered animals require less food for support of the body than those that may be exposed, and it will be a saving in the cost of food to provide shelter. An excellent mode is to place the cornstalks on the outside of the fence, sufficiently far from it to prevent interference from stock, as cornstalks will provide an effectual wind-break. It is also more advantageous to use the stalks for such purpose than to permit them to go to waste in the fields after being shocked.

Early and late frosts are disliked by farmers, but such frosts do more harm to insects than the severe cold of winter, as they catch many insects out of the ground or just below the surface. It has been noticed that when the winters are severely cold, and the ground remains frozen until well into spring, insects are more numerous the following summer than when the winters are mild. It is the alternate freezing and thawing that does the damage to insects, especially when there is a warm rain followed by a sudden freezing of the ground below the surface.

A farmer may be successful and grow large crops, yet become poorer because the land has lost its fertility. Everything sold from the farm is taken from the land, and the supply must at some time become exhausted. Rotation of crops, plowing under of green food and the saving of manure will assist in retaining fertility, but nevertheless much leaves the farm that is never returned unless the farmer buys something in its place. Fertilizers should therefore be used on every farm in order to keep the farm up to its highest degree of fertility.

Considerable labor may be saved by proper construction of grain bins. No work is more disagreeable than that of shoveling grain out of a bin, frequently the work being done by getting into the bin when the grain is low. This labor can be saved by attaching a spout to the lower portion of the bin, or the front boards may be movable. The movable boards should be preferred if the bins are used for the storage of roots. It is easier to take roots from bins than from pits in the open air, and by proper packing the roots in the bins can be kept in good condition until spring.

Many devices have been suggested to prevent cows from kicking when being milked, but the fact is that a kicking cow usually has other vices, and the surest way to cure her is to send her to the shambles. A cow that is not gentle, reliable and free from vices should be made to give way to one that is of a better disposition.

There are several modes of securing a sod on a lawn. Sowing the seed is not always reliable, as dry weather may interfere, while laying sod over a large lawn is laborious and expensive. One plan is to plow the ground and manure with fine manure, harrowing it several times. Get the sod, break it into many small pieces, and plant each piece six inches apart, using a trowel. Next, roll the plot and leave it to become matted, as each piece of grass will meet the others. Kentucky bluegrass is the best for a lawn.

The land that was devoted to potatoes this year should be seeded to rye, limed in the spring and corn grown on the same land next year. Such a plan gives the land two weedings and cleans it thoroughly. It also is an advantage not to grow potatoes on the same land oftener than one year in four as a precaution against disease. Rye should cover all land that is plowed in the fall, as it prevents loss of fertility, and when turned under in the spring it will add fertilizing material to the soil, the lime being used to neutralize any acidity that may exist.

Too much ground food is not beneficial to fowls. They have no teeth, the work of preparing the food being done by the gizzard, which must be made to do duty or the birds will not thrive. Ground or soft food will answer for an occasional mess, but the proper food's are hard grains, which the fowls prefer to grind for themselves through the agency of the gizzard.

Every pound of grain or other food purchased and brought on the farm compensates for the loss of the elements removed from the soil. A ton of bran represents fifty pounds of nitrogen, fifty-three pounds of phosphoric acid and thirty-two pounds of potash, worth about $11. A large proportion of these substances is left in the manure after the bran has been used for feeding.

Should sows farrow in the fall the pigs will be at a great disadvantage compared with those that are farrowed in spring unless extra care is given them to protect them against cold in winter. Fall pigs will grow and make fine hogs if the conditions are favorable, but if they are chilled, even for a few hours, the effects will be noticeable for several months. It is the liability of exposure that makes fall pigs more expensive than those that start out in spring, with warm weather and green food in their favor.

The fall is the time to renew the orchard. Remove the dead wood and then plow the land, applying bonemeal and wood ashes. Manure may also be applied to advantage, the ground being well harrowed after the fertilizer or manure has been broadcasted. In the spring the ground may be used for potatoes, early cabbage, carrots, beets or parsnips, which will permit of growing a crop while cultivating the orchard.

Your nerves are composed of the same material as those who have been cured by Wheeler's Nerve Vitalizer. It is your fault if you continue to suffer from nerve trouble. For sale at Garman's Drug Store, Berlin, Pa., and Mountain & Son's Drug Store, Confluence, Pa.

The best way to get to the top is to begin at the bottom, and then just turn things upside down.

The fellow who begins by lending an ear to blandishment is apt to end by losing his head completely.

The woman who wears a new dress is usually satisfied with her surroundings.

GATHERING WINTER APPLES.

Some Hints as to the Most Suitable Time.

From the Bedford Inquirer.

This is the time of the year when many people are exercised as to what course is best to pursue in regard to gathering and caring for their winter apples.

It is a question of considerable importance to the farmers and fruit growers of our county. The crop of winter apples here is quite considerable and, in view of the fact that there