

BY RICHARD BURTON.

There broods a pathos of a time long past  
In every nook and every grass-grown  
way;  
The fences lean as tired out at last,  
That once peep in on many lads at play.  
The doors gape open, but one hark in  
vain  
For human voices or for hurrying feet;  
The rusty weather-cock creaks out that  
rain  
Or days uncloudy come, or snow and  
sleet.  
The gables droop, the windows, staring-  
eyed,  
Do seem to mock one pitying the place;  
A thousand birds and flowers long have  
tried  
To put upon the scene a summer face.  
But spite of them, a silence wide and  
deep  
Clings round the corners, sits on every  
stone;  
It is a spot for lingering and sleep,  
For guessing other fortunes than your  
own.

I people all the playground up and down  
With ruminating forms and sound of laugh-  
ter high;  
I watch the light of evening like a crown  
Upon the walls, till pales the westers  
sky.  
I wonder how those stunted limbs have  
fared  
That once have wandered far as east  
and west;  
I wonder who from sorrows have been  
spared,  
I strive to read the hearts that have  
been  
And so my love would follow, one by one,  
The life of each, and all its changes  
know—  
Until the faces fade, as did the sun  
That lit the players in the long ago.  
And I am left a solitary, all  
My youth gone from me, in a daze to  
stone;  
Mid-manhood's burden up, until I fail  
Upon the beaten highway of Heart-  
break.  
—The Critic.

Stacy's Chimney-Top Party.

By Edward William Thomson.

WHEN the first great woolen  
factory was put up at  
Cornwall, Ontario, by the  
Scott-Canadian capitalists  
who are now Lord Mount-Stephen and  
Lord Strathcona-and-Mount-Royal,  
their contractor for the building was  
John Stacy. He was of great phys-  
ical strength, notoriously "a tall man  
of his hands," and everything in the  
nature of a practical joke was dear to  
him, although he must have been  
fifty-five or sixty years old. No  
body who knew him was surprised  
when he proposed a luncheon on top  
of the factory chimney just after its  
completion.

It cannot be truthfully said that  
men came flocking to his invitations.  
The chimney, which stood about  
twenty-five or thirty feet clear of  
the factory building, was a plain shaft  
of brick with an unrolled iron coping,  
and to reach this top we had to go out  
on a ladder, about thirty-five or forty  
feet long, which slanted from the roof  
of the ten-story stair tower to the  
coping. In high winds the tall stack  
of brick swayed distinctly, as all  
high chimneys do at such times.

"It's a wonder entirely what ab-  
sorbent business the gentlemen of  
Cornwall do have on the day of  
me luncheon-party," old Mr. Stacy  
told me, with apparent solemnity and  
a few touches of brogue. "I was ex-  
pecting the judge would come and re-  
ply to the toast of the learned pro-  
fessors, but himself is for holding  
court steady all that day. Darby  
Bergin doesn't leave his patients  
for two hours, poor creature!"

When I axed odd Aleck Sandfield  
to act as my third, he fled as one  
man. Donald Ben McLenan say  
'twill be the height of impossibility  
for him to get away from his office  
that day at one o'clock.

"And even me how'd John Ban  
could promise no better than that he'd  
be proud to partake of what would  
be going if it was the luck of him to  
be able to join me chimney party.  
Sure, it's cloudy in his talk John Ban  
can be at times! And ten or a dozen  
more—with one accord they made  
excuse." I dunno what's gone wrong.  
There's seldom unwillingness among  
them to partake of what's going at  
me expense."

"They're afraid of the height," I  
suggested, being young and innocent  
enough to imagine that the contractor  
might really be puzzled.  
"Look at that now!" he exclaimed,  
eyeing me with much admiration. "He  
seen it at wance! The foolish old man  
I am! 'Tis the fut of the chimney I  
should have invited them to! And me  
at the greatest of pains to instruct  
them on the picturesque prospect form  
the top, and about the enjoyment of  
sitting foreinest yer provisions wid  
one hundred and thirty feet of hole  
under your toes and the same of clear  
air beneath your back-bone!"

"And then," Stacy continued, "the  
pleasure of climbing out on the ladder  
with nothing, bar the rungs, betwix  
your boot-soles and the ground! Faith,  
I discoursed of the height as an at-  
traction! And you think is scared  
them!" See the penetration of the  
young!"

"And so the party won't come off!"  
I said, ignoring his irony.  
"Truth, it will! There's yourself  
and your chief, Mr. Bell. Ye will re-  
present the noble art of factory ar-  
chitecture; and the superintendent,  
he'll climb anything with a good lunch  
at the top of it. It's manufacturing  
industries be'll speak for, and me son  
George can stand with yourself for  
young Canada; and there's meself for  
old Ireland; and then there's the re-  
porters, maybe, and Mr. MacDew—  
that is the mayor—and we MacDew  
that wants to be. Sure, they'll re-  
present the proud municipality of  
Cornwall!"

"MacDew! Surely he won't try it!"  
"And why not?"  
"That little, nervous shivering store-  
keeper!"  
"Arrah, but you forget the ambi-  
tion he has to be mayor! It invites  
him to that extent he might look like  
a balloon. How did I get him to ac-  
cept? Ah, that was aye! I just took  
it for granted he wouldn't want to be  
climbing high places, and I went on  
telling him how Mayor MacDew had  
accepted, and how I'd arranged for  
the Montreal Daily Gazette reporter,  
and that the Cornwall Sentinel would  
give two columns to my chimney party  
and how the owners of the factory  
wished me success in it—them that  
will be able to influence so many Corn-  
wall votes hereafter, and what cor-  
porality the present mayor do be al-  
ways gaining by being to the fore on  
public occasions.

"Well, done, sor!" said old John.  
"Just put up both your hands and I'll  
help you up by the shoulders." He was  
afraid to take hold of MacDew's  
shoulders without such a warning, for  
the strained nerves might break down at  
an unexpected touch.  
But MacDew kept his lower hand on  
the rung, and spoke, if speaking that  
could be called which was little more  
than a motion of assent lips.  
"Put an oyster in my mouth!" his  
lips whispered.

He gulped it down with difficulty.  
"Now I've lunched with you as I  
said I would, and suddenly he put  
one foot down as if to retreat.  
The sole of his boot came hard on  
George Stacy's left hand. At this con-  
tact with something unexpected MacDew's  
strength gave way and he fell  
in a dead faint.  
His face fell forward and his legs  
sprawled down as George Stacy's  
front; he slipped down over the rungs  
until the upper jammed the limp  
figure against the ladder by pushing  
his own body forward.

"You're doing fine, Mr. MacDew,  
and there's that'll do you good up  
here waiting!"  
Probably the words and tone helped  
the little man, as Stacy intended, by  
slightly distracting him from the hide-  
ous fear against which he strove.

"George," old Stacy called to his son,  
"who had begun to ascend, "you had  
better be coming right close after Mr.  
MacDew, close, so as to give him a  
boost at the top!" But the old man's  
real purpose was that his strong son  
should catch MacDew instantly if the  
man slipped. If he should fall back-  
ward from the height of six feet above  
George's broad shoulders the young man  
might be hurled down with his  
father's guest.

As MacDew felt the ladder tremble  
under young Stacy's quickened move-  
ment he stopped with an inarticulate  
cry, as if believing that the ladder had  
given way, but when George called out  
"I'm coming up closer to you, Mr.  
MacDew!" he seemed to under-  
stand, and clutched for a new rung  
above him.

"Old Stacy and all of us were as pale  
as MacDew when at last he put his  
hand on the coping in reaching for one  
rung more.  
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left arm, and easily backed down the  
ladder with him.  
He laid MacDew on the roof of the  
stair tower and hurried away for some  
stimulant.  
When he returned with the remedy  
the party had all descended from the  
chimney top.  
It was fully fifteen minutes before  
the stimulant and the fanning of his  
face and chafing of his hands revived  
the merchant. Then, like the famous  
"consular of Rome," the first words  
he spoke were of the fight:  
"Didn't I keep my word with you,  
Stacy?"  
"Faith, you did, then!" cried old  
John. "And a bolder deed I never  
saw. Only it wasn't necessary. He-  
dad, I'm ashamed of me foolish prank  
in tempting you up, Mr. MacDew. If  
it wasn't for my boy being a better  
man than his father, 'tis a murderer  
I'd feel meself this minute. Faith,  
it's a strong sowly ye've got in that lit-  
tle wake body! If it wasn't so sense-  
less of ye to insist on ascending for the  
sake of ye oyster, I dunno but I'd  
call ye a hero."  
"I guess George was the hero on this  
occasion," said Mayor MacDew.  
Then the contractor had the luncheon  
brought down to the ninth floor, where  
MacDew helped to dispose of it with  
voluntary spirit.

The affair illustrates one thing  
worth remembering in days when  
newspapers make a fresh set of heroes  
every time armed men do anything  
indicating normal human courage. At  
Stacy's dinner party a nervous, seden-  
tary, smaller man encountered what  
was to him an immense danger, and  
fought his own fear till he fainted, all  
from a not despicable desire to keep  
an engagement though the engage-  
ment was entered into from petty van-  
ity. Jealousy and ambition—Youth's  
Companion.

**The Speaker of Parliament.**  
The speaker of the House of Com-  
mons is an autocrat. He is supposed  
to be impartial, and to protect the  
rights of the minority, and there is no  
appeal from his decisions. He is  
elected at the beginning of each ses-  
sion, and can be removed and another  
substituted in his place at any time  
by a vote of the house. This has been  
done on several occasions, but as long  
as he is in the chair his power is ab-  
solute. He can terminate a debate; he  
can recognize whomsoever he pleases;  
he can refuse to consider propositions;  
he can stop a member in the midst of a  
speech, and can do anything else  
which, in his judgment, is necessary  
to promote the usefulness of the nation,  
and the order and discipline of the  
commons. That is his responsibility,  
and he exercises it to his best judg-  
ment and sense of justice. If he errs,  
he must suffer the penalty, but there  
is none to question or dispute his  
authority as long as he is in the chair.

With this extraordinary power there  
are some drawbacks. The speaker of  
the house of commons cannot deleg-  
ate his authority. He must always  
be present during the proceedings, and  
preside, except when the house is in  
committee of the whole. Then he may  
retire for the time being, but cannot  
leave the building. He must always  
be within call, so that he may resume  
the chair at a moment's notice. He  
has magnificent apartments in the par-  
liament house, which are known as  
"the speaker's palace"—a suite of be-  
tween thirty and forty rooms sum-  
ptuously furnished. He receives a sal-  
ary of \$25,000, and the most of it is  
required to maintain the expense of  
his establishment. He pays all his ser-  
vants and has to entertain a great deal.  
Theoretically, the palace and the salary  
he receives are intended for that  
purpose. When he retires he is usu-  
ally elevated to the peerage and voted a  
pension for life.—Chicago Record-Her-  
ald.

**Government Miners and Assayers.**  
Next to our agricultural resources  
the mining wealth of our land is the  
most important, and the agitation  
made some time ago to establish a  
new department, with a Cabinet Min-  
ister at its head, to look after the  
mining interests of the United States,  
indicates how important this field has  
become. In the assay offices through-  
out the country there are hundreds  
of expert chemists and scientists who  
look after the interests of those who  
have mines. The man who makes a  
fortunate discovery of gold or silver  
does not have to go to a private con-  
cern to have his wealth tested. The  
nearest Government assay office will  
do that for him without fee or favor.  
When the assay is made the poorest  
miner feels that he has been justly  
dealt with; but this feature of the  
work is only one of many others  
equally important. The Government  
has its corps of mining engineers and  
experts who examine mining regions  
and report upon their observa-  
tions.

In all these positions under the Govern-  
ment some scientific training or  
knowledge is necessary as a prelimi-  
nary. The fear or favor of political  
pull is less than in most other depart-  
ments. The work is all of a scientific  
or semi-scientific character, and a  
mere political follower or ward hee-  
man can hardly cut a decent figure in  
such a position. Consequently the po-  
sitions are in less demand than the  
mere clerical ones.—Collier's Weekly.

**More Afraid of Woman Than of Man.**  
The driver was beating his horse un-  
mercifully. One or two men remon-  
strated against such cruelty, but he  
paid no attention to their appeals for  
mercy. Presently a woman gave in  
sight, and he laid down his whip and  
assumed an air of innocence.  
"That's always the way," said a by-  
stander. "It is queer how much more  
afraid those fellows are of a woman  
than they are of a man. They treat  
our threats with contempt, and seem  
not to hold us in the slightest dread,  
but just let a woman happen along  
and they quiet down and become meek  
as putty. I suppose it is because the  
women really mean business, for it is  
a fact that two-thirds of the com-  
plaints turned into the office of the So-  
ciety for the Prevention of Cruelty to  
Animals are furnished by them. The  
Animals are furnished by them. The  
of course, is in accord with the rep-  
utation of the sex for gentleness, but I  
really don't think it speaks very well  
for us men."—New York Sun.

Of Spain's surface only thirty-seven  
per cent is cultivated, twenty-six per  
cent being pasture and forest, and the  
rest wild and barren mountain land.

FARM AND GARDEN.

Clean the Roadside of Weeds.

It is perhaps not the business of the  
farmer to keep the roadside clean by  
cutting down the weeds that grow on  
such places, but, as the seeds of weeds  
are carried to long distances by the  
winds, the farmer who keeps the road-  
side clear of weeds will have fewer  
weeds on his farm.

Keep the Hay in the Barn.

A large proportion of the hay and  
fodder produced on farms is stacked,  
but hay stored in the barn will keep  
in much better condition than when  
stored in stacks. It is almost impos-  
sible to escape loss when it is exposed  
in stacks. Damaged hay will be  
wasted by the animals, and there is  
an additional loss in quality by expos-  
ure that may not occur in the barn.  
It is better to sell the hay that cannot  
be stored in the barn than to accept  
risk of the weather.

The Profit in Eggs.

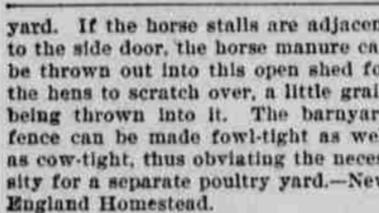
The question has been discussed as  
to whether there is a larger profit in  
eggs in winter than in summer. It is  
not denied that in winter prices are at  
times very high, but it may happen  
that but few of the hens are then lay-  
ing, while the expense of maintaining  
the non-layers adds to the cost of the  
eggs. In the summer season eggs are  
low, but as the hens can then largely  
sustain themselves the cost is reduced.  
As to the fowls forage and pick up many  
articles of food that would be other-  
wise wasted, it is really the case that  
many farmers sell eggs in summer  
that did not cost anything at all. An-  
other fact is that a larger proportion  
of the hens lay in summer, and those  
that are unproductive can be made  
fat and sent to market at less cost than  
during any other season of the year.

Open Ditches.

Open ditches should only be made  
where absolutely necessary. The reason  
is obvious—a tile drain will gen-  
erally cost but little, if any more, than  
a properly constructed open ditch with  
sufficiently sloping banks. Fields can  
be cultivated, hauled done in less  
time and with less inconvenience, be-  
side the additional ground to culti-  
vate which would be waste land if  
the ditch was left open. There is a  
constant demand for the deepening  
and widening of ditches, and this de-  
mand will continue until their ob-  
jects are sunk low enough not to ob-  
struct the discharge of the tile drains.  
The bottom of an open ditch should  
be at least two feet below the neces-  
sary depth of tile drains to prevent  
the tile from being filled up and ob-  
structed by the ever-accumulating sedi-  
ment in the bottom. Probably the  
best way to treat this deposit of sedi-  
ment would be to make bank slopes  
not to exceed two to one, or still flatter,  
which will greatly reduce the cost of  
cleaning out the ditch and keeping  
it in repair, by plowing and scraping  
out the deposit and spreading it on  
the adjacent land.—The Epitomist.

Barn Shed and Poultry House.

The cut shows an addition to the  
side of a barn covering a side door  
and affording a house for poultry and  
an open shed for the poultry to scratch  
in during the winter. It affords a  
chance also for cows to find protection  
during showers on summer nights  
when they are confined in the stable



yard. If the horse stalls are adjacent  
to the side door, the horse manure can  
be thrown out into this open shed for  
the hens to scratch over, a little grain  
being thrown into it. The barnyard  
fence can be made foot-tight as well  
as cow-tight, thus obviating the neces-  
sity for a separate poultry yard.—New  
England Homestead.

**Acres of Dandelions Yields \$1000.**  
The dandelion is but little grown in  
this country as a vegetable, other than  
in some parts of New England. Some  
of the market gardeners in the vicin-  
ity of Boston claim to have taken as  
much as \$1000 worth from an acre. The  
variety known as the improved French  
thick leaved is the best and most gen-  
erally known. It is not at all particu-  
lar as to soil or situation—in fact,  
it will thrive anywhere—but the larger  
profits are made in growing it on a  
heavy loam, with good tilth. The seed  
should be sown after May 1, but  
good results are obtained when grown  
as late as August 1.

The soil should be finely prepared,  
as the seeds are very small, and the  
young plants because of their dark  
color are quite inconspicuous. Sow in  
drills one foot apart and cover thinly.  
Roll the ground after sowing. In or-  
der to see where the rows are a little  
lettuce seed should be mixed with it,  
say, two ounces to the acre. The let-  
tuce will plainly show the rows.  
Cultivate in summer so that weeds  
will not grow. Upon the approach of  
cold weather cover with any coarse  
litter and remove same in early spring.  
One-quarter of a pound of seed is suf-  
ficient for an acre.—Rural New Yorker.

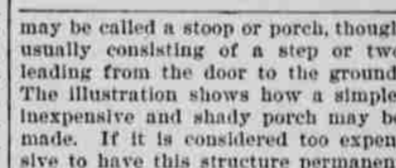
**The Balanced Ration.**  
If silage is cheaper than dried corn  
and cheaper and better than roots; if  
clover, soy beans and the peas and all  
the other possible leguminous crops  
are as valuable sources of protein as  
the by-products of the mills and trusts,  
and they will balance the ration to  
the fullest requirements of the good  
cow, and do it more cheaply than the  
feeds of commerce, then why should  
they not grow on all our farms? Then  
the balancing may be done at home.  
Pasturage is here, and it is well to  
maintain our balance. The cow is in  
business for life. If you starved or  
neglected her last winter your good  
green grass of this spring is being  
charged back to the winter's unbal-  
ance. And the spring's abundance of  
verdere should not delude us into any  
unbusinesslike relaxation of our solic-  
itude and provision for the time when

the grasses fall and the flux increase  
and multiply. We may reflect now  
when our cows are enjoying the full-  
ness of the spring that each one is eat-  
ing about 100 pounds of grass, and  
that it is a well balanced ration; that  
it has about the same food constitu-  
tion as 100 pounds of milk. This is  
only so when the grass is at its per-  
fection; as it grows older it loses its  
palatability as well as its solubility,  
and the balance is lost. The cow se-  
cures less than she had in perfect pas-  
ture grass, a decline in production is  
inevitable in spite of all the drafts she  
makes upon her reserve forces in her  
efforts to sustain the balance, for the  
good cow loves her master.

I have seen cows penned in a dusty  
pasture working away at the grass  
ruts, when just over the fence waved  
and fluttered rich green corn, fifteen  
tons to the acre, all waiting to get ripe  
and dry to be fed to the cows the next  
winter for them to balance up on, and  
the owner thereof have "no stock" in  
a balanced ration and no balanced ra-  
tion in his stock. Surely feed de-  
ferred maketh the milk fall.—W. P.  
McSparran, in National Stockman.

Beautifulizing the Farm Home.

Farm life is too often devoid of con-  
veniences and small attractions which  
are inexpensive, and which add so  
greatly to the comfort of those who  
practically spend their lives within  
the confines of the home acre. There  
is less of the higher civilization in  
farm life than is compatible with the  
ability of the occupants to obtain.  
There are a dozen and one things that  
might be added to farm homes which  
would enable one to enjoy in its full-  
ness the comfort and freedom of our  
surroundings.



A SIMPLE SHADY PORCH.

The average farmhouse has at the  
rear, or side, from the kitchen what  
may be called a stoop or porch, though  
usually consisting of a step or two  
leading from the door to the ground.  
The illustration shows how a simple,  
inexpensive and shady porch may be  
made. If it is considered too expen-  
sive to have this structure permanent  
with a regulation battened or shingled  
roof, the framework only need be  
erected, using for the roof a few yards  
of protecting cloth, such as is used for  
hotbeds. By stretching this tight and  
at about the same pitch as shown in  
the illustration it will shed water per-  
fectly. A broad bench is placed at  
one end of this porch and a roomy  
table at the other. Vines may be  
planted in the rich soil at either end  
of the porch and trained on cords or  
narrow wire netting up over the roof,  
to provide additional shade. If the  
structure is made permanent, hardly  
vines—the honeysuckles, Virginia  
creeper, aekbia and clematis—may be  
planted on one side and a climbing  
rose on the other. The first season  
climbing annuals may be used to se-  
cure quick shade, using morning glory,  
climbing nasturtiums and the like.  
The good housewife will assuredly ap-  
preciate such a convenience, which  
will enable her to do much of her work  
in the fresh, cool air, instead of in  
the hot kitchen. The broad seat will be  
useful when vegetables are to be pre-  
pared or other work done which may  
be performed sitting. Such a covered  
porch is inexpensive, and may be made  
by any one handy with tools.—New  
York Tribune.

**Relation of Salt to Dairying.**

Cows should be salted regularly, or  
better still, should have constant ac-  
cess to salt.  
The practice of salting them once a  
week is not a good one, as most cattle  
will lick a little salt every day if they  
can get it.

Thus provided they will yield more  
and better milk than otherwise, and  
will also maintain a better degree of  
health.

As salt provokes thirst, the milk an-  
imal should have as free access to  
water as to the saline mineral, or the  
latter will do her more harm than  
good.

Speaking of salt leads me to say  
that some failures in dairy butter  
making I have noted came about by  
salting the cattle and the butter out  
of the same barrel.

In other words, coarse, insoluble  
salt was used for the butter, when  
only the highest and most refined  
grade should be employed.

Salt that is not soluble will not per-  
meate the substance of butter evenly,  
and thus rancidity may be induced.

Again, grains of salt in butter always  
detract from its appearance, and are  
injurious to even flavor, from these  
causes alone lowering its market value.  
Let us say here that there are to-day  
just as many grades of American dairy  
salt produced as come from England.

American milk cattle fed on Amer-  
ican grass produce butter salted with  
American salt that is the peer of any  
on earth, and is so conceded in for-  
eign markets.

In attaining this result, however,  
one must utilize the best of every-  
thing, thinking not that poor or cheap  
material can be introduced with im-  
punity to future quality.

I knew a dairyman once who, in a  
spasm of economy (? ) sought to save  
five cents by purchasing a cheaper  
grade of salt than was his wont, and  
later lost on his shipment of butter  
thereby \$7.

It was one of the most effective les-  
sons he could have been taught in  
practical dairying, exemplifying as it  
did that cheap material always pro-  
duces cheap quality. When it comes  
to cheese making salt holds just as im-  
portant a position as in other dairy  
lines, i. e., that solubility and purity  
are highly necessary.

The relation of salt, he it under-  
stood, to all phases of dairying is a  
highly important one, and because this  
fact is so little appreciated accounts  
for many dairy failures.—George S.  
Newell, in American Cultivator.

GOOD ROADS.

Machinery Working a Revolution.

THE perfection of farm ma-  
chinery has worked a revo-  
lution in all farming meth-  
ods. Now a man can with  
ease do the work in a day that used  
to take him three or four days to per-  
form. By means of the improved ma-  
chinery and scientific methods the  
progressive farmer has cheapened the  
cost of his produce by half; the per-  
fection of railway service takes his  
surplus to the market in half the  
time, with a freight charge of one-  
fourth the tariff of thirty years ago.  
There is more money now in fifty cent  
wheat than there was in "dollar  
wheat" then.

In every field of human activity in  
this country, save one, there have  
been and are being made giant  
 strides to multiply productivity, to  
lessen cost and add convenience. Shall  
we not expect ere long that the top  
wire of main fences will connect with  
telephones and join farm to farm, and  
in this, in turn, to the town at the rail-  
way, the county seat and the city?  
But what shall we say of the roads  
in these there has been practically  
no advancement in fifty years. Wagon  
transportation shows little, if any,  
progress for a century. Periodically  
in every community the farmers go  
out, and under the direction, or more  
properly, misdirection, of the path-  
master, plow up and destroy more or  
less of the roads in working out their  
annual poll tax. May we live to see  
the end of this idiotic practice. Many  
of our main traveled roads have had  
more time and money thrown away  
upon them in these annual fits of "im-  
proving" than it would cost to build  
and maintain a first class macadam  
road. The necessity for good roads is  
immediate and imperative; expand-  
ing trade and the perfection of ocean  
transportation have put American  
grain into competition with the food  
products of Crimea, India, Australia  
and Argentina. In all of these coun-  
tries American machinery and meth-  
ods are no strangers, and all of the  
economies known and practised here  
are understood and employed there.  
If, then, the American farmer is in  
the future to hold the first position as  
the feeder of the world, he must still  
further cheapen the cost of his pro-  
duce in the world's market. There  
may be various ways to do this, but  
there is one way so potent, so pro-  
nounced and self-evident that it out-  
ranks all the others, and that is to  
build good roads, and thus reduce the  
cost of transportation from the farm  
to the railway by two-thirds. No less  
an authority than the United States  
Bureau of Agriculture finds that it  
often requires one-fourth of the farm  
produce to pay for carrying the whole  
from the farm to the railway. The  
Secretary of Agriculture says: "No  
permanent prosperity will or can  
come to agriculture without good  
roads." The cost of hauling from the  
farm to the market is three or four  
times more than the cost of similar  
service in Europe, and is, at least,  
three times what the cost would be  
here with good hard roads.—New York  
Tribune.

**Bad Roads a Double Injury.**

Bad roads work a double injury;  
when the natural dirt roads are good,  
the teams are usually wanted in the  
fields. When the rain comes so that  
the work is stopped in the fields, the  
roads are often impassable. The fact  
that prices are usually the best when  
the roads are the worst is one so gen-  
eral and so often repeated as to be  
well known to every one. In fact, the  
scant supply is due to the embargo of  
mud, which creates a shortage in the  
market, and this increases the price.  
When the roads are good again, the  
immense quantity of produce thrown  
upon the market depresses the prices.  
Bad roads are, in fact, the most ex-  
pensive burden the farmer has to bear.  
They require twice the horsepower,  
twice the time and only one-half the  
amount as compared with good roads.

Transportation is with good roads,  
an economic question of the ages. It  
is a question of the ages, for the  
most important of human activity has  
been a greater or perhaps so great  
an advancement as in the rail-  
way transportation in this country.  
The American railways have solved  
the question of the most perfect ser-  
vice at the least possible cost. A  
modern locomotive over a modern  
track will carry from 90,000 to 100,000  
bushels of grain in a single train. We  
can boast of the best railways—and  
the worst public highways—of any  
country on earth.

**What It Means.**

An eminent authority on agricul-  
ture says that the farmer in any  
community having hard roads, which  
will enable him to market his crops  
upon any day in the year, can, by  
watching the markets and taking ad-  
vantage of good prices, gain from  
three to five cents on a bushel on his  
grain and from one-half to one cent  
on a pound on his hops over and  
above what he can ordinarily get  
when, for weeks at a time, he is mud-  
bound and can neither deliver his pro-  
duce nor keep in touch with the mar-  
ket. He goes further and says: "This  
means an increase of the cash profits  
of the farm from seventy-five cents  
to \$150 an acre. There can be no doubt  
that good, hard, every day in the year  
roads are worth from \$100 to 200 in  
cash a year for every quarter section  
reached by them."