

WOLVES OF THE SEA.

From dusk until dawn they are hurrying on.
Unfettered and fearless they flee;
From morn until eve they plunder and thrive—
The hungry white wolves of the sea!

With never a rest, they race to the west,
To the Orient's rim do they run;
By the berg and the floe of the northland they go
And away to the isles of the sun.

They wait at the moon to the desolate dune
Till the air has grown dank with their breath;
They snarl at the stars from the treacherous bars
Of the const's that are haunted by death.

They grapple and bite in a keen, mad delight
As they reel on the bosom of grief;
And one steals away to a cave with his prey
And one to the rocks of the reef.

With the froth on their lips they follow the ships,
Each striving to lead in the chase;
Since loosed by the hand of the king their band
They have known but the rush of the race.

They are shaggy and old, yet as mighty and bold
As when God's freshest gale set them free;
Not a sail is unfurled in a port of the world
But is prey for the wolves of the sea!

—Herbert Bradford, in Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly.

TAKING HIS ADVICE.

MR. SHELDON was the principal merchant in the town of Torment. He was proud of his wealth, but he was still more proud of the fact that he had made it all himself, and his pride was greatest because he had made it by never allowing anybody to get ahead of him.

"That's the secret of success in life, Harry," he said, one day, to his favorite clerk. "Sharp's the motto, if you wish to rise. I don't mean you should cheat; that, of course, is both wrong and ungentlemanly." (Mr. Sheldon prided himself, also, on being what he called "a gentleman," and above all little menaces.) "But always be wide-awake, and never let anybody cheat you. I've noticed, by the bye, that you've seemed rather downhearted lately. If it's because you've your fortune yet to make, don't despair; but follow my advice. An opening will come at some time for something better than a clerkship, and though I shall be sorry to lose you, yet I'll give you up, if it's for your interest."

"Thank you," said Harry, apparently not a bit cheered up by this cool way of being told he had nothing to expect from Mr. Sheldon; "but it's not exactly that, I suppose I shall get along somehow."

"What is it, my dear boy, then? I really take an interest in you, as you know," and he did, so far as words were concerned. "Perhaps I can give you some advice."

"Well," said Harry, with some hesitation, "I'm in love, and—"

"In love!" exclaimed the rich merchant. "In love, and with only a clerk's salary to marry on. It will never do—never do, Harry. Marriages for one like you is fastening a millstone round your neck, unless, indeed—and he stopped, as if a bright thought had struck him—"unless, indeed, the girl is rich."

"She is rich, or will be, I suppose," answered Harry, "for her father is a wealthy man. But that's just the difficulty. Her father would never let her marry a poor man, and she won't marry without his consent."

"What a miserable tyrant!" said Mr. Sheldon. "If I was the lover, Harry, I'd run off with her. I'd checkmate the old curmudgeon in that way," and he chuckled at the imaginary triumph he would achieve. "Pon my soul, I would! I never, as I told you, let anybody take a rise out of me."

"But would that be honorable?"

"Honorable? Isn't everything fair in love and war? I thought you had some pluck, Harry. How I should like to see the stingy old hulk rave and stamp about on his gouty toes—for he must be gouty—when he heard of your elopement!"

And he laughed till his portly sides shook at the picture he had conjured up.

"He'd probably never forgive me," said Harry, dejectedly. "And then what could I do, with a wife brought up to every luxury, and only a poor clerk's salary to support her on?"

"Never forgive you? Trash and nonsense! They always do forgive. They can't help it. Besides," with a confidential wink, "I think I know your man. It's that skintit Meadows. I've heard of your being sweet on his daughter. She's a pretty mix, though she is his child. Oh, you needn't deny it. I saw how you hung about her at our party the other night; and when I joked about it with my daughter the next morning she as good as admitted that it was true, saying it would be a very good match for you. Now, I owe old Meadows a grudge. He tried to do me in those railway shares last winter, and I mean to pay him for it, somehow. I tell you what I'll do. I mustn't ask, mind you, who the girl is. Mum must be the word. I mustn't, of course, be known in the affair; but I'll give leave of absence for a month and a check for \$50 to pay for your wedding trip if you'll make a runaway match. Is it agreed? Well, there's my hand on it. Here's the check. Egad! Won't the old rascal howl when he hears how we've done him!"

Harry seemed to hesitate, however, and it was not till Mr. Sheldon, eager to see his old commercial rival put at a disadvantage, had urged him again and again, and promised to stand by him, that he finally consented, and took the check which his employer persisted in forcing upon him.

The next morning Mr. Sheldon came down to breakfast in high glee, for a note had reached him just as he was shaving, which ran as follows:

"Dear Sir—I have, with much difficulty, persuaded her to elope. It was not, however, till I showed her your check that she would consent to do so.

She said that she was sure you would not recommend anything that was wrong; that you would advise her as if you were her own father, and she hopes you will stand by us. We shall be married to-morrow, before Mr. Meadows is up. Very thankfully,
"Harry Conrad."

The old gentleman brought the note with him to the table, opened it out before him, adjusted his spectacles and read it over and over again. "I'd give a \$10 note," he said chuckling, "to see the old fellow's face when he hears how Harry has done him."

It was the custom of Mr. Sheldon to read his newspaper at breakfast, while waiting for his only child and daughter, who, a little spoiled by overindulgence, was generally late. But this morning Matty was later than ever.

The banker had read all the foreign, as well as the home news, and even re-perused Harry's note and still she had not made her appearance.

"The lazy puss!" he said, at last. Then he looked up at the clock. "Half an hour late! Now, this is really too bad, John!" he cried, addressing the man servant at the sideboard, "send and see why Miss Sheldon doesn't come down. Tell her," with a severe air, "I'm tired of waiting."

John came back in about five minutes looking very much flustered. "If you please, sir," he stammered, "Miss Sheldon's not in her room, and the maid says that the bed looks as if it hadn't been slept in all night."

The rich merchant's jaw fell.

He started up, with a cry of agony, to go and see. But he was prevented by the footman appearing at the door with a telegram.

"A telegram!" cried the merchant, unfolding it with trembling hands. "What can it mean? Has she been found dead anywhere?"

This was the telegram:

"Dear Father—Harry and I were married at eight o'clock this morning. I would not consent to an elopement till Harry assured me you had advised it, and had shown me your check as proof. He says you promised to stand by us, and I know you pride yourself on never breaking a promise. We wait for your blessing, Matty."

"Well, I never!" ejaculated Mr. Sheldon, when he had recovered breath. "The impudent, disobedient!"

But here he stopped—stopped, and mopped his forehead, which, in his excitement, had broken out into great drops of perspiration. He remembered that he had himself advised Harry to elope, and that, if the story got out, he would be the laughing-stock of all—Mr. Meadows. He remembered, too, that he had but one child, and that she was all in all to him.

So he accepted the inevitable and telegraphed back:

"You may come home, and the sooner the better, so as to keep the fifty pounds for pin-money. Tell Harry he's too sharp to remain a clerk, and that I take him to-day into partnership. Only he must remember that partners never tell tales out of school. God bless you! H. Sheldon."

The runaway returned by the next train. The marriage proved, too, an eminently happy one. The story never got out. We only tell it now in confidence.—Woman's Life.

Severe Treatment.

The noise made by the burglar in the Ferguson pantry, slight as it was, disturbed the light sleeper in the bedroom not far away, and the midnight marauder was surprised a moment later to find himself covered with a big revolver in the hands of a determined looking man in a long, white robe.

"I ain't done nothin' but eat a few cold victuals, mister," stammered the burglar.

"I see," sternly replied George Ferguson, "you have been eating the remains of a strawberry shortcake my wife made for dinner last night. Do you know what I'm going to do with you?"

"Turn me over to the police, I s'pose," gasped the helpless thief.

"Worse than that," said Ferguson, with a ferocious grin. "I'm going to make you eat a quart of health food. It's a new kind my wife heard of and fixed up for us yesterday, and it's pretty dry eating, but you'll eat every particle of it or I'll bore six holes through you. There it is, in that big bowl. Turn yourself loose on it!"

With grim determination the indignant householder stood over him till it was finished, after which he picked up the luckless scoundrel, who had fallen exhausted to the floor, and threw him out of the open pantry window.

"It may kill him," soliloquized Mr. Ferguson somewhat remorsefully, as he crawled back into bed, without disturbing the rest of the family, "but a man who breaks into another man's house takes his life in his hands anyway."—Chicago Tribune.

A Short Lived Yacht.

An instance of the rapid passing of a racing yacht's usefulness is that of the grand old Defender, the 1835 cup racer. It cost fully \$100,000 to build her—not to run her; just to put her afloat ready for racing. Those who designed the yacht thought that a bronze hull with aluminum topsides would slide through the water with greater celerity than any other combination of metals that could be devised for a hull. They so informed the syndicate that ordered her. But, they added, aluminum and bronze make a poor combination, and in course of time the aluminum will rot where it joins the bronze, and the Defender will be useless. But what wonder will be useless. But what wonder that? She was to be built the old rasnal howl when he hears how we've done him!"

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SWIFT INDIAN RUNNERS

A CURIOUS RACE BY THE STRANGE TAURI MAURI TRIBE.

It was 120 Miles Long, and, Incidentally, the Racers Throw Wooden Balls Before Them by Means of Their Toss—Their Swiftness Surprising.

Most tourists in Mexico see little of the strange Tauri Mauri Indians, who live in the Chiuhua correspondent of the New York Sun. The first Tauri Mauri we saw was a mail carrier among the San Lorenzo Mountains about 120 miles south of Chihuahua. This Indian makes two round trips over a distance of eighty-five miles twice a week, making a total of some 340 miles a week on foot. Several times when the Government had reasons for rushing mails to their destination, he made even three round trips in seven and a half days. The route leads from Guarihuic to San Jose de los Cruces over as rugged a mountain trail as ever tried a mountaineer's muscle.

The Indian mail carrier was bare-headed and barelegged, his entire suit consisting of about three yards of narrow cloth woven out of goat's hair. On his back was a mail sack, that, with its contents, weighed forty pounds. This was supported by a strap across his forehead and another across his chest. He came trotting down the hill smoking a cigarette and moving as easily and gracefully as if just starting out, instead of having some twenty miles already in his credit that morning.

As he reached the level ground in the valley he dropped a ball about the size of a baseball on the ground, and, catching it deftly on his toes, gave it a throw forward and raced after it with the speed of a deer, picking it up on his toes and throwing it forward again without in the least, so far as we could see, checking his speed. As he overtook his ball was placed in his armpit, and he trotted along by the side of the mules, chatting quite sociably.

The Tauri Mauri Indian carries one of these wooden balls with him everywhere, tucked under the armpit until he is in a hurry; then it is thrown forward, and away the owner rushes after it. It is their way of keeping-in-training for all the time, and of hurrying themselves over the ground. It is always thrown from the toes, and never from the hand.

There are some 40,000 Tauri Mauri Indians in Mexico. Twice every summer they meet for a sort of tournament. It is a custom centuries old. It was the writer's good fortune to be present at one of these periodic assemblies among the San Lorenzos, about twenty miles southwest from Chihuahua.

The Tauri Mauris are long-limbed and slender, giving the impression of being over the average height. There is scarcely any muscle on their puny arms, but their chests are deep, and their backs broad, and their limbs as trim and muscular as a greyhound's. They look as if created for speed.

The great contest of the tournament was a race. The wagers of the rival towns were piled up in the centre of the plaza, and consisted of strips of goat's-hair cloth, bows, arrows, sandals, goats, chickens, and sheep, with two wooden plows for high prizes; but these were thrown far in the shade when some American visitors added a couple of copper coins, a gaudy lithograph, and a water color painting of a cross surrounded with flowers. Such prizes had never been offered in the memory of the oldest inhabitant, and the runners swore that it should be the race of their lives.

In the afternoon they asked us to look over the course. To our astonishment we found that it was twelve miles long and that the circuit was to be made ten times. A royal race, indeed, of 120 miles. The race was to be run in the night and concluded in the cool of the next afternoon.

About five o'clock in the afternoon everything was ready. Ten athletes stood on the right side of the plaza and ten on the left. To each side one wooden ball was allotted. The racers were dressed in native trunks of goat's hair cloth, and many of these were discarded before the race was over.

At the word both of the balls were thrown forward and the twenty bunched forward at a speed that it would tax a bicyclist to keep up with. We thought that such a burst of speed would soon tire them out, but it was meant only for the start of three miles straight away across the valley. Before reaching the other side of the course the runners began cutting off the corners and racing ahead on the oval course so as to receive and carry on the ball of their party. The ball was pitched forward by the foot of the first one and that side to reach it, and if a rival could reach it first it was thrown back on the course. The purpose was to get the ball around the prescribed course, no matter how, so long as it was touched only by the feet of the players. To touch it with the hand was to lose all bets.

Tripping, crowding, and all the rough work of football players were permitted to prevent an opponent from reaching or throwing the ball. Runners were permitted to cut across the valley at a jog trot, and so be ready to receive the ball as it came along and then spurt with it. Umpires and judges were stationed all over the route to see that the ball was kept along the designated track. By seven o'clock the moon came up and the valley was nearly as light as day. Yells as fierce as any that greet an audience at Yale or Harvard greeted the bronze Stag of Guachochic as he hurled the wooden sphere through the plaza, 100 feet ahead of the ball from Zapuri, on the first trip around the valley.

The race went on all night. Far into the afternoon they ran, but in a little less than four hours the balls had made the prescribed number of trips around the valley and four runners on one side and three on the other were coming at the top of their speed over the last three miles of grassy laws toward the goal. A line was drawn in the dust across the street at the edge of the plaza and the crowd gathered back, awaiting the victors. As they rushed toward us it was impossible to say which would win. But as one runner from each side reached the ball one failed to catch the ball of his side fairly on his foot while going at full speed and his throw was weak; the other, catching the ball fairly, gave a great bound and, twisting his leg as if it were an arm, hurled the ball fair and square over the line and over our heads.

How the crowd yelled, and how we yelled with them, and how the reeking visitors were praised and petted as they sat down to divide their winnings! Soon after a course of about ten miles was laid out around the town and a race was run by the girls of the two pueblos. Like their brothers, they had only the blue sky over them and about three yards of cloth and the Republic of Mexico around them; but how they did run, and how they set the ball spinning! The bronze Dianas of Guachochic won, thereby softening the defeat of their dusky brothers.

AGRICULTURAL.

Plaster a Good Fertilizer.

Plaster is white and clean. It does not injure animals, not being caustic, like lime. When used in the stable it is an absorbent, and gives the stable a better appearance. It is also beneficial in the manure, and is of itself a plant food, being considered a special fertilizer for clover.

Rich Land For Weeds.

Any soil that will produce weeds in good condition, as only rich land will produce some kinds of weed. One of the surest indications of good soil is when pig weed flourishes. As the land should not be required to produce two crops at the same time no farmer should allow weeds to make headway at the expense of the regular crop.

Sheep Like Oxyed Dalates.

Sheep are very fond of the oxyed daisy either as pasture or hay, and will eat them so closely as to kill them out. In some parts of England they sow the seed of them to make a sheep pasture. Those who have fields where they prevail might do well to pasture them with sheep one or two seasons, then plow up and sow the seed of better grass. We have eradicated them by two seasons of liberal manuring, keeping the land in hood crops and then reseeding, but they would come in again as soon as the land became poor again.

Good Advice.

Tempt your birds to drink only water that is pure and fresh by having them always well supplied in many places with just what you want them to have. Be sure also that they have grain every day to balance the ration of green and insect food. Rake and burn wherever there is a chance. It keeps things neat and trim and gives your fowls a good supply of charcoal, making them have red combs and filling your egg basket. Give them all the wheat bran they want, in a dry place in such a way they can not waste it, and let them pick at it as they choose. It is the best bowel regulator we have ever found. Have plenty of grit. Be sure and provide feed houses for the smaller birds, so that the larger ones will not disturb them. Don't allow the droppings to accumulate under the perches and remember you won't be apt to paint the perches with disinfectants and lice killers too often. The little turks out on the range want to be examined once in a while to be sure they are free from these pests also.—Mrs. J. F. Knudson, in the Farm, Field and Fireside.

A Handy Fodder Sled.

Hauling shocked corn fodder or cane from the fields is a hard and tedious job where the hauling is done with a wagon and rack—the usual method. Then, too, the tearing down of the shock, the throwing of it upon the rack and the unloading of it again break off the leaves and dry stems.

This job is greatly simplified and much is saved in fodder and labor if a sled is built for the hauling. The runners of the sled are made of 2 by 8's sixteen feet long. The standards are at each end are placed far enough from the ends of the runners to bolt on braces B. The cross braces, c, are made of 2 by 8's. No tongue is required unless the hauling is to be done on snow.

The sled is driven along the shock row as near as possible to the shock, which is tipped over onto it without breaking the band. The sled will hold from four to six large shocks. The fodder hauled in this way is in good shape for rickling if desired, and loses little if any in transportation. This sled comes handy in many places about the farm, saving much lifting on and off wagons.—New England Homestead.

When the Cows Pay.

Ducks do better on soft succulent food.

It's the hens that are kept scratching that lay the eggs.

The cow stable and the milk-room should not be together.

There is no loss whatever in sending clean eggs to market.

A change of feed is oftentimes a good thing for a milk cow.

Improper feeding is the cause of ninety per cent. of the horse diseases.

Too many farmers fail to see the importance of watering their stock properly.

The pig, in order to turn in the most profit, should have as few setbacks as possible.

Hens can't shell out the eggs unless they have something to make the shells out of.

It's the pigs that have the run of the pasture that are the healthy and profitable ones.

The daily ration of the farmer's family should contain more fresh eggs and poultry.

While planning your land for the different crops to be grown next spring be sure to rotate.

No matter how much farm work there is to be done, it will pay big to give at least some attention to the hens.

Don't give the milk cow water to drink that is ice cold. It is said that cows prefer warm water even in summer.

Keep the houses dry in which the stock are confined. Dampness will do more harm than a low temperature.

This ought to be a good time to buy thoroughbred stock, as breeders do not care to winter too many animals.

The hens will appreciate a few chopped onions, and in most cases will pay well for them in the shape of eggs.

Nesting Arrangements.

At stores where chickens is sold, one can buy for a few cents the light,

but large, wooden pails in which broken candy and certain grades of chocolates are shipped from the factory. These pails make excellent hens' nests when hung from two hooks in the manner shown in the cut.

Such nests can be taken out of doors, emptied and cleaned in a moment, and having no corners or open joints, as do boxes, there is no place for vermin to hide about them. This is a special point in favor of the use of such pails as nests, for the ordinary nest is usually a breeding place for those troublesome pests.—American Agriculturist.

Mottled Butter.

The mottles in butter have always been a source of trouble and vexation to butter makers and it mattered not how much care was used in treating the milk and churning the butter, those tantalizing and cussword starter mottles would persist in developing in the finished butter.

There are many causes for mottling and we will begin with the bag of the cow, for in warm climates or in warm weather when the cow in the evening, with the bag very full of milk, is driven a long distance from the pasture to the milking pen, the jostling of the bag will often cause particles of butter to be churned in the bag and milked out into the milk pail and mixing with casein and causing what are often called cream spots in the butter when the milk or cream is churned.

The same cause of mottling is produced by hauling the milk or cream for some distance in the stands, causing a partial churning of the milk and the formation of butter particles on the milk, which, becoming coated or mixed with casein, causes white cream spots or specks to form, and which follows into the butter, causing mottles, especially in the gathered cream creameries.

These results will often follow even in the use of the centrifugal separator, but are of not so frequent occurrence. The "cafe cause" of mottled, streaked and wavy butter is supposed to be due to the salt used in packing and salting the butter. There never was a more ignorant and fallacious notion than this, which can be easily demonstrated by using any established brand of fine salt and using distilled water for washing the butter, and it will then be found that it is the mineral substances in the natural waters that cause the streaking and the waving in the butter.

The pure salt is "chloride of sodium" and is the greatest preserver and seasoner of butter and has no objectionable flavor or action when combined with it, but the many mineral waters especially prevalent in this country are the great enemies of both flavor and uniform color in the butter.

The special enemies, both of color and flavor, are the sulphates, especially of iron; and lime, the "oxide of calcium," producing what are called the hard waters and which are very common in the Western States; copers and alum waters are also very common.

There is a remedy or rather prevention of mottling in butter which is soon to come, and that is a distilling machine in each creamery, which can be operated at small expense to furnish distilled water to wash the butter with, and then there will be no further cause to condemn the salt when the evil has been distilled from the water.—Produce Commission Merchant.

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Good Roads

Hot Petroleum For Road Making.

California has discovered a new method of making good roads. It is in the use of hot, crude petroleum as a cementing material.

The art of road making is probably more important than any other one of man's accomplishments. It is only in recent years that Americans, outside of a few of the older settlements, have begun to appreciate the full commercial and social advantages of good roads, and to encourage their building through liberal appropriations of public money from State, county and township treasuries.

No sooner was such work begun than there arose serious questions in many localities as to what material was best for the local production of good roads.

Where stone was cheap and plentiful it naturally became the accepted road-making material, but even in such sections a stone road is not always the most satisfactory. Earth roads, made of sand or gravel, which contain good cementing material, such as proper admixtures of loam, clay or iron ores, make roads much smoother and more pleasant to drive over while not so likely to be unpleasant from dust.

Such roads are much cheaper to build, for hardly a locality can be found which does not contain some handy bed of fair road-making material. In many sections the natural soil is all that is needed to make good roads for fair weather use. Such roads, however, are sure to suffer under the stress of winter rains and frosts and summer droughts, and break up badly.

Such was the situation in Fresno when the working of California's new oil find made petroleum cheap and suggested its use on the roads. The idea probably came from the use of petroleum refuse on railroad tracks to keep down dust. Using the petroleum hot is a new idea.

The hot oil cements the sand, loam, clay and gravel and makes the roadbed both dustless and waterproof. It makes the roadbed material pack under a heavy use and its qualities improve as the doses of oil are repeated.

Reports from San Bernardino County say that 150 barrels of oil a year are used per mile of road, and that even at \$1.10 a barrel the oil is found cheaper than sprinkling with water for keeping down the dust, while all its other advantages are, as it were, thrown in.—New York Journal.

Building Good Roads.

State Engineer Bond is the executive head of the good roads movement in New York. It involves a vast amount of hard work, but he is interested in it personally to such a degree that the labor of traveling about the State and inspecting the roads under improvement or of drawing up plans for improving the roads here in Albany is done with pleasure and zest.

"The good road, the trolley, the automobile, the bicycle and the locomobile," he said a few days ago, "will destroy the anarchist party, for they will take the workingman out of the city into the country and give him a pleasant home. Those blocks of tenement houses in New York, we shall all hope, will in time be superseded by the manufactory and other business concerns, and the underground road, the trolleys, automobiles, the good roads and the bicycles will enable the workingman to live five miles in the country."

"Will you expend the \$420,000 appropriated by the Legislature this year for good roads?" Mr. Bond was asked.

"Yes, every penny of it. I have just been down to Newburg to have a chat with Governor Odell concerning the improvement of the roads and other subjects relative to the work of this department. The Road Improvement Company, organized by Edward H. Harriman, which has the contract for improving the roads of Orange County, has already expended \$14,000 on road improvement machinery. We are building and improving dirt road for fourteen miles west of Newburg. I told the Governor it was an experiment. I don't know whether such a road will last. Where we can put gravel on such a road. The cost of the Orange County roads will not be over \$1500 a mile."

A Poorly Matched Team.

In their zeal for automobile progress or for good roads ardent automobilists and good roads advocates, as we all should be, are constantly coupling two movements of very unequal natural speed. The tortoise and the hare are yoked under the same yoke, in the hope that the good roads tortoise, built for slow progress, may be accelerated somewhat by its more rapid companion. The improvement of roads is pronounced absolutely essential for automobile advancement, a dictum to which the American automobile builder and user will not subscribe. Though obvious it seems to be overlooked that spy automobilism endowed with a natural energy to overcome all obstacles by its own inherent vitality, must needs suffer under the drag of a running mate which is destined to crawl slowly over prejudice, financial obstructions and official dilatoriness.—Automobile Topics.

A Broadening Influence.

Man is a social being. Sociability is broadening and should be cultivated. The city and the country have, unfortunately for both, only a hawing acquaintance. Lack of social intercourse, largely responsible for this unwholesome cramped condition. Bad roads are largely responsible for the slight acquaintance that is maintained between the city and the country and for the absence of the sociability that would naturally follow a closer acquaintance.

The army allows about 33,000 pounds of food a year for fifteen men, but in the Arctic regions people eat at least a quarter as much more. It costs \$3 a month more to feed a man in Greenland than in New York.