

WHEN I GET RICH:
When I get rich, oh, many things I'll do:
For all poor folks whose lives are full of care,
Their days, now drear, I'll make so sweet
and fair,
They'll know no grief, no sorrow no do-
gair.
When I get rich!

When I get rich the friends I love so dear
I'll know no more those weary, toilsome
hours;
I'll light their skies with sunshine, and
the showers
I'll scatter on their pathway fairest
flowers.
When I get rich!

When you get rich! Those friends you
loved so well,
May not be here, but far beyond the
skies,
And never know the hidden love that lies
Within your heart—ah! foolish, vain
desires.
When you get rich!

Yes, not till rich, but haste to do it now!
Yea, scatter sunshine—dry the falling
tear—
Light up with hope the darkened heart
and cheer,
That may be near you—oh, never mind
the year.
When you get rich!

—The Rev. P. H. McCauley, in Freeman's
Journal.

MRS. BROWN'S HUSBANDS.
By MAX ADELER.

R. MILLS, the minister, was a stranger in the town, and he was just called upon to visit Mrs. Brown, who had lost her husband, and to console her, he went around to see Deacon Wilt, so that he could post himself about the situation.

"I understand you to say," said Mr. Mills, "that Mrs. Brown has been married three times? or was it four?"

"I say," replied the deacon, "that she was Mr. Brown's third wife, while he was her fifth husband. But she was the fourth wife of her second husband, and the second wife of her first, so that she—"

"Let me see," said the parson, "the second wife of her first and the—well, then, three and five are eight, and four are twelve, and two are fourteen—if I get the hang of the thing, Mrs. Brown has been married fourteen times, and Mr. Brown was her—"

"No, you don't understand, Brown was only her fifth husband."

"Oh, her fifth. But you said she was the fourth wife of her second husband, and had three more, so that—four and three are seven—she must have had seven husbands, and where are the other two?"

"Why, don't you see? Her second husband was married three times before he met her. She had been married once—"

"How could she be married only once when he was her second husband?"

"Only once before she met him, and when she married him she was his fourth wife, so that will be had had four wives, she had had only—"

"This Brown you are speaking of?"

"No, no! Brown was her fifth. He had been married twice before."

"Her second Brown had?"

"I mean Brown, of course. Let me explain. Mrs. Brown, say, married John, Thomas, Jacob, William and Henry. Thomas married Lulu, Mary, Hannah and Susan—"

"Before he married Mrs. Brown or after?"

"Before. Well, then, Brown married Emma and Matilda, and John married Agnes. Agnes died, and John married Mrs. Brown. Then John died and Lulu, Mary, Hannah and Susan died, and then Thomas married Mrs. Brown. Then Thomas died, Jacob's wife died and William's wife died, and William married Mrs. Brown. When William died, Emma and Matilda died, and then Brown married Mrs. Brown. Everybody came to Mrs. Brown, you see?"

"I see," said Mr. Mills. "I think I grasp the facts. I'll go right around to see her."

Mrs. Brown was at home. And after alluding to the weather and one or two other topics, Mr. Mills said:

"I am deeply grieved, Mrs. Brown, to hear of your bereavement. It must be very, very terrible, even for a person who is so used to it."

"So used to it. What do you mean, sir?"

"Why, I merely meant to suggest that experience cannot reconcile us to these afflictions. But there is this consolation, dear madam—time dulls the edge of our bitterest grief. You wept for John as if you could not be comforted; but you see—"

"John! I do not understand you, sir."

"You wept for John, but Thomas came. When Thomas was taken you thought yourself utterly inconsolable; but there was Jacob—he brought new joy. When Jacob was wedded to a better land your heart was nearly broken, but William healed its wounds; and when William drifted off into the unknown, Henry assuaged your grief. Perhaps there are other Henrys, Williams and Thomases to whom this blessed duty will fall again. Perhaps—"

"You are talking very strangely, sir," said Mrs. Brown.

"Oh, no, I merely say that now that John, and Thomas, and Jacob, and William and Henry have been called away to join Susan, and Hannah, and Agnes, and Matilda, and Emma, and Lulu, and Mary, and the rest, there is some hope that—that—Why, Mrs. Brown, what on earth is the matter?"

Mrs. Brown flew out of the room without replying, and Mr. Mills, filled with amazement, went around to ask Deacon Wilt to explain the mystery.

"I was merely telling her," he said, "that Brown had followed John, Thomas and Matilda, and the others into a better world, when she—"

"Good gracious!" shrieked the deacon; "you didn't allude to her dead husbands and their wives by those names, did you?"

"Of course, you said that—"

"Oh, thunder, man! Why those were only imaginary names, that I used by

way of illustration. Brown's first name was Alcibiades. No wonder she was mad."

Mr. Mills groaned and went home in dismay. And now Mrs. Brown has left his church, and gone over to the Episcopians. She is to be married soon, they say.—New York Weekly.

GUNS IN THE WAR OF 1812.
Two Classes of Naval Cannon—American and British Preferences.

There were in those days two principal classes of naval cannon—long guns, often simply called "guns," and carronades, says a writer on the War of 1812 in Scribner's. The guns had long range, with light weight of shot fired; the carronades had short range and heavy shot. Now in long range the Americans were four times as strong as the British, while in carronades the British were twice as strong as the Americans. It follows that the American commodore should prefer long range to begin with, whereas the British would be careful not to approach within long range, unless with such a breeze as would carry him rapidly down to where his carronades would come into play.

There was another very decisive reason why such short range favored the British against the Americans. The schooners of the latter not being built for war, carried their guns on a deck unprotected by bulwarks. The men, being exposed from the feet up, could be swept away by canister, which is a quantity of small iron balls packed in a case and fired from a cannon. When discharged these separate and spread like buckshot, striking many in a group. They can maim or kill a man, but their range is short and penetrative power small. A bulwarked vessel was, so to say, armored against canister; for it makes no difference whether the protection is six inches of wood or ten of iron, provided it keeps out the projectile. The American schooners were in this respect wholly vulnerable.

Over-insistence upon details of advantage or disadvantage is often wearisome, and may be pushed to puff-blowing, but these quoted are general and fundamental. To mention them is not to chaffer over details, but to state principles. There is one other fact that should be noted, although its value may be differently estimated. Of the great long-gun superiority of the Americans considerably more than one-half was in the unprotected schooners, distributed, that is, among several vessels not built for war and not capable of acting well together, so as to concentrate their fire. There is no equality between ten guns in five such vessels and the same ten concentrated on one deck under one captain.

Just For Show.

An Easterner on his way to California was delayed by the floods in Kansas, and was obliged to spend the night in a humble hotel—the best in the town. The bill of fare at dinner time was not very elaborate, but the traveler noticed with joy that at the bottom of the card, printed with pen and ink, was a startling variety of pies.

He liked pies, and here were custard, lemon, squash, rhubarb, Washington, chocolate, mince, apple and berry pies, and several other varieties. He called the waitress to him.

"Please get me some rhubarb pie," said he.

"I'm afraid we ain't got any rhubarb pie," she drawled.

He took another glance at the list.

"Well, get me some squash pie, please."

"We haven't got that, either."

"Berry pie?"

"No."

"Lemon pie?"

"No."

"Chocolate pie?"

"I'm sorry, we—"

"Well, what on earth are they all written down here for? On to-day's bill of fare, too?"

"Well, I'll tell you," said the girl, apologetically. "That list is always written down there for show when we have mince pie, because when we have mince pie no one asks for anything else."

Right to Build Dovecot in Scotland.

It is not universally known that the right of erecting a dovecot in England by the lords of the manor, and the law was vigorously enforced on this point. But in Scotland, according to a statute held in observance, nobody has a right to build a cot in either town or country unless he is the owner of land yielding about 900 imperial bushels of produce per annum, and this property must be situated within at least two miles of the dovecot, or pigeon house. A further enactment also states that on the above-named conditions only one cot shall be built.

A distinguished authority on husbandry estimated that in 1628 there were 20,000 dovecots in England, and that allowing 500 pairs to each house the average Scotch bird in devouring corn would work out at no less than 13,000,000 bushels, that is an allowance of four bushels yearly to each pair. Any one who destroyed a cot was guilty of theft and is so held at the present time in Scotland (the act was passed in 1579), while a third of the produce of dovecot breaking was capitally punishable.—Hour Glass.

Roumanians.

The census of the population of Roumania on January 1, 1900, has been published. In view of uncertainty on the point, it is now officially established that at that date the population amounted to 5,556,610 souls, of whom there were 5,489,296 Roumanians, 292,348 Jews and 285,006 foreigners. Of the Jews, only 5850 enjoy the protection of foreign States. The town population comprised 1,119,780, of whom 768,081 were Roumanians, 209,477 Jews and 142,290 foreigners. In the rural communes there were 4,721,245 Roumanian inhabitants, 52,934 Jews and 62,755 foreigners. As is well known, however, there has been a very strong Jewish emigration from Roumania during the last few years.

According to the statistics of the Chamber of Commerce of Bucharest, the number of artisans inscribed in the guilds of the capital is 18,944, of whom 10,929 are masters and 13,715 workmen; 1908 are Roumanians, 3199 Jews and the rest of various States.

ST. LOUIS "HAS THE GOODS."

NEW YORK WRITER FINDS WORLD'S FAIR BEYOND EXPECTATIONS

Addison Steele, After a Week at the Exposition, Expresses Amazement at Many Features—St. Louis Cool and Prices Reasonable.

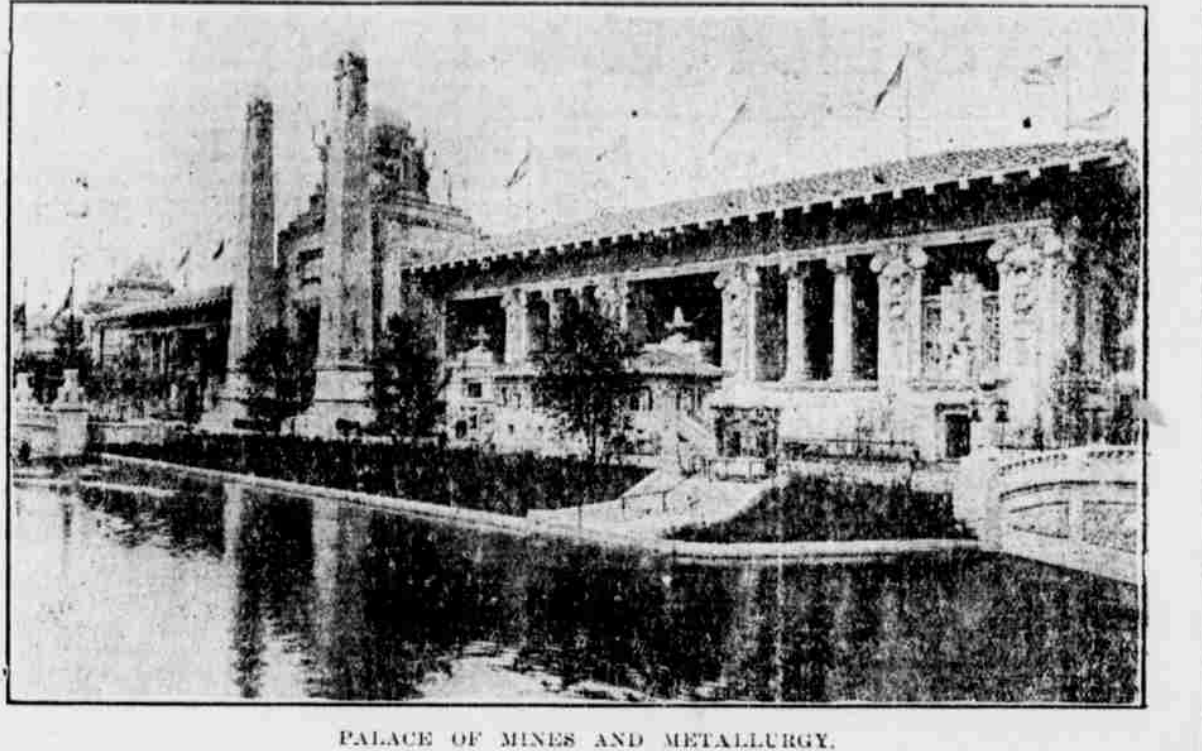
R. ADDISON STEELE, a well-known newspaper and magazine writer, at New York, recently spent a week at the World's Fair. Returning home, he writes the following appreciative account of his impressions for Brooklyn Life, which should convince any reader that it is worth while to see this greatest of exhibitions.

In the expressive language of the day, St. Louis "has the goods." I had expected much of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, for I had kept in touch with the making of it from its very inception, five years ago, but after nearly a week of journeying through this new wonderful world, I must confess that in every essential particular it is far beyond my expectations. The biggest and best it was meant to be and the biggest and best it is. The exposition, rumors notwithstanding, is quite finished.

Those who imagine that the Columbian Exposition remains the last word in the way of a world's fair should remember

that eleven years have rolled by since Chicago invited all the nations of the earth to come within her gates. These having passed years of remarkable progress the fact that it is up to date would place the Louisiana Purchase Exposition ahead of the Paris Universal Exposition of 1900—the only other world's fair of the period mentioned. The great development of wireless telegraph, the submarine boat and the practical flying machine—all of which are special features at St. Louis—are, for instance, matters of the period since the Chicago event. To my mind, however, the one distinctive feature which places it ahead of all other world's fairs is the comprehensive Philippine exhibit. Ahead also of any previous showing are the individual buildings of eight of the foreign nations and, taking everything into consideration, the architectural and landscape gardening achievements are greater—as they ought to be with the world's fair.

One of the greatest, and certainly one of the most agreeable, of my many surprises was the supreme beauty of the main group of buildings. For the simple reason that the camera does not exist which could take in the vast picture as the eye sees it, the early views of the group—a bit here and a bit there—gave a scant idea of the scheme as a whole. Nor did the early views of the ten individual buildings which make up its component parts do justice to their nobility of architecture and general grandeur. Then again in the ground plans and bird's-eye sketches—the only possible manner of showing it—the fan-shaped arrangement of this group looked stiff and unsatisfying. Far from it, it is quite as remarkable in its way as the famous Court of Honor at the Columbian Exposition. In one respect it is even more notable, for instead of two grand vistas it offers a dozen. The main vista, by the way, the one looking up the Plaza of St. Louis—whose



PALACE OF MINES AND METALLURGY.

the Romanesque Liberal Arts building have pronounced individuality. Yet in the general picture all these buildings blend finely, not to live, as is the case with the French Ionic style of the buildings of Cascade Gardens. Twelve handsome bridges across the waterways, which form a figure eight by running from the Grand Basin around the Electricity and Education buildings, further contribute to the architectural splendor of the scene.

Rows of fine, large maples set off the buildings in the main vista, adding immeasurably to the beauty of the picture and furnishing one of the many demonstrations of the superiority of this exposition in the matter of landscape gardening. There are also many trees to set off the other buildings of the group, shrubbery and small trees have been used in profusion around the entrances and the bridges, and taking everything into consideration, the architectural and landscape gardening achievements are greater—as they ought to be with the world's fair.

The Philippine section covers no less than forty-seven acres, has 109 buildings and some 75,000 catalogued exhibits, and represents an outlay of over a million dollars. A week could easily be spent there to advantage. Entrance to the section is free, but twenty-five cents is charged to go into each of the four native villages, which are intensely interesting. The villages run along Arrowhead Lake, and the inhabitants all have some way of entertaining their visitors. The Igorots, who wear a little clothing as the law of even savage lands allow; Bontocs, Tingianes and Suyanos are in one village; the lake-dwelling Moros and Bogobos in another; the black Negritos in the third and the civilized Visayanos, who have a Catholic Church and a theatre, in the fourth. As a matter of education the great Igorots, who are the brown men, is one thing that no American can afford to miss.

Eight of the numerous buildings of the

GOLDEN CHANS.

St. Max Regis Wren Golden Handcuffs For Years.

It will be remembered, says the Westminster Gazette, that some years ago M. Max Regis was presented by a group of lady admirers with a pair of golden handcuffs, in commemoration of his arrest and imprisonment in the great cause of Nationalism. The Aristocrat swore that he would wear the manacles as souvenir bracelets for the remainder of his life. For some time he kept his promise, and then it was observed that he had abandoned his decorative fetters. Why? Was it lunacy to the cause, or what? People wondered, and could get no satisfactory answer, until a few days ago there was a public sale of unredeemed pledges from the Mont de Pieté. The golden handcuffs (weighing forty-five grammes) were included in the catalogue. M. Regis having deposited them with "ma tante" to relieve a temporary indigence, and having neglected to recover them. To complete the anecdote of the situation, they were purchased by a Hebrew, who now wears them in the streets of Algiers and exhibits them to all his friends.

ONE HUNDRED FOR AN EGG.

An Indian Game Fowl That Is Very Valuable.

Not often does the price of a single egg climb to \$100, but this is what was offered for each of the eggs of a certain Indian game hen, which was brought to England some time ago.

For centuries the Indian game, or Aztec fowls, have been the very apex of the game breed for the purposes of blood and pedigree have been most carefully preserved for so long that the date of the origin of the race has been lost in the past.

It is almost impossible to procure specimens of the purest blood, for they are treasured by the Indian sportsman at the highest value.

As game fowls they are great fighters. Those who have seen them in India—for the finest birds never reach our colder climates—tell of their prowess and unmovable tenacity in battle. With them it is always victory or death.

In America, however, the game fowls are seldom raised for fighting purposes, but for show, and as pets and hobbies of poultry fanciers.—Country Life in America.

THE SILENCE OF BUTTERFLIES.

This Insect Represents a Truly Silent World.

After all, the chief charm of this race of winged flowers does not lie in their varied and brilliant beauty, nor yet in their wonderful series of transformations, in their long and soiled caterpillar life, their long slumber in the chrysalis, or the very brief period which comprises their beauty, their love making, their parentage and their death. Nor does it lie in the fact that we do not yet certainly know whether they have in the caterpillar shape the faculty of sight or not, and do not even know the precise use of their most conspicuous organ in maturity, the antennae. Nor does it consist in this—that they of all created things have furnished man with the symbol of his own immortality. It rather lies in the fact that, with all their varied life and activity, they represent an absolutely silent world. * * * All the vast array of modern knowledge has found no butterfly which murmurs with an audible voice and only a few species which can even audibly click or rustle with their wings.—F. W. Higginson, in Atlantic.

Dr. Hale an L.L.D.

Dr. Edward Everett Hale is now an L.L.D. of Williams College, from which his father graduated just 100 years ago. The doctor read an extract from his parent's graduating address, which dwelt with the question "Has There Been a Progressive Improvement in Society in the Last Fifty Years?" Dr. Hale joyously remarked that a century ago the boys appeared to be wrestling with the same problems as are now discussed.

A Modest Englishman.

Like the traditional Englishman, Arthur Stanley, Dean of Westminster, wore home from his first visit to America an expression of amazement which only time could efface. He was at once beset by interviewers, who asked the usual questions. "What was the thing which most impressed you in America?" was one of these. Without a moment's hesitation Dean Stanley replied: "My own ignorance."—Argonaut.

Buy a Pump.

Oxygen gas, the new remedy for milk fever, is attracting wide spread attention, but it takes a Yankee to wrest it from nature without cost. A few weeks ago an ex-Senator who owns a fine Jersey herd in Southern Michigan, on going to his table found one of his best cows down with the dread disease. Manufactured oxygen was fifty-seven miles away, and no chance to get it before morning. The Senator is noted for original methods in emergencies; after standing for a few moments in deep thought, he started at a rapid pace for the house and shortly returned with a bicycle pump in his hand. Cutting off the nozzle he inserted a milking tube in its place, and was soon pumping oxygen into that cow's bag, tying each teat as soon as it was filled, then he awaited developments. In less than three hours she was on her feet looking for a bran mash; morning found her entirely recovered. Farmers, there is plenty of that oxygen left, so buy a bicycle pump and be ready for the next cow attacked by the dread disease.—Mrs. L. May Dean, in the Epitomist.

Don't Stunt the Colt.

It is generally understood by farmers that in raising colts the best results can only be secured by keeping the youngster growing all the time and doing its best. A Mr. G. C. Goodale, of Maine, gives an instance that came under his observation as a proof of the truth of this theory. He said: "A few years ago, while judging the colts at the Kennebec fair, a gentleman brought in a year-old stallion. He was in fine, healthy condition, of fine conformation, finely gaited and scoring ninety odd points he easily captured the blue ribbon over a large field of colts. His breeding was fine. His owner said to me: 'I am going to keep this colt for a stallion.' I told him he would make a fine stallion, as he had the breeding, the gait, the fine color and conformation. But I said: 'If you want a fine horse, keep this colt growing and in good condition until matured.' Six months later I was going by his place and he called me in to see his colt. I was surprised to find the colt poor. He had not grown a bit for six months. I told him he had spoiled his colt. He said he had a fine pasture to turn him into and he would be all right. I said to him: 'When this colt commences to grow again he will grow out of proportion somewhere.' The result was that he grew ewe-necked, his shoulders grew upright and he grew sway-backed. This changed his gait so he could not show speed, and his owner sold him at four years' age and so on for a small price.

Pure Food.

It is to be hoped that the movement springing up in the East in the interests of pure food will travel across the continent to the West, even to California, and that the people will manifest their anxiety to have their favorings and canned meats and fruits pure and wholesome by holding up the hands of those who may undertake to organize a crusade against the adulterators. There is not a city in California where doubtful adulterations are not used in one way or another.—San Jose Mercury.

Physicians Regard the Case of Walter J. Ricks, a youth who died at the home of his parents in Lafayette, Ind., from the effects of too rapid growth, as one of the most remarkable in medical annals. Although but fourteen years old, young Ricks was over six feet in height, but slender. The development of his internal organs did not keep pace with that of his body and his limbs, and the strain on his heart resulted in injury to the vital organ and caused his death.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Epitomist Bee Notes.

When your bees get unmanageable and when ordinary smoke does not seem to subdue them, get into your

Smoker a Little Tobacco.

This will help to conquer them, and it will usually soothe their grievances. It is also of benefit to use when introducing queens. Just a little will do the business.

When the bees fill the sections with honey they will seal them over snow white. If the sections are left on the hive for any length of time the cap-pings become darkened, which is caused by the bees constantly running over them. The sections will never again look as clean and white as when first completed. Therefore when you find a super of sections filled and capped, slip your bee escape under it, and the next day you will be able to carry off your honey.

Empty brood combs should be examined every few days to see if the wax worm is at work in them. A cool, dry cellar is a good place to store them, but if they become infested give them to the bees at once. If you have no swarms to occupy them, place them under strong colonies so that the bees will be compelled to pass through them.—Bee Editor, in The Epitomist.

The Farm

Sow Buckwheat Early.

By sowing buckwheat early and plowing in under when in blossom, two crops may be obtained. Always use air-slacked lime on the land after burning under a green manural crop.

Fine Butter.

Gilt-edged butter is not due wholly to the excellence of the cow, but also to the intelligence of the farmer who attends to the stock and looks after all the details necessary in order to produce a superior article, and thus get the highest prices.

Grow Your Vegetables.

The garden supplies articles that cannot be as cheaply procured as they can be grown. Every farmer should endeavor to grow and provide for himself everything that can be produced on the farm. When the produce required is grown for use it will be fresher and better than that purchased elsewhere. Ripe tomatoes, fresh from the vine, and placed on the table, are far superior to those bought in the market.

Whitewash.

Slack one-half bushel of unslacked lime with boiling water, keeping it covered during the process. Strain it and add a peck of salt dissolved in warm water. Add also three pounds of ground rice put in boiling water, and boiled to a thin paste; one-half pound of powdered Spanish whiting, and a pound of clear glue dissolved in warm water. Mix all these well together, and let the mixture stand for several days. Keep the wash thus prepared in a bottle or portable furnace, and when used, put it on as hot as possible, with painters' or whitewash brushes. This whitewash has been found by experience to answer on wood as well as on paint, and it is much cheaper.

Carrot Hints.

My experience is, that "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," that land will not become cloyed if it is harrowed as soon as plowed, or before the wind blows through it; that the common house scrub brush, sold everywhere for a dime, is the best thing to clean horses' legs with; that a good torch used judiciously once a week in the poultry house, and among the nests, will destroy more vermin than all the poison in the drug stores; that it is not a good plan to feed grain to a horse immediately after drinking, unless you keep poultry round the stable to pick up the whole grain undisturbed; that a small piece of cloth saturated with lard and rubbed in the inside of a horse's ears will give him great relief all day; that one thing that gets into the ear; that one thing at a time advances the whole.—Z. M. Humphreys, in The Epitomist.

Substitute For Smokehouse.

When there is no smokehouse, take a box two feet or more high, two and one-half feet square, and make a hole in centre of the box as large as stove pipe; cut out of one side of edge a place like the draft on a stove, large enough to admit a wash pan or coals or chips. After you start the fire, use damp soot so there will be lots of smoke, but not much blaze; bore three holes in bottom of an old molasses barrel, for the strings to come through. Provide a stick to run through the strings, making sure they are securely tied to the meat; turn the box upside down and place the barrel over the hole in box; wrap an old blanket where the box and barrel meet so as to hold the smoke. In cold weather you can keep a fire all day, but if the weather is warm a fire morning and night is best and the process will require several days.—Agnes M. Knickerbocker, in The Epitomist.

Large Flocks.

It requires but little time and attention to manage a small flock, but if it is intended to go into poultry raising as a business, it means work and plenty of it. Hard work is necessary to grow crops, to conduct a dairy, or to manage stock, and the same is true of poultry. In the winter time there may be huge drifts of snow to shovel before the hens can get out of the coops, the droppings must be removed, the quarters cleaned, the fowls fed and the water cans filled. The eggs must be collected frequently, in order to prevent them from being frozen, and the surplus poultry and eggs must be shipped to market, and in summer the details must be kept clean. All these details call for labor, and the larger the number of fowls the greater the amount of work required. But there is nothing discouraging in being compelled to work, but for the labor required there would be no profit in the business. It is the labor that sells in the shape of eggs and carcasses and not the chicken itself. The profit is that derived above cost of food, labor, etc.

Among the Chickens.

Avoid having stale eggs in your refrigerator.

Poultry hatched in hot weather does not thrive well.

Broken eggs in the nest start the hens to eating them.

Ducks, for profit, must be pushed rapidly from the start.

Hens that are cleaned daily need very little disinfecting.

The utmost cleanliness about the feeding places should be observed.

Eggs cannot be produced without nitrogenous material in some form.

A pound of eggs contains more nourishment than a pound of meat and bone.

It is not good economy to feed even small chickens on ground or cooked feed alone.

Young turkeys especially should not be allowed to wade around in wet weeds or grass.

Sour milk, heated and skimmed, is an elegant food for young fowls and especially for young turkeys.

With ducks especially, all of the early hatched can be sold and the late hatched kept for breeding purposes.

With continuous in-breeding the fowls become delicate, hard to raise, not as good layers, and in every way, less profitable.

Pure bred fowls are no harder to raise than common stock, nor does it take any more to keep them, while they are an ornament to the home.

Generally speaking, it will be better to sell the young fowls as soon as of marketable size, rather than to keep until fall when low prices are sure to prevail.

Don't Stunt the Colt.

It is generally understood by farmers that in raising colts the best results can only be secured by keeping the youngster growing all the time and doing its best. A Mr. G. C. Goodale, of Maine, gives an instance that came under his observation as a proof of the truth of this theory. He said: "A few years ago, while judging the colts at the Kennebec fair, a gentleman brought in a year-old stallion. He was in fine, healthy condition, of fine conformation, finely gaited and scoring ninety odd points he easily captured the blue ribbon over a large field of colts. His breeding was fine. His owner said to me: 'I am going to keep this colt for a stallion.' I told him he would make a fine stallion, as he had the breeding, the gait, the fine color and conformation. But I said: 'If you want a fine horse, keep this colt growing and in good condition until matured.' Six months later I was going by his place and he called me in to see his colt. I was surprised to find the colt poor. He had not grown a bit for six months. I told him he had spoiled his colt. He said he had a fine pasture to turn him into and he would be all right. I said to him: 'When this colt commences to grow again he will grow out of proportion somewhere.' The result was that he grew ewe-necked, his shoulders grew upright and he grew sway-backed. This changed his gait so he could not show speed, and his owner sold him at four years' age and so on for a small price.

The Darkened Stable.

Where animals are kept in the stable during the summer months, as, for example, work horses, or, in some instances, the breeding stock, nothing contributes so much to their comfort as that of protecting them from flies. Animals that are kept busy fighting flies require more food to keep them in condition, and, indeed, it is impossible with an unlimited supply of food to keep them in proper condition.

Advantage should be taken of the fact that flies constantly tend to seek the light places. A stable need not be absolutely dark in order to prevent annoyance from flies, and in fact, we do not believe in keeping stables too dark, on account of the fact that animals are liable, if kept in such quarters for any considerable length of time, to go wrong in their eyes. Gunny sack nailed over the windows of the stable will greatly reduce the number of flies that will pester the animals. These should not be nailed down absolutely tight at the bottom, or air will be excluded and the stable will become warm and unhealthy. If the sacks are partly loose at the bottom they will shade the stable satisfactorily and at the same time admit air. Horses placed in the stable for an hour at noon will eat better, rest better, and we cannot help but think they will work better afterward if they are afforded some protection during the time they are in the stall. In some of our better class of stables regular window blinds are used, these being pulled down during the day and run up at night, thus freely admitting the air when no protection from flies is necessary. It is claimed by those who use such blinds that their cost is more than offset in the saving of feed that is effected by the protection which they afford.

Buy a Pump.

Oxygen gas, the new remedy for milk fever, is attracting wide spread attention, but it takes a Yankee to wrest it from nature without cost. A few weeks ago an ex-Senator who owns a fine Jersey herd in Southern Michigan, on going to his table found one of his best cows down with the dread disease. Manufactured oxygen was fifty-seven miles away, and no chance to get it before morning. The Senator is noted for original methods in emergencies; after standing for a few moments in deep thought, he started at a rapid pace for the house and shortly returned with a bicycle pump in his hand. Cutting off the nozzle he inserted a milking tube in its place, and was soon pumping oxygen into that cow's bag, tying each teat as soon as it was filled, then he awaited developments. In less than three hours she was on her feet looking for a bran mash; morning found her entirely recovered. Farmers, there is plenty of that oxygen left, so buy a bicycle pump and be ready for the next cow attacked by the dread disease.—Mrs. L. May Dean, in the Epitomist.

Epitomist Bee Notes.

When your bees get unmanageable and when ordinary smoke does not seem to subdue them, get into your