OUT IN THE SUNSHINE.

Let's sorter git out in the sunshine an' breathe the free air as it blows;
There's comfort enough in the sunshine fer all of our troubles an' woes;
Out in the joy o' the weather—free as the light o' the day—
Let's sorter git out in the sunshine an' walk in the sunshiny way.

Let's sorter git out in the sunshine an' think that we're blest in the light;
Kiss hands to our troubles an' tell 'em a world full o' troubles ain't right;
The river is alus a-singin' a mighty sweet song as it goes;
There's armsful o' happiness hidin' in places where nobody knows!

The world's full o' beauty an' blessin'; though Sorrow seems havin' her way
The tears that we shed at her biddin' are kissed by the angels away;
The harvests are ripe for the reapin', an' green is the pathway an' bright
To the souls that are out in the sunshine an' goin' the way o' the light!

THE PRICE SHE PAID.

By EMMA PLATT GUYTON.

Xenil Edmonston stepped on to the railway platform just as Burke Rodney, accompanied by his wife and little son, drove up. Unobserved, but curiously, Edmonston watched Mrs. Rodney as, after kissing the boy tenderly, unassisted by her husband, she climbed out of the carriage.

"We'll come for you to-night, mamma!" called the child.

The husband, however, gave only a surly grunt to her cheerful response, first to the lad, then to him.

"Good-by, sweetheart! Good-by, Burke!"

"The brute!" muttered Edmonston, and drew farther back upon the platform, that she might not feel humiliated by the immediate knowledge that he had witnessed the singular parting.

It was not till she had purchased her ticket and stepped out on to the platform to await the coming train that Edmonston ventured to approach her. The flush which her husband's boorish reply and manner had caused still suffused her face, but she advanced with a smile and an outstretched hand to greet him.

Xenil Edmonston was known for his brotherly kindness and devotion to all women, but it was with more than his accustomed chivalry that he took into both his own the hand that Helen Rodney offered. Her face paled slightly, and he felt the hand he so warmly grasped tremble as he said:

"It is a long time since we last met, Helen. How have you been?"

There was a world of tenderness in the voice that questioned. Sympathy is the open sesame to the gates of long pent up emotion. Poor, patient, suffering Helen Rodney could not withstand it. The tears flooded her eyes till they blinded her sight. The thunder of the approaching train rang in her ears, but above it all the whispered words:

"Forgive me," from Xenil Edmonston, sounded like the music of earlier, happier years.

Carefully shielding her from observation, he handed her into a private compartment of a parlor car, and with a word of excuse, left her to find the porter.

Dominated as she was by a series of emotions of which self commiseration was not the least, the tact and gentleness of the man appealed most forcibly to her gratitude and sense of admiration. When, later, he returned and took a seat beside her, she turned her eyes bravely to his as she said:

"I am very glad of this meeting, Xenil, though you have discovered the skeleton in my closet."

"I suspected its existence long ago; for public gossip, though not remarkable for its veracity, is not without some foundation in truth. So, Helen, I have longed to see you and learn the facts from your own lips. I resolved, however, not to plan nor force a meeting, but calmly to await fate's own good time. I was sure it would come. Do you remember our last rendezvous, before your engagement to Rodney was publicly announced? As I told you then I tell you now—sooner or later our lives must run together. You laughed at the idea, though you half recognized your deeper love for me. I saw that you must learn your lesson by experience, which meant marriage with Rodney, with whom you were dazzled, infatuated, and thought yourself irrevocably in love. I knew you better than you knew yourself. Helen, dearest, though a cruel one, is not the lesson learned? Are you not ready to cast off the degrading shackles that bind you and come to me?"

A startled, frightened look came into her eyes, but the indignation she should have felt was absent, although she drew herself slightly away from him.

"There, Helen, don't misunderstand me! I am neither a libertine nor a scoundrel, as you know, and being a lawyer, shall abide by legal measures. To put the matter plainly and perhaps bluntly, I want your permission to obtain a divorce for you from Burke Rodney on the ground of cruelty. I then desire to make you my wife according to civil law, as you are now in the sight of a higher but generally unrecognized one — that of God."

His voice thrilled her with an indescribable tenderness as he pronounced the last words. She knew all he said was true. Seven years before they had been sweethearts. There had been no definite engagement, but a tacit understanding existed between them that some day they would be husband and wife.

Xenil was a struggling young lawyer then, just out from college. Burke Rodney came between them with the glamour of his wealth, and the voluptuous, impetuous nature that made what he desired immediately his own. In less than six months from their meeting Helen became his wife, and repented at leisure. A year after marriage a child was born, the little Philip, and in him she had her only comfort and happiness.

The impetuosity she had once taken for an evidence of love seemed now a wild recklessness that terminated in the most passionate outbursts of temper if she crossed her husband's will, however unintentionally.

If she expressed a desire that did not accord with his mood, he burst upon her with violent and abusive language. The presence of the boy was no restraint, and Helen reached a point where she felt a tragedy was imminent. Such scenes between them would at least ruin the character and disposition of the boy. The utter inharmony of their natures was becoming more apparent daily. Often her very presence seemed not only to irritate but infuriate him. He was an open admirer of other women. In her opinion such a marriage was only a mockery, and had it not been for the boy, she would have terminated it long before. Her own disposition was becoming erratic, and at times a rebelliousness against her lot took absolute possession of her.

Now, at a time when her domestic troubles seemed to have reached a climax, Love came and whispered to her the old, sweet strain. The feeling she thought dead leaped again to life. Could she, dared she, face the scandal that such a separation would create? And Philip—what of him? This thought caused her to gasp for breath as she asked—

"What would it all mean for—for Philip?"

"You should have the boy, if possible; if not, you would probably be permitted to have him with you occasionally. That would be much better for him than the scenes he must constantly be forced to witness between his father and mother."

"Ah, yes, yes! It is killing me and ruining him. I will consider the matter and then let you know. You return to-night, do you not?"

"Yes; I have important business which will require my attention the entire day. I presume you are up for shopping. I will meet you, however, at the train to-night."

It was a peculiar day for Helen Rodney. Amid the rush and tumult of the city, thoughts of Philip, Burke, and home dissensions, mingled curiously with dry goods, millinery, love, and Xenil Edmonston.

At last the day was over, and once again she and Xenil were together. Even now his presence seemed to her a comfort and protection.

"Well, what is the decision?" he gravely queried.

"I cannot decide immediately. Give me time, Xenil."

"As much as you like, Helen; but I see the end. Therefore, will you not allow me to call occasionally, simply as a friend?"

She gave him her hand in consent. He pressed it deferentially to his lips, then carefully arranged some pillows for her to rest upon, and taking a newspaper from his pocket commenced to read; and so, in silence, they made the short journey home.

The weeks that followed seemed interminably long to Helen, and her moods and methods of reasoning were various. For hours at a time she would consider the proposed measures from a strictly orthodox and conventional point of view, until a species of insanity seemed to possess her. This would be followed by a rebellious mood—which for a woman is particularly dangerous; for if temptation comes to her at such a moment, she may in desperation yield to it. Fortunately, Xenil Edmonston was not the man to take advantage of such moments. He intended she should make the decision for herself with what deliberation she should desire, and in a natural frame of mind. Then, whatever occurred, she could not censure either herself or him.

At these periods of mental insurrection, Helen felt like immediate and open rebellion against those regulations and customs of society which some inherent but pristine sense, dominated as unnatural and false. Yet she knew that she was still thrall to a heritage of social claims and obligations. She despised herself that this was so, and wondered if she would ever become sufficiently strong to break what she felt to be a degrading bondage.

Perhaps the narrowness of those with whom she came in daily contact irritated her to constant self-analysis, so that she seemed an inhabitant of a world apart.

It was only the occasional visits of Xenil Edmonston that partially restored her to the humanity about her. He was in no wise a part of it, but it was doubtless the kinship that existed between them that made her, in his presence, feel less isolated.

Perhaps her husband suspected what was going on in her mind. At all events, he had never been so frankly brutal. There were times when she feared personal violence. Once she said to him, in desperation:

"Rodney, I believe you hate me. Let us go our separate ways. Set me free!"

For years she remembered the terrible scene that ensued—the man's coarse accusations and insults. In horror she fled from him. And this ruffian was the father of her child! If the day should come when Philip trod in the steps of his sire, she felt her heart would break.

A long, miserable year dragged by. Then Helen became desperate, and gave Edmonston the answer he desired. It was sent in a characteristic little note which read simply:

"I have decided to place my case in your hands and trust my future to your care. HELEN."

Without delay Edmonston repaired to Mr. Rodney, whom he found alone and at leisure. A cool greeting was exchanged between the two men, and then the lawyer launched into the object of his visit. He stated his case clearly and concisely. The love he had borne Helen for years previous to her marriage, the sympathy he had felt at the unhappiness of her wedded life, which was public talk, his desire to make her his wife, if Rodney would permit a quiet divorce without contest, was told in a straightforward, manly way.

To say that Rodney was dazed, bewildered, at the proposition is but a mild way of stating his mental condition. He was speechless for a moment, during which time every vestige of color disappeared from his face. Then he asked:

"Helen knows of this?"

"Yes"

"And it is her wish to leave me?"

"Yes."

Rodney's eyes burned with anger as he deliberately replied:

"I am not a man to hold any woman against her will. If, as you think, you can make this one happy, take her and welcome; but not the boy. She will never be allowed intercourse with Philip, and he shall not be allowed to recognize her as his mother. She shall be an outcast to him. Do you understand?"

"But this is doing her a grave injustice, Mr. Rodney. The whole world knows she is an unloved wife—"

"As I am an unloved husband. Does your world know that, too? Helen has always held herself above me. Let her go her high and holy way—I wish you joy of her!"

He turned shortly to his desk.

"That is all. Good-day."

Edmonston was forced to leave without further attempt at argument. Indeed, he felt it useless to try to revoke Rodney's decision; and in his heart he could not blame the man for clinging to his son. It would be a terrible blow to Helen to learn she must lose her boy, and it was with many misgivings he proceeded on his way to her. Would she not endure anything rather than a separation from Philip? Would not the mother-love in this extremity rise supreme over that of the woman for her lover? It had seemed that her affection was deeper than that of most mothers, for in her almost intolerable matrimonial life, Philip had been the only object for the expenditure of her love.

Great, then, was Edmonston's surprise at the calmness with which she listened and her evident preparation for the result of the interview.

"I knew he would strike me through Philip," she said. "I know his cruel nature. I am prepared to accept the condition. Philip, if he lives to become a man, will leave me some day for another woman. It is nature's law. Have I not seen scores of sorrowing mothers hunger for a crumb of a son's love, thrown without reserve at the feet of a stranger? The day will come when I shall be alone in my suffering. Rodney hates me, Philip will forget. I have decided. Take me, Xenil!"

By a subtle chain of reasoning she had thought the matter out to the end, and the decision at which she arrived was as unalterable as the law of the Medes and Persians.

Before her husband returned that night Helen was on her way to the adjoining city, where she lived quietly until her divorce was obtained, when she was married to Xenil Edmonston. But in spite of his now wide influence and wealth, she was completely ignored by the society in which she had formerly reigned as queen. Women, mothers particularly, do not readily forgive child desertion; in spite of Rodney's well known cruelty to her, public sympathy was entirely with him and the boy. Before the expiration of a year after she became Mrs. Edmonston, Xenil was forced to sell, at a sacrifice, his large and lucrative practice, and move away.

Only once was the name of his mother mentioned between Philip and his father. Several years later, when the lad had reached an understanding age, Rodney related to him the story of Helen's desertion, coloring the facts to suit himself. He listened in silence, with flushing face, kissed his father tenderly and walked quietly out of the room. Truly he had inherited all of his mother's reserve and decision.

The story reached Helen's ears, and when, a few years later, she met Philip—now almost a man—upon the streets of the city in which she lived, he passed her coldly and without recognition. However, she was aware he knew she was his mother.

Xenil Edmonston was always kindness and devotion itself to his beautiful wife. And she? Did his love compensate her for the social ostracism, and, more than all, for the loss of her boy, with his respect and love? Helen ever remained silent on the subject; so who can tell?—Waverley Magazine.

Speaker Cannon's Rules For Happy Living.

"HONOR thy father and mother.

"Take no thought for the morrow and don't worry.

"Work, work, work with hands, feet, legs, and brain.

"Learn to sing, no matter how miserably.

"Sing and laugh and keep on a-keepin' on."

A Smooth One.

"You say he was brought up in a refining atmosphere?"

"Yes; as a boy he lived in the oil districts of Pennsylvania."

It is estimated that more than four thousand cars will be required to market this year's $2,000,000 peach crop of Georgia.

Suggestion on Etiquette.

Special care is necessary in eating fruit so that it may be done in as delicate a way as possible. Pears and peaches should be peeled with a silver knife, cut in quarters and the pieces taken up in the fingers, but if the fruit is very juicy it would best be eaten with a fork. Plums are taken up in the fingers and eaten without taking the stone in the mouth. Oranges are cut crosswise with a fruit knife, and the sections taken out with an orange spoon or an ordinary teaspoon. After eating fruit the tips of the fingers should be dipped in a finger bowl. The moistened fingers of one hand may be touched lightly to the lips. The napkin is then used to dry the fingers and lips. One should not lean over a finger bowl.—Mrs. Samuel Armstrong, in the Boston Post.

Suffrage Wouldn't Help, She Says.

Grace Falkner, one of the most prominent workers of the Pennsylvania Association Opposed to Woman's Suffrage, has been making speeches in various parts of Pennsylvania against votes for women. "Women do not want the vote," is her argument. "The women who would vote, should this privilege be granted to them, are those who would do as their husbands or the local political leader dictated. A good looking, soft tongued politician easily could get all the women mill workers from a dozen mills to vote the way he wished. As for economic freedom, the average workingman would be glad to have his wife have as much of this as possible, for then his responsibilities would grow less and hers greater. Suffrage will not abolish child labor nor will it close saloons."—New York Press.

Tribe of Pocahontas Remains.

The announcement that a monument costing $5000 will be constructed soon in memory of Pocahontas brings to light the fact that the descendants of the tribe of which the historic Indian girl was a member still remain on the banks of the Pamunkey River in the wilds of northern Virginia. There may be found prototypes of the girl who saved the life of John Smith, and there is enacted each year a reproduction of that incident. The Indians array themselves in costumes and portray the scenes of the early times with accuracy. These Indians take pride in living apart from other Indians and in preserving the traditions of their forefathers. The tepee has given way to the lumber-built house and the redskins have come to live much as the palefaces do, but the legends of their ancestors are repeated with reverence, and the Indians try to live up to them. The tribe has 110 members.—New York Press.

Human Nature and Its Changes.

"Say, Jen," said Katie, the brunette, with white sidecombs in her hair, "I see Mamie has bleached her hair again. Ain't it terrible?"

"Yes, perfectly awful!" replied Jennie. "She asked me if I would do it if I were she, and I said, 'Yes.' Don't she look perfectly dreadful—and it's getting streaked already. You could tell in a minute it was bleached, the roots are so dark."

"Sure. I noticed that!" responded Katie. "And, say, did you see the rag of a dress she had on yesterday? And it's fit—gracious! Looked perfectly dreadful, didn't it?"

"Perfectly dreadful," echoed Jennie.

"Well, she wanted a pattern, and I gave her the one of that dark blue silk I had three years ago," said Katie.

"You did?"

"Yes, I did."

"Oh!"

"And the hat she was wearing," continued Katie. "Did you get your optics on that?"

"Yes."

"Perfect sight, wasn't it?"

"Where did she get it?"

"Oh, down at the Moody's. I helped her pick it out," was Katie's reply. "Why—why—here comes Mamie now," she continued. "Hello, Mamie, you dear, sweet thing. How nice you look—too darling for anything!"

"Yes, indeed," added Jennie. "You do look perfectly charming. Say, let's all go into Huyler's and get some soda."

And the three friends walked away together.—New York Times.

Calls it a Girls' Den.

"It was a hotel room that showed me how," said the wife of the junior partner, as she proudly gathered together six of her best friends late one afternoon in the new "housewife den" on the second floor of her suburban home, and made tea for them without calling the maid. "Honestly, it was. I'd never have thought of it if I hadn't gone on that business trip two months ago with Nat."

"You certainly are cosy here," remarked one of the girl visitors enviously, as she glanced around the little room on the second floor that was full almost to overflowing when it had six women in it and took every feminine heart because of its dainty "fixings."

"Am I not?" answered its owner. "Our house is pretty and effective and lovely for entertaining. But its big hall and parlor, its almost-as-big dining room, all three opening into each other and making up the whole first floor, didn't give me a single cozy nook. All of it was fine for receiving formal visits and for giving dinner parties, but when it came to chatting with friends like all of you, that first floor never worked at all. I am a woman who hates to sit in her bedroom. I felt I must have a place really, entirely and solely my own. But how to make one I didn't see until I was off on that trip.

"It doesn't matter what city we were in, but we staid three days at a most splendiferous hotel. On the second day I came across, by pure chance, this dear brass teakettle. I couldn't let it go, and I won't tell you how much I paid for it. As I walked out of the store, just hugging the kettle to me, I had an inspiration. I'd noticed an electric iron in my hotel room. I'd have a cup of tea.

"So I bought some tea, and then I hurried up to the room. It was then about 4 o'clock, and hubby was somewhere, selling some man about a million dollars' worth of machinery. I knew he wouldn't get back till six. I'd have my little tea party all by my lonesome; I was just hungry for tea.

"I took the electric iron and turned it on its back in a soap dish. I filled the tea kettle, put it on the iron that was upside down, and in no time at all I had water boiling. My, and oh, my; that tea was good!

"I don't need to tell any of you girls how quickly a woman's mind works sometimes. Before 'my man' got in—and he really had sold a big, big bill—I'd planned this room all out. It just came to me, and now isn't it the finest, most convenient place you can possibly imagine! I let hubby in here sometimes, though I generally 'shoo' him out. This is a woman's room, never to be profaned by cigar or pipe smoke, unless, oh, well, I do let him come in and smoke, late in the evening. But I always open the windows very wide the next morning, and keep them open at least a solid hour.

"An electric iron on its back was only an expedient, of course. I hunted around the city until I found this darling little electric heater. That's the only part of the 'plant,' girls. You see this table here. Well, in a moment I can whip away the heater, hitch on an iron instead—I keep one handy right in the table drawer—and there I am all ready to press out any little things that I feel I'd better not trust to Mary or Susie. I really do a lot of ironing up here, and it's a delight.

"I had this music cabinet downstairs. I really didn't need it there. It comes in ideally up here. I've converted it into a sort of little china closet, you see, for my own private stock of tea things. Of course, I've gradually picked up these cups. The tea service itself's an heirloom. My grandmother used it.

"You've already seen my tins of biscuits and sweet crackers in my cabinet, and I'll have you notice that these little tea packets contain nine different sorts of tea. Sometimes I like to drink one kind, sometimes another. I can make tea to suit everyone's mood and taste, including my own. I tell you, girls, I'm getting to be a great connoisseur in tea drinking.

"As you see, I can make tea almost without getting up. It's the most 'comfy' way. I never have to bother to call a maid when I want a cup. Sometimes a cup is very delicious late at night.

"There's sugar always ready here, in this quaint little Japanese covered bowl, and about the middle of each afternoon it is a part of Susie's regular work to bring up this tiny, tiny pitcher of milk and one lemon sliced, and put them away in my cabinet. Then I'm ready for any visitors; that is, any one of my very best friends like you. We can be 'chummy' up here, as we couldn't possibly be downstairs. We can tell each other secrets that are real secrets.

"No, I won't call it a boudoir. It's a girl's den. Hubby has his own just across the hall. He gives me presents for mine, and I give him presents for his."—Newark Call.

Variant Spellings.

Among variant spellings of names perhaps the most remarkable instance occurs in a deed of the year 1578, relating to the property of the Raleigh family. It bears the signatures of Raleigh, senior, and his two sons, of whom one has special interest as being the earliest known signature of Sir Walter. By the father the name is written "Raleigh," by the elder son "Rawleigh" and by Sir Walter it is written "Rauleygh." By Queen Elizabeth it was written "Rawley," as then pronounced. It also appeared in his lifetime as "Rawlye."—London Chronicle.

Our Cut-out Recipe. Paste in Your Scrap-Book.

Cheese and Rice.—Wash the rice through several waters to remove the flour. Put it into boiling water slightly salted, having two quarts of water to half a pound of rice. Let the rice boil steadily for twenty minutes, without covering the saucepan. When cooked, drain thoroughly, then toss it around with a fork, holding it over the fire for a few minutes until it is light and fluffy. Then stir in a quantity of grated cheese, tossing around until the cheese is melted. Now add a savory brown gravy. This may be left from the roast the day before, or made from stock. Cheese and rice is a most nourishing and appetizing dish and will serve as the main viand of the meal.

The Farm

Grass-Fed Beef

Professor Herbert W. Mumford, who spent six months of last year investigating cattle conditions in Argentina, S. A., says that very fine herds of cattle are produced in Argentina without a mouthful of grain. These cattle are fed simply grass and alfalfa and were never in a stable.

He saw breeding cattle in extra flesh on alfalfa pasture, one cow in particular showing actual rolls of fat on her rump, and yet she had never tasted anything else but alfalfa from her birth.

Grass-fed mutton has gone from Argentina to London market too fat to sell. On one ranch of 100,000 acres there are 18,600 cattle, 10,000 sheep and 2000 horses—all market fat without a pound of grain. Most of the cattle country is flat and level and the climate is ideal for growing, as blizzards and severe weather are unknown.

Argentina is a real competitor of the United States and has during the past three years shipped considerably more beef to Great Britain than has our own country. The beef can be delivered in London from Argentina as cheaply as it can from Chicago.

Healthful Foods.

A successful poultry woman writes the Indiana Farmer that onions chopped fine and mixed with the hen's food occasionally will promote health. Onions are a great poultry tonic, and they are relished by fowls old and young. Our little fall-hatched chicks tumble over one another to get to their feed when onions are mixed with it. Some folks have a good deal of faith in the advertised egg-producing foods.

These foods are all right when fed in right amounts, but if fed too liberally and too often they are apt to cause disease. And the indiscriminate use of stimulants is also to be condemned. The first things some people do when a hen gets out of condition is to pile red pepper down her throat. And they season the hen's feed liberally with cayenne pepper to increase the egg yield. All stimulants are weakening in their effects, and cayenne pepper is a stimulant and should be fed sparingly. The best egg stimulant and health promoter is a variety of good, wholesome food adapted to egg production, dry, comfortable houses, and sanitary surroundings.—Green's Fruit Grower.

Charcoal For Young Chicks.

There is nothing better for bowel trouble in little chicks than freshly burned charcoal, says a writer in Colman's Rural World. The charcoal grains are also excellent, and are said to be efficacious in roup. The greatest problem with little chicks in brooders is bowel trouble, which arises from several causes—chilling, too much heat, crowding, lack of exercise and a wrong diet. If charcoal is pulverized every day and mixed with the food the bowel trouble quickly disappears, provided other faults are remedied. Charcoal is a corrective and not a medicine.

It absorbs gases and promotes digestion of the food. It is most efficacious when freshly prepared, for when allowed to stand it absorbs odors and gases from the atmosphere which partially destroy its healthful qualities. It may be fed in any quantity for the fowls will not use too much of it, but for larger birds it should be placed in boxes and put where they may have access to it. Of course it must be renewed often if used in this manner. For little chicks, which need it at once, it should be mixed in their food in small quantities until some effect is seen, and then the quantity moderated to a regular proportion each day. For the brooder chicks it will be found one of the best regulators known.

Preparing For Market.

The cream of the profit in the poultry business is often sacrificed by a careless method of preparing products for the market. Live birds should be carefully sorted as to age and sex, and the crates as much as possible made up of those of the same quality. The profit from dressed poultry is decided largely by the manner in which it is prepared and packed for market. Provision dealers are so anxious to secure the most attractive looking poultry that many of the larger houses send out printed instructions as to killing and packing. Birds to be killed should have no food for from twelve to twenty-four hours and no water for eight hours before killing. Hang by the feet; insert a sharp knife in the mouth and cut the vein at the back of the throat; then run the point of the knife through the roof of the mouth toward the brain. Instant paralysis and loosening of the feathers follows. If dry picking is practiced it is easily done at this time, before bleeding stops. After the bird is thoroughly cooled it may be packed in ice. If it be scalded before picking, immerse three or four times in water nearly boiling and pick quickly, taking care not to break the skin. Plump by plunging in nearly boiling water ten seconds, then in ice water fifteen minutes, then pack in ice. If it be sold dry, hang up and dry thoroughly. Packing box or barrel should be lined with clean, unprinted paper, and if ice is used pack tightly with alternate layers of ice and fowl, using ice on the top and bottom. As much as three to five cents a pound difference in the price paid for poultry is made on the ground of salable appearance.—Farmers' Union Guide.

Beef Cattle Famine.

Referring to the outlook for beef cattle in the coming year, and to possible forty cents corn on account of the big yield this season, the Breeders' Gazette says:

Forty-cent corn, commonly expected, would send a lot of cattle to the feed-lot. Feeders, everywhere are more cheerful than a few months ago. They have been through a season of excessive production rost and contracted consumption due to industrial conditions. No one doubts that a trade revival is at hand and when the dinner-pail brigade is recruited to its full strength, the moderate supply of beef that reached Western markets during the first half of the current year would fall far short of meeting killers' needs. From January to the middle of August Chicago's receipts of cattle averaged a daily shortage of about 1200 head compared with the same period of 1908. Unless the signs of the times are awry a similar deficiency in supply during the first half of 1910 will develop something akin to a famine.

Cattle will be fed because the feeder is equipped for making beef, is wedded to the business and has no disposition to let his plant remain idle. He realizes the handicaps he labored under this year and that elimination of two of them, an excessive feed bill and a narrow market, is more than probable. Has feed consumption in the United States during the first half of 1909 been equal to that of the present the accumulation of heavy steers in feedlots, held back in the vain hope of nursing the market would have been impossible.

Timothy or Clover.

It is a constant surprise to us to receive so many inquiries as to the comparative values of clover and timothy as soil builders. Clover is a soil builder, but timothy is nothing of the kind. In fact, timothy, particularly when ripened for seed, is as distinctly a soil robber as any of the grains. It as much a surface feeder, and gets as little from the air, which is practically nothing.

Clover is just the reverse of all this. It goes deep into the subsoils, feeds considerably from the air, and adds certain nourishments to the soil, which are entirely foreign to timothy. Turned under, clover adds far more to the soil than timothy, largely for the same reasons that alfalfa does. When we divide crops into their two classes, soil builders and soil robbers, timothy goes in with the grains, while clover most surely ranks high among the soil builders.

As a hay or pasture timothy balances up well with clover and for this and other reasons is very often sown with clover, but not because it in any way takes its place in building up the soil's fertility. On some soils clover seems to do better after a dense green timothy sod has been turned under and well rotted. Almost any crop will follow such treatment and do better than it would on land from which only grain crops had previously been taken. The effect of the timothy, however, is largely mechanical, adding slightly to the humus, and a little to the fiore or root binding. As an enrichment of the soil it has done little. Some of the very poorest lands of northern Minnesota have been made so by growing timothy for seed and hay, the latter going to the lumber camps without returning anything to the soil but a few decaying roots when the sod had to be renewed. Growing timothy occasionally with grain crops is mechanically better for the soil than constant grain growing, and if fed to stock and returned as manure is very decidedly better.—Dakota Farmer.

About Buttermaking.

If the milk is placed in the cellar or cave where there are decaying vegetables or fruit, it will quickly absorb the odors from them. Such places are entirely unfit for the storage of milk. The dairyman should have a building, set apart from the barns and other places from which objectionable odors might come, for the exclusive use of the dairy. This building need not be very large, but must be constructed so that it can easily be kept clean and cool. A cement floor should be laid, as it is the easiest to clean, is cool and does not rot from moisture. If the walls are built of stone, brick or concrete, so much the better, for such walls keep out the heat.

The roof construction should be such that it will effectually turn the heat of the sun. If the roof is not of concrete it should be built double, so that an air current will pass between the upper and lower parts. Walls and ceilings should be covered with cement plaster, whether wood or stone is used in their construction. This finish, if properly put on, is easy to clean and does not readily become affected with mold or decay.

Provision must be made for an abundance of water, and the pumping arrangement must be such that the fresh water from the well or spring will flow through the dairy house. It should run into a tank built deep enough to allow the complete submerging of the milk and cream cans. The tank should have sufficient width and length to hold all that it may be necessary to use. A tank built up of concrete and finished with a cement surface is the most economical in the long run, and is much more satisfactory. Provision must be made for draining it out for the purpose of cleaning. Wooden tanks are usually a source of trouble from leaks and decay. Iron tanks do not last long because they become rusty.—E. H. Webster, Director of Kansas Experiment Station.

A Kneeling Proposition.

"Pony" Moore, the once famous minstrel, is dead at the age of eighty. He was one of the last of his kind.

"Moore," said a veteran Chicago manager, "used to make up his own jokes. Once when he played here he had his toes run over and limped on that night with a foot that resembled a white pillow.

"'Ah's ez tendah-hoofed as Liza Johnsing,' he said to the audience with a chuckle. 'Yo' know 'boat Liza? Young Calhoun White, he sez to her, proposin':

"'Whaffo' yo' make a face like dat when I propose, Miss Johnsing?'

"'Well, Cal,' says Liza, 'Ah kain't give yo' offah propah consideration less'n yo' takes yo' knee off a mah foo'.'"—New York Tribune.