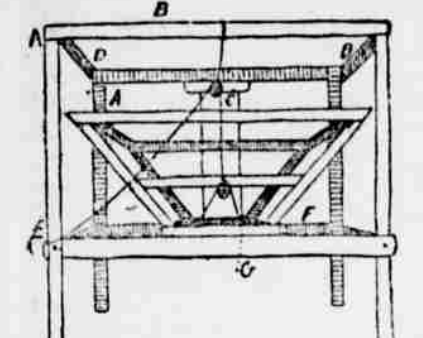




# HANDLING HAY RACKS.

A Simple Contrivance Which Enables One Man to Do All the Necessary Work.

One of the hardest and most inconvenient operations about farm work is the lifting on and off of the hay rack from the wagon. The usual way of lifting over the wheels takes from two to four men, and then it is heavy lifting. This job can be easily and quickly performed by means of rope and pulleys, the rack being lifted up and the wagon run under, when it can be lowered into place, and vice versa. To do this it is necessary, of course, to have some convenient place for fastening the pulleys high enough to let the rack swing clear of the wagon, and some way of holding



HAY RACK LIFTER.

the rack up until wanted again. Timbers or props can be arranged for this. Where there is a driveway in a barn with room enough overhead, or an alleyway between a double corn-crib, a convenient place is at hand, and when the rack is not in use it will be housed from the weather. But for those who have no such place at their disposal, we give the sketch of a handy and cheap frame for the purpose.

Four posts are set in the ground in some convenient place, wide enough apart to allow the wagon and rack to be driven between them, the height of the posts varying with the kind of rack used. All that is necessary is to have them high enough to lift the rack well above the wheels. Across the tops of these posts (A, Fig. 1) bolt on two beams (B) to strengthen the frame and to serve as a fastening for the pulley block (C); 2x4's should be bolted on between the two sets of posts (D). If the posts are firmly set in the ground this will insure solidity, but if desired, more braces can be spiked on at the sides.

Then with an inch auger bore holes in the corner posts at (E) and get an iron pin from a foot to 1 1/2 inches in length to fit in these. A pole (F) strong enough to bear the weight of the rack and long enough to reach from one post to the other by resting on these pins, is secured for each end of the rack to rest on when in place. Rings are bolted in the rack at (G), into which a six-foot chain with a hook at either end, and ring in the center, is attached. The pulley block (C) is attached to the beam above by a chain and hook, so as to be easily detached.

One man can handle a rack with ease. To put it on the wagon, he has only to hook the running gears into place, hook the six-foot chain into the rings in the rack, hook the pulley block to the chain of the beam above, hook the end of the rope into the ring in the center of the six-foot chain, raise the end of the rack an inch or so, fastening the rope to hold it there. Then remove the pole (F) and lower that end of the rack into place on the wagon. The other end is let down in the same way, the whole operation consuming only a few minutes' time. The ropes, pulley and chain can be hung up in the barn out of the weather. It is not necessary to lift the rack high enough to drive the team under, as the wagon can be easily backed into position by hand, and when the rack is on the wagon and the poles (F) removed from the pins, there will be nothing to hinder driving into position for hoisting the rack. This device is a great convenience on a farm where hay racks are frequently in use. —J. L. Irwin, in Ohio Farmer.

## THOUGHTS AND FACTS.

As the period of lactation advances the butter fat grows lighter in color, harder and the fat globules smaller. Although it has been studied a great many years by our greatest scientists it is not definitely known how milk is formed in the udder. There is more difference between individuals of the same breed than there is between different breeds of cows in the quality of milk they produce. Butter fat is composed of about ten separate and distinct fats. It is the finest flavored, most easily decomposed and easiest digested of all fats. As the period of lactation advances the percentage of fat increases, not only absolutely but also in relative proportion to the other solids of the milk. The feeding of cottonseed meal tends to harden the fat in milk and consequently makes a harder butter than would be made if linseed meal were fed. Some Philadelphia milkmen are producing such a high grade milk that they guarantee that it does not contain over a certain number of bacteria to the quart. Billiard balls, backs of hair brushes and combs, etc., are made from skim-milk, and large quantities of this by-product are utilized now in the manufacture of paper.

According to one investigation a cow's milk is about one-seventh richer at the close of a period of lactation than at the beginning. —National Stockman.

## CURRENT SUPERSTITIONS.

Be sure that for every fog you get in March you will have a frost in May. If the sun goes down behind a bank of clouds on Friday it will rain on Sunday.

While peacock feathers are kept in the house sickness will never be out of it.

If the thread knots while sewing the sewer will live to see the garment worn out.

If one mends a garment while wearing it every stitch taken represents an enemy which will be made.

If a pen drops and sticks to the floor the owner's lover lives in the direction toward which it inclines.

If a spider is found on one of your garments it signifies that you will soon have a new one of the same sort.

If a person's two front teeth are wide enough apart to place a gold coin between them he will always be rich.

A ring around the moon indicates bad weather, which will last as many days as there are stars inclosed in the circle.

If a peahen calls, a donkey brays, pigs carry straw, geese flap their wings, a pot boils dry or the clouds move northward, it will rain.

If a silver coin or fresh-laid egg is placed in the hand of a new-born babe, long life and prosperity will be assured to it.

If a hairpin sticks out but does not fall the wearer will have a disappointment; if it falls her lover is thinking of her.

## ODD AND CURIOUS.

The Bermudas are not included in the term West Indies.

Gov. Stanley of Kansas smokes cuban cigarettes.

Kingfisher, Kan., has an ordinance requiring the dogcatcher to produce the tail of every unlicensed dog killed by him.

Criminals sentenced to death in Utah have a choice between hanging and shooting.

North Carolina has paid in Confederate pensions in 23 years nearly \$1,000,000. The pensioners number 5,400.

Business was dull in a Boston restaurant when a thief entered it and discovered the cashier nodding at his post of duty. The thief walked off with the cash register, which contained only \$2, but the register was worth \$100.

The postmaster at Bethel, Me., recently put a telephone in his office and announced that for the benefit of those out-of-town patrons who are connected by wire, and who may desire it, he will open their letters and read the contents to them over the phone.

The female Samson of Texas is Miss Jennie Robinson, a colored woman, of Burleson county. Her age is 22 years, and her weight is 447 pounds. Her strength is equal to that of five ordinary men. An insolent tramp abused her mistress one day, and Jennie was summoned. She grabbed him by the collar of his coat and the seat of his trousers and whirled him over a fence.

## GOSSIP OF THE STARS.

Richard Mansfield has taken out a life-insurance policy for \$100,000.

There are about 300 women's musical clubs in the United States.

"Jolly" John Nash, a popular comic opera singer of London, is 70 years old.

Lillian Russell is said to carry an \$80,000 life insurance policy in favor of her daughter.

Jean and Edouard de Reszke, the singers, are said to know as much about horses as about music.

Mrs. Voynich has dramatized her novel, and it will be performed in this country next fall.

Maude Adams, the actress, is the great-granddaughter of Joshua, first cousin and intimate of J. Q. Adams.

Mary Dickens, a granddaughter of the novelist, is about to bring out a piece of fiction dealing with theatrical life.

A first-class theatrical company, when on tour, carries between 600 and 800 tons of scenery, costumes and other property.

The pensions paid to retired artists by the imperial opera of Vienna amount to above the relatively enormous sum of 300,000 francs.

The oldest theaters in London are: Drury Lane, opened in 1663; Sadler's Wells, started as an orchestral assembly room in 1683; Haymarket, 1730; Covent Garden, 1732; and Lyceum, 1793.

## FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Brazil will exhibit 500 varieties of serpents at the Paris display in 1900.

The smallest camels belong to Persia. They are not more than 20 inches high.

Berlin has the smallest elephant in the world. It is but 39 inches high and weighs 160 pounds.

Only one person in every four of the inhabitants of London earns more than five dollars a week.

Australia is the one place in the world where the towns are more beautiful than the country.

Western Australia has an act in force prohibiting the landing of anyone who cannot write out a given passage in English.

At the Antwerp horticultural exposition an admiring amateur collector offered \$4,000 for three orchids and was refused.

According to a competent French statistician, France lost 136,000 men by the Franco-Prussian war. Germany's losses were only 38,278.

A new fashion was introduced at the earl of Crew's wedding. Lord Chesterfield, the best man, carried a cane. He did not seem to find it in the way when attending to his duties, such as handing the groom the ring, etc. However, it is not likely the idea will be universally adopted.

## EFFORTS OF THE POETS.

**The Bootblack and the Admiral.**  
I'm just as proud of Dewey as a feller well can be,  
No Hockertit or Vandergould can like him more than me;  
No millionaire in all the world, no matter what his sum,  
Can take more pride in Dewey and the things that Dewey done.

But they have much the best of it makin' Dewey think  
That they're the only pebbles when it comes to meat and drink;  
They're askin' him to dinner, and a-blowin' in their stuff  
In wads so big you'd hardly think the world could hold enough.

They're sendin' swords out to him that are made of solid gold,  
Enough to fill his cabin and to stock his bootin' hold;  
They're buyin' city houses and a-givin' 'em to him,  
In such a way as I should think would make his thinker swim.

But I—I ain't got nothin' for to show him what I think,  
But you can bet I'll not set by and get the rinky-dink!  
An' what I kin do I will do, and sort of kinder teach  
These millionaires they're not the only pebbles on the beach.

So I have written Dewey just a single little line  
To offer him the freedom of a patent-leather shine,  
And told him if he'd call on me I'd blow him off right here,  
To just a half a portion of a nickel's worth of beer!

—Harper's Bazar.

**"It Might Ha' Been Waur."**  
When failures beech the blue of your sky  
And troubles begin in torrents to pour,  
Just think of the floods that others have whelmed  
And say to yourself: "It might ha' been waur."

—You're drenched but no droon'd; it might ha' been waur!

When out on life's sea your vessel is wrecked,  
Beyond the relief of a humanly shore,  
Cling fast to the spar God's put in your hand  
And say to yourself: "It might ha' been waur."

—Some haven't a spar; it might ha' been waur!

When Death, blanching Death, stalks into your street  
And knocks with appalling hand at your door,  
Hold fast to the hope God's put in your heart  
And say to yourself: "It might ha' been waur."

—What if you'd nae hope! It might ha' been waur!

And when you shall stand before the great Judge,  
Who'll open the book and scan your life o'er,  
May He in His love forgive where you've tried,  
And say to your soul: "It might ha' been waur."

"Gang ye wi' the sheep, it might ha' been waur!"  
—John H. Finley, in Chicago Interior.

**June.**  
The bumblebees delve in the thick red clover,  
Tossing and tumbling it over and over;  
The far sun shines and the winds go by,  
And a sparrow-hawk poises above in the sky.

There is little to learn from the flight of the swallow,  
Who leads where his gathering comrades follow;  
The stream runs slow and the hills are high,  
And the sparrow-hawk poises above in the sky.

And a clear, sweet note from the ground is ringing,  
Where a bird in the silence now is singing;  
Like drifts of snow do the white clouds lie,  
And the sparrow-hawk poises above in the sky.

In the pasture's breadth is a brown song-sparrow—  
There's a rush of wings like a whistling arrow—  
Forever and aye must the sweet notes die,  
And a sparrow-hawk poises above in the sky.

—Ernest McGeffer, in Woman's Home Companion.

**Compensation.**  
O little curly head of mine, you play about all day,  
You've many a lark out in the park while I must work away;  
You never have a single care to mar your childish joy—  
Your little sphere is far more fair than mine was as a boy.

O little curly head of mine, there are no cows that you  
Must go to bring just when there's something else you'd rather do;  
There is no churn for you to turn, no hoeing to be done,  
No pump to work, no wood to burn that you must chop, my son.

O little curly head of mine, it sometimes grieves me that  
You should be shut up here in town to languish in a flat,  
But still there are no briars here to scratch your legs to-day—  
There are no weeds to pull, my dear, when you would rather play.

—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Times-Herald.

**When Virtue Triumphed.**  
There was a man who tried to do  
The very best he could;  
He held that being rich was not  
As fair as being good;  
Sly tempters tried to pull him down,  
Their schemes were all in vain;  
He would not turn from righteous ways  
For power or for gain.

Full many a snare was laid for him  
By men of evil mind;  
He passed unscathed through troubled scenes  
Of many various kind;  
Where others would have faltered he  
Still held to honor's course,  
Unhindered by chicanery,  
Unterrified by force.

He was a good man through and through,  
A better never was;  
He always scorned unlawful means,  
No matter what the cause;  
With honor as his watchword he  
Pursued his righteous way,  
And won out at the end, but, ah!  
This man was in a play.

—Chicago Daily News.

**The Banquet Habit.**  
Man's a product most refined;  
Evolution shows  
How he's leaving far behind  
Earthly joys and woes.  
Yet our brave and brainy men  
For discussion meet;  
Speak their burning thoughts—and then  
All sit down and eat.

On a battle-lighted sea  
History is made;  
Foemen in confusion flee  
Stricken and afraid.  
Home the hero comes again;  
Up and down the street  
Cheers of welcome sound—and then  
All sit down and eat.

—Washington Star.

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## FROM A WOMAN'S STANDPOINT

Any change from a routine is pleasant.

Eating alone is the cause of half the indigestion in the world.

The electric light is about the only thing that can be brilliant to order.

There is no one in the world beyond the power of flattery.

A woman prefers a man who worships her to one who waits upon her.

One is just as happy looking into another person's garden as owning one one's self.

A woman who marries a man younger than herself is never half so sorry as the man.

When we find a spool of thread that we thought lost we feel as gratified as though we had discovered a gold mine.

A woman has her work beautifully cut out for her who endeavors to reconcile a pet dog and a pet cat to each other.

The whole world may admire a woman's frock, but if the man she loves says it isn't pretty there is no beauty in it for her.

Again we inquire, why are commencement exercises called when they come at the end rather than the beginning of the school year?

The modern method of denying the engagement up almost to the day of marriage seems to indicate that neither party is willing to take any chances on having it said that they were jilted.

It is as useless for a man to try to deceive the world into believing that his last year's straw hat is of this season's crop as it is for him to endeavor to look innocent when he knows he hasn't paid his fare. —Philadelphia Times.

## FROM THE CRUCIBLE.

Business maxim: Promise a man the earth and give him a cemetery lot.

The mongrel is often the most intelligent, but it is the pure-blooded dog which gets the prize.

There is no complicated mechanism back of a steam whistle, but it's no use to try to compete with it—in its line.

The way to govern is to lick the strongest man of those you would rule, and then make him rule over the others.

Necessity is said to be the mother of invention; but is not oftentimes invention the mother of necessity? Most inventors go broke.

A man often catches the popular taste in his writings because the reader says: "That is good, but I could have done it better."

If you are in trouble and go to a man who has none, he gives you advice; but the man of many troubles helps you through sympathy.

The time when a man always takes you at your word is when you tell him he can pay what he owes you at his own convenience.

The phrase "I'm monarch of all I survey" should be rewritten to read "I'm monarch of all I laugh at." Even the power of idealization is not as valuable as the power of turning off a trouble with a laugh. —Penny Magazine.

The average woman who scribbles to buy clothes and gets old over worrying over lack of money is apt to gnash her teeth over the coin richer women throw away. The majority of women are lucky if they have \$300 or \$400 a year to spend on themselves. There are at least a dozen women in New York who have \$75,000 a year for mere pin money, their dress bills being a separate account.

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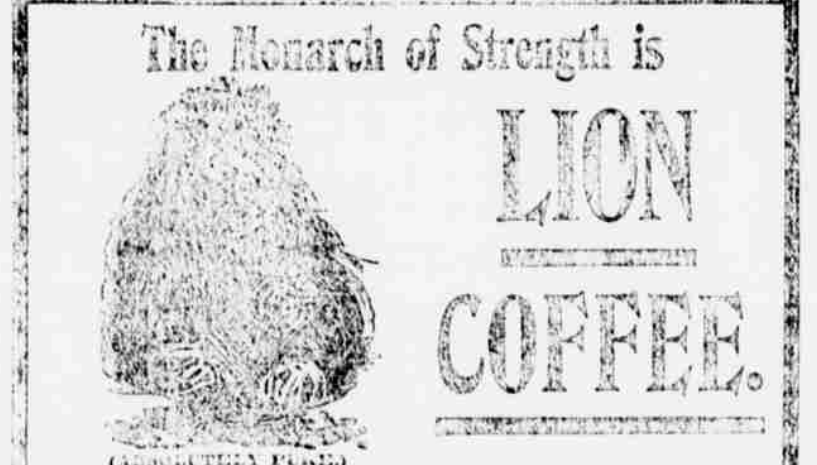


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