TO PREVENT SWARMING.

Best and Most Economical Thing to Do Is to Give the Bees Plenty of Storage Room.

Strong colonies and plenty of storage room is the foundation for large crops of surplus honey, but the one must accompany the other. A strong colony without storage capacity cannot do anything but swarm, and if this management is followed up, swarming is the result all through the honey season. The greatest profits are derived from the honey stored in good marketable shape, so that the prevention of swarms is the rule with beekeepers.

The best preventive of swarming is plenty of storage room, so the bees are never in want of a place to store the nectar from flowers as they gather it. Storage room for surplus should be added at the right time, and this is not too early in the season, but allow the colony to be confined to the brood chamber until they become strong, and the hive is full of bees. It usually is said that surplus boxes should be put on at the beginning of the principal honey harvest, and as a rule this is right, but in some cases there are exceptions. If the colony is not strong, the boxes should not be added until they are strong enough. On the other hand, we frequently have colonies so strong some time before the honey season is on that if extra room is not added they will swarm. So that these must have additional space just at the time needed to keep down the swarming fever.

Those who do not make a specialty of bees frequently do not give enough storage room. A good colony during the honey season should have at least about 50 pounds storage capacity, and this is not enough to be allowed to remain so throughout the season, but all completed honey should be removed as soon as ready and empty boxes supplied to take the place of the ones removed. A good colony may store two or three times this amount of surplus if the honey flow is a good one, and the colony the same, so that we should not be content to let them remain unheeded.—A. H. Duff, in National Rural.

DESTRUCTION OF LICE.

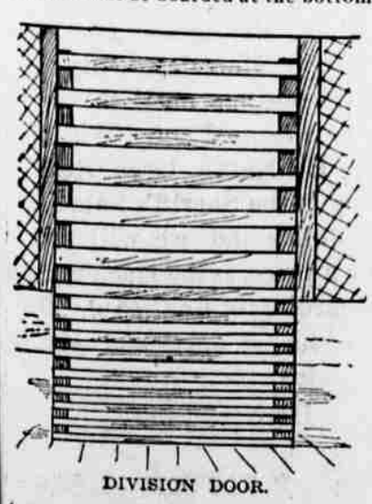
To Rid the Poultry House of Vermin for Good and All Calls for Systematic Application.

To completely rid the poultry house of vermin, go after the pests with a torch. Make the torch first. Dissolve one-half pint of pine tar and one-half pint of turpentine in one-half gallon of kerosene, in an open vessel. Soak in this solution large corn cobs until they are well saturated. Then take them from the solution and dust on them all of the powdered sulphur that will stick to them. Next, have a small pointed iron rod, of which insert the pointed end into the large end of the cob. Then you have saturated torches ready for use. Removing all the combustible matter from your poultry house, enter with your torch, ignite it, and go to work, permitting the flames to enter every crack and crevice all over the surface, momentarily, and you have all the lice destroyed. This should be done once a month in warm weather. It would be well and wise to have a tub and a few buckets of water handy in case your poultry house should ignite from your torch. All poultry houses should be well whitewashed with fresh lime. Whitewash with plenty of salt in the wash inside of the house. Dips should not be used, because they may cause the hens to take cold. All dips that can be used avail nothing unless the poultry house is clean, as the hens will soon become overrun again with lice. Just as soon as the lice leave the poultry house the hens can clear their bodies by dusting in ashes or dry earth. The heads and necks should be rubbed with melted lard once a month, to kill the large head lice. If a dip must be used pour a gallon of boiling water on a pound of tobacco refuse. Let it stand over night and then add two gallons of cold water. Dip the hens on a warm, dry day. But do not use a dip if it can be avoided. Try insect powder in preference.—Rural World.

PREVENTS FIGHTING.

Attractive Gate for Poultry Building That Is Divided Into a Number of Pens.

Where a long poultry building is divided into a number of pens, the divisions must be boarded at the bottom



DIVISION DOOR.

to prevent the fowls, particularly the males, from fighting. A good door for such a division is shown in the cut. It is made of lath in the ordinary way, but has the laths at the lower part very near together, the spaces growing more open as they go up. This prevents fighting, makes a handsome gate and one easily constructed.—M. L. Russell, in Farm and Home.

The drug man and the doctor were talking about the vexed question:

Who Owns the Prescription?

"To whom does the prescription belong, to the doctor who writes it, the patient who receives it or the pharmacist who puts up the medicine?" The man of drugs relates the New York Times, said that it certainly belong to the pharmacist a fact which had been proved to his satisfaction by the number of times pharmacists have been called into court and required to bring the originals of prescriptions they have put up to answer some important question. The druggist, he said, needs the prescription for his own protection to show, in case there should be trouble, that he has put up only what the doctor has prescribed. It is not safe, he declared, for a patient to have a prescription which he can have filled whenever he pleases. Doctors nowadays treat diseases according to present symptoms and the exact condition of the patient when the prescription is given. The patient who gives the medicine to a friend or takes it at another time when he may apparently have the same trouble, but conditions are different, is doing himself an injury and acting unfairly to the doctor. The doctor was emphatic. "The pharmacist should keep the original prescription," he said, "as a protection for himself, but he should also give a copy of it to the patient. No prescription should ever be filled from this copy, which should be so designated, and no prescription whatever given by a doctor should ever be refilled except by his acquiescence, and there should be a law to that effect."

Variations in Littleness.

Some Louisville fathers of families were discussing recently the various occasions on which they had been made to feel small. Each had his special tale of woe, reports the Times of that city. One felt small when his mother-in-law had sat down on him in the presence of visitors and his wife. Another when, after preaching economy to his better half, a bill had come in for wines and cigars which he had told her were presents. Another when he had brought home a game bag full of birds, and then found the measley merchant from whom he bought them had sent in a bill for the same, and his wife had reckoned the bill called for 24 birds, when he had only brought home 20. Every one had a tale of woe and each declared no one could have felt more insignificant than himself on these occasions, but the boss man took the banner. "Boys," said he, "if you want to feel like 20 cents just you go with your wife to a milliner's store when she is going to buy a hat. You sit in a chair like a piece of putty, and you can't say your soul is your own."

"Sandwich men" have fallen into a new line of employment. Carrying two banners like a beast of burden has always been laborious. Now they are possessors of a job which is nothing less than kite flying from the roofs of tall buildings, says a New York letter. Manufacturers have been quick to appreciate the advantage of a skyful of advertisements. Now for each kite combination two men, and often three, are needed. The chief is styled the "pilot," the others as "helpers." An expert from the kite factory breaks in new men, and very fast the summer sandwich pedestrians are being transplanted.

A statistical authority informs us that the twentieth century will have 24 leap years, the greatest number possible. February will have five Sundays three times—1920, 1948 and 1976. The earliest possible date on which Easter can occur is March 22. The last time it occurred on that date was 1818. The latest date that Easter can occur is April 25. It will occur but one time in the coming century on that date—1943. The middle day of the century will be January 1, 1951. There will be 380 eclipses during the coming century.

A Galveston family recently moved to Newton, Kan., and attracted much attention by the affection which they bestowed upon a common-looking yellow cur. Inquiry revealed the fact that during the great storm along the coast of Texas the baby of the family had been swept off a porch and appeared to be hopelessly lost. But the dog plunged into the flood, fought with the waves and brought the baby back to safety.

Anything seems to be good enough reason for bringing divorce proceedings. A Washington woman has sued for freedom on the ground that her husband is not as strong politically as he thought and said he was, and a Leavenworth sister has just burst her matrimonial bonds because her husband would not take her to church.

According to an industrial authority nearly 16,000 tons of potato starch are turned out annually in this country. The potatoes used for starch are the small and injured ones of the crop. Sixty bushels of them yield a barrel of starch.

One of the queerest election bets yet recorded is a big steer against a $50 coffin made at Edna, Kan.

DRESSING SHEEPSKINS.

Not a Very Intricate Operation If Executed According to the Directions Given Herewith.

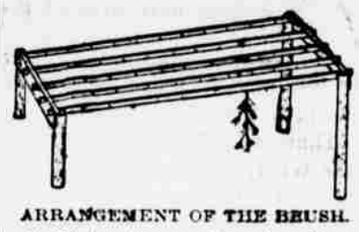
To tan sheepskins with the wool on and to dye wool on the same, spread skin, flesh side up, when taken off, sprinkle pulverized alum over it, followed by a little saltpeter and plenty of common salt. Roll up and put where it will not freeze. Two ounces each of alum and salt will tan a sheep or other similar sized skin. When the skin is tanned the flesh on it will rub off easily. Then nail the skin to boards in the sun, stretching it tight, and apply a little neatsfoot oil, which should afterward be worked out with a wedge-shaped piece of wood. The skin is then wet until soft and then worked until dry. If it is not worked and rubbed it will dry harsh and stiff. For sheep and lamb skins a strong suds is usually first made with hot water, in which the skins are washed carefully, squeezing them between the hands to get the dirt out of the wool. The skin is then washed in clear water, and alum and salt, half a pound each are dissolved in a little hot water, which is put into enough cold water in a tub to cover two skins. Let soak over night and then hang on a pole to drain. When well drained, spread, stretch and tack them to a board, flesh side up. While yet a little damp put on the pulverized saltpeter and alum, rub it in well, then lay the flesh sides of two skins together and hang them in the shade two or three days, turning the under skin uppermost every day until perfectly dry. Then scrape the flesh side with a dull knife to remove the remaining scraps of flesh and rub the flesh side with pumice stone and afterward with the hands, until soft and pliable. For dyeing buy the analine dyes, of the colors wanted, and get directions with them.—Home, Stock and Farm.

FLY BRUSH FOR CATTLE.

A Simple Arrangement Which Enables Stock to Wage War Against Insect Enemies.

In the summer it is just as necessary to provide cattle with a place in the pasture field where they may brush off the flies as it is to furnish shade, food or drink. The device in the illustration shows a good arrangement for this purpose. It consists first of four posts set in the form of a rectangle 12 feet long and eight feet wide. At one end the posts are about 5½ feet high, at the other only three feet. Across each end of the rectangle an eight-inch board is nailed at the top of the posts. In the upper edge of these boards are cut notches about four inches deep and 2½ inches wide. Beginning next to the posts these notches are cut at intervals of 18 or 20 inches.

Now take boards four inches wide, 13 feet long and not heavier than one



ARRANGEMENT OF THE BRUSH.

inch thick. Arrange these in pairs, as many pairs as there are notches in each end board, and bore holes through them at intervals of one foot, preparatory to bolting them together. Brush which has been collected from the thicket is now placed between these boards and clamped fast. For the sake of clearness only one of these brush is shown in the illustration. The clamps thus formed are now placed in the notches prepared for them in the end boards, with the brush hanging down. They are held down by a narrow board nailed across the tops of the posts at each end.

The device is now complete. The difference in height at the two ends makes it suitable for cattle of all sizes. The brush will last for a long time, but should they become much worn, or old and brash, they may be easily replaced.—Orange Judd Farmer.

SHEEP ON THE FARM.

They Are of Inestimable Value Because of Their Fondness for Young Sprouts and Weeds.

The sheep is among the most useful and valuable of domestic animals, being a producer of wool used for clothing and other purposes, and of wholesome meat. But the sheep also is of large value on the farm because of his fondness for young sprouts and weeds.

According to an authority there are nearly 600 varieties of known weeds, of which sheep will eat 515 kinds, while horses, cattle and hogs will eat but a few varieties. It is apparent that every farmer could well afford to raise a few sheep if for no purpose other than the destruction of weeds.

Weeds increase in numbers and varieties as the country grows older. They are found most abundantly in the old countries of Europe. Their steady increase in this country demands that farmers should raise sheep as among other means looking to their extermination.

By all means get two or three ewes already bred and give them the run of that foul pasture. Increase the flock by breeding and purchase if advisable, until the number is sufficient to keep down the weeds on a given area.

No farm is properly equipped without sheep.—Farmers' Voice.

Succulent rations are what keep the flock healthy and give the junior members of same a good growth.

Dock your lambs early. Use a knife that is keen with a jagged edge. This prevents excessive bleeding.

THE VOICE IN THE CHOIR.

Up in the music-loft I heard
 A voice of wondrous tone,
Like warbling of a happy bird
 That joyed o'er winter flown.

As singer I was never planned;
 So I could not aspire
To rise to such a height as stand
 Beside her in the choir.

I loved her; and I thank my wits
 Another plan I knew:
I tried it, and—well, now she sits
 Beside me in the pew.

Her voice sings and my heart replies,
 Rejoicing in love's crown;
She "raised a mortal to the skies,"
 I "drew an angel down."

—George Birdseye, in Town and Country.

THE "TANIFA" OF SAMOA.

BY LOUIS BECKE.

MANY years ago—in 1873—at the close of an intensely hot day, I set out from Apia, the principal port of Samoa, to walk to a village named Laulii, a few miles along the coast. I was bound on a pigeon-shooting trip to the mountains, and intended sleeping that night at Laulii with some native friends who were to join me farther on. Passing through the semi-Europeanized town of Matautu, I emerged out upon the open beach. With me was a young Polynesian half-caste named Alan, about 22 years of age, and one of the most perfect specimens of athletic manhood in the South Pacific. For six months we had been business partners in a small cutter trading between Apia and Savaii—the largest island of the Samoan group. Now, after some months of toil, we were taking a week's holiday together, and enjoying ourselves greatly, although at the time the country was in the throes of an internecine war.

A walk of a mile brought us to the mouth of the Vaivasa river, a small stream flowing into the sea from the littoral on our right. The tide was high; therefore we hailed a picket stationed in the trenches on the opposite bank, and asked them in a jocular manner not to fire at us while we were wading across. To our surprise—for we were both well known to the contending parties and on very friendly terms with them—half a dozen men sprang up and excitedly bade us not attempt to cross.

"Go farther up the bank and cross to our o'o (lines) in a canoe," added a young Manono chief, whose family I knew well. "There is a tanifa about. We saw it last night."

That was quite enough for us—for the name tanifa sent a cold chill down our backs. We turned to the right, and after walking a quarter of a mile came to a hut on the bank at a spot regarded as neutral ground. Here we found some women and children, and a canoe; and in less than five minutes we were landed on the other side, the women chorusing the dreadful fate that would have befallen us had we attempted to cross the mouth of the river.

"E lima gafa le umi!" ("'Tis five fathoms long!") cried one old dame.

"And a fathom wide at the shoulders," said another lady, with a shudder. "It hath come to the mouth of the Vaivasa because it hath smelt the blood of the three men who were killed in the river here two days ago."

"We'll hear the true yarn presently," said my companion as we walked down the left-hand bank of the river. "There must be a tanifa cruising about, or else those Manono fellows wouldn't have been so scared at us wanting to cross."

As soon as we reached the young chief's quarters we were made very welcome, and were obliged to remain and share supper with him and his men—all stalwart young natives from the little island of Manono, a lovely spot situated in the straits separating Upolu from Savaii. Placing our guns and bags in the care of one of the warriors, we took our seats on the matted floor and filled our pipes; and, whilst a bowl of kava was being prepared, Li'o, the young chief, told us about the advent of the tanifa.

Let me first explain, before giving the chief's statement, that the tanifa is a somewhat rare and greatly dreaded member of the shark family. By many white residents it was believed occasionally to measure from 20 to 25 feet in length—as a matter of fact it seldom exceeds ten feet; but its great girth and solitary, nocturnal habit have invested it, even to the native mind, with fictional powers of voracity and destruction. However, although the natives' accounts of the creature are exaggerated, it is really a dreadful monster, and is the more dangerous to human life because of the persistency with which it frequents muddy and shallow water at the mouths of streams, particularly after a freshet caused by heavy rain, when its presence cannot be discerned.

Into the port of Apia there fall two small streams—called rivers by the local people—the Mulivai and the Vaisigago. I was fortunate enough to see specimens of the tanifa on three occasions, twice at the Vaisigago and once at the mouth of the Mulivai; but I had never seen one caught, or even sufficiently exposed to give an idea of its proportions. However, many natives—particularly an old Raratongan named Hapai, who lived in Apia and was the proud capturer of several tanifa—gave me a reliable description, which I afterwards verified. A tanifa ten feet long, Hapai assured me, was an enormously bulky and powerful creature, with jaws and teeth much larger than an ocean-haunting shark of double that length; and its width across the shoulders was very great. Although it generally swam slowly, it would, when it had once sighted its prey, dart along the water with great rapidity, without causing a ripple. At a village in Savaii, a powerfully-built woman, who was incautiously bathing at the mouth of a stream, was suddenly swept away by one of these sharks almost before she could utter a cry, so swiftly and suddenly was she seized. Several attempts were made to capture the brute, which continued to haunt the scene of the tragedy for several days; but it was too cunning to take a hook, and was never caught.

The tanifa which had been seen by the young Manono chief and his men the preceding evening had made its appearance soon after darkness had fallen, and had cruised to and fro across the mouth of the Vaivasa till the tide began to fall, when it made its way seaward through a passage in the reef. It was, so Li'o assured me, quite eight feet in length and very wide across the head and shoulders. The water was clear, and by the bright starlight they could discern its movements very easily; once it came well into the river and remained stationary for some minutes, lying under about two feet of water. Some of the Manono men, hailing a picket of the enemy on the opposite bank of the river, asked for a ten minutes' truce to try and shoot it. This was granted; and, standing on the top of the sandy trench, half a dozen young fellows fired a volley at the shark from their Sniders. None of the bullets took effect, and the tanifa sailed slowly off again, to cruise to and fro for another hour, watching for any hapless person who might cross the

Just as the kava was being handed round, some children who were on watch cried out that the tanifa had come. Springing to his feet, Li'o again hailed the enemy's picket on the other side, and a truce was agreed to, so that "the white men could have a look at the malie" (shark).

Thirty or 40 yards away was what seemed to be a huge, irregular, wavering mass of phosphorus, which as it drew nearer revealed the outlines of the dreaded fish. It came in straight for the mouth of the creek, passed over the pebbly bar, and then swam leisurely about in the brackish water, moving from bank to bank less than a dozen feet from the shore. The stream of bright, phosphorescent light which had surrounded its body when it first appeared had now, owing to there being but a minor degree of phosphorus in the brackish water, given place to a dull, sickly-greenish reflection, accentuated, however, by thin, vivid streaks caused by the exudation from the nostrils and gills of viscid matter common to some species of sharks, and giving it a truly terrifying appearance. Presently a couple of men, taking careful aim, fired at the creature's head; in an instant it darted off with extraordinary velocity, rushing through the water like a submerged comet, if I may use the illustration. Both of the men who had fired were confident their bullets had struck and badly wounded the shark, but were greatly disgusted when, ten minutes afterwards, it again appeared, swimming leisurely about at 30 yards from the beach.

Three days later, as we were returning to Apia, we were told by our native friends that the shark still haunted the mouth of the Vaivasa, and I determined to capture it. I sent Alan on board the cutter for our one shark-hook—a hook which had done much execution among the sea-prowlers. Although not of the largest size, being only ten inches in the shank, it was made of splendid steel, and we had frequently caught 15-foot sharks with it at sea. It was a cherished possession with us, and we always kept it and the four feet of chain attached to it bright and clean.

In the evening Alan returned, accompanied by the local pilot (Capt. Hamilton) and the master of a German bark. They wanted "to see the fun." We soon had everything in readiness. The hook—baited with the belly portion of a freshly-killed pig, which the Manono people had commandeered from a bush village—was buoyed to a piece of light pua wood to keep it from sinking; and then, with 20 fathoms of brand-new whale line attached, we let it drift out into the center of the passage. Making our end of the line fast to the trunk of a cocoanut tree, we set some children to watch, and went into the trenches to drink some kava, smoke and gossip. We had not long to wait—barely half an hour—when we heard a warning yell from the watchers. The tanifa was in sight! Jumping up, and tumbling over each other in our eagerness, we rushed out. Alas! we were too late; for the shark, instead of approaching in its usual leisurely manner, made a straight dart at the bait, and before we could free our end of the line it was as taut as an iron bar, and the creature, with the hook firmly fastened in his jaw, was plowing the water into foam amid yells of excitement from the natives. Then suddenly the line fell slack, and the half dozen men who were holding it went over on their backs.

In mournful silence we hauled in the line. Then, oh, woe! the hook—our prized, beautiful hook—was gone, and with it two feet of the chain, which had parted at the center swivel. That particular tanifa was seen no more.

Nearly two months later, two of a much larger size appeared at the mouth of the Vaivasa. Several of the white residents tried night after night to hook them, but the monsters refused to look at the baits. Then appeared on the scene an old one-eyed Malay named 'Reo, who asserted he could kill them easily. The way he set to work was described to me by the natives who witnessed the operations. Taking a piece of green bamboo about four feet in length, he split from it two strips, each an inch wide. After charring the points he sharpened the ends carefully; then, by great pressure, he coiled them up into as small compass as possible, keeping the whole in position by sewing the coil up in the fresh skin of a fish known as the isuumu—a species of the "leather-jacket." Next he asked to be provided with two dogs. A couple of curs were soon provided, killed, and the viscera removed. The coils of bamboo were then placed in the vacancy, and the skin of the bellies stitched up with small wooden skewers. That completed the preparation of the baits.

As soon as the two sharks made their appearance one of the dogs was thrown into the water, and was quickly swallowed. Then the second followed, and it was quickly seized by the second tanifa. The sharks remained cruising about for some hours, then went off as the tide began to fall.

On the following evening they did not turn up, nor on the next, and the Malay insisted that within five days both would be dead. As soon as the dogs were digested, he said, the thin fish-skin would follow, the bamboo coil would fly apart, and the sharpened ends penetrate not only the sharks' bellies, but protrude through the outer skin as well.

Quite a week afterwards, during which time neither of the tanifa had been seen, the smaller of the two was found dead on the beach at Vailele Plantation, about four miles from the Vaivasa. It was examined by numbers of people, and presented a curious but horrible sight; one end of the bamboo spring was protruding over a foot from the belly, which was so cut and lacerated by the agonized efforts of the monster to free itself from the instrument of torture that much of the intestines was gone. That the larger of these dreaded fish had died in the same manner there was no reason to doubt; but probably it had sunk in the deep water outside the barrier-reef.—Chambers' Journal.

THE GRAND MEDICINE MAN.

Necessary Acquirements of the Indian Who Would Become a Wisenere in His Tribe.

The ceremony of the Grand Medicine is an elaborate ritual, covering several days, the endless number of gods and spirits being called upon minister to the sick man and to lengthen his life. The several degrees of the Grand Medicine teach the use of incantations, of medicines and poisons, and the requirements necessary to constitute a brave, says the Open Court. "When a young man seeks admission to the Grand Medicine lodge, he first fasts until he sees in his dream some animal (the mink, beaver, otter and fisher being most common), which he hunts and kills. The skin is then ornamented with beads or porcupine quills, and the spirit of the animal becomes the friend and companion of the man." The medicine men have only a limited knowledge of herbs, but they are expert in dressing wounds, and the art of extracting barbed arrows from the flesh can be learned from them.

In olden times—yes, to within the memory of living Ojibways—the medicine man at the funeral ceremony thus addressed the departed: "Dear friend, you will not feel lonely while pursuing your journey toward the setting sun. I have killed for you a Sioux (hated enemy of the Ojibways) and I have scalped him. He will accompany you and provide for you, hunting your food as you need it. The scalp I have taken, use it for your moccasins."

An Australian Fish Story.

Writing from Bunbury, West Australia, to a brother in London, Mr. Reginald Shaw relates the following amazing incident, which, he states, happened to one of his party when fishing from the jetty: His friend had baited his hook with a large whiting, hoping to catch a kingfish, when a shark about seven feet long swallowed it! The angler gently brought the shark to the surface of the water, while a man working on the jetty came to his assistance with a big iron hook, and after several ineffectual attempts to jab the hook into the shark's mouth the latter got away. On pulling up his line the fisherman found that he had lost the whiting bait, but had hooked two large ribs of beef from the stomach of the shark. Then, to the amusement of the crowd, one of whom remarked: "Well, exchange is no robbery," he landed the beef safely on the jetty.—London Mail.

Afterthoughts.

It is mighty hard to sympathize with anything that causes us inconvenience.

Our admiration for some people is not infrequently based on their good opinion of us.

The difference between [illegible] and practice has kept many a man from succeeding in life.

An ability not to display your ignorance goes a long way toward convincing people that you are well informed.

Generosity makes many acquaintances, but it doesn't know its friends until Adversity singles them out.—Indianapolis News.

Waiting for His Man.

A preacher riding down a ravine came upon an old mountaineer hiding in the bushes with his rifle.

"What are you doing there, my friend?"

"Ride on, stranger," was the easy answer. "I'm a-waitin' fer Jim Johnson, and, with the help of the Lawd, I'm goin' to blow his head off."—Scribner's.