

LIVE STOCK

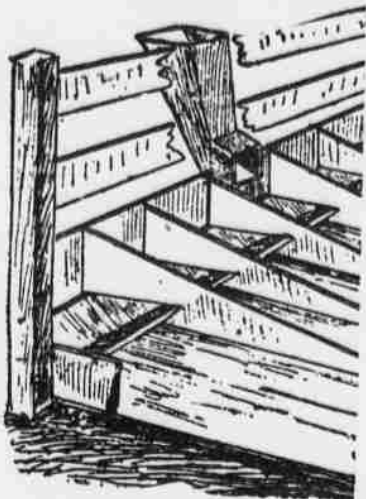
INDIVIDUAL FEEDING TROUGH.

Scheme to Prevent Hogs from "Hogging" the Swill.

J. G. T. Tippecanoe Co., Ind., furnishes us with a sketch of his plan of building individual troughs for feeding hogs.

The general plan is so clearly brought out in the accompanying illustration that very little additional description is necessary. The ordinary V-shaped trough is used, with a platform behind and stout 12 or 15-inch planks in front.

Planks 6 feet long are halved diagonally and used for partitions and



INDIVIDUAL FEEDING TROUGH.

bottom. Each of these planks is cut as shown in the illustration, so that it will set down over the V-shaped trough and is then nailed to the platform in the rear.

A swill chute is built in the middle opening, as illustrated. The swill flows into the middle trough and then flows to each of the stalls as in any ordinary hog trough.

Our correspondent says this plan is a satisfactory one for any farmer who wishes to bar off his hog trough so that each animal has an equal chance with every other one.

Cod Liver Oil for Calves.

Experiments recently made in Wisconsin in the use of cod liver oil for calves, as a substitute for whole milk in rearing tend to confirm the results hitherto obtained, namely that calves to which whole milk is fed "do best."

Long afterward, Austin Millis sat in the music room of the Eagle House, running over the keys of the grand piano, humming snatches of the latest comic opera, and idly listening to the gay chatter around him, for it was a typical summer holiday with the usual complement of merry young people. He was skeptical in regard to all pronouncements, yet realizing full well the unusual spirit of unrest that was upon him, memory painted a vivid picture of another night and the strange wish that Belle had made. Suddenly, as if guided by an unseen power, he began the low, minor chords of the song that he had sung to her that night in the gloaming. The laughter ceased, all ears were strained, and even the base men strolling up and down the broad veranda stopped and listened, as the singer's voice rose and fell, wafting its message of sadness upon the night air.

In the same dim old sitting room where they had spent so many happy hours together, Belle Lawrence lay sleeping with a calm, serene smile upon her lips, for Austin Millis had fulfilled her wish far better than she knew, for just at the moment when the last quivering note of the song had ended, her soul had passed to the great unknown, and she had "Crossed the Bar."

Crossing the Bar

By MARY C. BOYLE.

With their mutual love for music as an indissoluble bond between them, Austin Millis and Belle Lawrence were the most steadfast friends, but not lovers. The wonderful friendship which existed between them was beautiful in its simplicity, and the intense sympathy which manifested itself in their liking for each other deserved the hackneyed but expressive appellation that they were surely kindred souls.

And now ensconced in the depths of a luxurious arm chair, Belle sat before the huge open fire-place in the dim sitting room of the Lawrence home, awaiting Austin's coming. Possessed of a magnificent tenor voice, engaging presence and strong personality, Austin Millis was courted and feted by both sexes. But it was to Belle that he always came with his newest songs, for she was a brilliant pianist and with her as his accompanist there was a subtle difference in the tone and expression of his voice.

It was just as the twilight hour, and fascinated by the fiery elfins in the glowing embers, the melancholy spirit of the gray light stole o'er her, and though far, indeed, from being a dreamer of dreams, her thoughts took flight and it was a most serious girl, quite unlike her gay, sparkling self, that Austin Millis beheld as he came breezily in, his countenance betokening a spirit of happiness and joy in the mere fact of living.

But soon the draperies were drawn and the room flooded with a blaze of brilliant light by Austin's eager hands, and the clear, full tones of the singer rose sweetly and triumphantly with the soft melody of the piano. They had just finished a riotous folk-song, yet the fireside mood was still upon the fair player, and she gently began to play the opening strains of the sad, beautiful "Crossing the Bar." Taking up the refrain, Austin sang with a wonderful depth of feeling the words which have touched and comforted many sad and weary hearts. Breathlessly, Belle turned to him as he finished and impulsively exclaimed: "When the grim angel calls me, and I put out to sea, no matter where you may be, I wish that you would sing just as you have to-night, and—" "Away with such gloomy thoughts," interrupted Austin. "The blues are positively out of fashion, and what girl wants to be old-fashioned even in her moods?" Austin's good humor was always infectious and happiness soon reigned.

Long afterward, Austin Millis sat in the music room of the Eagle House, running over the keys of the grand piano, humming snatches of the latest comic opera, and idly listening to the gay chatter around him, for it was a typical summer holiday with the usual complement of merry young people. He was skeptical in regard to all pronouncements, yet realizing full well the unusual spirit of unrest that was upon him, memory painted a vivid picture of another night and the strange wish that Belle had made. Suddenly, as if guided by an unseen power, he began the low, minor chords of the song that he had sung to her that night in the gloaming. The laughter ceased, all ears were strained, and even the base men strolling up and down the broad veranda stopped and listened, as the singer's voice rose and fell, wafting its message of sadness upon the night air.

In the same dim old sitting room where they had spent so many happy hours together, Belle Lawrence lay sleeping with a calm, serene smile upon her lips, for Austin Millis had fulfilled her wish far better than she knew, for just at the moment when the last quivering note of the song had ended, her soul had passed to the great unknown, and she had "Crossed the Bar."

How Mahogany Became Fashionable.

Every one knows how effective and handsome mahogany is when used for good furniture, but few of us know how its value was first discovered.

In the latter part of the seventeenth century a London physician had a brother engaged in trade with the West Indies who on one occasion brought home several logs of mahogany as ballast. The doctor was building a house, and his brother suggested that the logs would serve for ceiling beams. Acting on the proposal the doctor gave orders to the workmen to make use of the mahogany, but their tools were not equal to the task of cutting the hard wood, and the logs were put out of the way in a corner in the garden.

Some time afterward the head carpenter tried to make a box from the wood, but was unsuccessful with ordinary tools. He told the doctor, who was interested in the baffling timber, and ordered his vier tools to be made to work it with, says Home Notes. When this was done, and a box at last made and polished, it was so handsome that a bureau was made from another of the despoiled logs, and this was declared by experts to be so superior to other furniture-making woods that the craze for mahogany set in, and furniture made from it became highly popular, the then Duchess of Buckingham fostering the craze in the fashionable world.

Seek Use for Fire-Killed Timber.

A well-equipped testing plant has been established at Boulder, Col., under the auspices of the state university, to investigate the matter of utilizing the great amount of fire-killed timber which is to be found in that state.

ROADS AND ROAD MAKING

MAINTENANCE OF GOOD ROADS.

What Object-Lesson Roads Have Demonstrated Thus Far.

Evidence has come from many sources to show that object-lesson roads have readily convinced the people who have seen them that they can hardly afford to go without such highways, except in thinly inhabited districts. Much of this evidence is in substance like that given in its report for 1907 by the Rhode Island Board of Public Roads. It says: "There is no doubt that these sample half-mile roads started up the taxpayers, in every town where the worth of good roads has thus been shown, to demand and to appropriate the money for more roads of the same sort. It is quite true that other elements entered into the situation; but to see was to believe."

In his last biennial report State Highway Commissioner MacDonald of Connecticut said in essence that many States began their road improvement with a few thousand dollars, as an experiment rather than as a fixed policy, "and we find that appropriations for this purpose by those States have grown by leaps and bounds, until now it is not a question of thousands but of millions of dollars," showing clearly and emphatically that the people of the country fully comprehend that old, long established customs are wrong. He adds:

"At no time in the history of our State-aid plan has the movement received such universal recognition and irrefragable popular demand for highway improvement as has been shown during the last two years. The usefulness, the economy and the benefits to be derived from good roads have become so very manifest, even with the small amount of money that has been used during the last twelve years, that it is almost a financial impossibility to meet the demands of the people."

It is true that some of the people seem to understand that the better the road the slower this wear, and the smaller the cost of maintaining the highway in good condition; but others appear to believe that a road once made of stone, or of other durable material well used, should last many years, if not forever, without repairs. In cases they have implied that "there is no use spending \$5,000 to \$10,000 a mile to make a good road, if we must pay out money every year to keep that road in good order."

Compared with the work done on the best public road ever made, the work put into building the best of known railroads is exceedingly costly. Every practicable art has been used, and enormous sums have been spent to make such roads as nearly perfect as is possible; yet every well managed railroad, particularly the more costly of them, keeps men at work every day retouching here and there. Almost every year such roads are in effect rebuilt completely, except so far as the heavier part of the grading is concerned. No railroad man would dream of letting a road go years without repairing.

The better the highway can be made, the less the cost of maintenance, due regard being given to the volume of traffic that highway bears. It may even be that a perfect wagon road, say of solid concrete of great thickness and largely of the toughest and most durable materials, could be made and remain unbroken by man, almost no repairing would be required in generations. But the best of macadam or of telford roads can not long endure much wear of wheels and hoofs, of wind and water, without mending. Usually the shorter the period between repairs, the less costly they are.

Where good care is taken of well made roads the cost has been less than that of keeping the ordinary roads in good condition. As in Mercer county, New Jersey, for example, where the people of a township had long voted \$1,800 yearly for road repairing, that annual cost was reduced to \$600 by macadamizing the highways. Here was a direct saving of \$1,200 per annum, to be added to the other benefits derived from improvement of their roads.

Perhaps the truth that the best is the cheapest in the end is one of the hardest in the world for the Americans to learn. As a nation we have always been in the habit of patching matters up enough to let us get along some way, any way, for the present. We act on the principle of one who has been credited with the saying, "Why should I do anything for posterity? Posterity has done nothing for me."

A number of the twenty-four States have arranged to pay from their treasuries part of the expense of keeping their improved roads in good condition. In other States the whole cost of repairing the highways falls on the taxpayers of the localities in which those roads lie. Indications are that most of the State-aid commonwealths will help their different road districts to keep their good roads in good order, before many years pass away.—Good Roads Magazine.

Let the Hogs Root.

Let the hogs root. However, if you feed plenty of salt, ashes and charcoal, they won't want to root so much. Even small pieces of coal and coal ashes will be eaten by the hogs when they are shut up in close quarters.

MAKES HER WAY AS MAN

Maude Allen, Young Mulatto Posing For Eight Years as Boy, Graduates and is Made Teacher.

Baltimore, Md.—After masquerading as a young man for eight years because she believed it would give her better chances for advancement in the world, Maude Allen, alias "James Allen," a bright young mulatto woman, has been arrested for wearing male attire. As a girl in her teens she passed at the head of her class in a boys' high school, and as a young woman in trousers she became a teacher in the public schools of Baltimore.

Maude, or James, is now twenty-four and first donned man's attire when she was sixteen. She says: "On entering the Baltimore Colored High School the thought occurred to me that I might make a big success in life as a man. I know that a woman of my race has not much chance, so with due thought I shaved my head and bought an entire outfit of men's clothes. We were then living in another part of town, so, with my grandmother, who was the only one who knew my secret, we moved to the house in which we now live."

"I got through the school in three years, graduating at the head of my class. I was appointed a teacher at a Brooklyn school and several months ago transferred to School No. 106, in this city. I see no reason as to why I should not be allowed to dress as I please. I am surely not different from the majority of other members of my race. I should not be hampered."

Never once was the sex of the young "man," who daily sat at the desk in a public school, suspected. She was an active worker in Ebenezer Baptist Church and taught a Sunday school class. This was the only chance for her to mix with men, as she kept completely aloof from the negroes of the neighborhood in which she lived, going to her home immediately after school and remaining in the company of her grandmother. When seen at her home to-day she was dressed in a natty suit of blue serge. Tall of stature, she would easily be mistaken for a youth of twenty. She also possessed a rather heavy beard.

A short time ago the woman was taken ill and entered the Maryland General Hospital, where it was discovered that she was not a man. The police yesterday went to the hospital and placed the woman under arrest. She paid \$50 fine and costs and was given twenty-four hours in which to change to feminine apparel.

MAN AND HAWK BATTLE.

Venturesome Person Torn at Bottom of 90-Foot Pit.

Nutley, N. J.—Hawk battled with man at the bottom of a pit, ninety feet below the surface of the ground, in Nutley, and though the man won he will carry his right hand in a sling for many days, as the hawk's bill tore it deeply in a dozen places. And the hawk was only a chicken hawk at that.

Charles W. Barker, of Passaic avenue, saw three of the airy fowl fanciers hovering over the chicken yards of Emil Schneider. He shouted to Schneider, who got his gun and fired, wounding one of the hawks. That bird fell into an abandoned stone quarry.

"Lower me on a rope and I'll get him," volunteered Barker. Down he went ninety feet and reached for the wounded hawk. There was a beating of wings, a clutching by sharp-pointed talons and the man above heard Barker yell in pain. But he threw himself bodily upon the savage bird and got a strange hold on it. After he and his captives were hoisted up the hawk was measured. It spanned four feet from tip to tip of wings. Barker is suffering severely and there is fear of blood poisoning.

IDENTIFY HER BY TICKLING.

Refused to Show Gold Tooth and so Detectives Made Her Laugh.

Philadelphia, Pa.—Tickling as a means of identification is an innovation of the local detective department tried this morning. A seventeen-year-old girl, giving her name as Annie Brown, had been arrested on the charge of being a daring boarding house thief. Detective Tucker had a warrant from Allentown for a runaway girl. The warrant gave as the prime mark for identification the fact that she had a curious gold tooth.

Tucker frowned upon the girl. "Open your mouth," he commanded. She refused, and even resisted successfully efforts to pry her mouth open. Then Tucker reached forward and tickled the girl on the neck. Others did likewise, and tickling her on the neck became a copied diversion. Finally she could stand it no more and burst out laughing. Then it was seen that she had a gold tooth. She is held as an incorrigible girl.

Women Hard to Cure by Hypnotism.

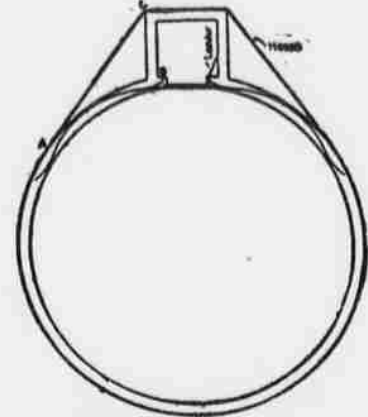
Washington, D. C.—Women who are addicted to an immoderate use of intoxicants are less susceptible than men to treatment of hypno-suggestion, according to the view expressed to-night by Dr. J. D. Quackenbos, of New York City, at the meeting of the American Society for the Study of Alcohol and Other Narcotic Drugs. The statement of Dr. Quackenbos that he had permanently cured more than eight hundred patients by the method of hypno-suggestion after the subjects had become asleep through the use of a drug aroused vigorous protests from several leading scientists, who challenged its accuracy.

Agricultural

THE CONTINUOUS DOOR.

Type of Opening for the Silo That is Most Desirable.

The advantages of a continuous door to the silo making it possible to climb a ladder on the inside of the chute and step directly on to the silage without even stooping would be appreciated by all and especially by the man past middle age. Our illustration shows a general plan of a proposed silo which will have a door with nothing extending across it. The doors could be of any height, perhaps simply tongued and grooved plank sawed as long as width of door. The chute is built with the rest of the silo, of the same masonry construction, and the reinforcing steel passes around the chute. The portion of the wall at B in the figure is only supported at A and C. However, for concrete brick or tile, a light steel rod may be laid in the wall approximately as shown, which makes a re-enforced beam of that portion of the



A Real Continuous Drop Door for the Silo.

wall, that if properly built, will withstand the silage pressure.

If this chute were roofed over, the doors could all be left out and no warm air escape. Windows should be provided at frequent heights along the chute, thus providing plenty of light within the silo. The silage chute is quite essential and should be as permanent as the rest of the silo. This being the case the extra expense of a door of this type is entirely justified.

COOLING MILK.

Keep the Cans in a Tank Filled with Cold Water.

A great deal of the milk brought to the creamery Monday morning, is sour, caused largely from not being properly cooled Saturday night. A tank of cool water to place the cans in as soon as you are through milking is indispensable. One of the plungers used to stir the milk with is also necessary. This is made by soldering a piece of tin about four inches in diameter onto a small tin pipe two feet long; this will make a plunger which can be easily washed. By giving the milk a churn or two, the whole mass will be agitated and thoroughly stirred, sending the milk in the center of the can to the outside and that at the outside to the center. If milk is clean, and the cans, strainers, pails and other utensils are properly cleaned and the whole mass of milk is properly cooled down immediately after milking, it will keep a long time.

A Typical Silver Laced Polish Male.

The Polish breed is said to have originated in Holland. As an ornamental lawn fowl it is very attractive.



The Polish of all types are claimed to be persistent layers. Owing to the difficulty of breeding them true to markings they have never become very popular with the general public.

Keeping Honey.

Do not put the honey in the cellar, as honey readily attracts moisture, and it will thus become thin and watery. Honey should be kept in a dry, warm, even heat, 100 degrees even heat will not be too much. If extracted honey becomes thin, tie a thin cloth over it and keep the vessel where it is not only warm, but airy, and it will soon thicken. Honey should not be kept in a cold place.

Prevents Cat Crowding.

When the hens seem to have a partiality for one nest, and two or three resort to it and crowd each other, the best remedy is to close the nest entirely, thus compelling the hens to seek new localities for laying. They will do so, and a sufficiency of nests should be provided so that each hen may have one without crowding.

CROW STEALS WOMAN'S HAT

Makes Nest of It and Owner's Cat is Impaled on the Pin, Meeting a Tragic Fate.

Jacksonville, N. J.—When Big Ben, a crow that has been here for the last five summers, made his reappearance, Mrs. Josiah Sprague had no thought that his advent presaged the loss of her new hat and her favorite house cat. Mrs. Sprague bought a hat in Paterson about two weeks ago. It wasn't radical in shape or style, but it was a bright, attractive piece of headgear, and one of its appointments was a long pin, with a shiny silver knob at the end.

On Friday afternoon Mrs. Sprague, returning from a visit, laid her hat on a chair on the front porch. Three minutes after it was missing. She heard a noise on the porch when she was in the house, but it was slight and she could not believe it had anything to do with the disappearance of the hat. Besides, her hired man, who was at work in the garden, had seen no one enter or leave the house. The hat disappeared as mysteriously as if the wings in the trimmings had carried it away. Yesterday morning Trixie, the cat, which never wandered far away, also disappeared. Mrs. Sprague began to believe there was something uncanny about the house. She and several neighbors made a thorough but vain search for both the headpiece and the household pet. Today the hired man, who was in the woods back of Mrs. Sprague's home, solved the mystery. On a high tree he noticed a gray plume floating above above a basket-like affair that seemed to be fixed between two limbs twenty feet from the ground.

The hired man shinned up the tree, and found Mrs. Sprague's missing hat and cat. A tragic fate had befallen Trixie, however, for she was impaled on the long hat pin that stuck through the hat. The man scrambled down from the tree with the dead pussy and the hat in his arm. As he did so Big Ben, the crow, and a bird with duller plumage, evidently his mate, circled about him with angry cries, as if to prevent him from making off with his trophies. The presence of the two crows showed that Big Ben stole the hat so he and his mate would have a ready-made nest. The death of the cat is easily explained. It is presumed Trixie, who had no reverence for Big Ben's rights, espied the crows in their new nest on the night the hat disappeared. Stealthily climbing up the tree, the cat must have made a spring for the crows. He reckoned without the presence of the sharp hat pin. The badly clawed condition of the hat indicated the cat struggled desperately to escape before it died. Big Ben and his mate sat disconsolately on an upper limb of the tree to-day, finding it difficult to make up their minds to begin the building of a real nest. Mrs. Sprague, too, is disconsolate for the loss of the hat and the cat in the same day.

CANADIAN SLAIN BY WALRUS.

Extraordinary Encounter Caused Death of Sergeant Donaldson.

Ottawa, Ont.—From a report which has reached the Mounted Police Department at Fullerton, on Hudson Bay, whose death was reported in a recent message from the north, met his end in an encounter with a walrus off Marble Island.

The sergeant, with Corporal Reeve and an Indian interpreter named Ford, were making their way from Churchill to Fullerton, traveling in a small sailboat which is used for this hazardous trip. Near Marble Island they encountered walrus and killed several of them. They had towed some of the bodies to their sailboat, but on one of their trips a walrus attacked them and put a tusk through the bottom of their dingy.

They stopped the hole as best they could with a jacket and pulled for the shore. When nearing it, Donaldson said that he would swim the rest of the way, as the boat was filling, but in jumping out he upset it. Reeve hung to the boat and reached shore. Donaldson was never seen again, and it is thought he was attacked and pulled under by a walrus.

REMOVED TUMOR FROM BRAIN.

Berlin Surgeon Lifted Forward Lobes to Excise Mass the Size of An Egg.

Berlin, Germany.—One of the most extraordinary operations recorded in the history of surgery has been successfully carried out at the Kaiserin Augusta Hospital by its chief surgeon, Prof. Krause. It was the extirpation of a tumor which had grown from the hypothysis of the brain, a gland situated in the very midst of the skull.

The patient was a woman, 35 years old. The tumor was reached by forming a very large skin and bone flap on the right forehead and temporal region. The tumor was larger than a hen's egg, and was buried more than three inches deep in the substance of the brain.

Nevertheless the whole tumor was successfully removed by lifting the anterior brain.

Silk Hat is Losing Caste.

Paris, France.—Paris hatmakers have declared in solemn convention that the silk hat is slowly but surely going out of fashion; it is no longer worn by men of fashion except on ceremonial occasions; that its decline is marked even in London, where it has so long been a badge of respectability. This, they reason, is the case in Paris mainly because beggars, guides and other of the pestering fraternity of Paris look upon the wearer of a silk hat as fair game.