

The south produces as much iron as France and more than 35 percent of the iron of either Germany or England.

The czar of Russia has named his infant daughter Anastasia. That's a mean way of getting even with her for not being a boy.

Coal is found over wide areas in India, and is being rapidly exploited. Last year there was an increase in production of 40 percent and exportation has now begun.

The city of Washington now has 80,000 trees within its limits, and the work of planting is going on in a systematic manner that should be copied by other American cities.

A very rich man in New York City copied his will from an instrument that had stood the test in court, and then secured the assurance of eminent authorities that it would hold. Nevertheless the lawyers have hopes.

A large emigration of peasants from southern Russia to eastern Siberia is noted as one of the results of the opening of the Transiberian railway during the first three months of the current year about 3000 emigrants sailed thence from Odessa.

The success of the recent experiment made by a Philadelphia tug master in towing two loaded coal barges from the Delaware to Havana promises a growth of the export coal trade to the West Indies which is encouraging. Hitherto the chronic swell off Cape Hatteras has deterred a venture of this sort, but the trip once easily made, many other towns may be expected to follow in the wake of this courageous Philadelphia captain.

According to the Journal of Commerce the growth of the cottonseed industry has been in such a ratio that now the aggregate investment is very large, and the progress bids fair to continue. Twenty years ago, in 1880, the cotton seed oil mills of the south numbered 40, with a capitalization of about \$3,500,000. The investment had increased in 1890 to about \$12,500,000. Today the mills number about 500, with an aggregate capital of about \$50,000,000.

The professor of English at Williams college reports that he put test questions to 40 sophomores of that institution to ascertain the extent and character of their reading. He found that 10 could not mention six plays of Shakespeare, that 34 could not tell who Falstaff was, that 35 could not name a single poem of Wordsworth's or Browning's and that 14 could not tell who wrote "In Memoriam." Perhaps a society to encourage the reading of standard literature by college undergraduates would do good.

In the Chicago Record-Herald, William E. Curtis observes that England's weakest spot is her inability to feed her own people. She must buy their bread and meat, which not only drains her of vast sums of money which should be paid to local labor, but makes her dependent upon foreign neighbors in time of war. This suggests that we ought to remember how deeply we are interested in her prosperity. While we may feel a gratification in our own advancement, everything that affects her purchasing power is of vital importance to us. She is our best customer. She furnishes the largest markets for our farmers and, although we must compete with her mechanics wherever we go to sell our manufactured merchandise—in Asia, Africa or South America—we must still feed the mouths of our rivals.

Invention has done a vast deal to better the condition of the farmer, but comparatively little for the farmer's wife. Indeed, the very multiplication of the possibilities for employing men in great numbers on a single holding, through the development of improved implements and machinery, has seemed only to render heavier the load which the head of the domestic establishment must carry. A Kansas man has at last devised a scheme for diminishing the labor of the farmer's wife. His plan is to introduce bakeries and steam laundries in well-populated neighborhoods, so that when the harvest season calls for a great increase in the number of men employed in the fields, they may be fed and cared for without the strain upon the women in the household that is now involved. The projector believes that these institutions can be run successfully by the farmers on the co-operative basis, and this should make the men all the readier to try an experiment which the women must certainly welcome.

MICE, SILENCE AND GLOOM.

("Mice, Silence and Gloom" is Dr. Edward Judson's descriptive summary of the occupants of most churches during all but a few hours each week.)

We clubbed together, we raised the money.
We built a temple to God.
We hired a preacher with doctrine sunny—
For we have outgrown the rod.
And three hours weekly (in pleasant weather)
We use the family pew;
We chafe a little at even this tether,
And that must certainly do.

Three hours of worship; one hundred and fifty
The church is a bolted room,
That we, in worldly affairs so thrifty,
Give over to miced and gloom.
We're not contented with two per cent.
As a worldly measure of gain,
We sometimes wonder: Is God content,
Or is it the gift of Cain?
—Church Economist.

TOM CORNWILER'S TUMBLE

By L. T. Bates.

"BELIEVE that boy has climbed every tree in the township, leastwise, the worst ones," said Mrs. Cornwiler.

"Deary me! I should be afraid he'd break his neck," said Mrs. Millwaite. "I don't see where he got it," said Mrs. Cornwiler, boldly.

"He got it from you, that's plain," said Mr. Cornwiler, boldly.

"From me! Why, just climbing a fence makes me almost dizzy!"

"Your father was a sailor," said Cornwiler, "and his father was top-man in the navy under old Commodore Preble. Tom's inherited their climb from you."

"I suppose a sixteen-year-old boy is more trouble than a fourteen-year girl," said Mrs. Millwaite. "My Clara's a comfort."

"Whenever Tom's wanted—" began Mrs. Cornwiler.

"A good strong boy is wanted pretty often in a new country," interrupted her husband. "Sometimes it gets tiresome to him."

"Whenever Tom's wanted," persisted Mrs. Cornwiler, "he generally has to be found in a tree-top. It wears out his clothes dreadfully."

"That is a bother," said Mrs. Millwaite. "Now Clara wears her dresses longer than any other schoolgirl of her age."

While this discussion was going on indoors, Tom was going off outdoors. Mrs. Millwaite's visit gave him a chance to go fishing. He put a hook and line in his pocket, intending to cut a fish-pole on the way, and trusting to find fat, white bait-grubs in old logs. He owned a sharp, one-hand hatchet, which he thrust under his buckskin belt.

A quarter of a mile from the river he came to a familiar tree-stub. It had been a forest giant, but some storm had broken off its top, leaving its great trunk thirty feet high. Forest fires had consumed the fallen top, and deeply charred the huge trunk. To his surprise it sounded hollow—a mere shell. He was immediately curious to know if it was hollow all the way up, and the only way to ascertain was to climb it.

A more uninviting stub to climb could not be found. It was very grimy, and too smooth and large to be clasped by either arms or legs; but Tom sought a thicket and cut the longest tough wittle he could find. He wrapped this about the stub, and fastened its two ends securely to his belt with strips of strong bark, making a hoop somewhat larger than the tree. Leaning well back, he walked his moccasined toes right up, raising the hoop by quick jerks.

The tree was hollow. Tom sat on the edge with his feet dangling outside, as steady of nerve as if upon the ground. When his curiosity was satisfied he slipped off the loop to retie it more to suit him. An incautious movement broke a bit of the edge, and disturbed his balance. He made a violent move to recover himself. More edge crumbled inward, and down he went inside, head and heels together, like a shut jack-knife. One hand held to the hoop, pulling it after him. Head, back, lips and legs scraped down the long tube, carrying fragments of rotten wood and a dusty cloud.

Tom struck on a deep, soft pile of debris, into which his doubled-up body plunged breast and knee-deep. The concussion shocked him breathless and set his nosebleeding copiously, and the dust and blood hindered the recovery of his breath. Although he was not quite unconscious, it was long before he stirred. The back of his head had been severely raked, and rotten wood was ground into all his lacerations.

When, at last, he began to try to move, he found himself wedged in. Vainly he wriggled; he could hardly stir, and could neither lift himself nor get his legs down. His hips, back, and all the muscles of his legs ached and pricked intolerably from strain and checked circulation.

He could not resist crying; but being a lad of good courage, endurance and resource, he soon began a systematic effort for release, packing the loose debris down as firmly as he could with his hands, at the same time pressing it away all around with his body. This exertion caused greater ache, but he persisted resolutely. By and by he got his hatchet out of his belt, and struck it, after a dozen efforts, so firmly into the wooden wall that he could hang his weight to it with one hand, while he worked the debris under him with the other. He gradually enlarged his space sufficiently to allow the bending of his knees. After that he was not long in getting his body up on one hip, with both feet nearly level.

Exertion, pain, and the pressure of returning circulation made his pulse throb and his head swim, and he lapsed into semi-unconsciousness. How long this lasted he knew not, but when he began to struggle again he was in black darkness. A few stars shone

calmly down his wooden well, but he could work only by feeling about with his hands. He felt exhausted, hungry and weak, but he kept on working till he managed to stand erect. Then, after feebly kicking and pushing debris to fill up the hole where he had been, he curled himself as comfortable as he could, and slept a blessed though troubled sleep.

He dreamed that he heard a rifle-shot, and that Ban was barking excitedly and his father hallooing. But his sleep was so profound that a dream could not rouse him.

After a long time he stretched out. His sore heels hit one wall, his sore head the other. This time the pain roused him to a renewed sense of his situation. He sat up, stiff, lame all over, weak, gnawed by hunger and thirst, but still undismayed and resourceful. A little thought and a trial convinced him that, weak and sore as he was, it would be a vain waste of strength to try to climb up the difficult inside of his prison.

"There's always more than one way to skin a cat," he reflected. "I've got to get out of this somehow; that's all there is to it." He ran a thumb over the edge of his hatchet. "Pretty sharp yet. Too light to chop easy, and no room to swing it, but it'll cut a hole, give it time."

Scraping away the rotten wood, he selected a place where the wall seemed thin, and began hacking. Progress was slow. At first his stiff muscles and sore body hurt acutely, but this pain wore away as he went on. The wood, charred outside and very dry, was hard and tough. Although it was a sunny day, and his eyes had adjusted their vision to the dimness of his pit, he could hardly see where to strike. He dared not pry out large slivers, for if edge or handle of his hatchet should break, he might never get out. His awkward position and the one-hand work tired him rapidly, and he suffered occasional cramps.

During one of his frequent rests he heard Ban barking loudly outside.

"Good dog! I'm coming!" he shouted.

The dog bayed frantically, leaped against the tree, scratched, whined, tore the wood with his teeth, and began digging furiously between two great roots, evidently intending to tunnel under to his young master.

When Tom did not appear for supper, Mrs. Cornwiler began to fret, but not much, for he was often late. After supper, with no Tom to do the chores, Mr. Cornwiler grumbled, but did them himself, saying:

"Come, now, wife, the boy probably has a good excuse. He's pretty regular, considering."

By bedtime Mrs. Cornwiler was anxious.

"I'm sure he's lying hurt somewhere in the woods, fallen from a tree; or maybe he's got lost."

"Fshaw, now, Edith! Tom couldn't lose himself anywhere in this county the darkest night that ever was; and he doesn't know how to fall from a tree. He'll be home all right pretty soon. Likely he's hindered by something he thinks important."

At ten o'clock Mrs. Cornwiler was insistent and Cornwiler less confident. He proposed to take the dog and search.

"Maybe he's at one of the neighbors. He'd stay, of course, if he could be of any use. Anyhow, Ban'll track him. Blow the horn if he comes home while I'm gone."

Ban, being told to "Go find Tom!" set off joyfully, wagging his tail. He led Cornwiler straight to the charred stub, and barked, leaping against it. Cornwiler looked the stub all over. There were no signs of Tom. He called, and fired his rifle. There was no reply. He supposed the stub solid, and thumped it. Unfortunately the blow struck where the shell was thick, and where Tom had packed the debris hardest inside. It sounded solid. Mr. Cornwiler thought that Ban had foolishly tracked a squirrel up it, or perhaps a coon had been there and gone. He dragged the dog away, ordering Edith to "Find Tom!" Ban instantly ran back to the stub, and whined and scratched, but Mr. Cornwiler pulled him away.

Ban then led into a thicket, and here were signs—a slender pole cut and trimmed, a bitter-sweet sapling peeled of two strips of bark. Tom had been there. The sapling was slender for a fish-pole, but Mr. Cornwiler thought that must be it. The strips of bark meant strings, but what Tom wanted of strings he could not conjecture. Having concluded it meant fishing, he hurried to the river, his anxiety considerably increased. Tom was a strong, cool swimmer and knew every foot of the river. There were few deep places, and no really dangerous places.

Mr. Cornwiler searched a long time, but found no trace of Tom, and Ban seemed puzzled and not much interested. After midnight Cornwiler began a terribly anxious inquiry, rousing

neighbor after neighbor. No one had any tidings. Mr. Millwaite dressed, took his rifle, and accompanied Cornwiler. Mrs. Millwaite, notwithstanding her depreciation of Tom, went to cheer all comfort his mother all she could.

Millwaite suggested going first to the charred stub. "You know Tom's been there," he said, "and it's the right point to start from." As soon as they arrived, Ban began whining and scratching about the stub. Cornwiler sternly ordered him off, and the poor dog, probably supposing it was all right, reluctantly obeyed. Both men believed the stub solid, and that Tom had merely come and gone. The news of the lost boy spread, and by sunrise a dozen men and boys were scouring the woods.

After getting breakfast and doing the housework, Clara Millwaite, who had been thinking, concluded that Tom must, after all, be at or near the charred stub. "A dog never mistakes in such matters; men do," the sensible girl reasoned. She would go and take a look for herself.

"If Tom is there he'll be hungry and thirsty," she thought, so she put a generous breakfast and a bottle of new milk in a bark basket.

Ban went home with Cornwiler and Millwaite, who wished to see if Tom had taken his fish-line. They found it gone, and their delusion as to the river was confirmed.

Thinking Ban of no service, Cornwiler left him at the house, and the dog immediately returned to the stub and resumed his barking. Clara heard him, and hurried to reach the spot and judge for herself of the dog's behavior. She arrived just as Tom drove a long silver through, and put out his fingers for Ban to lick.

In a few moments more he had the aperture sufficiently enlarged for Clara to pass in the bottle and slices of food. Tom drank first—a long, thirsty pull. Then how he did eat! With the appetite of a starved wolf and the gratitude of a generous-minded boy. Clara bade him give her the hatchet, and while he ate she hacked with the skill and strength of a pioneer girl. As the wall was now pierced they could chop the edges of the shell and make faster progress. In half an hour Tom was able to squeeze through.

What an object he was! Bloody, grimy, and covered with rotten wood from head to heels! Even his hair was plastered with gore and dust. Clara gathered leaves and helped him clean it off as well as he could, but it would require severe scrub baths, and a week's healing to make him presentable.

While they walked home she rallied him about his appearance, suggesting that half the township, especially the ladies, would be on hand to meet him. But Tom said he guessed that as long as she had seen him in this condition, he could stand being looked at by the other ladies.

As for Ban, he was so absorbed that evening with the unusually large bone given him that he quite failed to hear Mr. Cornwiler's complaint.

"I allow," said Mr. Cornwiler, "that when it comes to woodcraft, I haven't got half the sense of that dog."—Youth's Companion.

Where Economy Falls.

Men like economy in their domestic arrangements, but if there is one woman most of them fear and despise it is the wretch who has all sorts of recipes for making cheap dishes out of scraps. She comes fluttering into the domestic devotees early in the day.

"My dear Mrs. B., such a recipe—the cheapest, most delicious dish imaginable. Any housekeeper can make this salad. An old gum shoe or remnant of machintosh dressed with oil, vinegar and paprika, or cream and lemon juice. I am confident your husband will go wild over it!" She is right. He does. He goes so wild that after the doctor has come home in the night and he is resting easy he asks who gave the recipe for that salad and vows to shoot her on sight if ever he gets out again. If the men of the neighborhood had their way they would put a large dose of poison in the stocking of this fiend who teaches wives how to make palatable dishes out of gum, broken umbrellas, furniture polish and soiled awnings.—Louisville (Ky.) Times.

Hat Tips.

The hat of the modern American is a more or less direct descendant from the ancient helmet. The shape of a derby could have been evolved from nothing else, and it has little save tradition to recommend it. It is not beautiful or comfortable, as compared with the cowboy's soft felt hat or the cap of the European peasant. It does not keep the ears warm, nor stay on with any degree of success; and it goes out of fashion every season, reappearing later in a slightly different form. Its sole recommendation is the tradition that it is the proper headgear for a civilized and enlightened man; and when it is cocked on one side on the head of a rowdy it does not make him look either civilized or cultured.—Washington Times.

Hungry Bears Destroy a Railroad.

A logger named Johnson, who has a logging camp somewhere near Deep River, away down the Columbia, was in town looking for engines and wire cables to pull the logs out to the tramway. He has been using horses for this work, but says he will have to use engines hereafter, as the bears tear up his skid roads. The grease used in the skids has attracted the bears, which not only lick the skids clean of grease, but dig them out and ruin the road in search of the grease which has been absorbed by the earth. He says the bears pursue their mischievous labors chiefly in the night, and he cannot stay up nights to shoot them.—Morning Oregonian.

FARMERS' CORNER

Fresh Water for Swine.

Stop will not take the place of pure water for hogs. During the warm season swine should be liberally supplied with fresh water and the food should consist of weeds, grass and vegetables rather than grain. A mess of bran and skim milk may be given at night, but corn is too heating.

Why Ducks Are Profitable.

One reason why the duck brings in money is that the flesh is generally liked for table use; in other words, the market is sure.

The duck is a good eater and gets his living more largely than other fowls from insects in air and water and from the fields. So his keep is cheaper.

This characteristic implies another that is important: It is a hardy fowl. Once started they well and your flock of ducks is much more likely—all of them—to mature than is the case with the less hardy turkey. In profit a duck is put ahead of either the turkey or chicken.

The Pasture for Poultry.

The pasture is important for poultry as well as for animals. During spring and early summer, when the fowls can secure an abundance of insect food, as well as a variety of green substances, the production of eggs is greater than at any other season of the year, but when drought injures grass there is less opportunity for the fowls to secure a large proportion of the required materials for egg production. They should during the periods of scarcity of grass be given a mess at night, which should not consist of grain only. Meat, cut bone and cooked potatoes thickened with bran will be relished. To every quart of bran used may be added two ounces of linseed meal, which will also be relished by all kinds of poultry.

Feeding Dairy Cows.

The call for good grass butter is urgent today, and consumers actually long for the spring season when grass-made butter makes its first appearance. So delicate and attractive is the color and flavor of June butter that all like the product and hold it above that made at any other season. Packers and merchants store this June butter and hold it all through the winter season, selling it gradually at an advance over all others. If it was needed other evidence could be cited to show that grass is the most natural and best food that can be fed to the dairy cows. Good June grass performs a work in the economy of nature that no artificial methods have yet duplicated. Nevertheless, some dairymen show such dense lack of appreciation of this that they fail to have a decent grass pasture on their farms. Dairying without good pasture fields is very much like playing Hamlet without Hamlet. It is impossible for the farmer to produce the desirable results which he may have vaguely in view.

Grass and hay, then corn and other succulent foods, should be the relative order of foods which the dairyman should keep constantly in mind. His farming should be based upon a proper conception of the value of these foods, so that when he plants a crop he knows exactly what he will get in return for it. A good pasture farm is a small fortune to a dairyman, but the science of keeping up this pasture to him. And yet there is no great secret in the question. It is merely the application of common sense, knowledge and judgment in furnishing the grass crops with the right to keep them going. Robbing the soil and starving the grass roots must always be followed by poor grass and hay crops sooner or later. Neglect the crop this season and we will have to pay for it next. Sometimes the payment comes sooner than we expect, and again it is postponed for some indefinite time. When an overdraft is made upon the soil it is always wise to make restitution as soon as possible. Put on an extra supply of fertilizers this year, and do not neglect it until too late. We cannot take from the soil more than there is in it, but we can cultivate crops so that the full food supply is developed and expanded. A good deal of the food supply of any soil is wasted, as a rule, through lack of cultivation and a proper method of utilizing it. These secrets should be known and then used to their utmost.—A. B. Barrett, in American Cultivator.

Why Dairymen Prosper.

One reason why the people engaged in dairying are prosperous is because dairying is a cash business. There is no credit with L. O. cow. You feed her today, and tomorrow she pays you back in cash. The dairyman does not have to tell his hired man that he can pay him when he sells his wheat, or when he sells a bunch of lambs, or when the peaches are marketed. He has the cash every week or every month. The dairyman need not run a bill at his grocery or anywhere else. His business is a cash business, and he can pay as he goes. This is one of the basic principles of prosperity. Run up no debts, pay as you go. It gets a man into the habit of doing business on business principles, and when he does this he has started on the road to prosperity.

Again, the dairy business is a continuous business. It brings in cash every week in the year. The fruit man or the wheat man, or the steer man,

or the lamb man, gets his money in large sums and at irregular intervals. This tends to extravagance in expenditure. When people have lots of money they spend lots, and when the source is cut off they feel it severely. The dairyman's income is more uniform and steady, and he governs his expenditures accordingly. He is not flush at one time and totally strapped at another, but has a modest, uniform, continuous income, and is thereby made prosperous.

Dairying is a safe business, and therefore brings material prosperity to a person or a community. People have been financially ruined by fattening lambs or cattle, and, in some instances, by growing fruit or wheat. But no one ever heard of a man becoming bankrupt in the dairy business. These other businesses may at times bring a larger profit, but there is a large element of speculation about them. The dairy business is almost devoid of speculation. It is a rather slow, humdrum sort of business, but it is safe, and one can put his money into it with the assurance of a modest profit from year to year.

If crops fail in almost any other kind of farming the farmer is flat, but even if all the dairyman's crops should fail, if he has a good herd of cows he can buy all his feed and still pay expenses and have a small profit besides. Dairying may be a little slow, but it is sure.—Dairyman and Creamery.

The Disposal of Farm Produce.

It is a common saying among some producers of merchantable articles, that to sell well is the principal part of the business. The salesman is the chief officer of the manufacturer, and the personal advertisement, as it may be called of a producer, is the agent who sells the products. Why should not a farmer follow the lead of other producers, the thousand and one makers of many articles of domestic use, who all keep agents on the road to peddle their products? This part of the business has heretofore given profitable employment to many thousands of active men, who of course, have really been paid by the purchasers in the prices they have given for the products purchased by them. Indeed, to change the method of distribution of products is alleged to be the moving principle of the common modern associations called trusts, which are said to be formed in the interest of the consumers or purchasers to lessen cost of sales. It may be so, but facts tend to show that these great corporations formed, and still forming, are expected to pay big dividends on the inflated stock, and, as a rule, in this world the parties on one side of a business transaction are not generally fretting themselves very much about the advantages gained by the purchasers of their goods.

Why should not the farmer fall into line with these modern improvements in trade, and reduce costs in the way of the disposition of his produce? He may follow the lead of his bigger competitors and say, "We intend to dispose of our produce directly to the purchasers, and so give them considerable advantage in price gained by the discarding of useless distributing agents, and so go directly to them and sell what we have to dispose of." There is no difficulty about it, for like that noted person Barkis, the other party is willing. Producer and consumer then come into actual contact, and so business is done at the least cost and most profit to both parties.

Some farsighted communities offer encouragement to the farmers to do business in this way by providing conveniences and facilities for direct trade between the farmers and the townspeople. When residing some years ago a few miles from New York, I found it very convenient to send a wagon load of sweet corn, melons, cucumbers, and all sorts of vegetables and dispose of the stuff to any one who would purchase. The purchasers were chiefly the small storekeepers who sold out the produce the next day to the neighboring residents.

When living too far from that city in Pennsylvania, and adjoining a large town, I was the first to start a direct trade with the townspeople, and I did it in this way: Having a large surplus of strawberries above my own necessities, I got a convenient hand truck made, and loaded it up with boxes of strawberries, just picked in the garden, and sent a boy to the village to try to sell them, with instructions if no one would buy them to give them away to any family who might be likely to use them, stating that if they wanted any more they would be supplied. Very soon the boy came back with the empty truck and boxes, and said he could sell twice as many more. These more were gathered and sold, and in this way, the ice being broken, the trade increased until every thing I had to spare was disposed of, and out of it grew a house-to-house trade in cream, milk, butter, and indeed every thing that could be made that was good. The next year much larger preparations were made, and the business increased until some neighbors were induced to join in, and so the custom became quite common. With the present conveniences as to the telephone, how much may such enterprises be extended.—H. S., in the Country Gentleman.

May Slip Up on It.

Almost everything seems to have been thought of in the way of food products, but now, thanks to the inventiveness of a French planter, we are to have banana flour. It really sounds quite promising, although, owing to the carelessness of the human palate, it may turn out a complete failure.—Boston Transcript.

LIKES RURAL LIFE

FROM DRAWING ROOM TO FARM.

The Successful Agricultural Undertaking of a Former Leader of the I. S. S. "Smart Set" in Philadelphia Reveal Well Bred Live Stock.

Mrs. Minnie Eshleman Sherman, of California, a former society girl of Philadelphia, owns and manages a farm of 2,800 acres, with its varied interests of dairying, stock farming and fruit growing. In her palm-bordered orchards and vineyards she grows raisin grapes, pears, peaches, apricots, nectarines, plums, oranges, almonds and olives. For her immense herds Mrs. Sherman grows all of her own feed, the cows in summer being pastured on alfalfa, and, as the season advances, on ensilage made from the first crop of alfalfa; then on corn from the silo, and later on green rye.

In addition to the dairy, which supplies its immense creamery, Mrs. Sherman has a large number of thoroughbred horses and a big herd of fine Berkshire swine. Among the lessons which Mrs. Sherman learned by a sad experience was the fact that the beautiful Jersey cows which have found nourishment on sweet hill pastures in a cool, moist sea air will not thrive on fields of alfalfa in a warm, dry valley. These have been replaced by the sturdier Holstein-Friesian stock, of which she is said to have now one of the finest herds in the country. Her large barns contain all the latest de-

velopment in the way of farm machinery, and she is said to have now one of the finest herds in the country. Her large barns contain all the latest de-

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MRS. MINNIE ESHLEMAN SHERMAN.

vice for the comfort of the cows at for keeping down all bacterial growth detrimental to the butter.

Russia May Abolish Her Nobility.

At present at the czar's subjects are divided into four general classes—the nobility, the clergy, the inhabitants of the towns and those of the country, says a St. Petersburg correspondent. The nobility is itself of two kinds, hereditary and personal. An officer acquires life nobility on acquiring a certain rank in the army or navy. Those who attain the rank of colonel in the army and of captain in the navy become hereditary nobles. It is most probable that when the proposed reform of the Russian system of class organization takes place the nobility will cease to exist as a separate class in the nation.

L. M. SNYDER, Practical Horse-Shoer and General Blacksmith.

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