Dittle feet, that such long years
dust wander on through hopes and fears,
dust ache and bleed beneath your load;
I. nearer to the wayside inn
Where toil shall cease and rest begin,
am weary, thinking of your road.

little hands, that, weak or strong. Have still so serve or rule so long.

Have still so long to give or ask,
who so much with book and pen
Have toiled among my fellow men,
Am weary, thinking of your task.

O, little hearts, that throb and beat With such impatient, feverish heat, Such limitless and strong desires; Mine that so long has glowed and burned, With passion into ashes turned, Now covers and conceals its fires,

O, little souls, as pure and white
And crystalline as rays of light,
Direct from heaven their source divine;
Refracted through the mist of years,
How red my setting sun appears,
How lurid looks this soul of mine!
—Longfellow.

HAVE made a discovery, | John," said Mrs. Mansfield, looking up from her knitting.

MON John Mansfield, retired merchant, Alderman and Mayor of Pimperne, looked up from his paper. "A discovery, my dear?" he said, assuming his best magisterial manner,

Pray what is the nature of this remarkable occurrence?" "I find that Miss Ansom has a photograph of yourself, which she treasures an secret.'

"What do you mean, my dear?" exclaimed Mr. Mansfield.

"This morning," explained Mrs. Mansfield, "I entered Miss Ansom's room and found her absorbed in the contemplation of some object which she held. She had evidently not heard my knock, but the noise of my entrance startled her, and, as she hastily hid something in a drawer, a photograph fell to the floor. She snatched it up flung it into the drawer and closed it. but not before I had recognized it as your photograph. I pretended not to have noticed the photo, preferring to bave an explanation from you."

Mr. Mansfield was the picture of belpless amazement.

Miss Ansom, it must be explained, was a bright and charming young lady. whom Mrs. Mansfield had recently engaged as a companion.

"I am guite at a loss to explain the affair," said Mr. Mansfield, in tones quite unlike those of the Mayor of Pimperne. "Possibly it was given to her by a mutual friend."

"Then why should she make a mystery of it, and gloat over it in private? demanded Mrs. Mansfield, grimly.

"My dear," said Mr. Mansfield, with a return of dignity, "I do not understand you! If I mistake not it was something she hid in the drawer which she 'gloated' over, not the photograph.' "I am not sure which it was," said Mrs. Mansfield, with strained calm-

Now that the first shock of amazement was over, Mr. Mansfield's pomposity returned rapidly.

"Ah, very possible, my dear, Miss Ansom, whom I have every reason to think is a young lady of good discernment and sound judgment, has found something in my public life which she has been good enough to admire. Miss Ansom has had every opportunity of studying my work for the past three months, and also the general course of municipal life in what, I think, may be regarded as a noble borough. What re natural, then, that this young lady, seeing the portrait of a gen-tleman clad in the robes and insignia of the office of the chief magistrate of this borough, displayed in the photogtapher's window, and, recognizing in that gentleman myself, should purchase that photograph?"

Mrs. Mansfield listened with immov able features.

"A very good explanation," she commented, "If it had been one of your ficial photographs. But the one in Miss Ansom's possession is one of those you had taken about two years ago, before you were elected Mayor. We ordered only a few of them, I remember, and I thought we had disposed of them all. The question ishow did Miss Ansom obtain one? I did not give it to her?"

"Then I can only say that you must be mistaken, my dear," said Mr. Mans-field, with asperity. "On your own confession you only saw it for an in stant. How can you be certain that it was a photograph of myself?"

"If you think my eyes deceived me, perhaps you will believe your own! The photo is still in the drawer. Miss Ansom has had no opportunity of re moving it, for I sent her on an errand. It is in the first drawer of her dressing table, if you wish to satisfy your curiosity.

"Mrs. Mansfield, do you think that I am going to steal into a lady's room and pry into her private affairs?" cried the Magistrate, rising. "You forget

yourself, madam!" Mr. Mansfield went upstairs in high dudgeon to make some alteration in his dress preparatory to going out.

He was forced to acknowledge himself quite at a loss to account for that photo being in Miss Ansom's posses sion, which admission was rather ex-

traordinary on his part. He prided himself on his keen in ight, his strict impartiality and his firmness in discourging his magisterial duties. But an exhibition of these alities was not confined to the bench. Of the latter he had made a lavish display in his home, as Mrs. Mans-

seld found to her cost. It was only twelve months ago that unbending will had driven their by sen, Jack, to South Africa.

his son should marry rank and beauty in the person of a daughter of a local magnate. But handsome Jack Mansfield elected to manage his own matrimonial

Mr. Mansfield had determined that

affairs, and upset all his father's brilllant plans by falling in love with a pretty nobody, a governess in a house where he was visiting. Finding all arguments, persuasions and commands alike useless, Mr. Mans-

field finally told his son he must either fall in with his wishes or leave his home forever and look for no further assistance from himself. Jack chose the latter course, and within a week set sail for South Africa.

The loss of her only son was a source of great grief to Mrs. Mansfield. But all her tears, pleadings and reproaches could not prevail on her husband to relent and as time rolled on her importunities censed.

Having dressed himself to his satisfaction, Mr. Mansfield left the room. Suddenly his progress was checked by the sight of a wide-open door. What tempting field could have left the door of Miss Ansom's room so invitingly open, displaying, as it did, the very drawer on which Mr. Mansfield had never even set eyes, in which the much discussed photograph was supposed to lie?

Mrs. Mansfield had, as she well knew, struck her husband's weak spot when she mentioned curiosity.

"It would be the work of a moment." he reflected, "to take just one glance into that drawer to satisfy himself of the truth of Jane's story.

With a cautious look round, he noise lessly entered the room, partially closing the door behind him. He opened the drawer boldly, and-yes, there it was-his own photograph.

It was, as his wife had stated, one of the few he had had taken about two years ago.

Horror! Somebody was coming. A light step on the stairs and a sweet voice humming the refrain of a ong, heralded the approach of Miss

Ansom herself! What was to be done? Could be allow her to find him in her room, prying about like a curious housemaid? He, Alderman Mansfield, Mayor of Pimperne! There was only one thing

Miss Ansom entered and closed the door behind her. Mr. Mansfield could hear her moving about the room, still singing lightly to herself.

et," he thought. "In a few minutes slip out unobserved."

Everything, no doubt, would have happened just as he wished, had Tiny -Mrs. Mansfield's darling pug-not followed Miss Ansom into the room.

The spirit of investigation was strong in Tiny. In the course of his present explorations he naturally ooked under the bed. He immediately sent up an ear splitting series of barks and yelps, at the same time dancing about with every canine token

Mr. Mansfield responded to Tiny's joyful recognition with silent curses. and, hearing Miss Ansom's expressions of surprise, and that she was approaching the bed to learn the cause of Tiny's excitement he slowly emerged with n very red face and a very ruffled appearance.

"Don't be alarmed, Miss Ansom, I beg," he cried, seeing that the lady looked dangerously like shricking. Er-my unexpected appearance fills

you with amazement, no doubt."
"Mr. Mansfield!" she ejaculated, in tones of incredulous astonishment. "Er-I must, of course, explain, and humbly apologize for my despicable

conduct!" His worship then proceeded, with abrupt and jerky sentences, quite devoid of their flowery trimmings, to

explain his presence in her room. Greatly to his relief, she did not look very angry when he had finished. She said nothing at first, but, opening the fatal drawer, produced somewhere from its depths two more photographs, which she put into his hands, saying:

"You see, I have photographs of other members of the family as well." Mr. Mansfield gazed at them in astonishment. They were pictures of his wife and son.

"Why, who gave you these, Miss Ansom? "Jack," she replied simply, with

lowered eyelids and a pretty flush

on her face.
"Jack!" he cried. "My scn?"
"Yes," she whispered.
"But I—I don't understand! I was

"It was for my sake he went there," she replied softly. There was silence for a few minu-

"Then you are the young-er-lady whom my son wished to marry in opposition to my wishes?" said Mr. Mansfield severely.

"Yes," she murmured. Mr. Mansfield thought deeply for the ext few minutes. After all he liked Miss Ansom immensely; and if he this morning's ridiculous adventure might be mentioned, and-yes, he would be merciful.

"Well, Miss Ansom, I need hardly say that your story astonished me beyond measure. But I will not disguise from you the fact that during he time you have been with us you have won my highest esteem and, in fact, I regard you with feelings of paternal affection. We must write to hat young scamp and have him home. Meanwhile-"

With a cry of Joy Miss Ansom flung er arms around his neck and imrinted a kiss on his nose.

At that moment the door opened and Mrs. Mansfield stood on the threshhold, with hands uplifted in horror. She could not have timed her entrance with greater precision bad she been waiting with eye at the keyhole.

"John! Miss Ansom!" she gasped. Mr. Mansfield looked frightened.

"My dear," he cried nervously, "I am going to write and tell Jack to come home. This young lady has promised to be his wife. She is, in fact, the lady about whom we had that foolish quarrel."

It took Mr. Mansfield quite a quarter of an hour to make his wife understand clearly the facts of the case. But when she did understand she burst into tears and rapturously embraced Miss Ansom, assuring her of undving affection.

Mr. Mansfield at length managed to to slip away, congratulating himself upon the success with which he had extriented himself from an unpleasant position. After all, he was glad of an excuse to welcome his boy home

But perhans if he had learned what passed between his wife future daughter-in-law when they heard the door close behind him he would have realized that they had scored on all points.

darling Mrs. Mansfield?" cried Miss Ansom, embracing Mrs. Mansfield afresh, "How good of you to have me here as your companiand then to devise this clever plot! why, it was quite a drama!"

"In which you played your part very well, my dear!" replied the old lady, patting the girl's cheek affectionately.-Baltimore World.

Pigmies in Europe.

A German scientist asserts that pigmy races have existed in Europe. This conclusion is arrived at from the examination of numerous skeletons which have been found in the region of Breslau, in Silesia. Their beight is considerably below the ordinary average, being about four feet nine inches, which represents the mean figure for whole group of skeletons. Similar remains have been found in other parts of Europe not far from the above region: thus Kollman, of Rale, describes the remains of pigmies which have been found in Switzerland. In this ease the average height reached as low as four feet six inches. Gutman has also described the pigmy remains which were found in lower Alsace, near Colmar. These are still smaller, "She is taking off her hat and jack- of Silesia appear to have been contemporaries of the Romans and slave races she will leave the room. Then I can and to have existed until the year 1000 A. D. At present no specimens are to be found in Europe.

Wood's Despatches. Sir Evelyn Wood is distinguished by wiliness in which he has very few equals. He gave a specimen of this during the operations following the Indian Mutiny. He volunteered to carry dispatches through the enemy's country, and disguised himself as an itinerant merchant, being fairly familiar with Hindustani. Traveling by night and day, he got too close to a rebel camp, and was arrested and detained. After being somewhat carelessly examined he was allowed to spend the night in a tent. As he expected, during the darkness some natives crawled under the canvas and stealthily searched his saddle-bags and wallets, but found nothing except sundry light articles of commerce, the dispatches having been taken by Wood from a slit in his turoan and buried underneath the spot where he slept. Next morning he was

sh camp in safety.-Men and Women. Motor Exhibit in Peru.

permitted to go, and reached the Brit-

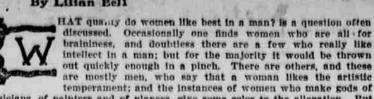
An exhibition of alcohol motors amps and other appliances will soon be opened at Lima, Peru. It is believed that such machinery and appliances will meet with success in those parts of the country where alco bol can be obtained at a cheap rate. There is a fairly large output in Peru of alcohol as by-product of the sugar industry. The cost of the alcohol on the estates is about twenty cents per gallon. The Peruvian government also propose to apply to Congress for the abolition and reduction of dues on alcohol intended to be used as fuel,

Space and Business.

A Boston man has two advertisements, just alike, running simultaneously in the same newspaper. tried one advertisement and the results were so good that he inserted another. What he considers curious is that after a time the two "ads." brought in more than twice the busi-ness credited to the arst.

He is in Bouth Africa." What Women Like in Men

By Lilian Bell



musicians, of painters and of players, give some color to the allegation. But we believe it is a surface-liking rather than anything deep-scated. You may still proved obstinate, she would, of run over the various qualities which belong to the poor male sex, and you will course leave the house, and perhaps and some women liking one of these all the kind and many liking each of them at different times. But when all is said you will find that the one great quality which women demand of men is courage. This is the thing which is chiefly supposed to mark off men as a sex. This is the thing which is supposed to keep them always at the front. We do not deny courage to women-a great many of them have it—but we expect more of it from a man; and women, at least, seldom pardon its absence. It is probable that as a survival of a more truculent age the sort of courage a woman most demands is physical. And here she is not altogether wrong; but with new methods of living have come new ideals, and it would be worth while if women were to set high stakes in the matter of moral courage for the sex over which they have so much influence. It will be well if they demand that a man shall al ways be true enough to live up to his best ideals-that he do not prostitute himself for money or for place. They should not think it enough if he refuse to run from an enemy, but should require also that he do not shirk his duties as a citizen, and that he be ready to sacrifice himself or some of the profits of his business for a good cause in the community. Fear does not show itself so openly nowadays as it once did. It lurks in quiet corners, it goes in strang-disguises. None the less it is fear; none the less men should be ashamed of its company, and women should applaud the courage which at any time refuses to associate with it.-Harper's Bazar.

Why Not Professional

By Tudor Jenks

Jurors?

HE ordinary suggestion of a substitute comprehends the abolish ment of the lay jury, and the establishment of a tribunal of judges to decide upon both law and facts. Possibly it would be stock eight months of the year, wiser to keep the two separate, and to arrange for two tribunals, If common vetch (Vicia sativ one to take jurisdiction of issues of the facts, the other to apply the law-as at present; but to put in place of the jury of laymen jury made up of men trained to decide matters of fact and evidence, just as

legal judges are now educated to decide questions purely of law. What is there revolutionary in such a proposal? Is it not in line with al modern progress? We have long passed the days when every man was a jack of all trades. The decision of controversies upon weight of evidence, and the nice estimation of theories, is expert work and should be done by those educated, trained and experienced in such matters. After all, lawyers, in order to present their clients' cases to juries, are trained in precisely this ability. learn to sift evidence, to estimate credibility, to decide upon the relative probability of opposing accounts; they, in short, are trained jurymen, and need only the law's sauction to perform the functions now blunderingly botched by the haphazard laymen.

For this work they should be adequately paid. In their work, they should assured of the same respect and submission now exacted by the bench. They should be able to settle issues, and, when settled, to decide them. The equity courts have long performed such offices, and have proved the possibility and desirability of the change. The professional jurors would take to the consideration of issues of fact the probity of their characters, instead of the ignorance that characterizes the ideal lay reader. They could be allowed to go home and visit their families with the same reliance upon their honor that now forbids any espionage or restriction of the judge upon the bench. There might be corrupt jurors, as there are corrupt judges; but the rarity of soiled ermine would be just as great.

Legislatures are the most powerful bodies in the world; and the legisla tures rule themselves. If a president of the United States should be impeached, we do not require that a jury to try him shall be drawn by lot from the citizens of the republic. And yet, if the jury system be the ideal, why should it not be invoked in these, the most important cases that can arise under our Government?

In brief, my proposal is this: Let there be a professional jury bench, made up of men learned in those branches of legal lore and civil and criminal codes at teach the correct determination of issues of fact. Let the lay jury be abolished, and all issues of fact be made triable before a bench that shall de termine these, and these alone. Such a change would be no more than the specialization and division of labor that insures skilful and just sifting of facts, and it requires only the utilization of the surplus legal talent available in all civilled lands.

The modern jury is a survival, in a corrupt form, of what was once a usefu means of justice. Modern ideals demand its reformation, and its return to can be used by two men in operating a somthing that will accomplish for us what the old jury system did for our forefathers.-Munsey's Magazine.

and the height of many of the specimens is but four feet. The pigmies The Mission of Woman in the Twentieth Century tre, would answer with inch-thick

By Jessie Ackermann



IEN the nineteenth century glided silently into the great vista of the past the spirit of prophecy seemed to fall upon the average individual, and with one accord a forecast of the new century was hurled at the head of a defenseless public.

Progress in all forms was painted with so much high light as to leave no canvas for either clouds or shadows. All the unknown regions of science were exploited in imagination, and every phase of life expanded to its utmost measure, until the last and least "seer" was fully satisfied with his

own picture. In this generalization and hasty summing-up little has been said about the

ogress of man himself—man as aside from woman.

Man (and "with all his faults we love him still") is, after all, only half civilized, and there is no doubt that every condition of the last century has made him more selfish and more self-centered.

It would be difficult to find one who would not unhesitatingly take hi place at the helm of the universe, and with an assurance that well becomes his splendid bearing (for he is a splendid creature) try to guide all worlds through space on a modern plan of his own invention. Magnificently poised upon the unbalanced rock of self stands this nineteenth-century evolution. He look so grand that one is apt to become awe-inspired at his daring attempts, as it seems a pity to disturb his self-satisfied condition; but hear, O man! won has a mission, and you-heipless creature-you are to be the victim of he operations. You must be civilized! The unconsciously cultivated selfishner must be eradicated, and nothing but the skill and cunning of woman's hand

can accomplish a task so stupendous and yet so fascinating. "How can it be done?" you may well ask. In days past it was thought that there was but one weapon of successful warfare upon the frailties of the sterner sex. This sentiment is now carefully wrapped in the oil and spices of sweet memory, and hangs in the archives of a buried century. This sword of sweet memory, and hangs in the archives of a buried century. This sword of three pounds per acre. This is the victory—a woman's love—was the theme of all nations. Poets in turn raved fifth year this land has been in grass and sung of it; men (they were less ambitious then) died-yes, really died for it. All conditions met in common camp to tell of woman's love; but alas!

In the final analysis under the light of a new century the verdict has gon forth that woman's love has failed to fully civilize man. Some loving, tender, clinging wife lifts her voice against the unholy decree; but it is useless, for it

is the verdict of the Court of Public Opinion. Woman, with her quick instinct and ready wit, recognized the fact that something must be done, and twenty-five years ago she entered the woman club, which became the training-school for her mission in the new century. It the clubs have accomplished nothing more, they have aroused woman to the fact that man must be civilized and husbands must be trained; they have taught her how and where to begin, and her duty is now clearly before her.

There is no doubt but the study of child-culture has completely overturne the old ideas of home education in reference to the boy and girl. The begin ning of the fully civilizing process will take place at the hearthstone and at the mother's knee, where the same ideals will be set up for the boy and girl alike, and the same standard of purity will be raised for the entire llousehold The principles of a new chivalry that will obliterate, or at least subdue, self will permeate the life heart and mind of the boy. Thus husbands will be trained not by wive to by mothers.—Woman's Home Companion.

Destroying Bermuda Grass Sod. While no other crop can be grown on the land which will afford greater net profit than Bermuda, some may desire to destroy it. Much of the sod may be destroyed by exposing it to freezing weather in the winter. Cut up the sod with a disk or cutaway harrow, crossing to chop the sod into small blocks. Tear up these blocks with some plow or harrow that will bring them to the surface. Repeat this several times during the winter, exposing new surfaces to the frost as that first exposed is killed. By spring most of it will be dead. Keep the sod stirred to prevent growing until cornplanting season. Plant corn and cultivate with buil tongue plows or tooth cultivators to keep the grass from growing. Do not use any plow or other implement which will cover the When the corn is knee deep sow two bushels of peas to the acre and plow them in with bull tongue plows If these directions are faithfully carried out the Bermuda will be completely destroyed in one summer wherever a full stand of peas is se cured.

Bermuda should be planted upon all cleared land which is liable to be washed under cultivation Planted upon terrace banks it renders breaking impossible, and if the interspaces are properly cultivated it may be kept in bounds. Neither Bermuda nor any other valuable grass will grow vigorously upon very poor soil, but if once set it will prevent waste and continually improve the soil, while keeping

If common vetch (Vicia sativa) is sown upon the Bermuda sod in late summer or early fall it will vegetate and afford pasturage during the winter, while the Bermuda is dormant. If the vetch is not too closely depastured in late spring, it will produce seed which, scattered from the drying pods, will amply reseed the land. This will repeat itself annually, the vetch affording moderate pasturage during the winter and early spring and Bermuda supplying full pasturage from early spring until the vetch reappears in fall.

The vetch, being a legume, collects and stores nitrogen and thus fertilizes the Bermuda. When first planted or sown not even cattle should be allowed upon it while the soil is wet. After the sod is formed it may be pastured regardless of the weather .- American Agriculturist.

Double Saw-Horse.

Unless coal is burned exclusively on the farm a saw-horse such as is shown in the cut will be found a great laborsaving device. It is used for sawing both long and short pieces of wood, and if made four feet or more long it



cross-cut saw. The two cross strips at the close ends are but fifteen inches apart, so one is able to saw strips as short as needed for any stove. This double saw-horse should be made of tough material and be braced as shown in the cut. The horse from which the drawing was made was held together with fron bars, but the round pole, strips at the bottom on either side, if it was necessary to reduce the cost.

Effect of Fertilizers on Grass. The last hay crops from the plots on which the different rotations are being carried out enable the Rhode Island experiment station to show final results for the season. On the plots having the six-year rotation in the order of corn, potatoes, rye, grass and clover, and grass, the yields of grass have been as follows: That of the fourth year in the rotation was three and two-third tons per acre, the fifth year of rotation four and onequarter tons per acre, and the sixth year 3.8 tons per acre. The fertilizer applied to these plots has been at the rate per acre of: 350 pounds nitrate soda, 450 pounds acid phosphate and

200 pounds muriate of potash. On another part of the station land, an experiment to determine the worth of different amounts of nitrogen has been carried on for the past ten years. One plot has received no nitrogen during that lapse of time. The second plot has received fertilizer which contained the equivalent of twenty-one pounds of nitrogen per acre. The third plot has received fertilizer which contained nitrogen at the rate of sixtyand the yields as shown by this year's crops are quite remarkable.

That from the plot which has re ceived no nitrogen during the ten years was 1.1 tons per acre. That from the plot receiving the one-third ration, or twenty-one pounds nitrogen, gave 1.7 per acre, which the third, which had received the full ration, or sixty-three pounds nitrogen per acre, gave a yield of 3.75 tons per acre. Much the same results are being obtained by men throughout the State, who are topdressing their grass lands with nitro gen more liberally than formerly.

Water at the Barn.

If one has a pump located in or near ty in obtaining all the water needed for all purposes in the barns. If, how- roots.

the stock, then some plan should be put in operation whereby water may, be obtained for other purposes, such as wagon washing and the cleaning of harnesses, without carrying it any great distance. The rainfall may be utilized by placing a barrel which is water-tight on a box or other platform and, by the use of a simple and cheap V-trough, carry the water to the barrel from the caves of the barn roof.

A faucet should be placed in the barrel, as shown, so that the water may be drawn off readily when wartd. Over the top of the barrel is placed



TO SAVE BAIN WATER.

a frame, covered with the finest mesh wire obtainable. This will keep out vermin and small animals and yet permit sufficient air to circulate over the water to prevent it from becoming stagnant. The illustration shows the plan, which is an excellent one and very inexpensive.

Storing Root Crops.

Every farmer knows the difficulty.

of so storing roots as to facilitate the handling of them in winter. Some have to pits or cellars convenient in the barns, and consequently store the roots in pits outside. Of course, the out-door method is not always the best, for the roots will sometimes keep in as sound condition when stored in that manner as by any other process, but when the season is well advanced and the ground is hard and frozen it becomes a very difficult matter to get at the crop when wanted for use. large crop is stored inside the barn, unless the location is so situated as to be under the influence of an even temperature, the handling of the roots endangers them when the weather is extremely cold, and causes them to sprout as the temperature becomes high. Here, then, are two difficulties to be avoided, which are heat ond old. What the farmer wishes is to store the roots in such a manner as to keep them at an even temperature, preserve them in good condition; and o be easily handled when he wishes to use them for feeding. Of course, it is well known that the time for storing the crops is in the fall, but it is never too late to repack them, which can be done when the weather is modcrately cold. The best plan for so doing is to get some dry dirt, coal ashes or dry sawdust. In a bin, barrel or box lay two inches of the packing material, and upon this make a layer of roots and do not let them quite touch one another. Fill the spaces with packing material, and so continue until the receptacle is full. By this method they can be taken out for use in any quantity desired, and they will keep much better than if stored in heaps, will not freeze nor heat, and will keep until the next crop comes in. Even potatoes, both sweet and white, may be thus preserved. Be careful that the packing material is dry. Moisture should be avoided as much as possible. At the present time the difficulty is to procure dry dirt, which i. the best material to use, while wood ashes are not plentiful. Fine sawdust is the next best substance, but not equal to dry dirt. Plaster is excellent, but somewhat expensive. Wheat chaff is good and so is straw when cut in half-inch lengths. It is best to do such work, however, at the time of harvesting the

crop. Falling temperature makes cream

Sour skim milk does not make good calf feed.

Hens do better if kept in seperate lots of twenty-five each. Large breeds should never be kept in the same flocks with small breeds

A little feed will keep a cow quiet while you are milking, and save tempers. Souring changes the sugar in milk to lactic acid. This decreases feeding

value. Tinware for keeping milk is preferable to stone or earthenware, and cheaper.

Young chickens should be fed four or five times a day, and at regular in-

tervals. Too many cows should not be kept: comfort should not be sacrificed to numbers.

A cow with a long pedigree will not fill your pocketbook unless she is a producer. When hens acquire the feather-pull-

ing habit they should be sent to market at once.

Roosts for poultry should all be placed on a level, so that there can be no preferred position. Feed the laying hens at daybreak

and sundown, and keep them working the entire time between. Drain the soil of the orchard so the

roots will go down deep and thus ward off the effects of drouth. Trees should be trimmed when young in such a manner that more

pruning will not be required later. Many an orchard is starved to death. Growing trees must be fed just the same as any other crop or plant is

For setting out in a dry soil the the barn there is, of course, no difficul-ty in obtaining all the water needed stocky, as it must depend on its own

fed.