THE OLE DINNER BELL.

There's music in the lowin' of the cattle on the hills,
An' in the lazy laughter of the waterfalls an' rills;
In the singin' of the bluebird an' the hummin' of the bee,
An' the ole woodpecker peckin' on the holler sugar tree.
There's music in the blossom an' the clear blue of the sky,
In the screamin' of the chicken hawk a'circlin' 'way up high;
But the sweetest songs of June time ain't nowheres near a smell
To the music 'long at noontime of the ole dinner bell.

When plowin' in the distant fields, clean out o' sight o' home,
A-wishin', too, with all your heart that dinner time would come,
You watch the furries stretch away aroun' the lower bend,
An' potter 'round a bit before you start for t'other end,
An' you bend your head an' listen to ketch the welcome sound,
An' calc'late it's purt nigh noon by shadders on the ground,
When through the hazy atmosphere, your longin' to dispel,
Comes the far-off silv'ry music of the ole dinner bell.

When the harvest day is over an' the toilers' work is done,
Over wavin' corn an' clover tinted by the settin' sun,
Low an' sweet the distant music of the ole bell floats along;
Borne upon the evenin' breezes, mingled with the reapers' song,
An' you look acrost the medder, past the ole crick windin' through,
Where the ringer sweet is waitin' with a welcome there for you.
Oh, there ain't no joys of summer that can strike you quite so well,
As the ringin', when you're hungry, of the ole dinner bell.

—Edwin C. Davis, in the Indianapolis News.

The Point of View.

By Mabel Cronise Jones.

"ANYTHING the matter with you Jim?" And Ruth surveyed her brother keenly.

"No."

"What's the use of fibbing to me?" she demanded with sisterly frankness. "Something's gone wrong. I can see that clearly enough. Any trouble at the office?"

"No."

"Well," impatiently, "what is it, then? You always tell me things in the end, so you might as well go ahead and save me the trouble of dragging it from you."

Jim stared moodily out of the window and vouchsafed no reply.

"You've not quarrelled with Clarice, have you?"

A swift change in her brother's face told Ruth that she had touched on the truth, and she followed up her advantage promptly.

"That is it, I know. Now what was the fuss about?"

"There was no fuss and no quarrel, my sapient sister, only——"

"Go on, do!"

"I made a trifling error when I supposed she cared for me, that was all."

"Are you crazy, Jim? I am sure that Clarice cares for you. Don't jump at conclusions."

"I didn't jump at any conclusions, I assure you. I asked her to marry me, and she flatly refused."

"But why? why? why?" Ruth asked in honest bewilderment. "I know something of girls, and I am positive that Clarice cares for you."

"I had sometimes entertained such an idea myself, but you see that we both made a slight mistake."

"Don't be so maddening, Jim, dear; tell me all she said. I am awfully sorry for you, but I cannot help feeling that there is a mistake somewhere."

"Not much chance for it," Jim Rutherford said grimly; "she had fifty unanswerable arguments against marriage. She liked me, she was good enough to say, but she did not dare try the trials and tribulations of domestic life with any man. Servants were always leaving on a moment's notice, and generally, too, when the mistress was ill. She had seen so many men act like brutes on such occasions that she had not the courage to face it. I tried to laugh her out of the mood. I told her to ask you if I did not behave like an angel in all crises of that kind——"

"You really do," Ruth interposed warmly.

Jim nodded his thanks and then resumed his story with a discouraged air.

"It was all no use, for Clarice said that she had observed that men's natures changed after marriage, and that some who had been models of courtesy to their mothers and sisters were the embodiments of selfishness and inconsiderateness toward their wives."

"Well, of all things!"

"Oh, there was lots more of it, too, and she was in deadly earnest. I never saw her in such a mood. I had a good business, but I was not rich, and I would probably expect her to run the house and dress herself, too, on about five dollars a week— Ruth, I say," breaking off suddenly with a pathetic appeal in his voice, "what do you suppose made her talk so?"

"I haven't the least idea. I've not seen Clarice for three or four days, but I cannot see how she could have altered so radically in so short a time. I am going to see her, though, before I am an hour older and find out the truth."

"I don't suppose that there is anything to find out. She seemed to know her own mind," Jim returned gloomily.

"Now that is just what she didn't do. It is no use for us to argue, Jim, but if I can find a grain of comfort for you, I will. The whole thing is beyond my comprehension."

When Ruth Rutherford (an alliterative name which the girl detested) was putting on her wraps preparatory to a belligerent call on her friend, she heard Clarice's voice in the hall below. She went down hurriedly to meet her.

"Come into the library," she said hastily, knowing perfectly well that Jim was in the room just beyond. "Now, I want you to give an account of yourself. What have you been doing to Jim? He is just about broken-hearted, for he believes all the nonsense you were talking to him yesterday. What did you mean by it, Clarice? You know that you think that Jim is kind and lovable and brilliant——"

"I don't——" Clarice flashed indignantly, although her voice trembled a little, "he is not brilliant at all! He is the most stupid man that ever lived!"

"Perhaps you will kindly explain," Ruth said coldly.

But this Clarice stubbornly refused to do, and it was not until Ruth put off her dignity and descended to tender coaxing that she drew the truth out of her friend.

"He—he came around yesterday morning—and I had been suffering for three days with an ulcerated tooth. I didn't have a wink of sleep during all of that time, and I was too great a coward to go to a dentist at first. Well, Jim came then, and of course my nerves were all on edge and the world looked blue and I was all unstrung, and I couldn't see anything in its proper perspective. Everything was distorted and out of proportion—oh, you understand how I felt——"

"Perfectly," said Ruth, with sympathetic comprehension.

"You called him brilliant just now, but it seems to me that even a man might have known better than to make a proposal of marriage at such a time. I thought at once of all the skeletons I had seen in married lives, and of every warning I had ever received from any one on the subject and—well—of course I would not listen."

"I should think not, indeed," Ruth said promptly. "I do not wonder that you called him stupid. I hope that tooth is all right now, Clarice, it has done mischief enough I should say."

"The tooth has been pulled and I have had a night's sleep, thanks."

"Then perhaps you would not object to hearing the story over—Jim," raising her voice, "I think that you may come in now."

Jim came, obedient to the summons, and Ruth, after a murmured "Bless you, my children," had the good taste to leave the room hastily.—Waverley Magazine.

When an Oil Lamp Was a Curiosity.

C. M. Shackelford, a Shelby County pioneer, was the first man to introduce oil in the county. Some time in the '50s he visited St. Louis and brought to Shelbyville two lamps and a couple of gallons of oil.

When the citizens of the village learned it there was considerable excitement—much more than when the electric lights were turned on a few years ago. About 400 people gathered at the store to watch Mr. Shackelford take his life in his hands. He loaded up the lamp, turned the wick and prepared for illumination by fastening a paper lighter on the end of a stick. The crowd looked uneasy, but didn't run, and the new lighting works was an entire success. Oil cost $3 per gallon. Mr. Shackelford bought some to introduce the improvement among his fellow citizens, but he only disposed of a gallon the following year.—Clarence (Mo.) Courier.

Fish and Dog Story From Kentucky.

John T. Parish, of the Holland country, says he has a dog that can catch more fish and better fish than any man. He says that when he arises in the morning, if he feels that he would relish a fish for breakfast, he makes his wants known to his dog, and in a very short time a nice fish is in the frying pan.

Mr. Parish lives near the river, and he says he has erected a little platform on the edge of the water for his dog's use and benefit. He says the dog will perch himself on this platform and watch for his game. When a nice fish that he likes the looks of comes near enough he dives from his perch and never fails to make a catch. During shoaling time he frequently catches two fish at a time.

Whisky Peddled in Wagon Axles.

An entirely novel scheme of whisky-peddling has been discovered in the Chickasaw Nation. The culprits, who are peddlers, travelled in an old wagon drawn by a poor span of Indian ponies and were ostensibly buying eggs and poultry, but on the sly they would sell small bottles of whisky to farmers and Indians throughout the neighborhood at $1 per pint. The officers discovered that both axles of the wagon were of iron and very large. Upon further investigation it was discovered that these axles were hollow and would hold about four gallons each. The peddlers would remove a bolt and insert a small plug and draw the whisky out of these axles.

Russian Fast Days.

Fast days in Russia are numerous. Besides the ordinary Lenten period, which, however, in Russia lasts forty-eight days instead of forty, they have three shorter periods of fasting—one of nineteen days in June, one of fourteen days in August and another of thirty-three days in November and December. There are in addition three single days of fasting.

The Art of Asking Questions

By Bernard Shaw

"DO not ask questions" is the worst piece of social advice which age can give to youth. A man who never asks questions is the dullest fellow in the world. He had better ask too many than too few. We can defend ourselves against curiosity, but no armor avails against indifference; we must resign ourselves to be bored to death.

What is the secret of the art of interrogation? Putting aside quick sympathies, which lie at the root of every social art, we believe the most essential quality for those who would excel in it is directness. The art of asking questions so as to learn, instruct, please and influence is not the art of beating about the bush. The questions which offend and silence are the questions which suggest some ulterior motive. It is a found-out scheme which makes men angry. Anything of the nature of a trap keeps us on our guard. If we fall into one, we resolve it shall be the last time; suspicion kills confidence. Interrogative hints are utterly useless. The average man does not dislike to be questioned; he hates to be startled, crossed, interfered with, reproached, wearied or betrayed. He hates the questions which are not asked with a simple intention.

There are questions which are asked not because the asker wants to know, but because he intends to tell. Others, while ostensibly directed to find out a man's opinion, are really intended to reflect upon his character. Some men inquire as to their neighbors' projects in order to put difficulties in their way. Strings of meaningless questions are poured out by those who pretend an interest in some subject which they neither know nor care anything about.

We believe the conclusion of the matter to be this: The art of interrogation is a serious branch of the social art. Well-asked questions are of the essence of agreeable intercourse, but the interrogative mood will not justify an impertinence, an interference, a verbal assault—nor, for the matter of that, a bore.

The Sympathetic Woman

By Beatrice Fairfax

WHEN a man describes the quality he most admires in woman he paints a vivid word picture of one particular woman and puts in an impressionist background of women in general. He very often becomes conscious of the quality only after he has learned to know and love the woman, and he is quite likely to love some other woman for a totally different quality.

Poets will rhapsodize and philosophers will philosophize over the qualities they most admire, and when they meet the fortunate possessor of the said qualities they pass her indifferently by and fall at the feet of some woman who differs in every respect from their ideal.

From a woman's viewpoint woman's best quality is sympathy. The sympathetic woman is loved by men, women and children. Sympathy is essentially a womanly quality.

How we love her, the woman who when we pour out our tale of woe into her patient ears, puts herself in our place for the time being and finally sends us away with the feeling that there is at least one person who understands us.

The sympathetic woman is not always pretty or stylish or clever, but she is something better than all that, she is lovable. All men like and respect her and seek her society. She is restful and diffuses an atmosphere of untold peace and comfort. Just to go and sit near her is to find consolation.

She never bores because she always suits her moods to her friends and surely the sympathetic woman is the best of all women, for in order to be sympathetic she must possess all of the qualities that go to make woman lovable. —New York Journal.

Evening Play-Centres

The New York Board of Education's Experiments in Recreation

By Alice Katharine Fallows

THE New York Board of Education has already begun the experiment with a number of evening play-centres, some for girls and some for boys, in the ample basements of school buildings that used to stand idle while the street taught its lessons. Pushing open the door into one of these play-centres, the visitor meets a composite rush of sound like the roar of the ocean, and is confronted by a kaleidoscope of humanity, which gradually resolves itself in the figures, long and short, tidy and unkempt, Jew and Gentile, of a thousand boys gathered at long tables all up and down the big room, playing checkers, dominoes, crokinole and the other harmless games. Over in a corner a few little chaps are reading, or, with careful thought, selecting books from a small library.

In a room beyond, athletic boys in all sorts of humorous improvised costumes are preparing under their director for a contest with another team. Class rooms are occupied by intellectual boys, in the alphabet of whose desires A stands for American History or Author's Readings instead of Amusement or Athletics.

Owing to lack of funds, play-centres are still so few that only those over fourteen, who cannot be commanded to go to school in the daytime, are invited to attend. But this class it is particularly important to reach. New York, like most other cities, has offered for a long time evening grammar schools and high schools, helpful and important in their way, but only attractive to the sober and earnest and industrious, to whom the temptations of the street are least alluring. Besides these is always to be found in the crowded districts a flotsam and jetsam of young population, too tired or indifferent to spend the evening in work, that drifts about until it finds its kind. Then comes the saloon or the dance hall, hot blood and swift purpose, and afterward mischief and lawlessness and the things done that should have been left undone.

For such the Board of Education's oases of wholesome play, open every night without money and without price, with no condition except those who enter must be over school age, are a deliverance from temptation—The Century.

Louisiana Purchase and the Territory It Brought

By Noah Brooks

THE upper portion of the Louisiana Purchase was known as the Territory of Louisiana; it comprised all that territory north of the thirty-third degree of latitude, eastward to the Mississippi and westward and northward as far as the undetermined boundaries of the newly acquired possessions might extend. South of this was the District of Orleans with its seat of government fixed at New Orleans. The cession of the upper part of the purchase did not take place until March 10, 1804, when, having received the cession from the Spanish, the French representative handed it over to the agent of the United States with a very brief and simple ceremony.

By these unimpressive proceedings the Government of the United States was put in possession of territory within whose bounds now flourish the States of Louisiana, Arkansas, Missouri, Kansas, Iowa, Nebraska, North Dakota, South Dakota, Wyoming, Idaho, Montana, the Indian Territory and parts of the States of Minnesota and Colorado. The men who were the active agents in the transfer of this mighty land from one national jurisdiction to another, are well-nigh forgotten in the crowd and rush of later, but not less important, events. By this historic purchase the seat of a mighty empire was forever established. By this purchase the possibilities of developing from the republic a world-power were strengthened. Under our benignant rule, comfort, luxury, prosperity, and even variety of material activity fill the wide spaces in which our fathers found only a trackless wilderness. Common gratitude bids us recall with acclaim the names of Jefferson, Livingston and Munroe, who, building better than they knew, made this magnificent transformation possible.—From "How We Bought the Great West," in Scribner's.

AGRICULTURAL HINTS

Pigeon Raising.

Profitable pigeon raising depends upon securing the right kind of stock, careful attention and proper management. Homing pigeons and Dragoons are regarded as the best breeds, while a cross between the two is also favorably mentioned. A large house is better and more economical than several small ones, but in no case should accommodate more than 200 pairs. Pigeons require feed twice a day, the best sorts being cracked corn, red wheat, Kaffir corn, millet, peas, hemp and rice. The importance of varying the diet is insisted upon, as well as plenty of pure water for drinking and bathing and attention to the sanitary condition of houses, nests and yards.

Roup Among the Poultry.

The usual spring batch of complaints are heard about colds among the fowls followed by an alarming number of deaths. This is one of the troubles where prevention is worth all the cures known, for once roup gets into a flock is creates havoc, and even though the fowls are saved, they do not amount to much for a long time. The first thing to do is to make the quarters occupied by the fowls dry, and do it in any way which will bring the desired results. For treatment, if the fowls are not too sick, in which case kill them and burn the bodies, take ten drops of formalin, obtainable at any drug store, mix it in two tablespoonfuls of warm water and, with a feather, swab the throats of the fowls it's a nasty job and you will not need to do it if you will make it a point to have dry quarters for the poultry.—Indianapolis News.

To Handle Barb Wire.

Wire fence is the fence of the present day, and likely to be for more years to come. A farmer often wishes to move a string of barb wire fence to some other place. To do so is a job that tries the patience and cuts the hands. Let me tell you how to handle it and have no more trouble. Take the spool on which the wire was originally rolled run a good, strong, smooth stick through it and drive a wedge in firmly at one end to keep the spool from turning on stick; now fix a crank firmly to one end of your stick and fasten one end of wire to the spool. Two men take hold of the stick, the right-hand man holding the stick with his left hand, and turning the crank with his right hand. Walk right along and you will be surprised how easily and rapidly you can take up wire. A little different form of spool and a crank on each end will take up woven wire the same as barb.—Farm Journal.

Double Eggs.

Hens cannot lay two perfect eggs in one day because the hen's body is not capable of releasing sufficient carbonate of lime to furnish two perfect shells. The first growth of the egg in the hen is the yolk. When this reaches maturity it drops into a long membranous canal, known as the oviduct. As it travels through this canal it receives a coating of albumen, which is the white of the egg. As it approaches the mouth of the oviduct it receives a coating of lime, which constitutes the shell. With a full laying hen this operation occurs only every 24 hours. Once in awhile, however, due probably to stimulation and overfeeding, the ova, or yolks, are produced so rapidly that two of them drop into the oviduct together. These ova travel together along the passage and receive the white separately, but become inclosed in one shell, and when laid are commonly known as double yolked eggs. Such an egg is in reality a double egg, the white being duplicated as well as the yolk.

Exposure of Manure.

When the open barnyard is also the manure heap there is a large surface of the manure exposed to the air. It is true that many farmers use good judgment in keeping the barnyard well supplied with straw and cornstalks, but each should have a separate receptacle for the fresh manure from the stalls. It is claimed that if the manure is thrown out upon the litter of the barnyard the whole becomes trampled and mixed by the feet of the cattle, thus making more manure by adding the absorbent materials known as litter. Such is not the case, however, as the mixture of the two materials—litter and manure—cannot possibly add anything additional to the whole. The proper plan is not to wait for the cattle to trample the stalks and straw, but to shred the stalks and cut the straw, using the clean materials as bedding, and then add such litter and manure to the heap, collecting all manure that falls in the barnyard, if possible daily, thus throwing everything on the heap. If the barnyard must be littered it must be done in a manner to allow of raking up the litter at any time and using it on the heap. The liquid manure should never flow into the barnyard, as the first rain that comes will carry it away, or the heat of the sun with decompose it, but as fast as it can be done all materials should go on the heap and the heap tramped and compacted into as solid a mass as possible, the manure kept under cover and every precaution taken to have the litter fine, using also dry earth, if necessary.—Philadelphia Record.

Growing Onions.

Onions have proved an extremely profitable crop in many sections. Following is advice from the Kansas experiment station on the manner of growing them:

The best soil is a rich, sandy loam, as free as possible from weeds. A well cultivated field of sandy loam that has been well manured with stable manure for several years will grow good onions. Onions should never be put in a soil that is foul or that has been too recently fertilized with barnyard manure unless the manure has been well rotted. Ground that is intended for onions this year should be plowed very early in the spring and disked later. The ground should be well cultivated just before the onions are put on the land.

There are two methods of sowing seed. The old way was to sow in drills in the field as you would peas or other garden crops. After this the fight with the weeds was sure to disgust the cultivator of onions. In the end we had sacrificed many of the plants in trying to kill the weeds and of course had a very poor stand for onions. During the past few years the cultivators of onions for commercial purposes have been growing their onions in hotbeds and then planting them out in the field. Some of the advantages of this method are: (a) The crop matures earlier; the seeds may be sown in the hotbeds in February; (b) the onion transplants with as much ease as any of the garden plants; (c) it materially increases the yield, because of the more even stand and because of the choice of the better seedlings for the row, where if we allowed them to grow in drills, the stronger ones are liable to come up too near together to allow them to grow, and many of the best plants are destroyed, while the weaker ones grow up where we want the stronger ones; (d) it does away with the task of weeding, thus making the production cheaper. By actual experimentation it has been found that the cost of maturing the crop when transplanted is somewhat less than when the seeds are sown in drills in the field.—Connecticut Farmer.

Good Poultry Food.

Milk has always afforded an attractive field for scientific investigation, its possibilities seeming practically limitless, and its uses comprise a long list of articles that have become practically indispensable. Everything, from an infant food to cold water paint, has been got out of the lacteal fluid, and now there comes a new product, made from what has heretofore been an absolute waste. It is the refuse that is left from the process of manufacturing sugar of milk. This waste contains all of the albumen that was in the original milk and many other important elements of food, which, when properly prepared and put into a balanced ration, makes a valuable poultry food, the albumen being so essential to egg formation.

For a number of years Myron H. Bent, of Antwerp, has been a successful poultryman, and about a year ago it occurred to him that the waste produced at the factory of the National Milk Sugar Company at that place ought to make an admirable poultry food when properly fed, being derived, as it was, from milk, which every one who has kept hens knows to be excellent for fowls at all times. He began to experiment systematically, and asserts that he has obtained good results. A separate flock gained from 30 to 40 percent over its previous record when it was fed on meat scrap for animal food, and when the new food was discontinued the egg yield fell back to its old figure, but picked up at once when the new food was fed again. Thereafter Mr. Bent fed it to his entire flock throughout the year, and obtained gratifying results, securing nearly nine thousand eggs from about sixty brown Leghorns during the year. The fowls were fed no other animal food at any time and moulted in the fall better than ever before, and never entirely stopped laying at any time. The flock was healthy and contented. Growing stock also thrived finely, and it seemed to Mr. Bent to be just the food for producing feathers and making eggs, especially in winter. Mr. Bent obtained second prize on a pen at the recent state fair which was raised on this product.—Tribune Farmer.

Hog Notes.

One of the best grains for growing swine is oats.

Let the nest be elevated above the level of the pen.

The hogs should have ashes or charcoal at their disposal, also clean water at all times.

It is best to have two pens for the brood sow—one for feeding and one for sleeping.

Potatoes should always be cooked and mixed with bran into a thick pudding before being fed to swine.

Give the hogs only the amount of feed that they will eat up clean. Any more than this is sure to be wasted.

All grains fed to hogs had best be soaked twelve hours before being fed, especially is this necessary with barley, peas and corn.

All changes of feeding should be brought about gradually. When first in off pasture give bran and mill stuffs gradually working in corn and other concentrates.

Clover and skim-milk pigs can be hardened for market by a ration of corn, barley, wheat or rye. When a predominance of lean meat is desired flavor should be given the last three grains.

When weaning a litter, take only the strongest away at first, then a few more, and so on, so that the sow is gradually dried off. By this method the sow may be saved much suffering and the weaker pigs given a good start.

PRACTICAL GARDENING

TRIMMING FRUIT TREES.

Trim the fruit trees, so as to have the tops open and free, not allowing any of the limbs to touch or cross each other. Much depends upon the first trimming of a young tree, as its shape is then fixed, and the cutting away of the small limbs can be done with less injury to the tree when it is young than at any other time.

TREATMENT OF HEDGES.

When the hedge plants begin to die out the cause may sometimes be traced to lack of plant food. There is considerable wood removed from hedge plants every year when the hedges are trimmed, and this annual loss cannot be sustained by the plants unless they are assisted. Apply wood ashes freely every fall and early spring.

PRUNING.

Few of the old orchards have been properly pruned. The chief trouble has been that the pruning has been spasmodic. The farm orchard is usually pruned but once in several years and then so severely that the trees for a year or two are thrown out of balance, a condition manifested by a great growth of water-sprouts. The proper way to prune is to begin when trees are young and prune only enough to train and head the tree to the desired form. And then as the trees come into full bearing, little pruning is needed, if done yearly, aside from heading in long growths, training the branches, and removing crossed, crotched and weak branches. Late winter, February and March, is the best time to prune. The wounds should be made as near as possible to the tree trunk and parallel with it and not beyond the bulge and at right angles with the branch, as is so commonly done. An old and a good rule is, "prune strong-growing trees lightly and weak-growing ones severely."—Detroit Free Press.

GIANT GLACIER LETTUCE.

There is considerable profit in growing lettuce for market when one can produce heads of large size which are solid and if located near a large town or city. If the location is near a small town it will hardly pay to give much more space to lettuce than is required to produce that needed for the home table. The Giant Glacier, illustrated

GLACIER LETTUCE.

this week, is one of the most promising of the newer sorts which has been fairly treated.

On the grounds of the writer it did not produce the results claimed for it by the introducers, yet had sufficient merit to warrant further and more extended trials. The heads are large and solid, crisp and tender, while the plant stands the heat of summer well, thus greatly extending the season. One of the peculiarities of the variety is the tufted leaves and these, with the large and solid head, makes the variety exceedingly attractive to offer on the market.

HUMUS IN THE ORCHARD.

It is an important point in farming to preserve the humus in the soil where there is no humus. Humus has a value distinctive from that of the fertility it contains. It holds moisture in the soil and also holds some forms of fertility. To increase it in the orchard a good way is to grow legumes of some sort and plow them under at stated seasons. Not only does the cultivator thus increase the humus in the soil, but the nitrogen is increased as it has been caught from the air by these plants. Some follow the practice of not plowing or spading under the green crop, but of mowing and leaving it on the ground. But to our minds this is a very inferior way of getting the good of decaying humus. The air must in that case rob the crop mown of a part of its fertility, especially the volatile portions. Moreover, the roots in the ground cannot get hold of this decaying vegetation, and we see little chance of their benefiting by it. We believe that by all means the crop should be turned under in some way. The soil will then grow more perfect in mechanical structure from year to year and the roots will always be able to get into touch with the humus and the fertility and the moisture in it.

Size of the Sun.

If the sun were hollow it could hold 500,000 globes the size of our earth, and an eye capable of viewing 10,000 square miles an hour would require 55,000 years to see all its surface.