

THE CHILD'S LAST PRAYER.

By C. E. Bolles.

"Now I lay me" softly, faintly,
Came the words from lips grown white,
While the murmur of the river
Sounded through the silent night.
"Down to sleep!" the sleep was dreamless,
That was stealing o'er her now;
Slower grew the fluttering heart beats,
Death-damp gathered on her brow.
"I pray the Lord"—the dear Lord stand-
ing,
All unseen, beside her bed,
Know himself the pang of dying—
Had himself slept with the dead.
"My soul to keep," dear child, he keeps it
Safely in His gentle hand;
Keeps it for a place in heaven,
Among the shining seraph band.

"If I should die"—'en now she standeth
On the river's misty shore;
Only this one crossing over,
And she tasteth death no more.
"Before I wake"—that bliss of waking
Never mortal lips have told;
Songs of angels, palms of glory,
Harps and crowns of purest gold.
"I pray the Lord"—He closer bendeth,
With a smile of tender love;
Waits to bear that pure, white spirit,
To the better home above.
"My soul to take," He takes it gladly,
Where no sin can ever mar,
To that land of peace eternal,
Just beyond the evening star.

The Traveler's Dream.

By L. I. DESLEIGH.

This is the tale of my friend. What advice would you have given to him? I had engaged myself to spend Christmas at Lanfair, and as I love to travel on foot I had informed John Lanfair that I would arrive on the 23d of December, after enjoying a short walking tour in his beautiful section. On the morning of the day which I had named I was within twenty miles of Mr. Lanfair's residence, and doubted not that I should reach it long ere nightfall. The day came on very stormy, but I did not fear a strife with the elements, and I swore that I would not yield. Alone and on foot I had determined to arrive, and in no other manner would I accomplish my journey's end. But I was forced to go slowly; more than once I missed the direct road, and night descended early, still further delaying my progress. I struggled forward, but at length I was sufficiently candid to own that my position was unpleasant. I had lost my way; I seemed to be in the midst of a desert; I was pretty well soaked and the wind was almost sweeping me off my legs as its gusts ever increased in violence.

I was traversing a narrow road of the roughest description that ran through a little piece of wood, and that would, I hoped, bring me to some farmhouse, when for the space of an instant the clouds were blown from the face of the moon, and my eyes could see what lay before me—walls—bare, ruined walls, standing upright in naked ugliness, and presenting in the midst of the tempest a picture of desolation that was perfect. The moonbeams faded, and I was again plunged into utter darkness.

So wretched was now my condition that even in these miserable walls I sought for shelter. I groped along them, guiding myself by my hands, and my search was not in vain. I stumbled against a doorway; the door was open. I passed through, and at least I had a roof over my head. Such a shudder as I never remember to have suffered before shook my limbs and body as I crossed the threshold of this chamber of refuge, but I heeded it not.

I am an experienced traveler, and I know how to keep dry through all weather my matches, my tin lantern, and my tobacco. I lighted my lamp and gazed at my surroundings. Soon I decided that I was in a cottage that must have adjoined a larger house, and that the larger house had been burned down, while the cottage had escaped; there was no pane of glass in its windows, the door was off its hinges, and the floor was covered with the twigs and dead leaves that the winds had strewn upon its surface.

Happily there was a fireplace in which I was able to make a blaze, using for the purpose broken bits of wood, and thus I slowly dried my damp clothing, while I refreshed myself with some sandwiches which I had brought for a possible emergency. The tempest without roared wilder, but the warmth stole over me, overpowered with fatigue, and at last I dropped into an uneasy sleep.

My slumbers were disturbed by the most vivid dream that I have in all my life experienced. I heard a distant clock strike three, and I felt myself oppressed by a heavy sense of suffocation. I saw the door of the room in which I lay open noiselessly, inch by inch, and then as I watched there appeared in my vision the face of a man.

It was a face that will live with me till the day I die, with its black, piercing eyes, its thin features, and a mouth closely shut as if to retain its secrets. From the lips of the apparition issued a laugh, mocking, derisive, triumphant; then it turned away, and the sound of the key revolving in the lock was plainly audible.

Audible, too, were the footsteps of my visitor as he retreated; they were those of one who trod heavily, and who limped. I can swear that he limped. The sense of suffocation overcame me more and more, and now I perceived that the room was filling with smoke, which poured in through every open chink in flooring, door and window.

A flash of flame, and the full horror of my state burst upon me. I was about to be burned alive! In my agony of fear I rushed to the door! It was locked; it resisted all my efforts! My enemy had doomed me to destruction in this horrible manner with a cruelty too cold-blooded for a fiend!

Now I understood the meaning of his laugh. I was to be swept from his path, and he knew that he had achieved his murderous purpose.

I awoke trembling. I struck a light and consulted my watch. I felt no wonder when I found that it was a few minutes after three o'clock in the morning. I remembered that I actually gazed around in nervous alarm, lest the smoke and flames should be present. This was a chimera; still, so painfully had my dream impressed me that I spent the hours that had to elapse before the day broke in continual apprehension of approaching disaster. But nothing happened; the storm abated, and then ceased, and with the first glimmer of light I joyfully quitted the cottage, expressing the earnest wish that I might see it never again.

It was not long before I met with a farm hand going to his early work, and by him I was conducted to the house of his employer, a jolly farmer, who acted toward me as the best of good Samaritans. He fed me, and he clothed me; he drove me in his dogcart to Lanfair, explaining that he was one of Mr. John Lanfair's tenants, but one thing neither he nor his employe would do—they would neither of them allow me to speak of the habitation in which I had spent the previous night. Each uttered the same single exclamation when I sought to tell my story: "You must have stopped at Deadlake Farm!" and with that they closed the subject in a peremptory fashion. Well, Mr. John Lanfair should resolve the mystery.

It was afternoon. My host and I were sitting in his library, with the sun beginning to sink toward the west, and radiating its golden lights, when with the following words my companion narrated the story of Deadlake Farm: "Until some two years ago, Deadlake Farm was occupied by a young farmer named Blythe, who was married to a charming wife, and who only needed children to complete his happiness. No man in the neighborhood was more liked and respected, and no woman was more admired. Indeed, I doubt if I ever set eyes on so perfect a type of rustic beauty as Mrs. Blythe. Troubles never came near to the fortunate couple, who would have been the subject of envy had they been less amiable, but their neighbors sincerely rejoiced in their prosperity. How often have I heard the remark pass round that Blythe's presence at any social gathering made the whole scene look bright.

"Then, without the least warning, the thunderbolt fell. Mrs. Blythe left her home with a companion—so much she declared in a letter—but of that companion's identity the husband had not even a suspicion. "Poor Blythe's distress was frightful to witness, and for a time I feared that his mental powers would altogether give away; but this did not occur, and he settled down into a state of sullen, savage gloom. Then he also quitted Deadlake, bent, as it was commonly believed, upon finding his wife, and avenging himself upon the man who had done him such infamous wrong.

"He was absent for some weeks, and on his return he was resolutely silent about his proceedings. We did not know then, we do not know at this moment, whether he met with the guilty pair. It is all a matter of conjecture. But Blythe now settled himself at Deadlake, and there he resided in absolute solitude; he would not allow even a servant to sleep in the house, and he avoided all intercourse with his neighbors with scrupulous care. It is probable that since he came back from his quest, successful or otherwise, no human being but himself ever crossed the threshold of Deadlake farmhouse. And so matters went on till on the night of the twenty-third of December last year the farm was burned down, and reduced to the total ruin which you have seen."

I started. "Why, then," I said, "last night was the first anniversary of the fire." "Certainly," said my host. "And what became of Mr. Blythe?" "I cannot tell you," said Mr. Lanfair, gravely; "his fate is wrapped up in profound obscurity." "But there is no theory on such a question?" "You have observed for yourself that people shrink from speaking of the subject. They regard it as unlucky."

"But in spite of their superstition they must entertain some opinion," I said. "I imagine," said my host, "that if you could gain possession of their inmost thoughts you would find that most of them are convinced that Blythe, quite overcome by misery, resolved to destroy the house in which

he had once been so happy, and that the fire was his own work." "And he himself perished in the flames?" I exclaimed. "Yes; but I hold it more likely myself that Blythe made up his mind to leave the neighborhood secretly, and without allowing his future destination to be suspected. As to the fire, it may have been intentional or accidental."

"There is another possibility," I said; "the house may have been fired by an enemy, who desired Blythe's destruction." My host shrugged his broad shoulders. "Nothing is known; your imagination may run riot as it pleases."

"Suppose," I continued, with the memory of my dream recurring to me with extraordinary vividness, "the man who stole Mr. Blythe's wife to be living in fear of the husband's vengeance. Suppose him to come in the dead of night to inclose his victim in a locked chamber from which there was no escape, and then to kindle the fatal flames?"

Mr. Lanfair, for a second time, shrugged his shoulders, and then, as true as there is a Heaven above us, there struck upon my ears the sounds of footsteps advancing, with the exact, the unmistakable limp that had beat upon my ears during the preceding night.

Slowly the door of the library opened, and there in the full flood of the sunshine was the very face which had haunted me in the storm and darkness. There were the piercing eyes, the thin features, and the secret mouth; I almost uttered a scream in my amazement. I just managed to control myself.

"Who is it?" I asked, but my host did not notice my feverish agitation. "My secretary," he answered; "my confidential secretary."

And that secretary has been in Mr. Lanfair's employment for years, and is esteemed one of the best of men. Now, should I tell my host of my strange dream?

Such was the question my friend put to me—a question I have not been able to answer.—New York Weekly.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

The number of timber sleepers on the railways of the world is calculated to be about 1,494,000,000, and their value is estimated at about \$900,000,000.

The making of shoes for dogs has now developed into quite a big industry and is especially flourishing in Labrador. The dogs attached to sledges travel at a great speed over the rough ice and some protection for the feet is necessary. The shoes are made of sealskin.

A bald eagle weighing 65 pounds and measuring eight feet from tip to tip was turned loose in the streets of Hutchinson, Kan., recently by the Hutchinson lodge of Eagles. A metal band was placed around the bird's leg bearing the inscription, "I am a member of Hutchinson's aerial of Eagles."

The Scientific American tells of another remarkable feat in house moving. A brick house at Sharsburg, Penn., was moved to Alleghany, a distance of four miles. Most of this was by water, the house being loaded onto a huge coal barge and floated down the river. It is probable that as in most such cases, it cost far more to move the house than to have rebuilt it new.

The builders are at work on a stone viaduct at Plauen, Saxony, over the River Syla, which contains the longest masonry arch in the world, its length being 295 feet 6 inches, measured horizontally from base to base. The Luxembourg bridge across the valley of Petruffe which was completed a few months ago, has a span of 277 feet. The next longest masonry arch is in the United States, near Washington, and is known as the Cabin John Bridge. Its length of span is 229 feet.

Paderewski, the famous pianist, says that his fingers are as precious to him as life, for he could never play if he lost any of them. He takes insurance from time to time to cover special risks, as when he is going on a long journey by land or sea, but apart from these his two hands are regularly insured from year to year. He pays \$4000 annually in this way, with the result that if anything went wrong with one of his precious hands at any time so that he could no longer earn an income by his playing, he would be paid \$50,000 cash.

An English paper tells how on one occasion Joseph Chamberlain was invited to Liverpool to make a speech. It was to be a great celebration. The mayor, who was to preside at the meeting, had arranged a fine dinner for the guest of honor. A distinguished assembly surrounded the table, and at the right of the host sat Mr. Chamberlain. For a couple of hours the company chatted over their food, and finally the coffee was served. It was at this juncture that the mayor leaned over and whispered to Mr. Chamberlain: "Your excellency, shall we let the crowd enjoy itself a while longer; or had we better have your speech?"

"A Prophet Without Honor." "John, you'd better take your umbrella," said the editor's wife. "Isn't going to rain, mother," replied the editor's son. "Your father says it looks like it." "Yes, mother, but you must remember that father said right up into November that everything indicated that the country was very close politically."—Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune.

When War Ceases

How Are We to Handle the Enormously Increasing Population That Will Result.

By George Harvey, Editor of Harper's Weekly.

It is a very interesting subject—the increasing pressure of population upon the earth's capacity for supporting it—which is discussed in the International Quarterly by Professor N. S. Shaler, who, it may be remembered, occupies the chair of geology in Harvard University. The present number of the earth's inhabitants is computed at 1,600,000,000, and it is likely to increase hereafter, owing to the elimination of pestilence and chronic war, at a rate considerably greater than the average rate at which it has increased during the last three centuries. It is certain, on the other hand, that the quantity of tillable soil upon the earth, as well as the stock of other things necessary for man—such as iron, coal, petroleum, copper and other metals or minerals—is far from boundless. When will the demand threaten to exceed the supply?

Professor Shaler calculates that, as regards the earth's agricultural resources, the soil, which, without any considerable engineering work, could now be put under the plough, would support in tolerable comfort about 4,000,000,000 human beings. He further estimates that by drainage, carried out on the systematic and scientific plan which has been applied to Holland, we could add to the tillable area of the United States rather more than 100,000 square miles.

What we are to do eventually for coal, petroleum and iron is a question less easily answered. We are reminded that in the United States today the average annual output of iron is estimated at 499 pounds for every man, woman and child, whereas four centuries ago the needs of men in the most highly civilized country were satisfied with about four pounds a year per capita. If the consumption of iron goes on increasing, where are we to find the ore? As for coal, the exhausting of the mines in England and in the anthracite districts of Pennsylvania is within measurable distance, and vast as is the stock of the bituminous combustible in the United States and China, how long would it meet the wants of 4,000,000,000 human beings? For the maintenance of the recent output of petroleum, the discovery of new deposits is recognized as indispensable. If we may judge from experience, it is improbable that any of the oil-yielding districts already drawn upon in North America and Russia will be productive at the close of the 20th century.

The Ideal of Womanly Beauty

By Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

BEAUTY seems to have no established standards. Were the Venus of Milo or any other classic Venus to drop her marble immobility, and come to life today, I have no doubt she would be more criticised than admired.

Personally I admire dark men and fair women. Whether she possesses the qualities or not, woman is supposed to typify light and hope—to suggest the angel, in fact—and angels are always represented as fair, because they dwell in Realms of Light. Man typifies power, strength, force—and we naturally associate these attributes with dark men, rather than with blondes.

A blonde may be an intellectual giant, but there is almost invariably a pronounced weakness in his character which makes him less a manly man than his swarther brother.

My ideal of a beautiful woman, the type of woman who would most attract me were I a man, is one not under five feet four and a half inches, not over five feet five, in her walking shoes.

Her "net" weight is between 135 and 140 pounds; hair any shade from light lustrous brown to silver blonde—the latter preferable. Eyes like crushed violets, with slight shadows underneath; a mere suspicion of a tilt to a Grecian nose—just enough to save it from severity of line; a low brow, a rounded chin, full lips, with upturned corners, and an expression at once amiable and intelligent, but not intellectual.

Let the intellect be discovered—it must not be aggressively assertive. The background for this picture must be a skin of delicate quality and as suggestive of refined care as the teeth and hair.

The whole personality must radiate health, and through the features must shine a good, loving and sympathetic heart, or else the possessor is only a well-graven image, not a beautiful woman.

While this is my ideal, yet I know scores of beautiful women who are quite dissimilar, as I know scores of beautiful flowers which are not the carnation pink or the rose.—New York American.

Secrets of The Hand

People May Control Their Countenances, But Not the Expression of Their Hands.

By Helen Keller.

THE handshake of some people makes you think of accident and sudden death. Contrast this ill-boding hand with the quick, skillful, quiet hand of a nurse whom I remember with affection because she took the best care of my teacher. I have clasped the hands of some rich people that spin not and toll not, and yet are not beautiful. Beneath their soft, smooth roundness what a chaos of undeveloped character!

All this is my private science of palmistry, and when I tell your fortune it is by no mysterious intuition or gypsy witchcraft, but by natural, explicable recognition of the embossed character in your hand. Not only is the hand as easy to recognize as the face, but it reveals its secrets more openly and unconsciously. People control their countenances, but the hand is under no such restraint. It relaxes and becomes listless when the spirit is low and dejected; the muscles tighten when the mind is excited or the heart glad; and permanent qualities stand written on it all the time.

As there are many beauties of the face, so the beauties of the hand are many. Touch has its esthetics. The hands of people of strong individuality and sensitiveness are wonderfully mobile. In a glance of their finger-tips they express many shades of thought. Now and again I touch a fine, graceful, supple-wristed hand which speaks with the same beauty and distinction that you must see in the handwriting of some highly cultivated people. I wish you could see how prettily little children spell in my hand. They are wild flowers of humanity, and their finger motions wild flowers of speech.—The Century.

The Glory of the United States

By Anatole Leroy-Beaulieu.

TO my view, what makes the greatness of the United States among the nations is less its tremendous economic development than its political institutions and its consciousness of liberty in every field of action and life. This comes back to saying that what has made its greatness is less the country itself than the men who inhabit it. It is less the great expanse of its territory and its natural resources of soil and of wealth underground than the qualities and the energies of the people who have cultivated the magnificence of the beautiful mountains of North America, and made them pay. Nature had provided between the two oceans for a great empire and a great nation. But for this empire to be born and for this nation to take form, live and prosper, it was necessary that it should be inhabited by people capable of exploiting and binding together these vast expanses. In this sense one might say that it is the American who has made America, although between the Atlantic and the Pacific, as elsewhere, there was a mutual influence of men on the land, and the land on men. But as great as this last was, the first seems to have been even more powerful, and this is one of the causes, which from my point of view, bring about the originality and the superiority of the United States.

The causes of its success and of its greatness are not merely material causes due to the generosity of nature toward it. They are, above all others, moral causes, due to the character, the education, the energy and the spirit of enterprise of Americans.



To Improve Poultry.

Make it a point from now on never to use a poor, ill-bred rooster to breed from. You will not have to wait long for your flock to pay a better profit.

Cooked Meat for Poultry.

In the poultry test conducted in this state under the management of Cornell University, the winning fowls were largely, if not almost entirely fed upon wheat and cooked meat. The one in charge of the fowls was able to secure this meat at very little cost, and the fowls were fed about all they would eat of this, the result being that the birds fed upon the cooked meat were credited with the largest egg yield in the test.—New York Weekly Witness.

Hot Water in the Dairy.

Hot water should be freely used in the dairy in the place of warm water or luke-warm water. The lukewarm water is less effective in its work. It is claimed that hot water is even more effective in the cleansing of some dairy utensils than is steam, as the steam condenses when it cools and the moisture that falls on the sides of the utensils, if they are shut up, causes them to rust. Hot water causes the metal utensils to become so hot that they dry off almost instantly when they are taken out of the water.

We are convinced that hot water is not used to the extent it should be. It is a perfect germicide if it is left in contact with the utensils long enough to bring everything up to near the boiling degree. When cold dishes are dropped into hot water it is quickly cooled off, and so is soon reduced below the point where germs are killed. It takes at least 140 degrees to kill typhoid germs and more that that to kill the germs of tuberculosis, and even still greater heat to dispose of all the spores of the various kinds of ferments.

If a person will have the water just as hot as the hands can be put into and not be scalded and then put in a thermometer, the temperature will be found to be from 115 to 120 degrees. It takes 20 more degrees of heat to kill the weakest of the germs we fear. Water at 150 degrees appears to be very hot to the one that is using it, and that is the trouble. The so-called hot water is really more than 50 degrees below the boiling point of times. Such water does not fully do the work intended to be done. The thermometer is the only safe indicator of the degree of heat in the water.

The dairy should be equipped with some kind of apparatus for furnishing a good lot of hot water at short notice. There are laundry stoves with coils in them. These can be connected with a common forty-gallon boiler and used to give water where considerable quantities are needed. The investment is but a small matter, and the results are most excellent.

Nitrogen Fertilizers.

Maryland station experiments with nitrogenous fertilizers are published in a bulletin that discusses the early use of nitrogenous fertilizers, the importance of nitrogen as a plant food, loss of nitrogen from the soil, general conditions indicating the need of nitrogen, quantity of nitrogen annually removed from Maryland farms, the origin and supply of nitrogen in soils, condition of the nitrogen of soils, nitrification, sources of nitrogen, the use of the free nitrogen of the atmosphere by plants, and artificial inoculation.

The object was to compare different times of applying nitrate of soda, just before planting with and without lime, at period of most active growth, and one-half before planting and one-half at a time of most active growth, to test the comparative effects of nitrate of soda and sulphate of ammonia and of lime applied with mineral sources of nitrogen, to compare nitrate of soda combined with sulphate of potash with nitrate of potash, to compare different sources of organic nitrogen, including dried blood, raw and dissolved hair waste, bone tankage, dried fish, cottonseed meal and stable manure, and to test the effect of treating hair and water waste with acid.

The materials were applied in amounts supplying 32 pounds of nitrogen per acre. The crops for which data are given are corn, wheat and hay.

The results in general favor the application of nitrate of soda before planting rather than after the crop is partially grown, and indicate that a top-dressing of this substance pays well as a rule on wheat which for any cause, either poor land or from late seeding, is backward in the spring, although its use is of doubtful benefit on land which is well supplied with plant food.

Nitrate of soda gave uniformly and decidedly better results than sulphate of ammonia, both with and without lime.

Nitrate of potash gave better results than nitrate of soda combined with a potash salt (sulphate), but the advantage was not great enough to warrant the difference in cost which usually prevails.

The organic sources of nitrogen were not as active as nitrate of soda. Of the three principal forms tested

blood stood first as regard effectiveness, leather second and hair last—Mirror and Farmer.

Time to Call a Halt.

During the course of a long ride through a prosperous county of western Ohio one of the most remarkable things to be seen is the abundance of farm machinery, not in use nor stored in barns and sheds, but out in the fields and barnyards. It would seem to the stranger that everyone was too busy to properly house his implements or else lacked shed room for them. A flying view of several states from car windows disclosed the fact that careless farmers everywhere leave their tools to the mercy of wind and weather till fall, and in many cases the year round.

It is time to call a halt on buying machinery if there is no room for it in dry sheds or if the owner is too careless to get it under cover. We are enjoying unbounded prosperity, but that is no excuse for recklessness. If hard times should strike our country many a farmer would sigh for the money he wasted during the years of plenty. A good machine is a profitable investment if it receives good care, and pays for itself by years of service, but when rust eats up the iron, and sun and wind play havoc with wood, no machine can pay dividends to any but the dealer who sold it, and the manufacturer.

If there is anything more untidy than cultivators overgrown with weeds and rusty mowers in fence corners, no one has yet discovered it. The thrifty man tells about his neighbor's good luck and wonders why his machinery is always ready for use. The mortgage on the home is often placed there because the owner invested too heavily in machinery and did not take care of it. I saw a young woman out hoeing potatoes in her bare feet not long ago, while in the barnyard stood an expensive wagon her husband had just had bought. The old wagon was safely housed under some trees and there was no place for the new one in the rickety shed. Manifestly this man should have called a halt long ago. The old wagon properly cared for would have given a dozen more years of service, and the time spent tinkering with machinery ruined by the weather would have been sufficient to hoe all the crops on the place. When the sheriff takes charge of that man's affairs he will whine about bad luck, but his neighbors can tell a different story.

Have your implements under sheds or in the barn so that when the rainy days come you may mend trifling breaks and keep them in good repair. No man can repair a piece of machinery that is a half mile from the barn in a pouring rain. It is so much easier for him to drive to town and order a new one—for thrifty people do business just that way. A small boy begged his father to buy a run-down farm not long ago, and when he was pressed for a reason, said, "Just think of the money I would make selling old iron, for I know Mr. K— would never pick up all his old machines."

The father agreed with his son that if the owner had never gathered the implements together while they were in their prime he would hardly pick up the remains of them; but he did not buy the farm. Like the tools, it was run down till almost worthless, and even the valuable old iron scattered over it would hardly make it a profitable investment. If you haven't time to house your stuff, do without. It is cheaper to hire a neighbor than to waste expensive tools.—Farmer's Review.

Notes From Many Sources.

This is "book-farming," true enough, but it is the sort that is well to know.

The banana produces to the acre 44 times more food than the potato, and 131 times more than wheat.

The nut trees of the world could at a pinch feed a population three times as great as the present number of inhabitants.

It has been estimated that an oak of average size, during the five months it is in leaf every year, sucks up from the earth about 123 tons of water.

Success with stock, as with everything else, depends upon being gentle with them, and upon knowing and understanding each animal individually.

Old sows if properly cared for will raise larger litters of healthier pigs than young sows with a first litter. Will it not pay to keep over two or three of the best rather than fatten all for market?

A farmer from South America paid \$10 an ear for some of the best corn exhibited at the recent world's fair. He wanted quality and did noticker about the price. That corn will probably be heard from.

Statistics, supplemented by estimates where statistics are not available, show that the average cash income of the 18,000 farmers of Kansas is \$2900 a year. Kansas has now about \$165,000,000 worth of live stock at work converting her rich grains and grasses into dollars, and her farmers have been quick to recognize the fact that well bred stock constitute better machinery for this purpose than does the old-time scrub.