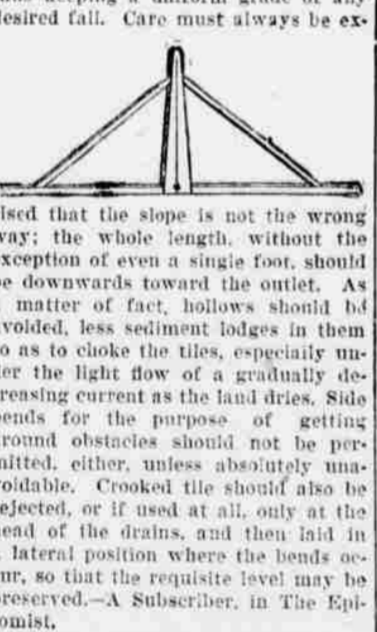


The Farm

The Right Way to Plow.
Measure off a head land on each end of the field as wide as the length of team and plow. Commence plowing at one side of the field one-half land from the fence, plowing back and forth, turning to the right and sliding plow on head land. When first land is done, measure off another land, skip it, go on and plow third land same as first, then plow second land, turning to left. The object in plowing third land before second is to avoid having so many centre ridges and dead furrows, as you would if you took every land as it came. Keep on in this way until you get to the other side of the field, then plow head lands and you have the field neatly plowed without turning square corners, tramping horses heels, lifting plow or tramping plowed ground.

The Two Best Stock Feeds.
All considered, and for general purposes, it is doubtful if there are any two plants or grasses superior to the old standards, timothy and red clover, for stock feed. I know of many dairymen in the West and Middle States that are giving up everything for red clover. On sandy loams it does well if sown only every two, three or even four years, and will stand being fed down close at all times. It is a good plant to sow in rotation with potatoes or corn. To secure best results for clover the land should be cleaned of weeds in the fall. Ground plowed deep in the fall, and recultivated in the early spring, well harrowed and smoothed, is the kind for red clover. About ten pounds to the acre is the quantity sown, mixing with it a little rye, especially where it is sown for pasture. Clover is an excellent plant to restore vitality to worn-out lands, or lands that have become exhausted by grain crops. Its leaves gather food—carbonic acid and ammonia—from the atmosphere, which is in turn carried to the roots and stems, and these, decomposing, afford food for cereals and other crops which must depend on the soil for their life-giving substances. Both for hay and for pasturing, timothy, or "herd grass," stands up well toward the top of the list among the grasses of the West and North. It roots deeply and maintains itself for many years, but as a hay or winter feed, it is better for horses than for cows, though I know farmers who make excellent cattle and sheep feed of it by cutting early. From twenty to thirty quarts of seed per acre are sown. Ground treated as indicated for red clover will produce an abundant timothy crop.—Dennis H. Stovall, in The Epitomist.

Compelling Hens to Seek Food.
There can be opportunity to save expenses by allowing the hens to seek most of their food on the range. It is not advisable to compel them to secure the whole of their food, as they may not always be able to find a sufficiency, but it is best to induce them to seek as much food as possible.



Feeding the Steer.
It requires about one-half as much grain to produce a hundred pounds of gain on calves as on two-year-olds. The work of the Missouri Agricultural College has definitely demonstrated that the most profitable age to fatten cattle is while they are still young. The older the animal the more food is required to produce a given gain. Other stations have also investigated this question and have arrived at the same result.

Lice Can Be Killed.
They can be exterminated. There are several varieties. But in New England the gray and spider lice, or mites, are the most troublesome. The gray lice stay on the birds all the while, but do not breed very rapidly during cold weather, unless the hens are setting, as their eggs do not hatch below a temperature of sixty degrees. As a rule they deposit their eggs on the back and top of the birds' heads, a place where it is difficult for the birds to destroy them. They breed most rapidly on the young chicks.

An Honest Doctor.
They are telling a story of an old man who fell ill and called in a doctor. After a while, as he grew no better, they fetched him another medicine man. This physician, after some preliminaries, inquired: "Did your other doctor take your temperature?" "I dunno, boss," said the invalid; "I ain't missed nothin' but my watch."



Golden-Rod.
When the year is growing sober,
When September nears October,
When the summer sunshine lingers,
Treasured up by unseen fingers
In cheerful sprays of golden-rod.
When October leaves September,
Pressing onward toward November,
When the chilling blasts grow stronger,
Summer clings a little longer,
To yellow sprays of golden-rod.
As November days grow duller
Golden-rod then changes color;
Suits itself to time and season,
With a fact akin to reason,
And flings a faded banner out.
Then daunt it as the winds grow colder,
And gracefully grows old and older,
Though the storms are overbearing,
And the stry chill unsparring,
Without a sign of fear or doubt.
So may age touch us with lightness,
Though youth's gold must turn to white-
ness,
If we early, with persistence,
Prize the good things of existence,
And turn our faces toward the sun.
And of what there is that's left us,
When sands sinking have bereft us,
Gather what we may of sweetness,
Till our days have reached completeness,
And our hands shall fold o'er work well done.
—Charlotte Le Baron, in Our Dumb Animals.

Polo.
We have recently read an account of a polo match at Peterhoff, Russia, resulting in the death of one of the players. From the account we take the following touching description:
Horse and rider still lay motionless. Was it possible that the shock could have killed them both? The man lay just as he had been sitting, turned to one side in readiness to strike the ball; so that, while his feet were still in the stirrups, his head and shoulders had fallen back on the ground.
At this death-like stillness a shudder passed through all that vast assembly; and in the carriage next to us a lady fell suddenly back against the cushions, fainting. Then two or three officers sprang forward, while the players leaped from their horses to assist their fallen comrade. Never have I seen a sign of higher intelligence in a brute than was then exhibited by that little Cossack pony.
As two or three of the officers, stooping, took him by the head to raise him, he looked up at them with pleading, pathetic eyes, as though entreating them to be careful. Then slowly, cautiously, he allowed himself to be drawn away from that prostrate figure, raising himself as much as possible, that he might not crush or injure his beloved master.

No sooner was this weight removed than the officer turned with a quick convulsive movement, and the next moment stiffened as though suddenly changed to stone. It made everyone shiver to see that ominous ghastly motion. The horse was no sooner on his feet than, shaking his head free from the hand that held his bridle, and stepping, oh, so carefully, he passed around to where his master's head lay. The great fur cap had fallen backwards, leaving the bronzed forehead bare. Then—the bystanders all the while looking on in pitying silence—the poor beast came close up, and putting out his tongue, touched the officers face lovingly, licking the temples and brow and running his nose carefully under his chin, as though he would force his master to raise his head and speak to him. Finding this to be of no avail, he lifted his own head sorrowfully, and, looking around at the mute observers of this touching scene, gave a low, pitiful whinny, which said as plainly as words could have done:
"Can no one here help him?"
A choking sensation came into my throat, and in the carriage close around there were scarcely any eyes without tears. But there was no help. He had injured his spinal column, and snapped some ligament connecting with the brain so that—although he was taken to the hospital and did not cease to breathe for several days—he was virtually a dead man.—Wide Awake.

The Sword of Damocles.
There was once a king whose name was Dionysius. He was so unjust and cruel that he won for himself the name of Tyrant. He knew that almost everybody hated him, and so he was always in dread lest somebody should take his life.
But he was very rich, and he lived in a fine palace, where there were many costly and beautiful things; and he was waited on by a host of servants who were always ready to do his bidding. One day a friend of his, whose name was Damocles, said to him:
"How happy you must be! You have everything that a man can wish."
"Perhaps you would like to change places with me," said the tyrant.
"No, not that, O King," said Damocles; "but I think that if I could only have your riches and your pleasures for one day I should not want any greater happiness."
"Very well," said the tyrant; "you shall have them."
And so on the next day Dionysius was led into the palace, and all the servants were bidden to treat him as their master. He sat down at table in the banquet hall, and rich foods were placed before him. Nothing was wanting that could give him pleasure. There were costly foods and beautiful flowers, and rare perfumes, and delightful music. He rested himself among soft cushions and felt that he was the happiest man in the world.
Then he chanced to raise his eyes toward the ceiling. What was it that

was dangling above him, with its point almost touching his head?
It was a sharp sword, and it hung only by a single horse-hair. What if the hair should break? There was danger every moment that it would do so.
Then the smile faded from the lips of Damocles. His face became ashen pale. His hands trembled. He wanted no more food; he took no more delight in the music. He longed to be out of the palace and away, he cared not where.
"What is the matter?" said the tyrant.
"That sword! that sword!" cried Damocles. He was so badly frightened that he dared not move.
"Yes," said Dionysius, "I know there is a sword above your head, and that it may fall any moment. But why should that trouble you? I have a sword over my head all the time. I am every moment in dread lest something may cause me to lose my life."
"Let me go," said Damocles. "I see now that I was mistaken and that the rich and the powerful are not so happy as they seem. Let me go back to my old home in the poor little cottage among the mountains."
And so long as he lived he never again wanted to be rich, or to change places for a moment, with a king.

The Tale of an Unloved Lad.
Had the boy been of more importance more would have been known about him. As it was, he just happened into the neighborhood of the water-front, and, not molesting anybody, was left unmolested.
Where bread is none too plentiful, and where meat only graces the table on payday, time is spent in working and worrying, and fads do not thrive very well. And in that district little was known about genealogy and hereditary influence. So "Bub," as they called him, getting his legacy from Heaven knows where, was different from the rest of the tribe, and therefore lived much alone.
But he did not mind. His days were not worth while recording. Food had to be procured by earning or stealing, and, that done, the bustling life of the shore afforded the best hiding for such a little, unimportant lad. When night came the difference. Then the timber cave under the pier, where "Bub" had spent the winters and summers of what should have been his childhood, became the abode of a mighty sovereign, whose realm was in the sky above.
He was a tyrant, and some nights he frowned sinisterly when some bright star had altered its position and smiled at him from farther down the flimy, vapory dome. His astronomy was not glutted with Saturns, milk paths and planets. All there above him was his land of longing, and every glistening orb was his dear comrade, subjected to the whims of exacting friendship. He spoke to them with severe chiding for having hidden themselves on the night before behind a wall of impenetrable mists, and just as freely praised their supernal lustre when they above glowed in empyrean sheen. Such was his strain, this longing, and, left undisturbed, it flourished mightily.

Another wail, much older and much closer to earth's sorrows, of which he had had his fill, trespassed upon "Bub's" domain one night while the lad was talking to his stars. The other's faith in stars had vanished because his star had fallen long ago. He wanted hiding, sleep, forgetfulness, and, throwing himself upon the dirty floor, he granted his command to "Bub":
"Ah, shut up. There's nothing up above there. Wait till you get as old as me, and then you'll know it's all a sham."
Of course, "Bub" kept quiet then, and huddled himself into a corner.
The pier was old and had to be repaired. So the men came in the morning and found "Bub" and the tramp. The tramp was lazy and indifferent, but the lad was sick.
"Swamp fever," said some.
"Exhaustion," said the others; but neither side insisted much on the right of its opinion.
"They sent for the ambulance—the coach which gives to lazy tramps and little unimportant lads their only free ride—and stood about as people then do.
"Bub" never spoke. He looked straight ahead and his eyes just swept the visible fringe of the sky. So he laid till a tremor shook his slight frame and a thin arm reached for something afar.
"What's the matter with him now?" asked one of the men.
The tramp looked down on the poor little lad and sneered as he gave his answer:
"Ah, that kid is just grabbing for one o' them stars."
Tramps hate the truth, but this tramp did not lie.
"Bub" had reached for his star and had found it. His smile stayed on. The ambulance came, and the surgeon said "Dead."
Then the tramp and his sneer sneaked away.

The Angels' Pictures.
When Dorothy came from kindergarten the other day she asked if mother were home. The maid wishing to tease her, said, "No." On finding that her mother was home, Dorothy went to the maid and said, "Mary, I can never trust you again. You told me a wrong truth."
One day an elderly teacher was questioning Dorothy as to her knowledge. As Dorothy was only four, the questions asked were rather deep. The teacher was satisfied, however, when, on asking Dorothy what a dream was, the child replied: "Dreams are the pictures the angels show us when we are asleep."

Pearls of Thought.
Our joy is a good exchange for many toys.
Living things do not keep to a dead level.
It is never too soon to begin a good thing.
Every laggard believes he is a born leader.
There is no consecration without preparation.
You do not get berries by beating about the bush.
What makes life dreary is the want of motive.—George Elliot.
Courage of soul is necessary for the triumph of genius.—Madame de Staël.
TO COOK VENISON STEAK.
Must Be Put in a Red Hot Gridle, Says Maine Game Warden.
"For the next two weeks," said Game Warden Ross, "the deer that are captured in the Maine woods will be worth the shooting. More than half of the 2,000 animals which have been slain so far have been either lean and flabby does or fawns which no merciful hunter will think of shooting, but now that the love making season is coming on the big fat bucks will lose their shyness and come forth into the clearings, where an average marksman can stay them with ease. If a hunter wishes to know how real venison tastes he must wait until the great bucks roam abroad and pick the finest and sleekest of the herds."
"The cook books and guides tell of more than fifty ways of cooking venison steaks, when as a matter of fact there has always been but one method, which was discovered by some old hunter centuries ago and which remains the only way today. The first requisite is to get the venison steak, then cut it into thick slices—about twice as thick as one would cut beefsteak. Next put an old-fashioned cast iron spider on the coals and heat it until it is red hot—the thicker the iron in the spider is and the hotter it is the better.
"Now chuck in the slices of raw venison and let them smoke and sputter and smell until the under side is black and reduced to coal. Then flip the meat over and use the other side the same way. After this turn the meat into a hot plate, gash it deeply with a sharp knife and pile on the butter until the steak swims. No printed directions are needed to tell one what to do next. The odor of the cooked meat will suggest every detail."—Machias correspondent of the New York Sun.

Newspapers of the World.
Among European countries, according to the Revue Hebdomadaire, Germany stands at the head with 5500 newspapers, of which 800 are dailies. England occupies second place with 3000—809 dailies. France has 2819, of which, however, only one-quarter appear daily or two or three times a week. Italy publishes 1400 newspapers, followed in their order by Austria-Hungary, Spain, Russia, Greek and Switzerland. The total number of newspapers published in Europe is about 20,000.
In Asia not less than 3000 newspapers appear periodically; the largest number in Japan and the British Indies.
Africa has the smallest number of newspapers, only 200 dailies being published in the whole continent, of which 30 are published in Egypt, the balance in the European colonies.
Newspapers published in the United States at the close of 1903 are given by Rowell's directory as: Weeklies, 14,455; semi-weeklies, 493; tri-weeklies, 54; dailies, 2315; total newspapers, 17,223; total periodicals, 3262; total newspapers and periodicals, 20,485.
The daily and weekly newspapers published in the United States are in number nearly equal to the dailies and weeklies published in all Europe.

A Chinese Beggar's Explanation.
Mark Ten Sui, a Chinese merchant of this city, relates the following story of a beggar in Shanghai: A wealthy European resident was riding along in his rickshaw one hot day when a native woman carrying a baby held out her hand and appealed for a copper. The man produced a handful of small change and dumped the coppers into the woman's hand. Then he noticed that it was not a baby the woman was carrying, but merely a large doll.
"I thought that was a baby!" exclaimed the man angrily.
"Too much hot sun, so me leave baby home!" explained the wily native woman, without even the semblance of a smile.—Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

NEW IDEAS in TOILETTES

New York City.—The loose coat is always a favorite one with many women and suits some figures better than any other sort, in addition to



which it is easier to slip on and off and involves less difficulty in the making than do the fitted ones. Here is an exceedingly desirable model that

is eighth yards twenty-seven, two and three-quarter yards forty-four or two and one-eighth yards fifty-two inches wide.

Crepe de Chine.

In black (as well as many colors) there's a crepe de chine raincoat. The rubber back is so thin that the garment has next to none of the objectionable weight which of yore prejudiced so many women.

Five Gored Skirt.

Every variation of the pleated skirt is greatly in vogue and each new one seems more attractive than the last. Here is one of the latest of all models that is made with a kilted founce and plain upper portion and which will be found especially satisfactory for wear under the long coats, although it is desirable for every use of the season. As illustrated, the material is light weight chevrot stitched with bedding silk, but all the skirtings and all the suitings that are not too heavy to be pleated successfully are appropriate. In addition to serving for the coat suit and for the separate skirt, it will be found a most desirable model for the simpler entire gowns for indoor wear, so that it covers nearly every possible use.
The skirt is cut in five gores that are fitted smoothly and are laid in inverted



Eton Jacket, 32 to 40 Bust.

will be much in vogue during the entire winter, both for the coat suit and for the separate wrap, and which is quite appropriate for all suitings, broadcloth, chevrot, homespun and the like, and also for the cloakings that are preferred for the all-round wrap. In this instance the color is black and the material English kersey, simply stitched with bedding silk, but color as well as material is a matter of personal preference and need.

The quantity of material required



for the medium size is eight yards twenty-seven, four and a half yards forty-four, or four yards fifty-two inches wide.

Pretty Silk Coat.

A pretty coat in dark blue rajah silk was made with the waist line high under the arms and dipping slightly in front. The waist had a little vest of velvet, and was outlined on either side of the vest and around the waist with a flat bias of the silk sewed on by hand. In front the band was ornamented with four handsome silk passementeries, with long silk fringes. A similar ornament trimmed the short puffed sleeve, which was further em-

bellished with two ruffles of narrow valenciennes. The silk of the coat was shirred and hung below the knees.
Velvets.
Velvets have hardly begun to appear on the streets, but it is probable that later in the season they will be used almost as much for walking suits as for reception or evening wear. Both in coloring and in softness, suppleness and lustre the new velvets are sensationally improved.