THE STARS.

1 shall walk bravely, bravely through my

days. Though love, that flaming torch that lighted me, Has dropped away in darkness utterly, Shall not faiter on these unguessed ways. Nor ery aloud for any spatk to see The forward stop, lest, failing, 1 might

A lost thing dazed and wanted haze. haze. For God who gives each soul its certain light light for a backness. For a thing dazed and wailing in the

space my go blindly where no guidance

I may go blindly where no government bara; Yet, confident that in this torchless night, Sudden shall break above my upturned face white, unchanging radiance of the The

stars. -Theodosia Garrison in Ainslee's.

************* Billy Henderson, Express Messenger

By T. L. Sappington

"What's that?" Merrihew, express clerk in charge of the car attached to the night mail, was very busy, and his tone was unusually sharp. Billy shifted from one foot to the other and repeated his announcement that he was the new assistant engaged that morning. The man stared at him open-mouthed.

"You?" he cried: "Oh, no, you've made a mistake, son. This is a man's business."

"All the same," said the boy doggedly, "Mr. Booth, the manager, gave me the place, and I'm to make the trip with you tonight."

Billy was not a beauty. His hair was red and his nose turned up, and at some remote period he had lost a front tooth, but the light in his blue eyes warmed your soul, and perhaps that is why Mr. Booth was inclined in his favor.

"Gave you the place, did he?" re-marked the messenger, scowling. "Well, we'll see about that." And leaping from the car he strode into the office.

When he emerged a few moments later, his manner was still more belligerent. "Come on, now," he growled: "what are you standing there for? Off with your coat; there's plenty to do."

Without a word the boy followed him into the ear and was still hard at work when the engine shricked and the train pulled out. And so Billy Henderson entered the service of the Great Western Express Company; and Merrihew saw to it that his lot was anything but an easy one. His blunders, both large and small-and they were numerous at first-were commonted on cruelly, and he was never allowed to forget for a moment that the place he filled really belonged to some one of the group of eager and adult applicants who clamored for it.

"You'll last just so long," said Merrihew one evening as the train swung onto the main line. He illustrated his remark by measuring the length of his forefinger. "Booth thinks he's smart working in a kid like you, but he'll think different tomorrow."

"I wish I knew what made you so down on me, Mr. Merrihew," said Billy. "I can't help being a boy, and has to commence somea fellow where.'

"Then why don't you commence in the right place," snarled the met

corpse? As it is, we got the blamed remains instead of the baggage master."

Billy, only half awakened, merely nodded in response to the grumbling of his companion. With heavy eyes ne noted the lantern suspended from the swaying ceiling, the hunched up figure of Merrihew as he sat before the open safe checking his slips, and the sombre outline of the casket on its treatles extending lengthwise in front of him. And then drowsiness again overcame him.

It seemed that some one called. Still in doubt, he lay listening. Surely somebody was speaking, and it was not the messenger's voice, either. He lifted himself on his elbow, now fully alert. The smoking lantern cast a fitful light about the car, and at first Billy thought he was dreaming, for Merrihew, his usually ruddy face wearing a horrid pallor, was standing under it, his hands raised rigidly above his head, while at his breast was levelled a pistol held by a masked and bearded individual who sat cooly upright in the bewreathed casket. The corpse had come to life. Evidently the bandit supposed the

clerk to be the sole occupant of the CBT. Only half the cover of the box was raised. This being hinged had enabled the intruder to make his appearance with the silent swiftness necessary to take the unsuspecting messenger unawares.

"Turn out your pockets," command ed the outlaw; puick now!

Not daring to resist, the unhappy Merrihew did so, his belongings dropping to the floor with successive thuds, his revolver among them. Bily's pulse beat fast. The man's

back was toward him, but he had no weapon. In a rack directly above however, reposed three blue glass fire extinguishers, long-necked bot tles to be thrown in case of a conflagration.' Noiselessly he rose his feet. Softly he extracted two of them, his eyes fastened in dreadful fascination on the figure in the coffin.

Perhaps Merrihew's face gave the bandit a clew, for just as Billy hurled the bottle in his left hand the fellow turned with a yell and fired. Although unhurt, the noise of the explosion startled the bey, and his missile did no damage, but the other bottle, following instantly, reached its mark.

Half blinded by the shower of bro ken glass and sting of the gushing fluid the ruffian swaved drunkenly, and in that moment the lad upon him like a wildcat. By was. this time, too, Merrihew had recovered his wits and his weapon, and when the robber had regained his sight he found himself a prisoner.

Grimly the messenger ordered him to climb out of the box and empty pockets, Billy meanwhile pinching the belirope the proper number of times to bring assistance from the train cre w,and ten minutes later the disgusted lawbreaker sat in the smoker tightly bound, with an armed brakeman sharing his seat. His confederate, waiting with a team at the lonely spet where it had been planned he should leave the train with his booty, whipped up his horses and fied when he saw the express rush by.

The next morning Billy stood on the platform of the terminal station as the railroad police passed with the bandit on their way to the street. The hard-visaged fellow paused

"Hold on a minute," said he to the officer grasping his arm. Then he stepped up to Billy. "I don't know your name," he said, "and I don't want to know it, but you're all right. Yes, sir; you're the boy for your job.'



was, I doesn't presume to say, 'cause

nuther thing, Mr. Wizzle Wuzzle never

"But be dat all as is may, honey,"

said the old woman, after a pause, "got

nuthin' 'tall to do wid what Ise gwine

say, an' dat is dis: dat the day when

Mr. Butterfly had rid up to de pos' of-

"Rode up to the post office to get his

mail, Aunt Matilda?" repeated the lit-

tle girl, in a doubting, questioning

"I done said, honey," replied the old

woman, slowly and precisely, "dat one

day when Mr. Butterfly had done rid

up to do pos' office fo' to git his mail--

an' dat's jes de percise words of Mr.

Wizzle Wuzzle hisself, chile-Mr.Coon

what was de postmaster, say 'Howdy,

Mr. Butterfly? How is yo' a-feelin' to-

day, sah?' An' Mr. Butterfly, as he

done tuk his mail from Mr. Coon, say,

'Howdy, Mr. Coon? Ise a-feelin' so

well today, sah, thank yo', sah, dat I is

filled wid 'stonishment, sah, at de height of my puflick wellness, sah."

"Den, honey, 'cording to Mr. Wizzle Wuzzle, Mr. Coon, 'spress hisself to de

'fect dat dere's sech a thing as bein'

too well in dis here worl', an' he 'vised

Mr. Butterfly dat of he has a'feelin' dat

well hiself he'd see de doctur right off,

Yas, yas, Mr. Coon,' says Mr. Butterfly,

'I knows puffickly well, sah, all dat yo

gwine say, but yo'll 'scuse me, sab

when I says, as I does, sah, dat I'll walt

till I'se sick, sah, befo' seein' de doctur.

sah.' An' wid dat, honey, Mr. Butter-

fly jumped on his horse an' rid off. But

as he done rid off, ole Jedge Owl looked

up from de paper date had jes' come in his mail, an'-"

tilda?" asked the little girl.

"Do owis read the papers, Aunt Ma-

"I'se never seen no owls a-readin' of

de papers, honey," replied the old wo-

man, "but I'se been here too long,

chile, fo' to b'lleve onliest what I sees

an' as Mr. Wizzle Wuzzle 'stinctly say

dat ole Jedge Owl was a-readin' of his

paper, course dat's 'nuff fo' me. But

wedder he was a-readin' de paper nur

sumthin' nuther else got nothin' 'tall

to do wid de fac' dat, as Mr. Buterfly

rid off down de road, ole Jedge Owl

ups an' says to Mr. Coon: 'I'se inclined

to b'ileve wid yo', Mr. Coon, dat, dero's

sech a thing as bein' too well in dia

here worl', an' I furder b'lleves wid

yo', Mr. Coon, dat when yo' is a-feel-

in' right smart mo' den jes' toler'ble,

den dat's de time fo' to look up de

doctur 'bout it.' An' sure 'nuff, honey,

Mr. Coon an' ole Jedge Owl was right."

There the old woman stopped, as if

she had nothing more to say, which she

often did when she had reached an

interesting point in her stories, but

the litle girl well knew she would con-

tinue, so she kept very quiet, and then

"As I was a-sayin', honey, Mr. Coon

an' ole Jedge Owl know what dey is a-

talkin' 'bout. An' yit it done happen

sooner den dey 'magined it was gwine

"What was it that happened so soon,

Aunt Matilda?' asked the little girl,

as the old woman again most provok-

"Well, honey, nuthin' mo' nur less,'

she continued, "den de fac dat Mr. But-

terfly drapped dead while he was a-

laughin' an' a-talkin' at de supper

table dat evenin'. An' he die dat sud-

the old woman said:

happen."

ingly stopped.

fice fo' to git his mail-"

done specify it.

manner.

Ingenious. A sweet little boy who went to school Was up to all sorts of tricks. He discovered that 9 when upside down Would pass for the figure 6.

when asked his age by a strange 80, once, The cate little youngster said, Tri 9 when I stand on my feet like this, But 6 when I stand on my head!" --New York Times,

Use of Medicine.

"Medicine," said a little girl, "is something that makes you careful not to catch cold 'again." "Mamma," he said at dinner, "may

have another piece of pie?" "Why do you ask," answered his

mither, "when you haven't eaten what you have on your plate?" "But, mamma, if I could have an-

other piece, I wouldn't eat the crust of this one."-Harper's Bazar.

Feeding the Sparrows.

I am going to tell you about feeding the little sparrows last winter. When the snow was on the ground I used to put bread crumbs out on the win dow sill, and in the beginning they were afraid to come near enough to eat them. But when they learned I would not harm them they came by the dozens every morning for their breakfast. Now, when there is no snow and it is so warm, I feed them in the back yard every morning and evening, and they are so tame that I can almost pick them up. I guess this is all for this time. I hope I will be successful. If at first you don't succeed, try, try again.-Amanda Van Billiard, in the New York Tribune.

Two Pet Bantams.

I want to tell you about a pair of white cochin pet bantams given me a few weeks ago. Their names are Peter Pan and Miss Prudence. Miss Prudence has laid nine eggseight of which are set under another hantam owned by one of my boy friends. Peter Pan is very tame and talks to me in his own language every time I feed them. I have made a house for them with a door and a place in the top where I can look in and a nest box where Miss Prudence lays her eggs. I have also made a screen to keep off the sun and rain, and in the yard is a shell box and drinking fountain. Hoping my letter is interesting, I remain, your constant reader, D. Oswell Shephard-In the New York Tribune.

Mistake Mr. Butterfly Made.

"How are you this morning, Aunt Matilda?" asked the little girl of the old woman.

"Well, honey," she answered, "Ise feelin' so well dis mo'nin' dat I is gwine see de doctur 'bout it."

"Why, Aunt Matilda," exclaimed the little girl, "what in the world do you want to see the doctor when you are so well?"

"'Cause I don' fo'bet de sperience of Mr. Butterily. Dat's why I alwus makes it a p'int to see de doctur when I gits to feelin' well as I does jes' now.

"I have never heard of the experi ence of Mr. Butterfly, Aunt Matilda,' remarked the little girl, "but I do not see why you should see a doctor unless you are sick ...

den, honey, dat Mr. Wizzle Wuzle say "Course, honey, said the old wedat lots of de folks didn't know nuthin' man, very solemnly. "I isn't a-denyin' da yo' shouldn't see de doctur when yo' is sick, but jes' the same, chile, Ise one of dese here folks what what b'lleves dat yo' better see de doctur, an' see him quick, when yo' is a-feelin' right smart mo' den jes toler'ble, fo', as I done said, I isn't done fo'git de sperience of Mr. Butterfly, "Suppose you tell me, Aunt Matilda," said the little girl, as she scated herself in the old woman's great chair, "all about Mr. Butterfly. "Reckon I better had, honey, fo' den yo' gwine' 'preciate de reason of seein' de doctur when yo' is a-feelin' so perticlur fine. Dat is, honey, Ise gwine tell yo' de same as Mr. Wizzle Wuzzle done tele it to me. Mr. Wizzle Wuzzle, he says dat in de olden time, jes' how fur back even Mr. Wizzle Wuzzle hisself disremembers, Mr. Butterfly was one of dese here s'perior pussons what yo' can't tell nuthin' 'tall to-one of dese here folks what stops yo' in the middle of a word when yo' starts in fo' to tell 'em sumthin' nuther a-by say': 'Yas, yas; I knows all dat puffickly. Puflickly, sah.' Dat is, honey, one of dese here know-alls."

AGRICULTURE

Silo the Corn Crop.

The blades and stalks of the corn crop alone contain 45 percent of the nutritive value of the entire crop. We have called attention to this fact several times in order to prompt farmers to silo their corn crop when they have live stock to feed, as 45 percent is too great to allow to go to waste .--Indiana Farmer.

Don't Neglect the Colt

The farmer owning 40 acres or more of land, who does not raise at least one colt every year is not doing his best. The mare will do most kinds of farm work and raise her colt without much loss of time. If the colt is proporly handled from the beginning it will not give much trouble. Never allow it to run after its mother when she is working. This worries and frets the mare, and it wears out the colt. Reep it at the barn, loose in a box stall, and tempt it with a little clover hay and oats. Early colts will be weaned pretty soon now. If they have been brought up to this point right, weaning does not mean much. Feed more frequently with sweet clover hay, oats and corn, and the colt will soon be able to take care of itself. Keep it in the barn at night and allow it to run with other young stock in the pasture during the day .-- Indiana Farmer.

Mangels or Turnips for Cows.

Where silos are not had to provide succulent feed for diary cows, many do the next best thing by growing turnips or mangels. There is always the one objection to turnips-the risk of tainting the milk; and especially does this turnip flavor develop in butter after it is held some time. It is claimed that if you feed turnips directly after the morning milking there is no danger of taint; however, we would not care to risk our reputation as a buttermaker on it. If you cannot put up sliage and must have something else. why not raise mangels. You can raise more of them to the acre than you can turnips, and you can avoid the risk of turnip taint. But whatever you do, don't fail on a good store of succulent feed for next winter. Cows do their best when on clover. You can provide sweet clover hay for next winter, but succulence must come from some other source .-- Indiana Farmer,

Storing Alfalfa.

After a barn the next best place for storing hay is a shed with an adjustable or lifting roof. The ground dimensions should be ample to allow the first cutting to cover its floor and not be over five or possibly six feet deep when first put in. The bottom of the mow should be raised at least one foot from the gorund, and the floor space every three feet. eoPlarot shrd space every three feet. Poles or joists covered with dry straw or old hay make a good floor. Spread the hay over the entire floor surface, on a layer of straw or other dry material. Use barrels or boxes as recommended for ventilation in the barn, and lower the roof until the second cutting. For such a roof the covering should be of some such material as ruberoid, and the rafters need not be heavy except about every sixteen feet. Strong iron clamps can be easily adjusted to the supports. When the second cutting is ready, raise the roof, which should be in sections, and put the second crop on top of the first Follow this plan for all other cuttings. If a shed with a stationary roof is used ry straw, or hay, or corn stover

period and the winter. on the other hand, are pushed rapid as quick maturity is a matter of o siderable importance if a good pro-is to be made. The lambs make a be ter growth while young at less cost pound, and taking all things into co sideration, it is more desirable to get them off the market at the earliest possible moment.

I allow my ewes the run of a good mixed pasture, with access to a little clover, and they do exceedingly well. I feed them no grain at this time. The flock is provided with a plentiful supply of good, pure water, which is very essential, as a discouraging outcome is apt to be the result if they are allowed to drink impure water. I feed the lambs a small quantity of onthe mixed with a taste of bran as an apitizer, and allow them the run of a fresh clover pasture, which keep them growing nicely.

Frequent change of pastures is great help with sheep, particularly with the lambs, which are rather particular about what they eat. If they are turned into a new range after shower it will be surprising to an how thoroughly they will go over the grass again, even though it has been cropped closely before.

I watch my ewes and lambs closely for any indications of stomach worms or other insect pests. I keep the stable darkened and accessible, so that they may get away from the files in muggy weather.

Sheep must be properly handled to be profitable, and no one will have good success in raising these animals unless he gives them good care and attention at all times .-- W. H. Underwood in the Indiana Farmer.

The Profitable Turkey.

The turkey is one of the most profitable of all classes of domestic fowls. They are only adapted to the farmer who has an unlimited range for the but on such a range they will do a immense amount of good during the summer season by destroying grasshoppers and other insects, turning these into flesh that is always in demand for good prices. It is probable that a pound of turkey meat can be produced on a farm as cheaply as a pound of park; but even if it cost much more it would still be profitable, for turkeys always sell for much more

May is a good month in which to hatch turkeys as the young turkeys come out just when the weather is settled and steadily warm and insects become plentiful.

For the last three years dressed turkeys have retailed all the way from 19 to 26 cents a pound, owing to their scarcity. From reports to date this scarcity seems still to exist. This condition has stimulated the raising of turkeys to a marked degree, and the writer has been one of those who has been tempted, by reason of the high prices, to engage in the industry.

At the outset, it must be said that one's knowledge of raising chickens, no matter how extended that knowledge may be, or how successful one may have been, is not of much value when it comes to raising young turkeys. Their nature is so different and the method of caring for them so different that one must learn it as a business distinct and separate from that of chicken-raising. We do not say one can not combine the two, for we believe it can be done successfully.

One may take a brooder full of chicks, and, provided they are well hatched and vigorous, can, by the usual care and attention, raise the majority to maturity, but not so with turkeys. He can hatch the eggs in an incubator with good success as turkey eggs are usually better fertilized thau hen's eggs but he can not confine them in brooder runs, and unless he has broody turkeys or hens to mother them when hatched he may lose the greater portion. They must be given their liberty at a very early age, as the wild instinct, especially in the bronze variety, is so strong that, unless given their freedom to roam and forage over fields and pasture, they will sicken and die. Turkeys are more creatures of habit than any other of our feathered fowls; yet, while they will roam over the prairie during the day in search of food, they will always come nome at night if one will make a practice of feeding them, however lightly. have never been troubled by their staying away at night, for as soon as they return, about sunset, we immediately take a dish of grain and they follow us straight into their house, knowing they will receive a small ration of food .- Indianapolis News.

ger, "What do you want to take a man's job for? Ain't I got responsibility enough without having an infant like you to look after? I don't know what the company is thinking of, but it won't work, and we've fixed an age limit, and we're going to tell Booth tomorrow."

Sure enough, the next day a delegation waited on Mr. Booth and demanded Billy's instant discharge and an assurance that no assistant messengers would be taken on under the age of twenty.

At first the manager was inclined to refuse to treat with the committee at all, but after consulting higher officials of the company and carefully canvassing the strength of the combine it was thought best to sign the agreement and Billy received notice that his services would not be required after the end of the week.

Of course he was indigmant. "1 don't think you've treated me fairly at all," said he to Merrihew. It was his last trip in the company's ser-The night was cold and rainy, vice. and his spirits were as dreary as the weather.

"Oh, shucks," replied the man, carelessly. "You wouldn't have held the place anyway. It was never meant for a boy. Suppose something happened to me, what would you do here all alone?"

"I'd do my level best," said Billy, "Humph! Maybe you would, but it might turn out to be the worst under the circumstances."

The night mall made but few stops and the two clerks generally took turns napping it. Since passing the switch tower Billy had been stretched out on the heap of blankets that served as a couch in the corner of the car. He had not yet grown accustomed to the all-night vigil, and, spite his sore heart, it was not long efore his eyes closed and he forgot his troubles

He was still sleeping when the train came to an unexpected halt at Fenton, a small flag station, to take on an undertaker's box, much to Merrihew's disgust

"Nice lot of mourners they are in at town," muttered the clerk. "Why midn't they travel with their old

"You bet he is." said Merrihew, clapping Billy affectionately on the back; "and he'll hold it, too, whether the other fellows like it or not."

Glass Clothing.

Spinning glass for practical uses was very well known by the ancient Egyptians, and we are now rediscovering it. Spun glass has long been known as a suriosity. A Frenchman in the middle of the last century de veloped the process along commercial lines, but died wihtout revealing his secrets. These seem, however, to have been recently rediscovered in Germany.

Glass thus drawn out into very thin threads is flexible and it is thought it will be possible to spin and weave it into clothes. These garments would be incombustible, non-conducting, and impervious to acids. They can be beautifully tinted by using tinted glass. The insulating properties of the glass-wool would render it valuable as packing where it is desirable to keep in or exclude heat. In this case we should be resorting to the mineral kingdom for our clothes, though as yet we have not got those asbestos garments which could be washed by throwing them on the fire .- Pittsburg Despatch.

New Watch For the Blind.

To enable the blind to tell the time by a specially constructed watch various devices have been invented. The latest, of German origin, is a watch which instead of the twelve figures on its face has twelve knobs. By an ingenious mechanism each knob in succession sinks for an hour that butterflies ever went to church into the dial. The usual watch ring being at the XII., the blind person feels along the face of the watch until he comes to the space where the knob has disappeared. This indicates the hour. The ordinary minute band is represented by a Shorter and stronger indicator, which is raised so as to clear the hour knobs, and by which the minutes can be teld, or rather felt, with surprising execti-tude.—New York Sun.

"I think, Aunt Matilda," remarked the little girl, "I have heard of just that sort of a person.'

"Well, honcy, " replied the old wo-man, "den yo' knows percisely de sort of pusson what Mr. Butterfly was, an' Ise sorry to say, chile, dat dey isn't all Mr. Butterflies, needer. But, howsomever, at dat Mr. Butterdone had his good traits, fo' I 'mem bers 'atinctly dat Mr. Wizzle Wuzzle say dat Mr. Butterfly was charitable an' dat he was one of de leadin'est members of de church, an'-'

'Why, Aunt Matilda,' interrupted the little girl, "I never before heard "Well, as to dat, honey," said the old woman, "I isn't a-sayin' dat I ever done seen 'em tendin' church myself, but I'se lived long muff fo' to know dat what Mr. Wizzle Wuzzle says he done

tall 'bout it 'till dey see de funeral percession a-comin' down de street an' hear de ban' a-playin' at de head of any kind of a shed or covered structure

"With a band at the head of the procession, Aunt Matilda?" Interrupted the little girl. "Why, Aunt Matilda, I never heard of such a thing as a butterfly's funeral."

"Well, honey," remarked the old woman, "I never heard of it nuther 'til Mr. Wizzle Wuzzle done tole it to me. But Mr. Wizzle Wuzzle he 'splained to me dat Mr. Butterfly was a great s'clety man, b'longin' to dis s'ciety an' to dat s'clety, an' I don't know what all else s'clety, so dat mo' s'cleties done turned out to Mr. Buterfly's funeral den I kin tell yo' 'bout. An wid all dem s'cieties, honey, I'se wonderin' why dey didn't have mo' den les' one ban'.

"But, honey, dev only had dat one ban' I'se a-tellin' yo' 'bout, an' yit dat's got nuthin' 'tall to do wid de fac' dat Mr. Butterfly done die sudden. An what's mo', chile, de docturs don't know no mo' what's de matter with Mr. Butterfly, 'cept dat he's dead, den yo' nur me. But I knows dis, honey, dat Mr. Wizzle Wuzzle say dat Parson Crow, dat 'ficiated at de funeral, say to de mo'ners an' de udder folks: 'Bredderen an' sisters, on dis mo'nful 'casion. I wants to 'spress on yo' de impo'tance of a-seein' de doctus when yo' is a-feelin' right smart mo' den when yo' is a'feeling right smart mo' den jes tolerable. To feel jes tolerable in dis here worl' of sin an' triblashuns, bredderen an' sisters, is 'bout all we po' miserbul sinners is 'titled to feel, an' I wants to warn yo' bredderen an' sisters, dat when you gits to a'feelin mo' den jes' tolerable dat's de time fo to drap whatever yo' is a-doin' an' start off fo' de doctur jes' as fas' as yo' kin git dar."

"An, honey," said the old woman. very slowiy, and very solemnly, "I'se never done fo'git what Parson Crow done say on dat 'casion, an' dat's why, chile, I alwus make it a p'int of seein' de doctus fas' as I kin when I finds myself a-feelin' mo' den jes' tolerable, thank yo'."-Washington Star.

watch is composed of ninetyeight pieces

should be put on top of each cutting to protect the alfalfa from rain. Almost is preferable to a stack .-- From Coburn's "The Book of Alfalfa."

Methods of Poultry Management.

The work in poultry management at the Maine Experiment Station has been of great value to poultrymen, especially those located in the colder portions of the United States. Systematic work with Plymouth Rock hens was begun more than ten years ago with a view to an increase in the yield of eggs, and to developing the most satisfactory methods of hatching, rearing, feeding, etc.

An interesting feature of the work is the use of trap nests. A band with a number is placed on the leg of each hen. The nest boxes are constructed to that the hen as she goes in springs a trap which closes a door after her, and she remains a prisoner until released by an attendant. In this way, a exact record of the egg laying of each hen is secured, and the experimenter is able to select the best for breeding purposes.

The United States Department of Agriculture has lasued for free distribution a Farmers' Bulletin describing the Methods of Poultry Management at the Main Station. He describes in detail the construction of the buildings used, especially those known as "curtain front" houses; the methods of feeding; the use of disinfectants, etc. It contains many ideas and suggestions that will prove helpful to the practical poultry raiser.

Management of Sheep.

I wean my lambs during the latter part of July. Some advocate allowing them to continue to run with the ewes, but the latter will do much better without the lambs, and with plenty of pasture the lambs will make better growth if they are separated from the owes.

Food requirements of the ewes and lambs are very different at this time, which makes a separate box more accessary. I do not fatten the ewes but put them into plump condition preparatory to entering the breeding

Farm Notes.

Eggs should be culled the same as other things.

How many raisers test the eggs they guarantee to be fresh?

When a hen is not kept well she can't be expected to do well.

It is said to be best to start raising poultry in the fall rather than in spring.

Try shaving some young sweet corn, or even field corn, for the young chicks and see how they will go for it.

Make the best of what room you have, but above all things don't try to keep too many fowls on a small place.

You don't have to wait for the incubator to get broody and then if you don't want to set it you don't have to break it up.

Every boy living in the fruit and truck district would do well to make himself thoroughly acquainted with udding and grafting.