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At least one case of simon-pure insanity has been taken into the Chicago courts. Mathew McNamara, who owns "flats," declines to collect his rents because he desires to keep his tenants contented. Even a jury of medical experts will agree on Mac's case; and if they can devise a method by which that type of insanity can be multiplied in the town, they will become for the first time in their professional lives benefactors of their fellow men.

It has come to be a chief glory of the modern age to use English well. Long as the polished French held pre-eminence as the language of diplomacy, supplanting Latin in courts as English supplanted Latin in our common literature; intrenched as French is still in even the official publication of the German Empire, Almanach de Gotha—monument to the influence of Voltaire; rich as is German, and never mightier than to-day, for music is bearing its sonorous verse to all lands that love grandiose song—the progress of English alone is keeping pace with advancement of frontiers of civilization. In the far north, in the South Pacific, at the equator, it is becoming the paramount tongue. In Australia it is taking the place of old held by German. In portions of what were originally Dutch settlements it has succeeded Dutch to a large degree. In Russia and in Germany it is second only to the vernacular, and the next international conference will doubtless adopt it as the most expedient medium. What legislation cannot do commerce has done All artificial efforts to preserve old or to propagate new vocabularies have proved and must continue to be futile. Ancient languages have their own imperishable and reserved place in the love and learning of mankind. All modern tongues, many of them surviving civil proscription, should be cherished by those to whom they are cradle speech, and studied by all who can. English is the language of destiny. They to whom it is cradle speech can well afford to study it with worship. It should be their care to protect it against violation or intrusions. For noble sentiment, profound truth, broad wisdom, or eloquence or tenderness, it is needless to wander from it into other tongues, be their true accents lost in the dim music of antiquity, or be their organic forms plastic in the pottery of contemporaneous life.

In commenting on "lassoing," the peculiar method San Francisco park police employ for catching runaways, the San Francisco Chronicle remarked with gentle pride: "In no other park in the world is the lariat used by the police. When the effete cities of the East and Europe come to know what a handy thing it is, they also will, doubtless, arm their park officers with it. The lasso was used by the Spanish and Mexican vaqueros in California before other people appreciated its merits, and in the advance of civilization it has not been cast aside, but been more generally employed." It is very true that the lariat is not used "in the effete cities of the East and Europe," but it is very doubtful whether they can be induced to see "what a handy thing it is." In Central Park, New York, and in the great pleasure-places of Europe where driving and riding are allowed, there are, of course, runaways, and there are mounted police. These men are daring and skillful horsemen. They are trained to stop runaways, whether the horses are under saddle or in harness. They ride up beside the runaway, and seize the frightened animal in certain prescribed ways which experience has taught them to be most effectual. At the annual horse-show in Madison Square Garden, New York, one of the sights of the show is the daring riding of the Central Park police in catching a fleet horse in a light cart, representing a runaway. So in Hyde Park, London—the mounted police are bold and skillful horsemen, and have saved many lives. Yet if they were to introduce into Rotten Row the whirling bolas of the South American gaucho, the reata of the Mexican vaquero, or the lariat borne by the cowboy of the wild and woolly West, we fear that most of the horses of the British nobility and gentry would take to climbing trees, while those animals who remained on terra firma would at once leave the county of Middlesex.

CARPE DIEM.

The things to come are bubbles,
That we have had is ours;
The frosts may doom Hope's dearest bloom,
But never Memory's flowers.

To-morrow is a maybe,
But Yesterday has been;
And dear To-day is here to say,
"Who use me well are mine!"
—Charles F. Lummis, in Harper's Weekly.

A GOOD TURN.

BY WALTER LEON SAWYER.

EASY-GOING Mr. Balcom rose early that morning, and hurried off to the city as soon as he had swallowed breakfast. That was not his way, and Mrs. Balcom wondered; but, being a good wife, she asked no questions. Before she had fullly accommodated herself to the novel event, the man-of-all-work gave her another surprise, presenting a telegram which set forth that his sister was ill and needed him. Of course Mrs. Balcom let him go. It did not occur to her that the double departure left her and the children unprotected, and if it had she would have smiled at the idea of danger. She did not know that there was a burglar in town.

Mr. Balcom did know. As he came up from the train the evening before, his neighbor Jones had stopped him to whisper that the Hartshorne house had been entered and judiciously ransacked. The Hartshornes were in Europe. Their care-taker had been sojourning in that other foreign land, a drunkard's paradise, but as soon as he came out of it he discovered the robbery and hastened to ask Jones's advice. Jones, who had a nervous mother-in-law, suggested that the matter be kept as quiet as possible; and he wanted to know if Mr. Balcom—

"You did just right!" Mr. Balcom interrupted, when the story had gone thus far. "These country constables would frighten every woman into hysterics, but they wouldn't catch a burglar once in a thousand times. Professional, is he?"

"So I suppose. He seems to have gone into the house and through it as though he knew his business."

"I'll back my burglar-alarm against him!" Mr. Balcom chuckled, confidently.

"How about Ben Ezra?" the neighbor asked.

"No fear of him. You see, my stable is as well protected as my house," Mr. Balcom explained. "Fact is, I'd sooner lose half there is in the house than that horse. Little off his feed, the poor fellow is. I had a veterinary out yesterday to look at him, and I can't drive him for a week. I guess I—"

"I suppose we ought to do something," Mr. Jones ventured to hint. He knew that it allowed to go on Mr. Balcom would talk about his horse until the burglar—and the listener—died a natural death.

"Oh, of course we must trip the fellow before he goes any further. Tell you what: I know a private detective who was on the Boston force for years—long enough to get acquainted with every rascal in the country. I'll bring him home with me to-morrow to look over the ground. It would be better to pay him a hundred than have the thing get out and scare the women."

"Yes, indeed!" said Mr. Jones, fervently.

So it was decided. And after the neighbors had exchanged the usual remarks on the dryness of the season and the need of rain, Mr. Balcom sauntered homeward, calm in that contentment which a managing man has a right to feel. He kissed his wife and children and then he went out and caressed his horse. With the burglar's accomplishments in mind he looked carefully to the locks and the alarms. They were perfect and in order. He went to bed in peace.

That night, however, he had a horrid dream. It seemed that Ben Ezra was stolen; that he had expended his fortune in seeking the horse; that, finally, when he had sunk to a beggar outcast, he found the wreck of Ben Ezra hauling a garbage-cart! The dream so wrought upon Mr. Balcom that he awoke in a cold perspiration. He rushed to the stable and proved it only a dream. But it might be a warning! That superstitious fancy lingered with him through the hours of dusk and dawn, and the early glare of an August sun did not dispel it. It hurried him to the city, as has been told.

Looking at it in the light of his new knowledge, Mr. Balcom could see many reasons why Maple Park should attract a burglar. Its isolated and unguarded location is one; the smallness and sleepiness of the town that it fringes is another. Seekonket has only two constables and one hand fire fire engine—though, to be sure, it has four churches—and the aristocratic residents cut themselves off from all these blessings by building on the farther side of Greenleaf's Hill. As Maple Park holds aloof from Seekonket, so Seekonket keeps away from Maple Park; and Mr. Balcom wondered, the longer he thought of it, that some frowsy Napoleon did not organize his army of tramps and obliterate Maple Park, sure that the deed would never come to light until a wandering peddler passed that way!

Mrs. Balcom was not imaginative, and no such terrors ever oppressed her. If she had formulated her rule of life she might have said that unpleasant things were best let alone, to be disposed of in a bunch at the day of judgment. She was young enough to enjoy her money, and old enough to appreciate her health; and since her daughters had not reached a marriageable age, neither her health nor her money seemed in danger. Of course she should have been, as she was, a happy woman. She spent her day as the truly happy must—in small activities that amuse one and make one feel useful but not fatigued. So accustomed was she to a routine of quiet, that when Abbie the cook appeared excitedly before her she was slow to realize that this particular day might prove an exception.

"The stable's afire, Miss Balcom!" the cook proclaimed.

"Is it?" the mistress absently answered. "Tell Henry to put it out, please. Oh, I remember; I allowed Henry to visit his sister." She closed her writing-desk and stood considering. "Can't you throw some water on it?" she asked, presently.

"It's the roof. I s'pose it caught with a spark from one o' them pesky ingines—bein's 's everything 's dry as tinder. Ain't nothin' to git scairt about, 'cause the wind's away from the house, what little the' is. But the hoss is in the stable, you recollec'."

"Oh, my!" Moved beyond her wont, Mrs. Balcom swept electrically through the kitchen and out of the back door. "Oh, my!" she repeated as she came in sight of the blaze, "Ben Ezra will be burned, won't he? What will Mr. Balcom say? What can we do?"

"D' know," was the depressing answer, "I sent Jane to the corner a'ter the firemen; but the land knows how long it'll take to git 'em here."

"Ben Ezra must come out!" Mrs. Balcom asserted; but there was an accent of despair in the words, determined as the sentiment was.

"Can't break that door down! 'n' that air paytent lock on—Mr. Balcom's got the key with him."

"Mrs. Balcom stared straight before her like one fascinated into helplessness. The servant's conscience would not let her rest until she had kicked the door and thrown herself against it. It did not even tremble. She mopped her flushed face with her apron and, shaking her head mournfully, drew back beyond the heat of the flames that were laying bare the rafters.

"Ben Ezra must come out!" Mrs. Balcom said again. The horse's agonized whinny had broken the spell that was upon her. Her eyes filled at the sound, and she ran forward aimlessly and glanced desperately about her.

"Man! You man!" she cried, all at once. "Come here and get our horse!"

Though the stranger had seemed to spring from the ground, he showed no alacrity about coming further. He took time to survey the landscape before he climbed the fence. He looked past the women, not at them, as though he feared a possible somewhat behind. And when he had advanced to where they stood, though he abruptly took the manner of haste and impatience, his shifty eyes seemed to cover every point of the horizon.

"Now, then," he demanded, "where's your ax?"

"In the stable, I suppose," was Mr. Balcom's dejected reply.

"'N' it's a paytent lock!" the cook chimed in, tragically.

"Hey?" The stranger started and stared at them suspiciously, but the wretchedness in their faces appeared to reassure him. He turned again to scan the hill road. Then he ran up to the door.

"Huh! That thing!" the women heard him say, contemptuously.

Through the waveless atmosphere of the August noon the smoke floated lazily off and left the vision unobscured, and the spiteful snap of flame overruled every other noise. The women looked and listened with an intentness that would have been painful had it long endured. From the bag he carried the stranger took a glittering something which he applied to the lock. Instantaneously, almost, the door swung open. Stripping off his blouse, the man passed through, and when he reappeared the horse, safely blinded, uninjured, was with him. Mrs. Balcom fluttered after as he led the trembling brute to a safer place. Events had shaken her accustomed calm. For once in her life she could not meet the occasion with graceful words.

"Oh, I don't know how to thank you!" she faltered, at length. "Mr. Balcome values Ben Ezra so! I'm sure he'll—" Why, here he comes! Oh, James!" she cried, as her husband—hatless, coatless and visibly perspiring—took the fence at a bound and dashed up to the group. "Oh, James? If it hadn't been for this—this honest workingman, Ben Ezra would have been burned."

Mr. Balcom's eye was on his favorite, but his hand went into his pocket and brought out a roll of bills.

"Thank ye, boss," the stranger said, sourly.

"Not—enough!" Mr. Balcom found breath to add, "Call to-morrow at my office—give you as much again!" The thought of another duty occurred to him at the same instant, and it made him face toward the road. "All right, Parker!" he called. "No hurry."

"All right!" The man who had just come into view moderated his pace. After the first keen, comprehensive glance in the direction of the others, he conspicuously ignored them, and looking at the stable delayed his approach. Mr. Balcom returned to the fondling of Ben Ezra. The horse's rescuer had been standing at the corner of the house. No one saw him slip around it.

"Sound as a dollar, Parker!" Mr. Balcom said a moment later. There was a suspicion of tears in his voice, and he blew his nose energetically before he trusted himself to speak again. "Thanks to this worthy man—Why, where is he?"

Mr. Parker smiled serenely to himself as he began to lift Ben Ezra's leg; but he said nothing.

"Guss he must 'a' been in a hurry," the cook put in; "he went off 'n' left his satchel. I s'pose I better lay it away, hadn't I, 'fore these 'ere firemen go to trampin' round."

She offered the stranger's bag to Mr. Balcom, but Mr. Parker took it from his unresisting hand and coolly pulled it open. Then, while the hand-engine men yelled and fell over each other preparatory to deluging the neighborhood, he drew Mr. Balcom to one side and bade him look in. "For," said he, "you won't often see a neater set o' burglar's tools than that is!"

Mr. Balcom seemed less horrified than he should have been; but it was evident that he was puzzled. He looked from the bag to Parker and back again, like one who wishes but half fears to speak.

"Well," he suggested at length, "he isn't likely to hang around Maple Park any more, is he?"

"I guess not!" the detective made proud rejoinder. "He knows me—knew me's quick 's I knew him!"

"Yes—well—you see—" Mr. Balcom buttonholed Parker, in his turn, and led him still further from the crowd. "Of course—I'm responsible—I pay all the bills," he went on, with disjointed earnestness. "I—you—don't you understand, I haven't anything more for you to do here? Why, hang it all, man, he saved Ben Ezra!"

"Oh, I know how you feel," the detective answered. He spoke as though he really did. "I like a good boss myself. See? There's a train back to town 'bout twenty minutes, ain't the'?"—Leslie's Weekly.

A Monkey Farm.

"The funniest thing I witnessed during that brief but exciting period known as the boom, in Birmingham, Ala.," said Dr. Everett, at the Lindell, "was the formation of a company to establish a monkey farm. About the time that excitement was at its greatest height, two bankers from a country town came with $40,000 in cash, and were very anxious to get into the little group of capitalists who were making big money. They haunted two or three of the leading investors until finally Dr. Jackson, who stood at the head of the local financial world, told them he had a friend with a scheme in which he himself was putting $20,000, and if they really wanted to invest he could, as a personal favor, secure a like amount, if one-half was paid down, the other half to be paid in at a meeting to be held in a few days. The banker wrote a check for $10,000, and felt jubilant that at last he had been admitted into the charmed circle of financiers.

"In a few days he was notified to attend a meeting of the stockholders, which he did. Then the promoter of the enterprise explained it. His plan was to buy an island near Mobile. Send an expedition to Africa and South America to secure monkeys. Stock the farm with 100,000 monkeys and raise them for the market. An elaborate array of statistics was given, showing the cost and market price of monkeys and figuring out immense profits, but it was necessary that the entire amount subscribed should be paid in at once. The banker jumped to his feet. 'I don'd vant no monkey farm. I knows nodings about dose monkey business. You can keep my $10,000 if you release me from dot subscription.' This was done, and he swallowed his chagrin and disappointment at the loss as best he could. In a few weeks the money was returned to him and it was explained that it was all a joke, but the banker had a $200 dinner to pay for."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Growth of Hair After Death.

T. L. Ogier, an investigative writer of Westchester, Penn., says: "I, for one, place no faith in the superstition of hair growing after death. There is no growth of hair after death. There may be, however, a shrinkage of the tissue of the face and body which will force the hair of the face through skin so as to give the corpse the appearance of having a beard two or three weeks old; it is not a growth, it is only the result of the shrinkage."

In this department of the Republic I have given many "notes" which support a contrary view to that given above, and have but lately added to my stock of information on that point. This late addition is from Elizabeth Prisleau, and is as follows:

"Lord Howe, who served in America in 1758 and was killed in the French-Indian wars, was buried at Albany. Just prior to his death he had had his hair cut short so that it could not become wet from exposure and cause colds. Many years afterwards, when his remains were being removed, it was found that his hair had grown several inches, and was smooth and glossy."—St. Louis Republic.

Rat's Nest in a Clock.

A resident on the hill had a somewhat curious experience the other day of the boldness of a rat. Coming down one morning to the dining-room he found that the clock on the mantlepiece had stopped, and, thinking it had run down, he wound it up and put the hands to the proper hour.

Noticing that it struck in a peculiarly muffled way, he took it down to examine the works and was astonished to find the striking apparatus encumbered with petals and stocks of flowers and bits of paper. A further examination disclosed that these odds and ends formed the nest of a rat, which was still snugly ensconsed among the works, neither the noise made by the clock as it was set going or the striking of the hammer having apparently disturbed it in the least.—Kobe (Japan) Chronicle.

THE LOW PRICE OF WHEAT.

SOME INTERESTING AND VALUABLE IMFORMATION.

Increase in Wheat Contributing Countries—What Farmers Must Do to Meet Competition.

"WILL wheat ever again be a profitable crop for export?" a correspondent of the New York Tribune asked a prominent official of the Agricultural Department at Washington. The latter answered:

"In the first place, wheat is now and for many years to come will be a crop which invites competition from countries in which farming is poor and land or labor abundantly cheap. It is essentially a crop of cheap lands or inferior tillage, or both. In India, in Egypt and some other countries the labor is cheap; in Australasia, and heretofore in our own Northwestern territory, while the labor is high, the lands are cheap and the farmer, moreover, ruthlessly robs the soil. Now in South America we find cheap wheat lands, and, compared with our own, cheap labor. So in Southern Russia, where there are comparatively cheap lands and positively cheap labor.

"In a recent statement of the world's wheat supply issued by the Department of Agriculture are found a dozen countries contributing whose existence is probably ignored by the majority of American wheat raisers, and of whom little is known even to American commercial men. Among them we may mention especially the Caucasus, Rumania, Bulgaria, to say nothing of European Turkey, Turkey in Asia, Servia, Persia, Poland, Cratia and Slavonia, and in Africa, Egypt, Tunis and Algeria. In the aggregate the countries mentioned have contributed a yearly average of over 290,000,000 bushels to the wheat crops of the last three years. The aggregate population of the first three countries named is in all about 12,000,000, and of this a large number are not users of wheat flour, using for their own wants rye. Hence the average home consumption per capita is not more than two-thirds as much as ours, and yet these three countries produced wheat in the years given as follows: In 1891, 160,575,000 bushels; in 1892, 171,960,000 bushels, and in 1893, 146,529,000 bushels an average of 159,688,000 bushels, with probably a home consumption barely exceeding 40,000,000 bushels. A few years ago the products of these countries, or at least their exportable surplus, was too insignificant for record.

"The London Miller states that the total figures for Russia show the shipments from that country for January, 1894, to be 810,000 quarters, compared with 210,950 quarters in January, 1893, and 575,950 quarters in Janury, 1891. In 1892 they were prohibited.

"Another factor, and one that promises to count more than all the rest in the next decade, is to be found in the rapid increase in the wheat crops of the Argentine Republic, an increase which promises to be phenomenal. According to the paper already quoted, shipments from Argentina to the United Kingdom were, for the six weeks ending February 10th, over 280,000 quarters, or at the rate of 2,444,000 quarters (over 19,000,000 bushels) per annum; but, adds the paper quoted· 'March and April shipments will show a material increase.' The director of the Department of Agriculture of Argentina, recently in this country, assured me that within ten years that country would export more wheat than is now exported by the United States. Moreover, Chile, Australasia and the great Northwest territory of British North America seem likely ere long to show their ability to supply any deficiencies which may occur in the other countries named.

"According to the Department authorities the wheat supply of the world for the three years 1891, 1892 and 1893 was respectively, in round numbers, 2,360,000,000, 2,303,000,000 and 2,360,000,000 bushels, an ample supply for the world's demand, with a very considerable surplus in 1892, to say nothing of the alleged underestimates of the Department in the years 1891 and 1892. It is true that without a marked increase in the supply there has been a steady diminution in price, but that is readily accounted for by the large available increase from countries not formerly contributing in any marked degree, but which, by the development in means of transportation, as in the case of the Caucasus, or owing to changes in their political status, as in Bulgaria, and from other causes, have now permanently joined the ranks of exporting countries, and are able to sell at low prices.

"The situation in this country can only be met by a general reduction in acreage and a considerable increase in yield per acre. Our farmers must learn to attain the yield which prevails in the more civilized countries of Europe, instead of lagging among the more backward. Our pitiful thirteen bushels to the acre must be increased to eighteen or twenty, and our wheat acreage reduced from 36,000,000 or 37,000,000 acres to 20,000,000. At eighteen bushels to the acre, an average more than equalled by France and greatly exceeded by Great Britain and Belgium, the farmers on the cheap lands of the Northwest can make a small profit with wheat at fifty or sixty cents a bushel, where a yield of thirteen bushels means an actual loss. In this reduction in wheat acreage, the older States, notably Ohio and Indiana, which together raised nearly 75,000,000 bushels last year, must take the lead, their opportunities for diversification being greater than those available to the farmers of Minnesota and the Dakotas and the other newer States."

NEW METHOD OF PRESERVING EGGS.

The desirability of shipping eggs from Victoria to England has led to the discovery of a new method for preserving them. They are first rubbed with grease and then placed with bran, flour, lime and pollard in small cases. When opened they are found to be perfectly sweet and fresh.—New York World.

STIFFNESS IN A WORKING OX.

Overworking and exposure to the weather afterward will easily produce rheumatism, and this will cause stiffness of the limbs, with pains that move from one limb to another. The treatment in such a case should be to foment the parts with hot water, and then apply some strong liniment, giving thirty drops of tincture of aconite three times a day in some acceptable drink, linseed or oatmeal gruel, for instance. The animal must rest from work, but moderate exercise will be useful. It should be kept warm and dry.—New York World.

QUALITY OF EGGS.

There is a great difference in the original quality of eggs, and this has much to do with their capacity for keeping well. Generally, the best-flavored eggs are laid early in the season. Then the diet is mostly grain. After the fowls begin to find young grass growing, they will pick at and eat it, and of course consume less grain. In summer much of the food is grass and insects. These are not good egg-producing foods, and though a large number of eggs may be laid, their quality will not be as good as it is early in in the season. It is not the difference caused by deterioration on account of weather, for an egg cooked the same day it is laid in July is generally not so good as one that is cooked fresh in March or April. Hence there is good reason why eggs should be dearer in early spring. They are better then, and for their price furnish a cheaper and better food than the same money invested in meats. The fact may also explain one reason why limed eggs are so generally unsatisfactory. They are always the cheap and poor quality summer eggs. They are inferior when put up, and cannot be expected to improve by keeping five or six months, even when air is excluded.—Boston Cultivator.

SEED WHEAT.

Heavy weight seed wheat contains a larger quantity of more valuable food materials for the young plant in the form of nitrogen, phosphoric acid and potash than light weight wheat of the same variety. Experiments at the Minnesota station by H. Snyder show that this additional reserve food is supplied to the young plants and produces a more vigorous growth. The additional fertilizer material in a bushel of heavy weight wheat is worth from three to five cents more per bushel at the market prices of commercial fertilizers. Hellriegel in Germany has also proved that the heavier the seed the more vigorous is the young plant, and where there was not an over-abundance of plant food in the soil the difference in vigor of the plants are seen even up to the time of harvest. The Minnesota experiments prove that the same characteristic differences that are noted between heavy and light weight seed wheat are observed between healthy and vigorous, and poor and sickly wheat plants, both in growth and yield. The wheat plant takes up over three-fourths of its food from the soil before heading out. The soil should be cultivated and managed in such a way so as to supply the growing wheat crop with at least three-fourths of its mineral food, and seven-eighths of its nitrogen compound before it blooms, which occurs in June or early in July, according to the latitude.—American Agriculturist.

TRAINING A HORSE.

In training a horse for the saddle, says the New York World, the animal is made obedient and gentle, and his good qualities best developed, by patience, kindness and encouragement, and, above all, fearlessness; punishment should be resorted to only when absolutely necessary. No punishment should be administered to a horse in anger.

Under harsh treatment he will first become timid, then sullen, and at length violent and unmanageable.

As one horse is apt to be governed by the actions of another, well-trained horses that are indifferent to sights and sounds should be interspersed among the new ones until they are also accustomed to the sounds of trumpets, beating of drums, tinkling of sabres, etc.

Every action of a rider should tend to induce full confidence that no harm is intended and that nothing but kind treatment is to be expected.

The horse's balance and his lightness in hand depend largely on the proper carriage of his head and neck.

A young horse will usually try to resist the bit, either by bending his neck to one side or by setting his jaw against the bit, or by carrying his nose too high or too low. Bending lessons will serve to overcome this habit and make the horse conform to the movements of the reins and yield easily to the pressure of the bit.

The legitimate gaits of the saddle-horse are the walk, trot, canter and gallop. The manoeuvring trot is at the rate of eight miles an hour. Slow trot is at the rate of six miles an hour. Trot out is at the rate of eight miles an hour.

The canter is at the rate of eight miles an hour, and is generally used for individual instruction.

Manoeuvring gallop is at the rate of twelve miles an hour.

The full or extended gallop is at the rate of sixteen miles an hour.

The charge is at full speed, and is regulated by the speed of the slower horses.

The walk is a gait of four distinct beats, each foot being planted in a regular order of succession.

The trot has two distinct beats; the horse springing diagonally from one pair of feet to the other: between the steps all the feet are in the air.

SOURCE OF THE BUTTER FLAVOR.

The butter aroma appears in the butter as the result of the ripening process. Sweet-cream butter does not have this delicate flavor, and while there is a demand, in our markets, perhaps a growing demand, for a sweet-cream butter, it never develops the delicate flavor known as the butter aroma. During ripening certain changes take place in the cream, some of which we understand and others which are at present beyond the reach of chemical knowledge. The composition of cream is essentially the same as that of milk except in the higher proportion of fat. It is made up chiefly of butter fat in the form of globules, of casein in a partial suspension in the liquid, of milk sugar in solution, and of a small amount of albumen, probably partly in solution and partly in the form of an extremely delicate network of fibers which we call fibrin. Cream always contains a large number of bacteria, yeasts and molds, which are the active agents in ripening. The sources of these micro-organisms are varied. They are not present in the milk when secreted by the cow, but find their way into it in a variety of ways. Some come from the air; some from the hairs of the cow; some from the dust of the barn; some from the hands of the milker; some from the milk vessels, and others from other sources of contamination. The chances of contamination are sufficient to stock the milk with an abundance of these organisms under all circumstances. By the time the cream has reached the creamery it contains a quantity of organisms varying widely with temperature and other conditions, and it is to these that the subsequent ripening is due.

During the period of ripening, the organisms are growing and producing profound changes in the cream. Bacteria are primarily destructive agents. During their growth they are pulling to pieces some of the chemical compounds of the cream and reducing them to a condition of greater simplicity, giving rise in this way to a great number of so-called decomposition products. Chemistry has not yet explained all of these changes. A few of them we partially understand. We know that some of the organisms act upon milk sugar, converting it into lactic acid, with the production of carbonic acid gas as a by-product. We know, also, that sometimes butyric acid is produced, and that sometimes ferments, similar to rennet and trypsin, make their appearance in ripening cream. Alcohol is also a common product, so much so that the butter flavor has sometimes been attributed to this product alone.—Storrs Agricultural Experiment Bulletin.

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

A safe rule with peaches is always to set them on an elevation, the higher the better.

Good prices and increasing demands are reported for high-class heavy draught horses.

Lameness always indicates soreness, stiffness or weakness, and demands immediate attention.

Unless you are giving up breeding, do not be tempted by a good price to sell off the good mares.

There is no reason to fear that electricity will ever be able to take the place of good horses of any breed.

A hen will eat about a bushel of grain a year. At that rate she pays a big profit on what she eats if she does her best.

When the dairyman has learned how to produce June butter at any time of the year he is getting up to the art of butter making.

By keeping the trash in the garden or orchard cleaned up a large number of pests that injure the fruits and trees may be destroyed.

In nearly all cases the earlier the fruit is thinned the better. It is not a good plan to allow the trees to mature too much fruit.

After an orchard has come into full bearing one of the best plans of management is to seed it down to clover and use it as a hog pasture.

Root pruning is done by taking a sharp spade and digging a circle around the stem of the trees deep enough to cut off a portion of the roots.

If the farmer does not like poultry, let the wife have charge of it, and let her have all she can make out of it. She will soon develop the business into paying proportions.