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The sure foundation of the state are laid in knowledge, not in ignorance; and every sneer at education, at culture, at book learning, which is the recorded wisdom of the experience of mankind, is the demagogue's sneer at intelligent liberty, inviting national degeneracy and ruin.

NEAR LAGRO, Ind., a mill dam 500 feet long across the Salamonie River has been destroyed by fire. The water in the river had been very low and it is supposed that fishermen accidentally set it on fire. It burned for about a week. A burning mill dam is a curiosity, but it has been duplicated before. A dam across Fox River at Ottawa, Ill., burned several years ago under similar circumstances of low water and dried out timber.

AMERICAN dentists are in demand all over Europe for the melancholy reason that Americans have the worst teeth in the world. The need of preserving American teeth against decay due to bad dietary habits has developed dentistry in the United States to a high degree of skill. Europeans, who do not drink iced water first and eat the hottest of pastry immediately afterward, have not afforded the teeth menders of their respective countries equal opportunity for progress, and they are compelled to seek the services of American dentists who have numerous and successfully sought European openings. Russia has at last put up a bar. No professional man can obtain a license in Russia unless he has passed an examination in Russian. French used to be a satisfactory alternative language. But French itself has been put under ban because French doctors were becoming as numerous there as American dentists.

SOME of the patents of the Bell Telephone Company were not issued in this country until 1893, but they were granted in European countries for the same inventions in 1877. As a consequence of a law of Congress requiring patents to expire in this country as soon as their term is run in any other, these patents will be open to the public next year unless this law is repealed. A strong effort was made to repeal this law at the last session of Congress, but though it was tried five times each attempt failed. If we are to be subjected to foreign competition, we ought to have the advantage of every labor-saving machine just as soon as its patent expires in any other country. The patent creates a monopoly here. This is only tolerable so long as our competitors in manufacturing are subjected to the same hindrances as we are.

A VERY interesting case in insurance was presented in Chicago recently. The manager of one of the larger companies received a proof of loss from an agent in a near-by town for a sully plow which was destroyed in a fire in a blacksmith shop. The owner of the plow carried insurance on his farm machinery, but the policy was written to cover it on his farm a mile away. Some repairs were found necessary and the plow was taken to the blacksmith shop, where it was when the fire destroyed the shop and the plow. The owner made claim for indemnity on the ground the repairs to the plow were necessary and asked to be reimbursed for its value. The case is similar to one which came up in Milwaukee some time ago. A woman who carried insurance on all her household effects sent a sealskin jacket to a furrier to be repaired. Fire destroyed the shop and the woman asked to be reimbursed for loss. When this case came before the courts, as it did, the Supreme Court of Wisconsin decided the insurance company was responsible for the loss, on the ground that the repairs were necessary to the garment, that the taking of it to the store did not release the insurance company from liability. The policy under which this decision was rendered contained a clause insuring the property "contained in said dwelling." The decision caused a change in the wording of the policies, which now read "while contained in said dwelling." It would be well for every one to read their policies carefully and watch for new clauses.

## SUN SPOTS.

There's a fleck of rust on a flawless blade—  
On the armor of price there's a one;  
There's a mole on the cheek of the lovely maid—  
There are spots on the sun.  
But the blade of Damascus has succored the weak,  
The shield saved a knight from a fall:  
The mole is a grace on my lady's cheek—  
The sun shines for all.  
—S. A. Walker, in Independent.

## MA'MOISELLE.

BY FLORENCE L. GUERTIN.

**M**A'MOISELLE was a butterfly. She flitted from flower to flower in her own dainty fashion, absorbing what sweetness and pleasure she could from each, and casting the blossom aside when she had deprived it of what had been the best it contained. She was a butterfly that pleased the eye and ornamented the landscape, but one that caused the passer-by to shake his head and ask what the end would be. Could she go on in that way forever? Would life always yield her honey, unmingled with gall? Would she ever become serious, less selfish, less flippant? Would she ever marry and settle down? Or, if she did not, would she grow old, as other women did, or forever remain distractingly young and irresponsible as she was now?

Ma'moiselle was no longer a young girl, people said. At twenty-eight it was time that a woman should long since have been at the head of a house, the mother of a growing brood. But Ma'moiselle shook her head and said that she really wouldn't care for it; that she was just beginning to find out how to enjoy herself; that she loved her freedom, her liberty, her good health, her ability to relish the flavor of all things, too much to exchange them for an uncertainty.

The unkind ones said that the real reason was that she loved all men too much to marry one; that she was a disgraceful little flirt, and that they pitied the man who really did win her. And they could not forgive her the fact that, in spite of her frivolity and general undesirability in their eyes, there were a number of men who were undoubtedly willing, and even anxious, to accept the position of husband to Ma'moiselle, and be led by her the dance that they predicted.

It was Josiah Dalrymple who christened her "Ma'moiselle." She had some French blood in her; and being rather proud of the fact, she did her best to accentuate it. It was hardly an affectation, for her tastes were innately French. She had developed the habit, when a child, of giving an expressive and decidedly foreign little shrug to her shoulders. She could speak the language, too, it being the one study to which she had paid any serious attention, and she loved to chatter it. Dalrymple said that she reminded him of a picture he had once seen in the Paris Salon; a figure in fancy dress, that might have served as a model for "Folly," but was simply catalogued "Portrait of a Young Lady;" and ever afterwards he had called Elise Couderc "Ma'moiselle."

Dalrymple was about as little like a butterfly as she was like a grub. It had fallen to his lot to be one of the toilers of the world, and though still a young man he had won a place and name for himself by his own untiring efforts. He was serious by nature and upright through principle. He believed thoroughly in the gospel of hard work, and knew that success worth having would not come easily. His life was earnest, his purpose unflinching, his amusements few. Ma'moiselle was among the latter. When he had had a particularly trying day, downtown, it rested him to drop in, on his way to his rooms, at Mrs. Couderc's attractive home. The drawing room was always light and airy—anything heavy and severe being excluded by Ma'moiselle, whom Mrs. Couderc never opposed; and he could generally have a little chat with Ma'moiselle herself. It was sure not to be a drain on his intellect, while his eye was gratified by the tasteful surroundings, and his ear amused by the conversational twitter, although of Ma'moiselle herself his reason did not always approve. It refreshed him even to scold her, presuming as he often did upon his old acquaintance and the friendship he had had with her brother, now married and living far away.

He went up the steps to her house one afternoon, unusually depressed, on account of business complications, and met young Waterbury coming out. Waterbury was a tall, smooth-faced, manly looking fellow, with features like those cut in a cameo, but now pale and set. He went by Dalrymple with an unsmiling nod, and the latter passed into the house. Ma'moiselle was still in the drawing room, with a countenance that told no tales, but was as serene and fresh as usual.

"What have you been doing to that boy?" he asked, after he had shaken hands and drawn a chair up near to her. She laughed, and flushed a little as she replied: "Nothing, O father confessor, except to tell him how foolish he was. Tea?" she asked questioningly, turning to the cups on the low table beside her, and picking up a thin slice of lemon with the tongs.

"No, thanks," he said shortly; "you know that I hate the stuff. I only take hot lemonade when I have a cold."

Ma'moiselle scored one word in her small mind. It was "grumpy," so she waded more amiably herself. She moved her chair back a little and faced him. Putting two small feet, in ridiculously pointed, high heeled slippers, on a low footstool in front of her, she let her head rest on the back of her chair and her hands drop, in a resigned fashion, into her lap.

"What is it, Josiah?" she asked, looking at him in a quizzical way, she always called him Josiah when she wanted to tease him—"what is troubling your soul now?"

"I was thinking of young Waterbury," he said, quite seriously. "I am sorry for him."  
She turned her head a little uneasily. "For being so foolish?" she asked, gazing up at the ceiling.

"No," he replied; "he couldn't prevent that. But you might have done so. Why did you not tell him that he was foolish at the beginning of the winter? Why did you let him play the devoted knight to you, going about with you and seeing you day after day, becoming wrapped up in you, only to be told in the end that he was foolish?"

"Because, my dear Josiah"—with unusual sweetness—"you can't tell a man not to fall in love with you, before you are sure that he is going to do it; and after that—well"—with one of the characteristic little shrugs, and a smile that showed her even white teeth—"it's generally too late."

Then, changing to a more plaintive key, she said: "Don't be disagreeable to-day, Jo; you know how I dislike disagreeable conversations. And don't stand leaning there, looking down at me as if you were a preacher and I the sinner. I know that I'm frivolous, I know I'm vain—fond of distraction of attention, even. You see I admit it all, so you can't argue with me. I assure you I agree with you. I am quite hopeless. Now sit down"—as she smiled a little—and be pleasant, and let's drop those tiresome boys. Isn't he handsome, though? What a nose, and what shoulders! I could almost adore him."

Dalrymple dropped wearily into the chair near her. "I think that I will have some tea," he said; "I am tired."

"What? Change your mind weakly, like any woman?" she exclaimed joyously, delighted to think that she had diverted him.

He leaned his head on his hand and watched her fingers fluttering about among the tea things. They were white, with the pinkest of nails, and fairly glittered with rings. He thought there were too many rings. He had often told her so; but they were the one ornament in the way of jewelry of which she was prodigal.

"I could not live without them," she had once said, holding her palms out with the ten jeweled digits extended in front of her and gazing at them fondly. "They are a moral support to me, really, just as good clothes are, you know. Perhaps you don't understand that, either, but that's because you're not a woman. I love my rings, and really don't believe I could exist without them. They mean so much to me. I love them for the fire they contain, for the sparkle that they give out. If I feel downcast, I move my hands about, and the rings glisten and seem to say, 'Cheer up; there is light and life in me, and I brighten immediately.'"

"How long have I known you, Ma'moiselle?" Dalrymple asked, as he leaned forward and took the cup she held out to him.

"Eleven years," she replied. "What an age! Don't tell me you remember how old I was then."  
"But I do," he replied, smiling a little in his slow way. "I remember perfectly. Eleven years—" He sipped the tea and seemed to be thinking. "And how many lovers have you had since then, Ma'moiselle?"

"How do I know?" she replied, pushing the footstool away somewhat impatiently, feeling that the coming lecture had not been averted after all.

"No, you couldn't be expected to remember, of course," he said; "but I think I do. I have been a spectator, you know. When I first knew you, you were only a child, but you were very much as you are now. There were dangles even then. The first that I recall were young Winslow and old Howard. They were always hanging around you. Then there was that English chap who blushed so, and the titled Italian, whom we all hated because he looked like Mephistopheles. And that awfully nice fellow—Babcock, wasn't it?—who had it worse than some do, and who left so suddenly and went ranching. They say," he went on, looking thoughtfully down into his cup, "that he has—gone to the dogs since."

"Well," she said feebly, "could I help it? I could not make myself love him."  
"No," he replied; "of course you couldn't help it. You good women never are to blame for anything. You never drive a man to drink or to folly and ruin. It is always his fault if he does any of these things through love of you. You never take a young boy and let him grow to care for you, to make you his ideal, to fairly worship you, only to be laughed at in the end. You never start him in life with false and bitter ideas of women because one has disappointed him. You irreproachable women never break men's hearts or wreck their lives. It is always their own fault, except to say. There are some sins, Ma'moiselle," he said, speaking very slowly, "that are not down in the decalogue and yet are crimes."  
"And by all this you mean," she said quite lightly, "that I am one of the criminals?"

"I mean that you are one of the irreproachable women," he answered, looking at her seriously. "You have been born with a charm—a power to

please—I don't know what it is, but I have watched it work destruction for eleven years. You are not the prettiest woman I know, Ma'moiselle, nor yet the most intellectual, but you are the most fascinating, and—"  
"Thank you," she interrupted dryly. "It was fitting that you should administer that sugar pill after being so brutally frank."

"I am afraid that I feel like being still more frank," he continued; "and perhaps I do not choose my words happily. But I felt sick at heart when I saw that boy at the door, and knew so well what had happened. Where is he now, and what do you suppose he will do to-night?"

"It is not so serious as you think it is," she said gently. "He will get over it."  
"Yes," he agreed; "he will get over it. They all do, in time. But the getting over it, Ma'moiselle; you don't know what that means. Irreproachable women never do."  
"Go on," she said, coldly. "The end, Josiah, is what I have been hoping for ever since you began."

"The end is," he said, "that this woman is generally caught in her own snares. She at last finds out that after all she, too, has a poor thing called a heart that is not as lifeless as she thought it. She learns what it is to love and to suffer."  
"You mean—" Ma'moiselle said, leaning forward in her chair, her hand tightly clasped, the color and brightness gone from her face.

"I mean that she at last meets some one to whom she does not in the least appeal; some one on whom all of her wiles are lost; some one who does not care for her. She inspires polite indifference, the most maddening thing in the world—that is all."

If he had brought a lash down on her shoulders he could not have stung her more. She rose quickly and went to the window, standing with her hands still closely clasped in front of her, looking out at the placid passers by. It was some time before she spoke.

"I am trying to think whether I shall take the trouble to answer you or not," she said at last. "You have gone farther than you have ever gone before, and I have let you. I had a morbid curiosity to be present at my own dissection. I am glad to know what you really think of me. But I hate such conversations! I hate such scenes! I am not given to making long speeches, and, as you told me, I am not clever. But whatever my faults are, saying unpleasant things is not among them. Flattery may be part of my wiles, but at least it never hurts. I feel," she said, turning toward him and passing her hand wearily over her forehead—"I feel at least ten years older than I did when you first began."

She leaned a little on a table near her, and his heart smote him, she looked so frail and childish. "Perhaps it is all true, what you have said. Perhaps I am what you think. But what do you know of a woman's heart? What do you know of her inner life and motives? Simply what you observe, and what she is pleased to tell you. Because she does not wear her heart on her sleeve, or surrender it to some man, are you justified in thinking that she is without one? How do you know that she is without one? How do you know that she has not trifled? How do you know that her frivolous life is not an effort to hid it? What right have you to predict pain for her, when—"

She turned away, unable to finish. Dalrymple gazed at her, aghast. Her slender frame was trembling, and for the first time he saw that her eyes looked pained and earnest. He hardly supposed her capable of expressing any emotion save almost childish joy or pleasure; yet now, as he looked at her, he felt as if he had laid bare her quivering soul. He took one step toward her and held out his hand.

"Ma'moiselle," he said softly, "forgive me."  
The front door opened, and in an instant the portiers leading from the hall were parted, as Mrs. Couderc entered the room. Dalrymple dropped his hand and turned to greet her. He did not see Ma'moiselle alone after that, and soon took his departure.

As he stepped into the open air he drew a long, deep breath, and almost doubted the reality of the scene he had had with Ma'moiselle. He was glad that Mrs. Couderc had come in just when she did, before he had had time to take back those cruel, truthful things. It had been the hardest task of his life, but he was glad that he had settled one thing in his mind. She cared for some one else. She had suffered—she, who never seemed to have a care or a serious thought. It was some one whom perhaps she had known in her early youth—some one whom she had sent away and regretted; some one whom she had found out too late that she loved.

A few days later the worst that he had dreaded for his business came upon him. Every day chronicled fresh failures, and in one of the crashes he saw the enterprise that he had given years to building up, totter and fall like a house of cards; the money he had toiled to amass melt before his eyes. In the opinion of the world he was a ruined man, everything—save honor—gone.

There was nothing to do but to begin again. This he preferred to undertake in another city. He settled his affairs as best he could, and prepared to leave town. He had some money, left him by his mother, and he intended to travel a little before he decided where to locate and again begin the battle of life.

He postponed his good-bye to Ma'moiselle until the last. He had not felt her since that day when, he now felt, he had presumed—when he had touched upon a wound where he sup-

posed there was nothing but callousness. She came down in a clinging gown of palest heliotrope, and nestled back among the cushions at one end of the couch. She said that she had not been feeling well; that she certainly must be getting old, for she was developing nerves. And she played with a little gold smelling bottle, holding it occasionally to her nostrils. It was one of her airs, she told him; she never had been known to faint in her life, but simply liked the smell of it. Then there was a little pause in which he felt conscious and constrained, yet could not tell why.

"I am going away, Ma'moiselle," he said at last, looking away from her, "and I could not bear to go without apologizing—without telling you how sorry I am—you understand—how sorry I said last time."  
"Yes," she replied, smiling; "I understand. It was quite tragic, wasn't it? You will let us hear from you—mother and me? We shall be anxious to know what you are doing."

It was plain that she did not wish to talk of that last conversation, and he became more uneasy than ever. He had wanted to say so much about his repentance, but felt that he had been cut off. He sat and gazed quite stupidly at her hands as they played with the vinaigrette, wondering what made them look so different. They were as white as ever, the nails were as carefully manicured, but they did not seem like the hands of Ma'moiselle.

He had it at last. The fingers did not wear a ring; and he had never seen her without rings before.

"Your hands look strange, Ma'moiselle," he said. "Your rings—part of you, you know—where are they?"  
A wave of color rose, dyeing her throat and face. It filled him with amazement. He sprang to his feet, a sudden thought seizing him. Thrusting his hand deep into his pocket, he drew out a draft, signed by the cashier of a well-known bank, but sent to him anonymously. He had not had time to trace it, and did not intend to use it, but believed that some business friend, wishing to help him, had sent it. He gazed now with horror from the slip of paper to the little, ringless hands of Ma'moiselle, then into the eyes that no longer met his, but drooped guiltily.

"Ma'moiselle," he said sternly. "The small hands went up to the face, covering the hot cheeks."  
"Ma'moiselle," he repeated less severely, but with reproach in his tones. Still there was no reply, but the pillows shook, and he knew that she was crying. The next time that he said "Ma'moiselle," it was from his knees beside her, where he gently took the little palms from her face, and looked into her eyes with the lashes all wet. Then he dropped his head on the unadorned fingers, and kissed them reverently.

When he lifted his head again to take her in his arms, something clattered on the hand of Ma'moiselle, but it was not a diamond.—Munsey's Magazine.

## WISE WORDS.

Love always weeps when it has to whip.  
Love never bestows a burden that is heavy.  
Birds with bright plumage are seldom fat.  
Law wears iron shoes, and don't care where it trips.  
People who make crooked paths never get in earnest.  
One symptom of backsliding is a lack of thankfulness.  
Religion pure and undefiled never works by the month.  
It takes more courage to endure than it does to act.  
There are no real strong people in this world but good people.  
The truth we hate the most is the truth that hits us the hardest.  
The sins that pay their rent promptly are the best ones we want to give up.  
Growth in grace is never prompted by watching for faults in others.  
Every time a bad man throws mud at a good man he hits himself in the face.  
A lie is often told without saying a word, by putting the rotten apples in the bottom of the basket.  
One trouble with the church is that there are too many babes in it from five to six feet high.—Ram's Horn.

**New Trick of the Usurers.**  
The usurers of Berlin, Germany, have a new trick. Parties who seek a loan through advertisements in newspapers are informed that they can have the money, by paying an interest of six per cent.—and by renting a floor of such and such a house belonging to the money lender. If the borrower accepts, he is compelled to sign a lease running for a number of years, at a very high rent. In this wise, many a horrible or hardly finished house is filled from cellar to garret in a very short time. Then everything is tried to sell the house, and as the leases are apparent evidence that the property is a paying one, dupes are generally found.—New York Press.

**Pictureque Names.**  
In making treaties with China each foreign country has chosen its own name. England is Ying Kwo, the flourishing country; France is Fa Kwo, the law-abiding country; the United States is Mei Kwo, the beautiful country; Germany is Je Kwo, the virtuous country; Italy is I Kwo, the country of justice; Japan is Ji Kwo, the land of the sun, but she prefers to be called Ji Pen, the land of the rising sun.—Detroit Free Press.



## PROFIT IN APPLE TREES.

The Rural New Yorker quotes the following: "I approve of setting out apple orchards, for I am persuaded that the apple crop of the future is going to be a profitable one, as the population increases faster than the apple trees, and many of the orchards now standing are growing old and going into decay."

**POINTS ON FARM ACCOUNTS.**  
Says the National Dairymen: "If you would keep an account with your fields, you would find out that you can produce corn, oats, hay, or anything cheaper on a well-manured field. You would find that there are certain expenses which are exactly the same whether you have a good crop or a poor one. These are: (1) Interest on original cost of land, buildings and fences; (2) cost of seed, and to a certain extent (3) cost of cultivation."

**WINTERING PARSNIPS.**  
The practice of leaving parsnips in the ground through the winter is very general, writes G. A. Woolson, of Vermont, to the American Agriculturist. The prevalent idea that freezing and thawing add materially to the flavor of the vegetable is erroneous, as experience proves. The better way is to dig them late in the fall and store in a cool cellar. The advantages to be gained by this process are the early date at which they can be placed in the market and consequent higher prices obtained, and the length of time they retain their flavor and freshness in spring and early summer. Parsnips thus cured for have been kept into June with marked success. Furthermore it avoids the necessity of hustling around to dig the roots in the spring before the tops have made much growth; likewise worms and rot are unknown.

**FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.**  
If any little pigs are expected on your farm be sure the sow has warm quarters.  
Use the sprinkler of kerosene at least once a week and keep the roosts always saturated.  
When fattening an animal push from the start—gradually at first of course—and save time and feed.  
With proper management medium weight hogs are the most profitable to grow for the general market.  
Over-feeding is a waste—for indigestion is the result and food that is undigested, unassimilated, is wasted.  
If the young stock are not thrifty when they go in to winter, it is doubtful if they will come out thrifty in the spring.  
The boys and girls of the farm ought to be allowed a plot of ground wherein they can grow something for themselves.  
Give your children good, sound, entertaining and morally healthful reading. Subscribe for the best magazine for your wife.  
How are the cow stables? Full of cracks or well battened? Winter is here and you ought to have the stables in shape now.  
Laying hens will always give better results when supplied with plenty of sharp, gritty material with which to grind their food.  
Never allow a hog to eat or sleep in the dirt. It is naturally a clean animal, but it does not always have the opportunity to be so.  
All animals enjoy a clean, dry bed at night. Do you know of anything better than good straw and plenty of it to furnish such a bed?  
It is a serious mistake to keep the teams in almost complete idleness until spring opens, and then force them suddenly into hard work.  
There is no money now in big, fat pork. The market calls for lean bacon. The weight of the carcass should not exceed two hundred pounds.  
Look well to the young calves, that they do not go into the winter stunted. Two months' good care through the winter will put them on grass next spring in good shape.  
The capacity for work of the horse depends, in no small degree, upon the condition of his shoulders; hence by preventing galls and sores he is able to do the field work faster.  
Apples may be kept in cold storage for many months if perfect, unbruised fruit is selected, carefully wrapped in paper and kept at a temperature of not over thirty-eight degrees.  
The wise farmer looks into the future. He does not do this because he is unduly anxious, or because his faith in farming is weak, but because it is a precaution which his business demands.  
With present prices for wool and mutton, as compared with the cost of fodder, the keeping of old sheep can not be made profitable. It is a good time to dispose of all that are getting along in years.  
The fall months are important as providing a time during which the food of the stock may be gradually changed from the succulent grasses of summer to the dry, concentrated foods of winter.  
With a large flock of chicks, abundance of milk, a good-sized patch of strawberries and vegetable garden, the health of the family may virtually be assured and the provision dealer's bill greatly reduced.  
In pig-keeping the breed is not of so much importance as the type. The kind wanted is one that will finish off symmetrically at from six to eight months old if pushed, as six to eight months in general should be, making good weights without excessive fat.

**GLANDERS.**  
Glanders is a contagious malady, which can be communicated from one animal to another by actual contact only; therefore, to prevent the disease from spreading it is necessary only to isolate all subjects which have been exposed to the disease until the period of incubation has expired. The period of incubation, or, in other words, the time of receiving the contagion into the system and the appearance of the disease is usually in the acute form five to ten days, while in the chronic form it may be two or three months. All exposed subjects should therefore be quarantined for from sixty to ninety days. There is no cure for glanders. In the neighborhood where the disease has prevailed due precaution should be taken to guard against the spread of the disease. All diseased subjects should be promptly destroyed and the carcasses should be burned. All suspected animals should be kept isolated under veterinary supervision until they can be pronounced sound or destroyed. The stable where the diseased subjects have been kept, as well as all clothing, utensils, harness, etc., should be thoroughly disinfected.—American Farmer.

**POULTRY DUST BATH.**  
Nearly if not quite all species of fowls use the dust bath, says Albert F. Firestone. They choose a spot of fine, dry soil and scrape little holes, where they pulverize the dirt until it is reduced to a fine dust. In this they roll and shake their feathers and allow the dust to penetrate to the skin. It appears that in some way this is deleterious to the parasites which infest the plumage or the skin. It has been said by some naturalists that as all insects breathe—not through the mouth as warm-blooded animals do, but through little openings in the skin situated in rows along the side of the body—the particles of dust close these openings, so that parasites die of suffocation as quickly as a quadruped would if held under water. This has been denied by some scientists, who say that these holes are defended by a very delicate but effective apparatus that makes it impossible for any foreign matter to enter, no matter how minute it may be. Be this as it may, I know that wild birds take dust baths whenever the weather and the state of soil permit. Nature is a good guide, and whether the dust bath is for the prevention and absorption of effete matter which has become too odorous, or whether it acts as an insecticide, it is certainly advantageous to fowls or they would not use the dust bath. I say that the careful poultry-keeper will provide dust boxes for birds, filled with fine dust, coal ashes, thoroughly dried and mixed with insect powder. It makes but little difference which of these varieties of soil you use; the principal part is to have it clean. That is, not a highly manured soil, but a comparatively unferrous one is preferable. The next qualification is that it must be perfectly dry.—Western Gardener.

**FALL CALVES THE BEST TO RAISE.**  
There is no longer any use disputing the extra value of fall calves for raising. And they constitute one of the best sources of profit to the butcher dairymen, who has his skim milk and raises his own cows, finely bred. It is no wonder that such wise men estimate the value of skim milk at one cent per quart. And they have learned how to employ it to the best advantage.