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A club is reported to have been formed in Vienna, Austria, the members of which are pledged to marry a poor girl. If by chance or design a member marries a rich girl, he is fined \$2,000, which sum is bestowed on some respectable but impecunious couple engaged to be married.

Our steel manufacturers are in high repute with Russians, as our ship and locomotive builders have discovered to their advantage, and there is no reason why the makers of smaller iron and steel goods should not develop a profitable business with the planters of Southern Russia.

Norway is buying cannon in this country, and it is said that she is preparing for a fight with her associate in the kingdom, Sweden. This is a trouble of old standing, Norway claiming that Sweden preponderates too much in the partnership. A war between the two countries would be one of great ferocity, for the Swedes and Norwegians represent the most vigorous stock in Europe. We are likely to forget in these times that the forefathers of all the nations of Northern Europe, and our own too, came out of Scandinavia. It was many centuries ago, but it gives us all an historical interest in that peninsula.

A report to the State Department at Washington by Consul General Govey from Yokohama, Japan, shows the progress made in railroad construction in the Japanese Empire up to the middle of the present year. The whole number of lines authorized is sixty, with an aggregate mileage of 3521 miles. The lines vary in length from three to 850 miles—the longest being the Great Japan Railway, of which all but thirty-two miles had been completed in July last. Nothing more forcibly marks the contrast between the progressive Japanese nation and their stolid and apathetic neighbors, the Chinese, than the enterprise shown by the former in works of internal improvement as against the determined resistance on the part of the latter to every species of development.

Steadily the United States is taking ground for her manufactured articles throughout all foreign countries, and especially is this so in Germany with respect to machinery. England has heretofore led in this line in that country, but the record of the past year uncovers the fact that a material decrease has taken place in the sales of the Britishers, while the business of the Americans has increased fully seventy-five per cent. over that of last year. In 1895 the imports from the United States into Germany did not amount to one-sixth of those of Great Britain, now they are equal to sixty per cent. of the same. It is gratifying to know, too, that this is not due to price alone, as the quality of the American article is invariably considered by the purchaser.

The history of the disease proves that "the gripe," or "la gripe," or plain "grip" by any other name would be as unwelcome. Whether it is contagious or infectious, rides on the slightest couriers of the air or passes from victim to victim by personal contact, it deserves the maledictions of all. Whether it comes as an old-fashioned influenza, accompanied by inflamed eyes and other signs, or signifies its presence by shooting pains in the back and aching limbs, it is not to be sneezed off. While doctors may differ as to whether it is a germ disease or follows from atmospheric conditions all agree that it is best avoided by general attention to hygienic rules. Eat rationally, dress warmly, live cheerfully and avoid the foul fiend, which we are convinced was poor Tom's name for worry. If grip, gripe or la gripe catches you in his clutches, yield at once, put yourself between warm blankets and rest and sweat him out. Avoid both depressing medicines and stimulating drinks. Be as cheerful as you can under circumstances that would have made Mark Tapley mad.



MY BOY.

The sons of many other mothers
Have pink and white cheeks just as fair,
And wealth of gold and brown locks wavy
ing;
But none can with my boy compare;
Out in the distance with his comrades
I see him coming, while afar
Among the whole group shining radiant
As when from gray clouds gleams a star!

When merry songs in neighboring wood-lands
Ring forth like sweet bells, pure and clear
I hear but one 'mid all the voices—
My son's alone doth reach my ear
And when a ball in happy playtime
Flies upward to the very roof,
I know that my own boy's hand flung it—
Of his youth's strength a joyous proof!

When fifteen more brief years have fled,
The vision ye will see with me,
As slender as a green young fir-trunk
He stands beneath the apple-tree!
Even now his bright, clear eyes uplifted
The radiant sunshine strive to bear;
Yes, there are sons of other mothers,
But none can with my boy compare!
—Johanna Ambrosius.

THE NICKEL SKATES.

By A. F. Caldwell.

ENNIE sat in his seat, repeating over and over: "If 1750 pounds of hay can be bought for \$15, what is the cost of hay per ton?" It did seem as though the answer in the book must be wrong; for, try as he might, Bennie's result would not agree with it. Strange!

"If 1750 pounds of hay can be bought for a—for a—pair of nickel skates, how—"

Again Bennie closed the book dismally.

"Here! I can't get it; there's no use trying! I get skates and hay all mixed up!"

Just then the warning bell rang, and the grade prepared to march out for intermission. Soon little groups met here and there in the yard, all eagerly discussing that mysterious pair of skates.

"They had been offered by Dr. Conant that morning to the boy who should spell correctly, in a given time, the largest number of practical words used in every-day life. The test was to be given by the doctor himself a week from the following Friday.

Great excitement prevailed; for there was a strong spirit of rivalry among the X-grade boys, who were divided into two factions, led respectively by Bennie Norcross and Dick Atkins. Besides, the skates were a "Jim-dandy" pair, as Bennie declared to his chum, Ted Stone—and justly, too; for Dr. Conant, who never did anything by halves, had purchased the finest pair that could be found in the large manufacturing city where skates were made.

"Anyway, it lies between you and Dick Atkins, old man," declared Ted, positively, that night, as they sat discussing the matter in the Norcross sitting-room. "You two are the best spellers; the rest of us fellows don't stand the ghost of a chance. And, besides, we want you to get them, anyhow! See how Dick Atkins got the prize in declamation from you last spring, and just because Dr. Downing, one of the judges, was a relative of his. I'd like to see any one spell for him now, though!"

The friends of both boys felt confident of their own leader's success, and hardly considered the thought of trying for the prize themselves.

"Of course, we'll go through the form; but, when it comes to our getting the skates, we won't be there—not even if we tried," declared the boys, laughingly.

The fathers and friends of the boys, in all professions, were consulted for their opinion as to the most practical words in every-day use, and in this way both Bennie and Dick received much valuable "coaching" from their eager followers.

"I hope I shall get them—they're such beauties! But, then, I'd rather beat Dick Atkins than have all the skates in the world," was Bennie's frequent soliloquy during that anxious week.

"'Twas Thursday afternoon,
"Well, to-morrow's almost here," thought Bennie to himself, as he entered the postoffice for the five o'clock mail.

There, before the letter-box, stood Dr. Conant. In taking a letter from his pocket to post, a scrap of paper slipped out with it and fell to the floor unnoticed.

As Bennie stepped to the delivery window, after the doctor had gone, his foot chanced to touch the paper. He stooped and picked it up. Unfolding it, he found—

"It's the list of test words for to-morrow!" he whispered, excitedly. "It's? It is! Now, Mr. Dick, we'll see!"

Bennie took his mail and hurriedly left the office. As he turned into a less busy street, he stopped and cautiously unfolded the bit of paper

again. Surely, there could be no mistake! It contained the words for to-morrow's trial.

"I'll have them, every one, before I go to sleep!" he exclaimed, half aloud.

He hastily glanced down the list of words—"scoundrel," "dishonest," "thief," met his gaze. He stopped; he could read no more. That last word seemed to whisper, so all who passed might hear: "You're one! Yes you are Bennie Norcross!"

He hurriedly turned into his own street, and in a moment more threw down the mail on the sitting-room table.

"I'm afraid you're worrying too much about the prize," remarked Mrs. Norcross at tea-table that evening; for Bennie had left the warm rolls and fresh honey almost untasted!

"Oh, I guess not," replied Bennie, lightly.

That night when he got to his room he sat down on the bed and placed the spelling-test paper before him.

"So-u-n-d-r-e-l; I can spell that. D-i-s-h-o-n-e-s-t-e-r. That's easy enough. D-i-s-h-o-n-e-s-t—"

"You are, you are!" seemingly interrupted the wind, as it went moaning down the chimney.

"Oh, bother!" exclaimed Bennie, furtively looking around the room. "T-h-i-e-f," he spelled, and on through the entire list, and then noiselessly crept into bed.

"Good luck to you, Bennie!" called Mrs. Norcross, merrily, the next morning, as Bennie, with a happy heart, took up his books, tightly strapped together, and prepared to leave the house.

"Thank you, mother," he answered, quietly. The next moment the door closed and he was gone. Ted met him a block away. "Why, what's the matter, old man?" she exclaimed, giving him a friendly slap on the shoulder. "Cheer up! You'll come in ahead with flying colors this time!"

Bennie tried to smile, but his attempt was a miserable failure.

"I've a good mind not to take it," he said to himself, as his chum left him to do an errand across the street.

"But then I must beat Dick Atkins and I can do it this time!"

Just after the opening exercises Dr. Conant entered the schoolroom, carrying under his arm a neatly done up paper parcel.

All eyes turned to Bennie and Dick. Bennie's heart beat wildly, while to his throbbing a voice within seemed to be keeping time with: "Can't—you—spell—that?" "Course you can; for that's you. You can spell yourself, can't you?"

Slowly Dr. Conant pronounced the first word—how anxiously Bennie was listening for it—"business."

"He's got another list," happily thought Bennie to himself. "Oh good!"

But no. The next word was "scoundrel," and from that on the list was exactly the same as the one Bennie had found and studied.

After he had written the fifth word, he looked up from his paper. Ted met his gaze with an assuring smile. Bennie's face flushed. "What if he knew?" he thought.

When the test was over, with a sigh of relief, Bennie folded his paper and hurried from the room.

"How'd you make it?" asked the boys, quickly, as they gathered around him. "Wasn't it a sticker, though?"

"Was it?" answered Bennie, evasively. "I think, perhaps, I got most of them right."

At the close of the afternoon session Dr. Conant was to award the prize. How slowly the hours seemed to pass! At length, however, the exercises for the day were over, and Dr. Conant entered. An air of expectancy filled the room. Bennie's face paled slightly.

"Spelling has become nearly a lost art among the boys and girls of the present generation," began Dr. Conant, "and I assure you it gives me a pleasurable surprise to find among the X-grade boys of the Wallace High School a marked exception to this condition. Nearly every boy in the grade has done himself credit—some, of course, more than others, and one especially more than all the rest. The boy referred to, who has splendidly conquered in the contest"—all eyes were immediately turned to Bennie and then to Dick—"is Bennie Norcross. Will the young man, who did not fail in a single word, please come forward?"

Bennie arose, pale but resolute, and walked out to the desk before which Dr. Conant was standing.

"Will you please tell me, sir, who stands second in the contest?" asked Bennie, as the doctor took the parcel from the desk.

"Certainly, my boy. Let me see: It's Dick Atkins."

"Then," said Bennie, "to him belongs the prize." And, turning, he faced the school, and confessed the whole story of the lost paper.

As he ceased speaking, not a breath was heard in the large assembly room.

Hastily wiping his eyes Dr. Conant advanced and, gently placing his hand on Bennie's shoulder, said tenderly: "My boy, the skates, of course, belong to Dick Atkins; but, as I said before, I repeat, and with the hearty approval of every boy in the X-grade, I'm certain you have splendidly conquered"—Northwestern Christian Advocate.

Penalties For Tattooing.

The Parisian newspapers announce that the Governor of French Oceania has issued a decree prohibiting tattooing throughout the archipelago, in the interests of public health and morals, which, the decree states, seriously suffer from the practice. Henceforth tattooers and tattooed will be subject to a fine ranging from \$5 to \$200, and a term of imprisonment not exceeding fourteen days.

NEWS AND NOTES FOR WOMEN.

Crystal Beads Too Tawdry.

The long chaplets of crystal beads in vogue in Paris are too tawdry for folks of good taste—too suggestive of squaws. But long gold chains are coveted, and the pearl dog collar of last winter is still with us.

Care of the Skirt.

Muddy weather is always a sore trial to a woman wearing a nice skirt, but she can do something to preserve it from permanent ruin. In the first place, when returned from a muddy street she should hang the skirt before a fire, but not too close, so that the mud may dry quickly. When dry, the mud spots should be loosened by rubbing with the edge of a penny, and the dust should then be gently brushed off with a brush of moderate firmness. Too rough a brush must not be used, especially upon smooth-faced cloths, for it is liable to roughen the surface. If after this brushing the mud marks are still visible, sponge the spots with alcohol or methylated spirits and the material will be left clean and unmarked. In taking off a lamp skirt be careful to hang it out as flat as possible over a chair, as if thrown down carelessly in that condition it will contract inelegant creases.—Philadelphia Press.

Wanted to See the Queen.

About forty-three years ago Queen Victoria, then on a visit to Napoleon III, passed down the Champs Elysees on her way to the Champ de Mars, where a review was to be held in her honor. An English nobleman, running to join the cab waiting for him, ran against Beranger. The aged poet seemed in a great hurry, and the Englishman asked him the reason of his haste. "I want to see your Queen," replied Beranger. Inasmuch as a couple of years before Beranger had declined an invitation of the Empress Eugenie to go to the Tuilleries, whereupon the Empress called upon the poet instead, the English nobleman remarked upon it. "I was under the impression that you did not trouble yourself much about royalty," he said. "You refused to go to see the Empress, and you rush along to see the Queen. How do you account for such inconsistency?" "No, I am not going to see the Queen," was the rejoinder, "I am going to see the woman. If there were many women like Victoria I'd forgive them being Queens."

How to Have a Beautiful Neck.

A beautiful neck beautifully dressed makes a woman look fairer and younger than any other toilet dressing, and the majority of women know it, and their worry is greater on this score than any other in the beautifying line.

There is a way—in fact, there is always a way when a woman wills—and a little patience and perseverance will make the ugliest neck not beautiful and presentable.

"Gymnastic movements for developing the muscles of the neck," says a well-known beauty expert, "are: 1. Slowly but firmly bend the neck forward until the chin nearly touches the neck; then gradually raise the head. 2. Slowly but firmly bend the head backward as far as you comfortably can. Repeat this movement twenty times. 3. Bend the head sideways to right twenty times and to the left the same number of times. 4. Roll the head slowly to the right, then to the left, twenty times."

After these exercises the neck should be bathed in warm water and olive oil soap and rubbed with a soft towel. Follow this by anointing the neck with retiring cream, and, if persisted in, the fair patient will soon be rewarded by being the proud possessor of a beautiful neck.

Smelling Salts Cause Wrinkles.

The woman who wishes to retain the beauty of her face—and what woman does not?—should forego the use of the smelling bottle, for, according to a well-known New York physician, who has lately been making experiments in that line, the use of smelling salts encourages wrinkles.

"If you don't believe me," he said, "stand in front of a mirror and inhale the pungent odor from a smelling bottle and notice the number of lines that form about the eyes, nose and mouth. Each sniff taken from the bottle causes the same screwing up of the face, and each time the unbecoming lines deepen. Remember, also, that it is an unpleasant experience which has called up these wrinkles. Those caused by laughing and talking are bad enough, but the wrinkles formed by the use of smelling salts give an absolutely undesirable expression."

"But if you are already in possession of wrinkles which have been produced in other ways than by the use of salts, then smelling salts are a specific for removing them and causing them to stay away. In almost every case the wrinkles formed by laughing and crying are in an exactly opposite direction to those produced by inhaling salts, and in this case smelling salts act like a charm in causing the unbecoming lines to disappear."—New York Herald.

Modish Hosiery.

Perhaps in no line of wearing apparel has there been so marked a departure within two years as in hosiery. The universally worn black stockings, in spite of their many points of excellence, have no place in the modern wardrobe. Plain colors are still worn, but all are gray, except the somber gray and tan shades.

In the place of the sober black articles there have come the tartan silk ribbed hose and fancy stripes in hosiery, with a woolly finish, and they might at first sight be mistaken

for a heavy-weight article. These come in such combinations as yellow, blue and black, and green, coral and black, the most brilliant color in each being made of silk, which is interwoven with the lisle thread.

The prettiest novelties in lisle thread are the checks, composed of two shades of one color and one of white. The checks are perhaps one-third of an inch square, and are continued quite to the tip of the toe. One very beautiful check is shown of gray, green and white, with toe and hem at the top of the black.

The French quadrille is another very pretty conceit, and is formed by a succession of narrow stripes of green and white upon a black background. In all combinations the checks and stripes extend throughout the entire length of the stocking.

There is a bewildering variety of exquisite weaves for evening wear which embrace every imaginable color and design. One of the novelties is the boot-top design of one-third the length of the hose, where it is finished in form of a boot-top. Lace vertical stripes and embroidery in fancy colors are used for this.

The long vertical-striped hosiery is to be had in such blendings as maize and white, pale blue and white, and two shades of the colored silk, but with black tips at the toe, heel and hem. Black silk speckled lightly with blue and of a very lace-like texture affords a dainty example of such black hose as is worn. There is also a bolder combination of black and white Milan silk, wherein the two colors are in lace-like stripes alternately placed.—Harper's Bazar.

Gossip.

Japan is going to have a woman's university, the Nihon Yoshi Daigaku, in place of the former Academy of Nobles at Tokio.

Mrs. Antonio Terry, Silly Sanderson that was, now that she has fully recovered her health, will probably return to the operatic stage.

Miss Jennie Revert, who has a stock farm on Long Island, has invaded a new field for women by graduating from the Veterinary School in Alfort, France.

Mme. Sarah Bernhardt is so delighted over her recent ascent of Mount Vesuvius that she has declared her intention of establishing a villa on the slope of the mountain.

Miss Lucie Faure, the only daughter of President Faure, whose engagement to M. Georges Chris is announced, understands Latin, Greek and English, and has written a book of travels.

The late Empress of Austria was a great admirer of beautiful women. She had a special portrait gallery containing the pictures of good-looking women she had met, especially Austrians, French and Italians.

Miss Amy Castilla, M. D., the first woman to become resident medical officer of a general hospital in the southern hemisphere, has just died in Australia. She was also one of the first lady graduates of the University of Melbourne.

Mrs. Lily Dominis, formerly queen of the Hawaiian Islands, has rested a modest furnished house in Washington and will hereafter hold court there, assisted by Miss McGuire, her "lady in waiting," and Mr. Helleluiah, her "lord high chamberlain."

The Queen of Roumania is perhaps the only royal personage who acquires herself as a public lecturer. For some time past her majesty has been accustomed to give lectures privately in her palace to the young ladies of the leading families in Roumania.

Fashion Notes.

Silk petticoats are now hung from deep yokes and fit the hips like a glove without even one gather in the back.

The bows worn with stocks are big and broad and the ends long. The sides and ends are hemmed with a narrow stitched hem.

The old combination of pale gray and orange, seen so much of late in house and carriage gowns, is now used for evening frocks with much success.

Fur capes, peleries, fuchs, sailor-shaped collars, boas and Vandyke collarettes have never been made in such a variety of styles as they have this season.

Many of the exceedingly smart little garments cost quite as much as a fur jacket or other wrap, and in spite of the rage for the new long, sweeping capes, the small fur shoulder coverings are still a la mode.

Poppins of various qualities and in many new effects will be one of the fabrics next season. They have a silky finish, and in dainty stripes, plaids, checks, and dots of soft, delicate color the spring patterns are exceedingly effective.

Simplicity marks the ornamentation. Hand embroidery of silk, in colors, is chosen for decorating the cuffs and the front of the bodice. Applique of broadcloth, in contrasting and in harmonizing colors, is also favored by many. The colors most used are automobile, a reddish-brown, castors and gray.

The head of the animal in muffs has taken its place at one side, and with the long tail—or there may be two or more tails, there being often an abnormal development in made-up animals at the other end, and with the muff itself serving for a body, there is a strong suggestion of the animal as it was in life.

Long coats are features of the season. They appear in a variety of designs. An attractive model of brown velvet is trimmed with sable. It is tight-fitting both front and back. A high, rolling collar of velvet is faced with sable, the fur extending in long, stable ends. At the bust is a large bow-knot of the velvet.

FARM AND GARDEN.

Changing a Heavy Clay Soil.

It requires at least 100 or more loads of sand to cover even very slightly the 43,500 square feet in an acre of land. This will make the cost more than the change is worth, unless the sand and clay are much closer together than is usual. We have known it to be done in gardens for the culture of melons and cucumbers, both of which succeed better where sand constitutes a part of the soil. But usually the application of manures, and the plowing under of clover and the thorough underdraining of the clay will make all the change needed, and do it much more cheaply than can be done by drawing sand on it. So soon as a clay soil is underdrained the frost mellow the surface soil so that clover seed will grow, and when a clover growth is secured it will so increase the amount of vegetable matter that there will be no difficulty thereafter in keeping the soil friable at least to the depth it is plowed.

Clay soils are always originally full of vegetable matter, because they hold the water and the leaves, and vegetation grows on them decaying slowly. But continued cultivation so reduces this vegetable matter that the clay runs together in wet weather, and when plowed comes up in hard clods that plant roots cannot penetrate. As the clay contains much mineral fertility, these clods need only to be broken up by freezing to enable the plant roots to use it. But we have always found that a small dressing of available potash and phosphate has even better effect on clay soils than it does on sand or gravel. It is needed on the clay to start the plants to growing, after which their roots will help themselves to whatever is in reach. On the sandy or gravelly soil there must be a larger dressing of fertilizer as such soils can furnish less.

It is very rare that, however long cultivated, all of the vegetable matter in clay soils will be exhausted. But we have known instances where several feet depth of clay was removed for making brick and tile. The clay soil beneath was, after a few years, well seeded with grass, and made a good meadow thereafter. The first thing done to this clay was to sink underdrains into it so as to carry off surplus water. Then it was fall plowed, and in the spring was sown with grain and clover seed, merely harrowing down the rough surface which the plowing had left. There was only a partial growth of clover the first year, but after growing a year the clover was plowed under when in bloom, and the clay was cultivated until fall, and sown with Timothy seed. In the spring clover seed was also sown, and made a much better catch than at first seeding. The Timothy sod was a good one for two or three years after the clover had died out. How much longer it would have lasted we do not know, for about that time there was an increased demand for brick, as a nearby city was growing rapidly, and another strata of clay was taken from land that had already furnished two stratas before.—American Cultivator.

Milk Strains Among Hogs.

Too little attention has been paid by breeders and farmers to the milking qualities of their brood sows, and yet of all things to be taken into consideration in selecting brood sows this characteristic is the most important. Maternity is the function of a brood sow, and failing in good milking capacity, she fails to fulfill this function. Did you ever note that the sow that is the kindest, most careful mother, is always the one that gives the biggest flow of milk, and the sow that gives little or no milk is careless, forgetful and negligent of her litter? Well, it is a fact, and has a very natural explanation. The sow with the large explanation under full of milk fluids it is relieved to have it drawn off by the pigs frequently, and she most gladly responds to the call of the little fellows for a lunch as often as they give her. She is careful and grateful to them for the relief they give her. The other sow finds no such comfort from her litter, since she has no need of that kind of relief; on the contrary, the frequent demands of the half-starved pigs is unpleasant to her. She becomes irritable and cross at their persistent calls for more. She would rather be let alone, go off by herself, eat her fill and lie down undisturbed while she converts it into pork on her own back instead of her pigs. Consequently, at weaning time you will find her in pretty good shape, while the pigs are all runts. But the other sow and her litter, how do they look? Just the reverse.—American Swineherd.

Colds and Influenza in Poultry.

During the cold and wet weather of the winter months poultry are liable to various ailments, any of which may prove fatal if not treated in time. Colds and influenza are the most common and this item should therefore be kept handy for future reference.

Colds are frequent among poultry in winter and need prompt attention to prevent the more serious rump which is likely to follow a neglected cold. The symptoms of a cold including the frothy nostrils, running matter in the eyes and wheezy sound when breathing are familiar to all poultrymen. Take ten drops each of tincture of spongia and acetate and mix with sufficient alcohol to make an ounce. Put a teaspoonful of this mixture in each quart of drinking water. Keep the fowls from dampness and cold winds and bathe the eyes and nostrils of the birds with equal parts of water and hydrogen dioxide, forcing a little down the throat and into the nostrils. This treatment is also good for roup in its incipient stages.

Lagrippe or influenza is prevalent

this winter. The symptoms are discharges at eyes and nose, cough and swollen faces. Take ten drops each of acetate, spongia and bryonia and mix with sufficient alcohol to make an ounce. Use a tablespoonful of the mixture to each quart of drinking water, using also the mixture of hydrogen dioxide and water in the manner advised above for colds. Keep fowls dry and well fed.

A Handy Farm Cart.

On nearly every farm there is one or two pairs of unused cultivator wheels. With these a cart can be made which will save much labor, and many steps. Especially is this so where there are half grown children about. They will enjoy working with the cart and will do much of the feeding, haul wood and cobs, and do many chores that would otherwise take up the farmer's time and attention.

A box about 2 1/2 x 3 feet and six or eight inches in depth is set on an axle long enough to give the wheels plenty of play, in such a manner as to nearly balance, the heavier end being toward the handle, so the one pushing or pulling; it will have little weight to carry. To the sides of the box fasten with nails or bolts, three-inch boards extending three feet from the box and about five from the axle. Bore an inch hole through the ends and put a round piece of wood, such as an old pitchfork handle or other strong wood, into these holes, fastening the ends by wedging firmly. This will serve as a means of propelling the cart. Underneath the rear end of the cart, standards can be spiked or bolted on, so that the cart box will always remain in nearly a horizontal position when the propeller releases the handles.—American Agriculturist.

Floors For Henhouses.

A henhouse floor should never be made of boards. There will be sure to be some cracks between them, and when the droppings fall upon them and keep these cracks moist they make the best possible breeding place for lice. Rather than have board floors we would have one with earth, underlaid with stone to secure drainage, and covered with sifted coal ashes to receive the droppings from the roosts. The most satisfactory of all floors is one of cement. This will not rot out like a board or plank floor, and it will not have cracks to encourage the breeding of vermin. On a cement floor under the roosts no litter should be allowed. Thus the excretions may be kept free from matter that cannot be rotted down, and if put into a large box with sifted coal ashes sprinkled over them they will be rotted down by spring, so as to be in good condition for drilling with grain or for sprinkling in the rows where peas are planted. There is nothing better to give peas a vigorous start early. It will also make them several days earlier, and thus secure for a them better price.

Value of Mixed Rations.

In feeding all kinds of farm animals, including poultry, the object should be not to use the food that is the cheapest, but that which is best. The main trouble with farmers in this direction is that they confine their feeding operations to but one grain, depending on roughage for variety. It is understood just how convenient it is to feed the grain by other kinds, but this is poor policy. In a farming neighborhood it is quite often possible to trade grains value for value, not measure for measure, and thus obtain a variety of foods without the necessity of purchasing them. It is a well known fact that two mixed grains can be fed more cheaply than either fed separately. That is, less food will be required, to say nothing of the added benefit to the animals. Variety is the spice of animal foods as it is of life, and the stockman, dairyman or poultryman who feeds on this principle will realize the best results.

Feed Pigs Generously.

It certainly is unprofitable for any swine raiser to stint his animals, as they should be made to grow every day. After ten days or two weeks they should be fed generously through their dams, and at three or four weeks provided with a place where they can obtain, unmolested, a little feed of slop and soaked shelled corn. Keep them growing every day, and at an early age they will be ready for the market at a profit to the raiser. If the pigs are allowed to stop growing and become stunted it is very hard to start them anew, not to mention the loss of feed, time and labor. Pigs inclosed in a dry lot or yard, and given only dry, hard corn and hard water, seldom yield a handsome profit. They expand a variety of food, such as they will expand the stomach and at the same time be cooling to the system. Corn, alone, is too heating.

Rough Bark on Old Trees.

The gradual thickening of bark on trees is often objected to as an evidence of unfruitfulness. But it almost always comes on trees when they get to be of bearing age, and except for harboring the cocoons of the codling moth it does no harm. Scraping this bark off through the winter removes the protection, and the cocoon exposed to snow and rain perishes. These cocoons will be usually found on the side opposite where the prevailing wind blows, as this is partly protected against beating rains, especially if the tree trunk leans that way. Only the bark that readily comes off should be removed. Scraping the trunk down to the green bark will cause some kinds of trees to sun scald and is injurious. Make the tree grow vigorously and the rough bark will roll off of itself or with very little effort.

The older one grows the less risk there is of dying; only two or three centenarians die each year.—Life.