

# Freeland Tribune

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A bicyclist has just obtained a verdict of \$24,500 against a railroad company for the loss of his legs. If he had not been a wheelman what would the sum have been?

A sharp line of distinction should be drawn between the classes that are in the "submerged tenth" because they are hopelessly degenerate and those coming to us from Canada and Europe, who begin at the bottom, but quickly rise to self-support and self-respect.

The statement that Missouri never punishes train robbers is a cruel slander, facetiously remarks the Kansas City Journal. It often happens that outlaws of this class are sent to the penitentiary even before they have been operating in the state twenty years, and sometimes they are compelled to remain there weeks and weeks before the governor pardons them out.

If a German scientist is to be believed, everything needed to make a man weigh 150 pounds can be found in the whites and yolks of 1200 hen's eggs. "Reduced to a fluid," declares the savant, "the average man would yield 98 cubic metres of illuminating gas and hydrogen, enough to fill a balloon capable of lifting 155 pounds. The normal human body has in it the iron needed to make seven large nails, the fat for fourteen pounds of candles, the carbon for 65 gross of crayons and phosphorus enough for eight hundred and twenty thousand matches. Out of it can be obtained besides twenty coffee-spoonsful of salt, fifty lumps of sugar, and forty-two litres of water."

Koyama is a member of the Japanese Diet. That body had been considering a land tax bill which the government was determined should become a law. When the roll was called Koyama announced that certain agents of the government had paid him \$4000 to vote for the tax bill, and then sedately proceeded to vote against the measure. In his artless Japanese fashion, Koyama further rebuked his would-be corrupters by pocketing the money. While this is exceedingly interesting evidence going to show that the dawn of civilization in Japan has become a sunburst, it is disappointing. Koyama is evidently young. He must learn that the first requisite of a successful politician is to stay bought and say nothing about it.

In Massachusetts Mr. George L. Patterson recently submitted some interesting statistics on the subject to a legislative committee having under consideration a bill looking toward the abolition of the death penalty. His figures show that in states where capital punishment has been abolished there has been invariably a decrease in the crime of murder. In Michigan and Rhode Island the decrease in the crime of murder after the abandonment of the gibbet was 43 per cent. in the ten years following. In Wisconsin and Maine the murders numbered 3 per cent. less during the years when there was no death penalty than during the same number of years preceding. In Iowa the death penalty was not in force from 1872 to 1873. During these years there was one murder for every 1,200,000 inhabitants, while in the four years before there was one murder for every 800,000 inhabitants. In Holland and Portugal abolition of capital punishment was followed by an immediate decrease in the number of murders.

Frederick the Great once requested his generals to submit to him plans of campaign for a supposititious case. Hans Joachim von Zieten the famous cavalry general, produced a queer diagram in black ink. It represented a big blot in the center, intersected by two black lines, whose four terminals ended each in a smaller blot. The king was furious and upbraided his old comrade in arms bitterly for what he considered disrespect. In explanation Von Zieten said: "Why, Your Majesty, I am the large blot in the center—the enemy is any one of the four smaller blots. He can march upon me from the right or left, from the front or the rear. If he does, I simply advance upon any of the four lines and I am where I find him." Frederick was satisfied.

**FAREWELL**  
Farewell! What words of mine may say  
What in my heart I feel?  
While on my heartstrings pain doth play,  
And Fate's cold hand of steel.

Unnoted by the world, we part;  
Our souls may not reveal  
The pain at which we faint would start—  
For us rests a seal.

A seal which only makes Love mute;  
It stifles not, nor dies,  
But e'er awaits to touch its lute,  
And breathe again its sighs.

What cries of woe I made you speak—  
O tell me you forgive!  
Were days of yours by me made bleak—  
For sunnier ones we'll live.

Unknown the bonds that us unite,  
Too strong for Fate to sever,  
Enduring through Time's ceaseless fight,  
They hold us firm forever.

So smile, then, when I look the word,  
That silent, I must tell,  
As if some message sweet you're heard,  
And not this sad farewell.

—M. B. W.

## THE ROMANCE OF AN OLD MAID.

BY GERTRUDE SCOTT DUNKIN.

MEMORANCE brings back to me a bunch of white clover and grasses tightly clasped in a dirty little fist, a hot, perspiring boyish face with tears of weary joy trembling on the lashes of the big brown eyes and a childish voice exclaiming:

"I brought you such a beautiful bouquet because I love you, dear. I walked miles to get it. Do you like it, and will you keep it forever?"

"Like it?" Words cannot express how much I liked it—then.

That was years ago. One would think I had forgotten—sometimes, it is better to forget—and yet, at times, these hot hearts of ours play us such strange, freakish tricks, one wonders how they can belong to quiet, self-possessed worldly people. For I am worldly—there is no use of denying it; in fact, I rather glory in it.

Some old maids take to fancy work with a cat and parrot attachment; some devote themselves to church and sewing societies, but I settled down to work—and work would surely put a quietus on sentimental nonsense.

If there be not love and happiness in our lives—and these things are blessings that come to so few—why not be something to and of the whole world. This bright, beautiful, fascinating world that we are so loath to leave, and yet would never have entered had our wishes been consulted. "I bring such a beautiful bouquet because I love you, dear," sounds as clearly in my ears to-night, as it did—more years ago than I care to remember.

Tom was eight and I was six and a half, and, oh, how we loved each other in the days when we used to go to housekeeping regularly, every morning after breakfast, in the little old summer house at the foot of the hill.

Tom sat on a sofa (inverted soap box) and made believe smoke a cigar and read his paper (a stray leaf from old Mother Goose), and I tucked up my curls with a big hairpin—we had saved our pennies to buy—and baked enormous sand pies for our lunch.

Afterwards he always went down town to his office and worked very hard, and I dressed up magnificently in the remnants of an old red table cloth and lolled on the sofa (at least part of me lolled; the rest hung over on the floor and I nearly broke my poor little back over the edge of that horrid box; but Tom said it was "grown up to lol" so the loling had to be done) until he came home from town with my bouquet. He never forgot it, and I always loyally vowed to keep it "forever" over. Sometimes it was dandelions, that I laboriously picked to pieces leaf by leaf to see if he did truly love me, and, when the woeful words came to the final petal, "he loves me not," Tom would stamp his foot and scold—"Poh! Katie, flowers don't know, I love you more'n a million bushels! Now kiss me this minute! Cos mans and boys just likes to be loved when they's all tired out working, like I am." Then that bouquet was thrown away, but the clover or wild flowers or even thistles I loyally wore the rest of day.

How this long dried bouquet has escaped the ravages of Time—only Fate knows; but it occupies a secret drawer in my desk and sometimes I take it out and live over again those old, delightful, thrilling days so full of love and happiness when Tom was a grown man at eight and such a splendid lover! My cheeks were the reddest, my eyes the brightest and my kisses the sweetest of any girl's in town, for—Tom said so.

He also said that I made the best sand cakes and he ate them, like a good husband ought, until one day when he nearly choked to death on a pebble and that frightened us so he never again could be persuaded to touch any of my baking; and he made me dress in mourning—a piece of black calico he found in the garret—just to see how badly I would have felt if he had really died.

It was dreadful! I had to cry and sob. Tom said widows always did, sob loud, dreadfully loud—until I almost made myself sick about it; for he made me keep that up for a week and cut off a few inches of the black calico every day. Tom said I just couldn't get out of mourning, too quick and it wasn't nice of me to want to. But after that I stole the bread and jam for our luncheon. Tom made me. He said one funeral was all a woman ought to expect of a man and he wouldn't choke himself to death again for any woman!

I cried over that, too; because a man really ought to be willing to sacrifice himself in every way if he could only make his wife happy; but Tom was obdurate and we couldn't starve. So, I stole the jam. His mother was such a suspicious woman that she always kept her jam closet locked. And one dreadful day our hired girl caught me—hired girls were dreadfully unsympathetic creatures when I was young—and took both of us upstairs to mother.

Oh, but Tom came splendidly to my rescue. "Don't you dare lick her, Mrs. Montgomery," he said, just as big and brave as if he was truly grown up. "She's my wife, and—and I made her berry your jam just to keep our family from starving. There's six dolls to be fed and—and I eat a lot and Katie has to have some." Mother was busy, so she just laughed and told the girl to give us some every day and then we wouldn't be tempted to steal.

Tom said I had such a splendid mother he believed he'd come over to our house to live—but he never did. His mother acted dreadfully when she heard of it. He had his things all packed up in a valise and a cigar box, ready to come and, when he went to say good bye, she cried and took on awfully. Tom said it was perfectly splendid—she could cry better than I could, and then we had our first quarrel. It was dreadful, the things he said, just like a grown up man for all the world; and I began sewing my black calico strips together again, for Tom vowed he was going off to fight Indians and I instinctively knew I'd soon be a widow; for Tom never quit anything until he had gotten himself killed for me to cry over.

The very day he brought me this bouquet he had died twice—once from a terrific Indian battle and the next time from sunstroke—and suddenly discovering he hadn't been at the office at all that day, he hurried down town and picked these flowers for me on his way home.

The next day cruel fate and our stern parents separated us. We moved out West and I took along my black calico and was a widow whenever I thought about it; but it was desperately lonely and I was truly heartbroken, and Tom—well, I never saw Tom until last winter when I came East and established a studio. He's grown to be a big, handsome fellow, a little gray and—a bit of a cynic, I fear. He comes to see me, sometimes. He says it's quite refreshing to talk to a genuine old maid who hasn't a particle of sentimental nonsense about her.

To-night, when he said that, I began gabbling as fast as I could about Dewey's bravery and Hobson's heroism, until he yawned gently behind his hand, and said quietly: "They are all very well. I'm proud of them, but I cannot keep a thrill at fever heat forever—could you?"

"Hardly. Old maids take no stock in thrills—they cannot be cashed," I retorted—hastily searching through my desk for a paper of statistics he wanted, when the drawer fell out and my precious bouquet came tumbling into view.

"What's that!" he exclaimed in a tone that sent the blood flying into my face.

I quickly put away my treasure without looking at him (even an old maid doesn't like to be caught blushing) and carelessly answered: "Just a little souvenir given me by a dear friend."

He laughed—such a harsh, bitter, cynical laugh—and turned away abruptly, saying: "And had thought you a woman without any romance whatever in her past! Heigho! but—women are all alike. \* \* \* If you have that paper ready I believe I will go now."

I gave it to him and he left without another word—and now—I sit staring, staring, staring at my pitiful little bouquet and, though a flood of tender memories comes over me, I almost wish he hadn't seen this bunch of clover blossoms and grasses that he gave me so long ago.

He must have forgotten. Men at ways do forget. It is only silly foolish women who never can teach themselves how to forget.

Heigho! It is a stupid, dreary old world—after all.

And I laugh—such a weary, senseless laugh—as I think how fortunate it is that I am a genuine old maid, without any sentimental nonsense.—Detroit Free Press.

### Some Philippine Animals.

The midget Philippine squirrel is an odd creature. It is about the size of a mouse, has legs longer in proportion than those of the ordinary squirrel, larger eyes and rounded ears. A large brown rat, gray underneath and with a squirrel-like head and eyes, but black, cord-like tail, is of still greater interest from an evolutionary point of view. It is discovered to be the last link needed to complete the chain of relationship between the true rat and the water rats. A wild pig, dignified by the name "sans celestibus Philippinensis" is found throughout the whole Philippine group. It is exceedingly exclusive during the day, when it hides in the forests, but sallies gayly forth during the night into the native maize and rice fields, where it does much damage. The natives call this badly beloved pig "babui."

The Philippine will also contribute a giant fruit-eating bat. All American bats, of course, stasist entirely upon insects and are provided with sharp teeth with which to nip them. The fruit-eating bat of these islands is larger than a rat, has a long head and blunt teeth. It makes nightly inroads upon the banana plantations and other fruit preserves. During the dry it sleeps hanging head downward from a tree.—Washington Star.

## NEWEST SHIP CANALS.

A GREAT WATERWAY BEING BUILT ACROSS RUSSIA.

Project to Make Brussels a Maritime Port—The Proposed 108-Mile Canal Across Florida—Suez Still Stands Alone Among the Paving Ship Canals.

Among the canal projects that are making most rapid progress is the Russian canal across western Russia, from the Baltic to the Black Sea. Work on the canal began last spring, and four years will be required to complete it. It is to be 1080 miles long, and will extend from the port of Riga, on the Baltic, to the mouth of the Dnieper River, on the Black Sea. The new waterway will be large enough to permit the largest warships to pass through. It will have a width at the top of 217 feet and 117 feet at the bottom, with a depth of 28½ feet. Starting from Riga the route follows the Dwina River to Dunaberg. From this point the canal will be dug to Lepel upon the Beresina River. It will then follow this stream to the Dnieper, which it will descend to the sea. The route thus utilizes the river courses which are to be canalized, and of the total length of the canal only 125 miles will be dug. The canal is being so strongly built that vessels may steam through it at a rate of six knots an hour. It will take six days for large vessels to pass through it, traveling night and day. The canal is to be lighted throughout by electricity, and the total cost is estimated at about \$100,000,000. To enlarge the commercial area to be served it is proposed to utilize numerous secondary rivers and thus connect the canal with the important towns of Mogy, Chernigov, Jitomir, Poltava and others.

The success of the Manchester ship canal has led Belgium to think of a similar undertaking for the benefit of Brussels. The project is to make Brussels a maritime port, with large dock accommodations and a basin for shipping, comprising about 30,000 acres. The work has not yet begun, but there is no doubt it will be carried out. The canal will be about seventy-five miles long. The Belgians are among the best canal builders of the world, and a great deal of their internal commerce is carried on the twenty-nine canals now in operation.

There is no telling what the proposed Florida ship canal, designed to save some hundreds of miles of travel around the end of the peninsula, will be carried out. The projectors of this enterprise, however, have made progress in the study of available routes for the canal. The route selected by the late General Stone has been pronounced impracticable by Engineer Caffall, who reports that a tidewater canal is out of the question, and that the only practicable route for a ship canal is on a lock system, beginning at the harbor of St. Augustine, going straight to St. John's River, 151 miles, up that river ten miles, thence to Orange Lake, 28½ miles, through that lake nine miles, thence to the Gulf, south of Waccassassee Bay, the nearest deep water, 45½ miles. The total length of the canal is to be 108 miles.

The Panama Canal Company has completed the Boca dock, the Pacific terminus of the canal. It remains to be seen whether vessels will use this dock. The tide fluctuation at Panama amounts to over twenty-five feet, and at the lowest ebb the bottom of the sea is exposed for a mile or more from the shore. Some persons express the opinion that the dock will be a great success, while others think it will be a complete failure, as, in their opinion, vessels will not venture to tie up there.

The French Chamber has had before it for some time a plan to connect the Bay of Biscay with the Mediterranean by a ship canal. The plan is to start from Bordeaux, follow the left bank of the Garonne for a considerable distance, then cross the river and remain on the right bank as far as Toulouse, where it will again pass to the other side. The canal will finally cross the river a third time and terminate in the Gulf of Lyons near Narbonne. Its length will be 327 nautical miles. One great advantage that is urged in favor of the canal is that it will give northern France sea communication with its southern ports without passing through the Strait of Gibraltar.

The Suez Canal is as yet the only great financial success among the ship canals now in operation. Its total traffic receipts for the half year ending June 30 last were \$8,636,920. The charges imposed by the canal company are \$1.54 per registered tonnage, and ten of the German mail steamers alone contribute annually about \$500,000 to the canal company for passage or a sum equal to nearly half the mail subsidies received from the imperial Government.

The Kaiser Wilhelm Canal, between the mouth of the Elbe on the North Sea and Kiel on the Baltic Sea, is more than paying its expenses, and is slowly increasing. The Isthmus of Corinth Canal is only a little over three miles long, but it saves from 100 to 200 miles in the journey to Constantinople and obviates the necessity of making the dangerous passage around Cape Matapan. It is not yet utilized by shipping as much as was expected.—New York Sun.

### A Costly Wood.

Rosewood is exceedingly costly. Its principal use is in veneering over other woods, in cabinetwork and ornamental furniture. Its usual color is dark red or brown, with beautiful veins of brownish black, yellow, or other shades running through it, making it very pretty. It has been stated that the wood stands second only to mahogany. The name rosewood comes from the fact that the wood sends forth an odor of roses when cut.

## BASEBALL AT SANTIAGO.

An Irish Sergeant's Vigorous Coaching of a Cuban Youth.

An amusing story is told in Santiago of the efforts of an Irish Sergeant of the Fifth United States regulars to inculcate in a Cuban youth the principles of baseball, relates H. H. Lewis. One afternoon, after dress-parade, the regulars interested in baseball stried to make up two scrub teams for a practice-game on the spacious parade in front of the barracks. A Cuban youth named Lopez, the son of a prominent sugar-planter, who had watched several games with evident curiosity, volunteered to play.

"D'ye know anything about it?" asked the Sergeant, who was captain of one side, and was known in the regiment as "San Juan." "Can yez knock a three-bagger with one hand?" The Cuban looked mystified, but he politely intimated that he would try to learn.

"Well, jump it and hustle," said the captain, sending him out to right field. During that inning the new player caught an easy ball simply because it fell into his hands, and he was too surprised to let it go. When the side went to the bat the native of Santiago was told how to hold it and shown where to stand. The first ball was a low one, and the Cuban fanned the ball so zealously that he almost fell. Then came a ball that somehow managed to hit the bat with force enough to return to the outfield. The whole crowd yelled instructions, but the Cuban stood open-mouthed until "San Juan" made a leap for him, and, catching him by the arm, fairly dragged him in the direction of first base. There was a pained expression upon the Cuban's face, and he resisted feebly, but the Irish Captain finally landed him in triumph. A minute later the next at the bat sent the ball into the field and fore for first base.

"Run! run!" yelled "San Juan" to the Cuban, who was trying to adjust his collar. "Run! Give him a chance at that bag, will ye?"

Lopez dodged from the base just in time to escape being run down. His bat fell off, and he was on the point of dropping for it when the captain fell upon him. All that the spectators could see was a trailing cloud of dust, but when it cleared away Lopez and "San Juan" were visible making fast time towards second. The ball was still being fumbled in the field, and there was a good chance for a home run. When the Cuban reached second base he had lost a shoe and part of his coat, and the man following was at his heels. He was not allowed to halt, although he was in sore need of rest.

"Run! Run!" shouted the captain savagely. "Run or I'll—"

He snatched up a stick and made for Lopez with such a menacing air that the poor Cuban finally ran as hard as he could. Amid the howls of the spectators he shot over the ground, but instead of making for the home base he struck off across the parade, and finally disappeared beyond the adjacent mule corral. An hour later a small boy came for his clothes, and since then baseball can hardly be called popular with the youth of Santiago.

### Oriental Hyperbole.

An amusing specimen of Oriental hyperbole came under the notice of Lord Elgin before he left upper Burma. At a place called Myitkyia, which was a mere Burmah-Shan village ten years ago, but which is the headquarters of a thriving British district, the viceroy was presented with an address of welcome by the people of the town. The people, it declared, were as happy to see and make obeisance to his excellency as if they were gazing on "the full moon surrounded with luminous stars." They prayed for his long life, and for that of the queen-empress, contrasted their present security with the dangers in which they previously lived, pointed out that even the savage tribes were becoming civilized, and dwelt on the prospect of good crops and the regularity of the seasons. These results, including an equitable distribution of rain and sunshine, were undoubtedly due to the sagacity and rectitude of the government officers.—London News.

### To Telescope Star Trails.

A photographic telescope, having a peculiar purpose, is to be set up at Helsingfors by the Columbia University Observatory. The telescope is the gift of Miss C. W. Bruce, of New York. It is intended to photograph, not stars, but star trails. If a telescope, having a photographic plate in its focus, is pointed at the stars and then fixed in position, the stars will, in consequence of their apparent motion caused by the rotation of the earth, impress lines, or trails, upon the plate, the length of the lines depending upon the time of exposure. It is these star trails that the new telescope is intended to photograph, but only the stars near the North Pole will be chosen. The telescope will be pointed at the true pole of the earth's rotation, and the star trails will appear as circles, or parts of circles. Then, by careful examination of these star-made lines, changes in the direction of the earth's axis may be revealed.

### A Woman Lion Tamer.

There is a young woman in Germany who has been making exhibitions of her remarkable power over wild beasts that she has tamed. She takes her dinner in a huge cage and invites lions, tigers and wolves to eat with her. Only one knife and fork are provided; these Miss Heriot uses herself and cuts off the bits of food she bestows upon her four-footed friends. If they show a disposition to be greedy she quickly represses them. She learned the art of taming lions at the Leipzig zoological gardens.

## \* AGRICULTURAL \*

New Method of Preserving Milk.

A French experimenter has found that by placing milk, directly after it is drawn, in cool vessels and treating to a pressure of five or six atmospheres of pure carbonic acid for four or five hours, then treating to oxygen at five atmospheres pressure, for five hours, the undesirable bacteria will be killed. If the milk is then transported in vessels containing oxygen under two atmospheres of pressure, the milk is said to contain all the properties of fresh milk and can be guaranteed to be entirely free from disease germs.

### The Value of Early Cut Hay.

Save the best early cut hay and other roughage until the latter part of winter and early spring. All practical feeders have observed that farm animals are less likely to make satisfactory gains in the spring months than at any other time of the year. Often they lose flesh unless the very best of care is given. They refuse to eat the usual amount of forage unless it is early cut and of the very best quality. However I have found that by saving the earliest cut hay until the last, the stock will continue to consume the usual amount of food with a relish and also continue to make satisfactory gains. With milch cows the flow will not decrease, as so often happens in spring before the cows can be turned out on good pasture.

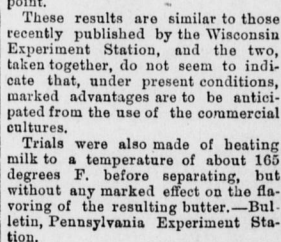
Then, too, by feeding the earliest cut hay last, the system of the animal will be in a better condition for making satisfactory gains immediately after being turned out on fresh pastures in spring. Very early cut fodder has a tendency to relax the bowels, consequently change from dry fodder to fresh pastures will not be radical change in feed. In the early part of the winter they are in a better condition for consuming the late cut hay and fodder, after being taken off the pastures, where their rations have often been made up of overripe and spartly dried off grasses. Every practical feeder has long ago learned the advantage of securing all fodder as early as possible after it has gained the required stage of growth, but where a large amount is to be put up, some of it will of necessity become riper than is desirable.—Lewis O. Folio, in Orange Judd Farmer.

### Experiment in Butter Making.

The discovery of the important part played by various bacteria in producing the flavor and aroma of butter has led to the introduction of what is known as commercial butter cultures, and dairymen have been led to hope that by the use of such cultures and of the process of pasteurizing, the quality of their butter might be materially improved. Recent trials at the Pennsylvania Experiment Station, however, report in Bulletins No. 45 and No. 46, seem to indicate that cleanliness, the careful selection of milk, and close attention to details, promise to affect more in improving the flavor of our butter than pasteurizing and the use of commercial cultures. With pasteurized cream, the acid-forming cultures were found to give slightly, but distinctly better results than were obtained from unpasteurized cream ripened spontaneously, while non-acid-forming cultures gave results, if anything, slightly inferior to those obtained by spontaneous ripening. With unpasteurized cream, as might have been expected, the results were less marked. A home-made "starter," however, carefully prepared from skim-milk, was found to give as good, if not better results than the more expensive commercial cultures, and this was true both with pasteurized and with raw cream. No distinctly beneficial results were observed from pasteurizing, though the experiments were not specially planned to test this point.

These results are similar to those recently published by the Wisconsin Experiment Station, and the two, taken together, do not seem to indicate that, under present conditions, marked advantages are to be anticipated from the use of the commercial cultures. Trials were also made of heating milk to a temperature of about 165 degrees F. before separating, but without any marked effect on the flavoring of the resulting butter.—Bulletin, Pennsylvania Experiment Station.

Where wire fencing is used, whether woven wire or straight strands, it is of great importance to have the corner or end posts firm and unyielding. A good way to accomplish this is



SECURING A FENCE CORNER.

shown in the cut. A broad stick of wood is sunk in the ground and a stout piece of galvanized iron wire is tied firmly about it and stretched tightly to the upper end of the post, as shown. A corner post will need two wires similarly anchored.

### Changing the Hives and Stock.

To one who has been an afford to keep them in any but standard hives of the present time, and neither will it pay to keep any but the pure Italian bees. The change is readily made by

transferring the bees and combs into new hives, and the stock of bees is easily changed by taking away the old queen and introducing an Italian queen in her place. The cost of the new hive and the new queen will not exceed two or three dollars per colony, and the extra profits obtained the first season by making this change would pay all the expenses.

The careful beekeeper changes his stock of bees and introduces new blood in the apiary almost every year, and it is remarkable the difference that is found in the different strains of bees. It matters not what pure race of bees we have, all colonies are by no means alike, and some are far more profitable to keep than others. Every apiarist has some particular colonies of bees in his apiary that he would not part with under any consideration, and double the prices of other colonies would not induce them to part with such stock.

The queen bee of course has all to do with this, as the whole colony is of her production. Change her to another hive, and all these good qualities go with her. Her progeny is supposed to retain a part or perhaps all her good qualities but it is only a per cent. that do, and by thus selecting we improve our stock of bees just as any breeder of fine stock of farm animals. Great are the number of good points in a queen bee. Some are very prolific, and will far exceed others in egg production. Some produce such gentle bees that they seldom ever attempt to sting you, and others are vindictive, and want to sting you at every opportunity, and are no better honey producers than the gentle ones. Others are inveterate swarmlers, while some are content to stave their honey right along and do not attempt to swarm. Some are given to pilfering and steal honey from other colonies, and some are so indolent that they will allow them to carry away all the honey they have and make no resistance. The markings of some bees are much more perfect than others, numerous other points might be named.—A. H. Duff.

### An Economical Cud-Crusher.

During the idle hours oftentimes the opportunity be improved to construct many a simple and practical device with which to work. Especially is this true concerning the cud-



A LAND-ROLLER.

crusher pictured herewith, for not only is it useful for crushing lumpy soil, but also for rolling and smoothing land. As can be seen, it is very simple to make, three logs as even in size and as round and true as possible being fastened inside a framework by round spikes (heavy wire nails) driven through the sidepieces into the logs, in which manner the latter can turn freely. Where a large, carefully-made land-roller is not at hand, this easily constructed substitute is serviceable, for, if necessary, it can be weighed.—New York Tribune.

### An Experiment in Turkey Raising.

A fine bronze gobbler and four hen turkeys were the foundation of our stock. In March a nest was discovered in an old fodder stack. Eggs accumulated until three hens that had nests in the hay loft were given sittings of nine eggs each. In due time the twenty-seven eggs hatched within the same twenty-four hours, and the striped, downy turks were fed several days before leaving their warm barn home. The hens were then put into coops with a movable inclosure, so that the little ones might have freedom without wandering too far from brooding wings into the dewy grass.

The earliest food was a mixture of oat and corn meal, scalded with hot water, and cooled with cold. A few weeks, and the raw meal was mixed with skimmed or sour milk. The hens weaned them in about six weeks, and then cuddled together with a fatherly rooster under a shed at night, until their wings fledged out so that they could join turkey society on brush and limb.

With growth came independence, and in three months they were scratching for their own living among the scatterings of the stock, expecting only a light breakfast and a generous supply of water and curd. Meantime three turkey hens had come home from secret nests with ten, ten and eleven chicks respectively.

The three younger broods shared the food of the orphans, but had unrestricted freedom. The mothers brooded their young all summer. Sometimes they would remain for days in the woods beyond the rye and oat fields, but in spite of the irregularity of their lives they grew to be somewhat heavier than the ones raised "by hand."

The entire flock of fifty (four had met with violent deaths and four had pined away from causes no doubt natural, but not understood) were finely shaped birds weighing by Christmas from fourteen to twenty pounds each.

Had all been sold, as some of them were to private customers at 12 cents per pound, the "fun" of raising them would have paid well, but the pressure of other things has left the disposal of the rest of them to a fluctuating market and a disinterested commission man. Even so, there can be but gain in raising turkeys for the family, friends and the market on the otherwise waste material of a stock, grain or dairy farm.—Emmerette E. Wheaton, in Farm, Field and Fireside.