

WHAT THEN?

When the mind is mapped as streets are—
row on row;
When the heart is tamed from love's un-
reasoning throes;
When the poet's winged fancy
Is an outgrown necromancy;
When the rain of inspiration turns to
snow;
What then?
When all doubts and fears alike are back-
ward cast;
When the dream of world-wide brother-
hood is past;
When the prophet's radiant vision
Is too futile for derision;
When the soul is but a formula at last;
What then?
When the fierce machine has conquered
flesh and blood;
When the labor-power is belt and wheel
and rod;
When the units nations wonder
At the gold we stagger under;
When the world is but an economic cloud;
What then?
—Herbert Newton Casson, in *The Outlook*.

Chance or Fate?

A Short Story.
BY LEDYARD BRYCE.

Life made up of detached frag-
ments nearly or quite independent
of each other, or is it like a dis-
sected picture puzzle, whose queer
concave outlines have correspond-
ingly queer convex contours to fit
them, making altogether a perfect sym-
metrical whole?
This question has been variously an-
swered by philosophers of ancient
times and theologians of the present
day. It is variously answered by our-
selves at different periods, according
to the mood that governs us and the
circumstances that surround us.
So much by way of preface.

Once there was a man from Fall
River, who thought it a deep and
damnable sin to travel on Sunday. To
avoid committing this sin, he altered
his original plan of going up to Chicout-
imi on the Saturday boat, and went
up on Thursday instead, so as to come
down the Saguenay on Friday, transact
some necessary business at Quebec
on Saturday, and spend the Sabbath,
as he called it, at the hotel, where he
passed a restful, happy day in finding
fault with his food, sending his steak
back to be a little more cooked so
many times that the little kitchen maid
from Beaufort lost her opportunity to
go to 3 o'clock vesters, to the discom-
fort of her conscience and the disap-
pointment of her second cousin, who
had come all the way from St. Anne to
escort her.

In Kankakee there lived a boy who
was passionately fond of two things,
mechanics and going to sea. The last
was a purely theoretical taste. He had
never seen the sea, and only once (on
occasion of a Sunday-school excursion
to Rock Island) had he seen a vessel of
any kind.

Our boy got a chance in a machine
shop at Marquette, earned money, and
what is better, saved it. The white-
winged vessels that skimmed over the
waters of Lake Superior revived his
dormant passion for adventure, and
when his vacation came he took a trip
through the lakes and down the St.
Lawrence. He called it going to sea.
But what can you expect from a West-
ern boy?

At Quebec he met the Fall River man
in the office of the hotel. It was
Wednesday, and to a group of men he
was describing the voyage up the Sag-
uenay that he meant to make the next
day, in a manner as glowingly realistic
as if he had made it the day before.
When he paused for breath the group
had melted away, the boy alone re-
mained, his contemplative gray eyes
fixed upon the narrator.

"What is the matter with my going,
too?" he said in his artless, boyish
fashion.

The Fall River man would be
charmed. And so the next day, "good
and early," as the boy said, they set
out together for Chicoutimi, the boy
asking countless questions, the man
framing elaborate answers. And each
was happy because he was doing the
thing he liked best to do.

For six years a quiet little Yankee
woman of Eastport, Me., had been en-
gaged to an officer in her Majesty's
Navy whom she had met at a ball at
Halifax. At the time of this story
Lieutenant Crownshield was on leave
of absence, visiting an aunt in Chica-
go; his little fiancée was spending the
summer with an aunt at Caconna on
the lower St. Lawrence. A slight mis-
understanding had arisen between
them. The Lieutenant was piqued
when they parted.

If they had seen each other the next
day, a kind word, a tender glance
would have ended the trouble at once.
But letters are poor things; instead
of bringing these lovers together, they
seemed to widen the breach, and after
a time Crownshield realized that
heroic measures must be adopted or he
would lose his little love altogether.

Accordingly he smoked a pipe of
cogitation, and then penned the follow-
ing:

"Dearest Mary.—Why risk our happi-
ness for a trifle? Let us drop the mat-
ter. And to prevent its coming up
again, let us be married at once, say
next week at Caconna. If you write,
you will find fifty reasons for delay.
So just telegraph one word, "Come,"
if you want me. If I do not hear from
you by Saturday, I shall leave for Van-
couver, where I shall apply to be ex-
changed into the North Pacific Squad-
ron. Devotedly,
JACK.
"Address, Hotel Corvete, Chicago."

"There," said he, folding the letter
and knocking the ashes out of his pipe,
"I think that will produce the desired
effect."

It did.

Women like a masterful man.
This letter was put into Mary's hand
on the landing at Caconna, just as she
was setting out with a friend for a
trip up the Saguenay. She read it on
the deck of the steamer.

"Dear old Jack," said she, musingly,
"he is quite right. We have both been
very silly. I will telegraph from Chic-
outimi." And she pressed the letter to
her lips again and again. This wanton
waste of tenderness was put to an end
by the letter itself slipping from her
hand and falling into the water.
"Never mind!" said she, resignedly,
"It is written here!" at the same time
putting her hand over the spot where
the chief organ of circulation is lo-
cated.

The sun was sinking in the west as
the boat swung out from the long pier
at Riviere du Loup. All the glorified
tints of fanciful nature were taken as
a matter of course by the little woman
leaning over the rail. Why shouldn't
nature put on holiday attire? Wasn't
that ugly quarrel at an end and wasn't
Jack coming on next week to make her
his own little wife? Dear Jack! he
wasn't half so much to blame as she,
after all. But it had taught her a les-
son never, never to let another cloud
come between them.

Everything was perfection on that
wonderful river. Wasn't Jack coming
next week to put an end to that hideous
misunderstanding, etc. When a wom-
an gets into this state of mind, the only
thing to do is to wait patiently till she
gets out of it.

Unfortunately for Mary this consummation
devoutly to be deprecated was
only too near at hand. The morning
dawned, dull and desolate. The steamer
lay at the wharf at Chicoutimi. At
least the captain said it was Chicout-
imi. If he had said Constantople
there would have been no ocular evi-
dence to disprove his statement, so
persistently did the landscape hide it-
self in the thick gray fog.

Even more dismal and desolate than
her surroundings was the heart of our
little woman. In her transport of the
night before she had paid but scanty
attention to the address given in Jack's
letter. It was only in the morning,
when she realized that she had com-
pletely forgotten it, that its importance
dawned upon her. To the hopeful sug-
gestions of her friend she answered
stolidly:

"A dispatch simply addressed to his
name in Chicago would never reach
him. He will be gone before I can
write to the Commandant. No, it is
too late. I have tried to think—for
hours—and I can't."

Gradually she became aware of
voices near her; one clear, high-pitched,
commanding attention; the other, soft
and suggestive; The Fall River man
and the Kankakee boy were just be-
hind her, deep in conversation. For
the first time in his short life the boy
was asking as many questions as he
pleased, without any fear of rebuff.
For the first time in a long while the
man had found an appreciative listener.

"Have you ever seen a ship?" said
the boy. "Not any kind of a craft, but
a regular out and outer?"

The man modestly admitted that he
had seen several thousand of the very
largest calibre. Here was a mine of
knowledge too precious to be neglected.
The boy, who knew something of engi-
neering, immediately proceeded to sink
a shaft. In half an hour he had ex-
tracted several tons of ore, in shape
of information about ships, barks,
barkentines, brigs, schooners and
sloops.

"How many guns does a line of bat-
tleship carry? What is the difference
between a ship of war and a sloop of
war? What is a corvette?"

The quick percussion of questions
was abruptly checked. A little woman
who had been sitting near them so
quietly that they had not noticed her
at all suddenly jumped to her feet and
stood before them, exclaiming: "Oh,
thank you so much! Where is the tele-
graph office?" And hardly waiting to
be told, she darted off, appeared in an
instant on the wharf, and then van-
ished behind the curtain of fog that
screened the steep hillside.

"She got the cart before the horse,"
said the Fall River man. "Did you
notice that she thanked me before I
told her where the office was?"

"Bet your life she did," answered the
boy in his definite, amiable way. "Is
there any definite number of ships in
a squadron?"

And so they went on with their talk.
And Mary wrote "Come" with a
troubling hand on a yellow telegraph
blank, addressed to Lieutenant John
Crownshield, Hotel Corvete, Chi-
cago, Illinois.

And the next week there was a quiet
little wedding at Caconna, where a
tall, dignified officer in Her Majesty's
Navy was married to a pretty little
Yankee woman in a perfect flurry of
joyous excitement.—*New York News*.

Chicago a Great Inland Port.
That Chicago is a great shipping cen-
tre almost everyone knows. But that
it now ranks fourth among the ports
of the world is not so well known. The
latest figures relating to the matter of
shipping are:

London, 16,529,095 tons; New York,
16,445,320; Hamburg, 14,198,817; Chi-
cago, 14,186,100; Antwerp, 13,573,472;
Liverpool, 11,818,000; and Marseilles,
9,629,114.

Chicago leads all United States ports
except New York in tonnage, and the
constant extension of lake traffic has
added not only to the commerce of
Chicago, but likewise very largely to
the commerce of Cleveland, now a very
important port of entry; Detroit, Mil-
waukee, Duluth and Toledo.

The chief articles of commerce on
the lakes are wheat, flour, coal, iron
and lumber.—*Scientific American*.

Black Adventure.

Daring on the St. Lawrence.
THE Canadian voyageurs are
described in St. Nicholas, in
the fourth of Cleveland Mof-
fett's papers on "Careers of
Danger and Daring."

Let us stand on the long iron bridge
that spans the St. Lawrence just above
Montreal, the very place to study the
river as it narrows and runs swifter
for its smashing plunge through yon-
der rapids to the east, the dreaded
Lachine Rapids, whose snarling teeth
dash white in the sun. Look down into
the greenish rush, and see how the
waters hurl past these good stone piers,
sharp-pointed up-stream against the
tearing ice! Here goes the torrent of
Niagara and the inland ocean of Su-
perior and Erie and Ontario, all
crushed into a funnel of land by this
big island at the left that blocks the
flow, and gorged by the impour of the
Ottawa a few miles back that brings
down the floods of Southern Canada.
As fast as a horse can gallop runs the
river here, and faster and faster it goes
as the long silt takes it, ten, twelve,
fourteen miles an hour (which is some-
thing for a river), until a dozen islands
strewn across the funnel's lower end
lead the rapids to their greatest rage.
Here is where they kill. Then sud-
denly all is quiet, and the river, spread-
ing to a triple width, rests, after its
madness, in Montreal's placid harbor.

Standing here, I think of my first
experience in shooting these rapids, (it
was on one of the large river boats),
and I must confess that it gave me no
very thrilling sense of danger. There
were two or three plunges, to be sure,
at the steepest part, and a little sway-
ing, or lurching, but, so far as move-
ment goes, nothing to disturb one ac-
customed to the vicissitudes of, say,
ordinary trolley car navigation. How-
ever, when I came to the reason of this
fairly smooth descent, and saw what
it means to stand at the wheel through
that treacherous channel, I found my
wonder growing. I thought of the lion
tamer, whose skill is shown not so
much by what happens while he is in
the cage as by what does not happen.

A hundred ways there are of doing the
wrong thing with one of these boats,
and only a single way of doing the right
thing. For four miles the pilot must
race along a quivering, twisting,
plunging thread of water, that leaps
ahead like a greyhound, and changes
its crookedness somewhat from day to
day with wind and tide. In that
thread alone is safety; elsewhere is
ruin and wreck. Instantly he must
read the message of a boiling eddy
or the menace of a beckoning reef, and
take it this way or that instantly, for
there are the hungry rocks on either
hand. He must know things without
seeing them; must feel the pulse of the
rapids, as it were, so that when a mist
clouds his view, or the shine of a low-
hanging rainbow dazzles him, he may still
go right. It is a fact that with all the
pilots in this pilot-land, and all the
hardy watermen born and brought up
on the St. Lawrence, there are not ten—
perhaps not six—men in Canada to-day,
French or English or Indian, who
would dare this peril. For all other
rapids of the route the Gallop Rapids,
the Splitrock Rapids, the Cascades, and
the rest, there are pilots in plenty; but
not for those of Lachine. And, to use
the same simile again, I say that the
shooting of these rapids is like the tam-
ing of a particularly fierce lion; it is
a business by itself that few men care
to undertake.

So it came that I sought out one of
these few, Fred Ouillette, pilot, and
son of a pilot, an idol in the company's
eyes, a hero to the boys of Montreal,
a figure to be stared at always by an-
xious passengers as he peers through
the window atop the forward deck, a
man whom the people point to as he
passes: "There's the fellow that took
us through the rapids. That's Ouil-
lette." This unsought notoriety has
made him shy. He does not like to
talk about his work, or tell you how it
feels to do this thing. A dash of Indian
blood is in him, with some of the silent,
stoic, Indian nature. Yet certain facts
he vouchsafed, when I went to his
home, that help one to an understand-
ing of his life.

He emphasized this, for instance, as
essential in a man who would face that
fury of waters with many lives in his
keeping; he must not be afraid. One
would say that the rapids feel where
the mastery is, whether with them or
with the pilot, and woe to him if
pounding heart or wavering hand be-
tray him. The rapids will have no
mercy. And there are pilots, it ap-
pears, who know the Lachine Rapids,
every foot of them, and could do Ouil-
lette's work perfectly if Ouillette were
standing near, yet would fall utterly
if left alone. Every danger they can
overcome but the one that lies in them-
selves. They cannot brave their own
fear. He cited the case of a pilot's
son who had worked in the Lachine
Rapids for years, helping his father,
and learned the river as well as a man
can know it. At the old man's death
this son announced that he would take
his father's place, and shoot the rapids
as they had always done; yet a season
passed, then a second season, and al-
ways he postponed beginning, and
with one excuse or another, took his
boats through the Lachine Canal, a
safe but tame short cut, not likely to
draw tourists.

Killed a Wildcat in a House.
At the home of Miss Ella Bassett, in
Derby, Conn., it took two able-bodied
men, armed with clubs, nearly an hour

to kill a wildcat which had invaded
the premises, and so exhausted was
one of the men that he fainted after
the animal had been dispatched. While
chatting with a woman caller, Miss
Bassett was surprised by the entrance
of the cat, which leaped in through the
open window from the veranda. The
intruder immediately assumed an ag-
gressive attitude and spit at the women
so angrily they hastily retreated up-
stairs, where they called for help.

Sanford Eldridge, a neighbor, re-
sponded and entering the room started
for the beast at once. With a savage
snarl the animal had just pounced
upon Miss Bassett's large pet cat and
in an instant had broken its neck as
it would kill a rat. This seemed to in-
furiate the beast, and it then sprang
savagely at Eldridge. Man and cat
were soon flying around the room,
the animal tearing Eldridge's clothes
and flesh and he striking it blow after
blow with his club. For half an hour
the fight went on, shifting from the
sitting room to the parlor and back
again, until finally Rollo Keeling, a
train dispatcher, went to Eldridge's
aid. The two men finally cornered
the animal and ended its life. Eldridge
and Keeling were badly scratched and
torn on the face and hands, and Eld-
ridge required medical assistance. The
cat weighed twenty-four pounds and is
the first wildcat killed in the vicinity
in several years.

Sharks Scare a Fisherman.

Thomas Kane had an unpleasant ex-
perience with sharks while fishing off
the estate of Banker J. Kennedy Tod
of New York at Old Greenwich Point,
Conn. Mr. Kane goes to New York
daily for business, and, wishing to
catch a mess of blackfish, he arose
early and started out in a rowboat
alone. He anchored among some rocks
half way to the Stamford Lighthouse
and had great luck. In an hour he
had caught several weakfish and
blackfish. Suddenly a fog settled about
him and the bell in the Stamford Light-
house commenced to ring. He could
only see a couple of hundred feet away,
but continued fishing. Soon a shark
which he declares was more than eight
feet in length jumped out of the water,
a few feet away, causing the water
to splash in the boat. Almost the same
instant another shark appeared on the
water's surface, and Mr. Kane became
anxious.

Taking several of his fish he threw
them overboard, the sharks instantly
snatching them. Then pulling up his
anchor, he got his bearings from the
lighthouse bell and pulled for the
Sound Beach shore. The sharks fol-
lowed the boat, being kept at a re-
spectful distance by Mr. Kane, who
threw them all the fish he had that
they might have their hunger appeased.
He finally reached shore in safety.

Brave Girl in a Bucket.

As the result of a dare by J. C. Fen-
nell, purchasing agent of the Kansas
City Armour packing plant, in whose
office she was employed, Miss Dorothy
Bassett, a pretty girl of twenty, was
hoisted in a bucket to the top of the
plant's new 265-foot brick chimney.
It is the tallest chimney west of New
York. The young woman placed an
American flag on top, sang the "Star-
Spangled Banner," and named the
stack "Dorothy." She was safely low-
ered to the ground. Five thousand
people watched the ceremony.

The Gentle Art.

Surely conversation deserves the epithet
gentle almost more than any other
art. Is there one that is susceptible
of more delicate and subtle handling,
one that yields such beautiful and de-
sirable results? All of us could afford
to take a lesson in the art from Ras
Makonnen of Abyssinia, who is at
present in Paris. A French interview-
er asked him which stood the higher
in his favor, France or England. "Is
your respected mother still alive? May
she teach you discretion?" came the
answer, so baffling and so conclusive.
To another who sought his opinion of
London and Londoners, the Ras re-
plied, "May God have you in His
sacred keeping!" There are great ad-
vantages in belonging to a civilization
that is too ancient to be impolite, and
too wise to babble indiscretions. It
would be an interesting experiment to
arrange a meeting between the repre-
sentatives of two ancient races, say
Abyssinia and China, and study their
attempts to get information from one
another. From such a spectacle the
diplomacy of all Europe could learn
much.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

Unity in Marriage Laws.

The perplexity caused by contrary
marriage laws and customs has caused
the continental nations to try to sim-
plify them on a single basis.
The plenipotentiaries of Holland,
Germany, Austria-Hungary, Belgium,
France, Italy, Luxembourg, Portugal,
Sweden and Switzerland have signed
at The Hague conventions regulating
the conflicting laws in the matter of
marriage, divorce, marriage settle-
ments and the guardianship of private
minors, prepared by the Conference of
International Law held at The Hague
in 1900.

Arsenic in Body.

One result of recent outbreaks of ar-
senical poisoning has been the discov-
ery of arsenic in small but appreciable
quantities in many unexpected places,
says the Hospital. It would seem, in-
deed, that a certain quantity of arsenic
is to be regarded as normal to the tis-
sues of the human body. It appears
that the metal is not generally diffused
throughout the body, but is practically
concentrated in the thyroid gland. A
very small quantity also occurs in the
thymus, while traces are found in the
skin, hair and nails, and also in the
bones and brain.

SCIENCE & MECHANICS

Alcohol locomotives drawing trains
on a circular railway were objects of
special interest at the recent Berlin
exposition.

A new nitroglycerine powder has
been secured by France, which will
send a rifle bullet seven and one-half
miles and will increase the artillery
range to eighteen miles.

Twenty-six miles a day would be a
small pace for an ocean steamer, but
the twenty-six miles of Pacific cable
now manufactured each day are reel-
ing off the distance between the United
States and the Philippine Islands,
which this same cable will practically
reduce from 8000 miles to fifteen min-
utes.

Professor Homitz, the Scandinavian
expert, last year described successful
experiments for combatting external
cancer by a freezing process in which
liquid carbonic acid was employed.
He now says he believes that in all
cases not absolutely desperate there
may be obtained by this freezing
process at the least a temporary stop-
page of the local processes while the
general health is improved.

The success that has attended the
pine-needle oil industry in the Thuring-
ian Mountains of Germany, suggests
that it may be profitably started in the
lands of our West and South. This
oil finds a ready market all over the
world, being used for pharmaceutical
purposes, for medicating baths, etc.,
while the dried fibres, perfumed with a
little of the concentrated oil, are used
for stuffing mattresses and pillows.

Dr. C. K. Wead has investigated vari-
ous forms of four-holed musical instru-
ments found in museums that give a
pentatonic scale. Various flutes and
fretted instruments also showed an
equal linear division. His conclusion is
that the primary principle of instru-
ments capable of giving a scale is the
repetition of elements similar to the
eye; so that the instrument was the
first thing, and the scale only second-
ary. Theoretical scales belong to a
comparatively late stage of culture.

It is reported that oil of good qual-
ity has been discovered in the south-
eastern district of South Australia.
The spring is in the town of Menzies,
on the eastern shore of Lake Albert.
The presence of oil in this vicinity
has been known for years, but it has
not heretofore been regarded of suf-
ficient quality or quantity to work with
profit. This country receives great
quantities of oil from the United
States, and if this discovery should de-
velop into an industry of any impor-
tance it will seriously affect American
shipments.

Pacific Cable in Time of War.

Of all the conditions prescribed by
the Government to the Pacific Cable
Company, the very last about which
one would think there should be any
controversy is that authorizing the
United States to control the cable line
in time of war. It is no more than a
formal authorization of a power which
already exists, and would be exercised
without hesitation if need arose. The
Government would seize and use the
cable if war required it, and the courts
would just as certainly give proper
compensation afterward to the owners.
For that matter there is no property
in the country which would more ur-
gently need Federal protection in case
of war than that of a cable company,
and none which could better afford,
without one dollar of recompense, to
place itself unreservedly under the
wing of the National Authority.—*Seat-
tle (Wash.) Post Intelligencer*.

Children and the Sea Coast.

Children particularly are prone to be
more benefited by a prolonged stay
somewhere along the sea coast in the
summer than by any other set of con-
ditions. They are tempted to play in the
sand near the water for most of the
day; much of their clothing is removed,
their skin is exposed to the sea air and
free sunlight. The air contains the
iodine and bromine that is so thor-
oughly tonic for growing children. Delicate
children in particular are apt to thrive
under these conditions. While mount-
ain air may be praised for its salubri-
ty, the conditions near the coast are
much more prone to tempt children
back to that closeness to nature which
is sure to be of decided benefit to them.
—*Philadelphia Record*.

Safest Building in History.

There was one famous building of
antiquity, it is said in an article on
Lightning, in *Leslie's Monthly*, which,
according to the records, was never
once damaged by lightning during its
thousand years of existence, although
placed high on a hill above a city in a
mountain region where thunderstorms
are very frequent. It was the Temple
of Solomon at Jerusalem. The temple
was overlaid within and without with
plates of gold. Now gold is one of the
best of electric conductors, and in this
way the whole building was protected
with a perfection and thoroughness
that has never been attempted before
or since.

Birds That Sing in Flight.

It is commonly supposed that the
skylark is the only bird that sings as
it flies. There are others, it seems.
Among them are the titlark, woodlark,
water peepet, sedge warbler, willow
warbler and whin chat.—*Great Round
World*.

Farm Topics

Aeration of Milk.

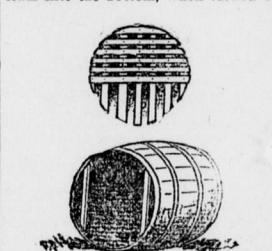
Aeration of milk not only extends the
time during which it remains sweet,
but eliminates the animal odors and
frequently the odors produced by feed-
ing stock upon dandelion, silage and
the like. Covering milk cans with
moistened cloths keeps the temperature
several degrees lower than failure to
do this.

Feeding Hogs Indoors.

In order to determine the value of
indoor and outside feeding the Ontario
agricultural college fed hogs of several
breeds out of doors and in a hog lot.
Both those outside and in were fed
twice a day what grain meal they
would eat readily. This meal consisted
of two parts barley to one part mid-
dlings by weight. The inside hogs
were fed all they would eat of green
feed, tares and rape being cut and
taken to them. The hogs on the out-
side were allowed to pasture on rape
and tares. Results show that the hogs
outside ate more meal and made slow-
er gains than those fed inside. The
conclusion was reached that feeding
hogs on pasture is very expensive.
However, the time required for taking
care of hogs on the outside was just
about half of that required for those
on the inside.

A Good Barrel Coop.

A tight barrel makes an excellent
coop for chickens, as it is almost ready
for use as it is. Throw a lot of dry
loam into the bottom, when turned on



its side, to make a level floor, and nail
two strips at the front, as shown. Make
a front of laths as shown in the cut
and place against the strips. A nail at
either side will hold it in place. Dur-
ing the day let the slatted part be at
the bottom, so the chicks can run in
and out. At night simply turn the
front around in its place, so that the
more solid part may come at the bot-
tom to keep out prowling enemies and
to keep the chicks in.—*New England
Homestead*.

Hay in Round Bales.

The cylindrical bale has become very
popular for hay and cotton, and many
shippers are discarding their old
presses to get one that will press it in
this form. The diameter bale is eight-
teen inches in diameter and thirty-six
inches long. The pressure used in
packing for home use puts about 200
pounds in such a bale, but when in-
tended for export they use higher
pressure and get in about 275 pounds.
A bale put up for army use is but half
as long, or eighteen inches, and weighs
about 140 pounds. It is calculated that
a good pack horse or mule will travel
with one of these on each side, and
they can go where the army wagons
could not. Thousands of tons of these
round bales have been shipped to our
army in the Philippines, and a large
amount to the British Army in South
Africa. In this form a given weight
of hay is compressed into about one-
half the space that it occupied in the
square bale, and the fact that it does
not pack as closely in car or vessel,
there being spaces between the bales,
which prevents moulding, preserves
the sweetness of the hay, and the close
pressure in the bale reduces the com-
bustibility. For cotton many of the
same advantages are claimed for the
round bale, that is, getting more in
small space and reducing danger from
fire.—*The Cultivator*.

Killing Woodchucks.

Clarence M. Weed, of the New
Hampshire Experimental Station, re-
ports great success in killing wood-
chucks by the use of bisulphide of car-
bon. He took a handle basket and
filled it with dirt, a little cotton in his
pocket and a shovel, with his can of
carbon bisulphide. Taking a little cot-
ton that he could hold between his
thumb and finger he saturated it with
the carbon, and pushed it into the hole
as far as he could. Then he put in the
basket of earth and filled the hole level
full. If there was more than one en-
trance to the hole he stopped one be-
fore putting the carbon into the other.
As a result out of twenty-five burrows
that he treated only two or three were
dug open again, and they apparently
from the outside. Where the wood-
chuck was at home inside he was evi-
dently dead and buried. Of course any
one who uses this method does not
want to inhale much of the bisulphide
and should not smoke or light any
matches while handling it. Probably
this is the quickest and most effective
way to rid a field of this pest, which is
destructive to peas, beans, clover and
many other crops, but we have known
those who would prefer to take them
in traps, skin them and eat them. As
they are as dainty feeders as the rab-
bit there is no reason why they should
not be good food, and those who are
troubled by them may take their choice
of the two methods of disposing of
them.

When a Russian Officer May Marry.

No Russian military officer may
marry until he is twenty-three.