

CARTHAGE, N. C.

JOHN W. SCOTT, JR., Editor and Pub.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

Table with 2 columns: Rate and Amount. Includes rates for one year, six months, and three months.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Table with 2 columns: Rate and Amount. Includes rates for one square, two squares, and one month.

Yearly or standing advertisements will be published at the rate of \$60.00 per column, that is as low as one-fourth of column: for less space we will invariably charge the above rates.

Persons sending advertisements must write them as they desire them printed stating the space and position wanted.

Entered at the Post-office at Carthage, N. C. as second-class matter.

GENERAL DIRECTORY

CARTHAGE, N. C.

MAYOR—A. M. D. Williamson. COMMISSIONERS—T. B. Tyson, J. C. Jackson, A. H. McNeill, H. J. Muse and W. T. Jones.

MEET FIRST MONDAY in every month at 7:30 o'clock p. m. CHIEF OF POLICE—

CHURCHES. PRESBYTERIAN—Rev. M. M. McQueen, Pastor. Services every first and third Sundays at 11 o'clock a. m.

METHODIST—Rev. W. B. Doubt. Pastor. Service every second and fourth Sunday at 11 o'clock a. m.

BAPTIST—Rev. W. F. Watson. Pastor. Services every second Sunday. Sunday-school every Sabbath morning.

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SUPERIOR COURT—1st Monday in December, 3rd Monday in April, 2nd Monday in August.

W. J. ADAMS, ATTORNEY AT LAW.

GARTHAGE, N. C.

Prompt attention to the securing and collection of claims; and to all legal business.

J. D. McIVER, J. C. BLACK, Carthage, N. C.

McIVER & BLACK, Attorneys and Counselors at Law.

Practice in Moore and adjoining counties. Special attention given to the collection of claims.

BARNES'S HOTEL, JONESBORO, N. C.

MRS. BARNES desires to inform the public that she is prepared to furnish the transient traveling public with good board and lodging.

With a large and commodious building she is also well prepared for permanent boarders—students, both male and female, and others—and offers at her table, the very best that the market affords.

Good rooms and polite attention always guaranteed.

Charles A. McNeill, Attorney and Counselor at Law, CARTHAGE, N. C.

Claims collected and returns promptly made.

Ira Lewis Wilson, the lighthouse heroine, still keeps the old boat in which she has saved thirteen people, and shabby as it looks she uses it, and says if she were again to have the opportunity to rescue the drowning she'd take the old boat rather than the handsome new one presented her by the citizens of Newport.

Few men have ever had a more varied experience than O. S. Fowler, the physiologist, who died a short time since, after a brief illness, at the age of seventy-eight.

He was perhaps the champion traveler of America, and there were few towns in the United States or Canada where he did not lecture and examine heads for a consideration.

Professor Fowler was fortunate enough to take up physiology as a study, when the public were becoming interested in it.

He may be said to have been the pioneer of a long army of lecturers on the subject whose theories no longer meet with the unquestioning acceptance formerly accorded to them.

He was a busy writer, too, of books and magazine articles.

THE UNBRUISED GRAIN.

There's silence in the mill, The great wheel standeth still, And leaves the grain unbruised.

The miller gray and old, Who lieth dead and cold, Hath earned his blessed rest.

O youth, take thou his place, And, with uplifted face, Work thou for human need.

Let not life's force be idle, Unused and wasted be, Take thou the true man's place!

—Grace Webster Hinsdale.

A NOBLE VICTORY.

FROM THE GERMAN BY E. V. STUR.

The waves broke on the shore of the North Sea. A sharp wind from the north sweeps over the surface, driving the waves high before it.

On the shore line stretches out the village of Husum. Every little house stands by itself, often separated from its neighbor by a wide space of perhaps fifty feet, which is generally made into a garden.

In which a few feeble plants grow. With no less difficulty do the inhabitants of Husum manage to get their living.

Their real home, on which they go out for miles to cast their nets. When the sun shines on a smooth surface it is an exhilarating occupation, but when a sudden storm springs up while the boats are far from land and a fog settles down upon the water like a broad, heavy mantle.

Then one understands how hard are the conditions, and the perpetual danger attending the labor by which these men earn their bread.

As last year high and most of the coast pulled in to land. Two men were still working to save their property the same way. They are both young, vigorous men, with sunburned faces and tanned hands.

At last their boat, too, rests on the shore firmly secured. "Lars," said one, "is brightening up and butting his head against the rock. This will be a fierce blow to-night."

The other nodded. "It is lucky that none of us are out."

Meanwhile they have started homeward, and stride along together in silence. The only street of the village is quiet. It is dark, here and there a faint light gleaming from a little window.

They are in a snug little house, and almost as if by a secret agreement, they approach and glance through the lighted window to the inside. An old man with white hair and beard sits in a large arm chair; his head has fallen forward on his breast—a picture of the life fast sinking to rest.

At the table, on the opposite side, sits in bright contrast, a young girl, wearing a fresh, lovely face, with round, rosy cheeks, and luxuriant, fair hair. Katie Mason is the prettiest girl in the village, and the most industrious, on whom many a young fellow looks with yearning.

Early and late she is busy, supporting herself and her aged father by her own hands.

The loiterers at the window have turned and gone on their way. "Ab last night," "Good night," "Cristoph and Lars, good night." He had heard the reply to his greeting, and now waited and listened, standing by the fence that inclosed his little tract of ground.

Cristoph had not gone on, but had turned back—for what? Lars felt a misgiving. He, too, hastened back. The wind drives him full in his face, but he does not heed it.

Now he cannot see. For it is very dark. There stands the little house where Katie Mason lives. Cristoph stands by the window. Lars sees him plainly in the light of the lamp that falls upon him.

He bears a tap on the window, and now Cristoph has his hand on the door, and it opens before him.

"Thou, Cristoph! What brings thee so late at this holding on to the door, which the storm was shaking."

"I was passing and saw thee sitting, so I stopped to bid thee 'sleep well.'"

"Thou dear!" she said, putting out her hand.

The wind seized the door thus set free, and flung it wide open against the wall. But Cristoph, using his strength, drew the girl into the hall and closed the door. Lars grew hot under his coarse jacket; hot in spite of the blasting wind.

He stepped close to the door and heard speaking within, but could not distinguish anything. He waited, his heart filled with the pangs of jealousy. How long he stood he knew not; it seemed an eternity to him.

At last the door opened and Cristoph stepped out. "Sleep well, dear girl," he whispered, "Good-by, dear Cristoph." The key was turned in the lock. Cristoph went home, the joy of love requited in his heart.

The other, too, turned homeward, but a long time passed before he reached the little house.

They had grown up together—Lars, Cristoph and Katie. The three had played together continually as children, and Katie would be carried by no others or drawn on the sled by none but Lars or Cristoph.

When they grew larger they went to school together, and were comrades joined together in the little church of the neighboring village. No strife had ever come between, never had the girl shown whether she preferred one of the lads or the other.

As these developed into strong men, Katie blossomed into still greater beauty, as was apparent to other young men of the village, and Rob Steffel had ventured to intimate as much, in a rough fashion, to the girl.

The following day his place in the boat was empty; he was sick, his father said—the truth was, Rob would not show his discolored face.

From that time the young fellows held themselves aloof from Katie Mason. But between Lars and Cristoph the old intimacy began to gradually diminish. They went with Katie to her first dance. Who should be her first partner? They disputed long over it, out of the girl's hearing, and at last, with heated faces, appealed to her to choose between them.

Katie looked at them, and for the first time felt a misgiving, that if she chose one the other would be deeply hurt. So she said: "It makes no difference to me which I dance with first, but if it is of so much account to you draw cuts."

They did so, and Cristoph was the lucky one. While they were settling the matter, Katie looked on with apparent indifference, but her heart beat fast under her bodice, and when it was decided she almost unconsciously smiled with evident pleasure.

Lars saw it, and from that day jealousy began to take root deeper and deeper in his heart, and there was no lack of occasion to develop it.

Margrit Hermensen, Katie's best friend, went to the altar to plight her faith. Katie was chosen to carry the wreath, accompanied by Cristoph. When Lars heard of it opposed it vehemently.

Both young men grew violent, and only Katie's presence of mind in declar-

ing she did not wish to go to the wedding prevented perhaps the very worst outbreak of Lars's passionate storm of anger. After that the two avoided each other as much as possible, but sought to be with Katie.

Each knew that the other loved the girl, and both felt secretly conscious of what Katie heartily inclined. Cristoph, the calmer and more self-possessed, felt a silent, blissful happiness taking possession of his heart when the girl looked at him with her blue eyes so sweetly and kindly.

Lars, more vehement, believed at times that Katie loved him, her manner was so cordial. But, again, when he saw her with Cristoph, a voice within him told him that he was not the favored one, and he suffered bitter torment.

So it had gone on till the evening when the young fishermen returned together from the shore. Cristoph's heart beat fast at the quiet, peaceful scene in old Mason's cottage, and it drew him back with irresistible power to leave a greeting for the lovely one who after he had seen the girl in his effort to close the door, so violently flung open for the storm, suddenly became conscious of Katie in his arms.

And while it raged and stormed without he kissed her, and in wild happiness, he whispered: "Katie, do you love me?" She did not answer, but her lips pressed his.

The next morning Lars stood on the shore mending his boat, when Rob Steffel came. "You are early, though you came home late. Were you with your sweetheart?"

Lars looked at him, red with anger. He struck the wood with his axe, and the chips flew far around.

"Hoho!" continued the other, "you did not have good luck, it seems."

"Keep still!" cried Lars. "What is it to you if I have gone with luck or not?"

Rob Steffel stepped nearer. "You are unjust to me, he said. 'A big fellow like you should not take it so meekly. Cristoph has plainly taken the fish away from you.'"

Lars made no answer, but his hand clasped the axe convulsively. "You and I have no love for Cristoph," continued Rob: "let us join together against him."

"I have nothing to do with you," replied Lars, and turned away, resuming his work.

Rob Steffel laughed scornfully, and went away, but the sting that his words contained remained in Lars's breast. When the other was out of sight he flung down his axe, and went back to the village.

Slowly, with downcast head, he walked. Before the house of old Mason he stood, and with a sudden resolution he entered. But, as if found, he stood in the doorway—in the room stood Katie tenderly embraced by Cristoph.

A painful silence prevailed for a moment, then Cristoph stepped toward Lars, put out his hand, and said: "Katie is my betrothed since last evening. I intended to come directly to you and tell you."

He did not answer, only a bitter smile quivered on his lips. It was excessively painful to the girl. She felt what a blow she had given him, though blameless herself. She longed to say something to him, but could not find the right word.

So she only looked at him and, without speaking, held out her hand to him, but he turned away and left the house.

Toward noon the shore was alive with men. The sea gleamed in the sunshine again, the waves played gently, and a soft wind was blowing. The day was favorable for a large haul. All the fishermen of the village were gathered together, the nets and oars were put into the boats, the sails spread wide, and the little fleet sailed far out into the broad, beautiful sea.

Katie stood on the shore sending greetings to her sweetheart as long as his boat was in sight. Then she went home, smiling happily to herself. She had much to do. After she had seen to her old father, who sat quietly in his chair and smoked a short pipe, she went about her work.

How he flew under her hands to-day, though frequently she stopped, gazing down, lost in a sweet dream of the sunset, when much the faster again. So hour after hour flew by unheeded. At last the day's task was ended, and Katie went to the door. But the weather had changed. The sun had disappeared behind thick clouds, and the sky hung in gray folds over the sea.

The fishermen also had finished their work. Their rich booty lay in the boats, promising a fine reward for their hard labor. But in the east it was black and threatening. They must reach home before the storm came on. The little sails spread out, the ships flew over the water, causing the foam to break over the deep dipping sides. Then came the first blow strong against the sails; the loaded boats threatened to upset.

The men were forced to take in sails, and true wholly to the oars. It grew dark, and the sea lifted its resistless waves into huge, far-reaching waves. Then the storm broke loose with wild force; it howled and lashed the sea till it reared in short, foam-capped waves. The men rowed with all their might; the shore could not be far away, though it was not visible in the darkness. Ahead of all the others, Lars and his boat were seen behind him was Lars. It seemed as if the two were running a race for the safety of the shore. A wave seized Cristoph's boat, lifted it high, and flung it with its broad side against the end of Lars's vessel.

Lars saw it sinking before him. A thought shot through his heart, frightful and vivid: "Let the waves capture Cristoph, and Katie is yours." But he thought no more in a moment; in the next he had leaped far out, grasped the constant friend out of his youth, now struggling with death. But lost his own balance, sitting upon the extreme edge. He flung out his hand to catch hold of something, but found nothing, and plunged headlong. A huge wave seized the boat, threw it far from the place, and in the roaring of the waves a last, despairing cry was lost.

At last the fishermen had painfully reached the shore. Women and old men full of anguish stood waiting the returning ones.

"Katie," cried a voice from the darkness, and the girl felt herself embraced by two arms.

"Cristoph!" thank heaven that you are here!—

She led him to her house. He was sitting all the way, only holding her. She, too, hardly spoke. When they reached the house she noticed for the first time that his clothes were saturated, and asked the reason. Then his mouth quivered with repressed pain, while he answered:

"Katie, the storm destroyed my boat. Lars snatched me from the waves, but he himself fell into the sea and—"

"What!" she asked breathlessly.

"I could not save him," he said almost inaudibly.

After a few days the sea washed the body of Lars ashore. It was the only sacrifice it had demanded that day. Lars had no parents living, but even parents could not have shed more burning tears than Kate and Christoph when he was buried in the little churchyard. The thought of him, the consciousness that

his sacrifice had secured their happiness never left them.

Long after Katie went to the altar with Christoph, and when they came from the church their first steps were directed to the grave of Lars. —Albany Argus.

Saratoga Chips.

"Do Saratoga chips come from Saratoga?" inquired a Mail and Express reporter of a New York grocer.

"Not much," said the grocer. "They are made in this city, and many are shipped to Saratoga. But if you want to know all about them just go up to the bakery and see how they are made."

At the bakery it was learned that the concern has a monopoly of the business in this city, and that there are only three makers of Saratoga chips in the country.

Chips are an American institution, and are not known abroad save for some small lots that have been exported. The process of manufacturing is in part a secret.

The potatoes are peeled and sliced by machinery. They are washed and dried between muslin clothes. If they were never fried the amount of starch that they contain would make them brown, and the secret of the business is to remove all of the starch, so that the chips will be perfect when fried. When this is done they are put into the hot grease, and come out curled and crisp and with the delicious flavor that has made them famous the world over.

Said the manager: "We use seventy-five barrels of potatoes a week, keep seven barrels at work, and have three wagons out delivering. Hotels take them by the barrel, restaurants take them in twenty-five pound boxes, and for groceries and private families we put them up in one pound cartons. The dining cars on nearly all the railroads use them, and we have sent some to England. Cities as far away as Jacksonville, Florida, and San Francisco send us for Saratoga chips. They will keep for three months. A few minutes in a hot oven makes them as crisp as though they were just fried."

Where Dancing is a Passion. I presume those who have not traveled in Spain hardly realize how thoroughly that country is given to the worship of St. Vitus.

Says a recent writer: "The dance demon seizes on Spaniards at all times and under all circumstances—in the streets, on the public squares, under the porches of the mansions. A peripatetic musician comes along strumming his guitar, and in an instant the maid servants throw aside their brooms, the work women set down the pitchers they are carrying to the fountain, the muleteers leave their mules, the innkeeper forgets your dinner, and all spring forward, arms akimbo and eyes sparkling, to dance just touch the ground, their balance in unison with the music and dance with their souls as well as with their bodies. Let a tourist pay a visit to Toledo and put up at the ancient hostelry of De Lino, and let a guitar player station himself under the great sombre archway that Don Quixote himself would not have passed without a forbidding of evil. He will see with his own eyes how the natural order of things will be disregarded and everything thrown into confusion.

A fandango will begin in the court, the kitchen and the street, and amid such a hubbub that he will think that he has taken leave of his senses. One day at St. Sebastian the regiment passed by with a band at its head. A fandango was played. Even the children who had been industriously engaged in making dirt pies pricked up their ears to catch each other by the wrists, and tried to go through the steps. Their nurses joined in, snapping their fingers. The passers-by came to the assistance of the nurses. The soldiers themselves couldn't stand the temptation, but fell out of the ranks and mingled in the dance.

Washington's Wonderful Monument. I have been living now for some months at a distance of a mile away, in full view of the Washington monument, looking directly upon its eastern face, says a correspondent of the Kansas City Herald.

It never seemed twice alike. It has its moods and changes of color, like the tops of the Swiss Alps. This morning the base of the 600-foot structure was lost in a deep bluish mist, which filled the valley for a depth of a couple hundred feet. Then came a section of, perhaps, 100 feet more in which the shaft was purple and pink, the whole crowned with a wispy, billowing cloud, hundreds of feet high, flashing back the sunlight, and against a deep blue western sky.

At another time you will see the cold, gray base of the monument rising above the deep green foliage which surrounds it, with the dark blue highlands of Arlington beyond, and overlapping all these the graceful shaft pierces the heavens, towering far above the horizon line, until you feel that you are standing on the top of a real visible stone causeway leading from heaven to earth.

Do you know of any other monument like this? A few evenings ago there was a grand thunder shower in the east. The west was black with darkness, and even the white monument was blotted out of sight. But at every flash of the lightning the whole eastern face of the monument gleamed in a blinding light, and at the same time a rattle of the dark clouds, coming out of the darkness with a suddenness and vividness that was startling. It seemed to be a ghastly monument, a column of electricity, which leaped from the earth to the sky. I am sure no other monument in this world can exhibit such a phase as a solar.

Effect of a Solar Eclipse Upon Animals. "Although the scientific results of the observations in a solar eclipse in this neighborhood are insignificant," says the Berlin correspondent of the London Times, "some interesting reports are given of the effects upon the lower animals of the untimely obscuration of the sun. Foresters state that the birds, which had already begun to sing before the eclipse took place, became of a sudden quite silent, and showed signs of the deepest darkness set in. Herds of deer ran about in pairs as if the small four-footer game. In Berlin a scientific man arranged for observations to be made by bird-dealers of the conduct of their feathered stock, and the results are found to deviate considerably. In some cases the birds showed sudden sleepiness, even though they had sung before the eclipse took place. In other cases great uneasiness and fright were observed. It is noticeable that parrots became more susceptible than the caries, and only returning very slowly to their usual state."

Unfounded Fears. Friend to young authors—"How is your new book going, Charley?" Young Author (dubiously)—"It's going pretty fast. I've already given away five hundred copies."

Friend—"Five hundred copies? Why, I congratulate you, old boy. I was afraid you wouldn't be able to give away more than half that number." —New York Sun.

BRANDING YOUNG CALVES.

LIVELY SCENES IN AN ORANGE CATTLE CORRAL.

Difficulties Encountered by Cows in Corraling and Branding the Frisky Calves.

The past two months, says a letter from Harney Lakes, Ore., to the San Francisco Post, have not been happy ones for the calves that have been browsing around the borders of this lake, for a stout campaign has been directed against them, and several hundreds of young animals have been marked, cut and branded during the past few days.

It would seem that the three operations entailed a vast amount of pain upon them, but owing to the toughness of the brutes' hides, the bluntness of their horns and their general easy nature, a steer or a heifer does not seem to experience more than a momentary inconvenience from the necessary mutilation.

This campaign calls for an extraordinary degree of physical exertion on the part of the cowboy. He responds to the task with the alacrity of his ardent nature. The principal part of this work lies in the corrals, some five miles from the house.

On arriving upon the stamping ground it is the plan to split into parties and thoroughly scour different sections of the country for cows and their calves. This is no easy matter, as the cattle seem to band together and range for a few miles in small societies, and then again a few miles distant another herd may be found. This entails upon both horse and rider a great deal of exertion, for often the cattle are hard to drive, charging about in all directions and keeping the horse in a state of fretful excitement.

When, however, all the cattle have been gathered in the allotted section they are driven to a convenient locality and there they remain till the morning. Then commences a babel, the like of which can be heard only when near a vast herd of cows. The lowing and the bellowing that a couple of hundred cows can make has no equal in the world. It is a regular swelling noise, a regular wave of diabolical, never-ceasing sound in all notes and keys, from the squeak of the sucking pig to the angry roar of an enraged bear.

When the cows have all been bunched together, then comes the somewhat difficult task of separating the already branded calves and their mothers. It is a duty which requires as much discretion from the horse as from the man, as the horse that knows his business will soon recognize the cow and the calf that are wanted, and will drive them out from the herd with perhaps a little guiding from the rider. The cows are then huddled together in a narrow plain which borders upon the lake, so as to prevent a break on one side. Then two or three men do the cutting out, while the rest are stationed on the skirts of the field to drive back any animal which might escape. Very often a cow does make a break, and then it is the duty of the man nearest her to head her back into the herd. The cow and her calf are then separated, and the calf is driven to the ground around the lake's edge, literally besprinkled with badger holes, running is accompanied with a good deal of danger. By night time the cattle have generally been collected, when camp is made and a rest is taken for the hard work to follow on the morrow.

Before five o'clock the men who are to separate the cows from the calves are in the corrals, and the branding work then commences the real trouble. The fire for heating the branding irons is soon lighted, the man who has to drag the calves from the inner corral mounts his horse and the play begins. The mounted man holds the end of a long riata, while the noise is held by a man on foot, who enters the calf-crowded corral and lassos the calf. The noise is slipped over the body, and is made fast at the hind foot as well as the fore foot, so that the calf is generally unable to get to his feet. This is generally done by a roundabout the corral, kicking and bellowing, and making an indescribable confusion. However, this does not last long. The rope is soon down by his feet, the word "pull" is given, and the calf is hauled to the gate, where a man adroitly slips a noose over his forehead and soon finishes the work and feet the calf is helpless. Then a man slips out a pocket knife, slashes its ears into whatever fashion prevails on the ranch, while another applies the branding iron. Thus in about a minute from the time the calf is caught he is cut, marked and branded. The calf does not seem to feel the mutilation in the least, and doesn't seem to be any the worse for the loss of his ears, though sometimes a shiver does pass through its frame when the hot iron sears an indelible mark upon its flank. But when over the calf hopagally and trots up to his companions as if perfectly unharmed.

This is but a mild statement of the case. The gentle reader need not imagine that all that the cowboy has to do is to enter a corral and slip a rope over a six-weeks-old calf and have a horse haul the animal out by his no means easy. The calf never yields. He will kick, squirm, buck, charge, rush and butt at everything. Though well nigh throttled to death, he will tug at the rope which encircles his neck until the rope is ready to snap with the tension. Then the alert cowboy will make a rush at the calf, and catching him on the side will swing him, with a thump, on the ground, and rest throw himself upon him, with a view to brand him. The ages of these calves that were branded ran from three days old to one month—there were, of course, some calves branded which were older, but the majority of the animals were of that age. This will enable one to form some idea of the extraordinary strength and activity of the calf.

"A Fortune That 'Come True." Some years ago Christine Nilsson, whose recent marriage, you remember, had the lines of her hand examined by a palmist, who told her she would have trouble from two causes, fire and manacles. This prediction was verified, for during the Chicago fire she lost \$20,000, and when Boston was burned she lost \$200,000. When at New York a crazy man followed her, and she was pursued by the words addressed by Faust to Faust were intended for herself. In Chicago a poor student decided to marry her, and wrote passionate letters to which he received no answer. One day he came to a super's sleigh, drawn by four horses, in take his affianced bride to the church. The manager quieted him by saying: "You are late; Madame Nilsson has gone there to wait for you." The third insane person was her husband, M. Rouzeaud, who died in an asylum.

A Natural Inference. She: "Does your parrot talk, Mr. Marks?" Mr. Marks (not intellectually): "Not much, except 'what I teach him.'"

She: "Only whistles and swears a little, I suppose." —Life.

FARM AND GARDEN.

The Care of Hay.

Barrs or "barricks" are much better for the preservation of hay than the circular stacks, even though the latter be well built. Hay contains matter that is soluble in water, the exterior of stacks is exposed to having the soluble matter washed from it. In round stacks the amount of hay thus exposed is much larger than is usually supposed.

The best place for storing of well-cured hay for use in a good, well-sheltered mow, where it should be tramped as put in and packed closely. This will all keep in uniform condition. Next to a tight uniform condition, a tight uniform condition is next to a tight uniform condition. Next to a tight uniform condition, a tight uniform condition is next to a tight uniform condition.

When a cow is broken into an orchard or a sudden wind storm brings down a great number of apples prematurely, so that cows can get them, then serious injury is sure to result. The cow has the cramps as evidently as a boy could have them. Often the first sign of the owner has a sudden falling off of the milk yield, and though they may be partially restored, the injury to the tone of the stomach is such that the yield will not again be as great during the season as it was before. The worst effects are from unripe fruit. It takes only a few sour green apples to derange the stomach. Third, bitter juices, with which they are filled are more or less poisonous, and even one or two will do more harm than good. When apples are fully ripe a very few daily may be given with advantage to milk cows, though sour apples should be avoided, as even in small quantities they are of little value for milk production.

If given at all they should be fed in measured quantities, and on no account should cows be turned into a field to help themselves; they will eat a great many in a short time, and if hurried may choke in trying to eat too rapidly.

When the parsnip is considered to be one of our most valuable and desirable garden vegetables, and it is to be regretted that so little care and attention has been bestowed upon it by our amateur cultivators, for it well deserves a place in all gardens, no matter how small.