## \*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\* THE RAT.

Tale of the "Third Degree."

By J. RAMBEY, REESE.

the gren swinging door which led from his private office to the assembly room and the Rogues' Gallery he could iear a rumble of voices while the detective sergeants talked over the crooks who had ben "stood up" at fell call for identification and future embering. The system of memoring at Police Headquarters is primary, but undeniably effective.

He could even distinguish the click of the brass catches as some one searching through the "gallery" unchief's brows were contracted and he pulled at his beard. He had not been head of the Central Office for many months, and, besides, he was alone and might allow himself momentary relaxation of features forbidden him

It was annoying-worse than anthe bringing in The Rat the night before. Warren and Murphy had taken him in McTurk's, with the Sing Sing cell chalk tint still in his face. Ho had not been out six weeks, and he was very drunk. And so the Rat had been taken, and the chief of the detectives had sent across the street to say that reporters might call at four | Only one girl has my sym-pa-thee. and be told how the mystery had been | She's not so very pretty, nor yet of solved. He sighed heavily as he reflected, for the Detective Bureau was But there's just one girl in this world more to be desired than a precinct, for me.' And he had been long enough in uniquently distributed, neatly typewrit-

He looked at his watch. It was half ponded. The chief nodded. "Harry" he said, "bring in The Rat."

The green door opened and closed, He slouched half way across the room, d, turning glared at the chief, who to himself. The chief's hand moved

the face of its occupant fairly. His appearance did not belie his closeness. title-this man-The Rat. He was a eves which were set strangely close together. His mouth lacked the curve of expression, without which no mouth short that it gave one the impression of being continually drawn back in at to dwell upon was The Rat.

The chief looked at him hungrily "If I could only make him stand for it," he thought, "it would be the prettiest sort of a story. He looks the part. The papers would print diagrams of his head, and sent women re porters to write about inherited criminal instinct. It would square me for six months." This is what the chief thought. What he said was, "So

you've come back to us, eh" the chief, pleasantly. "You're sober now. We're only holding you till you tell us where you were Tuesday night. That's all. They found 'Dutch' Gallagher over on Crystal Square early Wednesday morning. There was knife and a red handkerchief, Rat. These!" With a quick movement the chief whipped the knife and handker chief from the top drawer of his desk and held them towards the prisoner. But The Rat was emotion looked at the detective and the ob jects he held in his hand. There was no surprise or fright, only hatred in his gaze.

The chief leaned over the desk. His voice was soft and almost appealing. It came from between his lips that were well-nigh locked, and he touched The Rat's arm. "It's silk with a

The prisoner swore again-compre hensively. "I ain't afraid of your third degree," he snarled. "Bring it along. I know it's coming. They told me all about it up the river. There's a greengoods man up there in tier 7, named Burke. He works in the bake house because he ain't no good on the stone piles. He's got one side of his face stove in, and three fingers twisted together where two of your ward en give him the jitsu turn. You and because he wouldn't split on a pal ne him." The man's voice ros he howled, "just as you'll do me." "Don't be a fool," said the chie There were beads of perspirased to beat in the face of the sodden nature in front of him. But instend

ed to him. "This was different, was drunk. You know he was ays ugly when he was drunk. There and rou killed him. You killed him f-defence. You understand-ir

street fr you." he chuckled with ig look. "Doyers street and the

chief threw himself back in chair, disgustedly. The electric fan whirred upon the shelf above his

The chief of the detectives sat his greasy felt hat between uncertain alone in Mulberry street. From behind thumbs. The chief chewed an unlighted cigar and walked to the open window. As he stood gazing gloomily down into the gray courtyard, there came the sudden flourishing notes of a street piano, playing to the urchins from Mott street on the strip of asphalt beyond. He could hear the echo of the happy children's voices while they flocked to the music box. He

dirty brick wall hid it from him. There was the smiling-faced Italian girl with the tambourine, gathering loosened panel after panel of the the nickels from the idlers strung prehinged wall photograph album. The carlously along the iron basement railing, watching the dancing. Even the nurses from St. Barnabas's Home next door were peeping appreciatively out of the downstairs windows. The plano was finishing the final bars of the intermezzo from "Cavalleria Rusin the presence of his subordinates, ticana," left over from the last stopwho must be impressed with an offi- ping place on Elizabeth street. The chief wondered why.

Then here was a quick pause as the noying-it was dangerous. The mur. man at the crank turned the change der was a week old, and already the stop, and a gay waltz tune floated over newspapers were in full cry over the the brick wall into the courtyard. By inefficiency of the department. He the shrill little cries of delight that knew that the Detective Bureau was followed it, the chief knew the chilexpected to "make good." And "mak-ing good" meant making arrests. If the situation had on been a desper- rasped upon his nerves. As he turned ate one he would not have ofdered he saw the Rat sitting upon the edge of the chair, his head raised towards the sound of the playing, and swaying to the echoing rhythm. The chief stared for an instant and then slid softly into his seat behind the desk, as the street plano rippled: "There's just one girl in the world for

high degree,

The Rat was mumbling to himself form to relish the privilege of wearing and smiling as if he were remembercitizens' clothes, to say nothing of ing something pleasant. His lips were having his picture printed in the news- curled back to the gums, and his enpapers a great many times, with as joyment was not edifying, and when tute remarks upon crime which he fre- his gaze wandered past that of the chief, the head of the Detective Bureau knew that it penetrated the gray cartridge paper of the wall behind after three. Then he leaned forward him, and knew, too, that The Rat's in his chair and touched an electric mood was far flung. The man was desk button. A uniform sergeant re- still jerking his head with the staccato tempo of the piano.

"Coney. Coney and two camp-stools on the deck by the dago fidlers both ways," he muttered. He said it aloud, but it was as if he were talking wning" affably enough towards the electric push-button and to a chair placed so that then paused irresolute. The outpourm the courtyard would ing notes of the street plano trickled like cool water through the room

"Coney in the summertime," repeatsharp featured, stunted creature, with ed The Rat vacuously. "It's God's thin hair tha grew far down upon his own country. Coney f'r me of a Sunday afternoon the trolleys jamful 'S the limit, what!" He swelled out his sparrow chest proudly towards the playing: "S the is human; and the upper lips was so limit," he chuckled. "Wit' a shine and a new celluroid rim on and nickel stogle in yer transom, yer on f'r yer ugly sneer. Not a pleasant spectacle money, and yer it. Say, I've danced in Stauch's wit' Mame."

The Rat's voice softened almost imperceptibly, but the chief caught the change and gripped the sides of his chair, breathing irregularly as if afraid to break the spell.

"There was a job of dishwashin' at the Tivoli; six plunks comin' reg'lar every week wit' now and then a small plk in the pool room over the Volks Garden. \* I was wearin' real clothes and I made good. It was me swell front what won out wit' Mame. I wasn't pretty, but me front sent me home in a canter. And Mame wasn't no chowder party pal. She'd a mem'ry overnight and a good eye fr a white man. And the man what says she was struck on 'Dutch" Gallagher's a

A fierce anger wiped the smile from his scattered features, and made the chief recoil in almost fear. The very devil was in the stunted ex-convict's face, and the knotted pulses in thin temples were throbbing riotously beneath the tight drawn skin.

"There's just one girl in this world for me," rippled the piano from outside, with a final burst of treble. Then the music ceased suddenly with the hollow knock the lid of a box makes when it is let fall. And at the sound, The Hat's head drooped upon his breast again.

The chief's right hand crept slowly to the pencil tray and scrawled a few words upon a piece of paper which he gently tore from a yellow pad. "Keep the Guiney playing. Don't let him stop," the pencil traced. He looked furtively at The Rat. The little man's head was still sunken upon his soiled waistcoat, and he did not notice when the other tiptoed to the green door and thrusting a hand out beyond, tiptoed back again to the deak, waiting, The renewed tiakle of the plano floated into the courtyard, and the detective smiled as he distinguished the tune. It was the refrain of a sentimental ballad, which made the audience at Tony Castor's applaud weteyed. The chief had watched them do it more than once. So he stared at the shrunken man before him expec-

Seems to me it sounded like the birds

Sue, dear, don't believe I'm chaffing. Bless your heart, I love you in the same old way." Slowly The Rat raised him from his

His bent shoulders quiver-

ed, and he was no longer the huddled heap in the chair, inert and limp. Up went his head as he listened—up, un-til his gaze met that of the chief.

"Look here," he said hoarsely. "He let her starve. He let her starve on

the Bowery of a Sat'rday night wit' the pavement.

"He come ter see me in the Tombs before they took me up.. 'I'll look after Mame, s'elp me, he said. And wit that I horsed the deputies in the smokin' car and give me pedigree in the warden's office like the thing. I thought 'Dutch' was right. The calendar ain't turning like no roulette wheel up at Sing Sing. But it went a heap faster wit' the letters from 'Dutch' what give Mame's love at the end. Mame didn't write. She wasn't no scholar. And how was I to know that 'Dutch' was lyin'?"

The Rat halted waveringly, But the piano refrain sent him plunging They took me good conduct time off and I got me ticket of leave knew just how it looked, although the And I was f'r the home route wit' a new suit of paper clothes and me stone-pile cush in 'em. I hadn't let 'em ... I was comin'. I wanted to surprise Mame. It was dark w'en I got ter Cannon street. I meets Sweeney, the janitor, on the top of the stoop, after rushin' the can. 'Fifth floor?" I asks, thinkin' maybe Mame had moved. Sweeney eyes me and says, 'Wot're you handin' me?' 'Mame Gilligan, you mutt.' I says, and pushin' past him made as if ter go

ipstairs. "Sweeney crossed himself, and wit' that I knowed there was somethin' gone wrong. It struck me cold before he spoke, and I've never felt warm since-but once." The Rat's yellow teeth rasped against one another like a terrier worrying a bone. He went on thickly. "'Didn't they put you next?' says

Sweeney. 'Next ter what?' I asks. Mame Gilligan's dead in Bellevue these six months' he says." The Rat put one hand to his head

"When Sweeney says that somethin' busted in here," he said. Tve been gone a bit in me nut ever since, but not too much gone f'r findin' 'Dutch' Gallagher. Why, a dog wouldn't have treated Mame the way he'd done it. She'd been starved: The ambulance doctor what come when Sweeney found her senseless in

sneaked up them stairs behind him quiet as death, and when I turned around at the top landin' ter look by the gaslight if anyone was followin', seen Mame walkin' up after me and pointin' toward 'Dutch' on ahead, and knewed then I was doin' what was

moment. His lips parted drily, and he licked them with a swollen tongue. It was as if he were going on. Then, of a sudden, there came the hollow sound of the street plano stop, as the Italian at the crank changed tunes. The chief started to his feet with a smothered curse. In through the open window crept the music. was inexorable:

"Break the news to mothe Just tell her that I love 1 .:. Just say to her I-"

Like one startled from an awful dream. The Rat shivered and rolled his eyes in a quick effort to find their true focus. His stare fell upon the face of the eager watcher, and then upon his own hands with the open Outside, the street piano wailed industriously. The detective met his rush with the heavy nickel butt of the telephone receiver fair upon the forehead.

From beaind the green swinging doors rushed two in uniform. They looked from the unconscious man to the chief, who was tugging at his beard with his arms crossed. the papers will say we gave him the Third Degree," he said smiling

To a little group in the room came the incessent vox humana of the street huzdy-gurdy. shortly. "He'll be all right in an And for God's sake stop that

plano."-New York Post.

Unless every old maid and widow of ort Dodge, In., proposes to some old bachelor or widower and is accepted by him before the end of the present rear, Gowrie, a town of 1000 tants in the southern part of this coun ty, will be the possessor of a public li-brary fund at the beginning of the year 1905. Mayor E. W. Sorber has undertaken the task of ridding Gowrie of its inhabitants who are now enjoy

To do this he has issued a proclasatis the conditions of which are that every woman of marriageable age, whether who has had experience in the onnubial ventureor not, must take adantage of the rights afforded her by leap year and make a proposal to some man of marriageable ago who not less than \$1 nor more than \$5. A still greater penalty is made for or widower to receive the advances of the fairer sex. Any man found guilty

Sea Experience." The text was from Jonah i 1212. Dr. MacKay said:

One of the surest ways to ruin any cause is to be able successfully to heap ridicule upon it. Make it ridiculous and you have ruines it. As soon as it becomes the but of common talk and the standing joke for the funny column of the newspaper, its power is gone, its influence sealed. And so soon as an individual becomes the centre of a community's jokes and sneers his influence is gone. Human effort and influence wither more quickly under sareasm and ridicule than in any other way. In this way many a good cause and many a good person has suffered at the hands of persons who have never seriously tried to understand the cause or the person. In this way many a great human heart has been placed upon its Calvary and made to bleed and suffer the keenest agony. In this way many a noble, sincere, sensitive soul is going through its Gethremmne or is being nailed to its cross on this very Sabbath day.

This is how I believe the work and life.

day. This is how I believe the work and life of Jonah have suffered. Unthinkingly, unfeelingly, streastically, people have associated Jonah with a whale, and a joke being the essiest and cheapest way of showing wisdom they have exhausted all their wisdom there.

wisdom they have exhausted all their wisdom there.

We cannot keep too often reminding ourselves that we shall continue to miss the true meaning of the Bible and most of its great teaching unless we remember that every incident mentioned in the Old Testandard and the Old Tes every incident mentioned in the O.d Testament gives not only the story of some person, with all the local coloring surrounding him as a man and an individual, but also and more important, that there is a great world truth to be revealed, and this individual, with his local coloring, has been chosen as the medium through which to reveal and teach that truth. And, therefore, the great Bible difficulties, with so many, have arisen because they have been satisfied to centre all their thought and interest on the individual and his local details, and in this way have missed the great truth intended to be taught—a truth so great that were it grasped it would then become a key by which to open up and understand the incident itself.

particular problem.

What, then, was that difficulty, that problem? The people of Israel believed that the love and sympathy of God were confined to themselves. His exce, His favor, His blessings were for them and them alone. God was their God and all the rest of the world was outside. There was but one human family that had a divine relationship, and that was Jewish. Quite true, there were other nations and they had the

one numan samily that had a divine relationship, and that was Jewish. Quite true, there were other nations, and they had to live, but they had to live without God. He did not belome to them, they had no claim you Him. That was the real traditional Jewish feeling.

But a few people were growing up who had a newer and truer conception of God, and a broader outlook upon man. One of them felt he would like to relieve this narrow, limited, wrong conception of God. This led him to write the book, and in doing so he took Jonah as the representative of the old narrow Jewish idea, and showed how Jonah's ideas became broadened, and thus taught the broad, full love of God for all men—taught not only the clemency of God, but also that He loves all men. There, then, is the national problem, to teach that God is God of all men and loves them; and the intellectual problem. lem, to teach that God is God of all men and loves them; and the intellectual prob-lem, to teach the Jewish people and all

iem, to teach that God is God of all men and loves them; and the intellectual problem, to teach the Jewish people and all other people that God is everywhere. Let us see, then, how this double sided problem was solved and satisfactorily illustrated in Jonah's experiences—that God is everywhere and that God loves all men.

Jonah did not believe this. God was not everywhere as Jehovah. This Jonah had been taught and this be believed. This was the very atmosphere in which he lived and moved and had his being. This was his babyhood's lisping, his boyhood's teaching and his manhood's patriotism. But one day there broke into his mind a new thought: "Why should not God care for the people in that other city just as well as He does for the people in this city? Why should Jerusalem be any more favored than Nineveh? The people are not Jews, but why should God not care for them just as well as if they were Jews? Why should there not be a brotherhood of mankind stronger than all the limits of national and family prejudice? Why not?" That thought came to Jonah like a voice which seemed to say to him, "Then, Jonah, why don't you go and tell them about God? Why don't you go and tell them about God? Why don't you go and tell them they may have God's favor as well as other people." This thought so burned itself into Jonah's mind and heart that he felt it must be God's will also to bless other people." The tought on the country for a while this thought will leave me, for God is not everywhere to press it upon me as He is in Israe!" He did not care very much where he went if only he could get away from thet voice. The voice troubled him. He felt that voice was cailing him to do something he was sure was right, but he did not wish to do it. This is the sphere in which we so often are Jonahs. That voice we have always heard, and like Jonah we have tried to stille it. Yes, we get just as angry with God and our friends when they dare to keep suggesting it to us; we do not want to hear about the right when we don't want to do it. Jona

A SERMON FOR SUNDAY

AN ELOQUENT DISCOURSE ENTITLED

"JONAH'S SEA EXPERIENCES."

The Rev. Br. John H. Mackay Shors
Row Human Effort and Human InSuence Witter Quickly Under Sarcesus

—Jonah Has Suffered in This Way.

GLENS FALLS, N. Y.—The Rev. Dr.
John R. Mackay, paster of the First Presbyterian Church here, preathed Sunday of Sea Experience."

The Significance of Jonah's
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The Lext was from
Jonah i.12: Dr. Mackay said:

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The strong of the surce way at a ruin any cause is to be able successfully to heap ridicule

The Hard God has levery person. So that in Jonah being cast into the sea, it was not a punishment, but a method for a higher and fuller revelation of God's love and blessing. There is often a little tinge of atheism in our thought about Christian trouble of sorrow. It does not seem right with the surce of Jonah's Sea Experience."

The Rev. Br. Jonah Has Suffered in This Way.

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Jonah Has Suffered in This well as all Christian experiences are but different methods of God's own through which He gives higher and fuller revelations of His love and blessing, and develoos His people to hetter fitness for service. And this is what Jonah learned, and having learned it he went at onse to that city of Nineveh and delivered the message God had given him to deliver. He tells the Ninevites all he knows about the love of God. He tells them also all about the pure and righteous demands of God, and that if they persist in living their awful lives of selfishness and sin destruction must come to them as it must come to all men who

to them as it must come to all men who persiat in sinning. The city did repent and God did bless the people. And in this way Jonah learned that the verv blessings he had himself re-ceived and his peonle had received were not for themselves alone, but also for oth-

not for themselves alone, but also for others—Nineveh and every other Nineveh that needed the knowledge of the love and righteousness of God. It is this that makes this parable of Jonah so like the parables of Jesus—illustrations of the love of God and of what God expects from those who already have teen blessed.

And this second thought was just as vividly taught as the first one. After preaching for about five weeks in Nineveh, Jonah thought God was showing too much favor to this city. He was granting it too many blessings. This he regarded as a very painful reflection unon Jewish traditions, and this he resented. At the close of a day's preaching he went out into the country to think it all out and have a real satisfactory grumble about it all by himself. He sat down near to a large, big leaved gourd, whose refreshing shade, as the sun moved around, kent its burning rays from harming him. Next morning he went back to the same place, dut the gourd and witharound, kent its burning rays from harming him. Next morning he went back to the same place, out the gourd had withered during the night. Jonah got angry, and in his indignation pitied the gourd thus destroyed so soon. But as he cooled off and his reason and his heart again asserted themselves, that voice seemed again to speak within him, "Jonah, what a foolish, unreasonable creature you are! Here you pity this gourd, and yet you find fault with and upbraid God because He has shown His pitying love and blessing toward these people of Nineveh—are not sinful, serrowing human beings of more value than a gourd!" That was enough for Jonah. He was satisfied God did care for the people of Nineveh, and that it was Godlike to do so: yes, and what was more important, that His love and blessing were to be made known to them through the people already blessed. That is the teaching of the book of Jonah; that is the lesson Jonah learned, that he must offer God missionary service as well as worship, that

would then become a key by which to where the senseless in the hall said she hadn't been eatin' enough f'r weeks. 'Dutch' had left her. She'd hocked everything she had except the ring I'd bought her. They buried her wit' that on. He'd been writin' to me and sendin' me Mame's love after she was dead, and he knowed it. I'd been doin' the time i'r both of us, and he'd let Mame starve."

Calmly The Rat's hand went out to where the knife lay upon the desk by the stained handkerchief. The chief did not stop him. His breath was coming and going in little purish, and his mouth was trembling at the corners, as if he were trying to be very calm and found it hard work. The Rat took up the knife as he might have grasged a-friendly old pipe. He crooked his fingers about the handle and weighed the blade in his grasp, it was all mechanically, jerkily done. "He was dealin' fare in a brace game on Fourteenth street," he said. "I waited f'r him that night. And when I seen him leave I followed him. When he got to Chrystie street I was wit' him, but he didn't know it. I sneaked up them stairs behind him when I seen him leave I followed him. When he got to Chrystie street I was wit' him, but he didn't know it. I sneaked up them stairs behind him quilet as death, and when I turned. gladly. True, we do not say with Jonah that God is not everywhere, or that His love is not for every creature—that is the that God is not everywhere, or that His love is not for every creature—that is the very essence of our creed, but we may say with Jonah, Let some one else help Nineveh, I don't want to do it; if Nineveh can't take care of itself and some one must help them, let some one else do so. This is not what we are going to say to-day. We are going to say, rather, tell us where our Nineveh is, tell us how we can best help at this particular time and we will do it! My answer is, this home mission offering is our Nineveh.

it! My answer is, this home mission offering is our Nineveh.

Why should we? Because it is Godlike. God Himself is our supreme example. Because it is good for us to give—we feel our brotherhood better and the joy of giving becomes ours. Because new American communities need our help to fill them with hope, and by church privileges inspire them with those same God-given principles and truths that have made New England and New York, that have made ourselves and given us our prosperous cavironment. For God's sake, for our own sake, for America's sake, this is our opportunity. We want these people to know the same God we know and to speak to Him as confidently as we do and call Him "Father." When these people come together on Sundays we want them to be able to say with us "Our Father." When they gather their little, white-robed children around them us "Our Father." When they gather their little, white-robed children around them at the even hour, we want them, children and parents together, to say "Our Father." When they come to lay any of these little ones out on the hillside and place upon the marker the words "Our Darling," we want them also confidingly to say, "My Father." And when they themselves come to the edge of the deep waters and wonder what ferryboat is to bear them across their Jordan we want them trustfully, lovingly, to be able to put their hands outward and upward and say. "My Father." That is out Nineveh. Will you help? Help us unto Him!

She was only a poor, sick, old woman, but a royal soul dwelt within her homely body. The ceaconess found her, after elimbing a long, dark stairway, in a poor little room, dark, but neat and clean. On a tiny table lay an open Bible, and opposite the bed hung a picture of the Good Sherherd.

"Ay, my dear lady," she said, when the deaconess spoke of the picture, "many a time I lie here all alone looking at Him and at the little lamb He carries so tenderly, and sometimes He seems to look at me so kindly that I can almost hear Him saying, "Ill not forget to keep you." The deaconess went away feeling ctronger for the simple expression of faitb.

ENGLISH HONEY CAKES Put three-quarters of a pound of butgradually two and one-half pounds of sifted flour, and keep stirring till lightly browned. Turn out on a board soda in a little water and rour into the flour. Mix well. Stir in sufficient water to make a soft, Texible paste. Knead thoroughly, divide into small portions, round them and make a dent in the center of each. Put on a bettered baking, the and bake a golden brown. Put a half pound of honey and a pint of water in a sauce pan over the fire and stir until reduced to a syrup. When the cakes are cooked, pour the syrup over them and pet again in the oven until the syrup is seaked in well. Then are range on a hot dish and serve at once



The "American Fertilizer" reminds its readers that the farmer who uses

manure and fortilizer thereby gains from the soil more than he applies, because the materials which he adds to the soil serve to render soluble the inert plant foods existing in the soil; and as it takes espital to make money in business, so it takes manure and fer tilizers to make the soil more subservient to the demands of the farmer. Every dollar expended for plant food to be applied to the soil is an investment which in the future is sure to bring good returns, because of the abundance of raw materials existing in the soil ready for use when proper methods are applied for a riving them from the vast stores which are always in reach with the aid of suitable appliances. The growing of green crops for manure benefits the land not only by returning to the soil that which may have been derived therefrom and from the air, but also, through chemical action of plant roots, which have the capacity of changing the characteristics of "salts" in the soil, and as the roots of plants appropriate carbonic acid as an agent in neutralizing the alkaline matter, various compounds are formed. Alkalies also neutralize acids and there is a constant tendency to effect chemical changes by reason of the use of green foods, manures, fertilizers, plaster and lime. The soil is the bank of the farmer upon which he can draw, but he must first make his deposits Cultivation, tile drainage, the use of

carefully consider the reserve of plant foods in the soil.

certain crops and a knowledge of the

characteristics and requirements of the

soll will give the intelligent farmer a

great advantage over him who does not

Care of Farm Implements. Most people seem to think that if the tools and implements are protected from the influence of the sun, they suffer no injury during the rainy and lowering weather. But this is a serious mistake. The influence of any and all kinds of weather, is always more or less injurious to farm implements, whether the various parts are made of iron, or a portion only of iron, and the remainder of wood. As a general rule the injury and damage done to ferm to the influence of the weather wears out the working parts more than all the labor that is performed with them.

And this is more emphatically true along the seacoast, where they true hundred miles away from the seashore, mechanics experience little difficulty in keeping their saw blades and other steel tools from rusting. But near the salt water, steel plows, saws, cultivatwhen not in actual use, if the polished surface is not olled or varnished. the ground with the damp earth in contact with the polished mould-board and land side. The consequence is that a thick scale of rust is found over the entire surface, thus destroying more metal than would actually wear off in some time when the implement is in use. The true way to take care of such tools is to wipe the polished surface dry, and oil it with any kind of oleaginous material which has no saline material in it, or to varnish the surface.-The Epitomist.

If those from whom the cows are purchased should take the same view of the matter as the dairyman the animals would soon realize a price that would place them beyond the reach of those desiring them for the dairy, but the breeders of such cows find a profit in keeping calves in order to sell them at maturity to the dairyman. What is the consequence of this mode of conducting a dairy? It is that the dairyman keeps twice as many cows as he should, in order to derive a quantity of milk and butter that may be produced from a smaller number of animals. If the yields from any two dairies are compared it will be noticed that the product of one is different from that of the other, for it is an impossibility to collect a herd of common cows of uniform quality, and even if the yields from thetwo dairies approximate a certain amount a difference will be created by the methods of management, no two dairymen following the same rule. In purchasing such cows they must be taken solely whether he has a bargain or not. For tunately, our common stock of the ew years ago, but it is due solely the infusion of an occasional dash of

reveal the fact that a majority of them use mostly common cows. The term 'common" includes not only the scrub native but also those cows that, though somewhat above the average, are un known to the dairymen so far as their eeding is concerned. The pretext for this is that dairymen can afford to buy cows than to raise them Calves and helfers require room in disposed to utilize such places with cows in full flow of milk rather than to keep young stock, they believing it a more economical method of doing

Strawberry Culture. The king of small fruits is the straw

work I would advise him to let small fruit entirely alone.

Fruit raising is a business by itself and will ever remain such. The gen-eral farmer had best not dabble in it. To become a successful fruit raiser for the work, indefatigable industry and a large degree of patience. Possess ing these there is no danger of a fall-

In my own case I found that it is one thing to raise the fruit and another thing to sell it. People can be educated up to the fruit habit.

When I first set out with a few crates of berries to seek customers I was truly surprised at the lack of interest displayed by people in general. My first customer was a farmer who reckoned he'd take a quart for the woman and young ones. Still another farmer, a wealthy cat-

tle raiser with a large family, refused even to look at my wares, sniffing at the idea that "strawberries" were in any way necessary for the family table. But mark you, this same man is now an eager customer of mine to the tune of from fifteen to twenty crates of

berries every year, with no grumble at the price. He says his folks can't get along without the beriles both fresh and canned; and yet before I began selling the only small fruit the family saw,

from year's end to year's end were a few small wild berries. I had many amusing experiences durwas at one time well-nigh discouraged

ing my first year in the business, and but came out with flying colors in the end and lived to rejoice over the vic-

Arguments for Orchard Cultivation

I am aware that there is a strong prejudice in many parts of Massachusetts against the cultivation of apple orchards. This is only prejudice, however. I am sure, and will be overcome in time. I have never yet heard of a man having an orchard suitable for cultivation who, having once fairly tried good cultivation with modern orchard implements, has afterward gone back to sow his orchard down to grass. On the other hand, I do know of men who have made the opposite change, namely, from the sod system to cultivation, and who have found it entirely satisfactory. I could show instances of this in some of the largest and best orchards in western Massachusetts and still more so in Vermont, where I have been longer ac-

quainted. The arguments against cultivation are commonly four: (1) that plowing cannot be done in an orchard: (2) that it injures the trees; (3) that it is too expensive; (4) that it injures the quality of the fruit. These objections can answered very briefly.

breezes highly charged with saline terial, come in contact with those parts of implements which have polished steel or iron surfaces. Several large scale. It is harder to do in an old orchard which has never been cultivated, and under such circumstances may not be advisable, but, even so, it can often be successfully and profitably accomplished. I have myself once or-teeth, polished bearings on mowing | done this with an orchard of two acres of badly neglected trees between 30 entirely satisfactory.

2. If an old uncultivated orchard is put under the plow, the tree roots are considerably torn, and some damage The best proof of this lies in the fact may result. Orchards cultivated from the beginning are absolutely unintured. (which by the way, is a fact) that many of the very best orchards every part of the country are under the plow annually.

3. Cultivation is more expensive than doing nothing at all, but it pays

4 There is some show of reason in the statement that cultivation has a bad effect on the fruit. The fruit is sometimes less highly colored and does not keep quite so well. On the other hand, it is larger, sorts better at the sorting table, and brings a larger return to the acre, because there is more of it. Finally, I ought to draw attention to the fact that in the largest, most famous and most successful apple regions of this continent-Nova Scotia, upper Ontario. Western New York, Michigan and the great apple belt of the Central States-cultivation is generally recommended and, practiced.-Prof. F. A. Waugh for Lowell

Horse Notes.

A lump of salt should be kept in each manger. The chill should be taken off the

drinking water. Corn in the ear with wheat-bran is good for variety. Shredded or cut corn fodder is good

for a change in place of hay. The frog should never be cut but left a big pad to take jar and keep the legs sound.

The sharp cold air will not hurt them but never leave them out in a Any ragged tags may be cut off, but insist that the knife shall go no furth-

er. Never allow the bars to be cut Do not keep the colts tied up in stalls day after day. A colt must have regular exercise while growing to develop its muscles and tendons.

Work horses cared for and fed in this manner will far more than pay for the grain eaten during the wir feed and no grain, it will cost much

horses in winter. The sole should b tect the sensitive foot from uneven fro

more to get them fitted for work in the

It is not necessary to feed the idle It is not necessary to feed the idle work horses as much grain as when doing hard work, but if they are expected to do hard work in the spring, they must be kept thrifty and in good flesh all winter.

At the end of February increase the feed and be sure they have planty or

With fumigated coat and bot,
And chlorinated cane,
I stand before the portal that
Protects my pretty Jane.
Her worthy father lets me in—
Unlocks the stardy hasp—
And gives my disinfected fin
A hygienic clasp.

Papa, with wisdom rarely ripe, Departs with scant delay, And with his Pasteurized pipe, Betakes himself away; While I to Jane do quickly go-Upon the sofs snug— And on that maiden fair bestow An antiseptic hug.

Upstairs she coyly trips,
And perfumed germicides applies
Unto her dainty lips.
Then cometh gladness—ecstacy—
Just undiluted bliss!—
When lovely Jenny gives to me
A sanitary kiss. Before the evening wholly flies,

-Will S. Adkins, in Puck.



"That English party claims to be a "Probably he is one. I notice that he loves a cheerful giver."-Puck. "You talk an awful lot about yourself, Catherine." "Well it keeps me from talking about other people."—De-

troit Free Press. Actress-I have been robbed of my iewels. Hotel Clerk-It won't do any good; there isn't a newspaper in the town.—Town Topics.

Tenaweek-It is a secret, sir, but I am engaged to your daughter, and-Old Gotrox-Have no uneasiness, str; it will go no further.-Town Topics.

Stranger-Seems to me this crowded street is a queer place for a hospital. Native-Well, I don't know. Two trolley lines meet here.-New York Week-

The Higher Education .- Dolly-Were you pleased when Charley proposed? Polly-Pleased? I came pretty near giving him our college yell,-"Is he a war expert?" "Well, he's

one of the 18,000,000 people who know just how the war in the Far East should be conducted."-Chicago Evening Post. Edyth-Why do you doubt Mr. Slow-

man's sincerity? His voice has an

honest ring. Mayme-Yes, but that in not the kind of ring I'm looking for. -Chicago Daily News. "Your husband lost his temper in a little dispute we had," said Gazzam to Mrs. Bickers. "That doesn't matter,"

left."-Detroit Free Press. on you borrowed that 100 marks from me you said you needed it for a short time." "Exactly, and I only had it a short time-I spent it all that day!"-Fliegende Blatter.

replied Mrs. Bickers: "he has plenty

· Spartacus-Why do you suppose Moper committed suicide just when he did? Smarticus-As a matter of policy. His insurance would have expired the next day.—Baltimore American. Patience-I always think of all the

mean things I have said during the

day, before I fall asleep at night. Patrice-Gracious! Do you stay awake as long as that?-Yonkers Statesman. Visitor-How do you get along without models for your child studies? Daubley-Oh, that's easy, I just have my wife read me one of her club essays on model children.—Chicago Daily

News. An old Scotchwoman, when advis by her minister to take snuff to keen herself awake during the sermon, replied: "Why dinna ye put the snuff in the sermon, mon?"-Glasgow Evening

"Oh, I've found a grand intelligence office," said Mrs. Van Albert. "Charge you \$1 for one cook?" asked her husband. "One? Why they agreed to let me have four cooks for \$3.98."-Chieago Daily News.

Jim-It seems to me that the lawver who is defending your case is using some pretty extravagant language. Jam-You'd think it was much more extravagant if you knew how much he s charging the for his services.—Baltimore Herald.

No Fare for a Doll Under Three. True kindliness does not abound in any particular place. A conductor on an example of how the ordinary things of life may be made attractive by the presence of a little kindliness. The car topped and a little girl carrying a large doll, got on. The conductor came in to collect her fare. The little girl, who was about 6 years old, has him a nickel. He looked at it and then at her, but didn't register the fare. Her expression was that of porplexity. The conductor then down and asked her for the doll's fare. That request made the little girl's perplexity even greater. But the conductor quickly asked whether the doll wasn't over years old, and to her negative reply he said: "Oh, I thougut she was, and I was waiting for her fare. T smilingly pulled the register and the other passengers who had w ther felt better for this little to

of whimsical comedy.-Ph

Alzaki Tokutaro, better kn