(Dy the Late John Hay.) Wall, no; I can't tell you whar he lives, iteense he don't live, you see; Leastways, hes got out of the habit of livin like you and me. Whar kave you been for the last three year 'liat you invent head folks tell llow don'ny Bludso; massed in his checks the night of the Prairie Beile?

He weren't no saint—them engineers is all pretty much alike. One wife in Natione under-the-fill, And another one here, in Pike. A keerless man in his talk was Jim, And an awward hand in a row, But he never funded and he never the left in the left

to tend bis engine well;

Never be passed on the river;

To mind the pilot's bell;

And if ever the Prairie dielle took fire—

A thousand times he swore,

If 'd hold her nourie agin the bank

Till the last soul gut ashore.

All beats has their day on the Mississip. And her day come at last—
The Monastar was a bettler boat,
But the Belle she wouldn't be passed.
And so she come tearin' along that night
The eldest craft on the line
With a nigger sount on her safety valve.
And her furnace crammed, tosin a

The fire burst out as she clared the bar,
And burnt a hole in the night.
And quick as a fash she twend, and made
For that willer lank on the right.
There was runnin' and cursin', but Jim
yelled out.
Over all the infernal rear.
'Fill hold her nowle agin the bank
'Till the las' galout's ashore.

Through the hot black breath of the burn-In boat

Jin Boat

Jin Bludse's volce was heard,
and they all had trust in his cussedness,
and knowed he would keen his word,
and sure's you're born, they all got off.

Afore the smokestacks fell—
and Hudso's rhest went up alone.
In the smoke of the Prairie Belle.

He weren't no saint: but at jedgment I'd run my chance with Jim,

### \*\*\*\* FROM THE BACK. OF BEYOND.

By Lady Napier of Magdala.

### \*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*

The potatoes were rattling in the tin cans, goodly pyravnidal piles of them, covered with rich brown earth against frost, showing that there was plenteous harvest of that precious

The crofters paused in their labor of the long, level rays of the sun to gaze at the last tourist (or "swift") steamer of the season bearing its load of Southrops to the nearest railroad station "away south." with their baunches of

inventions-quit of them for many months to come.

The roads still echoed with the sound away, with the shricks of their motors, one and all flying south, as though the Evil One were at their heels, the land

Such is fashion! The weather was lovely, the color a dream and a glory; but it was the time for going south Now the needy laird might return to the home of his fathers, which bitter necessity forced him to let for each shooting season. Now he might come back and shelter in the storm-beaten old house through the long northern winter and suring pondering sadly as to whether he might dare to count on rojourning in the lands called by his name until the day came when he should be carried out whither be would not, feet foremost. Shootingrents were going up; but who could count on them for what changes might be in store, what fads might be started by some new government, inebriated with the exuberance of its own generosity in dealing with and distributing the goods of others-drunk with power, mad with furious desires to reverse the order of things as they are, no matter who went so long as they stayed (in place and power)? well," said the laird to himself, "any way, today it is ours; the herring have been plentiful, and there is no potato disease, and this dirty thing is to the good;" and he trust his shooting tenant's check into an envelope, addressing it to his long-suffering bankers. So peace settled down oo the winged tale once more.

A crofter woman stood on the shore, watching her little lad stumbling over the slippery rocks on his way home from fishing, a string of "cuddies" and rock-cod in his hand, his cocked fishing rod over his shoulder. Her sixyear-old daughter clung to her skirts. The sun had sunk behind a heavy bank of cloud, and a moan came up from the sea. The tide had turned, and the wind was rising.

The woman dehed, and gazed seawards with tear-filled eyes, for her husband was away at a late fishing, and his boat was old and crank. The three walked slowly up to the

little black house on the hill, one of the poorest-looking in the township, but warm and snug inside, and water tight withal, with its fine close thatch. The children in bed, the woman crouched over the peat fire, her thin hands locked together, her knitting unheeded on the floor, where a little cat played with the ball of yarn.

The wind roared round the hous It had risen to a gale. At length her head fell forward on her breast, the tired body crying out for sleep and rest. She awoke with start and sought her bed but sleep forsook her weary eyes.

The gale was at its height. Little Mairi mouned in her sleep, and her mother rose and took the child into her own bed, finding comfort in the contact of the soft, small body, and in listening to the regular breathing of childhood's heavy sleep. Wide-eyed she listened to the how ing of the tempest. The peats fell to gether; and, as a bright flame sprang up, the door suddenly opened, and her husband, clad in dripping oliskins, came into the room and walked up to

the fire place.
Something tied the wife's tongue and also prevented her rising to arest him. He raised his arm and groped ta the chimney for a moment, peering up it; then she heard him sigh, and he turned and looked at her, and she knew that he was dead, for as she looked he vanished. With earliest daylight the distracted wife betook herself to the house of her sister, and told her what she had seen.

The women never doubted, and wept ogether during that day, and alas! and alas! the vision had warned too truly, and the dread message came in due course, telling the poor wife of the loss of her husband's boat and the drowning of its crew. The heavy days crept on, and winter asserted itself. The poor must work though their hearts be broken; and little Mairi was often left at home alone to watch the iron pot while her mother carried creels of peat and potatoes on her thin shoulders, the cold rain heating on her bare head, the wind piercing through the ragged skirt she had herself dyed black in respect for poor Donald's memory.

"Mother," said the child one evening, in the familiar Gaelic, "there is a stone loose in the chimney. All day I was afraid .. would fall into the pot."

"Where is it, ghaol (love)?" said her mother. She looked, and there was indeed a loose stone that she removed with her hand, and behind to stone bole had been scooped out, and in the hole was a canvas bag containing twenty pounds in gold and one-nound notes, Poor drowned Donald's savings!

The widow burst into tears. "Would to God that he had got a setter boat for himself, sac sobbed, But he never thought of himself, not he; and now he is gone and we are alone."-Chamber's Journal.

NOT SO DEADLY.

### The Torpedo in Warfare Has Not

Come up to Expectations. One thing which the present war in the Far East has proved is that even the modern torpedo is not quite such as deadly and effective weapon as it was supposed to be. The war began with a torpedo attack by the Japanese in the most favorable circumstances; that is to say, a surprise swoop upon an unready enemy. The assailants at Port Arthur discharged more than 20 rpedoes and made only three hits But the hits knocked two of the finest Russian ships off the effective list. so that the attack may be considered successful, although in theory not a Russian vessel should have been left affoat. Torpedo warfare is the most dashing, dangerous and ruthless of lifting them, shading their eyes from | all the forms of modern fighting at sea. With a craft whose outside cost may be put at \$35,000, manned by a few dare-devil officers and men, it is possible with luck to destroy utterly a ship on which \$5,000,000 had been enison, their hordes of late, greedy, spent and carrying nearly 1000 souls. Even supposing tile assailing craft is totally removed and her people kinds or drowned, yet her loss is a trifle if ber mission of sinking or completely incapacitating a battleship or cruiser has been successfully accomplished. The odds are obviously against a destrover which makes a swoon on a watchful and prepared enemy, risking everything and making a dash through a literal hall of shot in the

hope that before annihilation one or

both the torpedoes which are carried

in the tubes may be fired and the

object struck. Another way is to steal unobserved toward a war ship as the Japanese aid at Port Arthur and let one or two of the terrible weapons loose before retiring swiftly into the darkness. In any case, with an effective hit the end quick and sure. The cruiser or battleship struck well below the way ter line in that unarmored part which rends like paper heels over and sinks before anything can be done to save her or her people can escape. The essons of the war so far, while show ing that the power of the torpedo has been somewhat overrated, still go to prove the formidable nature of this weapon when skilfully and couragcousty handled, and incidentally show the wisdom of the change of constructlon in British destroyers. Of the dangers to our own shores, says an English writer, in case of war with a first-class continental power, particularly from torpedo attacks, not a few writers and speakers have drawn lurid pictures. In the House of Lords recently Lord Ellenborough, himself an old naval officer, pictured a surprise descent on our coasts. "A night attack," he said, "made by 50 or more torpedo craft might sink all our available battleships and destroy our naval supremacy at a single blow.

Motor Car Finest in England. A lawyer complains in The Pall Mall Gazette of London against the absurd local variability of penalties for excessive speed. What costs an offender 10 pounds in one district is only 40 shillings' worth in another; and a schedule shows that the average rate varies from seven pounds in Kingston, Southampton and Cutlompton (Devon) to 30 sufflings in Guilford and Epsom. It is ridiculous and unfair, undoubtedly, but we do not quite see how it is to be obviated. Even judges of the high court vary as to the penalties they inflict for the same offenses and country benches naturally vary in accordance with local feeling. No cast iron rule is possible, since the fine must obvious y depend on the circumstances of the particular case. If the speed limit is retained, probably general average will work itself out in time. Meanwhile a motorist can only keep on the safe side by being careful not to transgress anywhere.

### A Profitable Sturgeon The prize cow sturgeon of the season was landed at Chester on Tuesday by Ikie Rothwell and a fellow

. When drawn the big fish yielded 72 pounds of roe, which was sold at 65 ents a pound, netting the fishermen \$46.80. The carcass, after the roe was drawn, weighed 247 pounds, which was sold at 4 1-2 cents a pound, netting \$11.12, the entire sum realized for roe and stargeon being \$57.92.

Rothwell and his companion can claim that they have made the

### Nation Must Supervise The Corporations

By President Theodore Roosevelt.

(Speech no de at Denver.)

WANT to say a word as to governmental policy in which 1 feel that this whole country ought to take a great interest, and which is itself but part of a general policy into which I think our government must go. I have spoken of the policy of extending the powers of the Interstate Confmerce Commission and of giving them particularly the power to fix rates and to have the rates that they fix go into effect practically at once.

As I say that represents in my mind part of what should be the general policy of this country.

The policy of giving not to the state, but to the national government an increased supervisory and regulatory power over corporations is the first step and to my mind the most important step. In the days of the fathers of the old among you the highways of commerce for civilized nations were what they had always been; that is, waterways and roads. Therefore they were open to all who chose to travel upon them. Within the last two generations we have seen systems grow up and now the typical highway of commerce is the railroad. Compared to the railroad, the ordinary road for wheeled vehicles and the waterways, whether natural or artificial, have lost all their im-

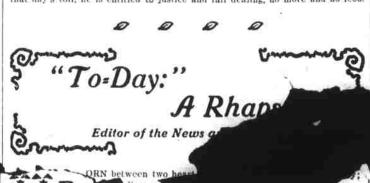
Here in Colorado, for instance, it is the railroads which are the only highways that you need take into account in dealing with the question of commerce in the state or outside of the state. Therefore, under this changed system we see highways of commerce grow up, each of which is controlled by a single corporation or individual; sometimes several of them being controlled in combination by corporations, or by a few individuals. When such is the case, in my judgment, it is absolutely necessary that the nation, for the state cannot possibly do it, should assume a supervisory and regulatory function over the great corporations which practically control the highways of com-

As with everything else mundane, when you get that supervisory and regulatory power on behalf of the nation you will not have cured all the evils that existed, and you will not equal the expectations of the amiable but ill-regulated enthusiast who thinks that you will have cured all those evils. A measure of good will come. Some good will be done, some injustice will have been prevented, but we shall be a long way from the millenium.

Get that fact clear in your mind, or you will be laying up for yourselves a store of incalculable disappointment in the future. That is the first thing. Now the second step: When you give a nation that power, remember that harm and not good will come from the giving unless you give it with the firm determination not only to get justice for yourselves, but to do justice to

others; that you will be as jealous to do justice to the railroads as to exact justice from them. We cannot afford in any shape or way in this country to encourage a feeling which would do injustice to a man of property, and more than we would submit to injustice from a man of property.

Whether the man owns the biggest railroad or the greatest outside cor poration in the land or whether he makes each day's bread by the sweat of that day's toll, he is entitled to justice and fail dealing, no more and no less.





ever ending on breath; filling to tomorrow without ever merging into either ssi & with the swiftness of a weaver's shuttle; dropping one by one into the occan of eternity, as precious pearls might slip from a silken. cord into some deep lake; as unfaltering in its flight as is the motion of the earth on its axis, and ever bearing our life with it from one eternity to another, there is nothing more real, nothing more elusive-than that period of time which we call "to-

Our life for a day is but an epitonic of a lifetime. We wake in the morn ing with no knowledge of where our souls have been wandering while our senses slept; with fresh vigor and interest we enter upon the occupations and interests of our daily work, and fulfill our duties with a vigor which begins somewhat to fail as the evening shadows lengthen. As darkness deepens, the freshness and strength which marked the early hours of the day give place to weariness, and at last we are glad to lav aside our work and cares and to surrender ourselves to the sleep which so closely resembles death, even though we have no certainty that we shall ever wake to see the light of an-

Each day has its own allotted task and it is seldom more than we have the strength to perform. It is only when we go beyond that which was given us for the day and force the tired mind and body to go on and on doing what might well be left till the morrow; when we are not content to bear the evils of the day, but harass our souls by anticipating those the future may bring: when we are not satisfied with the "daily bread" for which one wiser than we taught us to pray, but strive to "lay up much goods for many years;" when the pleasures that were given us to enjoy in moderation degenerate into wild excesses, that nature takes revenge for the neglect of her laws, and sanitariums and lunatic asylums are filled with victims of ill-regulated lives.

### G Bersss **ภภภ**-อย Judges Always Fail Heredity and Environment Make Difference. By Justice David J. Brewer.



HE highest thought of the judicial life is justice. That is its ultimate purpose. But what is justice? As between individuals it is securing to each the exact measure of his rights and taking from each the exact amount of his obligations. In other words, it establishes a perfect balance between er y act and its result to the actor. Hence the frequent picture of the blind goddess,

Law in the moral world is as imperative as law in the material. The inexorable certainty which appertains to the latter is an attribute of the former. The one is the mathematics of matter; the other the mathematics of the spirit. The scientist is never satisfied until in all the phenomena of matter he has disclosed that certainty.

The judge longs to discover it in all actions to which the moral test is plicable. But here we come to the parting of the ways. The student of \$ ater may succeed; the judge will always fall.

There are two great forces creating and molding our characters-heredity and environment. Two men are brought to the bar of criminal justice. In the eye of the law they stand alike, and yet in the essential elements of character, those elements that enter into and determine the question and quantity of moral guilt, they may be as wide apart as the poles.

Through past generations forces beyond human ken have been operating to give form and shape to their characters. They are unlike because they ome of separate ancestry, and different influences have from remote time been at work fashioning them into being.

Those two men stand at the bar of human justice on the same plane, and for the concrete fact proved against them suffer the same punishment; but in the eye of higher wisdom there is a world-wide difference between their guilt, The extent of that difference is something which no human knowledge can determine. In some other time and place the failures of justice on earth will be rectified. Infinite wisdom will there search the past of every life, measure with exactness the influences ow heredity and environment, and out of the fullness of that knowledge correct the errors which we are powerless to prevent.

The inevitable failure of justice in this life is an assurance of a life to

A smuggling case which is probably unique, even in the strange ar nals of contraband, has just been before the customs court of Marseilles. On board the French steamer Tour aine there was found a large quantity of opium smuggled, not by any individual in particular, but by the he threw away the matchbox and whole ship's company, and the strange spectacle was witnessed of the heavy fine of 2 pounds being levied on all, every man in the vessel being muleted in his proportion, assessed according

### Real Absent-mindedness.

"As for absent-minded men," said the youth with red hair, who had just reading a 'live Topic' about one "the best sample I ever saw was a Man who was lighting his cigar on the platform of a car. He had a silver match safe. When the cigar was lit carefully folded up the wax and put it in his pocket."—New York Sun.

the nickel mined in the United States.

### THE PULPIT.

AN ELCQUENT SUNDAY SERMON BY THE REV. F. E. TAYLOR.

Subject: Christ and the Multitude. Brooklyn, N. Y .- Sunday morning, in the Greene Avenue Baptist Church, the Rev. Frederick E. Taylor preached on "Christ and the Multitude." The text

was from Matthew, ix:35-38:

esus went about all the cities and the cillages," etc. Mr. Taylor said: For nearly two years Jesus had mincled with the people of Palestine. He had visited their towns and villages and seen life in all its different phases, and had been a source of blessing to all who sought His favor. He had wit nessed the hollow mockery which passed for religion among the Phari-sees and had burned with indignation as He saw the people receiving stones luty it was to feed their souls. The whole nation had been astonished by His miracles, and after a year of comparative obscurity, He had entered upon one of popular favor. His popularity was now at its height and thou sands were found eagerly listening to the words of authority with which He spake, Notwithstanding His great popularity a careful observer would taxe noticed that instead of a look of triumph, His face indicated tender conwere continually seeking Him. He was beginning to realize more and more the awful need of the people, and His spirit was stirred within Him as He saw the possibilities for good mong those who flocked to hear His words of life and peace.

Living in a great city, surrounded by ousands of men and women who are areless and indifferent about their arthly welfare, we are constantly facing the problem of how to reach and help those for whom Christ died. What was the attitude of Christ toward those unsaved masses? How did He seek to solve the problem of reaching them? Is there any way of our slping the people of our day and generation? These are some of the queslons which we shall artempt to an swer. I believe that when the church of God follows the example of the Master in His treatment of the masses, the masses will be reached and saved.

In the first place, I notice that Jesus was filled with compassion for them. When He saw the multitudes He was moved with compassion for them because they were distressed and scat-tered as sheep not having a shepherd." Compassion is the keyword to the life of Jesus Christ. We find the evangelists reporting instances of His compassion again and again. When a leper comes seeking health, Jesus, moved with compassion puts forth His band estores by

ough to supply their need. it the compassion of Jesus that led the bealing of the two blind men ear Jericho, and it was this same feelng that prompted the resurrection of the widow's son at Nain.

onted strength and vigor,

Not only in His acts of kindness, but in all His teaching we find that the spirit of compassion is dominant. The best known parables uttered by the Saviour are the parable of the Good Samaritan and the parable of the Prodigni Son, and compassion is the key word to both. The compassion of a Samaritan leads to the saving of an emy, and it was this same spirit on coming so sweet to the Prodigal This is the need of the disciples of Christ to-day. The multitudes are all about us. They are careless, indiffer-ent, sinful; but only because they do not know the love of Christ. down in their lives there is a hunger for something better, and in many cases men are groping after light on the pathway of life. The church can and should meet the need, but only a realization of the need and an infilling of the spirit of Christ to meet it will

solve the problem. If the great heart of the Master was moved with compassion for the multi-tudes of His day, what would He think what does He think-when He sees the vast multitudes in our great city who are going about as sheep without a shepherd? I believe that if we are true disciples of our Lord we will feel as He felt, and instead of ignoring or condemning those who know not Christ, we will leave no stone un turned until they come to know Him, whom to know is eternal life.

In the second place, I notice that reaper. He said, "The harvest truly is plenteous." He saw the possibilities among those who flocked around Him, and knew that among them there were many who could easily be led into th paths of righteousness. And this was characteristic of Christ. It is true that much of His time was spent in sowing the good seed of the kingdom, but it is also true that He was constantly finding opportunities to reap rich harvests

He goes to the seaside and finds a the fishermen. stops at a well side and reaps the first fruits of a splendid revival among the despised Samaritans. At the seat of custom He finds one who is to be an for the Hebrew people. Wherever He went Jesus always found the fields white and ready for the reaper. And, brethren, I believe that those who possess the spirit of the Master will al ways find abundant opportunities for rich harvests of souls

On one of these occasions Jesus said to His disciples, "Say not ye there are yet four months and then cometh harvest? Behold, I say unto you, lift up your eyes and look on the fields, for they are white already to harvest." The trouble with us is unbelief in the sibility of a harvest here and now ne in the dim future we expect to read, but the years pass on and the conditions grow less and less hoperul and golden opportunities are lost

But I notice in the third place that Jesus not only saw a great need, but He told His disciples how it could be "The harvest truly is pienteous, said He, "but the laborers are few, Surely no one ever fe. the need of laborers more than Jesus Christ. Face to face with thousands who yearned s know the way of life, and limited by His humanity, so that it was only possible to deal with a very few of hose who came to Him. He felt the need of laborers as no other ever did. It is true that He had a band of chosen disciples to carry on the work that He began, but at this time they uld not be trusted to do very much as they themselves only knew the truth

his heart sink within him more than once, as, looking out over the multi-tudes, he hangeen the great need for

lay them down at the Master's feet to be spent in loyal service for those who knew Him not. It is not necessary to discuss the need for laborers; this is so apparent that it needs no discussion. What we need to-day is to know the remedy and then apply it to the disease. More than one earnest minister of the Gospel has presented the needs of his field, and then supposed that the people would flock to his support, only to be sadly diseppointed. No, the Master's way is the best way. He did not tell the disciples to go out and exhort the people to become laborers for Him; He sent them to the owner of the vineyard with a request that he send forth laborers into his harvest; "Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest that He send forth laborers into His barvest." Prayer is the divine method, and I believe that more workmen have gone forth in response to definite, carnest petition effered by men and women who have felt the need for laborers than by the use of any other method. Let the members of the church begin to feel the multitudes without, let them begin to pray that the people may be saved, let them ask the Lord of the harvest to send forth laborers and hundred; of those who are to-day with-in the very signilow of our churches will be led into the way of life.

And now, in conclusion, may I say

that those who are led to pray for the

multitude are usually led luto a larger service on their behalf. Thirty years ago, says a recent writer in a religious paper, the region about London docks outnined as large a population as any district in Africa. Back of the huge warehouses were innumerable courts and alleys filled with fog and dirt, and every horror of sight and sound and smell. It was a rendezvous for the lowest types of humanity. The wealthy and influential classes in this settlement were the rumsellers and gam-Children were born and grew to middle age in these precincts who thus sown does well, and by the time never heard the name of Jesus except the grain is harvester there is a fine in an oath. Thirty thousand souls w included in one parish here, but the clergeman never ventured out of the church to teach. A young man named Charles Lowder, belonging to an old English family, happened to pass through the district just before leaving Oxford. His classmates were going into politics, or the army, or the har, full of ambition and hope, to make a name in the world; but Lowder heard. as he said. "a cry of mingled agony, suffering laughter and blasphemy coming from those depths, that rang in his ears go where he would." On his his ears go where he would." knees before his Maker he asked that apple trees, shorten back three-fourths help might be sent to those who were dying for the Water of Life. God gra- Leave a dominant center so that the clously led him to see that the man who felt the need the most would be tne one who could do the most for the people, and he gave up all plans for his life and went to labor an those for whom he had prayed. ook a house in the lowest sinus and ived in it. He preached every day in treets, and for months was pelted about, shot at and driven back He bad unfortungately

which to reach them; Even the worst ruffian learned to respect the tall thin curate, whom he saw stopping the worst street fights, nursing the victim of Asiatic cholera and facing mobs bent on taking his life.
Mr. Lowder lived in London docks

twenty-three years. Night schools wer opened, industrial schools and a refuge drupkards, discharged prisoners built and several mission chapels. chief assistants in the work were the men and women whom he had rescued from the paths that abut on hell. risitor said that the church differed from others in that "all were in such degdly earnest." Mr. Lowder broke down under his work and died in a vilte in the Tyrol whither he had gone He was brought back to the docks where he had worked so ong. Across the bridge where he had once been chased by a mob bent or taking his life, his body was reverently carried while the police were to keep back the crowd of sobbing neo ple who pressed forward to get glimpse of "Father" Lowder, as they called him. No such funeral, says t London paper, has ever been seen in The whole population of East London turned out, stopping work for that day; the special trains run to Thiselhurst were filled, and thousands followed on 'oot, miserable men and women whom he had lifted up from barbarism to life and hope.

Charles Lowder and seen the mult tude, the compassion of Christ had filled his heart, his prayer had been answered, and if he could have looked over the futtlements of Heaven that he would have realized that his labor had not been in vain in the Lord.

True Christian joy is glorified joy, says the Apostle Paul. That is, it has the glory of Heaven shining upon it, filling, suffusing, transfiguring tensifying it. In other words, there is no other joy anything like so rich, so deep, so full, so blessed as the joy which comes with religion, which springs out of faith. "Believing we

It is a joy, too, that rises above all rrow and trouble. Suffering saints have often been the most joyful. "We reloice, though now for a season, we are in heaviness." sorrowful, yet always rejoicing. It is our duty to be joyful and our privilege to spread joy among others. It is also an effective means of com

mending the religion of Christ to oth-And make a place in thy heart for her; And give her time to grow, and cherial Take joy home. Then she will come and sing to thee.

-G. B. F. Hallock, D. D.



alled the mo of gold mesh formed exactly like

# ORCHARD and GARDEN

For a permanent pasture timothy, redtop, orchard grass and white clover are generally used, as these grasses seem to hold out as well as any. Other kinds may be added, if preferred, but the three mentioned should never be omitted. The fall or early spring is an excellent time for reseeding the pastures, but in so doing the farmer should use clean seed use it plentifully and scratch it in if possible. One of the best plans to assist a pasture Is to sow white clover seed on the bare places, as it will make growth where ome seeds will fail.

Sowing Rape In Corn. Farmers, where corn is grown as a principal crop, are frequently advised to combine sheep or pigs in their operations. The advice usually tendered is to pop in some catch crop like rye as soon as the land is clear of the corn crop, and wherever the plan has been tried it has been very successful. Mr. F. M. Webster of New York State. who is an ardent advocate of cultivat ed pasturage, has been trying to save time by sowing rape broadcast among the growing maize just before horse hoeing it for the last time. The rape

Trees should have the branches shortened in when planted. "I hate to cut the branches back," exclaims the well-meaning planter. "It spoils the looks of the trees." So it does temporarily; but at the end of the season the trimmed trees will have made twice the growth of those untrimmed. It is of the utmost importance that each kind of tree should be trimmed in accordance with its needs. With of the growth of the side branches next set of branches will be at least a foot above the present set of branches. Cherries should be shortened as to the side branches to three strong buds. Peach trees should have the branches shortened to one bud at the base of the branch and the trunk of the peach tree, no matter if five or six feet in height they should be shortened to 30 or even 24 inches.-Rural

Drawing Buttermilk and Washing. When the granules are of the right size, and if sait in the buttermilk is not objectionable, the addition of this will make it draw better, but I have seldom been troubled that way and granule as a strainer, or better, a hair

sieve should be used in drawing. When this is done, about the same amount of water from 50 to 55 degrees should replace the buttermilk (if the granules seem very soft 45 degrees may be allowed); the churn should b turned a few times. Unless it is desired to barden the granules the water should be drawn at once. It is a big mistake to leave the butter to sonk in water for hours. As a rule, two rinsings should be enough and indeed some of the finest butter is made without rinsing at all, relying on the work ing to remove the buttermilk. Danes used to do this, but now they rinse the granules by dipping them from the buttermilk with a hair sieve and then removing this gently in a tub of cold water, thus washing the butter only once and only for a minute or so. As in most other matters, the best road lies in the middle course -J. H. Monrad, New York.

Feeding Silage. in his recent elaborate enquirles into the cattle feeding problems, Prof. Mumford of the Illinois agricultural

college station reports in circular 92 on the subject, the experience of an old feeder in Henry county that stafrom which we take the following: "I am now fattening my fourth car beef using sllage as one feed per day and with such satisfactory results

that I expect to continue its use as long as I am in the cattle feeding business. As to the method of feeding. we feed one-half bushel of silage per head in the morning and scatter five pounds of bran per head over it and stir it all up together; then let the cat tle into the shed to the feed. Thus they all have an equal chance to get their share. At noon we feed a hundred hills of shock corn per car of 20 head, and at night a peck of ear corn per head, broken in the boxes, aiming to feed only so much at any one time as the cattle will eat up clear before they leave the racks and boxes. The amounts of shock corn and ear corn are varied some so as to give the cattle all they will eat up clean. I find that cattle fed on silage as a part of the ration, while not ready for the market quite as soon as those fed a straight corn ration, make growth per month during the fattening period than when fed clear corn as is the general practice in this country." This feeder buys in the fall steers weighing 800 to 900 pounds, feeds them six to nine months, and reports averace gains of 60 pounds per month. He omits silage from the ration during the last month of feeding. His cattle graded "choice" when fat, selling from 40 to 50 cents per hundred weight below the "top" of the market,-Indiana

Separating Cream.

The temperature of the milk when separated ought to be uniform. there is a variation of ten or more d grees when the milk is run through the separator at different times the sees of the cream will vary with the temperature. In some cases, owing to some delay, the separator may not others; the milk then cools off be low the proper separating temperature, and unless due allowance is made for is turned has considerable influence on the thoroughness of separation, and upon the texture of the cream. If at any time the work is hurried, and more milk is run through the machine in a given time than is usual, the quality of the cream will be changed. The amount of skimmilk or water run through the machine when the separator is about finished, will influence the quality of the cream, depending upon whether the machine is flushed out with a little or a large quantity of water or milk. After a person becomes aware of the effect of each of these things upon the texture of the cream, he can, if he likes, run the separator each time, so that his cream will be fairly uniform. Sometimes the separator is started as soon as milking is commenced. This is all right if matters are so arranged that the nachine is running at full capacity all the time, but when the supply runs out, and the machine has to be stopped, or to run empty until a further lot of milk is brought, then we get a cream that is not uniform in

composition. The chief points in running a separater so as to obtain uniform results are to watch the speed at which the machine is run, the temperature of the milk, and the amount of milk skimmed per hour.—The American

## Sound Clover Hay.

I prefet to ent in the afterno for the reason that clover has little chance to cure before falls and will not be affected by it as if it were partly cured.

The next day, after the dew is off, go over your clover, giving it a good turning, either by hand or by a tedder, and if the clover is heavy it will be well to give two turnings or teddings. By this time the clover will begin to show signs of being partly cured, and still it isn't dry enough to break off the leaves, heads and smaller stems which are the best parts of the hay. Then start the rake and rake it into medium-sized windrows. I prefer to do my raking in the middle of the afternoon and avoid raking in the evenings. Next day, if you are not sure the day is going to be such as to finish curing the clover in the windrow, take your fork and slightly tear the winness apart letting the the clover and the breezes to pass through which is a great aid in curing hay. After the dew is off, lift the clover off the ground and invert it. Then after dinner, if it is well cured,

begin to draw in and mo-A good way to test this matter is to take some stalks and twist then together and if they show no signs of moisture generally your clover is all right. If the day has been a bad one would prefer to leave it a day longer

by bunching it up. Last year I spoiled what would have been choice hay simply by drawing it in when it was too full of moisture. The weather was threatening, and I did not care to leave it in the field over Sunday, so drew it in: but next time I have hay under similar circumstances I shall bunch it together and take my chances with the rain, and last year it didn't rain after all. The stock eat it and seem to like it as a change, but it is not choice hay, -C. F. B., in the Boston Cultivator.

### A Few Poultry Notes.

When alfalfa cannot be had, give the chicks a chance at red clover. Poultry raising is now the fad in Florida, where the industry has long? been neglected.

Quarreling hens should be separited, as a hen that is worried will not do her best at laying. Give the hens and young chicks a

chance for an occasional dust bath, which will drive away lice. An ugly rooster should be disposed

of. He is as dangerous in the flock as when running at large. When killing fowls, let the blood irip into a pail of bran, as the mixture makes a splendid food.

Grit, oyster shells or a baked mixure of salt and charcoal should always be available for the hens. It will soon be time to dispose of the old hens, which should be done

along in the summer when they quit

laying. A poultry raiser gives the following combination for morning feed for lay ing hens: Mash of bran and dry cut. alfalfa, equal parts, 5 percent ment and blood meal, same amount crushed charcoal, the whole seasoned

with salt.

The Oldest Indian. Switchley Lowery, a full-blooded Cherokee, perhaps the oldest Indian in the five nations, died recently, at his home, on Lowery Prairie, 15 miles north from Tahlequah, says the Tahle-

quah (I. T.) Leader. He was one of the original rants from the southeastern states but his full sojourn in the west is not exactly known. He has probably been here 100 years.

Several generations have sprung from him, who lived in different parts of the nation, and are and have good citizens. Mr. Lowery had a good name among his neighbors, and everywhere he was known, having the respect and confidence of all

The tourist left the train at every station and went ahead to the baggage car to ask if his trunk was s "Are you quito sure," he asked the baggage officer for the sixth time

that my trunk is safe?" "Begorra, I wish the Lord had m ye an elephant, instead of an a was the exasporated roply, "an' t you'd always have your trunk is fi of you."—Harper's Weekly.