n fetid heat—the fetid life— The fetid fever too— the long checked paddy stretches, and the quivering dome of blue-te creeping carsbao sledge. And the shacks of split bumboo.

To snatch their living feast.

Then—if thou have a soul at all—And if you ever Care—And if you have a little time—(Which you can sucely spars)—For God's sake drop a letter to Ah exile over there.

-Erwin Clarkson Garrett, in Harper's Weekly.

His Best Two Years

It was carnival time. The streets of those two years successful and worth New Orleans were thronged with sight- while? seers seeking places of vantage from Knights of Momus.

Canal street, the central thoroughtrolley-cars filled the four tracks of the neutral strip, and the grand stands which covered the sidewalk sheds festooned wind incandescent lights. Laughter and song were everywhere outdoors and every moment the happy throng was increased by new ar-

But in the office of the World-Democrat was neither gaiety nor brilliancy. At his desk the city editor ruefully contemplated his assignment book, and tried to imagine how, without hiring extra help, he was to carry his pape. through the next few days to the culmination of Mardl Gras without being badly "scooped."

Yet hiring more men was out of the question, for the managing editor had flatly refused his latest request to increase the staff. He was alone in his office, save for two copy-readers, and on his list were at least three assignments that should be covered.

The door opened and a slender youth of nineteen, with a value in his hand, entered, and stepped up to the desk. "Excuse me, are you the city editor?" He spoke as quickly and as nervously as he walked, but his voice had that made it pleasant to hear. He sat

down and leaned forward. "My name is Thompson, Wilbur best copy-readers you ever saw." Henry Thompson. Here is my card, sir. Let me see-what did you say your name was? Duncan? Thank the newcomer walked hastly to the Now, Mr. Duncan, I've come table, while a couple of reporters turndown here to work for you. I've just ed and stared at him and the city edicome to town. You give me an assign- tor fairly gasped. ment right now, and I'll leave my bag

"Work for me?" exclaimed the amaz- Oh, these are easy."

any work for you! I-' visitor. "Why. Mr. Duncan, there's a rapidity which was a novelty in the always work for me to do! I'm one office, Thompson's pencil was flying of the best newspaper men you ever along the lines, correcting spelling, saw. The fact is, I came down here cunctuating, paragraphing, now and especially to work for you. No work then deftly inserting a subhead, now book and tell me there's no work! the eyes of a newspaper man it was Now come, give me an assignment and indeed beautiful work and the city edi-

The city editor had fairly lost his cided not to interfere. breath. Never in his career had he thus been besought, nor had he ever before declined a man whom he so

"but I have orders not to increase my staff. I cannot take you."

"Is that all?" exclaimed the visitor "And all that work on your book? Now see here, Mr. Duncan, I come from night, "I can't pay you anything when Leake County, Mississippi. Ever been in Leake? It's got more water, sir, than any other county in the state Yes, sir. You're going to laugh. But it doesn't. Never a drop leaks out, Now, Mr. Duncan, I've got consumption. I've got it bad. The doctor up at Jackson says I've two years to years, Mr. Duncan, and I'm deterlive if I take care of myself, but I can't be cured. When he told me that, I said to myself, 'Two years! What cannot Thompson performed labors of love in a man do in two years? Those shall the office of the World-Democrat. Ocbe the best two years of my life.

"I'm going to make them the best two years, Mr. Duncan. I'm a newspaper man. Trained on Joe Garret's an assignment for which he could give paper up in Leake. I looked all over our exchanges for the best Southern paper. That was yours sir. 'All he asked. He was a bright cheerful right,' I said. 'I'll go right down to New Orleans and work for that paper. That's why I'm here.

"The best two years of my life, Mr. Duncan. Do you realize what that means? And I'm going to give them to you. Now-now do you say you have no work for me? Why, you can't drive me away. I've got two years to give you, and you must take

He spoke with eager impetuosity His rapid sentences moved the city editor. He knew not what to say in re-

'Well, Mr. Thompson, I haven't any thing for you, but if you want to hang on, you'd better go out and get a room

where and look in again." "Room? In New Orleans in carni I'm not so rich, sir, Duncan,

No, sir! I'll just step down to the levee and engage a berth on one of the excursion boats for the night and leave my grip. I'll be back."

stared at the door out of which the and he caught himself repeating, "The

With a newspaper man's quick inct for the pathetic, for the hume

AN EXILE.

That scorn the last reprieve.

JOHN L. MATHEWS.

Ah, well, here it was seven o'clock which to view the parade of the and the men would be coming back soon, and nothing done. "Go to work, Duncan," he said to himself. "You've fare, was brilliant with a myriad of got forty years and you can't make up electric lights. Brightly illuminated your mind to make any one or all of

them especially good."

A moment later he called one of his copy readers. "Here, Newman," he said, "I'll have to help out on copy. I guess. You take a run up to the Harmony club. I haven't a man near there, and there'll be something special when the parade

gets to the turn." He entered the assignment and preathed a sigh of relief. There was one less to look after. Now if nothing happened-well, he would get through

An hour later he was busy at work at his desk, and did not hear the door open. He seldom did, for that matter. In a newspaper office one hears only what concerns oneself. Half a dozen reporters were bustly clicking their typewriters, a single copy-reader was truggling with a mass of copy at the table, and Mr. Duncan himself was literally "swamped" in the mass of telegraph "flimsy" and local items which covered his desk. There was a quick step on the floor, and Mr. Wil-

bur Henry Thompson of Leake stood "Goodness gracious, Mr. Duncan' a note of unconquerable cheerfulness and you said there was no work for me! Give me some of that copy and let me help you out. I'm one of the He waited for no consent but picking up a handful of typewritten paper,

"I say," Thompson demanded of the here and look up a bunk after I get through tonight." amazed copy-reader, "what are the heads? Got a style sheet? Thanks!

ed editor. "Why, my boy, I haven't Duncan had risen to his feet, and now walking to the table, he looked "No work for me?" interrupted the over the young man's shoulder. With ...e? Look on that assignment crossing out a line or a sentence. In

tor watched it a moment, and then de

After a moment Thompson looked up, cast his eyes about for the basket in which to file his copy, saw a hook much desired at first sight to employ. Instead, called "Copy-boy!" loudly, But he had his chief's refusal fresh in and "spindled" a story. The boy took it to the city editor, who hardly

glanced at it. "All right," he said, and the copy was taken to the composing-room. The best two years had begun.

"You know," said Duncan, at midhave another man to send. If I get stuck I can pay you space once in a while, but if you do any other work I can't pay you."

"That's all right," declared Thomp-"Don't want pay till I prove myself. What I want is work. Two mined they shall be two fine years." For three weeks Wilbur Henry

casionally, when the office was empty of reporters and an emergency rose, the city editor was able to send him on him space rates; so the young man was able to pay his board, and that was all youth, and was in a day a general favorite in the office. His briskness did not fail, his cheerfulness was never wanting, his optimism was never conquered. There was no better copy turned in at the "W.D's" desk than came from his reneil.

He had found a boarding house when the carnival crowds had departed. One day there appeared at table a man whom he recognized as a famous traveler, just returned from a long journey through Central and South

America. That is the region toward which nuch of the trade of New Orleans is looking. Here was the man who would know about it. He had come into the city without optentation and had not made his presence known. It was an ideal opportunity for the reporter. Thompson engaged the stranger in nversation and drew from him long discussions of the conditions of the markets in the countries he had visited; of the manners and customs; of d at the door out of which the and especially toward the people of the figure had vanished. In his New Orleans; of the prospects of new steamship lines being able to pay, and

> ports would serve.
> He hastened to his room with the nation still fresh in his ears, wiftly along the pay

"But look here, Thompson. sorry, but the chief doesn't like paying TANCES.

you so much space. He said to quit it. So I can't take this." "Oh yes, you can. I didn't offer to sell that to you. I don't want pay I've earned enough for my board al-ready this week. That's a present, Mr. Duncan. Won't be able to make many presents in two years. Only one more

Christmas, maybe. Got to get in extras. You print that for me." So it was printed. It was a clear "beat." Not another paper had a line on Mr. Bolling's return. And in the early hours of the next forenoon Mr. Duncan was roused from a sound sleep by the telephone bell to answer the

queries of his chief. "Who did that Bolling interview?" was the question.

"Thompson." "Well, you put that man at work Thirty dollars a week. You ought to have had sense enough to put him at work long ago."

So the best two years of Thompson's life were provided for. Busy years they were, years in which he did all that a newspaper man can for the upbuilding of his city and of his paper, years in which his cheerful helpfulness shone like a sun in the dingy office of the World-Democrat. From the copy-boys up to the chief himself, and back to the stero-room and the steam-table, every man and the soclety editor, too, swore by Wilbur Henry Thompson, and blessed the day that brought him to New Orleans.

But as the days went on he grew weaker and thinner. His voice was as cheerful but not as strong, his step as quick but not as firm. At last came a day when his desk

was vacant. Duncan was worried. Half a dozen reporters gathered in one corner, discussing the absence in low tones. A telephone bell rang, and Duncan answered. A weak voice came to him through the receiver:

"Hello! Hello, Duncan? Say, this is Thompson. Well, I'm afraid the two years are up. I'm in the hospital. Nice place. Gentlest nurse you ever saw. Good-by. Mr. Duncan! They've been fine years to me."

The city editor dropped his head on his arms and cried. He could not help it. Nor could any of the others when they heard the message.

They took up a collection hastily. The chief added to it and Wilbur Henry Thompson was rushed to California. But it was too late for any lasting good. A month after he reached the coast the final message came. The best two years of his life were ended.→ Youth's Companion.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

The best oranges in Italy are at Capri. All are small.

One can understand why the artists go to Italy, but not why they should ever come away.

The store windows in Wiesbaden glitter with amethyst jewelry. Much of it is very beautiful.

In a thousand miles of Europe a careful observer saw but one rubbish hean-some old metal cans at Carls

The Rialto in Venice, where Antonio girded Shylock many a time and off. has stores on gither side full of cheap

There are at least six places in New fork where macaroni is better cooked than at the best hotels in Venice, Naples, Rome or Milan.

In ancient Rome men only grew beards as a sign of mourning. In Egypt all went clean shaven; but in Assyria only the slaves and peasants

The number of marriages registered in Ireland in 1905 was 22,961. The excess of births over deaths was 24,298, but this was more than offset by the emigration of 36,902 persons.

A jeweler, no matter how dishonest, would not steal the jewels in a watch. for they are valueless; they cost only 10 cents apiece. In antique watches the jewels were often costly. In modern watches they are never worth more than \$15 a gross.

Farmers in Richmond county, on Dry Creek, North Carolina, are ploughing up coins. On the south side of the creek copper pieces bearing the name of George Washington are being found, and on the north side the coins unearthed bear the names of kings of England.

A German governess was recently punished for lese majeste because she wrote her name in a hotel register directly beneath the signatures of the King of Saxony and two princesses. Royalty has to be very particular about these things in order to keep from being contaminated.

On the apex of the Prince of Wales crown, which he wears on special oc casions, is a curious featner, or, rather, a tuft of periwak feathers, the top of which is adorned with a gold thread. This feather is said to be worth £10,000, and has the distinction of being the only one of its kind in the world. It took twenty years to procure it, and it caused the death of nore than a dozen hunters. The reason the pursuit of the periwak is so dangerous is because it inhabits the

In strong contrast with the unc tainty about the population of China is population of Japan in the ese Blue Book for 1905, which been printed in English by the Jap-anese government. The population of the islands constituting Japan proper is 47,812,702, and that of the is

THE VASTNESS OF SOUTH AF-RICA APPALS THE TRAVELER.

Train Crosses the Veldt-Beautiful Mornings and Sunsets and Days of Quiet, but Noisy Nights-A Changeless Land.

It is fashionable to allude to a railway journey in South Africa in tones of thinly veiled scorn and contempt, to condemn it as tiresome, complain of it as uninteresting, says a writer in the Pall Mall Gazette. There is space-almost undreamed of space. And that is all. Through the East the traveller lives in the past. He feels, if he has any imagination at all, that for the moment he has become part of an ancient civilization which still survives the train and the telegraph he moves through cities with a story in every stone; each mile brings new pictures of the might and wealth which fill the most enchanting pages in the book of history.

In America you cross a land of the future. The cities are marvels of in-Africa you seem to live always in the country there is an echo of the hum of restless enterprise, the murmur of a people confident they are hurrying on to realize a great destiny.

But across the great plateau of So. Africa you sem to live always in the present. It becomes a dominating idea. You cannot picture a past save like the present, or imagine a future differing from today. The veldt is, and it looks as if it will always be as The slender thread of steel which crosses its illimitable space, the little towns set down at such great distances from one another, play no part in the scene. They are there, it is true; but they look fortuitous, out of place. Trains clang across the Karoo, and pant up the hillsides from Natal; but the yeldt ignores them. It does not adapt itself to them. The slow moving ox wagon alone fits in the picture; the mail train, with its searchlight piercing the darkness and peace of the night, is, and always will be, a thing apart. It always seems to me that there is something curious, almost uncanny, about the great spaces of southern Africa-something you do not find in other great lands. The haste of modern life clashes with the spirit of the yeldt. There is a silent protest against the intruder. The country calls disease and drought to its aid to prevent its freedom being shackled by the bonds of civilization

and the handcuffs of progress. The space destroys speed. As you hurry northward or eastward from London in a mile a minute express the close set villages fly past, increasing the impression of haste; but let the same engine pull the train northward from the Cape into the heart of Africa and its speed will seem to slacken. Steam cannot eat up the distances of such a continent, and marks, by which to measure the onward rush.

Yet such a journey, monotonous as it is, brings scenes which give it a fascination of its own. No one can paint in words or on canvas the beauty of a South African morning just after sunrise. Your carriage stands still at some wayside station, with its solitary one story house and inevitable dwarfed tree. Away, as far as the eye can see, stretches the thin grass land. The landscape holds nothing to attract save its space; but the sunshine is something England never knows, the air is like a draught of champagne, the marvellous clearness and freshness-which no other land can equal-give new life. No breeze yet swirls the dust across the plain. All the world is still, as though lost in silent worship of the loveliness of

the moment. A few sleepy Kaffirs, wrapped close in blankets which display a rainbow of color, gaze with languid eyes at the panting monster. The white man and his ways are familiar today in the heart of the Dark Continent. Yet there are men living who remember the time when the coast tribes believed that white men were a production of the sea, which they traversed in large shells, their food being the tusks of elephants, which they would take from the beach if laid there for them. placing beads in their stead, which they obtained from the bottom of the sea. History has been made quickly

in South Africa. A shrill whistle, and on again into space. All day you clatter forwarda little uncertainly at times. There are mysterious wayside halts in the wilderness, when you seem to have run out from the world and been side tracked far from the haunts of men; there are waitings at tiny sidings from which not a habitation is visible, and where the only possible traffic appears to be a wild buck or an occasional stray bullock. The land is empty. The swarms of natives you expected to see are absent; the country looks deserted. Space—only space. then there glides into the picture tows with a name known to history, the site of a siege, the field of a battle. The impression it leaves is simply one of insignificance. No ordinary town could look imposing upon

All day the train tolls inward, growing weary at times as though heartened at the miles which stretch ahead. A few herds of goats or cattle; a shy figure in the distance which makes you think of the harried Bushmen or the wild Vaal pens; now and then a hive-like kraal away unde the shade of some trees. But no insuch monotony. Yet you cannot con-jure up a different picture. Even in agination you cannot transform the white men pushed forward from the iter of the coast settlen lown. It is thus to lay, It will

A LAND OF GREAT DIS- | ror of whose name has desolated the countryside. The last glorious glow, which the painter could reproduce, dies away, and a chill breeze sight through the dry grass. The train puffs wearily on in the blackness of the night; ever forward, with the sear light before the funnel, like a huge eye sweeping the land to find a human being.

In the middle of the night there happens a curious thing. The country becomes people. There is a grinding stop. A few lights flicker, hoarse voices shout unintelligible orders, there arises a banging and a clattering sufficient to wake the Seven Sleepers. What happens-how it happens—why it happens—no man knows. It is an eccentricity of a South African railway. The livelong day slips by with a silence which almost forces one to shout to break the stillness, but at night these mysterious noises arise. Men emerge from nowhere, and talk loudly of nothing beside the waiting train; figures with hammers beat upon the wheels or hold consultations in stentorian tones over grease boxes; a popular song is roared under the winlows of sleepers; even a whole troop train of terribly wideawake soldiers has been met on a particularly dark night. But these things never happen in daytime. There are people in this wide land after all; but they

only spring up at night. So on through another day-always the same space. At last, as night falls once more, you enter a region of snow white hills, which look ghostly in the moonlight, of queer lowers of iron bars and enormous wheels, as of the torture chamber of a giant's inquisition. Stations slip past more quickly, houses grow more numerous. Finally appears a great city, where electric trams glide through the streets and a blaze of electric light shows a background of tall buildings. It is the Reef and the Golden City, the magnet which has drawn the railway all these hundreds of miles from the sea. But it is soon forgotten. The veldt laps the walls of Johannesburg and will remain, after it has gone, to cover the scars made by man.

Further on-you lose count of time in a South African train-is a gorge, down which you descend to the low country, the fever stricken land toward Delagon Bay. You have heard of bold hills, of grand scenery; but the winding descent is disappointing. The hills look low, the valley is not deep. The country which stretches away around you is too immense. No picture could look imposing set in such an enermous frame,

This is the last, as it is the first. impression of a South African railway journey. Space, size, vastness. There are snow-capped mountains, swift running rivers, forest, bush, hill, valley upland desert. There is much that is striking, many things that are novel; but the greatest, the most lasting thing, the impression that remains when the others have become a blur, is the distance. This is a land of great distances. It fascinates you. Finally, it depresses you. What can man do with such a land; a land which has never changed-which means never to change? We build and scratch in little corners, but we have done nothing which really counts. The space is too great. The veldt is as it was-and always will be.

When Charles Dickens arrived in Rome on Jan. 30, 1845, he was profoundly disappointed, "It was no more my Rome, degraded and fallen asleep in the sun among a heap of than Lincoln's Inn Fields is." A short time before, while he was straining his eyes across the Campagna a distant view of the town had recalled London. This feeling soon passed way. He thought spring the most delightful season for Italy. He was again in Rome in 1853; saw J. G. Lockhart, "fearfully weak and broken;" smoked with David Roberts, who was painting that famous picture of Rome now in the Scottish National gallery. The Pantheon he thought nobler than of yore, the other antiquities smaller.

It was in San Lorenzo square, Fiorence that Robert Browning picked up the part manuscript and part printed Roman murder trial of 1698 from which he spun his wonderful "Ring and the Book." The church of San Lorenzo, n Lucina, off the Corso in Rome, was the scene of Pompilia's marriage. It was there also that the murdered ocdies were laid for the inspection of "half Rome." There was a weird funeral, attended by Capuchina, when Kome the Brown in me the Brownings stayed at 28 Via del Tritone.-Chambers' Journal.

It is a popular and most erroneous notion, that hydrophobia appears in consequence of biting, and more rare y in consequence of licking surface wounds. There is also a third and easy mode of contamination scratching. Dr. Remlinger, of the Institute of Bacteriology, Constantinovations that indubitably establish the existence of such an origin of the hydrophobic infection. And this origin is easily explained. A certain number of animals (the dog and the eat in particular) have, in the normat state, a habit of licking their pawa. Now, it has been proved that the saliva of rabid animals is virulent several days before the appearance eatters on the ground slaver that, especially if it be chained up or conined in a close place, soils its and its claws. On the other hand, the scratch lays bars numerous nervous fibers upon which the poison is very easily cown. Conclusion: Every per-zon scratched by an animal rabid or suspected of being so should be in-oculated by the Pasteur method with as little delay as possible.



Controlling the Sex. The Creamery Journal claims to have solved the problem in controlling sex in poultry breeding. According to the theory of this authority the sharp pointed eggs will produce males and the eggs equally round at both ends will produce females. In justice to the Journal, however, it is proper to add that the article says, "we will not swear by it," but as the experiment is inexpensive, it is suggested that poultry breeders try it.

Dried Blood for Calves.

Dried blood is not good for a weak calf, but it is an excellent remedy for any calf subject to scours, says a bulletin of the Kansas station. With the 70 head of young calves under experiment at the Kansas station during the past year there has not been a single case of scours that dried blood has failed to check. In feeding dried blood a teaspoonful at a feed is enough. This should be continued until the scours disappear. In case of a weak calf the allowance may be gradually increased to a tablespoonful at a feed. To prevent the dried blood from settling to the bottom of the pail, where the calf will be unable to get it, it may be stirred in the milk, while the calf is drinking, or the milk and blood may be fed immediately after being thoroughly mixed. Since dried blood is such a cheap and effective remedy, it will pay anyone who raises young calves by hand to have a little available whenever a calf shows signs of disorders in its digestive tract.

Proportion the Pig's Food.

Some recent experiments have shown very decidedly that the idea of feeding grains and milistuffs to hogs may be carried to such an extreme and so much given at a feed that the hogs are not able to utilize their food to the best advantage, says Farm Stock Journal. To avoid this error some farmers in practice have begun to feed pasture crops in summer extensively and barn slops, oats, and clover and alfalfa hay in winter. This practice does away with the over feeding of concentrated food or grains.

Bulky foods prevent the hog from securing too many nutriments, and at the same time distend and keep distended the digestive system, lending capacity and ability on the part of the digestive system to better utilize food. Hogs fed largely upon corn, or corn alone and pasture, can not give anywhere near the gains secured when corn, bran, milk and pasture, or corn, oran, shorts and pasture, or corn, fed. The idea to be kept in mind is to supply the growing and fattening nutrients in about the same proportion supplying more bulk to the feed while the pigs are young, lessening this as the period of growth advances, and finishing with the more concentrated

Making the Soil Fine. The importance of frequent cultivation during the growing season cannot be over-estimated. The more thoroughly the soil is stirred and pulverized the better will be the crops. Many do not understand this, thinking that if there are no weeds of any account nothing needs to be done. True, the destruction of the weeds-robbers, as they are-is important, but the comminution of the soil is no less so; and the retention of the moisture in our hot, dry summers is in no case behind these, and all are met by frequent cultivation with the right implement. This may be the hoe, the garden rake, or one of the various cultivators. When the soil is in fair condition a triangular cultivator, which can be spread or narrowed as required and that has 12

or 15 teeth, is a very good imple-The statement by an eminent agriculturist years ago that "tillage is manure," is true, while it has its limits. The soil for most crops needs to be rich, but when there is only moderate fertility much may be gained by good cultivation-and still more if it be rich. The surface should be stirred after every rain, as soon as the ground is fit to work. This destroys the sprouting weeds and makes the soil fine and fits it for the growing crop; and the mellow surface retains the moisture so indispensable to growth.-National Stockman,

It is almost revolting to those who distike cruelty to dumb animals to witness the conditions existing at a place where fowls are sold in coops on commission. Load after load of coops arrive on the hottest days, with the closely as sardined in a box. There may be a cup of water at some point in the coop, but the majority of the birds don't know of its existence and couldn't reach it if they endeavored to do so on account of the congested condition of the coop. Not one in a dozfor the shipper one spark of mercy or sympathy for the birds. Many of them will be dead on arrival and what with the excessive heat of the atown bodies, and the fatigue and fright ng the journey, there is quite

penses somewhat; for, nine times out of ten, it will not only result in the loss of some of his birds, but also causes the dealer to sacrifice the remainder at a low price in order to avoid further loss .- Poultry Editor of the Epitomist.

Roots as Food for Stock.

The root crops are grown for their succulency rather than as nutritious food. Experiments show that all roots have a tendency to contain an excess of water, which in itself is valueless and some varieties are claimed to contain water to a harmful degree. In the root crops a small deviation in the percentage of water materially affects the feeding value, as a ton of one kind may contain twice as much solid matter as a ton of another variety. It is an advantage, as well as a necessity, therefore, that the farmer ascertain the weight of the solids in a crop, which he can do by sending sam-

ples to the state experiment station. The specific gravity of the julce is a guide to its feeding quality, hence, when the density is highest in the juice and the whole root, the value of the crop for feeding is the greatest. The farmer can easily ascertain these facts without the aid of the experiment station, but the station can assist him in arriving at a knowledge of the proportions of sugar, protein and mineral contents. The proportion of sugar in roots is imperiant, as the more sugar the greater the value of the roots as assistants in fattening the animals.

There are farmers now living who can remember when the tomato was small and watery and they have noticed wonderful changes in corn, wheat oats and other plants that have been made by selection. The root crops have also been improved, for every year new and better varieties are of fered but more work is before those farmers who are willing to improve in that direction.-The Epitomist.

Farm Topics.

Sheep respond quickly to kindness. Breed the best ewes to the best

Clover pasture is best for the young

Sulphur fumes will disinfect hen The new ram should be as good if

not better than the one sold. When fattening sheep in the pens be punctual with the feeding hour. When a breed is dropped for a larger

one, the rations must be enlarged, before.

With plenty of milk as a starter oung pigs will soon take to slop made of mill feed

Chickens are the best main line Ducks, geese, guineas and turkeys are zood side lines. The very best condition powders for

the poultry consist of clean quarters good feed and pure water. There is little danger in having the sow fat if the food used to produce fat

is of the proper kind. . As soon as the little pigs begin eat, they are then practically supported and demand less and less of

the mother. As far as can be done, the sows should be bred to farrow their pigs not later than the latter part of Sep-

Windbreaks.

As a windbreak, as a shelter for buildings or as a screen for unsightly objects, white spruce is particularly good. Its ability to stand the trials of bleak winds is well assured, and it is unquestionably the most hardy of

the native struces. The white spruce is a quick growing tree, ranking next to the Norway spruce or the white pine in that respect. This tree usually grows to sixty or seventy feet in height, but occasionally reaches one hundred and Tribune. fifty feet. The color of the foliage is a light glaucous green, and when young it forms an elegant tree of a regular conical shape. Its habit is dense, the branches and foliage making an almost solid mass, which is of course so desired in a tree to be used for a windbreak. A little attention to the proper planting of a windbreak will repay one. It should not be a mere straight row of trees, as is so commonly seen.

A continuous belt of trees planted irregularly make a much more pleasing effect on the landscape, and is even more efficient as a "break."-Garden Magazine.

An Enemy of the Mosquito.

An article in Chambers's Journa draws attention to a fee which ap pears to have kept the mosquito in check. In the Barbados many of the waters abound in a small fish known as "millions"—presumably from their larvae of the mosquito. It is said that in the parts where the fish outtoes and that malaria is aimos unknown. Experiments are to be tried by introducing the fish late other isl of introducing a natural enemy proved successful in a number riets. If this fish really feeds !

A LIE OF ANCIENT ROME.

A Senator of ancient Rome
Quite late one night was going home,
With his hic, hace, hoc,
As he walked around the block,
And the moon was on the grand old
Colosseum,
Profoundly wished that conscript peer
To half a harsom churioteer.
With his hic, hace, hoc,
As he trudged around the block,
But he didn't have the Roman coin to fee
'em.

At last he said, "Great Caesar's ghost! I'm either stolen, strayed or lost With my hic, hace, loc. It is nearly three o'clock, And seven moons are shirling on the Tiber. I've looked too much messeems, since

lunch On Sciplo's Falernian punch, With my ble, haec, hoc, And this waik around the block s hard upon a jolly old imbiber."

At last he walked so far, they say,
He passed the noble Appian Way
With his life, hace, hoc—
And it gave him such a shock
That he almost lost his Latin conjugation,
When a practorian on his round
That rashly rounting Roman found,
And he said, "Hac hune! That rashly roaming Roman found, And he said, "Hac hunc! If ye haven't got no bunk, Come hither and I'll lock you in the sta

So late next day to ancient Rome
That Senator went meelely home,
With his hic, hace, hoc,
It was four p. m. o'clock,
And his caput seemed too large for
Polyphemus.
When questioned, "Whither didst tho'
hie?"
He terrett managed "Alle!"

hle?"
He tersely answered, "Alibi!
I have travelled every by
With my hie, have, 1006
Of this grand old town of
Remus!"



"You say she keeps boarders" 'No. I said 'she takes boarders.' "-Milwaukee Sentinel.

The Book Reviewer-The plot of this novel was stolen, sure! The Police Reporter-Ah! A second-story job, evidently!-Puck. "Yes, but I really did see a happy

multi-millionaire once." 'Yes; he had just made another milllon."-Chicago Tribune. Hate-"I hate that man." "What has he ever done to you?" "Nothing. but he was present once when I made a fool of myself."-Chicago Record-

Stella-I thought you said you would never marry a man with red hair. Mary-I thought I wouldn't at the time, but he afterward proposed .- Detroit Free Press. "I thought Jim was going to marry

Herald.

the banker's daughter," "Oh, he cando better than that." "How? marrying the iceman's daug Cleveland Plain Dealer. Ethel-I showed pape one of your poems and he delighted. Scrib-

bler-Indeed! Ethel-Yes; said it was so bad he thought you'd probably be able to earn a living at something else.-Judge. "Won't you be bothered in Europe by your deficient knowledge of French?" "Not at all," answered Mr.

Dustin Sax. "It will prevent me from being bothered in Paris by inquiries about how I got my money."-Washington Star. "Our club meetings," said Mrs. Uppisch, "are attended by the best people-the brains and culture of the

city," "Indeed," exclaimed Mrs. Knox, "and do your swell society folk really condescend to associate with them? -Philadelphia Press. "George," said she, "do you really think we ought to have an elevator in our new house?" "Why not?" "Who would run it?" "Why, you of course,"

said George. "You run everything else in the house. Why not the elevator?" -Detroit Free Press. "I've half a mind to write a maga-zine sonnet." "Go ahead—that's just what it takes."—Cleveland Leader. "Is your business on a running

basis yet?" "I should say so; I always run when I see a creditor coming."-Princeton Tiger. "George," said Mrs. Ferguson, "I know it is early in the evening yet, but would you mind lying down on the lounge and taking a nap?" "What

for?" asked Mr. Ferguson. "Because,

the baby is fretful, and your snoring

always lulls him to sleep."-Chicago "And when all your reforms are established, what will happen then?" "Well," answered the man who is earnest, but not bigoted, "I suppose a lot of the other reformers will arise and want to go back to the good old ington Star.

"Why is it," queried the American

globe-trotter, "that our American girls are so much more attractive to for elgners with titles than you English girls?" "I don't know," snapped the English beauty, "unless it's because they have more money and less sense. -Chicago Daily News. "I want to know," said the irate

matron, "how much money my husband drew out of this bank last "I can't give you that information, ma'am," answered the man in the cage. "You're the paying teller, aren't you?" "Yes, but I'm not the telling payer."—Chicago Tribune.

"Say," began the chief of detevtive you remember that defiant murds suspect who was brought in last

"Yes," replied the prosecuting at-

"Yes: he broke down."-Cleveland

Had Matrimonial Look.