



MISS PAULINE OF NEW YORK

BY ST. GEORGE RATHBONE

an ounce of prevention, in connection with these crazy people, is worth much more than a pound of cure. At any rate, he signals to one of his keepers, a brawny fellow, who accompanies them in their rounds.

CHAPTER VIII.—Continued.

"Tell Dr. Girard a member of the American family of Astorbill is present, and desires to transact some very important business with him," says the representative of M. Prefect, in French.

The man becomes humble, and invites them in; he looks curiously at Bob, into whose elbows each of the others has crooked an arm, just as though he is used to such sights, and immediately guesses that it is on this person's account these gentlemen come to the Retreat by night.

When he has seated them in what appears to be an office or study, he leaves the room. They pass a few words of caution, but keep their positions, Bob standing between the chairs of the others, his arms folded in a defiance, and with the attitude of a Napoleon in front of his judges.

At last someone comes—probably the proprietor of the Retreat—the three make ready to play their parts—it will only be for a little while, as they intend to surprise the worthy Girard with some Western tactics of strategy. The doctor is a man of excellent frame—he has the appearance of a modern Hercules, and no doubt has more than once found an opportunity to indulge in his power, when caught in a personal encounter with a desperate patient, male or female, made doubly strong by the malady that robs them of their brain forces.

"M. Girard, I believe," says the agent, in French. "At your service, messieurs. I understand that one of you is M. Astorbill. I have heard much of the name, and feel highly honored to have one of the family call upon me," with a bow in the direction of Dick, who can only with difficulty repress a smile as his eyes take in the important attitude which Colonel Bob has assumed, one hand thrust into the bosom of his coat, the other under his coat-tails, much as an English country squire might stand before the fire on the hearth. It is now Dick's time to enter into conversation, and this he does with the dignity that should distinguish the representative of a great American family, relating an imaginary story of the affliction that has come upon him.

The doctor shows them this section and that, and all comment on the cleanliness that is patent everywhere. Really this is a model institution, so far as neatness is concerned. The owner puffs out with pardonable pride under the praise which they bestow upon him.

Then comes the crucial test—they pass by a corridor that undoubtedly leads somewhere. Dick makes a move as if to enter.

"Not that way, please, monsieur!" exclaims the doctor, having a hand on his arm, and the man's alarm is shown on his face.

Instantly Dick realizes that this is the passage they seek, and he is determined that it shall be investigated, no matter at what expense of time and trouble. He frowns, as he says: "M. Girard, I trust you have no secrets from your patrons. I have heard much of the horrors of these establishments, but, as yet, I am pleased to state, have failed to see anything of the kind about your house. If I leave anyone in your charge, I must be sure there is no chamber of torture under this roof. Assure me of that."

"Indeed, monsieur, down yonder corridor are only some cells that I am remodeling. When they are done they will be the best in the house."

"M. Girard, I have made up my mind to see every foot of this building," resolutely.

"I am sorry to appear stubborn, but I am obliged to refuse your request, M. Astorbill."

It is evident from the doctor's manner that he has already taken the alarm and that nothing can be gained by delay.

"I am a man who will never take no for an answer. You will open that gate, M. Girard, you will show us what lies beyond, or it will be my duty to use force."

The signal has been given—Francis already has a revolver in his hand, while the Sheriff of Secora County has drawn his ferocious-looking bowie, which he flashes before the eyes of the keeper, and puts him into a cold perspiration.

"Treachery!" gasps the doctor, aghast at these signs of warlike action.

The agent of the prefect opens his



Tumbles the Keeper Over in a Heap.

"You keep people here who are in the way of others, I believe?"

"Sir!"

"I mean you are believed to be out of their mind—demented, of course."

"That is the object of this noble institution. We aim to cater to the mind diseased, but I am sorry to say only a very small per cent ever recover."

"Your terms, monsieur?"

"One hundred and fifty francs a week," doubling his ordinary price for the occasion.

"Is that all? I would not consent to paying less than two hundred."

"Oh, monsieur is too kind."

"I would demand the best room."

"The finest in the Retreat is at your service."

"And the best of care. If my poor cousin could be brought to reason, I would pay fifty thousand francs."

"Hm!" grunts the soldier on parade, which sound is meant for his comrade, though he does not venture to look that way.

"But I suppose he will always remain what he is now, a crazy, love-sick fool," with an emphasis that makes Bob wince and shake his fist at Dick behind the doctor's back.

"Ah! you are indeed liberal—it is a pleasure to work for such a master. You may be surprised if I claim that reward some day," exclaims the delighted M. Girard, who has readily fallen into the trap.

"I shall be, indeed," returns Dick. "And now a favor."

"Eh?"

"We are naturally interested in your great establishment—we would look around and see what arrangements you have for the reception and entertainment of your guests."

"Willingly, messieurs. While we do this I shall have your unfortunate relative confined in a cell near by," says the doctor, and Bob again winces, though not by the quiver of an eyelash does he betray the fact that he hears.

Dick does not appear too anxious about this.

"Perhaps it would be just as well to allow him to accompany us, doctor. He is never violent, and often talks of crazy people, for whom he has the utmost contempt. It will do no harm, and may bring about good to let him go."

"As you say, Monsieur Astorbill—you best know his abilities and his weakness. If you will follow me, gentlemen, I will show you the model establishment of Paris."

It looks as though M. Girard might be suspicious of Bob—perhaps he thinks it best to be well prepared, for

coat and discloses the magic symbol of his power.

"You see we are backed by the majesty of law, M. Girard. I come direct from the office of the prefect—Francis is my name—Number Eleven. Now you will open that gate?"

"I refuse," replies the doctor, sullenly.

"Very well. M. le Colonel, watch this man, please," and Francis turns to the keeper.

The sight of the silver badge sets the fellow to trembling as though he had the ague, and when the same order is given to him he obeys, in spite of the doctor's counter-commands.

Now that the corridor is open to them, Dick turns to the others, ready to advance.

"Remain here and look after the prisoners—I will examine the place alone, and I believe those we seek are beyond," he says, quickly.

M. Girard looks black in the face—he may have a fit before long unless appearances are deceptive. To be thus bearded in his own den is a new experience to him.

"Wait for me," cries Dick, and with that he immediately plunges down the corridor that M. Girard wishes to keep sacred from invasion, the corridor that undoubtedly has some secret connected with it which he is bound to unearth.

Dick keeps his eyes about him, and as the corridor is lighted he can see his way. A thrill of expectancy pervades his whole being at the anticipation of doing Miss Pauline another favor, which she will of course put down to his credit.

Already he can hear terrible sounds that grate upon the nerves: from one cell comes bubbling, fenshish laughter, from another shrieks as of a lost soul in the grasp of Satan, while here and there at the gratings appear hideous faces with disheveled locks, that look like demons from beyond the Styx.

Earnestly, eagerly, does Dick push forward, his eyes turned to the right and the left in search of some clew that will bring him nearer to which he seeks.

He has probed the corridor half-way when a man suddenly rises before him, a man who is evidently a keeper, judging from his appearance, and the bunch of keys dangling from his girdle.

Dick has neither the time nor inclination to parley with the fellow, who, seeing a stranger thus invading the most sacred recesses of the institution, shows signs of war, but, rushing directly at him, he tumbles the keeper over in a heap, much as a

squall might throw a vessel on her beam-ends.

A sudden inspiration causes Dick to tear loose the belt from which are suspended the keys, and armed with these, he continues his forward movement, determined to find Miss Pauline if he has to open every door in the house.

In the midst of his hurried search he is suddenly electrified by hearing his own name called in accents of sublime entreaty.

"Mr. Denver! oh, Mr. Denver! this way, come this way!" Thus speaks the voice that can only belong to the irrepressible but now thoroughly terrified Dora.

He whirls instantly, to see her face behind the wicket of a stout door; she beckons and still calls, but there is no danger that Dick will pass on. He is immediately at the door—it is fastened, but the key is in the lock—he turns it and pushes open the door.

As he does so, the figure of a man, who has a demoralized appearance, bounds past him with a cry of satisfaction, as though glad of an opportunity to escape from what has been a tight place. Dick, in that one glance, recognizes the Mexican hidalgo, but he has not the time to pursue the mine-owner, his attention being wholly taken up with the interior of the cell and its inmates.

A lamp hung in a bracket illuminates the apartment.

He sees a table, upon which lie paper, pens and ink—some sort of a document has been drawn up for the New York girl to sign, but it looks as though Senor Lopez must have met with a more stubborn resistance than he expected.

(To be continued.)

SPREADING OF SCARLET FEVER.

Infectious Agent Retains Its Vitality For Incredible Time.

In a farmhouse in one of the New England states a case of scarlet fever unexpectedly developed not long ago. On seeking for its origin, the physician found that some old cotton quilts, laid away in the garret for years, had recently been taken down and aired and put to use by the family. These bed coverings, it was remembered, had been put away after a siege of this disease. This is only one of many instances that could be related to show how long the infectious agent retains its vitality and how common a thing it is for scarlet fever to be disseminated by bedding and other objects. These quilts should have been burned as soon as the first patients had recovered.

The children of a certain physician were one day allowed to unlock an antique secretary that had not been opened for years. In it they found tresses of hair that had been cut from the head of children who had died twenty years before of scarlet fever. In a few days they were both stricken with this dread disease. The ease with which this disease is disseminated is appalling. It has been known to spread to a neighboring house simply from the airing of bed clothing in a window. Infected bed clothing should never be washed with any other. The disease has been transmitted in this way. A bouquet of flowers that was sent from a scarlet fever room to a hospital carried the disease. —Emma E. Walker in Good House-keeping.

FAILED TO MAKE HIS "POINT."

Prompt Reply of Judge Disconcerted Lawyer.

Some years ago there arose in Lynn, Mass., an important law case bearing upon the right of a labor union employing a "banner boy" to patrol at the front of Patrick Sherry's shoe factory on Monroe street.

Upon the banner was printed a "warning" to workmen to keep away from the Sherry factory, as a strike was in progress. Mr. Sherry reasoned that the work of the "banner boy" was an invasion of his rights, therefore the boy was arrested.

The case was appealed to the superior court. The Hon. John R. Baldwin was counsel for the labor union. Judge Aldrich was hearing the case. Mr. Baldwin sought to make a ludicrous point of the very primitive "banner boy" and said to the court:

"Your honor, look upon the culprit!"

The judge promptly responded: "I am looking. What of it?"

Mr. Baldwin was so suddenly taken aback at the sharp response of the judge that it was some little time before he recovered his usual composure. Mr. Sherry won his case.

The Language of Cards.

"My Queen!" cried the enraptured swain, pressing her to his heart.

"Jack, my own Jack!" murmured the maiden.

"One, two, three," chimed the clock. "Diamonds are lustreless beside your eyes," whispered the lover.

"They are all yours, my King!" came the cooing response.

"Four!" said a bass voice on the floor above.

A flush crimsoned the maiden's cheek as "six, seven, eight, nine, ten," she counted the kisses straight.

"I wish I had a club," said the bass voice on the stairs.

"The deuce!" cried the lover as the parlor door opened. And, as he cleared the garden gate, old dog Tray, following his lead, came within an ace of his calf.

Gen. Wheeler's Dreams.

Several days before Gen. Joseph Wheeler died and at a time when he was occasionally irrational he sat up in bed one evening and said to the nurse: "When does the firing begin?" To humor him the nurse replied: "The firing will begin at 9 o'clock, general." Gen. Wheeler leaned back in his bed, apparently resting. At five minutes to 9 o'clock he reached over for his watch, noticed the time and took from the table near his bed a small bunch of absorbent cotton. The nurse was watching him, somewhat puzzled by his actions. Very deliberately Gen. Wheeler plugged both ears with the cotton. Then he leaned back in his bed again and went to sleep.

Expressing His Feelings.

Hewitt—I see that there is crape on Gruet's door.

Jewett—It must be that his mother-in-law is out of danger.

TOLD OF THE VETERANS

The Boys of '61. (Dedicated to the soldiers of Franklin county who fell on the fields where we fought.) They sprang to the fray when their country said "Come!" They marched to the sound of the bugle and drum. In the flush of their youth went the manly and brave. To stand by the banner our forefathers gave. They shrouded rebellion, our heroes in blue, And showed to the world how his hearts could be true. Some never came back from the dark battle lines, But are camping to-day in the shade of the pines.

Go look for their deeds on the 'scutcheon of fame. Go read in the sunlight each glorious Old Round Top is crowned with their glory to-day. And some have invested with splendor for aye. Where bravely they struggled and died for the free. Chickamauga flows on with a song of blue, And other proud fields have extended a crown.

To the north of the Northland, the sons of renown. They came from the battle all shattered and torn. Not as they went forth in the flush of the youth. Their standards were riddled with shot and shell. They'd borne them four years through the carnage of hell. Their ranks were depleted, their comrades far. Slept peacefully under the Southern star; But proudly erect marched the immortal few. A hero each man in his garments of blue.

Who hailed them? A nation they'd saved by their might. The welcome was great that came after the strife. The kiss of the mother, the sweetheart, the wife. The drum became silent, the bugle was still. They echoed no more on the red battle hill. And the Angel of Peace, with her pinions outspread. Looked down on the living and wept for the dead.

The land that we love honors still every son Who rushed to its aid at the flash of the gun. On many a field seeks the column the sky. Enriched with a record that never can die. So long as our banner invincible waves Memorial will rise to the worth of our brave. And ever the country to which we are true will laurel the brow if the soldier in—

—Read at Dedication of Memorial Hall, Columbus, Ohio, Jan. 4, 1906, by the Author, W. L. Curry.

Seeks Long-Lost "Bunkie."

Among the strange quests that men have undertaken in an effort to satisfy an uncontrollable desire to know is the search which is about to engage the time and money of Richard Duvall, this city, says the Los Angeles Times.

Duvall served with honor in the civil war and during the awful struggle was enabled to assist a comrade in dire peril. After the war had closed all efforts to find the comrade proved fruitless, and, while at intervals word had been received that the man is alive and well, for some unaccountable reason his whereabouts has remained a mystery.

Moved with a consuming desire to find the man, the old soldier, who is in business in Los Angeles, will pass the remaining years of his life trying to find his long-lost "bunkie."

Without any attempt to gain notoriety, Duvall tells of his desire to see his old friend and relates some of his experiences during the bloody strife.

"I entered the Confederate army at the commencement of the war," says Duvall, "some time in April, 1861, and was a member of company F, 17th Mississippi infantry; was engaged in the battle of Bull Run or Manassas, the battles of Ball's Bluff or Leesburg, was all through the Yorktown campaign, and saw some hard service in the battles in the defense of Richmond. Owing to physical disability and exposure I was honorably discharged from my regiment and soon thereafter entered the local forces in defense of the confederate capital.

"For some time I was in charge of Castle Thunder hospital, where the political prisoners were confined. While there I had opportunities of lending aid to the union prisoners and others who were in sore need of help.

"One case in particular I well remember, that of a man named W. W. McChesney, whose home address was 62 South street, New York city. He belonged to the Masonic order of which I was a member. He longed for liberty and fretted so that I thought he would die. By a persistent effort I succeeded in obtaining his release and sent him north to rejoin his friends. The man was a prince of good fellows and I esteemed him highly and missed him much when he was gone from the gloomy prison. I was in New York several months after the war and tried to find 'Mac,' but he had gone West. Since that time all efforts to reach him have failed.

"During my stay at Castle Thunder I made many visits to Libby prison. On one of these visits I met a prisoner who made himself known to me as a Freemason. He was a tall, fine looking man, weak and emaciated from hard service. I told him I would try to obtain his release, but he said there was no hope for him, as all efforts had failed.

"My plan was to interview every officer of the prison with whom I was acquainted, and after three weeks of persistent effort the release was secured and the man was sent home to his friends. I saw him safely on board the confederate exchange steamer, and remained with him until he sailed homeward on the union exchange steamer. I gave him a basket of lunch and some money, and was richly repaid with his overflowing gratitude.

"I have lost the name and address of this man, but if he or any of his friends read these lines I would most earnestly ask them to communicate with me.

"I have been asked why I am so anxious to find comrades in the war, but it is difficult to give an intelligible answer. The associations were sacred to me, and if they could be resumed, even for a brief day, my heart would be glad."

Mr. Duvall is a southerner with a fund of experience and rare knowledge of human nature that will doubtless serve him well in the search he is soon to undertake. He still has many

years of active life before him, and his friends say he is not easily discouraged.

Death of "Boy Veteran."

Edwin F. Cushing, the youngest musket carrier of Massachusetts in the civil war, died suddenly Jan. 16 at his home, Somerville, Mass., of heart failure.

He was only 13 years old when he was mustered into the service, and was a little more than 17 when he was mustered out after serving quite four years in the war. He had been a resident of Somerville for about twenty years and served in the common council in 1898 and 1899. He leaves a wife.

Mr. Cushing was a popular member of the G. A. R., having held various offices in Willard C. Kinsley post 139, G. A. R., of Somerville. He was looked upon as the "baby" of the veterans.

Regarding his war experiences Mr. Cushing once told the following story: "I was mustered into the service at camp Chase, Lowell, on Sept. 3, 1861, and, as I was born at Dover, N. H., on May 29, 1848, my age at the time of muster was 13 years 3 months and 5 days. My final discharge was given me at Gallops Island in Boston harbor, on Aug. 26, 1865, thus making the official duration of my connection with the regiment just one week less than four years.

"Of course," said Mr. Cushing, "there were a great many more boys in the army. But the larger part of these under-age youngsters got in during the last years of the war, and as I began with carrying a musket and kept right on in that sort of duty during the major part of the time I was in the army, the claim has been made in my behalf that I am the youngest soldier, with four years of active service to my credit, who enlisted from Massachusetts."

"Whether or not that is so, and the record may be duplicated several times in this as in other states, I am satisfied," said Mr. Cushing, "that I became a soldier full early enough, and but for some 'hardening' I had just received on a New Hampshire farm, my experience in performing the duties of a full-fledged enlisted man might have been much more difficult than it proved to be.

"When New Orleans was taken our regiment was ordered to the city for provost duty, and I was specially assigned as an orderly at Provost Marshal Bowen's headquarters. This duty also brought me to Gen. Butler's headquarters, and when I told the general I had lived in Dracut before enlisting he at once took an interest in me, recalled an acquaintance with my grandparents, and he also knew my father, who was an actor in the regular company at the old Lowell museum, the institution which Moses Kimball bought and moved to Boston as the nucleus of the old Boston museum.

"As I remember Gen. Butler before the war in Lowell, he was in the habit of wearing the old-fashioned blue swallowtail coat with brass buttons. 'Col. Jones resigned from the regiment before we left New Orleans, and our first fight was at La Fourche, sixty miles west of New Orleans, which was but a skirmish compared to what we had to face in Virginia. In January, 1864, the regiment, or 546 men of the regiment, re-enlisted for the war, the largest number, as it was stated at the time, that was secured from any regiment of our department. After a furious home we were attached to the new 19th corps, and by July, 1864, we were in the Shenandoah valley under the command of glorious Phil Sheridan, getting all the real fighting we wanted, and participating in the Berryville and the Cedar creek battles. At Berryville the regiment had eleven officers wounded and thirty-eight men killed, and we met with a like loss at the more decisive contest of Cedar creek when Early was sent 'whirling through Winchester.'"

Entitled to His Opinion.

"It was toward the end of the civil war," said the veteran, nodding reminiscently, "and I was home on furlough. One day I happened to be in Cincinnati and was standing in front of a hotel talking with a crowd, when the conversation turned to the likelihood of the war ending soon. The general opinion was that it would be some time before the country was at peace, but finally an old man spoke up and said: 'My son thinks it will be all over in a few weeks.' We all smiled, for I suppose that the rest thought as I did, that 'my son' was in the greatest probability a high private in the rear ranks and knew as much about when an armistice or final peace might come as we did, but finally I asked the old man who his son might be, and you can imagine the astonishment of the crowd when this reply came: 'Why, Gen. Grant.'"—Columbus (O.) Dispatch.

Seeks Owner for Buckle.

Frank Sonner of Strasburg, Va., son of Mrs. John H. Sonner, whose place is in the Shenandoah Valley and near the Cedar Creek battlefield, has found a Union army buckle, on the leather part of which is plainly written the name of W. H. Smith, Brooklyn. The boy has been trying for several months to find the owner or relatives of the soldier who wore the belt. W. H. Smith was in a New York regiment, which is also indicated on the belt.

Uncle's War Time Tragedy.

While making cuts through Kingsboro Heights, a Suffolk (Va.) suburb, for the Tidewater railway, a steam shovel unearthed the body of a Union army officer in the civil war. The spade is in a fair state of preservation.

AGRICULTURE

POULTRY

Kentucky Blue Grass. (Poa pratensis.)

This is one of the very famous grasses of the United States and one of the most valuable. In different parts of the country it is known by different names, among which are: Green Meadow Grass, June Grass, Common Spear Grass.

The grass attains a good height, sometimes being 30 inches tall. The leaves are narrow and long and are easily distinguishable from Canadian blue grass, which has a broad leaf. The roots are perennial and creeping, and a pasture of this grass, if taken care of, will last for many years. The grass starts to grow very early in the spring and flowers in the Northern United States in June. It likes a limestone soil, and on a soil rich in lime it establishes itself by forming a very compact sod.

This grass is better adapted to pasture than to hay meadow, for the reason that it does not work well into the

Anticipating the Spring Hatches.

My experience has been that the better success we have. I usually mate my birds the latter part of February or the first part of March, and commence to set the eggs to hatch the last week in March or the first week in April. Even then, if the weather should be very cold for the season or stormy, the chicks will have to have extra care, or some will die from exposure if allowed to run at large. Chicks never do well if confined any great length of time. The chicks must have a great amount of exercise. The mother hen should be confined, but the chicks should have a free run.

The question is asked, "Are early birds as good layers as those hatched a little later and pushed forward?" I have never had facilities for hatching and caring for chicks earlier in the season than about April 1, but my early birds were my best winter layers.

I find that the number of eggs placed under a hen should not be too large. I have used hens mostly for hatching, and it is my experience that I can get a great many more chicks with thirteen eggs under a hen than with more. With thirteen eggs I have sometimes had every egg hatch, while with fifteen or sixteen I would get only seven or eight chicks. Where there are so many eggs, some of them are not properly covered and they get changed about and in that way half the eggs will be spoiled.

I keep my sitting hens in a room away from the others. Each one has her nest and number, and is confined on the nest, but is taken off, fed, watered and allowed a dust bath every day. It is best to have the room not very light, but well aired and dry.—G. E. Thomas, Kandiyohi Co., Minn.



rotations. It takes three or four years for it to form a compact sod. When a pasture has been once taken by blue grass, the farmer has something that will stay by him through cold and heat, flood and drought. In Kentucky the farmers pride themselves on the luxuriance of their blue grass pastures, some of which are more than fifty years old. It flowers but once in the season, but after being grazed or cut it quickly sends up a new vigorous growth.

The grass does well in rather dry soils, but will adapt itself to almost any soil, even to the wet meadows. In Kentucky and other states in which the winters are mild it is used for winter pastures and it is not infrequent that herds are kept on it the year around. It does particularly well where trees are scattered about to give it a partial shade during the hot days of summer.

Saving and Using Manure.

We do very little milking and do not tie or stanchion our cattle. Our manure is made mostly in sheds or barns, we having two barns for hay and stock; the hay is in the center and stock at the sides. We bed these cattle sheds heavily all winter, which is necessary where hogs work over the manure.

If the winter is severe or stormy the sheds fill fast and we are compelled to hitch to the spreader and clean them out, hauling direct to the fields, usually cornstalks. This is usually done in February before the ground breaks up.

With a mild winter, the cattle are out more and then the manure is made alongside the high board fence, where we have mangers and bed heavily. The manure made here is hauled before plowing for corn if the spring's work will permit of it. The manure made in the sheds and not hauled before the cattle are turned to grass is allowed to remain on the land, and is usually spread on corn land. We do not make any calculations on saving liquid manure. Of course all liquids left in the sheds are saved. We use plenty of bedding, not so much as to make the manure all straw, however. We do no composting. We have used a manure spreader three seasons and like it, for many reasons. Jo Daviess Co., Ill. W. G. Curtis.

Man is Master of the Land.

There are no soil conditions that cannot be overcome by man if those conditions are such that they interfere with the growing of crops. What seems impossible now will be possible later, when the value of land has risen to the point where great operations will pay. The sandy, leachy soils can be covered with a layer of clay and the heavy lands can be sand-cast. The swamp land can be drained and the arid lands watered. The time will come when man will put into use every foot of land not closed up by the eternal ice around the poles. Even in the far north, glass gardens will yet become numerous and beat back the frost line.

The Small Farm is the Home Farm.

William Smythe in his book on the Conquest of Arid America, says: The great farmer of California is the successor of the gold hunter. Both were speculators. Both looked with contempt upon the matter of making a living and dreamed only of making a fortune. Of homes and institutions they were neither the architects nor the builders. They sought only to take the wealth from the soil and spend it elsewhere. The miner leaves nothing to commemorate the place where he gathered gold save the crumbling hovels and empty tin cans. The five thousand-acre wheat farmer leaves no monument beyond fields of repulsive stubble and the shanties of his "hoboes."

Regular attention to all live stock and especially to fattening ones is very important. With regularity nothing is forgotten and nothing is done twice over.

Turkeys in Winter.

Turkeys do best housed in a shed partly open to the south. Board down from the roof to four feet of the ground and one foot up from ground, covering remaining three feet with netting to keep turkeys in during very severe and very stormy weather. Place perches high with ladder for them to go up on. In open country they get frosted in open areas and on top of buildings, and warmish weather, followed by cold snap, injures them. Close