

formal

CHAPTER VIII.—Continued.

Dick's eyes take in all of this with one sweep, and then become magnetized by the central figure. There heart? stands Miss Pauline of New York, with a small revolver in her hand; her attitude is really superb-it breathes defiance. Dick likens her to statues to see what is going on. he has seen of Diana-he has loved her before as a beautiful woman, he adores her now as a brave one.

When her eyes meet his, the startled, almost desperate look vanishes from the face of the girl who dares, the girl whom New York's upper Four Hundred have bowed down to as their queen for one whole season.

"Oh, Mr. Denver, you have come! thank Heaven, you have come to take us out of this!

Although so brave in the face of danger, she trembles when it has gone -that is generally the way with women who possess more daring than the generality of their sex.

them to advance and rescue him, as She passes to his side instantly. he likes not this business of being while Dora, in the exuberance of her made a prisoner in his own house; intense delight, actually puts her but the fellow whom Bob assisted in arms around her deliverer his flight has already spread the in-

'Take us out of this, Mr. Denver, I beg-these sights and sounds are mak- an agent of the prefect, for whom they ing me crazy. I know in a short time all have a great respect, and besides. I'd be as bad as the worst one here. the sight of the weapons in the hands Take us out, please. 1 shall never speak again to the one who failed to hirelings to hang back. come to our relief-that odious Colonel Bob."

"Who is close at hand, keeping guard over the owner of the establishment," says Dick, passing an arm | say that if M. Girard consents to let gently around Miss Pauline, who the matter drop here and now, you seems to be very weak, the reaction will not prosecute him, but consider having set in.

"Then I beg his pardon-I will tell him so. Let us hasten and leave cries Dora, drawing up her lovely shoulders in a shudder.

"You did not sign the paper, Miss Pauline?' asks Dick, in some suspense. "No. never!" answers the prompt Dora, just as though she were respon-

sible for the senor's defeat. "It will come in time-I have you still!" cries a harsh voice.

hopes arise. Dick catches a glimpse of the Mexican's face at the door-he springs forthe carriage." ward, but Dora's clasp detains him. The door slams shut, the key is at the door, just as it was left.

his outstretched arms and snuggles

when heart has long since spoken to

"Shall we go?" asks Dick.

black and scowling.

and moves off.

run has happened.

'We will go now.

Francois stands like a sphinx-his

the tap of the secret agent on his arm.

The asylum is in an uproar, inmates

and keepers vieing with each other in

making noise, for all of them under-

stand that something out of the usual

Several keepers are seen ahead-

the doctor makes earnest motions for

of the three men causes M. Girard's

"One minute, messieurs-do I speak

your mind, gentlemen, ladies, when I

not care to remain in order to make

"Is it a bargain, M. Girard?" asks

"I willingly agree," cries the doctor.

"Then consider it done. Now for

They pass outside-the vehicle is

the black look leaving his face as his

it all a great mistake?"

things warm for this man.

Dick.

declaration or acceptance

nita Lopez save commiseration—the field is free to all, and unless Dick has declared his love for the Mexican girl, she has no claim upon him. At the same time, whenever she thinks of Juanita, who confessed that she never had the training of a mother, as her parent died while she was a babe, Pauline's heart grows tender.

"We are rivals-fate has made us so, not any inclination on my part." and the girl, without thinking, flies to she says to herself, as she sits alone before retiring, in a lovely dressing there. After all, what is the need of a gown, before the grate of red coals: but I could not hate her, even if he was won by her dark beauty, her wonderful coal black eyes. I would we might be friends, but by the nature eyes are never once taken from his of things that cannot be."

charge, though no doubt he manages Wearied by the excitement of the day, she sleeps soundly, only in the middle of the last watch Dora is "Whenever monsieur is ready. I am aroused by hearing her mistress in afraid the doctor will soon have a fit the next room talking in her sleep, unless we relieve him of our presand laughs softly to herself when ence," for M. Girard's face is both catches the words, "dearest she Dick.'

Morning at last.

Girard would hold back, but he feels Another day has begun in Paris, and as the October weather is simply delightful, it is apt to be but a repetition of those gone before.

Dick and Colonel Bob have numerons duties to perform, since they leave Paris so soon, and this morning is devoted to them. In the afternoon comes a message from the prefect. which calls for Dick's presence, so he again visits that peculiar office, and has a short intervnew with the man who virtually rules Paris.

The prefect has had the report of M. Francois, and he desires Monsieur formation that one of the intruders is Denver to read it over, and add what may have been omitted.

Dick finds that the other has alluded to him in terms of great praise. "That is the only thing I object tothe merit of our success should be Thus they reach and pass through placed upon his shoulders, not mine," the office; the door lies just beyond. he exclaims, when he had finished.

"Tis ever thus with brave men," murmurs the prefect smiling, "and knowing you both as I do, I am content to believe that each had a share in the final result."

A few more general questions, from The secret agent knows it is our the prefect, and the interview is endfriends' desire to leave Paris in fortyed. Dick places a check on a Paris eight hours or less, and hence supbank in the official's hands. poses, rightly enough, that they will "For M. Francois, with all our com

> pliments," he says, and as the prefect catches the amount, one thousand francs, he smiles pleasantly. "You Americans are generous to a

"At any rate, we appreciate bravery and fidelity, even in the officers of a

great city," remarks Dick, bowing himself out

(To be continued.)

WORSE THAN ALCOHOL SLAVERY

Clay Eaters Unable to Give Up Degrading Habit. Clay eaters are found in the West

Indies, Honduras and some of the regions round the Orinoco. They are not necessarily of any particular tribe, for even whites have fallen victims to this degrading and fatal habit. The habit is contratced at as early an age as 12 years, and the craving once acquired appears to be irresistible. Confirmed clay eaters will lie down and lick the earth where the edible clay is found.

They suffer from chronic dyspepsia and emaciation: but, in spite of the pain and weakness, they cannot do without the clay any more than the confirmed drunkard can do without his alcohol. In some localities this clay is whitish gray, sometimes yellowish-pink. There appears to be lime in it, and also the remains of minute organisms. It is sometimes eaten baked and sometimes raw.

A confirmed clay eater will take four, five or even six pounds a day. Water is drunk with it. At length the habit seems to give an aversion not only to other kinds of food but also to alcoholic drinks. As soon as this stage is reached the eating of

Made the Marriage Sure. An amusing story is told of a marriage celebrated in the Glasgow (Scotland) southern police court some time tried on a charge of riotous conduct in Main street, Glasgow. In the indictment they were described as man and wife, but from the evidence offered to the court it was more than doubtful whether they were actually married. The presiding bailie, evidently suspicious that there was no such relationship between the pair. asked the woman, "Is this man (pointing to the male prisoner) your hus band?" "Yes," was the answer. "And," turning to the man, "is this woman your wife?" "Yes." "Well, then," said his honor, who was well versed in the Scots law of marriage, "whether you were married before or not. you are now.'

Remarkable Memories. There is a story that is more than tradition that Wolfgang Mozart "set down the whole of the 'Sistine Miserere' from memory," and that, too. hearing it but twice. Sir William Hamilton, in his "Lectures on Metaphysics and Logis," gives Muretus as authority for the statement that a young Corsican could repeat in either direct or reverse order, or begin at any point and repeat both ways, a list of 36,000 names.

She Paid the Paint Bill.

In Brookline, Mass., a short time ago, a woman was brought into court, charged with intoxication. She was fined \$10, and as she arose she said to the judge: "Well, I suppose you need this \$10 to help paint your

"Oh, yes," said his honor: "I think you had better give me \$5 more, and guess I'll paint the blinds." fine was promptly made \$15.

Unfamiliar Language. A harrister once pleaded with great seems settled beyond all dispute, and ability the cause of his client for nearlittle Professor John will find he has ly an hour. When he had finished. with a supercillious sneer, remarked that he did not understand a word the

> "I believe it, for I was expounding law!" said the first speaker .- Ex-



low as 90 cents per hundred pounds in summer and \$1.40 in winter, this difference being about 50 cents. There is very little excuse for this great difference in price, especially for the small price in summer. It can only be explained on the supposition that farmers have not yet learned how to dispose of their milk in the summer time. We believe that, all things considered, and on a well equipped farm, milk can be produced as cheaply, or

of milking is a serious one, because all the people on the farm are en gaged in looking after the crops that are then being grown. In the wintertime, labor is more abundant and the people who are doing the work on the farm are less pressed for time. Milking, therefore, should cost less in the winter than in the summer. We said, "on the farm that is well equipped." This, of course, means the farm that has a silo and where a great amount of silage has been put up in the fall. On some of our greatest dairy farms the cows are not turned out at all during the summertime, so far as pasturing is concerned: but they are fed in the stalls, summer and winter, in such cases winter feed costing practically the same as sum-

The price for winter milk in northern Illinois should be \$1.40 or \$1.50 per hundred pounds, on the basis of the present price of feed. We believe, at such prices, it is possible for the farmer to make money, providing he so arranges his breeding operations that about half of his cows will come in fresh in the fall.

Taking it for granted that the dairyman has warm and comfortable winter quarters for his milch cows, a good flow of milk is readily produced with proper feed and management. If the farmer has corn silage, he is able to put up the best and cheapest dairy ration obtainable. We feed cows on full flow of milk from 20 to 25 pounds of silage twice a day, morning and night. At noon, bright, clean clover or millet hay is given, in such quantities as will be eaten up clean. About three pourds of bran is given with silage to those on full flow of milk, while others receive proportionately less. The feeder must constantly watch his animals, as to how they respond to liberal feeding, and vary his methods with different animals. With silage that has an abundance of corn in it there is no need of feeding ground in the ground and put in brick or

Salt the cows about every other day, giving a small handful on feed. This will keep their bowels open and kind of piers. This will cost a little organs, which occur quite frequently with animals highly fed. Where no silage is obtainable, a good flow can invested the money that the good founbe maintained by feeding good clover or millet hay in the morning and

So-Called "Wonder" Churns. looks very much like butter. altogether too many buyers.

Dairying in Argentina. The dairy industry is rapidly advancing in Argentina. This is shown by figures recently published by the government of that country. Eleven years ago the export of butter amount ed to less than twenty tons. The following year, 1905, the figures were 494 tons; in 1901 they had reached a total of 1,510 tons; in 1902 the total exports of butter were 4,125 tons; in 1903 the exports were 5,520 tons. Of these last Great Britain bought 4,114 tons and Africa 1,213 tons. We have no later statistics than those of 1903. The number of cows in the republic devoted largely to the production of milk for human consumption is about 2,000,000

Below I give my methods of incuba Feeding Farm Horses. tion. I mate my birds in January and begin to set the eggs some time in Feb-

The farmer's cow should be the best cow in the country.



Come, heap the logs, and send the blaze up higher.

And make good cheer about the roaring Nay, but the bluebird's here! Or, stay, I heard the laughing of the bobolink! Was that the ash upon the coal to shape, Or is 't the blue bloom of a pulpy grape? Within my chimney corner's happy gleam A cloud of wizard sprites the seasons

And all the year a many-colored dream! Can I mistake, or was't but yester-eve I saw the firefly dance the fairies weave? Was it this morn that from the sphere of flame
Love stooped deific, uttering my name? Surely no music or of flutes or bird
Like child's voice this afternoon I heard!
Through what meridians of light you fare, Oh, lovely Life, and through what stress you bear

My wandering soul to this serener air!

Harriet Prescott Spofford, in the
January Century.

The Last Days of the War.

When we read of the fearful slaughter of the Russian and Japanese forces in the late war, little do we. who never came into contact with such terrible realities, know of their meaning. says a writer in the Boston Post

In hunting for an old diary yesterday I came across a journal kept during the War of the Rebellion by a captain of Company I, the Fifty-eighth Massachusetts Volunteers.

I have taken from the record of this soldier two pen pictures, and will let the faded pages of the diary tell the story for him, which, though old in years perhaps, never fails in fascina-

Perhaps I should give his name. It is Capt. Nahum Leonard, and if alive I should be very glad to hear from him, for I hold in my keeping his story of the Fifty-eight's part in the war between one brave army and another: "On the 10th of April we arrived at Farmville and went into camp near

"There we received the joyful news that Lee had surrendered. The terms had been arranged the day before at Appomattox Courthouse, but the formal surrender of Lee's army did not take place until the 11th.

"We did not have the opportunity of seeing the ceremony. It was joy enough to know that the war was virtually over. "The enthusiasm of the soldiers

knew no bounds. Cheer after cheer rent the air and a general handshaking took place. "The stout hearted and the weak

alike wept tears of joy. "There were a few old soldiers that were mute-perhaps the fact that the end had come was too mighty to be comprehended all at once.

"A detail from the Fifth Corps had the honor to receive the arms of the defeated army. Amidst breathless silence (it was said) the vanquished veterans stacked their arms and marched away. Nothing like a jeer or a taunt was heard, nor did a word for the battle of December 31. He of exultation escape the lips of the Union soldiers

along in front of our camp the words 'Good-by, Yank, and 'Good-by, Johnny' were frequently exchanged "The news of the assassination of President Lincoln was received while

the soldiers were yet rejoicing over Late in the fall or early in the the surrender of Gen. Lee. "One evening at dress parade

communication announcing the dreadful news was read to the officers by Col. Whiton. "We were cautioned not to give the

information publicity immediately, through fear that trouble might en-"Before sundown, however, the news was known throughout the camp

and a state of wild excitement pre-"Troopers were at once detailed to guard the buildings and other proper-

ty about the town and to protect families from molestation. "It was a thankless work. The families consisted mostly of women

most of whom were bitter secessionists, and they indulged in remarks about the assassination which the soldiers could hardly endure." Then comes the story of the home-

ward march and the meeting at Petersburg of many of the company just released from prisons of the South. "Some of whose stories were full of sadness and gave a picture of the suffering and starvation of the Union soldiers that we had never believed to be possible."

At Alexandria wives, sweethearts and other female friends of the soldiers now appeared upon the scene. making camp life at last a positive

delight. One Sunday a party attended church at Alexandria. It was said to be the church where Washington used to worship and they were conducted to the very pew (as they supposed) which Washington used to occupy. But the charm of the adventure faded when they were told that the church had been remodeled several times since Washington's death and that his pew had long ago been removed to Independence Hall at Philadelphia. Others became highly enthusiastic

and while visiting the tomb of Wash ington displayed great zeal in collecting pebble stones from the inclosure. But their enthusiasm abated some what when told that a cartload of these stones was every day emptied into the inclosure in order to supply visitors with relics.

Gen. Wheeler in the '60s. "I am sorry about Joe Wheeler." said the Sergeant. "At one time I regarded him as the most pestiferous officer in the Confederate army. This was because he captured our supply trains when we were hungry and railroad trains that carried our money North. According to the stories told about our camp-fires, he was generally in about five different places at one and the same time. He was a sort of a bugaboo to the foragers and stragglers of the Army of the Cumberland If we went out in advance of the arm; he was there. If we foraged in the

from living off the country in our front and to scare up out of the country in our rear. He was nearly always just where we didn't want him to be, and had no mercy on wagons loaded with provisions or with the mules drawing the wagons. His men burned the wagons and sabered the mules, and a good many teamsters lived in the hope that in after years they might tell Wheeler just what they thought of him. I was on the point of meeting him about the time of the Stone River battle, but I had no remarks to make. I had been slightly wounded at Lavergne as we were moving on Murfreesboro, and was in the wagon train for transportation to Nashville when Wheeler's cavalry interfered.

"I always believed that I received my wound from one of Wheeler's men that night at Lavergne. We had driven the enemy from the town and were establishing a line of outposts along a stream, in pitch darkness. The stream was the only landmark to tie to, and the pickets formed along the northern bank, with reserves a little to the rear. Pretty soon cavalrymen came to the south bank to water their horses, and, supposing they were our own men, we asked after the health of Joe Wheeler. This gave us away, just as information came from headquarters that no Union cavalry were south of the

"Meantime our sociable cavalrymen in front were concentrating, and we opened fire. They returned the fire. and our reserves blazed away in regular volleys. It was a beautiful little fight, but I went down in the beginning, and two days later was in a wagon turned rearward, while the army was miles to the front, in contact with Bragg's army. My wound was not serious, and I had just decided to get out and sneak frontward, when something happened. Wheeler's cavalry came down on the train like a scurrying horde of Arabs, and in a few minutes we were told we were prisoners. This didn't suit me, and I climbed out of the wagon to take observations.

"It was a wild scene I looked upon. soon saw there was no chance for escape. Gen. Wheeler sat on his horse not far from me, urging his men to quick action, giving his main attention to a larger train near us, in which scores of wagons were burning. He rode off in that direction and in not many minutes there was a diversion Climbing into the wagon, I saw a line of blue charging. It was magnificent. and before the wounded had been paroled the train had been recaptured.

"On other parts of the line our men did not fare so well. Wheeler sweet along the rear of our whole army and was in line with his command in time was a scorcher. Later I learned to like Joe Wheeler very much, and "It was natural that respect and was glad when he was honored by even pity should be felt for this brave | President McKinley and Congress, but and October, 1863, I had no use for him. He was given too much to rush ing in where he wasn't wanted."-Chi cago Inter Ocean.

> Mrs. Aiken's Noble Work. Mrs. Aiken began to be widely

known when the war broke out. She went to the front as a nurse, and with Mrs. Mary Sturgis of Peoria, re ported for duty at Camp Butler, near Springfield. This service was to Gov Yates' legion, under command of Ma jor Niglas. There was a plague of measles among the soldiers and, as the surgeon showed the brave womer their duties, he told the men to cal' one of the woman "Aunt Lizzie" and the other "Mother." The women ap pealed to the women of Springfield for assistance, and soon cots and bed clothing were coming to the city to take the place of straw and wet blankets. There were eighty patients but the two nurses took care of all each working and sleeping at six hour intervals.

"Aunt Lizzie" met the wounded from Forts Henry and Donelson as the boat landed at Shawneetown. She went to Paducah, Ky., which had eleven hospitals at that time, and was practically in charge of St Mark's, which was the Baptist church under another name. It held 500 wounded men. The disabled from the field of Shiloh were added to this colony. The ship which brought them down the river was so crowded the men lay in solid rows, with scarcely room for one to walk between the rows. This brave woman was the first on board, with her white cap hanging from her belt and a nail of nourish ment for the half famished heroes The line of stretchers to her hospital looked like a funeral procession. There was work night and day, and, to add to the fury of the situation, a hurricane came up and swept away the roof of the hospital. She was so successful in this work that she was in demand wherever there were wounded, and this was nearly over the entire South.

All Knew and Loved "Aunt Lizzie." When the last G. A. R. reunion took place in Chicago, Aunt Lizzie Aiken had a happy time, says a correspondent. She held a reception in the church parlors, as her home was too small to receive the host of grand army men who wished to see her. As I remember it, about 1,400 came to the church, most of whom Aunt Lizzie remembered readily and could call by name. They were all "her boys." And those who attended the funeral services at the church, which was packed from pit to dome, could not have failed to see the row of whitehaired grand army veterans who came to pay their last tribute over a flagdraped casket to the memory of 'Aunt Lizzie," their old-time civil war nurse, to whom they gave the sacred name, "Angel of the Battlefield."

Whole Family of Coons. Eight coons were found hidden away in a hollow tree which was felled near West Rutland, Vt., the other day.



turned, and they are prisoners! "See, I bear the key away with me," calls Senor Lopez, through the wicket. says the secret agent. "Adios, buenos noches, all!"

CHAPTER IX.

Dick Has a Secret. Dora is again seized with a spasm escape from her throat-she has gone

"Dora be still-look at Mr. Denver aged." comes from Miss Pauline in a

quiet, reproving voice. The lamentations of the maid cease tion of Dick, and sees him advancing in his hand, she knows all hope is that occurred under that roof not yet gone, and again her expression is one of expectancy.

Dick knows he has a comrade near by who will not desert him, at any rate: he tries the keys, to see whether any one among them will accomplish the object he has in view.

"Eureka!" he exclaims, as the door flies back, and they see the open corridor beyond. "Delay is dangerous, ladies. Come!

in half an hour you will be at the Grand Continental," is the cheering news he gives. They take new inspiration from his

their wraps, as the night air must be Dick takes Miss Pauline on his left arm, and begs Dora to go on the other side of her mistress, for he must keep his right arm free in order to meet any

difficulty that may arise. Thus they pass along the corridor; side, and hideous sounds arise that have passed through makes the time cause even brave Miss Pauline to appear doubly long. creep closer to the side of the man

ence of such a man at this time. The end of the passage is reached. and they have seen nothing of the Mexican, who, upon discovering that a guard has been stationed beyond, better. must have darted into some empt, cell.

sight of the girl he adores; he takes off his hat and gives a genuine Western war whoop that causes silence to ensue for almost a full minute among the denizens of Lost Hope Cor-

Colonel Bob is greatly pleased at

At the same time Colonel Bob dis-

"Gentlemen, I will leave you heremy work in this quarter is done,"

Both Dick and Bob have taken a great fancy to M. Francois, Number Eleven, and at parting they wring his clay invariably causes death. hand earnestly. "We shall meet again," says Dick.

"Perhaps you may be sorry to see of alarm, and allows gurgling cries to me," remarks the other, in a voice they do not fully understand, but through much and this new catastro- take it that he is humble by nature, ago. A man and woman were being phe, happening just when deliverance and endeavors to make out that he is has seemed assured, gives the finish- not an important personage.

The four enter the carriage. "To the Grand Continental," is the -he shows no signs of being discour- order given by M. Francois, and as the vehicle rolls away he waves his hat to the men who lean out.

That is the last they see of M. Girand as she turns her head in the direc- ard and his famous institution, nor do the thoughts of any among them ever upon the door with a bunch of keys | go back with pleasure to the scenes Dora never hears the name mention-

ed without a feeling of horror.

On the way to the hotel the gentlemen hear the story of how the trap was sprung, and they more than ever realize how desperately in earnest is the man who thus manipulates the wires. Senor Lopez will not be crushed-accustomed to lording it in his own country, he cannot submit to dictation in foreign lands.

All is very simple; by hard luck the man they engaged to take them to a certain famous old building they wished to see was already in the emmanner, and both immediately don ploy of the Mexican and the plan was quickly formed. How near it came to being a success we have already seen.

The hotel is reached at last, and it may be set down as certain that the ladies are very glad to see it. Although comparatively only a few hours have elapsed since they quitted the ugly faces leer at them from each | the hospitable caravansary, what they

Thus they part again for the nightwho can and will protect her from all it is not far from Thursday morning dangers. Thank heaven for the pres- now, and two more days will see their stay in Paris come to a close.

The stirring event of this night has had considerable effect in causing our characters to understand each other With Bob and Dora the matter

fought his ridiculous duel to no avail. his learned friend on the other side. In Miss Pauline's case, she findsher admiration for Dick advancing with great bounds-though not yet other had said. ready to confess that she loves him. she nevertheless is willing to admit that her admiration for his manly change.

qualities goes far ahead of anything she has hitherto experienced. Nor can she feel anything for Jua-

The price for milk in the winter is generally very much higher than in the summer. The difference for the whole country is about the difference between 50 cents and \$1.50. This difference, however, is extreme. In the West, some of the milk will sell as

> nearly as cheaply, in winter as sum-In the summer, often the question

Feeding for Milk.

corn.

bright shredded corn fodder at night. For the grain ration, feed about four pounds of bran and two pounds of corn-meal, or four pounds of corn and cob-meal, twice a day. Although not as good as the silage ration, still, in the absence of a silo, it will prove very satisfactory. Feed, water and milk the cows regularly; see to their every comfort, treat them kindly at milking time, and rest assured that you will receive your reward in a good flow of milk .- H. Pfaender, Brown Co., Minn., in Farmers' Review.

Many of the churns being offered upon the market with "wonder" attached to their name in some form or other are good things for the farmer to let alone We have just heard of a new churn Massachusetts. It makes a pound of butter from a quart of milk, which has been the form of fraud most commonly practiced in the sale of such churns. It is easy enough, by the use of pepsin, to collect the butter-fat and the casein in milk into one mass that mass, however, is not butter, but a very rich, soft cheese. The men that sell these churns depend upon this deception for making their sales, and we are sorry to believe that they find

L. A. Merrill, Utah, speaking to a con course of farmers, said the amount of hay fed on the ordinary farm may be greatly reduced, so far as horses are concerned. This, he said, would be a saving to the farmers and would re sult in reducing the digestive disorders to which the horses are subject. Horses should receive most of the hay at night, very little in the morning and none at all for the noon meal Always water before feeding. Oats make the best grain feed for horses but these can be replaced by bran or shorts or supplemented by the use of corn. Carrots and sugar-beet pulp have a marked beneficial effect in eding, serving as a laxative and tonic, as well as enabling the rse to digest the hay and grain more effectively. Horses may eat as much as 40 pounds of sugar beet pulp daily.

After building a number of poultry houses one has certain important facts impressed upon him. One of these

that comes home with a good deal of force to the writer is the matter of foundation. If he builds another poultry house he will see that the foundation is perfect and that it will be more than strong enough. A poultry house that is not properly built in this respect will be a nuisance in several It is customary to build poultry houses on slopes where it can be done, and that is proper, as it gives good drainage. But in case the foundation proves to be poor and needs to be

supported it will generally be found very difficult to do anything without raising the house by means of jack screws. The writer has had a very vexatious task of this kind. The trouble is that one end of the house is set so close to the ground that one cannot get under it or even get at the parts that need to be supported.

When a poultry house has to be erected that is twelve feet or more wide there should be a row of supports running the length of the house under the very middle. Almost all amateurs make the mistake of supporting the house only on the sides and ends. The twelve-foot joists, even though they be six inches deep and two thick, have a very great amount of vibration and it is unpleasant to walk over a floor laid on such joists. But if the time ever comes that the house has to be used for another purpose than poultry keeping, this kind of a floor will be found to be unendurable. This possibility should be borne in mind, for numerous poultry houses become transformed in time into

houses for other purposes, especially if they are of good size. A fault that is very noticeable in the building of most of the houses used by our poultry is that they are merely set on posts stuck in the ground for perhaps two feet. In a few years some of these posts rot and others get a lean on them out of plump due to the ground on one side of the poultry house being softer than on the other side. The in gets into the holes and the soil there becomes softer than at any other point, and this does not improve as the years go by. Settling goes on year after year. I have in mind a poultry house that cost nearly a hundred dollars. It was set on cedar posts and the posts are badly rotted now in spite of the fact that cedar is supposed to be resistent to rot. Some of the cedar posts have also got out of plumb, and the house has moved over several

inches to accommodate the posts. What the end will be nobody knows. Build the foundations strong in the first place. If the building is to rest on supports of any kind dig deep holes stone duly cemented. Have a big timber running the length of the building and also resting on the same Dut it will be more satisfactory, and years afterward the owner will be glad that he so dations cost

Cost of Transporting Fowls.

winter is the best time for the farmer to buy poultry to replenish his stock or to give him a high quality of breeders. These should be mated early in February. I think it is better for him to buy male birds, but he can do much by buying both kinds. He need not be afraid to buy birds at a considerable distance from him, as they can be shipped long distances without deterioration The cost of shipping birds is not great when we consider the bulk of the bird and the trouble any living thing is to the transportation companies. I shipped one bird to Cripple Creek, Col., for \$1.25, cost of transportation. On one shipped to Los Angeles the cost of transportation was \$1.50. I have shipped several to Kansas at the rate of 80 cents each. of this kind being manufactured in I find that birds can be shipped in winter without being in danger of taking cold, if they are boxed right. Whether the birds are taken care of on the railroads is a thing we cannot know, as that depends on the employes. Some are careful of such things and some are not. Some farmers are afraid to buy from flocks at a distance because they are afraid of roup and other contagious diseases. I can only say to that, that it is necessary to deal with a reputable dealer. and that is true whether he lives nearby or far away. The only way that a farmer can know that he is getting good birds and not scrubs when he buys poultry is to educate himself along the line of poultry, judging all he buys by a book called the American Standard of Perfection, which describes all the classes of poultry now in general use, with the exception of few breeds brought out recently. which the American Association of Poultry Raisers do not yet admit as standard breeds. If a man pays for a first-class bird and when it arrives finds it is not what he paid for, the remedy is for him to ship it back at once.-Marcian P. Seavey, Cook Co.,

Incubator in Cold Weather.

ruary. Frequently I begin about the 15th. I find the fowls hatched in March and April are the best winter layers and also make the best show birds the coming winter. They is not need to be pushed forward by high feeding as do those that are hatched later in the spring. I place 15 eggs under each hen. But we use only a few hens, so I have two incubators. Each of these holds 100 eggs. I only start one at a time and then ten days afterwards start the other and I keep them going. That gives me a hatch every ten days. If I have a hen that wants to set, I set her in the basement if the weather is cold .- C. W. Brehn, Clay

> rear he was there. He used his cavalry to prevent us