

THE CITY OF THE DEAD.

The do neither plight nor wed
In the city of the dead,
In the city where they sleep away the hours;

AUNT MARTHA'S MISTAKE.

BY FRANK B. WELCH.

All things Aunt Martha was very exact and particular but in the affairs of her widowed brother's household, of which she was the presiding spirit,



"I PUT MACHINE OIL IN THE SAUCE."

skirmished around for hardly more than a moment and reappeared with a look of triumph in her eyes and a bowl of translucent, palatable-looking sauce in her hands.

The first taste had a queer effect on the whole company. Some dropped their spoons and raised their napkins, some paused with perplexed faces, and others made a brave effort to go on with the pudding.

There was no concealing the fact that they did, but no one had the courage to make reply. Their looks were enough, however, and without further inquiry Aunt Martha made a bolt for the pantry, from whence a moment later came the agonizing exclamation: "Forevermore!

The variety and intensity of expressions on the faces around that table would have furnished a funny cartoonist with inspiration sufficient to last a month.

They went in the parlor and took Aunt Martha with them, and by all sorts of schemes tried to divert her mind from the sauce question, but without avail.

HEROIC BEARING OF AN ELEPHANT.

No animal will face danger more readily, at man's bidding, than the elephant. As an instance, take the following incident, which recently occurred in India.

There is no need of run-down farms where those in charge grow clover liberally and rotate with good judgment.

Experiments with sachaline and the flat pea at the Swiss station for three years resulted in the condemnation of both.

If the oats are covered two or three inches deep the plants will be safer from a hard frost or a dry spell than if too shallow.

The director of the Oklahoma experiment station says: Teosinte, a giant grass, somewhat like corn, makes a large growth.

Her infant babe had from its mother caught the trick of grief, and sighed among its playthings.—Wordsworth.

THE FARMING WORLD.

CHEAP FOOD MATERIAL.

Economy is Always in Order on the Average Stock Farm.

Great waste of food is the rule on the average stock farm. This is especially true on the general farm, where but a moderate number of domestic animals is the rule.

It is not safe to overfeed the breeding stock.

There is always danger in the effort to limit food of going to the other extreme. This may be avoided by the substitution of the cheaper grades of food. The ensilage furnishes a cheaper quality but a very satisfactory food for making gain, and also maintaining condition and vigor of digestion.

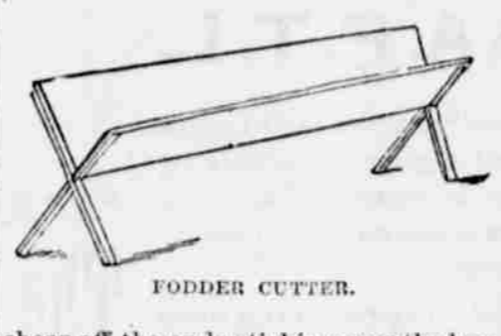
There is, occasionally, a false pride about the condition of one's domestic animals. The horse for work or the young growing animal is better able to maintain vigor or make the best growth, if in good flesh rather than excessively fat.

Grazing can be provided on most farms during nine months of the year. The rye, early oats and winter wheat are all the better when grazed judiciously.

CHEAP FODDER CUTTER.

A Homemade Device Which Will Answer Every Ordinary Purpose.

We farmers must economize. If we can make a device that will answer every purpose, we needn't buy one, and thus save the money to pay \$2,000 official salaries and inflation railroad fares.



shear off the ends sticking over the box. Push the bundle along and repeat.

For horses, I cut 3 or 4 inches long, and think it short enough. With a box like this I cut fodder for six horses and three cows last winter, feeding a bushel apiece at a feed.

FACTS FOR FARMERS.

A lot of old-time sheepraisers who sold out a year or two ago are buying up again.

It is a good plan to get the poorest land on the farm in grass and cultivate the more fertile land.

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The director of the Oklahoma experiment station says: Teosinte, a giant grass, somewhat like corn, makes a large growth.

This crop is troublesome to handle, and the fact that it does not mature seed in this climate is an objection.—Journal of Agriculture.

HANDY POULTRY COOP.

One That is Easily Moved from One Part of a Field to Another.

During winter poultry men should find time to repair old chicken coops and make new ones. With ordinary care more vigorous pullets can be raised by scattering them about the fields in small colonies after haying, as insects then form a very cheap and important portion of their diet.



SUMMER POULTRY COOP.

sills are of 2 by 4 material, and extended as shown in the cut to facilitate moving. The plates are of 2 by 2-inch material, and extended each way 1 foot beyond the eaves for handles.

SCIENCE IN FARMING.

It Will Pay Only When Joined to Plain Common Sense.

The following, from a book recently published entitled "999 Queries With Answers," emphasizes our warning frequently given that while cultivating science farmers must use judgment.

FATTENING LAMBS.

Prof. Roberts Tells What Experience Has Shown to Be a Good Ration.

For fattening lambs Prof. Roberts gives the following ration in the Rural New Yorker:

Cornmeal should form, in connection with the other foods mentioned, one-third of the grain ration. Cornmeal, 100 pounds; wheat bran, 100 pounds; oil meal, 20 pounds; peas, 30 pounds; oats, 50 pounds. Mix and feed from one-half to one pound per day per lamb.

Sheep do not relish wheat as well as the other grains, either whole or ground. Better feed the wheat to the chickens.

To make the dressing, first chill the plate, eggs and oil. Put the yolks of two eggs in a soup plate; add one-half teaspoonful of salt and stir with a silver fork until the yolks are well beaten and mixed; add the oil, drop by drop, being careful to always stir in the same direction, adding a drop of vinegar whenever the mixture begins to look oily.

SWALLOWED THE SHAMROCKS.

"Johnny" Powers Robbed by a Fellow-Alderman.

"Yarra begarry, but thot waz th' divil's own joke or Johnny Powers, so it waz."

"Phwat joke hov ye reference t', Soolivan?"

"Oh, be th' ghost of St. Columbkil, but Johnny waz mad. Pull your chair over t' me an' give me a drag uv th' pipe an' Oi'll tell ye how it happened."

"Lieut. Smith pulled a chair close to that of the patrolman, and the latter, blowing a cloud of smoke toward the ceiling, said:

"Phwat joke hov ye reference t', Soolivan? I bein' Oirish will appreciate the joke. You see, Johnny received a fine bunch av shamrocks from th' oul'd dart lasht Chewsday, and t' frishin thim up a bit before he'd distribute thim t' frinds at his saloon St. Patrik's day he pit thim in a dish av wather, an' set th' dish on the back av th' bar. They hadn't been there long phwin Aldherman Rhade kem in. Ye know how famoolar waz aldherman is another aldherman's saloon?"

"To be sure Oi do. Don't they drink up wan anither's liker widout as much as sayin' thank ye?"

"Well, dhin, while Johnny wuz busy talkin' business, dyez moind, t' a brace of foive-lukin' shreet railway min, Rhode waz schnoppin' around to t' see phwin he waz eumin' in on th' play. Dyez git on t' me curves?"

"Troth Oi do, but cum t' th' pint."

"Howld yer whist. Rhode waz not long in shypoyn' th' shamrocks in th' dish, an' phwat did he do, but, thinkin' they were wather crissis, sprinkled salt on thim an' ate ivry dang wan, shtems an' all."

"Fur th' luv av hivin, do ye be tellin' me?"

"Thot's as thru as th' hangin' av 'Puck' Ryan at Cashelcennel. Johnnie saw th' lasht av th' shamrocks shdissapear down the Dootchman's throat, an' thim, shlay as a fox, he appeared t' take it gud-natured until he could lave howlt av th' beer mallet."

"Did he shtroike Rhode?"

"Did he shtroike him? Be th' powers but he lay his schalp open from th' root av his nose t' th' back of his neck. They carried Rhode home, an' it's tin chances t' wan that he will not be able t' be prisint at the next meetin' av the council. Dyez see?"—Chicago Journal.

WHEN AN ACTOR SMILES.

If a Star Tells the Story Its Humor Is Admitted.

It's funny how everybody laughs when an actor tells a story. Any other man might tell the same story, and tell it better, and yet never be rewarded with a smile. A party of men, including a well-known player, were seated about a cafe table one Saturday night, and the actor told a story. Said he: "There was a fellow named Jenkins playing in the same company with me once, and he had a great crop of fiery red hair, but he was a good actor, and understudied the star, although he had never been forced to go on in that capacity.

How She Spelled It.

Every one knows how to spell "hard water" with three letters, but probably some readers would be puzzled to spell "yesterday" with six. A Cincinnati girl could tell them how, according to the Enquirer. She does not go to school, but is taught by her mother at home.

Chicken Salad Dressing.

To make the dressing, first chill the plate, eggs and oil. Put the yolks of two eggs in a soup plate; add one-half teaspoonful of salt and stir with a silver fork until the yolks are well beaten and mixed; add the oil, drop by drop, being careful to always stir in the same direction, adding a drop of vinegar whenever the mixture begins to look oily.