You Want to Know

What You Swallow?

a growing sentiment in this owrostrion. It is but natural that one sould have some interest in the compotion of that which he or she is expected swallow, whether it be food, drink or edicine.

Recognizing this growing disposition on the part of the public, and satisfied that the fullest publicity can only add to the well-carned reputation of his medismes, Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., has "taken time by the forelock," as it were, and is publishing broadcast a list of all the ingredients entering into his leading medicines, the "Golden Medical Discovery" the popular liver invigorator, stomach tonic, blood purifier and heart pegulator; also of his "Favorite Prescription" for weak, over-worked, broken-

regulator; also of his "Favorite Prescription" for weak, over-worked, brokenlowa, nervous and invalid women.

This bold and out-spoken movement on
the part of Dr. Pierce, has, by showing
mactly what his well-known medicines
are composed of, completely disarmed all
sarping critics who have heretofore unustly attacked them. A little pamphlet
has been compiled, from the standard
medical authorities of all the several
schools of practice, showing the strongest
middressens by leading medical writers
of the avveral ingredients which enter into
Dr. Pierce's medicines. A copy of this
little book is mailed free to any one destring to learn more concerning the valuable, native, medicinal plants which enter
into the composition of Dr. Pierce's medtenes. Address Dr. Pierce as above.

Dr. Pierce's Pieasant Pellete are tiny, sug-

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are tiny, sug-r-contest anti-billous granules. They reg-date and invigorate Stomach Liver and Rowels. Do not beget the "pill habit," but here constipation. One or two each day for laxative and regulator, three or four for an active esthartic. Once tried always in favor.

50,000 GIVEN AWAY, in copies of The People's Common Sense adical Adviser, a book that sold to the ex-st of \$60,000 copies a few are ago, at \$1.50 per copy. th of these invalua-This year we shall y 650,000 worth of



Cough syrups are all cheap assign, but if you should get a silon of cough syrup that does not ure for the price of a small bottle

Kemp's Balsam

he best cough cure, you would have made a bad bargain—for one mail bottle of Kemp's Balsam may whereas the cough "cure" that not cure is worse than useless. Sold by all dealers at 25c. and 5oc. **************

Had Missed it.

From the Ladies' Home Journal.

What are you crying for, my poor the bey?' said a man to a crying boy.

Pa fell downstairs."

Don't take on so, my boy. He'll get

"That isn't it. Sister saw him fall—all he way. I never saw nuffen."

WILD WITH ITCHING HUMOR.

Sruption Broke Out in Spots All Over ty-Cured at Expense of Only \$1.25-Thanks Cuticura.

The Cuticura Remedies cured me of ckin disease, and I am very thankal to you. My trouble was eruption of the skin, which broke out in spots all ever my body, and caused a conhing which nearly drove me rild at times. I got medicine of a , but it did not cure me, and en I saw in a paper your ad., I sent for the Cuticura book and studied my case in it. I then went to the drug store and bought one cake of Buticura Soap, one box of Cuticura Dintment, and one vial of Cuticura Pills. From the first application I reselved relief. I used the first set and two extra cakes of Cuticura Soap, and was completely cured. I had suffered for two years, and I again thank Cutisura for my cure. Claude N. Johnson. Maple Greve Farm, R. F. D. 2. Walunt. Kan., June 15, 1905."

The census of 1900 gave Washington a population of 278,000. Since that time, according to estimates based on the new city directory, the inhabitants of the national capital have increased to practically 328,000.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY Take LAXATIVE BROMO Quinine Tablets.

Druggists refund money if it fails to cure.

E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

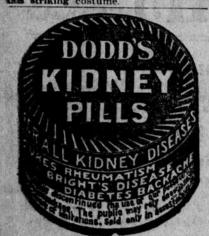
Green-Gold Garb of Alice Roosevelt.

From the New York World.

Miss Alice Roosevelt has won the reputation of being one of the most besterally gowned young women in this country, and all through her ingenuity in finding unusual combinations in color and becoming ways of making her robes. One evening dress that will adont his attractive young daughter of America when she appears in courts of Europe is of pale green tissue, made ever deep yellow moire. The tissue is dragod over the petticoat effectively, and the ends are embroidered with a remning vine of gold. A full court train absuners and glows over the moire and is dotted with gold and leaves at long intervals. The bodice is green and gold. A wreath of frosted leaves begins at the left shoulder, stretches across the front and down the right side, and catches some of the tissue impery in the back. The sleeves are two pig puffs of tissue, with a circular rangery in the back. The sleeves are two pig puffs of tissue, with a circular ranger of moire, embroidered with yellow have of three lengths at the elbow.

The lace of three lengths at the elbow.

The green suede gloves and yellow are among the accessories of this striking costume.



The Return of Sherlock Holmes

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

Copyright, 1903, by A, Conan Doyle and Collier's Weekly.

Copyright, 1905. by McClure, Phillips & Co.

THE ADVENTURE OF THE EMPTY HOUSE.—CONTINUED It was indeed no longer the profile, but the back, which was turned toward

Three years had certainly not smoothed the asperities of his temper or his impatience with a less active in-telligence than his own. "Of course it has moved," said he.

"Am I such a farcical bungler, Watson, that I should erect an obvious
dummy, and expect that some of the
sharpest men in Europe would be deceived by it? We have been in this
room two hours, and Mrs. Hudson has son, that I should erect an obvious dummy, and expect that some of the sharpest men in Europe would be deceived by it? We have been in this room two hours, and Mrs. Hudson has made some change in that figure eight times, or once in every quarter of an hour. She works it from the front, so that her shadow may never be seen. "Ah!" He drew in his breath with a shrill, excited intake. In the dim light I saw his head thrown forward, his whole attitude rigid with attention. Outside the street was absolutely deserted. Those two men might still be crouching in the doorway, but I could no longer see them. All was still and dark, save only that brilliant yellow screen in front of us with the black figure outlined upon its center. Again in the utter silence I heard that thin, sibilant note which spoke of intense suppressed excitement. An instant later he pulled me back into the blackest corner of the room, and I felt his warning hand upon my lips. The fingers which clutched me were quivering. Never had I known my friend more moved, and yet the dark street still stretched lone; and motionless before us.

But suddenly I was aware of that

But suddenly I was aware of that which his keener senses had already distinguished. A low, stealthy sound came to my ears, not from the direction of Baker street, but from the back door of the house in which we lay concealed. A door opened and shut. An instant later steps crept down the passage—steps which were meant to be silent, but which reverberated harshly through the empty house. Holmes coruched back against the wall and I did the same, my hand closing upon the hardle of my revolver. Peering through the gloom, I saw the vague outline of a man, a shade blacker than the blackness of the open door. He coruched back against the wall and I did the same, my hand closing upon the hardle of my revolver. Peering through the gloom, I saw the vague outline of a man, a shade blacker than the blackness of the open door. He stood for an instant, and then he crept forward, crouching, menacing, into the room. He was within three yards of us, this sinister figure, and I had braced myself to meet his spring before I realized that he had no idea of our presence. He passed close beside us, stole over to the window, and very softly and noiselessly raised it half a foot. As he sank to the level of this opening, the light of the street, no longer dimmed by the dusty glass, fell upon his face. The seemed to be beside himself with excitement. His two eyes shone like stars, and his features were working convulsively. He was an aldeely more with a thin real standard unique weapon," said he, "noiseless and tremendous power. I knew Von Herder, the blind German mechanic, who constructed it to the order of the late Professor Moriarity. For years I have been aware of its existence, though I have never before had the opportunity of handling it. I commend it very specially to your attention, Lestrade, and also the bullets which fit it."

"You can trust us to look after that, Mr. Holmes." said Lestrade, as the whole party moved towards the door. "Anything further to say?"

"Only to ask what charge you intend to prefer?"

"What charge, sir? Why of course, the attempted murder of Mr. Sherlock Holmes."

"Not so, Lestrade. I do not propose to appear in the matter at all. To you, two eyes shone like stars, and his features were working convulsively. He was an elderly man, with a thin, projecting nose, a high, bald forehead, and a huge, grizzled mustache. An opera hat was pushed to the back of his head, and an evening dress shirt-front gleamed out through his open overcoat. His face was gaunt and swarthy, scored with deep, savage lines. In his hand he carried what appeared to be a stick, but, as he laid it down upon the floor it gave a metallic clang. Then from the pocket of his overcoat he drew a bulky object, and he busied himself in some task which ended with a loud, sharp click, as if a spring or bolt had in some task which ended with a loud, sharp click, as if a spring or bolt had fallen into its place. Still kneeling upon the floor he bent forward and threw all his weight and strength upon some lever, with the result that there came a long, whirling, grinding noise, ending once more in a powerful click. He straightened himself then, and I saw that what he held in his hand was a sort of a gun, with a curiously misshapen butt. He opened it at the breech, put something in. and snapped the breech lock. The straight and strength upon the floor he bent forward and the immediate care of Mrs. Hudson. As I entered the would make an attempt to get me out of the way at once, and would bring round his murderous weapon for that purpose. I left him an excellent mark in the window, and, having warned the police that they might be needed—by the way, Watson, you spotted their presence in that down the supervision of Mycroft Holmes and the immediate care of Mrs. Hudson. As I entered breech, put something in. and snapped the breech-lock. Then, crouching down, he rested the end of the barrel down, he rested the end of the barrel upon the ledge of the open window, and I saw his long mustache droop over the stock and his eye gleam as it peered along the sights. I heard a little sigh of satisfaction as he cuddled the butt to his shoulder, and saw that amazing target, the black man on the yellow ground, standing clear at the end of his fore-sight. For an instant he was rigid and motionless. Then his finger tightened on the trigger. There was a strange, loud whiz and a lond, silvery tinkle of broken glass. At that silvery tinkle of broken glass. At that instant Holmes sprang like a tiger on to the marksman's back, and hurled him flat upon his face. He was up again in a moment, and with convulsive strength he selzed Holmes by the throat, but I struck him on the head with the butt of my revolver, and he dropped again upon the floor. I fell upon him, and as I held him my comrade blew a shrill call upon a whistle rade blew a shrill call upon a whistle. There was the clatter of running feet upon the pavement, and two policemen in uniform, with one plain-clothes detective, rushed through the front entrance and into the room.

"That you, Lestrade?" said Holmes.

"Yes, Mr. Holmes. I took the job myself. It's good to see you back in London, sir."

"I think you want a little unofficial help. Three undetected murders in one year won't do, Lestrade. But you handled the Molesey mystery with less than your usual—that's to say, you handled it fairly well."

We had all risen to our feet, our prisoner breathing hard, with a stalwart

We had all risen to our feet, our prisoner breathing hard, with a stalwart constable on each side of him. Already a few loiterers had begun to collect in the street. Holmes stepped up to the window, closed it, and dropped the blinds. Lestrade had produced two candles, and the policemen had uncovered their lanterns. I was able at last to have a good look at our prisoner.

It was a tremendously virile and yet It was a tremendously virile and yet sinister face which was turned toward us. With the brow of a philosopher above and the jaw of a sensualist below, the man must have started with great capacities for good and evil. But one could not look upon his cruel blue eyes, with their drooping, cynical lids, or upon the fierce, aggressive nose and or upon the flerce, aggressive nose and the reatening, deep-lined brow, with-out reading nature's plainest danger-signals. He took no heed of any of us. but his eyes were fixed upon Holmes face with an expression in which hatred and amazement were equally blended. "You fiend!" he kept on mut-

tering, "you clever, clever fiend!"
"Ah, colonel!" said Holmes, arranging his rumpled collar, "'journeys end in lovers' meetings, as the old pleasure of seeling you since you favored me with those attractions as I lay on the ledge above the Reichenbach

The colonel still stared at my friend like a man in a trance. "You cunning, cunning fiend!" was all that he could

cunning fiend!" was all that he could say.

"I have not introduced you yet," said Holmes. "This, gentlemen, is Colonel Sebastian Moran, once of her majesty's "Moran, Sebastian, colonel. Unem-

THE | Indian army, and the best heavy-game shot that our eastern empire has ever produced. I believe I am correct, col-

onel, in saying that your bag of tigers still remains unrivaled.

The flerce old man said nothing, but still glared at my companionist with his savage eyes, and bristling mustache he was wonderfully like a tiger him

"I wonder that my very simple strat-agem could deceive so old a shikari," said Holmes. "It must be very familiar

"You may or may not have just cause for arresting me," said he, "but at least there can be no reason why I should submit to the gibes of this person. If I am in the hands of the law, let things be done in a legal way."
"Well, that's reasonable enough," said Lestrade. "Nothing further you have to say, Mr. Holmes, before we go.

"Not so, Lestrade. I do not propose to appear in the matter at all. To you

from an air-gun through the open window of the second-front of No. 427
Park Lane, upon the 30th of last month. That's the charge, Lestrade.
And now, Watson, if you can endure the draught from a broken window, I

care of Mrs. Hudson. As I entered I saw, it is true, an unwonted tidiness, but the old landmarks were all in place. There was the chemical corner and the acid-stained, deal-topped table. There upon a shelf was the row of formidable scrap-books and books of reference, which many of our fellow citizens would have been so glad to burn. The diagrams, the violin-case, and the pipe-rack—even the Parisian slipper which contained the tobacco—all met my eyes as I glanced round me. There were two occupants of the room—one, Mrs. Hudson, who beamed upon us both as we entered—the other, the strange dummy which had played so important a part in the evening's adventures. It was a wax-colored model of my friend, so admirably done that it was a perfect fac-simile. It stood on a small ped-estal table with an old dressing gown of Holmes' so draped round it that the

"I hope you preserved all precau-tions, Mrs. Hudson?" said Holmes. ons, Mrs. Hudson?" said Holmes.
"I went to it on my knees, sir, just as you told me."

"Excellent. You carried the thing out very well. Did you observe where the bullet went?"

"Yes, sir. I'm afraid it has spoilt your beautiful bust, for it passed right through the head and flattened itself on the wall. I picked it up from the carpet. Here it is!"

Holmes held it out to me. "A soft

revolver bullet, as you perceive, Wat-son. There's genius in that, for who would expect to find such a thing fired would expect to find such a thing fired from an air-gun. All right, Mrs. Hudson, I am much obliged for your assistance. And now, Watson, let me see you in the old seat once more, for there are several points which I should like to discuss with you."

He had thrown off the seedy frock coat, and now he was the Holmes of old in the mouse-colored dressing

old in the mouse-colored dressing gown which he took from his effigy. "The old shikarl's nerves have not lost their steadiness, nor his eyes their keeness," said he with a laugh, as he inspected the shattered forehead of the

"Plumb in the middle of the back the head and smack through the brain. He was the best shot in India, and I expect that there are few better here in London. Have you heard the

"No, I have not."
"Well, well, such is fame! But, then if I remember right, you have not heard the name of Professor James Moriarity, who had one of the great brains of the century. Just give me down my index of biographies from the shelf. He turned over the pages lazily

leaning back in his chair and blowing great clouds of smoke from his cigar. "My collection of M's is a fine one," said he. "Moriarity himself is enough to make any letter illustrious, and here is Morgan the poisoner, and Merriner of abominable memory, and Matthews, who knocked out my left canine in the waiting room at Charing

ployed. Formerly of 1st Bengalore Pioneers. Born London, 1840. Son of Sir Augustus Moran, C. B., once British minister to Persia. Educated Eton and minister to Persia. Educated Eton and Oxford. Served in Jowaki campaign, Afghan campaign, Charasiab (dispatches), Sherpur and Cabul. Author of 'Heavy Game of the Western Himalayas' (1881); "Three Months in the Jungle,' (1884). Address, Conduit street. Clubs, the Anglo-Indian, the Tankerville, the Bagatelle Card club."

On the margin was written in

On the margin was written, in Holmes' precise hand: "The second most dangerous man in London."

"This is astonishing," said I, as I handed back the volume. "The man's career is that of an honorable soldier." "It is true," Holmes answered. "Up to a certain point he did well. He was always a man of iron nerve, and the story is still told in India how he crawled down a drain after a wounded man-eating tiger. There are some trees. man-eating tiger. There are some trees, Watson, which grow to a certain height, and then suddenly develop some unsightly eccentricity. You will see it often in humans. I have a theory that the individual represents in his development the whole procession of his velopment the whole procession of his ancestors, and that such a sudden turn to good or evil stands for some strong influence which came into the line of his pedigree. The person becomes, as it were, the epitome of the history of his own family."

"It is surely rather fanciful."

"Well, I don't insist upon it. What-ever the cause, Colonel Moran began to go wrong. Without any open scan-dal, he still made India too hot to hold him. He retired, came to London, and him. He retired, came to London, and again acquired an evil name. It was at this time that he was sought out by Professor Moriarity, to whom for a time he was chief of staff. Moriarity supplied him liberally with money, and used him only in one or two very high class jobs, which no ordinary criminal could have undertaken. You may have some recollection of the death of Mrs. Stewart, of Lauder, in 1887. Not? Well, I am sure Moran was at the bottom of it, but nothing could be proved. So cleverly was the colonel concealed, that, even when the Moriarity gang was broken up, we could not incrimthat, even when the Moriarity gang was broken up, we could not incriminate him. You remember at that date, when I called upon you in your rooms, how I put up the shutters for fear of air-guns? No doubt you thought me fanciful. I knew exactly what I was doing, for I knew of the existence of this remarkable gun, and I knew also that one of the best shots in the world would be behind it. When we were in Switzerland he followed us with Moriarity, and it was undoubtedly he who arity, and it was undoubtedly he who gave me that evil five minutes on the Reichenbach ledge.

"You may think that I read the papers with some attention during my papers with some attention during my sojourn in France, on the lookout for any chance of laying him by the heels. So long as he was free in London, my life would really not have been worth living. Night and day the shadow would have been over me, and sooner or later his chance must have come. What could I do? I could not shoot him at sight, or I should myself be in the dock. There was no use appealing to a magistrate. They cannot interfere on the strength of what would appear to them to be a wild suspicion. So I could do nothing. But I watched the criminal news, knowing that soon-So I could do nothing. But I watched the criminal news, knowing that sooner or later I should get him. Then came the death of this Ronald Adair. My chance had come at last. Knowing what I did, was it not certain that Colonel Moran had done it? He had played cards with the lad, he had followed him home from the club he had. lowed him home from the club, he had shot him through the open window. There was not a doubt of it. The bullets alone are enough to put his head in a noose. I came over at once. I was seen by the sentinel, who would. I knew, direct the colonel's attention to my presence. He could not fall to connect my sudden return with his crime, and to be terribly alarmed. I was sure that he would make an attempt to get me out of the way at once, and would bring round his murderous lowed him home from the club, he had

plain?"
"Yes," said I. "You have not made
"Yes," Said I. "You have not made motive in murdering the Honorable

Ronald Adair?' "Ah! my dear Watson, there we come into those realms of conjecture, where the most logical mind may be at fault. Each may form his own hypothesis upon the present evidence, and yours is as likely to be as correct as mine.'

"You have formed one, then?
"I think that it is not difficult to
explain the facts. It came out in evidence that Colonel Moran and young
Adair had, between them, won a con-Adair had, between them, won a considerable amount of money. Now, Moran undoubtedly played foul—of that I have long been aware. I believe that on the day of the murger Adair had discovered that Moran was cheating. Very likely he had spoken to him privately, and had threatened to expose him unless he voluntarily resigned his membership of the club, and promised not to play cards again. It is unlikely that a youngster like Adair would at once make a hideous scandal by exposing a well known man so much older than himself. Probably he acted as I suggest. The exclusion from his clubs would mean ruin to Moran, who lived by his ill-gotter card gains. He therefore my detected therefore murdered time was endeavoring to work out how much money he should himself return, since he could not profit by his partner's foul play. He locked the door lest the ladies should surprise him and insist upon knowing what he was doing with these names and coins. Will it pass?"

"I have no doubt that you have hit upon the truth."
"It will be verified or disproved at the trial. Meanwhile, come what may. Colonel Moran will trouble us no more. The famous air-gun will embellish the Scotland Yard museum, and once more Scotland Tard museum, and once more
Mr. Sherlock Holmes is free to devote
his life to examining those interesting
little problems which the complex life
of London so plentifully presents."
(Continued Next Week)

Fads of the Wealthy.

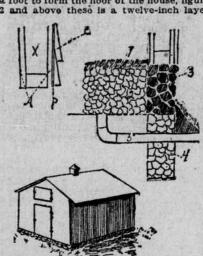
Saturday Evening Post: These strong men of money have their weak sides; they have their fads, and will spend money like water on them. Mr. Keene's weakness is the race horse; Mr. Morgan's is pictures; the late Mr. Whitney's was rugs (he is said to have paid \$35,000 for one, and the transaction would have been all right had he left the two last ciphers off the price); Mr. Brady's of the tobacco trust is black pearls; Mr. Addicks', of Bay State Gas.

is emeralds; while Mr. Lawson will go in pawn to buy a ruby. Mr. Lawson travels beyond fads and owns to superstitions. He pins his faith to the numeral three and its multiples. His telephones are 3333 and 3329; his offices are 33 State street; one of his pet copper mines is the Trinity, and he begins his great enterprises on the third of the month. His "big medicine," as the Indians would call it, is a chain of 333 golden heads each with a gynsy of 333 golden beads, each with a gypsy girl's face enameled thereon, and this fetish he consults and communes with Unem- in ways known only to himself.



A PRACTICAL ICE HOUSE.

Asruming that there is still prospect for an ice crop throughout the country the plan here suggested for a small but com-plete ice house will be found not only useful but decidedly a reliable guide to builders. The manner of construction is as follows: Figure 4 in the illustration shows that part of the wall extending two feet under the ground and is composed of loose stones rammed into a trench. The top of the wall, figure 3, is built one high with stone and cement in the usua way. Stones are filled in to the depth of a foot to form the floor of the house, figure 2 and above these is a twelve-inch layer



of sawdust tramped down to give a level surface. Figure 5 shows the drain pipe. The smaller diagram shows how the lum-The smaller diagram shows how the lumber is put together. The boards of common lumber both inside and outside are indicated by A while X shows the air chamber between. P indicates a layer of paper and lastly, on the outside, the clapboards shown at C. The illustration is plain and will serve as a guide for building in any dimensions desired. On the farm where noultry milk and fruit is farm where poultry, milk and fruit is raised an ice house is a necessity and if one is near a body of water that freezes the ice obtained is worth all its costs to haul it and to build a house for it.

FEEDING LAMBS IN WINTER.

There is considerable difference of op!nion between expert sheep raisers on the subject of winter feeding of lambs, the claim being made on the one hand that the lamb can only be carried through the winter in good shape on a ration com-posed largely of grains, while others feeders claim this method to be extravagant and advocate the feeding of high class roughage almost exclusively. As for the latter plan it is admitted that the season of feeding is of necessity longer to obtain the best results but that is balanced by the decreased cost. The experience of other feeders is along the line of using both grains and roughage intelligently, starting the lambs on the best of clover hay and alfalfa is possible and when they get large enough feed a small ration of corn. increasing it as they grow. On farms where root crops can be grown and where some portion can be given over to small crops of grain it pays to follow the plan of both grain and roughage for the lambs particularly if the latter can be fed in racks in large comfortable sheds where the lambs will have plenty of exercise. With fresh water at hand, room to gambol and sweet fodder in the racks they will consume surprisingly large quantities of roughage and thrive on it.

TIMOTHY HAY FOR COWS. The man with a good crop of first class timothy hay and a good herd of mileb cows is to be envied for he can sell the hay at a price which will enable him to buy almost anything his cows need to give the best results. With a crop of oat hay or oat straw as it is generally known, on hand the sale of the timothy to horsemen will enable him to buy all of the grain needed to make with the oat straw a splendid balanced ration. The timothy hay is first class for horses, but very poor feeding for cows that are being milked. Bran, corn meal, oil meal and gluten meal in equal quantities fed with the oat straw as roughage will give the milch cow a pretty well balanced ration which will bring the rich milk. Add to this occasion-al feeds of root crops, keep the cows clean and comfortable and well watered and the results should be entirely satisfactory. The beauty of this plan is that at the usual price for clover hay and the price for timothy the sale of the timothy will pay nearly the entire cost of the other good things recommended for the cow

GROUND FEED FOR HORSES.

Horses do much better when they grind their own feed no matter what it may be, hence, except on special occasions, it is not desirable to let horses have much ground food. Corn, if fed should be given shelled at times and other times on the ear; other grains should invariably be given whole and, only on rare occasions, should the hay be cut very fine. Timethy or mixed hay should be fed, the former to be preferred. Fed the proper rations in this way with some roots occasionally there will be little danger of indigestion provided the horse is properly stabled where there is considerable ventilation. Exercise and good water are, of course, essential and with the other things mentioned there ought to be little trouble with the horse at any time. During the winter grooming should be done with special care for with the thick coat it is apt to get dirty and the 21rts go out of sight unless the grooming is done thoroughly each day. Use the comb, the brush and a large cloth for the final rubbing off of the dust by the

DANGER TO POULTRY.

While it is pleasant to see the fowls get so much exercise and sunshine during this long open winter, one should be prepared at all times for the colder weather likely to come any day. The main danger lies in permitting the houses to become damp or to allow the fowls to remain out too long. Even during these pleasant days we find it the best plan to give the birds the range only about three hours at the middle of the day; the rest of the time they have the open scratching shed for exercise, but the curtains are dropped as soon as the cold wind begins to blow. By this treatment the fowls become rugged end yet are not permitted to get chilled ty standing around out of doors when they can find nothing to pick at; they are much better in the scratchig shed searching for the few grains of corn or wheat scattered through the chaff. Remember, the grit box, the dust boxes and all feeding utensils should be in the scratching shed, the house proper containing only the nest it will be a variety that should be extended not make the roosts. On the other hand, do not make the roosting compartment too dark and cheerless; have enough windows the consumer. the grit box, the dust boxes and all feeding

so it will be fairly light and see that it is comfortable. Cover the floor with chaff so that the birds may find comfort there should they desire to stay. Ventilation is essential in this portion of the house for the air will become heavy during the night and the fowls will be dumpish and not likely to lay well if there is not good ven-

USING THE OPEN WEATHER.

The man who does not spread the manure on the soil because it is too hard work in cold weather has little excuse for this neglect this winter. If he would make some sort of a test, in a small way, of the some sort of a test, in a small way, of the comparative value of manure in the barn yard all winter, that stored in suitable sheds and that placed directly upon the soil soon after it is made he would find the results in favor of the last named method, but, more especially, would he realize what he is losing yearly by having the manure in the open barn yard subject to the elements. We do not know if any one has ever been able to calculate the loss in one year to farmers throughout the United States because of the manure lying in the open barn yards, but it must be simply enormous. During the open weather, with little snow on the ground, the manure spreader will do splendid work and will spreader will do splendld work and will put the manure just where one wants it. Even if it must be spread by hand it will certainly pay to do it. Why not try the plan suggested of a small area manured with the part which has been in the barn yard all winter and an equal area with manure which has been under cover and a blade and the second duals are with manure which has been under cover and a second duals are with the winder cover and a second duals are with the winder cover and a second duals are with the winder cover and a second duals are with the winder cover and a second duals are with the winder cover and a second duals are with the winder cover and a second duals are with the winder cover and a second duals are with the winder cover and a second duals are with the winder cover and a second duals are with the will be a second dual are with the will be a second dual are with the second duals are with the will be a second dual are will be a second dual are with the will be a second dual are will be a second dual are with the second duals third equal area covered during the win-ter with manure and plowed under in the spring. Us the same quantity of manure, spring. Us the same quantity of manure, the same crop and keep careful note of re-sults. It will certainly pay and another year you will not need advice on the sub-ject for you will know from your own experience just what to do.

PREPARATION FOR ALFALFA.

Unless positively sure that the soil to sweet it is a good plan to start the preparation of the soil for alfalfa by applyparation of the soil for alfalfa by applying about 500 pounds to the acre of unslaked lime and plow under; then inoculate the soil by spreading broadcast over it 500 pounds of soil from a field which has grown good crops of alfalfa. The soil ought then to be harrowed and re-harrowed until one has as fine a seed bed as he would prepare for wheat. If the soil is rich it will be a good plan to let the field lie for a little time, which may be done if the work is done early in the done if the work is done early in the spring, so that the first crop of weeds will start and row large enough so that, with the harrow, they can be gotten out of the way before the seed alfalfa is sown. Next comes the sowing of the seed and it must be said here that the finest seed obtainable, that which has been well cleaned and able, that which has been well cleaned and cleaned again is none too good. It will be expensive but it will pay. Sow this seed by itself (do not mix any other seed with it for alfalfa does not need a "nurse crop") at the rate of 30 pounds per acre. On rich soil the weeds are quite likely to get the start of the alfalfa making it percessors to all the them. necessary to clip them off once and per-haps twice before the alfalfa will hold its own; this will be tedious work but it will pay. A field prepared and sown to alfalfa as directed will become a permanent fixture on the farm nine times out of ten

VENTILATION FOR COW STABLE. Any dairyman who has had experiences on both sides of the question will say without hesitation that ventilation in the cow stable means an added profit to the dairy. Ventilation by no means can be skillfully placed but even this plan much better than the practically closed room. While the best system of ventil-ation is undoubtedly the one that admits the air from the bottom, we have made the same plan we use in the poultry houses work very nicely. In the stable containing 16 cows we have three of these ventilators which are simply hollow funnelsa foot square running through the roof with holes eight inches square on the sides at the top, and one board cut out entirely at the end which rests on the floor. This board is cut out so as to leave an opening just a square foot. An excellent plan of window ventilation is that described some weeks since with a double window, one of glass and one of muslin, the latter to slip over the opening when the window of glass is pulled aside. It is also possible to provide ventilation without draughts through windows by the use of screens. That is, arrange a light board screen on the side of the casing next to the cows so that when the window is opened the wind may be deflected away from the animals. As a matter of fact anyone with a little skill can arrange a ventilation system which, while it may not be pretty nor the best thing obtainable will answer the purpose admirably. Have some sort of a ventilating system then keep the cows and the stables clean and one will see a de-cided increase in the profits from the

THE HONEY MUSKMELON.

One of the astonishing things in vegetable growing or rather in growing vege-tables for the express purpose of supply-ing the consumer, is the utter indiffer-ence shown by the grower to the matter of quality. The same thing applies to fruits. It would be excusable if there were no other sorts but when there are a dozen more or less far better than the varieties offered it is strange indeed they are not grown. A family well known to the writer was especially fond of muskmelons and bought them in large quantities until all that were offered them were



so poor in quality they stopped using them, and the producer lost valuable trade. The honey melon which has been tested for three years past is one of the promising new sorts. It is a nicely formed melon, the skin green and the flesh a yellowish green. The flesh is firm and deep and of a sweet spicy flavor decidedly pleasing to the taste. If it does as well in general planting as on small plats, and