

A SONG OF HARVEST.

Reap, O reap! gather and reap,
Where golden ripples laugh and run,
For the hum of noontide, still and deep,
Lies on the ripened ears like sleep,
Where corollas greet the sun.

Lift up your weary eyes, behold
The golden fields, the golden air,
The west wind flecks the swaying gold
With light and shadow manifold,
And gold gleams everywhere.

Reap, O reap! while the sickles sing
The harvest song of a world at rest;
Reap with a rhythmic sweep and swing
Till silence falls with evening,
And peace is manifest.

Lift up your joyful eyes and see
The silver night, with gliding feet
Move from the sunset glimmering,
And, priestesses of God's ministry,
Hallow the garnered wheat.

"RED JIM."

Mesa City lay scorched and brown-
ing beneath the blaze of a July sun.
The wide streets, flanked by rows of
palely red brick stores and wooden
dwellings, the court house, city hall,
graded schools and churches, the dia-
mond shaped plaza, boasting a dry
uried Niobe, and even the discouraged
trees that had been planted near the
doors of the tempting saloons, were
and all white beneath the alkali dust,
and quivered and shimmered in the
burning glare like the unstable city of
a mirage.

Few inhabitants ventured forth, for
the heat was unusual even for New
Mexico, and while it lasted work must
wait. But in one building there had
gathered quite a concourse, notwith-
standing the temperature, and Judge
Gary looked from the bench across a
crowded room as the clerk arose and
with sonorous voice announced the
opening of the court for the trial of
criminal cases.

Led by Sheriff Jack, Ironed and a
trifle pale, James Brownell was led
into the room and took his place in the
prisoner's dock. The murmur of low
conversation, the occasional squeak of
a pen, the shuffling of feet, all ceased
as the clerk arose to read the indict-
ments.

Violations of the liquor laws; viola-
tion of the gambling laws; horse steal-
ing; robbery, burglary, and last of all
murder. One by one the black record
was spread before the court, the re-
sult of a series of years of iniquities,
the work of a half dozen grand jurors;
and now for the first time the much in-
dicted man was in the hands of the law,
to answer its repeated summons.

Judge Gary looked toward Brownell,
"How does the prisoner plead?"
"Not guilty to every count in every
indictment," replied his attorney, one
of the younger lawyers in the city; "and
we demand a separate trial upon each
charge."

A murmur of disapproval ran through
the room. Was this notorious desperado
to escape through the very techni-
calities and delays of the law he had
defied?

"Then it becomes the right of the dis-
trict attorney to move whichever of the
indictments he may choose," replied
the judge. "Mr. Arnold, what is the
desire on the part of the people?"

The gray-haired prosecutor for the
county arose and in a deliberate and
dignified manner announced that he
would elect to try under the principal
indictment.

"The greater might be said in this
case, your honor, to include the less.
Should the prisoner be convicted of
murder it will relieve both him and the
commonwealth from the weariness and
expense of trials for the lesser crimes;
should he be acquitted I shall move an
immediate trial under the indictment
for burglary."

The crowd breathed more easily;
Brownell was not to escape after all.

"Old Arnold 'll do him," whispered
one listener to another; "the evidence
is a dead sure thing! He's bound to
hang, an' the sheriff's posse thought so,
er they'd never a' brought him in."

The preliminaries were soon over, a
jury drawn and agreed to, the case
opened, and the trial begun.

Witness after witness was sworn in
rapid succession, and the dark story of
the crime with which Brownell was
charged—a street riot, resulting in the
death of one of the rioters—was retold
in all its hideousness. The crowd lis-
tened with eager ears, untiring for
hours, though the heat seemed to grow
with the day; the lawyers bent more
closely over their notes, the judge for-
got to lean back in his chair, and even
the prisoner, resting with manacled
hands upon the rail of the criminal's
box wherein he sat, showed by the
gloom that gathered upon his brutal
face, and the dull, angry glow in his
eye, that he appreciated the desperate
strait in which he stood.

When the prosecution had rested the
attorney for Brownell bent toward him
and whispered earnestly in his ear.
The man shook his head. Again the
lawyer addressed him, urging some plan
of defense newly thought of, but still
the prisoner refused his acquiescence,
and at last, with a gesture indicative of
irritation, young Stewart arose and
turned to address the jury.

He told them of his client's early life;
the lack of good influences, the hard
paths for childish feet, the tempta-
tions of youth, the struggles and fail-
ures of manhood. He told them of the
fight for mere existence against fate
and fortune, with no one to lend a
helping hand or breathe a heartening
word; of the frowning face of virtue
and the tempting one of vice; of aspira-
tions smothered, efforts unavailing,
good intentions trodden under foot, and
at last of hopeless, friendless, despair-
ing wickedness. He warned them
against circumstantial evidence only;
he spoke of the inherent right of self-
defense; he prayed their pity and the
benefit of the smallest cloud that
might cast a shadow of doubt; he
opened and closed his case without a
witness and sat down.

Mr. Arnold summed up for the peo-
ple, coldly, logically, convincingly; and
when, as he closed, the level rays of the
western sun shot through the dusty

windows and lit the waiting faces of
the court and jury with their glory of
crimson and gold, the prisoner, un-
touched in the falling shadow where
he sat, seemed to the breathless audi-
ence to rest beneath the gloom of a cer-
tain punishment, desperate and with-
out reprieve.

In a few words the court charged the
jury so clearly, so fairly that even
Brownell raised his ashen face from
the rail whereon he had bowed it, once
more to study with gleaming eyes the
countenances of the arbiters of his
fate.

As the twelve left the room there
entered it a child, a wee thing in white,
who wandered slowly in from the door
behind the bar, looking solemnly about
as if in search of some lost friend, until
her gaze fell upon Judge Gary. Then
the little face brightened, and with a
shout of "Grandpa!" she struggled
through the chairs, assisted by the
lawyers, and claimed a seat at his side,
where for some moments she whis-
pered softly to the old man as he wait-
ed for the hour of adjournment.

"Grandpa, it's goin' to rain, an' my mam-
ma wants 'ee to come home! Zey's a
great big cloud over zat way, an' it's
awful black!" And with round eyes of
wonder she pointed toward the south.
"But, pet," said the Judge, "grand-
pa's busy now. Who said that you
could come here?"

"No one, only mamma's 'frald, an' I
knowed she wanted 'ee, an' it's a big
cloud, an' it whirls an' whirrs, an'
scares me, too!"

As the Judge was about to reply a
slight commotion attracted his atten-
tion. A moment later the jury filed in
to their box, and the foreman arose and
faced the court.

A hush fell upon the room as the
clerk called the roll; then, in a voice
that shook a little, he said:

"Have the jury agreed upon their
verdict?"

"We have," replied the foreman sim-
ply.

"How do they find?"

"Guilty, as charged in the indict-
ment."

A sound that might have been a sigh
ran through the listeners. The Judge
arose and faced the prisoner. In the
silence that reigned the voice of a dis-
tant wind, roaring afar off, fell upon
the waiting ears, and the last gleam of
sunlight faded from the wall.

Solemnly the District Attorney moved
that sentence now be passed upon the
prisoner.

"Brownell, stand up. Have you any-
thing to say why the sentence of this
court should not be passed upon you?"

The prisoner had noted the return of
the jury and listened to their verdict as
one in a dream, as a man stunned by a
thunderbolt watches the destruction of
his home wrought by the same mes-
senger from heaven, dazed and un-
nerved. As the sound of the Judge's voice
beat upon his dull ears he turned his
head slowly and looked at him wondering-
ly.

"Have you anything to say?"

The man gathered his feet beneath
him, and, with an effort, arose. For a
long moment he gazed about him, at
the jury in the box, the Judge on the
bench, and the dense and waiting
crowd behind him. Then an ugly
smile spread across his face and a
ferce light burned in his heavy eyes.

"Hev I anything ter say? Ya! I
dare ye all to do yer worst! Do ye
think Red Jim is afeard, er thet ye kin
cow him? Ye don't know him. Murder,
is it, fer a man to save his own life, an'
ye threaten ter hang me? Do it! Go
on an' read out yer sentence. I defy
ye, Sheriff an' all! Red Jim never
squeals!" And with a snarl like that
of an animal he waved his manacled
arms above his head.

"I know the trouble; ye're all afraid
'o me, an' ye'd better be, fer of the
devil lets me live I'll be the curse of
this thin blooded town, an' everyone in
it! I hate it! Curse ye one an' all, root
an' branch, young an' old! What hev
ye ever done fer me? Nothin' but ter
foller me an' drive me out o' decent
livin' an' make me an' outcast an' a
criminal as I am! When I asked fer
work what did ye give me? Jail! When
I found a place, ye told my boss that
I'd rob him, an' he turned me out! When
I tried to be decent, every man's
hand an' every woman's tongue in this
black town was agin me, an' I curse ye
all!"

The man had worked himself into a
fury. His eyes glared, his face was

white as death, and his shackled
hands swung to and fro, clanking the
heavy irons as though they were bells.

His listeners were stunned—all but
Sheriff Jack and the Judge, and when
the former would have seized the pris-
oner and conveyed him from the room,
the Justice stopped him.

As Brownell paused for breath the
dull roar of the wind sounded louder
in the ears of the people, and the dark-
ness, unusual except as the forerunner
of a storm at this time of the year,
thickened momentarily. The Judge's
granddaughter had crept into his arms
and hidden her face.

"Ye hev forgot that I war ever bet-
ter'n the dogs at yer doors, er the
snakes at yer heels; but I hev not!
Who saved you from the Injuns thir-
teen years ago, Tom Bodoin?" he
shouted, turning suddenly toward one of
the jurymen and stretching his manacled
arms in his direction. "Who saved ye
an' yer family up on the Rio? Red
Jim! But he's wass nor an Injun now!
Who caught the man that tried to steal
yer daughter, Dan O'Neil?" he contin-
ued pointing to another jurymen,

"when he hed shot yer boss under ye,
an' the girl had fainted in his arms?
Who? Red Jim! But ye don't remem-
ber it! Who went into the engine-room
of the Last Chance Mine an' shut off
the steam when every d—d coward
had run, an' the biler was at the point
o' burstin' an' the cage with fifteen men
would a' gone to the bottom of the
shaft? Red Jim! But that don't count!
He's a desperado now, hang him!
Hang him!"

His voice was raised to a shriek, and
sounded shrill through the gloom above
the deepening thunder of the storm.
"An' you, Judge Gary, thet are to sen-
tence me to hang by the neck until I'm
dead, I talk to ye with yer grandchild
in yer arms! Who refused her father
drink times without number, an' cared
fer him nights without number? Who
drov him back to ye when ye couldn't
git him yerself, an' tried to make a man
o' him? Who saved him from the
hands of the men who would a' torn
him in pieces the last night of his life
fer his devilish work with his knife,
when he hed no friends? Red Jim!
Who gave yer son a bed to die in, old
man, when ye hed refused it yerself?
Red Jim! An' now he braves ye an'
curses ye, one an' all! Curses, double
curses, ten thousand curses on—"

A sudden mighty blow, bursting the
side of the building, a hideous roar like
the voice of an angry ocean, a crash as
if the heavens had fallen, inky black-
ness blotting out everything, and amid
the rending of wood and iron, the
shrieks of victims, and the wild tramp-
eting of the storm, the cyclone swept
on, leaving a mass of ruins where the
court house had stood.

Half a dozen hours later, as the res-
cuers labored they came upon an open-
ing, a sort of protected chamber, as it
were, in front of the desk where the
bar had formerly been, made by the
great beams falling one upon the other.
And within it were found three per-
sons—Judge Gary, stretched upon the
floor, stunned but breathing; and bend-

ing above him Red Jim, holding in his
shackled hands, sheltered close to his
breast, the little form of the Judge's
granddaughter, living and unharmed.
But the central iron support of the
court house dome had fallen directly
across this group, and Brownell had
yielded his life in the effort to protect
and save the others.

(From a story by Francis E. Hamilton, in
Munsey's Magazine.)

A Woman's "Word or Two."

Telegraph tools are moderately light
as a rule; but sometimes they appear to
be excessive, as in the case told some
years ago of a man whose wife was go-
ing abroad. He asked her to telegraph
him a word or two letting him know of
her safe arrival in London.

A few hours he received the follow-
ing message, marked collect:

"Dear George—Arrived here safely
at 6:15. The train was due at 6, but we
were delayed fifteen minutes while en
route. Had a perfectly lovely journey.
Do not worry about me; I will get along
all right. And take good care of your-
self. Be so careful about taking cold
this weather. Be sure to have the
house open and aired as often as possi-
ble. Remember what I told you about
your socks and shirts. Do not forget to
keep the basement door locked. Write
every day. I am sure I shall have a
lovely time. So good of you to let me
go. You must come over after me soon.
Forever and ever yours,

"MAMIE."

An hour later Mamie was pained to
receive the following reply to her "word
or two":

"Do not wire from Switzerland. Am
ruined if you do. GEORGE."

—Argonaut.

An Aluminum Boat.

An aluminum torpedo boat built by
Yarrow for the French government,
has just had a trial on the Thames.
The boat is 69 feet long, 9 feet 3 inches
beam, and weighs with the water in its
boilers 9 tons 8 hundredweight, the hull
alone weighing just two tons. The ma-
terial used was an alloy of 94 per cent.
of aluminum and 6 per cent. of copper.
A striking result obtained from using
the lighter metal was a gain of 3 1/2
knots over the steel boat of the same
model, but it was also made possible to
use thicker scantling, which stiffened
the boat so that the vibration was not
appreciable. The boat is easier to lift
and more buoyant in the water. The
cost of the metal was over \$1,000, or
twice as much as a steel boat of the
same model.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Multiple Infection for Bacteria.

Interesting results of experiments on
the effect of associating virulent with
harmless micro-organisms in inocula-
tions have been published in France by
Dr. Duenschmann. Bacterium chan-
celor, ordinarily kills guinea pigs in
eighteen hours, but when a harmless
microbe—bacillus prodigiosus—was in-
troduced with it the effect was delayed
four days. Other observers had shown
that animals are more readily infected
with disease organisms of various kinds
in the presence of bacillus prodigiosus.
The influence upon disease of two or
more varieties of organisms acting sim-
ultaneously is a subject thus far little
considered.—Invention.

Of course it makes you feel bad to
bite a worm in an apple, but think
how much worse the worm feels.

HOME AND THE FARM.

TOPICS OF INTEREST TO FARM- ER AND HOUSEWIFE.

**How to Interest the Boys in the Work—
Combined Poultry and Pigeon House—
Device for Splitting Wood—General
Agricultural News.**

How to Make Money on the Farm.
Do not look beyond your reach for
wealth when it lies all about you. In
this wonderful age of improvement you
must move in the line of march, or let
your next door neighbor dig the jewels
from the soil. Many of our young men
are not content with the beautiful old
homestead, the green fields, and much
that makes one so independent on the
farm, but in their anxiety for gain,
push out to large cities or some distant
land, when, in nine cases out of ten,
they would have been happier and
wealthier men had they put that same
life and energy on the farm.

The world demands men who will
work. The curse of our country to-day
is the multitude of idle ones, who de-
mand not only a living, but even luxur-
ies thrown in. Nothing in this life can
be gained without hard work. Be care-
ful in choosing an occupation, start
right, the outcome will be fruitfulness.
If you are interested in your vocation
and are industrious, your work, even
though hard, will be a pleasure.

Try to interest your boys in your
work. To do this, you must encourage
them in their small beginnings. Stake
out one acre of land for your boy for
his own use. By this I do not mean
the poorest land on your farm, but the
very best, and see, also, to commence
with that it is well enriched. Start the
boys right, as the first year's trial will
be apt to decide their future.

Put in something that is in demand,
and that always commands good prices.
How many farmers have first-class
seed corn that will test 95 per cent.
when planting time arrives? A fine
grade of seed corn that your neighbors
know is all right in every respect will
prove a very profitable investment for
you. When you have an article to sell,
give your customers something that is
valued received, and your trade is es-
tablished. The same hints may be ap-
plied to all varieties of grain. There is
a good income awaiting you at your
very doors; seize your grand opportu-
nity.

Poultry and Pigeon House.

A poultry house with a loft especial-
ly fitted up for the accommodation of
pigeons is shown in the accompanying
illustrations from the American Agri-
culturist. The poultry quarters have
an addition fitted with wire netting in

front in summer, as seen in Fig. 1, and
windows in winter which serves as a
scratching and dusting room, commu-
nication being had with it from the main
poultry room. The diagram Fig. 2,
shows the inside arrangement when
the building is used for two breeds.
Such an arrangement secures exceed-
ingly warm roosting quarters for both
flocks, as the recesses occupied by the
roosts can be shut off from the main

room to some extent by placing parti-
tions in front of the roosts, extending
from the ceiling, but not reaching to
the floor. The warm air from the bod-
ies of the fowls is thus kept around and
above the birds while on their roosts.

Cutting Corn Stalks.

The season for cutting corn stalks is
at hand for the large class of farmers
who do not put them in silos. Almost
every farmer who feeds corn stalks to
cows has them cut. It is not always
safe to feed horses the cut stalks, as
their digestive apparatus is different.
The hard, woody stalks, cut in small
pieces, may injure a horse's intestines
before the gastric juices have time to
soften them. The feed when eaten by
the cow goes more in a mass and is
brought up and rechewed in her cud.
For this reason cut corn stalks ought
not to be fed to horses unless first wet
with warm water to soften them, then
the hard portion of them is left un-
uneaten. A horse will not eat much
more of the corn stalk after it is cut
than it will before. If cheap, bulky
food is to be used to mix with the grain
for horses it had better be cut straw or
hay than cut corn stalk. But the corn
stalks for cows ought always to be cut
before feeding. If they are wet with
hot water or steamed and mixed with
grain meal scarcely anything will be
rejected. A little clover hay per day
with this will make a complete ration
for cows.—American Cultivator.

Rotation of Crop Tested.

To determine the exact effect of ro-
tation, a series of experiments have
been conducted by the Indiana station.
Of the plots upon which grain crops are
grown continuously a portion are de-
voted exclusively to wheat, while upon
others wheat is grown in alternation
with corn and oats. In the plots de-

voted exclusively to grain growing the
average yield of wheat for seven years,
closing with 1893, was 15.80 bushels
per acre, and in 1894 the yield was
12.74 bushels per acre. On the plots
upon which grain and grasses are
grown in rotation the average yield for
the seven years was 21.61 bushels per
acre, and in 1894 it was 22.67 bushels.
The difference in favor of rotation for
the period of seven years averaged 5.72
bushels per acre, and in 1894 it
amounted to 9.93 bushels per acre.
Thus it is shown that wheat produced
over a third more when grown in ro-
tation than when grown continuously in
the land year after year.

For Splitting Wood.

A holder for splitting wood is a nice
convenience, and one like that here
illustrated is often at hand or can be
secured. When a device of this kind is
used it saves trouble and even some
danger from splitting wood. It is not
always understood that much advan-
tage may be taken of hard labor when
splitting wood by slabbing off the sides
of the block instead of splitting through
the center. When a log is sawed into



DEVICE FOR SPLITTING WOOD.

short cuts, for example, to be split into
firewood, two iron wedges and a bottle
may be necessary to open a cut through
the heart. But by taking off thin slabs
all of the splitting may be done with
only an ax. After a log is split into
slabs the labor of splitting the slabs the
other way will be comparatively light.

Spreading Manure in the Fall.

It is a good plan to spread manure
upon the fields in the fall. Experience
shows that manure applied in the fall
to the surface, either of plowed or grass
land, will become so thoroughly pul-
verized and distributed through the
soil by the action of frost and rain as to
act more quickly and be in better
condition for plants to assimilate than
the same fertilizer would be applied in
the spring. The loss from drainage,
unless upon very steep surfaces, will
probably be less than from the wash-
ing if left in open yards. The loss from
evaporation is likely to be much less
than that from fermentation, if the
manure is allowed to accumulate in
cellars or sheds.

The Horse's Foot.

The Rev. W. H. Murray, who un-
derstood horses as well as Adiro-
dacks, once laid down a rule in regard
to trimming a horse's foot that every
horseman in the world should cut out
and paste in his hat. "Never," he says,
"allow the knife to touch the sole of
your horse's foot, nor the least bit of it
to be pared away, because nature needs
the full bulk of it and has amply pro-
vided for its removal at the proper
time. Secondly, never allow a knife to
be put to the frog, because nature
never provides too much of it to an-
swer the purpose for which the Creator
designed it, and the larger it is the
more swiftly, easily and safely will
your horse go."

Raising Vegetables in Winter.

Lettuce, radishes and like small veg-
etables are cultivated all winter long
in Southern Georgia by a simple device
that would be effective in mild winters
much farther north. A frame of wood
inclosing rich earth is placed in the
garden, and seeds are sown from time
to time. When a cool night comes, a
frame bearing a sheet of coarse mus-
lin is placed over the growing plants,
and thus they are protected from frost.
Now and then the thickness of a
cent forms in the night, but the vegeta-
bles so covered escape injury.

Irrigation Improves Fruit.

Irrigation is claimed to increase the
sugar in fruit and improve its quality.
In California it has been found that
irrigated fruit has less shrinkage when
dried, and was also worth more in its
green state. This is due to the greater
proportion of mineral matter being
taken up by being dissolved with a
plentiful supply of water. The greater
foliage permits the plants to derive
more carbonic acid from the air, and
thus contribute a greater proportion of
sugar to the fruit.

False Supports for Beams and Sills.

Frequently in erecting farm build-
ings, the posts are of such slender di-
mensions that the owner and carpent-
ers do not care to cut a shoulder
in them for the support of the
ends of beams, sills or girts. In
such cases these important parts of the structure are
left with only such support as is af-
forded by the strength of the tender,
which is usually cut away to less than
one-third the breaking strength of the
stick of timber. By fitting in a piece of
plank or scantling between the lower
side of the beam or sill and the upper
side of the lower portion of the brace,
as shown at a, in the illustration, and
nailing them to the part c, the building
will be quite as strong and firm as if
the post had been two inches greater in
diameter. This improvement may be
added at any time at very little labor
and expense.

The Cow that Pays.

If a cow gives milk 300 days in the
year, and her capacity exceeds another
cow only two quarts daily, which sells
at 10c per gallon, she will produce
milk exceeding the less-productive cow
as much as \$15 per year. With only
two quarts difference, and at only 2 1/2c

a quart, the comparison is in
favor of choice cows. Yet a
cow may give twice as much
one that has no breeding. It is
one to raise good cows than to buy
ones that are unknown.

Keeping the Stable Sweet.

Ventilation in the stable does
mean a draught of air coming in
animals. It is useless to make
warm with tight roof and wa-
then have cold "air holes," in-
ventilators, to allow the warm
currents are felt. The stable
be ventilated during the day by
opening the doors and the windows
which should be closed at night
attention must be given to the
of the wind, and bedding should
be plentiful.

Steady Horticulture.

Every farmer should und-
erstand horticulture. It enables him to
larger variety and to rotate his
to the best advantage. There
reason for confining the farm to
or four crops. The soil will
proved when the same crop
grown oftener than one year.
Small fruits should be grown,
as grain and vegetables.

Using Up Bones.

If bones cannot be reduced to
fine condition pound them, or
place them in pieces in some man-
ner about the farm, about six inches deep in the soil
may also be used around trees
little benefit will be derived
course pieces of bone for a year
but it is better to utilize them
allow them to accumulate into a
heap.

Tobacco Plants.

A lady in Lancaster, Pa., as
permitted, planted carefully in the
last summer six Havana
presented to her by a friend,
country. Under her care the
grew to be 6 or 7 feet high, and
them showed 36 inches in length
was 22 inches wide. What can
in a garden can be done in a
the field is enriched and cultiva-

Notes.

Grub up the sassafras growing
fields and keep the young bushes
until the fields are cleared of them.
At the recent fruit show at the
Palace the Queen took first
100 varieties each of pears and
Carrots, turnips and beets, if
to cattle, should always be sliced
not cut up into irregular pieces,
are much more liable to be choked
any other class of stock.

When a horse is doing no
should receive less grain and
more hay. There is no time
year, however, when the horse
not be given exercise in some
A ranchman in the Big Horn
Wyoming, raised 30,000 pounds
patch of ground 35,000 feet dur-
past season. Eight of the out-
lected for size, weighed two
pounds.

When blackberrying, many a
fruits sort is met with, which, if
planted to the garden, would
good as any of the cultivated
Some of the best known varieties
introduced in this way.

Winter oats are extensively grown
Virginia. They are sown at
month before the usual time of
when, or from Sept. 1 to Sept. 15,
chaff is made that winter
grow wherever crimson clover
seeds.

The Earl of Aberdeen has
people of Nova Scotia to develop
fruit culture. At present the
33,000 acres of orchards in Nova
lin is placed over the growing plants,
and thus they are protected from frost.
Now and then the thickness of a
cent forms in the night, but the vegeta-
bles so covered escape injury.

The New York Milk Exchange
the net price of milk from the
the middle of October at 3 1/2c per
after Oct. 17, 3c a quart. The
cream was reduced from 40 to
can. This is said to be the
stance on record of lowering the
milk and cream in October.