Way to Avoid Side Slips.

Great danger in a side slip on wet asphalt may be avoided in wheeling by standing on your pedals lifting your body clear of the seat and putting all your weight on the handlebar and pedals. That will stop it. Do you know why?

Have you ever noticed that when you slide on wet asphalt it is always the rear wheel that slips? It is because the weight is there and the wheel is rigid. Its relation with a slippery spot is absolute, while the front wheel you swing out of the way by means of the handlebars.

Just reflect a moment and it will be self-evident to you. Imagine you strike the edge of a slight depression in the asphalt on a rainy day.

Your front wheel slips a trifle and veers and you yank it steady with your hand, but when your rear wheel hits the edge it slides into the hole so quick that the machine shoots out from under you and down you go like a ton of bricks.

On dirt roads when they are muddy, the same proposition is true. Ride your pedals and you will escape the falls.

It's Swell, but It Isn't Easy.

There is a deal of etiquette to be observed while awheel, and one of the chief things over which people who are "sticklers for style" are wont to quarrel is the gloving of the hand. A precedent for this sort of things has

WAY TO HOLD THE HANDLEBAR.

been established among Paris fashion molders. The proper style of glove and the proper method of holding the handle bar with one hand are shown in the accompanying illustration, photographed from life. If you would be up to date while "biking" you should study this very closely.

French Cyclers Balk Soldiering.

The French racing cracks are, many of them, approaching the age when they are compelled to do their quota of military duty. As retirement from the track at this time would mean the loss of thousands of francs to them they are devising many unique ills for the purpose of evading the laws. The favorite one, however, is to go out of the country for a short time and get a certificate from a doctor while away, stating that they have heart disease. This is easily done, for a fee, and when the certificate is filed the racing man gets excused from duty on the ground of physical incapacity.

Must Ride Back.

Every mile ridden out means a mile to be ridden back, and this fact often escapes wheelmen, who keep on the outward journey until they commence to feel tired. The miles coming home under these conditions seem interminable, and result in taking all the pleasure out of the trip. The conditions are exaggerated when the wind is blowing on the back going out, for it is so enjoyable a sensation that a rider dislikes to forsake it, and when he turns in the opposite direction has all the worse a trip on account of the wind, which but a short time before was causing him so much exultation.

84, But She Rides a Wheel.

Mrs. Radle, a widow 84 years old, living in the eastern suburbs of Dorr, Mich., purchased a bicycle recently, and it is said that she has been making rapid progress in learning to ride.

For years she has walked to North Dorr to attend church services, but on account of her declining strength she has now adopted the wheel as the easier means to get to church.

Cycling News and Notes.

Berlin has a club of cycling doctors.

There are 8,000 wheelmen in Bombay.

It is an ill wind that blows out of a puncture.

A writer describes cycling as "nature's cinematograph.

Remember, pleasure is measured by the hour, not by the mile.

The German Empress considers cycling a very ungraceful pastime for women.

A small arms factory in Tokio, Japan, is making a limited number of bicycles for native use.

A grim humorist says it depends very much on what kind of a life you have led what becomes of you if you coast down hills without a brake.

Cordang, holder of the world's twenty-four hour record of 616 miles, is again in great form, and will make an attempt to ride even further in the double revolution of the clock some time during the spring.

THE FARM AND HOME

MATTERS OF INTEREST TO FARMER AND HOUSEWIFE.

Zeal Exercised to Stamp Out Tuberculosis in England—The Farmer's Table Not Costly—Caring for Cellars in Summer—Brief Farm Notes.

Stamping Out Tuberculosis.

Active as many of our municipal and State authorities have shown themselves to be in the attempt which is being made in this country to limit the inroads of tuberculosis, no less zeal is being exercised in furtherance of the same object in England. The royal commission appointed in England to investigate the best means for preventing the dissemination of tuberculosis in meat and milk has recommended that all sanitary authorities be empowered to demand the provision of public slaughter houses, the inspection of all meat slaughtered elsewhere than in a public slaughter house and brought into the district for sale, and the inspection of all animals immediately after slaughter in the public slaughter house. In Great Britain, the inspection of meat in the rural districts is to be administered by the county councils, and in Ireland by corresponding authorities. No meat shall be offered for sale that has not been killed in a licensed slaughter house, and no person shall be permitted to act as a meat inspector before undergoing a qualifying examination on the law of meat inspection, the names and situations of the organs of the body, signs of health and disease in animals and carcasses, and the conditions rendering fresh meat fit or unfit for human food. Special precautions are urged in the case of pork, which is regarded as especially dangerous. With regard to dairies, the report recommends that in future no cow shed, byre or shippon shall be permitted or registered in urban districts within 100 feet of any dwelling house, and that to secure the registering of a dairy in a populous place, it must in future have an impervious floor, a sufficient water supply for flushing, proper drainage, a depot for manure at a sufficient distance from the byres, minimum cubic contents of from 600 to 800 cubic feet for each adult beast, a minimum floor space of 50 feet to each adult beast, and sufficient light and ventilation.

The Farmer's Table.

A farmer can keep a good table at less cost than any one else. He can keep an orchard with all kinds of fruit, a garden with all kinds of vegetables; in fact, anything that can be grown he may have it fresh at his own door and at the actual cost of production. The farmer's occupation, although it contains a good deal of hard work and some drawbacks, is generally free and healthful, and perhaps the most independent of any. There is no machine work such as is generally found in a shop, where the operators have to do one thing all the time. The work is constantly changing, making it more interesting and less tiresome. Situations are constantly varying, giving plenty of scope for study and judgment as to the best method to be used in each particular case.—Farming.

Summer Care of Cellars.

The necessities of our climate forbid much ventilation of cellars in winter so as to prevent danger of freezing. Undoubtedly this is an injury to health, as the odors and also the bacteria generated in decaying vegetation are carried upward through the living rooms. In the cellar is often to be found the cause of much of the prevalent spring malaria. It is all the worse if the cellar is kept closed while the outside air grows warmer, and sunshine getting into the cellar makes vegetation rot more rapidly. The health of the family requires that cellars should be opened both to sunlight and to fresh air all through the summer. If the walls are well whitewashed, that itself will do much to check decay. Lime is a great absorber of moisture, and also of foul odors. If the cellar is made light by whitening its walls, it is much more likely to be kept clean than if left in such darkness as it must needs be in winter, when a clean cellar is hardly among the things to be expected.—American Cultivator.

Growing Muskmelons.

The muskmelon is much more prolific than the watermelon. Hence though its price is generally low, it can be relied upon in an ordinary season for a fair profit, especially for those produced early. The best way is to start the seeds in inverted sods, which can be kept under glass until the weather is warm enough to allow them to be transplanted to the field where they are to grow. Whenever home-grown muskmelons are ready, they entirely supersede the stock brought from the South. The yellow varieties are too mushy for most tastes. The fine-netted, green-fleshed varieties are liked by everybody, and those that are home grown never lack a market.

Potato Bugs on Tomatoes.

A few tomatoes in the garden are often grown by people who have not room enough to grow potatoes or prefer to buy them. Such people are often surprised to find potato bugs flying on their tomato plants and laying their yellow-colored eggs on the underside of the leaves. The larva, when hatched, will eat the tomato leaves as voraciously as if they were of its usual diet. By what instinct this pest learns that tomatoes, potatoes and the egg plant all belong to the same family of plants, and are each adapted to its use, nobody can guess. If the potato beetle is forced to lay eggs on weeds or grass, though these eggs will hatch, the young larvae perish before they can reach maturity. It is probably fortunate that this is so, else the potato beetle might become a general destroyer of all kinds of vegetables, and be a much worse pest than it now is.

Loss of Nitrogen.

The French scientist, M. Deherain, has reported to the Paris Academy of Sciences the result of an extended series of agricultural experiments, which may prove of practical value to American farmers. His experiments confirm those conducted at Rohamsted, which show that the loss of nitrogen from fallow lands by drainage water is much greater than the loss from lands covered with vegetation. Though the experiments of Schloesing led him to infer that this loss is insignificant, the opinion of the former observer seems to be better sustained and more reasonable. M. Deherain, therefore, concludes that "the loss from naked soils is infinitely greater than that from land sown in wheat," and hence that it is good policy for farmers to follow up crops such as wheat with some kind of autumn crop.

Rye Among Wheat.

Wherever winter wheat is grown the mixture of rye with it in seeding as considered very careless farming. It is tolerated, however, by some, because in a bad season or when the land is in poor condition the rye will outyield the wheat, which is shown by the increased proportion of rye in the crop each succeeding year. It is not at all hard to clear rye out of wheat. The rye is much taller, and it shoots into head several days before the wheat does. Where there is not too large a proportion of rye it can be easily cut out before the wheat heads out by a man going through the field with a sharp knife. A little rye among wheat makes it hard to sell, except at a reduction of several cents per bushel.—Exchange.

Experiment in Feeding Hogs.

The Montana Experiment Station has been trying experiments in feeding pigs, dividing them into three lots. One was fed on barley meal exclusively, lot two on barley and wheat ground together, and lot three on all three grains mixed. As might be expected, the last lot made the greatest gain and at the least expense. The barley and corn together was better than either alone, though there was in either of these a more poorly balanced ration than when either was combined with wheat. And yet how infrequently is this principle applied in feeding of hogs for pork. Some wheat middlings will be eaten greedily by corn-fed hogs, and will be worth more than its weight in corn.

The Colt's Feet.

Neither the bones of the colt's leg nor the muscles and hoof of his foot have acquired sufficient firmness to enable it to be put on stable floors of either wood, stone or cement. If for any reason the colt cannot run with its dam while she is at work, let it have a yard by itself with a turf flooring, rather than put him in a floored stable. It is while the colt is young that the future character of his feet is being decided. Even in winter colts should be kept rather in box stalls, where a bedding of their own excrement trodden hard will be a better cushion for their feet than the most carefully cleaned floor stable could be.

The Best Market.

The nearest town is the best market and deserves consideration. It is not unusual to witness heavy shipments of fruit and vegetables to the large cities, which may not bring enough to pay freight some years, when the consumers living at the shipping point cannot get a supply of certain articles unless they pay the highest prices. It is a well-known fact that many towns situated in the midst of rich agricultural regions buy their supplies of the very articles grown near them from the large cities. In all towns the enterprising farmers can build up a local custom that will be profitable.

Cultivation of Corn.

After the corn is planted keep the land clean. Do not allow grass to make a start or weeds more than peep above the ground. The first month with corn, giving it a good send-off before dry weather appears, is one-half the advantage, and any planting should be done without delay. It is better to use plenty of seed, and pull out all plants not wanted, than to use seed sparingly. Cutworms and birds will secure a portion of the crop at the start, but the more rapid the growth of the young corn the less liability of damage.

Intensive Farming.

Special farming is usually successful farming, because the farmer who directs his attention to one or a very few lines is apt to give these good attention, with the result that he gets larger yields per acre than does the general farmer. It is the larger yields that give profit. A yield of thirty bushels of wheat per acre, costing $15 an acre to produce and selling at 70 cents a bushel, is more profitable than a crop yielding ten bushels per acre, costing $10 per acre to raise and selling at $1 per bushel.—Rural World.

Keep "Tab" on Your Cows.

Which cow gives the most milk, and produces the largest quantity of butter in a year, may be known to every farmer who has a herd, but only a few of them know the exact quantities for every day or week in the year, simply because they do not keep records. Then there is the cost of the milk and butter to be known, as some cows are heavy feeders and do not produce accordingly, while it is also possible for a good cow to give large yields and yet not at a cost to allow a profit.

Pasture for Pigs.

When clover and grass can be had for the pigs it will pay to turn them out to help themselves. With a mess of bran and skim milk at night they will require no other help and will grow more rapidly than if penned and fed on corn.

"WHEN Joe Peterman and Polly May get married," was a standing jest in Pineville.

Joe and Polly lived on adjoining five-acre lots, with only a fence between them. It was not a very high fence nor a strong one either, for it was almost rotted down in many places.

It was said that years ago Joe and Polly had been sweethearts, but that they had quarreled about some trifling matter, and that they had not spoken to each other since that day.

Jonessy had just been elected justice of Pineville, and was looking around to see where the fees of the office were to come from.

As there was nothing for him to do in the office, he thought that it was his duty to go outside of it and hunt up something. In debating the question with himself as to what would be most likely to bring him in a fee, his mind, of course, turned to marriages.

"When Joe Peterman and Polly May get married," he repeated to himself, smiling. "Well, it is a duty I owe to this community to end that quarrel of theirs the first thing, and it is a duty I owe to myself to see that they get married as soon afterward as possible."

So Jonessy took a walk out to Joe Peterman's place, and found the latter at home.

"Joe," he said, after some talk on subjects in general, "Joe, I came out to see you on official business."

Joe's eyes flew wide open.

"I haven't been doing anything wrong, have I?" he asked, with trembling voice.

The truth was that Joe had thrown a brickbat at Polly's cat the night before, and without really intending to do so, had hit her and knocked her out of his favorite peach tree, and had felt rather mean about it ever since.

"Well, I don't know," Jonessy replied, cautiously, for he could see that Joe had something on his mind, and thought to draw him out. "You see, Joe, the right and the wrong generally depends on the circumstances attending the case."

"That's what I reckoned," said Joe. "You see I saw her coming through the fence, and tried to make her go back."

"And she wouldn't go?"

"No."

"What did you do next?"

"Soon as I spoke she ran up that peach tree, and went to clawing and scratching the bark."

"She did, eh?"

"She did. Then I got mad, like a fool," said Joe, hanging his head. "I picked up a brickbat and threw it at her, and down she came, kicking her legs like drumsticks."

"Didn't she say anything?" asked Jonessy.

"Who?"

"Why, Polly May, of course."

"You didn't think that it was Polly I treated that way, did you?" asked Joe.

"No, hardly. But who was it?"

"It was Polly's cat, Jonessy. I thought that perhaps Polly had seen it, and gone to you and entered a complaint against me."

"No, she hasn't done it yet, Joe, but there is no telling how soon she may do so," said Jonessy. Then he added, confidentially, "If I were you I'd go over and see her and settle the whole thing out of court."

After Jonessy left him Joe stood and scratched his head for some time. The whole thing was a puzzle to him. Had Jonessy known more than he pretended? If so, had Polly told him? And if Polly had, was it at her suggestion that Jonessy had come and told him to go and see her?

"It is ten years since we spoke," he mused, with a sad smile, while a mocking bird was singing blithely in a tree close by.

Then suddenly he burst out laughing. "The idea of Polly climbing a tree," he cried. "And me throwing brickbats at her, and she falling—ha-ha-ha!"

But Jonessy walked homeward in quite a different mood. Somehow he felt that his mission had been rather a failure. Still, every once in awhile, a gleam of hope darted upward and he thought that he could see a fee of office afar off.

As he walked along, musing and dreaming he found himself suddenly face to face with a woman carrying a huge basket on her arm.

"How do you do, Judge?" she cried, cheerily, letting her basket down to the ground. "I was real glad to hear that you was elected."

"Thank you, Polly. I was just thinking about you when you bobbed up," said Jonessy. "Have just been over to see your neighbor, Joe Peterman, and was on my way home with my thoughts full of both of you."

Polly frowned.

"Joe isn't going to have me to court, is he?" she asked.

"Can't say, Polly. I reckon that depends as much on you as on him."

"Well, he had no business coming in through the window like he did," Polly cried. "It served him only right that the window fell down on him like it did and caught him by the leg. Of course, when I grabbed him by the throat to keep him from squalling, and he cut me on the wrist, I was mad enough to kill him. But I kept my temper, and I didn't hurt him any more than I could help," she protested.

"But Joe didn't——" Jonessy began.

"Of course Joe didn't. Joe never would listen to reason," cried Polly.

"But, Polly, Joe——" Jonessy began again.

"That's all right, Jim Jonessy; you have Joe's side of the story, and I am going to tell mine," cried Polly. "After I got him loose I bothered with him all day, and doctored him, and that night, after dark, I carried him in my arms to the fence and set him down on the other side."

"Goodness, Polly, you don't mean to tell me that you carried him in your arms?" Jonessy exclaimed.

"Well, I just did, and I'll swear to it before Joe or anybody."

"I wouldn't do it if I was you," said Jonessy, earnestly. "Why, there isn't a soul in Pineville would believe you could do it."

"Could do what?"

"Why, carry Joe Peterman in your arms, of course."

"Jim Jonessy, you are a fool!" she cried, very red in the face. "It is Joe's old Dominick rooster I have been talking about."

"Why, yes, of course," stammered Jonessy, in confusion, trying to smile. "I was just teasing you, Polly, knowing that you and Joe were such old friends."

"But did Joe say he was going to take me to court?" she asked.

"Not exactly, but I advised him to go and talk the matter over with you. Say, Polly, you two ought to make up. You take my advice," said Jonessy.

Then Jonessy went one way and Polly went the other, each one busy with many thoughts.

That evening Mrs. Jonessy asked her husband how many fees the new office had brought him.

"This is the first day, you know," he smiled faintly. "I have just been setting the wheels in motion to-day, and the fees will come in after awhile."

"Yes; when Joe Peterman and Polly May get married," she said, laughing.

Jonessy had accomplished something that day. He had set Joe and Polly thinking about each other. Joe's long, lantern-jawed face, usually sober and solemn, had relaxed into smiles several times, and once he had actually caught himself humming an old song that had lain forgotten for years within him. On the other hand, Polly's round and rosy face, that was supposed to wear a smile even in sleep, was very thoughtful and sad. And while bending above the steam from the fragrant teapot, at the supper table, her eyes seemed filled with unshed tears.

"Poor Joe," she sighed, as she sat down to her lonely meal. "I thought sure that he would get over it and marry some one else, but it seems that he doesn't care any more than I do for anybody, and both of us just persist in being wrong, when only a word from either of us would make things so different."

Just then a cat came in at the open door, and when Polly saw that it limped slightly on one leg she sprang up from the table and caught it in her arms.

"Poor Kitty," she murmured. "I wonder who hurt you? You can't tell, can you?"

"I can," said a manly voice in the doorway, and a moment later Joe entered the room. "Jonessy told me today that you intended to sue me for throwing a brickbat at your cat," he said.

Polly eyed her visitor closely for a moment, and seeing that his eyes were upon her supper table instead of upon herself, the hard lines that had come around her lips relaxed into a smile.

"Come in, Joe," she said, gently. "Will you take a cup of tea with me?"

"Then you ain't mad because I crippled your cat?"

"Joe," she cried, trying to look severe, "will you take a cup of tea with me?"

"Yes. You ain't mad, Polly?"

Polly did not reply, but busied herself refilling the teapot, and making room for him at the table.

When Joe was seated at the table Polly sat down opposite to him and watched him in silence for several minutes.

"So Jim Jonessy has been telling you that I was about to take you to court for crippling my cat, has he?" she said at last. "I met him when he came from your house, and he hinted that you might have me prosecuted because your old Dominick rooster came over here and got himself crippled the other day."

"I never said no such thing, Polly," cried Joe.

"Nor did I," said Polly.

"I never mentioned rooster to him."

"And I never said cat."

"I wonder how he found out?" cried Joe.

"I guess our consciences gave it away. When I think of it now, he never said rooster to me until I had told him all about it myself," said Polly, smiling.

"I remember now, that it was the same with me and the cat," said Joe. "I know I wanted to tell you how sorry I was, and it was all I could think of when Jonessy came to see me."

"I am sorry, too, Joe," said Polly, "and I hope you won't think that I done it on purpose."

Somehow the summer dusk gathered around them, and neither seemed to notice it, as they talked on and on across the table between them. After awhile, however, Polly rose and went to the open door, where Joe followed her.

"Say, Polly," he said, taking her unresisting hand, "I have been sorry for everything all these years; won't you say that you forgive me?"

Polly looked up into his face.

"I have been sorry, too, Joe. Oh! so sorry."

Just then Polly's cat, purring softly, rubbed herself against Joe's leg, and at the same moment old Dominick crowed lustily on his own side of the fence.

Now, in Pineville, a good many things are dated from the time "when Joe Peterman and Polly May got married."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

"I CAN," SAID A MANLY VOICE IN THE DOORWAY.

Ill-Omened East Wind.

There are twenty-two allusions in the Bible to the east wind, nineteen of them being of a disparaging character.

When an only son comes down town earlier than ten in the morning, he looks as though he hadn't had his sleep out.