

THE WEDDING OF GLORY ANN

The old red farmhouse, "Carter's Place," was unusually astir on a certain bright October morning. There were no absolute sounds of unwonted occurrences, only a vague air of expectancy seemed to brood over it.

On the opposite side of the road lived Philury Corwin. She was busily engaged in watching the Carter house and washing the breakfast dishes, while she talked with her invalid sister, Rhody Ann.

"Pears to me," said Philury, pausing in her work and gesticulating with her dishcloth in her hand, "pears to me as if suthin' unusual like was agoin' on to them Carterses. I seen the greatest lot of flaxin's goin' on there these last two days, an' I hear that they got Mis' Darney up from King's Holler—a sewin' in the spare chamber—a sewin' all day an' on even by candlelight. Then I seen they been havin' them parlor blinds open, an' that means suthin'. An' Mis' Carter bought two silver plated napkin rings down to Colinses. I think I'll jest run across and inquire, if you will watch them ples. I am that ferce to know if Glory Ann be really agoin' to marry that Philletus Antrim."

With a parting admonition concerning the ples, Philury started upon her tour of investigation.

"How be ye, Mis' Carter?" she inquired, as she paused before the kitchen door and looked at that lady, who was busy making sweet smelling cakes.

Mrs. Carter looked up, and waving her flour covered arm toward a chair, said:

"Set, Philury. I be feelin' fair to middlin'. How's Rhody Ann an' yerself?"

"Rhody Ann ain't feelin' very smart. Her back's a-troublin' her, an' her head is sort of fuddled with the achin', but I'm feelin' very nice. I jest run over today to fetch ye the drawin of tea I borrowed of a Monday and to see if I couldn't do nothin' to help ye. I seen ye was havin' quite a lot agoin' on. Be it that Glory Ann is really agoin' to git married? I heard some talk of it when I was last down to the Holler. Be she, Mrs. Carter?"

And Philury repeated her question in an insinuating manner, as she put the teacupful of tea on the table.

"She be, Philury," said Mrs. Carter, laconically.

"About when, Mis' Carter?"

"About Sunday, Philury, if nothin' don't prevent an' these cakes are plesin'."

"Well, I jest said to Rhody Ann, as I came out, I says, suthin' is certainly comin' off to Carterses, though I wa'n't sure. Rumor is now and agin deceivin'."

"It be, Philury, though this time 'tain't. I 'lowed to go 'cross an' bid ye to the wedding this arternoon, all of ye, Rhody Ann, Raustus, Limy, Polly, Marlar, your hired help an' Nervy Ann; but now, as ye are here, perhaps ye won't mind adoin' my errand for me, an' ask them as I have named to come o' Sunday at 4, so as we'll get through in time for milkin'."

"I'll tell 'em," said Philury, as she turned to go; "I'll tell 'em, an' it's like as not they'll come."

And they did, and the neighborhood with them.

A wedding in the community was an event of no small occurrence. It was second only in importance to a funeral, and no right-minded person would so much as think of missing "Glory Ann's wedding," for she had friends in the city, and it was expected that she would have a very stylish affair, with plenty of "new fangled notions."

By 3 o'clock Sunday afternoon the road in front of the red farmhouse was full of carriages, hitched to every available tree and fence post.

The bride elect was proud in the possession of a tableful of presents, which were displayed under the kitchen window, outside of which was hitched to one of the shutters a yearling calf, the gift of her father.

There was a "city catcher" of straw from a cousin in King's Hollow, and an album from an aunt in the same place, a dozen flat irons from Mr. Bangs, the storekeeper, and six cans of preserved blackberries from his wife.

Philury brought a lamp shade of green paper and muslin and a tidy from Rhody Ann. It was decorated with decalcomanix and trimmed with purple ribbon. Philury had made this herself and was proud of it.

Mrs. Slimmer, from over the hill, baking a poor widow, brought a yeast cake, which she said was "like to be useful when they kept their own house, an' yeast, too, was better nor salt raisin'."

The groom gave a salt cellar, Mrs. Carter a half dozen yards of rag carpet and a copy of "Grant's Tour of the World."

The other gifts were varied in style, extending all the way from a brass lamp, sent by a city lady, to a paper of gold hairpins, given by Carter's hired girl.

"Glory Ann's hair, bein' red, will sort o' set off them pins," she explained to Philury.

"But, what," Philury asked, "be that thing shagin' by the parlor organ? It looks for all the world like a bucket turned upside down an' stuck all over with white hollyhocks."

"An' it is," replied the hired girl. "Glory Ann's city friend writ her about them weddin' bells what they have a-hangin' over them as is to be married. We didn't have no bell, so we took a bucket. I think it's very sightly appearin', don't it?"

"So, it certainly is lively," said Philury, sincerely.

"But I don't set no store by his folks," whispered the hired help.

"Why?" asked Philury, eagerly.

"Well, they ain't got no style about

them, nor they don't wear no mitts—at least, his ma don't. They staid to Sairy Holmes last night at the Holler, an' they walked up. I think they was too mean to ride. An', too, they gave such a present. Why, his pa gave Glory Ann six dollars, an' his ma a blazin' star bed quilt which would blind ye, 'tis so ferce colored."

"Dew tell," murmured Philury, interestedly.

"Fact," whispered her companion, as she slipped away in the gathering crowd to help the bride.

The ceremony progressed well. Everything went smoothly until the supper was about half over, when Mrs. Carter asked:

"Where be ye goin' for your tower, Philletus?"

"Wall," he said, slowly, "I 'lowed that me an' Glory Ann would tower to Glenham an' back. My sister's husband's child, Alphons, lives there. I 'lowed 'twould be as good a place as any to tower to."

Then Glory Ann looked up quickly, and her cheeks glowed so that her hair seemed pale in comparison as she said, with withering emphasis:

"I 'lowed to tower to King's Holler an' see Uncle Elbertus. I 'lowed I should tower there an' to no other place else, I did."

"Seems to me," said Mr. Carter, speaking up quickly, "that Glory Ann's tower is the best. It only seems to me to be jest proper in you to go an' tower to your Uncle Elbertus, for I hear Mi-randy ain't very well."

"An' it 'pears to me," said the groom, "as if I was the one to decide this tower, it 'pears to me, it does."

"I can't set quiet an' see my darter's opinion set aside an' sort o' founced at," interposed Mrs. Carter.

"Why, ain't you decided on your tower yet?" asked Philury. "Why, my sister Dorlesky knew wher her tower was agoin' to be before she knew 'bout her weddin'." She says to me, says she, 'Philury, Jerry has promised to fetch me to Niagara Falls on a tower if I marry him. If he is really meanin' it I will; if he ain't, I won't. And he was, and she did.'"

Philury paused and glanced inquiringly at the bride.

"An'," (Glory Ann shook her head emphatically) "an', Philury, Dorlesky was right. She didn't intend to be cast down or trod upon by any of them bibles known as men. Nor I don't, neither. I'm agoin' to tower to King's Holler, or I ain't agoin' to tower at all, so I ain't."

"Wall, ye are," interposed Philletus.

"Well, ye set and dally till I git ready to go on any other tower," said the bride, complacently, as she passed her plate up, saying casually: "Please gimme some more of them cakes, pa."

Hereupon Philletus grew very angry. Rising, he said, fiercely:

"Glory Ann, I'll take back that salt cellar, an' you don't come to Glenham."

"An' you, Philletus, kin take your salt cellar, an' yourself—both too fresh for me—an' go to Glenham, or wher ye will, for I'll tower to the Holler or I'll tower none."

And Glory Ann arose and passed majestically upstairs to her room, carrying a glass of cider and "them cakes" with her.

After supper Mr. Carter said, turning to his new son-in-law:

"Seems to me, Philie, that if ye ain't goin' to tower none, 'twould be as well to onhetch them horses an' get ready for milkin'; it's arter 5."

"I 'low I'll tower to Glenham yet," said the groom, as he arose and vanished up the steps in the direction the bride had disappeared.

Slowly the time passed. It was almost dark when Philury, who had outstayed all the guests in order to help Mrs. Carter, returned home to impatient Rhody Ann, who sat in the kitchen waiting for her.

"Well," she exclaimed, "Philury, wher did they tower to, or ain't they towered?"

"They towered," said Philury; then added: "Ye see, it was this way—long 'bout half past 5, after Philie had been 'most a half hour with her, a-coaxin', the parson went up, an' he prayed with her; an' Philie's ma went up and exhorted her, an' I quoted from the bible to her, an' at last she said she'd go, as obeysin' seemed to be the heftiest part of the marryin'. Then we all went down to let her put on her new brown 'pecky. Well, in about ten minutes she came down, with the salt cellar in her hand, leavin' on Philie's arm, a-smilin' like a basket o' chipes; an' he was agrinin' too. Jest as she passed out, very majestic like, her purple feather a-streamin' out behind her, she paused an' said 'tis King's Holler.'"

"An' it was, too," added Philury.

"Well, I guess Glory Ann will set off them gilt hairpins, if she ain't so everlasting fery that they'll melt," murmured Rhody Ann.

"Well, she be skairful," said Philury. "She be," echoed Rhody Ann.

During the siege of Paris, Dr. W. H. Russell, unpleasantly familiar to Americans as "Bull Run Russell," was acting as war correspondent for the London Times, says the Argonaut, and was very much in Bismarck's society. One evening, when Bismarck had been denouncing the other English papers with his usual violence and pungency of phrase, Dr. Russell took occasion to observe, in a self-complacent way:

"Well, you must admit, Count Bismarck, that I, at least, have been very discreet in everything that I have written to the Times. You have always conversed before me with the utmost frankness upon all sorts of subjects, and I have been most careful never to repeat a word of anything that you have said." Bismarck turned upon him with a look of mingled anger and contempt. "The more fool you!" he roared; "do you suppose that I ever said a word before you that I didn't want you to print?"

FARM FACTS.

(Iowa Homestead.)

Nothing has a better influence in a neighborhood than a live, up-to-date farmer. Good farming is as catching as the measles and the influence for good that one man can exert is incalculable. Have you a man of this sort in your neighborhood? If not can't you be that man.

It is now about the time of year the bear gets in his work on the wheat market. When the bulk of farmers are just getting their wheat ready for the market, then are the bears at work in the market pulling down prices.

Does it occur to farmers that they should take a rest? I don't mean a rest in a plow beam, on the fence or in the hammock under the trees. I mean a rest away from home and daily labor on the farm, if such a vacation can be arranged for. No better time or place can be selected for this than a week at the Iowa state fair. Picturesque and shady grounds are furnished for campers free on the fair grounds, with plenty of water, and tents can be rented for about \$2 per week and, for a little extra, cots may be obtained on the grounds, and should one day be had another can be taken, and when tired you can go to your tent and rest. No better or more genuine enjoyment can be found than one week's camping at the fair. I know, for I have tried it several times, and I propose to try it this year, if I live. Hitch up to the big wagon, equipped with bows, and plenty of feed for the team, and drive through with the whole family and spend one week camping.

What is the use of a man trying to be "the whole thing" when he has a "better half?"

There is a good deal of work of various kinds necessary to making the farm and farm home run smoothly. Friction is reduced and smoother running produced if all the family play fair and all are played fair with. What the duty of all members of the family is with regard to the farm work is one of the subjects for discussion in the September issue of the Farmers' Institute series. For one, would be glad to see it very fully discussed.

The methods of conserving soil moisture do not concern the people of a locality much where there has been plenty of rain, neither does the drainage bother them much during a year of drouth. What is needed most is to be prepared to meet both conditions as they occur. Locking the stable after the horse has been stolen is a very common practice, and there seems to be very few men who will learn from the experience of others.

That "all flesh is grass" may not be literally true, but it is true that all flesh profitable to its producer is made of grass, and that grass in its broadest sense is the best and most profitable feed-forming food known. Not enough importance is attached to grass on the farm. Far too many farmers grow the wrong kind of grass and grow that in the wrong place. They seem to be content to grow foxtail grass in the corn-field, rather than that kind of grass, with its well balanced proportions of protein, carbohydrates, fat, salts and water, which has been ordained as the best food for domestic animals. The "hog lot" is fast giving way to the hog pasture, while pastures and meadows are playing an important part of modern agriculture.

There are a whole lot of things that a man does not like to think about in hot weather. It is usually very "hot" weather when a man has discovered that the hens have been roosting on his harvester. The man who usually has to face such conditions is the man who keeps scrub stock and winters the calves around the straw stack and trades stale butter for groceries which, for convenience, may be brought home in a jug or a plug.

The onion had such a bad breath that it made the best turn red, gave the cabbage a bad headache, and brought tears to the eyes of the potato.

A boy in this neighborhood, who rides the bicycle, wears his pants guards on his pantaloons when he is cultivating in the field, and he now leaves in the field a lot of soil that he before carried off on his sweaty legs.

A Kansas man thinks he has a joke on the twine trust. Twine has advanced in price, but there is no wheat to bind. This may be a joke on the twine trust, but I am rather of the opinion the joke is on the farmer who failed to raise the wheat. I have been in this mill and I always felt that the joke was on me when I had gone to the work and expense of putting in a crop of wheat (usually spring wheat) when the weather became such as to render binding twine unnecessary.

If a man is angry and can't swear he generally kicks something; a woman will say mean things to herself.

The man who is wearing out a new harvester every four or five years is engaged in a losing business. The profit in growing almost any kind of small grain are not large enough to pay for new harvester every four or five years. Far too many harvesters are not working, they simply go out of style. Keep a close tab on this.

The hay crop in this vicinity is not heavy but what it can be easily taken care of with the usual force. About every so often we have a small hay crop, to make it possible to use up surplus that has been in the mows some time, and to teach lessons out of the ordinary. Corn is sown, food cut up and many schemes adopted tide over the feeding season. If we have had plenty of hay and grain would fall into a rut of feeding

hay and grain, but, fortunately for our best welfare, we are taught a lesson occasionally by means of a change of the program.

The steer roping contest which is going to be one of the special features of the Iowa state fair this year will be one of the rare sights of the century. The feats performed by the Texas cowboys are such as to win the admiration of all who see them. What they do can scarcely be believed until one has seen it. Seeing is believing, and a friend of mine who saw it at the Farmers' Congress last year says it is worth going a thousand miles to see. Take all the family to the state fair and let them have a week off taking in the sights.

As farmers we are prone to get fixed ideas into our heads and follow them whether they are right or wrong. Following them long we forget they are wrong and one-sided, and we seldom see the difficulty until it is too late to mend. If we could lay prejudice and early teachings aside long enough to look into some problems we would soon know where we are at, and might find it necessary to turn right about face from what we are now doing. For a number of years I planted potatoes on Good Friday and raised but few potatoes. I once used a chain tongue wagon, wheat fields with a cradle, but I have quit all of these things now. In getting an idea fixed, if you have the right idea, you are fixed.

A friend of mine who is in the swine breeding business on a large scale is pursuing the plan of wrapping small trees, posts and different kinds of projections where the hogs go, with gunny sacks saturated with kerosene, and the hogs rub against them and no lice can get a foothold. He also puts a little kerosene in the wallowing places. Lice and kerosene have never been able to make friends.

The druggist who anticipated a large potato bug crop and a prospective large trade in Paris green has missed his calculations, and he may be seen to put an extra pail or two of rain water in his beverage barrel, hoping to recoup for his failure in selling one poison by selling another.

There will be a shortage in the foreign wheat crop this year. The crop in this country will be the largest for many years, save the crops of 1891 and 1893. The Russian wheat crop is the most important in Europe and that of France next. The wheat crop in Russia is almost a failure, and were it not for the millions of acres coming under cultivation in the newly opened portion of Siberia the condition would be deplorable. In Hungary the acreage has been increased, but the weather has been unfavorable. Other European countries complain of the backward season and unfavorable weather, except Spain, which, strange to say, is experiencing the most prosperous agricultural year in its history. It ought to have been whipped by Uncle Sam long ago. There is nothing in the foreign outlook to discourage the American farmer. It is really too bad that our own crops are not up to the recently established standard. I believe the man who has a good wheat crop this year is to be congratulated, and I am sorry more farmers who lost their winter wheat did not put in a spring crop to take its place.

Ben Davis told Jonathan to go and him an' Early Harvest apple out of the orchard. He came back and said old Grimes was there with his Golden and wanted to beat a Haas he couldn't see a Maiden Blush nor ever get Wealthy. Whereupon old Ben took a Willow Twig and got after him and made him Romanite or two before the sheriff took him in.

A good many superstitions die hard. There is an old one in Maryland that a piece of bread buttered by the mother of twins given a child with the whooping cough will cure the disease. A great many people in that state believe this, and as the disease is prevailing there the wife of the governor, who is the mother of twins, is often called upon to perform this simple task.

Your own ailments will interest no one outside of the family except the doctor. Tell him of your ailments and don't burden other people with them, for they have trouble enough of their own to bear.

The early apple is no worse for catching the worm than later ones, but I have known of too many of them making the cat squirrel.

Potato bugs manage to take the starch out of the potatoes by getting the potato before it is starched. This beetle seems to get a great deal of pleasure out of life, and it gets a great deal of pleasure out of the potato bug's pleasure.

Account of potato crop.

July crop circular from Bureau of agriculture, the following crops planted show that 3,555,000 acres are expected to be harvested and 2,950,000 bushels of potatoes are expected to be raised. The increase is more than 20 per cent over the last year. The largest apparent increase is in the States where it is placed in the next increase, Texas, which has an increase of 1,000,000, South Carolina, Arkansas, Missouri and 200,000, Pennsylvania, North Carolina and Virginia. The increase is the total increase of 1,300,000, a larger than any other State which restricted the planting of the crop July last. The lowest average of the last fourteen years was 1897.

POULTRY PAYS.

We have in this country a great many people who make a specialty of poultry and look to it altogether for a livelihood, but it seems to us that it does not pay as much clear profit anywhere as on the farm when it is properly managed. While there are specialists here and there in the business, there are several million farmers who make poultry keeping only incidental, and who suppose that with less care in feeding and breeding, and letting their fowls have as wide a range as possible, the poultry will every year more than pay its way, which is all they expect. They rely on their general farming for the money to make their farms pay. If they make anything out of the poultry, it is usually so little that it is to their wives as "pin money."

We have known some farmers' wives who put their husbands to shame when this chance was offered them, by making such improvements in the care of poultry that this part of the farm management became more profitable than any other. Many a farmer would farm better if he would listen to and heed his wife's advice about business affairs. If she be a true wife, she must be interested in her husband's success and if he tells her all as every husband should, her counsel will be better than any other he can get. The children also should be taken into the partnership so soon as they are old enough to be interested. They may not know enough to give the best advice, but the habit of talking with them about your business matters will be the best education for them.

The truth about most farmers' poultry is that it is neglected as altogether a side issue, or when the farmer is spurred up to do better, his efforts at improvement are so inconsistent that they often neutralize each other and make matters worse rather than better. Because his flock is small, he thinks if he gets an improved egg-producing breed, that even if he neglects it, the eggs will come just the same. Many of the best layers, such as the Leghorn and Houdan, are natives of warm climates and need careful shelter, if not artificial heat, during our coldest weather. Yet we have seen farmers buy these tender breeds, and then wonder why in cold, open hen-houses they did not get as many eggs as they used to from their harder native stock before they made the change. The old dominique and door-keeper fowls were hardy and also good egg producers and good for the table. Unless a farmer is prepared to give his fowls all the care they require he need not trouble himself to change the breed.

Moths in Hives.

It is a bad sign to find wax cuttings about the entrance in summer of fall, but in the spring it is no indication of worms. As soon as this trouble is found out prompt action must be taken as worms do their work quickly, especially in weak colonies. Worms are the worst enemies beekeepers have to contend with, especially if black bees are kept. Italians seem to have the power to overcome them to a certain extent, but no kind is absolutely worm proof, that I know of. Had you pushed your investigation far enough, and applied the proper means, you could have saved the bees and comb but not the colony. You would have had to unite them with some strong colony, and of course that would have made one less, which is much better than to lose them.

After worms once get a hold in a colony it is of no use whatever to try to doctor it, within itself. In the first place, the colony is nearly always queenless, or weak. The fact that you took no honey from either one that you lost is proof enough that they were weak, and perhaps queenless, or at least had a very poor queen.

When I find a colony in the spring that seems to be doing no good I at once break up their home, or give them a new queen and more bees. When I find a colony in my apiary that is infested with worms, I invariably find a weak colony, and one that is of no account whatever, within itself. I always unite them with some strong colony, not fearing in the least about the worms getting the better of the strong colony, unless they are very badly infested, in which case I unite the bees and subject the comb to the fumes of burning sulphur, or immerse them in water for a few days.

If I desire increase rather than honey, and the colony is not badly infested, I first kill all the worms I can find, then give them a new queen and some bees, and watch them closely, and even then it is risky, especially if I have to buy the queen; and the probabilities are that it will not be a success after all my expense and care. A poor queen is the foundation of worms among bees. So to be successful in keeping them out of your bees, you must begin with the queens, by keeping the poor and infertile ones weeded out. Then your colonies will be strong and there will be no danger whatever so far as worms or anything else is concerned.

If you see signs of worms in your bees this summer the best and cheapest plan is to unite them, by first killing the queen (if there is one) in the infested colony, and giving the bees or bees and comb both (if the comb is not badly infested) to some strong colony. If the colony is a good one and the queen all right, and you find a few worms in places in the hives where the bees can't reach them, kill what you can and let them alone, and they will be all right. I pay no attention whatever to worms under the quilt or in the crevices where the bees can't get at them, if the colony is a strong one. But if it is weak and the worms have gained a foothold in one or two combs, then look out.—E. B. Mead.

THE BACON HOGS.

The hogs demanded by discriminating markets at the present time are those weighing 160 to 225 lbs., with long and deep sides, light head and jaw, light shoulders with great depth of chest and wide between the foreward legs, and with great heart-girth, the testimony of power to purify and propel and of great vitality. The modern bacon hog is wide behind with strong back and great depth through the flanks, hams full and wide and of such conformation will be more prepotent, will have the functions of motherhood more pronounced, have greater precocity than any breed or form of hog at present in vogue. Seldom does a true bacon sow farrow less than twelve pigs, and this is worth considering when other breeds seldom average more than seven.

I think modern swine-raising can be made one of the most profitable industries of the day. I believe there is a better opening just now for swine-growing than for any other branch of live stock raising. There has been fully 40 per cent more bacon consumed in 1898 than there has been in any previous year of the world's history. People had no idea what a choice morsel could be elaborated from the ubiquitous hog until modern packing appliances took the curing in hand. There is as much difference between a roll of modern bacon and the old-time pickled hunk as between the porter-house and shank, and, as a result, the mild-cured bacon of the packing house is fast displacing beef as a meat for the great mass of the world's middle class. The change wrought in the bacon trade of late years is truly marvelous. Some ten or fifteen years ago bacon or otherwise salted pork was mainly eaten by the lower classes. Now, even these don't want to eat salted pork any more. The most common breakfast dish on the table of the well-to-do is that of fried bacon, while a small, long and lean ham of 12 to 15 pounds is almost invariably found on the sideboard and receives frequent attention. This unique change in the taste and fashion has been brought about chiefly by two causes—by the mild cure and by the evolution of that particular type of bacon hog of which the red Tamworth is the best representative.

It is not remarkable then that the ideal bacon hogs fetch a much higher price than the thick, fat, chunky hog which has been described by some one as "animated lard bladders." This will, no doubt, be an incentive to the farmer to breed and feed the hog conformably to the demands of the packers. The Chicago packers are probably the most enterprising men in this particular line in the world. In the last year or two some of them have suggested to the swine raisers of the great middle west to breed bacon hogs, but with little success. One leading Chicago packer keeps a buyer in Canada who purchases bacon hogs right along, paying the Canadian swine raiser about 1 cent per pound above the price paid in Chicago. From facts before us the majority of hog breeders then either do not understand what the market demands or else stubbornly continue to raise a class of heavy, fat hogs, which are salable only at much lower prices.

The demand for heavy pork is limited compared to what it was some years ago.

Cleanliness Necessary.

Filth is the prime cause of disease and failure in the poultry yard. Filth is the result of neglect. Neglectful farmers dig their own graves, financially. Farmers neglect poultry more than any other live stock. Poultry annoyed by vermin cannot thrive, and are never profitable. Don't keep poultry at all unless you can keep them clean and healthy. Vermin propagate with wonderful rapidity. Insect powder, etc., may keep them somewhat in check, but the root of the trouble lies in the filth that is allowed to accumulate in the house, about the nests and roosting places, the litter, etc.

The cleaning should begin with a thorough scrubbing of the walls and of all woodwork with kerosene, or, better yet, with a weak solution of sulphuric acid (about one pound of the acid to 20 pounds of water, the solution being made by pouring the acid into the water), care being taken to penetrate into all fissures and corners where the vermin may find strongholds. The floor, if made of wood, should be scraped and afterward washed with hot water. In all cases the litter must be renewed, and the scrapings, old litter, etc., burned. It is advisable to make some holes in the floor, digging out the soil underneath, and filling into the opening a mixture of fine, dry ashes and powdered sulphur—an excellent dust bath for fowls of all kinds. A dried and powdered mixture of lime and gravel strewn on the floor of the chicken house is another good means of keeping the chickens free from insect pests. It also increases the hardness of the egg shells.

In the spring the water supply for live stock needs little attention. If there is any provision for water there is usually enough of it. Later in the season when the sources of supply fail in part there is danger of a shortage, and there is a scarcity frequently where the water supply is abundant, or would be were it in such shape as to be available. The trouble in many instances is that the spring, trough or tank from which the animals drink does not hold enough. A score of cattle drink a great deal of water, and all may want it at the same time. Few best results they all should have if when they want it. The brute doesn't reason that there will be enough when the thing fills up—it only knows that it isn't there and frets about it. Fretting cattle are not the most profitable. This is something that everybody knows but it is nevertheless overlooked.—National Stockman.