

ROMANCE OF A YOUNG DOCTOR.

By CARRY EDWARDS BROWNSON.

But the night that my father sent for me to tell me of his displeasure at the course I had taken, we of course had a violent quarrel, and I went from the home of my childhood, and the parting words, which rung in my ears ever afterwards, were 'I wish to never look upon your face again, as long as I may live.'

"Little realized that it indeed was to be the last time I would ever see my father alive; for Doctor, the next morning the news spread far and wide, over the community that Banker Grayson had been found dead in his library, murdered. To my horror, as I was hastening over from the adjoining village, where I had gone the night before, after leaving home, and where my wife was, I was arrested on the charge of having committed the crime. It was generally known that my father had been very bitter towards me and the principal witness against me was our coachman, who swore that he saw me come out of the library, in an excited state, and a few minutes later, wanting to get some instruction about the carriage horses, he had ventured to knock at his master's door. Receiving no answer, he looked in, and found my father lying on the floor in a pool of his own blood, stabbed to the heart. The rest of the family were away and only the servants were around the house. He gave the alarm and on the arrival of the officers they, after careful investigation, decided that suspicion at least warranted my arrest partly from evidence of the coachman, the finding of my handkerchief and my being the last person seen to leave the room.

"Then there was a trial and everything appeared to be slowly and surely winding me in the meshes pointing to a most cruel murder, and it seemed that I had no way to prove my innocence, when Providence provided a way. When the trial was about half over, one of our maids at the house reported to my attorney the finding of a strange looking hat or cap in the water-spout which came down just beside the library window. Inside the lining was secreted a bloody handkerchief, serving as a wrapping to an ugly looking dirk, also blood-stained. Horrible instrument of the ghastly crime. The handkerchief was a colored one. The girl stated that she noticed the spot apparently was clogged with something preventing the water running freely, and taking a stick she brought these articles forth to view. They were of course not mine, and I procured a stay in the proceedings. Another witness in my favor was in a farmer boy having apparently recovered his memory and stating that he had met me going to Elmwood at the hour, that the coachman had testified the murder must have been committed and the summing up is that I was finally acquitted, for the evidence was not strong enough to convict. But I was aware that many of my old friends believed I was a guilty man, from the cold glances and chilly manner in which I was treated. So I determined that I would go away to new scenes and never return until my name was cleared from the stigma, I forgot to add, that my father's will was found on the cabinet desk, but the codicil, which would have disinherited me, was not signed and of course I stood the legal heir to the bulk of my father's possessions aside of my sister's share and little bequests to different relatives. But I have never touched a dollar, and the estate is being looked after by the family lawyer who is a good friend of mine.

"That is briefly the story of my life," Mr. Grayson added, "If my father's murderer is ever found I may return to my own, but I have been a wanderer for years and I have not heard from the old home for at least twelve years."

"During this long conversation the Doctor was an interested listener. Adela had been in with her mother, and she came to the door, now with her face glowing with delight, and said:

"Oh! Papa! Mama is awake, and she is asking for you, and she seems so much better and brighter."

Both of the men entered the sick-room and the Doctor found Mrs. Grayson entirely free from fever, but

were never to be forgotten in his whole life-time, and from henceforth he felt as though his destiny was some how connected with the hopes and struggles of Leonard Grayson and his family.

Mr. Grayson had sent by the Doctor for a nurse from Kingston and promised that as soon as his wife was able to be moved he would take her down the mountain to a lower altitude.

The Doctor of course continued his visits from time to time until she was up and around, and the last trip he made to Silver Gulch he realized he would not go again, for on the morning they were to leave the little cabin and go by easy stages to Lake Valley, via Hillsborough, and thence by train to Las Vegas for the winter. At least Mrs. Grayson and Adela would remain there. The young girl was sitting around like a bird, bidding good-bye, to the dear old rocks and gazing at the mountains, as if they were dear old friends to be taken leave of.

The Doctor, even followed her, with his eyes, in which only admiration shone forth. The mother, noting it, said to him softly—"Ma belle fille, for she is beautiful, but only only a child you know." And this contained a warning, which he could not but heed. But the future looked very bright to this young man, as he inwardly made a vow to himself to some day claim little Adela for his own heartstone. But he respected the fond mother's warning that she was too young for love.

The Doctor was himself going East in September and promised himself to visit Las Vegas and find Mrs. Grayson much improved in health. They were contemplating sending Adela away to school. Mr. Grayson was making short trips back and forth to Kingston, in the intervals of his mining prospects which were beginning to look up in importance. The Doctor reluctantly bade them good-bye, and soon was speeding eastward over the Santa Fe road to his home, and future work.

CHAPTER III.

THE DOCTOR AT HOME.

Three years, have passed off, and brought their winter seasons, with winter delights, of sleighing, etc., the spring and summer with charm of mountain rambles, and visits to the sea-shore, and now beautiful autumn had begun to paint nature with its most glowing tints.

It had been a beautiful day, and as Dr. Hastings went up the steps of his residence and let himself in with his latch-key he was wishing that the demands for his services to suffering humanity were not so incessant, that he might get out in the country for a few days to enjoy the beauties of nature.

But he was a very busy man, as he had a large practice, and his patients were among the most influential people in the city of Boston, although he never refused to go to the homes of the poor when called upon. As the door closed a pleasant voice from up the stair greeted him.

"Is it you, Paul? I will be with you directly."

He went into his library where a cheerful fire was glowing in the grate, for the evenings were getting



He Went Into His Library.

chilly, and at down in an easy chair. The surroundings and furnishings of the room denoted taste and refinement, and also that a well filled purse had been called into requisition. The Doctor, as he sat there, was a fine, handsome-looking man. He had a thoughtful expression, and his mind seemed indeed to be far away, for he did not notice the opening of the door, which gave admittance to two young ladies, one of whom was tipping gently up behind him and who now placed her hands over his eyes, and laughingly cried out:

"A penny for your thoughts, Brother Paul! Wake up from your dreaming, for here is an old friend."

As he started up from his chair and turned around to grasp the fair intruder and hold her prisoner he confronted a tall fair haired girl, who smilingly extended her hand in greeting.

"Why, Lucille Denton! where did you hail from," he exclaimed—"Did the winds of Heaven waft you on their breezes from the sunny shores of the Seine to the dear old Hub?"

And how is Art for whose sake you left home, and country, and sped across the deep—Art well?"

"Oh, brother, what nonsense, she crossed over in a Cunarder of course. City of Rome. She came from New York directly here where she is going to open a studio. I am so glad to see her."

"So am I, sister dear,—Pray, be seated, Miss Denton—I am delighted to be able to have the honor of entertaining an artist."

And so they kept up their merry chatter until summoned to dinner.

The Doctor greeted his widowed aunt, Mrs. Hull, affectionately as they entered the dining room. She looked after his household ably assisted by competent servants. This season his sister Maude was spending several months with them, having entered the conservatory to take a thorough course in music. So that, although a single man, he had the pleasures and comforts of a home. The dining hour passed pleasantly after which they adjourned to the parlor, the Doctor seating himself by Lucille and plying her with questions about her sojourn abroad, for she had been away nearly three years.

"Lucille," said Maude, "tell him of that beautiful girl, who was studying art in the same academy."

"Oh, it is nothing remarkable, no romance or tale of gay cavalier connected, only she had an interesting face and some raved over her. Oftentimes the master had to reprimand us for inattention to duties—All on her account. Her name, I believe was Gleason, or something like that, and she was a French girl. I should judge, her family, must have had wealth—for a coachman, always came for her after studio hours and driving a handsome span. He was in livery also. But she really was a beautiful girl, and with it all so modest, and retiring, seeming perfectly innocent and unconscious, of the attention she attracted."

The evening passed, pleasantly, for Lucille was a bright girl and talked entertainingly of her travels and life on the continent.

The Doctor, upon retiring to his room, sat down and indulged in a bachelor's reverie. His thoughts were of the friend, who had just returned to them fresh with ardor, for her beloved art, and he could not deny to himself that he found her very interesting. She had been a life-long friend of the family, and a schoolmate of his sister Maude.

As wreaths of smoke curled around him, (for he indulged in the weakness, for the Indian weed), and his fancies formed air-castles, suddenly, a face, floated before his vision, and as he looked he felt a thrill as of electricity and the feeling came upon him that this was his fate and nothing could change it. It was Adela's face, which seemed almost speak to him from the smoky vapor. He had not thought of her for quite a long time, being so occupied with his profession, but now his mind lived over again the recollections of his child-love, and his first-love, and he felt that they would meet again.

The fair head of Lucille would not have rested so contentedly on her pillow in the guest chamber if she had known of the vigil the young Doctor was keeping, with fond remembrances, of another face, enshrined with dark hair and eyes.

(To be continued.)

The Whist Table.

Formerly when in whist long-suit openings were the inviolable rule of the play of the second hand was based upon the theory that the original lead of any high card showed certain other high cards in the leader's hand and that any small card led was certainly a fourth best, showing that a certain number of higher cards were out against the leader. Matthews, in his "Advice to the Young Whist Player," devotes more of his maxims to second-hand play than to any other subject, and his remarks, although made 100 years ago, are well worthy of our consideration today, and show that his ideas agreed very closely with the best modern practice. The principal points he gives are the following:

"With only three cards in the suit led, put on honor on an honor, but pass if you hold four of the suit, except that ace should be put on the jack. It will be observed that he does not mention the exceptional cases in which the four cards contain an imperfect fourth, the importance of which will be seen from many hands."

"With king and one small, good players sometimes put it on second-hand, and sometimes not. If it is a trump it should generally be played, and always if it is turned up. The queen or jack should never be played from queen and one small or jack and one small except in trumps, when a superior card has been turned up on the right."

"With ace queen and others play the small card unless the jack is led, a croup you, in which case play the ace invariably. With queen, king and others, play the queen when a small card is led. With queen, jack and one small play the jack, but with two small cards play the smaller. With ace, queen, ten, Matthews recommends the ten, and says nothing about the general weakness, which suggests to the modern player that it would be safer to go in with queen."

"With ace, king and two others of a suit led Matthews says there are two ways to play. If you are strong in trumps, either pass the first trick altogether, or put on the ace and play the suit on in hopes of forcing your partner. If you are weak in trumps, put on the ace, but do not continue the suit. In fact all the old masters will be found to recommend this system of false-carding the ace, when holding both ace and king second hand, but none of them call attention to the obvious inference that when second hand plays the king he cannot do so, unless he holds all the old masters, and that when he plays the ace he must have the king or no more."

Story With a Moral.

John ran away from school many afternoons and learned nothing except how to swim, but William studied his lessons assiduously and learned much learning.

Everybody declared that William would become a great and good man; as to John they shook their heads.

Now their beloved country was threatened with expansion! William rose to the occasion and wrote pamphlets which had to be excluded from the mails. And John? All John, with his deficient education, could do, was enlist in the army, and swim rivers with his sword in his teeth, which only made matters worse!

If boys would please not neglect the opportunities of their youth, how nice it would be!—Detroit Journal.

The Buddhists in Ceylon are now energetically preaching that the end of the world will come this year, with the result that the faithful see that it would be mere waste of time to grow rice or any way provide for the wants of next year, and are instead giving their minds seriously to a pilgrimage to Anuradhapura.

AGRICULTURAL NOTES.

FARM FURROWS.

By a Practical Farmer.

In the winter time, when fodder, straw and hay are being hauled almost every day or two, it is a good plan to have one of the wagons fitted up with a rack that is never to be lifted off, and is kept for that kind of hauling all the time. I know farmers who have but one wagon, and it is a continual life of boxes and racks. Lifting is all right if it has to be done, but there is a way out of some of it. Why not find that way?

Getting gates in repair ready for winter when stock will be trying on them, means that they should be given more strength and if it can be done with little expense they should be made so as to open readily if snowdrifts come. Good gates and fences will be needed now as well as in summer.

I read in a paper that the annual average butter crop of the United States is only 130 pounds to the cow. This does not speak well for them, and it is very plain that a \$30 cow will not bring much profit as a 30-cent hen, and yet there are more people trying to "freeze out" the hen and "freeze on" to the cow. Keep the hen and get a better cow.

I read in the papers that there is a good foreign demand for hams, and it is beginning to be felt all over the country. Baiters are around buying stacks and surplus hay to be baled and sent where there is the best demand for it. The good demand for hay does not affect the man who never sells any hay, but keeps it for his own use, and feeds it over from year to year and feeds it. It helps the man who sells hay, and will cause a great deal to be sold that otherwise would be fed.

Sam says one of his friends came over yesterday evening and had in the world tied up in a red handkerchief, and now all he has is tied down with mortgages.

When you start to give your neighbor a piece of your mind, be sure not to give him all of it, for you may need a part of it yourself.

I have observed that this is a time when no merchant can't have an annual closing out sale every two weeks can ever hope to succeed. Bargains, bargains, bargains are promised and sold low, regardless of the cost, but at the end of the year they will tell how prosperous their business has been and how they have made money. This is peculiar.

For hanging out clothes in the winter time, two pulleys, one attached to the house in the back porch, and the other to some outbuilding a convenient distance away, or to a post. Have a clothes line passing around both pulleys. Stand in the porch and attach the clothes line to the other end, and run the line up and you have done the business without stepping on the porch. It does not matter how high these lines are from the ground, for the clothes are taken in by reversing the operation.

The man who tries to manufacture eggs as good as the genuine article failed, and has turned his efforts toward the artificial oyster. It is said the artificial oyster is being sold in Paris, where the real bivalve is very expensive. The one who tries to manufacture the manufactured oyster in the shell, which is purchased second hand by the maker at a small cost. The deception is said to be a good one and many cannot distinguish them from the real article. The secret of the manufacture has not yet been disclosed, but the ingredients of which they are made are said to be harmless.

Rural free mail delivery has proved so popular where it has been tried, and is so satisfactory to the department that it is to be largely and rapidly extended.

Wheat straw alone has not been considered the best food in the world for stock, but it comes very handy on a great many farms where wheat is grown. I asked a friend, the other day, what he had spent some time in an agricultural college, about the nutrient in straw, and he informed me that it contained about 2 per cent of sugar, starch, etc., 3 per cent of mineral matter, nearly 4 per cent of albuminoids, and he said that 3 per cent of fat was also observed that cows eat from a stack of wheat straw when they had plenty of other food. Horses will do well on it, but the beads may give some trouble. If the wheat was of the bearded variety it is better.

Front is what the farmer is working for, and no one should be satisfied with simply "getting his money back," although he is compelled to be, occasionally, when conditions are such that he cannot well help it. Reduce the cost of a crop by cutting down expenses. Every crop grown should return a clear profit over every expense connected with its production.

There are still living a great many men who plant their potatoes in the row of the moon and other crops which grow above ground in the light of the moon; they mean colts, calves and lambs when the sign is in the leg and they follow these ideas as carefully as if they were scientific propositions. I don't believe it is a good plan to have stock lie down with insufficient bedding when there are straw stacks on the place rotting down. I have in mind an instance where stock shows unmistakable signs of having no bedding, and several stacks on the farm were rotting because it required a little time and labor to haul and use the straw. If the stock gets nothing else than comfort out of it it will be worth the time spent.

Recently I was passing by a farm where a score or more of chickens were roosting in the trees. I remarked to the party with me that there were no eggs at that place in winter. A little further on we met the owner bringing in the cows and I asked him if he obtained any eggs in winter. He seemed surprised and said they never expected eggs in winter, but got "dead loads of 'em in the summer."

Now will be the time when the farmer takes pleasure in rearranging his tool sheds, barns and buildings to make them still a little more convenient. After another year's trial these points have been suggested to the man who feels an interest in his work and is willing to use his head. The man who will walk all the way around the barn to gain entrance, because his grandfather built the barn that way and walked around it, is not speaking very highly for the improvement in the race.

The Bureau of Animal Industry announces that it has at last discovered a practical remedy for hog cholera, or rather a preventive of it. I think this is the twentieth time this discovery has been made, and in the meantime, herds die off and are no more forever. Hog owners have become very much like the people of that little village who had been made tired by the cries of the boy attending the village sheep of one thing, "Reading without thinking is like eating without digesting. Let us break regarding hog cholera that it did

when it made the recommendation that sulphur and lime was the only sure cure, the swine breeders will ignore it as the sheep men did the sulphur and lime business. There are some queer things in this world, and I would as soon think some of them are as liable to come from the bureau as not.

The chief thing to be observed in curing pork is to have the hogs well fed, weighing from 200 to 250 pounds each. When thoroughly cool the meat is to be cut up, putting the hams, the shoulders and the sides in separate barrels. Make a brine strong enough to bear an egg or a potato, add some brown sugar and a little saltpeter, boil, skim and cool. The meat should never freeze, and if the brine is made right six weeks will be just the right time for hams of this size. In putting down side meat, cut the meat lengthways of the side into narrow strips, roll them in salt and pack the rolls in a barrel as tight as you can. When smoked it is sugar cured ham. I always lift a piece from each barrel at five weeks, cutting from the center of the piece. It does not pay to get it too salty, for the best of the meat is lost in the parboiling necessary to make it edible.

In an eastern paper I read of a farmer who obtained some Turkish wheat from the "government seed store," and it gave him three distinct varieties, as well as a goodly amount of rice. The would advise all farmers who get seed from their congressmen to see that the chickens get a good meal of it. Some of the worst weed pests we have in the west have been distributed through this department. The government had better economize its reputation and get out of the seed business.

The price of wheat is just about what it was a year ago. There is a shortage of 400,000,000 bushels of wheat over a year ago, and there are probably more good ears. I can see no good reason why prices ought to decline much more.

I can see no good reason why a well kept, vigorous, mature brood sow should not produce two litters per year. No litters ought to be kept over all.

It matters not where we learn to become good farmers. We may learn it from books, from agricultural papers or by experience and it will be scientific farming if along scientific lines. The information comes from whatever source it may. What we want is the best way to do things on the farm, and it may be necessary to know why, so we can help our fellow man out a little should he desire it. Farming for pleasure is a different matter, when there is a profit in farming there is pleasure. It certainly is not much pleasure to farm at a loss any great length of time.

While in conversation with an old farmer recently I was told that he was actively engaged in farm labor. He was a good farmer, and he was not too old to farm and he said: "Oh, no; I ride to plow, cultivate, harrow, plant, reap, mow, rake hay and all the walking I do, I do a-riding." When I was a boy following after a corn plow or a stirring plow, I often wished I could ride. Many a time have I quit at night when I was as tired as I cared to be, and no riding was done at all. Many farmers would even walk when hauling a load to market. This is an age of farming on wheels. There are a great many good things in store for the country farmer. The little lad who is now wearing his first knee pants will not know how his grandfather trudged along on the farm, but will have a life of comparative ease. Many labor saving devices are at present coming in and will be heard of as a young pig never squeal if picked up by the tail. Sometimes it may be necessary to pick up a pig without the old sow knowing it, and this may answer the purpose. I have tried it and they seldom squeal, but I don't know how they like it.

Let me say once more that a lantern placed under the robes when making a trip to town will keep the whole body warm. When the wrists and feet are cold there is little use in trying to keep the body warm.

Do the hogs have a warm place to sleep now? If they squeal so as to wake you up in the night all is not right. All the stock should have good shelter.

Nothing seems to pay so well as to have plenty of good water on the farm and to have that so the stock can drink at any time, day or night.

The live stock will feel the first pinch of winter worse than later, and getting a good start on the road to prosperity in winter quarters.

An old, broken and well worn halter is a poor thing to put on a colt, for many a colt has been taught the vice of breaking loose just because of a makeshift halter when young. Keep them haltered with good, strong halters.

If the tin roof on the porch leaks, paint it well with some good kind of roof paint and a new one may be stayed off for two or three years yet. There is one place where it pays to paint.

It is possible to mend a broken reputation, but your neighbors will keep their eyes on the crack.

There is a nimble swindler in the east who goes about the country selling what is purported to be kerosene, and he sells it two or three cents per gallon cheaper than the dealers. When lamps are filled with it it falls to burn, being nothing but water.

The farmers of the west have not had as much experience in preparing corn fodder for feeding as farmers have further east. This has been so because they did not have to study economy in forage so closely. They don't have to do it yet, if they don't want to, but there is a tendency to use more fodder and less hay and thereby have more of the latter to sell when the price is good.

A report comes from Argentina that the wheat land of that country is producing its productiveness and is not yielding so much wheat as it did when the land was new. India's large area of wheat farms is now about two-thirds as large as that of the United States, and the wheat is still thrived by being trodden out by bullocks and buffaloes.

A writer says he can judge a farmer by the kind of team he drives. If he drives a scrub team he will be a scrub farmer. While this is a very good general rule it does not always hold good. Some very good farmers of my acquaintance work the inferior horses and sell the best ones. All are well bred, but some have been hurt in a wire fence and by kerosene the unsalable ones he is able to sell some that will bring the top price. I like to work good horses. Don't want any other kind.

Reading is a habit. It will be either a good or a bad habit, depending on the selection of what is read. Good and bad, hit and miss reading is not commendable. There is such a thing as reading too much and not enough. So much of everything and not enough of one thing. Reading without thinking is like eating without digesting. Let us break regarding hog cholera that it did

DAIRY NOTES.

It is estimated that the total butter consumption in Great Britain during the past year was 495,000 tons, of which amount about 265,000 tons was imported butter. This is certainly a large market, and one that it would be well worth while contesting for. Our own troubles in securing it lies in the fact that Great Britain wants the best butter we make, but wants it at lower prices than our own people are willing to pay for it when times are good.

The New Zealand dairy commissioner says that he believes that "heavy" and "tallowy" conditions in butter are often due to too much washing, or to leaving the butter in the water too long.

Dairymen who have ice houses, and that ought to mean all dairymen, should now see that they are thoroughly cleaned out and that all the sawdust or other packing removed before it has had an opportunity to freeze in the house. The ice house will then be ready to fill as soon as good ice is made, and this is important, for ice that is made early is always cleaner and better than that which is harvested at the tail-end of the season.

One of the features at the coming Paris exposition will be a series of large maps of all the important dairy states, upon which will be marked the precise location of all the creameries and cheese factories in the states. Dairy Commissioner Norton of Iowa, is now sending out requests to the creameries that they mark on the maps of their counties all the butter and cheese factories in them, and forward to him for the purpose of making up the state map.

At the Wisconsin Dairy school, the winter term of which began on the 6th inst., the following instructors have been appointed by the board of regents of the university: U. S. Baer of Manon, Wis.; Julius Burge of Sevastopol, Wis.; and John Kelly, of Boscombe, Wis., instructor and assistant instructors in cheese making; John R. Robinson of New London, Wis., and J. H. Rasmussen of Hartley, Wis., instructors at the separator; DeWitt Goodrich of Climbing Hill, Ia., instructor in butter making; Roy L. Smith, of Madison, Wis., instructor in pasteurizing, and Louis Engleman of Laporte, Ind., instructor in milk making.

The supreme court of Minnesota has rendered a decision sustaining the constitutionality of the law of that state which places commission merchants under the control of the board of railroad and warehouse commissioners.

The Iowa State Dairy association adopted, among others, resolutions asking the next legislature to establish under the supervision of the dairy commissioner systematic inspection of creameries and creamery products, and the appointment of a competent instructor to attend all farmers' institutes in counties having five or more creameries, to hold one session of the institute for instruction in the care and handling of milk from the cow to the creamery.

Modern dairying requires a good thermometer, which, however, need not be an expensive one. It should be a floating thermometer, easily cleaned and indicating temperature correctly. The question of temperature has become a very important one all along the line in both butter and cheesemaking and testing cream by sticking one's finger into it no longer answers the requirements.

In mixing different lots of cream they should be thoroughly stirred so as to get them and the acidity they contain well mixed and evenly distributed, and the churning should not be done for less than six hours after the mixing. If the whole batch of cream is not homogeneously ripened and acidified the results will be disappointing.

The old-fashioned method of churning required that the work be continued until butter "gathered" in lumps or masses. This imprisoned in it a great deal of buttermilk that could not be got out without a great deal of working which destroyed the grain of the butter. When it was to be consumed immediately in the family when it was made the fact that it contained a good deal of buttermilk made less difference and many like its quick, sharp flavor; but when it was to go to market the presence of buttermilk made a butter that quickly became rancid. The modern method keeps the churning going until the granules of butter are the size of wheat grains or a little less. Then the buttermilk is drawn off through a fine strainer to prevent butter granules from escaping with it. Cold water is turned into the churn, which is a very revolutionary idea, and then the strainer, and when the water comes clear the buttermilk is out. One don't then have to work the grain out of the butter in order to free it from buttermilk.

No creamery can make as good butter as the private dairyman can make, who has control of the feeding, the milk, the cream, the churning, the washing, the working, the packing, and, indeed, the entire process from start to finish. At the same time it is true that few private dairymen live up to their possibilities in making as good butter as a well conducted creamery makes. From a commercial standpoint the creamery has the further advantage that it can make large quantities of uniformly good butter, and that is what the market wants. The best private dairymen make only small quantities. If uniformly good a market can almost always be found for such butter, direct to the consumer at the best prices going, but if it be put on the general market the smallness of the lots is a disadvantage.

Milk is a complete food for poultry of all ages. It may be either skimmed milk or whole milk, sweet or sour. It may not be so plain to the average man, but the skim milk is as good for poultry as the whole milk, as but very little of the essential elements are removed in the removal of the fat. The casein, milk sugar and ask are comparatively the same in skim milk as are found in whole milk. When given to young chicks it should be scalded so as to kill the fat in the milk, as that element is not wanted in the growing chick. But some may be timid as all poultry except such as are being fattened for the market.

There is an impression with some people that sour milk is spoiled milk, hence is not good for fowls. This is a mistake, for it affords a very good food for chickens, young or old. Where whole milk has been fed to young chicks they often have more or less bowel trouble. Where a great deal of milk is at hand it will pay to feed the skim milk to poultry. If it has to be bought the outlay may be more than the return in egg products, and it is doubtful whether it is best to feed it under the circumstances, but taking it by and large it is a very good and convenient food for poultry and should be fed whenever it can be.

Ah, there! We've the wireless telegraphy, the horseless carriage, the auto, the electric light, and not enough of one thing, now why not give us a wireless binder. Who'll be the man to invent the wireless binder?



Ah! Said Mr. Grayson.

still very weak. She looked up and a faint smile came over her face, and she murmured faintly, "Je remerci vous, Monsieur le Docteur."

"Ah!" said Mr. Grayson, "she is lapsing into her native tongue; she is happy to be better."

Dr. Hastings would not let her talk, however, and watched her faithfully, all day, and by evening he pronounced her out of danger. He remained that night and in the morning after leaving necessary medicine and instructions for care he mounted his horse and wended his way down the mountain.

But the two days he spent there