Campfire Tales

Just a Soldier.

"Medal of honor. To John C. Wetherby, private, company L, Fourth United States infantry. For most distinguished gallantry in action near Imus, Luzon, Philippine Islands, Nov. 29, 1899, in carrying important orders on the battlefield, where he was desperately wounded, and, being unable to walk erect, crawled far enough to deliver his orders. Died Nov. 29, 1899."—Bulletin from war department.

Just a soldier lying dead—with a medal
on his breast;
Just a boy who kept his courage to the
ending of his quest.
And the bugle song is mellow in the
melody of sleep,
And the muffled drum is thrumming in
a cadence slow and deep.
For it's honor for the soldier, and it's
laurels for his head,
And it's praises for his daring—when the
soldier's lying dead.

Just a soldier lying dead—and the carpings have an end;
When he fell upon the altar every critic
was his friend.
With the folded flag about him, and the
medal gleaming there,
Then the praise is quick in coming, and
the soldier has his share.
For it's honor for the soldier when he
dies beside his gun,
And it's medals for his coffin—when the
soldier's work is done.

Just a soldier lying dead—with his trappings at his side;
And we come to look upon him, slow of
step and heavy eyed;
Come to clasp the badge of honor on his
faded service coat;
Come to hear the bugle calling in its
saddest, softest note;
And it's honor for the soldier, with a
medal brightly new,
And it's eulogy and plaudit, when he's
done what he can do.

Just a soldier lying dead—honor rushes
to him then;
Come the men with brush and chisel;
come the pencil and the pen.
Yet the comrades of the soldier hold the
country in their debt—
While they live, the praise and medal is
so easy to forget.
Where the flag of glory ripples in the
whispers of the breeze,
Where the crashing of the battle sends
the echo o'er the seas,
We will find the living reasons for a nation's hope and pride,
Just as we have found a medal for the
soldier who has died.
—From the Baltimore American.

An Appeal for "Confeds."

Gen. Torrance, commander-in-chief, writes this interesting letter to his comrades of the G. A. R.:

In April last I visited the Department of Georgia, Alabama, Louisiana and Mississippi and Texas.

My visit was in every respect a delightful one, but most gratifying of all was the cordial good feeling I found existing between the Union and Confederate soldiers. I affirm without hesitation that among the best friends of our comrades in the south are the surviving ex-Confederates. This friendship is based upon the mutual respect which one good soldier has for another, and had it not been for the bronze button I would often have been unable to distinguish between the blue and the gray, for the cordial welcome extended by the one was equaled by the generous hospitality proffered by the other. In all my journey I found no sectional lines, sullen faces or closed doors. One marked contrast, however, distinguishes the surviving soldiers of the two armies. The national government has properly made generous provision for her defenders, but whatever aid the ex-Confederates receive must come from their more fortunate comrades, or from the municipalities in which they reside, and while the people of the south have in a spirit worthy of the highest praise done much to relieve their necessities, the "nation's wounds" have not yet been fully bound.

At the close of the war the southern people were too impoverished to make adequate provision for those who suffered from disease and wounds, and the result was that many a Confederate soldier ended his days in the almshouse and was buried in a pauper's grave.

When at Montgomery it was my pleasure to meet Col. J. M. Falkner, district attorney for Alabama, formerly an officer in the Eighth Confederate cavalry, who, for some time past, has been earnestly directing his efforts toward the erection of a Confederate Home at Mountain Creek, Chilton county, Alabama. The erection of the first cottage was commenced April 7 last on forty acres of land donated by Colonel Falkner, and to-day two comfortable cottages have been completed, which shelter seventeen old Confederate soldiers, not one of whom could earn a living in a land of plenty against the competition of a child.

The plan is to build forty of these cottages that many or more being required to accommodate those whose disabilities are total. My purpose in writing this letter, and it is the last one I shall address to you as commander-in-chief, is to afford the members of the Grand Army of the Republic, individually or as posts, an opportunity to contribute to the shelter of these needy veterans. The dignity of their demeanor and the uncomplaining soldierly way in which they bear suffering and privation, render them worthy of our respect and sympathy, and it becomes a privilege to assist in making their last days comfortable.

I know of no surer or shorter way to a complete unification of this country in purpose and feeling than the highway of kindness, and I believe its extreme outposts should be jointly held by the surviving soldiers of the armies of Grant and Lee.

There was a time when the nearer we came together the worse it was for all, but now the closer we come together the better for all.

The old order "to kill" has given place to the gentler command "to make alive," and for the bitter contest forever ended at Appomattox has been substituted a perpetual contest of good will and patriotic devotion to a common country. I believe it is within the power of the surviving soldiers of the great war to make fraternity a national anthem, loyalty a national creed and charity a national virtue.

My comrades, as we grow older our hearts become more gentle and tender, and next to the comrade who stood by our side is the brave soldier who faced us.

Fraternally yours,
ELL TORRANCE,
Commander-in-Chief, Grand Army of the Republic.

With every expression of gratitude the camps of Confederate veterans have declined the offer of the head of the G. A. R., but the incident has brought the veterans into closer communion.

Selecting Monuments.

The Vicksburg Battlefield Monument commission is well satisfied with the work accomplished during state fair week, as all the Ohio organizations taking part in the siege of Vicksburg, with the exception of the Eighty-third regiment, made selections of monuments. The committees from the regiments and batteries expressed themselves as well pleased with the designs shown, and among so many it was difficult to make a selection. When the monuments shall have been completed the commission will invite all the committees to go to the works at Clyde and make an inspection of the work. The regiments and the number of the design selected by each are as follows: Sixteenth regiment, No. 57; Twentieth, 12; Twenty-second, 64; Thirtieth, 61; Thirty-second, 75; Thirty-seventh, 7; Forty-second, 30; Forty-sixth, 65; Forty-seventh, 16; Forty-eighth, 14; Fifty-third, 2; Fifty-fourth, 17; Fifty-sixth, 6; Fifty-seventh, 58; Fifty-eighth, 10; Sixty-eighth, 67; Seventieth, 63; Seventy-second, 32; Seventy-sixth, 35; Seventy-eighth, 52; Eightieth, 8; Ninety-sixth, 31; Ninety-fifth, 34; One Hundred and Fourteenth, 56; One Hundred and Twentieth, 59; batteries, Second, 41; Third, 44; Fourth, 74; Fifth, 49; Eighth, 71; Tenth, 70; Eleventh, 73; Fifteenth, 68; Sixteenth, 69; Seventeenth, 72; cavalry, Fourth, 54.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Son Against Father.

"Thomas Bailey Aldrich," said the Doctor, "tells a story in the September number of the Atlantic to this effect: Jefferson Kane, a southern man in the senior class at West Point in 1861, joined the Union army and became distinguished for his dash, courage and soldierly qualities. On one occasion, when he was leading his company, a Confederate officer raised his sword to strike him and Kane stumbled back as if dazed and frightened, and the enemy escaped. The incident unpleasantly affected the men and officers in his regiment, all believing that Kane had shown the white feather in the midst of an engagement. While the captains of the regiment were in conference over the matter Kane shot himself. It appeared later that the Confederate officer whom he met in battle was his own father. But this was not known until thirty years afterward.

"The weak point in the story is that Capt. Kane should have committed suicide rather than to say frankly to his men, 'That was my father and I couldn't strike him.' There would have been nothing disgraceful or humiliating in such a confession. There were, in fact, a good many cases of the kind during the war."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

An Old Soldier at a Reunion.

The oldest man in attendance at the State Grand Army reunion in Hastings, Neb., was Capt. Henry Masterman of Lincoln. Intelligent and interesting, the old gentleman enjoys a peculiar distinction, as in point of age he is the oldest soldier in the nation. He served eight years in the British army, was a member of the Royal Guards at the coronation of Queen Victoria, served in India, came to America in 1850, and in 1862 enlisted in the Twenty-eighth Iowa. He was the oldest member of the regiment, his son being the youngest member of the same regiment. He fought in seventeen of the notable battles of the war. He is now serving his twenty-third year as chaplain of Farragut post at Lincoln. He has officiated at the funerals of 170 of his comrades, all younger than himself. He is now in his ninetieth year and his comrades sincerely hope that he may be spared to be with them again next year.—Omaha (Neb.) World-Herald.

Afraid of His Old Comrades.

Edward McWade, author of "Winchester," tells a story about a Southern friend of his, who, during the late war with Spain, was asked if he intending enlisting.

"Fust off," he said, "I thort I would, an' then I kinder thort I wouldn't. I ain't afraid of fightin'; that ain't the trouble. I was talkin' it over with Tom Owen after I'd about concluded to jine, an' after discussin' of it with him, then I made up my mind final. You' see, I reckoned it would be too big a surprise to the boys that's done been dead these thirty-five years. They'd see me comin' through the pearly gates, maybe, if things didn't come my way, with a blue uniform on. They don't know about this affair, an' my appearance would amaze 'em some. Then they'd rise up an' holler, 'Deserted, darn him!' So, thinkin' it all over, I concluded to avoid shockin' them angels that wore the gray, an' I'll stay at home."

By Way of Saving Space.

Stonewall Jackson had small mercy on soldiers whom he caught straggling but is said to have laughingly condoned one instance. During a forced march in the summer of 1862 he stopped to consult with one of his general officers. The entire command had then passed; and, as Jackson and his officers rode forward to rejoin the column, the former discovered a private up a persimmon tree. Asked by the commander why he was so far in the rear, the private replied:

"Eatin' 'simmons.' "

"Persimmons!" roared Jackson. "Why, they're not even ripe yet!"

"Like 'em green just now," explained the soldier.

"And why?" asked Jackson, softening a little with amusement at the fellow's laconic manner.

"To draw my innards up to fit my rations," was the answer.

Army of the Potomac.

The committee of the third army corps, who went to Gettysburg to attend the annual reunion and unveiling of the statue of Gen. Slocum, took with it invitations from Gov. Crane and Mayor Collins for the association to hold its reunion of 1903 in Boston. The Hooker memorial committee hope to have the statue of the General, which is to be placed on the state house grounds, completed by that time, and its unveiling will be one of the features of the reunion.

An Eastern Reunion.

The reunion of the One Hundred and Thirty-third Ohio regiment, last week, was a most enjoyable affair, and about seventy-five of the members were present. The oldest member present was 82 years of age, and the youngest 53, the average age being 62.28. Zadok Postle of West Jefferson, was elected president; C. H. Parsons, secretary; William Miller, treasurer, and Dr. S. M. Sherman, historian.—Boston Globe.

Horticulture

Figs to Become a Standard Crop.

During a recent visit to the Missouri Experiment station the writer noticed a number of fig trees in a thrifty condition. Here and there were partly grown figs. Prof. Howard, who accompanied the writer, explained that these figs are borne on the second year wood, and as much of the new wood froze last winter the crop of fruit was small. The surprising thing about it is that the fig can stand any cold at all. These fig trees at the Missouri station have to be bent down and covered up every winter. Hay and rubbish is used for that purpose. Otherwise the trees freeze back to the ground. In case of so freezing back they make a very luxuriant growth the next spring. The writer saw some that had been left uncovered and had been frozen back. Yet they had made a growth of at least six feet and had developed a very large amount of foliage. However, they bore no fruit. The trees that had been covered had a height of perhaps eight feet and were very bushy and supplied with a great wealth of foliage.

We have looked upon the fig as a tree belonging to the fire-parched deserts of Africa and Asia. We have never suspected that it could be grown out of doors even in the temperate zone. If it can be made to grow as far north as Columbia, Missouri, what can we look for in the great region lying to the south of Missouri? Certainly that vast stretch of country little exposed to cold, will be found a magnificent region in which to develop orchards of this oriental fruit. Southwest are still greater possibilities. Southern Arizona and New Mexico should prove to be the regions best adapted to the development of the figs, and we may be sure the people of those regions will not be slow to find out the possibilities that slumber in the combination of those warm valleys and the fruit food of the Arabs.

In California already the growing of these orchards has become a business of itself. Trees are coming into bearing by the thousands, and the shipment of fresh figs is to begin this season. The present outlook for this crop around Fresno, California, is said to be very encouraging. The yield is larger than it was last year, and the quality is better. Preparations are being made to ship these figs by express to Chicago and New York, where a good market awaits them. Few people in this country have ever tasted ripe and fresh figs.

Building Fruit Houses.

A fruit house should be so constructed as to preserve an even temperature, says a bulletin of the Cornell station. Storage houses are of two types: First, those which modify but do not regulate extremes of temperature, and second, those which furnish definite low temperatures. Houses of the first class are generally within the means of the commercial fruit grower. Those of the second belong to the equipment of the fruit dealer. The ordinary storage house is probably a frame building provided with a well drained cellar and having perfectly insulated walls and double doors. Insulation is secured by providing two or more air spaces in the walls. These air spaces should be separated by paper-covered partitions. Comparatively low temperatures in these buildings may be secured in fall by keeping them tightly closed during the warm part of the day and ventilated on cool nights. Fruit houses of this character will keep out frost so that the grower may hold his fruit till a favorable opportunity for selling occurs. Dry air prevents the growth of fungi, but causes the fruit to shrivel; a moist atmosphere on the other preserves the plumpness of the fruit but encourages the development of parasitic plants. Extremes should be avoided. The principal thoughts for the fruit grower to keep in mind in handling his fruit are that it is a perishable article, that its keeping season may be lengthened by careful handling and by low, even temperature, and that profits may be increased by placing it on the market in an attractive form.

Exporting Peaches.

Some time ago we mentioned the fact that the Department of Agriculture had made an experimental shipment of apples to the other side of the water, and that the consignments had arrived there in safety. More recently two consignments of early peaches were made. Both of these have now arrived and been sold at a profit on the other side. The cold storage facilities were rather too good, if such a thing can be possible and several crates of peaches were frozen solid. These crates were on the outside of the stack and got the bulk of the refrigeration. The temperature was kept a little too low for the best of results. This is a thing that will have to be experimented with in the shipping of peaches. The last consignment netted the shippers $2.43 per six basket crate, which is considered a good price. If peaches can be shipped abroad and kept in perfect condition till sold it means the opening up of an immense market, and also a profitable one.—Farmers' Review.

Canada Thistle.

In all the history of weeds in America none has been more complained of than the Canada thistle. A century ago it was regarded by the farmers of New England as the greatest pest of their fields. When the sons of these farmers moved West the Canada thistle went with them. It grows vigorously, sometimes spreads rapidly, and is always difficult to kill by ordinary cultivation. It forms dense patches, sometimes to the complete exclusion of other plants, and its abundant sharp spines make it disagreeable to handle. To these characters are due its traditional reputation in the Northeastern United States as the worst of all weeds. With little doubt, however, it causes in the aggregate less real injury to farm products than does bull thistle, ragweed, or pigeon grass, and its distribution is confined to a smaller area than that of any of these weeds.

The orchard and the garden add greatly to the appearance of every farm home. Dreary is the farmstead where they are not.

Lots of women haters are afraid to mention the fact to their wives.

Uf some peoples could borrow money as easy as dey borrow trouble dey would soon be der Vizards uf Vall Street.

Poultry

Dorkings.

This English bird is one which may be considered an ideal bird for general purposes, says a bulletin of the Department of Agriculture. It is a hardy fowl and can stand almost any amount of cold weather, providing the ground is not damp. This is proved by the fact that they do well in the northern part of Scotland and in the extreme north of Ireland, among the Cumberland Hills, and in other places equally as cold and exposed. This should be remembered by those who contemplate raising them, that the soil must not be damp if success is expected with them. The Dorking is one of the oldest of domestic fowls, if not the oldest. There are no definite records to show when it first lived in England, or whence it came, but the supposition is that it was carried to England by the Romans, who evidently possessed fowls of similar characteristics.

The chief distinctive mark of the breed is the presence of a fifth or supernumerary toe, springing behind, a little above the foot and below the spur. It has been sought by various writers to deprive Dorking of the honor of being the original and principal rearing place of this justly celebrated variety, and it is asserted that the true Dorking fowls are raised at

Silver Gray Dorking cock.

Horsham, Cuckfield, and other places in the Weald of Surrey, and that the ancient and superior white fowls from Dorking are a degenerated race compared with the improved Sussex breed. The feature in which this bird is most popular is its table qualities. The flesh is white and very delicate in texture. It is claimed by many to equal if not excel the French varieties. The broad, deep, and projecting breast of the Dorking admirably fits it for table purposes, and in this respect it is conceded by some the rival of the Indian Games. As layers the Dorkings are good, and are careful sitters and attentive mothers. They are splendid fowls for the farm and are profitable for practical purposes.

There are three varieties of Dorkings—the White, Silver Gray, and Colored. The White Dorking is really the purest blooded of the three, as for years this was the only variety which produced invariably the fifth toe.

The Dorking breed is one of the oldest known and dates back to the Roman Empire. It was popular in England for centuries before the "hen fever" broke out in the United States. As a breed it is still prominent.

Meat Meal and Ground Bone.

At the West Virginia Experiment Station 34 hens and two cocks were divided into two similar lots for the purpose of testing the relative feeding value of meat meal and ground fresh meat and bone for egg production. The experiment began October 25 and continued for four periods of 30 days each. The fowls fed ground bone gained more in weight than the lot receiving meat meal. Each lot weighed at the beginning of the experiment 472 pounds. The gains were as follows:

Weight at end of first period.—	
Meat meal	555
Fresh bone	594
Weight at end of second period.—	
Meat meal	572
Fresh bone	616
Weight at end of third period.—	
Meat meal	588
Fresh bone	600
Weight at end of fourth period.—	
Meat meal	575
Fresh bone	591

The eggs laid during the four periods were as follows:

First period.—	
Meat meal	500
Fresh bone	366
Second period.—	
Meat meal	964
Fresh bone	1,094
Third period.—	
Meat meal	853
Fresh bone	1,200
Fourth period.—	
Meat meal	943
Fresh bone	1,164

During the experiment the fowls receiving the fresh bone laid 3,824 eggs, while the meat meal lot laid only 3,260 eggs. During the experiment four of the hens receiving meat meal died and were replaced by others. At the time it was thought they were killed by some poison present in the meat meal. The fowls receiving ground fresh meat and bone remained healthy during the entire test.

In this test the fowls fed ground fresh meat and bone laid more and larger eggs, increased more in weight and were healthier during the experiment than the fowls receiving meat meal.

Turkey and Chicken Crop.

"From all reports there will be a shortage in the turkey crop this year," says W. L. Ogden in the Sioux City, Iowa, Tribune, "but it is impossible to approximate what the shortage will be as the turkey season will not be on until October. This has been a bad season for growing turkeys owing to the heavy rains. Young turkeys will not thrive in wet weather. Last year there was a shortage in the amount of turkeys raised because of the scarcity of the food. Then the crop was only about 75 per cent and from all reports it will be still less this year. I don't believe there will be much of a falling off in the number of chickens raised this year. So far the market looks good with prices several cents higher than last year. At this time last year spring chickens sold at nine cents per pound. This year there is an increase of two cents in the price. The market price for hens also is about two cents higher than last year. This increase, however, is not due to a shortage in the crop, but is brought about owing to the high price of meat. Because of this raisers are eating chickens instead of sending them to the market.

The Dairy

Milk Filters Not Practicable.

A bulletin of the Cornell station says: While milk drawn under ordinary conditions becomes polluted with varying amounts of dirt and dust, milk obtained even with the most careful precautions will contain some foreign matter, which is teeming with germ life. These impurities, consisting mostly of dirt and dust, dissolve readily in the warm milk, therefore, if the latter is not strained promptly little if any of the filth can be strained out. It is then of the greatest importance to reduce the time that elapses between the drawing and straining of milk to a minimum; even then it has been found that about one-half of the impurities go into solution before the milk reaches the strainer. Attempts have been made to use strainers or filters that would filter out bacteria and thus reduce the number of bacteria in milk directly. For this purpose, absorbent cotton, paper filters, cellulose, gravel or sand filters, porcelain filters and many other devices have been tested and used with more or less success. In order to thoroughly understand the value of these filters in connection with dairying it is well for the dairyman to know that the bacteria are many times smaller than the fat globules in milk. Bearing this fact in mind it is not difficult to understand that, as soon as we make use of a filter that is dense enough to prevent bacteria from penetrating, the fat globules will also be filtered out. A large number of experiments conducted at this station and elsewhere have proved the correctness of this statement. The fact that the use of filters capable of depriving milk of one of its most valuable constituents, namely fat, and that such a process of filtering is exceedingly slow and therefore impracticable in dairying, demonstrates clearly the impossibility of purifying milk bacteriologically by means of any filter now on the market.

Water Glass for Keeping Eggs.

The water glass, or soluble glass (silicate of soda), is obtainable of druggists, and costs from forty to sixty cents per gallon. That used in the tests was of 1.12 specific gravity, which in the first series of tests was diluted with distilled water to a ten per cent solution. In practice take one pint of water glass and add nine pints of boiled water. On May 18, 1899, twenty eggs of Leghorn fowls, laid during the five days from the 12th to 16th of May, were carefully washed with water and placed in a stone jar. The ten per cent solution of water glass was poured over the eggs until they were completely covered by the liquid. The covered jar was placed on the floor of the cellar colset and left untouched until the end of the test, April 4, 1900. Result: Good, 100 per cent; bad, 0 per cent. On opening the jar the water glass was found to have formed a white, gelatinous precipitate, which adhered more or less closely to the eggs. The shells of the eggs were very clean, owing to the alkaline nature of the solution; the air cells were not enlarged. Examination showed the whites of the eggs to be clear, but not so limpid as those of fresh eggs. The yolks appeared normal in color and condition. The taste of the eggs was slightly flat, or at least not perfectly fresh. The eggs had kept well for a period of ten months and seventeen days, and proved to be suitable for culinary use. —R. I. Experiment Station.

Some Wastes in the Creamery.

J. W. Hart: In churning, wastes occur through imperfect ripening of the cream, churning at improper temperatures and through foul and leaky churns. Another frequent source of loss is the energy wastes in badly designed and poorly constructed buildings. The buildings and machinery should be arranged with a view to economize labor. Wooden floors, on account of frequent renewals and the difficulty in keeping clean, are too expensive for creameries. Cement floors are superior in every way. A wooden floor, no matter how well built, will settle under the pressure of a vat of milk and throw the separator out of level, resulting in unsteady motion, imperfect skimming and increased wear on the machine. Many expensive separators have been consigned to the scrap pile because they were not set upon a good, solid foundation and properly taken care of. If a machine is not being used for a time, all the bright parts should be covered with hot tallow or cheap vaseline. If a turbine, the step bearing should be taken out, wiped dry, oiled and replaced.—Farmers' Review.

Feeding Cattle.

Pigs should always follow the fattening cattle, at least one pig to every two steers. A good way to feed fodder corn is to have two large yards or fields, hog tight. Scatter the corn fodder in yard No. 1 and allow your fattening cattle to be in there for the first half day. Scatter more corn fodder in yard No. 2, and drive cattle from yard No. 1 to yard No. 2 for the second half day. Then drive the other stock—pigs, cattle and horses—into yard No. 1 where the fattening cattle have been, and they will pick up everything, so there will not be any waste.

When you have fed this way for two or three months confine your fattening cattle in a small yard and feed snapped corn for about a month or six weeks. If the weather is cold, shelled corn is better for them, mixed with about one-fourth oats and a little oil cake. For coarse food, clover or timothy hay is the best, but if hay is scarce stock fed in this way will do well on straw. Always have plenty of water where they can get at it; also keep salt mixed with sulphur in front of them.—A. M. Stewart.

Rotating Crops to Escape Potato Scab.

When the soil has become badly infested with the scab fungus it is usually cheaper to abandon potato growing upon it for a time at least than to continue the practice. The best system of croping to purify such a soil and the length of time which should elapse before potatoes may be grown again with safety is not fully determined. The evidence indicates that root crops should be avoided, and that grains, including corn, grasses, and especially clover, are the best cleaning crops. The turning under of a green crop, like clover, just before potatoes are again planted is especially commended.

Live Stock

The Carriage Horse.

Farmers, as a rule, when a carriage horse is spoken of, call to mind some little, flighty, nervous animal, good for nothing else, so he must be a carriage or road horse. In this they are wrong. The carriage horse is an animal, first, of size enough to draw a carriage over country as well as city roads—which means a horse weighing not less than eleven hundred pounds. In its perfection, it must be an animal that is kind and which has intelligence, as well as some style and good action; and any horse without these requisites will not class in the market as a carriage horse. His form we cannot in a brief article like this describe.

But the farmer who thinks to breed a carriage horse for carriage purposes must always bear in mind that a horse with less size and a disposition such that he will not do other things besides draw a carriage—yes, even do light draft work, or plow, if asked to do so—will never rank as an ideal carriage horse. If sold at all, it must be to a man who is a horseman and not to the man who is not an expert horseman—the one who always has a desire for his own and family's safety and will pay larger money for kindness in a horse than for style and speed. This is true in all markets of the world.

I will say right here, before going farther: No sire, no matter how well he may be bred, should ever be used that cannot be driven safely in harness or be worked at the class of work he is bred for, and is to be used in siring colts for. A carriage stallion that cannot be safely hitched to a carriage and driven, or a draft stallion that cannot or will not pull a load when required of him, is, to say the least, a very poor sire for the farmer to patronize. It is horses for the various kinds of business we require of horses that the markets of the world demand, and when the sire will not do the work we cannot even hope but that some of his get will show his disposition. Therefore, be not misled into breeding to any bad-dispositioned sire, no matter what his other merits may be. The very first question asked when a horse of high price is offered in markets is, "Is he kind?" and the answer must be positive and not with a hesitancy, or no sale will be made. Kindness means intelligence, and a horse with intelligence can be easily controlled by man, and that is what the men who pay big prices want and will pay for, other things being equal. So much for the road horse.—Dr. C. D. Smead in Farmers' Review.

Census Figures on Meat.

The census bulletin dealing with slaughtering and meat packing gives the information that 2 per cent more beeves were slaughtered in 1900 than in 1890, but the cost of beeves showed an increase of 27.9 per cent. The population of 1900 exceeded the population of 1890 by 21 per cent. Vegetarianism did not make notable progress during the decade. It follows that there was a much greater increase in the number of beef eaters than in the number of beeves killed. The inevitable result was an increase in price.

There were sold during the last census year 2,920,400,000 pounds of fresh beef. This was 7.8 per cent more than in 1890, but the cost increased 38.3 per cent. The average price in 1890 was 5.6 cents a pound and in 1900 7.2 cents. The total output of fresh, canned and salted beef in 1900 was 3,170,000,000 pounds. That of pork—fresh, salted, in hams, bacon and sausage—was 4,665,000,000 pounds. That of mutton was 404,000,000 pounds. This is an average production of forty pounds of beef, sixty pounds of pork and five pounds of mutton per head, of population. Evidently mutton counts for little in the United States. The per cent of increase of hogs slaughtered in 1900 as compared with 1890 was 37.2, while the per cent of increase of cost was 34.5. Had it not been for the small percentage of increase in beeves killed the advance in the price of pork would not have been so marked. The effect of the insufficient supply of beef was an advance in the prices of all other meats.—Exchange.

Foundation for Horse Breeding.

A well-known veterinarian says: There is no question but that the ideal horse could be bred with greater certainty if the mare be equally as well bred as the sire to be used upon her. Men of wealth can afford to buy and establish horse-breeding ranches, but the mass of the horses must for years to come be bred on the farms, and by men who are breeding for the money there is in it, that they may lift the mortgage and pay for the home, and they have not the means to buy high-priced mares to breed from, nor is it necessary for them to do so. Let them take the best mares they own—not the poorest or worn-out, blemished ones, but those that are sound in wind and limb, unless the unsoundness surely come from accident or some epizootic disease. Never breed a mare simply because she is good for nothing else, but breed from the one that is good, and the more goodness she has the better.

Roots in Hog Feed.

So far as economy is concerned little can be said about roots in the ration for the hog. But they have a value in addition to the nutriment that is in them. It takes from six to eight pounds of roots to equal in feeding value one pound of mixed grain. But the feeding of roots keeps the animals in good condition, which in turn helps them use to advantage the grains they receive. They prevent young and growing pigs from getting too fat. Hogs as well as other animals seem to want some bulky feed and the roots supply that need. In fact the snout of the hog was given him to permit him to dig into the earth after roots, and we can well imagine that they are therefore of unusual value to him. There is little doubt that roots are not fed to hogs in America as freely as they should be.

Prune Vinegar.

Experiment at the agricultural college at Corvallis, Ore., indicate that prune culls can be made into vinegar and 60 cents a bushel realized. Prof. Pernot converted 10,482 pounds of waste prunes into 660 gals of juice. He is confident that it will develop the 4 per cent acetic acid necessary to standard vinegar. The vinegar retails at 20 cents per gallon and the experiment indicates that one bushel of prunes will make three gallons of prime vinegar.

Real Snakes in His Boots

"On at least one occasion I had snakes in my boots," said the man with the red nose to a reporter of the New Orleans Times-Democrat, "and it was no wild delirious fancy, either. The snakes were genuine. They were very much alive, could crawl and did crawl, and they had eyes and fangs and forked tongues and all the other things which go with a well-made and complete member of the reptilian species. I had gone out on a fishing trip with some friends up in Arkansas, and we were quartered in a tent on one of the best lakes in the southeastern section of the state. It was during the hot season. I never saw as many snakes in all my life as we found around that lake, and they were of all sizes, shapes and colors. The heat was so intense—it was during a severe drought of 1881—that all the snakes of that section gathered around the lake in an effort, no doubt, to keep cool. They would slip down to the water's edge, burrow in the mud and cut other curious capers because of the prevailing drought.

"Late in the evening they would take a whirl at swimming, wriggling out into the lake for some distance, and then pull back to the shore again. I mention these facts merely to show that snakes were plentiful in that section. The heat had made them desperate, but we never anticipated any trouble from this source. We pitched our tent at the head of the lake, and were inclined to gloat somewhat over the splendid location we had secured and the coziness of our surroundings generally. Of course we had the usual quantity of stimulating things which belong to a first-class fishing outfit, and to tell the truth about the matter, I had been pulling away at the jug and popping beer bottles until I was just a little shaky. After we had been out about a week I began to see things that a man under ordinary circumstances could not see. I was just in this condition one morning when I rolled out of my cot to begin the day's sport. The sun had been up for some time.

"My boots were standing beside the cot where I had put them the night before. In throwing my legs over the side of the cot I knocked both boots over. You can guess how I felt when two or three snakes wriggled out of my boots. I simply went up in the air. My nerves were in no condition to be tampered with. I couldn't get out of the cot, and I couldn't stay in it. I simply felt like melting into thin air. One of my friends witnessed the whole thing, although I did not know it at the time. I was ashamed to say anything about the snakes until he brought the question up. Finally he said something about the snakes that had spent the night in my boots, and I'll swear to you I never felt better in my life, for up to that time I was very much in doubt about the genuineness of the vision. I was glad to know that the snakes were real live snakes."

Prowess of a Wire Mattress

Bronson had never taken a wire mattress to pieces, but he always thought he could. The mattress was too big to go up the stairway of the new house except on the instalment plan, and it had to go up there, the thing being so ordered by Mrs. Bronson. Bronson examined the mattress and found that it was composed of four modified scantlings, framed together by bolts and kept firm by the wire web. He diagnosed the case as one requiring a monkey wrench, and after he had searched half or three-quarters of an hour he found the wrench. He noticed that the nuts on the bolt turned hard, but said that they were rusty, and a little patience would conquer.

When the nuts finally came off the two end frames flew together like long-lost sisters and shut Bronson up in the folds of the web like a salmon in a gillnet. He got out after a while, and when he had expressed himself succinctly carried the mattress upstairs, where he set about putting it together again. To his great surprise he found that the web had shrunk about four sizes and that the frames refused to resume their former positions. He tugged and hauled for a while, but the sticks had an irritating habit of wrenching themselves out of his grasp and joining forces, and he always happened to be in the trajectory of one of them.

At last he nailed two of the scantlings to the floor and began drawing the other two into their places. Mrs. Bronson here entered the struggle, but still further reinforcements were required, and the children came. The family lined up along one stick and pulled till Bronson strained his wrist, and let go. Then the web got in its work, and two children were thrown violently to the ceiling, while Mrs. Bronson, caught by the escaping frame, was knocked breathless.

Bronson said a few things, gathered up the children and renewed the attempt. But the esprit de corps was gone from the community efforts, and after a few further trials, in which the list of injured was like that of an excursion train accident, Bronson summoned a neighbor. The two men toiled all the afternoon, and then the neighbor let go of the straining web at the wrong time. It was Bronson's jaw that suffered. Bronson thought he did it purposely, and the two fought earnestly and convincingly for half an hour, at the end of which time the neighbor's wife came and called him to supper.

"My dear," said Bronson that evening, when the doctor left the house, "I think if the second-hand man will give you 25 cents for that mattress you had better take it. I always despised that second-hand man, and this will be a glorious opportunity to show my ill will toward him."—Portland Oregonian.

Huge Sums for Church Work

One would not be surprised to learn that the attempt of the Northern Methodists to raise $20,000,000 as a twentieth century fund had been abandoned as impracticable. But the fact is that $17,000,000 has already been subscribed, and the remaining $3,000,000 may be fairly said to be in sight, says the Watchman of Boston. This great sum is to be devoted to freeing Methodist churches from debt, and for educational work. Methodism in the United States for the next five hundred years is certain to receive a mighty impulse from this great achievement.

The September number of the Church Economist gives the result of careful investigation to show how other denominations are getting on with their twentieth century funds.

The Methodists of Canada set their figures at $1,000,000, and they have raised $250,000 more than that, and the Presbyterians of Canada put their mark at $1,000,000, and have already obtained $1,430,000, with a probability that they will receive $150,000 more. The English Methodists have raised $4,500,000; the English Congregationalists, who sought $2,000,000, have secured $3,312,000; the English Baptists, who put their figure at $1,250,000, have already received $1,000,000, and the Congregationalists of Wales, who set out to secure $100,000 in five years, have received $860,000 in three years.

The Economist reckons that the churches have secured $30,000,000 of the $40,000,000 proposed, and that the movement in all its branches is proving an unexpected and overwhelming success. Doubtless the entire sum proposed will be secured.

One of the interesting features connected with this movement is that the raising of these huge sums has not diminished regular contributions for denominational causes. It was feared that offerings for missions would be lessened, but that has not been the case.

Again the assertion has been demonstrated that there is no fixed sum for benevolence, like the alleged "wage fund" of the political economists, which cannot be diverted to one cause except at the cost of others. It has been shown that gifts depend on the inculcation of the giving spirit and that the larger the gifts the larger they will be.

These great sums have not been contributed by syndicates of rich men. For the most part they have come from people in moderate circumstances.

A married man says the best alarm clock is his wife's elbow.

Would Prove a Dear Girl.

He was asking the old man for his daughter in marriage. He was talking tremblingly, hesitatingly, as you read of in story books. Now came the old man's turn to speak, and as he began his face was white with passion, and his voice shook with excitement.

"You want to marry my daughter?" he said. "Ah, twenty years ago your father crippled me in a stock deal, and I swore to be revenged! And now my time has come."

He paused for breath, and the aspirant for the maiden's hand was about to beat a hasty retreat in the face of supposed defeat, when the father broke forth again.

"Yes, sir, I swore to be revenged, and I'll now strike the father through the son. Want my daughter, eh? Well, take her, and may she prove as expensive to you as she has to me!"

The old man dropped into his chair, worn out with the excitement of his plot, and the young man fainted

A Vivid Description.

"Do tell me something about the play," she said to the young man. "They say that climax at the close of the third act was superb."

"Yes, I am inclined to think it was very good."

"Can't you describe it to me?"

"Why, the heroine came stealthily on the stage and knelt, dagger in hand, behind a clump of pink ribbons. The hero emerged from a large bunch of purple flowers, and as soon as she perceived him she fell upon him, stabbed him twice and sank half conscious into a very handsome aigrette. This may sound queer, but the lady in front of me didn't remove her hat, and that's how it looked."

Judge Wipes a Day Off Records.

Judge George D. Gear, second judge of the first circuit court at Honolulu, Hawaii, made an order on Aug. 18, setting aside all his orders of the previous day, and declaring the day dies non as far as he was concerned. On the day before the Judge had had a good deal of warm discussion with the Assistant Attorney General regarding the setting of cases, and he had ordered bail forfeited in a number of cases as well as causing the Attorney General to withdraw prosecution in several cases by refusing postponement. In his withdrawal of these acts the court stated that he did not think that defendants should be made to suffer because the court lost its temper. There had been good reason for showing temper, but the defendants must not suffer, said Gear, and he, therefore, wiped the proceedings of the day out and took up the calendar again.—San Francisco Chronicle.

New Definition of Wall Street Man.

"Hello, papa," cried the daughter of the Wall street operator after the father reached his porch, after his ride out from the city on a suburban train, and seated his little one on his knee. "But, papa, I've got one you can't guess."

"Can't guess?" said the financier. "Another new joke?"

"A good one, too," chattered the little girl. "You ought to guess it, but you can't. Now, if a student is a book worm, what kind of a worm are you?"

"Well, that is a hard one. We're all supposed to be worms, in one way," said the speculator.

"Yes, but you'd be a tape worm," broke in the little girl, with a burst of laughter; "you read the ticker tape so much."

"That's right," was the answer.

Doyle Mistaken for Kitchener.

On several occasions lately Conan Doyle, while walking in London, has been mistaken for Lord Kitchener, much to the author's embarrassment. Once he was nearly mobbed by a yelling crowd of enthusiasts, who cheered madly for "the 'ero of South Hafrica." By the way, it has seldom fallen to the lot of man to reach affluence in a literary career so early in life as has been the case with Sir Conan. He is only 42, rich, titled and popular.