



**The Harvest of Life.**  
They are mowing the meadows now, and the whistling, laughing, sweet and song of the scythe blades sweet on the air—  
Songs of old summers dead and of this one dying—  
Roses on roses fallen, and year on year.  
Softly as swaths that stink with the long scythe, swinging,  
Faded and pale and sweeps through the deep green grass:  
Strange how this song of the scythe sets the old days of the scythe, and of these that pass.  
Faint ghost of youth—your sea-fragrant orchard close  
Called by the voice of the scythe as it sighs and swings—  
Tell me now as you toss me your phantom rose,  
What was the dream you dreamed through those vagrant springs?  
What that forgotten air when the heart went away?  
What that perfume blowing away?  
"Youth—youth—youth—the scythe keeps sighing and saying—  
The rose you saw not—the tune that you could not—"  
—Harper's Magazine.

**Unity and Brotherhood.**  
Since Gen. Ell Torrance, commander-in-chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, issued his appeal to the members of that organization for contributions for the Confederate Veterans' Home at Mountain Creek, Ala., he has received a large number of letters on the subject from men who were the gray. A few of these letters indicate more or less plainly the survival in the south of prejudices and misunderstandings like those that caused such terrible disasters in the '60's, but by the greater part of them breathe the new spirit of unity and brotherhood, and pay appreciative tribute to the motives which inspired the action of Gen. Torrance. Among a large number of these letters are those from Robert Hamilton, Birmingham, Ala., which breathes the spirit of the new south. "I am," he writes, "an old Confederate who learned under Lee what the life of a soldier is. I am so situated that I will never need help from any one, but that does not prevent me from expressing my appreciation of your most magnanimous conduct in behalf of a lot of poor fellows less fortunate than I have been. A few more men like you and the world would be better off. I want to add my thanks to you, and to all the Grand Army men who feel like you. I went into the army as a mere lad, and while I did the best I could as a soldier, and shed bitter tears when the war ended, yet I have lived happily ever since. God be kinder to us than we were to ourselves and that this Union ought to stay. I am in it to stay, and no power of man will ever draw me or mine out of it again. And that ought to be much for a South Carolinian to feel or say."

**Col. McCook's Welcome.**  
"Col. Dan McCook," said Sergt. Grimshaw, "was a little free in the use of strong language, but wasn't a hard sweeper, as many of our fellows were. On the morning of Nov. 28, 1863, after the capture of Missionary ridge, our division was pushed out after the retreating rebels. We struck them about sundown, but they cut out after we had given them ten minutes of rest. We camped for the night in line of battle, but were not disturbed."

The next morning companies A and B of the Fifty-second Ohio were sent out as skirmishers under Capt. Bucke. Soon after we were in the high brush of the wooded country in front. We kept our formation and kept moving and picked up more prisoners than we had men, but we could not find brigade or regiment. Officers and staff officers sent out from brigade headquarters to find us until we came into the open country near Rocky Face ridge.

"We were then five or six miles from our regiment and were escorted to brigade headquarters by two staff officers who were hunting us all day and who reported that Col. Dan was in a state of mind over our disappearance. We expected a scolding, but we marched up in good order with all our prisoners in the line. We met with a hearty reception, but I will always remember Col. Dan's face, as he said: 'God, boys, I hardly expected to see you again. I thought the rebels had gobbled you sure. God, boys, but I am glad to see you come in all right and with so many prisoners.'"

"As Colonel Jones Would Say."  
"Hard swearer," said the major, "abounded in the army. Col. Jones of our brigade was an expert and was held up as a frightful example to the men. Col. Warrington of the Fifteenth Kansas said a good deal about Col. Jones and used him to enforce the rule that neither officers nor men in the Fifteenth should swear. For a time the rule was rigidly enforced, Col. Warrington was a shining example of the American officer who did not swear under any provocation."

Then the rule was broken, and by Col. Warrington himself. We were in line under heavy artillery when a shell or cannon ball struck in a bog wallow near which Col. Warrington was standing. There was a tremendous splash, and a mass of mud and silt struck Col. Warrington squarely in the face. Gasping for breath and digging with his hands at his mud-covered eyes and mouth and nose, Col. Warrington raised his voice and swore as no man in the brigade could swear except Col. Jones.

"The blanket-blanket," the rebels who fired the shot, the general who formed his brigade in such a blanket-blanket place. He consigned the mudhole and all mudholes to a hotter place, and raved out the most picturesque profanity until his eyes were clear of mud, and he saw the startled and amused looks on the faces of his men. Then he summed up the case by repeating in order all the swear words he had used and added, 'as Col. Jones would say, were he in any place' after that the boys would swear at will, but after every oath or outburst would add, 'as Col. Jones would say.'—Chicago Inter Ocean.

quietly as not so dangerous, after all. They were afraid to come out and fight, so our men went in small parties and engaged them at times. One day a corporal named Leon went scouting, as he was anxious for promotion. Ill-fortune was his, so he caught no American unawares, but on his way home found a great iron ball of oblong shape and brought it to camp at Moccasin. The captain ordered it taken before El General, who said it was an infernal machine of the Americans—los diablos! He took it outside of the camp, under a great mango tree, and under the point of it was a six-inch shell. Seeing nothing dangerous about it he put a lighted cigarette in the hole, and then put his ear down over it to hear the result. Well, we did not recover from the result for some time. When we did we looked for Leon and some twenty or thirty other men; we found them, or small pieces of them, hanging in the mango tree and scattered around the ground. From the roll call that night there were forty-six missing, with the wounded.—Collier's Weekly.

**A Story of Kenesaw.**  
"A good many stories," said the Colonel, "have been told of that truce at Kenesaw, but here is another. My point of view was that part of the Union line nearest the rebel works. After the assault on the dead angle, June 27, 1864, many dead and wounded were left on the ground between the line we established and the rebel fortifications. Some of the wounded were taken to the rear, and others managed to roll out of the zone of fire and creep back to us that night. The more severely wounded however, remained where they fell until relief reached their suffering. On the 28th of June there were no living left between the lines, and on the 29th a truce was arranged for the burial of the dead.  
"Some of the bodies were carried to our lines, but most of the dead were buried where they fell, the details our own work on the same purpose. During the truce there was in front of our brigade a mingling of the two armies from both sides in the not very wide space between the lines. I saw General J. S. Morgan of our division wearing a soldier's blouse, without insignia of rank, talking to General B. F. Cheatam, commanding the Confederate line. In front of them were a number of his drilling roundabout gathered at the waist, and, like Morgan, was posing as a private soldier. Both, however, were recognized and identified, and Cheatam during the truce threw off all pretense of disguise."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

**Uniforms and Sentiment.**  
"I would like to see this new army uniform," said an old soldier. "They say we old fellows will not like it as a matter of sentiment, but that practical soldiers, putting aside sentiment, favor it. Great Scott! As if we were not practical soldiers, who saw more actual service in battle in four years than all the civilized world has seen since 1865. There is more than sentiment in this question, and I believe this experiment will end, as we have others, in a return to the service uniform so thoroughly tested under all circumstances of battle and conditions of weather during the civil war."  
"The blue uniform was no more conspicuous in maneuver, skirmish, or battle than the Confederate gray or butternut. At a distance the one could not be distinguished from the other. When the rebels were taken for our own men, and were almost in our camps before the first shot of our rifles was fired, and we held our fire, believing them to be our own men, and were in cases during the civil war mistakes were made through failure to distinguish uniforms, the butternut looking in the haze, or rain, or smoke, or at a distance as dark as the blue."

**Two Frank Confederate Generals.**  
The present writer once asked a Confederate general, long after the civil war (but now many years ago), how he really felt about the failure of himself and his associates to establish a separate government. He said: "Do you want me to tell you the truth?" The answer was, of course, "Yes." "Well," said the honest old veteran, "I am sorry we failed; I think we should have done well as a separate nation. We honored him for his frankness and afterward to the incident to another Confederate general, who said: "Did General say that? Well, he always was a failure!"

**Confederates Are Divided.**  
The question of accepting the help of the Grand Army in the construction of the Confederate veterans' home at Mountain Creek, Ala., is causing a serious disruption in the Confederate veterans' associations in various parts of the south. In Louisiana resolutions were adopted thanking the northern veterans for their offer, but saying that "the south was able to provide for its veterans and could not accept assistance from others." In Alabama, however, the Confederates are adopting resolutions of thanks to the Grand Army and accepting the offer of help. Col. J. N. Falkner, a distinguished Confederate soldier, says that the offer of the Gen. Torrance to the Confederates was made at his suggestion.

**Running Out of Ammunition.**  
A late reminiscence of the battle of Gettysburg illustrates the strict attention to business of the professional soldier under the most distracting circumstances. When Gen. Hancock was wounded he was carried to the rear, where the surgeons cut away his clothing and found and extracted the missile. The general became much interested in seeing it, and insisted upon sending for an aid de camp, in spite of the medical admonitions against exciting himself. When the aid appeared, the general called out to him:  
"Go straight to Gen. Meade and tell him the enemy is running short of ammunition. I have been wounded with a tenny canister."

**Even Millionaires Turned Down.**  
James Dobson, a multimillionaire carpet-maker of Philadelphia, was "among those present" at a coal of face there the other day to make application for fuel. He stood in line with a number of others and pleaded for a carload, saying he needed it badly at his factory. That was his second appeal, but he was told to "call again in the morning."

**Private Cadette of the Third United States Infantry.** On service in the Philippines, sends the following "yarn." He says the notorious (Filipino) officer, Gen. Llanera, told it to him:  
"After the terrible fight between Mead and Malocson, while we were yet gathering our scattered forces in order to man the trenches of Palo and Malabon, we gradually got over the 'effect,' and came to look upon the 'subject,' lying at Culocon so

## Famous New York Men Not Born in the City.

The following list of birthplaces of persons in conspicuous places or responsible posts in New York city is chiefly notable for the extraordinary lack of New Yorkers in it:  
Richard Croker, Black Rock, Ireland.  
Joseph H. Choate, Salem, Mass.  
Chauncey M. Depew, Peckskill, N.Y. state.  
W. R. Grace, Queenstown, Ireland.  
Randolph Guggenheimer, Lynchburg, Va.  
Abram S. Hewitt, Haverstraw, York state.  
John W. Keene, London, England.  
John A. McColl, Albany.  
Levi P. Morton, Shoreham, Vt.  
J. Pierpont Morgan, Hartford, Conn.  
Thomas C. Platt, Oswego, York state.  
Charles L. Tiffany, Danielsonville, Conn.  
Nathan Straus, Otterberg, Bavaria.  
Isador Straus, Rhenish, Prussia.  
H. H. Vreeland, Glen, N.Y.  
William C. Whitney, Conway, Mass.  
Frank S. Black, Livingston, Me.  
Cornelius N. Bliss, Fall River, Mass.  
James W. Alexander, Princeton, N.J.  
Elihu Root, Clinton, N.Y.  
Russell Sage, Oneida county, New York.  
Joseph Pulitzer, Buda Pesth, Hungary.  
Whitelaw Reid, Xenia, O.  
John D. Rockefeller, Richmond, N. Y.  
S. S. McClure, County Antrim, Ireland.  
Andrew Carnegie, Dunfermline, Scotland.  
D. C. Carter, Lancaster, Mass.  
Henry Clews, Sta. F. de Indis, England.  
Daniel S. Lamont, Cortlandville, N. Y.  
Henry M. Flagler, Canandaigua, N. Y.  
George R. Flint, Thomaston, Me.  
D. O. Mills, North Salem, N. Y.  
Frank A. Munsey, Mercer, Me.  
Adolph S. Ochs, Cincinnati, O.  
W. R. Hearst, San Francisco.  
Charles Dana Gibson, Roxbury, Mass.  
George Harvey, Peacham, Vt.  
John Brisson Walker, western Pennsylvania.  
Bishop Potter, Schenectady, N. Y.  
George G. Williams, East Haddam, Conn.  
Horace White, Colebrook, N. H.  
Lewis Nixon, Leeburg, Va.  
Nicholas Murray Butler, Elizabeth, N. J.  
Henry M. Allen, Mt. Tabor, Vt.  
Maurice Grau, Braun, Austria.  
Morris K. Jesup, Westport, Conn.  
Herman Oelrichs, Baltimore.  
Samuel Insull, Ireland.

## Child Slavery in Mills of the South.

Boys and girls from the age of six years and upward are employed. They usually work from six o'clock in the morning until seven at night. At noon they are sent to the floor and clean their food, which consisted mostly of corn bread and bacon. These wretched pigmies munched in silence and then toppled over in sleep on the floor in all the abandon of babyhood. When it came time to go to work the foreman marched through the groups shaking the sleepers, shouting in their ears, lifting them to their feet, and, in a few instances, kicking the delinquents into wakefulness. From a quarter to one until seven o'clock they worked without respite or rest. These toddlers, I saw for the most part did but one thing—they watched the flying spindles on a frame twenty feet long and tied the broken threads. They could not sit at their tasks; back and forth they paced, watching with inanimate dull look the flying spindles. The noise of the machinery and the constant looking at the flying wheels reduce nervous sensation in a few months to the minimum. Memory is as dead as hope. He does his work like an automaton; he is part of the roaring machinery; memory is scarce, physical vitality is at such a low ebb that he ceases to suffer. At a certain night school where several good workers were putting forth efforts to mitigate the condition of these baby slaves, one of the teachers told me that they did not try to teach the children to read—they simply tried to arouse the spirit through pictures and telling stories. If the child workers of South Carolina could be made to read, they would be able to make their way to the surface of the ground. In such a case the burning of the dead stalks after the ground has frozen in the fall so as to secure a close burn without injuring the roots of the grass, and more cultivation of the land, which is less than ten acres in concentration, would be badly infested, the best remedy is deep plowing in the fall or in the early spring before the grass has started. If this is followed by thorough cultivation of the land, it will be able to make their way to the surface of the ground.

## Hawthorne Had Little Use For Politicians.

Correcting some inaccuracies in a published statement, George Edwin Jepson of the Boston Custom House, writes to the Boston Herald saying: "Hawthorne was not together in the Boston Custom House in 1839-41, but a messenger, the two offices at that period being essentially distinct. Nor was he turned out of office by the Whigs in 1841, as you state, and unceremoniously thrown upon the street. In the Boston Custom House archives is an official copy of a letter from Collector Bancroft, which notified Nathaniel Hawthorne re-employment on Jan. 1, 1841. The collector assumes power with the following flourish, and consequently could exert no pressure to force out a Democratic official before that date.  
"Hawthorne, in fact, had never been contented in official harness from the day he left out of place and into the hands of his associates of official life. When scarcely a year in place he writes thus in his private journal: 'I pray that in one year more I may find some way of escaping from this unblest custom house, for it is a very grievous thrall-  
"Watered stock is the kind you get at most wet-goods emporiums."

## GLASS YOU CANNOT BREAK

May Be Moulded Into Any Form and Used as a Permanent Glass.  
Louis Kauffeld, a European glass-worker, makes extraordinary claims for a new kind of glass he has just discovered. It is a glass of such nature that will not break, that can be moulded into any desired form, that can be hammered without shattering. In short, a glass that will be as malleable as lead or any other metal. With an ordinary goblet made of his new material he can hammer a nail into a tough board. He can bore a hole in a glass pane, and then patch it with another piece of the same kind of glass. Coffee pots and tea kettles can be made of the new substance, and will no more crack, even under the most intense heat, than would steel.  
While Kauffeld's process is unknown to anybody except himself he has given out the information that the time and lead that are required in the manufacture of ordinary glass do not enter into the composition of this. "The secret lies," he said, "in the chemicals that are used in making this glass and the proportions in which these chemicals are put into it."

**The Man and His Gun.**  
Once upon a time a man made a large collection of firearms of all times and nations, and was very proud of his curios. He showed them to his friends, expatiated on their several merits, and always assured his visitors that there was no danger in handling them, for they could not go off, because they were not loaded.  
The fame of his collection reached the ears of an enterprising burglar, who made a daring entry of his premises at night and despoiled him of the entire collection.  
Moral—The fact of firearms being unloaded is no guarantee that they will not go off.—New York Herald.

**How He Saw It.**  
Uncle Sil (agriculturist)—I've heard the New York joke is great.  
Uncle Joe (country-side joker)—Wal, I guess! They've got the unmitigated ass, and money sharks, and country suckers, and Chicago lobsters, and Wall street bulls, and stock exchange bears, and peacocks o' fashion, and monkey-faced doctors, and society asses, and old hen reformers, and gawkies, and snakes, and snakes of vice, and Tammany tigers, and owl cars, and Standard Oil hogs, and doves of peace, and dogs of war, an'  
Uncle Sila—Say, Jo, I want a gallon of that same cider.—Life.

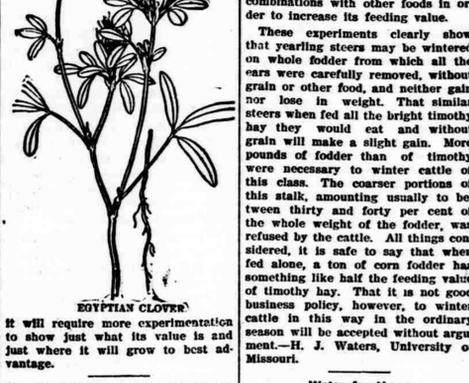


**The Grass Thrips.**  
Bulletin 83 of the Maine Station consists of a scientific and technical description of the grass thrips (Anthraxanthus tritici) and its life history. As the bulletin is not of general interest only a limited edition was printed and it will be sent only on application.  
The grass thrips is a minute insect, from one twenty-fifth to one-sixteenth of an inch in length, usually living in some part of the grass plant, in which it sucks the juice. In the early summer it is confined chiefly to June grass, but later in the season timothy and other grasses are attacked also. The dead grass tops seen along the highway and in the edges of the field are often due to this insect. If the top of a plant thus affected be gently pulled, the stalk usually parts above the upper joint, and the part which was covered by the sheath is found withered and shrunk.

As the thrips feeds by sucking the juices of the plants, contact poisons, or borax emulsion or whale oil soap are the only things which are of use in combating it. When only a small area is infested, one of the insecticides just mentioned or even a liberal application of water will prove successful in controlling the pest. When a large area is infested, it is not feasible on account of the expense of materials and application. In such a case the burning of the dead stalks after the ground has frozen in the fall so as to secure a close burn without injuring the roots of the grass, and more cultivation of the land, which is less than ten acres in concentration, would be badly infested, the best remedy is deep plowing in the fall or in the early spring before the grass has started. If this is followed by thorough cultivation of the land, it will be able to make their way to the surface of the ground.

**Egyptian Clover.**  
Trifolium alexandrinum. This is an annual clover recently introduced from Egypt. It is a very hardy plant and will do well in the southern states, but it is not so palatable and not so completely eaten, and that the stock will not eat enough of it to make profitable gain. In Missouri Experiment Station has been studying this problem during the last seven years with a view to ascertaining the best method of treating corn fodder and the best combinations with other foods in order to increase its feeding value.  
These experiments clearly show that young steers may be wintered on whole fodder, without grain, or on grain and whole fodder, without grain or other food, and neither gain nor lose in weight. That similar steers when fed all the bright timothy hay they would eat and without gain or loss of weight. More pounds of fodder than of timothy of this class, amounting usually to between thirty and forty per cent of the weight of the fodder, was refused by the cattle. All things considered, it is safe to say that when fed alone, a ton of corn fodder has something like half the feeding value of timothy hay. That it is not good business policy, however, to winter cattle on corn fodder alone, this season will be accepted without argument.—H. J. Waters, University of Missouri.

**Water for Hogs.**  
Owing to their fatty make-up, the hog suffers more from heat than other animals, when deprived of water. In order that they may do their best they must have pure water, not one or twice a day, but all the time. It can best be provided, where there is a running water, by having a square trough, to which is fitted a float valve on each end. This trough should be not over ten inches high, and should be protected by nailing slats across, to keep the hogs from getting in and soiling the water. This trough should be fed by a pipe leading from a reservoir or large tank. I have tried a great many of the watering devices attached to a tank or barrel and find that while they will work for a time, sooner or later they give trouble, and of late I have discarded them and use a float valve which is always in order. It pays best to have the float made of copper as it will not rust, while a tin one will, and soon leak. If you have never had this or a similar device for watering your hogs, get one next season and you will be convinced that it pays for itself many times over during one season, besides saving a whole lot of hard work. I would rather be looking over the fence watching them eat, than trying water, when a pipe that costs but a few dollars can carry it easier and better, when once set to work; besides doing the work better than I could possibly do it. It gives me time to attend to some of their other wants, that I could not possibly attend to had I to carry all the water that they require.—Forest Henry.



**New Zealand Bacon Shipments.**  
For some years the New Zealanders have been trying to ship bacon to England and get it there in good condition. Until recently they have met with little success so far as getting their product to market in good shape was concerned. The bacon generally came to the market either tainted or discolored, due to the methods of freezing. Now a method of chilling and freezing has been invented that is said to make it possible to put the bacon onto the English market in as fine condition as when it came from the New Zealand factories.  
How to Improve a Hog.  
The only way to improve the razor-back of Texas is to cross him with a railroad train. He then becomes a fine Berkshire or Poland-China, and if the train is left on the track, the company pays for him at the rate of \$1 a pound and all the company gets by the sale of the train. Now, if you have a razor-back of Texas, you should have the remains of the track.—Coburn in Hoard's Dairyman.

**The Hungarian Minister of Agriculture.**  
The Hungarian minister of agriculture has issued a circular to the effect that the estimate of the grain crops of the world. The figures are approximately as follows:  
Wheat ..... 2,900,000,000 bushels.  
Oats ..... 2,900,000,000  
Corn ..... 2,900,000,000  
Rye ..... 1,575,000,000  
The food and drink of hogs should be perfectly pure, if a pure product is desired.  
Necessity is the aphorism that a poor man offers his stomach.

**Fat-Tailed Sheep in Siberia.**  
Vast tracts of natural pasture in Siberia are considered ideal for sheep raising, says the Live Stock Journal. The fat-tailed Tartar sheep is the best. At present these sheep are reared for the fat on their tails. The fat grows all through the summer and a yearling will give 20 pounds of tallow. In the winter months the fat gradually disappears; it is one of the provisions of nature. When no more food is to be had because of the snow the sheep derive sustenance by absorbing the fat from their tails. This fat is stored in the winter, and when the snow melts it is used for fuel. This fat-tailed sheep is not a great wool producer, but its inferior breed is kept for that purpose.

**Montana Dairy Building.**  
A Montana item says: The dairy building at the experimental station at Bozeman is rapidly approaching completion. Its dimensions are 23x44 feet, two stories and of frame construction. The west side on the lower floor will be devoted to the manufacture of butter, while on the east side will be the cheese vats and other machinery for turning out first-class cheese. The upper story will be used for class rooms. The dairy will have a capacity of about 1,000 gallons of milk every day, and the work will be done by the students of the agricultural course. The cost of the building will be \$2,500, the amount appropriated by the last legislature. The equipment is already on the ground and will be installed just as soon as the building is completed.



**Selling Cream.**  
E. C. Jacobs: When we commenced to use the separator we found the cream was of superior quality for table use, and took a few samples to create better custom, with the result that it soon had a prominent place in our weekly load, with a profit to us and satisfaction to the customers that has resulted in our seldom being able to supply the demand for it. It seems strange that with so much dairy product reaching market, good, rich sweet cream is often hard to obtain in the city at any price. From my own observation I think that much more cream is being used than a few years ago, and much more would be obtained if a good article could always be obtained.  
I know of no more profitable way of selling cream than in connection with a butter trade, as then the delivery can be done at the same time and usually to the same people. Then, it is a profitable way to dispose of a surplus that is quite liable to accumulate in the city. Cream for table use is usually wanted in summer than in winter, and it is often difficult to adjust the supply to the demand throughout the year, but by selling both I think it is easier to manage. Cream is taken immediately from the separator, set in ice water, and kept until cold. Think it would usually test about 32 per cent butter fat, although do not make a practice of testing it, being guided by the amount of butter yielded at the previous churning and the appearance of the cream. The cream should be rich enough to whip when in proper condition.—Farmers' Review.

**When Milk is Rejected.**  
A New Zealand milk inspector says: Human nature is such that few suppliers can look pleasant when their milk is rejected, though they are in all the more reason why the man in charge of the weigh stand should exercise the greatest care in dealing with a matter of this kind. The main point for a manager to observe is to keep cool—be courteous, and never allow his decision to be final. Every manager returning a can of inferior milk, and through some carelessness on his part in handling the hoist, the contents of a twenty-gallon can were poured over the unfortunate supplier. It is necessary to explain the reason (in his half-drowned condition) was not in a proper frame of mind to receive hints on the care of milk at the farm. I mention this fact merely to show that it is highly important to the part of the manager to avoid giving the milk dealer any cause for complaint, for if the confidence of the supplier in the ability of the manager is shaken, it matters not whether it is in judging the milk or any other branch of the work—his judgment will not be accepted as reliable or his decisions final. Every manager should endeavor to prove to the supplier who delivers tainted milk that such milk is inferior in quality. This can be done by the application of the curd or fermentation test. If the test properly conducted it will strengthen the hands of the manager and if its results do not appeal to the offending supplier, some more stringent measures should be taken.

**Starved on Condensed Milk.**  
Dr. Raymond of the Brooklyn Board of Health, has according to the Eagle, investigated the 663 deaths among children under two years old due to cholera infantum, diarrhea and other similar diseases.  
He ascertained that fully 80 per cent of these children had been fed on condensed milk, 10 per cent were nursing infants and the remainder were nourished by various prepared baby foods.  
Most of the condensed milk used was of the canned variety, depending on the large amount of sugar in it to preserve it. The mothers were accustomed to dilute this in ten parts of water. In this form it was fed to the child. Owing to the sweetness of the mixture the children liked it, of course, and so they ate it. The sugar fattened them. But there is a preponderance of casein in condensed milk which is not digestible. There is also an absence of fat. Hence the children, who had been fed with this food presented broken down systems. In the summer months they could not stand the strain. Death followed.  
Be this as it may, it emphasizes the necessity of putting a stop to the fraud of selling condensed milk as condensed milk.—New York Produce Review.

**Relation of Fat to Cheese Products.**  
A good many people are still ignorant of the fact that the richness of milk largely regulates its value for cheese-making. Yet this truth has been known for a number of years. At the Wisconsin state fair, Professor Farrington showed six cheeses to illustrate this. His exhibit was as follows:  
11-lb. cheese—Made from 200 lbs. skimmed milk, testing 40 per cent.  
13-lb. cheese—Made from 200 lbs. milk, testing 1 per cent fat.  
16-lb. cheese—Made from 200 lbs. milk, testing 2 per cent fat.  
18-lb. cheese—Made from 200 lbs. milk, testing 3 per cent fat.  
21-lb. cheese—Made from 200 lbs. milk, testing 4 per cent fat.  
24-lb. cheese—Made from 200 lbs. milk, testing 5 per cent fat.  
It will be seen that the old rule of course, and so it is, that the milk will seldom hold good, the best milk in this case yielding about one pound of cheese from eight of milk, while the poorest gave one pound of cheese from about 10 of milk. The content of milk holds nearly a constant relation to its fat content.

**Fattening Fowls.**  
Exercise is not conducive to the laying of flesh. On the other hand in birds do not thrive when confined, on crops, the process of fattening should be a very quiet one. Fourteen days is long enough to get a fowl in condition. Mashed potatoes and corn meal one-half is a good combination. Feed all they can eat in the morning. At noon give ground corn, a number of years ago, seven yards they were in the bottom of the hat and once the brim was touched the competitor was disqualified. The winner put in eighty-eight shots and then the joyous pair returned to Paris and dined together.

**Dormant Bacteria.**  
Prof. John L. Sheldrick says: "Like some weeds, bacteria may remain dormant for long periods. When the conditions necessary for their growth return they immediately become active. Seeds of the cockle-burr, ragweed and sunflower may lie in the ground for a year or more without germinating, but when the soil is stirred up and they begin to feel the influence of the sunshine and air, the seedlings burst from their seed coats and push their way up through the soil, apparently all the more vigorous on account of their long rest."

**Gay Young Frenchmen.**  
Two sportive young French aristocrats at Melun recently made a wager of 100 louis. Each took his silk hat and nailed it to a tree. Guns were procured and at a distance of twenty-seven yards they opened fire. Fourteen shots were to be recorded in the bottom of the hat and once the brim was touched the competitor was disqualified. The winner put in eighty-eight shots and then the joyous pair returned to Paris and dined together.

**France is an enormous producer of table poultry and eggs.** The climate of the country is well adapted to the raising of poultry, and a large number of people make their living thereby.  
One trouble about obstacles is that they are always in the way.