WITH THE VETERANS

The Old Fashioned Cider Mill.

Sing uv the modern cider mill, with all
its speed an' size,
Boast uv its gearin' up to date, an' laud
it to the skies;
Sing of its big capacity hydraulic press
an' flow—
I'll take the good ol' fashion' mill uv
fifty years ago.

The good ol' fashion' cider mill uv fifty
years ago!
The gray an' beaten cider mill whose
road is sunken low;
The country mill beneath the hill where
to an' from the school
We kneit beside the foamy tub an' sucked the juices cool.

The modern mill hez glasses now, or
gold-lined cups to sip,
The good ol' straw we uster use fure'er
hez lost its grip;
The of' white hoss hez lost his job an'
leans ag'in the wall,
Fur in this modern cider mill harsh
science does it all.

More quarts per day, more water used,
more style in ev'ry way,
More filigree an' fol-der-rol, more modern ev'ry day;
More like the new, less like the old, less
temptin'—that I know—
Less liable to draw a crowd than fifty
years ago!

Sing not to me in heartless verse uv
mills "right up to date—"
I want the good ol' fashion' mill in all
its native state;
I want the hoss, the grindin' cogs, the
straw we uster know—
The real ol' fashion' cider mill uv fifty
years ago.

—New York Sun.

Soldiers' Incidental Hurts.

Said an Eighty-Sixth Illinois man, "I did not run to bullet wounds, but I had bruises until I couldn't rest, and in the army a bruise was a bruise, as I learned by long and painful experience. I got my first bruise before I had been in the service sixty days. That was at Perryville, Oct. 8, 1862. We were lying down behind a rail fence when a bullet from the rifle of a rebel sharpshooter struck a rail right above my head, flattened out like a pancake, glanced off in my direction, struck me on the shoulder, leaving a black and blue spot as big as my hand. That bullet hurt me worse than if it had gone through me, and yet I was reported bruised, not wounded.

"Again at Jay's sawmill at Chickamauga a flattened ball or a piece of a shell grazed me so close as to bruise and blister the skin, and again I got no sympathy and was laughed at for not tallying a hit. At Buzzard's Roost in May, 1864, we fought in a corn field from early morning before daylight until 8 o'clock at night. Along in the afternoon, tuckered out with the hot fighting and the hot weather, I squared myself behind a tree for a rest.

"I told the boys I was going to take a nap. This was meant to be a joke, but, sitting against the tree, I went to sleep, my head wabbled to one side, exposing my camp-kettle hat, and a Johnnie put a bullet through the hat so close to my head as to cut the hair. I awoke with a start, to be laughed at by the boys. I got another scratch at Kenesaw and a blister or bruise at Peach Tree Creek, and another at Jonesboro, but I got no furlough on any of them. I can't truthfully say that I was wounded, and yet that bruise on my shoulder troubles me to this day."

"I had worse luck than that," said the sergeant. "On the night our division crossed the Tennessee river in the march on Chattanooga, in September, 1863, I met with the queerest mishap that ever befell a soldier. I had been on heavy duty for two days and nights and it seemed to me I couldn't keep awake another minute if all of Bragg's army came swooping down the gorge through which we were moving. I remember looking up at the ruins of the high bridge and trestlework at Falling Water, between Shellmound and Lookout mountain, and then all was blank.

"I had gone to sleep, walking. We were marching in fours, rifles at a right-shoulder shift, and the men on either side stood shoulder to shoulder, so for a time I slept and walked. When a turn came in the road the mechanism of my body, set for going ahead, stopped, and I went down like a log, my rifle striking me a cruel blow and my face striking the rough ground. I was hurt worse than if a bullet had gone through my arm, but in my pain and misery I heard the laughs and shouts of the men jeering me. I carry the marks of that fall today, but the men of the old company would call me a fraud if I should say I was wounded at Falling Water."

"My most painful wound," said the Captain, "did not come from bursting shell, or rifle bullet or saber cut. In going up Missionary Ridge I was close behind a great big fellow, who pushed his way through brush and abattis after the manner of a fly-bitten bull. At one point he bent forward the sharpened prongs of a branch of a fallen tree, and, releasing himself, let the sharp points fly back. They struck me at the knee, with the swiftness of a swinging saber, tore my trousers on that leg, and left three great gashes across the knee. It was not a wound from the soldier's point of view, and I did not fall out. I climbed on, blind with pain, and I carry the scars to this day, but I was not among those reported wounded."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

With Old Tecumseh.

At an informal dinner of about a dozen Grand Army comrades, the other evening, one who had served as captain under Gen. Sherman in the civil war, remarked that he had read with much interest the incidents of Sherman at Shiloh published in the Tribune last week. And then the conversation took the course of reminiscences of Sherman's "March Through Georgia." One of the veterans related a story in this way:

"Everybody who served under Sherman as a commander must give him credit for his strategy in flanking the rebels out of their strong positions. Even a young woman of Georgia could not help observing his military tactics, and her remarks were amusing, to say the least. She told how Sherman's army marched down through her country, and how he detached his commanders to do certain things. I think I can recall her language, which was about like this: 'It wasn't fair for Sherman to fight the Southern soldiers on end. Now, it was right smart of Gen. Bragg to form two streaks of fight in our dooryard with walking soldiers, and then he got Gen. Joe Wheeler to line up one streak of fight with critter soldiers (meaning cavalry) behind the house. And just as our side was ready to whip the Yankees Sherman sent Joe Hooker up, and he flanked Bragg and made him fall back, which he did in such a flurry that he upset dad's ash hopper plant, which cost $2.50 in Atlanta, and did I wave as how he is again' to see Bragg for waste. But I'd like to know where the Yanks get those guns which they load on Sunday and fire all the week?'

"I remember a young Confederate prisoner, who was standing near the young woman, evidently her best fellow, who responded with this remark: 'Why, Sherman can do anything. He gets on a hill, flops his wings and crows; then he yells out: "Attention, creation! By kingdoms, right wheel, march!" And then we git.'"—New York Tribune.

Farragut's First Command.

The story of a boy of 12 years acting as commander of a ship seems rather wonderful, yet Farragut was but twelve years and four days old when he was put in command of the Barclay, a prize ship taken by Capt. Porter. In consideration of his tender years, says the author "Twenty-Six Historic Ships," the former English master of the vessel was sent in her for the possible benefit the young prize master might find in his advice. Farragut tells the story of the queer division of authority in his journal as follows:

"I considered that the day of trial had arrived, for I was a little afraid of the old fellow, as every one else was. But the time had come for me at least to play the man; so I mustered up courage and informed the captain that I desired the maintopsail filled away in order that we might close up with the Essex Junior. He replied that he would shoot any man who dared to touch a rope without his orders. He would go his own course, and had no idea of trusting himself with 'a blasted nutshell,' and then he went below for his pistols.

"I called my right-hand man of the crew and told him that I wanted the maintopsail filled. He answered with a clear 'Aye, are, sir,' in a manner that was not to be misunderstood, and my confidence was perfectly restored.

"From that moment I became master of the vessel, and immediately gave all necessary orders for making sail, notifying the captain not to come on with his pistols unless he wished to go overboard, for I really would have had very little trouble in having such an order obeyed."—Memphis Commercial-Appeal.

Buckeyes at Chattanooga.

"There was no jealousy—hardly rivalry," says Grant of the battle of Chattanooga, where various divisions of the Army of the Potomac, the Army of the Tennessee and the Army of the Cumberland served under each other's standards. That is the spirit in which the dedication of a monument to commemorate Ohio's part in the culminating moment of the victory—the storming of Mission Ridge—was undertaken by the Buckeye State veterans yesterday, and in which it will be received by their brethren in other states.

Ohio men were thickest in the Army of the Cumberland. It fell to that army, which had been so grievously battered in the defeat at Chickamauga eight weeks before to strike the finishing blow at the Confederate center after Bragg's left had been turned by Hooker and his right fought to a standstill by Sherman. The Ohio generals, Grant, Sherman and Sheridan, loom large in the story of the victory, but when the Ohio regiments moved out for that dash up the mountain side their commander was Thomas, the great Virginian. Nothing stopped them when they started.

Many a Buckeye commander was made by the work of that day, and many a deed was performed that is still recited around the camp fires of Ohio veterans. Every state has its heroic episode to point to in the civil war. Perhaps the supremest moment of Ohio history blossomed on that bloody Tennessee hillside.—New York Mail and Express.

"Making History."

"That bearded colonel at Stone River," said the major, "must have been in our division. There were a good many full-beared officers in those days, but this particular one must have been in our part of the field. There was hot work for all of Palmer's division that day, and the 2d of January following. I remember one young fellow of the Thirty-first Indiana, a tall, slender, black-haired fighter, whose face was black from powder smoke, but who fired as rapidly as any man in his company. Finally his ramrod stuck in his overheated and foul gun barrel. Turning to Capt. Hallowell, he said: 'Cap, my ramrod's stuck. Have you a rag about your person that I can swab her out with?'

"The captain tore his handkerchief in two and handed one-half to the owner of the stuck ramrod. The latter, with the zip, zip of rifle balls in his ear, proceeded coolly to swab out his gun. This was not an easy job when a man had nothing else to think about; it was a very trying one with the bullets flying. But the young fellow worked steadily until his gun was in good working order, when he went into action with energy and enthusiasm. Just before he resumed business, looking up into Capt. Hallowell's face, he said, conversationally: 'Jerusaelm! Cap, ain't we makin' history to-day?' The captain probably thought the slender youngster was doing his full share of history making."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Rare Southern Flag.

The "Richmond Grays," organized seventeen years before the civil war, had a fine silk flag, the Stars and Stripes, which was carried by Color Sergeant J. T. Rodgers until 1859, when a new one was obtained and carried until the company went into the Confederate service. During the civil war the wife of Sergeant Rodgers carefully preserved the original flag, which was presented to this post when it visited Richmond in 1866. It is still in excellent condition, and it attracts much attention from those who visit the hall of the John A. Andrew Post 15 at Boston, for the first time, as it has a prominent position in the hall.

Quaint Custom of the Sea.

A quaint but almost forgotten custom was revived when the mizzen mast was being stepped in a schooner launched in Maine recently. Mr. Ptone, Capt. Charles Trask and Mr. Mulvaney all put new quarters on top of the keelson, so that when the heavy stick came down it closed over it for good and all. It's so the vessel will never be without money," said Mr. Stone, smiling.

AGRICULTURE

New Forage Plant, Berseem.

Recently while at Washington and in conversation with D. G. Fairchild, of the Department of Agriculture, the question was asked by the writer if there was any new forage plant recently introduced that gave promise of being of exceptional value to American farmers. Mr. Fairchild, who has traveled extensively in foreign lands, seeking new plants that would be of benefit to our agriculturists, replied that, in his judgment, the forage plant named Berseem was destined to play a great part in the coming agricultural history of our country. Berseem is, in a word, the great forage and soiling plant of the Nile valley. Egyptian agriculture is now most prominent on account of its cotton, which has obtained a world wide celebrity. But the foundation of that agriculture does not rest upon cotton but upon the leguminous plant berseem. In Egypt, as elsewhere, it is the legume that upholds the fertility of the land, for the overflow of the Nile is by no means the only element in the retention of the fertility of the country.

Berseem is also called Alexandrian clover and Egyptian clover. It is closely related to our ordinary red clover and is known botanically as Trifolium Alexandrinum. It is believed, however, that the plant did not originate at Alexandria but that it came from some other Mediterranean region and was introduced into Egypt in comparatively recent times. Mr. Fairchild says that it is a plant of very great importance now in all parts of Egypt. It is the first crop planted after reclaiming the salt lands; it furnishes the green fodder for all the work animals in the big towns; all the beef and milch cattle graze upon it; the camels are fed upon it; and the well-kept donkeys get their portion of it. Every coachman carries a bag of it for his horse, and every drayman has a bundle of it on top of his load for the feeding of his donkeys or bullocks. It is brought into the cities green and is sold in large quantities in the market place. The Egyptians have found out the value of clover and are building up an agricultural prosperity upon it. Ten years ago about a million acres of it were planted in that country and the area is increasing. In America clover is one of a number of fodder crops; in Egypt it is THE fodder crop. The Egyptians also keep up the supply of nitrogen in their soil largely by the use of this legume. It is also a great weed destroyer, on account of its vigorous and rank growth.

But what is its value to our country? Chiefly as a plant to grow in irrigated regions where the winters are not enough severe to kill it out. Under such conditions it starts into growth with remarkable rapidity, outgrows most kinds of weeds and yields one of the most palatable and nutritious fodders known. When young it bears a strong resemblance to alfalfa, but does not have the same kind of flowers. Its hollow stems are very succulent. Its root system is small but well supplied with tubercles. It is found advisable to use it as a winter crop, planting it in the fall and cutting it in the spring. The United States government has imported a good deal of the seed and is trying it experimentally in the Southern states and in California. It is looked upon as a probably valuable soiling and cover crop for orchards in Texas and Arizona. For forage in the northwest it is advised to plant it in the spring after the danger of frost is past and harvest it in the fall, as it is an annual of about ten months from seed to maturity. As yet it is in the experimental stage, but great things are hoped from it.—Farmers' Review.

The Farm Home a Picture.

In traveling about the state we see too many buildings painted either in a gloomy or a gaudy color, says Delbert Utter of Wisconsin. Now, why not use a color that will blend with nature's colors, choosing white and the neutral tints of gray, green and brown, blending colors that will be restful and cheerful to the sight. This simply follows out the thought that we are making a picture and all the colors should harmonize.

In forming our picture we wish to make the better parts most prominent and cover and hide the ugly parts with vines and shrubbery. The barns should be given the best of attention. When making a new lawn the first work is to grade properly. It should slope away from the house in all directions, making drives from roadway to barn and house. Drives to the barn should be direct, while the one to the house should diverge in easy and natural curves, never losing sight of the thought that we are striving first for utility and second for beauty. The driveway should be excavated to the depth of six to twelve inches, according to soil conditions, filling first with coarse gravel or cinders, then finish the last three inches with screened gravel or crushed stone. Nothing adds more to the appearance of a lawn than a well made and well kept drive. The edges should always be kept straight and graded, so that water will run off readily.

Discarding Poor Animals.

One of the hardest things for a young breeder to do is to discard animals that are not up to the standard for breeding purposes. There are always buyers for pure-bred animals at a fair price. It matters not if the animal is inferior, it will often command enough to tempt the breeder to part with it. Here is where a great many breeders tear down their reputation while they are trying to build it up. Inferior breeding stock sold to somebody has lived to vex many a man who thought he was getting rid of his culls to advantage. It requires courage to send pure-bred animals to slaughter, but it pays when they are not the kind to keep. The safe and eventually the profitable plan is to sell good animals and keep better ones and breed best ones.—Thomas McFarlane.

Germany is Good Customer.

In the first half of 1903 America sold in Germany 201,614 tons of wheat, 306,319 tons of corn, 287,609 tons of petroleum, and 162,977 tons of raw cotton.

It is reported that the world's supply of pearls has been cornered by a Chicago firm and that prices will be sharply advanced.

The man who is really great is willing to leave the discovery to other people.

DAIRY

Care of Cows Everywhere.

In the housing and general care of dairy cows no foreign country shows, as a rule, in general practice, any methods or conditions better than those of America, writes Henry E. Alvord in the Year Book of the Department of Agriculture. The average conditions everywhere are bad enough, with opportunities for very great improvement; but such improvement is being made as rapidly in this country as anywhere. Nowhere else is there a better appreciation of the importance and economy of abundant room, light, air, dryness, comfort, and cleanliness for cows. One hears much of the close relations between the dairy cows and the families of their owners in Holland and Switzerland, connecting apartments, under the same roof, etc.; but the stables which are seen in summer, converted into conservatories and rooms for weaving and cheese curing are the exceptional and show places. Even the best of these, when visited in midwinter, with the cattle in place, are often found dark, close, ill-ventilated, crowded, and unsanitary in many respects, although frequently kept clean. The construction of cow stables generally in the dairy regions of the Old World is of a substantial kind, but with little regard to light and ventilation, convenience of arrangement, or ease in cleaning. The labor necessary to keep them in decent condition would be regarded as impossible in this country. The cow houses of Denmark average the best of all in Europe, but they are no better in any respect than the average of those in the distinctively dairy districts of this country, and there is here far more regard for economy of labor in management.

Preparing for the Calf.

To get best results in rearing calves attention must be given to the mothers of the calves previous to birth. A good dairyman will supply his cows with wholesome and nutritious feeds in abundance. This is necessary for best results at the pail as well as for the best development of the calf. Highest yields of milk and butter fat and the best calves are usually obtained from cows that go dry six to eight weeks before calving. If it is impossible to dry the cow without injuring the udder, continuous milking should be practiced, says Prof. D. H. Otis. A dry cow on good pasture with plenty of shade and water will need very little attention, except to see that she is not annoyed or injured by other cattle. Sometimes heavy milkers on luxuriant pastures will be stimulated to produce too much milk prior to calving, in which case the supply of feed should be reduced. On dry feed the cows should be kept in good condition, though not too fat. When alfalfa or clover hay is available, little or no grain is necessary. Ensilage and roots are especially desirable for the cows at this time. When grain is used a mixture of two-thirds bran and one-third oil meal is excellent. Soy beans make a good substitute for oil meal. The object is to keep the bowels loose. All these points have an important bearing on the health of the cow and consequently on the condition and health of the calf, before and after birth. If the cow is sick when the calf is born the milk is liable to be affected in a way to injure the calf seriously.

Keeping Milk.

As a result of some experiments in keeping milk, Professor Conn, of the Connecticut station, publishes the following conclusions:

Variations in temperature have a surprising influence upon the rate of multiplication of bacteria. At 50 degrees these organisms may multiply only five-fold in twenty-four hours, while at 70 degrees they may multiply seven hundred and fifty-fold.

Temperature has a great influence upon the keeping property of milk. Milk kept at 95 degrees (heat of the cow's body) will curdle in eighteen hours, while the same milk kept at 70 degrees will not curdle for forty-eight hours, and if kept at 50 degrees, the temperature of an ice chest, may sometimes keep without curdling for two weeks or more.

So far as the keeping property of milk is concerned, the matter of temperature is of more significance than the original contamination of the milk with bacteria.

Milk preserved at 50 degrees or lower will keep sweet for a long time, but it becomes filled with bacteria of a more unwholesome type than those that grow at higher temperatures. Old milk is not fit for market, even though it be perfectly sweet.

Corn Portieres.

The rice portieres of Japan can be very satisfactorily imitated with Indian corn. Screens of this sort are airy and effective and are not difficult to make. The first step is to soak the corn, adding to the water a few drops of carbolic acid to protect it from insect attack. When softened the kernels can be easily pierced by a strong needle and strung upon strong double thread. A strip of molding from which the strings can depend should be obtained and either punctured with holes or set with brass headed tacks to which the strings can be tied. Some attach a temporary frame just the size of the desired portiere to the molding believing that greater uniformity is secured by the tight stretching of the threads. Curtain frames could probably be adapted to this use. If no frame is used the threads should be cut of uniform length and need not be attached to the molding until all the threads are strung. The different colors may be blended in a hit-and-miss way, or by the aid of a design checked off into squares like a cross-stitch pattern, each square representing a kernel, the colors may be strung in patterns. Still another way of securing a design is to use only white or yellow corn and when strung in a frame to stain the grain while damp with color according to the design adopted. In other words to dye or paint a pattern upon the portiere as do the Japanese.

Good Berth for Englishman.

The Queen of Holland has just appointed an Englishman, the Rev. Kirsopp Lake, of Lincoln College, Oxford, a theological professor at the famous Dutch University of Leyden. Mr. Lake succeeds the well-known Dr. Manen in the chair of New Testament exegesis.

It is not what a man earns—not the amount of his income, but the relation of his expenditures to his receipts that determines his poverty or wealth. —Anon.

POULTRY

Wheat as Poultry Food.

Wheat is a good food for chicks and for full grown fowls. Wheat screenings are not always as cheap as their price would seem to indicate. We have known screenings to sell at a cent a pound, which would equal 60 cents per bushel. At the same time clean, plump wheat could be bought for seventy cents. The screenings contained a very large proportion of weed seeds, some of them, like the seeds of corn cockle, poisonous to animal life when taken in considerable quantities. The screenings consist largely of shriveled wheat kernels and have not in them the same amount of food value as is to be found in the plump wheat, just as the material to be found in a shriveled up apple—shriveled before it was mature—is in no way to be compared to that in an apple that has matured. The farmer that has screenings of his own—from his own wheat—will find it advisable to feed them to his poultry, but the man that has to buy feed for the poultry had far better buy whole wheat, paying for it the market price, than to buy wheat screenings at a little less price. As food they are worth not only less, but a good deal less. As a single grain food for poultry, wheat is somewhat more valuable than corn, though we would not recommend any one grain as a complete ration.

The Supply of Litter.

Litter is a good thing in the poultry house, summer or winter, and if a large quantity of it is at hand and it can be renewed every week or so it will prove of great advantage in keeping the poultry house clean. The manure can be easily falked out with the litter, and a broom will complete the work in a few minutes. We have seen many a poultry house without a particle of litter, when the barn near by had more chaff lying around than the farmer knew how to dispose of. The best kind of litter is chopped straw. It acts as an absorbent under the roosts and as a receptacle in the other part of the pen for the grains that may be thrown in for the fowls. This gives them a chance to scratch. Buckwheat hulls are good, and they can be obtained at mills that make buckwheat flour. The man that uses a shredder will find shredded corn fodder very useful in the poultry house. One of the great advantages of litter is that in winter the feet of the fowls are kept off the cold floor, and if there are any cracks in the floor they become stopped up with the chaff. The litter should be changed often and never be allowed to become damp. The compost it forms will be found very serviceable in the spring.

Langshans.

Langshans are the smallest and most active of the Asiatic class. They are a practical fowl in more senses than one, and their prolific laying and excellent qualities make them a profitable fowl for the farmer and market poultryman. They are one of the oldest varieties of poultry and have always been held in popular esteem. The quality of the flesh of the Langshan is excellent, being fine grained, tender, and nicely flavored. As layers they rank among the best, averaging from twelve to thirteen dozen a year, and as winter layers they are to be recommended. The chicks are hardy and mature early. Langshans are good sitters and mothers, being of gentle disposition; they are easily kept in confinement or on free range. Being excellent foragers, they are ideal fowls for the farm, and will gather during the year a considerable proportion of their food.

Unacidulated Phosphates.

Acidulated phosphatic fertilisers are those to which sulphuric acid has been added to make the phosphates more readily available. The base to which the acid is added is always bone or phosphatic rock. An agent of one of the Chicago packers tells us that 90 per cent of all the bone phosphates sold is acidulated. This is because the users want a fertilizer whose phosphorus is available at once. Yet the producers of phosphatic manures prefer to sell the unacidulated bone and can sell it cheaper than the bone that has been treated with acid. Our leading professors in agricultural chemistry are advising farmers to buy their phosphates in an unacidulated state, whether the base be bone or rock. Such phosphate is in its cheapest form. As soon as the manufacturers of fertilisers begin to treat the bone meal or the ground rock they begin to add to its cost. There is not only the cost of the acid, bu also cost of the labor. Moreover the acid is not a desirable element to add to our land, much of which already has too much acid. The farmer would do better to apply his phosphate to the land before the need for it becomes great. If applied then it need not be accidulated, but the ground bone or ground phosphatic rock can be left with nature, for her deliberate process of rendering it available. If land needs phosphates at once, the acidulated material must be used. If the land becomes too acid, that condition may be changed by the adding of lime, either in the form of quicklime, or, what is more desirable, ground lime rock.

Selected Recipes.

Coffee custard may be made thus: Mix thoroughly eight egg yolks with eight ounces of sugar, dilute with six custard-cupfuls of boiling milk and a good cupful of black coffee, passed through a fine strainer, fill the cups and put them in a low pan with boiling water to half their height, take off the froth that may rise to the surface, cover the pan and let its contents simmer gently for twenty minutes. When the custard is well set let it cool in the water, drain, wipe the cups and serve cold.

Salmon Fritters—Take two eggs, one-half cup milk, a pinch of salt, and one teaspoonful of baking powder. Flour to make moderately thick batter that will just drop from the spoon. Have the fat hot and just before frying stir what broken salmon left from supper you may chance to have in the batter.

Cranberry Relish—Five pounds of cleaned cranberries, three pounds of seeded raisins and the peel of five large oranges chopped fine together. Add the juice of the oranges and three pounds of sugar. Bring to a boil, then set on back of the range and simmer three hours. Bottle and seal. Serve as a meat relish. Nice with chicken or game.

A man only employs his passion when he can make no use of his reason.

When a man calls a girl his "dove" she is naturally all in a flutter.

LIVE STOCK

Determining the Age of Cattle.

One of the great sensations of this year's International was the turning down of a pen of 15 head of Aberdeen-Angus steers, 2 years old and under 3, by the official veterinarian. A protest had been filed against this grand lot of cattle and was based upon the allegation that they were over age. To settle the matter the official veterinarian, acting for the exposition management, examined the mouths of 7 head of the lot of 15 cattle on Friday morning and made his report to the effect that two of the eight were over 3 years old. This decision sustained the protest and threw the pen of cattle out of the competition, thus preventing them from winning the grand championship of the show, to which they would otherwise have been entitled.

This is a most unfortunate occurrence, but the veterinarian could pursue no other course in the matter, as he found two of the animals clearly four years old. Even where but six broad permanent teeth are seen the animal may be considered 42 months old, if all of the teeth are fully through and in wear. "Six tooth" cattle are, however, given the benefit of the doubt by veterinarians, as there is some evidence to show that forcing may induce slight precocity in the cutting of teeth. Great discrepancies, however, cannot possibly be caused by any manner of feeding or kind of environment so that a full mouthed steer cannot on any pretext be considered possibly within the specified age limit allowed for show animals in the class in question.

The illustrations accompanying this statement are taken from Huidekoper's "Age of Domestic Animals" and will make the subject clear to stockmen.

The age given under each cut is an average one, taking everything into consideration, and every reader will find them corroborated if he will go to the trouble of examining the mouths of cattle of which he knows the age perfectly.

At last year's show a similiar protest was filed against a fine lot of cattle shown in class for steers 2 years old and under 3, but was not sustained, as no animal was found to show more than 6 broad permanent incisors.

We trust that stockmen generally and cattle exhibitors in particular will study the accompanying illustrations carefully and make their exhibits conform to them at future shows. Action to this effect may be taken by the management at the show, so that next year cattle showing dentition departures from standard types will not be

eligible to exhibition. It would be well in the premises for exhibitors to make themselves familiar with the subject and see to it that their animals intended for showing have teeth corroborating statements made relative to dates of birth. Many desire to have it believed that forcing materially effects dentition and changes the normal appearance of the mouth, indicating age, but it may be regarded as certain that no full-mouthed steer will be allowed to compete in classes for cattle 3 years old at future meetings of the International.—Farmers' Review.

Newly Purchased Hogs.

When animals are purchased to go into the herd there is always a possibility that they will bring disease with them, and this should be guarded against as much as possible. Some swine raisers follow the practice of keeping the animals separated from the rest of the hogs from one to three weeks, to give time for any disease the hogs may have to develop. This is certainly to be commended. One can never know that the animal purchased is free from disease, even though the buyer may be cognizant of the fact that the herd from which it came was entirely free from all troubles of this kind. But many an animal, healthy at the time of being shipped, has contracted disease in transit to the new purchaser. This is not infrequently due to disease germs in the car in which the hogs are shipped. We assume that there are few or no breeders that would ship to a new locality an animal known to be sick or that has been exposed to cholera or any other contagious disease. A little caution in this matter will be effort well spent.

Raising the Pigs.

Damp bedding is bad for pigs. It should be dry and made from well-cured straw or hay. The little pigs should have lots of sunshine if they are to be expected to grow well and be healthy. It requires some planning to construct a light brood house for a dozen or more sows, especially if they are to farrow in winter, but it must be done if we are to have success in raising the pigs. Sunshine may be regarded as one of the essentials. A cold draft on pigs is very destructive and is one of the great causes of mortality among winter pigs. In the winter exercise must be given. One man says he does this by turning out the brood sow and chasing the little pigs about in the pen.

The second floor room of the little cottage was decorated with a shriveled last year's Christmas wreath, depending from the creased and torn shade. On either side of the wreath were pinned little American and Irish flags. It gave the cottage a particularly festive appearance. One of the neighbor women, a broad and buxom person of middle age, stopped in passing and looked at the window curiously and as she did so a little old woman, as withered and shriveled as the Christmas wreath, came and bade her good morning.

"Good mornin' to you, Mrs. Conley," said the neighbor, cordially. "It's celebratin' ye are I see b' th' dicorations, an' mighty foine they look. Ye must b'lave in Thanksgivin'."

The little old woman smiled. "Yis," she answered, "I'm celebratin'. 'Tis for Terence, th' b'y. He's comin' home this day."

"Is that so!" exclaimed the neighbor. "Terry comin' home! Ye don't tell me! I t'ought he was sent up f'r five years."

"So he was," said Terence's mother, beaming. "Yis, he was sent up f'r five years, but he got two years off f'r good behavior."

"T'ink of that!" said the neighbor in tones of sympathetic delight. "F'r good behavior! Now isn't it a comfort to have a son like that!"

Parrot Was a Talker

Someone up in Buffalo sent Raymond a parrot. "Just a little present," said the letter tied to the cage. "You'll find him a splendid talker. His name is 'Ruffles.'"

Raymond's first tendency was to send Ruffles up to his house. He forgot it the first day, but told this wife when he got home about the new animal and promised to have the parrot sent up the next day.

When he reached his office next morning he began to pay some attention to the bird.

"Wonder why he doesn't talk?" thought Raymond. "He must have lost the power of speech or else my Buffalo friend was 'joshing' me."

Ruffles merely looked on sleepily and said nothing.

About 2 o'clock Raymond called for a messenger boy. The buzz of the messenger call seemed to act magically on the green and yellow occupant of the cage. He opened his eyes, shook his feathers, stepped from one foot to the other, lifted his beak, and —began to talk.

Oh, yes, he talked! Ruffles talked considerable! In fact, he talked till one of the young lady stenographers out in the next office came running in with her hat on and tendered her resignation. She simply couldn't listen to such language!

People in the offices came in, wondering what was the matter with Raymond. Always such a mild-mannered man, they could not understand what had happened to make him use such profanity.

At the moment when Raymond was wondering how he could choke the bird the messenger arrived. He heard the language and thought it was directed at him.

"I hurried just as fast as I could, boss!" he said.

"Take this parrot," said Raymond; "take him down to the Society for the Prevention of Crime and tell 'em he's a good subject for them to work on."

When Raymond got home that night he had to explain to his family that the parrot had gone away. They were wise enough to ask no further.—New York World.

Live in Ideal State

Denmark claims that there is not a single person in her domain who cannot read and write, says Golden Penny. On the northeast coast of New Guinea, the island of Kutaba, surrounded by a wall of coral 300 feet high on one side and from 50 to 100 feet on the other, maintains thirteen villages of natives, to whom war, crime and poverty have been unknown since the beginning of their traditions. The most peaceful and comfortable community in Europe is the commune of the Canton Vaud, in Switzerland. Nearly every one is well off, and there are no paupers. Finland is a realm whose inhabitants are remarkable for their inviolate integrity. There are no banks and no safe deposits, for no such security is essential. You may leave your luggage anywhere, for any length of time, and be quite sure of finding it untouched on your return, and your purse full of money would be just as secure under similar circumstances. The Finns place their money and valuables in holes in the ground, and cover them with a big leaf. Such treasure is sacredly respected by all who pass it; but, in the rare event of any man wishing to borrow of his neighbor during his absense, he will take only the smallest sum he requires, and place a message in the hole, telling of his urgent need, and promising to repay the amount on a specified date. And he will inveriably keep his word, for the Fian is invincible in his independence.

Agneta Park, near Delft, in Holland, is another Utopian example. A tract of ten acres has upon it 150 houses, each with its little garden and with certain common buildings and common grounds. The houses are occupied by the employes of a great distilling company, who form a corporation which owns the park. Each member owns shares in the corporation, and pays rent for his house. The surplus, after all expenses have been paid, comes back to him as dividend. If he wishes to go away, or if he dies, his shares are bought up by the corporation and sold to the man who takes his place.

Longest Mail Route

Uncle Sam pays $2,329 to carry each batch of letters from New York to a certain station within his territory, and the cost is the same if there is but one letter.

The postage on the letter would, of course, be but two cents, the regular rate, for this is just a regular mail route.

The distance covered in the return journey to and from New York is 6,904 miles, for the outer end is Port Barrow, Alaska.

The journey one way takes almost five months, and five different methods of transportation are used. The distances and modes of transportation are:

By reindeer, 650 miles; by dogs, 1,630 miles; by horses, 412 miles; by steamer, 1,000 miles, and by rail, 3,812 miles.

From Point Barrow to Kotzebue is 650 miles, and this part of the journey is covered by means of reindeer. From Kotzebue to Nome is 400 miles, a stretch on which both reindeer and dogs are utilized. From Nome to Unalakik is 220 miles, where dogs furnish the motive power. From Unalakik to Tanana is 363 miles and Tanana to Eagle is 567 miles, both of these stretches being covered by means of dogs. This makes a total of 2,210 miles traveled in Alaska alone. The next stage is 594 miles from Eagle to Skagway, via Dawson, a total of 594 miles, of which 572 is in Canada and 22 in Alaska, 460 miles of the distance being by horses and dogs and 112 by railroad.

The round-trip rate for carrying the mail from Point Barrow to Kotzebue, according to the contract, is $750, making the single trip $375, one-half the round trip rate, and the other stages of the trip are similarly computed. Thus the cost, whether there is one letter or a big bulk of mail, from Kotzebue to Nome is $250; Nome to Unalakik, $263; Unalakik to Tanana, $402, and Tanana to Eagle, $529.

The State of Saxony

Saxony is one of the most prosperous states in the German empire, and is the most populous in the world. Its mines produce silver, lead, copper, arsenic, bismuth, nickel, zinc, iron and other things, besides coal, and its manufactures are very varied. Out of 550,000 working people, 135,000 are engaged in textiles, 81,500 in engineering and machinery, 35,500 in the preparation of metals, 30,000 in papermaking, 36,000 in clothing, 51,000 in mining and quarrying, 7,000 in the production and smelting of ores, 6,000 in leather and 5,000 in chemicals.

It is a veritable hive of industry. The number of inhabitants to the square kilometer is 280; the little principality of Reuss (the elder), which adjoins Saxony and is of the same industrial character, comes next with 216, and then the Rhineland with 213 (though it should be noted that the density of the special industrial area of Rhine-Westphalia is much greater, reaching 1,639 at its highest point). England and Wales come just between these two, with 215; and all three are a little behind Belgium, which has 229, and is the most densely populated country in Europe next to Saxony.

The Saxons are a prolific race; from 1816 to 1900 they have maintained a higher mean rate of increase than any other section of the German people. They have had to work very hard to keep their place; over and over again in the history of their industries some staple branch of which they relied has been reduced by competition to an unremunerative level and has been given up. Theirs is no story of facile conquest, but of steady labor and unremitting effort. The Saxons are a brave, solid, industrious and friendly folk.

To Each His Cup

Each one has his Gethsemane; for each
there is a day
When he shall halt, fear-stricken by the
darkness in the way;
When he, faint-hearted, weary of the
griefs he yet must bear,
Shall turn aside into the shade and
soothing calmness there—
Shall turn aside and bow his head, and
on his bended knees
Pray that he may not take the cup and
drain it to the lees.

The garden we call Gethsemane—we enter it alone,
With sorrows that we only know, and
griefs that are our own.
We hide among the shadows where no
eye may see us shrink,
And murmur at the hyssop in the cup
that we must drink—
The cup wherein all sadness and all bitterness swim,
And ask why fate has poured the draught
that fills it to the brim.

A resting place—Gethsemane, a place for
wearied souls
And aching hearts to heal the smarts
that tell of unwon goals;
A place serene and comforting; a spot of
gentle calm,
Where breezes whisper through the leaves
a murmur sweet with balm.
Where, all unseen, the naked soul may
come to understand
The reason for the heavy cup that waits
the tardy hand.

Each one has his Gethsemane, where,
stumbling, tired and worn,
And bent with all the heavy load of sorrow he has borne,
He may find rest; and know that now
his night is almost gone,
And see ahead the golden glint that
marks a happy dawn.
And then, content and fortified in heart,
he takes his cup
That brims with pungent bitterness, and
bravely drinks it up.