

## THE FARM.

### GRAIN WHILE AT PASTURE.

"Notwithstanding the low prices of horses, and for that matter of all kinds of stock at the present time, if they are to be kept at all, it is far better to keep them in good condition than to allow them at any time to become run down and very thin," says the Horse Breeder. "It is sometimes stated that it is cheaper to keep horses fat than it is to keep them poor, and there is some reason in such a claim, as the at horse has something in the reserve for any unusual drain, which the poor one does not have, but whether it is actually cheaper keeping horses in good condition or not it is certainly more profitable in several ways to do so, particularly if they are raised for the market, as almost any horse looks and sells much better if in quite good flesh than if thin.

"Along with the general low prices horsemen have one consolation, in that oats and most other kinds of grain now cost less than for many years. For the past twelve months, so very low have been the prices of oats, it has been the general impression they could be purchased cheaper than they could possibly be raised on our average eastern farms, and but for the value of the straw, considerable of which is used in every stable, this is probably the case. With farm productions it is often the case that extremely low prices in any given commodity are followed by a very decided advance, with more or less tendency to go to the other extreme. This, however, is not yet the case with grain, as the prices for a year to come bid fair to be, if anything, even a trifle lower than those of the past year.

"In and near our large cities a ton of first quality of hay now costs just about the same as that weight of the best white oats, hence, as far as nutrition is concerned, the oats are certainly lower in price and much more economical to feed, to at least a reasonable extent, than the hay, though neither can entirely take the place of the other. On most of our stock farms it is customary during the winter to give extra feed and attention to such brood mares and young stock as are then thin, but with the present prices of grain, if the pastures are so situated that grain can be conveniently fed during the summer, every animal can be brought up to and kept in first-class condition at a comparatively small expense while running out to pasture. Horses for all purposes are then much more salable, and when in shape to sell to the best advantage, are necessarily in good condition to put to work or to keep for breeding or any other purposes, while there is indefinitely more satisfaction to the owner to see his stock all looking sleek and fat than if they are run down and thin.

"There are good judges who consider themselves capable of recognizing the good points in a horse, regardless of condition, still, there is no one to whom a horse that is very poor, actually looks well, no matter how handsome or well proportioned the animal may have been in good condition, and there is no one who would for a moment think of paying so high a price for any animal when thin. Horses differ from other kinds of stock, in that there is no particular season when one can count with any degree of certainty on finding a good market, the time to sell a horse being, as a rule, any time when a purchaser is at hand, and as there is no telling when this may be, it is far better to have all that are for sale kept constantly in good sale condition.

"As regards the expense, a peck of oats a day would be a very liberal feed for even mature horses that were out to pasture, and there are plenty of our trotting-bred stock that would not consume any more than that quantity; still, the extra expense of this would be only about \$2 a month, and but very few months of such feeding would be required to materially improve the condition of any animal in fairly good health, while it ought to take but a short time to get even the poorest, with any such feed, in good condition. Late in the season, when the pastures are dried up and the flies so troublesome that the horses are found to be losing flesh, a certain amount of green fodder corn, or something of the sort, raised for that particular purpose, can also be very advantageously fed. Still, for all seasons of the year, the writer would regard oats, at the present prices, as the most advantageous feed, particularly for our light harness horses.

"Turning out to grass is regarded by many as a panacea for a great variety of ailments. It is true that grass is a very natural feed, and that where sufficiently luxuriant, young stock in particular apparently thrive better on it than on almost any other feed, while if the shoes are taken off with the rest and the run under the most natural condition, nature is often given a chance to materially remedy the effect of bad shoeing. Under such conditions nature does also cure many an injury, still, there are plenty of horses, and particularly those that have long been kept up and quite heavily grained, that would nearly or quite starve if obliged to pick up their own living in a very large proportion of the poorest pastures.

"Years ago it was the boast of almost every farmer that his colts had never eaten a spoonful of grain, and in far too many cases they certainly looked it. Now it is almost the exception that horses of any age or breed are kept for any considerable length of time safely on hay, and in many instances grain given while at pasture proves quite as advantageous, and in some cases is scarcely less beneficial than with the hay when in the stable."

### DAIRY NOTES.

There is money in the milk-pail if it is kept clean.

The separator ought to be in use in every dairy. It will pay.

Good butter is a choice article of diet. Poor butter is an abomination.

At present prices for grain, the cow ought to have grain rations right along.

It is not only cruel, but unbusinesslike to deprive cows of plenty of good water in summer.

The question of shade in the pasture is an important one, too important to be neglected.

Have you stopped selling butter at the country store? You must, if you are to make a success of the dairy.

Some of the butterine manufacturers are getting tired and quitting the business. The cow may get her rights yet.

There is a good deal said about washing the udder of the cow, but not enough said about washing the hands of the milker.

Curb the spirits, the legs and the voice of the boy who drives the cows.

That is a place where you can afford to have a slow boy.

A dog well trained to drive cows and one that the cows know, is a valuable aid on the farm. A dog that is not thus trained is usually a nuisance about the herd.

### MR. BOWSER LEASES A FARM.

"Get ready! Pack up!" exclaimed Mr. Bowser as he unlocked the front door the other evening and kicked his hat clear in to the sitting room.

"Have you gone crazy?" gasped Mrs. Bowser as she came forward to meet him.

"Not if the court knows herself! What d'you think we are going to do? How long will it take to pack up your furniture?"

"What on earth is the matter now?" "We are going to move! See this paper? I signed it this afternoon. Mrs. Bowser, I've done the sharpest, cutest, and most sensible thing you ever knew me to do. I've leased Green's farm and we take possession next week, and Green moves into this house."

"You—you don't tell me!" she stammered, as he danced around the room.

"Don't! Think of it, Mrs. Bowser—cows to milk, hogs to feed, plowing and hoeing and reaping—fresh milk, golden butter, newly laid eggs—whoopee!"

She grew pale and weak and had to sit down, and she had stared at him for thirty seconds when he asked:

"Well, why don't you jump up and click your heels together? Think of your going out at early dawn to feed the hogs and pet the lambs and pull the calf's ears! Think of strawberries right off our own door! Yum! Yum! Why woman, I expected you'd faint away when I told you the news!"

"So—you've leased—a farm?" she slowly queried.

"Of course I have, and next week we'll be out galloping o'er the dewy grass, listening to the bluebirds and rolling down hill among the daisies. Why, I can't wait for the time to come. Doctor Gregg, who came up to the car with me, says it will prolong our lives by fifteen years. You get the pure quill out there—no smoke or dirt or cinders. You'll look like a bride inside of a month, and as for the old man—well, you won't know me after I've ripped up an acre of soil! What's the matter with you?"

"I—I wish you hadn't done it!" replied Mrs. Bowser as she wiped the tears from her eyes.

"You—do—oh! Wish I hadn't leased a farm and prolonged—prolonged, Mrs. Bowser—our lives by fifteen years! Wish you weren't going out among the birds and blossoms and spices and pure, sweet air! Wish you were not going to see lambskins gambol and calves frisk and pigs rub themselves against the rail fences! Well, you do beat me!"

"Mr. Bowser, you are no farmer," she said, as she got her feelings under control.

"Oh, I ain't?" he shouted. "What's the matter that I'm no farmer? Why, I was sowing and planting and reaping before you had cut your first tooth. No farmer, eh? Don't you worry yourself that I can't make a cornfield get up and hump itself as if growing for a prize medal and that I don't know beans from beets. Even if I wasn't a farmer, couldn't I learn? Haven't I got the necessary sawdust in my head to hold a plow or handle a scythe? I am not going to the country to eat salt pork three times a day and put in 18 hours of hard work, but for the sake of our health and the change."

"What's the matter of our health? Matter of our health—humph! Look at me! I've lost 20 pounds in the last seven days. I have night sweats and a day cough. My lungs, liver, kidneys and general system are simply tottering on the verge of the grave. Look in the glass. You are thirty-two years old, but look to be fifty. Doctor Gregg, said that if I couldn't get you out of town you'd collapse within a fortnight."

"Then he's an idiot!" she exclaimed. "You are in the best of health, and so am I and the boy. This having a farm is simply another fad of yours and the most foolish thing you ever did."

"W—what! Do you know what you are saying Mrs. Bowser? And you want me to die on the street? And you want to collapse and die in the house! And you want our boy's intellect to be stunted for the want of fresh air! I wouldn't have believed it! And you call it a fad to boot!"

"Things will not go right and you will blame me," she said as he walked around the room.

"How can things go wrong?" he demanded. "And how could I blame you if they did? I have never blamed you about anything yet, and why begin now? Come, now, be sensible. Here is the lease duly signed. We are going. We are going out into the pure ozone of the country. Mrs. Bowser, stop eating and put on our ribs. Just think of climbing trees, picking blackberries, feeding the hens, stoning frogs and gathering young onions under the light of the silvery moon! The crickets will sing you to sleep and the meadow lark will waken you in the morning. By George, but I can't wait!"

"And the lease is really signed?" she asked.

"There it is! I take the farm for

six months and he takes the house."

"And you can't back out?"

"Back out? What on earth do I want to back out for? I couldn't back out if I wanted to. I'll have men here to do the packing tomorrow. When you come to think the matter over, I'm sure you will agree with me."

"I suppose we must go," she sighed. "Ah! That's the way to talk!" he exclaimed as he held her in his arms and kissed her. "Now you are sensible. Now our lives will be saved. Now I will swing the mowing machine through the waving grass to the notes of the robin's song, while you make soft soap in the back yard and call the geese. Mrs. Bowser, I am the happiest man in all the country!"

"Perhaps we shall take comfort."

"Perhaps! There's no perhaps about it. We'll take dead loads of comfort. We can't help it. That's what we go for, and as I enter the kitchen with a pail of new milk in one hand and a calf in the other you'll be there in your white apron to greet me and call me Farmer Joe."

"What will you bring a calf into the kitchen for?" she asked.

"Because that's the way farmers do. Mrs. we'll go out and scratch the pigs' backs, and we'll get up at night to jump over the currant bushes and pick strawberries, and we'll wander over the barnyard while the hush of midnight is upon the land. By the great horn spoon Mrs. Bowser, but we've struck it, and you are just the nicest, sweetest little woman in all this big world! Say, come and give your old Bowser a hug and a buss, and I'll go down and engage the packers."

Note—Unless, all signs fail, Mr. Bowser has got into something worse than a bear trap, and even the author doesn't know how he is going to get out.

### VICTORIA'S NEW STATUE.

Dedicated Recently at the Royal Exchange in London.

The City of London now has a statue of the Queen of Great Britain and Empress of India in which it can take pride. The chief image of the sovereign in London stood until recently in front of the Royal Exchange. It was erected in 1845 at the opening of the Exchange, and in the fifty years it has been so changed by smoke and fog and atmospheric changes that it bore not the slightest resemblance to the Queen, although it had been scraped and cleaned again and again. The Court of Common Council of the City of London and the Mercers' Company having been advised by the late Lord Leighton, of the Royal Academy, commissioned Ham. Thorneycroft, a well-known member of the Royal Academy, to chisel a statue of the Queen to replace that in front of the exchange. It is considered far superior to the work which it has replaced.

The whole work is 18 feet high. The statue is fashioned out of pure beauty and dignity. The Queen is represented wearing her crown and parliamentary robes, together with the Ribbon and Order of the Garter. In her right hand she holds the scepter of empire and in her left an orb surmounted by a figure of victory. Underfoot are five ships' prows resting on sculptured waves. The base is a block of black marble.

The unveiling of the statue took place on June 20 in the quadrangle of the Royal Exchange with a great procession of loyal subjects of the Queen, fanfares of trumpets, and singing of the national anthem, "God Save the Queen." The procession started from the Mansion House. There were present the Lord Mayor and Common Council, all the city officers, the Master and several members of the Mercers' Company, all in their robes of office, and bearing bouquets. It was the fifty-ninth anniversary of the Queen's accession to the throne. The Master of the Mercers' company, the Rev. J.M. Sutton, read an address describing the history of the new statue and the Lord Mayor replied. The sculptor, Mr. Thorneycroft, then unveiled the statue and trumpets played, the spectators cheered and the officials advanced and put their bouquets on the plinth of the pedestal. The singing of "God Save the Queen," concluded the ceremony.

### CRIMINALS.

They Have Hard Work to Hide Themselves in These Days.

"When one remembers," said a well-known Scotland Yard detective to the writer recently, "that in these days there is hardly a place in the world but that somebody comes from it or goes to it from elsewhere, the question 'Where am I to hide?' becomes to the criminal a problem fraught with the most absorbing interest. Of course, I am referring to the educated criminals, forgers, embezzlers and the like—cool, crafty customers, who think out their plans thoroughly, and when the proper moment arrives, suddenly disappear as if the earth had swallowed him up."

"Still, for all the foresight they display, the law has been fairly successful with these folk. Before the days of railways it was comparatively easy, since it was impossible to guard all the roads day and night, to steal into a continental town, but now the moment a man is wanted, the trains are watched, and even if this fails there are the hotels, the waiters of which are in the pay of the police, and are quick to note that Monsieur Anglais is pale in the morning, a sure sign of a bad night's rest, that he eats no breakfast, gets no letters, receives no visitors, and has a knock of looking furtively at the door when it opens. As a gentleman I was escorting back to London a few years ago said: 'One might as well attempt to hide in a glass house as on the Continent.'"

### THE CAMPING PARTY.

The Crank—This is the last time I'll ever camp out. The Enthusiast—Well, you shouldn't camp out unless you can enjoy yourself without being comfortable.

### SURE THING.

Botts's blowing all the time about paying as he goes. Do you think he does?

Sure of it, for there isn't a place in town where he can get trusted.

## YOUNG FOLKS.

### ACCOMPLISHED GIRLS.

A girl should learn to make a bed, To bake good biscuit, cake and bread; To handle deftly brush and broom, And neatly tidy up a room.

A girl should learn to darn and mend, To care for sick, the baby tend; To have enough of style and taste To trim a hat or fit a waist.

A girl should learn to value time, A picture hang, a ladder climb, And not to almost raise the house At sight of a little harmless mouse.

A girl should learn to dress with speed, And hold tight lacing 'gainst her creed; To buy her shoes to fit her feet; In fact, above all vain deceit.

A girl should learn to keep her word, To spread no farther gossip heard, Home or abroad to be at ease, And try her best to cheer and please.

A girl should learn to sympathize, To be reliant, strong and wise; To ever patient, gentle be, And always truly womanly.

A girl should learn to fondly hold True worth of value more than gold; Accomplished thus with tender mein, Reign, crowned with love, home's cherished queen.

### WHAT SUCCESS INVOLVES.

A young girl, who had shown considerable talent as a public reader went to London and applied for an engagement in a theatrical company.

The manager was impressed with her talent, amateur as she was, and gave her a prominent part in a new play. It was her first appearance on the stage. She was entirely unknown, but she pleased and even fascinated her audience. It was a most successful first night.

The earliest impressions of this young girl's ability as an actress were fully confirmed.

The play drew crowded houses night after night, and her reception was invariably hearty and enthusiastic. She was talked about all over London as an actress of subtle power and brilliant promise.

This first success would have turned many a foolish head, but it merely sobered her and taught her the necessity for systematic study. She went one day to one of the best teachers in London and asked her terms for a course of lessons.

"You want this information for a friend, I suppose?" said the teacher.

"No, it is for myself."

"But I have seen you on the stage. You have great talent. You can teach me many things."

"No, I am only a beginner. I have much to learn, I must devote myself to hard study."

The teacher, who had trained many actresses for the stage, was astonished by this revelation of good sense and modesty.

The young girl had an unexpected triumph at the beginning of her career, but she had not lost her self-possession. She knew her limitations, and at once set to work to complete her education for the stage.

A young artist once visited the studio of a great master in Paris, and, bashfully, asked him to pass judgment upon a new work which he had finished, but was almost ashamed to show to anyone.

"Well," said the master, when he had grimly and critically surveyed it. "You may yet be a genius; but you have so many things to learn that, perhaps, you would better not go on with your work."

"Yet you see promise in it?"

"Yes."

"Then I am content to spend a few years in overcoming my worse faults. Tell me what they are that I can begin this very night."

"Now, I am sure you will be a great painter."

The amateur's greatest danger lies in over-confidence, induced by early but indecisive success. If it blinds him to a sense of his own limitations, and leads him to think that he has nothing, instead of everything to learn, early success may prove a fatal misfortune.

"Every new story of mine," said a successful English novelist not long ago, costs me more labor than the last one. I find there is so much to learn in my art."

### COIN TRICKS.

Begin by rolling up the sleeves so that the arms are bared. Hold the left hand extended, palm upwards, and on the tip of each finger and thumb balance a coin. Place the right hand on top of the left, so that the money is held between the tips of the fingers of the two hands. Now turn the hands until the back of the right hand is towards the audience. Fix your eyes on the ceiling, as if that had something to do with the trick; move the hands rapidly upward and downward twice, and while doing so bring the tips of the fingers together, causing the coins to lap one over another. Then surround them, as it were, with the tips of the left-hand fingers and thumb, and quickly slide them down into the right palm, where they are to be held by pressing on them with the tip of the left thumb; finally, at almost the same moment, make a third upward move, keeping the hands together and the eyes fixed above; the hands will appear to be empty and the coins have vanished. During the applause which always follows this trick, quietly withdraw your thumb, close the right hand, over the money, and put it noiselessly away, either in your pocket or other receptacle.

The mere learning of a move like palming is hardly interesting unless it avails for some trick. As "The Miser" is not suitable for all occasions, here is a little trick which will answer to show my amateur friend's proficiency:

Place two half-dollars on a table. Pick up one with the right hand, palm it, and pretend to place it in the left hand. To do this naturally let the tips of the right-hand fingers touch the left hand, and at the same time close that hand and draw the other away. To the general spectator it will appear as if the

coin really remained in the left hand. Turn the left wrist, so that the back of the hand will be toward your audience.

Now pick up the second coin with the tips of the right-hand fingers and thumb, cry "Pass!" Clink the two coins together, and it will seem as if the left-hand coin had at that moment passed to the right.

### A DOG THAT WORKS.

Stedman Coe of Ware thinks he has the best all-round dog in America, bar none. He is a remarkably large, heavy English pointer of very high breed, and rejoices in the concise and barking name of Joe Coe, says a writer in the Springfield Republican.

When Joe was a small dog his owner, who is an enthusiastic bicyclist, becoming discouraged by the many hills around Ware, began considering the problem of securing some sort of a portable dynamo to aid him in his hill climbing. Being quite an expert in the handling of animals, he decided to use Joe in this capacity. He had a special harness constructed for the dog and began training him immediately. Joe took kindly to the idea, and the exercise agreed with him. He was fed freely and grew with great bounds, the work causing his hind quarters to increase with special rapidity until they were marked with lumps of well-hardened muscle, and appeared more after the general pattern of a small horse than a dog.

The method of operating Joe is very simple. His harness consists of a breast plate, a surcingle to hold it in place, and a strap extending down the backbone and ending in a ring at the base of the tail. The rest of the apparatus consists of a strap about four feet long with a snap hook at the further end, the strap being attached to the steering post of the bicycle, and when not in use wrapped around the handle bars. When a hill is reached Mr. Coe whistles to Joe, and the pointer comes up alongside and allows the hooks to be snapped into the ring on the harness without compelling the rider to dismount. He then jumps forward and pulls up the hill, dropping back at the top to be loosened again. The hundred-odd pounds of active dog is a wonderful assistance, and with a fair amount of work by the rider deprives the steepest hill of its terrors. The animal takes the hill in a strong gallop, being able apparently to use his weight better in successive lunges, and also being evidently anxious to get his work done. In this way a hill was taken at a rate almost as fast as a level between the dog and the rider, and in fact the dog will take a moderate-sized hill alone, with the rider's feet on the coasting bars, though Mr. Coe rarely subjects him to such a strain. Mr. Coe has often taken his dog with him on trips of twenty-five miles or more and the dog apparently is not at all tired.

### CURIOUS TIME MARKERS.

How the South Pacific Islanders Tell the Time of Day.

Neither clock nor timepiece is to be found in Liberia. The reckoning of time is made entirely by the movement and position of the sun, which rises at 6 a.m. and sets at 6 p.m., almost to the minute all the year round, and at noon is vertically overhead. The islanders of the South Pacific have no clocks, but make an ingenious and reliable time marker of their own. They take the kernels from the nuts of the candle tree and wash and string them on the rib of a palm leaf. The first or top kernel is then lighted. All of the kernels are of the same size and substance, and each will burn a certain number of minutes and then set fire to the one next below. The natives tie pieces of black cloth at regular intervals along the string to mark the divisions of time. Among the natives of Singar, in the Malay Archipelago, another peculiar device is used. Two bottles are placed neck and neck, and sand is put in one of them, which pours itself into the other every half hour, when the bottles are reversed. There is a line near by, also, on which are hung twelve rods, marked with notches from one to twelve.

### QUICK WITTED WOMAN.

A young woman at a swell dinner party in St. Louis, the other day, failed to see the sugar tongs, and helped herself to a lump with her rosary fingers, whereupon the hostess, a pompous woman, after glaring at the offender called sternly to the butler, "James, remove the sugar bowl and have it refilled." Which was done, amid the blushes of the rebuked damsel. As the party was leaving the room, a crash was heard and the erring guest was seen smiling down at the ruins of her beautiful cup and saucer, which she had thrown against the wall. Having defiled them by touching them, she explained, she thought it best to see that they were destroyed.

### ARTIFICIAL SILK.

Artificial silk is soon to be manufactured at Rheims and Fismes, the latter a neighboring town situated nineteen miles west of the metropolis of the northeastern part of France. The erection of buildings for this new industry has actually been commenced.

### AN OBSTACLE.

I am training myself for an editor, timidly remarked the young widow, as she approached the editor's desk. I am sorry, madam, but it is useless for you to waste your time on me; I already have a wife and six children.

### RETURNED TO FIRST PRINCIPLES.

A French writer has had a vision of the city of the future, Cyclopolis by name.

The city was full of wheels—bicycles, tricycles, monocycles, petroleum cars, auto-cars, and there is no telling what else. But one day the inhabitants had a sensation. All the newspapers issued special bulletins. A man had been seen walking—yes, walking on his own legs.

The Cyclopolitan could hardly believe their eyes, but so it was; and the wonderful stranger, we are assured, amassed a large fortune by giving lessons in walking, which soon became the fashionable sport.