

The Wind and the Leaves.

There is warfare in the garden, and the many are outmatched
In the struggle of the millions and the one;
For the bitter wind is blowing and the yellow leaves are going,
And the armies of the summer turn and run.

Here they come, a flying legion, round the corner, down the path,
While they seek in vain a shelter from the foe;
By his furious onslaught scattered, clad in russet, torn and battered,
Lost and ruined in the summer's overthrow.

Time was when they were allies in the April afternoon,
When the winter and the snows were at an end;
For he touched the earth so lightly, that they issued green and sprightly,
And they hailed him for their champion and their friend.

Then they loved him in the summer, and he kissed them as he passed,
When the uniforms they wore were fresh and green;
And they trusted in him blindly, for they thought his voice was kindly,
As he whispered through the coppice or the dene.

But they found his rough advances on the grey September morn
Very different from his genial breath in June;
For when the year grey older his friendship it grew colder,
And he threatened and he piped a warlike tune.

So they fought him and he beat them, and the garden paths to-day
Tell the sorry tale of ruin and defeat;
For the cruel wind is roaring, and before him, whirling, soaring,
Go the little weary soldiers in retreat.

—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

A Plain Lesson.

BUT IT IS HARD FOR DAIRMEN TO LEARN IT.

A correspondent of the *Country Gentleman* makes the following clear statement of fact:

"In a recent number of the *Michigan Farmer* I read a communication from R. F. Brown, giving the result of a test made and record kept of the production of one cow in a dairy, which clearly teaches a most valuable lesson that was entirely overlooked in the report.

"During eight weeks following Feb. 9th this cow gave 1,668 pounds of milk, or 28 5/7 pounds per day on an average. But there was a variation from 193 to 218 pounds per week, and a history of the way in which she was fed and treated during the time; and it is in this we are to find the lesson.

"For instance, during the first week, Feb. 9 to 16, she gave 201 pounds, and the next week 214 pounds, or a gain of 13 pounds. Now, the first week was warm and pleasant, and she was turned out every day 20 minutes to drink, but the next week was a regular blizzard, and she was not turned out at all, but watered in the stable twice a day, and gained almost two pounds per day, while the rest of the herd, turned out as usual, shrunk 10 to 12 pounds each. She therefore showed an absolute gain of about 25 pounds per week, or over 3 1/2 pounds per day, or over 12 per cent. Now, this milk was made in winter and was worth at least \$1 per 100 pounds, and, if so, it paid 25 cents per week just for the care and comfort. Twenty-five cents per week means, for 26 weeks, the usual period of stabling cows, \$6.50, and this for an absence of 20 minutes exposure each day and for added care and comfort. And yet how many cracks we have who claim that the cow must go out every day for a breath of fresh air, and usually they mean run out from two to four hours. If a man has, say, 15 cows, the loss for the 20 minutes' exposure each would be \$97.50, or a good deal more than it would cost to hire a man to care for them.

"But there was another factor which entered into this gain which should not be overlooked. A part of this gain was due to the fact that in the second week she was watered twice a day instead of once. The average dairyman does not seem to realize the importance of giving his cows all the water they want and when they want it. He does not remember that more than 87 per cent. of the milk is water, and that without this water, no matter how well the cow is fed, she cannot make the milk. Nor does he realize how difficult it is—in fact, that it is impossible—for the cow to drink at one time enough water to do her for a full day and have her do her best. An average 1,000 pound cow in full milk must have from five to seven pails of water every 24 hours, and compelled to take this enormous quantity all at one time she is badly handicapped. Every man on watering twice a day will notice a change from once watering, and when watering three times he will see an increase over twice, and those who put in a stable-watering device and give cows constant access to water are always surprised at the gain."

Stop the cracks in your stables, and by so doing save fodder.

Breaking a Record.

THE THING IS QUITE EASY WHEN YOU KNOW HOW.

They were leaning over a table and industriously studying a lot of records. One was a novice and one had had experience.

"It's a very simple matter when you know how," explained the one who had had experience. "Any one who is half-way good on a bicycle can get a record of some sort. How else do you suppose so many people could have records?" The novice didn't know. He was a new man in the club, and wouldn't care a continental about a record if he didn't realize how lonesome he would be without one. Every man who rides a bicycle has to have a record when he reaches a certain stage in the disease, and he generally reaches that stage shortly after joining a club; hence the anxiety of the novice.

"You've made your century run according to instructions," went on the man who had had experience, "and you have taken the time for every mile of it, so now it is merely a question of finding out where you will fit in. Of course you don't get the century road record, either paced or unpaced."

"I didn't expect to," put in the novice. "Naturally not," returned the experienced rider. "That's a pretty hard thing to get, because there are so many constantly trying for it. We'd better begin at the other end, anyway. You don't come anywhere near the mile record."

"I didn't expect to do that, either," said the novice.

"And you're even farther away from the two mile record," continued the man of experience, "and the three mile, and the four mile, and the five mile, and the six mile. Oh, you're clear out of everything up to 25 miles."

"That's only natural," argued the novice. "I haven't had a bicycle but a year."

"Of course it's natural," returned the other, "but that cuts no figure at all. You're after a record, and I'm undertaking to get one for you. Ah, here it is—26 miles. Unless this table is at fault you can safely put yourself down as the 26-mile champion of the world, paced and unpaced."

The novice swelled out about three inches as he asked who had the next best record for that distance.

"There isn't any other record for that distance," answered the experienced rider. "That's how you happen to get it. There are a number who have made 30 miles in less time than you have made 26, but, of course, that makes no difference. If it did, we couldn't have so many club records, and half the fun of cycling would be lost. You just get a pin of some sort and have 'Champion, Twenty-six Miles' put on it, and the next time you're out with the club you can hold your head as high as anyone on the boulevard."—*Chicago Post.*

Boy vs. Time.

You can nearly always bet your money on a boy. Boys know some things better than even the angels. In an important lawsuit at Clay Centre the other day a 12-year old boy was on the stand, and testified that he spent just ten minutes in getting a bucket of water for his mother. The question of time was a vital one and the opposing attorney tried to rattle the boy. Finally one of them pulled out his watch and proposed to test whether or not the boy knew when ten minutes had elapsed. The opposing attorneys on the boy's side strenuously objected to this test, for it is well known that nothing is harder than to sit still and gauge the passing of time. The judge ordered the test to be made, however, and after the courtroom clock had been stopped and every chance removed for the boy to play a sneak, the trial commenced. The stillness in the room became oppressive. Every watch was drawn, and the eyes of the multitude rested upon the youngster, who chewed gum, swung his foot against the round of his chair, and gazed placidly out over the benches as though the proceedings had mighty little interest for him. Two, four, six minutes passed, and still he made no sign. Then the attorneys commenced to worry him. "Isn't time about up?" asked one of them. "Nope," sententiously responded the boy, as he changed the cross in his knees. Seven and eight minutes passed. "Haven't you got that water pumped yet?" said the attorney in a tone which was intended to convey the impression that ten minutes had more than passed. "Reckon not," again replied the boy, and his own attorneys began to chuckle. Nine minutes passed, and tick, tick, tick went the seconds toward the ten-minute mark, and up to exactly three seconds before the limit, when the boy drawled out, "I think I've got that water drawn."

The people burst into applause, and after the trial, when the boy was asked to explain how he hit off the time so correctly, he replied: "Oh, I just sorter knowed, that's all."—*Kansas City Times.*

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