AGRICULTURAL.

Lambs for the British Market.

To the Editor :

Sir,—A bulletin recently issued by the agricultural department of this experiment station on the "Fattening of Lambs for the British Market" has been given to the press and has, generally speaking, received favorable notice from the same. I believe that our farmers generally are agreed that the experiment bears upon an important subject, and that all patriotic citizens will feel desirous that the experiment may demonstrate to our people that a large and profitable trade in grade lambs with Great Britain is one of the possibilities of the near furtue.

In preparing these bulletins there is a manifest necessity for conciseness and brevity of statement. Because of this, explanations wich are in themselves of no little importance have to be omitted ; hence, there is some danger that the readers of these bulletins may not clearly understand the reasons for all the conclusions arrived at. Since the bulletin on fattening lambs treats of an unusually important subject, with your permission, Mr. Editor, I will now add to what has been said therein.

I desire to emphasize the fact that the lambs selected for this experiment were inferior to the average grade lambs of Ontario. Farmers who saw them in the early part of the season were somewhat inclined to poke fun at us for attempting to fatten lambs so far below the average for the British market. The fact here stated is evident from the weight of the lambs at the commencement of the experiment. On October 24, 1890, they weighed but 84.85 lbs., after they had been feeding upon rape for nearly a month. The farmers generally well know that the average grade lambs of western and central Ontario will weigh 100 lbs. each at that season, especially after having fed upon rape for three or four weeks. Lambs below the average of our Ontario product were in a sense purposely chosen, for the reason, first, that better lambs were difficult to get at the time, and, second, that it is never wise in a first experiment to aim at doing so well that equal results are not easily obtained in a future experiment. That the English buyers pronounced them one of the best lots of lambs ever sent from Canada to England is indeed a high compliment to our experimental station, and more especially to the skill and care of Mr. Elliott and Mr. Cuppage, who in succession took care of the lambs. It is also encouraging to those who may embark in the enterprise with a better lot of lambs.

The next point I would emphasize is the substantial profit virtually reaped from the experiment. It is true that if the manure is not taken into account at all, and the cost of the transportation is reckoned at $4.17 per head, there is an actual loss of $14.43. If the manure is not taken into accout, and the cost of transportation is reckoned at $2.75 per head, which is a full average, then the net gain on 90 lambs is $113.28. If the manure is included, as in the bulletin, then the net profit is $236.16, or a gain of 23.72 per cent. on the investment. Now, which of these modes of reckoning will fairminded men adopt? Will it not be the last? The whole transaction was carried on on a purely business basis up till the time of transportation. After that time extra cost was a necessity in order to get the results. In the first place, the lot was insufficient for a full cargo. Then a feeder for this small lot had to be specially employed. The fees of a commission merchant added largely to the expense, and the facts relating to their behavior on the voyage and in the sale yards could not be obtained without further expense. Because of these things, I hold that it is fair to put the expense of transit at $2.75 per head, the average cost, rather than $4.10, the actual cost. It is thus apparent that the true profit on the lambs was at least $113.28. To this all fairminded men will concede that the value of the manure should be added, whatever that may be. To value manure correctly, in the present state of our knowledge, is not easy, if indeed it is possible. Some time, and in the near future, we will be able to do this with much more ease and precision, when additional data shall have accumulated on which to base calculations. In this experiment we reckoned the value of the manure at ¾c. per day per lamb. This calculation is based on data furnished by an experiment conducted by Prof. Roberts, of Cornell University Experiment Station. Prof. Roberts is a most careful investigator. By the use of shallow pans made for the purpose and placed in the pens, he obtained with great precision the exact amount of manure obtained from lambs in a given time. This was carefully analyzed. It was found to be very rich indeed in plant food. In placing an estimate upon it, he valued its ingredients, as given by the analysis, on the basis of the values of the same as sold in commercial fertilizers. This gave a value to the manure made by one lamb per day as 1½ cents. Lest the values put upon nitrogen, phosphoric acid and potash in that country should be too dear to apply to our conditions, we cut the estimate down one-half and valued the manure from one lamb per day at ¾c. As ordinarily wintered, the manure made by lambs would not probably be worth much more than half this sum. As the estimate stands in the bulletin, the value of the manure is but little more than the cash profit made upon the lambs. It is certainly an excellent showing in any fattening venture when a cash profit can be shown which nearly equals in value the worth of the manure. But suppose our estimate should be still looked upon as too high, and that we divide it by two, we have as the profit on 90 lambs $113.28, plus $61.42, or a net profit of $174.70, which amounts to nearly $2 per head. It may be that the average farmer cannot do quite so well—indeed, it is probable that such is the case. Were it otherwise we would no more be worthy of recognition as teachers of the people. But there is certainly nothing to hinder the average farmer who rears his own lambs to turn them off in early spring, to go to the British market at an average cash value to him of $8 to $9 per head ; and if so, it will be clearly apparent to him there is profit in the business. If but one-fourth of the farmers in Ontario were to rear and fatten but 10 to 12 lambs in a year we would have 500,000 lambs ready for market during the winter season and $4,000,000 to $5,000,000 annually would be added to the revenues of the country. Some of these would find a market at home, some would go to the United States and some to Great Britain. But the dangerous shoal of marketing lambs in November should be most carefully shunned.

I have already said, in effect, that the one uncertain quantity in estimating values in experimental work is the estimate to be put upon the manure. It is certainly worth something, or the practice of those who cart it into rivers is to be praised. It is certainly worth much, or the manufactures of commercial fertilizers are at the wrong business. But to estimate approximately how much it is worth is not easy. The difficulty arises principally from our ignorance regarding the quantity made by animals of different classes and ages. We are hard at the work in the endeavor to remove this difficulty, and hope soon to calculate all experiment from data furnished from actual experience in our own work. We are now able to tell from actual test how much manure a cattle beast will make under certain conditions up to the age of one year, and soon hope to be able to give the same up to the age of two years. This information, I think I am safe in saying, has never been given to the world before.

Yours, etc., Thomas Shaw.
Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph.

The Harvester.

The original cave-dweller—dear child of the working scientist—harvested his wheat crop by going out to his field and gnawing off the heads of the grain with his active jaws. The plan has its advantages and also its disadvantages—on the whole our able progenitor longed for something better. Then there arose a thoughtful paleozoic inventor who pointed out that the grain could be pulled up by the roots, and the heads threshed out in the palm of the hand. This satisfied our esteemed ancestor, and matters ran along thus for a few hundred thousand years, indeed, I claim the working scientist's privilege to be vague as to years. Let us throw overboard the cave dwellers, for that matter, and come along down to modern times. Let us begin with the sickles, for instance.

You may still find old men who will tell you that they can remember when farmers in this country had nothing but the sickle with which to harvest their wheat and rye. A dozen men worked in single file, and cut the grain with one hand and gathered it on the other arm, stopping every "round" to drink earnestly out of a big jug of New England rum or Pennsylvania whiskey. Then came the cradle, a scythe with "fingers" on it, which made the grain lie straight. Many farmers have a cradle yet for corners and odd nooks. With it one man cut down the grain and another bound it into sheaves. Then came a direct descendant of the paleozoic genius, and invented a reaper drawn by horses. This was in the '30s, say. A man drove and a small boy sat on a low seat and raked off the grain in gravels. He was practically the same small boy who used to pull the strings that worked the cut-off valve in the first steam engine. He soon lost his occupation in both instances—in the case of the reaper they invented a mechanical rake. It took five men to follow on foot and bind up what the reaper cut down. Still the farmer wasn't satisfied. So they made him the harvester. Two men besides the driver rode on this and bound the grain as it was brought up on an endless apron to where they stood. They had an awning over them and were very comfortably situated. This was in the '70s. Still the agriculturist fretted. Then he got the self-binder, which he has yet—though he is beginning to find fault with it and talks about electricity.

At first they tried to tie up the grain with wire, but it did not work very well, and the machines were abandoned, and others using manilla or hemp twine were tried, with better results. The binder, invented by a man named Applyby, has perhaps been the most successful. The twine or cord is very strong and is a little larger than a round shoe-string. It seldom breaks, and the sheaves are tied up firmer and better than by hand. The self-binder is somewhat complicated, but it seems simple when we consider what it does. It is the most intelligent machine used on the farm, if I may so express it. It would make the paleozoic man dizzy to watch it. All it asks is that the hired man shall keep his fingers out of it and furnish it plenty of grain to bind up. It does not tie a square or "hard" knot, nor yet a bow-knot. Bring the two ends of a string together for two or three inches from their ends ; then, considering the two strings as one, tie one single plain school boy knot in it, and you have the knot made by a self-binder. It is the hardest knot in the world to untie, and it never "gives" a particle. In the machine it is made by a funny crafty little thingumbob, which turns around half way ; opens its mouth and seizes the cord, turns on around, and lets go suddenly, as if it had half a mind not to. A knife cuts the cord, another thingumbob holds the ends, two arms sweep the sheaf off on to the ground, and the binder waits for enough grain to accumulate for another sheaf, when it starts itself and repeats the operation. It works with the precision of a fine steam engine, if the hired man will only let it alone.

A Brave Lady Bandit.

Details are given by the Bosnian papers of the strange career of a woman named Mila, who has been sentenced to death by the districts court of Pazarevac, in Servia. This woman has for ten years been the terror of North-Eastern Servia. In 1881 a prize of two hundred ducats was offered for her capture, two years later five hundred were offered, and in 1890 the promised reward was increased to a thousand ducats. She had a band of devoted Haiducks with whom she committed her robberies. She never went about otherwise than in man's dress, with all her weapons in her belt and a rifle over her shoulder. Young, handsome, and a perfect markswoman, she was the beau-ideal of her band. She had a lover named Petrovitch, who fell ill some time ago, and whom she nursed with devotion in a cave on the Roumanian frontier. Her people told her in good time that she was watched, and must fly for safety, but she refused to abandon her sick lover. After a battle with the gendarmes two of whom she killed, she was captured. In the court she spoke for over an hour in her defence, and when sentence was pronounced listened to it with stolid indifference.

Girl violinists are becoming numerous. Girls are always after beaux of one sort or another.

There are 842,812 miles of telegraph line in the world, and 254,110 miles of it are in the United States. The next largest mileage is 88,280 in Russia. Germany has 57,763 miles, France 51,560 miles, Australasia 38,247 miles, Austria 38,159 miles, India 31,894 miles, Great Britain 30,726 miles, Canada 29,460 miles, Mexico 27,861 miles, Italy 19,460 miles, Turkey 15,000 miles.

SUNDAY READING.

The Sabbath Chime.

O'er mountain tops the mount of God
In after days shall rise,
Above the summits of the hills,
And draw the wondering eyes.

To this the joyful nations round,
All tribes and tongues shall flow ;
Up the mount of God, they'll say,
And to His house we'll go.

The beams that shine from Sion's hill
Shall lighten every land ;
The king who reigns in Salem's towers
Shall all the world command.

Among the nations He shall judge ;
His judgments truth shall guide ;
His sceptre shall protect the just,
And crush the sinner's pride.

For peaceful implements shall men
Exchange their swords and spears ;
Nor shall they study war again
Throughout those happy years.

Come, O, ye house of Jacob ! come
To worship at His shrine ;
And, walking in the light of God,
With holy graces shine.

Golden Thoughts for Every Day.

Monday—

God the Father ! be Thou near,
Save from every harm to-night.
Make us all Thy children dear,
In the darkness be our light.

God the Savior ! be our peace,
Put away our sins to-night ;
Speak the word of full release,
Turn our darkness into light.

Holy Spirit ! deign to come,
Sanctify us all to-night ;
In our hearts prepare Thy home,
Then our darkness shall be light.

Holy Trinity : be nigh !
Mystery of love adored
Help to live and help to die—
Lighten all our darkness, Lord !
—[George Rawson.

Tuesday—Here was an ignoble peasant Jew, born in a race that was then held in contempt by the civilized world ; persecuted everywhere. Here was this Galilean peasant that was derided and rejected by the educated and religious class of his own country ; that was finally arrested, and as a miscreant, a man disturbing the order of society, put to death and to death that had on it a stigma of criminality ; put to death as a vulgar criminal, on the cross. And amidst all the glittering statues of the gods, and all the elements of Greek conceptions of the power and the glory of the eternal gods, and in all that had been made manifest in the world, of wisdom and power and truth, of the glory of eternal joy, came this Paul, saying, "Here is the epitome and the emblem of God, this poor Jewish peasant, crucified as a criminal by his own countrymen."—[Henry Ward Beecher.

Wednesday—

Our blest Redeemer, ere He breathed
His tender last farewell,
A guide, a comforter, bequeathed
With us to dwell.

He came, sweet influence to impart,
A gracious, willing guest,
While He can find one humble heart
Wherein to rest.

And His that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath at even,
That checks each fault, that calms each fear
And speaks of heaven.

And every virtue we possess,
And every conquest won,
And every thought of holiness
Are His alone.

Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness, pitying, see ;
O make our hearts thy dwelling-place,
And worthier Thee. Amen.

Thursday—Who shall contradict the saying of Adam Smith that "He is a benefactor who makes two blades of grass grow where but one grew before." This the scientist does. Wherever the intelligent and industrious man goes, though it be to barren waste, or pestilential morass, health and abundance follow. Those divinities whom the ancients whorshiped—Ceres, Pomona, and Flora, who strewed and beautified the earth with grains, and fruits, and flowers—have in modern times domiciled themselves among men, exchanging their divine titles for plain professors of chemistry ; and we now call them agriculturists and horticulturists. Is not this a beautiful way of walking in the footsteps of the wonder-working Galilean ?—[E. W. Powell.

Friday—

I dare not choose my lot,
I would not if I might :
Choose Thou it for me, O my God,
So shall I walk aright.
Take Thou my cup, and it
With joy or sorrow fill,
As best to Thee, O Lord, may seem.
Choose Thou my good or ill.

Choose Thou for me, my friends,
My sickness, or my health ;
Choose Thou my cares for me,
My poverty or wealth.
Not mine, not mine, the choice,
In things or great or small ;
Be Thou my guide, my strength,
My wisdom and my all.
—*Horatius Bonar.*

Saturday—Great thoughts are the only fitting pabulum of that marvelous entity, the human mind. This mind, I survey it with awe, with wonder ; encompassed with flesh, fenced around with barriers of sense, yet it breaks every bound, and stretches away on every side into infinity. It is not upon the line only of its eternal duration that it goes forth—forth from this day of its new annual period, through the periods of immortality—but its thoughts, like diverging rays, spread themselves abroad and afar, far into the boundless, the immeasureable, the infinite. And these diverging rays may be like cards to lift it up to heaven. What a glorious thing, then, is this life ! To know its wonderful author ; to bring down wisdom from the eternal stars ; to bear upward its homage, its gratitude, its love to the Ruler of all worlds. What glory in the created universe is there surpassing this ? Thou crownest it—it is written : "Thou crownest it with loving-kindness and tender mercy ; Thou crownest it with glory and honor ; Thou hast made it a little lower than the angelic life.—*Dr. Dewey.*

"Oh, what shall I tell !" said a languid swell,
"Now, what shall I tell, forsooth ?"
Said a voice in the crowd, in tones very loud :
"Say, what is the matter with truth ?"

Spokesman for Party—"Will you tell the minister, please, that while there's so much fever a-going 'round, our parents don't want us to come to Sunday school ; and please can you tell us in what pond his son caught that big fish yesterday ?"

CURIOUS INVENTIONS.

Some Singular Suggestions of Inventive Genius.

The history and growth of inventors are subjects in which all are interested.

The stylograph pen brought in £40,000 a year ; the India rubber tips to pencils £20,000 ; metal plates for protecting the soles and heels of boots brought in £250,000 in all ; the roller skate £200,000.

A clergyman realized £4000 a week by the invention of a toy ; another toy, the return ball, brought in an income of £10,000 ; the "Dancing Jim Crow," £15,000 a year. The inventor of a copper cap for children's boots was able to leave his heirs £400,000 ; while Singer, of sewing machine fame, left at his death nearly £3,000,000.

There are other and wonderful things which people have thought it worth while to patent, strong in the hope of making a big fortune in the near future, only to find in so many cases that their inventions were impracticable and very often perfectly ridiculous.

Among such may be mentioned a child's bib with a trough attached, the whole formed of some waterproof material ; a pocket which cannot be picked ; a muff and boa filled with air to save you from a watery grave ; cuffs and collars made of steel, painted or enameled white ; trousers with double legs—on the outer legs getting soiled or bespattered you tuck them up, and behold a clean pair. This arrangement would be suitable. I should say, only when worn with an overcoat.

Under the head of umbrellas and walking-sticks we find some marvelous inventions. One is an umbrella which, in some wonderful way, is converted into a walking-stick, and so formed that a spear can be attached, when it is used as a weapon of offense and defense. I recommend it to elderly ladies in the dog days, as a protection against the sun and mad dogs. The next invention is a rain-absorber, to prevent rain from running down from hats and umbrellas.

The absorber is formed either of uncovered sponges or of sponges covered by a fabric. We are told that the absorber can be readily removed from the article, squeezed and replaced. We come next to an article which the inventor has named (take a long breath and shut your eyes) the "Rhabdoskidophorus." This is an umbrella which can be taken apart ; the silk and ribs being hidden within the stick ; it is thus transformed into a stout walking-stick.

How a Deer Saved the Fawn.

Says the Banning Herald :—Brute instinct has formed the theme of many an article, and wonderful instances have been given of the exercise of almost human judgment by animals, but the following, which came under our own observation, is just a shade over anything we ever read ; Last Sunday C. Sweeters and the writer were driving up the Water Canyon, and as we turned a bend we saw a doe and a young fawn drinking from the stone ditch. At our approach the animals were startled, and in attempting to turn and run the poor little fawn lost its balance and fell into the ditch. As many of our readers know, the water runs very swiftly and in great volume up there, and, of course the fawn was carried down stream. The mother deer seemed to lose all fear of us, and ran along the edge of the ditch trying to reach her offspring with her head.

Suddenly she ran ahead of the floating fawn for some little distance. She plunged into the ditch with her head down stream and her hindquarters toward the fawn. She braced her fore feet firmly in the crevices of the rocks to resist the rush of waters. In a second the fawn was washed up on its mother's back, and it instinctively clasped her neck with its fore legs. The doe then sprang from the ditch with the fawn on her back. She lay down and the baby deer rolled to the ground in an utterly exhausted condition. Mr. Sweeters and ourself were now not more than thirty feet from the actors in this animal tragedy, but the mother, seemingly unconscious of our presence, licked and fondled her offspring for a few minutes until it rose to its feet, and the doe and fawn then trotted off up the mountain side.

If there is anybody that doesn't believe Mr. Sweeters when he tells this story, let them come to us and we will vouch for it.

Cloves and Their Culture.

Sultan Seyed Said bin Sultan in 1830 introduced the clove tree into Zanzibar, since which time its cultivation has formed the chief occupation of the Arab planters in that part of the world, especially those residing on the Island of Pemba.

Every portion of the tree is aromatic, but it is the bud which forms the clove of commerce. The choicest are of a dark brown hue, free from moisture and with full, perfect heads. The cultivation of this important article of domestic economy is very interestting.

The seeds are planted in long trenches and kept well supplied with water for forty days, when the sprouts appear above the surface. These are carefully watered for two years, at the end of which time they usually attain a height of three feet. Then transplanting takes place, the shoots being set out at distances of thirty feet apart and watered until well rooted. After this occurs the trees require little attention, but are kept free from weeds and the earth about them is worked over from time to time.

They do not bear until five or six years old, when the buds are fully formed into clusters and assume a dull reddish hue. The harvesting now begins and continues at intervals for six months, as the buds do not all mature at the same time. As the limbs of the trees are very brittle they do not bear the weight of a man, and the cloves on the upper branches are gathered by means of very peculiar looking four-sided ladders. Immediately upon being taken from the trees the buds are laid out in the sun, where in a short time they assume a brownish color, when they are placed in storehouses and are ready for shipment. The usual yield of a 10-year-old plantation is twenty pounds per acre.

A Modest Man.

Miss Esmeralda Longcoffin—I hope that you will make me happy after we are married.

Mr. Humblepie—I will, indeed I will, if you have no objection.—Siftings.

Mr. Hogan (after hammering on the door for five minutes)—"Is it dead or alive ye are ?" Mr. Grogan—"Nayther, I'm shlapin."

A QUICKSAND EXPERIENCE.

How It Feels to Get Into One.

About five miles south of Plattsmouth, Neb., is one of the most dangerous places of road in the whole country, and while in some seasons of the year it is safe for travelling, at others it is all a man's life is worth to go over it. The cause of this is a quicksand which lies directly across the road which is used in the Fall of the year, but is abandoned in the Spring and Summer.

To prevent strangers from getting into trouble there is generally a signboard at the forks warning them of their danger, and the result was that Henry Girard, who lives at Joplin, Mo., came near losing his life.

Girard tells the following story of his adventure : "I was coming to Plattsmouth to transact some business regarding some land in which I have an interest, and as I wished to see the land before I got there I concluded to come on horse-back. The horse is a regular pet and is one raised by myself. He comes at my call or whistle like a dog.

When I got to the forks of the road I saw that the river road was not used, but that the travel went over the hill, but I concluded to go along the bank and thought that I could pick my way without trouble. I got off my horse and turned him loose to follow me as I walked along. He stopped to graze and I walked slowly, watching the river. Having got some distance ahead of horse I sat down to wait for him. How long I sat there I do not know, but I was suddenly aroused by finding that my legs were firmly grasped by the quicksand. I was slowly but surely being drawn into the earth.

I threw myself on my back and tried to draw myself from the sand, but all my efforts were unavailing and I was slowly being drawn under the sand. I shouted for help until almost exhausted, but could get no response and was forced to believe that my last hour had come and that I was to suffer a most horrible death. It was late in the evening and I wondered why my horse did not come. I called him time and again, but he was evidently too far away to hear me.

As I lay there, sinking deeper and deeper every minute, I heard a party of people on the river. It appeared to be a pleasure party of young folks, and as they floated down the stream they were singing. The song came distinctly over the water, but for some reason I could not make them hear and they passed down the river singing "Home, Sweet Home," while I lay there thinking I had seen my home for the last time. By this time the sand had pulled me down until it was almost up to my shoulders, and I lay with my arms spread out in order to give as much resistance to the terrible suction as possible.

I thought I heard my horse and called with all my might, giving a peculiar whistle I had taught him to answer. He heard me and came running to where I lay, but could not see me on the ground where I was in the hole, as it was rather dark by this time. I called him again and again until he found where I was and then he came to me and I tried to reach up and get some sort of hold on the saddle or bridle, but I was too low. By some chance he stepped by me and I got a firm hold on his tail and then urged him to go on. It was an awful pull, but I could feel that I was being dragged out of the sand.

It was such a strain that I was compelled to stop and rest often, but at last I was pulled so far out that I could extricate myself and then managed to hold on to his tail until he dragged me away from the place, and there I lay until I heard a wagon on the road and was brought to this city to recover from the terrible mental and physical sufferings. It was a narrow escape and I do not think I will ever hear "Home, Sweet Home" again without feeling a spasm of thankfulness."

EXECUTIONS IN CHINA.

Decapitation by a Very Slow Process—Other Methods of Punishment.

"For the minor offenses the punishment in China is beating on the mouth with a bamboo," said a traveler who has just returned from the Flowery Kingdom. "It is terrible to see the mouths of women swell as the cane is laid on, and of men too. When sent to jail they must supply their own food and that of the jailer or they are allowed to starve. If they have not sufficient blankets they are allowed to freeze to death. There are different methods of execution. One is what would correspond with our hanging, but it is different. The victim is put against a post and a rope is thrown around his neck. Then it is pulled till the breath of life departs. Another form of execution is that of cutting to pieces by inches, which is done when the sentence of death is for the murder of a father or mother or some other near relative. First one ear is taken off, then the other, next the tongue is taken out, and so on. A third is death by starvation. I have seen a man caged in the public streets, and allowed to end his life by this method, not being permitted to touch either water or food. Sometimes a small boy will bring him a little opium, which helps to lessen the suffering and brings about a more speedy death. The most common form is taking off the head by the sword, and the extraordinary nerve of these Chinese is shown in this more than any other. I have seen two men beheaded, one placed before the other. It took three strokes of the sword to kill the first, and while the operation was going on the second knelt down with his neck outstretched waiting his turn. Thinking that the process was slow he turned to the executioner and asked if he were going to be much longer with the first. Then, when the executioner came to him, he stretched out his neck again and waited for the blow, which completely severed his head from his body."

Brotherly Foresight.

Little Tom was involved in the difficulties of learning to dress himself and regarded the buttons which had to be fastened behind his back as so many devices to torment small boys. One morning he was informed of the arrival of a baby sister, and later in the day was allowed to steal into his mother's chamber to look at the baby as she lay asleep. Tom regarded the small creature with interest and the nurse, wishing to know what his thoughts were, asked him softly : "Well, how do you like her ? Isn't she a darling ?" "I don't think she looks much good," answered Tom, with uncompromising frankness. "How soon will she be big enough to fasten my back buttons ?"