

much of my poor. You remind me of much, my dear. single book that I made a hit. H'm; you slash blood in your what's the difference and lightning? Little I have to pay not-

On the Farm.

SPOILING THE DAIRY COW. One of the greatest drawbacks in dairying is the difficulty of securing honest, faithful help. There is generally no complaint to make so far as pecuniary matters are concerned, but there is honesty in another direction. As is considered says V. M. Couch in an exchange. The majority of milkmen are neither strict nor particular in the performance of their work. When the employer's eye is not upon them, there are but very few people who find pleasure in milking a number of cows morning and night, month in and month out, yet it must be done with the most perfect regularity and thoroughness. The udder must be emptied to the last drop, and if this is not done every time, the supply will be likely to fall short every time. Nature, finding that more milk has been produced than is taken from the udder, will abstain from producing so much milk and devote the food to the production of fat or muscle. Almost anybody can milk a cow, but there are few who can do it as it should be done. It is an art, and the man who can do it properly is worth more to the dairyman than any other help. The art of milking is to draw it out steadily, quickly (by no means hurriedly) and completely. Scarcely any two cows are exactly alike in disposition and in the character or nature of their teats and udders. Some are hard to milk, and have very small apertures; some have teats that are some cows are very easy to milk; and some cows are dull, while others are lively and nervous. Now it is quite a difficult matter to find a man who will trouble himself to study the individualities of the various cows, and try to humor their caprices or adapt his plans to their peculiarities. It is anxious to get the job done as quickly as possible. The cow that is the easiest, is the favorite, and goes off by far the best, but he sits beside the hard milker with a look of grudge against the supposed favorite. He expects some trouble with the hard one, and this very fact is likely to make the trouble appear. The man who knows him and his temper and knows far better than he knows theirs, must be humored and put into a gentle mood. They may be forced to submission, but they ought, in compensation to pay you a good deal more for their "mood." The man who handles the cow without any care for their "mood," irritates and worries them. The fretting and the worry make the milk short in quantity, and within a very short time the decrease in the quantity is very marked. The worst of it is that the return to proper treatment will not restore the former condition of things, when the supply has been cut off through wrong treatment, the employment of careless help. It is impossible to restore this condition by entrusting cows to the hands of even the most careful persons. The proper feeding and kind treatment of the udder of the cow becomes a matter of the cow's health, and when the udder is in this condition, the relief of this burden. If the milker understands the cow she looks to him for help, and yields up her milk with pleasure, because the distention of the udder is painful to a certain extent. But when a cow becomes troublesome, tries to kick over the pail, and give down her milk, and so on, there is a cause for it, and the man who generally be found outside the barn, she has not been properly handled, and she resents it. If her distention is slow, perhaps the milkman is trying to force the flow, if it is fast, it may have been too hasty or too slow. At any rate it is always safe to look first for the fault in the man and not in the cow. Regularity in milking and perfect gentleness and care in dealing with cows, are essential to success. Any breach of these rules is inevitably marked by a decrease in the yield and a consequent diminution of profits.

STACKING STRAW. It is not enough important to the stacking of the straw in the west. In early days when there were so many extensive fields of grain and so much will prairie lands, the straw was bucked with as little labor as would get it out of the way of the machine, and as the threshing was done it was piled up. This practice, is yet followed on some western farms, but it is a little excuse for it now. The rotary stacker is so improved that stacking may be done with the least hand labor. Two good men with a rotary stacker can build a stack that will keep, and a man with a wind stacker, properly adjusted, can do the same. There will be little excuse for a man to make a stack that will not keep. The writer can remember to have had to stand at the tail end of the short stackers run by hand, extending to a pulley at the end of the stacker, and when he worked harder than he was in his physical condition would

justify, he would throw the chain with his fork, which called for a stop and all hands were glad. This was in a day when he had little or no interest other than getting along in the easiest manner. The chain soon gave way to a different manner in running the stackers. Later on, having obtained the reputation of building good straw stacks, he got about all the stacking to do in the neighborhood. At some farms he was given two or three good men as helpers, but at other places a made up the straw stack force, and to force these boys to do the right thing that no farmer who has small grain in a careless manner. It may be that the straw is not needed on the farm for feed or bedding, but if there is no other reason for not stacking it, it should be kept on the farm to help contribute fertility at the right time. When straw is plentiful there is usually no year of comparative scarcity comes it sells readily. There is such a thing as stacking the straw in such a manner that the hulks of it will keep for two or three years. We have known of straw being sold at \$4 per ton which was thought to be worthless the year it was threshed. Some localities are so situated that large feeders will buy straw and pay a good price for it, and are glad to haul it themselves. Other locations are favorably situated and paper mills will take a good deal of it. If the straw is stacked properly and the grain has been cut in comparative greenness, it will make very good feed for a most all kinds of stock. It is a splendid winter feed for work horses, and we believe a great deal more of it could be fed to advantage. We one day rode on the cars from a locality where the straw was all burned to get it out of the road to one where the farmers carefully housed every bit of the straw they could get in their barns, and then did not have enough. In this district you could travel a whole day and not see a straw stack. You could see plenty of stubble fields that indicated that small grain was grown, but no straw stacks, all of the straw being housed in capacious barns.

NEW METHOD OF PRESERVING MEAT.

A new method of preserving freshly killed meats has been discovered by the Danish zoologist, August Fjellstrup, already well known through his method of condensing milk, without sugar. The system (according to the printed reports) has stood a remarkably hard three months' test at the Odense (Danish) Company's slaughterhouses, in a very satisfactory manner. The animal to be used is first shot or stunned by a shot from a revolver (loaded with small slugs) in the forehead, in such a way as not to injure the brain proper. As the animal drops senseless, an assistant cuts down over the heart, opens a ventricle, and allows all the blood to flow out, the theory of this being that the decomposing of the blood is almost entirely responsible for the quick putrefaction of fresh meats. Immediately thereafter a briny solution (made of coarse or fine salt, more or less strong, according to length of time meat is to be kept) is injected by means of a powerful syringe through the other ventricle into the veins of the body. The whole process takes only a few minutes, and the beef is ready for use and can be cut up at once. This method has been examined and very favorably reported on by the general councils at Odense and Aarhus, and also by many experts. Sonnerberg, April 27, 1898.

DOWRY OF BRIDES.

In almost every country there are restrictive conditions in force with regard to the marriage of army officers. In Russia especially is this to be found, as no circumstances will permit the marriage of an officer under the age of 23, and not even between that and 28 years, unless the bride's dowry is a sum sufficient to allow him to keep his money for his personal use. The limit of this dowry is fixed by the Government. In the Austro-Hungarian army the number of officers authorized to marry is limited by a fixed proportion in each grade, and when these totals are reached further marriages are prohibited until vacancies occur in the married ranks. The Italian army regulations fix the limit of a bride's dowry, but the law is frequently broken, for it has been recently estimated that only about one eighth of the marriages have occurred under the proper conditions. The other seven eighths are attended with all the inconvenience of a marriage not recognized by the civil law.

1900 NOT A LEAP YEAR.

It is a generally accepted idea that every fourth year has an extra day added to February, thus giving that month 29 days, and the year 366; but there are exceptions. The solar year is about 11 minutes 10 seconds less than 365 1/4 days; hence intercalation of one day in four years was too much. In course of centuries the error amounted to several days. To remedy this, Pope Gregory XIII, in 1582, omitted 11 days, and provided that the year ending each century should have 365 instead of 366 days; save when the number of the century is divisible by 4; so that 1700, 1800 and 1900 are not leap years, but the year 2000 is. This was called the Gregorian calendar; but it was not adopted in Great Britain till 1752, when 11 days were struck out of the month of September.

AT THE TOP OF ST. PAUL'S.

IT IS A VERY WEARY AND DANGEROUS PLACE TO CLIMB.

But the Ascent is Rewarded by a Close Inspection of the World's Largest Hall, Which Crowns the Top. It is in contemplation to build for the forthcoming Paris Exhibition a mighty model of the earth itself, with oceans, continents and countries plainly marked out upon its surface. When this extraordinary work is completed—if it ever is—it will take rank as the biggest ball in the world. But, until then, this distinction belongs to the wrought-iron globe which surmounts the dome of our national cathedral. A pilgrimage to the top of St. Paul's is a trip to be undertaken once, in one's youth, and once only. The commencement of the ascent, it is true, is simple enough; the broad, shallow steps being apparently designed for the express object of luring the unwary one upward and onward. After the Whispering Gallery is passed the passages grow narrower and more tortuous; and the way wended becomes darker and dustier. It is not until the Golden Gallery is reached, however, 300 feet above the floor of the dome, that the real difficulties begin. From here the ascent is by a series of iron and wooden ladders; some set at a slight angle, others

QUITE PERPENDICULAR.

Up, up, up, amid a maze of stays, joists and brackets! Higher yet, to where huge iron girders—hand-worked, and made of charcoal smelted iron from the Sussex ironfields—bind the mighty ball and its superincumbent cross to the main fabric of the building. In some places it is hard to squeeze one's body between these self-same girders, of such monstrous thickness are they. And they need be thick, and tense and flawless into the bargain, for they support a weight of more than 600 tons, poised nearly 400 ft. in air. Again higher, creeping cautiously up iron ladders set inside a sort of gigantic, up-ended, drain-pipe. And then—a species of apotheosised gridiron! That is all. Admission to the interior of the ball has, it appears, been denied to the general public for more than thirteen years. Nevertheless, the cathedral authorities calmly continue to charge half a crown a head for permission to "ascend to the ball," a proceeding which, to put it mildly, is not altogether defensible. It is to be wondered how many people of the thousands who annually undertake that weary climb, are aware of the existence of that gridiron. Very few, it is to be presumed, and among the few are certainly not included the compilers of the guide-books. Three of the best known,

ALL OSTENSIBLY REVISED.

up to date, state that the ball is open to visitors, and that parties of twelve can gain admission at one time. And so they could, doubtless, if they were provided with a complete set of burglar's tools, and were able to use them while clinging to a frail ladder at a dizzy elevation. Sixty-five feet below the iron-barred aperture leading to the ball, in a little circular chamber situated immediately over the centre of the dome, but 300 ft. above it, is an old man whose time is devoted to extracting shillings from visitors for the very doubtful privilege of climbing as high as the grating aforesaid. Unless the climber, on his way down proceeds to ask inconvenient questions, nothing is said concerning this closing of the ball, and doubtless many people go away under the impression that the stove-pipe arrangement into which they have succeeded in projecting themselves is the veritable interior of the ball itself. But to those who insist upon an explanation a curious story is told.

It appears that in the autumn of 1884, the year rendered memorable by the series of criminal explosions which shocked and terrified London, an anonymous letter was delivered to the cathedral authorities. Therein it was stated that dynamite was to be surreptitiously conveyed into the ball and therein exploded, the object being to hurt the cross from its place and send it crashing downwards, through the triple dome on to the heads of the hapless worshippers below. This may have been a canard; and, on the other hand, it may not have been. The dean and chapter inclined to the opinion that it was not. So did Scotland yard. Result—the gridiron aforesaid. It was, perhaps, a wise precaution then. But it certainly does seem a pity that now, when the dynamite campaign is as dead as the proverbial door-nail, it

SHOULD NOT BE ABROGATED.

It need not be added, however, that the above regulation is not strictly enforced to all. Besides, there are the steeple-jacks and repairers, whose story coincides that the great ball is a great hollow space filled with dust and cobwebs. The cathedral authorities are very conservative. For instance, at one time the public was admitted to the inner Golden Gallery, which runs round the interior of the dome, near its apex. In the year, 1856, however, a watchmaker named Stuart tried to throw himself over the railings. He was prevented. But on the afternoon of the ensuing day he leaped from the Whispering Gallery, a jump which was quite as effective, so far as he was

concerned, for nearly every bone in his body was broken. The cathedral had, of course, to be reconsecrated, and the authorities

WERE VERY MUCH UPSET,

so much so, in fact, that they decided to close, not the Whispering Gallery, from whence the unhappy man had perpetrated his terrible leap, but the interior Golden Gallery. And, moreover, it has remained closed ever since. Perhaps it is as well, for the protective railing is not above three feet high, and the steps, leading from the small wicket through which access to the gaffery is gained, down to the level of the gallery floor, are exceedingly steep. In fact, one seems to be plunging downwards into nothingness, the gallery being so tiny in itself, as hardly to count amid the vastness of the enveloping dome. One thing that must strike every pilgrim to the top of St. Paul's is the number of people who have not been deterred by the sacredness of the place from inscribing their names upon the walls of the galleries and staircases. Thousands of signatures have been cut deep into the stolid stone itself, but these, it will be noticed, mostly bear dates ranging from 1700 up to 1760. During that period.

FREE ACCESS WAS ALLOWED

to this upper portion of the cathedral, and no supervision whatever was exercised over visitors. Later on attendants were stationed at various coigns of vantage, with the object of stopping the desecration. They were successful, so far as the stone-carving was concerned. To carve even one's initials in Portland stone is a work of time. But they could not stop the scribbling in pencil, and thousands of individuals have recorded, in this comparatively innocuous manner, their presence among this wilderness of ladders and joists. In the circular chamber which marks the final stage of the ascent, too, a visitors' book has been placed. But it does not seem to have been very extensively patronized, and fully ninety per cent. of the recorded addresses are provincial, a peculiarity which would seem to indicate that London's citizens take but scant interest in London's sights.

A CERTAIN CLAIM.

Emerson, writing to Carlyle after the death of Margaret Fuller, says of her, "Without either beauty or genius, she had a certain wealth and generosity of nature which have lent a kind of claim on our conscience to build her a cairn." As we read these words of the mystic philosopher, so full of the knightly spirit, we picture that charmed circle of transcendentalist, and as a central light the gifted, forceful, trained woman who, as Carlyle said, "had a pre-destination to eat the world as her oyster, or her egg," and cannot help wondering if the insistence in the nature of this all-conquering woman did not exert a compelling influence upon those who worshipped at her shrine, even after she was personally lost to them. Was there mixed with the obligation of esteem and admiration the knowledge in the mind of the pure-hearted Emerson that the queen of the coterie would have expected her survivors to build her a cairn? Up the five hundred wooden steps that lead towards a lonely height pilgrims are passing, the enthusiasm strengthening though the flesh may faint, for the privilege of laying a stone upon the cairn of that woman of genius "H.H." Here she willed to lie. This was the resting-place of aspiration with inspiration. Here power met her purpose and sent her forth with a pregnant message to the world. If one may choose a place for the enshrinement of the body, she surely chose well; and that the five hundred steps of the stairway are constantly pressed by eager devotees is a witness to the appreciation of the service done by one whose work, beginning late, ended too soon, viewed from the earth side. But in these days, when work and progress press close upon the hours that decency allows for the indulgence of first grief, the question, "Why this waste?" intrudes itself. It would be strange if among the thousands that climb the stairs carrying the stone for the cairn it should never be whispered in the ear of one, to give rise to a suspicion that the wish of the departed was associated with the caprice that was so curiously mixed with her noble traits.

The husband who obeys the last wish of his wife by taking her coffin remains across a continent to lay it in a chosen spot, leaving his motherless children in their first days of loss with strangers, perhaps borrowing the funds to comply with the request of his loved one, may possibly, when grief is no longer new, be visited by a thought that in a vague way suggests that he has been, in a sense, a victim of tyranny. It is, after all, comforting to know that the majority will drop out of the line of service and cast off earth's mantle without leaving wish or will with reference to its disposal. It is a fact, too, which should make us hopeful with regard to the growth of mind and give better insight of the soul that some who at an early experience, before discipline had done its work, were anxious and exacting with reference to the last resting-place of the body, are not so later on. A higher philosophy and a wider vision have taught that unselfish service holds in itself the germ of immortality, and that it builds its own cairn, and thus, thought and labor and time being given to the desire to serve well until the latest moment of life, there is no room to be careful and troubled about a cairn for the body.

THE END OF THE STRUGGLE.

Mamma—He wouldn't take the medicine until I gave him candy and five cents and promised him a new gun. Papa—I see. He was willing to capitulate, but wouldn't surrender unconditionally.

PURELY CANADIAN NEWS.

INTERESTING ITEMS ABOUT OUR OWN COUNTRY.

Gathered from Various Points from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Selkirk has organized a rowing club. Berlin is undergoing a diphtheria scare. Native sulphur has been found on the Kelvin river, B. C. Emerson and Pembina will at once be connected by telephone. It is said that six British warships are to be sent to Esquimaux. South Alberta petroleum lands are now the subject of special regulations. Canada has had no contagious or infectious disease among cattle for six years. There will be an exchange of duties between the Imperial and Canadian artillery. The old Martin block, Rossland, has been moved upon the site of the recent Rossland hotel. The Ledge says New Denver will have a fire hall if the day of judgment keeps off long enough. A bear surprised the citizens of Fort Saskatchewan by walking down the main street. It was shot. The last mining excitement in the north is at Pike Creek, near Tagish Lake, B.C. Eight thousand gold hunters. Charles Gray, of St. Thomas, was fined \$5 and \$2.35 costs for declining to pay his poll tax. He had to pay the tax, too. Paris has a choir strike. The Methodist church people, cut the salaries of the leader and organist, hence the trouble. St. Thomas city council is dickering with the People's Telephone Co. and the Bell Telephone Co. for cheaper service. At Moyle City, B.C., recently, Antonio Brino, an Italian, stoned Puerio, a fellow-countryman to death and robbed him of \$200. Peterboro' now sends all tramps to do duty on a city stone pile for a month. There is a scarcity of the species in the neighborhood. A new railway up the Kootenay Valley to Golden, B.C., is said to be receiving the consideration of the Great Northern engineers. Good tobacco is being grown at Okanagan Missions, B.C., and the cigars manufactured from the leaf are said to be of excellent flavor. Belleville small boys tie a string to a cent, drop it into a slot machine, get the gum and then pull back the cent. The police are after them. Charles McKeown, a Belleville boy, collided with another boy and bumped his head so hard on the granolithic pavement that his recovery is uncertain. Ed. Spearing, formerly of the Dufferin Rifles, is now a full private in the Third Regiment Prince of Wales Dragoons, one of the finest cavalry regiments in the Empire. One of the passengers on the train in the recent wreck at Ingersoll was Lieut. Wilcox, of Roosevelt's Rough Riders, who was on his way home to Michigan from the war in Cuba. Of course he wasn't hurt. PEARLS OF TRUTH. One may smile and smile and be a villain still.—Shakerpear. The first indication of domestic happiness is the love of one's home.—Montlosier. Fear nothing as much as sin, and your moral heroism is complete.—C. Simmons. Good humor is one of the best articles of dress one can wear in society.—Thackeray. Nothing is so haughty and assuming as ignorance where self-conceit sets up to be infallible.—South. Make yourself an honest man, and then you may be sure there is one rascal less in the world.—Carlyle. The honors we pass with happy prospects in view are more pleasing than those crowded with fruition.—Goldsmith. A house is never perfectly furnished for enjoyment unless there is a child in it rising 3 years old, and a kitten of 6 weeks.—Southy. It is one of the most beautiful compensations of this life that no man can sincerely try to help another without helping himself.—Herbert. A man has no more right to say an uncivil thing than to act one; no more right to say a rude thing to another than to knock him down.—Johnson. God never accepts a good inclination instead of a good action, where that action may be done; nay, so much the contrary, that, if a good inclination be not seconded by a good action she want of that action is made so much the more criminal and inexcusable.—South. REMEMBERING A FAVOR. Inkelstein, the pawnbroker, bows very graciously to the passing young Jones. Miss De Rigueur—Tom, why does that person bow so obsequiously to you? Tom Jones—Oh, he helped me out of a difficulty once, and I gave him a gold watch for it.