THE SMUGGLER'S LEAP.

As before mentioned, Dora rode a little in front, with Ashley beside her, pointing out the beauties of the wild scenery through which we passed, and occasionally laying a hand upon her bridle to guide the mule over some unusually rugged portion of the almost trackless mountain. M'Dermot and I were walking behind, a little puffed by the steepness of the ascent; our guide, whose name was Cadet, a name answered to by every second man one meets in that part of France, strode along beside us, like a pair of compasses with leathern lungs. Presently the last-named individual turned to me—

"Ces messieurs veulent-ils voir le Saut de lou Contrabandiste?" said he, in the barbarous dialect of the district, half French, half patois, with a small dash of Spanish.

"Le Saut du Contrebandier, the Smuggler's Leap—what is that?" asked Dora, who had overheard the question, turning round her graceful head, and dazzling us—me at least—by a sudden view of her lovely face, now glowing with exercise and the mountain air.

The smuggler's leap, so Cadet informed us, was a narrow cleft in the rock of vast depth, and extending for a considerable distance across a flank of the mountain. It owed its name to the following incident:—Some five years previously, a smuggler, known by the name of Juan le Negre, or Black Juan, had, for a considerable period, set the custom-house officers at defiance, and brought great discredit on them by his success in passing contraband goods from Spain. In vain did they lie in ambush and set snares for him; they could never come near him, or if they did it was when he was backed by such a force of the hardy desperadoes carrying on the same lawless traffic, that the douaniers were either forced to beat a retreat, or got fearfully mauled in the contest that ensued. One day, however, three of these green-coated guardians of the French revenue caught a sight of Juan alone and unarmed. They pursued him, and a rare race he led them over cliff and crag, across rock and ravine, until at last they saw with exultation that he made right for the chasm in question, and there they made sure of securing him. It seemed as if he had forgotten the position of the cleft, and only remembered it when he got within a hundred yards or thereabouts, for then he slackened his pace. The douaniers gained on him, and expected him to desist from his flight, and surrender. What was their surprise and consternation when they saw him, on reaching the edge of the chasm, spring from the ground with lizard-like agility, and by one bold leap clear the yawning abyss. The douaniers uttered a shout of rage and disappointment, and two of them ceased running; but the third, a man of great activity and courage, and who had frequently sworn to earn the reward set on the head of Juan, dared the perilous jump. He fell short; his head was dashed against the opposite rock, and his horror-struck companions, gazing down into the dark depth beneath, saw his body strike against the crags on its way to the bottom of the abyss. The smuggler escaped, and the spot where the tragical incident occurred was thenceforward known as "Le Saut du Contrebandier."

Before our guide had finished his narrative, we were unanimous in our wish to visit its scene, which we reached by the time he had brought the tale to a conclusion. It was certainly a most remarkable chasm, whose existence was only to be accounted for by reference to the volcanic agency of which abundant traces exist in Southern France. The whole side of the mountain was cracked and rent asunder, forming a narrow ravine of vast depth, in the manner of the famous Mexican barrancas. In some places might be traced a sort of correspondence on the opposite sides; a recess on one side into which a projection on the other, would have nearly fitted, could some Antaeus have closed the fissure. This, however, was only here and there; generally speaking, the rocky brink was worn by the action of time and water, and the rock composing it sloped slightly downwards. The chasm was of various width, but was narrowest at the spot at which we reached it, and really did not appear so very terrible a leap as Cadet made it out to be. On looking down, a confusion of bush-covered crags was visible; and now that the sun was high, a narrow stream was to be seen, flowing, like a line of silver, at the bottom,—the ripple and rush of the water, repeated by the echoes of the ravine ascending to our ears with a noise like that of a cataract. On a large fragment of rock, a few yards from the brink, was rudely carved a date, and below it two letters. They were the initials, so our guide informed us, of the unfortunate douanier who had there met his death.

We had remained for half a minute or so gazing down into the ravine, when Ashley, who was on the right of the party, broke silence.

"Pshaw!" said he, stepping back from the edge, "that's no leap. Why, I'll jump across it myself.'

"For heaven's sake!" cried Dora.

"Ashley!" I exclaimed, "dont be a fool!"

But it was too late. What mad impulse possessed him I cannot say; but certain I am, from my knowledge of his character, that it was no foolish bravado or schoolboy desire to show off, that seduced him to so wild a freak. The fact was, but for the depth below, the leap did not look at all formidable. not above four or five feet, but in reality it was a deal wider. It was probably this deceitful appearance, and perhaps the feeling which Englishmen are apt to entertain, that for feats of strength and agility, no men surpass them, that convinced Walter of the ease with which he could jump across. Before we could stop him, he took a short run, and jumped.

A scream from Dora was echoed by an exclamation of horror from M'Dermot and myself. Ashley had cleared the chasm and alighted on the opposite edge, but it was shelving and slippery, and his feet slipped from under him. For one moment it appeared as if he would instantly be dashed to pieces, but in falling he managed to catch the edge of the rock, which at that place formed an angle. There he hung by his hands, his whole body in the air, without a possibility of raising himself; for below the edge the rock was smooth and receding, and even could he have reached it, he would have found no foot-hold. One desperate effort he made to grasp a stunted and leafless sapling that grew in a crevice at not more than a foot from the edge, but it failed, and nearly caused his instant destruction. Desisting further effort, he hung motionless, his hands convulsively cramped to the edge of rock, which afforded so slippery and difficult a hold, that his sustaining himself by it at all seemed a miracle, and could only be the result of uncommon muscular power. It was evident that no human strength could possibly maintain him for more than a minute or two in that position; below was an abyss, a hundred or more feet deep—to all appearance his last hour was come.

M'Dermot and I stood aghast and helpless, gazing with open mouth and strained eyeballs at our unhappy friend. What could we do? Were we to dare the leap, which one far more active and vigorous than ourselves had unsuccessfully attempted? It would have been courting destruction, without a chance of saving Ashley. But Dora put us to shame. One scream, and only one, she uttered, and then, gathering up her habit, she sprang unaided from her mule. Her cheek was pale as the whitest marble, but her presence of mind was unimpaired, and she seemed to gain courage and decision in the moment of peril.

"Your cravats, your handkerchiefs!" cried she, unfastening, as she spoke, her long cashmere scarf. Mechanically. M'Dermot and myself obeyed. With the speed of light and a woman's dexterity, she knotted together her scarf, a long silk cravat which I gave her, M'Dermot's handkerchief and mine, and securing—how, I know not—a stone at either extremity of the rope thus formed, she threw one end of it, with sure aim and steady hand, across the ravine and round the sapling already referred to. Then leaning forward till I feared she would fall into the chasm, and sprang forward to hold her back, she let go the other end. Ashley's hold was already growing feeble, his fingers were torn by the rock, the blood started from under his nails, and he turned his face toward us with a mute prayer for succour. At that moment the two ends of the shawl fell against him, and he instinctively grasped them. It was a moment of fearful suspense. Would the knots so hastily made resist the tension of his weight? They did so; he raised himself by strength of wrist. The sapling bent and bowed, but his hand was now close to it. He grasped it; another powerful effort, the last effort of despair, and he lay exhausted and almost senseless upon the rocky brink. At the same moment, with a cry of joy, Dora fell fainting into her brother's arms.

Of that day's adventures little remains to tell. A walk of a mile brought Ashley to a place where a bridge, thrown over the ravine, enabled him to cross it. I omit his thanks to Dora, his apologies for the alarm he had caused her, and his admiring eulogy of her presence of mind. Her manner of receiving them, and the look she gave him when, on rejoining us, he took her hand, and with a natural and grateful courtesy that prevented the action from appearing theatrical or unusual, pressed it to his lips, were anything but gratifying to me, whatever they may have been to him. She seemed no way displeased at the freedom. I was most confoundedly, but that Walter did not seem to observe.

The incident that had occurred, and Dora's request, brought our excursion to an abrupt termination, and we returned homeward. It appeared as if were doomed to be a day of disagreeables, On reaching the inn, I found a letter which, thanks to my frequent change of place, and to the dilatoriness of continental post-offices, had been chasing me from town to town during the previous three weeks. It was from a lawyer, informing me of the death of a relative, and compelling me instantly to return to England to arrange some important business concening a disputed will. The sum at stake was too considerable for me to neglect the summons, and with the worst possible grace I prepared to depart. I made some violent attempts to induce Ashley to accompany me, talked myself hoarse about fox-hunting and pheasant-shooting, and other delights of the approaching season; but all in vain. His passion for field-sport seemed entirely cooled; he sneered at foxes, treated pheasants with contempt, and professed to be as much in love with the Pyrenees as I began to fear he was with Dora. There was nothing for it but to set out alone, which I accordingly did, having previously obtained from M'Dermot the plan of their route, and the name of the place where he and his sister thought of wintering. I was determined, so soon as I had settled my affairs, to return to the continent and propose for Dora.

Man proposes and God disposes, says the proverb. In my case, I am prepared to prove that the former part of the proverb lied abominably. Instead of a fortnight in London being, as I had too sanguinely hoped, sufficient for the settlement of the business that took me thither, I was detained several months, and compelled to make sundry journeys to the north of England. I wrote several times to M'Dermot, and had one letter from him, but no more. Jack was a notoriously bad correspondent, and I scarcely wondered at his silence.

Summer came—my lawsuit was decided, and sick to death of briefs and barristers, parchments and attorneys, I once more found myself my own master. An application to M'Dermot's London banker procured me his address. He was then in Switzerland, but was expected down the Rhine, and letters to Wiesbaden would find him. That was enough for me; my head and heart were still full of Dora M'Dermot; and two days after I had obtained information, the "Antwerpen" steamer deposited me on Belgian ground.

"Mr. M'Dermot is stopping here?" I inquired of, or rather affirmed to, the head waiter at the Four Seasons hotel at Wiesbaden. If the fellow had told me he was not, I believe I should have knocked him down.

"He is, sir. You will find him in the Cursaal gardens with Madame sa saeur."

Off I started to the gardens. They were in full bloom and beauty, crowded with flowers and frauleins and foreigners of all nations. The little lake sparkled in the sunshine, and the waterfowl skimmed over it in all directions. But it's little I cared for such matters. I was looking for Dora, sweet Dora—Dora M'Dermot.

At the corner of a walk I met her brother.

"Jack!" I exclaimed, grasping his hand with the most vehement affection, "I'm delighted to see you."

"And I'm glad to see you, my boy," was the rejoinder. "I was wondering you did not answer my last letter, but I suppose you thought to join us sooner."

"Your last letter!" I exclaimed, "I have written three times since I heard from you."

"The devil you have!" cried Jack. "Do you mean to say you did not get the letter I wrote you from Paris a month ago, announcing——"

I did not hear another word, for just then, round a corner of the shrubbery, came Dora herself, more charming than ever, all grace and smiles and beauty. But I saw neither beauty nor smiles nor grace; all I saw was, that she was leaning on the arm of that provokingly handsome dog, Walter Ashley. For a moment I stood petrified, and then extending my hand,

"Miss M'Dermot!——" I exclaimed.

She drew back a little, with a smile and a blush. Her companion stepped forward.

"My dear fellow," said he, "there is no such person. Allow me to introduce you to Mrs. Ashley."

If any of my friends wish to be presented to pretty girls with twenty thousand pounds, they had better apply elsewhere than to me. Since that day I have foresworn the practice.

The End.

THE YAQUIS OF MEXICO.

Habits of the Shy People Who Are Now in Rebellion Again.

The Yaquis, with whom Mexico is now fighting, are a people who have long resisted civilization and persistently sought to exclude from their mountain fastnesses the whites, and especially the officials of the Mexican Government. Especially grievous to the Yaquis is the Mexican law requiring all men to wear trousers. When the Yaquis visit a civilized village to sell their rude pottery, their woven mats and the few other things they manufacture they do not put on their trousers until they are about to enter the corporate limits, and on their journey home they take off their hated garments as soon as they are clear of the village and put them in little bundles on top of their heads.

At ordinary times the Yaquis are reserved and exclusive rather than hostile. They sometimes desert their villages at the approach of strangers, leaving behind them nothing that can give aid or comfort to the invaders. When the attempt is made to penetrate their mountain retreats, then the Yaquis take measures of resistance, but even in this case they often do no more than block the paths by which the strangers must advance.

A traveller who attempted to penetrate into a part of the Yaqui country some years ago met with these tactics. As he and his companion approached a Yaqui village at the foot of the mountains they could see the natives scurrying off through the brush. When the travellers reached the village they found it empty. Even the food and some of the utensils had been carried off. The little thatched huts with earthen floor standing in the midst of small bean patches, contained nothing to excite the cupidity of the least civilized visitor.

No violence was offered to the explorers, but as they began to ascend the mountains they found evidence of the peculiar resistance of the Yaquis. Great rocks and trees were thrown across the narrow trail. From time to time they could see the Yaquis peeping out at them from behind a distant rock, or in the act of throwing obstructions across the trail. The resistance became so determined and effective at the end of two days that the explorers turned their backs upon the mountain heights and retreated to the valley, watched narrowly by the Yaquis.

Much of the Yaqui country is altogether unknown to the civilized Mexicans and has never been surveyed by the government engineers. There are extravagant traditions of mineral wealth in these unexplored lands and one belief current in Mexico is that the Yaqui country hides the ruins of an ancient and splendid capital. This city, according to tradition, occupies a mountain height not to be approached save by trails which the Yaquis jealously guard against intrusion.

The only strangers with whom the Yaquis are on friendly terms are stray members of the murderous Apache Indian tribe. Apaches outlawed from United States territory, have found an asylum in the Yaqui country. They are likely to prove effective aids to the Yaquis in the present war.

YOUTHFUL DAGGER WIELDERS.

The art of self-defense is inculcated early among some of the wilder tribes of the Caucasus, who instruct their children, as soon as they can walk, in the use of the dagger. First, the little ones are taught to stab water without making a splash, and, in the course of time, incessant practice gives them an extraordinary command over the weapon.

A PHOTOGRAPHER'S HARVEST.

Where are you going?

To have my picture taken.

Don't go to that artist; he'll make you look melancholy.

I know it. That's why I'm going to him. I'm going to send the picture to my wife—she's away and threatens to come home.

The Home

RED AND YELLOW TOMATOES.

Tomatoes for preserving, pickling, etc., should be perfectly ripe and free from decay; those that are overripe or immature should be rejected. Tomatoes are in their prime the last of August and early in September. Never cook tomatoes in tin or brass; the acid of the fruit will dissolve the metal, discolor the fruit and render it unwholesome.

Tomato Butter: Scald, peel and slice firm, ripe tomatoes. Measure them in a quart bowl and place them in a preserving kettle and cook slowly for 30 minutes; then to every 4 qts. tomatoes, add 2 qts. granulated sugar, 2 teaspoons ground cinnamon, 1 teaspoon ground ginger and two large lemons. Peel the lemons and remove the white skin, slice and remove all the seeds. Boil all together another 30 minutes, stirring and skimming when necessary. Put in small jars or molds and keep in a cool, dry, place.

Tomato Preserves.—Select firm, ripe little yellow tomatoes; place them in a wire basket, immerse in fast boiling water for three minutes, then plunge into cold water. Peel and weigh and allow 1 lb. granulated sugar to every pound of fruit. Put a layer of tomatoes in a preserving kettle and sprinkle it with some of the sugar, then add another layer of tomatoes and more sugar; when all is used, heat very slowly and boil until the tomatoes are tender; then skim them out and boil down the syrup until as thick as desired, return the fruit to the syrup and bringing to the boiling point. Put in small jars. When filling the jars distribute slices of lemon through each jar, using one lemon to every pint of fruit.

Green Tomato Preserves.—To every peck of green tomatoes allow 6 lbs sugar, 6 large lemons and 1 tablespoon ginger. Cover the tomatoes with boiling water and let stand five minutes then drain and slice. Place the tomatoes, sugar and sliced lemons in a preserving kettle with the ginger sprinkled over, and then add half pint water and boil very slowly for 1 1-2 hours. Keep the kettle covered and sit and skim when necessary. Remove from the fire and allow the fruit to become cold, then return to the fire and boil gently for another hour.

Sweet Pickled Green Tomatoes. Thickly slice a peck of green tomatoes, not peeled and place a layer in a willow basket and sprinkle with salt, add more tomatoes, then more salt, using one cup of salt to one peck of tomatoes. Let stand 24 hours and drain. The next day peel 2 qts. small, white onions. Weigh 2 lbs light brown sugar, 1 oz whole cloves and 2 oz cinnamon bark. Place the tomatoes, and onions in a preserving kettle in layers and sprinkle the sugar and condiments between and nearly cover with good cider vinegar and boil very slowly until the tomatoes and onions are tender.

Green Tomato Soy—Wash a peck of green tomatoes, cut out the stem end and part of the seeds and chop fine. Wash and chop fine one dozen mediumsized onions. Place these in a porcelain kettle and add 2 lbs. sugar and 1 qt. good cider vinegar and mix all together. Mix thoroughly 2 tablespoons each of salt, black pepper, ground mustard and one of allspice; add these condiments to the tomato mixture and mix all together, then place on the fire and cook slowly until the tomatoes and onions are tender. Put away in wide-mouthed jars.

Tomato Catsup.—Scald, peel slice and core a peck of firm, ripe tomatoes; place in a porcelain kettle and boil until tender, then rub through a colander and then through a sieve to make the pulp fine; return to the kettle and add 3 large onions chopped very fine, 2 tablespoons salt, 1 tablespoon each of ground black pepper, ground cloves, and celery seed in a bag, 1 teaspoon cayenne pepper and 5 tablespoons ground mustard; place on the fire and simmer for six hours. Stir often to prevent burning; add a pint of good cider vinegar 15 minutes before removing from the fire. When cold put into bottles. Soak the corks in boiling water, drive them into the bottles as far as possible then cover with sealing-wax or beeswax, over this tie two thicknesses of cloth saturated with the wax. The bottle should be kept in a dry, cool place resting on their sides.

FRESH EGGS.

The food value of eggs is great, and when fresh their digestibility is almost perfect. The many dishes easily prepared of them make them a necessity to the cook. The farmer is the only man wh ohas a chance to enjoy this luxury in safety, for eggs begin to deteriorate after the first 24 hours. Either raw or cooked the egg is easy to like. Raw egg beaten to a foam, then mixed with milk, a little sugar and flavored with nutmeg or jelly is unsurpassed as a drink. Keep the eggs and milk cool and serve in a cool pitcher. Served with vegetables, eggs have their full nutritive power, but not when used in cakes and puddings, where they are mixed with more sugar and fat than the system can take up in any quantity. Bread omelet, egged bread, potato omelet, rice omelet, flour omelet and tomato omelet are quickly prepared and with fresh eggs are the best of dishes.

Soups sound warm and are usually associated with an all-day fire, but these two are quickly made and most delicious as well as restful to a tired person. Milk soup: Heat the milk, season with butter, salt and pepper. Tomato soup Stew one or two ripe tomatoes a few minutes, add quarter spoon soda, then as much milk, butter, salt and pepper, as you like. Another minute dish is to place crackers on a plate or in a deep dish, pour over them heated milk, seasoned with salt, pepper and butter. This may take the place of a cooked vegetable. Corn starch puddings or rice are eas-

DOMESTIC RECIPES.

Aunt Hitty's Crullers.—One cup sugar, into which beat one tablespoonful of butter; then add one egg, one cup of sweet milk, two teaspoons of baking powder and flour enough to roll out. Roll in sugar before cutting out if you like them "extra."

Delicious Creamed Potatoes.—Take a small piece of butter, put it in the frying pan and when it begins to bubble add a little salt, a teaspoonful of flour and a sprinkle of white pepper; stir well together, then add a pint of milk. Let cook a few minutes, then add the potatoes cut evenly in slices and cook till they are creamy and all the liquid seems absorbed. Then stir in a generous piece of butter and serve.

Cocoa Pudding.—One pint of rich milk, one half pint of water, three-fourths cup of fresh bread, crumbs, one small cup of sugar, one and a half tablespoonfuls of butter, five heaping tablespoonfuls of cocoa, one tablespoonful of corn starch, one egg, vanilla to taste. Put the milk, on the stove to simmer while the corn starch is mixed with a little of the water. When smooth add the coaca, then the water, starch, etc., to the hot milk, then the bread crumbs stirred in. The butter, sugar and egg, beaten together, are added next and the pudding baked thirty-five minutes. A meringue is an addition, Eat with a sauce.

ily prepared and molded in cups. If these are flavored by having a few berries stirred in them, then served with sugar and milk they make very attractive dishes. Our vegetable diet may be early prepared, as all vegetables should be picked when the sun is not shining on them. They are always improved by standing for several hours in salt water, which again makes the correct way labor saving. Such vegetables, as lettuce, cucumbers, radishes and tomatoes can also be prepared hours before using. If served with a salad dressing it can be made to keep for several days.

SUGGESTIONS TO HOUSEKEEPER.

If you want to heat something quickly and haven't an oil stove, place a lamp in the cook stove, under one of the lids, and put over it your kettle or basin. But it is better to have an oil stove which will save you many times its cost in fuel and time, not to mention discomfort.

To preserve sausage meat, says an exchange, pack it firmly in, stone jars till within two inches of the top, put in the oven until covered with melted grease. Remove and press an inverted plate firmly down over the meat and hold in place until the grease hardens, when it will be air-tight. This is superior as well as less troublesome than the old way of frying and putting down. One caution is necessary the meat in the center of the jar must be cooked or it will not keep.

Owing to the frequent rains in some parts, mosquitoes have been numerous and savage this summer. An exchange says that an effective way to banish them is to close all the doors and windows just before retiring; put a small piece of camphor gum on a bit of tin and hold it over the lamp while it burns slowly. In a short time the doors and windows may be opened and the mosquitoes will not enter. We have never tried this and cannot vouch for it, but give it for what it may be worth.

Kerosene as a cleaning agent has its limitations. It should never be used on hardwood floors, as in time in will injure the wax or varnish. This is also true of hot water and soap.

Olives should not be washed or rinsed in water under any consideration, as it destroys the flavor almost entirely. They should be served with a small quantity of the brine in which they are preserved, and the dish should be shaken every now and then so that the olives will be kept more or less wet at the time. If an olive remains on a plate without any brine it dries up quickly and its original flavor disappears to some extent. It should be somewhat hard, but not too much so. When bitten the mouthful should be entire, leaving the stone visible, which should be pinkish in color. Do not eat olives that are soft and mushy, that do not smell perfectly sweet or that show a purplish or dark colored stone.

Mayonnaise made by stirring olive oil into the beaten yolks of eggs will never "turn" if the oil has been placed on ice for some time before using it.

GOLD IN A MATTRESS.

Hoarded His Savings for Years—A Parl Workingman Nearly Lost Them in th, End.

A Paris workingman, living in the Rue Perceval, has been the victim of a disagreeable misadventure. Unknown to his wife, he had economized, after ten years of saving, nearly £600. To put this sum, as he thought, in safety he had sewn it up in a cloth bag, and then hidden the bag in a mattress.

His wife, who was unaware of the existence of the hoard, decided that the mattress needed cleaning, and to this end undid it at both ends, preparatory to taking out the stuffing. She hung the mattress thus opened, out of the window, with the result that the precious bag fell into the street. It was picked up by a little girl, who ignorant of the value of its contents, was induced to part with it to two young rogues to whom she had confided her find.

For three days the boys were busy spending the unexpected windfall as fast as they could, but the workman, who had at last learned what had happened, told the police of his loss, and the two lads were arrested.

On the Farm.

PURE AIR IN THE STABLES,

Much is written about pure air in cow stables, and too much pain cannot be taken in that direction, writes Mr. J. Wilder.

We have a herd of 75 Jersey and high grades. The stables are made to hold a hundred, and we have young stock to fill them in the spring, and a good sinking-fund to weed out such as are not paying, when we close the year in January, 1900, when the yearly account is made up. Our stables are well ventilated. The droppings are removed every day; none left around the barn or yards.

The drop behind the cows is two feet wide and seven inches deep. The stalls are four feet six inches from the feeding-trough, with the exception of a few for the largest cows, which are four inches longer. Back of the drop is a walk six feet wide. This walk is covered with sawdust, so that any filth getting on it will not touch the floor to stain it, and can be cleaned off at once. After the droppings are removed, the drop is partly filled with some dry absorbents. Gypsum is sifted on and in the stalls for a foot. This had the effect of almost entirely destroying all bad odors; yet a little could be detected, and our next move was to get rid of this. Our success in doing so is the occasion of my writing this.

Years ago, when the epizootic was about, and all horses had it and some died, I had a stable in which my son kept a horse, and another man another. They mixed up a barrel of copperas water—about 10 lb. of copperas to the barrel of water. They used that freely, and both of those horses were used daily, mingling with other horses, yet neither horse had the least symptom of the disease.

From this fact I suggested using copperas water, by sprinkling the drop daily with it. We have tried it, and the stables have no more bad odor than a house that is kept clean.

We are situated about four miles from the village, where there is a large summer hotel, well filled with city boarders, and it has become one of the drives for ladies and gentlemen to come up and see the cows take their places in their stalls when they come from the pasture, each knowing their place. Such visits as these are frequent—the city people arriving about half-past four, when the cows come in. Then the old bull is another attraction, when he walks into the power to run the separator, which is run while milking is going on. We have six milkers; each has a milking-sheet, and records the weight of each cow's milk, night and morning. These sheets are arranged for a week, a new one is given out every Monday morning. The weekly pounds of milk of each cow are recorded in a book made especially for the purpose, entering up each quarter. Then these four quarters are added, and that gives the total quantity each cow produces in twelve months. These cows are tested every quarter, giving the yearly total of butter fat of each cow. Then comes the weeding out.

Ladies often exclaim: "How can you keep the stables so clean? I don't smell the least bad odor!"

Our butter goes to one person at thirty cents per pound. I would ask dairymen to try the copperas water. It is very inexpensive and little trouble; a barrelful goes a good way.

RAISE GOOD HOGS.

If a person who knows anything about hog feeding was given a chance between a hog that would gain 23 pounds in six weeks and one that would gain 90 pounds in the same time on the same feed, he would not be long in choosing. During the past ten months the Kansas experiment station has fed 190 hogs that were bought of the farmers in the vicinity, without regard to breed or breeding, weighing in the neighborhood of 100 or 125 pounds. This class of hogs is used because these experiments are of the highest benefit to the farmers, and by taking the stock they raise we stay within their conditions. A few conclusions may be drawn from the following facts taken from observations of feeding 80 head of hogs which were just finished. These hogs were nearer the same age than size, and ranged from the long, big-boned bacon hog to the short, fine-boned chunk, according to the care or carelessness of the farmer who raised them.

First, as to the point of gain: The comparisons are between hogs fed the same in every respect. The best and poorest five out of 20 have the following showing:

The best five, weighed at beginning of test, 596 lbs.; gained 146 lbs., or 70 per cent. The poorest five, weighed at beginning of test. 579 lbs. and gained 235 lbs., 40 per cent.

This was for a period of 42 days. This difference of gain from a little over one pound to practically two pounds a day was largely due to the breeding.

A short, small-boned chunk will make good gains for a few weeks and then stop. It will be fat and ready for market, while a well-bred, rangy hog will fatten and continue to grow and make good gains for a much longer period.

Then as to the demand of the market; the three-rib shoulder is now one of the most profitable cut thatg is made for export trade. Hogs from which these cuts are made must be large and muscular, long and rangy. The short, small-boned chunk will not answer the purpose. The bacon hog is also of the latter description, and brings the best price on the markets. Well-bred, rangy hogs make the most profitable gains, are the most ready sale and bring the best price on the market.

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