

Yankee of South

North American Characteristic of the Yankee of South America. This is the expression unfolded on me gradually.

I had looked for Latin or Spanish America, and found little of that character except the language. Valparaiso, as might be expected of a great port, is cosmopolitan. But Santiago, in the Andes, could be judged rightly to be characteristic of the country. It is fairly so, a capital which is essentially the heart of the nation, and here more than anywhere else the impression has been made on me that Chile is Chilean.

A confession of ignorance is due at the outset. I did not know that the capital was a big, fine city of 300,000 inhabitants, a commercial centre as well as the seat of government. It is both.

The plan of the town is Spanish enough in its regularity of parallel and cross streets, plazas, the broad central avenue of the Alameda, and houses which reproduce the dwellings of old Spain. But after puzzling over it for a while I discovered what is lacking. Transplanted Spain is not dominant in the architecture. It is subdued almost to insignificance. This is particularly so of the churches, which, moreover, are less numerous than in other South American cities. They have not the Moorish adaptation that is so pronounced in Lima, and they have little savor of ecclesiastic medievalism. Instead of being picturesque and half ruined, most of them are practical, modern looking structures.

The Spanish element is also seen in Santa Lucia, the tiny city which is Santiago's most prominent possession, and which any city may well envy it. I suppose in the old days a thick-walled fort may have crowned it both for its strategic advantages and because the early Spaniards could not help placing a foot on a little hill if the church had not got ahead of the soldiers.

In the memory of recent generations Santa Lucia was only a mass of rocks until the inspiration to transform it into a mountain-side park was felt, and the conversion into a perpendicular hanging garden of drives, terraces, groves, statues, fountains and brooks was accomplished without art being allowed entirely to deface nature. If Castilian or Andalusian traditions had had much judgment in the Chilean character the most that would have come of the splendid situation would have been a park at the foot of Santa Lucia.

The names in Santiago might make anyone from the States feel at home, but here he would be deceived. The Spanish names that correspond to Brown, Jones and Smith are not predominant, and this fact might be taken as another evidence that the Spanish element in the Chilean character is lacking. This guess would be faulty. They are not from Catalonia or Andalusia, but the patronymics of the mountain provinces and of the Basque region are very common.

Where the newcomer from the States is deceived is in supposing the many familiar names he sees and hears, which have not a trace of a foreign tongue, must be of his own people or of his English cousins. Hearing some of the names, the inquiry almost always is: "Your father must have been American, English, Irish or Scotch?" and the answer is: "No, but I believe my father's grandfather had English ancestry."

One or two generations is not enough to account for the names. They go a long way back.

While in many ways a visitor from the North feels himself at home here so far south in other respects he finds that the land and its customs are strangers to him. There is no North American rush and push. Trade, industry, official and social life flow in smooth currents.

The day does not really begin until after the midday breakfast, and it ends in time for a leisurely preparation for the evening dinner. The stores open late and close early. The work of all classes, except the laborers, seems to be compressed into the space of five or six hours.

If I should have a quarrel with Santiago, it would be over the climate. This is the winter season—almost mid-winter. And it is cold. Yet the orange trees in the patios of the dwellings are yellow with fruit; the slopes of Santa Lucia, if not of the rich velvet green of the spring and summer, are still green, and the foliage along the Alameda while a little brown and thin, is not so bare.

At most the appearance is of early autumn. But the cold is a damp, penetrating cold indoors, and not a crisp, invigorating cold outdoors. Few of the houses have chimneys, so that open fire-places are rare. The paraffine or oil stoves, which are the only means of heating, are woefully unsatisfactory. The trouble, the native residents say, is that the rains are too moist. Many families get along without artificial heat the whole winter through. All the poor people do. They shiver for four months.

There is compensation. Though the skies are somber—triste (sad) is the Spanish word, November gray in English—the snow slopes and ridges of the Cordilleras of the Andes are visible nearly always through the haze. At times the sun shines on them. Then it is like the spring, and one is tempted to start out for a brisk hour's walk to greet the snow, for Santiago has a snowfall only once in ten years, and then it is a light one. The hour would be a long one, but the sun would be shining when the sun shines.

Then when a "political situation" in Chile most of the time, as they tell me, it takes the form of ministerial or cabinet crises.

To read of these crises a long dis-

tion of the impression that they are serious interruptions of government functions. Seen on the ground they are less serious. They are, in fact, nothing more than the natural ebbs and flows of the political system, which does not make the chief executive the head of his party or assure him homogeneous administration of his own during his term of office.

Instead, he has to govern jointly with the congress under the parliamentary theory carried to the extreme limit. Political changes are frequent, and the cabinet has to be shifted to meet them. Hence the ministerial or cabinet changes.

A crisis was on when I arrived. It has since been resolved in the usual manner, and the administration is proceeding smoothly. The new congress was elected in March. Its life is three years, that being the term of deputies or representatives. The senators serve six years and the president five. There are ninety-four deputies and thirty-five senators.

I had a chance to see the opening of the Chilean congress. It is a quite a dignified function. Mounted troops from the garrison were drawn up in the street, a detachment of military cadets lined the entrance to the congress building, and the state carriages, each with four horses, were in waiting.

The senators and representatives assembled in the large salon where their joint sessions are held; the diplomatic corps, with the papal delegates were seated at one side, while the diplomatic gallery was given over to spectators, among whom were a number of ladies. Their presence was said to be an innovation of recent years. The acting president and the members of the cabinet were seated on the raised chair or platform.

Commerce and industry are not in the most flourishing condition, and that is why the new congress has serious problems before it. Prosperity has waned. In seeking the causes there is difference of opinion. No political group cares to be held responsible for hard times, and none is able to fix the responsibility on its opponents.

Hints of popular discontent are heard in the workmen's movement, which is unlike anything heretofore known in Chile, and there are murmurs of the classes and the masses. The social question is a palpitating one. —New York Globe.

THE AMATEUR PALMIST.

How He Gave Mr. Jones a Bad Quarter of an Hour.

Palmistry continues popular. At all the health resorts amateur palmists abound. They sit on the hotel piazzas; around them are grouped a dozen young women fashionably gowned and a man or two; the conversation runs in this wise:

Palmist—Miss Smith, are you an artist?

Miss Smith—No, I am a school teacher.

Palmist—You have the hand of an artist—the tapering hand. The fingers taper to a point, and the palm tapers to the wrist. Don't you draw, or write, or play or something?

Miss Smith—Well, I do play a little.

Palmist—I thought so. Let me look at your palm, won't you, please?

Miss Smith (a little flustered, extending her hand)—Why, yes, if you wish.

Palmist—Ah, these are the lines I expected to find. You are impulsive. Your heart, not your head, governs your actions. You are generous. Money slips through your fingers easily, but then you know you are able to obtain easily a great deal of money. You love pictures, books, music, the theatre. Am I right?

Miss Smith—Yes.

Palmist—Here, though—ha, ha, ha!—really, Miss Smith—remind me to speak to you later about this; it's a matter—ha, ha, ha!—this line—ha, ha, ha! The Audience (in chorus)—Ha, ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha!

Mr. Jones—I don't take much stock in palmistry.

Palmist (who dislikes Mr. Jones)—Let me see your palm.

Mr. Jones—All right; here you are.

Palmist (addressing the audience generally)—Now, here we have a hand as different as possible from the artistic hand of Miss Smith. This is a square hand. The fingers, instead of tapering, are broad and flat at the ends, an indication of stolidity. Now, close your fingers, Jones. Yes, it is as I thought. You hoist on to your money. You are no spender. What do you get you keep?

Mr. Jones (uncomfortably)—Oh, I don't know.

Palmist—You don't care for the arts. Pictures, poetry, music—nothing of that sort appeals to you. A clay pipe and a bottle of rum—something sordid is what you like, eh? You could never make a living in intellectual pursuits—in teaching or the bar or the church. You are in some business that only requires a minimum of intellectual capacity. Am I right?

Mr. Jones—I sell shoe blacking.

Palmist—I thought as much. Stick to it. It suits you. Here is an odd line—an unusual line. Let me see your other hand. Yes, it is there, too. Well, by Jove! Round me the next time we are alone—ha, ha, ha!—there is something I want to say to you in private. Really—ha, ha, ha!

The Audience—Ha, ha, ha!—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Glazed Butter.

German butter makers have a process of glazing butter with a coat of melted sugar. It is stated that the butter so treated keeps fresh for a much longer time than ordinary butter. It is carefully worked and washed and put up in one pound lots and placed in a cool room. It is then glazed by painting the surface with melted sugar, using a soft brush and performing the operation very quickly. The hot sugar melts the surface of the butter and with it forms a kind of varnish which protects the surface against the air.

Golden Rule Jones' Way.

The late Mayor Samuel M. Jones, of Toledo, had been giving away very large sums of money, sometimes as much as \$100,000 a year, to help people out of trouble. Among his papers have been found the notes of some two hundred men in Toledo, who he had indorsed and paid.

Costly Greatness.

Mr. Prestlynn, of England, in reply to a question of the government lately, stated that the average annual cost of maintaining in commission a first-class battleship of 13,000 tons is: Pay of wages of officers and crew, 4,400,000; victualing, £14,000; coal, £23,000; stores and repairs, £95,438; naval ordnance stores, £55,500—a total cost of £94,000, or \$170,000.—Boston Globe.

GOOD ROADS

Progress of the Idea.

THE leaven of road improvement seems to be working in all parts of the United States. An Eastern man who has recently taken a trip through Texas says the enthusiasm with which the people have taken up the "good roads idea" is wonderful. In some counties they are in danger of "going wild" on the subject. Funds are being raised mainly by issue of county bonds.

In Pennsylvania, the State aid plan has taken firm hold. The plan just adopted is for the State, the county, and the township to co-operate in the work of building and improving the roads. The State is to pay two-thirds of the expense, and the county and township in which the work is done each one-sixth of the expense. The State has made available for this purpose \$6,500,000 to be expended during the next few years.

The principle involved in the State aid plan is exactly the same as that involved in the scheme for national aid which has developed such popularity recently. The fundamental idea of both is that road improvement is not merely a matter of local interest and responsibility, but a matter of interest and concern to the whole people, or, to put it another way, road building is coming to be viewed as a species of "internal improvement" belonging in the same class as river and harbor improvements.

Another reason why National and State aid are becoming so popular is the realization that, unless something of the kind is adopted, the burden of bad roads, like the poor, will be always with us. The bottomless roads of the country constitute a sort of "Slough of Despond" in which the people are destined to founder until some one comes along to help them out. In fact the expense for improving the roads in many localities is a burden which the local population is wholly unable to bear. It is believed that whenever the State or the nation reaches out a helping hand to such communities, they will grasp it and bend all their energies to the great work of improving their highways, but they will never undertake the job without help from the outside.

The frequent rains have made the roads almost impassable in a majority of the Eastern half of the United States. Perhaps this is one of the reasons why the good roads idea is uppermost in so many minds.

Local Road Builders.

How may we, in a cheap and efficient manner, construct and maintain an area road? The plan is simple; too simple for ready acceptance, yet as efficient as it is simple.

A simple drag is drawn along one side of the roadbed at the proper time to smooth off the surface, filling the ruts and pushing the earth slightly toward the center of the road and pressing it into the crevices. This is done after each wet spell, just as the surface is beginning to dry. This produces a smooth surface, the ruts and traces are obliterated. The vehicles that enter upon the road go promiscuously over it, and compact the surface as completely as if it were rolled by a heavy roller. In fact, a wagon with 15-inch tires, giving six inches of impact upon the surface, and with a total weight of only 1250 pounds produces as great a pressure upon the surface as a two-horse wagon loaded to a twenty-ton pressure equivalent to a twenty-ton roller. The only question is, therefore, how much of the surface will be thus reached and rolled. Experience shows that in a roadbed kept smooth for a considerable period, say six months, every part of it gets its quota of rolling. Then, again, the smooth roadbed thus compacted sheds the water that falls upon it almost as easily as a shingle roof. Hence the chance for saturation is reduced to a minimum. It is stated that this compacted condition is destroyed by frost. But it should be remembered that the expansive force of frost is in direct ratio to the water content. A saturation of less than 15 per cent. would not when frozen exert expansive force enough to lessen materially the cohesive force of widen the interstices. Roadways cared for in the manner suggested have remained solid enough for the past five years to bear up heavy traffic during every day of every year, the only mud being one or two inches on the surface, and that was quickly hardened after the rains and promptly smoothed, thus restoring its former fine condition. All kinds and sorts of clays and even sticky gumbo soils of the Mississippi river bottoms have been successfully treated this way so as to remain good throughout the extraordinary wet season.—Good Roads Magazine.

Dewey's Ship in England.

Stars and stripes fluttered over the streets of Gravesend September 26 in honor of the visit of the American cruiser Olympia, Des Moines and Cleveland. The mayor of Gravesend, in his robes, attended by his macebearer and accompanied by members of the corporation, paid an official visit to Admiral Jewell on the Olympia, extending to the squadron a hearty welcome to the Thames. The centre of attraction to the townspeople was, of course, the Olympia, which was Admiral Dewey's old flagship, and hundreds of passengers made journeys round the vessel in small boats.—London Daily Express.

BAKED TOMATOES

Stuffed with boiled or steamed corn, cut from the cans and highly seasoned, they are seasonable just now. Sprinkle the tops with fine bread crumbs and dot with bits of butter before placing in the oven. They are especially good with roast beef or with beefsteak.

PEACH ORLEET.

Pare and pit three mellow peaches and mash fine. Add two tablespoonfuls of sugar and the yolks of three well-beaten eggs. Toss up in lightly the whites of the eggs, stiff-whipped. Turn into a pudding dish and bake in a quick oven fifteen minutes. Serve immediately.

BAKED PEACHES.

Set a dozen ripe, pared clingstone peaches in a baking pan. Cover them with sugar, dot with specks of butter and a squeeze of lemon juice. Bake half an hour in a quick oven. These are delicious, served with game, fowl or any highly seasoned meat. People who like highly spiced dishes sprinkle over their peaches a dust of cayenne pepper.

ESCALLOPED CAULIFLOWER.

Cold cauliflower may be made to do duty as a brand-new fish on the following day by being escalloped. Break up the sprigs and cover with boiling milk in which a tablespoonful of flour and butter have been blended. Season to taste. Cover the top with grated bread and put in oven to bake, moistening during the process by basting with the milk in which the cauliflower is cooking.

CUCUMBER CATSUP.

Peel large cucumbers, cut them in half and remove the seeds. Put them through a meat grinder, or chop very, very fine. Drain and measure, and to every quart of the cucumbers allow two seeded and minced green peppers, two teaspoonfuls of salt, a grated onion, a scant half-cup of horseradish, and two teaspoonfuls of cayenne. Mix well together, add a pint of vinegar, bottle and seal.

SUET PUDDING.

Chop a cup of suet to a powder and free it from strings. Add to it a cup of molasses, and warm the mixture slightly. Add two well beaten eggs, cinnamon and nutmeg to taste, and a pint of flour that has been sifted twice, with a teaspoonful of salt and a scant teaspoonful of baking soda. Last of all stir in a cupful of seeded and minced raisins, plentifully dredged with flour. Pour into a buttered mould and steam for three hours.

AN ECONOMICAL DISH.

Chuck steak is "tendered" and well larded with fine clear suet. It is then spread out and dredged with flour. Next peas, potatoes, carrots and bits of celery are cut into dice and strewn over it. It is then rolled over and over and the ends well secured by strings or skewers. Afterward this is placed in a casserole, in which is good beef gravy, a bay leaf or two and a few pepper corns, and allowed to simmer until meat and vegetables are tender.

POTATOES AND BACON.

A delicious breakfast or luncheon dish is potatoes stewed with tender bacon. Cut the bacon into large dice and fry until very lightly colored. The bacon should not be allowed to crisp. Drain and mix with creamed potatoes prepared in the usual manner, that is, cut in cubes, and warmed in a rich cream sauce. Let the potatoes and bacon simmer for a few moments before serving, that the two flavors may have a chance to mingle. Sprinkle with minced parsley.

TOMATO FIGS.

Select the small, yellow tomatoes. Scald, peel and weigh. Allow three pounds of sugar to six of tomatoes. Put a layer of tomatoes on the bottom of your preserving kettle, then a layer of sugar, and stand them under a moderate fire; cook very carefully until the sugar has penetrated the tomatoes. Lift them carefully, one at a time, and spread on a large meat platter. Dry in the hot sun, sprinkle them several times with granulated sugar. When dry, pack them in jars, with a layer of sugar between the layers of tomatoes. Cover with glass while drying.

Hints for Housewives.

If the hands are rubbed on a stick of celery after peeling onions the smell will be entirely removed.

Handkerchiefs will look better and hand better if a little borax is added to the last rinsing water.

The skins of new potatoes can be removed more quickly with a stiff vegetable-brush than by scraping.

Tubs will not warp or crack open if the precaution is taken to put a pall of water just directly after use.

An ice water jug for night use is fashioned of heavy pressed glass and incased in a cylinder of tin, with tightly fitting cover.

Starch made with soapy water will produce a most desirable gloss. Table salt added to starch improves it, says the Pittsburg Press.

When the hands have become soft and shrunken by using soda and hot water, rub them with common salt and it will help to make them smooth again.

Haircloth is used for upholstering mahogany furniture, but it is the new variety of haircloth in soft colorings and embellished with small geometric pattern.

To extinguish a chimney on fire take a large handful of sulphur and throw it into the fire. When the sulphurous fumes ascend they will at once put out the fire.

Tomfoolery

BOW WOW TALK.

What are the bow wow's talking off? Not one of us can say! But I suppose all bow wow's know—They all speak that same way!—M. J. H., in Little Folks.

A QUESTION OF THOUGHT.

"But you can't make a machine that will think." "No," replied the inventor, "and I wouldn't if I could—if I thought it would think as some people do."—Chicago Record-Herald.

TOO MUCH WORK NOWADAYS.

Mrs. Oldun—"There was a time, Thomas, when you used to chuck me under the chin sometimes. But you don't do it now." Mr. Oldun—"Yes, my love, but you didn't have so many chins then."—London Tit-Bits.

NOT APPREHENSIVE.

"In a little while," said the man who is always agitated, "the railroads will be running the country." "Well," said the easy-going citizen, "if the country were run as well as some of the railroads are, I wouldn't complain."—Washington Star.

SELF PROTECTION.

Higgins—"What do you mean by introducing me to that fellow? He got \$10 from me and I can't get it back." Wizen—"Yes, I supposed likely. Fact is, that's why I introduced him to you. I might have been out \$10 myself, don't you see?"—Boston Transcript.

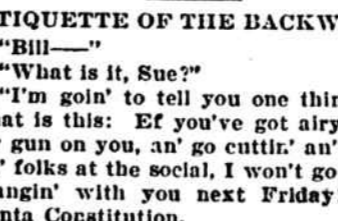
RARE CONSIDERATION.

"She is one of the most considerate girls I ever knew." "What makes you think so?" "Why, she wore one of those awfully big hats to the ball game, and when I asked her to take it off, she got right up and went home."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

GREAT IMPROVEMENT.

Mrs. Wiggs—"Mrs. Newtrich is always talking about her trip abroad, but I don't see that it improved her any." Mrs. Biggs—"She thinks it did. She learned to say Pareo for Paris, and addoo for good-by."—Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune.

GENERAL SATISFACTION.



Striped Simpson—"Hope yer don't mind de upper bert, Bill." Wandering William—"Naw, youse kin keep de lower, pard, long as youse don't snore."—Boston Post.

ETIQUETTE OF THE BACKWOODS.

"Bill—" "What is it, Sue?" "I'm goin' to tell you one thing—an' that is this: Ef you've got air razer or gun on you, an' go outtin' an' slash in' folks at the social, I won't go to the hangin' with you next Friday."—Atlanta Constitution.

GOOD TITLE.

Poet—"The editor didn't pay the least attention to my last verses. Now, I have written a comic poem entitled 'The Alarm Clock.'" Friend—"Do you think he will take any notice of it?" Poet—"Oh, yes; it'll make him open his eyes."—Chicago News.

ONE OF THIN GLASS.

Teacher—"You never heard of an English king wearing a monocle, did you?" Pupil—"There is one instance. I refer to Richard III." Teacher—"Richard III?" Pupil—"Yes, Richard with three I's."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

ACCOUNTED FOR.

Horton—"The minister says we should try to appear as well on week days as on the Sabbath." Norton—"No? That accounts for Sam Jennings wearing his Sunday clothes every day in the week! I supposed it was because he was in love with some girl."—Boston Transcript.

LOOKS IMPOSSIBLE.

Calvert, Jr.—"I notice the United States Government has made a very serious mistake." Balty Moore—"What's that?" Calvert, Jr.—"They've launched a cruiser named Milwaukee." Balty Moore—"Well, where's the mistake in that?" Calvert, Jr.—"Well, can you conceive of anything named Milwaukee existing on water?"—Baltimore American.

The Farm

Care of Cabbage Plants.

Take care of the cabbage plants left over after setting out the patch for summer use, but take just enough care to keep them in healthy condition, transplant last of August or first of September, in well prepared and well fertilized land, work them frequently and nice winter cabbage will be your reward.

She's N. G.

Commercial Poultry says: "The mongrel hen is a cull of culls. She has been produced by no particular care in breeding or any judicious culling on the part of her owner. She is of the lowest grade and constitutes the tail end of the race she represents. It is utterly impossible for her to produce anything any better or worse than herself. In the phrase of the school boy, 'she's it.' She is much sought when a nink goes out after poultry, although a nink prefers a better bred fowl. If her wings are good she saves herself when the circuit rider comes in the neighborhood."

Experience With Celery.

If only one variety can be grown, Golden Self-Blanching; if two, Golden Self-Blanching for early and Winter Queen for late and early spring. For winter storage in the North, I know of no more convenient or better way than to use boxes, placing the celery as closely together as possible, with all the soil left on the roots in the boxes, and all placed in the darkest corner of cellar. The roots should be kept moist by occasionally pouring water along edge of boxes, pressing the celery tops back so as not to wet them. It will then blanch finely and keep till April if cellar is not too warm. —William M. Cling, in the Massachusetts Ploughman.

Falling Hardback.

I pulled hardback out by hand the first part of August, 1900, and have not had any trouble with it since. My view is that if pulled in August when the ground is dry, what roots are left in the ground will not sprout. But if pulled in the spring or perhaps late in the fall, what roots are left will sprout and come up thicker than ever. There was not a very large amount of this weed in my pastures. I think in some places the largest bushes would have to be pulled with a team.

I cannot very well tell how much it would cost, as it varies so much in different fields, but it does not cost so much that one could not afford to do the work. I think it can be killed by moving two or three years, for the reason that we never see it in our meadows that we mowed every year.—C. L. Marsh, in the Massachusetts Ploughman.

Artichokes.

A Benton County subscriber asks for information regarding artichokes and their cultivation. He wants to grow them for his hogs. They should be planted early in the spring, as early as the ground can be put in proper condition, and the planting and cultivation are much the same as for potatoes. Pieces of the tubers are dropped in rows, three feet apart, and a foot or more apart in the row. Cultivate shallow and often, until the stalks shade the ground well enough to prevent weeds from growing. A peck ought to plant half an acre, and if the land is rich the yield should be between 200 and 400 bushels per acre. But, as the hogs do the digging, you will have to guess at the yield.

This much can be said, however, that plenty of tubers will be left to seed the ground again after the hogs have done their best. Artichokes are hard to get rid of when once rooted in the soil, but for the purpose you want them that is no objection.—Indiana Farmer.

Cattle Mysteriously Dying.

Subscriber to the Tribune Farmer writes that magazine: "Three weeks ago I found a big fat year and a half old heifer dead in the pasture. She had just died. We skinned her, and there was no mark on her with the exception of some bruised blood around one ankle. We opened her; her heart and liver seemed natural. She had no blood left in her body. Had died during the night was full of blood. This week I found the next best heifer nearly dead. We got her up and tried to get her home. With help she staggered along for a couple of rods, fell down, and was dead in half an hour. I skinned and opened her; the heart was slightly spotted. In cutting some water of watery looking blood ran out. The intestines seemed full of the same watery looking blood. She had a bruised spot on the flank the size of a saucer, and the joints of the hind legs had some bruised blood in them. This heifer scoured some the day she died. Her voidings were very black looking. She walked home quite smart the night before, and was licking salt with the rest of the cattle, but was dead by 2 o'clock the next day. What killed them so suddenly? They had no change of feed; were running on the same pasture all summer. This is the third mysterious or sudden death I have had in my pasture in a little over a year, and I would like to know if it is poison, or what it is that is killing the cattle."

"Were it not for the second death in your herd," replies C. B. Smead, in the same paper. "I could with safety say the first one died with intestine hemorrhage, due to the rupture of some large blood vessel; but the second one dying leads me toward the belief that there must have been either anthrax or some irritant poison. In cases of this kind no one can with certainty tell the exact cause of death. Should you lose any more you had best call the attention of your State authorities to the matter, and have some examinations made. You speak of the herd running on the same pasture year after year. Now, I desire to call your attention to the fact that there may be acid poisonous weeds or shrubs there just the same, and that it is only occasionally that an animal will eat them and die. I speak of this, as many seem to think that inasmuch as the pasture has been used before, it is impossible for anything poisonous to be in the field."

What We Grow.

We grew 540,000,000 bushels of wheat this year, and it brought a dollar a bushel.

We grew 2,000,000,000 bushels of corn, and it is worth \$1.20 per bushel.

We will harvest 11,000,000,000 bushels of cotton, and it is worth \$5.00 per bushel.

We grew the largest oat crop in five years, and the largest hay crop on record.

But the egg crop any year is worth more money than any other crop.

Utilizing Old Orchards.

There are many farms in the country well suited to sheep raising which are not used for that purpose because their owners raise other crops which are profitable. During a recent trip the writer passed through a section where sheep were being raised in old orchards, and he promptly left the train to investigate. It was found that orchards in this section had been planted about the same time, and while they were still bearing good fruit, they were fast nearing an age when they would be no longer profitable. New orchards had been set, but instead of abandoning the old orchards the ground had been seeded down and turned into fine pastures for sheep, which were doing finely. Not only this, but it was found that the orchards had taken on new life, and were making a profit for their owners. There is a point in this worth any one's attention under similar conditions. In some sections sheep raisers make a business of seeding down and pasturing their orchards, and while there may be some question as to the wisdom of this plan with a comparatively young and thrifty orchard, there can be no doubt as to its value in cases like that indicated.

The Steer.

The grown steer with a framework