

Ansel Sanderson's "Odd Fit."

BY C. A. STEPHENS.

FOR twenty-eight years Ansel Sanderson had been "the man who disappeared" and left no sign. One morning in August, 1868, at the age of twenty-two, this young farmer had gone to his cornfield to "top stalk" the corn. He was seen to enter the field, but no one in that region saw him afterward. What became of him remained an unsolved mystery.

It was hinted among neighbors and relatives that Ansel had found his life too hard for him. His young wife, Lois, was known to be more ambitious for thrift and money-getting than he. Rumor had it that she had set for them the stint of laying up \$300 a year off their little farm, come what would; that she scribbled their table to the last degree of frugality, and that she was constantly urging Ansel on to labor, early and late, without a holiday from January to December.

This gossip may have been true, or true in part. From generations of New England thrift such "economical" young housewives have sometimes sprung, but the fact remained that Ansel had gone away and said nothing.

Lois' version of it to her friends was that Ansel had proposed that morning that they should attend a camp meeting in progress—not a very riotous form of recreation, certainly—but that she had urged him to top-stalk the corn. She thought that he would come back when he had "got over his odd fit."

Lois remained upon the farm, which was unencumbered, and she carried it on herself after a fashion of her own. She kept cows and poultry, and prospered as such a frugal soul naturally would. It is said that she came near laying up her "stint" every year. Moreover, she obtained six per cent. for her money on mortgages, and in twenty-eight years became the wealthiest woman in that rural community. But she still lived alone, and had cautiously avoided all entangling alliances.

On her forty-eighth birthday, as she sat eating her frugal supper alone, the outer door opened and Ansel walked in, drew up a chair on the other side of the table, and sat down in his old place opposite her. Lois knew him instantly, although a beard now overspread his formerly boyish, smooth face.

"Well, Ansel Sanderson, I suppose you have come back to claim the farm," she said, after a silence of some moments' duration.

"No, Lois, I don't want the farm," replied Ansel. "I had enough of it twenty-eight years ago. But I should like some supper. I want four boiled eggs and a sheet of warm biscuit and butter."

"Eggs are going up, Ansel," replied Lois.

"That was about the last thing you said to me in 1868," Ansel remarked. "But I will pay for my supper, Lois. If I have anything here, I'll pay cash for it. Only I won't be scripped again, Lois."

He got the four boiled eggs and the sheet of warm biscuit and butter, and during the evening they compared notes and talked matters over. Both had prospered. Lois had accumulated about \$30,000, and Ansel was able to make a display of Government bonds and bills to the amount of nearly \$20,000.

Between them they then came to a new agreement, protected by express stipulations on both sides. Ansel was to pay \$4 a week for his board, but was to have just what he called for each day. He had that put down in black and white. He had no claim to the farm, admitting that his rights to it were "outlawed." He agreed to work for Lois whenever he pleased, and not otherwise, at \$1.50 a day in summer and \$1 a day in winter. No other claims or obligations on either side were to be allowed or admitted!

Thus, after twenty-eight years, Ansel at fifty and Lois at forty-eight, resumed life at the farm again.

On the whole, it was not an unfair arrangement. Both were satisfied. It was certainly no one's business but their own, and I am far from presuming to criticize it. I mention it only as the prelude to the story Ansel Sanderson told me of his wanderings during the twenty-eight years he was "lost," and of the singular manner in which he accumulated his \$20,000. For it was a matter of no little wonder among his former neighbors and acquaintances how a "rolling stone" like Ansel could have done so well, and brought home so much money.

When he went away, with nothing but the coarse clothes he was wearing, he walked to another county fifty miles distant, where he worked on a farm for a fortnight. Then he walked on again to the vicinity of Albany, N. Y., where he worked for a month. Then he took a week's holiday, and walked on again, always westward.

For four years he alternately worked and tramped through Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and Missouri, to Kansas, always working on farms, generally about a month in a place, earning enough to pay for his clothes and the holidays he allowed himself. His habits were unusually correct.

From Kansas he made a detour into Arkansas, and liking the climate there, spent two years or more in that State. But the habit of walking on at last led him into Texas, and for three years more he fed from farm to ranch and ranch to farm, still working and walking on.

At last he came where farms and ranches ceased, on the borders of the great, dry, barren plains, the Llano Estacado. At the last ranch where he worked he remained for a year—perhaps because there was then no farm beyond for hundreds of miles—and here he made the acquaintance of a singular old character called "Sweet-Killer Say," who taught Ansel the art of hunting wild bees, which are very numerous in that part of Texas. Thenceforward, for eighteen years this became his sole occupation.

There is in this region a river known

as the Double Mountain River, which for thirty miles through a canon, formed by cliffs 300 or 400 feet high on both banks.

These cliffs abound in fissures, chasms and caves, and if Ansel's account can be trusted—and he seems to have the money to show for it—the entire canon was one vast apiary, where wild bees have existed and gathered sweets for centuries. They are in such numbers as sometimes on certain bright days to resemble clouds high up the crags, and they fill the canon with a voluminous hum. The grassy, flowery plains for miles on each side of the canon and thousands of flowering shrubs afford pasture for the bees.

Ansel assures me that there were hundreds of these wild bee colonies, whose enormous masses of comb and honey were adhering in sheltered chasms and beneath overhangs of the rock. A number of caverns, too, extending far back into the cliff, have been utilized as great storehouses of comb by the bees. Not one swarm alone occupies such a cave, but fifty, perhaps, or a hundred, swarms, each having its own cavern, but all using the mouth of the cavern as a common entrance. In consequence, the stream of bees issuing from and entering the cave on a warm day is like a rapid, roaring river of winged insect life.

It was here that this quaint old Texan pioneer and Ansel "hunted honey," most of which they extracted from the comb and put up in jars to send to San Francisco and Galveston. The wax they also pressed in cakes and sold. It was their custom to send a wagon load of honey and wax down to the railroad station, thirty miles distant, once a fortnight, and sometimes in good weather once a week.

Some of the colonies and their deposits of honey could be reached from the bed of the canon, along the river bank, by climbing up the crags. Others were accessible by means of long ladders. But the most copious stores were at greater heights, 200 and even 300 feet above the river bed.

When seen from below the mass of comb looked no larger than bacon hams, but when reached was found to amount to several barrels of honey. There were also great sheltered holes and nooks literally packed with old comb and dripping with brown, discolored sweets.

None of them were within thirty or forty feet of the top of the cliffs, and they were never in situations where a man could climb down to them. Many of the crags overhung, indeed; and a single glance over was sufficient to turn one's head dizzy.

But the veteran bee hunter had devised a rope ladder, or rather a heavy rope with loops in which to rest the feet as he climbed up and down. This rope he attached to a crowbar driven deep into the earth, or set firmly in crevices of the ledges, and then with a hamper on his back for the honeycomb, and provided with a sheath knife and a sort of short handled fishspare, old "Sweet-Killer" had accustomed himself to climb down these awful crags to plunder the aerial stores of honey.

To protect themselves from the stings of the enraged insects the men wore gloves and nets over their hats. They had also an ordinary bee smoker, by means of which the bees could be rendered "docile" for a time.

After the death of Say, Ansel continued his singular vocation, having as partner a son of the old bee hunter. They disagreed in the matter of the profits, however, and Ansel moved to a point on the north side of the canon, where he lived for ten years.

So dangerous a business would seem to make a trusty companion very desirable, if not absolutely necessary, but thenceforth Ansel worked alone here, descending and ascending the crags unaided, and with no one to call in case of accident. It must have developed in him a wonderful degree of self reliance.

Something of Lois' instinct for saving money appears also to have taken possession of him as he approached old age. He labored steadily and carefully and hoarded his money.

At first he entertained no thought of ever returning home, but as years passed by he began planning to do so when he should be fifty years old, and had savings sufficient to live on.

It was impossible that a man could work for ten years at so perilous an occupation without adventures of some kind. Ansel met with few, however. Once a party of desperate characters came to his cabin to rob him, but he waked and heard them in time to conceal himself.

One of his experiences while clearing a sheltered chasm of honeycomb was startling. He had been at work for three or four hours, and had carried three hamperfuls of comb and honey up his looped rope ladder, having nearly fifty feet to ascend with each load. There was a great deal of "old honey" here, and myriads of bees, and after every upward trip he was obliged to use the smoker to keep them quiet, while he forked out a hamperful of comb.

The place almost overhung the river, which flowed at the foot of the cliffs, 300 feet below—a situation which would have caused an inexperienced person to turn pale and ziddy. But Ansel had come to mind being suspended at such awful heights, and indeed was accustomed never to look down at all.

At the top of the cliff, where the rope was attached to his crowbar, he had one day set a row of large galvanized iron buckets, to hold the honeycomb as he brought it up. Where it hung over the brow of the rock, the rope was held out by a stout, forked pole, set aslant in a crevice near the crowbar.

Ansel was toiling upward with a load, setting his feet slowly in the loops of the rope, when as he came within fifteen or twenty feet of the top he heard a noise as of hogs champing soft corn directly over his head. Glancing up Ansel could just see the ridge of some yellowish animal's back near his honey buckets.

The sounds were so much like those made by hogs that at first he felt sure it must be some stray porker that had come along, and he angrily shouted, "Whee, there! Whee, you beast!" as he climbed higher in haste, to save his honey. But as his head rose clear of the brow of the crag he perceived to his consternation that the creature was no hog, but a large yellow bear, also that there were two others, and that all three were filling themselves from his honey buckets, several of which they had upstair.

Catching sight of Ansel's head at the same instant the largest bear rose suddenly on its haunches and stared at him in surprise, its jaws slavering with honey. Then, appearing to resent the interruption of its feast, the animal growled and dashed forward to the very brink of the rock, the hair on its forehead bristling and its small eyes rolling furiously.

Ansel had no effective weapon at hand; even his honey trident was sticking down in the chasm. There was nothing he could do but descend a few loops on the rope as rapidly as possible. He was at an utter loss what to do next, however, and stood still.

But, meanwhile, the bear, after peering over the brink, ran along the top of the cliff for a little way, then ran back, and in doing so passed under the forked pole above mentioned, on which the rope was held out. There was scarcely room for the big beast to pass under. Its back grazed, and scrambling on, it drew pole and rope along on its shoulders—bearing the latter on with it for several yards, when it dropped back on the cliff with a heavy jerk.

"I couldn't well see what was going on up there," Ansel said to me, in describing his sensations. "When I felt myself going, I thought at first the bears had rooted up the crowbar, and that my seconds were numbered!"

The rope was strong and withstood the jerk, but Ansel received a considerable shock when it dropped or slid off the bear's back. He fell two or three feet.

"My heart nearly came into my mouth!" he told me. "I didn't know what would happen next, and I hung on there, still as a mouse, for some moments."

Presently he heard all the bears champing again, and after a time climbed cautiously up a few loops, where he could just see them over the brink of the rock.

From this uncomfortable situation Ansel covertly watched a large part of his honeycomb disappear into the maws of the hungry and highly appreciative bears. There was no doubt that they were fond of it. They swallowed it by the pound. And although greatly disapproving, he was in no position to object, or even to expostulate audibly.

Not content with stuffing themselves to repletion the provoking animals overset all the buckets, and even rolled in what was left of the contents on the rock, mossy rocks. They smeared their snouts and jaws, then rubbed them along the moss, as if from pure wantonness in such exuberant sweetness.

Then suddenly the largest bear, as if its skin were tickled by the honey or beset by parasites, threw itself half-down beside the crowbar and began rubbing smartly.

With every rub Ansel could feel the bear move and away the rope, and again his heart "nearly turned over." Let the bear should actually rub the bar out of the crevice! For an instant he was minded to climb rapidly up the rope and try to run past the animals, but he knew that these big cinnamon bears were not to be trifled with.

Suddenly it occurred to him to use the bee smoker. It was below, set in a crevice of the crags, but he climbed down and got it. Then charging the bowl with a bit of hemp and sulphur, he ascended near the brow of the cliff, lighted it and began working the puffer. Fumes at once rose and were borne back to the bears sprawling amidst the honey, for the draft of air up from the canon was deflected over the brink of the cliff.

Scouting Limestone, the lazy brutes suddenly scrambled to their feet, sniffling. One of them even rose to his haunches, snuffling and wrinkling up his well smeared black muzzle. After snuffing suspiciously for some moments all three turned and shuffled stiffly and surlily away to a little distance. Here they paused, sniffed again, then set off at a clumsy gallop, to put a greater distance between them and these highly objectionable odors.

The bears had made a mess of his day's work, but Ansel was only too glad to come out of his adventure on such easy terms.—Youth's Companion.

The Voice of Sincerity.
Children are said to be good although unconscious judges of human nature; and most of them do at least recognize sincerity and detect pretense.

"Come here," my little darling," said the book agent. She had a voice which belied her words, but she was trying to cultivate the little daughter of the woman who had not yet come downstairs. "I do so love children," she added, in a clear tone, as she heard footsteps on the stairs. "But you seem to like the kitty better than me. Why are you so fond of her?"

"Cause she purrs as if she meant it," said the little girl, calmly.—Youth's Companion.

A Strange St. Difficulty.
An unexpected difficulty has cropped up in connection with the movement for taking up the production of silk in Ceylon. The demand is now almost entirely for unspiced cocoons, for the turning out of which it is necessary to destroy the worm inside. But all life is held sacred in Buddhist beliefs, and the question is how far this will prove an insuperable barrier to the development of the industry. The act of destroying the silk worm would be in distinct contravention of the Five Precepts, which prohibit the taking of even insect life.—Allahabad Pioneer.

Sailors Exchange Hairs.
The Russian and English sailors on board the cruiser Amphitrite, which took the Russian survivors of the Variaz and Korietz to Ceylon, exchanged caps, than which a greater proof of perfect nautical entente could not be given.

New Orleans has twenty-seven lines of steamers connecting it with eighty-seven ports.



BITS OF LACE.

A bit of real lace will often contribute greatly to the style of a frock, and it is an excellent plan to rip from the garments before they are thrown aside any lace trimmings. No matter how badly soiled, every scrap of lace is worth saving. And this applies to the trimmings as well as to the real, for if there is only sufficient to trim a stock collar it may be used for that purpose very conveniently and effectively on some future occasion, and as lace does not occupy a great deal of space and is not so popular with moths as are many other materials it may easily be preserved.

WILL COLLEGE EDUCATION PAY?

Lord Chesterfield advised his son to marry a woman who "is wise as well as rich, for," says he, "thou wilt find there is nothing more fulsome than a she fool." In proportion to woman's intelligence and education, man will look upon her as a companion and equal and not as a mere doll or plaything. For the sake of her home as well as for her own uplift and enjoyment, a woman should get every bit of education she possibly can. Ignorance is as great a handicap in the home as it is in the business world. The home presided over by a broad-minded, educated woman, will be well ordered, systematic, happy and prosperous, as far in advance of the one ruled by a narrow, ignorant mistress, as the business establishment of an up-to-date, intelligent, progressive man will be ahead of that of his dull, ignorant, unprogressive competitor.

Men want educated wives. The world wants educated mothers. The intelligence of its mothers measures the strength and importance of a nation.

WHEN DOES WOMAN LOOK BEST?

Every man will probably reply according to his individual tastes. M. Nimrod, for example, will declare that when she is riding across country Lady Diana looks her best. The boating man will think Undine most charming as she lies amid the pretty cushions of a punt, dressed en suite. The man about town will award the palm to the woman who is best dressed in the park.

I have heard a man declare that he thought a woman never looked so well as when wearing a perfectly plain gown of some washing material, whereas it is obvious that some of the sex find us most attractive in what they describe as "full fig" or "war paint."—And, speaking generally, I suppose a woman does have almost every chance in a becoming evening gown. But one woman can lay down no hard and fast rules as to when a woman really looks best. Much depends on the woman, much depends on what she is wearing, and much depends on her environment, but I cannot conceive a woman looking her best when engaged in exercise which is either very violent or she dislikes her in any way; nor is she likely to look her best when the dress does not fit her surroundings. This is a fact which should be well borne in mind by women of a certain age bent on ruralizing, and, indeed, by women of all ages, at all times and in all places.—London World.

TRAINING OF GIRLS.

Almost before they know it parents find that their daughters have slipped beyond their control. The spirit of insubordination is in the air, and it is fostered by current educational theories, until what with the fear that the dear child will have her "individuality" suppressed by hearing a good, round "Don't!" and what with the desire to turn all work into play to level every hill difficulty, even at the expense of never reaching home beautiful, many parents are hard put to it to force themselves to even an attempt at discipline. Then some day they wake up to the fact that if their daughters are to be controlled it must be by some other hand than theirs. This is wholly their own fault. Or it may be partly the result of those subtle antagonisms of blood that sometimes arm children against parents—kin against kin—and make sympathy and confidence impossible, even in the presence of loyal love and trust. Whatever the cause, when the home does not teach the lessons of respect and obedience the girl must learn them elsewhere or the discipline of life will find an unready and rebellious subject. Sometimes, until she goes away to school, the poor child does not know what it is to obey. Then the school, with its steady routine, its quiet insistence upon unquestioning obedience, its unspoken demand for respect for authority and those in authority; lay its hand upon her, and almost before she knows it, she is quieted, humbled, started to ward self-control.—Good Housekeeping.

POTTERY AND PORCELAIN.

"How shall I know pottery from porcelain?" is a question often asked. They may be distinguished by the following very simple test: If you hold your piece up to the light and can see through it—that is, if it is translucent—it is porcelain. Pottery is opaque, and is not so hard and white as porcelain. The main differences in the manufacture of stoneware, earthenware and porcelain are due to the ingredients used, to the way they are mixed and to the degree of heat to which they are subjected in firing. Most of the old English wares found in this country are pottery or semi-china, although the term china is commonly applied to them all. Potteries in Staffordshire, covering an area of ten miles long, were the most important in England. These pottery wares were sold at ridiculously low prices when they were first made, and the price has risen little by little until it has become quite preposterous. It must be distinctly borne in mind, however, that it is the historic crockery only which is so valuable, decorated with scenes re-

lating to our own early history or to our heroes, and, with but a few exceptions, made in rich, dark blue. With reference to a particular ware, people often say that they own Wedgwood. I always ask, "Is it marked?" You may set it down as a rule that all real Wedgwood, that is, "Old Wedgwood," is marked with his name. It was trial pieces only, and such as escaped the workman's notice, that left the pottery unmarked. There are peculiarities about this marking, too, which must be noted. The name, in small capitals, is always clearly and carefully marked, whether impressed or printed in color.—From "The Collector's Manual," by N. Hudson Moore, in the Delineator.

A NEW WRINKLE.

Here is a new wrinkle for the girl who likes to make things. She will need as a starter a shirt waist of very fine white linen or lawn. Tan is even better or a pale shade of buff. This waist is the starting point for one of the prettiest articles in the wardrobe.

Take any thin linen waist, or a waist of washable organdie, or anything that is sheer and dressy looking and match it with a piece of lace. You will need just enough to go across the front in vogue fashion, and enough for the cuffs. Take the lace and apply it. Then, with embroidery stitches, buttonhole stitches, lagging and cross stitch, go over the lace working it here and there until it seems to be a part of the waist material. When it is done, dampen slightly and press flat. In this way you will get the effect of lace worked in the material like a pattern dress. There is something of an invalid effect, though the lawn or the linen is not to be cut out underneath.

A lovely waist was made recently for a woman who likes pretty things. It was a white linen, very heavy, with heavy lace medallions worked into the linen. They were elaborately stitched into the goods and were then pressed until they seemed a part of the material. This same idea can be carried out with a flannel and cashmere, as the lace seems to sink into the material better and become a part of it. Care must, however, be taken to use a great many stitches in order that the medallions lie perfectly flat. They must be stitched in the middle as well as along the edges, sort of worked into the pattern.

The smartest glove is undoubtedly the elbow-length white Suede mousquetaire.

The economical shopper will be glad to learn that malleine rucking boots are for sale by the yard.

A maize-colored mull was very pretty, with profuse trimmings of white Valenciennes insertions.

No woman who once tries the expedient of making a gown with two waists will ever abandon the practice.

A fine mull gown, printed all over with a shadowy pattern of gray leaves, had scattered over its surface a few pale green sprays.

Corsets and sailors are the usual shapes, and are almost universally becoming. The hats soil easily, of course, but they dry-clean very well.

Ribbon purchased at almost any of the large shops may be tied by experts at the ribbon counter in just the right kind of a bow to finish the hat.

Many of the finest lawn and muslin gowns are trimmed with ruffles of fine Brussels net, and this trimming is recommended for its delicacy and airy effect.

A pale blue mull was greatly admired. If time were of no particular object such a gown as this could easily be made at home, but it would probably have to be built on a form to preserve the accuracy of its lines.

Watch the lace sales, and at the right time invest in two pieces of inch-wide Valenciennes. Buy a frame, cover it neatly with white wash net for a foundation, and just as neatly put on the lace in a series of ruchings. Any woman can make such a hat.

A Captain of Industry.

For several days the policeman on the beat had observed a small boy who spent the most of his time lounging near a downtown street crossing, and seemed to have nothing to do. One morning he accosted him.

"Tommy," he said, "or whatever your name is, you do nothing but loaf around here. Hadn't you better be at home?"

"I ain't loafin'," indignantly replied the boy. "I got a reg'lar job here."

"You've got a job? What is it?"

"De guy wot owns dis store pays me a dollar a week fur keepin' dis crossin' sweep clean."

"But I never see you doing any work," said the policeman.

"Of course not," returned the boy. "I takes de money an' lets out de job fur fifty cents a week to de kid wot's out dere sweepin' de crossin' now. He gets his pay reg'lar, an' don't have to do no head-work huntin' jobs."—Youth's Companion.

The Proper Thing.

The Honorable Timothy D. Sullivan, of New York City fame, did not reach London in time to receive an invitation to the wedding of Princess Margaret. If he had, all anxiety respecting his attire would have been dispelled by the Lord Chamberlain's explicit direction in the Court Circular, contained in these words:

"The dress to be worn by their Majesties' guests will be:—
"Ladies—Evening dress, demi-tulle etc.
"Gentlemen—Full dress coat, with trousers."
Trousers, of course, means pants.—Harper's Weekly.



Nuts on the Farm.
The nut industry is new. So completely so, it scarcely has a nomenclature. Occasionally in the past there appeared on the market an unusual hickory nut, a chestnut of good size, but of indifferent quality; a pecan, long, but thick shelled; and so on. But now this line of work is assuming the importance of an industry.

And just as soon as we realize that nut trees will afford not only pleasure in their care, but also considerable profit, their worth as a cultivated crop will be appreciated and careful attention will be given them.

Nuts and raisins! What dish is more wholesome or delicious, or healthful? What food have we that combines flesh materials and energy-producing materials so cheaply, so completely?

And now nut trees can be well combined with farming. Think of the roadsides, often for miles, devoid of trees. I can think of nothing that would add more to the value of the farm than nut trees of various sorts along fence rows and the roadsides. Aside from the shade they would make, the improved appearances they would present, would come the commercial value of the crop. Of course this phase would not bring the financial reward that a cultivated, specially formed nut grove would. Still its importance should not be overlooked.

The old roadsides and permanent fence rows and old creeks and branches would be ideal so far as location for walnuts, pecans, chestnuts and hickory nuts.

If you do not care to get nursery stock, plant the nuts, but look after them a little. Keep the weeds down; dig around the young sprouts once or twice a year. A bit of fertilizer will tickle the roots, and a little breeding in this way will bring about a faster growth and a quicker full harvest. Then don't neglect an occasional watch over the young trees as they grow. The caterpillars are enemies; burn them out. Trimming will pay by making a better appearing tree.

By caring for trees in this manner you can expect rather quick returns. In more Northern climates, native walnuts, pecans and hickories will usually bear when they are twelve to fifteen years old.

Chestnuts come in at a still earlier age. In the Southern States most nut trees that have been given some care and attention will produce crops in five or ten years.

The commercial nut orchard should receive attention similarly given to the apple, the peach or the pear; that is, the orchards should be plowed and cultivated; the soil improved in a physical way through the use of legumes, cowpeas and clover. Fertilizers should also be added to feed the tree; and what else is needed to make good, vigorous, healthy growth should be done.

What is said here is not a discussion about the commercial nut orchard; a different treatment is needed there. This is a plea for nuts on the farm; a side issue that will mean good results in many ways. It means a larger idea of the farm. We have looked too long on the farm as a corn or wheat or cotton producer. Let us look on it as the great American institution, and let us grow nuts to help make that institution complete.—C. W. Burkett, in the Progressive Farmer.

"How My Cow Pays."

The following is from the Southern Ruralist. The hint about keeping weasels over and about the milk is a good one, the evaporation would keep down the temperature several degrees.

"I have but one cow, but I will tell you how I manage the business on a small scale. My cow is not a full blood. She has some Jersey and some Holstein blood mixed in her. I feed her night and morning with about a peck of hulls, one quart of cottonseed meal and two quarts of bran. She has a good Bermuda pasture to graze on in the day. In winter I feed the same, with plenty of shucks or hay.

"I milk at 5 o'clock in the morning and at 6 at night, during the summer. In the winter at 6 in the morning and 5 in the evening. I always carry a two-gallon bucket of water and wet the hulls and meal good before she eats them. I think that eating dry hulls and meal causes many cows to die with what is called dry murrain.

"I have a good stall to keep her out of all bad weather, and I milk her thoroughly. Leaving milk in the udder causes a cow to soon go dry. I take my calf away from the mother when a few days old and teach it to drink milk. When it is two or three weeks old I teach it to drink buttermilk. The first calf I ever raised was raised entirely on buttermilk after it was one month old.

"I keep my cow in full flow until nearly time for her to come in again. Then I milk once a day and have to keep it up until she calves. She is never dry. We are never without milk more than twenty days. I salt her

Pointed Paragraphs.

A woman who whistles is preferable to one who whines.

A wise man doesn't waste any time arguing with a prize fighter.

A man is apt to feel put out when he isn't able to pay his board bill.

Few men can refrain from boasting of the good acts they do by mistake.

A woman never forgets her first love—a man to manage an automobile or a mule.

Lots of people are liberal with their sympathy because they can't turn it into hard cash.

A girl who expects some man to come along and propose to her after the manner of the hero in a novel is bound to be disappointed.

If a man is looking for trouble all he has to do is marry a woman older than himself and then tell her she is going to have her life insured in his favor.

Interesting Notes.

It is easier for a girl to lead a man to the altar than it is to make him eat her home-grown biscuits.

He who says nothing is never misquoted.

Gossips and photographs repeat everything they hear.

A bigamist is never free from worry until he finds himself behind the bars.

A smile that can be bought for a dime is soon swallowed.

Race prejudice keeps many a dollar out of the bookmaker's hands.

A rolling stone gathers no moss—but mossbacks are not attractive, anyway.

It is difficult to make a woman believe that compliment isn't the real thing.

It is possible to preserve a man's body in alcohol, but some men's besides are not worth the time and expense.

every time I feed, mixing it thoroughly in her feed.

"I have sold 300 gallons of sweet milk since the 21st of October at sixteen cents per gallon, making \$31.12. I have had plenty of milk and butter for home use and sold \$16.50 worth of buttermilk and butter, making a total of \$73.62.

"Sold my butter and buttermilk at home; received twenty cents for butter and ten cents a gallon for buttermilk. I sent my sweet milk to the city.

"She gives about three and a half gallons per day. Now, if I could have gotten forty cents a gallon for my sweet milk I could have realized a nice sum from my cow.

"The main point is feeding and milking regularly, and milking clean, to keep your cow in full flow.

"My cow is now giving me three and a half gallons and her calf is eight months old. I feed her one sack of cottonseed meal and one of bran every month, and 30