DIVINE AWE.

To tremble when I touch her hands With awe that no man understands. To feel soft reverence arise When, lover sweet, I meet her eyes; To see her beauty grow and shine When most I feel this awe divine— Whate'er befall me this is mine, And where about the room she moves My spirit follows her and loves -G. E. Woodberry in Century.

# A STRONG MAN.

The weekly coach was due at South City, and all the inhabitants were eagerly awaiting its arrival. The Diggers' Arms was, as usual, crowded, and against its hospitable walls lounged those unable to get in. Suddenly a crack, loud and reverberating, sounded in the clear mountain air, and with a whoop and a rattle the great coach lumbered up.

The driver, a cheery Yankee, who knew his men as well as he did his kerses, shouted: "Have you heard the news, boys? No! Well, I'll tell you-North City has imported a parson!"

"A what!" shouted the miners, jealous of their own town.

"A real live parson, and, what's more, they've turned the old saloon into a meeting house." There was a long standing fend be-

tween North City and South City, which dated from the first gold rush, and many and useless were the buildings that the rival towns had erected to "go one better" than the other. All looked toward Texas Joe, an old

and tough miner, who by a brevity of speech and a quick use of his gun had long held the perilous position of dictator to the neighborhood.

No one spoke-indeed no one quite cared to. At length the oracle, shifting his plug from one cheek to the other, said: "Pass the word that there'll be a meeting here of all the boys at 6 sharp. It ain't to be allowed that a young shove ahead village like North City is to take the shine out of us. No, sir, it min't likely."

Long before 6 the whole adult population was collected near the salcon, and it was clear that no room would bold the crowd. Finally an open air meeting was proposed and carried-motions moved by Texas Joe generally were-and the diciator took the "bar-

"Men of South City," he began, "you all know why this here meeting is called. We have been made fools of by the people away yonder," waving his hand porthward, "and it ain't to be. They have been presumptuous enough to get a person, as if the inhabitants of these arts want either doctors or parsons, and are cracking on about it no end. Now, I ain't more religious than most, still I say," kicking his heel in the barrel to emphasize his words, "that it's a real disgrace to us that we ain't got a parson too. New, what I say is this: North City have got a parson; South City will have one too. They have got a traveling cuss; we will have a man of our own, a chap wot's got some education. That'll fix 'em up, you bet."

A redhaired Cornishman, who hated Joe, ventured to say: "I vote we have a good chapel man; he'll be a sight cheaper and will be more of our own way of thinking."

"Now, Treleaven, you dry up. 'Piscopals I knew, Catholics I know, but I

know nothing and care less about fancy religious, and we'll have one from the hishop or we'll have none at all." A thorns of approving voices showed that Joe had the car of the meeting, and the Cornishman sulkily drew back. "Now, it carn't be done without money. I ain't got much, still I'll give

\$20," said the chairman. "I'll give \$5!" "I'll give \$10!" "Here, take my dust!" "Here's for the skyscraper!" were heard on all sides, and amid a scene of wild excitement Texas Joe, after counting the collection on the barrel head, said, "We'll have the best there is to be g. t--we've got \$400." He beamed on the crowd and saw genuine satisfaction on every face in front of him. Then, with a queer smile on his face,

Treleavan pushed his way to the front and said: "I call that a good start, and now all we've got to do is to write to Frisco, for there's sure to be a boss there who will send us up the man we want. I vote that the chairman write and see to the whole job.;' A dead pause followed this, for almost every man knew that Joe could neither read nor write. He rose slowly, with his pistol in his hand.

"Now, look here, mates, there's a kind er nasty twang about the last speaker's remarks that I don't like. I ain't a pushing man, but of course I'll write if Mr. Treleaven wants me to. Say, do you now?" he asked, looking intently at the Cornishman as he did so. The crowd fell away on all sides, for

the air seemed a little heavy. "No. P'raps young Green, the last tenderfoot, had better write it. We oughtn't to put it all on you, Joe. No

offense," he muttered.

"Ah," said Joe, "just as you like. Now, Green, get paper and a pen." The crowd gathered again. "Give the boy room. Now just you write." With admiration the miners listened while Joe dictated the following letter:

SOUTH CITY, Cal., U. S. A. HONORED SIR-North City have got a chapel parson and South City felt that the time has come to have a real college parson living in the town. A weak man ain't no use, cos we want a strong man fit to run the show proper. We send \$400 for exes. Yours truly, THE INHABITANTS OF SOUTH VIEW.

"Now, boys," said Joe, "it's my shout.'

South City was en fete. The miners, unusually clean, were waiting for the arrival of the man who was to fairly knock North City. Their hopes had the henhouse is most important. Withbeen raised to a high pitch by the receipt of a letter from San Francisco informing them that a real strong man was coming up to put them in the way they should go.

The excitement grew intense as the bour drew near when the coach was due, culminating in a mighty cheer when the Griver finally pulled up opposite the salocn. Several passengers got down, but no one answering to the description of a strong man left the coach. Finally Texas Joe said to the driver,

'Say, where's your new parson?" "There, sitting on his trunk," replied the man, with a grin on his face. All eyes turned toward a young, slender looking man, who, with eyes twinkling with amusement, was watching his new congregation. Seeing that something was expected of him, he came for-

ward and held out his hand. "Men of South City," he began, in a clear, musical voice, "I have been sent up here to act, if you will have me, as your new parson. Something tells me we are going to be good friends, and it won't be my fault if we aren't. There's lots for me to learn from you and perhaps I can do a little for you too."

His face was so boyish, his hair so curly and such an air of sincerity and truth seemed to surround him that the miners, although deeply disappointed, felt their hearts go out to him.

One sultry afternoon the parson of South City was sitting in his room, a prey to the deepest depression. With all the eagerness that youth and zeal could supply he had done his best to raise his people, and he had failed and he knew it. He saw his miners, at first shamelessly and then openly, stay away from his little church, and his heart was sick within him. He was wondering if it were worth while staying on when his door was suddenly opened and a woman, disheveled and wild eyed, rushed in.

"Oh, parson, save my boy!" she gasped, and sank on to a chair, breathless with her haste.

"Why, Mrs. Mace, what on earth is the matter? Is your son ill?" he asked

"No, sir, he ain't ill, but he's worse nor that-the men are going to hang

"What for? Surely he hasn't been tried. What has he done?"

"Well, sir," wailed the woman, 'he's got into bad company lately and a man accused him of horse stealing, and-and"- looking fearfully around, "it's true, sir."

Young and inexperienced as he was in the ways of a frontier camp the parson knew that horse stealing was one of the deadly sins, and his face grew pale as death.

"I'm afraid, Mrs. Mace, that if the men have decided to hang your son no word of mine would stay them."

"And you, a minister, to say that to me, a mother! Why, it's none the less murder, and you know it! Oh, sir," she pleaded, "there's yet time to catch them up! For God's sake, whose word you preach, try and save my boy! Will no one help a poor mother?" She wept bitterly, while the parson in imagination felt himself defying the mob, and also in imagination saw the ghastly tragedy that would ensue on his inter-

"Come, Mrs. Mace, let us go and hurry, and perhaps we may do some good." Seizing his hat, he ran from the room and followed the crowd of miners whom he saw were making for some trees about half a mile out of town. When he finally caught up to them, all the grim preparations were made for the execution. The rope was around the shivering youth's neck. Six stalwart men held the loose end, ready at a signal to launch the criminal into eternity. With his boyish face flushed with excitement, the parson pressed to the front and stood side by side with the man about to die. A silence fell on the throng, broken by Texas Joe, who said: "Now, parson, this ain't no place for you. Judge Lynch has had his say, and Jim Mace is going to be hanged, and that's so."

"And who are you to take upon yourself to judge and to execute? Don't scowl at me and finger your gun, for I'm an unarmed man, and you know it. Have not you enough blood on your hands already without killing this boy who has broken your laws? Give him one more chance, and you may be glad yourself of it one day."

The fury that occasionally comes over men of quite meek dispositions was on the little man who stood defying the whole mob. His look seemed to daunt even the men who held the rope, and it hung loose about Mace's neck.

Joe saw his authority trembling in the balance, and with pistol raised said, 'Clear him out of the way, boys, or I'll shoot him where he stands."

"No, you won't, Joe," said the parsen undauntedly. "You know that would be murder, and they don't love you too much, even here, to stand that." No one spoke for a moment; then the Cornishman, Treleavan, shouted out: 'A life for a life! If the parson wants Mace to live, let him be hanged in-

The mob shrank from this cold blooded proposal, and, seizing the psychological moment, the parson slipped the halter from Mace's neck, placed it round his own and said: "Go, my lad, turn over a new leaf and leave this town. Go, and God bless you!"

The crowd opened and Mace stumbled away, looking neither to the right nor left, leaving his rescuer standing with moving lips in his place.

Then Texas Joe said, with an odd break in his voice for which he could not account: "Say, boys—there ain't going to be no funeral today, you bet! Take off that necktie, parson, and I calculate South City will have to do without you in the future. We wrote to Frisco for a strong parson, and may the Almighty strike me dead if you ain't a bit too strong for us. Give us yer fist, parson, and" - significantly - "goodby."-St. Paul's.

Gravel For Fowle. Now that there is so much snow upon

the ground a good supply of gravel in out some gravel in their crops with which to grind their food hens will often become crop boned and die. A good supply of gravel is necessary to enable fowls to make the most of the nutrition in their food. Lack of it is more often the cause of soft eggshells than any

The Repartee.

Even Dr. Johnson was won over by Wilkes' delightful manners until they were found by Boswell "reclined upon their chairs, with their heads leaning almost close to each other and talking earnestly in a kind of confidential whisper of the personal quarrel between George II and the king of Prussia. It presented to my mind the happy days which are foretold in Scripture, when the lion shall lie down with the kid." According to Boswell, "when Wilkes and I sat together each glass of wine produced a fiash of wit, like gunpowder thrown into the fire-puff, puff!" But Wilkes hardly confirmed this, for he thought the famous "Life" the work "of an entertaining madman," in which "much was put down to Boswell-which was undoubtedly said by Johnsonwhat the latter did, and the former could not say." We can well imagine that an encounter with Boswell would have many charms for Wilkes.

No man ever lived who could adapt his wit better to his company. Compare his chaff of the alderman, formerly a bricklayer, who was trying to carve a turbot with a knife-"Use a trowel, brother, use a trowel"-with his reply to Mme, de Pompadour when she asked him, "How far is it safe to go in England against the royal family?"-"That is what I am trying to find out, madame." There are few more really witty replies recorded than that made to the prince regent, who asked him at dinner when he drank to the king's health, "How long have you been so loyal, Wilkes?" "Ever since I knew your royal highness."-Cornhill Maga-

Sensitizing Paper.

There are two ways of sensitizing paper. One is to apply the solution with a brush, and the other is to float the salted paper on the surface of the liquid. Thin papers like Rives photographic paper take the solution quickly and do not require so many applications of the solution if it is applied with a brush, or so long a soaking if floated on the liquid as do the heavy, rough papers like Whatman's drawing paper or cray-

The paper is first salted, and it is better to have this done by the dealer in photographic goods, as it is much easier to apply the sensitive solution than it is to salt the paper. If photographic paper is used, ask for fresh salted paper, but if drawing paper is used take it to the dealer and have it salted. The expense is very trifling, a sheet of salted paper costing only a cent or two more than the plain paper.

The sensitizing solution is made of 240 grains of nitrate of silver and 5 ounces of distilled or filtered water. Dissolve the nitrate of silver crystals in the water, and then add strong liquid ammonia drop by drop, stirring the solution constantly until the brown precipitate which is formed by the eddition of the ammonia has disappeared and the liquid is clear. Not more than 75 drops of ammonia should be added to the solution, and if it does not clear when this amount has been added clear the solution by filtering. - Harper's Round Table.

## A Sixteenth Century Letter.

The following copy of a letter, written in 1595 by a young lady when residing with a lady of rank as attendant in her waiting room, an office carrying no menial service with it and much sought after by the daughters of gentlefolk, may be interesting:

To my good Mother, Mrs. Parke, at Broum

DEAR MOTHER-My humble dutye remem bered unto my father and you, &c. I received on Wednesday last a letter from my Bather and you, whereby I understand it is your pleasure that I should certifie you what times I do take for my lute and the rest of my exercises. I doe for the most part playe of my lute after supper, for then commonlie my Lady heareth me, and in the morninges after I am reddie I playe an hower and my wrightinge and siferinge after I have done my lute. For my drawinge I take an hower in the after nowne and my French at night before supper. My Lady hathe not been well these toe days, she telleth me when she is well that she will see if Hilliard will come and teche me; if she can by any means she will. I hope I shall performe my dutye to my Lady with all care and regard to please her and to behave myselfe to everye one else as it shall become me. Mr. Harrisone was with me upone Fridaye, he heard me play and brought me a dusson of trebles. 1 had some of him when I came to London. Thus desiringe pardone for my rude writinge, I leave you to the Almightie, desiringe Kim to increase in you all health and happiness. Your REBECCA PARKE. obedient daughter,

## Negroes With Red Hair.

"A man sees lots of funny things while traveling around the country, but the most peculiar sight I ever say was in Omaha the last time I was there," said Charles Killinger of Cincinnati. "While walking along the street there one day I saw two negroes with hair as red as any red hair you ever saw. It was as kinky as the negro wool usually is. It was a funny sight, and I stopped to look at them as they went down the street. A friend of mine who resides there told me those negroes had come from the south some years ago and as far as he knew were full blooded darkies. Six fingered people are not uncommon, but for freaks those darkies took the cake."-Denver Republican.

## Mistakes of the "Publisher's Reader."

I was speaking of some of my experiences as a publisher's "reader." a few years ago, in a recent conversation with a friend, who told me that Mr. John Morley had read "Mr. Isaacs" for Messrs. Macmillan and had advised against its publication on the ground

No Need of It at All. "Have you given up your idea of

astering some European language?" said the courtier. "Yes," replied the Chinese emperor. "What's the use? There is no means of telling which I will need in order to talk to my neighbors."-Washington

NIGHT.

The sun has venished out of my sight. And the moments sadly roll, For my heart is dark with the thought of

And the night is in my soul. The day is set and never will rise, And my heart is sick and sore, For the sweet, sweet light of my true love's

Will shine for me no mere. My very sleep of rest is shorn, I am full of pain and care-

Sick with the thought of what I have borns

I see the rose with blushes fired, I hear the brook run by, But I am tired, so sick and tired, I almost long to die.

And of what is left to bear.

For I know the sun will dry the stream, And the flow'ret fade in the frost, And I know that my dream is all a dream And the charm of the dream is lost

There will never, never be any more light, For my hope and I must part, And my soul is dark with the thought of night And the night is in my heart.

-Alice Cary in New York Ledger.

NEW YORK'S GROWTH.

The City Has Never Halted Since It Was First Fairly Started.

Ernest Ingersoll writes a paper on the Greater New York, entitled "Reasoning Out a Metropolis," for St. Nicholas. Mr. Ingersoll says:

The people of New York, Brooklyn, Staten Island and certain nearby northarn towns resolved to join themselve. together into one city, which is now the Greater New York. It embraces 341 square miles of territory and includes a population of nearly 3,400,000.

Besides these at least another million dwell on the New Jersey side of the Hudson river, quite as near and as closely identified with the great city on Marhattan Island as are those of the northern and eastern suburbs. This makes a population of nearly 4,500,000 which may be said to belong to New York, making it not only by far the largest center of human life and interests in America, but, excepting only London, the most populous spot on the

How has it happened that this vast city has grown up where it stands? Why did not the American metropolis arise somewhere else? Is its position ail an accident, or does history show sound reasons for its situation? The earliest settlement here was merely a trading station that gradually became a small seaport, like a dozen others along the coast. Before the year 1700 these were so nearly alike that he would have been a wise prophet who truly foretold which would thrive. Indeed many men of that day firmly believed that Newport and Annapolis were to be the two great American seaports.

the greatest number of people find it is a question which has often been deconvenient to meet at first for business bated, and probably the true answer is and later for pleasure. You cannot force a city to grow in an unnatural or unsuitable situation, and it is no easier to prevent a city from growing in its proper place. But the conditions that change a village into a big town and expand the town into a city or metropolis are not the same in different parts of the globe and vary with the march of the centuries; so that now many an ancient world market, like Nineveh or Memphis, has totally disappeared, while towns like Berlin have lately increased with amazing rapidity, after a long history as small and insignificant places. As for New York, it has never halted or gone backward for a moment since it was fairly started on its career in

## Try Holding Your Breath.

The modern quick moving elevator, when it sinks suddenly, gives many persons an unpleasant, qualmish feeling. Into a well filled elevator in a big shop ping store the other day stepped from one of the floors two women.

"Do you know," said one of them to the other, "that if you hold your breath going down in an elevator you don't have that unpleasant feeling; you don't feel it at all."

Of course nobody in the elevator listened intentionally, but nobody could help hearing what she said. Conversation instantly ceased, and everybody drew a long breath. The elevator shot downward in silence.

'Ground floor!" said the elevator man as he threw back the door, and the women streamed out from the car upon the floor, talking now gayly, and there was one at least who said that the plan was effective .-- New York Sun.

## One For the Debating Club.

A group of half a dozen physicists, all eminent; a sheet of paper, a pencil. With the latter one of the group draws a pulley, a cord over the pulley, a tree, a bough from which the pulley hangs. To one end of the cord is attached a stone, to the other cord clings a monkey. The stone balances the monkey. If the monkey proceeds to climb up the cord, what will happen? Will the stone rise or fall? Heated discussion; break up of the party; no result. Can any of your readers help to settle this question? -Alfred Jingle in Engineer.

The Smallest Electric Motor. What is said to be the smallest elec-

tric motor in existence was made to be worn as a scarfpin by D. Gordin, a jeweler and watchmaker of McKinney, Tex. Complete it weighs 1 pennyweight 3 grains. The front of the motor is of highly polished gold, and the commutator segments are also of gold. Viewed from the front the motor presents only that while it would be a most creditable a gold appearance. The field magnets book to have on their list, there would are made of two thicknesses of No. 22 be no sale for it. In the light of subse- sheet iron scraped down and polished. quent events this is rather amusing, but | These are held together with gold screws it only proves that even so astute a cris- and wound with No. 28 silk covered ic as Mr. Morley is not infallible-in wire. The armature is of the four pole other words, that he is human. - Critic. type and is wound with No. 36 wire. The little brushes are of hammered copper and are, of course, very thin. There is a small gold switch on a black rubber base, made with a pin, to be worn on the lapel of the vest. A small chleride of silver battery, carried in the vest pocket, furnishes current for the operation of the little machine. The motor runs at a very high speed, and its humming can be distinctly heard by any one standing near the wearer .- New York

STATE AID FOR ROADS.

A Recognition That This Is the Solution of the Good Roads Problem.

The strongest impetus which the good roads movement has received in many years past was the passage by the New York legislature of the Higbie-Armstrong good roads bill, says the Chicago Times-Herald.

It is significant of the rapid growth of public sentiment in favor of state aid to highway construction that the opposition to the mes re could muster only 39 votes. \*\* - .his bill, which has become a law, se state appropriation for this year to expend for highway improvement will be \$50,000, which, it is estimated, will amount to 1 cent per \$1,000 of assessed valuation, or 21/2 cents on the average \$2,500 farm.

The size of each year's appropriation is fixed by the legislature, and as the good results of the law become more discernible and more generally recognized it is not improbable that public sentiment will demand in a few years a much larger appropriation. Under the provisions by which a county is authorized to apply for a portion of the good roads appropriation the law becomes a home rule measure. If the appropriation should be increased to \$1,000,000 in any year, the average tax on each \$2,500 farm would be only 50 cents, which seems a trifting expenditure considering the immeasurable benefits that accrue to agriculturists through good highways to the markets.

With such a notable example of what the state can do in the way of encouraging the construction of good highways afforded by her neighbor, New Jersey, the wonder is that New York did not inaugurate the state aid system long ago. Under the New Jersey law the state bears one-third the expense, the size of the appropriation being determined by the legislature. Under the stimulus of state aid nearly every county in the state is now building macadam roads, while there are already so many miles of stone roads in the state that it can be traversed in every direction without leaving them. Nineteen c the 21 counties of the state have this year made application for their shares of the appropriation.

The action of the New York legislature is gratifying recognition of the fact that state aid is the ultimate solution of the good roads problem.

CARE OF THE TEETH.

Important Points In Use of Toothbrush That Are Often Neglected.

It is but a little thing, says the hospital, yet on its proper use depends much of the happiness of modern man. Great cities arise at the points where | Why civilized teeth should be so rotten more complex than some would think. Many good mothers are content to put all toothache down to lollipops, but that sugar in itself is not responsible for bad teeth is proved by the splendid "ivories" often possessed by negroes, who practically live upon the sugar cane and thrive upon it, too, during the whole of the season when it is in ma-

Dental decay is common enough, however, among negroes in towns, and it seems clear that the caries of the teeth. which is so common among civilized races, is due not to any particular article of diet so much as to digestive and nutritive changes imposed upon us by our mode of life, and to some extent by the fact that by hook or crook we do somehow manage to live, notwithstanding our bad teeth, whereas in a state of nature the toothless man soon dies. Recognizing, then, that until the time arrives when some great social reformer either mends or ends our present social conditions, our teeth will tend to rot and that, whatever the predisposing causes, the final act in the production of caries is the lodgment of microbes on and around the teeth, we see that for long to come the toothbrush will be a necessity if the health is to be main-It is only by frequent use of this lit-

tle instrument that those minute accumulations can be removed which are the root of so much mischief. A few elementary lessons in bacteriology would, we fancy, greatly startle many people and certainly would show them the futility of trusting to one scrub a day. The fact is that if people, instead of looking at the toothbrush from an æsthetic point of view and scrubbing away with tooth powders (?) to make their front teeth white, would regard it | her in addition a little corn. merely as an aid to cleanliness, they would see that the time to use it is after meals and at night, not just in the morning only, when the debris left from the day before has been fermenting and brewing acid all night through. They would also see how insufficient an instrument the common toothbrush is unless it is used with considerable judg

One of the secondary advantages of spending a good deal of money on dentistry is that at least one learns the value of one's teeth. By the time we have got them dotted over with gold stoppings and gold crowns we learn to take care of them, even although that may involve the trouble of cleaning them more than once a day and using perhaps more than one brush for the

Suiting Both Parties.

Poor Wife (to husband, whose loud snoring keeps her awake)-Charlie, mix, divide into six powders. Give one Charlie, do stop snoring. Turn over on | in a feed of wheat bran every morning your side. (Nudges him).

turns on his side and continues to snore.

a line from an article called "How to dos aloes and a teaspoonful of ginger. Prevent Snoring." Gives her husband a second nudge, which elicits another grunt. "Oh, Charlie, it you'd keep your mouth shut, you'd be all right." Charlie (semiconscious)-So would you. - Louden Answers.

Good Sewing Machines from \$10 00 up at

If you want a good, honest sewing machine trade, see Randle.

By Its Provisions the State Will Aid 12 Highway Construction.

In spite of opposition, mostly from rural districts, the state of New York has placed a road law on the statute

NEW YORK'S ROAD LAW.

books. The measure is not mandatory. It carries no appropriation and there can be no cost to the state unless an item of \$50,000 or \$100,000 be placed in the supply bill to carry out the provisions for state aid. If no county in the state wants good roads, then even this appropriation will be returned to the treasury

In other words, the law will depend for its operation on the desire for good roads. If a county wishes to take advantage of its provisions, the law directs that the board of supervisors shall adopt a resolution asking the state engineer for plans and estimates on the work of constructing certain improved highways.

When they get this information, the supervisors are to adopt a final resolution declaring their intention of going on with the work. This done, the state engineer is authorized to take charge and build the highway. The state pays one-half the cost of the improved road, the county 35 per cent and the locality benefited 15 per cent.

The whole matter of acting under the law is left with each county to decide for itself. The only mandatory section of the bill is one providing that if a majority of the property owners along a highway petitions the supervisors for an estimate of what it would cost to improve that highway, then the supervisors must adopt a resolution asking such information of the state engineer. The second step is left permissive, and the supervisors can refuse to order the building of new roads.

The opposition to the bill meant simply that a considerable number of the farmers of New York do not know what a good road is, remarks the New York Times. If they did, they would not continue to believe that a dirt road made with a scraper was "good enough." Nothing is good enough for traffic that becomes a bog for several months in the year. In every community in which good roads have been introduced they have been found to more than repay the expenditure upon them, and no farmer who has used them would think of going back to the old system or want of system. A few sample miles of good road in every county would form an object lesson that would convert the community. Such an object lesson will be provided under the new law, and after that the cause of good reads will take care of itself.

### Fodder Corn For the Lambs.

Planta bit of fodder corn, none of the eweet kings, in readiness for the lambs by and by. It is food and cocl shelter for them. Plant in rows 30 inches apart and plant ten inches apart in the rows. By using the succeeding early kinds one may have fresh feeding all through the summer and up to frost.

Before the flock is turned out for the summer the feet should be put in the best condition. The sole should be pared and the toes clipped; otherwise there may be trouble with sore feet. - American Cultivator.

Live Stock Points.

We cannot commend too strongly to live stock breeders the planting of forage crops. If in the fall and early winter one has not plenty of clover to feed breeding ewes, the best substitute is a mixture of oats and field peas unthrashed. They bring on the winter lamb to perfection both before and after its birth. The peas supply nitrogen, which is the strong component of clover itself. An excellent way, perhaps the best way, to mix the peas and oats is to sow them together in the field, two bushels of oats and one pachel of peas to an acre. Cut and cure like hay.

Lambs very soon learn to eat. When you are hurrying them on for market, give them so soon as they begin to eat in addition to their mothers' milk a mixture of cornmeal, oats and bran. Put it in a crèep where the grown sheep cannot disturb it, but where the lambs can get it whenever they choose. It will bring them on amazingly.

A good grain food for a brood mare with a colt is a mixture of two-thirds wheat bran and one-third ground oats. Add two tablespoonfuls of linseed meal a day if the animal is constipated. Timothy hay goes with the above grain diet. If the mare is wanted for work, give

Hungarian grass makes an excellent food for horses and cattle. Sheep are also fond of it. Hungarian grass hay may be sown early in June. Its nutritive value is higher than that of timothy, but not equal to clover. Cut this grass and cure it as soon as the first brown begins to show upon the heads. This is important.

The most nutritious coarse food for horses is clover. It is, however, very bulky and a horse's stomach is comparatively small. The horse fed on clover hay must therefore have a liberal supply of cet to balance the ration, and give him enough to eat. With timothy hay wheat bran makes a good ration mixed with the cats.

Here is Dr. C. D. Smead's prescription for worms in a colt: Go to the druggist and have him put up for you the following: Tartar emetic one-half ounce, granulated sugar three ounces; for six mornings an hour before any Husband, only half awake, grunts, other food is given. After the last powder, before any food is given, give Wife has a happy idea. Remembers as a drench one-fourth ounce of Barba-

