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THE WAITING ANGEL.

A phantom boatman touches on our shore,
Hushed be our hearts, and sealed our lips in prayer;
We did not hear the dip of his light oar,
Yet know we he waits there.

No clanking chain, no beating of the wave,
No billow breaking 'gainst the rockbound shore;
He patient stands and whispers, "Oh, be brave!
Nor fear the surges' roar."

O dear beloved! thou must go alone,
Alone with this strange boatman, on the breast
Of that mysterious river—not e'en one
Who loves thee o'er its crest

May follow, and support thy wasted form,
Or help to steady thy white, tender feet
Down toward the brink of that swift stream unknown,
This Pilot pale to meet.

We speechless stay, so powerless to aid,
Though stretching empty hands into the dark,
To clasp thine own, yet know thou'rt unafraid
To enter this close bark

And buffet the cold waves of the wild deep,
Thou who wast ever fondly cherished here,
Lest sable grief should o'er thy spirit creep,
But cannot shield thee there.

From thy sick bed thou must depart alone;
Thy path inscrutable we may not see;
Nor canst thou tarry for our plaintive moan,
The Boatman waits for thee.

Alone! alone! out o'er the starless sea!
No one to hail thee crossing to yon side,
No voice to greet, till in eternity
Thy soul is glorified!

We dumbly sit and watch where thou hast lain,
All animate with Life's most precious wine,
To find a marble cast, chiseled by Pain—
But heaven and peace are thine.

—Chicago Tribune.

THE ROAD AGENT.

The four horse mud wagon, called by common consent a stage, which ran between Bokey's and Logtown, was crawling up the long grade which corkscrewed around to the summit of Pilot Knob. It was necessary to do this in order that a good preparatory start might be had for the succeeding rattling plunge down the other corkscrew road, which led to Logtown.

By the side of Black Pete, the driver, sat an eastern importation of the genuine "drummer." Pete rolled his tobacco into his cheek, snapped a fly off the ear of his leader and said:

"No, sir, I don't git no pay fer fightin, and I don't do no fightin for ther company. If ary galoot stops this hyer stage and peritely likeyasks for the cash box, he's a gwine ter get it. 'Taint no use, no ways, to fight them fellers; they always hev ther drap on ye."

"But," said the drummer, "were you ever robbed on this route?"

"Wal, no, but I've seed fellers loafing round heer ez I've thought mought do it some time or other."

"And if they did stop you, you would give them the express box and drive on, eh?"

"You bet! If ther express company wants to pertect ther box they must send a messenger along with it."

The stage crawled slowly up to the top of the hill, and Black Pete settled his foot firmly on the brake strap, and with a "Scat 'em, boys!" the sweating horses started to investigate the mysteries of the almost invisible road below them on a keen gallop.

Round and round the rapidly varying road the stage and passengers whirled, sometimes losing sight of the horses around the sharp turns and again slewing sharply outward toward the dangerous edge of the canyon, which yawned below them. The sun was down and the moon was painting weird shadows on the powdered dust of the grade.

It was just the time for the imagination to picture scenes of violence, robbery and blood. Suddenly the chaparral bushes by the roadside slightly parted, and a long, shining, black object was waved over them toward the stage. A shadowy figure rose in the moonlight among the bushes, and from behind a black veil, which smothered the voice somewhat, came the hoarse command:

"Stop! Stop!"

Black Pete hurriedly pushed his foot heavily down upon the brake, reached down into the bottom of the stage, pulled out the express box and threw it into the road, muttering:

"Cuss ye, take it!"

The restless horses immediately plunged away into the shadows of the forest.

"Wa—was that a highwayman?" gasped the drummer.

"In course it was," answered Pete. "Didn't yer see ther shooting iron? That goes a cool thousand dollars, as I knows now. You bet ther boys'll be out artet him tonight. I shouldn't wonder if that war old Bart himself. He's a cool one, he is. He always shoots his mouth off in some poetry. He leaves it in the box when he gets through with it. Didn't yer notice how level he held that thar shooting iron right toward me?"

The lights of Logtown now glistened below them, and a few turns of the corkscrew road brought the stage up to the hotel porch where it stopped with a loud "Whoa!" from Pete.

Not many minutes elapsed before the prophecy of Pete was realized, for as soon as the story of the bold robbery of Wells & Fargo's box was related a dozen or so ready miners volunteered to search the woods for the road agent. After half an hour's swearing and drinking over the matter they saddled their horses and started for the scene of the robbery.

* * * * * *

It was a little, cramped up, helter skelter mining town among the Sierras. One need not rise early in Scar's Hole to see the sun rise, for he will not see it if he does. Old Sol is never visible there until 10 in the morning. The rough, picturesque cabins, looking for all the world like dilapidated dice thrown at random from the box, were built deep down in a hole between the surrounding peaks. And yet they actually had a telephone connecting them with the outside world.

The denizens of Scar's Hole were not given to an indulgence in business communications with the great commercial centers, but their telephone was the means of preventing many of the inhabitants from spending the remainder of their early days at the insane asylum.

Such was their inborn detestation of any man who followed any pursuits which did not require active labor with his hands, and such was their chivalric devotion to the fair sex that the management of their part of the telephone was given to a young lady of the name of Frances Goldsmith.

On the afternoon of June 29, 1880, Miss Frank, as she was usually called, sat in the little telephone office waiting for the nightly crowd of manly gossipers to come to it. The little rocking chair in which she sat went humping to and fro noisily and nervously upon the pine floor, and the tiny slippered foot beat a nervous tattoo in unison with it.

"It's too bad," she cried, impetuously, "for Charlie to work down in that old hole in the ground all the winter, and then sell out for a paltry thousand. And he's doing it just so he can be married this summer;" and a pretty little wave of blood swept over the sweet neck and face. "He shan't do it. Charlie don't know anything about a mine, and he might have a little bonanza and not know it. Just hear the dear simpleton!"

MY PRECIOUS FRANK—Bonn is negotiating with me for my claim, and he offers me $1,000 cash. I have not yet accepted it, but I have about made up my mind that I had better do so. You know if I had that much cash I could have the face to ask you to hasten that long-hoped-for happy day. For your sake, darling, I believe it will be the best for me to take this offer. If I do you may look for me down early next week. Forever yours,

CHARLES MOTLEY.

"Hello, Frank," shouted a smothered voice close to her ear, "are you there yet?"

Frances jumped to her feet and ran to the telephone.

"Dear me, I left the receiver hanging down and they could not ring the bell."

She put it to her ear and shouted back through the transmitter:

"Yes, I'm here, what is it?"

"Don't you forget to send that thousand up on the stage tonight to Logtown. Tom says there's at least $10,000 in sight. Motley is a schoolmarm, and don't know it. Don't forget, now. Goodby."

Frank's pretty eyes and mouth spread wider and wider as those words came out of the wonderful little instrument.

"For goodness' sake! who is he talking to? Oh, yes! why, it must be to Frank Downey, the express agent at Bokey. They've been talking together and Downey has stopped and switched my end on. Motley is a schoolmarm, is he? There's $10,000 in sight, and Charlie doesn't know it, and the money is going up there on the stage from Bokey to-night. Oh, dear! what shall I do? I'll go up there. I will. It's only eight miles, and it's twenty from Bokey. It's 5 o'clock and the stage gets there at 9."

Frank was a California girl, and there was no perils to her on the eight mile trail to Logtown, and if there had been the star cast upon Charlie's fortunes and the eager desire to save that "$10,000 in sight" for him, would have been sufficient incentives to induce her to dare them, though she knew they awaited her. Running over to the postoffice she hurriedly engaged the young clerk to take care of the instrument for her and, dashing back to her room, soon appeared ready for the eight mile walk to Logtown.

The sun was yet very hot, although almost down behind the hills. The trail was steep and rocky; but Frank pushed on, muttering to herself, when she felt so tired she was tempted to sit down and rest—

"Charlie's a schoolmarm, is he? Ten thousand dollars in sight, and he doesn't know it, eh? Well, he shall know it and have all the credit of the discovery too—there, now!"

Up, up, down, down, around and around wound the mountain trail, and Frank wound with it, until tired, dusty, breathless, hoarse and almost crying she saw the county highway in the sombre moonlight just below her.

Just as she reached the roadside and was about to push through the chaparral which here reached to her shoulders she heard the rumbling stagecoach coming around the bend close to her. With the despairing resolve to go in at least with the stage if she could not before, she pushed her parasol through the bushes and waved it to the driver, shouting at the same time, hoarse from her excitement:

"Stop! Stop!"

But to her astonishment and dismay instead of stopping the driver reached down into the boot, and with a "Cuss yer, take it!" threw a heavy box into the road and, lashing his four-in-hand into a run, disappeared down the canyon.

Poor Frank crouched down into the chaparral in despair.

"Oh, dear! I haven't walked there and I've lost the stage, and poor Charlie—oh, dear me!"

The spirit of a genuine California girl is not easily overcome with despair, and Frank was a genuine California girl, and she was not to be beaten until she was. She got up, pulled her black veil tighter over her moist face and bravely started on again to Logtown. It was not far, and not a half hour elapsed before she saw the lights of the little camp scattered around in the canyon below her.

Breathless and panting she hurried on to the tavern. A great crowd of men were excitedly swearing and threatening on the porch. Some were in the street cinching saddles on to their horses, and in their midst stood Black Pete, the stage driver.

"Don't I know?" he was angrily shouting. "I tell yer twar only a mile back an ther cuss shoved his shooting iron right under my nose. Why didn't I run fer it? Thar war two ny'em thar, as sure as fightin."

Pretty soon, with a yell and a whoop, twenty men galloped up the road with a suggestive looking rope dangling from one of the saddles.

Poor Frank hastened to find Charlie. She found him sitting disconsolately on the back porch.

"Why, Frank, what in the world are you doing here?"

"Oh, Charlie, have you sold that mine yet? Am I too late?"

"Too late for what? Sold it? No; and I don't believe I can. That man Benn sent the money up by express, and a road agent got away with the stage tonight and the money went with it. I don't believe he'll risk another thousand on a played out mine."

"Oh, goodie!" cried Frank. "I've got here in time. Road agent! That is too rich! Oh, dear, I shall die!" Frank's voice ended in a high squeak of laughter.

"Frank, what is the matter? What do you know about the road agent?"

Frank was holding her sides in despair of stopping her irrepressible laughter.

"Road agent? There wasn't any road agent at all. I stopped the stage to get on, and the driver threw a box at me."

"What does this mean, Frank? Tell me. What were you doing on the road at this time of night, and all alone?"

It took a long time to get the story out, but she did, while Charlie stood with his mouth open wide enough to represent his played out claim with "$10,000 in sight."

No sooner had Frank told her story than he caught her in his arms with a wild shout.

"You little darling, you shall have every cent of it!"

About two hours afterward a file of

AN INTERESTING IMPERTINENCE.

One of the Foremost Attributes of the Typical New York Street Boy.

The genuine New York street arab is a general thing fears neither God nor man, barring the policeman. He is no more vicious than others of his kind in European cities, but probably his cheerful impertinence is carried further than any other brand of boy ever dared to carry it. An amusing illustration of this was observed the other day in Madison avenue. A long procession of well dressed young women were walking up the street with that regularity of step and line which indicates a boarding school class out for its daily "constitutional."

At the head was a graceful woman, a teacher with an air of command, who led the way; last of all came another teacher, a watchdog to intercept stray glances and keep an eye on all the line. The procession was moving gracefully, with Delsarte carriage, as pretty a picture of well trained, well nurtured, well watched young womanhood as one would wish to see.

Whether this was or was not the view taken of it by a gang of young "gutter snipes," whose ages probably ranged from eight to thirteen years, is hard to say. The motives of these lads are difficult to estimate from their actions. However, they all with one accord made a dash across the road for the procession, and with a chorus of "Ki-yi's!" squeals and whistles of various kinds, began to annoy it. Half a dozen marched at the head, fluttering their rags and tossing their heads in a mocking imitation of the young women and their finery. Others brought up the rear with a preposterous mincing step and shouted sarcastic remarks to those ahead, while two of the biggest boys ran up and down the line, counting the young women by touching each one's elbow.

The conduct of the girls under this trying ordeal was admirable. For a time they pretended to ignore it altogether. Their eyes kept straight ahead, and nothing but their blushing cheeks showed that they were aware of the ridiculous appearance their procession presented. But the boys were persistent. One tried to snatch an umbrella from the hand of a girl near the foot of the string, and the girl screamed and backed away from him, throwing those behind her out of line.

The teacher who brought up the rear could stand it no longer, she jumped for that boy like a cat for a mouse and gave him a box on the ear that rang out clear and loud. It made his head fly to one side, and quick as a shot her other hand caught the other ear and knocked his head back again, and the first hand was there to meet it, and for about one minute that boy's head wagged like a pendulum between two kid gloved hands in a way that surprised him greatly. Then she turned on the others, but they all fled up to the head of the line where the stately leader was still marching, seemingly unconcerned.

They had reached Forty-fifth street, and the rabble at the head passed the street and continued up Madison avenue. The leader of the girls, seeing her opportunity, turned sharply off into the street, and before the boys knew it they were out of the procession. Quickly turning around they ran back, but the line had gone on, and they found themselves facing the fighting teacher at the rear. In front they were treated with indifference, behind with ear warmers; on the whole, interest flagged in this particular spot, and the boys went off in search of a fruit peddler.—New York Tribune.

Hares as Pets.

Most schoolboys have kept tame rabbits by the dozen—singularly uninteresting pets when shut up all day in a box munching cabbage stalks—and generally turned over to younger sisters in favor of a terrier puppy after brief possession. Yet after the experience of tame hares so charmingly told by Cowper, the most domestic of poets, the hare is neglected as a pet. Yet its form and fur are beautiful, and so far as the writer has been able to judge of this, perhaps one of the least carefully observed, except for persecution, of our wild animals, the hare is a clever, affectionate creature, as far above the rabbit in the scale of intelligence as it is in physique.—London Spectator.

Unaccountable Delay.

In the days when the stage was still the prevailing mode of travel in the west, a traveler one day grew incensed at the slow progress made by the vehicle in which he was a passenger. Remonstrating with the stage driver, he said:

"What's the matter with the team this trip? We're going as slow as a New England prayer meeting. I was over this route ten years ago, and we went fast enough then."

"We do seem to be gittin a leetle less hump on oursel's than we did then, fur a fac' pard," said the driver; "but the why of it beats me. These here's the identical broncos we hed then."—J. P. Pollard in Harper's.

In future each soldier of the Belgian army will carry on his person a small bone disk, which will contain his name, birthplace and regimental number, so that the holder can be readily identified in case of accident or death.

Christians and Christ.

Christians have derived their name from Jesus Christ; it is a name which binds us. Being inheritors, then, of this name, let us imitate the virtue of him from whom we derive it.—St. Bernard.

Little Sins.

Let no man measure the smallness of his danger by the smallness of any sin, for the smaller the sin the greater may be the stratagem.—Christian Instructor.

Odd Uses of Sea Snails.

"Snails that live in the sea are useful for many more important purposes than most people imagine," said a naturalist to the writer. "Some of them, known as 'winkles,' are used to a great extent for food in England, being sold at street corners in the cities, where they are esteemed a great luxury by the poor. On the North Atlantic coast we have certain species of whelks which might be made to serve admirably for eating, affording a cheap and nutritious diet. Even in the waters of the far Arctic these gasteropods are found in great numbers, where they sometimes supply a means of subsistence to castaway whalers and other voyagers who would otherwise perish of starvation.

On the other hand, some univalves do a great deal of damage by destroying oysters in beds, drilling through the shells with their filelike tongues and sucking out the occupants of the houses into which they have thus forced an entrance. The conch, instead of drilling like the whelks, seizes the unfortunate bivalve with its powerful "foot" and crushes it, by the sheer exertion of muscular power, as one would smash an English walnut in the fist.—Washington Star.

The Dog in Egypt.

In Egypt the dog was a friend and faithful servant. He lived in the house with his master, followed him in his walks, attended the public ceremonies, sometimes free, at other times held in leash by a slave or child, or in princely families by a favorite dwarf. At his meals he had his place marked under the benches of the guests. As in Greece and Rome, he was there to dispose of bones, the fragments of meat and the pieces of bread that were thrown down, and in a general way to keep the dining room clean. These were certainly not very refined fashions, and if our house dogs had to satisfy themselves in this way they would be likely to die of hunger.

The ancients did not feel the delicate tastes and disgusts in such matters that we experience; their life presented excessive refinements and rude features of which we have no idea, side by side. The house dog in Egypt was a domestic, working at his trade, only his trade was one in which we have ceased to employ him; it may not have been a great thing that he was lost, but it is in the kitchen or his kennel that he finishes up his master's dessert.—Nature.

When the Spoon Was First Used.

The spoon came into use at a very ancient date, and as it is still found among savage tribes that have never come into contact with civilization, it is evident that its use was suggested by the needs of the most primitive beings and not by any instinct of cleanliness or propriety. It was preceded in the process of mechanical evolution by vessels for carrying water and by calabashes or dippers of some sort for dipping water from rivers or springs or handling other liquids.

The habit of conveying these larger receptacles to the mouth in eating and drinking probably suggested the spoon as more convenient for such uses. How long these two simple implements preceded the dawn of civilization no one can ever know, but it must have been more than 4,000 years after they came into use before the fork appeared on the tables of civilized Europe, after which nearly 100 years were required to render its usage general.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Adjutants and Live Rats.

At the stables of the house of a friend of mine the native servants used almost every night to catch live rats in traps. When the morning came the men used to carry the traps out on the open maidaun, attended by three or four adjutants, who knew very well what treat was in store for them. With our binoculars we could see from the house the poor rats let loose and dash off at their best pace toward the stables.

But a grim adjutant with his long strides and outstretched wings soon overtook the rat, tossed him in the air and swallowed him. Occasionally a very smart rat would double under the leading adjutant's legs; but the rat had little chance of escape, for if it evaded one pursuer it only ran into the mouth of another.—Longman's Magazine.

Old Money Dug Up.

The digging of a well in Suffolk was the means of bringing to the surface a jar containing 400 pieces of silver; while a man digging in a field in Scotland once came across an earthen pot filled with old English and Scottish silver coins. There was a tradition in the neighborhood that a considerable treasure in earthen jars was concealed in the vicinity, and as a similar find had been made, the people naturally concluded that there was some truth in the statement, and it led to a good deal of money seeking.—London Tit-Bits.

The Frigate Bird.

The majority of sailors on the Atlantic ocean religiously believe that the frigate bird can start at daybreak with the trade winds from the coast of Africa and roost the same night upon the American coast. Ornithologists say that under favorable conditions the frigate bird will make 200 miles an hour.—St. Louis Republic.

A New Chance.

Each day, each week, each month, each year is a new chance given to us by God. A new chance, a new leaf, a new life—this is the golden, the unspeakable gift which each new day offers to you.—Canon Farrar.

The Church Must Go.

"Yes, the church must go—go into all the world and carry the Gospel to every creature and conquer the nations for the Master."

HISTORY OF A RING.

Romance of a Jewel Owned by the Duke of Wellington's Brother's Bride.

A gentleman well known in business circles as a bold speculator is one of the regular customers of a well known money lender in this city, and his usual pledge is a ring, which the proprietor offered to show to the reporter.

The manager took the newspaper man to the outer room and, opening a mammoth safe, pulled out drawer after drawer full of jewelry, watches, chains, earrings and the thousand and one varieties of the jeweler's art, each with a tag attached and a number corresponding with the number opposite the name of the owner in the big book kept for that purpose. After selecting a little box the manager resumed his seat and said:

"This ring has a history and a romantic one. It has been pledged numberless times, and the owner would not sell it for any price on account of its history, which he has related to me minutely several times, and which I know to be authentic in every particular. I can give names, except in later generations, just as he has told me.

"Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, had two beautiful daughters, who went to England in 1794. One married the Duke of Leeds and the other Richard Wellesley, afterward the Duke of Wellington. At the marriage of the latter, which took place in the Castle of Dublin, the bride received this ring from Sir Arthur Wellesley.

"You will see the two figures painted by Nomar, a celebrated miniature painter of that date, are beautiful in design and execution, and the manner of the setting of the pearls and rubies to the eye of the connoisseur prove it to be genuine without doubt. This ring was won at Brussels the night before the battle of Waterloo at the party described in the well known poem of Byron, beginning—

There was a sound of revelry by night.

"To make a long story short, the ring descended, generally by will, through different members of the Carroll family until it came into the present owner's hands by gift from Letitia, the last of the Carrolls, now mother superior of a convent in Baltimore.

"Think of the bright eyes which have gazed upon this beautiful ring.

"All the people living at the time this ring was given to the beautiful bride in Dublin castle are no more. All the great armies of Wellington and all these mighty hosts which followed the war drums of his foe, the great Napoleon, have gone to the great beyond, while the bauble, just as bright, the colors of the paintings just as clear as ever, now reposes in the safe of a Boston money lender. From the Duke of Wellington to a pawnshop—does this not furnish food for thought?"—Boston Herald.

The Drill Sergeant.

An army officer at Fort Schuyler, N. Y., sends the following story of an Irish drill sergeant in the English army. A squad of newly enlisted men are paraded for his inspection and a preliminary drill. His little visorless forage cap is canted to one side as he struts up and down the line, tapping his leg gently with the inevitable cane or switch. At last he halts in front of an undersized, round shouldered victim, steps back a pace, places his arms akimbo and soliloquizes: "Well, what kind of a man wud it be that 'ud go and 'list a kangaroo for the army with a hoomp on his back like a dog scraping a pot? Shtip out here. Wud ye know yer facings? Right face! Ah, there ye go to the left, curse yer sowl; don't yez know yez right hand from the left? Which hand do ye bless yerself wid? Ye don't bless yerself, at all, eh? So ye are a heretic? Git back to the ranks!"—San Francisco Argonaut.

Some Foreign Coins.

The franc was formerly called livre (pound), though the connection with any special weight is not evident. The name of the German coin, mark, meaning a weight of eight ounces, was formerly in general use in Europe. The name of the Italian coin that corresponds with the franc (lira) also means pound. The coins in present use in Spain have their names from other sources.

The five peseta piece, which corresponds with the American dollar, is called escudo (shield). "Peseta," the name of the small coin representing the monetary standard, means simply "little piece." "Ruble" is from the word meaning "to cut," and was so called because originally the coin was made with an ornamental edge.—Chicago Tribune.

A Curious God.

Among the most extraordinary pieces of symbolism known to have been used by the early Asiatics was a figure of a donkey's head used as a representative of the deity. There is no doubt whatever that the same emblem was once used among the Hittites, the Egyptians and one or two other nations as a symbol of their Red God Sut. The superstition of the yellow donkey of India; the story of the swift ass of eastern Asia and the ass of Dionysius, and many other marvelous ass stories, are all survivals of that curious form of religious worship—the adoration of the ass' head.—St. Louis Republic.

Here and There.

The report of the secretary of the Iowa state board of agriculture shows the total value of the products of Iowa soil for 1891 to be $449,897,605. Of this amount over $100,000,000 is for corn.

New York state, with 20,500,000 pounds of hops, produced almost double the quantity of any other state.

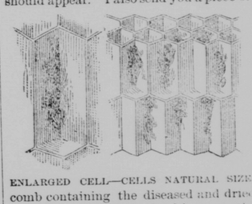
The largest broom corn market in Kansas and the third in the United States is at Sterling.

FOUL BROOD.

Illustrated Directions for Finding Out if the Combs Have Had It.

To be able to recognize promptly the combs that have once had the disease known as foul brood is an important matter indeed to the apiarian. To assist in this decision we here give a reprint of a sketch sent by a Michigan beekeeper to Gleanings in Bee Culture, with this letter:

"I send you a rough pencil sketch, giving something of my ideas of how it should appear. I also send you a piece of



ENLARGED CELL—CELLS NATURAL SIZE.

comb containing the diseased and dried up larvæ. To see the dead larvæ to the best advantage stand with your face toward the point of the compass where the sun is and hold the comb down in front of you, with what was the lower edge away from you, so that the sun lights up the upper side, and so that your sight strikes across it at an angle of 30 or 40 degs. This will make the presence of the disease very evident."

Following are comments made editorially on the foregoing letter by Mr Root:

In a former article Mr Taylor said "The dead brood is entirely dried up—mere scales, almost the color of the comb itself, lying fast to the lower sides of the cell and drawn back more or less from the opening." In the sample of comb sent there seemed to be a sort of residue a little darker in color than the comb itself, lying fast to the lower sides as explained. It is, perhaps, exaggerated a little bit in the engraving, but the purpose is to show about how it lies on the bottom sides of the cells, or what are the bottom sides when in the hive. It seems these scales are nothing but maturated masses of foul brood dried up, and which the bees are loath to clean up.

Measuring Hay in Bulk.

Hay, whether in mow or stack, differs so much in weight, compared with its bulk, that no rule can be given that will determine the number of tons with much accuracy by measurement. For example, it is variously estimated to require from 400 to 700 cubic feet for a ton, according to the kind of grass and the time since it was packed away. The solid contents of the body of hay are first found in cubic feet by arithmetical rules of measurement, which are then divided by the number supposed to be required for a ton. To find the cubic feet in a mow multiply the length, width and depth together. To find the cubic feet in a conical stack multiply the area of the base by one-third the perpendicular height. Another rule sometimes given is for long or square stacks; to multiply the length in yards by the width in yards and then by half the height in yards, and divide by 15. For circular stacks, multiply the square of the circumference in yards by four times the height in yards and divide by 100, the quotient by 15. In these cases fifteen cubic yards of well settled hay are supposed to make a ton.

A Porous Soil for Corn.

Professor Roberts in a paper on corn culture, read at the annual convention of New York dairymen, said:

A great point is gained in corn culture if the corn is planted while the ground is open and porous, allowing the heat to enter and warm the soil, thus starting the seed quickly and so get a start of the weeds. From five to ten days after planting the corn may be cultivated, and far closer to the row and far more rapidly than could be done after the corn has appeared above the ground. All cultivators should have many fine teeth, in order that the surface of the land may be fined and leveled. When moisture is somewhat deficient, cultivating with fine toothed implements is indispensable. Corn should be cultivated five times during the season and the last time as the corn begins to silk. The roots should be broken as little as possible, and every succeeding cultivation should be shallower and further from the row than the preceding one.

A Homemade Brooder.

A California woman tells in The Fanciers' Monthly how she is successfully raising some biddies from the time of hatching. She says: "At night I keep them in a box half full of chicken feathers, and for a cover I have a board to fit the box with strips of flannel tacked on the under side. Of course the box has holes bored in the sides for fresh air. My brooder takes the cake off of any old hen. My chicks, I am sure, wouldn't be any more comfortable under an old hen. When the sun comes out good I put them out doors in an old bathtub, the bottom of which is covered with gravel and shells, and I put their feathers out to air and then I warm them cover at night before I cover them. They were hatched on Oct. 22 and are growing finely."

Agricultural Brevities.

Paint the tools and they will last longer.

Irregular feeding makes an uneven fiber of wool.

Numbered with potatoes that are everywhere receiving commendation are the varieties Rural New Yorker No 2 and the Thorburn potato.

In pruning small orchards the thumb and finger were declared to be the best implements that could be used at the California State Horticultural society.

There are no disadvantages to be cited against obtaining seeds, trees, etc., from points considerably north of where the planting is done. We are not so certain that the reverse of this rule, in going toward the equator for planting stocks is equally true, says The American Gardening.

Seven Years' Experience with Silos.

John Gould, a progressive farmer, who is now feeding silage for the seventh winter, was asked not long since at a farmers' institute if he thought silos are losing ground in the public estimation. He replied that his seven years' experience warranted him in saying that he was most thoroughly convinced of the necessity for silage and instead of the system losing ground the silo was rapidly increasing its number of enthusiastic advocates in Ohio.