

**FISHING MAN'S LUCK.**  
Preparatory his pan with the greatest of care. While others were watching a wriggle, he was set down in the gray of the dawn. A fish in a bottle of ink.  
He thought of the sportsmen who fished there before.  
Immortal forever to be; He knew of the beauties which swim in its murk.  
And rigged up his tackle with glee.  
A silver sonnet flashed up from the deep And vanished away from his sight.  
A ballad and riddle each nibbled and went,  
But still he had never a bite.  
His rod nearly broke with a heavy blank verse.  
But fallers again was his fate,  
The side of the fellows who all get away I hesitate here to relate.  
The sun, marching up from the east to the west.  
Looked down on the angler distraught.  
Then sank to its rest while the poet quit work.  
And this is the minnow he caught.  
—McLandsburg H. Wilson, in N. Y. Sun.

## THE LITERARY PARTNERSHIP

By A. A. MILNE

THE story of Maud and Cecil is instructive. It shows the folly of getting into a groove.  
Cecil Havestone earned a precarious living by writing for the papers. Mostly he made his money with a certain sort of sentimental tale that one paper in particular was always glad to have. In this tale a lady and gentleman of good appearance talked agreeably about things, and at the fifteen hundredth word the gentleman proposed and was accepted. Cecil's chief difficulty was the finding of a different name for his hero each week. The heroine's name was always Ethel. (Cecil had once been flitted by a girl named Ethel; she was now doing penance in his stories, and those who would could read between the lines.) There was nothing brutally direct about these weekly offers of marriage; no blunt "I love you!" It needed an Ethel with two months' previous experience to understand that this really was a declaration. One week it would end:  
"And you?" said Clarence, with a word of meaning in his tone.  
"Ethel looked down.  
"I wonder what Jim will say," she murmured.  
Next week:  
"So—so I'm going to Brixton," he finished lamely.  
"Ethel raised her beautiful eyes to his.  
"Don't go, Reginald," she whispered.  
So Reginald stayed, and the proprietors of the Lamplight forwarded a check for \$10 to Mr. Cecil Havestone and begged him to present it within a fortnight. Which invariably he did.  
Now, Cecil had a cousin, Maud Arthur, who had a studio downtown. On one



CECIL LOOKED THROUGH THEM.  
sad and memorable day he went to see her. She gave him tea.  
"It's ripping of you to come," she said, "because I'm feeling humpy and miserable. I'm now going to bore you with my unhappy tale."  
"I've had a blow, too," said Cecil; "but you bore away first."  
"Well, I'm going to give up painting. It's too expensive."  
"But, my good Maud, what ever—"  
"I'm going to devote my undoubted genius exclusively to black and white work."  
"There's no opening for real genius," said Cecil, sententiously.  
"O, don't say that, Cecil dear; I read your stories in the Lamplight. Why is she always called Ethel?"  
"I once knew a girl called Ethel," began Cecil.  
"So that you know there is such a name, I see."  
"But you've read the last one, I'm afraid. The paper's gone smash. It was bound to come. No paper could stand the strain."  
"O, I am sorry. I suppose it's bunkered you."  
"It has. It was a regular \$10 weekly, you see."  
"Yes. Well, I've got an idea. Mr. Travers was saying that some magazines are glad to buy illustrated stories all complete. Let's go into partnership. There are two rooms below this that you might take, and we'll write and draw beautiful stories all day."  
After a little discussion the thing was arranged. A month later the partnership got to work.  
"Now," said Maud, "I've got a lot of drawings knocking about, and we might fit 'em in to some of your old stories. It's a pity to waste them."  
Cecil looked through them.  
"I say," he said, after a bit, "these are nearly all horses. Don't you draw anything else?"  
"Horses are my best subject," said Maud, glancing up from a bundle of his manuscript. "Do you only do this sort of dialogue thing? It's good, but—"  
"I don't wish to be rude," said Cecil, "but it seems to me that a true artist should be able to draw anything."  
"Pardon my plain spokenness," said Maud, "but if a man who calls himself an author can't write a horse story—"  
"Never yet," said Cecil, firmly, "has a story of mine so far demanded itself so to let a horse wander into it."  
"Can't you write an adventure tale?"

I can do a ripping charging rhinoceros. Do!"  
"I will not drag a charging rhinoceros into my stories,"  
"Cecil, dear!"  
"I don't know anything about rhinoceroses."  
"No, but I do."  
"Look here, Maud; surely you can draw a man in a frock coat and a girl in a Paris gown. That's all the illustrating my stories want; and it's all the public seems to want."  
"O, I can, of course. Only a lot of other people could do it much better. Whereas—"  
Cecil suddenly stopped at one of the drawings.  
"By jove!" he said. "I should think so. This is a charging rhinoceros, if you like."  
"There you are!" said Maud.  
"Yes," said Cecil, thoughtfully; "I wish I could write that sort of stories." Miss Arthur sat down on the floor and arranged her drawings and Cecil's stories at her feet.  
"Now," she began, "let's see what can be done by contrivance. If a girl who dresses entirely on the summer sales can't fix this up, then—"  
There was a dialogue of Cecil's in which Ronald, contrary to the usual custom of Ethel's young men, let the public into the secret of his intended proposal. Half way through the story it was made clear that the hero was trying to summon up his courage for the plunge. Maud pounced upon this.  
"This will do," she said.  
"How ever—?"  
"Why, yes. Ronald is palpably nervous about this proposal, isn't he?"  
"Well?"  
"Why, then, you've just got to put in two extra lines and the thing is done. Ronald, who, when hunting in East Africa, had faced a charging rhinoceros without the slightest qualm, now trembled uneasily at the thought of—"  
And so on. Picture of Ronald absolutely quailless facing charging rhinoceros. Underneath the words: "Hunting in East Africa, he had faced a charging rhinoceros."  
There could be only one end to this; and the constant reader of Cecil's stories will have no difficulty in guessing what the end was. When you live in the same house with a person; when you see her every day, have a fresh opportunity for admiring her cleverness and beauty; when you—but enough. After a dozen stories of his had been gladly accepted Cecil began to see that Ethel was a thing much of the past.  
"There!" said Maud one day, as she waved a check in the air, "what do you think of our partnership?"  
"It's been ripping," said Cecil; "let's renew it for a fresh term."  
"Right O! Six months, and a week's notice on either side!"  
He took her hand.  
"No," he said. "Forever, my dear."  
She raised her eyes to his.  
I don't know what the illustration could have been. Rather happily, an uncle of Cecil's died about that time and left him \$5,000. They honeymooned around the world.  
And now Cecil writes most desperate stories of adventure in the Rockies. Maud's illustrations are much admired. I'm inclined to think she is really best at grilles; in spite of that charging rhinoceros.

## UNEARTHING OIL IN KANSAS

**Farmer Made First Discovery, But Lacked Means to Put Ideas to Profit.**  
The first discovery of oil in Kansas was made by a farmer in Johnson county who lived near the old Santa Fe trail and found oil in a well on his farm and sold it to the freighters for wagon grease. The early settlers learned from the Indians these oil wells existed in different parts of the state, but little attention was given them. It required the financial remuneration from the Pennsylvania field to stir the pioneer elements to action in the undeveloped districts and to bring to the Kansas field men of capital and experience who would not be discouraged by a few dry holes. General attention was attracted to the Kansas field in 1873, when the Acres well was drilled at Iola, where enough gas was found to make it a commercial quantity and show that it existed in sufficient volume for fuel and lighting purposes. Prospecting was rapid all over the southeastern part of the state, with the result that in 1890 many towns were supplied wholly or in part with heat and light for domestic use.

## MENELIK'S PRIZE TOWN.

It is Composed Principally of Tents and Buds Quickly-Constructed Huts.  
Prof. Rosen, a member of the German mission to Abyssinia, writes: "The population of Adis-Abeba, which the Emperor Menelik has established on four narrow hills, is estimated at 80,000, but is probably much higher. Not more than about 1,000 of the inhabitants live in houses; all the rest use tents or huts, which are quickly and easily erected at any point that may be chosen. As the ground is generally open, the tents are surrounded by open grass land, and three deep, rocky gorges intersect the town, the whole has more the appearance of an improvised camp. Indolent men sit by thousands in front of their dirty huts and lazily watch the grazing mules; women, in dirty, flowing garments, wearily carry water from the muddy brook in heavy jars up the steep path leading from the bottom of the ravine. There are hardly a dozen shops; there is only one small inn. What strikes us as most wonderful and most inconvenient is the lack of any system of coinage; small amounts are paid with cartridges or sticks of rock salt."  
A Demand for Feathers.  
A London dealer in such wares last year received from India the skins of 6,000 birds of paradise to adorn the hats of the feather-wearing British women and to meet the export need. At the same time he got about half a million humming bird skins and an equal number of those of various other tropical birds. There is an auction room in London where such things are sold, and its recent record for a third of a year was close to a million skins, all told, coming mainly from the East and West Indies and Brazil.  
Beware of Them.  
No modern grass widow is inclined to run to hayseed.

## THE POOR HUSBAND

### AMERICAN MAN TOLLS THAT THE WIFE MAY PLAY.

Instances of Husbands Devoted to Invalid Wives—Most Loving Husbands Not Those Who Talk Most About Love—Uncomplaining Husbands Endure Lonely Summer Weeks, While Families Have an Outing.  
BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.  
(Copyright, 1905, by Joseph B. Bowles.)  
As everybody knows, a great deal of space is devoted to literature and in the daily press, to celebrating the virtues of wives. The wife is in the good angel of her home, and her tenderness, tact and self-denial can never be overpraised. But far too little is said in commendation of the continual self-sacrifice and unobtrusive goodness of husbands, and, particularly, of husbands in America. Here, if anywhere, is the married woman's paradise. She has more leisure, more freedom to go and come, and in many ways has more luxury in life than her husband dreams of having. American husbands toll steadily in the market place and make light of their labor, if only they can gratify the tastes and ambitions of their wives, and build for their children homes better than they themselves had in their childhood.  
The husband of an invalid wife is often eminent for patience and kindness, his strong, brave cheerfulness tiding her over periods of distress, and his ceaseless vigilance for her comfort never failing. We have had in this country the example of rare heroism and unstinted devotion shown by the martyred President McKinley, to his delicate and suffering wife. That assiduous care never varied. The utmost pressure of state affairs did not interfere with it, and in the last hour of mortal pain, his final thought was for her.  
In a city, not far from New York, a woman has been a prisoner upon her couch of pain for many weary years. She has been unable to turn herself in bed, or to use her poor, twisted hands in holding so much as the lightest book. Never once has the patience of her husband failed nor his indomitable courage, which has matched her fortitude, once lowered its crest. She has been surrounded by the most delicate attentions, musicians have been brought to her home, concerts have been planned there, flowers have bloomed for her, and all that wealth and love can do have been lavished to make her invalid condition endurable.  
In the same city, in a very humble home, a cobbler has stitched at his bench year by year, mending shoes and earning bread for himself and his wife, who has lain most of the time a helpless cripple in a little room just over his shop. The cheery German is a man of few words, but he has had the invincible patience of love just as McKinley had, and as his richer neighbor has.  
Robert Louis Stevenson gives an instance of devotion on the part of a husband which should put the man of whom it is told, high in the roll of saints. A young wife was taken suddenly and alarmingly ill, on a chilly September night. Her husband ran two miles to bring the doctor, and drenched with sweat returned with him at once in an open gig. On their arrival at the house the wife half unconsciously took and kept hold of her husband's hand. By the doctors' orders windows and doors were set open to create a thorough draught, and the patient was on no account to be disturbed. Thus, then, did the husband pass the whole of that night crouching on the floor in the draught and not daring to move lest he should wake the sleeper. He had never been very strong, energy had stood him instead of vigor, and the result of that night's exposure was flying rheumatism, varied by settled sciatica.  
The wisdom of this inviting disease may be doubted, but the self-forgetfulness that prompted it, was never outdone by the most unselfish woman and wife in the world.  
The most loving husbands are not those who talk most about love. A man's reliance often leads him to keep his affection very much in the background. Nevertheless it is there. I know a devoted pair, who have almost reached the hour of their golden wedding. No human being, neither the most intimate friend, nor the dearest of their children has ever heard the husband address his wife except in terms of formal courtesy. She observes an equal ceremony in talking to him before others. No one has ever seen anything like sentiment expressed by either. Yet no one suspects or could suspect, that there is between them anything save the most unvarying attachment. The wife's slightest wish is always gratified. The husband lives and has always lived for her alone, her happiness the essential theme of his thought. Needless to say, this couple did not learn their reticence under our sparkling skies. They were brought up in the hill country of Scotland, and the silence of the moors early stole into their souls.  
Before many weeks shall have passed thousands of American husbands will be facing solitary weeks. They are fast chained to business, and are fortunate if they can get away for a week or ten days, or a fortnight during the hot weather from the ledger or the shipping room. Their wives and their children will be sent to beautiful country places, to the sea beach, or the mountain side, with trunks full of dainty clothing, and every opportunity given to pass time in thorough recreation and enjoyment. For the wives there will be hours of some fancy work, of reading summer novels, of tennis, golf or driving; and for the husbands there will be long days of toil in a tropic temperature and a lonely house to go to at night, with meals picked up at restaurants, and every variation of discomfort.  
Men say little about it, but they feel acutely the loneliness of the summer weeks, when their families are away in the full heyday of diversion and pleasure. It is indeed a question for wives to consider whether they are justified

## TO AID TREE GROWTH

### BUREAU OF FORESTRY STUDYING MISSISSIPPI LANDS.

Cottonwoods Would Stand the Overflow and Their Value Increasing—Recommend More Conservative Lumbering—Fire Precautions.  
One of the investigations with which the bureau of forestry has been engaged recently is a study of the tree growth along the Mississippi river from Cairo, Ill., to New Orleans. Bordered the river is a strip of land about 15 miles wide on either side, which is subject to repeated overflows; consequently a large proportion of the area is unavailable for agriculture, notwithstanding the richness of the soil.  
Following the channel at a distance of from one-eighth of a mile to two miles from low-water line, levees have been erected to control the stream. Between the levees and the river there can be no question of cultivation because of the certainty of overflow, but the land easily serves to raise cottonwoods, since the trees do not object to the periodical high water. Behind the levees much of the land can be drained and cultivated. Other parts are too wet for field crops.

## A FASHIONABLE SLEEVE.

In This Day the Sleeve Makes the Dress and Should Be Cut After Prevailing Mode.  
Here is a new and very pretty sleeve, suitable for a smart dress, of some thin summer material. Below the puff is a straight band trimmed with three rows of insertion and a frill of lace that is carried up the



A PRETTY SLEEVE.

## HEALTH AND BEAUTY.

Eggs are easier to digest when slightly boiled than when eaten raw.  
Lettuce, celery, dandelions, cresses and similar salads are good nerve tonics.  
A person suffering from chronic rheumatism should avoid dried fish, cooked oysters, pork, veal and turkey.  
The sufferer from dyspepsia will find turpentine, spinach, cresses, salad, celery, sorrel, lettuce, dandelions, ripe peaches and roasted apples on his bill of fare.  
Our grandmothers used buttermilk for removing freckles and probably worked less harm with it than many modern dames do with things less simple. It is doubtful whether buttermilk will remove freckles; but it is helpful in preventing their appearance. It should be quite fresh; and for lack of observing this important fact many would-be gainers of beauty have acquired pimples.  
The women of the far east are so noted for their grace of carriage that our writer has said that they carry themselves like the figure of an antique frieze, as they walk along with a stately stride, bearing on their heads baskets or jars of butter and eggs, or other home produce. There is a lesson in this example of the women of the orient and it lies in the fact that they walk with straight figure and uplifted head.  
To make glycerin jelly equal to that sold and quite pure, dissolve a one-ounce packet of table gelatin in a little water; then whisk it into a pint of glycerin. Pour into pots. If too stiff add more glycerin. An ounce packet of gelatin stirred into four ounces of glycerin will cause the gelatin to set like a stiff glue. This cut into squares, is excellent to use in throat troubles. A tin of condensed milk, four ounces of glycerin, two ounces of honey and half a pint of sugar make a honey-scented, nice to take and very nutritious. If a laxative is required, two teaspoonsful of glycerin swallowed warm at intervals of an hour are what is needed. As a cure for indigestion a teaspoonful of glycerin after meals is valuable.  
Why She Missed "Rastus."  
The conversation turned on the divorcee, when a white-haired woman from Virginia told the following story of an old black mammy whose husband had died. Meeting her one day shortly after her bereavement, the lady asked:  
"Well, mammy, you miss 'Rastus,' I suppose?"  
"Oh, honey, I done miss him dreadful. You see, Miss Cammy, honey, we's libbed tuggeduh so long we done get seasoned tuh each udduh."—N. Y. Times.  
Japanese Lacquer.  
A piece of genuine Japanese lacquer takes the artist almost a lifetime to perfect, and is produced by hundreds of thousands of lacquer laid on at considerable intervals of time, the value depending rather on the labor bestowed than on the quality of the material used. First-class lacquer work can scarcely be scratched by a needle.  
For Shiny Nose.  
Bathe it frequently with diluted cologne. Regulating the diet will make the complexion less oily. Avoid pastries, fatty foods and stimulating, spicy foods. Eat all the crisp green vegetables you can. The scaly condition of the cuticle can be entirely done away with by the use of a good cold cream.

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SWAMP TIMBER ALONG THE MISSISSIPPI.

and there is a dense and valuable forest is found, composed of ash, oak, hickory, cypress, gum and cottonwood.  
The opportunity which the bureau of forestry finds in this: On the narrow strip inside the levees cottonwood can be grown with almost no care and harvested when the trees are from 35 to 40 years old. This wood now has a recognized place in the market for the manufacture of boxes, for furniture backs, washboards, etc. One company alone uses 60,000,000 board feet a year for making washboards.  
Behind the levees much of the land will undoubtedly be reclaimed for agriculture, but until that should be done the opportunity to maintain a forest of valuable trees is too good to be lost. In this forest white ash is the most important species, both because it grows more rapidly than oak and some other woods, and because it is in constant demand and can be used in small sizes. The ash has been pretty well cut out of this forest, even to trees as small as six inches in diameter. This is wasteful, and the bureau recommends the application of more conservative lumbering to these lands. This simply means that the mature trees of all species shall be logged carefully, and that in taking them out the young, immature trees, especially those of ash and hickory, of which there is also a small quantity, shall be carefully preserved and left to grow until they reach merchantable size, or a diameter of about 20 inches. If this is done, the owners of the land can count on a second crop of valuable timber before the land may be required for farming.

Of course, under such a system of management the forest must be protected from fire. The practice now is to burn out the undergrowth periodically. That destroys all the small trees. Forest management and fire cannot exist together, but there appears to be no necessity for setting these fires, and since the ground is nearly always moist, there is little danger of their being started accidentally.  
The whole question of the profitable management of these forest lands lies within the control of the owners. Instead of reaping one harvest, as they now do, it will be almost as easy to secure successive crops so long as the land remains unavailable for farming. When that time comes the forest must give way permanently.

## DAIRY AND STOCK.

Keep an account with the pigs. The cost of production tells the story of your profit.  
While the colts runs with the dam have him well halter-broken, and the first time he is taken alone from the pasture, call him by his name and give him a little grain. Never disappoint him afterward. Try it.  
Take especial pains never to allow any food to remain in the hog troughs. When any is left there, better sweep it out and wash the troughs with water to rid them of any possible sources or filth that may have gotten in from the hogs' feet.  
Poor fences will turn the sheep, from being the farmer's best friend into the most miserable nuisance. When sheep once get into the habit of crawling through or over a fence, they will cause no end of trouble, and they might as well be turned off first as last. It is getting to be quite the fashion, nowadays, for farmers to seek for hogs which can make a good record on the road as well as do a good day's work on the farm. Not all breeds can be thus used. The fast horse is not very apt to be a steady work animal. There are breeds, however, which have both these qualities. When we find such a horse we have a jewel.—Farm Journal.  
Intensive Dairying.  
In the vicinity of great cities intensive dairying must be followed. The cows must be kept in large numbers on small areas, and the product of these cows must be disposed of at a higher price than is obtainable for butter. The location must to a considerable degree determine the phase of dairying that is to receive the most attention. Cream selling is one of these phases that is most accentuated on high priced land near cities.

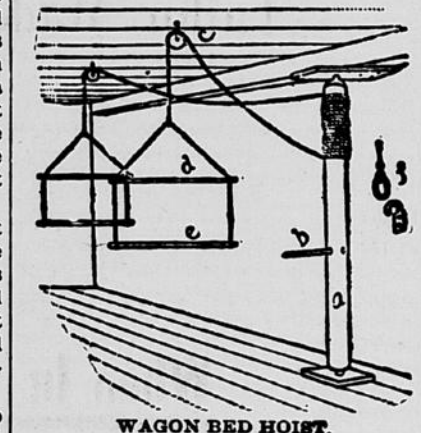
## AGRICULTURAL PLANTS

### PRACTICAL ROAD BUILDING.

The subject is being given consideration at Ohio State University.  
The question of improving public highways is one of general interest in Ohio at the present time. The numerous bills introduced in the last legislature for the improvement of public roads showed plainly that it is becoming a generally recognized fact that one of the most important questions for the state is to provide better public highways.  
The national government has recognized the importance of this subject and in the department of agriculture has established an office of public road inquiry, of which Hon. Martin Dodge, of Ohio, is director. Limited appropriations have been made to this office to assist in building "object lesson" roads in different parts of the country. Last summer an application was made by the Ohio state university for an object lesson road to be built upon its campus. The application was granted and a piece of road, 835 feet long and 18 feet wide, has just been completed. The piece of road chosen for this purpose lies south of Twuwsenhall hall and is an extension of Neil avenue. It was the worst piece of road on the campus, being built largely of cinders. All of the coal for the central heating plant of the university has been hauled over this road for several years; the coal used for this purpose each year amounts to 10,000 tons and the hauling is done with three and four-horse teams, hauling from five to seven-ton loads.  
One of the chief objects of the agricultural department in building these object lesson roads over the country is to show the kind of road which can be built with the material to be found in the vicinity in which the road is built. Mr. Jay F. Brown, special agent of the office of public road inquiry, was placed in charge of the work on the university campus. After a careful investigation of the road material in the vicinity of Columbus, he decided to build the road of crushed granite field boulders. Most of the macadam roads about Columbus have been built from the Columbus limestone, which is a rather soft limestone and will not stand the wear of heavy traffic. In the summer it becomes dusty and in the winter muddy, and ruts are soon cut into such a road.  
The terms on which the government cooperates in building these roads are that the parties for whom the road is built shall furnish the material and common labor, and the government furnishes the machinery and skilled labor. The road on the university campus was built as follows:  
It was excavated nine inches deep and 18 feet wide and the grade, which was 7 1/2 per cent. in the steepest part, was cut to four per cent. It was then filled in four inches with broken brick and stone from the remains of the chemical building, which was burned on the university campus last winter. This was packed down with a 13-ton road roller. Upon this was placed five inches of crushed granite boulders, crushed in three different grades with a stone crusher. The largest size of these crushed boulders would pass through a ring two and a half to three inches in diameter. These were packed down with the road roller and then covered with sand to fill the crevices, and again rolled.  
Upon this was placed the second-grade of crushed boulders, which ran from one inch to one and a half inches in diameter. This was sprinkled with a street sprinkler and again rolled and then the finest grade, none of which was over one-half inch in diameter, was used for surfacing, and after being sprinkled and rolled, made a hard, smooth surface. It took 485 tons of crushed boulders to build 750 feet of road, and the balance of the road, 85 feet, was built of limestone so as to give a comparative test of the two materials side by side in the same road. It cost \$1.90 per ton for these crushed boulders delivered from the stone crusher on the road. The entire cost of the 835 feet was \$1,625, or 97 cents per square yard. Where the supply of boulders is more plentiful, of course the road could be built much cheaper, as the largest expense was in the cost of the boulders. The road was built under the supervision of George L. Cooley, of the department of agriculture, and is one of the few model roads which have been built in Ohio.—H. C. Price, dean of the Ohio College of Agriculture.  
FARM NOTES.  
While it is always an item to feed well, young pigs may easily be stunted by overfeeding.  
Alfalfa seed weighs 60 pounds to the bushel. For a hay crop, sow 20 to 30 pounds of seed per acre. For a crop of seed, sow 14 to 18 per acre.  
Ground your wire-fences with a wire and iron rod so lightning will go down easily. Thousands of dollars' worth of stock are electrocuted every summer by these wire-fences.  
A well-known writer expresses the opinion that animals are born with tough or tender flesh, and that no amount of feeding or care will change it. What do you think about it?

## GETTING RID OF STONES.

It Is Possible That to Do So Is Not Always the Most Profitable Proposition.  
It is told of a Scotch farmer, who had just rented a new farm, that he hired a host of workers and cleared his fields of millions of stones in readiness for his first grain crops. Instead of benefiting the land the loss of the stones actually spoiled the crop, and next season the stones were carefully returned to the land with good results. We cannot vouch for the accuracy of this story, but it serves to bring up the question whether it always pays to rid land of stones. There are instances in which we feel sure that it does not pay.  
The other day we passed a big plowed field in Wisconsin where the farmer had used the harrows and was then busily engaged with a hired hand in collecting and hauling off round stones of the cobblestone type that were everywhere to be seen lying upon the newly turned surface, says A. S. Alexander, in Farmers' Review. The land was rolling and as the train passed through a cut we saw that the field being operated upon was really a deep bed of coarse gravelly clay. The entire depth of soil was composed of stones and clay, so that removal of one layer of surface stones could not possibly benefit the surface soil condition for any great length of time. Each plowing and harrowing followed by rains would be sure to bring as many stones to the surface as were there before, and one might keep clearing off each year for a generation without removing them all or doing any great amount of good. The work of stone gathering and removal was in this case to our mind a waste of labor and money, and it is questioned if the stones by gradual disintegration or weathering do not produce the plant food upon which crops feed.  
On bowlder clay, where the stones are very large and comparatively scarce, it certainly pays to get rid of them by use of dynamite or other means. Such rocks are of little value and are a nuisance to the plowman or when mowing or harvesting, and should be hauled out to the fence line as soon as they can be dislodged. Where the land is naturally stony its fertility is liable to be associated with the presence of stones and their removal may prove detrimental, although work may be facilitated for a time by their absence. The subject is of some interest and we would like to have the experience of men who have made it their practice each spring to get rid of as many surface stones as possible upon land that is naturally filled with them.  
A SIMPLE WAGON BED HOIST  
Simple Arrangement for Lifting the Wagon Bed from Running Gear—One Man Can Operate Device.  
A simple arrangement for removing the bed or ladders from a wagon may be made as shown in the cut. To the joint of loft attach two pulleys, (c). Through each of these pass a half-inch rope, one end of which is connected with a stretcher made of two cross bars, (d and e). The other end of each rope is passed around the windlass (a), and fastened. When the wagon is driven into the shed, the slings are slipped over the ends of the box and the windlass revolved by means of a lever (b), drawing the box upward and out of the way. For ladders or racks of any sort in place of the cross bar (e) attach a ring like f to the end of each rope, which can be fastened by hook to the frame. The windlass (a) should be about six inches in diameter and pierced at a convenient height with four holes for the levers.—B. M. Scully, Clay county, Arkansas, in Farm and Home.



WAGON BED HOIST.