BUSINESS NOTICE.

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Yearly, or season advertisements, are taken at the rate of $5.00 an inch per year. The matter, if space is secured by the year, or season, may be changed under arrangement made therefor with the publisher.

The "Miramichi Advance" having its large circulation distributed principally in the Counties of Kent, Northumberland, Gloucester and Restigouche, New Brunswick, and in Bonaventure and Gaspe, Quebec, in communities engaged in Lumbering, Fishing and Agricultural pursuits, offers superior inducements to advertisers. Address,

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Board Works Jan 1 01

MIRAMICHI ADVANCE

Vol. 28. No. 45 — CHATHAM, NEW BRUNSWICK, SEPTEMBER 17, 1903 — D. G. SMITH, PROPRIETOR
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Strange Affair at Belmont Row

I.

Only in London, said Jopling, I suppose, could such a thing happen—and in London even, I believe, only to me. I didn't know whether to laugh or cry over it. At the time, by Jove! it was too serious to do either. One house in a row is very like another, and in Belmont Row especially. Fifty-one is just as much like fifty-three as two peas. Even in ordinary time—that is in daylight—I can only tell the difference by seeing the number. And that night it was a little dark.

My wife and my sister-in-law had gone to a sort of party at the doctor's. I pretended I had a violent headache and wanted to go to bed early; and after they were safely off the premises, I slipped out, and Jenkinson and myself had a quiet chat and a pint of draughts at the Bird-in-Hand.

I was hoping to get home before my wife, and I was lucky, for she was not in. I was a little afraid to light the gas, because I had told her I was going to bed early, and I thought it might hurt her feelings if she saw the gas lighted when she returned. So I took off my clothes in the dark, and tumbled in.

Presently I heard them come in, and lock the door below, and come quietly upstairs. I thought it best to pretend to be asleep, and I really was half asleep. But when the door of my room opened I heard a shriek, and a loud cry: "There's a man there!"

I sat up and saw a man and a woman hurrying away from the room, and to my surprise I recognised Mr. and Mrs. Billbank.

The whole thing passed through my mind in an instant. I had come into the wrong house.

If I had stopped at a moment to think it would have been all right, but I didn't. I was marked for ill-luck that night. I sprang out of bed and rushed downstairs, frightening the wits out of the Billbanks. It was too dark to see who I was, but they could see I wasn't in evening dress. I rushed down to the front door, but they had locked and bolted it on coming in, and there was no time to be lost, especially as they were shouting at the top of their voices and rousing up the whole house.

I might have had a shot for the back door, but that was too risky. It was certain to be locked, and it would have been awful to be caught like that—with lights brought down, and the whole house staring at me.

No. I was in for it now, so neck or nothing, said I, and rushed upstairs again, almost frightening the life out of the Billbanks. I had the idea of dashing into the room, locking the door, putting on my clothes, and leaping out of the window. It was only the first floor, and if I did not fall into the area, I was pretty safe to get away. But there was no chance. The Billbanks had rushed into their room as they saw me coming, locked the door, and began yelling, "Murder! Murder!! Murder!!!"

There was nothing for it. Up the next landing I rushed. A door was slammed in my face at the top of the stairs. There was another door a little further to the right, and from behind that came two women's shrill voices yelling "Murder!" So I passed on, and, turning an angle, found myself at another door. It seemed quiet.

I turned the handle, and found a small, dark lumber-room or box-room, with only one very small window, not a skylight, but a window opening on to the parapet.

This was a haven of refuge—for a time, at least. So I took possession, locked the door, and piled up the furniture as a sort of barricade. This gave me some time to think. In rummaging round I came across some worn-out trousers, a waistcoat, and a dilapidated pair of carpet slippers. I never felt so thankful in my life! If the worst came to the worst I would, at any rate, be able to face the world. In fact, I was so overjoyed that I was thinking of yelling out who I was, and coming forth. But the thing had become too ridiculous, especially as I heard the sound of policemen's voices, and presently a heavy tramping on the stairs.

I felt sure the barricade would hold some time. I crept out through the window—it was a fearful squeeze for they say I am getting stout lately—and had made up my mind to creep over the tiles to 51, and escape that way.

I crept along the parapet, and could hear the policemen thundering at the door, and to my horror I found that a little coping of separation between 53 and 51 ran out beyond the parapet. There was no hope that way, and I thought I was done for, when just at that most hopeless moment there loomed up a better chance than ever.

The whole crowd had followed the policeman to the end of the passage, and they were now ramming the barricaded door. Consequently, the first room I had passed at the head of the stairs was empty, and it occurred to me to slip through the window of that room and quietly make my way downstairs again, and so out through the back door.

Oh, it was a lucky thought!

I did it very quietly, and had arrived near the first floor when, to my horror again, I saw another policeman coming up. He saw me, too so, putting on a look of fuss and excitement and, at the same time, familiarity, I boldly approached. "He's there yet!" I whispered. "But as soon as the door is forced open I'm afraid he might make a dash for it, and get past, so I want to get his clothes and take them down into the basement."

The policeman, a sturdy young fellow, replied:

"He won't get past me!" And let me go!

That hint about the clothes was a happy one, for I had all along been haunted by the idea that even if I did get away over the roof, still there would be the plain evidence of my clothes, marked with my name. Therefore, once more it was neck or nothing. There was no time to change clothes, so I rapidly bundled up my own garments, and then, nodding and lauging to the policeman, while we could still hear the thunderings of the battering ram upstairs, I slipped downstairs, opened the back door, locked it after me, found myself in the backyard, ran with surprising nimbleness, and leaped and scrambled over the wall.

Oh, what a relief! I still had hopes of slipping in quietly. I met my wife upon the stairs. The thing had gone beyond deception, and when she saw me there, carrying a bundle in my hands and dressed in that extraordinary rig, she looked at me in such a fashion that I felt like a schoolboy caught stealing jam. She took me into the room, and made me confess all.

II.

Well, next day, after I had come home from my office, the Billbanks called in. They were never very friendly before, but this was an occasion, and they wanted to gossip, and all the rest of it. I could have sat down and laughed till my sides ached to hear their account of the "Strange Affair." Mrs. Billbank swore she saw a big knife in my hand. "No, not a carving-knife—bigger! More like a butcher's knife!"

She shuddered.

"Perhaps some drunken man?" said my wife. It was a vicious cut.

"Oh, no!" said Billbank. "The police know him! The head constable told me that they have been on his track for a long time, and on several occasions just missed catching him."

"But how did he get away," I ventured to ask. In spite of myself there was a quaver in my voice, and I felt my wife's eye upon me.

"Get away! That will tell you what a desperate character he was. The policeman who was stationed at the first-floor says he saw him leap from the roof out into the back yard a height of fifty feet! It's a mercy we are not all murdered!!"

"But," said Mr. Billbank, with the air of a man who reserves the tit-bit for the last, "What do you think? He had not a stitch of clothes on! No, not a stitch. Not a stitch! Did he, dear?"

Mrs. Billbank blushed and stammered, and muttered that it was "dreadful!"

"And what's proof—there was no trace of anything belonging to him, about the house, and he stole a suit of clothes out of the wardrobe!"

I suppose you think the story is finished. Oh, what would I not have given at one time if it had been! The clothes remained. They were on my hand all next day in my room at Somerset House. How to get rid of them? You think it very easy, do you? Well, try, that's all. Try, for once!

We could not put them in the sink. We could not put D. in the window, and have them taken away by the dustman. We could not burn them, on account of the smell.

No, sir. There was only one way. To take them out and leave them somewhere. But to take them out in what? It would look very odd if I were to take a parcel under my arm, or even a carpet-bag. The only thing was to get a Gladstone bag, especially as I rather wanted one at the time. I could take them away in that, and empty them out at some quiet corner. I got a small bag—twenty-five shillings, second-hand. And after my wife had reconnoitred for a quarter of an hour, I sallied out.

Yes; it is all very well. Get a quiet place; empty them out! Find your quiet place for a man to walk with a bag in his hand in these days of Anarchists! Find it, that's all! I was nearly right once in Queen's Square, but, just in time, I perceived a policeman approaching with his eye on me. Then, again, I nearly had a chance at Waterloo Bridge to throw the whole thing into the Thames. But there was a water-policeman there, and visions of arrest for supposed infanticide flashed through my harassed brain. I made the tour of the Inner Circle, hoping to get a carriage to myself; but, no, someone always came in.

Once I thought I was clear. I had left the parcel in the waiting-room at Hammersmith, having purchased a ticket for Ealing. I waited till the train had started, and then rushed out and got into a first-class carriage, leaving the hideous bag behind. Out rushed a porter immediately afterwards. I tried to wave him off; that it was too late; that I was going to return for it! But the guard swung out, caught the handle of the bag, and kept if for me. He brought it to me at Turnham Green, and I tipped him sixpence!

Then came a fearful interval. It is right enough for a man to carry a small bag in his hand as long as trains are running. He may have either just arrived by train, or he may be going to catch one.

But when there are no trains.

I walked right along Uxbridge Road, down Oxford Street, Holborn, right down to Commercial Road, Whitechapel, and every policeman I saw looking more and more suspicious, some even following me a little way; and if they suggested peeping into my bag, a nice tale I should have to tell. No. The whole thing would be out. It was too terrible. There was no turning back, for why should a man with a bag go some distance one way and then retrace his steps? On, on, on I walked! I shall never forget it. I had walked at least twenty odd miles already, and was now fit to drop, for I had never walked more than half a mile at a stretch for years.

An idea came to me—to call a hansom and drive about, either in the same hansom or no changing hansoms, until daybreak. The driver might be suspicious, and think me queer. But, after all, it was not incriminating; and, if I paid him well, what matter to him?

I spent 15s. 6 d. in this way, and then at daybreak resorted to the railway trick. Finally I succeeded out at Slough.

It was too late to go to the office that morning, so the only thing to do was to call in the doctor and get sick-leave. I entreated him to give me a certificate for a day.

"For a day?" he cried. "Good heavens, Jopling! What have you been doing with yourself? That office is killing you! You must go to the seaside at once for a month!"

I did. Before I went my wife said that it was no use taking my latch-key with me. And whenever I think of asking her for it again the memory of that fearful night crops up, and my heart fails me.—London Answers.

GREENWICH TIME.

Nearly all Countries Employ the Meridian of Greenwich.

In Great Britain and in the United States geographers reckon longitude from the meridian of the Royal Observatory of Greenwich, England. The meridian of Washington was formerly used in the United States. Germans reckon generally from Ferro in the Canaries, as the dividing line between the eastern and western hemispheres; although modern German scientists and the mariners of nearly all countries employ the meridian of Greenwich. In other countries geographers often reckon from the meridian of their capital, as the French from Paris.

The astronomical observatory at Greenwich was opened in July, 1676. Before its establishment serious errors in the astronomical tablets of the period impeded navigation by the difficulty of determining a ship's course at sea; and it was found necessary to establish some more accurate process than that of the "dead reckoning" then in use.

King Charles II. appointed an astronomer named Flamsteed as "Astronomical Observator," his mission being to "rectify the tables of the motions of the heavens and the places of fixed stars," so as to find out the longitude of places, for the purpose of perfecting the art of navigation.

Greenwich Hill, on the Thames River near London, was the site determined upon for an observatory. Flamsteed immediately began his work, and collected an enormous mass of observations which furnished the first trustworthy catalogue of the fixed stars. Sir Isaac Newton in developing his theory of the law of gravitation depended upon Flamsteed's lunar observations.

There are various ways of finding longitude, the problem being that of comparing the time at the place in question with that of the prime meridian. On shore the most accurate method is to compare the time of the two places by means of the electric telegraph, while at Sea, the local time being determined by observation of some celestial object, it is compared with Greenwich time, as shown by a chronometer carefully set and regulated before sailing.

KNOWLEDGE IN PLANTS.

Said to Have Traits Found in Human Beings.

That plants have intelligence is maintained by Prof. Shaler of Harvard university. After discussing the automata, he says in a thesis:

"We may accept as true the statement that our higher intelligence is but the illuminated summit of man's nature, and extend it by the observation that intelligence is normally unconscious, and appears as conscious only after infancy, in our waking hours, and not always then."

In summing up he uses the following:

"Looking toward the organic world in the manner above suggested, seeing that an unprejudiced view of life affords no warrant for the notion that automata anywhere exist, tracing as we may down to the lowest grade of the animal series what is fair evidence of actions which we have to believe to be guided by some form of intelligence, seeing there is reason to conclude plants are derived from the same primitive stock as animals, we are in no condition to say intelligence cannot exist among them. In fact, all we can discern supports the view that throughout the organic realm the intelligence that finds its fullest expression in man is everywhere at work."

SHOE SOAP.

Shoe soap is the new thing in soaps. It brings old shoes back to life. The new article is being made in Philadelphia. This shoe soap, will, it is claimed, restore old leather and enhance the finish of new stock. This soap comes in round cakes. For use a cake is placed in a metal cup in order to receive the water. Then a stiff brush is rubbed upon it and the brush is then applied to the shoe. For the first application to a shoe more of the soap is needed than for subsequent applications, unless, of course, the shoe gets muddy. The shoe is rubbed with the brush and then with a cloth, giving it a high degree of polish.

Truth is not a dress-suit consecrated to special occasions; it is the strong, well-woven, durable home-spun for daily living.

WORLD'S BIGGEST FARM

RUSSIA AND ITS EIGHTY MILLION OF FARMERS.

Village Owns Millions of Acres and Nobles Control Large Areas.

This Russian Empire is the biggest farm on earth, writes Frank G. Carpenter to the Chicago Inter-ocean. It includes one-sixth of all the land upon the globe, and there are millions of acres which have not been touched by the plough. Here in European Russia there are more than eighty million farmers actively engaged in tilling the soil, and that with tools almost as rude as those used in the days of the Scriptures. I wish I could show you some of them. The Russian plough is little more than a wooden stick. The sokha, used chiefly in the Black Earth Zone, has two iron shares, but no point, and in other places heavy two-wheeled wooden ploughs are used. In Western Russia, Poland and about Odessa there are many iron ploughs, but nowhere do I see modern implements.

Other tools are even worse. Many of the harrows have wooden teeth, and the old spiked tooth iron harrow is rare. Most of the grain is sowed broadcast by hand, and it is only along the Volga and in the far south that you will find modern drills.

Russia is one of the great grain producers of the world. In Europe alone it has a yearly crop of about two billion bushels—chiefly rye, oats, wheat and corn. The biggest item is rye, which forms the bread of the people. The average yield of this is 735 million bushels, and a large part of it is exported to Germany to make rye bread for the soldiers. In wheat Russia ranks next to the United States in the markets of Europe. It produces 300 or 400 million bushels, and the barley yields more than 200 million bushels. This mighty crop has to be threshed, and at present a large part of it is hulled out by hand or foot. There are millions of bushels threshed out by flails, other millions are trodden out with horses and cattle, and a vast quantity is threshed by driving carts over the grain as it comes from the field.

Russia is a country of villages. The people do not live in houses scattered over the farms. They are collected together in little hamlets, usually composed of log cabins, containing from a few hundred to a thousand people. They have their stables and cattle in the villages and drive the latter out to the fields. They go out to work in gangs every morning and walk back every night.

Much of the land is owned by the villages as such, and not by the individuals living in them. The head men of each town divide up the land from year to year, giving so much to each family, and the crops are divided at the end of the season.

The village Council fixes the time of sowing the crops and of gathering them, and it may buy machinery to aid in the work.

The visitor will find that about one-third of all the land here belongs to the State and Imperial family. The Czar owns more than 400,000,000 acres in Europe alone. Much of this land is under cultivation, and his agents buy farming machinery in enormous quantities. Many of them are susceptible to persuasion, and a judicious present at the right time will help a sale.

A second third of European Russia belongs to the peasants. It came to them when the Czar freed the serfs. The United States freed 3,000,000 negroes, at a cost of hundreds of thousands of lives and a big national debt. Russia freed fifty millions without losing one life, and it gave every man, woman and child, on the average, about seven acres of land. It did not give the land to the individuals, however, but to the villages, and these villages apportion them out from time to time among the families.

This land was taken from the nobles, but they were paid for it. The serfs had been working the lands and had the villages upon them.

The peasants were given the villages and enough land about them to average 33 acres to the family, so that a village of a hundred families got 33 hundred acres of land in common. This land is still so held, and the village as a whole is responsible for the taxes. It is bound to pay so much for the land, the payments running over 49 years. Some villages have purchased their lands outright. Others are still paying for it. Altogether, from such payments and from the lands granted the Crown peasants the Government now gets about $40,000,000 a year.

NOBLES HAVE BIG ESTATES.

Of the private lands of Russia about three-fourths is owned by the nobles. Some of them have tens of thousands of acres, the average size of the estates in the north being from 15,000 to 20,000 acres, and in the south much smaller.

There are also many peasants and quite a large number of merchants who have their own farms. The nobles and the peasants are better customers than the merchants. Many of the former give larger orders for agricultural machinery and some of the latter farm extensively. The merchants buy land as a speculation, and work it to death. They cut off the wood, and crop and recrop until the land gives out, and then sell it again. All over Russia, however, there is little good farming. The common plow only scratches the earth and the yield per acre is small. The average product of rye is only eleven bushels, wheat from ten to thirteen bushels, barley about twelve bushels, and oats seventeen bushels per acre.

There is little chance here for the introduction of foreign flour. The freight rates are too heavy, and of late years the Russians have been putting up modern mills of their own. The first roller patent process mill was introduced along late in the sixties and since that time many have grown up near the railroads and rivers. It is estimated there are now 20,000 mills in Russia, which are grinding 31,000,000,000 pounds of flour every year. Estimating a pound of flour to a loaf of bread, and that one loaf will feed a man one day this would be enough to feed the whole world for about three weeks. Forty per cent. of this flour comes from along the Volga and the remainder from Central and Southern Russia. It is an excellent article, well ground and well graded, a large quantity of it being exported.

QUEER FARMERS, THESE.

I am surprised at the work done here by women. There are more of them in the fields than men, and a not uncommon sight is a crowd of women hoeing and digging, bossed by a man, who leans on his staff and keeps them up to their work. Much of the ground is spaded by women. The grain is cut by them with sickles and scythes, and the harvest scenes embrace more girls than boys.

The women dress in bright red calico gowns, with white waists or chemises. Some have aprons beautifully embroidered. They habe a sort of turban about their heads in place of a hat, and the ordinary shoe is made of straw, and the stocking is a rag tied on with strings.

The hours of labor are longer here than in America. I have ridden through the black earth zone on the cars in the early morning and have seen the people starting out to work at 4 o'clock. They labor from then until 7 or 8 in the evening, and are satisfied with 20 or 25 cents a day. I am told that you can get girls at ten cents a day in some parts of Russia, and that they board themselves. Men are paid a little bit more, but wages everywhere are much lower than with us.

IN A RUSSIAN FARM VILLAGE.

I wish I could take you into one of these Russian villages. There are 500,000 of them in Europe alone, and they are also to be found along the Trans-Siberian Railroad, and in the valley of the Amoor River. They are the same everywhere, differing only as to the character of building material. In Northern Russia and in the black zone the houses are log cabins, roofed with boards or thatched with straw. Further south, where timber is scarcer, they are made of sun-dried bricks, or wattled twigs.

The ordinary village has but one street. It is a country road with grass along the sides, and back of this the huts, irregularly placed and running a distance of a mile or more up and down it. The cabins are seldom of more than one storey and an attic. They have no gardens and often the barn will be a part of the house formed by a lean-to at the back. The common house is not more than twenty feet square and eight feet in height to where the roof begins.

IN A RUSSIAN HUT.

Entering we first come into a sort of a storeroom filled with rude farming tools, old harness, and perhaps chickens and possibly a calf. From this we pass into the living room of the cabin. It is often the only room, being kitchen, dining-room and sleeping room all in one. One-fourth of it is taken up by the oven or stove. This is built of bricks, a ledge being left under the roof large enough for a half dozen or more people to sleep there at night. They lie down in the clothes they wear in the day-time, men and women huddling together that the animal heat may aid the bricks in keeping them warm. The rest of the family sleep on the floor.

The furniture of such a house is scanty. There is a rude table, a few stools and a bench, and it may be a box or so for clothing. In one corner you will see an icon picture of the Virgin or the Saviour with a candle burning under it, and if you are a good man you will cross yourself and make a prayer before this as you enter. There are no comforts of any kind and the ordinary farmer is almost as poorly housed as his cattle.

The most of the cooking is done in the oven, although the bread sometimes comes from the public oven belonging to the village. This oven strange to say, sometimes forms the public bath-house as well. After a big baking water is thrown over the bricks, creating a dense steam, and those who wish to, crawl in and parboil themselves. I am told that in some of the villages people of both sexes go into these baths at the same time, men, women and girls bathing together. Such baths are very cleansing. They open the pores of the skin and there is little danger of taking cold from them.

The food of the poorer farmers is chiefly rye bread and vegetable soup, with now and then a bit of fish or meat as a change. The soup bowl is put in the middle of the table and every one dips into it with his own wooden spoon, and thus carries the soup to his mouth. The peasants are fond of sour cabbage and cucumbers. Most of them have cows. As a rule, a family is well off if it has meat once a week.

One of their peculiar dainties is sunflower seeds, which the peasant carries about with him in his pockets and eats as we do peanuts. He uses the oil of such seeds for cooking and salads, and that to such an extent that sunflower farming has become a great industry. There are 700,000 acres of sunflower farms in Central and Eastern Russia, and 150 mills which press out 200,000,000 pounds of sunflower oil every year. The oil sells for a cent and a half a pound, and the refuse is valuable for stock feed and also for pigeons and poultry. The sunflower crop is planted in the fall, the seeds being drilled in. The plants are thinned out to about a foot apart. They are ready for harvest in the summer, and if the soil is good an acre will yield fifty bushels of seed.

A WORTHLESS ASSET.

"Did you believe him when he said he loved you?"

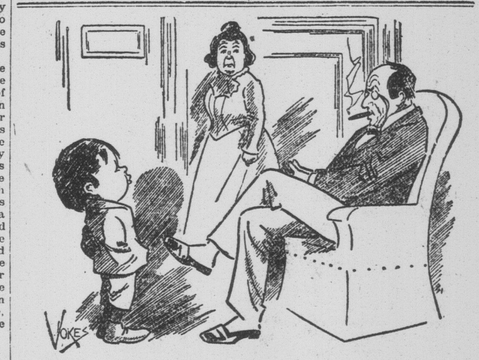
"No, I didn't."

"Did you believe him when he told you of his great wealth?"

"No."

"Then there is no harm done."

"Yes, there is. I was goose enough to believe that the ring he gave me was a real diamond."



Bobby—Pop, did you know mamma very well before you married her?

Henpeck—No; I'm afraid not.

FARM, FIELD AND GARDEN

NOTES ON PAINTING.

Nothing will detract from the appearance of a farm so much as old, weather-beaten barns and sheds, and farm-machinery, etc., which look shabby for the want of paint. You can, however, make the old barns and sheds look well at small cost for paint by using a water-paint, which can be put on by a cheap hand, writes Mr. V. B. Grinnell.

I give the following formula for making a cheap paint: Take seven pounds of sifted Portland cement, one gallon of skim-milk and three pounds of whiting. Break up the cement and whiting to a stiff paste with some of the skim-milk, having previously added to it one half pound of fresh-slaked lime, and stir well together. Dissolve one half ounce of sal-soda in one pint of water, mix it with one pint of linseed-oil, and stir the mixture well into the paint. If the paint is too thick, add more milk; if too thin, add more whiting. Strain the whole through cheese-cloth.

You can color the paint buff by adding yellow ocher; drab by adding burnt umber; olive by a mixture of the two, olive-green by a mixture of green and yellow ocher; leaf-green to sage-green by adding a little umber, or light gray by adding lampblack.

TO PREPARE THE COLORS.

take whichever dry color you want to use, and rub it to a paste in a little of the paint. When made to a paste, put it in a cup and mix thin with some more of the paint, then pour a little at a time into the paint until you get the color you want. Paint some on a board, and dry it. If it is too light when dry add more color, and test again until you get what you want. Lampblack is so light that it is impossible to mix it with water color until it has been cut with benzin or gasolene.

You can put this paint on with a whitewash-brush with a long handle, and save yourself a lot of climbing. If the paint is colored, it will take about two coats: if white, old, weather-beaten work will take three coats.

To prepare farm machinery for painting, sandpaper it to take off the old paint, if there is any left on in loose patches. If the paint is sound, and has any gloss left, sandpaper just sufficient to take off the gloss; then mix one and one half pounds of Venetian red to one quart of boiled oil, two ounces of turpentine, and the same of japan. Give the work a coat of this. When dry, make the same mixture of oil, turpentine and japan, and put in two and one half pounds of Venetian red; then give the work a coat of this mixture. This should be a fairly heavy coat. If too heavy, add more oil; if too light, add more red. If this coat stands out with an even gloss, it is enough; if not,

PUT ON ANOTHER COAT.

Paint the ironwork black with the following mixture: One half pound of asphaltum, one ounce of gum benzin and one quart of turpentine. Mix in a jug or can, set in a warm place, and shake often. When the gums are dissolved, add one half pound of drop-black ground in oil, and four ounces of boiled linseed-oil. Take off all rust from the iron with sandpaper and kerosene. If the paint works too thick, add turpentine; if two thin, use more drop-black. Have the gums powdered, then they will dissolve quicker. This paint should dry with a gloss.

When painting machinery, use a double-thick chiseled flat brush two and one-half inches wide. The red above described is good for farm-wagons, is an excellent paint for barns, and looks especially well when trimmed with white.

QUALITY AND QUANTITY.

It is not always the cow that gives the richest milk that fills the pocketbook. A homely farmer put this truth to me the other day in bright if homely words says Mr. E. L. Vincent. In answer to the statement that a certain lot of cows gave milk so rich that sixteen pounds of it would make a pound of butter, he said, "Yes, and it would take sixteen of them to make the pound of butter."

The fact is, quality is not the only thing we must seek in the cow. There must be quantity as well. Suppose we figure on this a little. Here is a cow that gives milk, sixteen pounds of which will make a pound of butter. In a day we will say she gives the sixteen pounds. This butter is sold at say twenty-five cents a pound. This the cow does three hundred days in the year. At the end of the season she has to her credit, if she can maintain this record and the price remains the same, three hundred pounds of butter, worth seventy-five dollars. Here is another cow that gives milk requiring twenty pounds for a pound of butter. Every day for the three hundred days she gives twenty-five pounds of milk, making one and one-fourth pounds of butter. When the season ends she has three hundred and seventy-five pounds of butter, worth ninety-three dollars and seventy-five cents, to show for her work. Which is the better cow?

But do not decide too hastily. What about the cost of producing this milk in both cases? Do you know that? If you do, then you can intelligently answer the question which cow to choose. And the only way of determining this is to carefully measure out the feed given to each cow. This we need not do for the entire season. We may weigh the feed given for a week, and then by keeping the ration just about so, estimate very closely the remainder of the season. It is reasonable to suppose that the cow which gives the greater quantity of milk will require a larger ration daily than the one which gives the smaller mess. Let us roughly estimate that the expense of maintaining the large cow is fifteen cents a day, while that of the other is twelve cents. Three hundred days gives us a total of expense of forty-five dollars for the cow giving the most milk, against thirty-six dollars for the other. Deducting the cost of production from the total receipts, we have forty-eight dollars and seventy-five cents left for the low-test cow, as against thirty-nine dollars for the high-test cow—a margin of nine dollars and seventy-five cents in favor of the former.

So it is evident that we cannot base a fair estimate of the value of a cow upon the richness of her milk. More than that must be taken into consideration. When we all get so that we will have the patience to watch our cows, not a single day, but all the year through, and keep accurate records of all we do for the cow and all she does for us, we may be better prepared to say which of our cows is really the best.

HORSE TALK.

After the work horses have had their night feed turn them in a small field near the barn where they can rest on the cool ground.

Remove all the dried perspiration from the hair with a stiff brush before turning them out.

Bring them in early for their morning's feed and brush them again. Just notice how much more a team will do cared for in this way, and how well they will look.

Hot weather is very trying for horses.

If possible, give the road horse a cool, airy box stall at night, during the hot weather at least.

Clean all the stalls every morning and put the bedding out to dry and air.

Sprinkle land plaster over the wet places in the stall.

A stable can be kept sweet and free from odor in this way.

A stable filled with the fumes of ammonia is bad for the horses' and not good for the general health.

Various mixtures are sold to keep the stable sweet and dry. They are tinted and scented, but plain land plaster is the base and just as good at much less cost.

If a horse shifts from one foot to the other, there is pain somewhere. The shoes do not fit or his feet are hard and dry and feverish and aches. Find the cause and remedy it or a good horse may be ruined.

Every stable should have a foot-tub, and during the dry time particularly every horse should stand in it, if only for five minutes every day. Let them stand in it while you clean them. They soon learn to like it.

Put fine wire netting over the windows and make a wire door to keep the flies and mosquitoes out of the stable.

Use a gauze blanket on the horses in the stable to keep the flies off and the dust out of the hair.

COLONIES OF THE WORLD.

Occupy Two-Fifths of the Land Surface of the Globe.

Colonies are not only convenient outlets for the surplus population of older nations but form centers of trade and influence for the mother country. They occupy two-fifths of the land surface of the globe and have one-third of the world's population, that is, about 500,000,000. Most of the colonies are tropical, Canada is an exception. This fact seems to lend force to the prognostics of certain economists who insist that ultimately the strong nations of the North will have to control the tropics.

There are 140 tropical or sub-tropical colonies divided roughly into three groups—East Indian, West Indian, and African. The native population of these colonies is 485,000,000, with but few Europeans. On the other hand, the population in Canada, Australia, and South Africa is largely British and numbers something like 15,000,000. Great Britain comes first in colonial possessions, controlling nearly one-half of the 140 colonies, dependencies, protectorates, and "spheres of influence." The area of the British Empire is about 11,400,000 square miles, exclusive of Egypt and the Soudan.

Next comes France, controlling an area of about 4,500,000 square miles, with a population of 56,000,000 or more. In Africa alone the French domain comprises more than one-third of the land surface. In Asia, her largest possession is French Indo-China, with its 363,000 square miles and its 20,400,000 souls. Germany's colonizations are recent, beginning in 1884. She exercises influence over 1,000,000 square miles of territory with a population of 14,700,000, mostly in Africa.

The Netherlands control a colonial population of 35,000,000. Of Spain's former vast colonial possessions only a mere fragment of less than 100,000 square miles remain.

The seven great nations which have in modern times experimented with the government of non-contiguous people, or "colonies," so-called, are England, Netherlands, France, Belgium, Germany, Portugal, and Spain, and their relative success may be considered as in about the order in which they are here named.

Prejudice roosts on a perch from which facts are barred.

Love is sometimes blind, and sometimes it is only a blind.

The more you speak of yourself the more you are likely to lie.

Poverty may pinch an honest man, but it never destroys him.

Some of the blessings that come in disguise never take their masks off.

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