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Spring Goods,

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LOW PRICES.

Our assortment of the following line of Goods is the most complete ever offered, they being the latest novelties of Europe and America, purchased direct from the manufacturers by us:

DRESS GOODS,
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RIBBONS, LACES,
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SILKS, VELVET,
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A. H. WENTZ,

Jeweler and Optician,

IS NOW PREPARED TO EXAMINE THE EYES AND PRESCRIBE THE PROPER GLASSES. PERSONS HAVING HEADACHE CAUSED BY EYE STRAIN, OR WHOSE EYES ARE CONSTANTLY ACHING, HAVE NO IDEA WHAT RELIEF PROPERLY ADJUSTED GLASSES WILL GIVE THEM.

EYES EXAMINED FREE OF CHARGE.

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Your Attention!

We are offering special bargains for the next 30 days in all

HOUSEKEEPING GOODS,

AT WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

We have received a new line of

QUEENSWARE,

and have

Special Bargains to Offer.

We have a crate of seconds, of

White Porcelain Ware,

at half of its actual value.

Our Drug Department

is stocked with all the leading goods in that line.

☞We are sole manufacturers of Grayson's celebrated Horse and Cattle Powders.

Complete line of Groceries, Confectionery, &c. Rock bottom prices.

Yours Respectfully,

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Opposite First National Bank,
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Schlosser Tannery.

We will pay Seven Dollars ($7) Cash per ton of 2,000 lbs. for

Prime Chestnut or Spanish Oak Bark,

of this year's peeling, delivered in good order and condition at the SCHLOSSER TANNERY, before the 1st DAY OF JULY, 1893.

ENGLAND & BRYAN, Proprietors.
JAS. S. BAER, Superintendent. mr-4-3m

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For Infants and Children.

Castoria promotes Digestion, and overcomes Flatulency, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, and Feverishness. Thus the child is rendered healthy and its sleep natural. Castoria contains no Morphine or other narcotic property.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 South Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"I use Castoria in my practice, and find it specially adapted to affections of children." ALEX. ROBERTSON, M. D., 1057 2d Ave., New York.

"From personal knowledge and observation I can say that Castoria is an excellent medicine for children, acting as a laxative and relieving the pent up bowels and general system very much. Many mothers have told me of its excellent effect upon their children." DR. G. C. OSGOOD, Lowell, Mass.

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AND TRUTH IS STRANGER THAN FICTION!

We don't beat about the bush and try to make you believe black is white.

But we do want to make you believe by actual facts in our business relations that we do sell goods at the

Lowest Possible Price,

and we are now offering

Special Inducements.

We are closing out a great many things at

Cut Prices way below their Value.

☞Give us a call and be happy. Thanking you for past favors we subscribe ourselves your obedient servants.

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Babylon & Gilbert

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

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We call your attention to a line of seasonable Goods offered at very close prices.

Cook Stoves and Ranges

of latest and best Patterns; a complete line of

House Furnishing Goods

consisting of

Tin, Galvanized and Granite Ironware,

Tubs, Buckets, Churns, &c.;

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Persons wihsing to purchase goods in this line will save money by buying of
oct-18-1y BABYLON & GILBERT.

GILT EDGED

Testimonials,

FROM PEOPLE YOU KNOW.

ARE OFFERED BELOW.

A problem solved by Carroll countians. Dr. G. D. Johnson's

Horse, Cattle and Poultry Powder

is cheaper than any Condition Powder or Special Food, and possesses the quality to make it the standard.

An Appeal to your Intelligence.

Johnson's Powder retails at 25 cts. for 32 oz. package. Dose—tablespoonful, all medicine, 64 doses in package, at a cost of less than half a cent.

PRATT'S FOOD costs 75 cts. for 12 lb. bag, or 6¼ cts. per lb. Dose—quarter pound, or about 8 tablespoonfuls, containing probably one tablespoonful of medicine, 7 do. of bran; cost per dose 1⅞ cts. The farmer thus pays at the rate of between $40 and $50 per ton for bran, whose market value is about $18.

WHAT THE PEOPLE SAY.—Among many prominent dairymen and farmers who have used the powder with good results, and who speak very highly of their merits, we may mention:

JUDGE CHAS. B. ROBERTS, SAMUEL ROOP.
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Agent for Carroll county,
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COURT STREET, - - WESTMINSTER, MD.
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AMERICAN SENTINEL.

VOL. 61 NO. 16. WESTMINSTER, MD., SATURDAY MORNING, APRIL 22, 1893. ESTABLISHED 1833.

Select Poetry.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

Great men and little men,
Short men and tall;
Great men have great minds,
And small men, small;
Great minds rob little minds,
All to make a name;
So great minds get greatest minds—
And this is fame.

Rich men and poor men;
Rags at Riches' door;
Rich men have rich friends,
And poor men, poor;
Rich men live by poverty,
Poor men live by stealth;
So rich men get richest men—
And this is wealth.

Pretty maids and plain maids;
Maidens altogether;
Pretty maids have pretty ways
To keep mankind in tether,
For maids are weak, and men are strong,
Till Cupid flits above;
Then men are weak, and maids are strong—
And this is love.

—Cornhill Magazine.

Select Story.

DR. HOBART.

BY EDWARD W. FLAGG.

From the New England Magazine.

It was five o'clock on the morning after "the Fourth," but the Forsyth people were still hushed in slumber. "The Fourth" had been a hard day for most of them. In the watches of the night it had begun with much ringing of bells and tooting of horns; later the "Horribles" paraded the streets; and when the day grew sweltering, there was a picnic, with an oration and a poem. The day had closed with the usual chapter of accidents; and two or three faces, none too comely at best, had been sadly disfigured. An odor of powder was still lingering in the air, and the evidences of patriotic feeling would clearly last through another day. In the course of an hour this smell was modified by smoke from newly kindled fires, and presently the air grew heavy with odors of beefsteak and coffee.

Elsie Hobart was carrying about much hot temper that morning. Her husband had been out of work since the first of June, and she was wondering how he would like his new work, and how long he would stay at it. She thought of her wedding day, when she walked from the church to the carriage on a bright flowered carpet, while children scattered bouquets and garlands; lately she had walked on a kitchen floor.

Six years before, when Putnam Hobart led his wife out of the little rustic church, the May sun shone encouragingly into his face. Smooth roads seemed to stretch out in many directions. His father offered him a promising real-estate business; or he could go into partnership with Elsie's father. There were other openings equally tempting. Things went well for a year. Then the financial crashes came. The more common pursuits of men seemed to get beyond his reach, which meant that he was going down. He speculated with Elsie's money, "clerked" in various warehouses, and finally set up for himself and dabbled in small notions. Every opportunity had, it appeared, two handles; thus far he had invariably grasped the wrong one.

Meanwhile Elsie did much in a cramped way. Her husband had squandered her money, and Mrs. Dart was getting aggressive about the rent. Putnam Hobart hated the click of his wife's sewing-machine, and would have asked her to stop it oftener than he did, but for the necessity of the morrow's dinner. Yet occasionally it had a quieting and even stimulating effect. At such times he earned thousands of dollars, and placed his family amid every luxury, while Elsie ran up a single breadth.

During the weeks when she was idle he sent out a score of letters, offering to work in any capacity. He replied to an advertisement asking for "an able-bodied man with mental calibre," and was telegraphed to be on hand on the morning of July fifth; and the early breakfast of this morning was to enable him to catch a train to the neighboring town.

Two days afterwards he came home. The work was not to his taste—that was all he said. Two days after that their affairs began to be discussed at the village store.

"Hobart's out of a job again."

"He's pretty frequent that way, I reckon."

"Things won't go so much longer. Perley's goin' to serve a writ there to-morrow."

Hobart had received due warning of this writ. But when the creditors came, they found little enough to attach.

In the garden rank wormwood and thistles looked down on puny corn; there was a wood-pile in which wrecks of furniture and the refuse of recent carpentry lay in a tangled heap; and in the house the prospect was not much better, Elsie's poor sewing-machine being everything that the creditors thought worth talking about.

Elsie went back to her father's with the children. Her husband traveled westward to one of the river states. He would come back in a little while, he said; he would begin life over again, and be her lover once more.

More than a year after, his words were still ringing in her ears, but he had never come back. The strongest links which bound them had snapped asunder; the children all lay buried in the graveyard on the hillside.

The physician who tried to save them was eloquent—a thing not necessary in his calling—and ignorant. In the early stages of the disease he prophesied their speedy recovery; in a few days it was an easy matter to predict their death. When his incompetence fully revealed itself, and the last child lay dead before her, still more as the lonely days went on, the wish to know what the nature of medicines was, and what knowledge could do to save life, became a settled purpose with Elsie. She would be a physician;—and she would be a faithful and thorough physician. Nothing seemed so horrible to her now as ignorance dealing with the issues of life and death.

During the first year of her husband's absence he had written twice. At one time he was treasurer, he said, of a large manufacturing company; in his next letter the company had collapsed, and he was teaching a district school; and then his letters ceased.

Elsie entered a medical college in a prairie city, reviving the habits of study that had lapsed so long ago, and had never been good. In four years she became a physician in the city hospital. In preparing for her work she had been thorough; in practice she was equally so. Carelessness she spoke of fiercely as a crime. She found time to do many things for which she was not paid. With steady nerves and cheerful presence, she ministered to the sick and to the dying; if she could not save lives she tried to help and save souls. In six months she was known as a skilled physician; in a year, she had established that reputation throughout the hospital.

Her appointment at the hospital had come through the influence of the chief surgeon. She had been pleasantly associated with him in her studies; but her Platonic friend now became her devoted lover. Her explanation did not satisfy him, and her desire that her work should not suffer and that their association should not cease wrung her secret from her reluctant lips.

One icy afternoon in February she was summoned to Dr. Gay's office.

"I am called to a consultation in Robey," he said, pointing to a despatch. "It is impossible for me to go. I can't leave No. 6; and there are two critical cases in the city. Will you go?"

"You can trust me?"

"As I would myself."

"Very well; I will go."

It was a four hours' ride. The train was due in half an hour, and the sleigh would soon be at the door.

Dr. Gay looked at her fondly for a moment, and watched the covered sleigh as it slipped down the avenue. Then he went back with a sigh to the *Medical Monthly*.

The train bounded westward; Elsie looked out upon wide sweeps of glistening snow-crust lying under the pale sun. Its rays seemed shorn of all warmth; only its light fell over the artistic desolation. A thousand images of her husband were in her mind. With all his faults, he had meant to be kind; in other circumstances all would have been so different; and although she was in the first flush of success, she would at this moment have given up all for him. When the car was lighted and people betook themselves to their papers or to gossip, she grew more cheerful; and when a baby began crying and there was much muttered disapproval, her spirit of helpfulness returned. The tired mother gazed in wonder as the stranger quieted her child, and unknown passengers looked their thanks as she passed down the car when the Robey station was called.

By the switch-light she discerned the outlines of a small village. A boy with a smoky lantern moved anxiously about the platform; and as the engine puffed its departure, the boy was joined by a man, muffled in fur.

"There ain't no doctor come," said the boy; "it's only a woman as got off."

As Elsie stepped forward, the man peered at her curiously.

"Dr. Gay couldn't come," she said.

"That's the word we got," said the man, behind his fur collar. "Said he'd send one jest as good. We hadn't counted on its bein' a woman, though; but you can't help that, I s'pose. The gal's alwers ben puny," he continued; "tuk it from t'other side, though. On my side they're a wiry set."

His voice filtered through the muffler, and Elsie thought that it quivered. They turned a sharp corner and bent their bodies to the cutting north wind. Presently they came to a house where lights were burning in all the lower rooms. Elsie was shown into a small sitting-room. The kitchen door stood ajar, and the family spoke in penetrating whispers.

"It's a mistake," said a woman's voice; "most likely she's a nuss."

"There ain't no mistake about it," said the man; "she's a bony-fidy doctor."

A short, thin woman soon entered. "I'm Mrs. Plympton," she said. It's our daughter Henrietta. Dr. Gay, he made such a wonderful cure in the case o' Plump's wife, that we thought we'd call him in to talk with our doctor. She's been ailin', off an' on, four years. We've tried no end. The gypsies said she'd die young; but I don't put no faith in their in talk. The clairvoyant said 'twas quinsy. Our doctor calls its angeliny pectoris. He's made a deal of Henrietta; he meant to marry her, Miss. We've tried everything faithfui; but I'm inclined to the sedatives—they're restful."

Elsie checked the torrent when she could, and, declining for the present the cup of tea offered, sat down in the sick-room and watched her patient. She was a young girl, not yet eighteen. She lay in a heavy sleep, and Elsie listened to her breathing. On the table by the bedside was a medley of bottles and vials. She glanced at the labels, and shook her head in indignation.

"Henrietta's changed hands so much," said the mother, looking in at the door, "we've got all sorts o' medicines. The bottles on the lower shelf is soothin', an' I take that medicine at night myself.—What do you think's the matter?—Pneumonia!—That's what Almedy alwers said. Almedy advised the council."

The mother sank into a chair, and covered her face.

"I don't know what the Doctor'll do; he set a sight by Henrietta."

"Then she hain't ben treated right?" said the father, harshly.

"Wrong, altogether wrong. It is atrocious bungling," said Elsie, unable to control herself.

The room was still vibrating with her words when the attending physician entered.

"Doctor Hobart," sobbed the mother; but she could not go on.

There was a moment of bewildering confusion. The family had withdrawn, and Elsie, stunned and powerless, stood gazing at her husband, while a human life was hovering between two worlds. The walls of the room seemed narrowing to crush them. The heat was intense; but without, even then, her ear noted the footsteps of the neighbors creaking over the snow and to the door.

This man of many schemes had groped his way into a high profession; he had floated into a haphazard connection with some medical charlatan, and the few scraps of knowledge which clung to him became in his unskilful hands so many deadly instruments. His vanity so blinded him to his ignorance, that here he was experimenting on the girl whom, as had just been poured into Elsie's startled ears, he claimed to love and even planned to marry.

No familiar word passed between the two. Elsie spoke only, in burning, trembling words, of the wicked mistake. Her thoughts were chiefly at this moment of the suffering girl.

"I shall relinquish it to you," was all he said,—he said it still in a half-professional tone,—and then he left the room and the house. Upon Elsie rested the burden of this young girl's life. She worked unwearedly, while her heart beat wildly, to wrest her patient from the influence of the drugs; and just as a little clock buzzed twelve, the sick girl woke to consciousness.

After the dimness of the sick-room, the light in the kitchen seemed dazzling. The quick departure of Dr. Hobart was commented on, and Elsie listened in guilty silence.

"I must take the early train," she said, as she gave her directions; "I have to be at the hospital in the morning. If there is a change for the worse, you may send word to me at once."

"What's the name?" Mrs. Plympton asked.

"Send to Dr. Gay."

The woman looked at her inquiringly.

"Mebby you're his wife," said one.

"No, I am not;" and, with a good-bye which in spite of her efforts seemed strangely abrupt even to Mrs. Plympton, she followed the boy with the smoky lantern.

The Robey depot was kept warmed and lighted for the convenience of early passengers. The walls were thickly placarded with alluring invitations to emigrants. Elsie sat on one of the hacked benches, while feverish thoughts crowded through her brain. "Your husband has basely deserted you; call it by a milder name if you will,—this is what it means. Five years ago he promised to come back to you as your lover; to-night you have saved the life of the girl whom he professes to love."

There came a sound as if some one being dragged along the platform; and a railroad functionary emerged from a little office.

"Is that Hobart? Don't say he's ben—"

"No, he haint," with convincing gestures; "his breath's jes' like a rose."

"But what's to pay, Toby? Where was he?"

"Layin' on the track, close to the switch. He seems to be thawin' out now," continued the man, meditatively. "I s'pose the trouble was that case o' Plympton's gal. They'd 'a' lost her if the consultin' doctor hadn't come. She's a woman though, an' kind of a half-way allypathy,"

The tieket-agent, aware of Elsie's presence, gave the man a nudge.

"They tell o' them," he went on, "as can be allypathy or homypathy, accordin' to what they study; but to my thinkin' they hev to be born for't. Now, Hobart's a born allypathy."

His clattering ceased. Elsie had left her seat, and was talking in a low voice to the man who sat shivering over the fire. The remnants of this shipwrecked family rested in a strange port.

"Are you warmer now Putnam?" she asked, when the men had disappeared in the office.

"Yes."

His eyes shot swift, inquiring glances, and she knew what he would ask.

"She was better when I came away. I think she will get well."

"It would have been murder if she had died. I called myself a murderer when I left the house. I didn't care what became of me."

He detailed his miserable experience before he came to Robey. He had gone down and down until he became a very tramp. While the forest fires were raging, and the sun one day waded in smoke, he lost his bearings, and for days he travelled in circles. It was night-fall when he came into the village. It was raining, else he would have sought shelter in the fields or under a grain stack. Fathers of families glowered at him, and pointed with their fingers toward the county house, five miles across the grain belt. At the Plympton cottage a young girl looked pitifully at him, and begged that he might stay; and from that time he had loved her as he could love.

"I am not worthy of you; we ought never to have met," he groaned.

"How can you say that, and think of the dead children? Was it a bargain for food and shelter? I want to love you: you must live so that I can; you must let me help you do it. We must live together. Dr. Gay will help you to get work. I will go back to Forsyth—I will do anything,—but we must not live apart."

She asked herself how this life together would seem to her now. Would it be the old life of unemotional forbearance? Could she always keep on the heights, while she tried to draw him up? She was like one who has been thrust back into a past century, while the heart is still throbbing with the rich experiences and aspirations of a new age.

Putnam Hobart came to the Bethesda Hospital as he had promised, but he came propped with pillows. Elsie sat by him and watched. He was so much better one morning that she talked with Dr. Gay about his chances for employment in the hospital. But he did not mend as she had hoped; and a week later he was growing worse.

It was known throughout the hospital that the man in the special ward had died, and that Dr. Hobart had gone away with the body. After a week she returned, and the old routine began again; while Dr. Gay watched her day by day as she moved in black about the wards. Three months, six months, a year went by, and then again he told his love to the woman who now was free; but again he spoke in vain, and he waited—in a sorrow as deep as Elsie's own.

It was a bitter experience which had driven him, years before, to the Bethesda Hospital. In these unromantic surroundings, in the tireless doing of stern duties, he had hoped to steel his heart. But love ever dons new shapes and ever prepares new sorrows.

Forsyth, Robey, Bethesda, the four graves, the great effort,—all seemed to cluster about this moment of Elsie's broken ltfe. She had made the ascent alone. Should she go on alone? She hesitated long; but one night when the sun went down after the long day, with a smile born of sorrow, but born too of love and confidence, she took the hand which was held out to her.

Notes From the World's Columbian Exposition.

From the Scientific American.

There has been an appearance of more improvement in the past few days at the Exposition grounds than at any time since its inception. About ten thousand men are now employed in the various kinds of work, and in every department every man is used that can possibly be found place for. So far as the Exposition management is concerned, work does not lag in any respect, and every day gives reason to believe that the Exposition, so far as the management is concerned, will be as near a state of completion on May 1 as has been prophesied before in these columns. A large army of men is at work arranging the flower beds which were made last year. The roses and plants are found to have passed the winter successfully, the percentage of plants killed being very small. All parts of the main driveways, are being cleared up, and hollow places filled up, so that the work of finally preparing the grounds for the opening of the Exposition may be completed at very short notice. The weather guards that have been protecting the McMonnies fountain and much of the other statuary about the grounds and buildinge have been removed, thus giving an appearance of a nearer approach to completion than the grounds had borne evidence of before. Staff workers are examining all the buildings, walls, and other places where staff is used, and are replacing broken pieces and renewing all injured places. At the same time that this work is going on, painters by the hundred are putting on finishing touches of paint. In short, an immense amount of vigor has been injected into all of the work going on. The greatest fear for some time has been that the great power plant in the Palace of Mechanic Arts would not be ready in time, and there is yet some danger that this fear may hold good, but if such is the case it will not be the fault of the Exposition management, but of the exhibitors. Practically all of the arc lighting plant is in the building and the dynamos are set, so that all that is necessary so far as they are concerned is to be belted to the engines. The incandescent lighting plant could, if necessary, be entirely completed, so far as the dynamos are concerned, by the 10th inst. If it is not completed by that time, it will be simply because of their not being rushed, but the installation will be completed in plenty of time for the opening exercises. The generators for the electric power are in place and several of them are in operation, so that it can be said that the entire electric equipment is already installed. At least half of the engines are on their bases and in a stage of completion varying from the placing of the foundation plate to others in full operation. The two thousand horse power quadruple expansion Allis engine, which is to be the center of the plant, is nearly installed. All the boilers in the main boiler house are installed and ready for operation, with the exception of four, and it will be but a few days before these are completed. Exhibitors, however, are rather backward in their work in this building. The foreign nations are somewhat ahead of American exibitors, but unless there is a considerable amount of heavy apparatus to be handled, the entire exhibit should be in a very fair state of completion by May 1, if there are no unexpected delays.

So far as the work on the Exposition buildings is concerned, it can be said that it is done, except in the case of the four buildings upon which the work of construction began about March 1. These are the Children's building, the Public Comfort building, Festival Hall and the office building for the treasury department. This last named buiilding, the foundation of which was not laid until the 1st of March or after, is about completed so far as the exterior is concerned. All the staging and weather guards have been removed from the Administration building, both exterior and interior, and as the gilding of the dome is nearly completed and the staff workers have repaired the few pieces of broken staff on the exterior, the structure shows the grandeur of its conception.

Admission tickets to the Exposition were put on sale in Chicago and other parts of the country April 1. Each ticket is good for one admission at any time during the holding of the Exposition. The tickets are printed on very heavy, fine quality paper, like bond paper in composition, and are of great strength and durability. The tickets are 2¼ by 5½ inches in size and are of four designs. Vignettes of Columbus, Washington, Lincoln and a fully feathered American Indian are used, thus representing the four important periods of the history of America. Every possible precaution has been taken to so make these tickets that they shall be impossible of counterfeiting, and it will be impossible to use them a second time, because as a ticket is dropped into the automatic turnstile at the gates to the Exposition grounds it is cut in such a way as to disfigure it beyond redemption.

Last week attention was called in these columns to the untruthful reports that had been circulated regarding extortions that the Exposition management had permitted to be planned by the allowing of concessions for all sorts of purposes. These stories have become so numerous that the Exposition management has at last taken notice of them, and in a letter to the public President Higinbotham explains the whole matter of the concessions, showing, as was shown in these columns, that there will be no extortion at all, but that the comfort of the visitor will be provided for in every respect free of charge, while at the same time visitors who are willing to pay a moderate sum for special attentions cam be accommodated.

The arrangements for a corps of guides to do duty during the holding of the Exposition have been completed, and the guides will be appointed at once, in order that they may be properly trained and educated for the work they are to undertake. There will be about 250 of these guides; probably 25 of them will be women. The guides will wear uniform, and will be systematically organized and officered. Headquarters will be established at different points in the grounds, at which visitors can make arrangements for guides.

Preparations are decidedly evident on every side in Chicago for cleaning up and preparing for the reception of visitors to the Exposition. Railroads are repairing their tracks, renewing and fixing their rolling stock, and painting and otherwise improving the facilities of their stations. The hotels for weeks have been undergoing a thorough renovation, and everywhere similar preparations have been going on. Now the city authorities have begun work in earnest to clean up the streets and alleyways. An army of men, with scores of teams, has been put to work in all parts of the city, and there is every prospect that Chicago will be cleaner on the 1st of May than it has been for years, if ever before in its history. This thorough cleaning up is a matter of considerable importance to intending visitors to the Exposition, because of the increased healthfulness of the city that will result.

Arrangements have been fully perfected for publishing a daily paper at the Exposition grounds. It will be an eight page paper, issued each morning, five pages being made up each from a stereotype of the first page of the five morning papers published in Chicago; the other three pages will contain official notices, programmes, and other important matter regarding the Exposition. The paper will be called the *Daily Columbian*.

The difficulties and trials we encounter in life, and the weaknesses found in our character, wage against us a form of warfare. These are enemies that must be braved and vanquished upon their own ground. The advantage is all our own in seeking the conflict; it is theirs if we decline it.

Kind words are the bright flowers of earthly existence; use them, and especially around the fireside circle. They are the jewels beyond price, and powerful to heal the wounded heart and make the weighed-down spirit glad.

Every pound of butter made in the country should grade as prime butter, and will if all butter makers will learn all that readily can be learned about the business.

Agricultural Notes.

The relative merits of sweet cream and sour cream for making butter were tested last year in a series of elaborate experiments at the Iowa Agricultural College. Sweet cream, fresh from the separator, was thoroughly mixed and then accurately divided in two equal parts by weight; one of these parts was churned immediately at 52° F., the other was ripened at 60°, and then churned at 59°. The butter-milk was tested for fat, and the butter was analyzed. In the nine tests the yield of butter from sour cream was 3 per cent. larger than from sweet cream. The sour cream usually churned quicker than the sweet, and the butter contained 2-100 of 1 per cent. more casein. The losses of fat in churning, washing, and working were less with sour than with sweet cream. In nine trials the average difference was nearly ½ lb. per 100 lbs. of butter made. After being kept five months the sweet cream butter acquired somewhat of the flavor and aroma of ripened cream butter, and was in better condition.

A very interesting series of tests have been made at the Wyoming experimental station to determine the quantity of water necessary to irrigate an acre of land. A continuous flow of one cubic foot per second during May, June, July, and August was found sufficient, with a rainfall of about six inches, for over 95 acres of land which had never been irrigated; but the next year, with a rainfall of nearly seven inches, it would have sufficed for over 216 acres of such previously irrigated land. The need of water varied with the kind of crop. Thus one second foot through the four months would have supplied 167 acres of oats, 295 acres of sugar beets, 363 acres of sorghum, 588 acres of peas, and 735 acres of corn, all growing on land close to the irrigation canal. The previously estimated duty of water for Wyoming was about 100 acres to the second foot through four months.

Some very interesting experiments have been conducted at the Texas experimental station, the object having been originally to see whether the belief of many farmers that cottonseed would kill pigs under certain conditions was well founded. The two years' successive tests in feeding cottonseed and cottonseed meal to pigs, and practical attempts to feed these products during the last ten years, show that there is no profit in feeding cottonseed in any form, or cottonseed meal, to pigs of any age, and a good deal of danger.

American Seed Farms.

During the harvesting time for general farmers the seed fields present a most desirable sight. Rich, luscious melons such as never appear in market may be scattered over hundreds of acres of land in bewildering numbers, or fine green cabbage, lettuce or other vegetables may produce a mass of foliage that clothes the landscape in rich colors. The cultivators go through the fields at this time and pull up all of the poorly matured plants, leaving only the most perfect ones to go to seed. A few more weeks and the green heads turn yellow and brown. Seed pods and stalks shoot up from the heads of green, and the plants have to be watched every day to ascertain the proper time for harvesting them. When the time arrives laborers are sent into the fields in companies, and in the course of a few days or weeks all of the seed pods are collected and carried to the barn made purposely for their reception.

Pumpkins, watermelons and cucumbers are loaded upon carts and taken to the seed separators, where they are crushed to pieces and the seeds separated and dried. The onions, cabbages, lettuce, peas and beans produce their seeds in pods or balls, and these are gathered in the field by men and women, who clip off the narrow stalks and throw them into baskets or bags. The pods are allowed to dry in the sun, and then the seeds are separated from them by machinery, handwork or by threshing. The barns are divided into seed-bins and rooms, and all of the seeds are collected here to be stored away until ready for shipment. Some of the seed houses have the seeds put up in packages right in the barn, while others have them shipped to their city warehouse in bulk. One seed farm will send off several carloads of seed in one season, while the leaves and stalks of the plants left in the fields can often be sold for fodder or some other purpose.

Best results are obtained where cows have constant access to water. No one of us would like to be forced to have water to drink but once a day. Another point: One cow will drink a pailful, and another two of them at a time. The next morning the condition would be wholly changed. So, then, give the cows a chance to drink whenever they want it. Results, everywhere where this plan has been adopted, show an increase of milk production.

Don't try to make good butter when milk and cream are kept in unventilated cellars.

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