THE DEMON VIOLIN.

Crazy Paule then called Alec. Wine, whisky, a little kid and a slight a bottle constituted his idea of the way to bring the ensemble piano and play the violin—the violin so carefully locked in his case.

He had finished a harrowing popular air on the piano for the comfort consumption time, and stopped to take a drink from the glass of his other. Three or four big, hulking men sore he stood looking at him stupidly from under their broad felt hats. The police chief stood at the opposite side of the table. Bragg, in response to an order, became in a tray of liquors and cigars.

Paule reached for his case and almost reverently took out the violin. A little preliminary tuning and he went to his shoulder. The bow was drawn over the strings, but so softly that scarcely himself heard the sound. Again it glided over the instrument, and then it began to wander back and forth—now slowly, now swiftly, now tremulously.

As the tremulous bars of favorite operas, and sentiments and gay gavottes poured to his yearning ear, his face lit up with strange joy. The vacant stare of the men near him changed to a dull curiosity. But the minds were all for himself. It was only a moment's delicious communion with his violin he was having. Too well he knew that the next would bring a command to play some heartbreaking song or dance. But the poker chips still clicked, the men about him and nothing, and Paule continued to play for the single audience—himself.

With the music his thoughts unconsciously went back to Italy. He and the violin had never parted since leaving the little Palermo home. The old mother and father had gone long ago; the father had left him all he took—the wonderful violin.

Ah, that was good of the old father, but Giovanni did not think so. Where was Giovanni? A wild laugh was Giovanni. He did not like the father's violin. It was the dream of the family; Giovanni said it had brought and would bring nothing but misfortune to them. The old father had done nothing but play it, and he had died in distress, died in poverty. It would have been better had he left Paule its curse—Cam his violin.

As for Giovanni, he would have none of music. He would go away, anywhere, and he would become rich somehow. Yes, that was he said. But Giovanni was not a musician—and a complacent smile stole over the lips of the pitiful wreck. Dement Midsummer Slumber on his dear violin! Had he not played to enchanting thousands in Rome—in London—in New York? She had come to love him, it was true, but was it the dear violin's fault that the dark eyed actress, whom he married, deserted him and ruined his life?

"How! Paule, you dogs! Wake up there and play us something lively," came a rough, good natured voice from behind the clouds of tobacco smoke.

Just then a man came swaying into the room, a reckless, drunken determination on his face to assert himself in some boisterous way. He heard the command, looked sullenly toward the piano. Suddenly he seized the violin, tore it from the player's hands, and swinging it above his head brought it down upon the piano, crushing it to pieces. With a shriek like that of a wild and wounded animal Paule gave a bound and caught the man by the throat. It was all over in a moment. They were grappling on the floor together the man, drunk though he was, felt the hands strangling him were those of a maniac. He managed to reach his pistol. No one saw exactly how it was done, but the pistol was discharged, and Paule crept to his feet. The other was dead.

One good shot, not the struggle as the dead, humanity brought every life in the room to standing. They gathered excited by sound, but Paule, with a wail of grief, threw himself upon the piano and pressed the shattered violin to his heart. He kissed it and talked to it, unmindfully absolutely. It did not seem that he had to had killed a man. He only knew that his violin was dead; that it could speak to him no more.

Soon the room was crowded, for the news had spread quickly. The dead man lay unclaimed upon the floor, and the crowd gazed morbidly at him and then at Crazy Paule hugging his violin. Presently the sheriff handed in, and all made way for him. He glanced up the pistol and laid it aside. "Jim Bragg was the first to speak.

"Crazy Paule killed him, but he will defense."

"That's what he did, sheriff," came the popular answer chorus in unison from the crowd.

"Who is he?" asked the sheriff, bending over the poor form.

"Stranger," came one exhausted.

The sheriff threw back the dead man's coat and started to search his pockets. He soon held up an envelope and read aloud the name in the address:

"Giovanni Lil—"

Paule stood beside him and snatched the envelope from his hand. One glance at the name and a wild glare at the crowd that seemed to have a minute. The next instant he was on his knees, holding the face of his brother close to his own and seeming to look through it, slowly he rose to his feet with a despairing moan. Suddenly his eyes became riveted upon an object. Before even one of the spellbound crowd divined his intention the forgotten pistol was in his hand, and another bullet had ended a life. Crazy Paule fell heavily to the floor, his arm thrown about his violin.

The fall shook the fragile building. The valued violin dropped from the piano and lay beside the brothers.—Exchange.

At the Wisconsin Station.

Pig feeding has been made a special study of the Wisconsin University station. In these experiments nearly everything ever recommended for pigs was given at some time, including skimmilk, buttermilk, whey, barley, potatoes, hard wood ashes, bone meal, oats whole and ground and cooked and uncooked foods, wet and dry, of all conceivable kinds. The few indisputable rules drawn from these experiments are briefly that young pigs should be fed heavily through the dam and early taught to eat from a trough, and thus the best gains are always made with young animals. In feeding an exclusive corn diet produces excessive fat, with weak bones, while shorts, bran and corn give more lean meat, stronger bones, larger livers and a more rapid growth.

To Save the Teeth.

Professor Miller, a noted authority of Berlin, gives the following formula as an excellent preventive of decay of the teeth:

	Grams.
Thymic acid	0.20
Benzoic acid	1
Tincture of cantharides	10
Alcohol	50
Essence of menthol	0.75

Pour a few drops of this liquid into half a glass of water and rinse the mouth with the mixture three or four times daily. It is essential to brush the teeth, removing all particles which may have lodged in and between them, before using the above wash.

MINIATURE CHURN.

By Its Use Anybody Can Have Fresh Butter Every Morning.

In Europe it is a fad with many wealthy families to eat every morning unsalted butter fresh from the churn. It is not such a fad either when one comes to remember how delicious fresh butter, just from the churn, is.

The illustration shows a familiar English vessel called a Jersey milk jug. Pretty hanging his visible. Presently the sheriff handed in, and all made way for him. He glanced up the pistol and laid it aside. "Jim Bragg was the first to speak.

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The fall shook the fragile building. The valued violin dropped from the piano and lay beside the brothers.—Exchange

MILK JUG CHURN.

ceptacle, so that it will be possible to look in and see if the butter is coming. A cord is then fastened to the vessel in the manner shown, and it is hung where it can swing freely through an arc of 10 inches or a foot. Then the operator takes hold of a string attached and swings the miniature churn back and forth till the butter comes, which will be in from 10 to 20 minutes. It is possible to churn as much as five pounds of butter at once by means of this contrivance, though usually not more than one or two are obtained. With an arrangement similar to this city people could have sweet butter and fresh buttermilk at any time.

Many of our readers are familiar with the fact that if a small quantity of cream is put into a common tumbler and then beaten steadily with a spoon for a few minutes the butter that it holds will be separated and can be gathered.

Queen Cow.

I reside in a county in Wisconsin where, 25 years ago, farmers were running a race each season with the chinch bugs to determine which could first harvest the crop of spring wheat. It had been as good a wheat country as yours was and perhaps yet is, and wheat has been for many years the main staple crop. But all this changed. The bugs, assisted by dry seasons and impoverished soil, regularly and completely exterminated the crop. Not even content with that, they overflowed with their ravaging swarms the adjoining fields of other crops and stopped only when ruin was complete. Disastrous consequences followed. The young, the enterprising and hardy moved in seamless trains westward to the virgin prairies of your state and the Dakotas to begin anew. Our newspapers were filled with notices of sheriff's sales, foreclosures and tax sales. Once in debt, the wheat farmer's struggles to extricate himself seemed only to cause him to become more deeply mired. Then when the outlook was darkest our people, a few at first, turned their attention to dairying. Their partial successes caused others to follow rapidly. We became dairymen, because we became forced by chinch bugs, which we then considered a curse sent by the Almighty to punish the wholesale robbery of the soil termed "wheat farming," but now, in the light of events following, we have reason to consider it a blessed means to lead us to Dairy farming. Green County, Wis., is today one of the greatest dairy counties in the northwest, if not in the United States. Two hundred and forty cheese factories exist in that county and nearly half as many more in the counties adjoining, mostly concentrated by Green county seen. Over 20,000,000 pounds of cheese are made annually, bringing a gross income of about $2,000,000, and not one pound of this great amount is cheddar, or so called American, cheese. It is what is termed fancy cheese, mainly of the three more popular varieties—Swiss, limburger and brick cheese.—Address Before the Minnesota Dairymen's Association.

Starters.

Cool nights call for much heating of milk while passing through the separator, and the butter maker who can cool down the cream the most rapidly makes the finest and highest flavored goods.

I found those using the small cans and the pool system for their cream most successful in this respect and their butter superior in body and flavor.

When the cooling was done rapidly, it has been found necessary on many of the cooler days to use a starter to develop a sufficient acid in the cream to bring out some aroma to the butter and to cover any weedy or gulicky flavor in the milk.

In cheesemaking they increase the acid in the curd to cover and destroy any defects there may be in tainted milk, and the same principle may be carried on in butter. I am inclined to believe, with good results, as shown in the Boyd starter and in Professor Conn's pure culture.—A. M. Bingham.

Look Here.

Many farmers are of the opinion that they should be able to hire a man to operate their creamery for about the same wages they pay their hired man, as they hire some one who has passed by a creamery and stopped in and witnessed the process of making butter. This party will come to those farmers and say to them, "I have had experience." Now will you hire him, paying him about a third what a good man would ask. He goes to work. The first shipment of butter which goes on the market reduces this reply: "Your butter is poorly made—no grain, not salt enough, streaked, etc. Please advise what we shall do with it."—Creamery Journal.

A Real Tribute.

"That bicycle suit of yours," said the Earon, "is the most hideous article of wearing apparel man ever gazed upon. Honestly, it's a wonder that it doesn't cause cases of hysterics every time you appear on the street."

He paused for a reply, but she had dropped her blushing head and said not a word. She could not speak.

The eloquent compliment to her skill in designing a successful bicycle costume had overwhelmed her with joy.—Chicago Record.

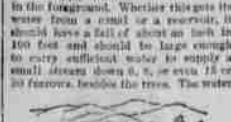
Smoothing irons were first used in France, and are supposed to have been a French invention, being introduced in the sixteenth century.

HOW TO IRRIGATE.

A Kansas Irrigator Explains His Method. A Hot Bath Illustrated and Described.

On land having a gentle slope at a tolerably uniform rate the arrangement shown in the first cut is entirely satisfactory, according to W. F. Rose of Sterling, Kan., who writes as follows to Kansas Farmer:

The supply ditch or lateral is shown in the foreground. Whether this gets its water from a canal or a reservoir, it should have a fall of about an inch in 100 feet and should be large enough to carry sufficient water to supply a small stream down 6, 8, or even 10 or 20 furrows, besides the trees. The water



IRRIGATING A YOUNG ORCHARD.

which a ditch 2 feet wide and 1½ feet deep will carry can be readily applied by one hand on land of even surface if the arrangements have been properly made. The furrows should have a tolerably uniform fall of not less than an inch and not usually more than 4 inches in 100 feet. In some soils a greater fall may be used, but most Kansas soils are liable to wash if the fall is much greater than the maximum above given. If the slope is uniform, both the rows and the distributing furrows may be made straight, as shown in cut 1. If the proper fall is obtained, in conformity with the points of the compass, the distributing furrows and rows of trees may be laid north and south or east and west; otherwise points of the compass must be disregarded in laying out the distributing furrows at least. For convenience of cultivation, it is better to planting a new orchard to conform the direction of the rows to the direction which the distributing furrows must take.

There are several methods of taking water from the supply lateral into the distributing furrows. In cut 1 a lateral ditch is represented. When this is made of redwood, it is said to be very durable. The outlets are closed with bat-

LETTING THE WATER FLOW.

tens, by which the flow is regulated. The supply lateral is closed below the section of trees to be irrigated, and the water is raised in the holes and flows out as rapidly or slowly, within certain limits, as the operator desires. The rows of trees and the distributing furrows are so laid out that, if the arrangements are made carefully fully satisfactory work may be done with furrows and rows 40 rods long.

In the second cut is shown a less ditch more in detail, with the water flowing through the openings. In the upper layer is shown a form of spade to prevent cutting the earth near the ditch.

Honey Dew.

"Much has been written and many questions have been asked of late in regard to this so called honey dew. I fail to see any reason or cause why it ever was or should be called by the name honey dew." Thus writes a Utah correspondent of The American Bee Journal, who does not believe in the idea sometimes advanced that it falls as a dew from the heavens. He says:

In regard to the question as to what honey dew is made of I presume the cause that produces it is pretty much the same in all localities. If so, it should be called "bug juice." It is produced here by very small insects, generally known as the aphis family. The grade can be defined to some extent by the particular kind of aphis that secretes it. There are several species of green and light colored aphides that produce a secretion which when mixed with a better grade of honey can be passed as honey. There are the brown, black and other aphides whose secretion can hardly be called honey. The very best grade of it is not due class honey. I have not noticed the bees working on it more than once, in several years, and as the bees always gather the best it is proof that the distributing farmers