THE DEMON VIOLIN.

Count Paolo Ozo called him. Wine, whisky, a little food and a shave bringing considerable his former dignity to bear the valentine piano and play the violin—the violin so carefully locked in his case.

He had finished a harrowing regular air at the piano for the concert's expectorations and stepped to take a drink from the glass at his elbow. There or four big, hulking men near by stood looking at him empirically from under their broad felt hats. The poker chips rattled on the gaming table. Mac, Scanny, in response to an order, brought in a tray of liquids and cigars.

Paolo marched for his case and absent-mindedly took out his violin. A little preliminary tuning, and it went to the shoulder. The bow was drawn over the strings, for an idle flourish, and the crowd settled the count. Again it glided over the instrument, and then it began to warble, back and forth—now slowly, now quickly, now sweetly, now tempestuously.

As the tinsel lace of favorite operas, and overtures and gay garrison round to the jingling, one by one, he let up with strange joy. The vacant stare of the men near him changed to a dull curiosity. Still the music was all for himself. It was only a moment of delicious musing with the violin he was having. You will be true, thus the most would hence a customer to play some horrible song or dance. But the poker chips still clicked, the men about idles and nodding, and Paolo continued to play for the single auditor—himself.

With the music he was in a kind of a reminiscent mood back to Italy. He said the whole had never passed since leaving the little Palermo town. The old mother and father had gone long ago; the father had left Alba all to Indo—the wonderful violin.

Ah, that was good of the old father, he thought, did and think so. Where was Giovanni? A will boy was Giovanni. He did not like the father's violin. It was the demon of the family, thought and it had brought and would bring nothing but misfortune to them. The old father had done nothing but play it, and he had lived in distress, due to poverty. Giovanni had been better but he left Paolo the same thin violin.

As for Giovanni, he would have more of goods. He would go away, anywhere, and he would become rich somehow. Yes, what was wind to sail, this thousand was not a musician—and a complacent smile stole over the lips of the pretty woman. Dolcini! Mad-cousin! Slumber on his close violin! Had he not played to applauding thousands in Rome—in London—in New York? She had come to hear him, it was true, but was it the fiddle's fault that the dark eyed actress, when he married, deceived him and ruined his life?

"Now! Paolo, you dance! Wake up there and play us something lively," said a rough, good natured voice from behind the circle of tobacco smoke.

Just then a man came reeling 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, frowned to be seized the violin, tore it from the player's hands, and swinging it about his head brought it down upon the piano, smashing it to pieces. With a shriek like that of a wild and wounded animal Paolo 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 frenzy of the Italian some three of a new foe. He managed to reach his pistol. No one saw exactly how it was done, but the pistol was discharged, and Paolo alone to his feet. The other was dead!

Condemned alive, and the miserable at the bank, instants brought once life in the form to shooting. They gathered round by around, but Paolo, with a wall of grief, flung himself upon the piano and groaned the shattered violin to his breast. He found it and called it—commonly pleasingly. It did not seem that he knew he had killed a man. Already Carey the bar violin was dead, that it would cost him to lose an man.

Soon the room was crowded, for the news had spread quickly. The coal man had recorded upon the floor, and the crowd gazed curiously at him and then at Count Paolo hugging his violin. Presently the sheriff hustled in, and all made way for him. He picked up the pistol and laid it aside. The lawyer was the first to speak.

"Count Paolo killed him, but in self defense."

"Can's what he did, sheriff," came the popular answer, clear as noon from the crowd.

"Who is he?" asked the sheriff, scanning over the prone form.

"Stranger," some one ventured.

The sheriff threw back the dead man's coat and started because he recognized. He took hold up an envelope and read aloud the name in the address.

"Giovanni Lapolo!"

Paolo stood beside him and watched the man's face from his view. One glance at the name and a wild photo at the crowd that would to have a smile. The man turned his eye to his knees, holding the head of his lovely one close to his breast and moaning to look through it. Shortly he rose to his feet with a demanding voice. Suddenly his face became stricken with an object. Below even one of the spellbound crowd divined his intention the forgotten violin! Again he laid his hand and another bullet had entered a life. Count Paolo fell heavily to the floor, his arm thrown about his violin.

The fall shook the Sagale building. The raised cable drop of from the piano and lay beside the brothers.—Ex-Judge

At the Wisconsin Station.

Pig feeding has been made a special study of the Wisconsin University station. In these experiments nearly everything were recommended for pigs was given at some time, including skimmilk, buttermilk, whey, barley, potatoes, hard wood ashes, lime mortar, oats whole and ground and cooked and uncooked foods, wet and dry, of all conceivable kinds. The few influential radical dissent from these experiments are briefly that young pigs should be fed heavily through the dam and early taught to eat from a trough, and that the best grains are always made with young animals. In feeding an exclusive corn diet produces excessive fat, with weak bones, white shoes, lean 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.
Thymol acid	0.5
Benzoic acid	1
Tincture of camphor	5
Alcohol	100
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.

HOME MADE CHURN.

Though undoubtedly any other kind of jug would do. A lid is closely fitted to the wide mouth of the jug, so that the cream cannot escape. A lid is often inserted, 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 churned. 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 thus if fully will be separated and can be gathered.

Queen Cow.

I reside in a county in Wisconsin where, 15 years ago, farmers were engaging 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 your 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 ruined the crop. Not even contest with that, they overflowed with their swelling swarms the adjoining fields of other crops and stopped only when rain was complete. Disastrous consequences followed. The young, the enterprising and hardy moved in crowdes trains westward to the virgin prairies of your state and the Dakotas to begin anew. Our newspapers were filled with actions 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 chinch was thought our people, a few at first, turned themselves to dairying. Their partial success 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 almost meant to lead us to fresh pastures. 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 supplied by Green county men. Over 25,000,000 pounds of cheese are made annually, bringing a gross income of about $3,000,000, and not one pound of the great amount is cheddar, or so called American, cheese. It is what is termed fancy cheese, mainly of the three most 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 heater makes 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, seldom or never successful in this respect and their butter superior in body and flavor.

When the milking 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 gaulicky flavor in the milk.

In choosing 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 Dept experiment at 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 these farmers and say to them, "I have had experience." They will 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 vouchsafes 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 friend, "is the most tedious article of wearing apparel I ever gazed upon. Honesty, it's a wonder that it doesn't raise cases of ignorance 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.

Something from wire first used in France, and are supposed to have been a French invention, being introduced in the eleventh century.

HOW TO IRRIGATE.

A Kansas Farmer Explains His Method, A Ditch Established and Described.

On land having a gentle slope or a tolerably uniform rate the arrangement shown in the first cut is entirely satisfactory, according to W. P. Roe 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 its foot and should be large enough to carry sufficient water to supply a small stream down it, 6, 8, or even 15 or 20 furrows, besides the trees. The water

IRRIGATING A TOWN ORCHARD.

which a ditch 3 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 one 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 in 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 tened ditch is represented. When this is made of redwood, it is said to be very durable. The certain 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 to 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 to be only long, and the ditches be-

[illegible] that water the arrangements are made carefully fully satisfactory work may be done with furrows and rows 80 rods long.

In the second cut is shown a box ditch more in detail, with the water flowing through the opening. In the upper corner is shown a form of spout 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 what is 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 aside 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 cycle 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 liquid which when mixed with a better grade of honey can be passed as honey. There are the brown, black and other aphides which secrete a substance hardly be called honey. The very best grade of it is not that 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 they find something better than the so called honey dew.

The insects suck the sap from the leaf, and as it passes over the leaf a portion of this honey dew is left sticking on the leaf. If we place them under a microscope, we find that their tail or anus largely composed of this honey dew.

Silencing Without a Silent Floor.

If you want to try silencing and do not care to go to the expense of getting a silent floor, says the Iowa Homestead, have a boy run a one horse cultivator after the plow in the furrow. If you do not have the boy, get a neighbor's boy or put an attachment to the plow that will do this work. A sulky plow is admirable for attaching the cultivator. It can be put on in two ways, either as a cultivator would go in front to run in the furrow last plowed or directly in the furrow behind the plow.

CORN STOVER.

The Feeding Value of Stover—How to Handle It—Methods of Storing.

Corn stover means the stalk of the corn after the grain has been removed. Threshed corn straw and shredded corn are therefore included in the term "stover," although until recently it has meant only the straw or stalk of corn that was harvested by hand. Corn fodder means the entire crop as it grew. It may mean the cured crop in a form so immature that it is possessed of no grain, or the crop which has completed its growth, or it may mean the same cut at any period short of maturity. The essential difference therefore between corn stover and corn fodder lies in the fact that in the latter the grain has been removed, from the straw, while in the latter it has not.

As the outlook for hay is not encouraging, it is important that particular care should be taken of the corn stover that may be available. That it does of stock will winter well on a diet of the fodder portion of which remains if well cured, even when hay has been denied them. Corn stover, when properly fitted for feeding, is valuable for use as hay. The value of such stover properly fitted for feeding is shown by the out of the cattle of Angus from a short age in the hay crop, when he can have corn stover or at least corn fodder any season.

To get the full feeding value of corn stover the corn should be properly cut as soon as ripe and stored up in shocks. When housed by hand, it may then be put in long stacks, consisting of the outside of corn with the butts outward and the tops converging for strength in the middle to shed rain. Some of the stack just a little. Some did hay the top along the ridge of the stack and weather well completing the structure. But in cross sections there may be no stack, some bone in the fodder that it will not keep tion, and therefore has to be put in large stacks after having been housed.

To shock corn so as to run it through the shredder is labor saving when it can be done in quantity or cut time. When thus meet, the corn stands in the field where it was shocked until cold weather. When run through the shredder in other process, the stover is stored under cover or without cover, according to circumstances. But it is usually much more conveniently fed if it is put under cover. Such a system is labor saving in a marked degree.

The burning or shredding of the fodder increases the palatability of the same, or at least it puts the stover in a condition that will induce the cattle to eat it more readily and also to eat more of it. But this point has not been fully settled. Unless the concentrates are well dried, and the weather cold, the stover will not keep in large quantities it will heat and rot. In fact, this in practice will be found the case great difficulty in storing corn stover after a windmill fashion, and the danger of trouble arising from the same named will increase with the increase in the acreage in the cured corn. Stover prepared by shredding or shredding is more likely to spoil in Michigan than in South Dakota, says Prof. Ladd, authority for the foregoing. The danger may be averted by handling only a relatively small quantity at one time, but to prevent this will be more expensive than to thresh or shred the entire crop or even a considerable portion of it at one setting of the machine.

In a recent address at Stoneleigh, England, Irving distinguished Mackett as "one of the most kindly minded, hyperitical cylinder in all the poet's long gallery of portraits of men tortured with the virtues and vices of their kind."

The publication of a telegraphic weather bulletin, together with predictions, began in 1837 in this country.

The Indians called Lake Ontario "the lake of the porcupines."

Z. C. M. I.

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