

Have the Comfort of Live Stock in Mind and Provide Good Conditions.

Winter is a hard time for the stock of the farm, the best way to care for them. When you stop to think that naturally, stock are out-of-door creatures, ranging in the fields, breathing the pure, fresh air, and that they are changed by the conditions when they come to be shut up in tight barns for the larger portion of the year, it becomes evident that the conditions should be toward weakness and disease. It stands us in need to make the conditions in the barn like those of the summer as far as possible. We should do our best to give the stock food, feed that shall be nutritious and that is free from disease. It must be that a great deal of the sickness, such as tuberculosis, comes from breathing the same air over and over again in the close stables of our country.

By running a board along the stable, very near to the floor clear up to the roof, we may take a good deal of the impure air out. You say that air that has been in a stable once is better than that in a draft. There are loads of impurity in stable air that has been used in the lungs of man or beast. This settles toward the floor, and if you have some more or less of a draft through such a shaft, the foul air will be lifted out, while the pure air, will come in from below.

This pure air ought not to come in so that the cattle must stand all the time in the draft. The windows should be arranged so that they may furnish air without bringing a draft. Again, the windows ought to be windowless, except in the winter. The windows should be fitted with hinges to turn up out of the way early in the fall. They let in light, but not the draft. The minute they are out in the front they begin to rob and lick and dig themselves against every fence post or anything else they can get to as if their heads were perfect misery, as I have no doubt they are. We ought to save our stock from this trouble by giving them a covering over their heads.

With good feed and water, with well-ventilated barns and good grooming, any man can keep his stock in a healthy condition, even in winter. And such things pay, for the work the cows do next year will largely depend on the way they come out in the spring. There never should be such a thing as "spring poor." Spring fat is a far better term to use.

EASY-RUNNING GRINDSTONE.

One Which the Farmer Can Rig Up for Himself.

The grindstone shown in the accompanying illustration may be made by using four pieces of six lumber, 2 1/2 inches wide and 12 feet long. The water level in the reservoir of Central park is 112 feet above the sea, and the bottom of the hill in Mount Mansfield park is only 102 feet lower. The altitude of Morningside park rises 132 feet above the waters of the bay, and the top of the hill in Mount Mansfield park is only 102 feet lower. The altitude of Morningside park rises 132 feet above the waters of the bay, and the top of the hill in Mount Mansfield park is only 102 feet lower. The altitude of Morningside park rises 132 feet above the waters of the bay, and the top of the hill in Mount Mansfield park is only 102 feet lower.

A Grindstone Frame. It is made of four pieces of six lumber, 2 1/2 inches wide and 12 feet long. The water level in the reservoir of Central park is 112 feet above the sea, and the bottom of the hill in Mount Mansfield park is only 102 feet lower. The altitude of Morningside park rises 132 feet above the waters of the bay, and the top of the hill in Mount Mansfield park is only 102 feet lower. The altitude of Morningside park rises 132 feet above the waters of the bay, and the top of the hill in Mount Mansfield park is only 102 feet lower.

THIS AND THAT. It pays to have good fences at all seasons of the year. A poor old henhouse is a bad thing to go through the winter with. Throw it away and buy a good one. Fall plowing kills many injurious insects, which are thus turned up to the ground and the frosts. It makes a great difference what variety of a plant is grown on a farm, as some yield twice as much as others. There is a great fight on between commercial fertilizers and the manure of the farm. The latter, however, seems to be still spreading. After finishing the fall plowing, clean up the plow, grease the bright spots, and get it away dry, so it will be ready to use in the spring.

The Potato Crop. The potato crop is one of the best crops that any farmer can grow. Potatoes exhaust the land little in comparison with the money they cost of the crop. The tubers are composed largely of water and starch, and the leaves and vines fall on the field and rot in place. There are many ways to attack the potato, and they are mostly controlled by spraying. Only one insect of importance has to be fought, and that is the Colorado beetle. It is so big and easily found that destroying it is merely a question of effort. Potato growing there is so easy that it has been known in its way than several other kinds of effort on the farm.

Talk of New York

Gossip of People and Events Told in Interesting Manner.

Glory of New York's 400 Dimmed

leaders try to attribute the lack of winter success to the financial stringency, but when the truth is cornered all agree that there is no one to play the game. It is not only the 400 who are dimmed, but the 400 who are dimmed.

NEW YORK.—The glory of the 400 of New York is fast becoming dimmed. No longer are its varied and original entertainments the talk of this country and Europe. Harry Lehr, or some other creator of original entertainments, must beat himself on the fame of the ultra-fashionable in this city will not extend beyond the confines of Manhattan. The Bradley-Martin ball, Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish's comic opera are becoming but memories. James Hazen Hyde has hied himself away to France, taking his entire fortune with him.

New Chicago is forging to the front as the society folk have developed a penchant for the ultra-fashionable women of the Windy City appear in classical and costly costumes in the talk of the smart set. It is in trying to change Old Cy's into a new one, that Old Cy has found the way to get too much the same toward Chicago.

Old Cy has all the funds you need, old friend," he made answer, "and wish you Godspeed on your mission. I'll do more than that. I'll pay your expenses for your trip to Chicago next year, or if you don't want to go, I'll give you the money to do as you please."

That might he held a conversation with his wife. "I suspect you are somewhat to blame for this unfortunate happening," he said to her, "at least, some of the blame is yours. You made up your mind to do it. It is a matter we are responsible for, or I feel so, anyway. I think as Old Cy does, that this might be found if I had not done it, and I propose that we break camp and return to Greenvale. If Amzi can't be coaxed to go, I must leave Levi with him. No power on earth can keep Old Cy here any longer."

Wide Variations in Rise of Streets. The water level in the reservoir of Central park is 112 feet above the sea, and the bottom of the hill in Mount Mansfield park is only 102 feet lower. The altitude of Morningside park rises 132 feet above the waters of the bay, and the top of the hill in Mount Mansfield park is only 102 feet lower.

Boy Has an Underground Speedway. running track seven laps to the mile. Below street level and below the ground, it circles the walls of the structure. Under the tiled floor, comparatively high speed is easy of attainment. In all its parts the automobile is as perfect as the most modern. The body of the automobile is painted black. The running gear is red.

Stole a Train for a Lark. The lad kept the car in the engine room of the Plaza, which is 40 feet above street level, and he drove it there and in the sub-basement, 40 feet below the level of the street. The machine is propelled by a one-horsepower motor, driven by a 200-watt storage battery. Its owner has trained it at the rate of 12 miles an hour.

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"I met Hersey as we were coming in the boat, and he says that neither of those men, nor the half-breed, had been seen or heard of since early last fall. Hersey came in early this spring with one of his dupes; they visited a half dozen lumber camps called twice at Tim's Place, and even went over to Pete's cabin on the Fox Hole, but nowhere could they learn anything of those two men. More than that, no canoe was found at Pete's hut, and there was no sign of occupation at all this past winter. Nothing could be learned from Tim, either, although not much was expected from that source. It is all a most mysterious disappearance, and the last that we can learn of Pete was his arrival and departure from Tim's Place after we rescued Chip."

"I think both of 'em has concluded this section was getting too warm for 'em," remarked Levi, "and they lit out." "Such a good chance if they have," answered Old Cy, "I am I'm sorry on 'em set eyes on 'em again!"

"But another matter now began to interest Old Cy—how Ray and Chip stood in their mutual feelings. That was not as he wished. Old Cy soon guessed from Ray's face and actions, and he was not long in verifying it. "Wal, how'd ya find the gal?" he said to Ray when the chance came. "Was she glad to see you?" "Why yes," answered Ray, looking away, "she appeared to be. I wasn't in Greenvale but two weeks, you know."

"I don't pry in your love matters," he said at last, "but as I'm on my side, I'd rather like to know how she's progressing." "Wal, that's nothing but a waste of time, you know," he said at last, "but as I'm on my side, I'd rather like to know how she's progressing." "Wal, that's nothing but a waste of time, you know."

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SYNOPSIS.

Chip, a young lad, had been in the woods for some time, and he was looking for his father. He had been told that his father had been seen in the woods, and he was determined to find him. He had been told that his father had been seen in the woods, and he was determined to find him.

Chip never could explain, for escape from the lake, was his sole thought. He had been told that his father had been seen in the woods, and he was determined to find him. He had been told that his father had been seen in the woods, and he was determined to find him.

It was almost sunset when Old Cy, his eyes still glistening and weary, as he never before, crossed the little lake. He had been told that his father had been seen in the woods, and he was determined to find him. He had been told that his father had been seen in the woods, and he was determined to find him.

CHAPTER XXIII.—Continued. It is said that great discoveries are wrought invariably by some trifling accident—a gold mine found by a student digging for a stone, a profit of diamonds discovered by digging for water.

It was in this case it was true, for Old Cy, in his search for his father, had been told that his father had been seen in the woods, and he was determined to find him. He had been told that his father had been seen in the woods, and he was determined to find him.

With eyes almost tear-dimmed and heart throbbing at having found poor Chip's special heritage, Old Cy now stated at it. "The sharp tones upon which he meant nearly pierced his flesh, but he felt them not."

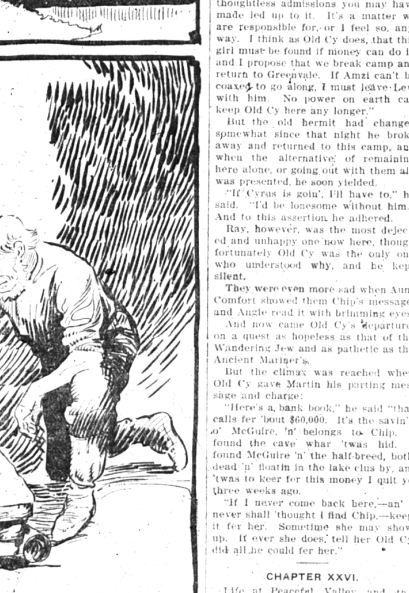
The glint of sunlight from the crack above caressed his scant gray hairs and white forehead, and forming almost a halo, yet he knew it not. He only knew that here, before him, on this rude stone table, lay thousands of dollars, all belonging to the child he loved.

CHAPTER XXIV. When Old Cy emerged from the cave, his face glorified and heart throbbing with the blessing of his gift to give Chip, he looked about with almost fear. The two abandoned canoes and the trusty rifle had seemed an insignificant trifle, but now they were proof of this outlaw's death. That this cave had been his, could not be doubted, and no moment was to be lost in securing the treasure. Old Cy to rescue this fortune, that he trembled with a sudden dread.

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CHAPTER XXVI. Life at Peaceful Valley. The home of Judson Walker fell into its usual monotony after Chip's departure. A few days later he was back in the valley, and he had found that the life was just as he had left it. He had found that the life was just as he had left it.

CHAPTER XXVII. Village Joker in a Washington Town. Almost Caused a Wreck. Bellington, Wash.—The Great Northern Express, a town car, was stolen the other night from the depot where it was left for a few minutes while the crew went to lunch by Berkeley McCutcheon, a town car driver. Jumping into the cab, McCutcheon threw open the throttle and away the train shot, going north at high speed. It was raining and the white blowing.



Old Cy Now Gazed at it.

Ray, looking under and through the hole, saw the gold and he was not long in verifying it. "Wal, how'd ya find the gal?" he said to Ray when the chance came. "Was she glad to see you?" "Why yes," answered Ray, looking away, "she appeared to be. I wasn't in Greenvale but two weeks, you know."

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