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MIRAMICHI ADVANCE

Vol. 26. No. 31. CHATHAM, NEW BRUNSWICK, JUNE 13, 1901. D. G. SMITH, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR

TERMS—$1.50 a Year, if paid in advance, $1.00.

BUSINESS NOTICE

The "MIRAMICHI ADVANCE" is published at Chatham, Miramichi, N. B., every THURSDAY morning in time for despatch by the earliest mails of that day.

It is sent to any address in Canada or the United States (Postage prepaid by the Publisher) at ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS A YEAR. If paid in advance the price is One dollar.

Advertisements, other than yearly or by the season are inserted at eight cents per line nonpareil, for 1st insertion, and three cents per line for each continuation.

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 therefore 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

Editor Miramichi Advance, Chatham, N.B

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Barber's Toilet Clippers, Horse Clippers, Lawn Shears, Accordions, Violins, Bows and Fixings.
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Mower Sections, Heads, Knife Heads, Mower Section Guards, Rivets, Oilers.
Our Stock of General Hardware is complete in every branch and too numerous to mention.
All persons requiring goods in our line will save money by calling on us, as they will find our prices away down below the lowest, prove his by calling.
The GOGGIN HARDWARE STORE, CHATHAM.

FARM AND STABLE FIXTURES.

As we improve our stock and our farms we must improve our farm methods and provide machines, tools and fixtures to save time and labor, and have a place for everything and keep things in their place. Repairs are easily made if tools, saw, hammer and nails are in place at the barn. A writer in The American Cultivator says:

There should be in every stable a closet large enough to allow the hanging up of all harnesses, whether for carriage or work teams, and so snugly made that when the doors are shut the closet will be nearly air tight. The cost of such a closet will be more than repaid by the saving of leather from the fumes of ammonia, if there is a cellar for manure under the building, and from the dampness caused by the breath of animals or in other ways. Another and smaller closet, or box with shelves, near the animals, or two, one for the horses and one for the cattle, in which to keep curry-combs, brushes, cattle cards, sponges, hammer and nails, often needed, and little bottles or packages of simple remedies that may be needed for a sick animal, to save calling a veterinarian or to save the animal until he can be brought there. We usually have tincture of aconite, saltpetre, powdered charcoal and a bottle of some liniment on hand always. Then a rack in the stables to hold forks, shovels, hoes and brooms for cleaning them out, and another in some other place for forks, rakes and broom, as well as other things used in feeding. When there is but one place for each article and that is always in its place no time is lost in hunting for it, and there is less breakage from their being thrown down, stepped on or run over. The field tools should have a room or place separate from those that are used at the barn nearly every day.

SET A FEW GRAPES.

Grapes are so easily grown and require so little room, it is a wonder that every farmer has not a bountiful supply. They need plenty of sun, free circulation of air, good, fair soil and plenty of ashes. After they come to bearing, not less than 4 qts of unleached wood ashes should be applied a year to each vine. Coal ashes are good as a mulch, but are not much value otherwise. Mildew will be troublesome if the ground is too rich Two-year old vines are best to plant Set them 10 in. deep, grow one cane the first year, cut to three buds in November and cover with dirt. Grow two canes the second year and cut to to two buds and the other to 2 feet; after this, prune off about three-quarters of all new wood and cover them from the sun during winter. In the spring, as soon as the frost is out, tie up to the wires. After the fruit is set in June, pinch the bearing shoots two leaves beyond the last bunch. Among the best black sorts are Worden, Concord, Campbell's Early, Moore's Early, Wilder, Eaton, Black Eagle, Eagle, Merrimack and McPike. Among the best red varieties are Delaware, Brighton, Lindley, Agawam and Jefferson. The best white are Niagara, Lady, Green Mountain, Moore's Diamond and Lady Washington.

The Missing Madonna

I.

Somebody discovered it in a mildewy picture-gallery in Germany, and Mr. Hezekiah Hobbes, the multi-millionaire, who had amassed his fortune out of the proceeds of tinned fish, purchased it for a mere song.

It made him famous and gave him a place in society which even his millions could not buy.

After all, anybody might be a millionaire, if he had the chance; but to secure an undoubted Raphael, painted in that prince of artists' best manner, is a distinction indeed.

About a dozen of the guests at Bramley Castle were in the picture-gallery admiring it.

To Crawfurd Rivers, the rising young artist, who was said, by the way, to be wildly in love with Margaret Hobbes, the picture was an inexhaustible subject of study.

"It's a poem," he muttered, in his enthusiasm—"a poem without words or music—a poem in colour."

"Yes, it's a very pretty picture," said the Duchess of Sussex, looking at the wrong one through her lorgnettes. She possessed a picture gallery of her own, which was crowded with the duke's ugly ancestors, and she had no intention of waxing enthusiastic over anything Mr. Hobbes possessed. "I believe Mr. Hobbes refused fifty thousand for it, did he not?" she inquired of Margaret.

"I really don't know," said Miss Hobbes, laughing, "but I almost wish he had sold it. Every day brings a letter from some one imploring him to name a price. One old gentleman fairly wept, he was so overcome, because he couldn't buy it; and I firmly believe it will be stolen some day."

"Imagine an art-collector organising a burglary expedition to rob Bramley Castle of its 'Madonna.' What fun it would be!" continued she. "You could scarcely give a nice-looking, white-haired old gentleman—they all have white hair, you know—in charge to the police. We should have to ask the burglar to dinner, and then drive him down to the police-station in the brougham."

Later in the day Margaret happened to be in the picture-gallery alone, and by one of those remarkable coincidences which occasionally happen when people are in love, Crawfurd found her there.

"Do you know," he said, "that the 'Madonna,' is very like you?"

"Is it really?" she answered. "But I'm sure I'm not half so good-looking."

"No, of course not," he said absently, for he was studying the picture intently.

"Really, Crawfurd, you are too candid for anything."

"I beg your pardon," he answered, in confusion, delighted at being called "Crawfurd," and annoyed with himself for having blundered. "I spoke as an artist, not as a—as—as anything else."

She smiled demurely, and perhaps wished he had finished the sentence with the word "lover," as he had evidently intended.

"There never was a woman as lovely as she is," he continued. "Look, at the shading of the eyes, and the sweet trembling little mouth, almost ready to speak, or perhaps to pray. Then see the hands. Did you ever see a woman of the nineteenth century fold her hands in that restful way?"

But further conversation was prevented by the arrival of Mr. Hobbes.

"Why, Rivers, my boy," he began, in his dry, energetic way, "enjoying the 'Madonna?' You are the identical man I want to talk to. Maggie, go downstairs, my honey, and look after the duchess. That's the worst of having a real live duchess on the premises, you must always be trotting about after her."

Margaret left them, and for half an hour the two men walked up and down the picture-gallery, talking earnestly, sometimes stopping in front of the "Madonna," only to renew the conversation more energetically still. But nobody was told the result of their deliberations.

The next week slipped away pleasantly enough. The love-making went on merrily, though to be sure, not a word of love was spoken on either side; for, if a young man whose income is about £200 a year, has any decent feeling, he must find it embarrassing to make love to a girl whose father's income is nearly a hundred times as great.

But every day Margaret became more attached to him. He was a different type of man from any she had met. He had the breeding and independence of an English aristocrat, without his vices and insolence, and he had the quick, impulsive sympathy of the artist, without the artist's waywardness and indolence. Indeed, his energy was the joke of the house. In every spare moment he was making studies of the "Madonna," and his ideal of happiness seemed to be working at his art, with Margaret by his side to talk to. Thanks to her thoughtfulness a dressing-room and a bedroom had been allotted to him, which led out of the picture-gallery, and it was currently reported that he commenced working at six o'clock every morning. At any rate, his room was littered with studies, and the servants had strict orders to touch nothing.

II.

One night, instead of going to bed like two respectable old politicians, Lord Whitstable and Sir Richard Buxton, two of the guests, sat up gossiping in the billiard-room.

They had switched off the electric light, and were sitting in the dark, smoking. It was three o'clock in the morning. Mr. Hobbes had been summoned to town the previous day, and, excepting these two old gentlemen, everybody in the house was asleep, or at any rate, should have been. Sir Richard was in the middle of an anecdote about an extraordinary adventure of his at Eton, in which he performed prodigies of valour; and Lord Whitstable, who had heard the tale at least twenty times, was thinking about something else.

"Why, bless my soul!" said Lord Whitstable suddenly, "There's someone walking about. There! Can't you see him? He's creeping along the path between the lawn and that third buttress. Wait a minute. He'll have to cross that patch of moonlight directly, then we shall be able to see him better."

A moment later the figure of a man dressed in a long coat crossed the end of the lawn, as if he were going to the stables

"Well, I'll be hanged, if it isn't young Rivers!" said Sir Richard. "I remember that queer macintosh of his. He wore it the other day at the picnic."

"What ever is he doing at this time of night?"

"Going for a walk, I suppose. Perhaps he can't sleep. Been thinking too much about that confounded 'Madonna.' All these artists are more or less mad, you know."

"It's very queer," said Lord Whitstable gravely.

"I suppose he has as much right to go for a walk at night, as we have to sit up and smoke."

Half an hour later they saw the man in the mackintosh return.

Next morning the whole house was thrown into consternation by the news that the "Madonna" had been stolen. The picture had been cut from the frame with a penknife.

Everybody was horror stricken, and at Lord Whitstable's suggestion, a telegram was sent to Mr. Hobbes, calling him to the castle at once.

Somehow it leaked out that Lord Whitstable and Sir Richard Buxton had seen Crawfurd in the grounds at three o'clock in the morning, but no one had the courage to speak to him about it.

At luncheon, when the whole party met together for the first time, the "Madonna," was, of course, the subject of conversation.

"This is no ordinary robbery," said Lord Whitstable, "The picture is so well known that no dealer would give a thief half a crown for it. I don't believe it has been stolen for its pecuniary value. It has been taken by someone who has an interest in the picture itself—a collector, or—or——" He was going to say "an artist."

Crawfurd looked across at the speaker, with flashing eyes, and turned pale; then he said, in an odd, constrained voice:

"I have half a mind to go up to town and meet Mr. Hobbes. Perhaps——"

But Lord Whitstable interrupted him, sternly.

"I think, sir," he said, "that under the circumstances, nobody, not even a guest, ought to leave the house."

There was a little hum of approval all round the table, and Crawfurd's lips went together tightly. Margaret was as white as the tablecloth, and trembling from head to foot, but she soon recovered her self-control.

"Oh, please don't let us worry about the wretched picture," she said, trying to speak naturally. "I'm not going to. I shall play tennis. Mr. Rivers, will you let me try to beat you this afternoon?"

At five o'clock Mr. Hobbes arrived at Bramley Station, and Lord Whitstable and Sir Richard Buxton drove over to meet him, and tell him what had happened. In the meantime, Crawfurd and Margaret had been having a long conversation.

When Mr. Hobbes arrived, he went straight up-stairs, and ordered one of the servants, to ask Mr. Rivers to come to his private study.

Everybody tried to behave with well-bred indifference, but curiosity ran high, and great astonishment was expressed when somebody announced that Crawfurd had gone to Mr. Hobbes's study accompanied by Margaret. Half an hour later news was brought that the butler had been sent privately for a constable.

At last, the dinner bell rang, and, to everybody's surprise, Crawfurd appeared in his usual place, though his face was pale and set.

Margaret looked unmistakably angry.

"He has made a fool of that poor girl," said the duchess to Sir Richard, "and she can't forgive him."

No allustion to the lost "Madonna" was made, during dinner, but a hint was passed round that Mr. Hobbes would like everybody to assemble in the drawing-room afterwards.

It was a curious scene which followed, and one not to be forgotten by those who took part in it.

Mr. Hobbes entered the room, followed closely by Margaret and Crawfurd. He carried a picture.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, speaking even more energetically than usual, "you will be glad to know that the "Madonna" is quite safe. Here she is."

He held the picture up. It was in a common little oak frame.

Everyone looked puzzled, and Mr. Hobbes smiled sarcastically.

"I think I owe you an explanation," he went on. "Of course, an old man of business like me, wasn't such a fool as to buy a valuable picture and not take care of it. A few days ago I asked Mr. Rivers if he could make a copy of this picture. He made one for me privately; and when it was done I can assure you that, if it hadn't been for the frame I couldn't tell the difference between them, until Mr. Rivers made me study them through a glass. The real 'Madonna' was then put in this frame, and locked up in my safe, and for the last few days, ladies and gentlemen, I am very sorry to say, you have been admiring the wrong one."

Here Mr. Hobbes grinned, and the Duchess of Sussex showed signs of fainting, and sal volatile was sent for.

"Well now," continued Mr. Hobbes, "I have been found out in my little fraud, so I hope you won't be offended. Now, the sham 'Madonna.' was cut out of its frame last night, by one of my servants. He was commissioned to do it by a very wealthy, but half-cracked London collector, whose name I won't mention. After he had removed the picture, he stepped into Mr. Rivers's dressing-room, the door of which stood open and took his macintosh. I mention this," he added grimly, "because my friends, Lord Whitstable and Sir Richard Buxton, sat up rather late last night, and formed a wrong impression.

"And now," said the bluff Mr. Hobbes, continuing his speech, "I have only one more thing to say. They tell me artists make uncommonly good sons-in-law, and I made up my mind coming down in the train to day to try the experiment."

A FAMOUS COLLECTING DOG.

Many who have for years known "London Jack," the clever dog collector, on the London and South-Western Railway, for the Railway Orphanage Fund will regret to hear that he is dead. But "Jack" is not yet done with. He has passed into the possession of Mr. Rowland Ward, the famous naturalist, in Piccadilly, and when he has been duly preserved he will re-appear on the platform at Waterloo Station, to be a mute perpetual appeal to all who would help the railway men.

Finland turns the tables on England in lunacy statistics. Out of a million Finns, 1,700 only are fit subjects for the lunatic asylum. No part of England drops below 2,500. London heads the list with 3,610 mad people in each of her 5 millions. Harder-headed Scotland has 2,530 a million.

TRYING TO BEAT THE LAW.

SUGAR AND OTHER GAMBLES THAT MADE FORTUNES.

A Most Extraordinary Sight—Exciting Struggle Between British and French Tea Merchants—The Death Duty in Britain.

When the rumour first spread that sugar was going to be taxed, a few weeks ago, a great army of businessmen started to race the Chancellor for a fortune—or ruin. They began the big gamble on an enormous scale, buying up all the sugar that Europe had to sell, and struggling to get it over to England

BEFORE THE TAX BEGAN.

France, Austria, Germany, and Holland were ransacked for sugar to such an extent that the Continent became short of it, and nearly all Western Europe had to pay another farthing a pound for its sugar in consequence. All the quays and wharves of the great foreign cities were blocked with sugar-bags, throwing all other business into confusion; and over 10,000,000 hundred-weight bags of sugar, worth about $22,500,000, were "cornered" by the British law-racers. To get it over, scores of steamers, sailing-vessels, and craft of all kinds, were chartered; and the rush was so great that speculators who had sunk their all in sugar, which was spoiling on the Continental wharves, went nearly frantic.

The coal was emptied out of colliers, and sugar took its place—anything to get it over in time; for if it came even a few hours after the tax was a settled matter all profit was lost. Again, if the tax did not "come off" at all, two-thirds of the sugar-gamblers were ruined, having tons of sugar they could not pay for without extra profit; and sugar would fall to almost nothing in price, so that the nation at large benefited. It was

A MAGNIFICENT GAMBLE.

Not long ago there was a slight extra duty laid on tobacco, which led to some of the most extraordinary sights ever seen in the business world. Small as the duty was, it made a vast difference to the trade, and a great rush was made upon the bonded warehouses—places where imported goods can be stored, and the duty paid when they are taken out.

These are controlled by Government and a great army of staid businessmen, wildly excited, besieged the warehouses in the race to get their goods out before the extra duty came due.

Shouting mobs of them surged before the doors, kept in order by lines of policemen. Thousands of pounds were made by those who were in time, and many thousands were lost by latecomers. Dignified merchants who were successful capered with joy outside the warehouses, and rushed off to realise; while the struggling, despairing mass who could not get their applications attended to before closing time, because of the crush, almost went mad. When the doors were closed many wept tears of disappointment.

NEARLY $10,000,000

worth of tobacco had duty paid on it during office hours that day, and large special staffs had to be organised to deal with the work.

The British and French merchants raced both each other and the Government when the tax on tea was increased a few years ago. It was a most exciting struggle, for the British unloaded their warehouses, and tried to hurry up the consignments of tea that were coming along; while the French, seeing a chance, swept up all the tea to be had in France, and whisked it down to Calais and Dunkirk, ready to come over at a moment's notice. They waited for more assuring news before shipping over, and they had the advantage, because tea is not much sought after in France, and was cheap there. The French agents over here tried to get hold of the news, and the English speculators combined to prevent their obtaining it. At last the news was practically confirmed. The British merchants poured their tea in, and within a few hours a perfect navy of French ships came with their cargoes, too. The race was about even; but the Frenchmen, wishing to make sure that there would be no hitch, had actually brought their own gangs of dock laborers with them. As might be expected, the English "dockies" fell foul of these, and there was

A FREE FIGHT,

which delayed the French consignments.

A terrible "sell," which ruined a great many rash people who thought they could get ahead of the Government, was brought about by a rumour, not long ago, that the sale of Spanish brandy and various popular liqueurs was about to be forbidden altogether. These products, it was said, were dangerously adulterated, and injurious, and so the Government would ban them. There was truth in it, for the Chancellor gave a hint of some such proceeding, and a number of speculators, who got the news early, started selling these commodities at a terrific rate. They offered quantities of the goods at low price, knowing that when the rumour was confirmed the price would drop to almost nothing, and they would be able to obtain the liquor which they had sold—on paper— at half the price they were booked to obtain for it from their purchasers. Thus, by the usual City custom, they sold hundreds of thousands of pounds' worth of goods which they had not got, and could not have paid for if they had. They stood to win or lose, in all, about $10,000,000; and when it was given out that prohibition had been abandoned, the price went up, and

THEY WERE RUINED.

They could not pay for what they had bought on credit, and a crop of over thirty bankruptcies was the result.

A "race" with both Death and the Government was started in Britain when the famous death duties came into force, by which all legacies were taxed. People who had money to leave at once made "deeds of gift" of their property to their heirs to escape the heavy dues. Small people did not feel the weight of the new order, but the wealthy did, and the Duke of Westminster was one of the first in the race. He made the greater part of his $55,000,000 over to his son, and thousands of other people did likewise. But there was a hole through which the law could creep in, and it did. All the tax-racers found themselves forced to pay the full duties, as well as heavy costs in law and "enforcement"; and they discovered, too late, that the Government was too swift to be beaten in the "Death Duty Handicap."

HOUSEHOLD

HER SILVER WEDDING.

For the first time since her life began, 44 years ago, Emily Harris, used only to common print and cheapest worsted, was clad in a black satin gown of richest texture and adorned with the softest and finest of lace at throat and wrists.

The long-hoped-for time had come at last. It had been one of her cherished dreams, such a gown as this, rich enough for any event that might come into her quiet life. She had hoped and planned for it so many times since her wedding-day; but there were many ways in which their hard-earned money must go—more land to be added to the farm, and then more barn room to accommodate the products of that land; here, a note that must be met, and then had come the children's education, and later, as a sad result of all these, the mortgage on the farm.

Year after year had passed by, each finding her a little less able to cope with the hard daily toil of the farm, and leaving her with a few more silver threads in her once black hair. The children, now grown to manhood and womanhood, had each in turn, left the old farmhouse and gone out into the world to seek fame and fortune, fully intending when these were won, to "make it easier for mother."

And so, this sweet midsummer day, her silver wedding day, they had all gathered here at the dear old home,—the silver-haired minister, who had married them 25 short years ago, the many friends of her girlhood days, and the kind-hearted neighbors, whom she had scarcely met, so busy, so full of toil, had been her quiet life. But to-day seemed made especially for her, and all work, both indoors and out, had been laid aside on this, her beautiful silver wedding day.

Flowers, for which she had always longed with a love almost akin to pain, were scattered about the little parlor in profusion. Old-fashioned china bowls filled with masses of pink and white sweet peas set here and there, and from a quaint, tall jar, pure white lillies breathed out fragrance from their golden hearts, and dearest of all, within her thin, worn hands, brought to her by her husband, half-opened roses and creamy white, against the richness of her gown. Her grown-up boys and girls placed flowers in every room, carnations, because "mother loved carnations," and roses, "like mother had at home when she was a girl." This was put here because "mother liked it so," and that was laid there because "that was mother's place for it." Each and every thing was done with the sole thought of mother.

And "mother," how beautiful she looked to these, her nearest and dearest! Her silvered hair arranged in shining waves, a smile on her lips, the richness of her gown and the beauty and fragrance of the flowers, all combined to make a charming picture. "How beautiful mother is," whispered the youngest daughter, the baby of the flock, with newly awakened vision, to her father.

Out of doors stood a shining carriage drawn by two black horses, whose smooth coats shone like satin in the sun. For very soon they were to take a ride, down the pleasant, shaded road that led to the village. And mother, who had always been "too tired" to get ready for a ride, was going, too. But not with father—ah, no! Mother was going alone—in the hearse—for her beautiful silver wedding day was also her burial day.

ASPARAGUS FAVORITES.

Plain—After trying various ways of cooking asparagus I find that the family verdict favors the simplest method. Other ways with milk or eggs may be good for a change, but without question the natural and wholesome taste of the vegetable better than any other. Cut the bunches in two, peel the lower half of the stalks as far as the hard white ends, cut these off, wash thoroughly, lay in bunches and cook in boiling salted water thirty minutes or until tender, drain, butter well and serve hot,

With Cream Sauce.—Cut off all tough parts of asparagus and tie the tender stalks in bunches; put asparagus bunches in boiling water sufficient to cover, add a little salt and boil till tender, place the bunches of asparagus upon slices of toast. Remove the string with which bunches were tied and pour over asparagus a cream sauce made thus: A cup sweet cream, a cup of the asparagus water, a tablespoon flour, butter size half an egg. Let come to a boil. This is a very good recipe for asparagus, and is used in our home a great deal.

Boiled in Vinegar.—Boil asparagus in salted water until tender. Lift from the water and drain. Cut in short lengths, being particular to remove all hard parts. For dressing, take a piece of butter the size of an egg, put in a stewpan, melt and let brown slightly. Add to this three-fourths cup vinegar. Let come to a boil, then pour over the asparagus and send to the table steaming hot. Put pepper in dressing.

COOKING VEGETABLES.

Do not let your cook take too thick a rind off in paring potatoes. The best part of the potato is near the skin.

On the other hand turnips should have a thick rind pared off. The turnip has an outer part that destroys the flavor of the whole if not thoroughly removed.

Onions should not be added to stew or put in to cook with anything else until they have been boiled for about ten minutes and the water thrown away.

Cabbage are better boiled with meat. Potatoes should always be boiled separately. Otherwise they are sodden and unpalatable.

City cooks too frequently fail to properly "string" beans before cooking them. This is annoying at the table. Beans are vastly improved by a cream or milk and butter dressing.

See that cucumbers are sliced as thin as possible, and put cracked ice over them half an hour before they come to the table.

To clean celery of the insects often found on it take a wineglassful of hot water in which a little bicarbonate of soda has been dissolved. Plunge the celery into this after it has been washed. Then cool in ice water before serving.

A cook and a housemaid had a little difficulty in the kitchen the other day, and presently matters became so quiet that you could hear a rolling-pin drop.

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AGRICULTURAL

SPACE IN BARN LOFTS.

There are too many barns with unused space overhead. Generally the space over the barn floor is open from the floor to the roof. Sometimes there is a small scaffold overhead at each end of the barn floor that usually holds a load or two with the great central space open to the roof.

This is the way we used to have our barn, says a correspondent, but now we have it arranged so the entire overhead is in use eight feet above the floor and stables. Along, in front of the horse stables, we had a strong girt framed in eight feet above the threshing floor. This was done when the barn was first built. Then, after a few years we were short of storage room, and we framed in some temporary girts on the opposite side of the barn floor to correspond in height with those on the horse stable side. These are light and strong, and can be easily taken out and laid to one side. Then we have light joists reaching across the barn floor, with ends resting on these girts.

All this arrangement can be taken out in a short time and laid to one side out of the way. A floor is laid on the joists to within a few feet of the barn door in which we draw hay. The team can go under the floor until the load strikes the upper floor, and then we shift our hay fork so that we can unload and fill nearly all the space over the barn floor full. We feed from this first, and by the time cornstalks are ready to draw, the hay in the other mows will have settled so they will hold all that is left over the barn floor, leaving the entire space for our corn fodder, or any other stuff we wish to put up there. As we don't sell hay, it is not often necessary to take out this floor but it remains there year after year. It not only makes more room, but makes the barn and stables much warmer. It is easily reached by a short ladder.

This space can also be filled with nice dry straw for bedding, but we prefer to stack our straw close to the back door, where it is easily reached and live stock can run around it. We can get all the bedding we want very easily, and then it is handy to cut and throw the stack down for the live stock to work into manure. A barn is larger than it looks when all the space is occupied and a little thought along these lines may save building more barn room. I know I was surprised when I came to fill the unoccupied space upon our barn floor.

BASELY UNDERRATED.

Theodore—He went so far as to call me a puppy!

Harriet—And at your age? The idea!