

THROUGH THE BUSH

Mysteries of the Forest Explained by an Ontario Guide.

SKETCH OF A CHARACTER

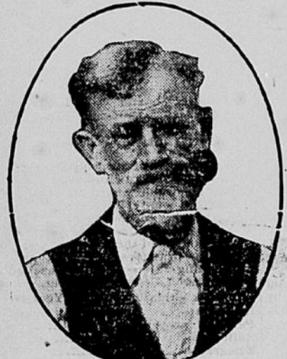
A Man Who Loves the Forest and Its Animals—His Little Exploits in the North Country—Typical of a Class.

THE LINE of least resistance is the path through the bush. That was not just the way Moore put it when I expostulated with him about the long wanderings to save climbing over a fallen tree or an unusually large granite boulder, but it was the gist of his remarks. "Young fellow"—and he didn't say "feller," either, for Moore is a scholar and speaks the king's English, being a Canadian, to perfection—"when you have tramped through the bush as many weeks as I have years you will learn the quickest way is the one that will get you there easiest."

The place was the heavy timber lands lying between the Muskoka lakes and Georgian bay in Ontario. The time was last summer. The occasion was a little fishing expedition Moore had prepared for my benefit which led us from our own camp on Kah-pee-kog lake to Gypsim lake, some three miles distant.

Moore is not an angler, though he catches fish when he needs them, and to do it he uses a one-cent hook, a bit of slender sapling, and a piece of linen line that has already passed several seasons away from the store where it was purchased. I was rather inclined to laugh at the outfit when I first knew Moore, and compare it with my own split bamboo, my jeweled reel, my expensive hooks and silk lines, but on our first experience together Moore caught the fish while I was casting for a "strike."

It is a wild country, that primeval forest land. Through its bush there



"MOORE."

rooms the red deer, the moose, the black bear, the timber wolf, and many a lesser animal. It is these that interest my friend Moore, for scholar and refined gentleman though he is, he is yet a woodsman who has spent the great majority of his more than 65 years in the forest, pitting his cunning against that of the wild animals.

"Been a bear here this morning," said Moore, as we stood on top of a little mountain of granite which I had been surprised to find him climb over rather than walk around.

I waited for explanations, for I had learned in the school of experience that it hardly paid to display too dense an ignorance by asking fool questions, and for aught I knew the bear might then be in sight. If it was the presence of Moore's rifle—in his hands—gave me an assurance of comparative safety, and prevented my knees from shaking.

"That old log must have yielded a goodly supply of ants for his breakfast," and he walked over and kicked at the remains of a rotten tree.

The log told the story. When examined closely even a novice could find the print of Bruin's teeth where he had chewed into bits to get at the dainties which it contained and the dampness which the rotten wood still held, despite the warm sunshine, was sufficient evidence that Bruin had feasted not long before. Still I kept still. To hazard a wrong opinion was worse than asking questions. It doesn't pay to appear too knowing with these experts.

Five minutes later, when we broke into the bush at the base of the little mountain of granite we roused Bruin from his after-breakfast nap and sent him crashing through the underbrush ahead of us, but out of sight, and Moore's "I thought so," was the only evidence I had that he realized the correctness of his previous statements.

Moore is not typical of the guides of that North Country as a whole, though he is typical of a class. To be exact, Moore is not a guide, but a woodsman, a trapper and hunter, a lover of the grandeur of nature. He will paddle no man's canoe for a matter of dollars and cents only, nor is he generous in the matter of imparting the mysteries of woodcraft to those who pay in coin only. But once you know Moore as a friend things are different. He will charge you a fair rate for his services, to be sure, for it is by such services that he earns the bacon and bread that constitute the menu at his cabin home in the forest when game is out of season. But his charges are small in comparison to what he gives.

The morning of the Bruin incident was one of my first experiences with Moore in the bush. To be sure I had known him about our camp, where he was the presiding genius, and where he served us meals the chef of an Astor could not have equaled in our estimation.

I had followed in the wake of his canoe through lake and river, sweating and puffing to keep my own bark in sight of his propelled by long, easy strokes of his noiseless paddle. I had crossed the portages with him, wondering at his easy, swinging stride, as with boat swung lightly over his shoulders, he piloted it and himself through the dense underbrush, always sure of where he was going, never guessing, never missing, though not a sign of path or footprint could I see. But it was not until I came under Moore's tutelage as a trapper and hunter, and became classed among his friends of the bush, that I really knew him. And it was not until this time that he displayed any patience with my ignorance or my inability to



AN ABANDONED LUMBER CABIN.

stand the pace this man of 65 and more set for me, a boy of half his age.

I remember one afternoon particularly. We had journeyed back into the bush in search of a pheasant for our Sunday dinner and had wound up eventually at a deserted lumber camp cabin, around the front of which he found fresh deer tracks. Off we went keen as hounds on the scent, and what a chase that buck did lead us, for it was a buck though I never saw it. Moore proved that to me by the track left by its horns through the foliage of the underbrush. Once on the track of that deer there was no going round. It was go where the deer did, though to be sure I should not have known where that was but for Moore's keen eye. It was over the hills, across the ravines, through the swamps. Once we got so near that Moore tried to show me the animal's antlers sticking through the underbrush ahead, but I could not distinguish them, and am afraid I should have half imagined that he did not had I not almost immediately heard the animal break away again in his search for new cover. It was out of season and Moore would not shoot, else the deer would probably have never reached that new cover.

After a tramp of more than an hour we came out on the top of a bluff overlooking a pretty lake, the shores of which were one of his favorite hunting and trapping grounds.

"There is the channel leading to the next lake," he said, pointing almost directly westward. "There is a beaver dam half a mile down it, and my traps will be set there before snow flies again. They have brought me many a valuable fur from the same locality."

"Do you see the broken underbrush down the side of the bluff below you, and the tracks on the sand? That is where our deer went, and he was some little distance ahead of us to have reached the other shore before we got here. There is a runway just across that point where he landed, and he will take time on the other side to stop for a drink as he has now put this long bay between us and himself."

"Further down that channel one may get an occasional mink as I have proven in years that are past, and expect to prove again, though they are getting scarce in this part of the country."

"Moose, too, are getting scarcer than they once were, though they are by no means gone, and I got one on that north shore last fall. The water there is shallow and he had waded out a considerable distance when I slipped in between him and the shore with my canoe from around the point. He gave me a hard fight when he found himself cornered, but he never got to shore until I dragged him there."



FROM THE TOP OF THE BLUFF.

And so the modest little stories of his own exploits, mixed with bits of woodcraft, went on for half an hour or more, after we had clambered down and stopped for a rest on a rock near the water's edge. It was a half hour that was typical of many I have spent with this friend of the North Country. I get letters from him now and then, and in them is always a hint of the same things, for he writes me of what he is doing, of the familiar places, of the nooks and crannies of the primeval forest and its mysteries that are as Greek to the novice, but are as a primer in the hands of a learned scholar to him, and these letters come as a ray of sunshine through the long winter that must be passed away from that paradise—the Ontario forests.

WRIGHT A. PATTERSON.

MODES OF THE DAY

Ellen Osmonde Chronicles the Dictates of Dame Fashion.

SOME HINTS FROM GAY PARIS

They Forecast the Coming Styles in New York—Two Pretty Blouses for Morning Wear—Other Notes.

DO YOU KNOW what Paris is going to do is to know what New York is going to do in the matter of modes for the coming season, for despite our boasted independence of the French fashion makers we still follow their lead in most things very closely. For this reason I need make no excuse for offering a few hints contained in a letter received from a Parisian friend, who knowing my financial interest in Dame Fashion writes me along the lines that should be most interesting. And here are some of the things she writes me:

"It will perhaps surprise you to hear that I have seen jet over here used as a trimming on white cloth frocks! A lovely Casino frock is of fine white cloth with a deep border all round the skirt worked in jet; the bodice shows an inner waistcoat of jet with a quantity of black and white chiffon forming a cravat at the neck and inner frills on the full sleeves. The toque to wear with this consists entirely of broad jet wings,



TWO PRETTY MORNING BLOUSES.

and the head of a bird in jet. The Mephistopheles effect is very striking; indeed, the whole costume is worthy of note.

"Anyone who possesses real jet should make use of it. I have seen many jet boleros, very often mounted on a foundation of black Chantilly, and sometimes on heavy cream guipure.

"There is always a revival of black and white frocks at this time of year for the Riviera season, while, with a view to the approach of Lent, the all-black frock, and the usual variety of grays and mauves will shortly make their appearance.

"For evening wear it appears to me that the majority of bright colors, with the exception of that exquisite rose du Barry, are giving place to more sombre tones.

"The bluish slate gray which we Parisians often affect is not very becoming, though it is sometimes smart, especially when relieved with black. "Cloths bearing large black velvet macarons are still used, while many of the blouse bodices are cut with little tabs forming a very short basque. The sleeveless bolero finds favor on many occasions, and there is a furore for the accordion-plaited blouse.

"Among the dainty accessories of the toilette we give a foremost place to hand embroidered muslin cravats and to the real lace jabot. It is difficult to get really chic neckgear, but the cravat and the jabot, when of the best, are quite delightful.

"The Riviera millinery sees a revival of dull gold, and our modistes are producing, in lovely colorings, the pointed toque, which is worn tilted back on to the coiffure. It is small and narrow at the sides and only suited to a few faces, though it will probably find favor among many elegantes. "Silver tissue, too, made up into flowers, leaves and sprays will appear in company with tucked white chiffon, violets, mimosa and other spring flowers. I do not venture to say that this mixture is becoming, for silver and gold mixed with white are apt to look chilly in a March wind.

"There is a decided liking for the elongated, pointed toque (to wear with cloth tailor-made costumes), trimmed only with woven braids. In spite of this, the flat, round shape is by no means at a discount, so the modaine will have the choice of two entirely different shapes—the all-round and the much pointed.

"These flat shapes appear in dark blue, dark myrtle green, and all the new shades of pearl gray, the only permissible trimming being bows of ribbon, or braid and velvet ribbon, mixed in harmonious tones. "With the exception of the gorgeous chapeau to accompany the gorgeous toilette de reception, I should say that millinery is of a quiet order, with a decided leaning towards bold lines."

"What a friend that girl is to write me these things, knowing, as she does, that I can use them, but I must not allow her to earn all my bread and butter for me, and will turn for a change to the pretty

blouses that are illustrated here. They may be made either in velveteen or flannel. The one on the left panders to the prevailing fashion of sloping shoulders, by its yoke of stitched bands fitting over the top of the arms. The fitting of the blouse is also in deep plaits, stitched flat over part of their length; and the center of the blouse has a wide box-plait running from waist to neck, where it is threaded through by a wide bow of black moire ribbon, which, with the little turn-over collar of fine white lawn, gives a very smart appearance.

The second blouse is cut out in the form of a V, over an undervest and neckband of coarse cream guipure. The opening is bordered with a stitched band, which is couched back at each side to continue the line of the yoke over the shoulders. This band might be made in Chinese embroidery, which would be very effective on dark blue or green velveteen; in which case the deep-stitched cuffs might also be made of the embroidery. The fullness of the blouse is kept well to the front in small tucks; two very full sleeves are set into a band of horizontal tucks round the arm below the yoke; and the smartness of the whole effect is greatly enhanced by a tie of soft black silk, which is loosely knotted at the end of the V-shaped opening, and the ends allowed to hang loose.

I am quite sure that, for young girls at any rate, all chine silks will be revived in the spring. A charming frock for a debutante which has just come over from Paris is in soft pompadour mousseline with roses and leaves printed thereon. The skirt is arranged in full plaits all round, finished with a pinked-out ruche of rose-pink taffeta. There is a deep waistband of the same caught at the back with three fancy buttons and a fichu like effect of the printed mou-

seline inserted with guipure and edged on either side with mink. The sleeves are also adorned with tiny ruches of rose pink. The Cavalier cuff is again worn, and this is charming with a frill of old lace falling over the hand. In nunsvelling and cashmere accordion plaiting has its charms, and what is more, it does not easily get out of order. If worn over a petticoat of fairly

substantial fabric, it requires no lining, and many a debutante's frock have I seen in accordion-plaited green and nunsvelling, finished with an old lace berthe and prettily arranged sash.

ELLEN OSMONDE.

Vaticana Guards.

There are fewer guards to be seen about the vaticana nowadays than when Pope Leo was alive. Nor is every one hustled out of sight when his holiness passes through the corridors or grounds. The other day Pius the Tenth had occasion to go through the Raphael rooms, when they were open free to the public. He was accompanied by a couple of guards, and his private secretary, the former making the move hurriedly to clear the rooms. The pontiff is said to have touched one guard on the arm saying, while he looked about him, smiling: "Do not disturb them. If they have the same pleasure in looking at an old man that he has in seeing them, it would be a pity to curb their satisfaction."



AN ORIGINAL SKATING COSTUME.

Of a brown mixture, trimmed, gauged and piped with silk. Ivory felt hat simply trimmed with bunches of frayed silk.

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ELLEN OSMONDE.

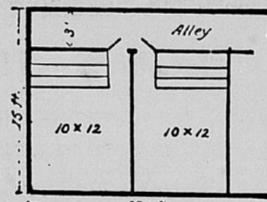
Good French Regulation. In the market of France the name of each kind of meat is attached to that part of the carcass displayed for sale. A customer knows beyond doubt whether he is buying a portion of a cow or steer, a goat or sheep. If the meat is that of a donkey or horse, there is the label upon it to prevent any chance of deception. Labeling meats in the markets of the United States along with thorough inspection ought everywhere to be insisted upon.—Rural World.



IDEAL POULTRY HOUSE.

Designed for the Comfortable Accommodation of a Flock of Three Hundred Fowls.

In reply to an interested subscriber who asked for an ideal house to provide for 300 fowls, Orange Judd Farmer submits the following plan: A house 15 feet wide and 150 feet long, divided into ten pens 10x12 feet each. A three-foot alley to extend along the back or north side to facilitate caring for the fowls. Each pen may have two windows placed 18 inches from the sill. The platform under the roosts should be raised three feet from the floor and be built of matched boards. Two roosts, six



SECTION OF THE HOUSE.

inches above the platform, will accommodate as many fowls as should be kept in each pen.

The partitions between the pens should be tight and of boards two and one-half feet high with wire netting above. A house of this length should be divided by two solid partitions to prevent drafts. These partitions should likewise extend through the alley, the doors being hung on double action hinges. Nests should be located under the platform and open into the pens and alley so that eggs can be gathered without going into each pen.

The house may be built in any way to suit the owner's fancy and pocket-book. The most durable house, of course, would be set on a brick or stone foundation, and be constructed of spruce timber and sheathed both inside and outside of studding. The front wall should be five or six feet between the studs and rear wall six feet to provide head room in the alley. The roof may be shingled or covered with any of the best grades of asphalt felt roofing. The floor may be of earth or earth raised several inches above the surrounding surface. The cost of a house of this kind will vary from \$1.50 to \$3 per running foot, depending upon manner of construction, cost of material and labor. Twenty hens or pullets are enough for each pen.

CAPITAL FOR POULTRY.

Some Reasons Why Beginners Should Start in a Small Way and Build Up Gradually.

When one has had no experience he should begin with the lowest expense and at the least risk. If the capital is small it is better to rent for a year or two rather than to buy, for the reason that if one buys he reduces his working capital, and should he be unsuccessful he must stay on the farm until he can sell it. If he rents he can return the farm to the owner and leave. It is claimed, however, that if one buys he can begin and get everything ready for a permanent stay, which is true, but that is just what an inexperienced person should not do. He should start in a small way and make his capital by increasing his flocks every year, and by the time he has a large number of fowls he will know much more than when he began. He can then take his fowls to a purchased farm and feel that he has made a good beginning. That is one point in favor of poultry—the making of capital. No one should expect too much for the first two years. Allow five years, begin with but little capital, let the fowls increase, and in five years one may not have made much money for his pocket, but if he will figure up what he has done he will find that he is considerably richer, and has saved his capital instead of taking the risk of losing it all at once. Nothing on a farm pays as much as poultry, if rightly managed, but there is no quicker way to lose money with poultry if one does not know what he is doing.—Rural World.

Dry Curing of Bacon.

Lay the side of bacon on a stone or cement floor in a cool, airy, dry apartment, out of the sunlight. Rub twice on both sides with common salt, skipping a day between. Mix one and one-half pounds each of bay or rock salt and brown sugar, four pounds common salt and three ounces saltpeter. Spread a thin layer of this on each side and leave it on for a month, turning every day, rubbing in the mixture at the same time. Add more as needed. Then hang up and smoke for a week. The saltpeter should be used with care, or the flavor will be injured. It helps to keep the meat and prevents loss of color; if used in too large quantities it will make the grain hard.—Farm and Home.

Good French Regulation.

In the market of France the name of each kind of meat is attached to that part of the carcass displayed for sale. A customer knows beyond doubt whether he is buying a portion of a cow or steer, a goat or sheep. If the meat is that of a donkey or horse, there is the label upon it to prevent any chance of deception. Labeling meats in the markets of the United States along with thorough inspection ought everywhere to be insisted upon.—Rural World.

DESTRUCTION OF WEEDS.

Experiments at Vermont Station Prove That the Use of Chemicals Produces Good Results.

Much interest has been shown at a number of the agricultural experiment stations in the possibility of weed destruction by means of chemicals. As long ago as 1895 it was found at the Vermont station that the orange hawkweed, a serious pest in pastures and meadows, could be destroyed without injury to the grass by sowing salt over the land at the rate of 3,000 pounds per acre. Many experiments have since been conducted at the same station with other chemicals for the eradication of weeds in walks, drives, courts, etc. Among the chemicals tested were salt, copper sulphate, kerosene, liver-of-sulphur, carbolic acid, arsenic and salsoda, arsenate of soda, and two commercial weed killers, the active principle of which apparently was arsenic. The weeds which it was sought to destroy were plantains, dandelion, chicory, ragweed, knotweed and various grasses. All the chemicals were applied in solution except the salt. As in the case of the hawkweed experiments, salt was found efficient in destroying all the weeds when applied dry and in large quantity. When salt is used for this purpose adjacent lawns should be protected against washing, or they may be injured. Crude carbolic acid, one pint in four pints of water, applied at the rate of eight gallons per square rod, was very efficient. The various arsenical preparations proved valuable as weed destroyers, and choice between them was largely a matter of expense. All things considered, the arsenate of soda and the carbolic acid solutions proved the most valuable chemicals for weed destruction under the conditions of these experiments.—Farmers' Review.

TESTS WITH COWPEAS.

Valuable Information Supplied by a Tennessee Agricultural Experiment Station Bulletin.

A number of fertilizer experiments have been made from year to year on cowpeas. This crop has been found to respond readily to the mineral fertilizers, in particular to acid phosphate. Numerous experiments have been made to test the value of nitrogen along with phosphoric acid, but thus far no increased growth has apparently resulted from nitrogen, even on the poorest land. If nitrate of soda, cottonseed meal, etc.,



COWPEA PLANTS.

76.5 per cent. of the total nitrogen and 72.8 per cent. of the total dry matter were in the tops.)

are with difficulty made profitable on such crops as corn and wheat, their profitable use for a leguminous crop, such as cowpeas or clover, which are known to be able to gather a large part of their nitrogen from the air, would naturally be much more difficult. Acid phosphate has been found to increase greatly the yields of both the hay and the peas, but especially the yield of peas. One of the most economical ways in which to improve a poor soil has been found to be the growing of cowpeas, fertilized with acid phosphate. A good plan in the case of a wornout soil is to plant the peas in rows, using acid phosphate at the rate of 200 pounds to the acre. The peas should be cultivated at least twice. The seed can be picked or the crop can be pastured off to good advantage. In order to derive permanent benefit from this method of soil improvement it is not advisable to remove the crop as hay unless the equivalent in stable manure be returned to the land. The pea roots, stubble and fallen leaves contain only about one-third of the total plant food gathered by the crop, and could be expected to give only temporary improvement.—Tennessee Agricultural Experiment Station Bulletin.

POULTRY YARD NOTES.

It is not necessary that the poultry plant to be attractive looking should be either expensive or elaborate in its features.

Neatness pays, because neatness in construction and arrangement means completeness; and completeness in equipment always contributes toward convenience, and hence toward economy in labor.

Three essentials to success in poultry keeping: A good location, strong healthy fowls of an early maturing variety, interest in the work that will lead one to be ever on the alert for helpful knowledge.

A poultry plant, whether large or small, whether consisting of a single house, or of many houses, should be neat, and both the arrangements of the houses and the arrangement of furnishings in the houses should be convenient.

Judging the causes of failure by what we see and know of many failures we may affirm with positiveness that the three most common causes of failure in poultry keeping are: Lack of experience, lack of capital, lack of business ability.—Farm Poultry.