

TO CORRESPONDENTS.
All communications for this paper should be accompanied by the name of the author, but not necessarily by publication, but as an evidence of good faith on the part of the writer. Write only on one side of the paper. Be particularly careful in giving names and dates, to save the letters and figures plain and distinct.

NOBODY BUT FATHER.

Nobody knows the money it takes
To keep the house together;
Nobody knows of the debt it makes,
Nobody knows—but father.

Nobody's told that the boys need shoes
And girls hats with a feather;
Nobody else old clothes must choose,
Nobody—only father.

Nobody fears that the coal and wood
And flour's out together;
Nobody else must make them good,
Nobody—only father.

Nobody's hand in the pocket goes
So often, wondering where
There's any end to the wants of those
Dependent—only father.

Nobody thinks where the money will come
To pay the bills that gather;
Nobody feels so blue and grim;
Nobody—only father.

Nobody tries so hard to lay
Up something for bad weather,
And runs behind, do what he may,
Nobody—only father.

Nobody comes from the world's crowd
To meet dear ones who gather
Around with love and warm,
Nobody does—but father.

Nobody knows of the home life pure,
Watched over by a mother's care,
Where rest and bliss are all secure,
Nobody can—but father.

HAD MET BEFORE

It's good to see you again, Phyllis,"
exclaimed Lady Elmsworth, as she
held her sister at arm's length and
examined her critically, "but how you
have changed!"

"My dear Clare," laughed Miss Gram-
ham, "after five years' absence you
surely did not expect to find me still
all arms and legs, and indecently big
feet!"

"Of course, it's ridiculous; but, some-
how, I did not realize that you would
be quite grown up."

"Oh, my dear, I grew up almost di-
rectly you left. Mother soon became
ill, and I had to take up my posses-
sibilities, and I managed to get in the thick
end of the wedge first, by dining down
there were thirteen, and that sort of
thing. In fact, looking back, I'm in-
clined to think that the 'half-out' stage
—neither 'fish, flesh, nor good red ber-



"HOW YOU HAVE CHANGED!"

ring, you know—is quite the jolliest
time girls ever have, if they could only
appreciate it. The only other state to
be compared to it for freedom and gen-
eral irresponsibility is— Oh, Clare,
I'm so sorry; I beg your pardon. Oh, the
girl's face flushed crimson as her eyes
rested on her sister's black gown.

"You were going to say widowhood,
I suppose?" replied Lady Elmsworth,
quietly.

"Forgive me, Clare, I—"

Lady Elmsworth shrugged her shoul-
ders slightly.

"There's nothing to forgive, Phyl. I
never was a hump, was I?"

Phyllis Graham's gray eyes widened.
But before she could speak her sister
went on:

"You seem to have had a very jolly
time, as you put it, all along the line,
I think. You seem to do everything
and go everywhere."

"Don't!" exclaimed the girl. "You
talk like mother, you know. I'm evi-
dently the end of one's tether. After
that time one is expected to range one's
self, and relieve one's own people of
their responsibility concerning one, and
especially one's bills."

"But I thought you were delighted
about your engagement, Phyl," said
Lady Elmsworth. "I thought it was
a case of mutual adoration."

"Oh! 'Il y en toujours un qui aime
et un qui se laisse aimer,' isn't that?"
—Phyllis!"

"Please don't be sentimental, Clare.
Did not much the same thing happen to
you? You were just 20, weren't you,
when you got engaged to poor old Elms-
worth? I was too young to be taken
into your confidence then, but—well,
you pretty well confessed the same jolt
now. Peter was not precisely the sort
of individual to turn a girl's head. I
expect mother had a good deal to do
and talked to you about the duties of
a woman, and in your case, of the
pleasures and position of the ambas-
sador's wife, even at the dull court in
Europe. We were both brought up in
the way we should go, and so six
months later you were Lady Elmsworth,
tasting of the aforesaid pleasures in
Madrid. In less time than that I shall
be Mrs. Mark Franklin, with more
money than I know what to do with,
and a charming husband into the bar-
gan."

"Come, that's better. I am very
eager to see my brother-in-law-elect.
You have not—"

Phyllis laughed outright.

"No, my dear, I have not; one does
not wear one's fiancé's counterfeited
presentment near one's heart nowadays.
But possess your soul in patience. I
told Mark you might come in presently,
and you would give him some tea. I
wonder if you'll like him?"

Phyllis sat back a little and glanced
over her sister's room.

"He'll like your room, at any rate.
He'll be perfectly satisfied with this
room of yours, Clare, and I don't dare
you, exactly. Yes, I think Mark will like
you too; he'll appreciate your sense of
the fitness of things. Mark is exceed-
ingly artistic."

"Yes?"

"It's rather a weariness of the spirit
occasionally," continued Phyllis, with a
sigh. "You know—or, rather, you don't,
because, although we are sisters, we
have not met for five years, and so we

could I? I was miserable; nothing mat-
tered any more; and I married Lord
Elmsworth."

"And—"

"Oh, I was as happy as I deserved to
be. Peter was good to me, and always
in my way; but I cannot say that his
death was a great blow to me. It's
awful to say, Phyllis; but I could not
help thinking, 'if fate would be kind!'
If I should meet him now."

"But if you marry—"

"I lose nearly all Peter left me. Yes,
I know; but I am wiser now. One
grows wiser in five years, Phyl, when
one has only to remember and regret.
If—oh, but it is so unlikely! If we
met now nothing could keep us apart."

"But suppose he—"

"He had forgotten, you mean? No,
dear; he was not a man who forgets.
Oh, if we could meet!"

"Mr. Franklin," announced the ser-
vant, and a tall figure advanced into the
room.

Lady Elmsworth went to meet him.
"I am glad," she began; and Phyllis
wondered why her sister stopped and
turned so white.

"Not more glad than I," put in Mark,
as he held out his hand. Then he, too,
stopped, and the two stood in the mid-
dle of the dining room, looking into
each other's eyes for what seemed
to each an age, and the air around
them seemed suddenly to grow cold
and sharp, and a glitter of moonlight
was upon everything. Clare recovered
herself first, and turned to her sister,
who was gazing from one to the other
in astonishment.

"Mr. Franklin and I have met be-
fore," long ago; before I went to Mad-
rid. You will excuse me a moment,
she continued, turning to Mark. "I have
some orders to give." And she glided out
of the room before he could even bow
his acquaintance.—London Modern So-
ciety.

"What is he exactly?"
"He's rather ugly, and ridiculously
rich; a colonial, you know, proprietor
of mines, and all the rest of it. His
manners are not quite like everyone
else's. Oh, you need not raise your
eyebrows; it is not in that way I mean
it all. Oh, I don't think he'd have
care of a girl like you, but he'd be
careful of a baker's daughter. If he
had cared for me, he'd have married me
just the same. I'm afraid I'm rather
proud of the fact."

"You do care for him, then?" Lady
Elmsworth stooped a little toward her
sister and looked in her face.

"—Phyllis blushed. "Well, yes, I
think I do, because, if I did not, I
don't suppose I should care whether he
discovered what a shallow little soul
I am or not after we are safely mar-
ried."

"He won't find it out if you love him,
Phyl! Oh, you don't know how glad I
am!"

Phyllis was startled at her sister's
sudden earnestness. What she had
said was quite true. The four years'
difference in their ages had always kept
them apart. Phyllis's marriage had been
the time when Clare had been
"out" when she herself was in the
schoolroom. She remembered, too, all
the talk she had overheard as to her
sister's successes. Looking back, she
realized that Clare must have refused
many opportunities to marry, and, al-
though she had finally done so, and
lingered yet for herself in marrying Lord
Elmsworth. True, he was nearly twenty
years older than Clare; and surely
among those she had refused before—

Suddenly Phyllis started. What had
she thought of her sister's being
ordered off to win the Derby? It had
been before she married? It had never
occurred to the girl. But had there
really been anything the matter with
her sister's lungs?

"Clare," she said, impulsively, "tell
me something about the time when
you went to Davos that time, or—"

Lady Elmsworth laughed outright.

"Or was I sent off to be out of some-
body's way, you mean? No, my dear,
I believe I was really ill, and before I
went to Davos I had never cared two
straws for anyone in my life."

"And—after?"

"I don't know why I should tell you,"
said Lady Elmsworth. "I've never told
anyone. I don't believe anyone ever
guessed except—"

"Except him. Go on, Clare."

"Oh, there's not much to tell. It's
like everyone else's story; I don't believe
you'll only think me a fool for remem-
bering all these years. You know how
I went out. Mother could not, or would
not, come with me. She would have
hated to give up her visits, and the
Riviera, and all that. So she just
packed me off with dear old Downey,
the governess, you remember. Downey
had always been my abject slave, and
never dreamed of interfering with me
at all.

"I had a good time at Davos when I
first went, but I did not do anything
the doctors expected. I don't believe
there was much the matter with me
when I went, but I know I felt rather
bad after I'd been there a month; but
the air had got into my head and I did
not care. I flirted and behaved gener-
ally badly all round, until one day I met
a man I had never seen before, and
was not a patient, but had just come
up for the scenery."

"I don't know how it was, but we be-
gan to talk, and I liked him. Somehow
wherever I went I met him, and if I
missed him the day seemed blank and
miserable. He lectured me as to my
carelessness about my health, and all
that; and to please him I obeyed orders
and took care. Oh, there was nothing
particular; it all went on smoothly,
and, I suppose, stupidly enough. We
never even knew each other's names. I
used to call him 'Le Passant,' and he
called me 'the doctor's girl.' But I was
idiotically, unreasonably happy, until
one day the doctor said I was well
enough to go home, and that he would
write the good news to my mother."

"I had been crying when I met him. I
had realized at once what it all
meant, and when it went like to go
back home and never see him again,
I told him the news—we were quite
alone out on a terrace, and everything
glittered white in the moonlight around
us. When I had finished I turned and
saw his face. I tried to stop him, but
it was too late; his arms were round
me, and he loved to hear what he was
saying. But I would not answer then;
I would tell him to-morrow."

"I shall never forget that night, I
loved him, but I was afraid. He was
not a rich man, I felt sure of that.
Would my love last? Could I face the
life before me if I married him? I was
a coward, and I did not dare. I wrote
Downey, and told her we must start
by the first train. I knew if I saw him
again I should yield. It was only when
Davos was behind us that I would have
given anything in the world to be back
there again; to keep my word, meet
him, and give him all my life."

"And then?"

"Nothing. We never met again; how
should we? But I did not forget; how

BATTLE WITH THE DESERT.

Enemy to Agricultural Growth that
threatens the life of Colorado's
agricultural growth which neither
slumbers nor sleeps. It is always on
the alert, seeking a way or an oppor-
tunity to creep back to some point from
which by the industry of our people
and intelligent use of irrigation it
has been driven. Eternal vigilance is
the price of the redemption areas from
the grip of this sleepless foe.

The whole irrigated region of north-
western Colorado, extending from Denver
through Boulder, Longmont and Love-
land to Fort Collins, then down the
Cache la Poudre to Greeley and return-
ing by way of the Platte Valley to this
city, is an example of what the farmers
of Colorado have done in driving back
the desert and in holding it back from
year to year. The wonderful reclama-
tion of that part of the State from arid-
ity tells what may be done, and to one
who understands it also tells what
would result if irrigation should be
withdrawn—if the enterprise, the energy
and the intelligence of our people
should retreat before an advancing des-
ert line.

Within the city limits we have here
another and a most beautiful example of
a like kind. The City park, with its 320
acres of reclaimed land, is the fruit of
a victory over the desert, which hems
Denver in on all sides and besieges it
night and day. It is certainly one of
the most beautiful artificial parks in the
United States and it has been made en-
tirely by excellent management and the
application of water in irrigation to
what only a few years ago was as bar-
ren and desolate a tract as one may find
in all the plains region.

Practically all the agriculture in this
State except what is achieved by "dry
farming" on the plains is a result of
successful irrigation. The fruit and
vegetables for which Colorado is fa-
mous, the alfalfa fields which provide
feed for tens of thousands of sheep and
cattle every year, and the whole of the
beet sugar industry depend upon the
continued success of this battle with
the desert. Let the streams of irriga-
tion be shut off and the desert will gain
a complete victory. The thousands of
people who have made their homes in
communities founded where irrigation
is practiced will be driven from those
homes like Hagar into the wilderness
and the millions of dollars expended in
reclamation will be wholly lost.—Den-
ver Republican.

SOURCE OF TORTOISE SHELL.

Our Consul at Colon Reports on the
Extent of the Industry.

While there are immense quantities
of tortoise shell used annually in civ-
ilization there is not much generally
known about the methods of gather-
ing it. A large amount of the com-
merce of the Caribbean sea, and an inter-
esting report on the industry has
recently been made by Consul Kellogg
of Colon.

He says that last year the total
amount of shell shipped from his con-
sular district was 10,000 pounds and
that of this 8,000, valued at \$37,000,
came from Colon district, 5,000 pounds
of it going to New York and the rest to
Europe. The hawk's bill turtle, from
which the shell is obtained, feeds on
crabs, fish and the like, and its meat
is not used as is that of the herbiv-
orous turtles. The turtles run from
1½ feet to 4 feet long and weigh as
much as 150 pounds. The average
weight of the shell is 6 to 7 pounds,
and the price it brings is from \$3 to
\$6 a pound, the market fluctuating.
Some of the shell is sent to Colon, but
much of it is traded by the Indians
to coasting schooners and shipped to
New York.

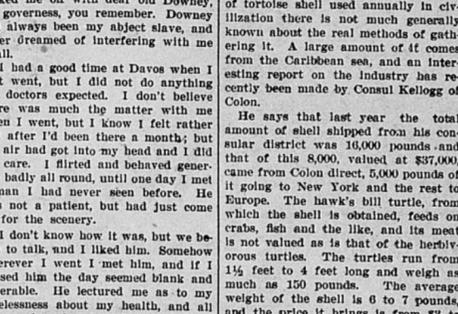
The civilized method of preparing the
shell is to kill and clean the turtle af-
ter it is caught either on the beach or
in nets in the water. The Indians do
not kill them at once, but hold them
alive and then throw them back into
the sea. This is hard on the turtle, but
it is said to make the shell come off
easily.—Washington Star.

A Little Lesson In Patriotism

It is related upon good authority that
when the mastery work of Joseph
Story on "The Conflict of Laws" ap-
peared, the Lord Chancellor of Eng-
land sent his judgment in the
case of the American jurist, with an in-
struction to his clerks to read it and
to report to him what they thought of
it. From a Lord Chancellor to one who
deserves to be.

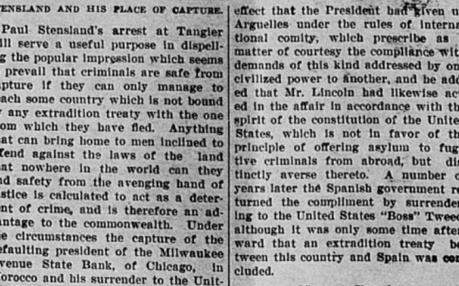
The anecdote well
illustrates the regard
in which Story was
held in England, a re-
gard which was
shared by continental
Europe as well. With John Marshall,
he shared the honor of being one of the
greatest expounders of human justice
and human reason this country ever has
produced. Among American jurists
Story stands in the front rank of those
who have been distinguished for their
profound and sagacious interpretation
of the law. Always a student, he added
to his scholarly attainments a profound
desire to use the truths he discovered
for the benefit of his country. He pre-

THE AUTO RACER.



Is the game worth the candle?
—St. Louis Republic.

WILL MEN SOON HAVE to be HONEST?



Foreign Refugees for Abconders Becoming
Fewer in Number owing
to Extradition
and increas-
ing pressure
to Observe
Laws.

STENSLAND AND HIS PLACE OF CAPTURE.

Paul Stensland's arrest at Tangier
will serve a useful purpose in dispell-
ing the popular impression which seems
to prevail that criminals are safe from
capture if they can only manage to
reach some country which is not bound
by any extradition treaty with the one
from which they have fled. Anything
that can bring home to men inclined
to offend against the laws of the land
that nowhere in the world can they
find safety from the avenging hand of
justice is calculated to act as a deter-
rent of crime, and is therefore an ad-
vantage to the commonwealth. Under
the circumstances the capture of the
defaulting president of the Milwaukee
Lumber Trust, of Chicago, by the United
States authorities by the Moroccan
and fast international treaty with
Morocco and the United States, and the
United States authorities by the Moroccan
authorities cannot be made too widely
known.

The fact of the matter is that the
principle of extradition exists among
all civilized powers, even when for one
reason or another it is not covered by
any hard and fast international con-
vention, and requests for such ex-
tradition are addressed by one govern-
ment to another are granted on the
ground of international courtesy and
comity, even in the absence of treaty
provisions. This practice not only
prevails among the European countries
of Europe and of this western hemi-
sphere, but has likewise been to all
intents and purposes adopted by Asiatic
and north African States, such as, for
instance, Morocco. Thus the United
States has on a number of occasions
arrested and surrendered foreign fugi-
tives to the United States, and applica-
tions from governments with which
no extradition arrangements existed at
the time. President Lincoln in
1863 caused the arrest and the sur-
render to the Spanish authorities of a
man of the name of Arguelles in the
absence of any extradition treaty with
Spain. Arguelles, who had been the
lieutenant governor of a province in
Cuba, was charged with a number of
atrocious crimes against the common
law, among the minor accusations be-
ing one to the effect that he had sold
into slavery several hundred negroes
illegally brought from Africa. On the
authority of Secretary Seward he was
arrested by a United States marshal
and turned over to the Spanish police
officers, who took him back to Havana
for trial. A motion was at once
made in the United States Senate call-
ing the President to account for the
matter, arguing that, in the absence of
a treaty of extradition and of con-
gressional legislation touching the sur-
render of fugitive criminals to the
Spanish government, he had exceeded
his powers as chief magistrate. To this
Secretary Seward replied to the

effect that the President had given up
Arguelles under the rules of interna-
tional comity, which prescribe as a
matter of courtesy the compliance with
demands of this kind addressed by one
civilized power to another, and he added
that Mr. Lincoln had likewise acted
in the affair in accordance with the
spirit of the constitution of the United
States, which is not in favor of the
principle of offering asylum to fugi-
tive criminals from abroad, but distinct-
ly averse thereto. A number of years
later the Spanish government re-
turned the compliment by surrendering
to the United States "Boss" Tweed,
although it was only some time after-
ward that an extradition treaty was con-
cluded between this country and Spain was
concluded.

Morocco Vassal.

Stensland's case is an instance of
what may be done where no extradi-
tion treaty exists. At the present time
there are in force extradition treaties
with the United States and thirty-two
other countries. With other countries,
notably China, Egypt, Greece, Persia,
Portugal and Siam, the United States
has not negotiated treaties of this
character. This is why the globe trot-
ter finds a collection of adventurers in
Shanghai, Cairo, Athens and Lisbon,
although it must be admitted that these
adventurers usually are of a class
who do this country a kindness by quit-
ting it. While many of them are
"wanted" by the police, they are not
"wanted badly," for their offenses usu-
ally have been against individuals who
do not feel disposed to hunt them down
all over the globe.

A study of the various extradition
treaties in force between this and other
countries gives a fair indication of
how foreign people regard some
crimes. For instance, a man who com-
mits a burglary in the United States
may be extradited from Austria, Bar-
baria, Baden, Haiti or Prussia, yet
even Luxemburg, of which, doubtless,
the burglar never heard, would give
him up for this offense. All countries
with which these treaties are in force
will give up counterfeiters, yet only
two out of thirty-two countries—Guate-
mala and Mexico—will hand over a
person charged with having counterfeited
the tools in his possession. All are
disposed to give up a forger, but a per-
son charged with fraud cannot be easily
extradited if the property involved
is less than \$200. Bigamy, apparently,
is not considered a very serious crime
by some nations. Naturally Turkey
does not permit the extradition of a
bigamist, and in only eight countries
out of thirty-two it is unsafe for a
man to be extradited for the purpose of
Even Great Britain will not give up a
bigamist who is trying to escape the
laws of another country.

LIFE OF FRUIT TREES PRO- LONGED.

American consultants to Germany, in
recent reports, advise this Govern-
ment of some very important discov-
eries relating to horticulture. Thus far,
results have demonstrated their
value. They refer to experiments
conducted for the purpose of prolonging
the life of fruit trees. A solution of
the sulphate of iron is used, and this
was at first injected under the bark
of the tree so as to cause it to go
into the sap flow or circulation. To
inject fruit trees for the purpose of
prolonging the life of the tree, and in-
crease the yield of the fruit, is much
the same as that of anemia of the
grapevine for the same object.

These scientists are now conduct-
ing further experiments looking to-
ward the use of a fluid to be injected
into the sap flow of the tree, though, singular
enough, examination shows that the
fluid does not enter the old wood of
the tree. The whole process is for
the purpose of reinvigorating and
thus prolonging the life and increas-
ing the yield of the tree, and is much
the same as that of anemia of the
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A CLIMBING PLANT FOR THE FARM.

The ampelopsis vetchill, or Japan
ivy, known in this country as the
country, is one of the best climbing or
creeping vines we have for the farm.
It belongs to the same family as the
Virginia creeper or American ivy, but
is not so gross growing in habit or
form. The foliage is not unlike that
of the American ivy, but is deciduous
and is much lighter in color,
even when mature. It grows rapidly,
throwing out, at frequent intervals,
small feet or tendrils having a sticky
substance attached by which it fas-
tens to any rough object—stone, wood,
stone or brick—and clings tenaciously.
It is a beautiful vine to set at
the foot of a dead tree from which
the branches have been removed, and
is equally beautiful grown over the
sides of a brick or stone building or a
stone wall. It is practically hardy
and not evergreen. In the fall the
foliage takes on all the varied autumn
hues of the maple leaf. The plants
are moderate in price, grow rapidly,
and in a few years add much beauty
to the farm grounds.—Indianapolis
News.

SAVE THE CLIPPINGS.

An easy method of providing green
food for the poultry in winter is to
save the lawn clippings. Usually there
is a mixture of clover in this grass
and it is greatly relished by fowl. If
cured in the shade so much the bet-
ter for the color, but a light wetting
when used in winter will give it a
greenish appearance. There are many
simple inventions for securing the
grass, sometimes a bag being trailed
along, its opening having been se-
cured with a hoop. A very simple and
satisfactory affair may be made from
an old blanket or a bit of old carpet
about the size of a flattened out
bag—say two feet long and as many
wide. Three feet long is better if
the man at the handle is not a long
strider and liable to step upon it.
Tack one end to a piece of 1/4 inch
rig wire hooked or ringed at the other
end.

DEER PURSUED BY WOLVES.

When desperately hungry in regions
where deer are not so plentiful the
wolves will attack them in the open
with and follow to a finish, be it ever
so far. I have heard the accounts of many
old Ontario hunters that entirely
supports this belief, says Ernest Thomp-
son Seton in Scribner's.

In my own journal I find an instance
of a wolf attacking a deer in the
Wright of Carberry, Manitoba, in
the winter of 1885 he was hunting at
Sturgeon Lake, Ontario. One Sunday
he and some companions strolled out
on the ice of the lake to look at the
dogs there. They heard the hunting
cry of wolves, then a man (a female)
darted from the woods to the open ice.
Her sides were heaving, her tongue out,
and her legs cut with the slight crust
on the snow. Evidently she was hard
pressed and had run for some time.
She was coming toward them, but one
of the men gave a shout, which caused
her to stop for a moment. The open ice
thunder wolves appeared, galloping on
her trail, heads low, tails horizontal,
and howling continuously. They were
uttering their hunting cry, but as soon
as they saw her they broke into a loud
cry, different note, left the trail and
made straight for their prey. Five of
the wolves were abreast of the open ice,
seemed much darker was behind. With-
in half a mile they overtook the deer
and pulled her down, all seemed to
seize her at once. For a few moments
she bleated like a sheep in distress;
after that the only sound was the strug-
gle and crunching of the hooves as they
feasted. Within fifteen minutes not-
thing was left of the victim but hair and
some of the larger bones, the wolves
fighting among themselves for even
these. Then they scattered, each going
a mile or so, no two in the same direc-
tion, as if they had returned later and
curled up there on the open lake to
sleep. This happened at about 10 in
the morning within 300 yards of sev-
eral witnesses.

And He Was.

The other day a man and a boy came
to the shop to buy a hat. After a time
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the glass, he said to the youngster,
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but the boy fled from the shop, pur-
sued by the man. The shopkeeper
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until their long absence made him real-
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stopped laughing.—London Telegraph.

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much time up in the clouds looking for
the silver lining.

ORCHARD and GARDEN

INTENSIVE HORTICULTURE.

On a farm of nine acres in eastern
New York, E. P. Powell has been try-
ing intensive horticulture with the fol-
lowing results:

Each year marked some stage of
progress, not only in my conception
of country life, but on the road to
financial success. To renovate
old trees to make worn out soil grow
peas and sweet peas; to set new trees
and plants; to work out ideas that
were novel took time—years of time.
Of the twelve sorts of orchard and
garden fruits that I now raise, experi-
ence has taught me that about three
will totally fail each year—cut off by
drought or by blight. Yet you see there
will still be nine sorts left each year.
This is where intensive horticulture
comes in ahead of extensive farming,
which takes account of only two or
three crops—all of which may fail in
a single year, and leave you short of
food and cash.

After ten years the balance sheets
would read something like this. Rasp-
berries, net, \$250; currants, \$100;
cherries and plums, \$100; apples,
\$400; pears, \$100; blackberries, with
socioberries, grapes and grapes,
\$100; miscellaneous—including eggs,
chickens, honey and surplus trees
sold, \$200. Here is a snug little in-
come of \$1,250. Now you may knock
out of this estimate any three of the
above items, if you please, and your
contribution to family and insect en-
emies, droughts and other hindrances
to horticulture. Only bear in mind
that the raspberry failure will never
be complete; and the apple failure,
with proper care, will rarely decrease
the crop one-half. In other words,
we are sure of an annual surplus of
from \$900 to \$1,200.

Perhaps best of all from every
standpoint has been my experience
with plant breeding—that is, creating
new types and improving the old.
Calling the bees into alliance, to pol-
lenize my flowers and cross varieties
in the garden and orchard, I soon
found that it was possible not only
to be a grower of what others had
originated, but to be a plant breeder
myself. And now it has come about
that my nine acres are conspicuous
for new fruits, new vegetables and
new flowers, originated by hybridizing.
Hundreds of new crosses have been
thrown away as not eminently ahead
of the old, but we have one current
that stands in the bush a third larger
than Fay, while the fruit is of the
largest. Of 400 varieties of beans or-
iginated, a half dozen crosses are of
value to the world. Seeding grapes
include some of great promise, and
the story is the same with berries of
all sorts.

HOME-MADE KEROSENE EMUL- SION.

The amateur can make this very
easily. Take of hard soap half a
pound and dissolve in one gallon of
boiling water; then add two gallons
of kerosene and churn thoroughly for
ten minutes. The emulsion keeps a
preparation depends upon thorough
mixing. This stock mixture is diluted
four times for scale or up to twenty
times for lice. The stronger dilution
will have one gallon of kerosene to
six and a half of water. Where the mix-
ture is very hard use one gallon of soft
milk to two gallons of kerosene.

ROTTEN POTATOES.

The infection of the potatoes with
the fungus which produces rot occurs
chiefly, if not entirely, in the field
before digging; this infection is usually
the result of diseased vines and in
most cases the disease is not trans-
mitted directly from the vine, but in-
directly through the soil; also, pota-
toes may be infected directly in the
field from spores introduced into the
soil the preceding year. Experiments
with dry Bordeaux mixture and sol-
uble Bordeaux mixture show that
both these are less effective as pre-
ventives of blight and subsequent rot
than the regular Bordeaux mixture.

CABBAGE WORMS.

These pests are more numerous
than usual this season and all sorts
of applications are tried to rid the
plants of them. A correspondent of
Wallace's Farmer recommends con-
centrated lye for cabbage worms. She
fills her sprinker with water from the
well and adds about four times as
much lye as would be used in a gal-
lon of wash water. She well, then
sprinkle your cabbages with it. One
dose generally does the work for all
summer. She has never had to put
it on more than twice.

GOOD SOILING CROP.

"Succatara" is one of the most tooth-
some products of the garden when
properly made. If the soiling crop
named after this table luxury is as
palatable to stock it is sure to grow
in popular favor among farmers.
Farming names corn, oats and peas
mixed and sown by an ordinary grain
drill at the usual depth. With any
sort of a chance this combination may
be grown large enough to feed in 60
to 70 days, and sown now will come
handy when early feed is getting
short.

MARKETING POULTRY.

Dressed poultry should not be pack-
ed for transportation until entirely
cold. It should then be laid in clean
straw, breast down, keeping wings
and legs close to the body. See that
there is no discoloration of the skin.

VALUE OF TOADS.

Professor Hedge, of Clark Univer-
sity, has estimated the value of toads
to the farmer at \$18 apiece because
they destroy cutworms. There is a
regular market for toads in England,
however, at 25 cents apiece.

"Up Jenkins."

There are few merrier games than
this, and, though it is well known,
there are some few, perhaps who are
not familiar with it; so we add it to
our list that amuse and its fan,
says the Philadelphia Record.

"Up Jenkins" is most enjoyable
when played by eight or more people,
and the only requisite is a silver quar-
ter dollar.

The company seats itself at a table,
the opposite sides facing each other.
All the hands of the side which has
the coin are held under the table un-
til the person acting as captain of the
opposite side gives the order, "Up
Jenkins," when all hands, lightly
closed, are held up high above the
table. At the captain's order "Down
Jenkins" nothing else—and to obey
no one but the person acting then
as captain (each person takes the
position in turn), otherwise the coin
has to be forfeited to the other side.

The captain looks at the hands be-
fore him and orders each hand in turn
to be "up" or "down." The hands that
do not go up or down are held under
the table until the coin is discovered
to be in the hand last ordered off the
table that were not ordered off.

A time-limit is the only way to end
this game.

Does Smoking Injure Mouth?

No, there is not a trace of evidence
in favor of tobacco smoke being in-
jurious to the mouth. It may irritate
the tongue. It may make the tongue
sore, but neither result is brought
about by tobacco as tobacco. If the
weed be very hot and any hot smoke
will work the same mischief. If the
weed be very wet it will give off steam,
and any smoke accompanied by steam
will hurt the mouth. Tobacco damped
with diluted glycerine is very irritat-
ing. Jugged pipe smoking may set
up a tongue sore, and this may be
the starting point for cancer, but
the offender is not tobacco. Another
way in which mischief is worked is
by habitually holding a pipe in the
same position. The smoke thus plays
on one spot of the tongue, says Home
Notes. But I again say that tobacco
is quite unable to irritate the mouth
or tongue. One great good worked
by the Heaven-sent plant is the pres-
ervation of the teeth. Smokers suffer
far less than others from dental de-
cay.

And He Was.

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