

The Small Fruit Garden.

Written for the Wisconsin Tribune.
Pioneers from Eastern states settling in Minnesota found the lack of fruit a great privation. We long ago learned that a succession of small fruits, lasting from June 'til October, and many varieties of apples and grapes can as easily be grown here as elsewhere.

Taken one year with another gooseberries, currants and raspberries, black and red, are as certain to produce a crop as potatoes and require scarcely any more care in cultivation. Yet in driving through this country we find comparatively few farms where there is anything like a successful attempt at fruit growing. A few stunted apple trees, left to the mercy of the rabbits, a few starveling currant or gooseberry bushes struggling for existence in a strip of sod—very seldom anything more. To have the table well supplied with fresh fruit throughout the season, and for winter, a cellar well stocked with canned fruit and jellies, means not only a gratified palate, but added health to the household and a source of great convenience to the housewife.

It is too late this season to do more than make preparation for next year by getting the soil in proper condition. Strawberries may be set in August, if the season is very wet, or the plants are frequently watered so that they become well rooted and make some growth before winter, but horticulturists, as a rule, do not deem it advisable. Crescent and Wilson, the Ward and Bederwood are excellent varieties. In setting the plant use plenty of water, spread the roots carefully and press the soil firmly around them. The last precaution is very necessary as hot winds blowing through loose soil dry up the roots, proving fatal to almost any plant, particularly raspberries and grapes. Strawberries should have the blossoms removed the first season and not allowed to fruit. Keep very clean by running a cultivator between the rows—always in the same direction—pulling weeds in the hills by hand. Mulch heavily in the fall with straw. After fruiting the next season, run the mower over over the bed, and when dry, burn; or it may be necessary to scatter a little straw on the plants previous to burning. Having borne the second season renew the bed by setting out new plants. Strawberries require a great deal of moisture. Some varieties are not self-fertilizing. Most of the failures, I think result from this cause, as the staminate plants appear to run out after the first season, and though the remainder grow and flourish—blossoming freely, they produce no fruit.

Currents are propagated by cuttings—setting in the spring when the buds appear. They should be placed three feet apart in the row, cultivated and heavily mulched. Old canes should be removed as soon as the fruiting season is over. The writer picked currants this year from a plantation that has been loaded with crimson clusters every season for fifteen years and yet the bushes show very little diminution of vigor. Red raspberries yield large returns, also, for a small amount of labor. Cuthbert and Turner are excellent varieties, and a new variety called the *Louden* is highly spoken of by experienced fruit growers. A very heavy mulch between the rows is necessary to keep the young plants down and make it possible for pickers to pass between them. A plantation of red raspberries in which the suckers are kept down and old canes removed will continue in bearing seven years or more.

Of black varieties none are better than the *Nemaha*, *Winona*, *Gregg* and *Johnson's Sweet*. Set three feet apart in the row, and in rows five feet apart. Cultivate and keep clean. After fruiting cut the new growth back a little and remove old canes as early this season's growth will bear next year. Black raspberries require winter protection to

insure large returns. With a spade remove a little soil on one side of the plant, bend over and cover with earth.
ST. BARBE.

COLORADO'S CLIMATE.

A Region of Outdoor Life. Healthfully favorable to Health.
The easterner, bred and born at sea level, has a very vague idea of that part of his country which is at a cloud height, and he has scarcely any conception of the governing climate of such a section. The purely picturesque appeals to the tourist, and he gives hardly a thought, surely not a serious one, to the high altitude section through which he passes.

The Adirondacks have accomplished wonderful temporary healings and permanent cures for certain pulmonary troubles, yet their beneficial results do not compare in extent with those of that section which lies at an altitude varying from 3,500 to 8,000 feet above the sea, known as the high and dry Rocky Mountain belt, whose heart is Colorado. From a statistical comparative weather or bureau report little idea could be formed of this climate, for in these comparative statements the dry and rarified condition of the air is not fully appreciated. The dominant feature of this high altitude is light, dry and electrical atmosphere, with its abundant sunshine and clear weather. This is true of all seasons at the 6,000 foot level, or while rain falls in torrents for an hour nearly every day during May, June, July and August, the sun always shines the rest of the day, and ten minutes after the rain has ceased the sandy roads are dry and the air does not retain moisture. After these months not a drop of water falls from the cloudless sky, and snow-storms are few and light.

The mercury occasionally drops to 30 degrees below zero during winter nights and rises to 60 degrees in the shade the following morning, while in summer, although a blanket is always a nightly necessity, the thermometer often registers 90 degrees during the day and the heat of the sun is always intense. These extremes are much less keenly felt than they would be at sea level, owing to the dryness of the air. It is a region of out of door life, where regaining of health is a business. Thousands of beings, whose existence would be measured by weeks if they returned to the dampness of sea level, here are well and active. It is true that some cases of pulmonary trouble are not benefited at the 6,000 foot elevation, but either the disease has advanced so far that the invalid could not live more than a few weeks in any climate, or he is affected with some heart trouble. Cases of the latter sort migrate to an extension of this dry belt, which descends into New Mexico, along the Pecos and Rio Grande valleys, where the elevation is from 3,000 to 4,000 feet. There the action of the heart is modified, and the patient is more benefited than in the higher portions of the Rockies.—New Science Review.

TURNING THE TABLES.

The Undertaker, Lawyer and His Client.
The extent to which lawyers can exercise their imagination when pleading in behalf of their clients is almost beyond belief, but sometimes the tables are turned in a very unexpected fashion.

On one occasion Mr. S— was engaged in presenting the case of a woman who petitioned the court to grant her a judicial separation from her husband, a workingman, and urged that as she was in extreme poverty she was entitled to alimony according to her husband's means.

With a voice broken in its pathos the lawyer dilated on the imperative necessity of the case, declaring that his client was utterly destitute, not having a mattress to lie upon, and not possessing the means to purchase a crust of bread. When the evidence had been heard the judge, who well knew the counsel's unlimited powers of exaggeration, turned to the applicant and addressed to her a few questions: "Have you then no occupation?" "Yes, my lord; I am a nurse," was the incautious reply. "And where are you employed?" "I am at Mr. S—'s," she unwittingly rejoined, pointing to her counsel. It was with the greatest difficulty that the judge refrained from joining in the shout of laughter with which this admission was hailed.—Boston Traveler.

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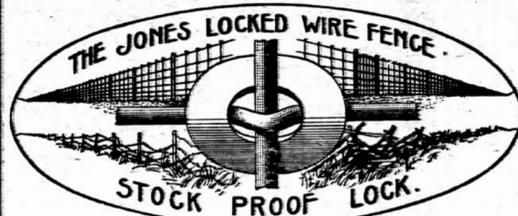
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A RACE FOR LIFE.

Peter John was a good fellow, but he had one grave fault—he was addicted to practical joking. One day Peter had been at work a few miles from his home. After his day's labor was finished his employer invited him to partake of the evening meal with him. This invitation Peter accepted, and then, his system fortified with a hearty supper, he commenced his journey homeward.

It was a dark, cold December night. The wind swept, fitfully among the great pines and beeches, and strange, moaning sounds were sobbing through the forest. Now and then an owl uttered its hoarse cry, or the sudden rattling of the dead leaves told where some timid animal hurried away from the sound of footsteps.

But Peter was strong and stout hearted and trudged quietly along, without paying much attention to the sounds and sounds around him, until the road led to a perhaps one-half of his journey, when suddenly his ears caught the sound of a horse's feet descending the long, rocky path behind him. Gradually the sound drew nearer, until the rider, peculiar voice of the horseman could be heard urging the beast to a faster gait.

"Ah! ha!" said Peter to himself as he heard the familiar tones; "that is Uncle Tom Barry."

Now, Uncle Tom and Peter were neighbors—that is to say, their clearings lay about a mile apart—and none knew better than Peter that the old man was naturally of a timid disposition, and, furthermore, that nothing inspired him with greater fear, nothing that he had not rather meet, than a wolf.

No sooner, therefore, had Peter become convinced that the horseman behind him was his neighbor, than he determined to use this trait of Uncle Tom's as a means of working out what he considered would be a most capital joke. His plans were soon laid, and he prepared to put them into execution. Creeping through the timber growth which bordered his path, he crept down and patiently awaited the approach of his victim. He had not waited long before Uncle Tom, his horse at a sharp trot and himself casting timid glances around, arrived opposite his place of concealment. Peter allowed him to pass a few paces, and then, springing forward on his hands and knees, he uttered one or two snarling yelps, followed by a loud, clear, gathering cry of the wolves.

The effect upon Uncle Tom was electrical. Springing half way out of his saddle, he uttered a scream of terror, and then, stooping until his head nearly touched the mane, he placed his arms into the horse's flanks and was off down the road like a shot. As for Peter he rolled over on his back and kicked his heels in huge enjoyment of his success. Loud and long he laughed and chuckled at the performance by making the forest ring with a repetition of the wild, savage cry that had struck such terror into Uncle Tom's timid heart.

But there is an end to all things, and so after awhile there was an end to Peter's mirth, and he, wiping his eyes, regained the path and was about to resume his journey, when he heard a sound that sent the old shiver coursing through his veins, and almost froze the blood in his veins. The wolves heard his successful imitation of their music and were coming in full cry upon him.

Calling all his energies into play, he dashed down the path with scarcely less speed and terror than did Uncle Tom Barry himself. Peter was a famous runner and had come off victor in many a trial of speed when the people had come together at a raising or log rolling, but this was no holiday game. The race was for life.

Down the long slope that led to Pilkin's hollow and up the ascent beyond fled Peter, while hardly 100 yards behind came a snarling pack, hungry and fierce. The life of an unarmed man would not be worth a minute's purchase could they once surround him.

Down another long slope, across a broad sheet of ice at its foot and Lethbridge's hill, with its long steep ascent, lay before him. He shuddered as he glanced up its rugged side, for he felt that his strength would hardly suffice to carry him to the top.

Still he kept on, though it seemed madness to hope, for his pursuers had gained on him fearfully; he knew it by the beating of their footsteps, but, with energy inspired by mortal terror, he ran on, hoping to gain only the brow of the hill, for there the ground became more open, and his own cabin was but a few yards beyond. He felt sure that his pursuers would not follow him beyond the summit, but could he reach it before they would close upon him?

No, not by his own exertions, for just as the thought passed through his mind his foot caught under a gnarled root that extended across the way, and he fell heavily forward, his head struck the frozen ground, and he lay senseless.

When Peter recovered consciousness, he found himself hanging over the broad shoulders of his brother John and about to enter his own door. Here he soon collected his scattered senses and was able to listen intelligently to his brother's account of his rescue.

Uncle Tom Barry, in his flight, had stopped at the cabin long enough to shout through the window that the wolves were out and hunted on. John, who lived with his brother, knowing that Peter must come the same path, took his gun and walked out to the edge of the forest, where he halted to listen. But a short time elapsed before he heard the sound of the pursued and pursuers, and rushing down the hill he arrived upon the scene just in time to leap between Peter's prostrate form and the wolves, the foremost of whom was less than ten feet distant. Taking steady aim, he sent a bullet into the creature's brain, and then, while the pack were fighting over the dead body of their comrade, he lunged Peter over his back and gained the open ground in safety.

Peter thanked the whole truth about the affair from beginning to end and concluded the story with the emphatic assertion that as long as he lived he would never be guilty of another practical joke, a vow, he faithfully kept until his dying day.—Exchange.

A Brother All Round.

The neighbor leaned upon her garden gate and called over the fence: "I noticed a light in your house last night, Mr. Binley," she said. "Are your baby's teeth bothering him again?" "Don't know how much they're bothering him," he answered shortly, "but they're bothering the life out of me."—Richland Tribune.

He Wants His Share First.

A wealthy Birmingham man, who made most of his fortune manufacturing hosiery for the people of India, to use his own words, he gave a handsome sum of money after his death to help the missionaries in India make war against idol worship.—New York Tribune.

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