

are used to the best advantage in bisecting the fruit. After ten or twelve mangoes are cut up one will then be accomplished enough to appreciate the delicacies of the luxury.

You will appreciate the story after trying one or two specimens. With best regards. Remain very respectfully,
F. L. Church.

The mangoes were received and more than appreciated.

The above story was also greatly appreciated after having made an effort to eat a mango without getting it over ones face.

The Old Country Bacon.

The following poem is from Farm and Ranch. It is good, but we should go farther and say that farmers should not only save their own bacon, but provide their own supply of fresh meat. This could be easily done by a little ingenuity and co-operation.

The products which come from the great packing houses,
All done up in canvas, and such other truck,
Have recently got such a bad reputation,
That stomachs all over the country have struck.

Nor is it much wonder when investigation
Has shown us the horrible meat-packing fake,
And now, as a remedy, let us propose you,
The cleanly sweet bacon our us'd to make.

The old-fashioned bacon, the uncanvased bacon
The sweet-tasting bacon our dads us'd to make!

That bacon was part of the wealth of the family,
And always from fat, healthy hogs did it come,
And as toothsome diet, yea almost as dainty,
It was the "stand-by" of the old country home.

Our grandparents ate it, and always were healthy;
Good ham was the nicest of all country fare;
While in the nice way that our grandmothers cook'd it,
All old country bacon was luscious and rare.

The old-fashioned bacon, the streaky bacon,
The hick'ry-smok'd bacon, was luscious and rare!

The smoke-house was then a great source of contentment,
When it was well fill'd with nice shoulders and hams,
And middlings and lard, and sweet sausage and puddings;
And people might eat them without any qualms.

We all knew the hogs which were made into bacon,
We knew how the bacon was cured, and all;
And we knew that the hogs were healthily fatten'd,
From corn that was brought from the field in the fall.

The old country bacon, the sweet healthy bacon,
The well cured bacon, with spare-ribs and all!

This packing-house scandal should teach us a lesson,

And as a great warning to farmers should come;
It shows them that they, to be healthy and happy,
Must raise all the bacon they eat, right at home.

Such action would teach the meat-packers a lesson,
And show them that they are not quite "the whole cheese,"
For if country bacon should say, "I can rule you!"
Not even meat-packers could do as they please—

But would bow to the bacon, the sweet country bacon,
The good smoke-house bacon, which may bring us ease!

The Farmer's Family Horse.

A correspondent of the Ohio Farmer tells of his experience in trying to secure a good, reliable family horse. It is illustrated by a cut of a very ordinary looking horse hitched to a buggy containing five children. The boy on his knees in front just able to hold up the reins above the dashboard.

The accompanying cut shows a part of the "Buchanan Home" and our family mare, "Allie Jewell 3014, A. M. R." The driver is Master Wilbur Buchanan, four years old, and his sister, Bertha by his side, with their cousins on the seat. Every farmer who has a family should by all means have a family horse. If he owns a small farm and only needed one team, one of them should be a trustworthy family horse. If he is in need of a third or fifth horse, that one should be an ideal family horse of roadster type. Were I starting out today to buy a horse I would rather see its head than all the rest put together, for if the head is not right neither will the horse be. I would want good eyes, a broad, level forehead and a look of contentment.

I would like to give a little of my own experience. We raise draft horses and do most of our heavy work and hauling with the drafter. When I first began farming I purchased a 1,000-lb. mare of road blood and type, believing that she would make a family horse. But not so. We always had to drive her with tight lines and whip in hand, to keep her from turning square around in the road when she would shy at little or nothing. I would not trust any one but myself to drive her. I grew sick of her, and traded her for a 1,200-lb. draft horse, so sleepy I could scarcely get him out of his tracks. I supposed I had a family horse sure, this time. But ere long I discovered that he was no safer than the other, so I got rid of him in a hurry. Not long after both of these horses ran off with their owners, demolishing rigs and crippling their occupants.

I then did without a family horse for a year or two, using one of the steady old drafters. But they were too slow for the roads. Some time later, as I was passing through town, I saw a beautiful 1,150-lb. mare about as handsome as horse flesh gets to be, and the good old man said she was an ideal family mare. So I bought her, paying a long price, thinking that I was getting just what I wanted. She was a pet and seemed very gentle. But she wasn't. She was the meanest one I ever owned. Would not hold back going down hill, and would kick over the dashboard every chance she got, and almost pull the arms off of me; so I disposed of her to a man that

knew all about her and did not need a family horse. I then purchased a half-blood Percheron of 1,300-lb., and worked him on the farm and used him for our driver, but never felt safe with him for he was too nervous. The women could not drive him. I finally concluded that if I wanted an ideal family horse I must not look for extreme beauty. I had known of many good family horses in the Morgan family, and often thought of "Old Pet," an old-styled Morgan mare that Father owned when we were small boys. She only weighed around 950 pounds, but could do almost any kind of work and was an ideal family mare, spirited yet perfectly gentle and trusty. We inquired here and there in several states for a Morgan mare that would fill our description, but we finally found her near Rockbridge, Va. The purchase was "Allie Jewell," 4 years of age, weighing 1,200 lbs., 15 3-4 hands high. She was sired by Ethan Allen 3rd, a Vermont Morgan and out of Rita, an inbred Black Hawk Morgan mare of Virginia. I did not buy her for her beauty, yet, in flesh, she is not a bad looker. She was 5 years old last May, has produced two excellent colts. I think to describe her will be to describe my ideal "third" horse, or family mare. She is not foolish or high-strung; requires a little whip if you want her to move out briskly; just the kind you want to make an ideal family horse for wife and children. She fears nothing along public highway. Even little Wilbur can drive her. Not only is she safe to drive, but is an ideal "third" horse. She drills in all of my corn, cultivates the corn when the one-horse cultivator is used, and cultivates the garden and truck patches, etc., and in case a work horse gets sore shoulders or laid off of work for some reason or other, she can fill his place satisfactorily, whether it be in the plow, harrow, mowing machine or binder. I have never hitched her amiss. Even this fall I used her and a draft mare to draw logs, two days, and she did her part as nicely as the drafter. She is very quiet in pasture. We often turn her out on the road to graze. She never strays or molests any one, and will come when called by any one of the family. She is everybody's pet.

This mare is, positively, not for sale at any price, as she just suits, and I would fear to risk getting another. Shetland ponies are all right, but a good, quiet family horse for the boys and girls on the farm is worth a whole lot more. I think you will agree with us that extreme beauty in horse flesh and family qualifications do not usually go together. The family horse should be able to travel from 5 to 7 miles per hour, according to roads, etc. "Allie Jewell" can draw two in a buggy, over good roads, from 50 to 65 miles in a day of 10 hours, or near that.

The Key Pineapple Crop.

With the arrival here yesterday of the schooner Markab, from Elliott's Key, with a cargo of two hundred crates of pineapples, ends the key crop of pineapples, with the exception of a few scattering and much lighter shipments during the next few weeks.

A prominent commission man, whose firm has handled the bulk of the key and mainland pineapple crops this sea-

son, in speaking of the same, said today:

"A total of about sixty cars of key pineapples have gone through this port this season. The cars averaged 300 crates, making the total shipment 18,000 crates. The fruit carried very badly, hardly a car going out without reports of bad condition being received from the other end, and on this account the result, financially, was not satisfactory."

When asked the cause of the poor carrying quality of the fruit he gave us his opinion that it was due to the fact that practically all of the shipments were from old farms, that have been neglected in cultivation, the fruit being allowed to grow and develop without any care whatever. He also voiced the opinion that unless the key growers pay more attention to their crops that it will be but a few years before the industry there will have become a thing of the past.

Relative to the mainland crop the informant stated that the condition was just the opposite to that from the keys. The fruit was of a very high quality and possessed good carrying qualities, a number of cars going to California and other far Western points in splendid condition. Good prices prevailed and all of the growers have made money.

Discussing limes, which are now being handled in considerable quantities, the gentleman said that not in years has the price been so low as at present. Last year the fruit brought as high as \$6 per barrel, but that \$4 is the best price that has prevailed here this season. On account of the low price much of the crop is not being marketed, the growers not undergoing the trouble and expense of gathering them for the small returns that would be received.

This condition is attributed to the immense crop of Jamaica limes that is being put on the market this season.—Miami Metropolis.

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FOR SALE—Several hundred very fine grape fruit buds, two years old. Address, Box 271, Orlando, Fla.

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