

AN EPISODE.

A dueler and a gossiper... The gossiper watched the duelist... The duelist with explosive... The gossiper with the duelist... And in the dueler's vest... The gossiper watched the duelist... As the duelist to crown... And smiling to see his duelist... Near where the duelist went down... He dismissed the gossiper... The duelist would not drop... The gossiper covered the duelist... Until his voice came from... He stamped his foot with a vicious rage... From the duelist's vest... Then turned and said, "I might have let... His empty hand would have..."

MYSTERY OF THE ROS

When the young man, born Pauline de Sambreux, died spring every one feared that her husband would lose his mind. He loved her so ardently that it so impossible for him to resign, his to the anguish of losing her. To be sure, the ten years of married life had not been all loss. The differences in their tastes and characters caused for quarrels, and while the husband disapproved with his wife's cold she, on the other hand, re-against the despotism of his which was so exclusive and that in its very ardor she saw selfishness than devotion.

But little by little their re-became less strained. At last concessions, as well as their desire of living happily together merely of having the apparent happiness made their home a perfect accord, so none friends were in the least surprised the depths of M. de Sambreux spair after this great sorrow come to him.

His grief showed itself in a way, though slightly romantic. Pauline from her marriage had been extravagantly rosy, and in later years no had passed without her bouquet of that sweetest of They had become so closely tied with her that, after he her husband went to the each morning and placed much of them in the which surrounded her to faded blossoms.

They were rendered at their contact with resting face, and he ried them to his his other form, he confitions.

In his own apartm house made a sort c memory of his will as a memento. He consulted the the servants, placed her portrait, one of Car-

which was much admired at the years ago. It represented Pauline in ball costume, smiling, with a bunch of slender, white hands, a lump, which M. de himself carefully filled. He remained each day, threw a brilliant and clear radiance upon the face of the picture, as well as upon a cushion beneath, where he had arranged the objects that had been most identified with his loved one, the vest gloves she had worn the last handkerchief she had used, her fan, her umbrella, her jewels, and in confusion of lace and costly fabrics, the bouquets which he had brought from the cemetery, and which were never consigned to the flames until the withered petals dropped from their stems.

Every evening M. de Sambreux hastened to his room, and after opening the doors of the tabernacle, fell upon his knees before the portrait. For a long time he carried on this adoration, talking to the pictured idea and exalting himself to the belief that the lips moved and spoke to him. At last, utterly exhausted, he fell asleep with his eyes still fixed upon the beautiful countenance.

One morning of autumn, when, according to his invariable custom, M. de Sambreux arrived at Pere Lachaise, he was much astonished to find a bunch of strange roses in the urn, while his lay half buried upon the tomb. Assuredly they were superb, with their glowing crimson petals and long stems; but their proud beauty had not the charm of those with which he adorned Pauline's grave. His were tea roses, gloire de Dijon, chosen by him because she had always preferred their delicate tint and perfume to any other.

Without asking himself whence came these flowers which seemed to him impious usurpers, he grasped them with indignant hands and replaced them with his own. But as he was about to throw them far from him he paused, looking at them, and a feeling of pity succeeded his sudden anger. No longer did he cherish ill-will toward the person who had desired this to pay homage to Pauline, and whose only fault had been in not comprehending the privileged and sacred character of his flowers. As he gently laid the crimson roses upon the tomb he wondered...

who in vain, and he relinquished the hope of ever knowing.

Three days later on reaching Pauline's tomb he found that the deed had been repeated. He felt the same surprise and anger as on the previous day, but not the same reluctance. Full of wrath he lunged the bouquet, which someone had again dared to place upon the tomb.

He was in vain, and he relinquished the hope of ever knowing. Three days later on reaching Pauline's tomb he found that the deed had been repeated. He felt the same surprise and anger as on the previous day, but not the same reluctance. Full of wrath he lunged the bouquet, which someone had again dared to place upon the tomb.

He was in vain, and he relinquished the hope of ever knowing. Three days later on reaching Pauline's tomb he found that the deed had been repeated. He felt the same surprise and anger as on the previous day, but not the same reluctance. Full of wrath he lunged the bouquet, which someone had again dared to place upon the tomb.

He was in vain, and he relinquished the hope of ever knowing. Three days later on reaching Pauline's tomb he found that the deed had been repeated. He felt the same surprise and anger as on the previous day, but not the same reluctance. Full of wrath he lunged the bouquet, which someone had again dared to place upon the tomb.

He was in vain, and he relinquished the hope of ever knowing. Three days later on reaching Pauline's tomb he found that the deed had been repeated. He felt the same surprise and anger as on the previous day, but not the same reluctance. Full of wrath he lunged the bouquet, which someone had again dared to place upon the tomb.

He was in vain, and he relinquished the hope of ever knowing. Three days later on reaching Pauline's tomb he found that the deed had been repeated. He felt the same surprise and anger as on the previous day, but not the same reluctance. Full of wrath he lunged the bouquet, which someone had again dared to place upon the tomb.

He was in vain, and he relinquished the hope of ever knowing. Three days later on reaching Pauline's tomb he found that the deed had been repeated. He felt the same surprise and anger as on the previous day, but not the same reluctance. Full of wrath he lunged the bouquet, which someone had again dared to place upon the tomb.

He was in vain, and he relinquished the hope of ever knowing. Three days later on reaching Pauline's tomb he found that the deed had been repeated. He felt the same surprise and anger as on the previous day, but not the same reluctance. Full of wrath he lunged the bouquet, which someone had again dared to place upon the tomb.

He was in vain, and he relinquished the hope of ever knowing. Three days later on reaching Pauline's tomb he found that the deed had been repeated. He felt the same surprise and anger as on the previous day, but not the same reluctance. Full of wrath he lunged the bouquet, which someone had again dared to place upon the tomb.

He was in vain, and he relinquished the hope of ever knowing. Three days later on reaching Pauline's tomb he found that the deed had been repeated. He felt the same surprise and anger as on the previous day, but not the same reluctance. Full of wrath he lunged the bouquet, which someone had again dared to place upon the tomb.

He was in vain, and he relinquished the hope of ever knowing. Three days later on reaching Pauline's tomb he found that the deed had been repeated. He felt the same surprise and anger as on the previous day, but not the same reluctance. Full of wrath he lunged the bouquet, which someone had again dared to place upon the tomb.

He was in vain, and he relinquished the hope of ever knowing. Three days later on reaching Pauline's tomb he found that the deed had been repeated. He felt the same surprise and anger as on the previous day, but not the same reluctance. Full of wrath he lunged the bouquet, which someone had again dared to place upon the tomb.

He was in vain, and he relinquished the hope of ever knowing. Three days later on reaching Pauline's tomb he found that the deed had been repeated. He felt the same surprise and anger as on the previous day, but not the same reluctance. Full of wrath he lunged the bouquet, which someone had again dared to place upon the tomb.

He was in vain, and he relinquished the hope of ever knowing. Three days later on reaching Pauline's tomb he found that the deed had been repeated. He felt the same surprise and anger as on the previous day, but not the same reluctance. Full of wrath he lunged the bouquet, which someone had again dared to place upon the tomb.

He was in vain, and he relinquished the hope of ever knowing. Three days later on reaching Pauline's tomb he found that the deed had been repeated. He felt the same surprise and anger as on the previous day, but not the same reluctance. Full of wrath he lunged the bouquet, which someone had again dared to place upon the tomb.

He was in vain, and he relinquished the hope of ever knowing. Three days later on reaching Pauline's tomb he found that the deed had been repeated. He felt the same surprise and anger as on the previous day, but not the same reluctance. Full of wrath he lunged the bouquet, which someone had again dared to place upon the tomb.

THE FARM AND HOME.

THE FOLLY OF CROSS BREEDING POINTED OUT.

Wisdom Learned by Experience—Green Maudslayi—Care of Eggs—Small Model Farms and Profits Derived from Them—Farm Notes, Home Hints.

The Folly of Cross Breeding. We dislike to take on the above subject. The folly has been pointed out so many times and in so many ways by nearly every agricultural writer or thinker, that one would think that every man in the United States was fully impressed with it as with the folly of gambling or betting on another man's game. It is a folly that is practiced continually, says the Kansas City Live Stock Indicator. When we think the lesson has been taught so fully that the dullest scholar comprehends it, some one rises and asks a question which shows that he does not even comprehend the first principles, and seems as glib and innocent of all practical knowledge on this question as a newborn babe.

The occasion of our referring to this matter again is a lengthy article in a Texas agricultural paper by a writer who evidently thinks that he is a progressive farmer and has a patent way of transcending the Texas cows in a generation or two into first-class dairy cattle. His proposition is to cross the Jersey cow with the Holstein bull, and then cross the progeny on the Texas cattle. He tells us: "You will find often a half-bred Holstein-Texas that is a five or six gallon cow. I have a grade Jersey cow that has given me five gallons of milk per day and could be increased to six. Her milk at best registers 52 per cent of cream," and then adds: "Now, suppose we cross on a Jersey cow with her small size, quick action, temperance, and richness of milk, but small quantity, say two and one-half or three gallons a day, with a Holstein bull of fine milk family. These being both full-blood animals, their progeny would be impressed (in a variable degree, of course) with the characteristics of both parents; larger and better milkers than Jerseys, smaller and richer milkers than Holsteins, and a better all-purpose cow than either, and a bull calf from such a cross, while being a grade, of either side only half-bred, but being thoroughbred in both parents, would make the best breeding bull for the farmer or stockman that could be found. Being impressed by both sire and dam he must be able to impart the good qualities of both parents to his progeny.

This, it will be observed, is purely theoretical. It is a very fine theory, and we have often heard just this result predicted by farmers and even breeders. It is like a good many other plausible theories uttered by inexperienced and uninformed men, and utterly breaks down in practice. It violates every principle of correct breeding. The cross breeding of two thoroughbreds as widely different as the Holstein and the Jersey, and the crossing of the produce on cattle as widely different from either as the Texas, does not perpetuate the good qualities of either, but gives the Texas blood, which is as thoroughbred in its way almost as any of them, full range. The result will be cattle that have neither the hardness of a Texas, the milking qualities of the Holstein, or the richness of the milk of the Jerseys, but will be of as many colors and qualities as Joseph's new coat. Thousands of farmers have tried similar experiments, and the universal testimony is that they have all been miserable failures. We suppose, however, that every man must go through this once and hide the result by disposal of the entire stock on his farm, and then take up some other theory without carefully investigating and learning what has been the practical working out of the theory where it has been tried. It is too late in the day for men to deal with such complicated laws as those which govern the transmission of qualities in the animals to begin experimenting at the foundation. Nearly every man is an impractical theorist until he learns wisdom by experience. The first requisite to success is to find out what has been the experience of other men, and thus ascertain the principles which govern the practice, and then in the light of all the information obtainable, follow as far as possible in view of his conditions, what has been found the most practical by the best men.

Small Model Farm. It is frequently demonstrated in various sections of the country that small farms under a high state of cultivation and properly managed will produce more personal comforts and better profit than a large farm with a great variety, says a writer in Farmers Voice. There are hundreds of homes of from three to twenty acres that stand as models of what can be done financially with a limited number of acres. They make a specialty of one crop with from one-third to one-half acre set aside for garden

and small fruit for home consumption. One specialist of six acres of ground has raised onion sets for twenty years with a half acre of choice fruit. In 1892 the product of one acre of sets brought in \$1,200. This spring (last year) was unfavorable to onions; the same acre cleared him \$1,000. This fruit consists in choice plums, pears, quinces, peaches and berries. Another grower has ten acres of grapes and two acres laid out in a market garden. This is a favored locality for the vine and a paradise for the market gardener, twelve acres in all. He is a member of the grape growers' union and deals directly with the wholesale trade, doing away with all middle or commission men. He lives fifteen miles from the city, but for all that his garden products are taken there and delivered direct to customers.

Some of these small farmers make a specialty of one thing and some another, and are known by their special trade, as onion, grape, flower, berry specialist. Their neat and luxurious residences, their well-kept lawns, dotted in summer with gay beds, shade trees and shrubs show plainly that there is not only added bank stock from year to year, but culture and refinement as well. Now what is being done in one place can be done in another, and if some of those farmers known as "land poor" would dispose of part of their possessions and devote the proceeds to the production of the comforts and luxuries for their families, their homes and their surroundings, we would hear less of deserted farms, and the children would grow up to love the farm more and would be less liable to make the city their home.

Care of Eggs. C. S. Smith, a Wisconsin flockmaster, speaking of the care of eggs, says he feeds corn for a grain ration and all the clover hay they will eat up clean, up to about two months of the expected lamb crop. Then commence feeding bran and oats mixed in small quantities at first, but generally increase the bran and oats and decrease the shock corn so that at about two weeks before the crop you have them on bran and oats—about one pint each morning and evening with all the clover hay they will eat up clean. A change to straw or other kinds of hay is good, and eaten with a relish. Keep their sheds well bedded, a change of bedding will do the trick.

Flowers look just as they do when on the farmer's table, on anyone else's table. Their delicate sweetness are restful and refreshing. Before putting away your brush it over with a new coat of a gill each of linseed oil, kerosene, and a tablespoonful of spirits of turpentine well shaken together. This will effectually prevent rust. Chickens have become the regular diet to serve to ministers, regardless of denomination. Wherever they go they find this fowl prepared for them. It must be a relief occasionally to arrive at a place unexpectedly and find beefsteak, or codfish, or Irish stew, in place of the inevitable chicken—for sweet variety's sake.

Manure should be well rotted before putting on the ground. The soil should be worked thoroughly before potatoes are planted. It is said that hops planted on the upland are freer from lice than those planted in the river bottoms. Apply wood ashes to the potato crop after planting, sowing broadcast at the rate of about 600 pounds per acre. All root crops are benefited by ashes. One pound of Paris green to 300 pounds of water, with about fifteen pounds of soft soap is good for spraying the codling moth. It should be used several times about fifteen days apart. The Indiana experiment station concludes that deep breaking and shallow cultivation is best; also that stable manure produces better and more lasting effects on soil than commercial fertilizers. The Oregon Agricultural Experiment station advises wrapping trees with burlap as well as spraying them for the codling moth. Every five or six days the wrapping is removed and the larvae found beneath killed. The agriculturist at the Illinois experiment station says that the uniform results of the experiments for five years past indicate that an increase of at least five bushels per acre over average yields may be secured without increase in cost of producing the crop.

Wisdom Learned by Experience—Green Maudslayi—Care of Eggs—Small Model Farms and Profits Derived from Them—Farm Notes, Home Hints.

The Folly of Cross Breeding. We dislike to take on the above subject. The folly has been pointed out so many times and in so many ways by nearly every agricultural writer or thinker, that one would think that every man in the United States was fully impressed with it as with the folly of gambling or betting on another man's game. It is a folly that is practiced continually, says the Kansas City Live Stock Indicator. When we think the lesson has been taught so fully that the dullest scholar comprehends it, some one rises and asks a question which shows that he does not even comprehend the first principles, and seems as glib and innocent of all practical knowledge on this question as a newborn babe.

The occasion of our referring to this matter again is a lengthy article in a Texas agricultural paper by a writer who evidently thinks that he is a progressive farmer and has a patent way of transcending the Texas cows in a generation or two into first-class dairy cattle. His proposition is to cross the Jersey cow with the Holstein bull, and then cross the progeny on the Texas cattle. He tells us: "You will find often a half-bred Holstein-Texas that is a five or six gallon cow. I have a grade Jersey cow that has given me five gallons of milk per day and could be increased to six. Her milk at best registers 52 per cent of cream," and then adds: "Now, suppose we cross on a Jersey cow with her small size, quick action, temperance, and richness of milk, but small quantity, say two and one-half or three gallons a day, with a Holstein bull of fine milk family. These being both full-blood animals, their progeny would be impressed (in a variable degree, of course) with the characteristics of both parents; larger and better milkers than Jerseys, smaller and richer milkers than Holsteins, and a better all-purpose cow than either, and a bull calf from such a cross, while being a grade, of either side only half-bred, but being thoroughbred in both parents, would make the best breeding bull for the farmer or stockman that could be found. Being impressed by both sire and dam he must be able to impart the good qualities of both parents to his progeny.

This, it will be observed, is purely theoretical. It is a very fine theory, and we have often heard just this result predicted by farmers and even breeders. It is like a good many other plausible theories uttered by inexperienced and uninformed men, and utterly breaks down in practice. It violates every principle of correct breeding. The cross breeding of two thoroughbreds as widely different as the Holstein and the Jersey, and the crossing of the produce on cattle as widely different from either as the Texas, does not perpetuate the good qualities of either, but gives the Texas blood, which is as thoroughbred in its way almost as any of them, full range. The result will be cattle that have neither the hardness of a Texas, the milking qualities of the Holstein, or the richness of the milk of the Jerseys, but will be of as many colors and qualities as Joseph's new coat. Thousands of farmers have tried similar experiments, and the universal testimony is that they have all been miserable failures. We suppose, however, that every man must go through this once and hide the result by disposal of the entire stock on his farm, and then take up some other theory without carefully investigating and learning what has been the practical working out of the theory where it has been tried. It is too late in the day for men to deal with such complicated laws as those which govern the transmission of qualities in the animals to begin experimenting at the foundation. Nearly every man is an impractical theorist until he learns wisdom by experience. The first requisite to success is to find out what has been the experience of other men, and thus ascertain the principles which govern the practice, and then in the light of all the information obtainable, follow as far as possible in view of his conditions, what has been found the most practical by the best men.