



clover, try mistake. It will grow where red clover will not. The seed now is more expensive...

HEELING IN TREES.

Method of Caring for Nursery Stock Until Planted in Spring.

A word about heeling in trees at this time will doubtless be of benefit to some of our readers.

I consider it very important that you buy and order all fruit trees to be delivered in the fall.

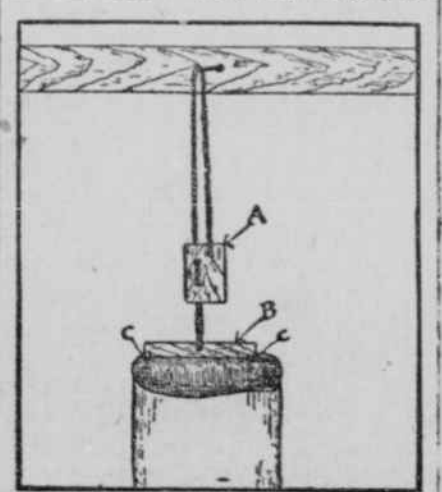
When the trees arrive, unpack at once, prune the roots slanting—so that the tree will stand on the cut part of the root when planted.

Cut off all broken parts of the roots. Now place the trees in the holes— which ought to be a little deeper just where the roots come so that they will not be injured.

If you compare the growth of these trees with spring delivered trees, if you think of the consequent success in the one case and the frequent failure of the other, the great advantage of fall delivery stock will be evident to you.

A HANDY SACK HOLDER.

The material for making the sack holder shown in illustration consists of a one-quarter or three-quarter inch rope about ten feet long, a block of wood six or eight inches long, three or four inches wide, and three-



Sack Holder in Use.

quarters or one inch thick, as shown at A on the strip B. This strip should be about three inches wide, and of a length to suit the sacks used.

In fertilizing the orchard, remember that the feeding roots extend far out from the trees.

Lord Bacon's Wise Advice. Seek not proud riches, but such as thou mayest get justly, use soberly, distribute cheerfully and leave contentedly.—Lord Bacon.

VERSE WORTH READING.

Even-Song. Pleasant the ways whereon our feet were led, Sweet the young hills, the valleys of content, But now the hours of dew and dream are fled, Lord, we are apart...

Lo, our proud lamps are emptied of their light, Weary our hands to toil, our feet to roam, Our day is past and swiftly falls thy night, Lord, lead us home.

Soft it sings in shining ripples, glad beneath the golden day, With a laugh among the dune grass, as it flings its jewel spray;

Hidden from the blessed daylight, in its caves it heaves and throbs, With a dreadful choking gurgle and a sound of dying sobs.

Through the pale green dusks of twilight from the rolling mystic line, Comes a chant of fear and beauty, calling sweet to me and mine;

Why climb with your burden those wearisome steepes, While the sluggard at ease so restfully sleeps?

He drifts without care on a river of dreams, While the sweat from your forehead is running in streams.

Twixt cradle and grave but brief is your race, If you gallop through life at the strenuous pace.

Men mourn the lies that women tell— The cunning, heartless lies— Her Judas lips that hide so well The narrowing of her eyes.

Men do not know the lies they hear— The brave, heartbroken lies— Her smiling lips that hide, from fear, The shadow in her eyes.

When to soft sleep we give ourselves away, And in a dream as in a fairy bark Drift on and on through the enchanted dark.

To purple gray daybreak—little thought we pay To the sweet bitter world we know by day.

Till we awake, ill fate can do no ill, The resting head shall not take up again The heavy load that yet must make it bleed.

Because of your sweet faith in me, I cling To hopes that with your coming were begun: How pitiful were I—how base a thing— If, having you, I fell, dear little one!

Before him wattered in a shoreless sea, The souls of them that had not sought to be, With all their guilt upon them, and they cried: They that had sinned from hate and lust and pride:

Judge us! The Judge of all the earth was dumb, But high above them, in his sovereign piece, He lifted up the pity of his face.

I wonder if ever a song was sung, But the singer's heart sang sweeter; I wonder if ever a rhyme was rung, But the thought surpassed the meter;

But the thought surpassed the meter; I wonder if ever a sculptor wrought, Till the cold stone echoed his ardent thought;

Or if ever a painter with light and shade, The dream of his inmost heart portrayed?

Offensive wives make defensive husbands. It's the worst kind of luck when you have that kind.

Simple Cargle for Sore Throat. Tincture of Myrrh, two drachms, water, four ounces, vinegar, four ounces. Mix by shaking up in a bottle.

The People's Restaurant, 750 North 3rd St., Richmond, Va. MEALS at All Hours—Hot or Cold. Board by Day, Week or Month. SOFT DRINKS.

Everybody knows that a busybody has a nose for scandal. At the age of 30 a girl begins to realize that she misses the "Mrs."

A man either makes more or less money than he says he makes. Remrets for the past seldom keep a woman from accepting the present.

Put a man under the X-ray machine if you would find out what is in him. Rather than stand up for their principles, some men sit down and let money talk.

In after years a man has a mighty poor opinion of a young man who likes to dance. Our idea of a real genius is one who invents a way to make a good living for his family.

Some men look for work with about as much enthusiasm as they would look for a case of smallpox. It's almost as hard for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven as it is for a poor man to break into the United States senate.

REFLECTIONS OF UNCLE EZRA. Many a successful poet got his start writing epigrams for tombstones. Of Andy Carnegie really wants to die poor, he might try writing for magazines.

The difference between a statesman and a demagogue is that the statesman has got the job. The funniest thing I ever saw was a feller with one tooth trying to eat sweet corn off the cob.

There is several kinds of molly-coddles, but they all wear passionate socks and smoke cigarettes. There ain't a campaign orator in the business that couldn't make more money selling patent medicine.

This is a great world. A feller prays for rain, and it rains, and then the grass in his front yard grows about a foot, and he has to pay \$4 to have it cut.

I see by the papers that a feller down to York has got a motor boat that kin make 70 knots an hour. Huh! that's nothing. Hod Peters had a boat out on Duck Lake last year that made 70 knots a minute.

Some mortals are overloaded with motives. Do not waste your time in trying to get even. Some homes are merely well-regulated excuse factories.

Nothing can convince a lazy man that he is not a victim of bad luck. Why was Eve like Sunday? Because she was the first of the week.

He—How can a man rest on posterity? She—On the lapse of time. Mamma—Marion, I am surprised that you should suffer a man to kiss you.

Mamma—But, mamma, it wasn't suffering. MERE OPINION. Few things are more common than seriousness. Every cheerful thought points the way to another.

Polliteness is like medicine. Too much of it is sickening. The child that is paid to be good forgets as soon as the money is gone.

Declining to waste precious moments in nursing hatred for him is the sorest defeat you can inflict upon your enemy. The man who goes to the bad because of unrequited love would probably have gone for some other reason if his love had been returned.

A PHILOSOPHER'S NOTEBOOK. A successful man never hits the nail on the head. Forgetfulness of yesterday and anticipation of to-morrow make trouble some to-days.

The man who borrows trouble has at least the solace of knowing that no one will ever dun him to pay it back. Possibly the chap who grows about the washday dinner would have found it more pleasing to his taste if he had done the washing.—Success Magazine.

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The Will and its Application. An individual's will is like a big piece of strong machinery; the intellect must direct its workings.

Controlled by Combine. There is a trust in fuller's earth with the final process known only to one or two persons, whose lips are tightly sealed.

Army Dogs. The German army dogs are so trained that when they find a dead body they set up a prolonged howling.

Inspection Not for All. Solitude can be delightful only to the innocent.—Leszczynski. Portuguese Proverb. There is never wanting a dog to bark at you.

Obedience the First Requisite. To learn obeying is the fundamental art of governing.—Carlyle. For an Appetizer. Stuffed olives chopped fine, mixed with cream cheese, and made into balls, are delicious if served with a plain salad.

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