



A FINE PERCHERON STALLION.

THE NEW ORCHARD

Advantages to Fruit Growers of Fall Setting.

KEEP WATER FROM ROOTS.

Greatest Danger From Winter Storms Is Settling of Water Around Bases of Trunks—Now is the Time to Attend to Odd Jobs About the Place.

It is only within a few years that fruit growers have begun to realize the advantages of setting out orchards in the late fall instead of in spring, especially in the more central latitudes, where the ground seldom freezes to a depth of more than a few inches.

In the first place, the ground is in far better condition and more workable than it usually is early in spring. Then the planter has more leisure for the selection and careful examination from root to tip of his young trees, which is desirable even when purchased under a guarantee from the most reliable nurseries, since insect enemies and disease germs are as varied and numerous and since the packers are often so crowded by orders that there is no time for close inspection of each individual tree, says a writer in Farm Progress.

The trees, also, just entering on the state of winter dormancy, fresh from the soil in which they grew, have a greater vitality than those that have passed the winter in great bundles merely "heeled in" to be ready for the spring trade.

Unless the land for the projected orchard is so naturally sloping, preferably eastward or northward, that there is perfect natural drainage ditching or the draining is indispensable. The greatest danger to fall set trees is that water from winter storms will stand about the roots, a case in which few would survive, especially the stone fruits. To prevent this, even where the general situation is all that could be desired, particular pains should be taken to press each layer of earth as it is filled in closely and firmly among and over the roots, always, however, with care not to scrape or bruise the latter, and to slightly mound it up around the trunk in the finish.

Unless each tree is firmly anchored to a stout stake, which is not practicable in large orchards, it is apt to wobble back and forth in high winds and form a cavity into which air and moisture will enter that would prove very detrimental to the roots. Mulching with anything except ashes, and this should not be put against the very tender bark of young trees, is a questionable practice, since field mice and other vermin are liable to burrow under it and gnaw the trees.

The only alternative, then, is for the orchardist to visit his young trees frequently in winter and when the ground is open press the soil up close around them, which he can do with the toe or side of his boot.

It is seldom recommended to plant berry fruits in the fall, but some of the most successful growers claim to have had far better results from fall set plants than with those put out in spring, and as they start so much earlier much time is gained.

TIME TO DO FALL JOBS.

Have you looked over the farm buildings to ascertain the repairs needed?

This is a question that every farmer should ask himself at this season of the year. There are boards loose on the buildings, there are walks and bridges to repair, doors that are sagging and window panes that are rattling, and should these go over until next season unfixed it will require twice as much material, twice as much work, and you will be out the benefit of having your buildings in shape.

There is a sadder sound in the pounding of loose clapboards and the rattle of insecure window panes. A loose clapboard may be detected by drawing a hammer down the side of your building and a different sound will betray which one needs to be fastened down securely. When anything is to be done such as replacing boards or nailing them more securely, do it at once; acquire this habit, and it will eliminate those expenditures of time and effort which eat up profits.—National Stockman and Farmer.

Beet Top Poisoning.

A word of caution is advisable on feeding beet tops. Every fall the tops are used for feed, and this is usually done by turning the animals into the fields after the beets have been hauled out; also every fall reports come in of stock dying from eating the tops. Death comes from two general causes. First and probably most common is the oxalic acid poisoning. Beet tops contain a considerable amount of this acid, and when an extensive quantity of tops is consumed it is very likely to produce oxalic acid poisoning and death. The other cause is mold, which grows on the beet tops and is more prevalent in damp weather. Anything moldy is dangerous as a food, but moldy tops and moldy beets are especially so. The tops that are dry, or nearly so, while they may not be so palatable, are really safer.

Storing Vegetables.

Onions.—Store in a loft rather than in the cellar. In the latter they will sprout to their injury. A few parsnips for winter use may be lifted and stored in sand in the cellar, but as freezing sweetens them it is best to leave many of them outdoors for later use. Potatoes.—Store in bins one foot or eighteen inches deep, raised somewhat from the floor. Do not bruise or they will be likely to rot. Roots in the nature of salsify and horseradish freezing does not hurt, so the main lot may stay out where grown, but some should be dug and put in earth in the cellar for winter use.

Hotbeds and Early Vegetables.

By using a hotbed to start young plants any one can have cabbages, tomatoes, lettuce, cauliflower and other appetizing vegetables from two weeks to a month earlier than his neighbors who wait for the sun to sprout their garden seeds. The entire cost of a substantial hotbed need not be over \$12 to \$15, and the materials can be used year after year.

Plan Next Year's Chickens Now.

Remove undesirable old roosters and hens. Next cull out all the crow beaked, scrawny young stock. Continue culling until only the most robust, most attractive fowls, young and old, are left. These will form the foundation for improved chickens next year, when the process should be repeated.

A Timely Hint Regarding Bees.

The beekeeper who postpones all preparations for winter until it is close at hand is unwise. A good queen, an abundance of bees and a quantity of wholesome stores are important acquisitions. It is better to think about these things as early as possible rather than in November or December.

THE ORIGIN OF SUGAR.

It Was First Made by the Chinese at Least 3,000 Years Ago.

The Chinese, who invented almost everything before anybody else heard of it, claim to be the original discoverers of the process of sugar making, and it is said that sugar was used in China as long ago as 3,000 years. This is misty, but the fact is well established that it was manufactured in China under the Tsin dynasty 200 years at least before the Christian era began.

India has put forward a claim for priority of invention, but the probability is that the Hindus learned the art of sugar making from the Chinese and that through them the knowledge finally spread to the western nations. Nearchus when sent by Alexander on an exploring voyage on the Indus brought back reports of "honey" which was made by the Asiatics from cane without the help of bees.

At this time neither the Greeks nor the Jews nor the Babylonians had any knowledge of sugar, but later the art of making the artificial "honey" became known and practiced, though its progress and development were exceedingly slow. It was prescribed as a medicine by Galen in A. D. 150, and up to the seventeenth century it had become nothing more than a costly luxury, to be used only on special occasions. Even as late as the beginning of the eighteenth century the annual consumption of sugar in Great Britain had reached only 20,000,000 pounds, whereas it is now more than 2,000,000,000 pounds.

Refined sugar was not made in England till 1659. The art of refining was learned by a Venetian merchant from the Saracens, who sold the secret to him for 100,000 crowns.

The Headache Tree.

A curious member of the vegetable kingdom has been discovered in the far east. It is a species of acacia which grows to a height of about eight feet and when full grown closes its leaves together in curls each day at sunset and curls its twigs in the form of a pigtail. After the tree has settled itself in this way for a night's sleep, like most sleepers, it objects to being disturbed. If touched it will flutter as if agitated and impatient at the interruption of its slumbers. The oftener the foliage is molested the more violent becomes the shaking of the branches, and at length the tree emits a nauseating odor, which if inhaled for a few moments will cause a violent headache.

A Dampener on Thrift.

A tourist in the mountains of Tennessee once had dinner with a querulous old mountaineer who yarned about hard times for fifteen minutes at a stretch. "Why, man," said the tourist, "you ought to be able to make lots of money shipping green corn to the northern market."

"Yes, I orter," was the sullen reply. "You have the land, I suppose, and can get the seed."

"Yes, I guess so." "Then why don't you go into the speculation?"

"No use, stranger," sadly replied the cackler; "the old woman is too lazy to do the plowin' and plantin'."—Kansas City Star.

Color.

Our hero beat his young wife until she was black and blue. "The feminine characters in a society novel are so apt to be colorless," said he in explanation of the seeming gaucherie.—Detroit Free Press.

ILL FATED BEAUTY

History Links Misfortune With Loveliness In Womankind.

THE FATE OF CLEOPATRA.

Julia Donna, the Poor Girl Who Became Empress of Rome, but Whose Charms Accomplished Her Undoing, Luckless Helen of Troy.

Why envy beauty when history lends emphasis to the conclusion that usually beauty is a misfortune to its possessor? It was loveliness of face and form that wrecked Cleopatra, who in turn wrecked Mark Antony, broke the heart of Octavia and brought the horrors of civilized war upon imperial Rome. The great Julius fell a victim to her charms at a single interview.

Cleopatra was a beautiful and magnificent creature and never failed to captivate those who passed before her. She was as intelligent as she was beautiful. No woman has surpassed her in cunning.

How she died is a mystery. The story of the asp biting her to death is a myth, but authorities agree that she met a violent death by her own hand.

There is the story of Julia Donna, who, in her maiden days a poor, humble girl, was on account of her personal magnetism raised from a common sphere to the highest that imperial Rome could offer. She became the wife of Severus and thus empress of Rome. Her beauty was her evil fate, as she permitted all to approach her with their sentiments. Finally, despairing of ever becoming again the power she once was in Rome, deserted by those who brought her to her misery, forsaken by her friends, she ended her days in starvation.

There was yet another beautiful Roman Julia, who, through her extreme beauty, was introduced to and became the wife of a famous senator when she was only sixteen. Between that age and twenty-four she lived up to the traditions of the times, succumbed to the conceit of her own charms, became the prey of flatterers, conspired against her husband and was put to a violent death.

Helen of Troy was tied to a tree and strangled, a condign punishment for the errors she fell into solely on account of her beauty. She was responsible for the many years' siege of Troy, her husband, Menelaus, being determined to revenge himself on Paris.

Josephine, wife of Napoleon I., was said by her husband to be "most truly a lovely woman, refined, affable, charming, a goddess of the toilet, kind and humane," yet because no son was born to them Napoleon divorced her, and she died an absolutely crushed woman.

They Wouldn't Lay.

A bashful young woman from a backwoods county in Virginia went into a local store carrying three chickens. She inquired the price of chickens and at the same time put them on the counter.

"Will they lay there?" asked the clerk, who did not know that the chickens' legs were tied.

She bit her hankerchief in embarrassment a moment and said: "No, sir; they are roosters."—Lippincott's.

ARE YOU LEFT HANDED?

Some Observations of Interest Concerning This Peculiarity.

There was a fad some twenty years ago among certain classes to make the children use both hands equally, with a view to developing ambidexterity. There were very few successful results. On the contrary, the children that used only one hand seemed to get along better in every way, especially in intellectual development. The explanation for this is found in the fact that the control of the hand is intimately connected with the development of language, but the brain centers that have to do with language are situated on the left side—that is, in connection with the centers that control the right arm and hand.

An examination of thousands of human skeletons showed that in every case in which the right arm had a greater development than the left arm there was a corresponding development on the left side of the skull. Left handed persons would accordingly be expected to have less language ability, on the whole, than right handed persons, and children that used both hands indifferently under compulsion would hinder still more the development of their ability in the use of language.

In the German army Dr. Bardleben found 3.88 per cent of left handedness. This figure is to be considered as rather lower than the true ratio, as many left handed men deny or fail to report the fact. In the northeastern parts of Germany left handedness is less frequent than in the central parts. It is curious that among the monkeys the orang outang and the hylobates are right handed, while the gorilla and the chimpanzee are left handed.—Harper's Weekly.

A Church Without Services.

There is in London, within a few yards of the beautiful marble arch in Hyde park, a church in which no services are ever held. This Church of the Ascension, as it is called, was built by Mrs. Russell Gurney as a memorial to her husband, and she expressly stated that the edifice was to be used for prayer, rest and meditation solely. A handsome building it is, with its tessellated floors and its numerous fine paintings. Over the door is posted this notice, explaining the true object of the church: "Passengers through the busy streets of London, enter this sanctuary for rest and silence and prayer. Let the pictured walls within speak of the past yet ever continuing ways of God with man."

COME HOME TO THANKSGIVING

Come, rest a bit, dear wife, for all is now in neat array And waiting trim, and all the bairns Are waiting home today.

There's goodly store of cakes and pies And jell in culvering molds, And plies on plies of fruit and nuts The spacious granary holds.

There's savory smell of roasting fowls, And all is of the best, So let the girls keep watch, dear wife, And sit you down and rest.

The train will soon be coming in With John and James and all, Each with a little family, A goodly sight in truth.

It's just a year ago today Since all have gathered here, And there's a grandchild coming, too, We didn't have last year.

So rest awhile, dear wife, and let Us count our blessings o'er And thankful be that all the bairns Are coming home once more.

—Selected.

JUST A FEW MINUTES OF FUN

Merely a Yarn.

"You are cruel," sighed the swain. "Is that so?" giggled the damsel. "Darn it!" he cried, his temper rising. "Are you never going to stop breaking the thread of my discourse?" "Knit!" she retorted. Realizing that he was worsted, he stifled the impulse to say something knotty and wound himself up.—Judge.

Taking Him at His Word.



Employer—What do you mean by taking a day off? I only gave you a half holiday. Clerk—You told me yourself never to do anything by halves.—New York Mail.

A Fatal Suggestion.

He (rather diffident)—Er—now that we are engaged I suppose you—er—won't object to my kissing you. She (much less so)—Certainly not. Help yourself. And when mamma comes in I want you to kiss her also. He—S-s-say, let's b-break the engagement!—Chicago News.

That Crooked Arm.

If there is anything Archibald was fond of it was girls. Fair, dark, tall, short, sweet, sour, plain, pretty, he adored them all, and never went out to a theater or a concert without a bevy of at least half a dozen. Consequently when he fell downstairs one day and broke his arm the chief regret that crossed his mind was that he would be unable to take Elizabeth and Milly and Catherine and the rest of them to see the play that night. "I'm afraid it's a bad job," pronounced the surgeon, who had come to set the arm. "Even when it has healed the arm will remain crooked." "Never mind the crook," replied Archibald. "Set it for lugging and go ahead!"—Tit-Bits.

Would Like Revenge.



Yeast—Do you ever catch your wife talking to herself? Crimstoneak—No; I wish to gracious I could.—Yonkers Statesman.

Everything In Stock.

"I want some lawn." "Yes'm. Dress or front yard?"

Eureka!

Fitzfozle (a beginner who is "teaching" a lady on the men's links and loses a club)—Pardon me, sir. Have you seen a lady's club anywhere? Admiral Peppercorn (very frate at being delayed, wishes ladies would play on their own course)—No, sir, but there's a goose club at the Pig and Whistle, I believe. Try that!—Punch.

An Obedient Son.



"Clarence, did you peel that apple before eating it, as I told you?" "Yes, mother." "What did you do with the peel?" "I ate it, mother."—New York Mail.

Characteristic.

Nell—She has an automobile tongue. Belle—What do you mean? Nell—Oh, she's always running other people down.—Philadelphia Record.

Not Wholly Selfish.

"I hear that he's left the bank." "Yes, and from what I hear that was all he did leave."

AN ODD PROPOSAL

By MARY MANTELLI.

There was a ring at the bell that called me to my chief. I took up my pencil and book and went to his office. He didn't notice me, busying himself with some papers before him. I took my usual seat, sharpened a pencil and waited. I glanced at his face, and it occurred to me that he had something on his mind. Presently he threw down the papers and said abruptly: "Are you ready?"

I told him that I was, and he dictated two or three letters, then said: "If you give these letters to the girls to type please read over their copies before they are sent out. You are the only one I can trust."

"Certainly! Is that all?" He fidgeted, taking up first a pen, then a book and dropping both. Then, turning squarely to me, he said: "No; there's a lot more to come. It isn't business, but I've been a business man so long that I can't do anything except in a business way. So I shall make a muddle of it."

"Can't I do it for you?" "No—yes."

"How?" "The way you often help me with my letters when you infuse policy into them, only in this case sentiment is to go in instead."

"Very well. Proceed." "I'm going abroad. I want a stenographer with me. I've dictated so long that I can write nothing but my name. I want you. You can't go without being married. Will you marry me?" "Excuse me, Mr. Burton. I'm not capable of infusing any sentiment into that bald statement."

"Then why not dispense with the sentiment?" "The statement is yours, not mine. If you prefer to dispense with the sentiment I am agreeable."

"Well, what is your answer?" "No."

"Your reason?" "I decline to give a reason."

"H'm! I like that. How do you suppose I am to reduce you to my will without knowing what I have to overcome?"

"You seem to be able to get your way with people in business."

"But I told you in the beginning this is not a matter of business."

"What kind of a matter do you call it—something like an auxiliary yacht that is moved part by steam and part by wind?"

"Yes; the steam is the only force by which it can be sure to get anywhere. This disposition to take a wife and to get her is the all important factor in my case. The rest is wind."

"That makes it very easy. Almost any of the girls in the office would jump at your proposal."

"You flatter me. I'll not give any of them the opportunity to jump."

"If I marry it will be for love."

"What is love but a sentimental condition?"

"If that is true, why do you marry? There are plenty of men stenographers. Take a man abroad with you."

"H'm! That, no doubt, would be the most sensible way out of it. The trouble is that I've got used to dictating to you. You take all the roughness out of my letters, replacing it with policy, and when they go to their destination they produce the best possible effect. In other words, you have become a part of me."

"Only an intellectual part."

"You keep me from doing many foolish things."

"If I succeed in keeping you from marrying simply to take a stenographer abroad with you I will certainly prevent your doing a foolish thing."

He drummed with his fingers on his desk for awhile. My last argument had told. Presently he said:

"As to the folly of the proceeding, I am the best judge. I didn't mean by saying 'you keep me from doing foolish things' that you can run me better than I can run myself. I referred more especially to my communications with others."

"The woman you propose to take with you, for instance."

He smiled a faint, sickly smile. "If she were some one else you could do the job beautifully," he said shamefacedly.

"There you are wrong. No one can do such a job for another, or, if so, it will still be only a job."

He sat for some moments in silence, evidently rolling the matter over and over in his mind. Presently I arose and was about to withdraw.

"Sit down."

I resumed my seat.

"You have beaten me at every point," he added presently. "You have a lot of common sense in that head of yours, and that's the reason I want you, though I presume there are other reasons to which my practical nature blinds me. But I can't 'talk soft,' and if there's no way but that to get you I fear I must let you go."

Somewhat this statement seemed to take the wind out of my sails. It was my turn to feel that he had the advantage of me.

"I—I—don't know," I said haltingly, "that it is necessary to talk exactly soft."

"Isn't the usual method in such cases talking soft? At any rate, it is a bit old fashioned. It has been going on ever since Adam was spoons on Eve."

"It isn't necessary to talk at all."

He looked aside at me quickly and threw his arms about me. That which he was endeavoring or pretending to endeavor to conceal poured forth with the rush of mighty waters. For half an hour he gave me what he had told me he considered maudlin sentiment.

I went abroad with him.