

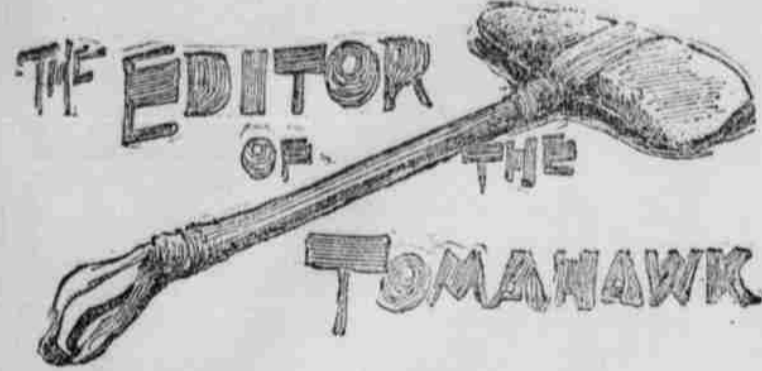
ONLY ONE WAY IS RIGHT.

"My boy," said Uncle Hiram once, while giving me advice, "The saw that doesn't wobble is the one that cuts the tree. The saw that does wobble is the one that narrows groove. Will soon or late fulfill its work by keeping on the move. When half way through, temptation may lead it, like a net, To leave the place that seems hard and seek a thinner spot; But shifting saws will learn at length, when failure they invite: There's many a way of doing things, but only one way's right!"

"And bear in mind, my boy, through life, if tempted tasks to shirk, Success is but a second crop, the aftermath of work. A lubricator tried and true is perseverance of will. And fortune's smile is rarely won, except by honest toil. A safe cross-cut to fame or wealth has never yet been found. The men upon the heights to-day are those who've gone around. The longest way, inspired by the saying, somewhat trite: There's many a way of doing things, but only one way's right."

I knew my Uncle Hiram had achievement's summit reached; I knew him as an honest man who practiced what he preached— And so I paid the lesson heed, and kept attention close. When, in an added afterthought, he said, "My boy, be brave! Act well your part; tenaciously to one straight course adhere; Though men declare you're in a rut—work on, and never fear; You'll realize, when you, at length, have reached achievement's height: There's many a way of doing things, but only one way's right."

—Roy Farrell Green, in Success.



THE EDITOR OF THE TOMAHAWK

HE title of his paper was ferocious, but not he. Of all the editors that pushed west of the Red River in the "boom" days, he was the mildest and most sedate in appearance. He sometimes one took him for twenty-five, and in truth he was twenty-eight. Raised and educated in an Iowa printing office, a "touring" typesetter for a number of years, he suddenly desired a paper of his own. A clean name with his fellows, joined to the few hundred dollars he had saved, secured for him a plant, and he transported this by rail and wagon into the grass country, and because where he located the Sioux had once ruled he called his paper the Tomahawk. It was a good newspaper. Typographically it could not have been improved upon; every local doing was to be found in its columns, and the editorial page was fresh with homely



BARRICADED HIMSELF.

and cleanly comments on the news of the day. He set no moral standard for the community in which he lived; he indulged in no lengthy dissertations as to what the people should or should not do. He conducted his paper for the news, and if through his retiring disposition he did not make warm friends he nevertheless held the respect of everybody. That he would fight, resent an attack, make trouble if trod upon, no one ever dreamed. He was too quiet.

One day in his search for news he chanced to learn that the Washington Merchandise Company was quietly selling liquor to the Indians. The knowledge aggravated him. The company was the one big trading concern of the region. It had a main store and twenty or thirty branches scattered over 300 miles of country. It was owned by Eastern speculators and managed by local agents. The members of the corporation had wealth and intelligence. That they should permit whiskey to be sold to the aborigines seemed extraordinarily outrageous to the editor.

He thought it over, and then wrote a letter to the President of the company briefly reciting what he knew, and suggesting that a stop be put to the sale; that it might precipitate an Indian outbreak, and, anyway, it was a violation of a national law which the corporation ought not to permit. He received in reply a curt letter requesting him in so many words to mind his own affairs. The next issue of his paper bristled with an exposure of what the merchandise company was doing. He investigated so thoroughly that the Government finally acted, and in the end the company ceased the sale of whiskey altogether. It was a signal victory for the Tomahawk.

But the same day that the company surrendered its manager at Sand Bluff wrote to the editor of the Tomahawk: "I shall reach your town Monday.

down when he came out. He heard the declaration. He could see them, could sweep with his eye the entire street. He sat behind a barricade with the shotgun across his lap. He was most carefully dressed and extraordinarily calm for a man who had been under fire for an hour or more. He drew at his pipe with great composure, and studied the time on the face of the little alarm clock that stood on a table near him. The cowboys left two of their number on guard, and rode up the street after liquor. No one interfered with them. The fact that they were from Sand Bluff made their word law in the lesser communities. Many a grim jest they passed on the final fate of the editor, and many an assurance did the store manager give that no "blasted friend of the Indian" could live here."

Still, the editor held the fort through the morning, and the cowboys toyed with him as a trier sometimes fools with the mouse it means to kill.

At noon a big cloud of dust rose on the trail from Sand Bluff. It was the stage coming in. One of the editor's peepholes gave him such command of the street that he could see the approach of the stage. He noted that as it was traveling it should reach the postoffice in about fifteen minutes, really ahead of time. He got up, shook himself, walked to the back room, looked at "her" picture once, and then carefully loosened the fastenings of his front door. He left the door so that it could be instantly swung back.

Another glance out of the peephole showed him the stage was entering the town. It banged and rattled down the street to the postoffice, halted, and the first passenger out was a tall, little young woman of twenty-three or four. The editor saw her ask questions of bystanders, noticed their curious gestures toward his place, saw her start for it.

The cowboys, headed by the store manager, were in front of his office, preparing for their final charge. He swung back his door quickly, stepped out into the sunshine, swung up his gun, and before his foes realized what he was doing, so suddenly had he acted, gave the store manager and one of his companions the charges of his weapon. They fell from their saddles, the others fled with a volley of shots for parting.

The editor staggered a little, then made for the girl. She held out her arms to him, he his hands to her. "That's all yours, Kate," he said, with a little gasp in his throat. "I waited f-for you, Kate."

And then he was dead at her feet.—H. I. Cleveland, in the Chicago Record-Herald.

A Moving Mountain.
Most people forget that geology is not altogether a history of the past. The forces that made the mountains are still going on. Some mountains are growing, some are wearing down. Because these processes take a long time to accomplish visible results, one is apt to form the erroneous idea that they have ceased, and that the face of the earth is fixed once for all. A case of geological action so rapid as to be easily observed is the moving mountain in Hunterdon County, New Jersey.

This "mountain" is a knob or mound, which is sliding down the side of a full sized mountain. It has obliterated old temples and roadways, and threatens to slide suddenly and do great damage. The knoll already covers twenty-five acres of one farm, and has destroyed the boundaries of another.

At the point where the mound has torn away from the mountain is a deep chasm, in which have been found many Indian relics. The place is so dangerous from ledges and banks which threaten to fall that nobody has dared explore the chasm thoroughly.

This geological movement has been so rapid that a new map of the county may be necessary. Heavy rains, says the Detroit Free Press, stir the entire valley to fear lest the whole hill tumble and destroy everything in its path.

Thorwaldsen of American Descent?
The controversy raging over the Danish West Indies recalls the fact that the famous Danish sculptor Thorwaldsen was descended from one of the earliest of "Americans." This is the smallest of the world again emphasized. It appears, according to an Icelandic chronicle, that Thorstein, son of Eric the Red of Norway, married a young Norwegian woman named Gudrid, and emigrated with her to Vinland, now supposed to have been that portion of Massachusetts in the vicinity of Boston. Thorstein died, and his young widow married a wealthy Norwegian then living in Iceland. A son was born to them named Snorre, and this early American became the progenitor of the great Thorwaldsen. The old chronicles tell how Snorre's father died, and he and his sorrowing mother made a pilgrimage to Rome. This was in the eleventh century, when navigation of the unknown seas was almost wholly in the hands of the daring and invincible Northmen. Thorwaldsen himself was born at sea over seven centuries later. His father was an Icelandic, a carver of ships' figure-heads, who was sailing for Copenhagen at the time of his son's birth.

He Learned Her Name.
An instructor in English in the Sheffield Scientific School tells the following story at the expense of a professor in Yale. The incident happened at a faculty tea, where Professor Blank was adorning the occasion in his irresistible way. The professor, it is claimed, does not realize just how effective his charming talk and romantic eyes are. In the course of the afternoon he was introduced to an especially attractive young woman, whose name, being mumbled in the presentation, where Professor Blank was so thoroughly pleased with his new acquaintance, that he determined to find out to whom he was talking.

"You must forgive me," he began tactfully, "but I am going to ask you a personal question. Please do tell me what your name is."
The young woman looked at him with large, timid eyes a moment, and then whispered sweetly, "Ethel."—New York Tribune.

AGRICULTURAL.

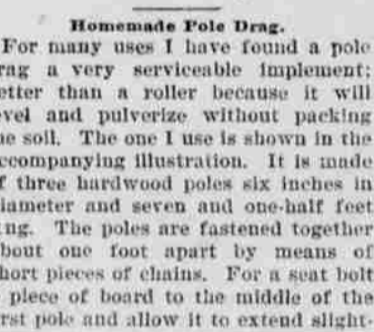
Having a Large Onion Crop.
Onions should go in rich ground, but the most important work with growing them is to get them planted early, and to keep the ground clear of weeds at the beginning. It is the quick start that makes the onion crop large.

Selection of Corn Seed.
When planting corn try a few rows with selected seed. No plant is more easily improved by selection than corn, and the farmer can improve for himself better than can be done for him by others, as the soil, climate and other local conditions influence the growth. While the corn is growing is also an excellent time to make observations and select seed.

Gas in the Cheese Curd.
Formation of gas in the cheese curd gives it a spongy light texture which is very undesirable. When the particles of curd are out across they are found to be full of minute holes. To prevent the trouble, heat the curd as high as 104 degrees and keep the temperature from falling. At the same time favor the escape of gas by frequent turning and piling of the curd. This must continue until the formation of gas has ceased.

A Boy's Strawberry Bed.
Every spring the small boy on the farm has a longing for his own little plot of ground, that he may raise something—he is not at all particular about the crop. A good way to utilize this bit of ground is in putting out a strawberry bed. It will not bring very quick results, as there will be little or no fruit until the following summer, but it will pay in the end. Certainly it is worth trying, if the farmer lacks this important small fruit. The farmer may not care to put out a strawberry bed himself, but he will show up the plot of ground for his son, and instruct him how to go about the work. After the boy has his ground prepared, he can secure thrifty plants from some neighbor who will suggest best varieties for certain localities, and will also give advice about the setting out of the plants and their subsequent care. A little work and a good deal of patient waiting, but the next season will bring good results. If the bed is large enough and the boy has done his work well, he may not only supply his own family with strawberries, but may have some for market as well. Suppose the boys, who every summer walk miles in search of a wild strawberry bed, will try raising their own berries.—M. Palmer Sweet, in The Epitomist.

Homemade Pole Drag.
For many uses I have found a pole drag a very serviceable implement; better than a roller because it will level and pulverize without packing the soil. The one I use is shown in the accompanying illustration. It is made of three hardwood poles six inches in diameter and seven and one-half feet long. The poles are fastened together about one foot apart by means of short pieces of chains. For a seat bolt a piece of board to the middle of the first pole and allow it to extend slightly beyond the last one. On this fasten an old moving machine seat. This arrangement will hold the seat in place and allow the poles to work independently. The seat can be easily removed, making it much easier to store the drag when not in use. The drag may be drawn by a short chain attached to the centre of the first pole or the doubletree may be connected with chains from each end of the first pole.—John Jackson, in New England Homestead.

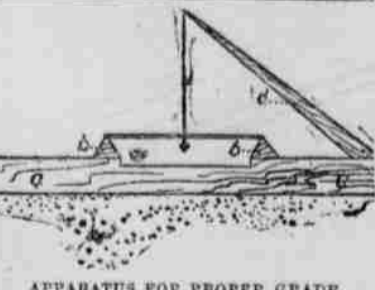


Concerning Chickens.
The spring and summer eggs are always the cheapest and easiest to get, and in a great many cases they hardly pay for the cost of wintering the layers. Eggs sell for two or three times as much in the late fall and winter as they do from the first of April to the first of October. Two or three dozen eggs in the former season are consequently worth from six to nine dollars laid in the spring and summer. Our profits consequently must largely come from the eggs laid out of season. I would not give much for the owner of a poultry flock who could not get plenty of eggs in the spring and summer, but I have great respect for those who can get two eggs in the fall and one or one and a half. This may not be the time of the year to consider fall and winter laying, but if you will stop to think a moment you will find that it is just the right time to begin laying plans for the fall months. It is only by carefully rearing and selecting a flock of birds which will lay in the fall and winter season that we make a success of it. If any one thinks it is an easy matter to let hens go ahead and lay right along, and then when fall comes expect them to keep it up, he is bound to disappointment.

The first essential for next fall and winter laying is to select our flock of birds this spring. The best layers last winter and fall should now be selected for next year's work. They should form the breeding stock to rear new layers for the cold season. They should be selected carefully, and then be kept in pens or yards by themselves, crossing them with the best males on the farm. Half the battle is fought off by selecting from known good layers. Some chickens have a tendency to lay in the cold weather, and others cannot be induced to do it under any circumstances. It is possible by carrying this method of selection

tion and careful breeding for several years to obtain a flock of winter layers which will nearly double the ordinary number of eggs. All the feeding methods in the world will fall short unless we have the right birds to be gin with, and this saying: Is the time to select them.—Annie & Webster, in American Cultivator.

To Grade Ditches and Drains.
A device for assisting in getting the grade while digging drains is described by H. W. Smith. I took a piece of board a, a, eight feet long seven inches wide, and nailed on two three-cornered pieces, b, b, cutting out the section of the board between them, as shown in the illustration. Then I nailed a piece of lath across the tops of the three cornered pieces. A piece of clapboard d, three feet long, was sharpened nearly to a point on the thin side and nailed diagonally to the side of the eight-foot board, thin edge down, so that the point of the clapboard would be about twenty inches above the centre of the lath.



A plumb line and bob is suspended from the point above the centre of the lath. If the lower edge of the board is straight and placed in a level position, the line will hang at right angles with it. Have the edge of the lath planed. Take a sharp pencil and mark each side of the line and cut a notch on the lath. To illustrate the use of the device, when the board is level, if a two-inch block is put under one end and a notch cut behind the line, the plumb line will indicate the grade and the operator will get a two-inch fall for every eight feet, eight feet being the length of the board.—American Agriculturist.

A Plan For the Plastered Silo.
I am afraid that the zeal of the professional silo builder has been allowed to baffle the issue as to the claims of the plastered silo, and this, with a failure or two that have been accepted as the rule of conduct of this structure, has caused its general rejection. Still, I am sure that there is merit in it, even if it cannot be sold on the market ready made.

On the old farm where my boyhood was spent, there is one of the first silos that was built in that neighborhood. The barn had been moved and set into the hillside, so that the stables had been given room in the basement, and the size of the barn was much increased. This gave a chance for an inside silo through what had been the horse stable, and in those primitive days of dairy farming when the merits and structure of the silo were not well understood, the plastered form was chosen. I shall have to admit that this is the only one of its kind that I know of directly, but I have no doubt that it is due to "professionalism" that it is so generally rejected.

It has done its work well. This last filling has been its seventh, and it is as sound and air-tight as it ever was, keeping the ensilage as few others will, for plaster is surely more impervious to air than wood. We used to be told so positively that the acid developed in the ensilage would eat up the plaster that we had to believe it, and so the cheapest, and at least in many cases the best, of all the silos, was driven out. There is plaster and plaster of course, and it may be a fact that such as is generally used for house-building, made of sand and lime, will yield to the ensilage acid. But this silo was plastered with a mortar made of half-and-half Portland cement and sand, and if there is any liquid that attacks it, such liquid is certainly not fit for an animal's stomach.

Of course this silo is an inside one, which takes up room that cannot always be spared, but when it can it is a very convenient arrangement. Let us reflect on the ease of building one of this sort. A basement adds to the height so much that it will all go into a barn nicely, and the hoisting of the ensilage is then a minor matter. Choosing a corner of the barn, if possible, only two sides have to be laid out; the work is all quite possible to anyone who can lay plaster, and even that can be undertaken safely by a novice. The corners can be rounded out easily by a wood backing or they can be left square, as in the case of this silo. There is no complaint from that source. The base of this silo is right at one side of the feeding floor, and everything is as handy as possible. Add to this arrangement a chute or two from mows above, and the question of concentration is settled.

I find that the hill country farmer in New York state, is becoming more and more convinced that his best profit comes from the dairy cow and the silo, but I am somewhat surprised to find that in some cases improvement of the land does not seem to follow this style of farming. It is found that in such sections the land is not always naturally adapted to the raising of corn, and practically all the manure made has to be used to perfect that crop. This unfavorable feature is now one of the problems of the poorer parts of the State. It is complained that the old crops of oats, for instance, which used to be a feature with us, cannot be raised now as they used to be, which means that artificial fertilization has not been sufficient to make good the exhaustion from cropping the land so long.

I suspect that one cause of this difficulty is a lack of rotation of crops, such as the soil demands. Oats and then grass are sure to use up the fertility in time, and neither furnishes much humus. I am sure that we owe to the sowing of shallow rooted grasses and grains much of the extra dry, hard soil that prevails in these later days. The clovers and root crops are expert crops to a considerable extent; so we cling to shallow farming.—John Chamberlain, in The Country Gentleman.



New York City.—Old rose and black dotted challie is here attractively trimmed with saffron lace. The back of the wrapper is in plain

sweep in the back. Lace applique trims the upper edge of the flounce. Attractive gowns in this mode are made of crepe de chine, foulard, Louisiane, liberty satin or veiling with applique velvet ribbon, lace or chiffon ruchings for decoration. The style is especially appropriate for these soft, clinging fabrics.

To make the waist in the medium size will require two and one-quarter yards of twenty-two-inch material, with one yard of all-over lace. To make the skirt in the medium size will require six and one-quarter yards of forty-four-inch material.



WRAPPER, WITH CIRCULAR FLOUNCE.

cess style, giving long, graceful lines, which are universally becoming. Extensions added at each side of the centre back are arranged in underlying pleats, which are flatly pressed.

A pointed yoke facing of inserted tucking is applied back and front. The full fronts are gathered and arranged at the lower edge of the yoke. A berthia of challie, trimmed with lace, is used to finish the yoke back and front, extending out over the sleeves in a becoming manner. A bow of black velvet ribbon with long ends is fastened at the point where the berthia meets.

The full fronts hang loosely from the

The Moire Stock Collar.
French knots in white or pink are sprinkled as a border decoration to the "bishop front tabs" of a fashionable stock collar. The long pieces start directly from the top of the collar and fall straight down, as long again as the neckband. The upper bishop and the neckband are both made of black moire. The French knots make a running border on the lower edge of the moire turn-over. There are pretty stock ties in taffeta with stitched turquoises, in crepe de chine, with vertical or horizontal tucks, and also in chiffon, but the moire stock collars are quite the "dernier cri."

Chiffon Applique.
There's always a place for the chiffon appliques, even though we have seen them before. Quite the latest is an orchid pattern in black chiffon, richly embroidered in rose, turquoise, greens, gold and tinsel. Taffeta appliques are in demand, too.

Black Velvet Ribbon in Evidence.
Black velvet ribbon is quite as much in evidence as ever, appearing in every possible mode of using it, and especially as a decoration on black net gowns.



FANCY WAIST WITH YOKE AND FIVE GORED SKIRT.

yoke to the floor. A plain lace collar completes the neck. The sleeves are the latest bishop styles, fitted with inside seams only. They have comfortable fullness on the shoulders and are gathered at the lower edge, drooping stylishly over the pointed lace cuffs.

The flounce is circular, shallow in front and graduating toward the back. It is trimmed with a band of lace and flares gracefully at the bottom. The flounce may be omitted if preferred. The berthia may also be dispensed with, as shown in the small illustration, leaving a very plain wrapper, suitable for morning wear.

The flounce may be applied or finished to form the lower portion of the wrapper. This method is preferable for wash fabrics. Mercerized cottons, gingham, lawn, dimity or percale may be made up in this style, with embroidery or fancy tacking for trimming. It is also appropriate for cashmere, Henrietta, nun's veiling, albatross or French flannel.

To make the wrapper in the medium size will require seven yards of forty-four-inch material.

An Exquisite Toilette.
The lovely toilette shown in the large drawing is made of Laidowne in a delicate shade of blue with trimming of Luxeuil lace. The waist has for its foundation a glove-fitting feather-boned lining which closes in the back.

The front has a deep yoke and vest of lace, while the material is draped softly across the bust and drawn together with a large rosette of black chiffon.

The back is arranged in two deep pleats which extend from shoulder to belt in V-shaped outline. A plain lace collar completes the neck, and the waist is finished with a narrow black velvet belt that fastens with a turquoise buckle.

A Bright-Green Parasol.
One bright-green parasol has a green stick of wood, and dotted on the top two or three small shamrocks in gilt.

Misses' Blouse Eton.
Jaunty jackets in this mode are usually accompanied by skirts of the same material, and are especially attractive when worn over shirt waists of contrasting color.

As illustrated, the Eton is made of dark red cheviot with a rolling collar of ivory peau de sole. It is simply adjusted with shoulder and underarm seams.

The back fits smoothly across the shoulders, and has slight fullness at the belt. The fronts fasten in the centre with small silver buckles. A plain rolling collar completes the neck and forms long narrow revers in front.

The regulation coat sleeves are shaped with upper and lower portions, have slight fullness on the shoulders, and flare in bell effect at the wrists.

When the jacket is intended to be worn open to the belt the collar may be omitted and the fronts finished with an inch-wide band of moire placed directly on the edge. In this case the belt and sleeve trimming are also of moire.

Stylish blouses in this mode may be made of broad or ladies' cloth, Venetian, covert, serge or heavy wash fabrics, such as linen, duck and pique.



A JAUNTY ETON.

To make the Eton for a miss of fourteen years will require one and one-quarter yards of forty-four-inch material, with three-eighth yard of contrasting material for trimming.