

The train goes roaring up the track,
The sun is in the west,
The smoke rolls onward, dense and
black,
And I companionably lean back—
To-day I've done my best.
I think of one who waits out there
To greet me with a smile,
And I will kiss him and we'll fare
Across the open fields to where
The lights are peeping out.

Contentment fills my heart to-night,
The fates and God are kind;
I've worked to-day with all my might,
And I can feel, with strong delight,
The miles recede behind.
Ah, but the years will pass away,
And I am doomed to see
A change that parents only may—
The child will be a man some day.
Who waits to-night for me.
—S. E. Kiser.

THE TRIBULATIONS OF DOOLITTLE WRIGHT

BY MARY GRACE HALPINE

"WHAT'S in a name?" That is what Shakespeare says; but it is my belief, if he had had the one that was hung like an incubus around my neck ever since I was old enough to have any name at all, I would have sung quite another tune. I ascribe to mine all the misfortunes that have followed me from that time to this, and which have been neither few nor light.

My paternal cognomen is Wright. Not remarkable for elegance, it is true, but if it had been prefixed by John James or Henry, it would have been in no way distinguishable from those borne by the rest of my neighbors. But, unfortunately for me, I had a maternal uncle by the name of Doolittle Tikkellum.

He was rich and a bachelor, with no nearer relatives than nephews and nieces, and, when I came into this world of toil and trouble, my father, having a fatherly eye to my future needs, proposed that I should be named for him.

To do my mother justice, at first she strenuously opposed it. Thoroughly imbued with the idea under which most mothers labor that her baby was considerably brighter and prettier than other women's babies; in fact, something altogether extraordinary, she was proportionately indignant at the suggestion.

I was lying, kicking and screaming, upon her knee, if my photograph talked upon as ordinary a specimen of the countless throng of infant humanity as it is possible to imagine. But catching me rapturously by her bosom, she nearly smothered me with kisses, declaring "that I was an itty, precious darling; the prettiest, thickest baby that ever was! And that papa ought to be ashamed of himself to think of giving it such a horrid name."

But when my father set strongly before her the substantial benefits that might accrue to me from this stroke of policy, alluding to the artful ways with which Cousin Sophronia, another of the nieces, tried to interest our rich relative in her spoiled, disagreeable Tommy, she yielded a reluctant consent.

"But just think, Henry, how horridly it sounds! Doolittle Tikkellum Wright! It's perfectly dreadful!"
"He can change it in a few years—before he is old enough to have it do him any harm, I dare say. Your uncle is an old man, my dear, and can't live forever."
But he seemed likely to do so. From the day that there was "first upon me" that neckless name appeared to take a new lease of life, and to grow younger, instead of older, every succeeding year.

Which, indeed, it was very far from being to me—and then, instead of manifesting any regret, he bid me take my seat, muttering "that a boy with such a name as that wouldn't be likely to get any more of that sort of thing than he deserved."

Mr. Bumblibly carried this theory into practice; and the consequence was that I got considerably more of "that sort of thing" than any other boy in school.

Once he said, with sarcastic emphasis that cannot be put upon paper: "Doolittle Wright, I suppose you have got your lesson just about the same you always get it?"

Though I knew it perfectly before coming into my class, every vestige of it vanished from my mind.

Then, as I stood hesitating and stammering: "Had I thought so! Take your seat, I'll attend to you presently."

The attentions, thus grudgingly alluded to, became very frequent, far more so than were agreeable.

In this way my schoolboy days passed. Nor did my troubles end here. When I left school, my uncle was duly notified of the fact, with the expectation that he would now give some earnestness of the hopes, so often held out, but never realized.

But as he made no response to this, save to repeat the often expressed hope, that "I would do credit to a name I hated, and as it was necessary that I should do something for my own support, I began to cast about what that something should be.

Like most young men of my calling and expectations, I wanted some nice, easy berth, with little to do and a large salary. Having heard of a vacancy of this kind in an insurance office, with whose President my father's family had been long and favorably known, I applied for it.

The President looked at me, then at my credentials, and then at me.
"Sorry, very sorry, young man. Known your father a good many years, also his father before him. No doubt whatever of your competency. But—uh, it couldn't be thought of."

"Why not?" I said, in astonishment.
"What possible objection have you to me?"
"No objection at all to you! It's your name I object to. Doolittle Wright! It would cast discredit on the company, as you can see for yourself. Take my advice and change it!"

"But I did not yield the matter thus. Hearing of a well-established and lucrative business that wanted a working partner, I offered my services, and with very fair prospects of success, until forced to mention my first name.
"Doolittle Wright," exclaimed the senior partner, with whom I was conversing. "That sounds badly! You might drop your first name, I suppose, and take the other. You'll have to, if you come into the firm."

"Then, glancing at my letter to him, which was signed D. T. Wright, he added:
"What does T. stand for?"
"It was in for it, stand for, and there was nothing to do but to go forward."
"Tikkellum!"

"Tikkellum, did you say? Why, that is worse if anything than the other—the other, ridiculous, at all events. A man with such an onerous-sounding child such names as those ought to be indicted by the Grand Jury. All I can say to you is, get rid of them as speedily as possible. Good morning, sir!"

I never felt more strongly inclined to do this in my life, and that is saying a great deal. But I knew my uncle would take mortal offense at it, who was now prostrated by one of the attacks to which he was subject, and which threatened to be his last. It would be a pity, after enduring so much, to fall when the goal was near.

So, after various other attempts, ending just as disastrously, I accept a second rate clerkship in a small retail store, with a correspondingly small salary. This was something of a come-down to my ambitious hopes, but I consoled myself with the thought that my uncle's declining health made it only a temporary arrangement.

At this juncture I completed the sum of my tribulations by falling in love. The object of this, Miss Clara Montague, was certainly fair and lovely enough to excuse the folly, if folly it was. She had also some property in her own right, by no means a small consideration to me.

So far as could be judged, the attraction was mutual; the fair Clara, if not so demonstrative, seemingly to be equally as well pleased.

The reader will readily infer that I did not bring into any marked prominence my luckless name. In fact, she was in entire ignorance of it, until one of my rivals maliciously alluded to it, and in a way to cover me with ridicule.

The next time I visited her she received me with marked coolness. When I pressed her for a reason, she opened her lips and declared "that she never could marry any one with such a ridiculous name!"
"But you can easily change it," she added, in a more gracious tone. "And if you have the regard for me you have professed, you will not hesitate to do so."

I assured the fair speaker "that my name was as distasteful to me as to her; that I was named for a rich and aged uncle, who would be greatly displeased—"

Here Miss Montague arose, "Very well, Mr. Doolittle Wright—very appropriate name. I should say—you will do as you like, of course. But if you would rather dispense me than your uncle, you needn't take the trouble to call again; for I never will marry a man with such a ridiculous name."
Exit Miss Montague, leaving me to my not very pleasing reflections.

While I was debating which of the horns of this perplexing dilemma to take, I received a telegram that my uncle was at the point of death.
He had frequently been at the point of death before; but, in accordance with my invariable practice when receiving such notice, I went to see him. I found the old gentleman very low; in fact, scarcely able to more than gasp forth his intimation of "doing something handsome for me."

"You will find it in—in my will, when—I am gone," he whispered, as I bent over him.
But, true to the program that he had apparently laid down for himself, to delay that desirable event as long as possible, he lingered nearly six weeks. The same paper that contained the news of his demise recorded the marriage of Miss Clara Montague.
As bitter a pill as this was to swallow, I was consoled by the thought that I was now about to be rewarded for all my trials and mortifications.

When my uncle's will was opened, it was found that he had left sums, varying from one to ten thousand dollars to all his numerous kith and kin, leaving a double portion to the very few "who hadn't bothered him," as he expressed it.

To me, "his beloved namesake," he bequeathed the full-length portrait of himself that hangs in the library, knowing that his tender affection for the original would make him prize it beyond anything else he could bestow.

If there are any curious to see said legacy, they will find it in the attic of my present abode, with its face to the wall.
I have taken my father's name, though no one seems to be aware of the fact, all my acquaintances insisting on calling me by the one I have borne so long, and which I seem likely to bear to the end of the chapter—Doolittle Wright.—New York Weekly.

Plants' Quest of Sunlight.
Though it has never been proved that plants have brains, it has been proved often that there is some power within them whereby they combat evil conditions and seek what is best for their good.

GOOD ROADS

R. G. Dun & Co.'s weekly review of trade says:
Moderate improvement in Midsummer means more than an equivalent increase at any other season, and the better trade reported during the past week is consequently most encouraging.

Canada Ahead of U. S.
I is subject for frequent comment on the part of travelers that the roads of Europe are far superior to those of the United States; and this result is generally attributed to the system of government aid and supervision which prevails in nearly all European nations. But it is not so generally known that our nearest neighbor, Canada, is also ahead of us, not only in the character of the roads but in the matter of road legislation.

Hon. A. W. Campbell, Highway Commissioner of Ontario, is an enthusiast on the subject of good roads, and at the same time a very able and practical public official. He is quite well known to the good roads people of the United States, as he has attended and addressed a number of important conventions in this country. In a recent report he says:
"Good roads are essential to the full development of agriculture. In a country such as Ontario, dependent upon agriculture, this means that good roads are of very great importance to the towns and cities as well. Good roads are not a benefit to any one class of the community. They are of universal value. This is a matter of which too narrow a view has been taken in Ontario. If we must have canals and railways, then we must have good country roads. It has been taken for granted that if the country as a whole constructed canals and subsidized railways, the common roads could take care of themselves. But this has not been the case."

WHOLESALE MARKETS.
Baltimore, Md.—FLOUR—Firm and unchanged; receipts, 2,623 barrels; exports, 3,261 barrels. WHEAT—Easier; spot, contract, 93 3/4@93 1/2; spot No. 2 red Western, 95 3/4@95 1/2; August, 93 1/2@93 3/4; September, 94 1/4@94 1/2; October, 95 1/4@95 3/4; December, 95 1/2; steamer No. 2 red, 86 1/2@87 1/4.
CORN—Dull; spot, 56 1/2@56 3/4; August, 56 1/2@56 3/4; September, 57 1/2@57 3/4; year, 49; steamer mixed, 53 1/2@54 1/4.
OATS—Unsettled; old, No. 2 white, 48 1/2@48 3/4; old, No. 2 mixed, 43 1/2@44.
RYE—Firm; No. 2 Western, 73 1/2@74.
BUTTER—Steady, unchanged; fancy imitation, 17 1/8; fancy cream, 18 1/4@19; fancy ladle, 14 1/2@15; store-packed, 10@12.
EGGS—Steady, unchanged, 17 1/4.
CHEESE—Steady, unchanged; large, 8 1/2@8 3/4; medium, 8 1/4@9; small, 9 1/4@9 1/2.
New York—FLOUR—Receipts, 14,995 barrels; exports, 2,526 barrels; firm but inactive; winter patents, 4.85@5.35; winter straights, 4.50@4.75; Minnesota patents, 5.25@5.50; winter extras, 3.35@3.90; Minnesota bakers, 3.75@4.30; winter low grades, 3.15@3.75.
RYE FLOUR—Firm; fair to good, 4.15@4.40; choice to fancy, 4.40@4.55.
CORN MEAL—Steady; yellow Western, 1.10@1.12; city, 1.12@1.15; kiln dried, 3.00@3.10.
HAY—Dull; shipping, 6 1/4; good to choice, 6 1/2.
LARD—Weak; Western steamed, 7 1/2; refined, easy; continent, 7 3/4; South America, 7.80; compound, 5 3/4@6 1/2.
POTATOES—Easy; Long Island, 1.50@2.00; Jersey and Southern, 1.50@2.75; Southern sweet, 3.50@4.50.
PEANUTS—Steady; fancy cream, 8 1/2@9 1/2; other domestics, 3 1/2@6 1/2.
CABBAGES—Quiet; Long Island and Jersey, per barrel, 25@50.
Live Stock.
New York—BEEVES—Dressed beef low at 7 1/2@10 1/2c. per pound for native sides; calves unchanged; exports, 1,652 cattle and 2,000 quarters of beef.
CALVES—Dressed calves steady; city dressed veals, 9@12 1/2c. per pound; country dressed, 8@11c.
SHEEP AND LAMBS—Sheep lower, lambs 15@25c. off. Sheep, 2 1/2@4 1/2; lambs, 5 3/4@7 1/2; culls, 4 1/2@6.
HOGS—Nominally steady.
CIGARS—CATTLE—Good to prime steers, 5.25@6.25; poor to medium, 4.00@5.00; stockers and feeders, 2.00@4.00; cows, 1.25@4.00; heifers, 2.00@4.25; canners, 1.50@2.50; bulls, 2.00@4.25; calves, 2.50@5.75; Texas-fed steers, 1.00@4.50.
HOGS—Mixed and butchers, 5.25@5.50; good to choice heavy, 5.25@5.50; rough heavy, 4.80@5.10; light, 5.25@5.50; bulk of sales, 5.20@5.40.
SHEEP—Good to choice wethers, 3.75@4.25; fair to choice mixed, 3.00@3.75; native lambs, 4.00@6.75.

The approaching presidential election is viewed with more equanimity than in any other coast of recent years, both in financial and industrial circles.
Failures this week were 222 in the United States, against 174 last year, and 33 in Canada, compared with 22 a year ago.
McAdams' reports: Wheat, including flour, exports for the week ending August 11 aggregate 1,284,399 bushels, against 1,370,198 last week, 3,413,191 this week last year, 4,591,805 in 1902 and 9,039,761 in 1901. From July 1 to date the exports aggregate 7,847,771 bushels, against 15,466,444 last year, 25,386,008 in 1902 and 45,624,199 in 1901. Corn exports for the week aggregate 695,202 bushels, against 573,305 last week, 707,387 a year ago, 91,423 in 1902 and 508,807 in 1901. From July 1 to date the exports of corn aggregate 3,279,111 bushels, against 6,049,480 in 1903, 587,760 in 1902, and 7,733,220 in 1901.

The broader aspect of the question has recently been given prominence by the decision of the Provincial Government to appropriate \$1,000,000 for road improvement. This, for lack of a better name, has been termed government "aid" or "assistance." It is a recognition of the value of good roads to every citizen of the country, and a just effort on the part of the Government to co-operate in procuring them.
The object of the present measure is not so much to aid by the gratuitous distribution of money, but has for its aim a nobler purpose. While it aims to encourage the doing of a work which is acknowledged by all as being an important and necessary service, its prime object is to equalize and lighten the cost. The uniformity and justice of the present system of taxation for highway construction is so noticeable as to be a matter of wonderment that some step of this kind has not been ere this devised by Government, or compelled by the people.
The Government is only exercising its rightful function as a part of the administrative system in providing a portion of the cost of making roads and distributing the money among the different municipalities entitled to it. This function can be performed by the Provincial Government only.
In Nova Scotia, nearly fifteen years ago, the Provincial Government began the appropriation of funds to improve the roads and the plan has proven entirely successful where the old system of depending on the local communities was a complete failure.

Even away out in British Columbia there are many fine roads which are said to be the delight of tourists. All these are built and kept up by the Government.
Road Maintenance.
Without proper care the most expensive road may go to ruin in two or three years, and the initial expense of constructing it be nearly lost. It is of greatest importance, therefore, that all good roads should have daily care. They not only wear out, but wash out and freeze out. Water is the greatest road destroyer.
It is necessary to the proper maintenance of a road that it should be "crown" or be higher in the middle than at the sides. If it is flat in the center it soon becomes concave, and its middle soon becomes a pool or a mudhole if on a level, or a water course if on an incline.
A hollow, rut, or puddle should never be allowed to remain, but should be evenly filled and tamped with the same material of which the surface was originally constructed. A rake should be used freely, especially in removing stones, lumps, or ridges. Ruts may be avoided by using wide tires on all wagons which carry heavy loads. If this is not always possible, the horses should be hitched so that they will walk directly in front of the wheels. This can be accomplished by making the double, or whiffle, tree of such length that the ends may be in line with the wagon wheels. A horse will not walk in a rut unless compelled to do so, and, consequently, if all horses were hitched in this way ruts would eventually disappear from stone roads.
If stones are cracked on a road with a hammer a smooth surface is out of the question. Use stone chips for repairing stone roads, and remember that all foreign material and rubbish will ruin the best road, and that dust and mud will double the cost of maintenance.

Generally the smaller the farm the better the cultivation and the greater the profit for the expenditure.
The dirt and sweat which accumulate on the horses during the day should never be allowed to remain on overnight.
Plants have greater need for their leaves and can be more easily killed in the growing season than when partially dormant.
If the cow has to travel over a large surface and take a good deal of time to fill her stomach, the time and energy expended will cause a reduction in the flow of milk.
As the leaves of the tulip and other spring flowering bulbs ripen and die, the best practice is to take them up, and after drying them in the shade for a few days, put them in a paper sack and put them away until in the fall.

The dairy cow should not be obliged to travel a long distance for water. If she does she will go without until she gets very thirsty and feverish, and then drink until she is painfully uncomfortable. Both conditions are unfavorable for milk secretion.
As a rule wounds made by pruning in September or a little earlier somewhat, although they do not heal quickly, never decay. The wood, owing, doubtless, to its condition of ripeness, becomes hard as bone, and although the healing process may proceed slowly, the tree does not seem to suffer in any way.

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The Farm

Fumigating Plants.
Plants confined within doors are very liable to become infested with insects and their eggs. Fumigation with tobacco smoke will clean plants of all aphides and other insects, but has no effect on their eggs. To fumigate a plant or plants, confine them in a box, under a barrel or in some other way; put a pan of coals with some tobacco leaves on the coals in with the plant, not too near, or the plant will get too hot; give a good smoke. This will destroy all living insects. In two or three days give another and you will be rid of insects for some weeks.

Shade For the Swine.
Shade for swine is quite as necessary as for other animals, and when one has a tree or two in the pasture the question of shade is readily settled. If there are no trees plant three or four, and while they are growing use portable houses for shade, making them with a sill set on runners and with a ring set in the front sill so that a horse may be attached and the house moved when necessary. These houses may be made of any cheap material, and the roof arranged so that a portion of it may consist of tree limbs laid over boards set far apart. The cost need not be great and the results will pay for the time and labor spent.

Cotton-Seed Meal For Cows.
Dairymen find it difficult to carry the cows along properly during the droughty days of summer on pasture alone, and all proper grains have been tried with varying results. One of the best summer grains is cottonseed meal, for while feeding it will not materially increase the milk flow, it will keep it nearly to the standard and will keep up its quality, which is quite as important. The feeding of it also makes better butter at all times, and particularly during the summer. While the quantity fed varies according to circumstances, from two to four pounds per cow daily is about a fair ration and will give results which will warrant the expense at any season.

To Preserve Fence Posts.
In some sections of the country the division of fields by fences is something no longer done, but the majority of farmers still feel that they should divide their fields. The work involved in fence building is so great that one does not care to do it very often, hence it will pay to go to some trouble to preserve the posts, these being the parts of the fence which need renewing first. While there are many preservatives recommended, all of them doubtless more or less valuable, the old plan of smearing the end of the post with gas tar is about as good as any. Of late years a strong solution of copper sulphate has been used for this purpose with considerable success. It takes time and trouble to prepare the fence posts with either preservative, put on as it should be, but it pays to do it, for the posts will last double the number of years.

Rye or Turnips After Corn.
I have been sowing rye now for two years. I sow it in the cornfield in September as soon as I can get the corn on shock, cultivate, then follow with the grain drill, putting on about two bushels of rye to the acre. Last summer I sowed cow-horn turnips in the corn at last working in July. They made a good growth. Sowed rye alongside of the turnips in October. We hauled our manure out on the turnips and rye last winter. The year before what land I had sowed in rye we manured in the winter. It grew nicely in the spring. We pastured it some, then plowed it down for corn again. It being a cold and wet summer the corn was not a large crop. We had a heavy hailstorm a few days before it came out in tassel, which put it back. I did not use any fertilizer when sowing the rye, although I believe it would make a stronger growth in the fall. We plowed it under, what stock did not eat, the last week in April and first of May for corn.—John F. Zook, in the Massachusetts Ploughman.

Shallow and Deep Plowing.
It seems almost needless to urge shallow cultivation for the "lying by" of the corn crop, yet there are some who still insist upon deep cultivation and ridging for the last time going over corn. The folly of such procedure, however, is very evident to any thinking, well posted man. The first cultivation should be deep to stir the soil and make room for the roots of the young plants. The second and possibly the third cultivations may be fairly deep, though not so deep as the first. The last two, it is settled fact by experience, should be shallow, not more than two, and a half to three inches deep. And at this time the ground must be left as level as possible after each cultivation. The object is a mulch for the preservation of moisture, and why any thinking farmer should ridge up his corn, breaking the roots; and exposing a third to a half more surface to the sun, is a question yet to be solved. Though the statement that "corn will take care of itself after being laid by" is in a measure true, a constant watch must be kept to break the crust forming after any heavy rain to keep the weeds from seeding and to keep the fences in good repair, preventing damage by cattle. This in order to have a good crop at the harvest.—Rural World.

Early Plowing For Wheat.
While all wheat growers recognize the necessity for late sowing of wheat to avoid, as far as possible, the ravages of theessian fly, all do not see the necessity for early preparation of the soil. It is generally believed that much of the loss from winter freezing might be avoided by the early plowing of the ground for winter wheat.
Early preparation of the seed bed is easier than late plowing; it gives one a chance to get rid of the weeds more effectively, the seed bed may have one or more extra harrowings or rollings and, altogether, put in much better condition than when the plowing is done late. Then, too, should the ground be not in the best condition at seeding time the thorough preparation previous will count for a

Excitement on Montserrat Island.
Great excitement on Montserrat—Dan Stevens' horse ran away and stove the cart into kindling wood. He came off to the harbor Wednesday and bought a new one, so he is all fitted for haying or any other teaming. You can't stick Dan. He has been all over the world and traveled the rough road, you may believe.—Boothbay Register.

'Staglog' by Automobile Now.
A daily automobile service between Durango, Col., and Farmington, N. M., is soon to be established. The round trip is 110 miles and the distance is covered in twelve hours. This shows how progressive are the people of the "Wild and Woolly West."



fact, they have been used extensively in crosses to produce the Buff Rocks and Wyandottes. They originated in Rhode Island, from whence they take their name, and are found there on almost every farm.
They are good layers and splendid mothers, and when they have become better known, will be among our most popular new breeds.

Farm Notes.
Drive slowly the first hour after a meal.
Light and dryness destroy fungus growths.
Thorough grooming cleanses the hide as well as the hair.
Sores or bruises on horses should be healed up as soon as possible.
It is always ruinous to dispose of any branch farming when prices are unsatisfactory.
Generally the smaller the farm the better the cultivation and the greater the profit for the expenditure.
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