

Bridge Builders.
We build a bridge of trust
From night to morn,
A mystic arch of dreams
Till day is born.
We build a bridge of trust
From friend to friend,
And often break the span
We cannot mend.
We build a bridge of trust
From shore to shore,
And shadow figures steal across
At peace forevermore.
—Florence A. Munroe in Detroit Free Press.

The Old Cherry Farm.

BY HELEN WHITNEY CLARK.

"See a redikils thing to do!" declared Aunt Lurainey Mulford. "I sh'd say Hazel wasn't in her sane senses."

The Mulford connection, far and near, were terribly exercised over the fact that Hazel Heatherton had invested six hundred dollars for the old Cherry Farm.

"An old place that ain't wurth shucks," they asserted.

When Uncle Hezekiah Mulford died, leaving a thousand dollars to each of his two unmarried nieces, the two girls were looked upon as heiresses by the numerous kin-folk living in and around the little village of Dripping Springs.

But when Hazel, in spite of all opposition, insisted on investing six hundred dollars of her legacy in the farm, as already stated, and invited Aunt Comfort Mulford to live with her, their discontent knew no bounds.

"She might of invested her legacy safe with me," complained Uncle Zeke, "an' I'd of give her five per cent intrust on it. She could o' lived good on that; but no, she must go an' spend her money fust thing 'fore Uncle Hezekiah was fairly cold in his grave."

"That ole place won't grow nothin' but pusley an' cockle-burs," groaned Aunt Lurainey. "She'll starve to death on it, shore."

"It'll be a judgement on her, if she does," declared Uncle Zeke, grimly shaking his head as he lighted his cob-pipe with a coal from the fireplace.

And the rest of the kin-folks agreed with him, and prophesied all manner of ill-fortune for Hazel. All that is, with the exception of Cousin John Mulford and his wife, Arvilla.

They pushed her in her unpopular proceeding. Cousin John even went and mended the roof of the leaky but picturesque little cottage, which stood on a grassy hillside, sheltered by the sweeping branches of half a dozen or more black-heart cherry-trees which had given the place its name.

"It's a pretty place," averred Cousin John. "An' Hazel will have a home there if she ain't got nothin' else. Her an' Aunt Comfort 'll live as happy as cows in a clover-field."

But the other relatives shook their heads and drew long faces over Hazel's future prospects.

"She might of bought a lot in town if she must have property," they grumbled.

But Hazel only laughed at their forebodings.

"I never had a home of my own," she said, "and I guess the old place will support me and Aunt Comfort as well as the robins that live up in the cherry trees."

And when the three rooms of the cottage were scoured as clean as soap and water could make them, the walls newly whitened, and the rooms filled with pretty household furniture Hazel had bought, and which Cousin John brought out with his oxcart, the young mistress of Cherry Farm felt a serene content in her possessions that all the ill-natured forebodings of the Mulford clan failed to disturb.

"That you air, Hazel—snug as a bug in a rug!" said Cousin John, mopping his face with his red cotton handkerchief, as he started the lumbering oxen on their homeward way. "An' when you git yer plunder all put to rights, me an' Arvilly'll come an' make you a visit."

"Be sure you do," cried Hazel brightly. "And when the cherries are ripe, Arvilla can have all she wants to put up."

Melzonna Mulford, Uncle Hezekiah's other legatee, was no less loud in her denunciation of Hazel's investment.

"How does she ever expect to git married I'd like to know," she commented, "away off in that lonely old place, with nobody but poky Aunt Comfort for company? But I don't care, I'm sure, if she wants to make an old maid of herself. I'm a-goin' to have the good of my money while I'm young."

She accordingly indulged herself in the purchase of numerous and expensive dresses and gowns, bauged and

frizzed her hair in the latest style, carried a scarlet parasol in her village walks, and after enjoying the triumph of exhibiting herself and her new possessions to the inhabitants of Dripping Springs, she announced her intention of going to the seashore for the summer.

"Going a-husband hunting," declared the gossips. "There ain't nobody good enough for her in Dripping Springs."

But if Melzonna heard them she paid no heed to their gossip, but packed her new big Saratoga trunk with her new finery and set out on her long journey.

As the weeks passed on, Hazel and Aunt Comfort enjoyed themselves in their new home, in spite of the evil prognostications.

And indeed, though the dissatisfied kinfolk shook their head over Hazel and her doings, they were very well pleased to ride out to the farm on summer afternoons and eat their fill of the ripe, black heart cherries, or drink tea from Hazel's flowered china tea cups; or to spend the day and dine on fried chicken, green peas, new potatoes and other early vegetables, raised by the industry of Hazel and Aunt Comfort.

"Married? No; nor I don't never expect to be," solemnly asserted Mr. Nicholas Bycroft, as he fastened the hamp of his trunk, and took down his breech-loading rifle to see that it was in order.

For Mr. Nicholas was making final preparations for his journey to Texas, where he was going into stock-raising on a cattle ranch of several hundred acres.

"Get married, indeed!" he continued, muttering to himself. "There ain't more'n one girl in a hundred I'd have, an' like as not that one wouldn't have me. If there was a girl now that thought of anything besides a-curlin' her hair an' dressin' herself up in silks an' furbelows, an' had any idee of what a home ought to be, I dun know but I might—but pshaw! if there's any sich girls, I've never come across 'em, an' never expect to. I'll be an old bachelor an' live by myself, like Uncle Tom."

"Bless me, Hazel!" cried Aunt Comfort, one bright summer morning, "here's your Cousin John an' Arvilly a-comin' out in the spring wagon, an' a man with 'em. Who kin it be? 'Taint the minister, I know, fur he's more grizzled lookin' an' ain't got a p'inted moustache like this one."

It was baking-day and Hazel was in the kitchen, her sleeves rolled up and her cheeks flushed to a bright damask red.

"I hope the best tablecloth is clean, whoever it is," she returned, peeping into the oven at a pan of cherry tarts that were almost swimming in their own crimson juice.

The stranger with the "p'inted moustache" proved to be Mr. Nicholas Bycroft, who had stopped on his journey to spend a week with his Cousin Arvilla, John Mulford's wife.

Mr. Bycroft's first visit to Cherry Farm was by no means his last one, and for some reason or other, his week's visit stretched to a month, and the month had almost doubled itself, and still he lingered at his cousin's, near Dripping Springs.

One summer night he stood with Hazel on the latticed porch at Cherry Cottage, the soft moonbeams filtering down through the scarlet bean-vines overhead.

"There ain't another woman in the world I ever wanted to marry, Hazel—only you," whispered Nicholas earnestly. "I want a wife that can help me to make a home and to enjoy it after it is made. Think of my big ranch out in Texas, now. I shall live there a lonely old bachelor all my days, unless you go with me. Say, Hazel, will you go?"

And so, much to the delight of Cousin John's folks, and the surprise of other relations, the wealthy cattle rancher carried Hazel off, to be mistress of his Texas home.

Aunt Comfort was left in possession of Cherry Farm, rent free, for the rest of her days, and here Melzonna Mulford was glad to seek an asylum when she returned from the seashore, with only a remnant of her legacy left and with no prospects of marriage settlements on hand.—Saturday Night.

Crusade Against Student Duels.

In some of the German universities the faculty of late has begun to show unusual severity in dealing with the "measures" (student) duels, and in Halle Rector Droyen announces that the participants in such duels will be rigorously punished, and that, more especially, roaming the streets by students exhibiting half-headed saber cuts in the face must stop.—Chicago Record.

Romance of a Wig.

A tragic ending of a comic scene has resulted in the heroine of the adventure being conveyed to the hospital in a very precarious state, while the hero is securely under lock and key at the depot of the Prefecture of Police in Paris. The whole affair turned on some silly fun and stupid horseplay about a wig. A young man had been fascinated by the attractions of a girl a few years his junior and had asked to be permitted to pay his attentions to her, but she was by no means disposed to return the compliment, as he had become very bald through illness, and, as the object of his affections concisely put it, she would never dream of marrying any one with no hair on his head.

The youth meditated over his discomfiture, and then a happy thought flashed upon him. He would repair the ravages of unkind nature by a recourse to art, and forthwith he wended his way to a hairdresser's shop and became the delighted possessor of a wig with curls and love-locks and elaborate parting in front and behind, which as he fondly hoped, would produce the desired impression on the heart of the obdurate young woman.

Thus adorned, he proceeded that evening to a restaurant, where she was dining with some friends, but to his horror, she not only burst out laughing when he appeared on the scene, but presently made a dash at his wig, which she tore off, revealing his denuded head to the astonished gaze of the party. The youth endeavored to wrest the wig from her grasp, and so, finding herself hard pressed, the fair maiden passed it over to the other side of the room, and then, as ignorant of the fact, he still struggled, she dealt him a slap in the face.

Beside himself with disappointment and wrath, the young man snatched a knife from the table, and ere the spectators of the scene could interfere, he stabbed the girl in the neck. Cries of dismay now resounded instead of peals of laughter which had hitherto rent the air as the young woman fell fainting to the floor. The police were summoned, and while the youth was led off in custody, the girl was taken to the shop of a neighboring druggist pending her removal to the hospital. It is feared that she will not recover.—London Telegraph.

Runluz a Tiger In.

Admiral Sir G. W.—told me that when he commanded an Indian troopship a full-grown tiger was embarked for passage to England as a present from some Indian prince to the Queen. It was a magnificent animal, and for many years afterward exhibited at the Zoological Gardens. One morning about 5.30, the captain was awakened by a messenger, who said: "Please sir the tiger has broken loose!" His reply was: "Lock my cabin door and call me when he's in his cage again."

It appears that in cleaning the cage, the men being then washing deck, the door of the cage had been unfastened, and the beast had escaped, causing a regular stampede, the blue-jackets forward running up the rigging, and the soldiers taking to the hammock nettings and the hurricane deck. The tiger ran aft; the men had not heard of its escape, and were throwing buckets of water about. The scene appeared to puzzle the tiger. At any rate, an old quartermaster realized the situation, and taking his lantern, flashed it full in the face of the tiger. He then took the animal by the scruff of the neck, ran it forward to its cage, and slammed and fastened the door in a jiffy.—Westminster Budget.

Banking Underground.

A Cleveland architect thinks that the occupancy underground quarters by a large bank in that city is going to mark a revolution in building. He says: "The idea is not new, but in this case it has been greatly developed and I look for startling results. It has been shown that with the aid of air shafts and other appliances quarters a story-below ground may be rendered far more comfortable than those above and with care exercised in the ventilation these quarters will doubtless prove perfect from a sanitary standpoint. If this is so one story below ground, why not three or four, and if two, three or four, why not ten or twelve if necessary? This may solve the problem of economy in building space and do away with the sky-scraping buildings that in other cities are already causing unfavorable comment. It may be a long time hence, but I believe the time will come when there are as many buildings ten stories underground as there are that number above the surface of the ground." This sounds chimerical, but perhaps it is not.—Banker's Encyclopedia Monthly.

FOR FARM AND GARDEN.

OVERFEEDING FOWLS WITH WHEAT.

Wheat is not a safe food if given to any animal in excess. It swells in the fowls' crops and causes indigestion, which produces staggering and paralysis of the neck and death in a short time. Fowls will swallow coal if it is lying about and gravel is not easily procured. A supply of gravel should be furnished to all poultry if the soil has not plenty of it in it. This is indispensable for the crushing of the food in the gizzard, which is part of the multiple stomach of birds.—New York Times.

RAISING CARROTS.

Make preparations to raise a few carrots next season. In many portions of the country they will sell at a good figure and thus add to the income of the farm. If they cannot be sold readily they will make an excellent and profitable addition to the feed of the horses, colts and cows through the winter. If you are a "winter dairyman" a few pounds fed to the cows each day will go far toward making that fine "butter color" that is so desirable, yet often so hard to get in the winter. Experienced cultivators get eighty bushels per acre. If you can grow half as many they should not cost (if cultivated largely by horse power) more than 10 cents per bushel, and it will be worth very much more than that as an addition to the feeding ration. Sow the seed rather thickly in drills, and thin out with a narrow-bladed hoe, so as to leave the roots about three inches apart or in clumps of two or three or six inches apart. The latter method will not give as nice, smooth roots for market, but will give as good a yield, quite as valuable for feeding, and will greatly reduce the labor of thinning. Use the stump-rooted or half-long sorts, as the labor of digging is not so much as the care with the longer varieties.—Wisconsin Agriculturist.

A NEW WAY OF RAISING ONIONS.

I had some Prize Taker onion seed sown by a florist for me about the middle of March, with L. C. Beecher. The ground was plowed, harrowed and raked about April 10, and the seed, which was to be sown in the open ground, was drilled in with a Planet Jr., seed drill as soon as the ground was ready. The adjoining ground was cultivated occasionally until the second week in May, when I transplanted those sown in the greenhouse, those sown in the open ground being about 1 1/2 inches high at the time. The method of transplanting onions that I had seen was to take a small basketful from the hotbed, then with a pointed stick make a small hole, into which the plant was placed, and after firming the soil around it, one after another was transplanted.

When I received my plants from the greenhouse the weather was exceedingly dry and I did not deem it best to follow this method. I first moistened the plants in the box, and as I took them from it they were placed in water to avoid wilting. I made a drill about two inches deep and two inches wide, into which was sown the same quantity of fertilizer as had been bestowed upon those sown in open ground. I used the brand of phosphate designed for potatoes. This was mixed thoroughly with the soil, and water was poured into the drills. One plant at a time was placed in the drills, and with my hands I pressed the moist soil around it, at the same time drawing lightly some of the dry earth to make the ground level and to keep it from baking. The distance between the plants was two and one-half to three inches. This may seem to be a very slow process, but it can be done nearly as quickly as you could weed onions in the ordinary way, and you save that weeding; and we all know that weeding onions is no enviable task.

The transplanted onions gave me very little trouble, while those sown in open ground required twice the care to keep them free from weeds. Not one from the transplanted plot was smaller than the largest of those grown in the ordinary way. All but three of the transplanted ones ripened naturally, while in the others there was about a peck of unsatisfactory ones and the yield was twice as much. The only objection I can find is that retail dealers complain that they are too large, as many are sold by the quart. This could be overcome, if they would buy and sell by the pound.

By this transplanting method we can get onions much earlier, as there will be several weeks difference in the time of ripening. There is also no waste on account of small ones. We dispense with two weeding. I am perfectly satisfied that it is profitable

and labor-saving, and as we universally adopt this the buyers will be better satisfied, as we can furnish onions of uniform size and much earlier and they, too, will find it more profitable to sell them by weight. Dr. Sturgis experimented with red onions and is satisfied as to its advantages.—New England Homestead.

SHEEP INDUSTRY.

In no form of stock husbandry has a wider divergence occurred from former practical financial foundations than in sheep. The whole system in the sheep industry needs to be reconstructed to suit the widening market for the form of products the sheep affords, says J. F. Abbott. In this reconstruction while wool is forced out of the estimate in profits, it cannot be wholly eliminated from the discussion of the sheep industry, because from the natural causes as founded upon fundamental law in the animal economy, a good fleece forms the basis of a healthy, vigorous constitution, and without that no animal is fitted to serve in its highest capacity for profit and usefulness.

In the new order of things, the question presents itself to the farmer whether sheep can be made profitable on the present basis of the industry. In considering this question it is very evident that sheep-breeding on the old plan of raising the long-legged, small-bodied, thinly-clothed sheep, kept when wool was the only object the farmer could see in raising sheep, will not pay at the present time.

The time has come when a sheep is no longer a sheep in the sense that inferior stock can be made to pay a profit on its keeping. This is the more emphatically so when lambs and mutton are the principal or only products of a money value accruing from sheep.

In selecting stocks there are several requisites to be considered peculiar to the climate, to the products it is required to furnish, and to furnish these in the most economical way. It is useless to attempt to grow healthy, hardy sheep in those portions of our country where the variable and stern climate in winter necessitates feeding and housing at the barn four or five months in the year, without such are clothed with a good fleece of wool.

The larger breeds, as a rule, are deficient in this respect. Careful housing in inclement weather, especially in time of cold rain storms and storms of sleet and snow, will tend to evade some of the difficulties but I have observed that those who have tried to practice on that plan usually change their course of breeding on that line after a few years' trial.

As far as my experience goes, acclimation does something in the way of fortifying constitutional vigor, but cannot be relied upon as a substitute for stamina. Cross-breeding with some of the mixed breeds we now have is a practical remedy, and shows fairly good results, when the breeding stock has been well selected.

There seems to be a growing demand in this country for good mutton and lambs, and a growing inclination among farmers to breed more mutton sheep. Our large cities are every day appreciating good mutton better, and the market for lambs in early spring and summer has never been fully supplied.

In fact the demand for lamb and young mutton is not limited to spring or summer, but all through the year lamb retails in our meat markets at about the highest prices for meats.

It is evident to meet this demand of the market calls for changes in breeding. And to improve our stock or to keep it up to a certain standard, requires skill and good judgment. Anyone to succeed in this line must look well to the rams he selects for sires of his ewes kept for breeding stock. And it is proper to remark that on no account should a cross-bred or grade ram be used as a breeder.—Farm, Field and Fireside.

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

A bushel of apples make about six pounds of evaporated fruit.

A berry garden for next season should be decided upon at once.

If the trees in the orchard stand so close together as to exclude air and sunshine, the inferior trees should be removed.

Geese are more hardy and much less trouble than chickens and turkeys, and the profits are very much larger. During the summer all they need is a good pasture. They begin laying when a year old, and lay from thirty to forty eggs in the season. Three geese are enough for the company of one gander.

SCIENTIFIC SCRAPPS.

It is impossible for a human being to breathe at a height greater than seven miles above the earth.

Professor d'Aronval of the College of France has been making a series of experiments with the torpedo fish.

A fabric made of pine and spruce wood pulp is made into overcoats in Leeds, England. It looks like frieze.

The highest inhabited building in Europe is the Alpine clubhouse, on Mt. Rosa—twelve thousand feet above sea level.

A man is as old as his arteries. If they are soft and compressible, the deteriorating effects of old age have not yet appeared.

Twenty millions of meteors are said to fall upon the earth every day, their aggregate weight amounting to something like two tons.

Size for size, a thread of spider silk is decidedly tougher than a bar of steel. An ordinary thread will bear a weight of three grains.

If a man ate in the spider's proportion he would consume the equivalent of four barrels of fish, a dozen hogs, three sheep and two oxen in a single day.

Penn's Cave, Penn., near Bellefonte, is to be illuminated by electricity and electric railways are to be built between the railroad station and the cave.

A street car in Glasgow, Scotland, with a new oil motor in place of horses was exhibited recently. While on the trial trip the oil tank took fire and burned the whole exhibit.

An exhaust pipe from the powerhouse of the railway company at Chester, Penn., pours out hot water all day. Scores of economical housewives regularly visit the place and fill their buckets with the boiling water, saving themselves the expense and trouble of heating it.

Professor Proctor, the astronomer, while on a visit to Florida, studied the flight of turkey buzzards. He observed that they were able to soar quite independent of any motion of their wings. They seemed to balance themselves on the air and move forward, and sometimes upward, without the expenditure of any force at all. He attempted to account for this on the hypothesis that as they were moving forward at a very high velocity they did not rest on the same air long enough for the air to be set in motion.

Water and Gold.

It is not generally known, even in California, that millions of dollars are annually taken from rude heaps of base-looking quartz by the flowing of water over huge piles of broken rocks that contain the precious metal. The process of robbing the earth of its gold has now been reduced to such a fine point that the gentle flow of water over the ore gleams it of its golden treasures, and this works well in cases where the old chloride and other methods are not so useful.

The water used by miners in bringing gold from piles of mineral-bearing quartz is charged with a simple chemical, which has the potency to dissolve gold and hold it in solution. The sparkling liquid, which flows over hundreds of tons of quartz trickles through the mines and seeks its level laden with gold, is charged with a deadly poison, cyanide of potassium, a drug which ferrets out the minutest particles of the yellowish metal, and dissolves them and brings the precious burden to the vats, for conversion into refined gold again.

The cyanide process is as noiseless and unerring as the laws of gravitation. The method is based on the fact that even a very weak solution of cyanide of potassium dissolves gold and silver, forming respectively auro-potassic cyanide and argento-potassic cyanide. The solution is separated from the solid mineral, and the gold and silver are precipitated in metallic form. During the last five years the process has been introduced into almost every gold field in California and elsewhere, and more than \$20,000,000 has been recovered by the gentle flow of the waters charged with the magical chemical.

Precipitation is effected by the use of fine pieces of zinc, so arranged that when the rich waters flow over them the fine gold clusters in rich deposits over the zinc, for which it has an affinity. The gold deposits itself in the form of fine dust on the plates of zinc.—Boston Journal of Commerce.

His Bluff Called.

He—I was going to ask you to go sleighing with me today, but there's no snow on the ground.

She—Then, I am afraid, you will have to get a carriage.—Puck.