

That Other Side of Jordan.

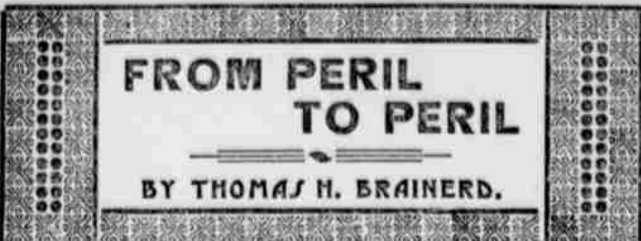
I.
Oh, the other side of Jordan may be bright as bright kin be,
But I ain't a-fauntin' this old world; she's bright enough fer me!
You've got to be a swimmer when you strike that Jasper Sea,
Yonder, on the other side o' Jordan.

II.
I make no doubt the country is a country out o' sight,
With all them fields o' livin' green an' rivers o' delight;
But I jest ain't in no hurry fer to rise an' take my flight
Yonder, on the other side o' Jordan!

III.
I know the time they're havin' in the sweet old by-an'-by,
This world to me is sweeter than its sweetest honeycomb,
Must set the stars to dancin' in the blue bend o' the sky;
But I'm jest no good at flyin'—an' a angel's got to fly
Yonder, on the other side o' Jordan!

IV.
Oh, no matter what the trouble, an' no matter where I roam,
This world to me is sweeter than its sweetest honeycomb,
An' I never shall resign it till they holler, "Come on home!"
Yonder, on the other side o' Jordan!

—Atlanta Constitution.



THE party numbered about seven men: Thomas Cady, the engineer in charge of the surveying of the new road to the Geysers; Shelley, rather too old for such mountain work, but careful and reliable in his reckonings; Denis, who was chain bearer, and four or five other men who had been engaged in Cloverdale. Shelley and Denis had worked for many years with Cady, and respected him as a just though severe man.

Besides those already mentioned there was Cady's brother, a tall young fellow, nineteen years old. He was at home from Yale on his summer vacation and had chosen to spend it out with his brother on this surveying trip.

He worked or not as he felt inclined, but working or idling he was the life and pleasure of the party. He had merry brown eyes, blond hair and the gayest laugh that ever woke the echoes of mountain or vale. His upper unshaved lip bore a fringe of silky hair, rather softening the expression of his mouth, which had not yet taken its final masculine expression.

He was a junior at college and carried with him that undefinable air of knowing everything, which always seems so dull to men whose knowledge is based on experience rather than book learning. His name was Charles Cady, but Shelley called him "The Lad," and the other men had adopted the name for him.

It was the 3d of July and had been a scorching day. The engineer's party was high up on the mountain zig-zag, going first easterly on a gentle ascent, then westerly, each turn gaining a little on the mountain side. They had been on the present section for about two weeks, and were nearing the divide from which the road would descend into the valley of the geysers.

The next day being a holiday, Cady asked the men to work an extra hour, so that they might finish staking up to the ridge. They had driven the last stake, and, throwing down their tools, sat down to rest before going down to camp.

Their way had been tortuous and very difficult, because it had to be cut through the dense chaparral. When they looked down from their resting place it seemed impossible that they should have to come so far and yet be so near camp. The wonderful clearness of the atmosphere in that country is world famed. They could see far down the mountain the gang of Chinamen who were employed in the construction of the lowest section of the road, slowly wending their way to their camp, their pickaxes and shovels hanging on the ends of bamboo poles which they carried across their shoulders; higher up, in a ravine through which a mountain stream ran, was their own camp. They had no tent, every man preferring to spread his own blankets wherever the fancy took him.

"Well, boys, we've got through a tough piece of work to-day," Cady said, standing up and stretching his arms over his head. "I am glad to-morrow is a holiday, and I suppose you are just as much so. Here goes for camp."

He struck out down the mountain, not following the trail, but going straight down, as nearly as possible, in a direct line. The rest tumbled after him after the manner of three men who are through their labor. They had gone some four or five hundred yards, when Shelley stopped.

"Who has brought the theodolite?" he asked.

Cady stopped at once. No one had it. Denis remembered to have seen it leaning against some rocks where they had been sitting, but no one else knew anything about it.

Some one must go back; that was certain. Cady hesitated, the men were all so tired.

"That's all right; I will get it, Tom," said Charley.

He turned back and began to climb the mountain again.

"Good lad, good lad!" said Shelley; "he'll make a fine man one of these days."

The men went on, each moment getting into thicker chaparral. They threw themselves against it with all their weight, breaking and forcing their way, finally emerging at a point about thirty yards from the spot where Ah Lung, the Chinese cook, was beginning to fry bacon for supper.

They went quickly forward and threw themselves under what shade they could find, to rest until supper should be ready. That is, all except Denis. He had been the last to come out of the chaparral.

FROM PERIL TO PERIL

BY THOMAS H. BRAINERD.

As he flung himself against the last thicket a piece of brush struck him across the face, making a long, ugly cut, from which the blood ran freely. He was tired and heated and the pain made him angry. He put his hand up to his bleeding cheek and looked up the mountain at the thick purple tangle lying in the hot sun.

"Blas't you!" he said; "you'll tear me, will you?"

Taking a match from his pocket, he struck it on the side of his trousers, and before any one could see or imagine what he was going to do he had lighted a branch of greasewood on the edge of the thicket. The flame shot into the air and leaped from branch to branch and from tree to tree. Turning round, with a loud laugh, he called out to the other men:

"There's a bit of a bonfire for the Fourth of July!"

The next instant his arm shrank in a grasp so fierce that the bone seemed to break. He turned his eyes up to find Cady towering over him.

Denis' face grew gray and flabby in a moment and his lower jaw dropped. "Merciful heavens!" he muttered. "The Lad!"

Charley Cady had been rather glad that otherwise to turn back for the theodolite.

Under the influence of the scene Charley's eyes grew soft and tender with emotion. He drew from the inner pocket of his blazer a letter, which he read for the hundredth time, then folding the blossom of yerbá santa up in it, put it back in his pocket and gave himself up to a deep reverie.

Suddenly he became aware that the keynote was changed; it was no longer a soothing murmur, but an angry roar. He looked behind him, down the mountain. Black smoke already filled the valley, shutting out all view of the camp and his companions, and out from this pall darted red tongues of flame.

They ran along the tops of the bushes; they leaped from one to another of the oily greasewood trees in a maddening riot. The whole mountain was on fire, and he—where should he go, what refuge could he hope to find?

He looked about for one moment of fearful hesitation. Hanging over his head, a hundred yards or so from where he stood, was a huge rock which looked as if it had been rent in twain by some convulsion of nature. Quick as lightning he decided that his only chance to escape the horrid death which was rushing upon him was to reach the shelter of this cliff, if cleft it should prove to be.

Already he was climbing, hand over hand; drawing himself up by branches, tearing his face and hands as he went; hearing behind him the hissing of the fire and the crackling of the burning twigs. Up, up he struggled; now the smoke almost blinded him; the tears were in his eyes, which nevertheless kept one spot of gray rock before him.

The breath came in great sobs from his panted lungs when, even as the flames licked around the bushes at its base, he staggered into the opening in the rock and threw himself face downward in the darkness within.

He lay quite still for some time. The terrible exertions which he had made rendered him for the moment unconscious of everything around him. After a while he raised himself, intending to go further into the opening, and found that he had fallen into something wet. In a moment he saw that it was in the entrance of a cave, and that his hands and clothes were covered with fresh blood from the mangled remains of a calf, over which he had stumbled.

The blood was still flowing, and it was evident that but a few minutes should have elapsed since the calf had been in the fierce claws of the inhabitant of the cave.

With a revulsion of sickening horror he rushed out toward the open air, but a wreath of flame that swirled around, singeing his hair and eyebrows, drove him back.

Creeeping close to the wall, he shrank as far as possible from the ghastly remains of the calf. He was trembling now and icy cold; his teeth chattered, and his wild eyes peered into the gloom from which at every instant he expected the form of a mountain lion to leap upon him.

As his eyes became accustomed to the darkness he found himself looking into two balls of flame. Low down, they were, as if the creature were crouching on the ground.

How long he sat there facing those fiery eyes he did not know, but when

his ears were able to distinguish between the noises so that he could divide the roar of the fire from the throbbing of his own heart, he found that a soft moaning sound came from the direction of the watching eyes.

In a few moments his reasoning faculties resumed their sway. He recognized this sound; it was fear, deadly fear. He felt a real sympathy for the beast, while he cast an anxious look toward the outer world.

The fire still burned below him, but the raging, leaping flames had passed and now the wind made a rift in the smoke, and he gathered all his strength for one more effort to save his life. Without one preliminary movement which might startle the lion, he sprang to his feet and leaped down the mountain.

Below, in the ravine, the group of horror-stricken men had scarcely moved. Denis still stood, shrinking under Cady's vise-like grip. He had looked once into Cady's face, once into those of the men around him.

He read his fate and knew that he had nothing to hope for—of mercy from the one or of assistance from the other. His face was ashy, and his teeth had bitten through his lip, from which the blood ran into his beard.

Cady leaped forward, straining his eyes to see through the smoke and darkness. His breath came hard; the veins in his forehead were swollen and almost black.

The smoke lifted for a moment, showing the blackened mountainside. Where within an hour had been the homes of myriads of happy birds and beasts nothing now remained but desolation and death. Cady searched the ground for anything that should move. No, there was nothing. He groaned with a sound which was like the snarl of a wild beast in pain.

Denis heard the click of a revolver and shut his eyes. At this moment Shelley laid his hand on Cady's arm and pointed upward. Out of the darkness there came a tall figure, leaping, falling, scrambling up again, and coming down the mountain.

Cady's hand involuntarily relaxed his hold on Denis. The men shouted and rushed forward, reaching out their arms, but Denis was the first of all. He sprang up the hot mountain side like a monster cat, and when "The Lad" fell fainting toward him, he caught and held him tenderly, and would not be assisted by the others, but carried him down, and laid him, burned and bleeding, but alive, in his brother's arms.

Shelley took off his hat and stretched his hand toward the sunset sky.

"Thanks to whom thanks are due?"

"Amen!" said Cady.—New York News.

A MONKEY'S JOKE.

It Gave Him a Good Dinner, While It Started the Cook.

I remember in a description of India or Ceylon some forty years ago a story of an Englishman who had a monkey. Looking out of his window one day, he saw his cook getting a fowl ready for boiling, while the monkey lay on the ground shamming death, and a party of crows stood at a little distance divided between the desire for the kitchen offal and the fear of the possibly shamming monkey. One crow more adventurous than the rest came within the magic distance and was instantly in the clutches of the monkey. At the same moment the cook having finished trussing the fowl, put it in the pot and went away.

The monkey plucked his crow as he had just seen the cook pluck the fowl, took the fowl out of the pot, put the crow in and retired with his exchange. When the cook came back and saw the fowl left preparing for his master's luncheon turned black he was, as may be supposed, struck black with terror at this manifest intervention of the evil one.—London Spectator.

To Tell If a Man Shaves Himself.

"I can tell in a minute simply by looking at a man whether he shaves himself or is shaved by a barber," said the wielder of the razor and brush.

"No, it isn't a question of cleanliness, nor yet a question of hacking the face. There is no reason why a man who is accustomed to shaving himself should not make as clean a job of it as the average barber. And yet I can spot him every time. See that little lock of hair that grows down the side of the face just in front of the ear? Well, when a man is shaved by a barber those two locks don't vary in length more than a sixteenth of an inch. The man who shaves himself, on the other hand, is invariably lopsided. He always begins to shave higher up on the left side of the face than on the right side, as a consequence of which one side of the face looks longer than the other. No, I don't know that I can explain this phenomenon. I only know that the condition exists."—Philadelphia Record.

How Lord Brampton Cut a Speech.

Lord Brampton, formerly Sir Henry Hawkins, the English judge, was presiding over a very long, tedious and uninteresting trial, and was listening, apparently with absorbed attention to a protracted and wearying speech from an eminent counsel, learned in law. Presently Henry made a pencil memorandum, folded it and sent it by the usher to the lawyer in question. This gentleman, on unfolding the paper, found these words written thereon: "Patience competition. Gold medal, Sir Henry Hawkins. Honorable mention, Job." Counsel's display of oratory came to an abrupt end.

Where Horses Are Cheap.

From six dollars to ten dollars a head is the ruling price for bronchos in New Mexico. It costs about ten dollars per head additional to round them up and to have them halter broke.

PLUCK, ROMANCE AND ADVENTURE.

A HAUNTED HOUSE.

IN Cumberland County, three and a half miles north of Montrose, Ill., is an old log house about twenty-two feet square, containing one big room, with a shed kitchen attached to the rear. It is a weather beaten, unsightly structure, but to-day it attracts more attention than the most stately mansion that graces that section of country. It is believed to be haunted.

No native of Cumberland County passes it, night or day, without a shiver, and to the stranger and casual visitor it is pointed out as the rendezvous of the spirit of a dead man whose soul finds no rest in its present state of existence. When alive he vowed that his spirit should visit the earth and trouble his son after death. He is now keeping his vow.

The house was formerly the home of Thomas Elliott, a typical woodsman, of medium size, with white hair and beard. He had a son, a cripple, who lived with him. One of the son's legs is almost useless, and he is compelled to walk with crutches. The father and son often quarreled. One day the father told the son he would never forgive him for the imagined wrong he had done him, and many times before he died he repeated this vow:

"My son, you have wronged me. If it is possible for the spirit to return to the earth after death, my spirit will come to haunt you and to torment you."

If the stories of brave and honest men who have spent several nights in the home are to be believed, the spirit has returned and there have been weird doings in the old house, which baffled all attempts of reasonable explanation.

The son is no more able to explain the antics of the ghost than are his neighbors. Neither can he escape its visits. Once he moved to Mattoon, hoping to avoid the unpleasant visits, but the supposed ghost followed him. He moved again, but his change of location was no bar to his uncanny visitor. Finally he gave up and went back to his old home.

If he is in any way concerned with the ghostly apparitions his magic is so artful that no one has ever been able to detect it. Parties of men have frequently spent the night there, but none have been able to account for what he had seen. One night last summer a party of thirty-five residents of that section went to spend the night in the house.

Orville Stevens, who lives near there, and two other men spent a night in the haunted house. He relates a startling story of his experience.

Stevens awoke that he was awakened by a noise like footsteps on frozen ground. Sitting up in bed, he listened. The noise grew more distinct, coming nearer and nearer, and apparently some one entered the house. Trembling with fear, he aroused his companions.

Two crutches belonging to young Elliott, which were lying on the floor, rose, nudged together a couple of times, and then slid across the floor under Stevens' bed. One end of the crutches rested on the floor, while the other end began to pound upon the under side of the bed. Next, the stool on which the lamp was resting turned over, then right side up again, the light remaining in its position, apparently bidding defiance to the law of gravitation. Then a chair in the middle of the room began to do a clog dance. Jumping out of bed, one of the men took hold of the chair, but it slipped from his grasp and continued the dance. The man on the floor turned to Stevens and asked:

"What would you do if the chair should fly at you?"

"I'd slam the thing back again, mighty quick!" was the reply.

The remark was no sooner made than the chair flew through the air and struck over Stevens' bed. He quickly ducked under the bed clothing in hopes of avoiding his would-be assailant. Then the bed clothing began to slip from the bed, going down between the footboard and the straw tick. The men held on to the clothes, but they slipped from their grasp. Stevens jumped from bed and looked under it, hoping to catch a glimpse of the mysterious visitor, but nothing but the bed clothing was in sight.

After a while they retired again, and for an hour or more quiet reigned. Suddenly one of the men gave a yell, and, jumping from bed, declared that something had him by the foot. He returned to bed only to have the performance repeated. This time he decided to sit up the rest of the night, but there were no further manifestations of the spirit visitor.

Stevens says that these are things which he saw, and no argument can convince him that the age of spooks has passed. He is firmly convinced that the ghost of the old man was in the room, and doesn't care to spend another night there.—New York Telegram.

BESTED A BEAR.

A narrow Adirondack ledge is a dangerous place to be at any time, but it is a particularly dangerous situation with 482 pounds of live bear advancing from the rear and a yawning chasm gaping in front.

But William L. Brown, of Newark, N. J., was not paralyzed with fear. He had already emptied two loads of bird shot into bruin, which didn't tend to put the animal in a good humor, and then he emptied another charge.

Bruin rose on his hind feet and advanced to the combat. Mr. Brown's "bottle holder" was half a mile away and going in the wrong direction to lead encouragement to the situation. It may be remarked that next time Mr. Brown, who is a lawyer, goes hunting he will insert a clause in the contract, probably, compelling the guide to stand by in the event of danger. This particular guide started for camp and got there in record time.

The bear advanced to the combat and Mr. Brown drew a dirk, he says. A swing of the left forepaw caught the lawyer on the jaw. But it wasn't a hard swing. The birds' shot had begun to make the varmint tired. Noting this, Mr. Brown sallied in and flashed his enemy.

He has just returned from the North Woods, and while among his friends' corroborator is not necessary, there are the scratches on his face to show what he has been through.

Brown says he was with a guide partridge hunting when he met the bear. He shot twice at the animal, he declared, and then fled, with the bear in pursuit, made ferocious by the peppering of small shot.

It was not until after he had begun his flight that Mr. Brown discovered that his companion had deserted him and was well on his way down the mountain toward safety. During the race Mr. Brown tried to reload both barrels of the gun, but succeeded in inserting only one charge.

A SNAKE STORY.

A man named Snyder, living on the Cane Run road, in Jefferson County, Kentucky, was troubled over the mysterious disappearance of about 100 of his fine large hens. He guarded his hen house all one night, shotgun in hand, but failed to see or hear any disturbance. The next morning, however, he found that twelve more of his fattest hens had disappeared. During the following day Mr. Snyder discovered, about half a mile from his house, an enormous snake, eight feet long and ten inches in diameter, with one of his fat hens still struggling in the snake's mouth. Mr. Snyder is reported to have run to his house, and returning with his gun, soon dispatched him. Mr. Snyder then made a post-mortem examination and found in the snake's stomach the bodies of seven large chickens and two duck eggs. While he was engaged in counting his chickens and eggs which had been appropriated by his snakeship he was suddenly attacked by twelve other snakes of equal size. After bravely firing the remaining load from his shotgun into his foes, the race for life began. But Snyder won the race and landed safely at home, and it is supposed that his good wife drove the pursuing snakes off. Of course, the reporter was too considerate to embarrass Mr. Snyder by commenting on the remarkable feature of twelve large hens being taken almost from under his nose without making a flutter or uttering a single squawk. Such questions might spoil a good story.

WIFE'S BATTLE WITH BULL.

After a desperate battle, with a fork as a weapon, Mrs. Stephen Haines, of Morrisstown, N. J., saved her husband from being gored to death by a maddened bull. The animal broke loose on the Haines farm and Laines tried to catch him. The bull knocked the farmer down, gored him and slashed his clothing into shreds. Mrs. Haines, hearing her husband's cries, seized a pitchfork and attacked the infuriated animal. She plunged the fork so deeply into the bull's sides that the times broke off. She then clubbed the handle, and by a fortunate blow on the bull's nose finally drove him away. Haines is badly hurt, but will recover.

A FIERCE BEAST IN RAGE.

Mrs. William Clow, living at a lumber camp near Cedar, Mich., had an experience with a wildcat that she does not care to have repeated. Her husband was away from home on business and she was awakened during the night by the screams of the animal, which was trying to break through the doors. Falling to effect an entrance by that way it climbed to the roof, and for several hours made desperate efforts to tear the boards off and get into the room. It was nearly morning before the frenzied beast went away.

RISKED LIFE TO SAVE CHILD.

Samuel Welsh, Harry McCurdy and George Bassett, of Camden, N. J., were enjoying an outing at a clubhouse on Fork's Landing, along Ponsauken Creek, when a woman cried in the window that a child had fallen into the creek. McCurdy jumped overboard, and was swimming with the child when he became exhausted. Both were sinking, when Welsh and Bassett sprang to their aid and pulled them ashore.

ENGINEER'S WONDERFUL PLUCK.

All the men of the Jersey Central Railroad are talking of the display of pluck made by Engineer George B. Bought. While his train was stopped at Bayonne, N. J., he slipped and fell from the cab, breaking his leg above the knee. Despite the pain, Bought climbed back to his cab, ran the engine to Elizabeth and was sent to the hospital. Bought resides in Jersey City.

Machine That Sews Buttons.

The sewing of buttons on shoes and on garments is no longer done by hand in modern factories. There is a machine that sews 5300 buttons on garments in nine hours—or more than eight expert sewers could possibly do in the same time. This machine requires no expert operator. A boy or girl runs it.

FARM FIELD AND GARDEN.

Barn Wisdom.

Some good things: Kerosene oil for iron tools; linseed oil for wooden tools, and lead and linseed oil for farm wagons, carts and machines.

A good pitchfork, wherever one is needed, is a good investment. Don't carry two or three forks from barn to barn all over the place. You can't afford to.

Don't sell worn-out tools to the junkman. Instead, take them apart with wrench, chisel and hammer and put by to be used in making some of the hundred and one things needed on the farm every year.

To Keep Eggs.

Fresh laid eggs are placed in common pasteboard boxes on end, as eggs are packed, then covered completely with common white flour and stored in a cool place. After three months they were found fresh and nice, and scarcely discernible from freshly laid eggs. I used common shoeboxes, which hold about two dozen each, the number of eggs and date of packing being written on the cover, so the flat packed could be used first. Eggs packed in a mixture of lime water and salt are nice for cooking purposes, but after a couple of months are unfit for eating.—Cor. Practical Farmer.

Squash Ine Borers.

When the squash vines wilt and die in mid-summer it is well to look for the borer. This is the larva from an egg laid during June or July upon the stems near the root. The grub lives in the stem or root till near the end of the summer, when it goes into the ground and remains in the pupal state till spring. It often does considerable damage, not only to squashes, but to all cucurbitaceous plants.

Such an insect is secure from all poisons. The moth may be picked off the leaves when they are at rest during the early evening. They are described by Weed as "a handsome insect about half an inch long, with an orange colored body ornamented by several black spots upon the back, and having olive brown front wings and transparent hind ones." One way of trapping them is to plant early varieties as soon as the season allows. The eggs will be laid on these and when they begin to wilt they are pulled up and destroyed. If the vines are covered with earth after they begin to run they will take root at the joints and live and ripen fruit even though the main root be cut off.

It Pays to Raise Turkeys.

The way I handle my turkeys is to fence in five acres with park fencing eight feet high; have three acres of clover sod, and sow two acres to buck-wheat and oats, mixed together, for the turkeys to work in. I put a fence suitable to turn cows from the grain, then pasture the sod. This amount of land will feed thirty-five old birds and their young. Each mother bird will forward ten strong turkeys. I do not feed my small turkeys anything. If you wish, give a little millet seed or small wheat; do not feed soft food. It is not nature. Give plenty of fresh water daily. By doing as above described, they will do well. You want to build a low shed three feet on the back and four feet in front; close in back of nests and open in front; set short posts out in the lot, say three feet high, and spike on poles for roosts. I have had good luck with mine this year. My turkeys brought me from \$1.75 to \$2.75 per head at Thanksgiving. They were hatched the first of June. About one month before selling feed plenty of shelled corn and water. I have not lost one turkey from sickness yet. I am intending to make a business of it as fast as possible. Of course I have the large turkeys.—James Thompson, in The Epitomist.

Keeping Bees on a Farm.

It is a source of wonderment that more of our farmers do not keep at least a few swarms of bees. Around them on all sides blossom fields of clover, the pastures are gilded with golden rod and the woods studded with basswood.

Unlike other stock, bees require no special pasturage. They forage upon that which is unavailable to everything else.

Should you broach the subject of bee-keeping to a group of farmers, nine out of every ten would tell you that his father or grandfather used to keep bees, and that he could do anything he chose with them, and would probably conclude by telling you that he had often thought of keeping a few swarms himself, but had never begun. Now there must be a cause. Nearly every one keeps his bees, and why should he not keep bees as well?

The plain facts are these; most people prefer to go without honey, rather than run the "terrible risk" of being stung by bees. There are those to whom a bee sting is especially painful, but for the ordinary person the scare is more serious than the hurt. Even the oldest and most experienced bee-keepers do not find the sharp-pointed "tail of a bee," an instrument of pleasure. However, the hurt is only momentary, and has no lasting effects.

Bits of Barnyard Sense.

When the cattle are through the bars put them up, and put them all up. Do not leave one or two down and then drive stock that way. Lots of cattle, especially young stock, are made unruly just that way. Make them jump over one bar today and tomorrow they are ready to go over

two, and so on until no bars, however high, will stop them. There is more human nature about cattle than you and I imagine.

Every living thing needs exercise; cows are no exception. I think of this when I see some folks advise keeping cows in the stable the year round. It is not the natural thing to do. You would not be at your best shut up that way, neither is the cow. Takes fresh air and sunshine to make a cow kick up her heels, and it is the cow that does kick up her heels that gives good healthy milk.

Now, this does not mean that the cows should be driven off a mile or two through howling winds and storms to get what water they want to drink. This is the way more than one man does, though, and it is going to the other extreme. The middle of the highway is the best place for you and me to do our traveling.

I know of men who are in the habit of currying off their cows with the milking stool. That is not the best way. The teeth are too far apart to do good work. The cows know it, too, and sit down on every man who treats them that way.—Farmer Vincent.

A Mistake in Selecting Trees.

A mistake many new beginners make when they decide on the variety of apples which they intend to set in an orchard is caused by the way they make the selection. An inexperienced person in apple culture, happening to see at a fair or on fruit stands an apple that takes his fancy, inquires the name and at once orders that variety for the future orchard, not knowing the habit of the tree or whether or not it is suited to the character of the ground on which the orchard is to be set. For instance, take the yellow Bellflower. On low, rich ground the tree is a good grower, but blossoms very early, and an orchard on such ground would have little fruit. The Bellflower with me on high ground bears well, and the fruit sells well. Take the Wineapple; its root system is a failure. In my orchard one hundred trees of this variety were set out twenty years ago; there are only a few trees left now, and each one is held in place by a big post. The Jonathan is one of the best of apples, but with me the birds eat most of the fruit, and toward fall, when the winds begin to blow, all the apples fall to the ground.

I know a man who has a Rambo orchard, and about the time he begins to pick the fruit he finds each apple has a crack on each side of the stem, and they begin to rot at once. A man seven miles from me is setting out an orchard of Blimack apples. He doesn't know whether they will suit his soil or locality. How much better it would be for a beginner to go to the orchards a neighborhood where he intends to plant and learn all he can from the people who have had experience with apples in that vicinity. He would probably find that the apple that he intends setting had been tried and had proved a failure. A beginner in apple culture reading nursery catalogues would conclude he would be picking apples in four years, but if he sets an orchard of Northern Spy, he would be about twelve years older before he would be able to pick.—Horace F. Wilcox, Julian, Cal.

Farm Notes.

Let the hens out these warm days in a scratching shed.

The economic value of all foods depends upon their digestibility.

Don't neglect those frozen combs. They make your flocks look bad.

See that the incubator is in good condition and begin hatching now.

An animal must be kept in good flesh and thriving to make it grow.

The rearing and feeding of live stock is the salvation of impoverished farms.

It is very desirable to put the early lambs to maturity as soon as possible.

The greatest profit in agriculture lies in keeping every acre actively producing.

One of the first things to be done on a stock farm is to improve the pastures.

The farm teams accustomed to heavy work should not be driven on the roads rapidly.

Young and growing animals require a food which will make muscle rather than fat.

Sheep need and must have plenty of grains and a variety of fodder to fatten rapidly.

It is ever true that the good milk and butter cow will turn her food into milk and butter and not flesh.

The highest welfare of all domestic animals requires that their food be not only wholesome but nourishing.

To prevent the colts becoming wild and tricky, treat them kindly. There is no animal more tractable than the horse.

When pigs are allowed to sleep in damp places, the result will often be stiffness of the joints, rheumatism and disease of the spine.

Nothing will purify a stable and keep it free from odors as the free use of dry dirt. A good way to use it is to scatter it over the floor.

Intensive farming seeks to give higher cultivation and heavier fertilization, and to make every acre yield the heaviest crops possible.

In selecting a site for an orchard, shelter from prevailing high winds in the form of a hill or body of timber will be found of great advantage.

Clover is a cleansing crop, as it usually shades the soil so that no weeds can grow and at the same time it furnishes the right conditions to cause their seeds to germinate and then smother the young plants in their infancy.