

PASSING OF THE FIRESIDE.

The kettle never simmers on the hearthstone any more. We have given up the sacred fireside. The hearth never ceases before the back log on the floor. And the spinning wheel has stopped since grandma died. But the poet, in his fancy, sees the "family circle" get. And blithely sings the glory of his dream. While the artist takes his pencil and is happy to forget. That the fireside has given way to steam. The boiler and the furnace are in no degree sublime. The scorching hard refuses to enoble them in rhyme. And the artist never turns. With his brush to such concerns. They have spoiled the family circle of "the splendid olden time."

It was handed to her, and she put the bills in the box.

Then she turned to the figure she had seen—the old family colored cook, black as the ace of spades, who had come to witness "de procedin's." "Come here, mammy," she whispered, and drawing her close and putting her arms around her, she kissed the black face a resounding smack. Then she turned to the gambler. "And here," she said, "is my proxy. Take your pay, sir!"—Brandur Magazine.

JUMPING THE DEER.

A Style of Hunting That Looks Easy Till You Try It. "Jumping a deer" is a highly attractive phrase, quite apt to make a tingling in the back hair of the tenderfoot who hears it for the first time. It is also quite satisfactory to the chap who always has to shave before wooing nature. You may, indeed, get a good shot in this way, and it is generally the only way to see the head and all sorts of the woods—deer running through a windfall. To see the glossy curves of fur curl over the lofty legs that lie piled on each other in boundless confusion is well worth a trip to the woods, while for him who loves the rifle as well as the hunt, it cannot be done with it than for what can, there is no such target elsewhere. But for the trio who is dying to get that first deer "jumping a deer" generally means out of sight and out of hearing both. For the deer that goes off to lie down after feeding does not go to sleep but to ruminate and take life easy. Once in a great while one falls into a doze, but almost always his head is well erect and all senses keen for danger. And even if one in a doze it may slip away without your suspecting its existence, for sleep deadens little of the senses of this wary animal. The man who "wouldn't shoot such an innocent creature as a deer" should by all means see one getting out of a heavy windfall, while the man who loves game that can get away can find here the attraction of the woods at its climax.—From "Hunting the Virginia Deer." In Ouzing.

Colors Wrong Side Up.

Miss Nellie Regan, a young teacher in charge of a flock of youngsters at a little red school house near Croton, received an unexpected visit from Senator Depew, on Tuesday, according to the Youkers Statesman. Mr. Depew was driving from the Croton railroad station to Palmer's Hotel. As he passed along the highway he saw the school house, and looked to see if the flag was flying. The emblem was waving in the breeze, but Mr. Depew noticed that the Stars and Stripes were upside down. The Senator climbed up the hill to the school house. The children were at their studies. Miss Regan came to greet him. "My dear Miss, please excuse me," said the Senator, as he stood smiling, but in hand. "I was passing this way recalling the scenes of my childhood days among these beautiful hills and valleys of yours, when I noticed that the flag in front of your school was upside down. In my official position, it is my right to inquire about it. 'I know it's all wrong,'" stammered the young teacher, calling Mr. Depew by name, "but I couldn't help it. The halyards were broken, and we couldn't hoist it right side up, so, rather than not have it up at all, the boys put it wrong side up." Mr. Depew called Miss Regan a brave American girl, and said that she had the right spirit. Then he made a speech to the children, telling them of the importance of patriotism and the significance of the flag.

A Development of the Editor.

An essay on "The Boston News-papers" in the Bookman throws some light on the development of the modern editorial. The earlier newspapers had no editorials. Attempts to mould public opinion took the form of letters signed "Publius," "Junius" and like Latin names, such, for instance, as the letters which make up the Federalist. The writer in the Bookman claims for Boston the honor of originating the present editorial form. The Boston Daily Advertiser and Repository, the first successful Boston daily, was founded in 1813, and the next year passed into the hands of Nathan Hale, nephew of the spy of the Revolution. Hale began to substitute leading articles written in the office for those formerly furnished by the stalwart Romans, "Fabius," "Honestus," "Novus Angelus," "Luceo" and "Massachusetts." The fashion set by the Advertiser was widely copied, and at length became general. Mr. Hale came to take such pride in his innovation that when distinguished men like Everett and Webster offered articles for use as editorials he insisted on printing them as communications. Only the staff men were allowed to write the regular editorial comment.

Turkeys as Star Witnesses.

A modern Solomon's judgment, approved by a flock of turkeys, after the decision had been referred for final adjudication to the latter, has just come from Lower Providence township. The flock of birds in question had strayed from their own farm home, as turkeys will, and had been cooped up by the distant neighbor on whose fence rails they roosted. A warrant, a trial before a Justice of the Peace, and a proposition from the real owner to let the birds settle the question for themselves, prevailed. "I'll forfeit the lot if they don't go home," proposed the owner. "And so you shall," responded the Justice. "Turn them loose." The liberated turkeys, as if they appreciated the weight of their new legal responsibility, went in a beeline to their home roosts; and judgment was entered for the plaintiff.—Philadelphia Record.

Americans Are Forest Lovers

By Eben Greenough Scott.

All the forest-loving races of Europe, none has sought the woods for the woods' sake, like unto the English-speaking people; nor has ever afforded the spectacle of an annual migration to the wilderness in such magnitude as do the Americans of to-day. They go with the eagerness of hounds loosed from the leash, and buoyant with the spirit of adventure, accept adventure's strokes or rewards with the indifference or delight of a knight of La Mancha. Nor have the Americans stayed at the mere enjoyment of their adventure; they have embodied it in their literature. They have been the first people to introduce into fiction the life, savage and civilized, of the forest, and to portray in classical accents the real life of the woods, the lakes, and the plains. Their first novelist of reputation, Cooper, laid his scenes in the forests of the upper Hudson, of the Susquehanna, and in the Oak Openings of Michigan; Irving descends the Big Horn in a bull-boat, and follows the adventurers across the Great Plains and the Rocky Mountains, and through the desolation of Snake River to the Oregon; and Parkman, enlightened by his tribeship with the Ogallallas, has ended history with the spirit of the wilderness, and has drawn inspiration from its woods and streams. The greatest and best of the Americans, their writers, poets, philosophers and statesmen, all have worshipped Great Pan in his groves. Bryant, Lowell, Emerson, Agassiz made annual pilgrimages to the woods; Webster composed a part of his Bunker Hill Monument oration on a trout stream; death overtook Governor Russell on the banks of a salmon river; and the present President of the United States was called out of the Adirondacks to assume his office, while President Harrison, the moment his duties were done, turned his back on the White House and sought repose in a cabin on the Fulton Chain. These are a few only of the worthies of our land out of the great number who have hied to the woods for rest, recreation, observation and inspiration; who, indeed, have gone into the woods for the woods' sake. We can say of the American forest what Jacques du Bois said of the forest of Arden: Men of great worth resorted to this forest every day.

Imaginary Crimes

By Major Richard Sylvester, Superintendent of the Washington (D. C.) Police.

Every walk of life we meet with queer and at times surprising experiences, but the police hear and see more that tends to question humanity than employs in any other line of work. It seems strange, but nevertheless it is true, that persons have dreams and hallucinations which are reported to the police as facts for investigation. Dreaming of robbers, they have awakened suddenly with all the excitement and alarm that would attach to a genuine case, fired revolvers at the supposed intruder and only been reconciled to their mistake after close inquiry into it. I know of a case where it was reported that a burglar knocked at the bedroom door before entering to carry off money and valuables. There was another instance of a prominent official of the Government who, while experiencing the wildest horrors in his sleep, jumped out of bed and fought the bogey, imagining that he was attacked by burglars, and the exhaustion which followed his midnight defense was as great as if he had actually encountered marauders. This gentleman had seen service in the Mexican War and through the Civil War, and had hand-to-hand encounters which, however, were attended with hardly more serious results than the imaginary conflict. The greatest imposition is that which occurs a great many times a year when persons who cannot or do not want to pay their just debts report that they have been robbed of sums of money. They will prearrange to give color to the truth of their report, but are generally found out in the end. A man has been known to have reported being held up by footpads in order to avoid paying out part of his income to his wife, and all kinds of losses have occurred to those who courted the sympathy of creditors about the first of the month. The public should not believe everything they read and hear about burglaries and highway robberies, for many of the cases so reported, after investigation, are shown to be without foundation.

America's Great Future.

By President Roosevelt.

THE world has never seen more marvellous prosperity than that which we now enjoy, and this prosperity is not ephemeral. We shall have our ups and downs. The wave at times will recede, but the tide will go steadily higher. This country has never yet been called upon to meet a crisis in war or a crisis in peace to which it did not eventually prove equal, and decade by decade its power grows greater and the likelihood of its meeting successfully any crisis becomes ever more assured. We are optimists. We spurn the teachings of despair and distrust. We have an abiding faith in the growing strength, the growing glory of the mighty young nation still in the flush of its youth and yet already with the might of a giant which stands on a continent and grasps an ocean with either hand. Succeed? Of course we shall succeed. How can success fail to come to a race of masterful energy and resolute character, which has a continent for the base of its domain, and which feels within its veins the thrill that comes to generous souls when their strength struts in them and they know that the future is theirs. No great destiny ever yet came to a nation whose people were laggards or faint-hearted. No great destiny ever yet came to a people walking with their eyes on the ground and their faces shrouded in gloom. No great destiny ever yet came to a people who feared the future, who feared failure more than they hoped for success. With such as these we have no part. We know there are dangers ahead, as we know there are evils to fight and overcome, but we feel to the full that pulse of the prosperity which we enjoy. Stout of heart we see across the dangers the great future that lies beyond, and we rejoice as a giant refreshed, as a strong man girt for the race, and we go down into the arena where the nations strive for mastery, our hearts lifted with the faith that to us and to our children and our children's children it shall be given to make this Republic the greatest of all the peoples of mankind.

Why Country Boys Succeed

By John Gilmer Speed.

COUNTRY boy's lack of opportunity is his best equipment for the serious struggles of life. This sounds paradoxical, but it is true. It is just as true as the opposite proposition, that the greatest hindrance a city boy has to content with are the opportunities which beset him when young and pursue him until he begins the real business of life—a business which each individual must carry on for himself. For the city boy everything is made as easy as possible. Even pleasure becomes to him an old story before he is out of his teens. Brought up in the feverish rush of a place where great things are happening day by day, he sees the world with a cynic's eyes and despises the small things which, like the bricks in a house, go to the upbuilding of characters and careers. He believes in using large markers in the game of life; for pennies and small units of value he has little taste and scant regard. The conditions surrounding the country boy are as different as possible. There is a deal of regular work that every country boy must do, and this regularity of employment, mostly out of doors, inculcates industrious habits, while it contributes to a physical development which in after years is just as valuable as any athletic training that can be had. He cannot run as fast, perhaps, as those trained by a system; he may not be able to jump so high or so far, or excel in any of the sports upon which we bestow so much time and from which we get so much pleasure, but his development enables him to buckle down to the hard work in which hours are consumed and from which very little or no immediate pleasure is extracted. His strength may be something like that of the cart horse, but the cart horse is to be preferred where a long and steady pull is required. The thoroughbred race horse has a fine flight of speed and carries with delightful lightness and grace along the park bridle paths, but the heavy work is the work most in demand, and for that we want the draft animals every time. Enthusiasm is the spur to endeavor, and at the same time it is the savor of life. The country boy whose ambition has taken him to town comes filled with enthusiasms. Even the little things are novelties to him, and as he accomplishes this and that he feels that he is doing something not only interesting but valuable. His simple tastes have not been spoiled by a multiplicity of gratifications, and so he is glad of everything good that comes his way. At thirty, if he leads a clean life, he has more of the boy in him than his city cousin has left at fifteen. He does what is before him because it is his duty, while the other is too apathetically to question the value of doing anything and ask, "What is the use?"



Five Strawberry Beds. The best mulch for a strawberry bed is fine horse manure. Early in the spring it should be raked off the rows and worked in close to the plants, using salt hay or any clean material in its place on the rows as a mulch after the plants are well grown, so as to protect the fruit from dirt and also to shade the soil.

The Experimental Plot. Select some plot of ground, or part of a field, for experimental purposes. Fix your plan, and end the year with some positive information that you have gleaned from your year's labor. Unless it is well planned at the start, and data fully kept, it ends only in opinions that are largely guesses, and little more is known than at first.

Heading in Fruit Trees. I am puzzled by the directions which I read about trimming my young fruit trees. Will you describe to me what heading in means and how it is done? I have a few peach trees and pear trees and quinces, besides a good apple orchard. The heading in or shortening of the season's growth is desirable on both the apple and pear, but particularly the pear. Such shortening can be done on the strong terminal shoots without affecting the next year's fruiting. The blossom buds are laid on the side twigs. I have always cut in my pears, as long as I could reach the new growth with a step-ladder. The peach blossoms all up and down the new wood. You will therefore decrease the fruitage by heading in. This will do no harm, because the peach always overbears, and the thorough ripening of the buds that are left renders them better able to meet the winter's cold. The quince bears on new wood, but these new shoots come out of the last year's growth, and if you cut too far back it may materially reduce your crop. I have never cut back quince bushes after the fourth or fifth year.—E. P. Powell, in New York Tribune Farmer.

Aids in Setting Trees. The tripod device for setting trees is all right, but I have used the notched board shown in the accompanying illustration, and find it much more simple and less expensive. I begin by selecting the orchard site. Then plow the ground, harrow and plank it thoroughly. Line off both ways and set a stake where each tree is to be placed. Take a board five to six feet long, five or six inches wide and one inch thick. Notch it as shown in the illustration, having the middle notch exactly half way between the notches on the ends. Place the centre notch against the stake where the tree is to be planted, then set a small stake in each of the other notches.

The Notched Board.

Pears Picked Early Ripen. There is scarcely any variety of pear that is not better for being picked before fully ripe and then ripening under cover. This after-ripening may be retarded or hastened almost at will by the method of storing. If kept in a cellar or other room moderately cool, at about an even temperature, they ripen up slowly, while if in a dry and warm room, and covered with a blanket to exclude the light, they will ripen in a few days or a week, according to their condition when picked. If desired to keep them several weeks they should be put in cold storage at about thirty-three degrees, and a rather close watch kept on them, at least after the third week, marketing them as soon as it is found that some of them are beginning to be mellow. Some of the very late varieties may be kept through the winter in this way. It is of little use to put pears or any other fruit in cold storage after they have begun to grow mellow, or to put in any that have been handled. While all fruit should be handled with care, that intended for cold storage needs special care. It is often a puzzle to the beginner to know just when he should begin to pick his pears, as the time is so varied with different varieties. Some wait until they find a few ripe or nearly so on the extreme end of the branches, usually on the south side of the tree. But if they wait for that it will be better to market early. A better test is to take the pear and bend the stem backward. If it easily separates from the branch it is ripe enough to gather, but if the stem breaks before cleaving off the twig it is not ripe enough.—The Cultivator.

Love Absence may make the heart grow fonder, but the fellow who wants a sure thing will try presents.

A BARGAIN IN KISSES.

BY TOM MASSON.

HERE was a flutter of expectancy as the minister's daughter came into the little back meeting room off the main floor of the church, where the members of the committee, the majority of them young and pretty, all stood talking at once. Something was going on. In through the half open door could be heard a buzz of people, and an expert in such matters, if he had passed by and even casually looked within, would have known that a church fair was in progress. It was, indeed, the annual church fair, held under the auspices of the Young Women's Guild, and this year the minister's daughter was in charge of the proceedings. Her father, away on his vacation, had called her into his study before his departure and appeared to her very strongly to "do her share." And so she had suddenly announced her determination to take an active part, much to the surprise of everyone, as up to the present time she had been more interested in playing golf than in spiritual matters, and had even been called a "regular tomboy" by certain recalcitrant tongs in old-fashioned bonnets. "She will make a failure of it!" announced Mrs. Minby, the official critic of the minister's family. "That girl is too hairbrained, and besides, what does she know about such matters?" She wouldn't be seen in church half the time if common decency didn't make her go. "That's so," assented Mrs. Dickster. "All she cares about are the men and outdoor sports, anyhow."

And now when the fair was half over it began to seem as if these predictions were to be fulfilled. The booths combined had taken in barely \$50, and to send those poor children away for the summer—for the minister's daughter, with a fine scorn of foreign missions, had insisted that charity should begin at home—seemed a desperate chance, and at this particular moment it seemed as if nothing short of a miracle would swell the receipts for the next two hours. The minister's daughter stepped to the table where the chairman usually presided. There was a sudden hush. She looked over her auditor's moment with a calm, penetrating gaze. "Girls," she said, "we have got to be kissed!"

A chorus of "O's" and feminine screams and protests was her answer. "There is no help for it," she continued. "We must raise a lot of money before this night is over. Now, my plan is this: We will all stand up and be kissed at auction, one at a time, to the highest bidder. Now, girls, don't go back on me. Remember, it's in a good cause. How many can I count on?"

There was a pause; a hand was raised—another, and then another. In ten minutes more eight exceedingly pretty girls, headed by one who was prettier than all of them, filed into the main room and grouped themselves about a chair. One of them stood up in the chair, to which this legend was attached:

This Young Lady Will Be Kissed at Auction. How Much Will You Give?

It would probably be difficult, not to say impossible, to explain why this startling and sensational news should spread so rapidly through a whole parish. But that such was the case is a stern fact. Young men, idling away their time at the club, knew it in fifteen minutes, and started in a body for the scene of the auction. Other young men, who had not been to church for years, hurried from their telephones into their best clothes with all the haste demanded of the volunteer fire department. It spread even as far as Mike Dady's gambling establishment, and caused that astute individual to prick up his ears in an unusual degree for one inured to that sort of stolidism that the roulette table fosters. And so there was a kissing game going on at the church, led by the minister's daughter herself. Here was a fine chance to get even. Mike had hid to close up his place for several weeks because of a scathing sermon preached by this same clergyman, and the remembrance of it still rankled. "Here, boy!" he said to a tall, fresh-looking youth of seventeen, handing him a roll of bills, "you go over to the church fair, and if the sky plots' daughter is going to be paid for a