

One Year \$1.50
 Six Months75
 Four Months50
 Two Months25

The date which the subscription is paid to on the address label of each paper, the change of which to a subsequent date becomes a receipt for remittance. Keep the figures in advance of the present date. Report promptly to this office whenever paper is not received. Arrangements must be paid when subscription is discontinued.

Make all money orders, checks, etc., payable to the Tribune Printing Company, Limited.

Americans have been so confident from the beginning that affairs in Samoa would be rationally adjusted that they have had no great interest in the means employed. A commission with plenipotentiary powers, sitting on the ground, is as good a way as any.

The sea serpent has been caught once more. He has two heads, one at each end, probably, but is only sixty feet long. He went ashore in a tidal wave on one of the Solomon islands. So the waiting public is foiled again. Solomon's islands are too far for a view of the sea serpent.

The state of Nebraska has marked an epoch in its history by repealing the state bounty law on tree-planting, passed only twenty years ago. In the interval Nebraska has been transformed from a desert to a garden, and the necessity for timber cultivation no longer exists. The course of this western state in this matter is in marked contrast with the policy which in the state of New York has permitted wholesale forest destruction. A treeless state is necessarily a desert, and New York can afford to learn a lesson from Nebraska.

There are many things in the American navy to be proud of. There is nothing of which we may more justly be proud, and which should more greatly inspire us with confidence in its efficiency, than the accuracy of its gunfire, whether in tar or practice in time of peace or in the stern service at Manila and Santiago. Today our navy, by the common consent of the world, is ranked above all others in that respect, and the others are beginning to try to rival it. We cannot object to their doing so. But what we can do is to make sure that if they ever do rival us it will be because they have worked up to our standard, and not because our standard of efficiency has been permitted to decline.

It seems reasonable to argue, from the late extraordinary agitation over the illness of Mr. Kipling, that the writer's trade is in a better case than it used to be, thinks Life. What a first-class literary success means in money under the present international copyright arrangements is yet to be tested, and it is possible that Mr. Kipling will be the first to test it. As yet no writer has come to the big new market with such a fine of wares as Walter Scott or Dickens sold. Stevenson had only half a chance. The man who in these days can go on for, say thirty years, producing annually one volume of fiction, which is indispensable to the comfort of the average English reading family, is liable, if he keeps out of the publishing business and eschews real estate speculation, to accumulate a very comfortable estate. And besides the money, there is the opportunity to make an important impression on the contemporary mind. When the recovery of a popular writer from an illness is matter for world-wide rejoicing, we must consider that the literary business is pretty good.

Colors in Lake Water. The lake of Geneva, at the western end of Switzerland, is blue, while of the lake of Constance, at the eastern end of Switzerland, is green. Bioness implies purity, since the natural color of water is blue. A green lake has its water slightly clouded with impurities, which may be exceedingly fine particles, separately invisible. Prof. Spring of the university of Liege says green lakes sometimes become absolutely colorless for a time, and he has found that this sudden change of hue is due to the washing into the lakes of mud-colored red by oxide of iron. Red is complementary to green, and the result of the mixture is that the green color of the water becomes for the time being neutralized.

Why She Did It. "Why is it," they asked, "that you let your husband have his own way in everything?" "Because," she replied, "I like to have some one to blame when things go wrong."—Boston Journal.



HIS OLD YELLOW ALMANAC.

I left the farm when mother died, and changed my place of dwelling. To daughter Susie's stylish house, right in the city street, and there was then, before I came, that sort of scared me tellin'.

How I would find the town-folks' ways so different to me, and they said I'd have no comfort in the rustlin' fixed-up throng.

And I'd have to wear stiff collars every week-day right along.

I find I take to city ways just like a duck to water.

I like the racket and the noise, and never tire of shows.

And there's no end of comfort in the mansion of my daughter.

And everything is right at hand, and money and dowry all exposed, still showing how we are fixed.

And the letters, credentials that was writ to Mr. Ayer.

I've often, on a rainy day, found readin' very fair.

I tried to find one recently; there wa'n't one in the city.

They toted out great calendars in every sort of style.

I looked at 'em in cold disdain, and answered 'em in pity:

"I'd rather have my almanac than all that costly pile."

And, though I take to city life, I'm lone some, after all.

For that old yellow almanac upon my kitchen wall.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in the Century.

WHY THE PASTOR RESIGNED.

By Mitchell Bronk.



HE Reverend Richard Heatherton sat at his desk in the richly furnished study of the North Broad Street Church. It was late in the week, but no thoughts of a sermon filled his mind; a dozen half read books were within arm's reach, but he had not opened one of them all the morning; the street bell had rung many times, but no caller had been admitted, nor had he even turned to notice the cards and letters which the sexton had passed under the locked door.

He had been struggling with himself, this young man, or rather the heart and the soul within him had been struggling together, contending for mastery, and just now it seemed as though the heart would be victorious. A woman was spiritually present here with him, was terribly present in every thought that came to his heated brain; and she was the cause of this inward conflict. A woman's photograph, in a tiny gold frame, rested on the desk before him; but it was his wife's picture, and he had scarcely noticed that it was there, for of her he only thought when he remembered now the wickedness of his affection for the other woman.

He had been married to this wife of his for twelve years. Although he tried never to think so, deep down in his mind he knew he had been rash and foolish, that he had committed his life's great mistake when he irrevocably joined himself, long before the completion of his theological course, to this plain, small-minded girl. How he had ever come to imagine that he loved her he could scarcely remember now, it was so long ago. But since then he had tried to love her, had tried many times, until he came to see the futility of such effort. After that he became a stranger to love; almost believed that there was no such thing.

He and his wife had got on pretty well together. They both had considerable capacity for adapting themselves to the inevitable. At first he had tried to lift her up, to cultivate her mind, to make her have nobler ideals and broader thoughts; to interest her in his work, but this, too, he had long ago given up as useless effort.

Thrown back upon himself he had studied and worked with uncommon zeal, and his ten years' pastorate in a small city of Western Pennsylvania had been remarkably successful. That success had been rewarded, seven months ago, by a call to this North Broad Street Church, the most desirable position in the city that his denomination had to offer. When he first came to Philadelphia some of his friends had thought that his wife would be a drawback and hindrance; but she had kept in the background, and everything went well. Young, handsome, brilliant, popular, and with such a church—surely the lines of the ministry had fallen unto him in exceedingly pleasant places! So it seemed to Richard Heatherton himself for the first month or two. But then he had met Caroline Mason, and this love for her, which was breaking forth of a pent-up heart,

this consuming, irresistible, hopeless, unlawful love, had come into his life.

The other woman was everything that his wife was not; especially was she very beautiful, and Richard Heatherton worshipped feminine beauty. She was the niece and adopted daughter of his richest and most prominent member. Her activity in every branch of the church's work had thrown them, from the beginning, very much and intimately together. And he had learned for the first time what love is, and its pangs.

So the inward conflict raged. The moon hour passed, but he remained here in the stillness of the church and its study. Sometimes he would walk rapidly back and forth, then he would sit at the desk with his face buried in his hands. Something must be done. This hopeless love was ruining his life; it was making him unfit for work of any sort; his sermons of late had been miserable failures; he was neglecting all his pastoral duties. Something must be done, but oh, God, what? He had many friends, but under no circumstances would he ask their counsel, and thereby reveal this terrible secret of his soul. He knew that his circumspicion had been so great that no one held a suspicion of his love for Caroline. He tried to pray, but when he closed his eyes he saw more vividly than ever her fair face. He prayed with open eyes, but that brought no relief. He reasoned with himself: Was he to blame? Had he not resisted this love with all his might? Had he not tried to keep away from the woman and tried to love his wife? Why must he suffer?

But this reasoning only made his case seem the more unfortunate and desperate. If Caroline would go away, that would make his lot more bearable; but she would not; that was the most pitiable circumstance of all, that she loved him as much as he did her. He had seen it, he knew it, and God have mercy on her! She was not so wise and reasonable as he, and she would not go away, would not keep out of his sight. If he could only tell her to do this! But then he would have to confess his love, and he could imagine nothing more despicable than that; he would rather die than do it.

He thought of his old life and work, out there in Western Pennsylvania. It had been very monotonous and commonplace, and yet he would give all the world if that life could be his again, if he could blot the remembrance of Caroline Mason from his mind. Could he go back there, or to some other distant place? No, his ambition and pride and this splendid opportunity were too great. And to be away from her? It was what he most devoutly wished, and yet did not believe he could bear it.

The afternoon passed away, and it was almost dusk when he left the church and went down into the city. He had reached no definite decision; the struggle still raged in his breast. There was a half conviction in his mind that he ought to go away from Caroline Mason, but as yet he had not resolved to do this, and he disbelieved in his strength of will to do it.

As he turned to go down Market street he met, face to face, Doctor Monson. Dr. Monson was the secretary of one of the societies of the denomination to which Richard Heatherton belonged, and was the young clergyman's friend. They talked for a few minutes together, and when about to separate the doctor remarked:

"By the way, Heatherton, have you any old college friend or acquaintance who wants a position as teacher? There is a vacancy just now in our colored school at Atlanta. The salary is fairly good, and it isn't at all a bad place for a person who likes work of that sort."

Quick as thought the young man's decision was made. Without a moment's hesitation he answered:

"See here, doctor, let me leave this place. I am resolved to leave Philadelphia, and for a while I should like to take a rest from the work of the ministry. I have never been very strong, and I shall surely break down if I go on here."

This was only a half truth, but his pride made him dare to say it.

The doctor was astounded. The clergyman's reasons for wanting to give up such a fine field and such brilliant prospects were so vague and indefinite that he was half inclined to believe him out of his head; he remonstrated with him, but at length promised that the place should be his.

When Richard Heatherton read his letter of resignation the next Sunday morning it created the most pronounced kind of sensation; and notwithstanding its statements and explanations, there was only one person in that large congregation who really knew why he had resigned.

The man himself felt he was a coward to do what he did, and yet that his cowardice was the victory of his better nature.—Waverley Magazine.

A Device For Sleepwalkers. A device to prevent sleepwalking is to lay upon the floor, by the side of the somnambulist's bed, a sheet of iron, zinc or other metal, wide enough to insure that he will step upon it. When the sleepwalking fits come upon him, his foot touches the cold surface of the metal, and he instinctively draws that leg into the bed again. After two or three attempts the somnambulist gives it up and settles down in bed.

England's Oldest House. Close to the River Ver and only a few yards from St. Alban's Abbey stands the oldest inhabited house in England. It was built in the time of King Offa, of Mercia, about the year 795, and is thus over 1100 years old. It is of octagonal shape, the upper portion being of oak and the lower walls of great thickness. At one time it was fortified and bore the name of St. German's gate.

TALES OF PLUCK AND ADVENTURE.

A Hero of the Windsor Hotel Fire.

During the terrible fire which destroyed the Windsor Hotel, in New York City, on March 17, there were performed a number of heroic deeds as splendid as any ever done in war. All these can not even be mentioned; but what was perhaps the very bravest deed of all should be recorded.

Edward Ford, a fireman of Extension Truck No. 20, has the honor of having been the last fireman to leave the hotel, bringing down the last person rescued alive. The brave man would not talk for publication himself, but a comrade who witnessed the rescue told the story partly as he saw it, and partly in Ford's own words.

It appears that Ford was going home on the elevated railroad, when he saw the smoke of the fire. At the Fifth street station, he broke from the train and rushed to the scene of the conflagration. When he arrived the smoke was pouring out of every window, and the building apparently about to fall. "I pushed my way through the crowd," he said, "and had begun work with the hose company, when someone shouted that there was an old woman in a room on the sixth story on the Fifth avenue side. I could not see any one at the window. I saw one fireman up there, but he was in the room to the north of where the woman was said to be, and he could not see her, or know that she was there. I determined to go up myself. There was a scaling ladder from the second floor up to the room where the fireman was, and I took a thirty-five-foot ladder and placed it inside the hotel railing, and started up."

In a few minutes he had reached the top, and found a comrade there named Bill Clarke. The room was full of smoke, and the men could hear the fire roaring and crackling outside. Thinking to get into the next room by means of the hall, Ford threw himself against the hall door and forced it open, but a storm of flames and smoke burst into the room, almost suffocating him. He tried to force the door closed again, but the hinges were broken, and it fell outward into the flames. Then he tried the windows. "I stood on the stone lintel of the window below," he said, "and grasped the woodwork with my left hand. Then I reached for the next window, but it was too far off. I stood my feet firmly on the lintel on which I was standing and made a jump for the other one. Fortunately I caught the sill firmly, drew my body up, and looked in. There was a woman on the floor on her knees. As I sprang she turned and grasped me convulsively. 'Save me, for God's sake!' she cried."

The brave fellow took her up and dragged her to the window, calling to Clarke for help. He grasped her firmly around the waist and climbed out on to the lintel of the window below, holding himself close to the building. Clarke was already outside of the window, and tried to reach, but the distance was too great. The woman was afraid that she was going to fall, and kept praying and shrieking to be saved, at the same time grasping at everything within reach, and greatly hampering the movements of the men. "At last," said Ford, "I shook her free from her hold on the window-sill. She then became unconscious, and was a dead weight on my arm." All this time the fire was eating on the woodwork of the room toward the window, and the part to which Ford was holding began to scorch. "I shifted my hold," he said, "for another on the top of the sill, and bent my head and shoulders below to get out of the range of the flames, which were already sweeping out of the window. I called to Clarke to reach over to me, as I could not hold any more. He leaned as far as he could hold on with his left hand, and reached out with his right. I lifted the woman toward him with all the strength I had left, and he seized her around the waist. Clarke is a big, powerful man, and succeeded in getting her to the top of the ladder. Clarke then took the woman down to the sidewalk and brought her to a drug store. She was found to be Mrs. Cloisholl, a gray-haired lady of fifty or sixty years. This was the last person taken from the building, and three or four minutes later the walls fell in.

Helped Out by a Bear. An odd although rather brutal story of a man's adventure with a bear, is told in the "History of Williams County, Ohio." John Gillet had made up his mind, from various signs, that there was a nest of bear cubs somewhere in his neighborhood. One day, when he was out hunting for them, he grew tired, and as his good luck had it, sat down to rest beside the very stump in which the nest was hidden.

Hearing the cubs scratching inside, he leaned the branch of a tree against the stump, which was a very tall one, climbed up, looked down into the hollow, and saw two cubs about the size of "full-grown rat dogs." Without stopping to think, he jumped into the hole, caught the cubs, tied their mouths so that they could not squeal, and fastened their feet so that they could not scurry; but, then, Gillet used to say, in telling the story:

"I knew the old bear would be along pretty soon and make it hot for me if she found me in the nest; so I swung the youngsters into my buckskin belt, preparatory to getting out. 'Get out?' Did I get out? Land of love! It makes me shiver to think of it yet. I could no more get out of that stump than I could fly. The hollow was bell-shaped, larger at the bottom than at the top—so large, in fact, that I could not put my back against one side and my feet and hands against the other and crawl up inside of hollow trees. In no way could I get up a foot.

"There were no sticks inside to help me up, and I made up my mind I had to die, certain. About the time I came to this conclusion I heard the old bear climbing up the outside of the stump. With only my hunting knife as a means of defence, and in such close quarters, you may possibly imagine my feelings.

"The old bear was not more than half a minute climbing up the stump, but it seemed like a month, at least. I thought of all my sins a dozen times over. At last she reached the top, but she did not seem to suspect my presence at all, as she turned round and began slowly descending, tail foremost. I felt as though my last hour had come, and I began to think seriously of lying down and letting the bear kill me, so as to get out of my misery as quickly as possible.

"Suddenly an idea struck me, and despair gave way to hope. I drew out my hunting knife and stood on tiptoe. When the bear was about seven feet from the bottom of the hollow, I fastened on her tail with a viselike grip, and with my right hand drove my hunting knife to the hilt in her haunch, at the same time yelling like a whole tribe of Indians.

"What did she do? Well, you should have seen the performance. She did not stop to reflect a moment, but shot out at the top of the stump like a bullet out of a gun. I held on until we reached the ground. Then the old bear went like lightning into the brush, and was out of sight in half a minute.

"I took the cubs to Adrian the next day, and got five dollars apiece for them."

Brave Bernadon. Lieutenant Bernadon's classmates say that he fears nothing on earth—or water. His fearlessness overcomes any consciousness of self.

One afternoon in October, 1881, the United States steamer Kearsarge, Captain G. B. White, lay at anchor in Hampton Roads. The weather had been stormy for a day or two, and the wind had kicked up a heavy sea. There was a strong tide running, and the vessel swung out on a long cable. A seaman by the name of Christover-son, who was boat-tender in one of the cutters swinging at the lower booms, went out and down the Jacob's ladder. In stepping to the thwart his foot slipped, and those on deck saw him disappear under the gray water.

There was a hoarse cry of "man overboard." Seaman Robert Sweeney, who saw the accident, running out along the boom, plunged in without delay, just as the man came up the second time. Bernadon, then a cadet midshipman, heard the cry, and rushing to the gangway saw the terrible struggle of Sweeney with the drowning man as the tide swept them out toward the sea. Bernadon tossed off his coat and was overboard in an instant. Christover-son, in his fierce struggle, carried Sweeney down with him, the latter only breaking away to be carried down again.

Bernadon by this time was within reach, and catching the drowning man from behind managed to relieve Sweeney until a line was thrown him, and they were finally hauled aboard in an exhausted condition. For this act both Bernadon and the sailor received the commendations of their captain and the thanks of William H. Hunt, then Secretary of the Navy.

Attacked by a Wild Cat. Richard Wheeler, a Birmingham sewing machine agent, recently had a thrilling experience near Melrose, says the New York Press. He was riding a horse along an old log road, on his way to see a customer, when a wildcat sprang from the bushes with a growl, gave two or three leaps and seized the horse by the neck. Wheeler kicked at it as hard as he could until it let go and then dropped in front of the running horse. He didn't hear any more from the wildcat, and, after he had quieted the horse and hitched him to a tree, he went back, struck some matches and searched for the savage beast. It lay in the road with a crushed skull, the horse having apparently trod upon it as it fell.

A New Guard For Watches. Watches can be securely held in the pocket by a new guard, formed of a two-piece snap button, having one portion of the button sewed in the fabric of the pocket and the other attached to the chain, a slight pressure on the parts locking them so that the chain cannot be pulled out easily.

The Substitute For Trees. The latest in the building line is the aluminum hut for Klondike miners. When packed for carriage it weighs 110 pounds. It is composed of four sides and a roof of thin sheets of aluminum, and when put up it contains 190 cubic feet.

PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

The solutions to these puzzles will appear in a succeeding issue.

25

97.—Six Plus Gulls of Europe.
 1. A hat bin. 2. No age. 3. Can I also? 4. Not a rat. 5. Hot line. 6. Arig.

98.—A Pyramid.
 * * * * *

99.—A Double Acrostic of Four Letter Words.
 1. Particles of stone. 2. A story. 3. A Norse name for a boy. 4. A parent. 5. A kind of deer. 6. The color of unbleached linen. 7. Closet. 8. Primals and Finals—The given name and surname of a dead naval hero.

100.—An Octagon.
 * * * * *

1. Equal to. 2. Serious. 3. Having public favor. 4. Scourious. 5. To be lined anew. 6. A bird of the corvus family. 7. A color.

ANSWERS TO PREVIOUS QUESTIONS.

93.—A Charade—Massacore.

94.—A Diamond—
 L
 I P
 L I N E N
 P E N
 N

95.—Four Pied Cities of South America—Pernambuco, Para, Bahai, Valparaiso.

96.—An Hour Glass—
 D R U M M E R
 B E A S T
 I O
 B E E
 T I T L E
 F A S H I O N

Why There is a Postal Deficit.

The United States is the only great nation in the world whose postoffice does not pay a profit to the Government. In 1896 the total receipts of the postal service from all sources were less than \$83,000,000; the total expenditures were over \$94,000,000. The deficiency was in excess of \$11,000,000. The chief reason for the deficiency is the liberal attitude taken by the nation toward second-class matter. But as this is construed as an educative power, the deficiency may be justified. Many students of political questions declare there is no reason why the Postal Department, serving the needs of the people, should be expected to pay, any more than should other branches of the service.

The immense domain of the United States is a factor that makes this invidious comparison in expense with other nations unjust. Uncle Sam carries letters for two cents over an area larger than all Europe. Great Britain's postoffice pays over \$13,000,000 a year, but England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales could fit into one of our States—New Mexico. Germany makes nearly \$6,000,000, but the empire is only three-quarters the size of Texas. The profit of the French postoffice is nearly \$10,000,000; Uncle Sam could surpass this if he could reduce his domain to his two States, Arizona and Wyoming. Italy comes out about even by carrying the mails poorly into a nation the size of Montana. Considering the immensity of the amount of mail carried, the magnificence of the distances and the comparative smallness of the force, the showing of the postal service of America is marvelous.—Philadelphia Post.

The Effect of Extreme Cold. Intense cold has a stupifying effect upon the brain. Nearly everyone exposed to cold for a long time experiences a weakening of the will power, and often a temporary loss of memory. This fact probably in its greatest measure was observed by the French in evacuating Moscow. Among the recently discovered papers of a German physician who was one of the retreating party are accounts of this retreat, in which it is stated that the first effect of the cold was the weakening of memory, which effected healthy men as well as those who had already suffered the hardships of constant exposure and extreme fatigue. When the mercury dropped to thirty-five degrees below zero many soldiers could not name their accoutrements. Some of them forgot the name for food and perished from starvation. Very many could not remember their own names. Others showed decided symptoms of mental derangement, and later became insane.

The Biggest Quartz Crystal. The largest quartz crystal known is that found by Mr. J. E. Burton last December in a mine of Calaveras County, Cal. It is reported to be eleven feet seven inches in circumference, four feet two inches long, three feet six inches wide and three feet two inches high, and to weigh over 2500 pounds. It is thought that a large point in the centre would cut a pure ball of crystal from twelve to fourteen inches in diameter.

The Costliest Fur. A single fine Russian sable skin is worth from \$100 to \$250. It is a tiny thing about fourteen inches long by eight or nine inches broad, in American Cultivator.

FARM TOPICS

Black Knot in Plum Trees. Before warm weather comes all the plum trees should be looked over; and any that show marks of black warts that indicate black knot should be removed with a sharp knife and the wound washed with a carbolic acid solution or some other antiseptic. In fact, it is a good plan to spray plum trees with a carbolic acid solution, made one part of carbolic acid to 2000 parts of water. This will remain on the spores which are dormant during the winter until they burst their bounds and begin to spread the disease over the tree. The solution named is much stronger than can be applied after the foliage is in its tender growth.

Purifying Sour Soils. The value of lime in purifying sour soils is such as to make its general use very necessary. Lime is not a fertilizer in the strict sense of the word, but in connection with manure it is often absolutely essential to the fertilizing of the soil. Land gets sour from one cause and another, and some soils actually get "manure sick." It is possible to feed the soil the more that it gets indigestion, and the more that is piled on it the less it seems to produce. I have seen soils so rich that they could not produce more than very small crops. They were manure sick and sour.

It is at this stage that lime comes in to correct matters. A top dressing of lime on such a soil will do more good than a thousand dollars' worth of commercial fertilizers. It is possible to raise abundant crops for several years in succession on such soils by simply giving them a top dressing of lime every year. It is owing to this that some farmers have gathered the impression that lime is a good fertilizer. The action of the lime was not to furnish any plant food, but simply to correct the acidity of the soil, so that the abundance of fertility could be taken up by the crops.

Lime is good sometimes to kill certain germs which multiply in the soil. Thus, the bacteria which causes clubroot in cabbage will be killed if the land is dressed in the spring with lime. It has beneficial effects in other ways, too. It tends to loosen and disintegrate the texture of the soil, so that the drainage is better and the mechanical condition of the soil is improved so that the roots of the plants can extend downward for water and food.

Lime is of value on the manure pile at times. Mixed in with the manure it will tend to sweeten it, and it will enter the soil in conjunction with the fertilizer to perform its work there. Where heavy dressing of manure has caused the potato scab in these tubers, it is wise either to dress the land with lime, or to mix lime with manure just before applying it.—A. B. Barrett, in American Cultivator.

Peach Culture. If we expect to be successful in cultivating peaches we must give the trees the very best attention that modern experience has taught us, to produce the most practical results. There is a good deal of unsatisfactory advice given to the farmers in one way or another. I do not think that any one would willingly publish anything for the purpose of misleading those engaged in agriculture; but too many give vent to half-formed ideas, or to conclusions too hastily reached. It is a common failing to draw sweeping conclusions from a few facts, and therein is our greatest danger in accepting the advice of others. Nevertheless, we cannot discard all advice, but simply try to select from the chaff the wheat that will be of value to us, and then to use our common sense in the matter.

There are many things about peach culture that we are still uncertain about. It is conjectural yet, and caution must be used in accepting the advice of any one who attempts to settle these important questions from a few facts. But, on the other hand, there is so much known and repeatedly proved, and yet not practised by those who enter into the work, that a constant repetition of the facts seems necessary. It is hard to account for this, except upon the theory that there is a large class who are so conservative that they will not accept anything unless it is covered with the moss of ages.

In caring for peach orchards, cultivation, fertilization and pruning must be considered. No peach orchard can be made profitable without good culture being given to it. Cultivation of the soil has an important bearing on the time of maturing of the fruits. The maturity of the trees can be postponed by giving a shallow cultivation. Early maturity of the peach trees means an early death, and it does not pay. Yet certain varieties hasten to their early destruction in this way unless checked. Even after bearing the trees need cultivation. This should go on until August. Shallow plowing and pulverizing with the harrow will always benefit the trees.

Soil fertilizers of some kind must be added every season. The trees are taking from the soil certain elements that must be supplied artificially. Wood ashes stand first for this, but some soils will do just as good if fertilized with stable manure. Lime and potash are necessary for the peach soil, and they should be supplied in some form. An application of caustic potash solution to the trunks of the trees should be made after the fruit has set, that is, from the first to the middle of June. Pruning and thinning in their season should be attended to also.—James S. Wilson, in American Cultivator.