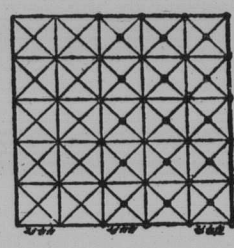


AGRICULTURAL.

How to Plant Apple Trees.

In order to make an orchard profitable, it is necessary to have more trees on a given amount of land than when placed 35 to 45 ft apart, writes C.P. Polk. If we can do this and not injure the land, trees or fruit, I think we have made a fair start toward profitable commercial orcharding. While a tree is young we get the best crops. The



fruits larger, more perfect, and less liable to rot. In this locality a tree begins to fruit at the age of five or six years from planting. The next 10 or 12 years the orchard is in its prime, and if during this time we can get one-third more trees and have one-third more fruit to market we are just that much better off. The accompanying plan shows my method of setting an orchard which will increase the number of trees one-third and still give ample room for hauling and gathering until the orchard is 17 or 18 years old. If they then interplant, remove every other one and you will still have as many as by planting 45 apart in squares, and besides you will have had 12 years' use of the trees removed. I have given much observation to and had some experience in this matter, so it I were to plant 50 orchards I would follow the scheme above outlined. My advice to every young man is, plant in this manner, cultivate well for five or six years, branch the trees low, give them an annual topdressing and the orchard will pay, other things being equal.

Provide For the Drouth.

Every year we have had dry weather during July, August and September, when the pastures become brown and seared and cows go travelling about in search of something to eat, and they suffer from the hot weather, flies and short pastures. This results in a serious falling off in the milk supply, and when a cow has been allowed to partly dry up she can't again be brought back to the full flow; she may freshen up again when good feed comes in abundance and do very well for a time, but she will not fully recover, and the dairyman can not recover the profit he has allowed to slip through his fingers by forcing his cows to wander over dry fields in search of enough feed to sustain life. It takes more feed during hot weather and fly time to keep up the flow of milk than is required at any other time in the year, unless when cows are allowed to suffer from cold, extreme heat and cold, as well as hunger. Flies are a severe tax on cow energy, and whenever this energy that is supplied at the expense of feed is allowed to go to waste, the profits are materially lessened.

It would be poor economy to allow a threshing machine to run for a few hours at only half its capacity, because the engineer only supplied forty pounds of steam when eighty was necessary. It would mean a loss of time, and be expensive to the farmer who had to pay and board a crowd of men; besides there would be unnecessary wear of machinery and the work would not be so well done. We should look at the cow as a machine that converts feed into milk and not run her at half her capacity, but keep her full of good feed, summer and winter, and all of the time she is in milk. Every dairy man should provide some special crops to carry the cows and other stock over the time of short pastures, and during such time it will pay to keep the cows in a darkened stable through the heat of the day and feed them there, then after they are milked at night turn them out to pasture.

Oats and peas make one of the best soiling crops we have ever tried. As soon as the ground can be worked in spring, make two inches at the top rather fine so that the peas when plowed under will lie in fine soil and not among lumps. Sow one and a half bushels of Canadian field peas to the acre, broadcast, and plow them under four inches deep; then sow one and a half bushels of oats on the surface and harrow them in. When in bloom begin to cut and feed green. When they become too ripe cut the balance, if there is any, thresh and grind. Oat and pea meal is very rich in protein and the very best kind of meal we ever fed a dairy cow.

There should be a piece of clover somewhere near the barn from which to feed early in June, if needed; this will be ready to feed early and will last until the first sowing of oats and peas are ready, and by the way, it is best to have two sowings of oats apart. By doing this the crop will last until the sweet corn is ready.

But little land and not much extra labor is required to have an abundance of good feed for the cows when they are in such need of it. It is always best of course to feed these soiling crops in the stables where each cow will get her share and it can be fed with a minimum of waste, but if it must be fed outside, feed in racks and not on the ground to be trampled on and wasted.

Stock Notes.

Good stock and low prices will give better results than poor stock and good prices. Now is the time to buy good breeding stock at reasonable rates, and we should lose no opportunity for improvement if we are to stay in the business at all.

In addition to other thoughtful things done for the hogs and their comfort, give them sheds which are high and capable of admitting plenty of fresh air. It is essential to the best thrift. All living,

growing things do best under best conditions. Cattle may grow as fat on one kind of food as on another, but clean, sweet grain will produce the best meat. It requires good food to make good beef or good pork, and then a varied ration will do better in this respect than any one grain only.

It is easy to ruin digestion and health by a little carelessness in over-feeding young animals, and yet full nourishment for them, in order to get them well started, is necessary, but avoid the ones extreme as carefully as you would the other.

Live stock of some sort will add to the profit of every farm, however small it may be. If nothing more, try one dairy cow as an experiment, and remember that one well kept will yield a profit, when a half dozen indifferently cared for will not.

Ten acres of ensilage corn will, if cut at the right time and put into a good silo, help you to solve the problem as to how stock may be kept profitably. Though all the land be turned to pasture and ensilage and be fed to stock, it is no unwise proceeding.

If pure bred cattle-breeders will make steers of their bulls, they will easily sell them for beef for \$75; then there will be no complaints of the cattle not paying. It is cheaper to sell steers at \$75 than bulls at \$100, and while we need more pure bred bulls, if the bulls do not pay the pure bred steers will.

FACTS IN FEW WORDS.

Calico was made in Calicut, India, as early as 1498.

One-eighth of the population of Great Britain is in London.

Broadcloth, so called from its width, was first made in England.

The number of hairs on an adult's head usually ranges from 128,000 to 150,000.

Mail bags can now be taken on and delivered from trains running 60 miles an hour.

The wars of the last seventy years have cost Russia \$1,775,000,000, and the lives of 684,000 men.

The only European country that has suffered from depopulation in the present century is Ireland.

The two longest words in the Century dictionary are "palatopharyngolaryngeal" and "transubstantiatinalist."

The emigration from Ireland last year is the lowest recorded since the collection of returns commenced in 1851.

The cost of an Armstrong steel gun is estimated at \$500 for each ton of weight; of a Krupp gun, \$900; of a Whitworth gun, \$925.

The court records of Stafford county, Va., date back to 1699. The writing of the oldest document is as distinct as the day it was traced.

There is a monster tree growing near Santa Marie de Tule, Mexico, which is less than 100 feet in height, but more than fifty feet in diameter.

High-grade microscopes are said to make the human skin appear like a section from a fish—showing thousands of minute scales, each overlapping the others.

A recent advertisement in a country paper reads thus: "For sale—A bull-terrier dog, 2 years old, will eat anything, very fond of children. Apply at this office."

The largest department store in the world is to be built in New York with Chicago capital. The site alone for this store cost about \$7,000,000, and it will occupy parts of three blocks.

England, according to the navy estimates, intends to build next year ten first-class battle ships, six first-class, thirteen second and thirty class cruisers, and from forty-five to fifty torpedo-boat destroyers.

Ladies who kiss their pet dogs are warned by no less an authority than Dr. Meginn, of the Paris Academy of Science, that the little beasts are one of the great agencies in spreading disease, especially consumption.

A contract has been made for the construction of the railroad from Kenesh to Assouan in Egypt, to be completed by the end of 1897. There will then be a continuous line from Alexandria to the First Cataract.

Recent statistics as to the public libraries of the United States show that Massachusetts ranks first with 212 free public libraries, with a total of 2,760,000 volumes, or, 1,223 volumes to every 1,000 of the state's population.

In the forthcoming Austrain north pole expedition, undertaken by the artist and explorer, Julius Payer, a woman has volunteered and has been accepted as one of the crew. She will travel incognito until the pole is reached.

The oldest living subject of Queen Victoria is said to be a Mrs. McLaughlin, of Linnavaddy, Ireland, the home of Thackeray's famous "Peg." She is said to be in her 111th year and to be in full possession of all her faculties.

Joshua H. Stover, of Staunton, Va., has been sentenced to the penitentiary for life for stealing three and a half pounds of bacon worth thirty-seven and one-half cents. Stover is a white man, a carpenter and a confirmed thief.

Nothing to Live For.

Friend—I hear that Mr. Boaster, the oldest inhabitant, is sick.

Doctor—He is, and I fear that I can do nothing for him. He can't remember a winter to match this one, and he seems to have lost all interest in life.

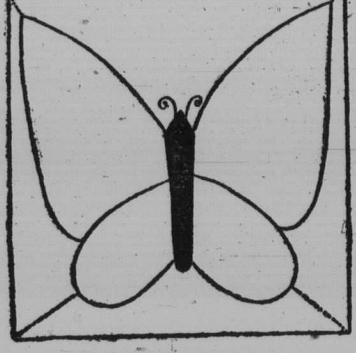
A lapidary in London found a tiny amethyst imbedded in the very centre of a nine karat diamond which he had been employed to cut. There is no record of any such thing having previously happened in the history of diamond cutting.

Count Schouvaloff, the new viceroy of Poland, has issued an order allowing Poles to send telegraphic dispatches in their own language. During the regime of Gen. Gourko the vernacular was forbidden as a telegraphic medium, and the majority of the Poles were ignorant of Russian as a written language.

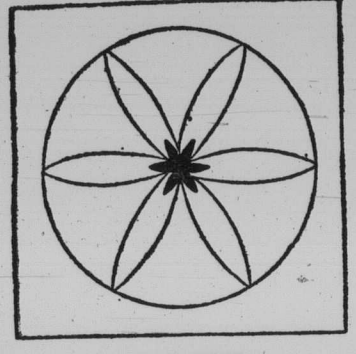
THE HOME.

Two Pretty Quilt Blocks.

This calico butterfly should be of dark material inserted in a light background, or light in a dark background. In the other



A BUTTERFLY IN CALICO. design, three different materials should be used, the star at the centre being embroidered with needle and thread. In the block



A SILK PATTERN.

from which this picture is taken, the square block or frame is of black silk, the circle striped (the stripes radiating from the centre) and the remaining portion green, the central embroidery being in orange-colored silk.

Overshoes and Darning.

"Oh, how muddy my rubbers are," exclaimed Mrs. Price, as he pulled off the offending articles before entering the door Mrs. Peters held invitingly open.

"I washed them off only this morning," she continued, "but it does little good this weather."

"I find it is a great mistake to wash good rubbers," remarked Mrs. Peters as they sat down. "I used to do it, but I have found a better way."

"Do let me have the benefit of your experience," exclaimed Mrs. Price. "I have sometimes thought soap injured the rubbers, but I felt obliged to use it."

"The best way is to allow the overshoe to become thoroughly dry. Then brush free from dust and mud and rub over with vaseline. This cleans them and also makes the surface more impervious to water."

"Well, I shall try that plan to-day. May I ask what you are doing?" she broke off abruptly, watching her friend, who seemed to be carefully drawing threads from the edge of a napkin she was about to hem.

"This napkin was not cut quite straight; I always save such threads to darn worn places with. It shows much less than when done with ordinary thread."

"That is an idea which I had not heard of," said Mrs. Price.

"It is one which can be applied to other articles as well," answered Mrs. Peters. "Rents in dresses and even carpets; the darn will often be almost invisible when done with threads drawn from the material."

"Well, I have learned so much from you I am going to tell one thing I have learned from experience. My husband has come very near losing his temper several times over having the buttonholes of his collars starched so stiff. He has broken his finger nails trying to button them etc. But I have found a way to gain his gratitude."

"What is it?" asked Mrs. Peters with interest.

"Dip the first two fingers and thumb into water and knead the buttonholes for about two seconds. The starch is out of that spot and the remainder of the collar is not affected."

"I am sure that is well worth knowing, Mrs. Price."

"Then we have both gained something to-day," was the answer.

Recipes.

Suet Pudding.—Ingredients: One-half pint beef suet, chopped fine, one-half pint molasses, one-half pint milk, one-half pint raisins or currants, or both. (A part of the fruit may be figs and prunes out in bits)

One teaspoon salt, one teaspoon soda mixed with the molasses, one pint breadcrumbs (dry), one pint graham flour, and two eggs. Steam three hours or bake two. Eat with a lemon sauce.

Pudding Sauce.—One pint water made into a smooth starch with a heaping tablespoon of flour. Cook ten minutes, strain if necessary, sweeten to taste, and pour on it one tablespoon of butter and juice of a lemon or other flavoring. If lemon is not used, add one tablespoon vinegar. This can be made richer by using more butter and sugar; stir them to a cream with the flavoring then add the starch. These recipes are given by Mrs. Mary Hinman Abel and may therefore be relied on.

Individual Bread Puddings.—Cut small round loaves of bread into quarters, or use biscuits. Soak in a mixture of four eggs whites and yolks beaten separately, and added to one pint of milk with a little sugar and nutmeg. When they have absorbed all they will, without breaking, drain and bake in slow oven to a nice brown,

spreading a little butter over once or twice before the last. This dish can be made very pretty by putting currants in the holes around the top and sticking in pieces of blanched almonds, and the most inveterate hater of bread puddings will not know what he is eating.

SPRING SMILES.

"Does this roof leak always?" Agent—"Oh, no, ma'am; only when it rains."

"Yes," said the tree, "I suppose I'm ready, so far as my trunk goes; but I've decided not to leave until spring."

Borrowwell—"What would you do if you were me?" Buggins—"Pay myself the \$10 you owe me."

Customer—"Why do you call this electric cake?" Baker's boy—"I 'sposed becuz it has currants in it."

Echel—"Have you any very expensive tastes, Charlie?" Charlie—"Well, I don't know—I'm very fond of you."

Miss Old—"I would never get married if I had to ask the man." Miss Peart—"Maybe you wouldn't then."

Bell—"Was George very much cast down after he spoke to your father?" Nell—"Yes; three flights of stairs."

"Can this person's word be depended upon?" "Heavens, yes! You can bank on it that he'll never tell the truth."

Butler—"I may be poor, but there was a time when I rode in a carriage." Cook—"Yes, and your mother pushed it."

"What the new woman wants to learn," says the Manayunk philosopher, "is to buy a larger shoe and a smaller hat."

Lady (artist)—"Have you noticed the new art movement in show bills?" Philistine—"Yes, but if that is art, I am a fool." Lady—"It is art."

Burglar (just acquitted, to his counsel)—"I will shortly call and see you at your office, sir." "Very good; but in the daytime please."

"Here is Col. Jinks. He wants you to explain the financial question to him!" "Certainly, colonel. Can you lend me \$10?"

Hiland—"My horse is the most intelligent animal I know." Harket—"Go on!" Hiland—"He's away up in gee."

Spoons—"And will my ducky trust me in everything when we are married?" She—"Everything, Algy, provided you don't ask for a night key."

Mrs. Poore—"Jabez, why do they say hush money?" Mr. Poore—"I don't know Marindy, unless it is that money talks."

"Soaggs is getting fat," said Willoughby. "He's developed a double chin." "Well, he needed it," said Parsons. "His original chin was overworked."

Aunt Rosa—"Well Juanito, what would you like to be when you are grown up?" Juanito (whose parents are very strict)—"I'd like to be an orphan."

Mrs. Mealer—"I am sorry to say, the tea is all exhausted." Crusty Boarder—"I am not surprised. It has been very weak for some time."

My landlady's daughter has a wheel, and down the street she flies; Gives us pneumatic pies.

Maud—"And Mr. Meanitall really said that I was better looking than ever?" Marie (wickedly)—"No, dear. He simply said you were looking better."

"What you are going to ask your employer for his daughter's hand? Suppose he should kick you out?" "Oh, I have already secured another place."

"Mrs. Talker is a very obedient woman." "All I ever noticed about her is that she is an awful gossip." "That's why. What you tell her goes."

Pertly—"There is one thing which I have to say in favor of the win I when it whistles." Dullhead—"What's that?" Pertly—"It never whistles popular airs."

Mrs. Strongmind—"If women would only stand shoulder to shoulder, they would soon win the suffrage." Dr. Gully—"But, madam, that is something they can't do with the present style in sleeves."

Jack—"Madge has beautiful hair, hasn't she?" Nell—"Yes; she gets that from her mother." Jack—"I didn't know her mother had hair of that color." Nell—"Oh, yes! She has all kinds in her store."

Bjones (very parsimoniously)—"It is a great comfort to me to reflect that time is money." Brown—"Why?" "Whenever I want to be particularly liberal to my friends I go out and spend some time with them."

Weary Walker—"Say, mister, gimme a dime." Dignified Wanderer—"Give you a dime! I think you are more in need of manners than money." Weary Walker—"Well, I struck yer fer what I thought ye had most uv."

ONE HARMONY.

Half the world is laughing
While the other half is in tears;
But at least we sneeze together
When the jocular spring appears.

"Please, ma'am," said the cook, "I'd like to give you a week's notice." "Why, Mary, this is a great surprise. Do you hope to better yourself?" "Well, no, not exactly that," answered Mary, with a blush. "I'm going to get married."

Mrs. Peck—"This paper says that a sea captain says that in times of great disaster women are more cool than men." "Mr. N. Peck—"I have seen instances of it." "You? I'd like to know when." "When they were getting married."

He bangs the door to show his spite,
The hateful man, he does not care,
And she, to make things even quite,
Goes right upstairs and bangs her hair.

"What are they going to call your new brother, Jack?" "Oh, I don't know—Jack, I guess." "But that's your name." "That doesn't make any difference. It was papa's before I had it. Pa and ma have a way of makin' us boys use up old things."

"But," objected her father, "you are financially worthless, while my daughter—" "The way to fix that," interrupted the suitor, "is to arrange a bi-metallic conference, and devise some way to put me on a financial parity as a circulating medium."

"Hypnotism," said the professor, "in our present state of knowledge, may be defined as the power exerted by one person over the mind of another." "Why," giggled the fluffy girl, "that is just the same as falling in love." "I said 'mind,' my dear young lady," retorted the professor.

YOUNG FOLKS.

The Reason.

Grandma Gruff said a curious thing: "Boys may whistle, but girls must sing." That's the very thing I heard her say To Kate, no longer than yesterday.

"Boys may whistle." Of course they may, If they pucker their lips the proper way; But for the life of me I can't see Why Kate can't whistle as well as me.

"Boys may whistle, but girls must sing." Now I call that a curious thing, If boys can whistle, why can't girls, too? It's the easiest thing in the world to do.

So if the boys can whistle and do it well, Why cannot girls—will somebody tell! Why can't they do what a boy can do? That is the thing I should like to know.

I went to father and asked him why Girls couldn't whistle as well as boys. And he said, "The reason that girls must sing is because a girl's a sing-ular thing."

And grandma laughed till I knew she'd ache When I said I thought it all a mistake. "Never mind, little man, I heard her say, 'They will make you whistle enough some day.'"

Flowers for the Dead.

"Jennie, did you go in to see Clara Stone to-day?" asked Mrs. Case, as she and her daughter sat by the fire one evening at the close of what had been a dreary day in November.

"Dear, no," was the reply; "I forgot all about it. I met Stacy Moore down town, and she had so much to tell me about the new society the young people of their church were going to have this winter, that Clara Stone never entered my mind."

"I'm very sorry," said her mother. "You have always been such good friends; it seems too bad now that she is unable to go out, and has been since last winter, that she should be so neglected by so called friends."

"Now really, mother, do you think she is as badly off as she pretends?"

"Pretends!" exclaimed Mrs. Case. "Do you mean to say that you think Clara is pretending to be sick? Then I should think that one look at her sunken eyes and hollow cheeks would be answer enough."

"Well, I suppose," said Jennie, "that I ought to go in, but I never have any time."

"Why, Jennie," said her mother, "you have all these is, and you find time to attend almost every meeting of the different societies to which you belong, and I can't help, but which you ought to go to see her."

A week passed by, and nothing more was said on the subject, until one evening Jennie's brother came to the sitting room door with a paper in his hand and said: "What was Clara Stone's father's name?" "John," said Jennie.

"Then Clara's dead," he replied. "I don't believe it," cried Jennie. "Give me that paper." And taking the paper from his hand she read the notice of her friend's death. She looked sober as she returned to her seat and tears filled her eyes.

After a moment's silence, she said: "It does not seem possible that it can be Clara. I should have thought they would have sent me word."

"I do not know why they should," said her mother, "you have not been to see her in nearly two months, and every time I have been in there she has looked up with an expectant air and said: 'I surely thought Jennie would come to-day,' and have made excuses for you. They, she has lain all the long weary days, and the most of her young friends had proven themselves to be those of the Levite, have passed by on the other side."

Jennie made no reply, but soon after said "good night" to her mother and went to her own room. The next morning at the breakfast table Jennie said: "I must go down to the florist's and order some flowers for Clara's funeral."

In a low tone her brother said: "Neglect for the living and flowers for the dead."

That night as Jennie sat in her room after she had seen all that was mortal of her friend Clara, put from her sight forever, her mother came in and sitting down by her said: "Let this be a lesson to you, Jennie, and learn to do unto others as you would have them do to you. This is not the first time I have seen the same thing done, and by people older than you, too. They have been so intimate with others in the time of health and strength and when they were overtaken with sickness, and not able to mingle with them in all their amusements, they have been left alone. Only those who have tried it know how monotonous life within four walls can be, especially if one is well enough to talk with friends, if they would only come, and it adds to the burden of sickness, however slight, to feel that you are not necessary to your friends' happiness. Jennie, remember that 'flowers after death' will not bring smiles or cold lips, nor cheer hearts that have stopped beating, and if ever again you are tempted to neglect your friends in the time of trouble remember this little verse:

...The easy to be gentle when
Death's silence fades our clamor,
And easy to discern the best
Through memory's mystic gleam;
But wise it were for thee and me,
Ere love is past forgiving,
To take the tender lesson home—
Be kinder to the living."

Couldn't Tell Her All.

Harold, she said, the letter you wrote me while you were out of the city was beautiful. I was proud to receive it.

Were you, he responded, his eyes glowing with pleasure.

Yes, and yet—I could not help feeling that it was not yourself.

Didn't you recognize the handwriting?

Yes, but I felt that you were not speaking to me just as you felt—that there were things in your mind which you did not say.

Oh—er—of course. It was certainly clever of you to discover that. You see, I couldn't tell you all that was in my mind. I wrote that letter with a fountain pen.