



HOW BESS AND BRANDY SAVED THE FRUIT.

IT seems as big as a real river," said Boss, who was sitting on top of the heap-up earth bank. "The big, new irrigating ditch, hugging her knee-fashion. "If the water only didn't roll so awful fast we could ride most a canoe in it, eh, Teddy?"

Teddy was not at all handsome. His hair was red and his nose turned up, and he was much freckled. There was a great deal of sympathy in his greenish eyes as he looked up at his sister.

"Oh, you'll kill will you?" she cried, while the rest cheered Brandt. "Well, you want some sugar."

Brandt repeated and retorted him self into a single, well-chewed knot, and carried him away down the trail.

The air was sharp and clear, and rang like the bells of a church, while the cold turned her cheeks rosy.

"Frost to-night, Brandt," she cried.

At the bunches whose ears twitched back at the sound of her voice. And the frost came.

The girls had a long, merry day,

and boating and everything don't ye, Bess?" he said. "It was such a little fellow when the folks came west, so I can't remember much about it. But, get! it must be very jolly fun swimmin' in a real big lake. An' as we will be all back when the fruit trees bore."

"Yes," said Bess, staring thoughtfully at the yellow, rolling water. "But it seems an awful long time to wait somehow. Last year it was frost, and year before worms, and year before that the blight, and it does seem as tho' pa would lose most everything he had before the ranch paid. And to think one good bearing would make us rich! Rich, Ted! Just think!"

Teddy crawled up to the top of the bank of earth and looked far down the valley. He saw long rows of trees, hardly twice as tall as himself, and he was only a 10-year-old boy. But the slender little branches of the trees were covered thickly with little green bunches, and these bunches meant thousands of bushels of luscious fruit.

Bess could remember when she first saw the trees. They were then only long lines of little bare sticks in the sandy and dry-looking earth, and she could remember how her mother broke down and cried because she was homesick for the big shady trees and green grass and bushes at home."

Idaho did not seem like home. They lived there six years, and the sixth year was the "bearing year" for Western



SHE FOUND A SMALL "CAVE-IN."
fruit ranches. But, as Boss said, the frost and the worms and the blight had kept the fruit back, and three years longer they had waited. And the father had grown to look old and anxious and the little mother more and more wistful. And they now watched the green promise of fruit with anxious eyes. Would anything happen this year? Or would the rich promise at last not disappoint them?

"The new ditch helped mighty this year," said Boss. "The trees never bore so heavily. And all the fruit is perfect—the prunes and peaches and cherries and everything. Oh, Teddy, I believe we will really see Canada next year!"

She sprang to her feet and threw her arms around the neck of a little broncho that had been nosing at the back of her head while she talked to Teddy. She kissed the horse's shaggy head and hugged him lovingly. Then she put her foot in the stirrup and swung herself lightly into the saddle.

"Home, Teddy!" she cried. "Catch Sod!"

Soda, another sturdy little broncho, capered gleefully up to the men. Brandt, a few moments, then permitted Tully to mount, and soon the lively little hoofs were beating a quick rat-tat-tat down the white alkali path toward the ranch house, far down the valley. The sun was bright and the sky cloudless, as it had been for all the long, summer months. The clouds would sail towards the mountain tops, but there they would stop and dissolve over the peaks, where the snow gleamed white almost till fall. And no rain fell in the valley. The alkali dust lay thick in the air, the rich grass that grew so strangely green out of the hard, dry earth, and the dust lay thick in the trees and on the prickly cacti and gray sagebrush that grew on the lonely foothills.

"Painful will irrigate to-morrow, I reckon," said Boss, as the bronchos loped along side by side. "The ground is awfully dry and cracking badly."

"I know—it's gettin' pretty late," replied Teddy. "I heard pa talkin' to the foreman, and they wuz sayin' that there wuz signs of frost. The fruit is ripe'n' bully, but there may come a clipper, an' if they irrigated it—well, it would mean another year, that's all!"

Teddy looked soberly at the baked-looking earth. It looked so thirsty, and the great ditch rolling along beside them seemed anxious to turn its rich torrent into the little ditches that ran like veins up and down between the trees.

"Well, I suppose it would be risky," she said. "But, my! the trees do want a drink!"

Supper was waiting for them, and their father called gayly to them as they galloped up to the door.

"I met Jessie Wright at the store doing some trading for her mother, and she wants you to go down the valley to-morrow and spend the day with her," he said, as they sat down to supper.

"Oh, may I go, mother?" cried Bess.

They were great friends—"Jess and Bess," as they were called by the ranch and village people—and the fruit farm wound down the valley very close to the sheep ranch of Jessie's father.

"Why, yes, you may," said Mrs. Harris, Bessie's mother. "Did Jessie want her to stay all night, just?"

"Of course—just," replied Mr. Harris.

"But I guess you can spare her that long, eh, mother?"

INDUSTRIES OF CUBA.

AGRICULTURAL HISTORY OF THE ISLAND REVIEWED.

Land Owners, Formerly Cattle Grangers, Are Now Successful Planters. Fruits and Vegetables Are Fine Sugar and Tobacco.

Agriculture, which is the main industry of Cuba, has been given the most careful attention in the United States census report, which has but recently been issued. There are several chapters in the bulky volume which have been devoted to the subject of agriculture with interesting and valuable results. Special schedules were prepared for the taking of census statistics from the plantations. Even so the greatest difficulty was experienced in procuring accurate statements, since the majority of the farms had been abandoned throughout the war and were still unsettled. Traveling over miles of rough country the census enumerators found everywhere devastation and ruined houses, still deserted and uncared for. Pending to complicate matters also was the fact that many of the plantations had been divided into small patches of ground in order to avoid the taxes levied even on the smallest subdivision of ground at the rate of \$5. The majority of the tenants resulted in the revision of this important industry, which under free institutions, it is believed, will bear fruit.

The story of coffee production.

In the years 1843 and 1849 violent hurricanes visited Cuba and seriously damaged the coffee crop. Owing to these disasters the increased coffee trade of the East Indies and South America and the larger and more certain profits of sugar cultivation, the coffee industry of Cuba rapidly declined and by 1850 the amount exported was but 162,000 arrobas. The coffee plantations were converted to other uses and the trade in coffee practically disappeared. The world's estimated coffee crop of 1900 is 15,285,000 bags of 134 pounds each. Of this amount Cuba is credited with 130,000 bags, not enough for home consumption. A consideration of these facts may result in the revival of this important industry, which, under free institutions, it is believed, will bear fruit.

The raising of stock, which used to be one of the important resources of the country, is no longer of any importance, taxes having driven the owners into other branches of farm production.

The only manufacturers were those produc-



CUBAN NATIVES AND PLANTATION EQUIPMENT.

ing cigars and the sugar mills producing raw sugar, molasses and rum.

Cattle-Raising Formerly General. In the early days of the island cattle-raising was the principal industry, agriculture being very generally disregarded. The land was held in great open ranges, privately owned but unfenced and almost unguarded, like one great wild country. The chief agricultural products of Cuba are now tobacco and sugar, with some fruit-raising, which of late years has depreciated owing to the almost universal fruit-growing of California. At present there is scarcely more coffee than is required for home use, although the soil and climate of the eastern provinces are particularly adapted to coffee-raising, and it is believed that the industry will again be revived. It is likewise believed that the growth of fruit for exportation will receive a new stimulus and that Cuba will rival California in the raising of limes, lemons, oranges, olives, pineapples and many other fruits and vegetables. Oranges will grow in any part of the island and are unrivaled for their delicacy of flavor and amount of juice. The largest of the banana farms are in Puerto Principe and Santiago, from where they were shipped in large quantities to the Uni-

better countries for stock-raising than Cuba and future promises are bright for those who again undertake it.

STRUCK TERROR TO LIONS.

Savage Feasts Were Pan-Caribbees or Sight of a Strange Woman.

More animals are lost to the stage through fear than through viciousness. The show people dread timid dogs, tigers or leopard not only because of its pounce but because it is the only sound associated with the animal.

One of the elements in long life is a conviction that it is our duty to live; but it is not right in itself, aside from other motives, for us to shuffle off this mortal coil until we have filled out a long term. It will, I think, be seen that the importance of this instinctive love of life cannot be overestimated in its relation to health, disease and long life."

SUPERSTITIOUS WOMEN.

Over Place a Great Deal of Confidence in Dreams.

It doesn't seem possible that in this enlightened age superstition could be rife among the educated, but there are nevertheless a number of young women who converse fluently, if not eloquently, in three languages, and who place a dreambook with their Bible on the table beside the bed and consult it in the morning the first thing.

With a credulity worth a dark man, if his sleep has been visited with半夜 visions, they seize this volume so soon as their eyes are fairly opened and look for an explanation. If misfortune is foreshadowed by it, the seeker after knowledge assumes a bravado she is far from feeling.

"I don't care," she says to herself, "if it costs me a thousand dollars anyway, and I don't believe in such arrant nonsense." But her nervousness just for a moment gives way to a desire to make other troubles have

one-half as much trouble as she has.

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