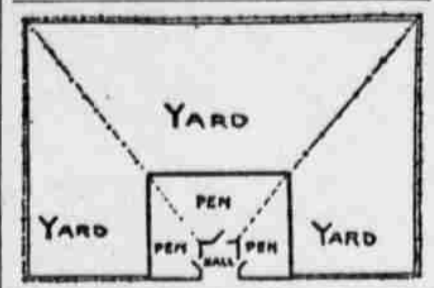


NEED ANY GARDEN

Hollow Concrete Fence Posts. To construct hollow re-enforced concrete fence posts a few modifications of the ordinary mold are necessary.

A Three-Pen Poultry House. The cut shows a very useful poultry house for three pens of fowls, with yards arranged for the same number.



gives a large amount of yard space, with yards conveniently located. This building is shingled all over the outside, with the heaviest building paper under the shingles, and may either be sheathed or lathed and plastered inside.

Caring for Grapes. Rules for grapes culture from the experiment station record, United States Department of Agriculture:

The main points in grape culture are summarized as follows: With a few exceptions grapes of the Lubrusca species, of which the Concord may be taken as the type, are the most satisfactory for general planting.

A warm, rich, well drained soil is best for the grape. Almost all vines should be planted at least eight feet apart.

Strong one-year-old vines are most desirable for planting. Thorough shallow cultivation is essential.

The pruning of the first two years must be done with reference to the system under which the vine is to be trained after it begins fruiting.

The best time for the principal pruning is soon after the leaves drop in autumn, but pruning can be done at any time during the winter when the vines are not frozen.

The long arm, short spur system of training is usually the most satisfactory for the inexperienced grower, but the renewal systems are highly recommended.

Early Hatching. To get early sitting hens the hen must have laid out their clutches of eggs during the winter or very early spring.

Put the early sitters to work as soon as your eggs are fertile. Remember that it is the early bird that catches the worm, and it is the early chick that brings the big price.

Removing a Small Stump. By fastening the chain to one of the large roots and bringing it across the top of the stump, a leverage can be secured to take full advantage of the strength of the horses.

A New Insecticide. Prof. C. P. Gillette, of the Colorado Agricultural College, has discovered a new insecticide for the codling moth, which has proved effective in destroying the worms, and probably will be found not so injurious to apple trees as other arsenical poisons.

Soil Moisture. To produce any crop it requires from 300 to 500 pounds of water to make a pound of dry matter. It is important that soils have a great deal of moisture, and that it is not lost by evaporation.

Green Food for Chickens. If you have your own hens feed as great a variety as you have. Cracked wheat, cracked kafir corn and cracked corn are all good, but something in place of meat should be given, either beef scraps or blood meal, also charcoal and grit.

Planting Potatoes. A potato specialist gives this advice: Prefer clover seed manured. Plow about four inches deep, planting in every third furrow. Plant about last week in May. Don't plant when dew is on the clover, as it is apt to rot the potatoes.

The country's honey product for last year is estimated at \$25,000,000. There are 7,000 beekeepers in the country and the product of their hives was sufficient to fill a train of cars long enough to reach from New York to Buffalo.

The Wand of Sleep OR The Devil-Stick

CHAPTER XXI. Great was the astonishment throughout the neighborhood when it became known that Dr. Etwald, the clever physician, of Deannminster, had been arrested on the double charge of murder and theft of a dead body.

After that memorable interview in the library, when Etwald was accused and arrested, Arkel took away his prisoner in custody by virtue of the warrant, and left Major Jen alone with the counsel for the defence.

How she became possessed of the Voodoo Stone, Dido refused to say. Jen had learned from Inspector Arkel that Etwald wore the talisman on his watch-chain, and he wondered in what fashion Dido contrived to penetrate into the prison and to obtain it from the doctor.

When the trial came on, and after the evidence had been given, everyone, without exception, looked upon the prisoner as guilty, and they considered it futile when David Sarby rose to deliver his speech for the defence.

"My lord, and gentlemen of the jury," Arkel had sought out as witnesses against Etwald seven persons. Firstly, Mrs. Dallas, who was to prove that she was hypnotized frequently by Dido.

"I expected that you would do so," rejoined David, bowing his head. "Indeed, you may rest assured that I shall take lodgings in Deannminster and wait for the trial. I shall defend Etwald to the best of my ability; and then you can decide whether I am fit to re-enter this house."

"I should think so. Simply because he is the holder of the Voodoo Stone. The only change of getting the negroes to confess the whole truth is for either you or I to gain possession of that stone."

"Where is it?" "Etwald carries it on his watch chain. I saw him the other day in prison, and he showed it to me. A common little black stone it is, but Dido would kill him with pleasure to get it."

"Kill Etwald!" ejaculated Jen. Then, after a pause, he added: "I believe you are right, Arkel, for it is not against himself he carries about, but the stone. However, I'll see Isabella and make her persuade Dido to speak against Etwald."

"The Major went at once to 'The Wigwam,' but notwithstanding all his eloquence, in spite of the tears and importunities of Isabella, the negro positively declined to say a word against the Great Master."

"While the man had the Voodoo Stone, I do nothing," she said. "I do nothing," she said. "I do nothing," she said. "I do nothing," she said. "I do nothing," she said.

"Why don't you get the Voodoo Stone yourself, if you adore it so much?" cried Mrs. Dallas, exasperated by this obstinacy.

cast into a wide ocean she disappeared from Deannminster, and possessed of the Voodoo Stone, possibly took her way to her native Ashantee, there to become the high priestess in the horrible fetich-worship of Africa.

For the next two days Major Jen stayed in the house and watched over the corpse of David. The whole scene was a repetition of that which had taken place when Maurice had died.

"No, missy, I tell de truth against dat man." "But the Voodoo Stone," said Jen, wondering what she meant.

"Dido opened her clenched fist. The Voodoo Stone lay in the palm of her hand." "How she became possessed of the Voodoo Stone, Dido refused to say.

"I think it is the best thing you can do," said Jen, brusquely. (To be continued.)

GENTLEMEN OF OLD SCHOOL.

Some Observations About a Type Existing in General Society. Not very long ago there was a dapper old gentleman of 90-odd years who, having published in his youth a famous technical book that remains in wide demand even to this day.

He was, nevertheless, clad upon the occasion in the latest fashion of a beau about town. His clothes were not plain. One recalls the effect of having a pattern—was it an invisible check or plaid?—his trousers were creased and generally light in hue.

The society of which he was a product had passed. Then men of his day regarded women as the fair sex, with all which the words imply; they cherished them, yet as something not too good for human nature's daily food.

There were many specimens of this type, and this chronicle of 1828 in an old book which came lately by chance into the hands of the Weekly—of those autograph albums bound in red leather and tastefully tooled in gilt, which were owned by the young ladies of the period, and with whose pages were embalmied the sentimental addresses of their admirers.

Openly chivalrous in tone, tender in spirit, what had become of the young men of 1828 who were not ashamed to write a copy of verses in their ladies' albums? Contemporaneous gentlemen, armored in the goggles and gaudy trappings of the motor car, and the record of men's achievement in the work of the world was at least as impressive in 1828 as it is now.

Her Hired Help. At Cumberland, Md., the colored servants, as a rule, go to their own homes at night. The cook in the family of the Episcopal clergyman not only does this, but of late has frequently arrived at the rectory too late to cook breakfast.

"I get to work when I gets ready," was the reply. "How do you manage 'bout the breakfast?" "Oh, I pays the missus to cook de breakfasts."—Harper's Magazine.

Proved His Innocence. "He proved his client's innocence of burglary by producing an alibi." "Then the prisoner didn't commit the theft as charged?" "No. His lawyer established the fact that the accused was in jail for highway robbery at the time the affair happened."—St. Louis Star.

A Sharp Dog. Penley—I only want to live until I become famous. Miss Keen—Ah, but we don't have Methuselahs nowadays, Mr. Penley.—Boston Transcript

WORLD OF FALSE IDEAS

Some Peculiar Beliefs That Have Been Proved Wrong as the Years Go By.

THE INACCURACIES OF HISTORY.

Fallacies Regarding Weather, Cats, Moths, Pendulums, Steam and Falling Now Exploded.

The world is full of fallacies, entirely apart from the great mass of superstitions which in themselves form a class, a writer in the New York Evening Post says. A little knowledge is a dangerous thing, and a superficial knowledge of the science will cause people to believe that the earth is cookey-shaped, or that orchards live on air, or that salamanders can really live in fire.

Weather is the subject of quantities of absurd theories, among which some people rank first the idea that the government forecasters can predict it. There is a belief that mild winters follow a mild December. There were those fringes of cannons and exploding aerial bombs some years ago to make rain fall on the thirsty farm lands.

History abounds in things which never happened. Wellington never said, "Up, guards, and at them!" at the battle of Waterloo. Dick Wittington never came to London with a domestic animal called a cat. William Tell never shot the apple off his son's head and Horatius never defended the bridge.

Lady Godiva has been absolutely disproved. Cinderella is said to have worn glass slippers to the famous ball at which she made her reputation. In the old Eastern version, she wore fur slippers. That cats suck the breath out of sleeping babies is an old absurdity that dies hard.

The pendulum does not make the clock go. It merely makes it go evenly. Steam is invisible. What we see emerging from locomotives and the tops of tall buildings is steam which has begun to turn back into water.

Many people think that a soft-boiled egg which has been allowed to cool cannot be made hard by a second boiling. This is not true. Every time a workman falls from a forty-story building there are people who say: "Well, he probably didn't feel it when he struck." There is little or no basis for this belief that a person is dead or unconscious at the end of a long fall.

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Tracing Freight Cars. How Time-Freight Rolling Stock Has Been Tamed and Subdued. A freight car is essentially common property. It has to go from one line to another in the course of its business. It has to carry loads from Jacksonville, Fla., to Spokane, Wash., from Phoenix, Ariz., to Augusta, Me. If all the freight cars in the United States were owned by one big company and if that company charged the railroads for the exact amount of use which they made of each car the situation would theoretically be more reasonable than it is to-day.

But in any case the wanderings of freight cars will always be an enormous amount of labor with pen and pencil and telegraph key and typewriter and long-distance telephone. The modern hunter of freight cars is not satisfied with knowing where all the cars on his own line are at the end of each day's run, the Technical World says. Modern business life has become so rapid that in the case of certain kinds of freight it is necessary to know just where each car is every few hours. This kind of freight is called time freight.

Ordinary freight is dead freight. Time freight consists only of certain materials. These materials run alphabetically all the way from asbestos, through cranberries, egg-case fillers, ink, peanuts and varnish, down to zinc. All cars in time freight trains are reported by telegraph from all divisions points.

You can stand in front of a big board on the wall—it is like the board on a stock broker's office except that it has little holes in it—and watch the progress of the cars in a time freight train from point to point. As the telegrams come in the pegs are moved from hole to hole. If you started a carload of varnish from Chicago to Omaha last night you can come in to-day and see just where that car is. You can watch it all the way to Omaha on the board.

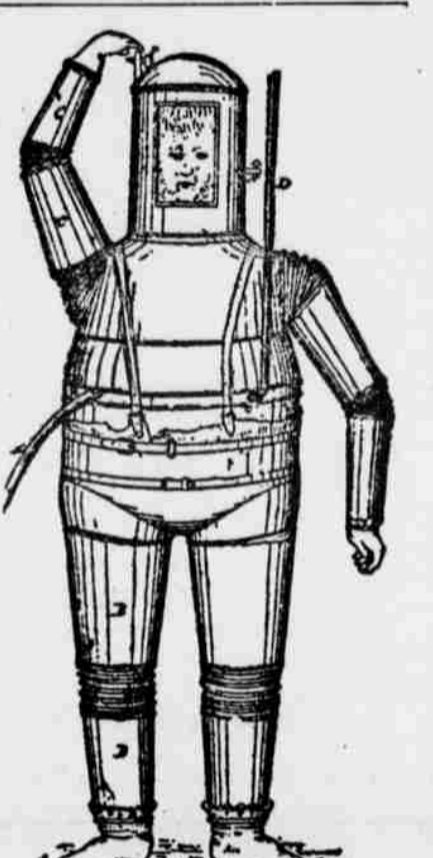
It is a cruel humiliation for the freight car. It used to be a wild, stray animal, but now it is tamed and domesticated. Just as we now have municipal lodging houses for tramps, so we have telegraph record boards for freight cars. Pretty soon nobody will be able to escape from the authorities. It is only occasionally, under modern methods, a freight car tracer has to go out and bring it home by force.

INVENTOR OF DIVING ARMOR Dress in Its Present Form Is Due to Vaive Made in 1838. Among pioneer inventors, to whom the diving dress in its present perfected form owes so much, was William Hammis Taylor. The previous "hit or miss" attempts were superseded by the Taylor patent of June 20, 1838 (No. 573), in which the essential features were the valve allowing the emission of consumed air without an influx of water. Previous to that time there had been the diving chest and the diving bell, of which the latter, introduced by Smeaton, in 1778, was the safest and most practical device for submarine exploration. The diving bell has been developed alongside of the diving dress, and is still in use.

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The general appearance of Taylor's diving armor was like that of a knight's surcoat, in which the essential feature was the valve. A large pipe coming down from the surface, and penetrating the body



FIRST DIVING ARMOR.

piece on the other side, and was provided with a valve which carried off the exhaust. Although diving armor has now reached its perfected state, this valve has never been materially improved upon. The accompanying illustration is reproduced from Mr. Taylor's patent.—Scientific American

MAYOR OF PORTO VELHO.

Unique Distinction Conferred Upon American in Heart of Brazil. To be made the mayor of a foreign community while still retaining American citizenship and to "get away with the goods" is something that does not fall to the lot of the average American. In Thomaston, L. I., however, the New York Telegram says, "there is today a live, up-to-date American, enjoying his first visit home in 25 months, who is the mayor of a place some 10,000 miles away, in the very heart of South America."

On the Booth liner Clement there arrived Thomas F. Murphy and four of his associates, Loftin E. White, "Joe" Gugenheim, W. Gerald Cooper and Fred Schmidt. The quintet have been in Brazil more than two years laying out a railroad route from Maracana to the headwaters of the Amazon, which is to stretch across the continent when it is completed.

Times were a bit dull at Porto Velho, so named for no reason in particular, for there was no habitation there until the five Americans arrived on the spot to lay out their railroad. To while away some of their spare time the Americans decided to hold an election.

The native porters and laborers were given pieces of pasteboard and told to place them in the big box at the entrance of the white man's camp when Gugenheim gave the signal.

In the improvised ballot box the natives dropped their bits of pasteboard, each of which read as follows: "I vote for Thomas F. Murphy for Mayor of Porto Velho."

There was no question as to the unanimous vote and after Murphy's election to office the five Americans proceeded to divide the rest of the municipal offices between the other four. According to the law of Brazil, however, the natives having voted regularly and willingly, really elected Murphy to the office of mayor of Porto Velho, and when the five Americans left there a month ago some Brazilian settlers were very much wrought up over the proposition of possibly never seeing their mayor again and over not being able to elect another man as their head because of the present incumbent of the mayor's office.

When a rattlesnake is annoyed, it shakes its rattles, and people quit annoying it. We wish we had rattles to shake at the approach of a book agent.

We hope some man will finally be found who never loved but one woman.