

### MY LITTLE GIRL.

Last night there flew to let me in  
My little brown-eyed daughter,  
She searched my pockets every one  
To see what I had brought her;  
She kissed me sweet on brow and cheek,  
And called me "dear old fellow!"  
The saucy, merry little scamp,  
With flying curls so yellow.

She perched upon my knee and told,  
With comment quaint and pretty,  
Of all the happenings at home  
While I was in the city.  
She wound me round her finger small  
Just as she has done ever—  
My little girl! I'd keep her thus  
Forever and forever!

That was last night, To-night there came  
Into the room demurely  
And sat upon the window seat  
A prim young stranger girlie,  
She cannot be my little lass,  
Who used to meet me daily,  
With laugh and kiss, and merry speech  
And feet that skipped so gaily!

Why must she grow young-ladyfied,  
And step in longer dresses?  
Why did they braid and tie, and pink  
Her tossing yellow tresses?  
Why should they change her spring-beeled  
boots  
For trotters so old-muddy?  
O where, O where's my little girl,  
And who is that young lady?

I sadly gazed in silence; she  
Sat meek, and unreplying,  
A little sob—and then there came  
A burst of childish crying.  
She crept to me and hid her face;  
My eyes grew strangely hazy;  
Her father's arms had caught her close—  
"My little one—my Gracie!"

"I do not want to be grown up!"  
"I'll be your little girlie!"  
"I'd rather wear my dresses short  
And let my hair hang curly."  
I raised her face—her loving tears  
Repaid the kiss I gave her,  
"I don't care if I am fourteen!  
I'm papa's pet forever."

"You shan't be grown up, love," I cried,  
"But stay my own and darling,  
I'd rather have the dresses short,  
And see your tresses curling!  
I'll speak to mamma!"—and I will  
Let fashion wait my pleasure,  
At least another year I'll keep  
My household's childhood treasure.

My little girl! My little Gracie!  
Come, now! a romp together,  
To clear the shadows from your face  
And bring the sunshine weather,  
Dear heart! the years too fast will go  
In spite of our endeavor,  
But you will always be my child,  
My little girl forever.

—Harriet Françoise Crocker, in George-  
town Herald.

### WEE WUNG'S PREDICAMENT.

It has been two or three years since  
Wee Wung returned to Pekin, but fond  
recollections of his great genius still  
linger in the hearts of the people of  
Chinatown. He was considered by the  
Chinese of San Francisco the very best  
female impersonator that had ever trod  
the boards of a theater outside of the  
Flower Land. He was honored and  
clined by the wealthiest Mongolians in  
Chinatown, and admired by all as the  
prince of comedians, during his year's  
engagement with the local stock com-  
pany.

Wee Wung, who was a good-looking  
little man of about twenty-five years,  
always appeared in the leading female  
role of a play, and always made the  
hit of the performance. His make-up  
as a gentle little belle was a work of art,  
and his portrayal of the feminine role  
was even more artistic. With his beau-  
tiful wig of oily black hair adorned with  
many jeweled pins and tiny chains,  
with his rouged cheeks, rosy-red lips  
and penciled eyebrows, and with his  
lovely gowns and tiny silken shoes, Wee  
Wung became a very adorable person,  
indeed—so adorable, in fact, that occa-  
sionally a masculine heart in the audi-  
ence made the ridiculous mistake of  
trotting with loving admiration.

One evening, during the continued run  
of the highly successful comedy, "The  
Emperor's Favorite Peacock," Wee  
Wung arrived at the theater earlier  
than usual, and, after he had donned  
his feminine garments and given his  
face the usual maidenly appearance,  
he discovered that he had mistaken the  
hour, and had come to the play house  
long before the time when he was to  
make his first entrance upon the stage.  
It was not yet 8 o'clock, and as Wee  
Wung was not to appear in the play un-  
til after 9, the little comedian con-  
cluded to enjoy his spare moments in a  
prolonged smoke. So he rolled up several  
cigarettes with his rice paper and to-  
bacco and sauntered down to the stage  
door, where he might stand on the steps  
and inhale the refreshing night air to-  
gether with the smoke.

He leaned against the doorway and  
directed his gaze toward the starlit sky,  
while his thoughts wandered away to  
his beloved Pekin. He pictured in his  
mind his return to his native land, flush-  
ed with artistic triumphs on American  
soil, his purse overflowing with Ameri-  
can dollars. For Wee Wung, like most  
of his fellow countrymen who sail to  
America, had come with but one object  
in view, and that was to carry back  
home with him just as much money as  
he could possibly secure. As he stood  
there in the stage doorway, dreaming  
of coming riches, his cigarette became  
smaller and smaller, until it burned  
his fingers and was regretfully thrown  
into the gutter.

Wee Wung was about to light another  
when a cab came rattling along the  
bouldered street. The driver brought  
the horse to a standstill at the curb-  
stone, directly in front of the little  
comedian, and a woman stepped out  
upon the sidewalk. Wee Wung was  
greatly surprised when she turned to  
him and said, "My good woman, would  
you like to earn five dollars?"  
Of course the lady supposed Wee

Wung to be a woman, and the actor  
smiled to himself at the mistake. He  
understood English fairly well, al-  
though he spoke it poorly, and he com-  
prehended the fact that the strange lady  
of the cab wished him to perform some  
service for money. He nodded his  
head, indicating that he was perfectly  
willing to earn five dollars—a sum  
which is not to be laughed at by any  
Chinaman, and certainly not by mercen-  
ary little Wee Wung.

"There is no work expected of you,"  
said the lady. "All you have to do is  
to come with me at once, as I am in a  
great hurry."

Wee Wung explained, as best he  
could, that he must be back by 9 o'clock.  
"Very well," his new friend contin-  
ued, "I promise that you shall be  
brought back to your home here in the  
cab by that time."

The bargain was completed. Without  
asking any questions, the adventurous  
Chinaman entered the vehicle with the  
strange woman and was quickly driven  
up Deponent street toward the business  
portion of the city. Wee Wung did not  
choose to disclose his identity, for  
shrewd reasons of his own. In the first  
place, he preferred that his new com-  
panion should believe him to be a woman,  
because if she realized the true state  
of things, he feared that she might not  
give him the five-dollar job after all.

Second, he wished to keep his curious  
trip into the city a close secret, for if  
the manager of the theater discovered  
that the little comedian had played  
truant in order to earn extra money,  
he might not approve of the adventure  
at all. So Wee Wung held his tongue,  
and said not a word to the lady seated  
beside him as the cab rumbled along  
the street, although he could not but  
feel some curiosity to know what he  
was expected to do in return for the  
money. The lady volunteered no infor-  
mation upon the subject, however, so  
the little comedian remained quite in  
the dark.

In a short time the cab came to a  
stop in front of a large building, the  
topmost part of which—so Wee Wung  
noted as he gazed upward—appeared to  
be brilliantly lighted. The little Mon-  
golian's new friend took him by the  
hand, leading him into the building and  
into an elevator, and accompanying him  
in a flying journey to the top floor. Soon  
Wee Wung found himself on a platform  
in the brightly illuminated hall which  
he had seen from the street. His guide,  
the woman of the cab, ushered him to  
one side of the platform, behind a cur-  
tain, where another lady seemed to be  
waiting for them. A tall, straight, rather  
handsome woman she was, and she  
wore the most curious costume that  
Wee Wung had ever seen upon an  
American lady.

"I have found a Chinese woman for  
you, Mrs. Pinkley-Creston," said Wee  
Wung's woman, as she led the supposed  
Chinese girl into the presence of the  
strangely costumed lady.

"Oh, I thank you so much, Mrs. Hes-  
per," replied Mrs. Pinkley-Creston,  
enthusiastically. "I'm sure I don't know  
what I should have done without your  
kind assistance. It is after 8 o'clock,  
and I must begin at once, or my audi-  
ence will be growing impatient."

After bidding Wee Wung remain  
where he was until told to step forward,  
Mrs. Pinkley-Creston walked out to the  
center of the platform, while Mrs. Hes-  
per took a seat in the audience. By  
peeping around the curtain behind  
which he was stationed, the little Chin-  
aman could see that the hall was filled  
with women. There was not a man  
among them. What did it all mean?  
Why had he been brought here? Wee  
Wung was sorely puzzled. What kind  
of entertainment was this, and what  
part could he possibly take in it? But  
Mrs. Pinkley-Creston had begun to talk,  
and Wee Wung strained his ears in or-  
der to hear something that might throw  
light upon the bewildering situation.

"My dear friends," began Mrs. Pink-  
ley-Creston, "I come before you to-  
night to repeat my somewhat celebrated  
lecture upon 'Woman's Dress in Differ-  
ent Nations.' I have always been an  
ardent advocate of dress reform, and in  
this sacred cause I have traveled over  
the world so that I might become thor-  
oughly acquainted with the costumes  
worn by the women of different na-  
tionalities. I now propose to take each na-  
tion, one at a time, and describe to you  
the native dress of its women. I shall  
first call your attention to the Chinese  
—not that they come first, necessarily,  
in the matter of proper dress, but be-  
cause I have secured a Chinese woman  
from Chinatown to illustrate this part  
of my lecture, and I do not wish to take  
up too much of her time."

Here Mrs. Pinkley-Creston turned her  
head and smiled sweetly at Wee Wung,  
and beckoned him on to the platform  
before the audience. Poor Wee Wung  
was terror-stricken as he stepped into  
view. He had appeared upon the boards  
the greater part of his life, but had  
never experienced stage fright before.  
He regretted that he had been fool  
enough to be tempted by five dollars  
into leaving his theater. He had not  
understood the meaning of half the  
words used by the lecturer, and did not  
dream, as yet, what was expected of  
him. So he stood there upon the plat-  
form looking before him into a throng  
of American women—a badly frighten-  
ed little Chinaman. A murmur of ad-  
miration arose from the audience when  
Wee Wung made his appearance, for,  
as has before been stated, he presented  
a very charming figure of Chinese maid-  
enhood when made up for the roles he  
always played.

"Now, all will notice," continued Mrs.  
Pinkley-Creston, taking the end of Wee  
Wung's silken gown in her hands, "that  
the Chinese women wear only the most  
soft and clinging outer garments, which  
are not only comfortable to the wearer,  
but very pleasing to the eye as well.  
Their great wide sleeves I also sanc-  
tion, and trust the day will come when

all women will wear them. As for the  
undergarments of the Chinese women,  
I regard them as most sensible and  
praiseworthy. Now, my good woman,"  
the lecturer went on, addressing Wee  
Wung, "I wish that you would show the  
ladies the rest of your clothes, and tell  
them in your best English the manner  
in which you dress."

A lustrous light flashed into Wee  
Wung's almond eyes. At last he un-  
derstood it all.

"Chinese girl no talker," he said in his  
falsetto voice, shaking his head vigor-  
ously, "if Melian lady no pay five dol-  
lah."

"She is afraid that I will not pay her  
the money which I promised her for  
coming here," explained Mrs. Pinkley-  
Creston to the audience. "You need not  
fear, my little woman, I shall give you  
the five dollars," she added, turning to  
Wee Wung. "Now, please to tell the  
ladies about your clothes."

"First give Chinese girl five dollah,"  
repeated Wee Wung, with a broad grin.  
"Very well, then," replied the lec-  
turer with some exasperation in her  
voice, "here is the money, and she drew  
from her trousers pocket a five-dollar note  
which she handed to the little Chinaman.  
No sooner was the money in his  
hand than Wee Wung raised his voice  
and fairly shouted:

"Me no Chinese gal—me Chinese boy!"  
and he jerked from his head the black  
false hair, disclosing his shaven cran-  
ium and long, snake-like queue.

The confusion which followed beggars  
description. In the midst of it all little  
Wee Wung hurried down six flights of  
stairs, not daring to ride alone in the  
elevator, and ran all the way back to  
the Chinese theater, laughing as he ran  
as no Chinaman ever laughed before  
—since—Louis Wesley Jones, in Kate  
Field's Washington.



In press is a new novel by Clive Hol-  
land, entitled "A Writer of Fiction."  
"A Study of St. Paul," by the Rev.  
S. Baring-Gould, is announced for early  
publication.

Alice Kipling—yes, she is his sister—  
has written a novel which is shortly to  
appear in London under the title, "A  
Pinebeck Goddess."

Rudyard Kipling has completed a  
new short story of some 12,000 words  
in length, to which he has given the  
title "Slaves of the Lamp."

"Rapunzel of Harizan" is the title An-  
thony Hope has chosen for his sequel  
to "The Prisoner of Zenda." It is to  
be run as a serial before being put into  
book form.

Marie Corelli's "Ziska" is on the eve  
of appearance in London. Whether  
she is or is not "the greatest of romance  
writers of to-day," her book is sure to  
sell by tens of thousands.

Among the most important books that  
are just ready are Davenport's "Experi-  
mental Morphology," Macy's "English  
Constitution," and Miss Kingsley's  
"Travels in West Africa."

Max Pemberton's forthcoming story,  
"Christine of the Hills," deals with the  
Adriatic and the beautiful mountain  
town of Jajce in Bosnia. Some of the  
scenes are also laid in Vienna, but the  
heroine is an Italian.

The Macmillan Company is about to  
publish E. P. Knight's account of the  
recent expedition to Dongola, based up-  
on his letters as special correspondent  
of the London Times. The title is to  
be "Letters from the Soudan."

If sales are any indication of merit,  
"Fort Frayne" must be the best of  
Capt. King's novels. Nine cloth edi-  
tions of the book were sold during the  
first year, and Mr. Neely now an-  
nounces a new 25,000 edition in paper.

The last two novels written by the  
Duchess before her death are soon to  
appear. "The Coming of Chloe" is to  
appear at once, and the last of the  
thirty or forty volumes by Mrs. Hun-  
gerford, entitled "Loveice," will shortly  
follow.

The last of Stevenson's unpublished  
works will begin its serial appearance  
soon. Unlike "Weir of Hermiston,"  
this novel is said to have been left all  
but complete at the author's death.  
Those who have read it say it is a  
straightway, honest tale of adventure,  
related in Stevenson's most spirited  
style. It is a love story and records the  
adventures of an audacious French  
soldier who becomes a prisoner of war  
in Edinburgh Castle.

In Richard Harding Davis' article on  
"The Randerium of Hungary" he says  
that the celebration at Buda-Pesth last  
June of the thousandth year of Hun-  
gary as a kingdom was one of the  
great historical spectacles of the cen-  
tury, celebrating the triumph of parlia-  
mentary government, and yet hardly  
any mention was made of it in current  
journalism. On the other hand, the  
Czar's coronation, a festival of abso-  
lutism, was trumpeted throughout the  
world.

The Russian Imperial Academy has  
decided to undertake the publication of  
a national biographical dictionary of  
Russian men of letters and men of sci-  
ence. The ground for such a work has  
been prepared by the laborious efforts  
of M. Venguerov, and the materials he  
provides will practically form the  
work, which the academy will bring  
out at its own cost. It is stated that  
these materials fill 400,000 pages of  
manuscript, and contain a biographical  
sketch of the selected individuals as  
well as references to their works. Liv-  
ing Russians are included, and M. Ven-  
guerov has received much assistance  
from them in his compilation.

A promising mine will as surely ruin  
a man in time as a promising horse.

### A COUNTRY OF CHECKS.

Hardships of Englishmen with the  
American Baggage System.

The American Constitution has been  
called a system of checks. So is Ameri-  
can life, says the London Mail. When  
you want to travel you give your bag-  
gage to the porter of your hotel and  
he gives you a check in return. At the  
station you reclaim it with the check,  
and pass it in at a counter and re-  
ceive another check. As you ap-  
proach your destination another func-  
tionary comes along the train, takes  
your check and gives you another in  
its place. He fishes out your baggage  
and conveys it to your hotel—for a con-  
sideration. You have left your third  
and last check at the office of the hotel  
when you enter it, and thence it is de-  
livered up on receipt of the baggage.

At first you bless this arrangement  
as the salvation of the traveler. After  
a few weeks of it the tyranny of the  
check becomes so galling that you  
begin to long for the fine old English  
method of dumping down your goods  
in front of the porter and leaving them  
to find the way themselves. You would  
even hail it as a personal triumph if  
some of your baggage would get lost.  
But it never does. Sometimes it ar-  
rives late, but it always arrives.

Yet it seldom arrives in the shape  
in which it started, if that is any con-  
solation. They who have to do with  
baggage see to that. You very soon  
discover why Americans carry their  
goods in iron-clad trunks, and why it  
is madness for anybody to do anything  
else. I started out, like an idiot, with  
a new leather portmanteau. They  
ripped the stout brass lock off in the  
first week—not for plunder apparent-  
ly, but simply because it is the tradi-  
tion of the service. They punched it  
and kicked and danced on it. In softer  
hours, when literary inspirations came,  
they wrote on it. My portmanteau to-  
day is an epitome of the political sen-  
timent of the United States from New  
York to San Francisco. As a histori-  
cal document it is beyond price, and I  
am contemplating the gift of it to the  
library of Congress at Washington.

As a portmanteau it has both feet in  
the grave.

The system of checks is not confined  
to travelers' luggage. The conductor  
of the train passes carelessly to and  
fro asking for your tickets, and giving  
you a check in return, or asking for  
your check and returning your ticket.  
If you hand your stick to a boy in a  
hotel while you write your name in  
the register he dashes off to stow it  
away in some secret place and returns  
triumphant with a check.

But the apotheosis of the check is  
at Niagara. When you go down to the  
Cave of the Winds you strip off all  
your clothes and leave them, as well  
as your valuables, in a tin box with  
the attendant. Then you go down to  
bathe with the catarrh attired only  
in a suit of pajamas, a suit of oil-skins  
and a check lashed around your neck,  
and rising and falling with the beat-  
ing of your heart. No wonder the  
American speaks of death as landing  
in his checks. It is only by death that  
he can rid himself of them.

The Greatest Violinist.

Paganini was the most remarkable  
genius with the violin that the world  
ever knew. His technique was some-  
thing wonderful, but mere technique  
would never have accomplished the  
results he obtained, nor would it have  
thrown the musical world into spasms  
of admiration as he did. The accounts  
of his playing seem almost incredible.  
With the first note the audience was  
spellbound, and remained so to the last.  
From the violin he drew tones which  
were unsuspected to exist and invented  
and played passages believed to be im-  
possible. Moore said: "Paganini can  
play divinely, and does so for a min-  
ute or two; then comes his tricks and  
surprises, his bow in convulsions, his  
enharmonics like the mewling of an  
exploding cat." The main technical fea-  
tures of Paganini's playing were his  
unfailing intonations, his wonderful  
rapidity, and a command never equalled  
of harmonics and double harmonics.  
He was wonderfully tricky, however,  
and often accomplished effects not un-  
derstood even by experts, by tuning his  
violin in a different manner from that  
usually employed. A certain trick  
passage, running up two octaves while  
holding B flat, seems to be impossible  
to the ordinary violinist, but, it is said,  
by tuning a semi-tone higher the pas-  
sage presents no unusual difficulty. He  
never allowed anyone to hear him tune  
his violin, and when professional people  
attempted to solve the problem of his  
playing by requesting him to play in  
private, he invariably contrived in some  
way or other to disappoint their ex-  
pectations. The secret of his execution  
died with him, and he has never been  
equalled as a violinist.

Why He Suffered.

"I understand you were punished in  
school to-day, Thomas," said Mr. Bacon  
to his 12-year-old boy.

"Yes, sir," promptly replied the ju-  
venile.

"For what?"

"For telling the truth, sir."

"Your teacher said it was for some  
reflection you made upon her age."

"That's the way she took it, father.  
You see, she drew a picture of a basket  
of eggs on the blackboard, and while  
she was out of the room I just wrote  
under them: 'The hen that made these  
eggs isn't any chicken.'—Yonkers  
Statesman.

An Inducement.

In an advertisement for a young gen-  
tleman who left his parents it was  
stated that "if Master Jacky will re-  
turn to his disconsolate parents he  
shall be allowed to sweeten his tea."  
—Tit-Bits.

When you find it hard to keep warm,  
it is a sign of old age. We have not  
been warm for three days.



Smokehouse for Curing Meat.

A smokehouse so arranged that the  
attendant need not enter when filled  
with smoke to replenish the fire is but  
rarely in use. The plan illustrated ob-  
viates such annoyance. The house is  
square, and may be of a size dependent  
upon the amount of material one  
may have yearly to cure by smoke. For  
common use, a house ten feet square is  
of ample proportions. In the cut, an  
entrance door is shown in front and a  
small window near the top that can be  
opened from the outside to quickly free  
the inside of smoke. At the bottom of  
one side is a small door, from which ex-  
tends a small track to the center of the  
room, in which slides a square piece of  
plank, moved by an iron rod with a  
hook on one end. On this plank is  
placed an old iron kettle, with four or  
five inches of earth in the bot-  
tom. On this the fire is to be built,  
when the kettle can be slid to the  
center of the room with the iron rod.  
It can be drawn to the small door at  
any time, to replenish the fire without  
entering the smoky room or allowing  
the smoke to come out. The house has  
an earthen floor and a tight foundation  
of brick or stone. The walls should be  
of matched boarding and the roof shingled.  
Corn cobs make an excellent smoldering  
fire with an abundant evolution of smoke.  
Chips from the woodpile with some  
earth and sawdust, if not too moist,  
also make a smoldering fire that an-  
swers very well.—Farm and Home.

Whipping Balking Horses.

Notwithstanding the fact that the  
press continually admonishes whom it  
may concern that it does no good to  
whip a balky horse, almost every owner  
or driver of one does it to-day. It is  
probably the greatest piece of horse  
folly in existence. It is not a reman-  
ent of barbarism, but it is continued  
barbarism, and brings out what original  
sin there is in a man. The brain of a  
horse can retain but one idea at a time.  
If the idea is to sulk, whipping only  
intensifies it. A change of that idea,  
then, is the only successful method of  
management. This may be accom-  
plished in a score of ways, a few of  
which are here named: Tie a handker-  
chief about his eyes; tie his tail to  
the bellyband or backband; fasten a  
stick in his mouth; tie a cord tightly  
about his leg; clasp his nostrils and  
shut his wind off until he wants to go;  
unhitch him from the vehicle and then  
hitch him up again, or almost any way  
to get his mind on something else.  
Whipping or scolding always does  
harm. The treatment should always  
be gentle. There are more balky driv-  
ers than horses.—National Stockman.

Sales All the Year.

The farmer who grows a variety of  
crops can if he chooses select such  
kinds as will furnish him always some-  
thing to sell at any time of the year.  
All the family expenses go on without  
ceasing, and unless income does also  
the debts accumulated when there is  
nothing that can be sold make a heavy  
load when the few main crops are mar-  
keted. The necessity for peddling his  
products in small dribbles may seem a  
hardship, but it teaches how little sums  
of money accumulate if they are saved,  
which is a much better lesson than that  
of learning how fast they add up when  
they are carelessly spent.

Sow Plaster Early.

The experience of farmers who have  
used plaster most shows that it can-  
not be relied upon to do any good if  
sown after most of the spring rains  
have passed. How early it can be sown  
with advantage cannot be said. It was  
a common practice of an old farmer of  
our acquaintance to sow plaster on the  
snow at the same time he sowed his  
clover and grass seed. If there is a  
clover seeding on the ground, the plas-  
ter may be sown any time in winter or  
even the previous fall. It will help the  
clover until the field is plowed again.  
It is supposed that one advantage of  
the plaster is in absorbing ammonia  
from the air and rain. But there is  
more ammonia in most snow in propor-  
tion to the water it contains than in  
any rainfall. For that reason sowing  
plaster on snow that fell in large, open  
places, and therefore absorbed most  
ammonia from the air, will probably be  
advisable.—American Cultivator.

Wood Ashes for Heavy Soils.

All heavy soils contain some potash,  
but it is often in form not available  
for crops. Hence ashes or other forms  
of available potash may do as much  
good on heavy loams as they do on  
sandy soils naturally deficient in this  
mineral. Even if potash is present in  
sandy soils it is quite likely to be in the  
form of a silicate of potash, which is  
insoluble except in contact with some-

thing that is fermenting. It is thus  
that a dressing of stable manure hav-  
ing very little potash itself may make  
bright, clean straw where it is applied,  
while on the land not manured the  
grain and straw will be rusted. It is  
potash or the lack of it that makes this  
difference, and the result shows that  
the manure made soluble enough pot-  
ash in the soil to maintain healthful  
plant growth.

Poor Tramps Make Good Roads.

It was determined to break up the  
tramp nursery this season by estab-  
lishing some extensive rock-breaking  
piles at Waterville, central New York.  
A tent was erected in which the tramps  
were given shelter and food, and it was  
stipulated that each tramp was to earn  
his shelter and food by work on the  
rock pile. The hop-picking camp lasted  
twenty-two days, and during that time  
716 men and 64 boys, all tramps, avail-  
ed themselves of the opportunity  
to work on the rock pile. They succeed-  
ed in breaking up 400 tons of rock,  
worth to the community for their mac-  
adam roads \$1.15 per ton. The cost of  
their entertainment amounted to but  
\$375. The experiment was satisfactory  
in every respect. The conclusion was  
found that the hard times have influ-  
enced the character of tramps. Ordinarily  
the opportunity to work for a  
meal or a night's lodging is rejected.—  
Orange Judd Farmer.

Success in Fruit Gardening.

Published accounts are given of the  
success of small orchards planted a  
few years ago in northern Ohio. Among  
others is that of Aaron Teeple, who ten  
years ago bought three acres of land,  
built house and barn on it, and planted  
it with a general collection of fruit  
trees, including peaches, pears and  
plums, and twenty of the most popular  
grapes. One-half of the ground is de-  
voted to market gardening. For three  
or four years he has taken premiums  
for fine fruit. It is said that the re-  
ceipts this year will exceed \$600. The  
plum crop was over fifty bushels this  
season, and the fruit large and highly  
colored. This furnishes a fine example  
of the brief time required to bring fruit  
trees into profitable bearing.

Profit in Young Animals.

It is mighty poor stock that will not  
pay a profit while it is young. The cost  
of keeping is smallest then, and its  
growth from the same feed is greatest.  
An old farmer who always grew hogs  
said that the market never got too low  
for him to make some profit. All he did  
as the price went down was to kill the  
pigs or sell them alive while still young.  
"It is curious," he used to say, "how  
many farmers toward spring want to  
buy young pigs. They will often pay  
nearly as much as the same animal will  
be worth after keeping all summer, es-  
pecially if the price of pork declines,  
as it is apt to, between spring and fall.

Water Over Underdrains.

It often happens when ground is  
frozen deeply and thaws suddenly that  
water will stand over the drains for  
several hours. This only means that  
the frozen soil does not let the water  
through to the drain. But this never  
occurs long enough to do any injury  
even to winter grain. The warm air  
from the drain is always thawing the  
soil from below, and it does not take  
many hours if the drain is a deep one  
for the warm air to break through.

Coal to Boil Sap.

Under the old methods of tapping  
trees enough were killed by the severe  
gashes made to keep the fires supplied  
that are needed to boil the sap. But in  
most places coal is quite as cheap a  
fuel as wood, especially if thifty maple  
trees have to be cut down to feed the  
fires. A wood flame is sure to be un-  
even, not furnishing the steady regulat-  
ed heat which is needed to make the  
best product.

Poultry Points.

Have you selected your best and sold  
the culls? If not, why not?  
We should manage not to keep a fowl  
or chick any longer than they are a  
source of income.  
To sell our best even at a good price  
is foolishness; as long as we wish to  
breed we should keep them.  
The knowing just what to sell and  
just when to sell is often the difference  
between success and failure.  
It is no earthly use feeding a lot of  
chicks that are of no use only for the  
pot; sell them and use the money to  
buy fed for the rest.  
Of course our best breeders must  
not be disposed of even when they are  
not laying, as they must be kept for  
breeding purposes.  
It is not good policy to sell all the  
cockerels, even if you do not want but  
one as a breeder; by keeping three or  
four you will have a better selection,  
and then if you keep but one, he might  
die, then you would be compelled to  
buy a breeder.—Interstate Poultryman.

His Views.

The Rev. R. S. Hawker, rector of  
Morwenston in Cornwall, was the poet  
of his rocky and beautiful corner of  
England. It has been said of him that  
he was a poet first, a divine afterward.  
His great and stirring song: "And  
shall Trelawney die?" will never be  
forgotten in Cornwall, and all his lyrics  
of the region are touched by such true  
and haunting local color that they can  
never be disassociated from the place.  
But aside from his poetic gifts, this  
noted churchman had a fine sense of  
humor. Many persons doubted whether  
he was at one with his own church,  
or whether he had inner leanings to-  
ward the Papal communion. Querists,  
however, got little satisfaction out of  
him. One day some one asked him  
point-blank, "What are your views?"  
He walked up to his window, and  
looked out on the Atlantic.  
"It," said he, "my eyes were strong  
enough, I should have a perfect view  
of Labrador."