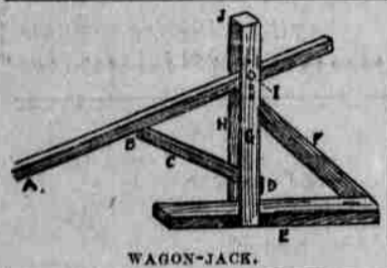


Good Wagon Jack.

A correspondent of the Ohio Farmer thinks that the trouble with many wagon-jacks is that they are inclined to tip toward the end of the lever...



WAGON-JACK.

Lift a ton and a half; can take off a wheel with a big load on the wagon. It requires no blacksmith work to make it...

When to Spray.

The first spraying should be done early in the spring before the buds open, and it must be done thoroughly. The second should be done after the trees are through blossoming...

Incubators for Early Chicks.

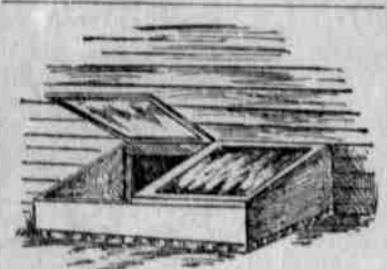
However resolutely a breeder may resolve to do without incubators, he cannot very well dispense with them if he wants the very earliest-hatched chicks...

Flowers.

In 1842 a Russian farmer named Bokareff conceived the idea of extracting oil from the seed of the sunflower. His neighbor told him it was a visionary idea...

Serves a Double Purpose.

The cut shows a hotbed that is built against the south side of the poultry house, serving all through the winter as a sunny scratching place for the fowls...



HOTBED AS A POULTRY RUN.

About the time the plants are started the fowls will be getting out upon the ground, while all through the deep snows of winter they will have an exceedingly sunny space to run...

Early Weeds.

There are many different kinds of weeds and some of them start off early in the spring, almost before the frost leaves the ground...

MOLLY IN THE CHOIR.

In a blaze of golden sunshine, Sabbath morning sunshine gay, Laughed a girl with hair all glory, Fresh young face and eyes of gray...

In a flood of chastened glory, Great white light from out the West, Stood a woman, loveliest, fairest, In her face her soul expressed...

In the gloom of winter, beating 'Gainst the pane fierce storm and sleet, Stands a woman, sorrow-laden, With a face resigned and sweet...

A HUNDRED-DOLLAR BILL.

"HELP me think. I have got to do something. I feel so—so responsible," Peggy said to Mabel, who answered, sticking out her chin...

"I never saw a hundred-dollar bill. Let me look at yours—if you know where it is," Mabel said, almost pensively. Peggy gave her red skirts an airy flirt...

"Oh! You're like the milkmaid over in the back of the spelling book," Mabel broke in. Peggy grew very sober. "It's thinkin' about her makes me so uneasy," she said...

"You surely ain't 'fraid of robbers?" Mabel laughed. "There never was one in the county, father says. Nor traps neither—"

"That won't do at all. Of course, robbers would look in our clothes first thing, after they didn't find it in the desk," Peggy answered...

"Oh, I know where it'll be safe! Let's put it under Seraphine's new face before we see it on. Nobody in the world would ever find it there," Mabel cried...

"The smallest tree in the world is the Greenland birch. Its height is less than three inches, yet it covers a radius of two or three feet."

"Sheep Shearing. Cull out the poor rams. Keep a good dip near at hand. Arrange to sell your feeders early. Have salt constantly before the sheep."

"Be thoroughly posted on the market before shipping. Culls which are not fat should not be shipped to market."

"Don't feed corn but twice a day. Too much is worse than too little. Be certain that there are not ticks or lice on the sheep."

"Be sure that the water supply for the flock is out of reach of the frost, and is pure. A close watch should be kept by feeders that there are no signs of scab in the flock."

"To fatten lambs they should be kept in pens which will not allow of a great amount of exercise. There should be a thorough inspection of the feet of every member of the flock, and the proper trimming should be done."

Are the people at this place all dead or asleep? My name is John Dutch—I've come twenty miles to fetch 'Squire Crayshaw that felly he said he'd buy last week."

"You'll have to come in and wait, Mr. Dutch. He won't be home for ever so long," Peggy said, hospitably, setting open the door. Mr. Dutch shook his head...

"She is mad with you because you made her come too fast. See how her flanks heave," Peggy said. Dutch smiled oddly as he answered: "I had to come fast. I am bound to go back to-night, and the days are short now."

"Oh, Peggy! Don't!" Mabel said eagerly, but Peggy frowned at her. "Don't you mind her, Mr. Dutch," she said. "Of course, I'll give you the money. Father must have forgotten you were coming, but I won't make him pay me quite two hundred. That wouldn't be fair—would it?"

"Anything's fair in a horse trade," Dutch said. "But let's finish our bargain. I must be movin' fast. Get the money, please, while I write a receipt."

"In just a minute," Peggy said, leading the way to her father's desk. As Dutch sat down he looked apprehensively over his shoulder through the open door, and said almost in a whisper: "Make haste."

Hand in hand, Peggy and Mabel ran to find Seraphine. Seraphine had vanished. Yet the room was undisturbed, the windows fast, the door securely latched, the white kitten, sleeping peacefully beside the fire. The children looked at each other, awestruck, then began to cry. Dutch darted in to them...

"How did he get my hundred dollar bill? Make him tell. Make him give it back. He stole it while we were in the orchard," Peggy cried, shrilly. The Sheriff looked significantly at Hankins. Hankins shook his head. "I came after it," he said, defiantly, "but sure as I'm in these bracelets, if it's gone, somebody else got it. If I had got it, you'd a-never caught me. The stock's dead beat—I'd a-left it and struck for the railroad. I knew you were not two miles behind."

Search proved that he told the truth. When the Sheriff had taken him away, Peggy and Mabel ransacked the premises. They looked under the beds, in every drawer and caddy, the kitchen closet, the woodshed, even the pigeon house, the chicken coop and the pumpshed. "I don't believe it could have got to the barn," Peggy said despairingly...

"Just as she said it there came a queer lumbering pit-pat on the kitchen stairs, which ran up in one corner and led to a low, dark closet. Peggy and Mabel had looked it through as best they might by light of the stable lantern, turning inside out everything but Bose's box bed beside the warm chimney, in which Bose himself, most wretched of shepherd puppies, lay curled into a fuzzy ball...

"Why, it's Seraphine! He carried her off to his bed!" Mabel screamed. Peggy had her arms about the puppy's neck. "Oh, you darling! You saved my hundred dollar bill!" she cried—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

When a woman has mashed potatoes for dinner, it indicates that she has worked awfully hard; potatoes have to be peeled and boiled and mashed, as they don't come in cans.

There is always a quarrel going on as to which is the more fickle, men or women. Both are so fickle that they should be ashamed of themselves.

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