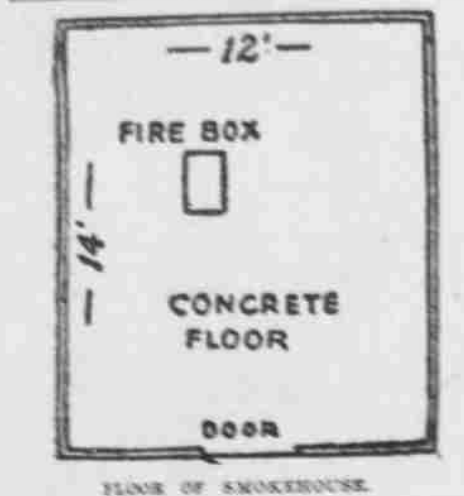


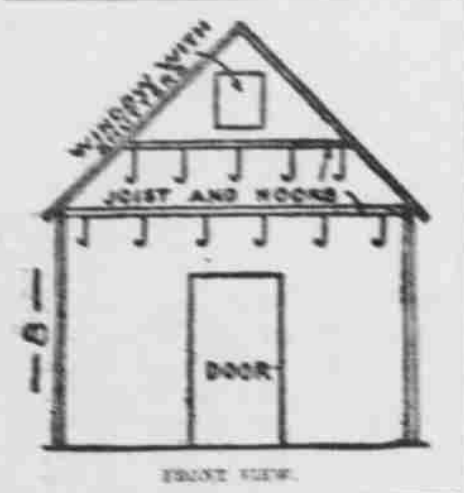


Corn cut for silage. Corn of any variety is at its best for feeding or silage as it comes from the field when about half of the ears are just past the age for table use...

To Make Farm Smokehouse. What I have found to be a good smokehouse for curing 75 to 100 hams should be about 12x14 feet. Build a good, strong frame and fill the space between the siding and ceiling with soft brick...



well, but a tight plank floor is better, but best of all is a good concrete floor. In the center of the floor there should be a firebox built of brick...



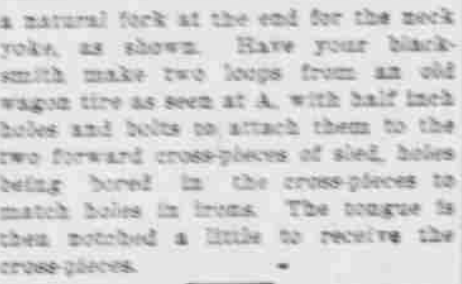
one-quarter inch red iron and should be long enough to let the meat hang clear of the joints. A window should be in one end of the house to give light when needed...

Culture of the Orchard. Cultivation of the orchard is mainly for conserving soil moisture. If cultivation is begun early in the season and continued until midsummer...

Justing Work of Farm. The best time of the year to look over a farm for the purpose of buying is in the summer, just before the binders get to work...

Cooperatives and Co-operation. Cooperatives and co-operation are planned about three feet apart. They should be cultivated and must be kept free from weeds...

Stig Tongue for Sled. This is a very great improvement over the old way of having the tongue mortised into a roller which would turn and when the team would try to hold back going down hill the tongue would fly up...



Filling Washy Places. If there is no other trash on the farm for filling washy places in the fields straw manure from the stables is excellent. The straw will fill the places and catch and hold all of the soil...

Control of San Jose Scale. Although the San Jose scale is a thing to be avoided, it is not dreaded so much as it is used to be. The lime sulphur wash will prevent the disease from spreading...



Keeping Cellars in Order. Very frequently the cellar is lacking in conveniences. This should not be so; there ought to be a cement floor, bins for potatoes and a rack for milk pans...

Pesticides in Farm Management. Activity may be overcome by applying from 100 to 1,000 pounds of lime per acre, or by the use of slugs or ground shells. There is much of value written these days about work on the farm...

FINDING THE POLE

BY JULES VERNE

CHAPTER III.—(Continued.) Hatteras had aimed well and before either of his companions came up he had plunged his knife in the animal's throat. "Hurrah! Bravo!" shouted Johnson and the doctor, but Hatteras stood cool and unexcited, gazing at his prostrate foe. The beast was very fat, and weighed 1,500 pounds. The hunters were so famished that they had hardly patience to cut up the carcass and carry home the flesh to be cooked. It needed all the doctor's persuasion to prevent them eating it raw. On entering the hut, they were struck with the coldness of the atmosphere. The fire was out. The exciting business of the morning had made Johnson neglect his accustomed duty. The doctor got the tinder and asked Johnson for the steel. The sailor went through his pockets and searched the hut. The steel was gone. "Not got the steel!" the doctor repeated, shuddering. "Look again." "But it was gone." "This is a serious business, doctor," said Hatteras, gravely. Each sat looking at the other, and at death, it was serious. Then the doctor sprang to his feet. "An idea has occurred to me." "What?" said Hatteras. "Let us make a lens." "How?" "With ice." "We'll try it. Bring your hatchet."

A good-sized piece was soon cut off about a foot in diameter, and the doctor set to work. He chipped it into rough shape with the hatchet, then with his knife, making as smooth a surface as possible. He finished the polishing process with his fingers, rubbing away until he had obtained a lens as transparent as crystal. The sun was shining, the tinder was held beneath the ice lens to catch the rays. In a few seconds it took fire to Johnson's rapturous delight. He danced about like an idiot, almost beside himself with joy, and shouted, "Hurrah! hurrah!" while Clawbonny hurried back into the hut and rekindled the fire. It was soon roaring, and it was not many minutes before the savory odor of broiled bear steak roused Bell from his torpor. What a feast this meal was to the poor starving men may be imagined. The doctor, however, counseled moderation in eating, and set the example himself. "This is a glad day for us," he said, "and we have no fear of wanting food all the rest of our journey. Still, we must not forget we have further to go yet, and I think the sooner we start the better."

"We cannot be far off now," said Altamont, who could speak almost perfectly again; "we must be within forty-eight hours' march of the Pole." "I hope we'll find something there to make a fire with," said the doctor, smiling. "My lens needs the sun, and there are plenty of days when it does not make its appearance here, within less than four degrees of the pole." "Less than four degrees?" repeated Altamont, with a sigh. "Yes, my ship went further than any other has ever ventured." "It is time we started," said Hatteras, abruptly. On the way the doctor asked Altamont what had brought him so far north. The American made only two far-seeing replies. Clawbonny, whooped to Johnson: "We've got two men that need looking after."

"You say right," said Johnson. "Hatteras doesn't talk to this American, and I must say the man has not shown himself very grateful." "It don't like the expression of his face," said Johnson. "I think he suspects Hatteras' plan." "Then you think that Altamont—?" "The ship was certainly on the road to the north pole." "But don't Altamont say that he had been caught among the ice and dragged there miserably?" "He said so, but there was a strange smile on his lips." "Next day, after a hearty breakfast of bear's meat, the little party continued the chase. At last, about 1 o'clock in the afternoon, Altamont started up with a shout. Pointing to a white mass that lay on the ice, he exclaimed: "That is our ship!" "A good morning voice," said the doctor. "The Porpoise!" The Porpoise was completely buried under the snow. Masts and rigging had been hurled in the shipwreck and she was lying on a bed of rocks so entirely on her side that the hull was uppermost. "Never mind," said Hatteras. "We will fix it up and make ourselves comfortable there." By night Bell had managed to make a miserable bed for himself with planks and spars. Altamont was helped on board without much trouble. A sack of seal-bacon escaped him, as if he felt himself once more at home—a sign which to Johnson's ear betokened a fight.

CHAPTER IV. The Porpoise had been thoroughly equipped and provisioned for a long voyage. They found 4,000 pounds of flour, fat and raisins; 2,000 pounds of salt beef and pork; 1,000 pounds of pemmican; 500 pounds of sugar; and the same of chocolate, a chest and a half of tea, weighing almost six pounds; 100 pounds of rice, several barrels of preserved fruits and vegetables, a quantity of line plumb, with all sorts of medicine, and 200 gallons of rum and brandy. There was also a large supply of gunpowder, lead and shot, and coal and wood in abundance. Altamont, enough to last three days, was more than two years. All four of them were in excellent health as they sat on the ice.

"Mistaken! What! This unknown continent, this virgin soil—?" "Has already a name," replied Altamont, coolly. Hatteras was silent, but his lip quivered. "And what name has it, then?" asked the doctor, astonished. "My dear Clawbonny," replied the American, "it is the custom, not to say the right of every navigator to christen the soil on which he is the first to set foot. It appears to me, therefore, that it is my privilege and—?" "But, sir," interrupted Johnson, nettled. "It would be hard to prove that the Porpoise did not come here, even if she got here by land," continued Altamont, without noticing Johnson's protest. "The fact is indisputable," he added, looking at Hatteras. "I dispute the claim," said the Englishman, restraining himself, by a powerful effort. "To name a country you must first discover it. I suppose, and that you certainly did not do. Where would you have been, sir, at this moment, pray? Lying twenty feet deep under the snow?" "And without me, sir," retorted Altamont, hotly, "without me and my ship, where would you all be at this moment? Dead, from cold and hunger."

"Come, come, friends," said the doctor, "don't get to words; all that can be easily settled." "Mr. Hatteras," said Altamont, "is welcome to name whatever territories he may discover, should he succeed in discovering any; but this continent belongs to me. I should not even consent to its having two names like Grimbold and ready for anything. He was a native of New York, he informed his companions, and had been a sailor from his boyhood. The Porpoise had been equipped and sent out by a company of wealthy American merchants. There were many points of resemblance between Altamont and Hatteras, but no friendship. With a greater show of frankness, he was in reality far more deep and crafty than Hatteras. His apparent openness did not inspire such confidence as the Englishman's gloomy reserve. The doctor was in constant dread of a collision between the rival captains, and yet one must command inevitably, and which should it be? Hatteras had the men, but Altamont had the ship. It was hard to say whose was the better right.

ABOUT THE "KANSAS BANANA." Pawpaw Abundant There—Many Consider It a Delicacy. George Remsburg, the Atchison county historian, says the Kansas City Journal has been hunting up something about the pawpaw. He says: "In the old chronicles of the early explorers and travelers through this section of the country I find much mention of the pawpaw, which seems to have been as abundant in this region a century or more ago as at the present time. In these early accounts the estimates of the abundance of the pawpaw seem to be about equally divided. One pronounced it delicious, while another would lead you to believe that it was really detestable. However, I believe the following from Charles Augustus Murray, in an account of his western travels in 1834, 1835 and 1836, is the strongest endorsement ever bestowed upon the Kansas and Missouri banana. "While passing this locality on a steamer he landed and secured some ripe pawpaws, the first he had seen, and which he pronounced the most delicious fruit in the world. It resembles the banana of the West Indies, he continues, but is more rich and luscious. When opened the interior is exactly like a custard and the flavor something between a fig and a pineapple. Although I prefer this fruit to the banana or pineapple, I find it is not generally so highly esteemed, being considered the rich and dainty, however, I was told it was extremely profitable. This I found to be an absurd notion, for I have often eaten from six to twelve at a time without producing any consequences."

"The belief in its partial qualities probably owes its origin to the fact that boys, which rear the weeds and eat the refuse of every other fruit, even plant, would not touch the pawpaw. Another cause of the low estimation in which it is held is its extreme abundance; the grow in thousands in the woods as thick as grass in an English hazelwood and children soon get sick and tired of eating them. (Travels in North America, vol. II, pages 32-34.) John Bradbury, in his travels in this region in 1849-51, observed plenty of pawpaws, which he pronounced to be the abundance of custard and very agreeable to some palates."

What Happened to Young Billings? Many Colic Caricatures of Billings' words are the following: "One of the curious characteristics of the old-time dandies in their ability to make themselves always laughable, no matter how twisted the long words, which are their delight. "And Dillay what has become of young Tom Billings?" I asked my "mammy" recently. "Oh, she says, Miss Bab, she replied, with uplifted hands and eyes like snow, he first run off to do Lewis' imposture, but we ain't heard from him, nor his 'beard's' been seen of these parts' nor his 'mammy' nor his 'mammy' nor his 'mammy'."

They Were Shady. Bung—Do you have succeeded in tracking back my addresses? What is your bid? Genealogist—Twenty gallons for keeping quiet about them.—Cassidy's Saturday Journal. Very Casual. "I wish I had an idea for a poem," "What do you want to put on this into a poem for?"—Kansas City Journal.

'ET CALLS. When ever see a boy, w minute, and will bear whistle for dog. Woman m have been blame for the fa but she certain has been the first to rise again, and to her belongs the credit for nine-tenths of the good there is in the world to-day. If we knew all it would be easy to forgive all. Babes in Christ should not beget on watered milk. Some of us pray most for the things we need the least. Imitation virtues don't wear any better than imitation jewelry. Experience is a dear teacher, but her diplomas mean something. Talking for Christ should never be done with a frown on the face. It is better to kill a snake in a clumsy way than to let it escape. When the name of Christ is every thing to us, it will do everything for us. No work is so small but that faithfulness in it will sooner or later be seen and rewarded. Our Lord praised two women for their liberal giving, but no man gave enough to attract his attention. The preacher who gets his sermons out of the magazines is always wondering why people won't go to church. There are some people in every community who do more for the devil in the church than they do for the Lord outside. Evolution Has No Favorites. The best is none too good for Business—the best of everything, the best of ideals, the best and highest standards of humane policy in this government of ours it has assumed, says Charles Edward Russell in Success Magazine. Only the very best will keep it and us off the rocks. To preach at it that it ought to do certain things because these things are prescribed is a code of morals, or to threaten it with law, dissolution, fines and other punishments, is just to waste our good time. If it goes down dark alleys after vice and graft alliances, or arm-in-arm with San Francisco and Philadelphia rings, and if it continues to let poverty pile up, it will learn in time that these things do not pay. But whether it will learn this fact before it gets crumpled up by a nation where Business is wiser, or before it declines at home among a nation of slum-dwellers, nobody knows and evolution doesn't care. That's one beautiful thing about evolution: it doesn't care a rap and has no prejudices about race or nationality. If the people of one nation desire to get—by a while—outside of its lines, it works as cheerfully in Germany, New Zealand, Denmark or any other old country. And after a time a fold of the strain tumbles over upon the revolutionary spot and crushes it out forever.

"Bread" and "Pigeon" Seed. School children in the crowded parts of New York do not speak of corn and oats and wheat by their names, but always refer to them as "seeds." The other day in one of the big schools the teacher was talking to her pupils about gardening. She ended with a request for each pupil to bring a few seeds the next day to be planted in the window boxes. The following morning the children appeared mostly with either oats, wheat or corn. While putting a few grains of each in the earth the teacher referred to them by their familiar names. One of the girls in the class took courage to "test the teacher right" and said: "Some one must 'a told you wrong, teacher. That—pointing to the wheat—"is bread seed, an' that yellow stuff ain't corn; it's pigeon seed. We always call them that in the block where we live."

The Power of Napoleon. The desperate struggle to do something worth while is the very thing which draws out our reserve forces and develops latent power, says Orison Swett Marden in Success Magazine. Without this struggle, many people would never have discovered their real selves. Napoleon was never so successful, never so levelheaded, never had that vigorous mental grasp, was never able to make such powerful combinations as when he was driven to desperation. It was when all bridges were burned behind him, and there was no possibility of retreat, that the possible Napoleon came to the rescue. Napoleon said of his great general, Massena, that he never showed his mettle until he saw the wounded and dead falling all around him in battle; then the lion in him was aroused, and he fought like a demon.

A Devoted Husband. Wife—Dearest, if you and I were thrown on a desert island, what would you do? Husband—Think heaven I can swim.—Brooklyn Chat. Early Australian Squatters. Squatters in Australia used to be able to take up crown lands at a nearly rent of a penny an acre. Many a man does more kicking with his tongue than a mule does with his two hind feet.