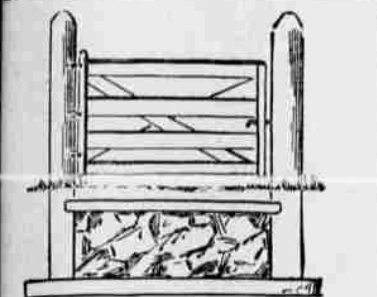


FARM AND GARDEN

Bracing a Sagging Gate.
The plan of preventing gates from sagging, shown in the illustration, is the best used. It has the merit of being cheap and decidedly effectual. It will be noticed from the drawing, the posts are sunk in the ground two feet or more, and the ends set into a heavy sill. This is best done by mortising the sill. Both posts and sill should be well covered with tar to prevent rapid decay. On this sill is then built a wall of stones to within eight inches of a foot of the surface of the ground, and on this wall is laid a heavy piece of studding which is spiked to the posts. In the absence of stones, braces

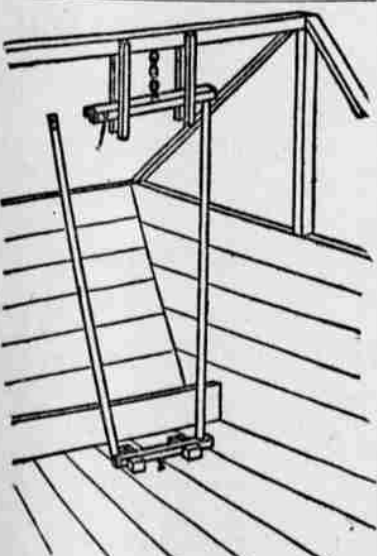


BRACES FOR A GATE.

of heavy studding may be run from the bottom of each post next to the sill up to the top piece of studding; the stone wall, as suggested, makes the stronger foundation. Built in the manner indicated, the gate will work for years without sagging.—Indianapolis News.

Raising Hogs for Bacon.
The demand for bacon hogs, a streak of lean and a streak of fat, is increasing yearly. Consumers are less inclined than ever to eat fat bacon and their demands must be met if one desires to make the maximum of profit in hog raising. True, the demand for heavy hogs is great and will continue, but such animals do not bring the good prices that are had for the bacon hog. Little has been heard of the Tamworth, the ideal bacon hog, of late and mainly because breeders have found that the bacon hog is more a matter of proper feeding than of breed. The Tamworths seem peculiarly suited to feeding for bacon at the lowest cost, though any breed can be properly fed and at comparatively small cost. For the growing pigs a ration of two-thirds oats and one-third corn gives good results. Bran combined with skim milk or whey with ground peas is a good ration for older hogs, the milk to be increased as the fattening period is begun. Probably the ideal ration for the bacon hog after it is half grown is corn-meal, oats, and barley mixed with skim milk. This furnishes the desired streak of lean and streak of fat in the bacon and gives us an animal of medium weight, which will bring a good price on the market.

A Swing Stanchion.
A stanchion which will swing sideways and not forward and back has been asked for by a subscriber. The



SWINGING STANCHION AND STALL.

accompanying illustration shows how it can be made. This is an ordinary chain hanging swing stanchion, with blocks on the floor and from the cross-piece above on each side, to prevent the forward and back swing. This will allow it to move sideways. Rather than go to this trouble, why not tie the cattle by the neck.—Farm and Home.

Grading Hay.
Farmers will find it an advantage to grade their hay at harvest time, putting the different kinds of qualities by themselves, where they can be had as wanted. This is particularly desirable where dairies are kept and the best is wanted for the cows. On farms where a second crop of hay is secured, early harvesting, of course, is of the utmost importance, and wherever rightly practiced I think the custom of early harvesting will be found best, says a Western farmer.

Crimson Clover.
In almost any section the best plan for sowing crimson clover is to sow it during the last cultivation of the corn or, if necessary to cover it properly, make an extra cultivation and harrow the seed in well if the weather is at all dry. Use the best seed obtainable and, if possible, obtain American-grown seed, using, under average conditions, fifteen pounds of seed to the acre. According to locality, crimson clover may be sown during July and August, and even in sections where it partially winter kills it may be considered as valuable to the soil, for it will make sufficient growth from the time of sowing to frost time to be worth all it cost for plowing under in the spring. The writer has a strip of ground on which he has worked patiently for five years to get a stand of clover, and only the last year was the work successful; yet we feel that the portion turned under in the spring, which passed safely through the winter, was worth to the soil all it cost.

Wentworth's Way with Sheep Dogs.
A friend was telling me a day or so ago that when a boy he lived near Old "Long John" Wentworth, of Chicago, who at one time kept a number of sheep on his lands near that village. He said that once when he had some of them killed by dogs he had his help go round and see some of the dog owners and they all reported that they "kept their dogs in the house." "Very well," says John, "it may be wolves, and we'll put out poison," and he did so, but got dogs galore, as they were up against the deadly stuff in the middle of the night, when they should have been in their accustomed places holding down the bed clothes to the feet of their humane owners. "Old John" went further, and if the wolves were in it, got them also. Catching a young one, he put it with some dogs having the mange, inoculating it thoroughly. He turned it loose and it wasn't long until they, too, were "good" dead ones.—Upland Letter in Indiana Farmer.

Cheap Way to Subsoil.
Have your blacksmith make you an iron foot from an old wagon tire, in shape as you see in cut. Bore a small hole through beam in your two-horse plow, behind where the upright joins beam, at A, also, have a fork made in the beam, so one hole through the beam will be sufficient. Then have a clamp made, B, with threads cut on each end so you can tighten; this clamp to be placed just in front of cross bar between handles. By using iron wedges you can set to any depth desired. Use a 7 or 8 inch shovel on this foot as you would on common single stock.—W. T. Oliver in Epitomist.

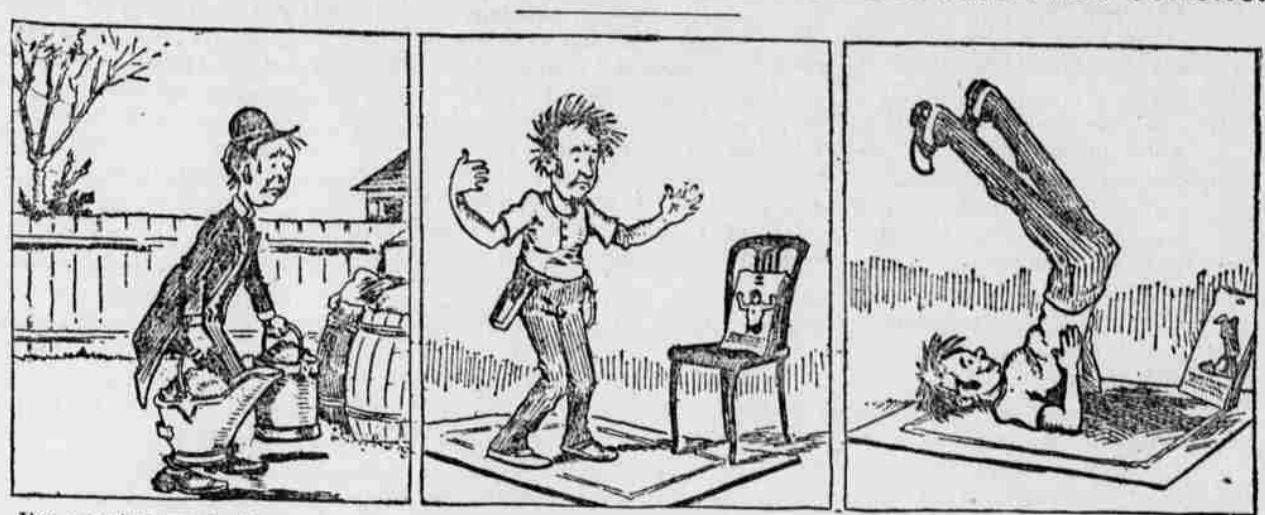
The Pest of Wild Carrot.
The wild carrot is causing the farmers a great deal of difficulty. It is increasing in many sections. In a bulletin issued by the Maine Experiment Station it is stated that as this weed is a biennial plant, if it can be prevented from going to seed for a term of two years, it will be eradicated. This would mean mowing it as often as it came into bloom, two or three times in the season. Some have been quite successful in killing it out by pasturing the fields with sheep. Cows do not like carrot hay. Horses will eat it, even if containing a very large proportion of the weed. But it injures health and spirit if fed to excess.

Saving Tomato Seeds.
Discard large, gross fruits, which, although they contain a number of seeds, generally produce a large proportion of rough tomatoes. Having chosen good specimens, squeeze out the seeds into a vessel, and stand in a warm place. In a few days the mass will have undergone fermentation, and pulp and seeds will have separated. Cleanse thoroughly by throwing the whole into a large basin and adding water, skimming off the skins and pulp and any seeds which rise to the surface. Afterwards dry the seeds in the sun, sprinkle with sulphur and store in a dry place.

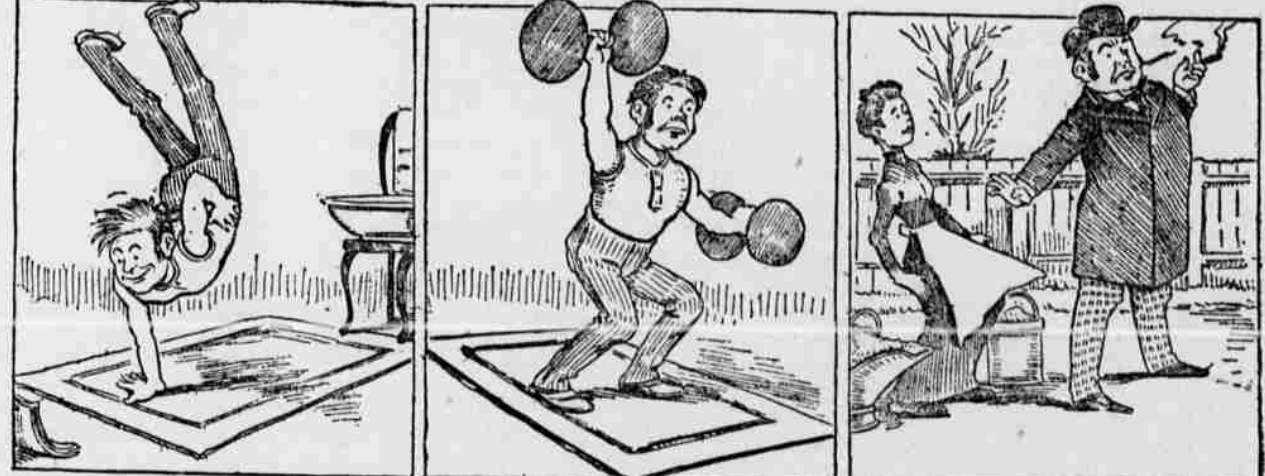
Philippine Gardening.
Recent attempts to raise garden vegetables in the Philippine Islands have met with brilliant success in the case of eggplant, tomatoes and peppers, while beets, turnips, lettuce, endives, spinach, and radishes do fairly well. Many other kinds were tried without much success. Grapes and some other fruits promise well, and there is some hope for new industries in cotton, jute, and coffee.

The "Dairy Shark"
J. A. Crockett, dairyman, Utah Agricultural College, has recently sent out warning to the butter makers of his State against a "dairy shark" who is disposing of a process whereby he claims the yield of butter is increased from 50 to 100 per cent in excess of that made in the ordinary manner. Same old fraud that bobs up now and again. All farmers and dairymen should leave all such fellows and their "process" alone.—Dairy and Creamery.

STORY OF THE MAN WHOM SYSTEMATIC EXERCISE HAS MADE TOO STRONG.



I'm growing weak—I must take some systematic exercise. That's right—we start out light and easy. And warm up to the subject gradually.



Why, I feel like a boy again. Three weeks of this has certainly made a new man of me. Oh, don't bother me with a little thing like that. Get a boy to carry them out, if you don't want to.—Minneapolis Journal.

SONG OF THE DERELICTS.

From ocean to ocean we wander,
From polar to tropical tide;
Alone, and forlorn, and forsaken,
The wraiths of our time-faded pride.
Through the tumult and surge of the tempest,
Wave beaten and battered we churn,
The ships of no name and no haven,
The ships that shall never return.
—Boston Transcript.

A ROMANCE OF ACADIA.

EVANGELINE WEST was riding on an errand of grave import, but stopped long enough at the foot of a steep declivity leading to a babbling brook to give her tired horse a long cool draught of the clear, swirling water before he forded the stream. He was a livery horse, hired at the railway station, no other means of rapid conveyance being available. The young woman was home again after several years of absence, during which she had improved her time and opportunities, and she was glad to return to her native heath, the land of Evangeline, the Acadia of her heart. She looked far up the woodland brook with a fond appreciation of its enchanted beauty. Evergreen trees, pendent willows, silver birches and graceful elms fringed the banks, speckled trout leaped and splashed unafraid in the sparkling water. To complete the symphony a single musical note at intervals pierced the odorous silence, the call of the bell-bird to its mate. "Oh," cried the girl, longing to hear a human voice, "surely this is the forest primeval, In the Acadian land on the shores of the basin of Minas. "Here, too, is Evangeline, but where is her Gabriel?" "At your service," said a strong, masculine voice at her ear, startling her so that she dropped her bridle rein over her horse's head. She turned and saw a man in clerical garb, one of the traveling preachers of the province, and looked at him ungraciously, annoyed at his quick application of her impromptu question addressed solely to herself. Giving him a cool nod, she attempted to secure her arid, which was entirely beyond her reach. Her horse, feeling its freedom, sprang forward, fording the brook with a rapid bound and galloping up the further side at a pace that nearly unseated his rider. It would have served her right if the new Gabriel had left her to her fate, but after a lapse of time enough for him to observe her plight, and as she thought angrily enjoy it, he rode up gently, not to hasten the speed of Evangeline's horse, and caught the errant bridle and restored it to her hand. "Peter Grant, at your service," he said, touching his hat stiffly. "I am on my way to visit a very sick woman. Pardon me," and with a leap his horse shot ahead and was gone. "He knows how to ride a horse if he is a minister," thought Evangeline. "Peter Grant! Why, we were school-mates, but he has forgotten me." Then she urged her horse forward, for she, too, was going to see a sick woman, her dearest friend, Aunt Maggie, who had been ailing for some

time, and she had been delayed and had heard no tidings for some days. But such is the power of hopeful youth to look on the bright side and throw off dark foreboding that she found herself wondering how Peter Grant had succeeded in changing his troublesome red hair of their school days to a bronze brown, and what had become of the freckles that had marred his face as a youth before he went away to the college at Wolfville. "I must ask Aunt Maggie about him," she concluded. "He's a good-looking sort, although he did not promise much in the old days, and he knows how to ride and—he did not recognize me—that pleases me." A few more miles of hard riding and Miss West reached a farm-house of the old Acadian type, with fifty-year mosses on its unpainted roof and a well sweep of antiquated pattern, picturesquely adorning the yard. Another horse was picketed there, and it saluted her with a whinny—it was the animal Peter Grant so vigorously bestrode. "Oh!" she cried out in sudden alarm, "can it be possible that Aunt Maggie is the very sick woman he was coming to visit? I pray that I may not be too late!" As she hurried into the kitchen she found it filled with women of the type of many of Aunt Maggie's neighbors, and a murmur of strange unmusical voices saluted her unwilling ears. They had never in their lives had a chance to peer into the cupboard of this house before; Aunt Maggie was not of their sort, and to Evangeline their presence savored of sacrilege. They all started at the stylish figure in the tailor-made costume, and they failed to recognize Vangle West. "How is she? My Aunt Maggie—is she very ill?" "Jest alive—that's all. The preacher—he's up there now—be you her sister's gal—what she brung up?" "Yes, yes. What room is she in? Oh, takes me to her. It is so long since I was here I feel like a stranger." "What hindered ye from comin' sooner, miss?" asked a rasping voice, which Evangeline remembered as belonging to a lay-out of the community. Threading her way through the crowd, the girl sought the room where her sick relative lay, a strange sound of monotonous singing leading her thither. There, tossing and delirious, lay the sick woman, burning with fever. The room was crowded with neighbors—women who gathered at a death with the scent of hawks, yet who felt—each of them—that theirs was a religious duty. There, too, was Peter Grant, lining out a hymn, which was only sung to the dying. As Evangeline entered they were chanting monotonously these hopeful lines: "For while the lamp holds out to burn, The vilest sinner may return." Women with corrugated brows and nasal tones sang the words in a weird discord, to which the preacher added a robust and melodious bass. Evangeline held up a vigorous hand and bade them stop. "Don't you see that she is far too ill for this sort of thing? All leave the room, please, and let her have air. I will take care of her now." "She should be permitted to make her peace with God," the Rev. Peter Grant spoke, partly from habit and

partly from conviction. He knew who this young woman was now, and dared to combat her aggressive action. "She never had any falling out with Him," Evangeline said reverently, "but now that you know who I am and why I am here, you will leave her to me. I am her nearest relative, but more than that I am a trained nurse and thoroughly familiar with fever case. Where is the doctor—she surely has medical care?" "He has given her up," said one of the retreating women, with a sly satisfaction. "Given her up! How dared he? And why do you speak of such a possibility before her?" "Oh, she doesn't sense anything that is said now," complained one of the cronies, taking a reluctant departure. The preacher took himself off with the others, but he gained a reluctant consent to call the next day to learn how the sick woman was doing. He did not really expect to find her alive, and his slow, well-regulated faculties received a healthy shock when Vangle, ideal in her nurse's gown and white cap and apron, informed him that she had moved the sick woman from the south room to the north room, from which the stuffy carpet and obstructing furniture had been removed. "I have telegraphed for ice and a modern doctor, and she is drinking cool spring water, and is better already. Have you never heard of Aunt Maggie's goodness and charity to all who need help and consolation—how she brought up a poor orphan child, gave her a home and the love of a mother, teaching her the value of right living and unselfishness? I was that child. And I am not going to let her die—not yet." "And may I not see her again?" "Oh, yes. You may come and preach the gospel of cheerfulness to her when I think her strong enough," and Evangeline gave her would-be Gabriel a wicked little smile, that the man—not the minister—understood perfectly. It certainly is wonderful how that rascally god Cupid delivers his darts regardless of time and place. —Chicago Record Herald.

She Had to Have It Out.
"What do you know about women?" asked the thin young man. "Nothing," said the fat man with the laid head. "I guess I don't, either, and I have been married three months, too. Yesterday my wife asked me how I liked the dinner. She does the cooking, you know." The fat man didn't know, but he nodded. "And when I began to praise the dinner she began to cry and said she feared I loved her only for her cooking." "Oh," said the fat man, "she had a cry coming. That was all."—New York Times.

Tribes Are Related.
Mr. Jochelson, chief of the Jessup North Pacific exploring expedition, states that the tribes which he studied in Siberia possessed characteristics in common with the Indians of North America.

Owens Half the Ships.
Nearly half of the 17,761 steamships and 12,182 sailing vessels in the world are British.