

LOOKING BACKWARD.

He never thinks a man is truly great until he's dead. And then he wipes away a tear and quotes what he has said. He talks about the nations that long since have passed away. And mourns when he compares them with the nations of to-day.

He talks about his boyhood and the fun that folks had then; He talks about the actors that we ne'er shall see again. He vows that everything worth while long since has gone before, And life to him is just one grand, sweet funeral—nothing more.

—Washington Star.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

ROBERT MALCOLM had never been called "Bob" by any one until his recently acquired wife, with a coquettish pretense of shyness, had so addressed him.

He had known her but a short time when he won her. And now, at the end of six blissful months, he was sitting in his splendid library, perplexed and miserable, and gloomily eyeing the embers of a grate fire and trying to persuade himself that the shadow which threatened to wreck his future could be explained away if only he had the courage to ask her.

On coming home that afternoon he had gone to the sitting room and had found it empty. Turning to leave he saw a piece of note paper lying on the floor, as though it had been brushed off her desk as she rose in a hurry. In stooping to replace it, his eye caught two words, the beginning of a letter—"Dear Tom." Dear Tom! Could it be that there was a dear Tom in her life of whom he knew nothing? The letter read:

"Dear Tom—If I were to be asked why I am writing to you I should have to admit that I am yielding to an impulse. My whole life has been made up of impulses, and I never battled with them but once—alas, the very time I should have yielded. You know well what I mean, that night you renounced me, renounced me while your blood was on fire with love for me, which I knew and felt and revelled in. When your eyes dumbly begged me to refuse to be renounced and your lips told me it would be better to part. Ah, if I had only yielded then to the impulse to tell you I loved you well enough to share your poverty and the task of caring for your poor, helpless father. How well I remember that dear, delightful, cruel summer in Dorking.

"You came, dear, and you stepped into my heart with that first smile on your brave, sunny face. Then, afterward, Aunt Sarah, when I told her of our betrothal, said in her icy, sneering tones: 'I congratulate you upon your discretion. It is a fitting thing that you should marry Tom Spencer and let your early poverty be merged into middle-aged and elderly poverty. As Tom Spencer's wife you will have the satisfaction of knowing that you have before you such a life as your mother has led, only intensified, since your life will be encumbered by his helpless, paralytic old father.'

"Tom, dear, do not utterly despise me when I tell you that her words had their weight. I did not fear the poverty, for I knew you were bound to succeed, if only, dear one, you were not hampered in your career by your father. I knew you were fond of him, and that while he lived you would keep him with you—that even I could not influence you to send him away. So when you told me we had better part I offered no protestation. I knew your heart was aching and that you needed comforting words from me. I knew I had only to speak one word to break down the barrier and have you take me to your heart forever. I did not speak that word. Though my heart cried out to you I could not tell you that I loved you well enough to share your burden. I did not speak that word. I am married now. My husband loves me, and I am rich beyond my fondest expectations. I have all those things which my luxurious and expensive tastes craved—yet I am not happy. This is indeed my farewell, dear one. You know now—every word in this letter has told you—what you are to me. You will not misunderstand—you will not come to me. It is over, Tom, and—"

Here the writing ended abruptly.

Robert Malcolm was a loyal man, and though the evidence was against her he refused to believe his wife guilty of all that the letter implied. He told himself that if he dared to ask her for an explanation she would give it, and it would be satisfactory. To ask her to confess a dishonorable act was also to confess a lack of confidence in her.

While he was sitting there the door opened noiselessly. A slight girlish figure stole across the thick carpet and behind his chair. Two soft small hands were clasped before his eyes and a voice whispered:

"Guess who it is."

His heart gave a great bound and

he took the hands down and kissed them. Finally, as if satisfied with what he saw, he asked:

"Have you been shopping?"

She seemed surprised at the trivial question following so closely upon the scrutiny she had undergone, and said:

"Is that all, Mr. Bluebeard? Gracious, how you scared me. I expected to hear you say in sepulchral tones, 'Woman, there is guilt on your face—where have you hidden the body?' And instead, after that soul-searching gaze, you ask the commonplace question in commonplace tones, 'Have you been shopping?'"

With a sigh of content and love and relief he threw his arms round her and drew her close to him for a moment. Then she seated herself opposite him in a low chair, where the firelight fell on her face, bringing out all its charm.

In the magnetism of her presence her husband became almost happy once more—until the memory of that letter came back to sting him.

Suddenly he asked her:

"Adele, were you ever in Dorking?"

She opened wide her eyes and answered:

"No, dear, why do you ask?"

"Just curiosity." Then, after a pause, he added: "Did you ever know a man named Tom Spencer?"

She laughed softly and, folding her dainty hands, replied:

"Now am I indeed on the rack. Why torture my innocent soul with the curiosity to know the reason for placing me in the witness box?"

At her irrelevant answer his doubts rose again, and he rather sternly repeated his question, with a request for a direct reply.

"Tom Spencer—Tom Spencer—where have I seen or heard that name?" she queried softly, as if to herself. "I certainly don't know any Tom Spencer, but I believe I have heard the name somewhere."

"And now, you dear cross ogre, are there any more conundrums for me? Because, if you have finished, I will go and dress for dinner."

He laughed and watched her disappear through the door.

A month passed, and during this time Robert Malcolm tried to detect a flaw in his wife's devotion to justify him in the doubt which would creep in whenever he thought of that letter. But it was in vain that he sought an explanation in her manner. There was nothing about her to suggest that wealth had palled upon her, or that without poverty and Tom Spencer her life was a blank. She was as ever alight affectionate, daintily tyrannical, dippant and serious in one breath, with that "infinite variety" which was her greatest charm. One night when they had returned from a dance he decided to make a full confession to her and to ask her for an explanation. She had thrown herself into an easy chair and looked even fairer than usual.

Making a final effort he began, and rapidly he told her all about the letter, his doubts and despair and the unhappiness he felt whenever he thought of the matter. While he was talking she was looking down and twisting the rings on her slender fingers. When he finished she looked up at him with a slow, amused smile creeping over her face.

"Now I understand those questions you asked me about Tom Spencer. Yes, that was the name—and I know why the name seemed familiar to me."

"Well, what of Tom Spencer? Who is he?"

"He is a creature of my own imagination, and once having created Thomas I straightway forgot him. When you asked me that day I wondered where I had heard the name."

"What do you mean?" he demanded.

"Only this, Bob—but first you must promise not to laugh at me." She stopped, looking at him anxiously. He nodded impatiently, and she went on. "Some time ago I conceived the idea of being literary. I thought out a story and decided that I would depart from the usual routine and have it told in a series of letters. You got hold of the beginning of the story. I was called away that day, and never thought again of my literary venture."

He drew her up to him and then, with his arms around her, he asked in a husky whisper:

"Adele, will you forgive me?"

For answer she put her arms round his neck and then replied softly:

"If you'll promise never to doubt me again."

The promise and the forgiveness were consummated in one long kiss.

A week later in a local paper Robert Malcolm happened on the following:

"Dorking, April 23.—Mr. William Spencer, an old and respected citizen of this city, died yesterday afternoon. The deceased had long been a sufferer from paralysis, but his death was unexpected. He leaves one son, Mr. Thomas Spencer, with whom he lived, to mourn his loss."—Waverley Magazine.

SCIENTIFIC BEET CULTURE.

A Department of Berlin Agricultural School Devoted to It.

A department of the agricultural high school at Berlin was recently established which is devoted entirely to the study of the scientific culture of beet sugar. Beet sugar cultivation on an industrial scale in Germany dates from but little more than fifty years ago, says a consular report, and toward the end of the '60s there was established in connection with the agricultural high school a small working laboratory which, under the direction of Prof. Dr. Scheibler, devoted its somewhat restricted facilities to the cause of scientific sugar production.

There were then in Germany about 180 more or less primitive sugar factories, which worked up annually 700,000 tons of beets. These had multiplied in 1900 to 390 factories, which consumed 13,200 tons of beets, or an average of more than 33,000 tons to each establishment. Meanwhile, the requirements of the time had far transcended the capacity and facilities of the institute founded by Prof. Scheibler, and the new spacious and completely equipped establishment now opened and dedicated to its work epitomizes firstly the present state of the sugar industry in Germany. It is recognized here above all that the abolition of export bounties by the Brussels conference ended definitely a long and important chapter in the history of beet-sugar production and that the industry, deprived of that form of artificial stimulus, must henceforth work out its own future upon new and independent lines. It is to be a battle in which scientific methods, profoundly studied and skillfully applied, alone can win. To concentrate all the light which science can give upon the task of producing most economically from a given area of land the largest weight of beets with the highest percentage of saccharine element, to harvest the crop, extract, cleanse and evaporate the juice, and to conduct each step of the process down to the marketing of the refined sugar with the utmost skill and avoidance of waste—this is the lesson which the new institute is designed and equipped to teach.

CARRIED OFF BY AN EAGLE.

Little Girl of 18 Months Killed by King of Birds.

While a little girl, about 18 months old, the only daughter of a young Sutherlandshire crofter, living about a mile from Inverish station, on the Highland railway, was playing at her father's cottage door one evening an eagle swooped down, gripped her in its claws and carried her off to the mountains, where, some hours later, her dead and mutilated body was found by a gamekeeper, says the London Express.

At first there was no clew to the mystery of her sudden disappearance. The little one had been playing in the sunshine while her mother was baking bread and her father was still at work in the fields.

Her baking finished, the mother prepared tea and called the child. As there was no response, she went out to look for her and not seeing her anywhere became alarmed and went in search of her husband.

Meanwhile a gamekeeper's party was hunting through the dense broom which covered a neighboring hill and while this investigation was in progress one of the gamekeepers, recalling stories of lambs being carried away by eagles, made his way toward the rocky crags near the crest of the hill. In a crevice in the rocks he saw a tiny shoe and in a deep cleft a little higher up he found the body of the missing child.

Two years ago an eagle attacked and killed a deer in Sutherlandshire and fed on its body until the keepers drove it off. Lambs are sometimes missed and their skeletons afterward found on the hillsides. It is fifty years, however, since such a tragedy as that related occurred.

When He Was Not Looking.

A modern instance of avoiding Scylla to dash upon Charybdis comes from the Washington Star, by the way of Uncle Eben.

"Tain't good to be too skeery," said the old man. "I once knowed a gentleman dat got his mind so tore up 'bout germs an' bacillus dat he didn't look whah he were goin', an' got run over by a truck."



As to Wheat Growing.

There seems to be a general opinion that wheat production has greatly fallen off in sections located outside the great wheat belts, and while this is so in some States, and particularly so with some individuals, statistics show that the falling off is not so great as is generally supposed. On the other hand, there are individual farmers who are good wheat raisers who have given up their farms almost entirely to other crops, simply because they do not feel able to compete with the great wheat sections of the West.

It is doubtful if this is good policy, for while the farm may frequently be used to better advantage, there is always a market in any section for a crop of good wheat, and always use for a small crop on the farm. Then, too, wheat is one of the best of crops to use in a rotation, having a value to the soil in this respect so great that it would pay to grow it even if the sale was comparatively limited. If it could not be sold at a fair price it has considerable feeding value, particularly where poultry is kept. Do not cut out the wheat entirely until you have investigated its value on your farm.

Hog Raising on the Farm.

In choosing brood sows for the production of pork, it is a very important matter to select from prolific and strong legs and good feet. The individuals selected should be rather rangy, with a straight back, a broad and deep body. It is not a bad plan to notice whether she has twelve developed teats. Do not breed them before they are eight months old, but feed them well before and after breeding, so that they may become vigorous and well developed.

The boar, as is usually said, is half of the herd, therefore, great care must be exercised in his selection. In the first place, he should be a full blood sire of whatever breed he is chosen, so that he may correct any faults that may obtain in the sows. Like the sows, he should come of a prolific and vigorous family, but should be more correctly built than the sows. It is well to have the boar about the same age of the sows.

Milking by Electricity.

A report comes from Germany that they are milking cows there by electricity. Rubber hoods attached to the udder of the cow are connected with the milk receptacle by a rubber tube from which the air is exhausted by an electric pump. It is claimed that the suction thus secured resembles very closely the sucking of a calf, and that for this reason the cow "lets down" her milk more freely than when hand milked. Absolute cleanliness for the milk is also claimed for the method.

Farm Notes.

Farming is poor business when the farming is poor.

The richest part of any manure is that which water will wash out.

Brood sows should have attention before farrowing as well as after.

Care and fertilizers make the farm; care and feed make the stock.

Much labor and expense may be saved by planning ahead of time.

Any animal when fed heavily should have a change of food, especially sheep.

Free exercise for hogs develops muscle and frame and adds to the value of the pork.

Using the drill for sowing the depth of covering is uniform and there is no loss of seed.

Never let the farm work or stock stand still or retrograde, but keep both progressing steadily.

The richness of the food given stock has much to do with the value of the manure made from them.

The productiveness or unproductiveness of a farm depends chiefly on the farmer and his methods.

The value of wood ashes in the orchard and of coal ashes on heavy wet clay can hardly be overestimated.

One advantage with the public dairy will be found in the increased richness of the farm, caused by the extra quality and quantity of the manure made on account of keeping more cows and giving them better feed.

Always keep stock so well that it is ready for sale at any time, so that if a rise in market occurs advantage may be taken of it.

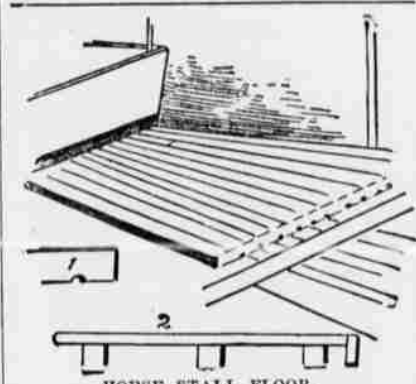
Quality is placed last in the essential points of fruit for market. Hardiness is given first, next productiveness, size, beauty, ability to stand transportation, season of ripening.

Variety in feeding belongs to profitable stock growing, whether swine or other animals, but in connection with variety there must be judgment used in changing and in the combinations. Too marked a change can only be followed with disastrous results.

Floor for Horse Stall.

The average horse stall is a disgrace to the owner and, usually, the worse part about it is the floor. One of the best floors known, that may be made at small expense, is constructed as follows: The foundation is of small stones with a cement coating on top; a good cement floor, in other words, so laid that there is a fall of about one inch to the foot from the manger to the rear. Then a slat floor is made of good oak material an inch thick and two inches wide.

These strips are cut the required length, are set on edge about one-half inch apart and cleats nailed across at intervals of a foot. Holes are bored

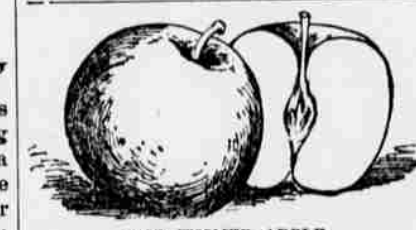


in these cleats so that the liquid excrement which passes between the slats may pass over the cement floor to the rear. Two by four strips are put in at intervals to keep the slatted floor from being sprung. Every few days this slatted floor is taken up and the cement floor underneath cleaned, so that in this way the horse always has a dry bed.

A gutter should be provided for when laying the cement floor, at the rear of the stall, so that the liquid excrement will run off to some vat provided for it and thus be saved. In the illustration figure 1 shows a section of board at end of cleats with holes so that the liquid passes off and figure 2 shows end view of cleat where the supports of 2x4 material are put in for additional strength.—Indianapolis News.

Good Variety of Apple.

A good dessert apple usually finds a ready sale in any section where a large city market can be readily reached. The Wismer apple, or, as it is better known, Wismer's Dessert, is pronounced by experts one of the best, if not the best, dessert apple grown. One pleasing feature of the variety is that



THE WISMER APPLE.

the tree is absolutely hardy, being classed among the iron-clad varieties. It makes a strong, vigorous growth and, as yet, has not been seriously troubled with disease or insect enemies. It is quite regular in bearing, comes early into fruit and is quite productive. The fruit is medium to large in size, and most attractive in appearance, being smooth skinned and most brilliantly colored. It is juicy, rich in flavor and free from fiber. In season it belongs to the winter class.

Profit in the Dairy.

It has been truthfully claimed that the dairy business removes less fertility from the soil than any other. Professor Curtiss, of Iowa, made a statement recently that in selling a thousand dollars' worth of wheat one removed \$350 worth of fertility from the soil; of corn, \$250 worth; but \$1,000 worth of corn can be converted into beef, pork or mutton for market and not remove more than \$25 worth of fertility with it. By converting \$1,000 worth of feed into butter, not a single dollar's worth of fertility will be removed. Butter is almost wholly pure fat and the elements of which add nothing to the productiveness of the soil.

Farmers' Roadside Rights.

The grass on the roadside belongs to the owner of the land. Land that has been set apart for highway purposes has not been sold or deeded away, as with a railroad, but has only been loaned for public use. Anything on the land, such as trees, wells, grass, etc., that do not in any way interfere with travel, belong to the man who owns the land. This is the law in all States. When the road is discontinued the land reverts to the original owner. The owner of the land can do nothing that will obstruct or interfere with travel.