

THE CRAZY QUILT.

For olden fashions
A lance we tilt,
And pause to honor
The crazy quilt.

This patch with roses
So primly sprigged
Shows Grampa courted
The timely rigged.

That piece of gingham
Will witness keep
Of when Hosea
Began to creep.

Ah, sweet the slumbers
Beneath its fold,
And sweet the dreamings
From days of old.

So here is praising
The bygone reign,
When quilts were crazy
And lives were sane.

—New York Sun.

Two Letters.

JULY 7, 1903.—My Darling—I am so lonesome to-night, dear heart, for you that I cannot sleep, though it is now past one o'clock, so I have just slipped into my dressing gown (the white one with the blue silk down the front) and put on the little white slippers you always say my feet look so pretty in, and am going to write you all that is in my heart.

I am sorry I let you go away alone, and yet, when I come to think of it, sweetheart, I don't believe you urged me very strongly to accompany you. Was it because you thought the journey would tire me, "big man," or was it because you wanted to have a trip alone, as in your bachelor days.

Well, in either case, I am here alone—and lonely—and never wanted you so much before in my life as I do to-night, and somehow I feel sure that you, sweetheart, are just as lonesome for me.

I am quite sure to-night that you are wanting your "little girl" just "dreadful bad"—just as sure as though you were here to tell me your own dear self.

The house all seems so big and empty to-night. I never knew before that one person could make so much difference in a place; but you know, dear heart, that this is the first time I have spent more than a day away from you in all the eighteen months we have been married.

I met Jack to-day, and, as usual, he was full of enthusiasm about some new scheme he is trying to patent. This time it is a "tee-weight." I don't quite understand what it is, but Jack says it will help to hold them down.

I am so glad I am not married to a man like Jack, though to be sure, he is a dear, good fellow, for I am sure a wife would always come second in his affections, and he would be apt to call her "a neat little filly" or a "high-strung racer," or some other horsey term when he wanted to be particularly affectionate.

I went up to Mr. Reeves' office to-day, as you requested, to ask him to attend to that insurance matter, and, do you know, he quite annoyed me. I always thought him so nice, but, really, I thought him quite commonplace to-day, not to say vulgar.

He joked me about your being away alone, and said he would bet you were having a "roaring old time" in town, and I am afraid I was rather rude to him, for I told him pretty plainly you would be utterly lost without me, and that you were not like some men I know, who could only have a good time when away from home.

I let Sarah go home this morning to stay a few days, and to-night I went down to the kitchen and cooked my own dinner. I rolled up my sleeves and put on a big apron, and I felt just as I used to when we were first married and you did not have all this money, and I had to do all the work in the little flat myself.

Just the same, those were happy days, weren't they, sweetheart? Sometimes I almost wish they would come back again, for I had you more to myself then, and you did not have to be worrying about stocks and bulls and bears and things as you do now.

Do you remember the time I made a pie for dinner and put two crusts on it and you ate it and never said a word about it, though I know it must have been awful, for I forgot to put in any milk or eggs either?

Oh! and I must tell you what I did to-day. I am sure you will be pleased. You know your golf suit that had the little hole torn in the knee that you were going to take to the tailor to have mended?

Well, I just felt so lonesome all day that I thought I would comfort me somewhat by busy myself doing something for you. So I mended that hole and, Frank, dear, it looks fine. I did it so neatly, I am sure you will be proud of me when you see it.

I could not find any cloth like the goods, so I cut a little piece out of your cap, because you can get the tal-

RUSSIA'S NEW COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF.



GENERAL LINEVITCH.

General Linevitch finds himself, at the age of 67, commander in chief of the Russian army in Manchuria. He has a notable record as a soldier, and has fought in two continents. Born in 1838 and educated in the military school, he first saw service in the Caucasus from 1859 to 1864, and won his first promotion. In the Russo-Turkish war he again distinguished himself, being decorated with the cross of St. George of the fourth order for marked personal valor. He was severely wounded, however, and at one time his life was despaired of. In 1885 Linevitch was again in the field against the Turcomans, and won a colonelcy for bravery. Six years later he was made a major general, and in 1895 was transferred to the military command of Ussuria, the Russian province immediately north of Korea. When the Boxer rebellion broke out he was sent to aid the allied armies in the relief of Peking, and at that time was instrumental in saving a British detachment that was seriously menaced by the rebels. Then the Czar conferred on him the Order of St. George of the third class, and in a short time he was given command of the First Siberian army, which position he held at the beginning of the war with Japan, and until the arrival of Kuropatkin was commander in chief. At the battle of Mukden he commanded the Russian left center, and, it is said, repelled thirteen consecutive attacks by the Japanese, and managed to withdraw his army with comparatively slight loss. Because of his constant solicitude for their welfare, General Linevitch is greatly beloved by his soldiers. It is alleged that for years a keen rivalry has existed between himself and Kuropatkin.

lors to make you a new cap or buy a different kind of one.

I am so sleepy now I can hardly keep my eyes open, so I shall say "good-night," sweetheart, and kiss the place on the pillow where your dear head should be and go to sleep.

Bless you, dear one, and bring you home safely to your loving

BESS.

P. S.—Don't be so lonely for me that you will miss having a good time.

July 7, 1903.—My Dear Little Girl—Well, it is after two o'clock, and if I had not promised to write every night before I went to bed I would be tempted to crawl between the sheets and write to-morrow instead.

I have been "doing the town" with Jim, Harry and some other fellows, and I tell you it seemed like old times. I needed an occasional reminder to make me remember that I had been married since I saw the boys last.

Don't think I forgot my little wife, for I thought of you often during the evening and wished you had come with me.

I went to the races to-day and lost twenty-five on Helen of Troy, but it was all sport, and seemed like the days before I met you, when a good horse was the first love of my life.

I am too tired to tell you all about it now, but we had a roaring old time, and kept it up till after one to-night, when I just tore myself away from the rest of the gang.

I hope you saw Reeves to-day about that insurance business. He will arrange things all right, for he's one of the best fellows I know, and has a pretty keen insight into human nature. He can size a man up better than any one else I ever knew.

Well, good night, little girl. I am so dead tired I can't write another line. I will be home in a few days, and I'm afraid it will come hard to settle down to the usual grind after such a glorious time. Your loving husband,

FRANK.

—Illustrated Bits.

A Question.

Breathes there a tooth so sound and white,
But what some dentist, on first sight,
Would say, with wise reproving frown,
It needs six fillings, bridge and crown?
—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

A man's name isn't "mud" as long as he has the "dust."

CAUGHT A SCHOOL OF FISH.

Entire Village Turned Out and Made \$25,000 in One Catch.

One day in November several years ago the good people living on the Massachusetts Bay shore at the end of Cape Cod were wrought to the highest pitch of excitement by the arrival of an immense school of blackfish which were on the flats chasing bait, as the small fish they feed on are called, and gradually working inshore. The news spread like wildfire; village stores were hastily closed, schoolboys deserted schoolrooms, and even women flocked to the shore. The flats along the coast make out from half to a mile and a half practically level and almost dry at low tide, where at high tide is four to eight feet of water. No school of blackfish so large as this had ever been heard of. And by good luck the tide was ebbing.

Hastily the boats were launched, each taking a half dozen men and boys, those not rowing being armed with stick and pieces of board. In a quarter of an hour they were in position, in half circle and to leeward of the fish.

"Close in now," came from the "commander," "and make all the noise you can." And they did, fairly churning the water with boards and sticks. The thousands of squid and herring on which the blackfish were feeding assisted in this movement by getting into shoal water as far as possible so that the blackfish could not follow them. The result was inevitable, the fast ebbing tide soon began to leave the big fish in such shoal water that it was difficult for the larger ones to swim. Gradually the circle of boats drew nearer and nearer, and in two hours 90 per cent of the entire school were stranded on the flats. For weeks after the villages were engaged in cutting up and trying out the oil. The total catch netted some \$25,000, many of the fish weighing two tons apiece.

—Outing.

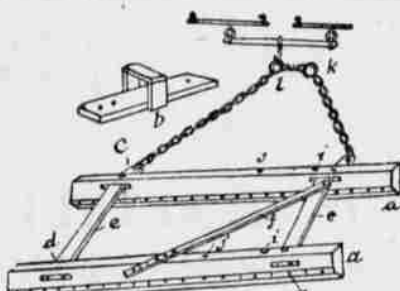
They Were Wise.

"Who gave the bride away?"
"No one. It wasn't necessary. The assembly was on to her."—Illinois State Journal.

After a mother has lost one baby by death, nothing that her other children do ever makes her impatient.



A Homemade Road Scraper.
a a are 3x12x8 feet long, bottom edge beveled with its hoe of steel 1/4x4 in., bolted on cutting edge as shown at g. The crosspieces, e, e, are bolted with inch bolts in mortises 1x8, 2 inches from the top of a a, and are made out of 1x4x30-inch iron, which has holes in front ends to fasten draft chain to, also a hole in e at the right-hand end to bolt brace, f, on, which



HOMEMADE ROAD SCRAPER.

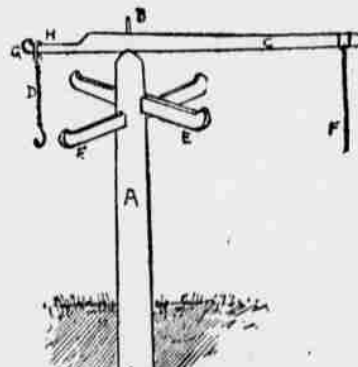
is also bolted to the rear a at h. The guider, f, is 1x2 inches and 6 feet long, with holes in back end so the rear a can be changed at any time so it will properly follow front a. A seat board, b, is bolted to a a at i i when team is hitched at b for ditching, and at j j when smoothing up the roadbed. The right-hand ends of a a are sloped back 45 degrees to prevent catching in the bank of side ditch. If properly made of good material, this is very durable, and does almost as good work as a costly grader.—W. A. Sharp in Farm and Home.

Cost of Making Beef.

That the cattle feeder has not been netting the cost of the beef he has marketed lately is an assertion not opened to dispute. It was the theme of L. H. Kerrick of Bloomington, Ill., one of the most extensive and successful feeders in the country, at the dinner given by General Manager Leonard of the Chicago Stock Yards, to Illinois editors. Mr. Kerrick, who never speaks without preliminary thinking, gave as his unqualified opinion that the beef supply of the United States during the next twenty-five years would not be made as cheaply or marketed at such low prices as have prevailed during the last quarter of a century. Among the reasons assigned for reaching this conclusion were: Appreciations in land values; increase in acreage devoted to dairying and other lines of extensive agriculture. A growing commercial demand for corn has furnished the beef makers with inexpensive raw material in the past.—Live Stock World.

Practical Hog-Hanger.

The Ohio Farmer gave this plan twenty years ago for a hog hanger: The post (A) should set 4 feet in the ground, and the height above ground about 5 feet, 6 inches to the cross arms (E). Arms are of 2x4 stuff, 48 to 56 inches long. Top post is 18 inches above upper arms. The hole for rod B is drilled 18 inches deep from top of post. The lever C is of any de-



GOOD HOG-HANGER.

sirable length, but the short end, G, must extend out beyond the end of the arms. D is the stay chain of a wagon, fastened by a clevis to the lever, and slips back and forth in the cut-out at H. The end of the lever (G) is lowered, the lower hook of D is hooked onto a gambrel stick, the carcass raised up until gambrel is a little higher than the arm, when it is easy to slide it over onto the arm.

Value of Inferior Wheat.

Damaged wheat, shrunken, shiveled wheat and screenings are all good for feeding purposes. Probably lambs utilize them to a little better advantage than other animals, although when ground they make good feed for pigs and cattle.

America's Dairy Industry.

The development of the dairy industry in the United States is scarcely realized by business men. In 1898 the butter hauled over the Minneapolis & St. Louis railroad was 400,000 pounds. Last year it was nearly 14,000,000.

Back to the Farm.
Things on the farm are changing, and we already observe, if we watch the barometer of social life, that there is a tendency to get back to the country. Fifteen years ago, for instance, less than 50 per cent of the population were moving countryward; in 1900 the statistics show that 70 per cent were seeking homes in rural districts, and it is likely that the proportion now going away from the city reaches 75 per cent, says Opportunity. At last, with Solomon, they are discovering that "all is vanity" in the cities; that friendships are difficult, that neighbors don't know the names one of the other, that noise, dirt, confusion are there, and the struggle to live is at the desperate stage all the time. The telephone, the trolley line, free rural mail delivery—these are mitigating the unsocial side of rural life, and the beauty of nature is doing the rest. Intelligent men and women, seeking the health of their families, physical, moral and spiritual, are taking up homes where acres abound, and are giving to rural life something it has lacked before. The practical farmer finds in these additions to his neighborhood circle stimulus and cheer, and the children of the farm and of the families from the city find mutual pleasure in association. The movement is an all-around good one. It marks a new era in rural life and a change of inestimable value to those with courage enough to pull up stakes and leave the town. It is one of the most encouraging signs of the times.—Exchange.

A Good Corn Crib.

The accompanying illustration shows a neat crib for corn, one that can be constructed cheaply and any size to meet the needs of the farmer. A good size or one that is commonly built is 30 feet long by 7 feet high. The timber should be well seasoned, and dressed and planed both in and outside. The roof is first boarded, then shingled. A cheaper covering would



NEAT CORN-CRIB.

be roofing felt paper, tarred; but a shingle roof looks better, and in the long run is as cheap as the paper. The illustration gives a correct idea of the building, so that a detailed description is unnecessary. Obtain your lumber and tools, and if you possess ordinary ability at carpenter work, you will find no trouble in erecting the crib. The expense will be moderate, the size, of course, regulating the same.

When to Prune.

If carefully and properly done with sharp tools that make a clean, smooth cut, it makes little difference when pruning is done provided the temperature is above freezing. Trees should never be trimmed when the wood is frozen, as the wound does not heal readily, and the stubs dry in, turn black and make unsightly blemishes on the tree. Wounds made in June will probably heal more quickly and more thoroughly than at any other season, but the practical fruit grower is too busy at that time to do the work. The later in the spring we do the work—that is, the nearer we approach the time when the sap is flowing—the less damage will be done by drying out of the edges of the cut.—Fruit Grower.

A Miniature Hotbed.

A miniature hotbed for starting tomatoes and cabbage plants is described in Farm Journal, and it seems that the amateur florist might make equally good use of it to get an early start with flowers. It is simply to fill an old pan with rich earth, sow the seed and place under the pan an ordinary lamp inclosed around the outside of the pan with heavy paper to come to the floor. One will be surprised to see how quickly seed will germinate.

Notes From the Orchard.

Pruning may be done on mild days. Study spray pump catalogues. Order the necessary outfit quickly. Bind cloth around young trees to a safe distance above the snow line and save them from the rabbits.

Does the orchard need fertilizing? Queer if it doesn't. Something cannot continually come from nothing.

Look to the drainage of the orchard. See that all the drain outlets are open and in working order.

Now is a good time to scrape the loose bark from fruit trees and white-wash the trunks. A little sulphur added to the wash is an improvement.