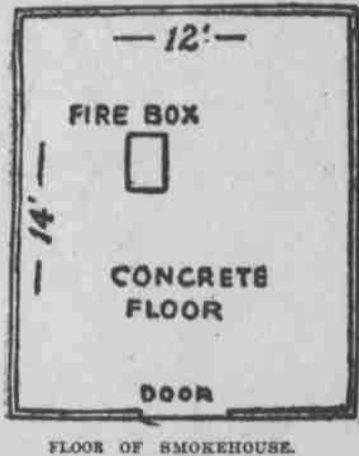




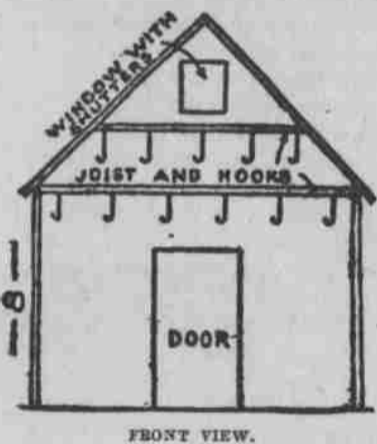
To Make Farm Smokehouse.

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, writes A. C. Wharton in American Agriculturist. This will make your house cooler in summer and will keep the temperature more even in winter. Cover with shingles. A good solid clay floor will do very



FLOOR OF SMOKEHOUSE.

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; this is about 12x18 inches inside measurement and 12 inches deep. When curing build your fire in this and cover with a piece of perforated sheet iron. The house should be eight feet high at the corners and left open to the comb, the inside of the rafters preferably celled. Place 2x8 joists two feet apart on the plates, and 2 1/2 feet above these put in another set of joists on the rafters; these can be 2x6, and in both sets of joists which will be used to hang your hams place iron meat hooks two feet apart and two inches from the lower part of the joists. These hooks can be made of



FRONT VIEW.

one-quarter inch rod iron and should be long enough to let the meat hang clear of the joists.

A window should be made in one end of the house to give light when needed, and this fitted with a tight shutter, as we do not want much air and sunshine to strike meat before or after curing.

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, growth of wood will be stimulated and fruit developed. Less moisture in late summer and early fall is desired, so that wood will properly develop and harden to be able to stand the cold of the following winter. Arrange to cultivate the orchard early in the summer and have the soil in good fix for sowing to rye or other cover crop toward the last of summer. The cover crop will afford some good winter pasture and will keep hilly land from washing away.

Judging Worth 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. The good and poor places will show up then as at no other time, and, if the season prior to that time has been an average one, the crop will be a fair index of the value of the land. The common practice of going farm hunting just after the spring's work is over has little to commend it, save the inconsiderable matter of time saved. The poorest time in the whole year to pick out a farm is when it is covered with drifts of snow.

Currants and Gooseberries.

Gooseberries and currants are planted about three feet apart. They should be cultivated and must be kept free from weeds. Currant worms, if they make their appearance, can be kept down by spraying or sprinkling a solution of one ounce of white hellebore to three gallons of water. The plants should be sprinkled two or three times in the spring.

This Sod in Pasture.

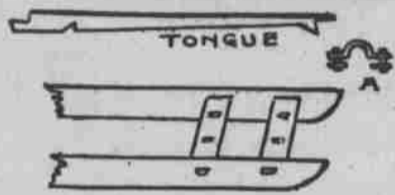
Never let the sod get thin on the pasture land, for this always means the decrease of the root systems of the plants and a decrease in their ability to penetrate the soil in search of plant food. When sod becomes so thin that the hoof of the animal will break through it in wet weather, it has reached a state of exhaustion that requires attention.

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—commonly called roasting ear stage—and the lower leaves on the stalk are beginning to dry out, says Hoard's Dairyman. For silage purposes, it is impracticable to have the crop at its very best for any considerable time. Commence to cut a few days before it reaches its maximum value and continue after this stage is passed. Experiments appear to have demonstrated that for fodder the largest amount of nutriment per acre is obtained by planting in continuous rows and so thick that the tendency to form ears will be much lessened. The yield per acre depends so much upon the variety and the soil and care in planting and cultivating that no satisfactory estimate of the average can be given. There is almost no limit to the amount that may be fed, provided one commences with a limited amount and increases gradually up to the limit of each cow's appetite, but probably thirty to forty pounds a day is about as much as it would usually be profitable to feed.

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, sometimes clear over their heads, and prove to be of very little account. Many people, says a writer, do not know of any better way, so I will try to show you a better way, a way that takes the weight off the horses' necks and at the same time holds the tongue rigid when going down hill. First get a nice straight locust sapling for a tongue, one having



a natural fork at the end for the neck yoke, as shown. Have your blacksmith make two loops from an old wagon tire as seen at A, with half inch holes and bolts to attach them to the two forward cross-pieces of sled, holes being bored in the cross-pieces to match holes in irons. The tongue is then notched a little to receive the cross-pieces.

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 the soil that washes into them. The manure in the straw will help to make the ground more productive when it is again cultivated. Never plow in a gully with fresh dirt without some trashy and brushy filling to hold it and catch more.

Control of San Jose Scale.

Although the San Jose scale is a thing to be avoided, it is not dreaded so much as it used to be. The lime sulphur wash will prevent the disease from spreading. It is a cheap wash for small trees, but quite expensive for large trees, but it pays. Spraying, cultivation, pruning and care of any crop, if properly done, are to a certain extent expensive and troublesome, but they pay in the end in the quantity and perfectness of the fruit.

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 and such articles. Here is a good rack. Take a post 6 inches square; on this nail cleats, 1 inch thick and 1 1/2 inches wide, in pairs, that is, one on the north side, one on the south side exactly even, and just above these one on east and one on west, leaving 4 inches between each two pairs, and have them long enough to hold milk pans at each end. To use for plates, cans, etc., fasten some boards on for shelves.—Cor. Farm and Home.

Tile-Drained Soils.

Tile-drained soil is more profitable, being more quickly gotten into condition for crops and insuring a better condition all through the growing season. It is also true that crops in drained soil do not suffer as much from drought as do crops in undrained soil.

Pointers in Farm Management.

Acidity may be overcome by applying from 500 to 1,000 pounds of lime per acre, or by the use of floats or grounds shells.

There is much of value written these days about work on the farm which will never benefit some farmers, because they have the notion that they are too busy to read.

No other people set so high a value on good soil as the Hollanders, and we are learning that not many acres, but rich ones, make the profitable farm.

The roots of the cowpea penetrate rather deeply into the subsoil and enable the plant to feed upon the mineral food that is not readily extracted by other crops.



Blackie's Trick.

Glady's sat holding Gray-Paws, one of her kitties, in her lap. But presently her thoughts were recalled by a soft rubbing against her arm. She looked round, and there was Blackie, Gray-Paws' brother, evidently trying his best to attract her attention. He rubbed against her, and put his nose under her arm.

But anyhow Glady's seemed to think that her lap was full enough just then, although she was often known to hold five kittens at once, as Blackie was well aware. At last Blackie seemed to conclude that there was no room for him at present, and he was perhaps jealous of Gray-Paws. It really seemed as if he must have thought the matter over carefully and made deliberate plans, for this is what he did.

Blackie suddenly sprang down beside the dish used for food and began to eat, or pretend to, with the greatest relish, occasionally looking at Gray-Paws, as if afraid he would come and take a part of the feast. This, of course, was too much for Gray-Paws to resist, and in a moment he had jumped from Glady's lap and run to the side of the dish.

Quick as a thought Blackie turned away, ran up the steps and jumped into Glady's lap, where he curled down in a ball and began to purr. There was not one thing in the dish!

"You naughty, funny little cat!" exclaimed Glady, and she could not help cuddling the little rogue nor laughing at his trick, while Gray-Paws walked slowly away.—Youth's Companion.

Acting Out Rhymes.

For this game half the players go outside the door, whilst those who stay in the room choose a word of one syllable, which should not be too difficult. For instance, suppose the word chosen be "Flat," those who are out of the room are informed that a word has been thought of that rhymes with "Cat," and they then have to act, without speaking, all the words they can think of that rhyme with "Cat." Suppose their first idea be "Bat," they come into the room and play an imaginary game of baseball. This not being correct, they would get hissed for their pains, and they must then hurry outside again. They might next try "Rat," most of them going into the room on their hands and feet, whilst the others might pretend to be frightened. At last the boys go in and fall flat on their faces, while the girls pretend to use flatirons upon their backs. The loud clapping that follows tells them that they are right at last. They then change places with the audience, who in turn become the actors.

Getting Dressed.

Here's a foot and here's a shoe, See that they agree. If both are right or both are left They'll fit quite easily;



But if the little foot is left, You'll tug with all your might And never get to breakfast, if The little shoe is right.

Jones' Hat or Jones' Hat.

It is not strange that boys and girls are sometimes bothered over the right way to use the sign of the possessive after a noun ending in s. Good usage is about equally divided in the matter, so that either Jones' hat or Jones's hat may be considered correct. Literally speaking, however, Jones' hat is to be preferred, for the possessive form is nothing but a contraction of "his," the original form having been "Jones, his hat," and most grammarians say that we should give recognition in the sound to the contracted pronoun. Gould Brown's grammar says, "To avoid a concurrence of hissing sounds, the s is sometimes omitted, and the apostrophe alone retained to mark the possessive singular, as 'Moses' minister,' but the elision should be sparingly indulged. It is in general less agreeable than the regular form;" and it illustrates the point by quoting "Hicks's" as preferable to "Hicks'."

With Your Eyes Shut.

If you have never tried, you will be surprised how difficult it is to judge distance or the whereabouts of anything with your eyes shut. Place a piece of paper on the floor before you and, shutting your eyes, try to tread on it. Then try to pick it up. Next, stick a pin in the wall about four feet up and try to pick it out without "groping" for it.

Stand about six feet away from a table and, shutting your eyes, try to walk up to it without knocking against it.

No Presidential Notices.

It seems queer, when you think about it, that there is no provision in the Constitution of the United States for notifying the successful Presidential candidate of his election. The two Houses of Congress meet on

a day fixed, and open and certify the returns, but there the matter ends, and the President-elect has to depend on "hear-say" for the result. Many persons wonder why some provision has not been made for giving him formal notice of his election.

On Writing Write.

Write, we know, is written right When we see it written "write"; But when we see it written wright, We know it is not written right; For write, to have it written right, Must not be written right or wright; Nor yet should it be written rite, But write, for so 'tis written right.

CRIMINALS DREAD SLEEP.

Malefactors Frequently Reveal Dark Deeds Under Its Influence.

Criminologists say that the greatest terror that afflicts that fraction of humanity suffering from an uneasy conscience is not dread of the police by any means, nor awe of any other acknowledged enemy of law defiers. What the criminal dreads is sleep, which is, it appears, the friend of the righteous only. To men with the knowledge of dark stored within them, sleep is the most treacherous of foes. The countless poems that have been written in praise of it very naturally appear as so much cold-blooded mockery to such as are in hourly dread of betraying themselves under its influence. An untold number of crimes have been confessed by their perpetrators during sleep. Is it any wonder, asks a writer in Science Staffings, that those conscious of irregularities of conduct prefer to remain awake?

It was not long ago that a well-known detective happened to be traveling in a sleeping car. The detective who chanced to be occupying a lower berth, heard the sleeper above him burst forth into a long-winded confession regarding several daring jewel robberies wherein he had taken part. Much impressed, the officer kept an eye on him. Further inquiries proved that the confession had been an exact record of what had taken place.

Many years ago a common lodging house was the scene of a sleeping criminal's confession. The room was occupied by himself and one other—a young sailor. While the sailor was lying awake he suddenly heard a curious and ghastly laugh issue from his companion's lips. The laugh was followed by a long and rambling description of a murder he had committed horrible in its details. The sailor crept downstairs and informed the landlord of what had occurred. The latter at once summoned a policeman, who recognized the sleeper as the man "wanted" for the crime in question.

The Habit of Cheerfulness.

Cheerfulness will attract more customers, sell more goods, do more business with less wear and tear than almost any other quality, says Orison Sweet Marden in Success Magazine. Optimism is the greatest business-getter, biggest trader, the greatest achiever in the world. Pessimism has never done anything but tear down and destroy what optimism has built up.

In the business office, as in society, everywhere, the favorite is always the cheerful person. Good-natured, cheerful people do not waste their vital energy as rapidly as the grumbler, or the too sober, too sad frieze. They work with much less friction. Good cheer is a great lubricant; it oils all of life's machinery. Shake-speare says: "A merry heart goes all the day, Your sad tires in a mile—a."

There is no other life habit which can give such a prolific return in happiness and satisfaction as that of being cheerful under all circumstances. If the resolution to cultivate cheerfulness is strongly made at the very outset, it will not be difficult to form the cheerful habit, and it will be the best protection against suffering and disappointment.

Cheerfulness is also a great producer. It adds wonderfully to one's active ability, and increases mental and physical power. It makes hosts of friends, and helps us to be interesting and agreeable.

Every Bit of Reform Counts.

The effect upon the public mind of reform defeats following reform victories constitutes a serious hindrance to the orderly and continuous progress toward better political conditions, says E. A. Van Valkenburg in Success Magazine. Pendulum-like, there always is a back swing to every reform movement forward. But, unlike the pendulum, it never swings backward so far as it has swung forward. In this country every period of seeming reaction is in reality merely the marking of a new starting point from which progress will make a greater gain than from any earlier one.

When any reform movement is regarded in its entirety, a gain always can be counted. If the millions of earnest citizens who every year give their support to good causes with seemingly scant results could be made to understand this demonstrable fact, the forwarding of civic betterments would be encouraged and simplified.

His Specialty.

"That justice of the peace, who is also a shoemaker, I understand is a favorite marrying one, particularly with widows." "Yes, in both the shoe business and matrimony, his specialty is repairing."—Baltimore American.

When a young widow proposes to a man he is so afraid that people might suspect it that he pretends he did it himself.

The Redemption of David Corson

By CHARLES FREDERIC GOSS

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CHAPTER XXIV.

At last—the springtime came!

The potent energy of the sun opened all the myriad veins of the great trees, wakened the hibernating creatures of the dens and burrows from their protracted sleep, caused the seeds to swell and burst in the bosom of earth, and sent the blood coursing through David's veins, quickening all his intellectual and spiritual powers.

And then, the end of his exile was near! In a few weeks he would have vindicated the purity of his purpose to attain the divine life, and have proved himself worthy to claim the hand of Pepeeta!

All the winter long he had piled his axe. Once more, now that the snow had vanished, he set fire to the debris which he had strewn around him, and saw with an indescribable feeling of triumph and delight the open soil made ready for his plow. He yoked a team of patient oxen to it and set the sharp point deep into the black soil. Never had the earth smelled so sweet as now.

In the broad share threw it back in a continuously advancing wave. Never had that yeoman's joy of hearing the ripping of roots and the grating of iron against stones as the great oxen settled to their work, strained in their yokes and dragged the plow point through the bosom of the earth, been half so genuine and deep. It was good to be alive, to sleep, to eat, to toil! Cities had lost their charm. David's spirit was no longer a withering and blasting, but a chastening and restraining memory. His clearing was a kingdom, his cabin a palace, and he was soon to have a queen! He had reserved his sowing for the last day of his self-imposed seclusion, which ended with the month of May.

On the day following, having accomplished his vow, he would go to the house of God and claim his bride! This day he would devote to that solemn function of scattering the sacred seed of life's chief support into the open furrow!

No wonder a feeling of devotion and awe came upon him as he prepared himself for his task; for perhaps there is not a single act in the whole economy of life better calculated to stir a thoughtful mind to its profoundest depths than the sowing of those golden grains which have within them the promise and potency of life. Year after year, century after century, millions of men have gone forth in the light of the all-beholding and life-giving sun to cast into the bosom of the earth the sustenance of their children! It is a sublime act of faith, and this sacrifice of a present for a future good, an actual for a potential blessing, is no less beautiful and holy because familiar and old. The Divine Master himself could not contemplate it without emotion and was inspired by it to the utterance of one of his grandest parables.

And then the field itself inspired solemn reflections and noble pride in the mind of the sower. It was his own! He had carved it out of a wilderness! Here was soil which had never been opened to the daylight. Here was ground which perhaps for a thousand, and not unlikely for ten thousand years, should send forth seed to the sower; and he had cleared it with his own hands! Generations and centuries after he should have died and been forgotten, men would go forth into this grain as he was "doing to-day, to sow their seed and reap their harvests."

He slung his bag of grain over his shoulder and stepped forth from his cabin at the dawn of day. The clearing he had made was an almost perfect circle. All around it were the great trunks of the beeches, white and symmetrical, standing like vast Corinthian columns supporting a green frieze upon which rested the lofty roof of the immense cathedral. From the organ-loft the music of the morning breeze resounded, and from the choirs the sweet antiphons of birds. Odors of pine, of balsam, of violets, of peppermint, of fresh-plowed earth, of bursting life, were wafted across the vast nave from transept to transept, and floated like incense up to heaven. The priest, about to offer his sacrifice, the sacrifice of a broken heart and contrite spirit, about to confess his faith; in the beautiful and symbolic act of sacrificing the present for the future, stepped forth into the open furrow.

His open countenance, bronzed by the sun, was lighted with love and adoration; his lips smiled; his eyes glowed; he lifted them to the heavens in an unspoken prayer for the benediction of the great life-giver; he drew into his nostrils the sweet odors, into his lungs the pure air, into his soul the beauty and glory of the world, and then, filling his hand with the golden grain, he flung it into the bosom of the waiting earth.

All day long he strode across the clearing and with rhythmic swingings of his brassy arm lavishly scattered the golden grain.

As the sun went down and the sower neared the conclusion of his labor, his emotions became deeper and yet more deep. He entered more and more fully into the true spirit and significance of his act. He felt that it was a sacrament. Thoughts of the operation of the mighty energies which he was evoking; of the Divine spirit who brooded over all; of the coming into this wilderness of the woman who was to be the good angel of his life; of the ceremony that was to be enacted in the little meeting house; of the work to which he was dedicated in the future, kindled his soul into an ecstasy of joy. He ceased to be conscious of his present task. The material world

loosened its hold upon his senses. His thoughts became riveted upon the elements of that spiritual universe that lay within and around him, and that seemed uncovered to his view as to the apostle of old. "Whether he was in the body, or out of the body, he could not tell!" Finally he ceased to move; his hand was arrested and hung poised in mid-air with the unscattered seed in its palm; his eyes were fixed on some invisible object and he stood as he had stood when we first caught sight of him in the half-plowed meadow—lost in a trance.

How long he stood he never knew, but he was awakened, at last, as it was natural and fitting he should be.

Fulfilling her agreement to come and bring him home on the eve of their wedding day, Pepeeta emerged like a beautiful apparition from an opening in the green wall of the great cathedral. She saw David standing immovable in the furrow. For a few moments she was absorbed in admiration of the grace and beauty of the noble and commanding figure, and then she was thrilled with the consciousness that she possessed the priceless treasure of his love. But these emotions were followed by a soul awe as she discovered that the soul of her lover was filled with religious ecstasy. She felt that the place whereon she stood was holy ground, and reverently awaited the emergence of the worshiper from the holy of holies into which he had withdrawn for prayer.

But the rapture lasted long and it was growing late. The shadows from the summits of the hills had already crept across the clearing and were silently ascending the trunks of the trees on the eastern side. It was time for them to go. She took a step toward him, and then another, moving slowly, reverently, and touched him on the arm. He started. The half-closed hand relaxed and the seed fell to the ground, the dreamer woke and descended from the heaven of the spiritual world into that of the earthly, the heart of a pure and noble woman.

"I have come," she said, simply. He took her in his arms and kissed her. "There is not through yet?" "So it seems! I must have lost myself."

"I think thee rather found thyself." "Perhaps I did; but I must finish my labor. It will never do for me to let my visions supplant my tasks. They will be hurtful, save as incentives to toil. I must be careful!"

"Let me help thee. There are only a few more furrows, I am sure that I can sow," she said, extending her hand. He placed some of the seed in her apron and she nudged by his side, laughing at her awkwardness but laboring with all her might. Her lover took her hand in his and showed her how to cast the seed, and so they labored together until every furrow was filled. It was dark when they were done. They lingered a little while to put the cabin in order, and then turned their faces towards the old farmhouse.

"It was here," Pepeeta said, as they approached the little bridge, "that we met each other and yielded our hearts to love."

"And met again after our tragedy and our suffering, to find that love is eternal," David added.

They stood for a few moments in silence, recalling that bitter past, and then the man of many sins and sorrows said, "Give me thy hand, Pepeeta. How small it seems in mine. Let me fold thee in my arms; it makes my heart bound to feel thee there! We have walked over rough roads together, and the path before us may not be always smooth. We have tasted the bitter cup between us, and there may still be dregs at the bottom. It is hard to believe that after all the wrong we have done we can still be happy. God is surely good! It seems to me that we must have our feet on the right path." He paused for a moment and then continued:

"I have brought thee many sorrows, sweetheart."

"And many joys." "I mean to bring thee some in the future! The love I bear thee now is different from that of the past. I cannot wait until to-morrow to pledge thee my troth! Listen!"

She did so, gazing up into his face with dark eyes in which the light of the moon was reflected as in mountain lakes. There was something in them which filled his heart with unutterable emotion, and his words hung quivering upon his lips.

"Speak, my love, for I am listening," she said.

"I cannot," he replied.

(The end.)

Kind-Hearted Ship.

Kind Lady—So you are a sailor? The Hobo—Yes, ma'am. Las' winter me an' ten udder fellers was shipwrecked on a barren island, an' all our grub lost.

Kind Lady—And how long did you remain there?

The Hobo—Tree mont's lady.

Kind Lady—But how did you manage to keep alive if all your provisions were lost?

The Hobo—The ship turned turtle, ma'am, an' we lived on turtle soup.

Responsibilities Ignored.

"Why," asked the conservative citizen, "are modern children so slazy and inconsiderate?"

"In some families," replied Miss Cayenna, "I should say it is because they fail to realize that they ought to set a good example to their parents."—Washington Star