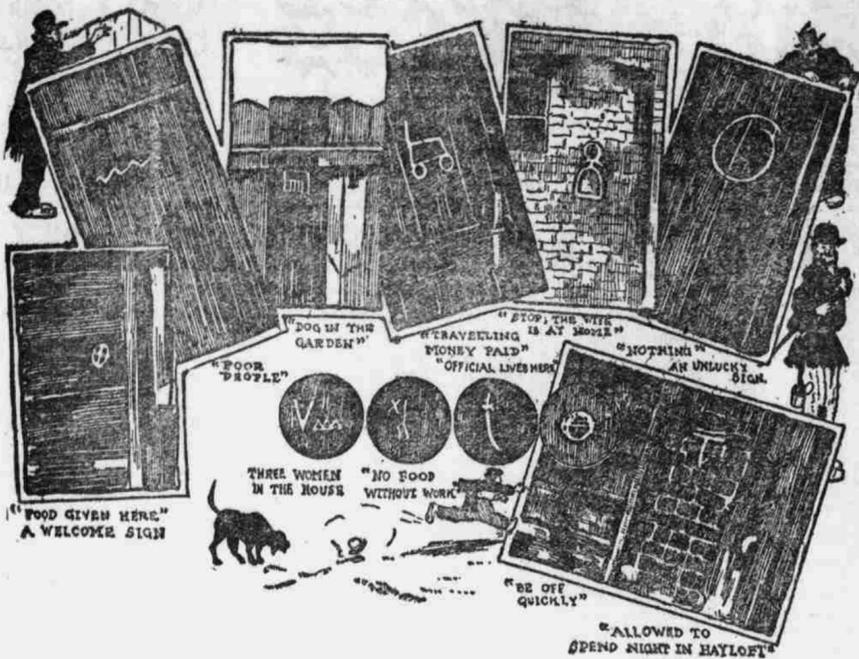


ANY CHALK MARKS ON YOUR FENCE.



Trampdom has a dialect of its own which nobody beyond the pale can understand—a spoken and written dialect which in some curious way has grown up in the kindred and has supplanted many other means of communicating ideas.

The mysterious signs that one sometimes sees on fences in the small cities and towns may frequently be attributed to the tramp fraternity. In the big city these signs are rattles, for there the hobo doesn't have the leeway that urban and rural life gives him.

Give one tramp a dinner and you give a dozen. The grateful recipient is fairly certain, if he gets the opportunity, to make a little chalk symbol on the philanthropist's fence, perhaps merely a rude circle, inclosing a cross—thus informing every other member of his guild that the householder is ready to feed a regiment.

If the tramp on his way up the back walk has encountered a lively member of the bulldog family he is decent enough, after he succeeds in escaping, to indicate in some manner on the first owner's fence or gate the presence of sharp teeth inside.

If the occupant of a house bears a strong dislike for tramps and doesn't hesitate, on the slightest provocation, to hand them over to the police, perhaps taking pains to deprive them of their liberty until the officer arrives, the first tramp lucky enough to escape gives warning to his comrades by writing "23" on the vigorous citizen's gate.

If only women live in the house the tramp takes the liberty of describing their sex by the use of the letter "V," indicating the number of the ladies by the number of "V's." Anybody good enough to give the first mendicant a few pennies usually gets recompensed by some symbol illustrative of the "easy mark," as, for instance, a hand, with a disk drawn between the fingers. And if the householder proffers sufficient money for a railroad trip to the tramp's "home," then the recipient shows his thankfulness by drawing on the giver's gate or back door a rude picture of an engine or of wheels—meaning transportation. A single scrawl on the clapboards of a cottage indicates that the occupants are too poor to look out for anybody but themselves.

The tramp has little use for the man of the house. It is the roamers' delight to find homes in which the husband is away at business. The wife is ordinarily charitable, or, if she be disinclined, is timorous. Rather than suffer a possible intrusion, she will hasten to give the beggar a comfortable meal. Whereupon the knight of the road rewards her goodness by drawing a curious sort of weight on the nearest fence or wall. Precisely what it means, few loose-mouthed tramps can tell. It is the symbol which has been adopted and passed among the craft, and it suffices to notify every fellow member that the "lady of the house" is usually at home, and that the husband during mornings and afternoons is likely to be away.

The tramp's sign of bad luck is a broken circle. Where he got such an odd expression of disappointment is another unexplained feature of his system of hieroglyphics. But that, too, tells every fresh subsequent hobo that discretion in the neighborhood is the better part of valor.

Nothing is more distasteful to the ordinary tramp than a pleasant lecture on things religious. Of the ultimate fate of mankind, including himself, he doesn't care a rap. He isn't particularly thoughtful over the future, anyway. Food and tobacco, with a few drinks for company, interest him far more than an elucidation of the Scriptures. So the devout householder, who believes it is her solemn duty to talk Christianity to mendicants of the highways, generally, after one or two opportunities, gets a wide berth. They draw a cross on her front gate, and that cross is a red signal of warning to all later comers. And the good man who wishes the wayfarer to join his family circle at evening prayer instead of letting a free man go his way in peace with enough pennies in his pocket to buy a nightcap, this householder, too, must suffer for his zeal by future immunity from the tramp fraternity. They mar his fence by a heavy cross.

The hieroglyphics of the hobo fraternity, if they could be compiled, would puzzle an Egyptologist. But without doubt the student of things ethnological might be able to find in these symbols, which the wanderers are so fond of using, some resemblance to the symbols of primitive people.

reached up one trembling hand and laid it in Letty's. The latter went on:

"Ever since the day after you were taken ill," she said, "he has been coming here. They never would tell you, or let you see him. The doctor said any kind of excitement would be bad. But this morning the postman left a letter for you—from Tom. I got it myself and I've held on to it every minute since. Here it is." She drew the envelope from her bosom and placed it in Doris' little hot hands:

"My Darling: Something tells me that you do love me in spite of all—that you gave me up because of your own nobility and unselfishness. In my anger and pride I let you do it then, and in desperation engaged myself to the other girl. Afterward, I realized what a wretchedness my life would be—what an utter failure. But it was too late then to draw out. The marriage preparations were already under way, the ceremony to be performed next month. But on Sunday morning she wrote to me and said: 'I have made a mistake, Tom. We can never be happy together. I do not want the money, so it is all yours unquestionably and without feeling on my part. As you know, I have a plenty of my own. I return your ring and letters. Don't feel hard toward me, for believe me, this is best for us all.'

"May I come back, sweetheart? I shall be in Philadelphia on business for a couple of days, but I shall be frantic with impatience. Write me at my hotel. I sail for Hamburg on Aug. 8. Shall I engage passage for two? As ever, Tom."

The answer went back without delay. Letty took it down and sent it herself. It was only one word, and it took but three letters to spell it—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

LIQUOR IN NORWAY.

Laws by Which the Sale of Intoxicants Is Controlled.

The Samlag system in Norway gives power to municipalities to grant all the retail spirit licenses which it deems necessary to a company which would bind itself to carry on the traffic in the interests of the community, with a fixed annual return of not more than 5 per cent on its paid up capital. In establishing the system the question of compensation does not appear to have presented much difficulty. When the Samlag was introduced two kinds of licenses were in existence—first, those granted annually or for a term not exceeding five years, and, second, privileged licenses, granted for the life of the licensee. In the case of the first no compensation whatever was paid to those dispossessed of their licenses. In regard to the latter compensation was granted in the form of an annuity equal to the average yearly profits for the three years preceding the suppression of the license.

With these provisions the aims and principles of the Samlag are summarized as follows: The elimination of private profit and securing the monopoly value for the public, insuring highest quality of liquors sold, the reduction of the number of licenses, the easy enforcement of the law, the destruction of the power of the spirit trade and the furtherance of all progressive measures of reform.—New York Herald.

She Gave Herself Away.

Robert Watchorn, the well-known commissioner of immigration, has made a sympathetic and thorough study of the immigrant types that reach New York.

Discussing these types the other day he said:

"The most naive are the Germans from the smaller and remoter states. They have the charmingly simple and quaint minds of children.

"A beautiful German girl disembarked here the other day. She was tall and strong, blue-eyed and yellow-haired. She wanted to know at once if there were any letters for her.

"The postmaster at the pier, after getting her name, said, by way of a joke:

"Is it a business or a love letter that you expect?"

"The girl faltered:

"A business letter."

"Well, there's nothing here," said the man after looking over the assortment.

"The girl hesitated. Then, blushing as red as a rose, she said:

"Would you mind just looking among the love letters now, sir?"—Boston Globe.

One on the Cabman.

One night Paganini was going to the Paris opera house, where he was to astonish every one by playing on one string. Being late, he took a cab, and when he arrived at his destination the cabby wanted ten francs. "What!" he exclaimed, "you are crazy; I have only had you five minutes!" "I know it is much," said the other, "but for you who make a fortune by playing on one string it must be ten francs." "Well," said Paganini, handing him the right fare, "when you can make your cab go on one wheel come to me and I will give you nineteen francs."—La Caricaturista.

Microscopic.

The best microscopes are warranted to magnify about 10,000 times. Those are the kind most people would make use of in examining their neighbors' faults.—Washington Post.

Women are most sensible when among women, and men are most sensible when among men.

It's a poor cook that isn't able to make good.

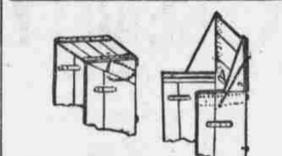


Alfalfa for Hogs.

At the Kansas Experiment Station hogs were fed on a ration of alfalfa hay and Kaffir corn meal. The gains were 78 per cent more on this ration than upon a ration of Kaffir corn meal alone. For every bushel of Kaffir corn meal and 7.83 pounds of alfalfa hay, the gain was 10.88 pounds, while upon Kaffir corn meal alone the gain was 7.48 pounds per bushel. It is shown that the hay gave better results when cut early and that the chief nutriment was in the leaves, which should be carefully saved during the process of harvesting. An earlier experiment at the same station was tried to determine the value of alfalfa pasture for hogs. The hogs were allowed to run upon the alfalfa during the summer and were fed a light ration of grain. After deducting the probable gain for the corn it was found that during the summer each acre of alfalfa pasture produced 776 pounds of pork.

Scoop Gate for Wagon Box.

The end gate for a wagon box here illustrated, answers the purpose best of anything known for hauling corn or anything which is to be scooped from the wagon box. The left figure shows it closed; being fastened by a hook on each side. When ready to unload, loosen hooks, swing gate down and, as it is supported by a chain on each side, you can stand on it and com-



WAGON-BOX SCOOP GATE.

mence scooping. It is fastened to bottom of the box with strap hinges which should be sunk into box and gate so that it leaves an even surface to scoop over. The gate should be about thirty inches high and wide enough so that side boards of same will fit over outside of box as shown in right hand figure.

Meat for Layers.

One of the best foods for making hens lay is lean meat. When the supply of eggs falls, stop all other feeds and feed lean meat or liver, and cheap meats will answer, and it will be found superior to anything else that can be used. Green bone, containing a large proportion of lean meat, is even better, provided the fat portions are removed from the bone.

It will be found cheaper than grain, because it will make eggs. One reason why the hens fall to lay when they have plenty of grain is that they require a change, and meat supplies the needful. If the hens are fat, give one ounce of lean meat each day, allowing no other food for a week or two, and watch the results.—Colman's Rural World.

Pays to Raise White Beans.

Common white beans are a good crop for the farmer to grow, if they are grown under the best methods. Good-sized seed should be planted rather than small seed, and the planting should be after the danger of frost is past, as the leaves of beans will not stand frost. The farmer should at least raise enough for his family, which can easily be done on a very small strip of land that has been only moderately manured. This small demand for manure is due to the fact that bean plant roots have on them nodules containing bacteria which gather nitrogen from the air. White beans need food cultivation, so that the soil around the roots can be well treated, which favors the development of the nodules.

Cleaning Drinking Vessels.

Unclean drinking vessels are doubtless the immediate means of spreading some of our contagious diseases, such as roup. Roup is a disease in which slime accumulates in the mouths of the fowls and strings out of their mouths when they open them to drink. Nothing is easier than for such a fowl to leave slime in the drinking water, which is then partaken of by the other fowls. This leads to the fowls all becoming quickly affected. As roup comes on in the fall very often when we get the changes in temperature at night, it is necessary that the drinking vessels be kept clean and every fowl that shows signs of a cold should be taken at once from the house so that it will not be possible for her to spread the disease.

Returned to Use of Oxen.

A Missouri farmer has returned to the use of oxen on his farm. He says he finds them cheaper and better than horses and mules. In addition to having oxen for general farm work, he has trained a bull to run a treadmill that pumps water, churns butter and does all of that kind of work. This animal beats a windmill or gasoline engine "all to pieces," and the work keeps his temper sweet and prevents him from doing damage with his horns. Other farmers are watching the experiment, and "horseless farms" may soon be all the rage.

Good Care of the Saddle.

A manufacturer of saddles is credited with the statement that one of the best of polishes for riding saddles and bridles is new milk. This should not be rubbed in the leather, however, until the latter has been cleaned with slightly warm water and soap. Hard-working stock saddles can be kept in good condition by thoroughly rubbing with three parts of palm oil and one of neatfoot after first washing with soap and water. For the leather lining of saddles that comes next to the horse there is nothing so good as neatfoot oil. The salt which exudes from the animal's body is very hard on the leather. Vigorous and protracted rubbing of the leather is essential, whatever dressing is used.

Using Commercial Fertilizers.

The pure nitrate of soda, muriate of potash, super-phosphate or ground bone, can be used in the garden, but unless a person has had experience or handles these very carefully, results are apt to be disappointing or disastrous. Plants of which the leaf or stalk are the edible portions must have plenty of nitrogen, which is available in the guano and animal manure. When the roots or fruits are to be eaten, phosphoric acid should be added in the shape of wood ashes or super phosphate. Ground bone is too slow in becoming available.

Early Layers.

Frequently a pullet starts laying before the others and continues to lay well all the year; such a one should be carefully watched and her eggs saved, providing sufficient size was attained before she began laying. Other pullets will lay a few eggs in the autumn, and then cease until spring; these should, of course, be discarded. Those that begin laying prematurely are not desirable, as they should attain the size characteristic of their breed before commencing, and then lay continuously during the rest of the fall and winter.

An Acre of Land.

To measure an acre tie a ring at each end of a rope, the distance being just 66 feet between them; tie a piece of colored cloth exactly in the middle of this. One acre of ground will be four times the length and two and one-half times the width, or the equal of 10 rods one way and 10 rods the other, making the full acre 100 square rods. Keep the rope dry, so it will not stretch. A rod is 16 1/2 lineal feet. An acre is 4,840 square yards or 43,560 square feet.

A Good Condition Powder.

Dr. Smead advises the following condition powder for live stock: Two pounds of ground flaxseed as a base, in which mix 5 ounces powdered gentian, 6 ounces of ginger, 4 ounces of powdered sulphate of iron, 4 ounces of powdered nitrate of potash. To this add 2 ounces of powdered charcoal and 1 pound of common salt. Mix all well together. Give at first two tablespoonfuls in feed of grain twice a day. After two weeks give half the quantity.

Purple-Top Ruta-Baga.

Prof. Rane of the New Hampshire station recommends the American purple top ruta-baga for the following reasons: It is a fine market sort, often selling in the markets for double the price of the early white turnip. It is also a splendid keeper and is usually free from all sponginess. While it cannot be planted as late as the early turnips, it can be used as a follow crop after early peas, provided the seed is sown not later than July 10.

Angle Iron for Posts.

Angle iron is being used for making fence posts with great success. One of the valuable features is that a post of this description may be driven in place by a heavy mallet, and digging is, therefore, unnecessary. A non-climbable fence is made by bending the post so that there is an overhang of twelve or eighteen inches, with the wires strung regularly in the very top. The difficulty of climbing such a fence will be apparent at a glance.

Cows Differ.

In their milk producing power cows differ all the way from 3,000 pounds of milk per year to 12,000 pounds a year. That being true, why should farmers be satisfied to keep a cow that will produce but ten pounds of milk (about five quarts) per day for 800 days?

Avoid This Kind of Pail.

The use of the strainer in a pail where the dirt which falls into the opening is likely to be driven through by the succeeding streams of milk is not desirable. Its use tends to increase the germ contents of the milk and injure its keeping quality.

Get Some New Roosters.

The outlay attending the purchase of new breeding males will be well repaid by results. Do not practice inbreeding if you want your stock to do well.

Notes of the Farm.

The feed problem is getting harder. There is no excuse for the filthy hog pen.

The more succulent the feed the better it is for sheep.

Be a good farmer if you are going to be a farmer at all.

Clean and sort your seeds and thus insure larger and better crops.

Water, pure and plenty of it, should be provided for the dairy cows.

Young stock should be thrifty to return a profit. Keep them growing.

Teach the boys to be gentle with the cows. It is better for the cows, and the boys, too.

MINDING MOTHER.

Boys, just listen for a moment To a word I have to say; Manhood's gates are just before you, Drawing nearer every day. Bear in mind, while you are passing, O'er that intervening span, That the boy who minds his mother Seldom makes a wicked man.

There are many slips and fallures In this world we're living in; Those who start with prospects fairest, Oft are overcome by sin. But I'm certain that you'll notice, If the facts you'll closely scan, That the boy who minds his mother Seldom makes a wicked man.

Then be guided by her counsel, It will never lead astray; Rest assured she has your welfare In her thoughts both night and day. Don't forget that she has loved you Since the day your life began; Ah, the boy who minds his mother Seldom makes a wicked man. —Weekly Bouquet.

Her Sacrifice

Miss Wellington reversed the runabout and they whirled away together. "I have an engagement at the dress-maker's," she explained. "If you don't mind, I'll stop now, and then we can take a spin out to the park. There are lots of things I want to talk to you about."

Doris flushed with pleasure; it was not often she enjoyed an hour's recreation since their reverse. And the prospect of a talk with Eudora Wellington was most alluring to her.

After the visit to the fashionable modiste had been accomplished they drove straight to Fifth avenue, headed for Central park.

"Perhaps you are wondering why I took so long," Miss Wellington remarked with a musing little smile about her lips. "Shall I tell you?"

Doris smiled, too, with a responsive gleam in her gentle brown eyes. "You need not say a word," she said. "I've been in love, too." When the words had left her lips a swift shadow fell over her face and the tears rushed to her eyes despite the effort she was making toward cheerfulness.

The other girl turned and looked into her face keenly. "If I could help you, I would, I would!" she said impulsively, and her own eyes went dim.

Doris shook her head and smiled again. "No one can—now," she pursued absently, "you see, I gave him up myself. That makes it out of the question for any one else to say or do anything. Once we were well off and prosperous—my father's family, you know. But he speculated and lost; we're as poor as Job's turkey now. I was betrothed to the kindest, best man in the world. But he, too, had been unfortunate. His father, who was a very best peculiar old man, died and

per on the last words, and she struggled a sob in her throat. It was some time before Miss Wellington spoke. When she did there was a different note in her voice, and all the pretty pink had died out of her cheeks. "It was hard on you," she said, "terribly hard. But you were always a heroine, Doris; I knew that years ago. I know it now, more than ever."

The young girl flushed warmly under the genuine words of praise, and her dark eyes gleamed black for an instant. "There are compensations in everything," she said, "even in our most bitter disappointments."

For several minutes they drove in leisurely silence. At last Doris said she must be getting home, and ten minutes later Miss Wellington was telling her goodby in front of her gate. When she entered her room she flung herself down on the bed and gave up to the tears that had been hovering so close to her eyes for a long time. The encounter with the other girl, who had everything, her happiness chief of all, made her own heart's tragedy and miserable lot the more unendurable. Somehow she could not get her loer out of her mind; he had cared for her, she knew that, as he would never care for any one else; but with her image forcibly erased from his life, and that by her own hand, it was more than probable that he would find as much contentment as most people have in his new relations and surroundings.

That night Doris Balfour was delirious. For several days she was unable to leave her bed. She had grown very white and thin after the fever left, and her vitality seemed dwindling away. One morning her sister came into the room and sat down on the bed beside her. "Doris," she began, "I want you to tell me the truth; you are unhappy, are you not? It doesn't look as though a mere physical hurt could produce this condition."

The hot blood flamed over the girl's small face and her lips trembled. She was too weak to control her emotions at all. Then, for answer, she covered her face with her hands and shook convulsively. Letty Balfour went on: "They are making a plan to send you to the Adirondacks—the doctor seems to think you need a change. But I have a different theory. I believe I have something that will cure you a whole lot quicker. Shall I tell you?" Doris glanced up eagerly, her heart bounding with an excitement that was more than half pain. Something in her sister's tone thrilled her strangely. "Yes," she said, "tell me." She



THE POSTMAN LEFT A LETTER FOR YOU.