



HARDY PERENNIALS.

Don't Expect Too Much of Them the First Year.

Any one familiar with hardy perennials will admit their desirability over annuals as a class. They have permanent value and command a much greater interest. But too much is expected of them the first year, as a rule. Persons used to setting out coleus and geraniums, which are well started, neat and showy from the beginning, look for the same in the herbaceous perennials, forgetting their entirely different character.

The perennial bed's first year should be considered a preliminary planting. Carefully arranged and furnished with good plants it will look fairly well, but it is probable there will be found places in the bed that can be improved—touching up or rearranged just a little. With this in view the plants should not be set too closely. Let them have room to display their individuality. A herbaceous perennial bed or border can be improved year after year by the addition of a few things that take the owner's fancy. It is a constant source of pleasure.

A mistaken course is to be over-anxious about getting kinds that individually bloom all summer. There are some such, but their exclusive use narrows down the assortment very greatly. It is the opportunity to have variety and changing interest as new flowers appear that makes the whole scheme attractive.

In speaking of clematis one usually associates the name with climbing plants, as most of the genus are of that habit. Clematis davidiana, however, although usually classed with herbaceous plants, may be better described as a trailing shrub, as the stems are slightly woody and do not die in the winter. Of its merits as a garden plant there can be no question.

The flowers are of a good violet blue, fragrant and similar in size to the single hycynth. The foliage being abundant and large, the flowers are not so conspicuous as they otherwise might be. Many of the hardy perennials have a very weedy appearance when out of flower, and a few plants of the type of Clematis davidiana go a long way in resembling the borders from this undesirable feature.—Mechan.

The Hardy Daphnes.

The hardy Daphnes are among the choicest of ornamental small shrubs. In the vast number of ornamental shrubs in cultivation adapted to all kinds of soils, conditions, exposures, highly ornamental environments or plain, unpretentious surroundings the hardy Daphnes should be given a place where nothing but the most choicest and choice shrubs should be planted. Hardly any of the Daphnes will succeed and be satisfactory unless they are given the conditions that exactly suit them. As a general rule they should be planted in sheltered situations, with an eastern or southern exposure, and in light, moist soil, but always well drained.

The Queen of the Autumn.

The perennial chrysanthemums include the large, splendid sorts of the autumn shows and also the pretty hardy pompons that make bright masses of color in our gardens long after heavy frosts have cut down other flow-



A JAPANESE CHRYSANTHEMUM.

ers. The great blooms of the shows are grown from carefully cultivated cuttings. For ordinary culture and room decoration plants pinched back to form a number of branches, with from ten to twenty flowers, will be most satisfactory.

The novelties among the large flowered chrysanthemums are many. The Japanese varieties are globe shaped, incurved and beautifully double.

Windfalls.

Fungous diseases have been unusually prevalent on fruits this year.

First class fruit is what is needed in Europe.

Peaches have been higher this season than for years.

Some growers in Connecticut claim to have demonstrated the profit of handling apples in boxes.

Pears should be picked before quite ripe and placed in a cool room and in

the air.

Fertilize the orchard now, because maybe you did not do it in the spring.

A Quebec fruit grower claims that orcharding in that region yields a net return of 10 to 15 per cent on money invested.

The tamarisk may be trained to be a fine lawn tree, and the silver variety is said to have proved hardy in Iowa and South Dakota.

The annual meeting of the Missouri State Horticultural society is announced for Dec. 1-3 at Columbia.

Arab Lying.

The following characterization of the Arab penchant for not telling the truth is from a paper by Dr. G. Saint-Paul on the Tunisians: "Arab lying is exasperating. It is absurd and victorious. It triumphs easily over the critical sense and the habit of scientific reasoning. It is sometimes childish. Your native servants will never be taken unawares. You forbid one of them to smoke in your dining room and you surprise him there with a cigarette in his mouth. 'You were smoking.' 'No, I saw you.' 'Impossible.' You had a cigarette in your mouth; you are hiding it in your hand; there it is.' Then God put it in my hand.' The native denies always. Taken red handed he denies. Beneath blows he denies. Pain is sometimes powerless to make him confess, even at the point of death. This obstinacy is due in part to the high idea he has of his dignity. His pride forbids him a confession, because the avowal of his lying is infinitely humiliating in his eyes. The fear of losing 'face' is all powerful in him. To recognize a fault is more shameful than to have committed it. Hence the peculiar obstinacy of the native in denying, even when it would be to his interest to confess, an obstinacy not manifested in other ways."—Journal of American Folk Lore.

Canine Intelligence.

A native of Peru has vouched for the following: A native pointed out one day a huge white dog that lay before his wretched house. He declared that his dog had intelligence of an almost human order. He said that once, when it had broken a bone in its foot, he had taken it to a surgeon and the surgeon had set the fracture and relieved it of its pain. Some months afterward, in the middle of the night, the surgeon was awakened by a great scratching at his door and by a thumping as of some heavy body. He slipped on a dressing gown and went down, to find the white dog in his garden with a brown dog beside it that held one leg off the ground. The surgeon's deduction was that the white dog had brought its companion there for treatment. Accordingly he dressed the leg of the injured animal, and thereupon the two dogs licked his hands with an air of gratitude and departed slowly into the night side by side.

Rufus Choate and Justice Shaw.

Rufus Choate was sitting next to Judge Hoar in the bar when Chief Justice Shaw was presiding and the Suffolk docket was being called. The chief justice said something which led Mr. Choate to make a half humorous and half displeased remark about Shaw's roughness of look and manner, to which Judge Hoar replied: "After all, I feel a reverence for the old chief justice." "A reverence for him, my dear fellow?" said Choate. "So do I. I bow down to him as the wild Indian does before his wooden idol. I know he's ugly, but I bow to a superior intelligence."—George F. Hoar in Scribner's Magazine.

The Way to Float.

This is the advice of an old swimmer to those who cannot swim: "Any human being who will have the presence of mind to clasp the hands behind his back and turn the face toward the zenith may float at ease and in perfect safety in tolerably still water. When you first find yourself in deep water you have only to consider yourself an empty pitcher. Let your mouth and nose, and not the top of your heavy head, be the highest part of you and you are safe. But thrust up one of your bony hands and down you go—turning up the handle tips over the pitcher." There are reason and logic in this.

Tolerance.

Tolerance is a calm, generous respect for the opinions of others, even of one's enemies. Tolerance is silent justice blended with sympathy. Tolerance always implies wisdom and kindness. It seeks to convert others from error by gently raising them to higher orders, by leading them to broader lines of thinking, by patiently helping them to help themselves. Tolerance does not use the hattering ram of argument or the club of sarcasm or the rapier of ridicule.—Selected.

Painful.

Johnson—Does your wife speak French?
Thompson—She thinks she does.
"You don't speak it, do you?"
"No."
"Then how do you know she doesn't?"
"I watched a French waiter's face the other day when she was talking to him, and I'll be blamed if he didn't look as if he had the toothache!"

Unreasonable.

Magistrate (severely)—Prisoner, how did you have the audacity to break into

this man's house at midnight and rob him?
Prisoner (piteously)—But, your honor, last time I was before you you wanted to know how I could have the audacity to rob a man in broad daylight. When do you expect me to get in my work?

The Baby Humors.

"Of course," said Mrs. Extrygood, "you are fond of bright, precocious babies?"
"Oh, yes; certainly," replied Old Hatch, "but I draw the line on the supposed smart sayings made up by the parents and loaded off on the poor infants."—Baltimore American.

Asking His Advice.

A little girl, aged nine, called her father to her bedside the other evening.
"Papa," said the little diplomat, "I want to ask your advice."
"Well, my dear, what is it about?"
"What do you think it would be best to give me on my birthday?"—London Telegraph.

A Change.

"You certainly look better. You must have followed my advice and had a change."
"Yes, doctor, so I have."
"Where did you go?"
"I went to another physician."

The maximum endurance of a 15 inch gun is 900 firings, while the 6 inch gun may be fired upward of 2,000 times without injury.

It Wasn't.

"Boys, don't you know it's wicked to fight? Now, if I were you I'd kiss and make up."
"Say, wot do you tink dis is—a woman's club?"—Life.

Anger and Digestion.

A well known physician has written: "Anger is a passion which especially unfits the stomach for doing much work. If it occurs often or is protracted, but little food should be taken. Those who indulge in it have a double cause for abstinence. Both their folly and their stomachs call for a fast."

A woman knows more about dress than a man knows about everything else combined.—Philadelphia Record.

Fame is the perfume of heroic deeds.

—Socrates.

Improving a Jersey Town.

The members of a village improvement society in a New Jersey town are doing some earnest work at present in the line of inspection of the street cleaning department. The committee on street cleaning consists of twenty women, and they are divided into a number of subcommittees. They inspect every portion of the streets every day and while on duty also give valuable suggestions to citizens on the care of lawns and trees, the disposal of rubbish, etc.

MARRIED

BJORNVIST—BOSTROM—In Marshfield, Or., Nov. 7, 1903, Henry Bjorkvist and Miss Maria Bostrom, Rev. B. F. Bengtson officiating.

The marriage ceremony was performed in the evening in I O O F hall in the presence of a large number of guests, about 300 invitations having been issued. Miss Hilda Fredrickson acting as bridesmaid and Chas. Bostrom as best man.

After the ceremony and congratulations the floor was cleared for dancing which was indulged in by the happy company until the small hours, bounteous refreshments being also served to the guests.

Erio Wold

—Surveyor and Civil Engineer—
Blanco Hotel
MARSHFIELD OREGON
Homestead and Timber Location.

J. M. Upton,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
Marshfield, Oregon

Kimball's in the Seattle Schools

Following an order placed several months ago for five Kimball upright pianos to be placed in the public schools of Seattle, Wash., the Board of Education has again this fall given orders to supply nine schools with Kimball instruments including a Kimball grand to be used in the assembly hall of the new high school. This recognition of the merits of the Kimball is of especial significance.

Chas. Grissom Music Company

ALOFT WITH THE DEAD

(Copyright, 1903, by C. B. Lewis.)

One morning when the American ship Torpedo was about fifty miles south of the Madieras I was called to the lookout two hours after midnight. I was digging my eyes and fighting away sleep when a curious sound from over the bows caught my ear. It was a dark night, with not a star visible, and I could not see beyond the end of the jib boom. As I listened to the noise the only thing I could compare it to was the noise of sharks bumping against a small boat.

It would have been ridiculous to call to the mate and give him any such explanation, but I finally reported the curious noises and left the cause for him to find out. He brought up and lighted a port fire, and the glare illuminated the sea for a hundred feet around, and the first thing we saw was a ship's boat within half a cable's length of us on the port bow. In the bottom of the boat were two human figures, and one of them was a woman, and all around the boat the sea was alive with sharks. They were diving under the craft, running their noses against it and seeking in their way to upset it. Had it been a shore boat it could not have withstood their attacks.

As soon as we caught sight of the boat the mate ran to call the captain. By the time he had arrived the boat had drifted right down against us, and one of the crew lowered himself down and fastened the painter. Then I got down to assist him, and we passed up the bottles—the man first. We might as well have dropped him into the sea, for he had been dead at least twenty-four hours. As we lifted up the woman, having not a doubt that she was also dead, she moved and uttered a groan and gave us a great fright. We had her on board in a couple of minutes, and the small boat, which was a captain's gig, new and without a name, was later hoisted up. We found the woman greatly exhausted through thirst and hunger, but with life enough to build hopes on, and she was cared for so well that at the end of two or three hours it was reported that she had fallen into a deep sleep and would probably pull through.

It may surprise you to learn how long that castaway female slept. At intervals the captain raised her head to administer soup or drink, but not actually to interrupt her sleep, and she did not open her eyes till fifty hours had passed. Then sleep had brought her fully back to life. It was two or three days later, however, before we heard her story, or, to our great amazement, learned that there was no story to tell. The woman could remember nothing of the past—not even her name.

If you have read Clark Russell you will remember two such incidents in his books. You may have set them down as "sailors' yarns," but such things have happened on land a dozen times over. The woman awoke to find herself aboard a strange ship, with strange men about her. She was handsome and well formed, English in looks and speech, but she wore no jewelry and had neither a purse nor a cardcase. When asked how she came to be at sea with the man in the gig—whether she had visited Madeira or the Azores—whether she lived in England or elsewhere—she could tell absolutely nothing. She began a new life as she opened her eyes in the cabin of the Tornado.

To add to the romance, or, rather, to make a romance of it, our captain fell in love with the woman, and she returned the sentiment. She would have married him at the end of a few months, but he dared not chance it. He fully believed that she was already a wife and that word must come from her husband sooner or later. As for her, the past was dead. It was doubtful whether she would remember her husband if he came to claim her. She loved as any single woman might love.

When two years had passed away and no word had been received Captain Clark and the woman were married, and he took her to Wilmington, N. C., to reside. He made three or four trips to European ports after that and then quit the sea and established himself ashore as a ship chandler.

One evening four years after the wedding the captain of an English ship just in called at the chandler's in the way of trade. Something happened to be said about the Azores, and the stranger at once began a sorrowful story. Six years before while his ship was at the islands his wife attempted to return to the ship in the face of a squall, and the boat was upset and the occupants lost. They found neither boat nor bodies. The husband was nearly crazed with grief and was a victim of brain fever for many months. The story was not half told when Captain Clark knew that the woman's real husband stood before him.

Whether he would have suppressed the truth or boldly stated it no man but he can tell, but he was not put to the trial. The climax was a curious one, but in keeping. The stranger, who gave his name as Burke, was looking at Captain Clark in a puzzled way as he told his story, perhaps having some faint intuition of the truth, when a small anchor swinging from a beam above his head broke loose from its fastenings and fell upon his crushed

head, and he was gone with the words of his story yet upon his lips.

Not a word was told the woman, and she died ten years later without the mystery having been explained to her. When the name Burke was mentioned to her it did not affect her in the slightest, and no more did the name of her husband's ship. The past was so completely dead to her that she would positively have refused to recognize her husband's claim. M. QUAD.

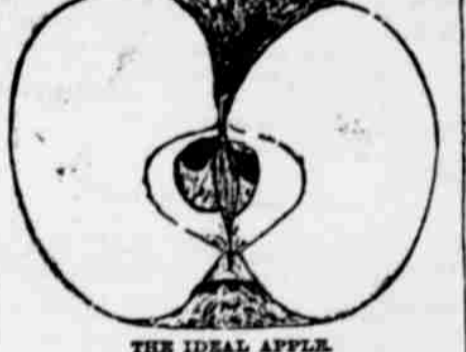


A NEW APPLE.

The Claims of the Ideal—Comments of a Pomological Expert.

To those who are considering new apple varieties for trial the following comments of a pomologist, H. E. Van Deman, originally made in Rural New Yorker, may be interesting:

A correspondent in the west asks whether the new apple called Ideal is really equal to the description of it by those who are pushing it. They say it is "as hardy as Duchess (Oldenburg), as good a bearer as the Ben Davis, as good a keeper as the Willow and better in quality than Jonathan." I sent to the introducers in Iowa and got two specimens, a drawing of one of which is shown here. The original tree of the variety is said to be standing ten miles east of Des Moines, Ia., and is now twenty or more years old. As to its



hardiness I know nothing beyond the statements of the introducers. If it is as hardy as Oldenburg it will surely be a great boon to the apple growers of the cold northwest, and if it bears as well as Ben Davis that is surely a great point in its favor. From the condition of the specimens I would judge that it is not so good a keeper as Willow. Willow will keep until June and is one of the very latest of all apples.

In size Ideal is small to medium, and the shape is obconic. The color is pale yellowish, a little over half covered with dull mixed red and with some darker stripes. It is by no means brilliant or attractive, and reminds me of Genet in general appearance. As to the quality it is very good, but I do not call it best, as it is very mild subacid and pleasant, but not rich or sprightly in flavor. It does not, in my judgment, equal Jonathan in high quality. It is probably a good dessert winter apple, but I do not call it ideal in size, color or flavor. However, it would be well to try a tree or two of it.

Pruning Shrubs.

The rule in pruning shrubs if it is desired to get the greatest number of flowers is to trim only just after shrubbery has done flowering, whatever time that may be. They can then be cut as freely as may be desired, and new branches will at once be put out, on which will appear the blossoms of the following season. There is, however, another consideration—namely, that with some of the flowering shrubs the blossoms are succeeded by ornamental berries, almost as desirable for fall and winter ornament. One must sacrifice the berries or the flowers, at least in part, for one season or let all trimming alone and let berry bearing shrubs grow at their own sweet will.

Foreign Chrysanthemums.

Of all the French varieties of chrysanthemum introduced into this country none has made the record or held the place attained by Vivian-Morel, and it must be a fine pink indeed that can compete against it, though far from being the ideal in color. The handsomest and most practical French variety since Vivian-Morel is Mlle. Marie Lager. Here is perfection of foliage, habit, stem, size and form in pleasing pink, with the fine constitution, besides being an easy doer and blinging no seconds. This variety may well be accepted as a standard of excellence.—E. G. Hill.

Hollyhocks in Border Gardening.

Hollyhocks are among the plants that need no introduction. Every one knows and likes them. They are an essential part of the old fashioned gardens so popular today. While they can hardly be misplaced in gardens, there are places where by reason of their habit of growth they are particularly pleasing to the eye. A good plan is to place them irregularly along a low wall. The upright spikes break the line of the wall, the tops showing prettily from the terrace side as well. Regularly planted in a complete row they would not be so attractive.

Now I Mak Rambler Rose, Lady Gay. Mr. J. H. Walsh says his new seedling Rambler rose Lady Gay has vigorous

growth, glossy foliage and is well adapted. Flowers are in clusters, similar to those of Crimson Rambler, thirty to forty blooms in a cluster; color, a beautiful pink. According to American Gardening, good judges pronounce this rose the best of the Rambler family, and when recently shown before the Massachusetts Horticultural society it was accorded high honors.

Fruit Tree Bark Beetle.

The work of the fruit tree bark beetle can be seen in the coating of gum from the trunk or branches, or both, of the peach, plum and cherry. Cut off infested branches and burn them if you wish to save the balance of the tree. When all the branches are infested destroy all of the tree by burning.—Exchange.

Thorough Orchard Cultivation.

Thorough cultivation of the orchard, aside from its other advantages, destroys the old leaves which may harbor fungi. The leaves always rot quicker on plowed ground than on grass.

During an Illness Patient.

A patient entered the consulting room walking backward, under the delusion that his head had got a twist round and that his face was turned the wrong way. Instead of laughing at him, as I expected, the doctor entered into the case with the greatest gravity, tapping his patient's head all over, looking into his throat and ears and sympathizing with him. The patient was at once won over and placed the utmost confidence in the doctor's assurance that a complete cure would be effected in a few days, voluntarily exercising the greatest care in carrying out the medical directions, which consisted in elaborate nothings to keep the patient occupied.

A day or two afterward the doctor met him with feigned surprise and congratulated him. "On what?" asked the patient. "Judge for yourself," replied the doctor, handing him a mirror. The man surveyed his corrugated countenance intently for a few seconds, when with the dawn of conviction there stole a grin into his stern features. Thanking the doctor, he skipped out of the room in a frenzy of delight.—London Tit-Bits.

Marvels of Memory.

A postal clerk in a civil service examination did not make a single error in properly sorting 42,000 test postal cards, each representing a post office in a certain territory assigned. This was done at the rate of thirty-three and one-half cards a minute. "Far more noteworthy," thinks American Medicine, "is the memory of an expert piano player, who will play an entire season's concert without a note of printed music before him. His memory is so perfect that hundreds of thousands of notes must be at the orderly and instant disposal of the will, and this is combined with a multiplicity of synchronous recollections of timbre, tempo, expression, etc. The mystery is at present past the hinting of any explanation, and this fact is as beautiful as it is appalling. It shows us how far we are from any real science of psychology."

Too Much So.

A man to whom illness was chronic. When told that he needed a tonic. Said, "Oh, doctor, dear, Won't you please make it bear?" "No, no," said the doc, "that's Tonic." —Princeton Tiger.

Great hearts are full of sympathy and what man does not need the sympathy and support of his fellow men?—Schoolmaster.

Pain

From Inflammatory Rheumatism

Would Have Killed Our Son.

Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills Saved Him.

"We began to use Dr. Miles' Nerve and Liver Pills six years ago. My wife had liver trouble and a neighbor gave her some of your liver pills to try, after which we bought a bottle of them and my wife used them until cured. Since then I have used them and I must say that I have never used any pills that gave me the satisfaction these have. We also use Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills with greatest satisfaction. Three years ago our son Harry had inflammatory rheumatism. He had suffered so much that I believe if we had not given him Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills which relieved him almost instantly he would have died. I am always glad of the opportunity for praising Dr. Miles' Remedies."—James Everett, Alton, Ill.

"I was afflicted with neuralgia for years and never found any permanent relief till I began using Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills. They are a sure cure for headache and neuralgic pains. Only this morning I recommended them to a friend with a severe headache and in a half hour he came into the store smiling. The headache was gone. We use them in the family and find them excellent for the women folk. This high altitude makes them very nervous. Grandma says I should tell Dr. Miles she could not live here were it not for the Anti-Pain Pills that she takes occasionally."—L. B. Morris, Helena, Montana.

All druggists sell and guarantee first bottle Dr. Miles' Remedies. Send for free book on Nerve and Heart Diseases. Address Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.