

MYNHEER JOE.

BY ST. GEORGE RATHBORNE.

CHAPTER X.
 THE HEAD OF A MAN IS OUTLINED IN THE WINDOW—FEATURES INVISIBLE, FOR IT IS ONLY A SILHOUETTE AGAINST THE BACKGROUND FORMED BY THE MOONLIGHT WITHOUT. EVIDENTLY THE UNKNOWN HAS SOME OF THE CLIMBING QUALITIES OF AN ANGE, SINCE HE HAS CLIMBED UP THE SIDING OF A WALL TEN FEET IN HEIGHT, AIDED BY ONLY A FEW RUNNING VINES.
 Mynheer Joe shuts his teeth together with a click, and then, turning partly over, coolly watches the window, not suspecting to breathe regularly, as a sleeping person might.
 The head remains stationary for perhaps a minute, and it is evident that the man is bending his ear to listen eagerly. Then the head vanishes once more.
 Joe takes advantage of the respite to change his position still more, assuming one where he can concentrate all his muscles into giving a tremendous leap. Then he calmly awaits the turn of events.
 Before long the head reappears again, this time seeming to have more confidence than on previous occasions. Now does the man stop there—his shoulders appear and gradually he pushes his way up over the sill of the window. Ah, he is coming in, this unwelcome guest!
 Now he has passed the Rubicon and reaches upon the floor—Joe can just see him in the moonlight and at the same time notes another fact that fills him with wonder. A second head has bobbed up beyond the line of the sill. Again he has the dark silhouette against the light background.
 "Omnifarious!" thinks the traveler.
 "Are my apartments about to be invaded by an army? Has El Mahdi sent his advance guard against Cairo, or are they just common, every-day robbers bent on plunder?"
 He is not the man to lose time in useless speculation. Precious seconds are passing, and something must be done at once ere more of his unknown enemies gain the room.
 Fortunately this man is accustomed to meeting emergencies, and thinks very little of it under ordinary circumstances. His plan of action is very simple and characteristic of his nature.
 The recumbent form upon the couch becomes imbued with sudden life. It is as if steel springs had been given to it. A stone could not be shot from a catapult with greater rapidity than he passes through space.
 There is hardly a sound to indicate his coming, and the crouching wretch upon the floor cannot have sufficient warning to get out of the way. He hears a rushing noise, and then something falls upon him, just as the eagle swoops on its prey.
 A brief struggle ensues, during which the unknown emits several cries of rage. The man at the window hardly knows what to do, as he cannot tell the exact status of things inside, but believing his assistance may be needed he starts to crawl over the sill.
 At this instant something comes against him with crushing force. It is the body of his companion, whom Mynheer Joe has bodily raised, with all the strength of his powerful arms, and tossed toward the opening.
 This conclusion proves too much for the fellow who is in the act of clambering in. He loses his hold, clutches at the body of his companion, and, locked in each other's arms, they go plunging down to the floor below. Joe hears the thud of their fall, and immediately looks out of the window. There a man scrambles to his feet and scuttles across the open, looking more like a skulking jackal than aught else.
 A groan from below. The second fellow is picking himself up now. He, too, moves off with a painful limp, as though his fall has given him cause for suffering. Mynheer Joe laughs aloud in a mocking way.
 "Come again, my friends! The latching is always out!" he calls softly.
 There is no answer. And the second skulking form hides itself, as did the first, among the shadows on the other side of the piazza.
 The traveler still leans from his window and ponders. There is something about this business that puzzles him, and causes his brow to assume a serious, thoughtful expression. What did these men seek—his money or his life? The first thought is, of course, that they were ordinary robbers. Cairo swarms with them in spite of military precautions; and there is no more cunning thief in the world than he of Egypt—he can give his fellows all over the globe points and beat them.
 A second idea that has flashed into Joe's mind is connected with the Falas Prophet. El Mahdi has emissaries in Cairo. Can it be that already the word has been passed among them to do him to death—him, the sole foreign survivor of the Khartoum massacre? Even this, though singular, seems to be near the truth, and yet Mynheer Joe has a third idea. He gropes after it in darkness, not being able to grasp the details and make a connected theory of it.
 "Well!" comes in a calm voice not more than five feet away from his ears, causing Joe to turn his head immediately.
 It sees a human head in the moonlight, thrust from an adjoining window. It is Mr. Grimes who has spoken. Then Joe remembers the peculiar circumstances of his awakening. Could it be possible that after all he had heard a voice whisper:
 "Mynheer Joe, awake—danger!"
 "They have gone but are not forgotten," murmurs Grimes, humorously. "You saw them, then?" asks Joe, quickly.
 "Well, rather," replies the other, checking; "and if that last fellow

Don't feel sore to-morrow, I'm mistaken in my guess."
 "I hope he will—it may lead to identify the rascal, Mr. Grimes?"
 "Yes."
 "Was it you who warned me?"
 "I whispered through a crack in the wall in about the spot where I believed your bed to be."
 "A thousand thanks, my dear sir. When I awoke I hardly knew whether I had dreamed it or not. Then my eyes caught the fellow's head at the window. I waited until he crawled in and then doubled both up together."
 "Very neatly done, sir, I must say. These rascally thieves are very daring just at present."
 "I have been thinking it over and had about come to the conclusion that these fellows were bent upon something else."
 "Oh! You mean murder? That they are some of the Mahdi's followers or spies, determined to have vengeance on you for the part you took at Khartoum?" says Mr. Grimes.
 "Perhaps so. Are you dressed, sir?"
 "Partially so. I couldn't sleep and was looking out of the window from an easy chair when I heard a noise and caught sight of the sly rascals climbing up the wall like a couple of monkeys. I was puzzled at first how to warn you, and only hit upon that little scheme as a happy thought. Glad to know it worked so well."
 "Would you mind coming into my room?"
 "Not at all," responds the pseudo silver king, cheerfully. "I am always at the service of my friends, and particularly Mynheer Joe."
 "I want to investigate something—think I've got a clew to a still darker piece of business."
 "Good for you, my boy!"
 Mr. Grimes's head vanishes from the window. When, a few minutes later, he opens the door of Joe's room, which the latter has unfastened, he finds that worthy has lighted a lamp, with which the room is fortunately provided in place of the ordinary candle.
 Mynheer Joe seems to be bending low, as if examining something on the floor. Has the man upon whom he pounced been wounded, and does Joe think he can learn anything from the stain left behind?
 Mr. Grimes bends over his shoulder and makes a discovery that forces an exclamation from his lips. Upon the floor can be seen the fragments of a small vial that has evidently been shattered by some violent concussion. This, in itself, is not what wrenches that cry from the detective. He sees the matting covering the floor discolored and eaten into by some powerful agent.
 "What do you say?" asks Joe, solemnly.
 Mr. Grimes rubs one finger over the ruined matting and feels the result almost immediately.
 "There can be no question about the nature of that acid," he replies, and his whole manner is sober, as though he realizes the extreme gravity of the situation.
 Mynheer Joe nods his head.
 "It is the proof I was looking for. My suspicions now have a double foundation. I no longer grope in the dark—see."
 "One thing is as evident to me as the nose on your face. You have a foe who would hesitate at nothing in order to gain revenge. A fiend in mortal shape for whom the tortures of the Inquisition would be too good!"
 "Exactly! You understand, this party does not seek my death, but would make me a hideous object for life, from whom women, and one woman in particular, must turn with shuddering horror."
 "Good heavens, Joe, can you mean it?"
 "Does not the evidence point that way. The one woman to whom I have reference—let me be plain in this—is Molly Tanner. Who is it hates me because she smiles on me. You, yourself, told me this baron was a human fiend who had fought numerous duels and who looked upon the lives of his fellows as mere stepping-stones by means of which he could climb upward."
 "Perhaps you are right, sir," says Grimes, reflectively.
 He cannot quite come to the conviction that a white man could be guilty of such a dastardly piece of business.
 "And I grow more positive of it with every breath that I draw. I have not yet told you the first cause for your suspicion that came to me," pursues Joe, in the earnest way that marks his advance always.
 "Suppose you do?"
 "When I jumped on the fellow who was crouching here, I must have sent this vial flying from his hand—see where it struck the wall but was smashed. My idea, of course, was to clutch him and toss the rascal through the open window. But he squirmed like an eel, and hence I was compelled to deal him several blows about the ribs to quiet him. It was during the progress of this little campaign that the fellow gave utterance to several cries. He was not a Moor nor an Arab nor yet a fellow who called out, but a Hindoo, beseeching Brahma to save him from the foreign devil."
 Mr. Grimes gives vent to an expression that marks surprise, and yet, being a very conservative man, he is not wholly ready to agree with his friend.
 "You are sure there could be no mistake?" he asks, realizing what this discovery on the part of Mynheer Joe really means.
 "I can stake my life on it. Having traveled over India and spent much time among the natives, I am competent to judge. The man I tossed out of the window as though he were a bundle of sticks was beyond all question a Hindoo, and the

only one I have met in all Cairo has been the man whom you pointed out as a follower of the baron, who was to prove as valuable to him when he reached the land of the Ganges."
 "Then I must believe it—that baron is a fiend in his way. He has a long head, too, for already he has seen that you are the man destined to give him the most trouble in connection with Molly, and he would in the start knock you out of the race."
 Mynheer Joe shrugs his shoulders.
 "I see very plainly that I shall have to be the death of this baron yet, or else he must take my life. Think of it, man: Ten hours ago I did not know he existed; now the world is too small for both of us to live."
 "Astounding! Never heard of such a rapid advance in my life!" declares the other.
 "And yet it is perfectly legitimate. You understand that there is a difference here. I have known Molly, in one sense, much longer than this man has; yes, and have had a claim upon her gratitude, something to keep her mind fixed upon me, so that she recognized me at sight. Something tells me this baron and myself will yet meet face to face as foes."
 "If you do, I trust your good angels will be hovering near to guard and protect. The baron is an exceedingly dangerous man. I have been watching him at my leisure here, and learned enough to tell me that he is unscrupulous and crafty; besides, his Government has surrounded him with a bulk of defense. You must not underestimate this man, my friend, whatever else you do. He, in the habit of having his own way with men, I have seen numbers of these whom I believed to be at least ordinarily brave men bow and smile before him, as though they actually feared his power."
 "Bah! That is not in Mynheer Joe's line at all. I am an American, and I bend my head to no man in obsequence, with all respect to the crowned heads of Europe. Let the fight come off. We shall see who wins."
 The baron will, at least, have an adversary in Mynheer Joe, who knows no fear—one who has met danger in all its guises and wrested victory from many a threatened defeat. When two such men meet in deadly array, the result is sure to be interesting—to those who may look on as spectators.
 Mr. Grimes cautions his friend to sleep with one eye open after this.
 "Do you know what I've a notion to?" says Joe, deliberately. "Gather up the remains of this broken vial, wrap them up securely, and by special messenger send them to the baron in the morning, with some such line as this: 'First attempt a failure. Try again, dear baron.' Or perhaps I might say: 'If you could only have seen the chap who carried this plunge through the window, baron?'"
 Mynheer Joe is inclined to be facetious, but his companion looks further and sees more clearly.
 "That would be imprudent, my friend," he says.
 "Tell me exactly how."
 "Well, you unmask your batteries and let him know that you have discovered his advance. That is what we call bad policy in a game."
 "Ah, yes, I begin to see already."
 "Far better to keep him in ignorance and then you have the advantage. He may never know that you suspect him. Let it be set down that some rascally robbers attempted to get in your room and you fired 'em out."
 "I had an idea, you understand, that by letting this man know I was on his game I could hold him responsible for the future."
 "Nonsense! The baron would be responsible for nothing. He's as slippery as an eel. Depend upon it, you can't meet him squarely. But if you ever get the better of him, it will be by using his own weapons."
 There is sound advice in this, which Mynheer Joe may profit by. It must not be understood that he is ignorant of such characters. He has met all kinds and conditions of men during his years of travel, and even among the blacks of the African wilds been compelled to overcome strategy with the same tactics.
 After a little more talk, Mr. Grimes retires to his room, and Mynheer Joe throws himself down upon his cot again. It is hardly probable that the same intruders will attempt anything more at this time, at least not on this night.
 [To be Continued.]

AGRICULTURAL.

Time For Harvesting.
 Spray three times, first, just as the bloom is falling, next in eight or ten days, and then in ten days the third time. You will never fail in having plenty of fruit free from being faulty when following the above plan.

Better Way to Clip Wings.
 Spread out the wing and clip about four or five inches off every other feather. This is quite as effective as clipping the whole wing and doesn't detract from the appearance of the fowl, a consideration to a fowl lover. This method is, I believe, original with me.

To Prevent Chickens Choking.
 Clean quarters, clean feed, plenty of gravel and charcoal and plenty of range are the first requisites. Give a quart of strong poke root tea to two gallons water or milk once a week the year round, with a well balanced feed ration of corn, oats, wheat or rye, and an occasional hot bran mash. Follow the above and you will never be bothered with that dread disease, cholera.

To Resharpen Files.
 Remove the grease and dirt from your files by washing them in warm potash water, then wash them in warm water and dry with artificial heat; add, place one pint of warm water in a wooden vessel and put in your files; add two ounces of blue vitriol, finely pulverized; two ounces of borax, well mixed, taking care to turn the files over, so that each one may come in contact with the mixture. Now add seven ounces of sulphuric acid and one quarter ounce drier vinegar to the above mixture. Remove the files after a short time, dry, sponge them with olive oil, wrap them in porous paper, and put aside for use. Course files require to be immersed longer than fine.

To Drive a Vicious Cow.
 It is often necessary to drive a single cow or steer some distance, and it is sometimes a difficult task, especially where the animal is wild and unruly. A good plan is to tie a small rope around each fore foot, and one rather loosely around the body at girth, passing the ropes from feet through the girth and taking the ends in hand behind the animal. A light pull on either rope will stop progress, and if the cow goes too fast pull both ropes and she will instantly kneel to your wishes. A few minutes will teach her to drive anywhere at your will and you are safe from the most vicious one, as long as you are behind her and can readily keep yourself there. While going along quietly the ropes are slack and do not impede travel in the least.

Prepare For Tomato Blight.
 Tomato growers all over the country complained of excessive blight last summer, and as this is one of the diseases to which tomatoes are subject, it is well to be prepared for it by advance knowledge on the subject, hence this article. The disease may be easily recognized by the rusty patches on the leaves, the under sides of the leaf showing dark brown spots. There is but one remedy which has proven of value, and that is the Bordeaux mixture, using the 4-4-50 combination; that is, four pounds each of sulphate of copper and fresh lime to each fifty gallons of water. The mixture should be applied by spraying as soon as the trouble is noticed, and regular applications made at the interval of two weeks until the plant outgrows the disease and becomes so strong that it will not be injured.

What the Horse Knows.
 The horse does know a few things, though some of us seem to question this fact at times.
 He knows when one speaks to him kindly; and although some so-called human beings may not always appreciate the kindly tone, the horse always does.
 The horse that trusts his master will do anything he can for him. And that is not the promise of a politician, either. The horse will do it, or die. About as fine a tribute as I ever heard paid to a horse was the statement of his owner that he was sure the animal would leap straight out of the back door of a basement barn ten feet down if told to do so. True, faithful animal! And yet some men abuse him!
 The horse knows the way home, no matter how dark it may be, nor how long he may have traveled from home. His driver may trust him to make all the turns and reach his own stable safely.

Hay Rops.
 The following sketch shows a good plan for a hay rope. The cut describes it better than words. The piece marked with an X is the floor of barn. One extra pulley is used, which is fastened to the singletree, the rope goes around it, and is fastened back to floor, as shown in cut. Thus you see, as the rope goes out of the barn double, the horse has to go only half as far as he does in the old way, when the end of rope is tied to singletree. I use my rope in this manner and find that it pulls no harder, and, as the horse goes only half as far, a load may be thrown off much quicker than by the common way.—S. V. Hartscock.


Scours in Calves.
 One of the troubles of the farmer or dairyman who raises the calves born on the farm is scours, and most calves have a touch of it, no matter how well they are cared for. The use of dried blood in this trouble is very general and is most effective when properly used. There have been many cases of complaint regarding it, but the trouble was due to improper feeding. Only a small quantity is used, not over a teaspoonful at a time, and it must al-

ways be well mixed with the milk or other food given the calf. It should be fed daily until the animal recovers. So highly is dried blood thought of in some dairy districts it is fed to cows and calves as a tonic given in the grain or other mixed food, as with the calves, and in quantities of about an ounce, to each feed. It is not a good plan, however, to feed it as a part of the regular ration for either cows or calves, but rather to use it for the calves when they have scours and for the cows when they seem to need a tonic.

Fertilizers For Tomatoes.
 While there is considerable money in growing tomatoes for the canneries in some sections, the work is not as profitable in others. The grower must get the largest possible crop, of course, but he must also get a well ripened crop, and to do this give him the best fertilizer that will give him the desired results. The following formula has been fairly rich by the annual application of stable manure: Take 900 pounds of acid phosphate, 800 pounds of cotton seed meal, 200 pounds of high grade sulphate of potash and 100 pounds of nitrate of soda. Mix thoroughly and apply broadcast at the rate of 500 pounds to the acre. Some manufacturers of fertilizers sell a mixture especially for tomatoes, but in tests by the writer it has been found that the mixture here given produces the best results and at less cost. This is based on experiments made on rather light sandy loam, which has been fairly well manured for three years previous in the growing of corn, potatoes and clover. Buy the ingredients separately, if possible, and mix them at home. The cost will be less than if the mixture is made on your order by a manufacturer.

Killing Off Old Hens.
 After an experience of a dozen years in poultry raising, all the way from raising the mongrel of the barnyard to raising thoroughbreds, the writer has reached the conclusion that the best method for the so-called old hen is a profit less bird is not correct. At present we have a large number of five-year-old hens on the place, and the last winter all but one of them has laid as many eggs as the pullets, and their eggs were much larger. True it is that their lives of usefulness are nearly over as egg producers, and that they will not bring much of a price in the carcass market, but they have paid well enough to have kept them even though their carcasses do not bring enough to pay for killing them. While it is not advised that all the hens be kept until they are five years old, it is claimed that there is too much of this turning two and three-year-old hens into the market to make room for pullets. Treat the hen as an individual. If she lays as well or better than the pullets, keep her for laying. If she falls off perceptibly when she is in condition to lay, market her. The same rule should be applied to pullets, for there are many that are so poor layers that their greatest value is in the carcass market.

The Commercial Onion.
 Although this variety, the Commercial, is put on the market for the first time this spring, it has been tested for several years by onion growers in different parts of the country, who pronounce it an exceedingly valuable sort. A single row on the test grounds of the writer yielded at the rate of over 600 bushels an acre, and while this might not be possible very often, under field culture on a large scale, it shows the productiveness of the variety.



Pretty Commercial is an improved Pritzaker, and said to have been selected from the latter variety for breeding purposes. In size the Commercial is not quite as large as the Pritzaker, but it is more uniform, of better quality and ranks first in the line of keeping sorts. In color it is a beautiful yellow, and will attract attention on the market. The illustration will give one a fair idea of the form of this new sort, which is worthy of test in any section where onions may be profitably grown for market.

Economy on the Farm.
 If many farmers would use more economy on their farms than they do, there would be less heard of the expression that "farming does not pay." On many farms, while the owners make a profit in some things, there are many others that are at an expense sufficient to consume these profits, and often greater. Where there is no economy there is no pay. One of the economies, I think, which needs to be learned is in the management of stock. Many farmers keep more horses than can be profitably employed all the year. Many farmers run several teams through the plowing season, which will not exceed four months, to cultivate their crops; the balance of the year one team is sufficient to do the work and all others are idle. A horse will eat at least calculation, \$1 per week of feed, which is just as good as cash, allowing nothing for accidents, disease, death and possibly a depreciation in value. All through the winter, weeks and sometimes months pass without getting horses out except for exercise. The time and labor of keeping the idle teams is worth something, not counting feed. If we lessen the feed our teams become poor and unable to do a full day's work. Again many farmers keep too many useless cattle, carrying them through the winter with scanty feed, so that they are worth no more in the spring than they were the previous fall. It would be much more profitable to the farmer to sell off all but what he needs and buy good food for the balance, if need be.—Epitomist.

GOOD ROADS.

Gravel Good.
 The air is full of talk about good roads, writes T. E. Richey, in The Epitomist. It is "good roads, good roads" everywhere you go. But isn't it about time something practical was coming to pass? All talk with no results amount to nothing, so let us get down to the root of the matter. How are we to really have good roads? Well, I have seen many plans tested, but this is the best of all: Make good, deep ditches on each side of the road to carry off all water. In digging the ditches throw all dirt into the road and add enough from other sources to elevate the roadbed to a good height above the ditches. The roadbed should be eighteen feet wide, and should be highest in the center and sloping slightly each way so as to drain all water into the ditches. Cut down the hill and fill up the hollows. As a railroad company had rather pull a train four miles up a steep grade so it is a vast deal better to observe this rule for wagon roads. And now to make the roads permanently good gravel them good. Better macadamize them if at all practical. But at least gravel, and that with thoroughly good gravel. If parts need tilling be sure to till them and do this properly. Let every hour's work be well done. There's vastly more truth than poetry in the old adage that "what is worth doing at all is worth being well done." Fill in all small ruts when they first appear. It is much easier done then than when a foot deep. Besides, it might save a wagon or buggy wheel from being broken or a horse from being crippled. It might even save a human being's limb or even his life.

Importance to Rural Districts.
 Martin Dodge, Director of Public Road Inquiries in the Federal Department of Agriculture, recently made an address, in which he dwelt upon the importance of roads to the rural districts. He spoke of the concentration of population and wealth in cities, in virtue of an economic law which cannot be resisted. This is hard on the country communities, but something may be done to offset it. Cheap transportation is profitable alike to city and country. But in the country the vehicle propelled by animal power over an ordinary road is about as expensive as it was 100 years ago, costing ten cents a mile for passengers and twenty-five cents a ton for freight. But by the concentration of wealth in the towns the country is deprived of the means of making the roads as good as the suburbs. New boards of trade and chambers of commerce in the cities are beginning to declare that they are willing to contribute to a general fund for the purpose of improving the highways of the country, and no part of it to be used in the cities. Mr. Dodge also spoke with approval of national aid to road building.

Ancient and Modern Roads.
 Among the men whose names will live as long as civilization exists is that of John L. Macadam, the road builder. Not only has his name become a part of the English language, but the kind of road which he built has been adopted by all civilized nations. The ancient Romans built stone roads, but they were different from and vastly more expensive than the macadam roads of modern times. They built a substantial foundation of rock, sometimes several feet in depth, and then covered it with a pavement of large, flat stones. This kind of road will outlast any other. Indeed, some parts of the Appian Way, the building of which was begun three centuries before Christ, are still in use and in good repair. It remained for John L. Macadam, a modern Englishman, to prove that the great expenditure of time and money required in the building of the old Roman roads was largely wasted. He demonstrated that a smooth, hard, enduring road could be built of crushed stone a few inches in depth, properly spread and compacted on a foundation of earth.

Building Roads Right.
 Albert Lewis, of Bear Creek, Pa., who makes his winter home in St. Augustine, Fla., has set an example in road improvement which may be followed advantageously in one degree and another in many parts of the country. Mr. Lewis likes to drive. When he came to St. Augustine, according to a dispatch from that city he found such poor facilities for his favorite sport that he bought about 1000 acres of land at Moultrie Point built a fine drive to his property, and is now building public roads in the neighborhood of his own drive. At his own expense and using his own improved road machinery, he is rebuilding the Moultrie road, and has planted along a drive of about five miles cabbage palm trees. He has also shown a disposition to give material aid to the county authorities in their work on the road. One man of that kind is worth a hundred resolutions and is a splendid example of enterprise and vigor.—Southern Farm Magazine.

Most Important Question.
 Colonel Killebrew considered the road question the most important one before the American public. Leading the world in everything else, the United States was last in good roads. He argued that if the \$150,000,000 which he claimed had been practically wasted on rivers and harbors had been expended on roads, the country would be much better off. Most State road laws are farces and of the \$10,000,000 wasted annually Tennessee wasted nearly \$4,000,000. Colonel Killebrew advocated Government aid in building roads.

A New System.
 They are discussing in England a new system of road building, which would save a large percentage in the cost of construction. Instead of the present method of convex surfaces with a gutter at each side it is proposed to build concave roads with a gutter in the middle.

AGRICULTURAL PLANTS.

THE PEACH AGAIN.

The time is to come when we are to have the peach again, as in the old days when we were boys. We know how to treat the trees now; so let us set to work and put in a few peach trees every year, where a northern and eastern slope, where a warm spell in winter will not be apt to start the buds. Get the best sorts, and take care of them, and we will have peaches of our own raising.—F. H. Sweet.

BLACKBERRIES PAY.

Perhaps it is safe in asserting that in proportion to labor and capital invested no crop pays so large a profit as blackberries. Growers who complain that blackberries do not pay should first estimate the expense. There are blackberry fields that have borne crop for ten years, which have never received a pound of fertilizer or manure, and outside of cutting away the old canes, with rough cultivation in the spring, have received no labor. What blackberries would do for the grower if treated like strawberries is yet to be demonstrated by some.

NOT TOO THICK.

It is not well to have the plants too thick in the hot-bed. Those removed may be transplanted in flower pots, egg shells, old fruit cans or small boxes, and if well cared for they will grow fast and be of fair size when the time arrives for planting them in the garden. Tomatoes and early cabbage may be thus treated, and it will be found of great advantage. Age assists greatly in hastening the bearing period of tomatoes, and by giving the plants care in the beginning, such as covering them at night, they may be grown out in the open air without fear of danger should the nights become cold. The same plan may be pursued with many other vegetables.

PRUNING ROSES.

Everblooming roses, the trees, are benefited by a good pruning. If cut back to about six inches of the old wood, strong new shoots start out and furnish abundance of bloom. In the more northern States the plants are usually winter pruned, i. e., they freeze down quite closely to the ground; in that case all that is necessary is to cut away the injured portion. Further south, where the wood is not frozen, the bushes should be cut back about one-half. Hardly roses bloom better for more moderate cutting. Yellow roses scarcely ever need any pruning. The whole matter must be regulated by habit of growth. Trim to neat shapely appearance, taking out all dead or diseased wood just before growth starts in spring.

STRAWBERRIES.

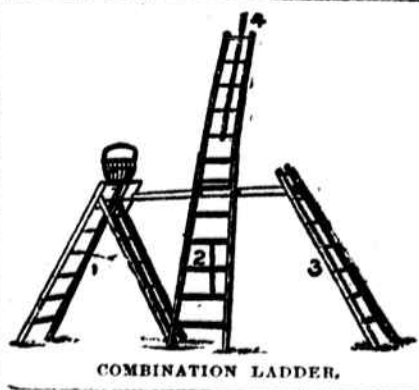
Are you arranging to set out a new patch this year? It will pay to do it, and will also pay to set the very best plants obtainable. "Blood will tell," and it is true of strawberry plants as well as of everything else. Were the strawberries mulched last fall? If so, all right; if not it will pay to mulch close around the rows and thoroughly between the rows all over they have been out. The berries will be much cleaner, and far less liable to rot if the season strawberry grower attributed much of his success to his management of the vines when in blossom, never allowing the sun to shine on them three days in succession without thoroughly sprinkling them. If you have a hose, sprinkler or sprayer, try it and note results.

A COMBINATION LADDER.

A new ladder especially adapted for fruit growers' use has been brought to our attention by one of our subscribers in Colorado, and from the fact that it appeals to us in every way we are glad to call our readers' attention to the same and illustrate the same herewith. As will be noted from the illustration it is a combination of the step ladder, top picking ladder and scaffold. The three combined in one and with a weight of only thirty pounds for the entire outfit. In the illustrations you will note that Fig. 1 the ladder is in use as a step ladder in picking from low limbs or around the tree, while Fig. 2 the same ladder will be seen fully extended for top-picking. No. 1, 2 and 3 combination form a scaffold, which is handy for various purposes and is complete by using extension in Fig. 4. We consider it one of the best inventions that has come to our notice.—National Fruit Grower.

Medals For Musicians.

Those present at the Elgar Festival Concert at Covent Garden were set wondering as to the medals worn by Mme. Clara Butt and Lloyd Chandos, the same being more noticeable on the gentlemen's black coat than on the lady's evening dress. The medal is one presented by the Worshipful Company of Musicians for the best musician of a year, and while instrumentalists, composers, etc., can boast of its possession only three vocalists have so far been honored with its presentation, viz., Mme. Clara Butt, Miss Muriel Foster and Lloyd Chandos. The original medal presented was a large one, and in the case of the popular tenor referred to was taken away by burglars at his house. The Worshipful Company of Musicians then decided to strike a smaller one, to be worn on all special occasions by the possessors.—London Tit-Bits.



COMBINATION LADDER.