

MYNHEER JOE.

BY ST. GEORGE RATHBORNE.

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CHAPTER X.

(Continued.)

So the explorer takes cat-naps until morning comes. Then he finds the sky ablaze as the sun rises in a sea of red—a spectacle that is awe-inspiring in his grandeur. Being a lover of nature, Mynheer Joe glows over the view and regrets to see the bright colors fade away.

Another day in Egypt has begun, a day of sightseeing to the many travelers who come to feast their eyes on storied Nile, majestic pyramids, wonderful ruins, strange tombs hewn in the rocks of the Mokattam Hills above Cairo, and, above all, the massive Sphinx, that guards the remains of a temple under the sand—a day that may have much to do with the fortunes of Mynheer Joe and those he calls friends.

CHAPTER XI.

COMING EVENTS CAST A SHADOW BEFORE.

Shepherd's is astray. Parties are rallying forth, equipped for sightseeing. Some go by the river, while others mount donkeys, according to what they mean to gaze upon. The scene in front of the hotel is once more one of confusion. Finely dressed dragoons are bustling about, ordering the donkey-boys this way and that, and assuming an air of most tremendous importance. Indeed, it could be easily imagined that some great Eastern potentate is about to visit Egypt on a most wonderful journey to see the excitement that reigns in front of the hotel.

Every day, during the winter season it is the same. These tourists, principally English and American, who make the rounds of Egypt, leave a large sum of money behind them, and if a year comes when some dreaded disease keeps the tide of travel away, there will be mourning in the land of the Khedive among Turk, Arab, Moor and native fellah.

Mynheer Joe, after breakfast, is seated where he may watch this panorama and enjoy its peculiar features as only one can who is a veteran traveler or has no business on hand.

While Joe sits upon the piazza he sees one approaching whose coming gives his heart. Of course it is Molly—no one else could make his blood leap so madly. She reaches his side, and Mynheer Joe is on his feet instantly, offering her a chair. He makes a move to toss his weed away, but she calls out:

"Refrain! I know it would give you pain in the first place, and in the open air I really enjoy the odor of a good cigar," she laughs.

She looks at his weed doubtfully. "This is Turkish tobacco, and has a fine reputation, but I rather prefer the American when I can get it, or Havana, which is the same thing. However, since you are so kind, I will keep it, and take a seat to leeward," which he does with much pleasure.

She does not look as though bent upon a mission of reproach. Joe takes courage and boldly opens the game himself.

"You have learned the truth, Miss Molly. I was in the act of confessing myself, when the baron and his friend interrupted us."

"Yes, I know all about it," she replies, nodding.

"And you don't bear malice?" eagerly.

"How could I—against the one who saved my life—and under such extraordinary circumstances as this thing was done, too. No, since my father has forgiven you I will not be backward about doing the same. Besides, he firmly believes that you saved his life in some way that he would not explain."

It is evident that Molly does not know all, and is ignorant that the baron is the prime cause of this trouble. Some men would have taken solid satisfaction in informing her as to the truth, and with good reason, too, but Mynheer Joe seems to be above it.

"Let us drop the whole matter, Miss Molly," he says, quite willing it shall be forgotten.

She looks at him a little queerly, for it has already occurred to her woman's mind that there is something back of it all which she had not yet fathomed—something concerning an unknown quantity, the terrible danger at which her father has hinted without giving any details, and like others of the human family, Miss Molly is gifted with a certain amount of curiosity, that trait not wholly confined to her sex.

"Very well, it shall be just as you say, on one condition, Mynheer Joe," she replies.

"What is that?" he asks.

"Some time you will tell me what this danger is that hangs over the governor's head."

"Yes, I promise, but it is no longer there, I assure you," he makes answer.

They drift on to general topics, and then Demosthenes Tanner's voice is heard in the land, as he figuratively demolishes a clumsy waiter who has had the misfortune to step on his pet corner.

He joins them and greets them with a warmth that proves his mind has undergone no change since they parted on the previous night. Turning his head right and left he shows that it is still in a serviceable condition.

"A little stiff in the neck, that's all, my boy. Wonderful stuff, hammamelis! Only for my having a bottle along I'd have been laid up for a week. Jove! Feel that muscle! Like steel! I say, this business of exploring the wilds is no child's play, after all. Is it?"

He rattles on, drawing two chairs up, placing his feet on one, and bringing into view an enormous cigar, which must have been made especially for a man of his size.

So Joe has to describe how, on many an occasion, he and his men have been compelled to actually hew a way through a dense network of vines and fallen trees that covered the stream they were navigating.

By degrees they get him to Khartoum, and as he had promised Tanner the story of that doomed city's fall he proceeds to give a graphic description of what took place, from the time of Gordon's arrival up to the ill-fated 26th of January, when the Christian hero fell, a martyr to political hesitation at home, betrayed by those in whom he trusted.

Mynheer Joe would speak as little as possible of his own share in these tragic events, but they draw him out, and he is thus compelled to tell what happened.

While Molly sits there, her lovely eyes glued on the face of the speaker, deep admiration and even growing love kindling her fine features, the baron glares at the group from the other end of the piazza.

He realizes that the fates have dealt his terrible blow, and that his case is indeed hopeless, unless fortune throws in his way a means of overturning circumstances.

The baron chances to be one of those men who imagine that the battle is won by the party who fights for victory; therefore he will not be apt to sit around with his hands in his pockets.

Already he has proven to what end he can be driven by necessity. None but a desperate fend would ever think of getting a dangerous rival out of the way by such a plan as ruining his looks with acid. This same man is fertile in resources and dangerous as a foe. Mynheer Joe may learn to his cost that he was really safer among the bowling, maddened dervishes of the Mahdi than he is in Cairo to-day.

When the spectacle grows too bitter for him to longer gaze upon the baron walks away, muttering to himself.

Mr. Grimes has from a place of concealment been watching this game, and chuckles when he notes the diplomat's discomfiture. Still keeping his eyes upon him he sees the baron signal a French ex-army officer, who has some connection with the Khedive's palace, being in his employ.

These two talk long and earnestly, during which the baron glances a number of times toward the trio on the piazza, and even the Frenchman looks earnestly that way.

"Some devilry afoot," mutters Mr. Grimes. "I'd give a little to be able to hear what is said, but must find out the truth in another way."

Watching the couple he finally sees them shake hands heartily; the French officer bows, places a hand on his heart, makes a gesture and walks away. Whatever has been the purport of their conversation the matter has undoubtedly been arranged.

As the baron passes Mr. Grimes the latter quietly follows him, making sure to attract no attention. In this way he sees the Russian diplomat finally enter a peculiar house, which has something of the appearance of a syrenium.

Loitering around Mr. Grimes discovers an English gentleman, whom he knows, about to enter. He stops him to ask a question and learns that the building is an athletic clubroom. His friend asks him to enter, which he willingly does, for this is exactly what he wants.

A number of men are within. Some box, others leap and swing dumb-bells, while not a few use the fella. Mr. Grimes discovers the baron, dressed in a suit that is worn in the exercise, about to enter into an engagement with one of the professors. The sight somehow makes him jump at conclusions. Does the baron contemplate a duel? Since his villainous plan to destroy Joe's looks has failed, will he endeavor to put the dashing explorer out of the way by a recourse to arms and the code of honor?

Mr. Grimes knows that this man has been a principal in many duels—that he is an expert swordsman and a dead shot. His size, instead of being against him, really gives him an advantage.

Hence Mynheer Joe's friend watches the work of the baron closely. Mr. Grimes is no swordsman himself, but he can tell good wrist-play, lunge and parry when he sees it.

Before five minutes pass by he realizes that the baron is immense. He plays with the professor as a cat might with a mouse, and whenever he feels in the humor dazes the other man's eyes with a flashing wall of steel, plucks his foil out of his grasp by a wonderful wrench, and laughs in a cold-blooded, sarcastic way that sets Grimes wild.

Heaven help poor Mynheer Joe, he thinks, if he stands before this little giant with a sword in his hand! There is just about one chance in a dozen for him. He may outwit the baron in diplomacy, but cold steel held in the grasp of a wizard is a hard thing to beat.

So Mr. Grimes watches and shudders, as in imagination he sees his friend occupying the place of the professor. Before now, under such circumstances, the baron's cruel blade would have passed through his body.

Mr. Grimes studies his method, hoping to find a weak spot. As has already been said he has considerable knowledge of the science, and after a time jumps at a conclusion.

"Heaven! This man, wonderful as he is, would stand a poor show against a left-handed swordsman! I have seen Joe do a number of things with his left hand. If he handles a sword in that way—well, Mr. Baron, you may be astonished—that's all."

When the baron has enjoyed himself to the full with the professor, who is but a plaything in his hands, he saunters over to the shooting-gallery to try his hand.

One would think his nerve might not be so steady as could be desired after his hot engagement with the fella, and Mr. Grimes feels an admiration for the man coupled with his admiration when he sees him send shot after shot with astonishing accuracy, the various swinging targets being struck almost with every discharge of the revolver.

"A dangerous combination of a man to be at large, capable of doing tremendous amount of mischief in the world, and the sooner he turns up his toes under the sod the better for humanity," is the mental comment of Mr. Grimes.

He meets the baron at the bar of the gallery in a friendly spirit, and wishing to see more of his pistol practice soon banters him into a little wager. Mr. Grimes has always prided himself in his marksmanship, but he has a poor show beside this man of the quick eye and steady hand.

His main object is to discover whether the baron has any weak point about his marksmanship, so that he can turn it to good account. Even in this a fair measure of success falls to his share, enough to pay him for his trouble. At fifteen and twenty-five paces the Russian duellist is almost a dead shot, but strange to say the American beats him at twenty paces. It would be hard to understand just why this is so, and to make sure of it Mr. Grimes is not content with the one trial, but goes through it all again.

The result is the same. That settles it. If there is to be an exchange of shots between the rivals it must be at twenty paces. He feels that he is doing only what is right in learning these facts. Doubtless this man without a conscience has in times past spitted more than one unlucky devil on his sword, who proved to be a boor at the duelle, and against whom he had a grudge. He deserves neither sympathy nor pity, and such a man asks nothing of the world.

Perhaps the baron has already sized up the other, and remembers that he saw him with the man he plots to destroy. That does not appear to disturb him very much; indeed, he may even take a savage satisfaction in showing the American how he will make the most of his friend when the time comes.

Mr. Grimes has seen enough. At his first opportunity he must warn Joe, so that the other may not stumble into the pit which the baron would dig for him, at least without a knowledge of the consequences.

After leaving the gymnasium where the stalwart British officers spend an hour or so every day he looks around for the explorer, but can see nothing of him. Molly and her distinguished father are also among the missing. Presently he runs across some one he knows.

"Ah! there, Sandy, my boy, where away?" he calls out, whereat the bustling little correspondent brought in a heap consents to halt briefly.

"Off to wire for a passage on the bi-monthly steamer for India. Touches at Alexandria, you know, and then direct to Port Said for the Canal."

"When is it due?"

"The Alhambra arrives on Saturday."

"Secure passage for me, but hold on—perhaps you'd better wait and see. I understand Tanner and his daughter, together with Mynheer Joe, are heading in that direction. If we all go on one steamer it will make a jolly party."

Sandy strikes an attitude.

"Bless you, that's a fact. I'll wait until we have a little consultation, and abide by the result. By the way, the baron goes on her."

"I supposed as much. How did you find that out, Sandy, my boy?" queries the other.

"I heard him give orders this morning. Several parties accompany him."

"Who took the order?"

"The fellow looking like a Hindoo," Mr. Grimes smiles.

"I wish you had noticed that fellow closely, Sandy," he remarks, quietly.

"Well, now, that's just what I did. You see he had a lordly air yesterday, as though he owned the whole of Egypt, while this morning he limped painfully, had a bruise on his forehead, and his left arm was tied up in a great ball of cotton, while his face had a look as though intense pain and devilish fury were fighting for mastery."

At this Mr. Grimes no longer smiles. He chuckles.

[To be Continued.]

A sample room of German wares is about to be opened in Constantinople.

QUEER RITES OF SAVAGES.

Tribes of Central Australia Who Torture Themselves.

There are two fire ceremonies peculiar to the Arunta and Warramunga tribes of Central Australia. The first of these is the final initiation ceremony, and consists in the presentation of a large number of dramatic performances representing the doings of the ancestors of the tribe finishing with certain fire ceremonies, in connection with some of which the women, throwing burning embers over the men, and in others the men have to lie down on red-hot embers, covered over with green branches. The meaning of this ceremony is not known, but the natives state that it what they call "good black fellows."

In the second ceremony certain men shut up in a bush hut, and others arm themselves with long poles, to which are attached great quantities of gum tree twigs. The men daub themselves all over with pipechay and mud, and the poles, which are handed to the party inside the hut, being set fire to, are lifted into the air and brought down upon all and sundry with whom the party came in contact. The natives say the object of this ceremony is to finally settle up all old quarrels, and start afresh.

Partridges Eat Apple Buds.

A Maine man who sought to protect his apple trees shot a partridge as it was preparing to leave its work and opening the crop took out 284 fresh buds. This, he says, constituted its meal and, if this was the daily ration, it would mean the destruction of almost 2,000 buds weekly.

AGRICULTURE.

For a Swampy Place in the Yard.

Many yards and lawns have low, wet or moist places, which it does not pay to drain, and in which ordinary plants will not grow. Such persons are to be envied, as they have a class of flowers which are desired in their best form to others. For the wet spot use the Japanese and German iris, Montebretia, Heisteria Sanguinea, Caladiums and Ficus. The soil can be well enriched by working in well-rotted manure and leaf-mould. They can be protected over winter by putting on brush first and covering it with straw.

The Cabbage Flea.

This is a light green worm, having lighter stripes running the length of the body. It is about an inch long. As the legs are at the ends it forges a loop when it crawls. The moth is a dark gray, and as it flies at night and on cloudy days, it easily escapes detection. The larva feeds on a variety of plants, but is most injurious to the cabbage, from its habit of tunneling through the heads. The natural enemies are similar to those of the imported cabbage worm. They may be destroyed by kerosene emulsion or pyrethrum.

Onion Maggots.

The adult is a two-winged fly which lays its eggs on the bulbs. The larvae enter into the bulb or root. In about two weeks it grows to the length of nearly half an inch when it pupates in the ground and comes forth to lay eggs for the second brood. Various remedies have been suggested. A hen and chickens is one. Sowing radishes with the onions is another. The eggs will be laid on the radish roots which may be pulled up later and disposed of in some way to kill the grubs. Turpentine mixed with sand or sawdust and scattered along the row at the time of sowing the seed is highly recommended.

Points on Care of Lambs.

If the lambs are to be docked this work should be done when they are about two weeks old, in order to accomplish it with the least amount of injury. At this age the loss of blood will be small and the lamb will nurse as well as usual. After they are fully recovered and are doing well on the mother's milk, begin to teach them to eat grain, and this applied to lambs that are not docked, for if the lambs are to be brought to maturity and consequent profit early they must get on good grass early, for if they have learned to eat grain, though but a small quantity, the grass will help them properly to digest the grain. Remember, the quick grown lamb gives just that quality to the meat so much desired by the consumer, so that every effort should be made to raise the lamb properly.

Early Peas.

The first crop usually planted in the farm garden is one of the earlier varieties of peas. On account of the hardness of the plant no amount of cold weather will do much injury after the peas are once up, but when planted extremely early a part of the seed will rot in the ground, causing many gaps in the row. Early in the season usually there is little nitrogen in the soil and the plants grow very slowly at first. A little nitrate of soda applied in the row at the time of sowing will hurry the growth of peas. The market value of the crop depends largely upon its earliness. The kinds which do not require bushing are most popular for farm use. The late kinds often do not produce a crop until warm weather comes, and for that reason are often attacked by blight, which may be prevented by spraying with bordeaux mixture same as for apple trees.

Raising Crops For Hogs.

The hogs of this country are being ruined by continuous feeding on corn. In some sections to such an extent has this been carried that the animals are being raised at considerable loss. Hog raisers should understand that the animals in their care need protein to obtain the best results, just as much as cows need protein. If alfalfa or clover cannot be grown to advantage, try cow peas, or, if your land is too good for such a crop, and you want something for summer feeding which will supply the needed protein, try Canada field peas, which can be readily grown on any good land.

The best plan for raising this crop is to set the pens at the rate of a peck an acre, plow them under two or three inches and sow a mixture consisting of a peck of oats, a peck of barley and one-third of a bushel of wheat to the acre. This will make a good growth and furnish an abundance of food containing protein for summer feeding.

Reason For Spraying.

The bordeaux mixture is recognized as the most reliable of the mixtures used for spraying fruit trees and plants as well as vegetable plants, and all growers are now familiar with the formula. The causes of failure in spraying are generally due to lack of thoroughness somewhere in the work. The materials may not be pure, the pump used may be faulty, or the spraying may not be thoroughly done or not done at the right time, any one of which faults makes the spraying more or less ineffective.

When poisons are to be used it is best to use them in connection with the bordeaux mixture. Those who are experienced in spraying have found that the three-eighths inch hose is the best for use on trees, for it is not so hard to handle it either attached to a pole or from a ladder as the heavier hose. In spraying see that the larger branches of the tree and the trunk as well are covered thoroughly. In short, do the work thoroughly, leaf and branch, and it will be found that spraying pays.

Plant Foods For Fruits.

While it is, of course, recognized that the soil must contain the three plant foods in more or less varying quantities, more or less of one of the three must be applied yearly for the best results. Undoubtedly there is much fertilizer extravagantly used and general-

ly because the grower does not understand the value of regular applications, but puts on great quantities one season and none at all for several seasons thereafter.

Nitrogen is one of the plant foods that must be cautiously handled when applied to fruit growing soil, and there are few soils in good condition which require more than 100 pounds of nitrate of soda yearly. Potash, however, is greatly needed by most fruits and may be applied in large quantities without much danger of injury to the tree or plant, although the better way to use it, either the sulphate or muriate, is in lots of 100 to 150 pounds an acre each and every year. Applied in this way, fruit raised on fairly good soil will give better results for less expense than by heavier applications at longer intervals.

Young Turkeys.

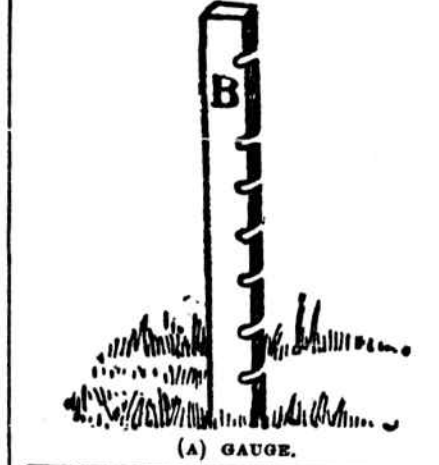
In raising young turkeys keep them dry and guard against lice. The mites are not the only ones that attack them, but the large head lice destroy many. Lice pass from the mother to the young. When the young turkeys are hatched dust both the young turkeys and the hen with fresh insect powder and rub a drop of olive oil on the heads. Do this once a week. Feed the young turkeys every two hours; they do not eat much, but eat often. Keep a small box of ground bone where they can get it, and some water in which the young turkeys cannot get wet, as the least dampness will be fatal. If they droop, look for lice, as nearly one-half of the young turkeys die from that cause; search closely on the skin of the heads and necks. Be careful, as too much grease of any kind is injurious. The coops and runs must also be cleaned. They must not be fed until thirty-six hours old; then give curds and stale bread, the bread being first dipped in fresh milk. Hulled oats may be kept in a box for them, and finely-chopped hard boiled eggs may also be given. An egg, broken, and added to a gill of fresh warm milk, is excellent, but should be thickened with bread. Clopped onions may also be added to the mixture. The turkeys may be given anything they will eat, but they are very dainty and will not accept all kinds of food. Cracked corn and wheat may be kept before them. Until they "shoot the red," which will be when they are ten or twelve weeks old, they will be tender, but after that time they will be hardy and then may be allowed to forage for themselves. The good care at first in keeping them dry and free from lice, will bring the loss down to a minimum. It may be tedious work, but nothing pays better than a good crop of turkeys.

How to Make a Fence.

Will Adams, in Home and Farm, gives the following as a good way to make a fence: First dig the holes in sand one rod apart, sixteen inches deep; put in post, which if fifty-eight inches long, in clay. I sharpen the posts and drive them down, leaving forty-two inches out of the ground. This will take 320 posts to the mile.

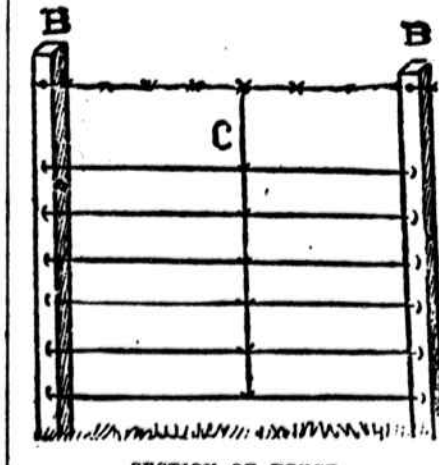
Have a gauge, as shown in picture made of three-quarter by three by four-four inches long, with slats saved in one side to hold wire in place while it is being stapled to post. Brace well the first post and staple first wire to it; then you will want another post brace about every 100 yards; put the brace up tight. Some prefer barbed wire altogether, but I think to use some slick wire makes a better fence for the same money.

To make a fence that will keep cattle, sheep and goats I use six strands of No. 12 slick wire, and one strand of barbed wire, putting thin, slick wire at the bottom, and the barbed wire on top. Put the first wire six inches from the ground; then next five wire five inches apart, and one barbed wire



(a) GAUGE.

in one side to hold wire in place while it is being stapled to post. Brace well the first post and staple first wire to it; then you will want another post brace about every 100 yards; put the brace up tight. Some prefer barbed wire altogether, but I think to use some slick wire makes a better fence for the same money.



SECTION OF FENCE.
(a) Gauge, (b) Post, (c) Wire stay.
nine inches from the top. Slick wire makes a fence forty inches high with seven strands of wire, and requires about 400 pounds of wire to the quarter, or 1600 pounds to the mile, at a cost of about \$50 per mile for wire and staples, or about one-third the cost of ready woven fence. Put in stays between the post out of No. 20 wire, and it is equal to a post. Cut this small wire up into pieces forty inches long, and forty pounds will put a stay between every post for a mile.

Russian Priestess.

A white Russian priestess was married, but he cannot marry a second time. If his wife dies he must enter a monastery. Hence the Russians tell many stories of the extraordinary means to which the priests resort in guarding the health of their wives. If the priest's consort sneezes a mild panic ensues in the household.

World's Work.



States Helping.

In the Northeastern States, from Maine to Pennsylvania, more progress has recently been made in building good roads than in any other section of the United States. This is mainly due to the adoption of the State aid plan.

New Jersey was the first State to adopt this plan. The law enacted there in 1891 provided that the State pay one-third of the cost of improving the roads, and the counties two-thirds, part of which may be charged up to the towns in which the roads are built. The farmers were at first opposed to this law, but now they are enthusiastic in its support. More than \$1,500,000 has been appropriated by the State under this law. Nearly 1000 miles of road have been macadamized. The State aided roads must conform to the plans laid down by the State Commissioner of Highways.

In Massachusetts the State pays the entire cost of building the roads, but requires the counties to pay back one-fourth of the cost. Nearly \$500,000 is appropriated annually for this purpose. Nearly \$5,000,000 has already been invested in roads by the State. As a result, Massachusetts has hundreds of miles of fine roads as any in the world.

Connecticut has also operated under this plan since 1895. The State puts up two-thirds of the money for road building. The plan is considered a great success. More than \$1,500,000 has been appropriated and spent, and about 500 miles of the roads have been built.

In New York the State pays one-half the cost of building the roads, the counties thirty-five per cent, and the townships fifteen per cent, and the plan is working admirably. Last year \$600,000 was appropriated by the Legislature, and more than \$2,000,000 has been voted since the law was enacted. This year's appropriation is more than \$1,000,000.

Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Rhode Island and Delaware all have State Aid Laws, which are working satisfactorily, though expenditures and operations are on a smaller scale than in the other States named.

Pennsylvania is the latest convert to the State aid plan. The last Legislature enacted a law providing that the State should pay two-thirds of the cost of road improvement, the counties one-sixth and the townships one-sixth. The sum of \$6,500,000 was appropriated, to be spent in six years.

The fundamental principle on which the State aid plan rests is that the public highways are for the use and benefit of the whole people, and that all should, therefore, share in the cost of their improvement.

From State aid to national aid is but a single step. Both embody the same principle. It is an interesting fact that the people of these States are enthusiastically in favor of taking Uncle Sam into the general scheme of co-operation. The State Highway Commissioners of New Jersey, Connecticut, Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Vermont are outspoken advocates of national aid.

If national aid would accomplish for the whole country what State aid is doing where adopted, it certainly deserves serious consideration.

Movement in England.

The Local Government Board of England recently decided to appoint a committee to inquire into the general condition of the roads of England and Wales. The Roads Improvement Association, of which the Hon. Arthur Stanley, M. P., is Vice-President, has been instrumental in securing the appointment of such a committee. This association has been endeavoring to have the roads of the Kingdom kept in better condition, and has been agitating for an increase in the number of good roads. While the main line roads have been fairly kept, the great increase in population of the old lines of travel necessitates more and better roads than exist at the present time.

It is stated that there is no authority vested in any one to make roads, and that outside of the large centres of industry the roads are very bad, and it is impossible for the population of those sections to reach the towns with any degree of rapidity. The Roads Improvement Association desires to have this new committee the power of building new roads and improving the old ones. It is proposed to make the county councils and the borough councils the chief local authorities for the administration of the highways, and it is also proposed that a broad scheme of general improvement be planned, irrespective of the selfish desires of any one place. Greater co-operation between local authorities, through the medium of this new authority, would remedy the existing evils.

It is proposed that this new body administer a government grant in aid of loop roads suitable for rapid driving around small towns and villages, and also new roads around steep hills. This new body would also prescribe the regulations respecting the width of roads and the methods of their construction, and determine the most economical methods of road maintenance and repair, and act as an advisory board to the local authorities. One of the main ideas in this new reform would be to make the government do for highways what it has done for education—that is, hold the local authorities responsible for the condition of all the highways within their respective confines.

Doubles the Draft.

A rise in the grade in the road of one foot in ten doubles the draft. A rough, soft or sandy road increases the labor of the team to nearly or quite the same degree, and unrolled axles will as effectually double the labor and weariness of the animals which pull the wagon.

The Meaning of Perfume.

Horace T. Eastman, the inventor of the locomotive pilot, said the other day:

"This morning I was sitting in a drug store waiting to get a prescription filled when a young Irishman entered.

"The Irishman pointed to a stack of green Castile soap and said: 'O! very a loomp o' thot.'

"'Very well, sir,' said the clerk. 'Will you have it scented or unscented?'

"'O! take ut with me,' said the Irishman.—New York Tribune.



CARE OF PEACH TREES.

In pruning peach trees it is well to consider that peach trees in many parts of the country have been injured by severe winter freezing, and that if any of the buds are alive they are liable to be those on the tips of the branches. Therefore, should you cut off half or more of the new growth of next year as is usually recommended, you might remove all of the live buds. Examine the buds before pruning with care to learn where the live buds are, then be careful not to remove the live buds.

CORELESS APPLES.

With reference to the statement that a coreless apple has been obtained, a correspondent of the Gardener's Magazine asks the question: Can a perfectly developed apple be coreless? The apple, as regards structure, is one of the most remarkable productions of nature. Soon after the petals drop the vase-like top of the peduncle becomes gradually distended with juicy tissue. By degrees it joins itself to the pistils within. These at last become completely embedded and constitute the core or heart. It is, therefore, imperative that a properly matured apple must contain a core and ribs.

SOME DON'TS.

Don't dig out or destroy infested trees unless nearly dead. They can be restored if not too far gone, by close pruning and thorough spraying.

Don't fail to have a can of vasoline handy when at work with those caustic mixtures, so in case you get it in the face, eyes, or on the hands, you can apply the remedy. Grease the hands and face, eyebrows and lashes before beginning to work.

Don't fail to cut the high tops off your trees so they can be more easily reached, and thin out the branches.

Don't fail to experiment with the caustic soda of different strengths.

Don't ever spray or brush any kind of oil on your trees.

Don't spray too late or you will kill the forward buds and curtail the fruit crop. You can spray later with lime sulphur and salt than with the soda.

Don't call the pest a scale, for it is a louse and does the harm; the scale is the house the louse lives under, and is as harmless as so much dead matter.

Don't forget that if this pest is on your place, it will kill every fruit tree, currant bush and vine you possess, unless you meet and conquer it in battle.

Don't fail to find out if your farm is infested with the pest. Get a magnifying glass if you have not one; your naked eye is not sharp enough.

EXPERT GRAFTING.

More grafting should be done by farmers. It is a quick, inexpensive way to get a supply of choice kinds of fruit. Any vine or seedling that comes up by the wall will do for a stock. With grapes, cut the vine off one inch above the surface of the soil. After digging the soil away from the stock, clean, smooth and then split along its diameter with a grafting knife. Cut the scion to include one to three buds, whittle it wedge shape as for tree grafting, except one of