

MYNHEER JOE.

BY ST. GEORGE RATHBORNE.

CHAPTER XVI.

(Continued.)

As they drift upon other subjects of which there are plenty to discuss. During the day Mynheer Joe has met Molly's father and talked matters over, so that he knows much of their plans for the future, and can shape his own accordingly.

It is their last night in the grand old city of Cairo. When darkness again descends over Egypt they hope to be on the crack vessel of the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company's fleet, heading for Port Said and the Suez Canal.

Whether Joe is conscious of the fact or not, Molly soon discovers that her companion is the observed of all. Women and men look at him secretly or openly.

The news of the duel has permeated society in Cairo; it is a secret no longer. Nearly every one is glad the affair turned out as it did. For the baron had made few friends in Egypt. Besides, it is human nature to delight in seeing pride lowered; and ever since the Russian came to Cairo his reputation as a duellist has been raised abroad.

The man who has done him must naturally be a hero, outside of the fact of his connection with the fall of Khartoum.

Molly sees the admiring glances, and she is proud of Joe; the very fact that he seems unconscious of his exalted position raises him still higher in her estimation.

As for that worthy, he thinks of nothing beyond the fact that he is in the company of the girl he loves, that her smiles raise him to the seventh heaven of exaltation, and that he would gladly back in them forever.

It may be readily imagined that with the evil genius locked up in his room, grinning and cursing with the pain of his wound inflicted by a rival, the two young people pass a delightful evening, which neither of them will be able to forget in time to come.

Mr. Grimes is present and keeps a watchful eye upon them, for he has a grave suspicion that further mischief will be hatched out by the ingenious mind of the baron and, under such circumstances, it behooves him to be constantly on guard in order to thwart any diabolical plans.

At last the great caravansary becomes quiet, and the square in front loses its brilliant bustling appearance. The howls of stray curs alone break the stillness of the night, as they gather here and there to hunt in packs, seldom sending each other.

Morning again! It is the day when the Alhambra is due to Alexandria, and the train leaves Cairo for the city at the mouth of the Nile at eight. What is an early breakfast for sojourners in Egypt is dispatched, and then the travelers are taken to the train that is in waiting.

As yet they have seen nothing of the baron. Mynheer Joe wonders if the Russian's absence is in any measure due to the machinations of Sandy. He endeavors to read the face of the little war correspondent, but it is no go. The great Napoleon could not have presented a more unruined countenance. Sandy looks as innocent as a babe.

It lacks but five minutes to eight when a carriage drives up. The baron alights from it. All notice that his right arm is in a sling, but his face has a smile upon it as he bows.

He does not go alone. Colonel Taylor and the Hindoo servant are in his company, and look after the portmanteaus and various packages.

Mynheer Joe realizes that Sandy has not yet had a chance, in all probability, to put his little game into operation. Perhaps he does not desire to do so until the last hour. He wonders what sort of scheme it will be, and how the little correspondent will manage to manipulate the wires.

Then, as the baron and his companions enter a compartment, Joe loses them, and they drop from his mind at the same time.

Our five friends occupy one carriage, and have quite an enjoyable time during the seven hours it takes them to make the hundred and thirty miles between Cairo and Alexandria.

Lunch has thoughtfully been provided, and is enjoyed en route. Mynheer Joe sees more to admire in Molly Tanager with every hour of his acquaintance, and if the thought had not come to him before, he is now fully resolved to win her for his wife.

Why not, when fate seems to have made them for each other? He has saved her life; they meet again in a peculiar fashion and are mutually attracted; she is the one who would benefit by his uncle's will in case he ever turns up—all these things can seem but one result. She must be his.

He revels in the thought that the worthy old pater may return to his beloved Chicago while the young people, filled with the desire to see more of the world, visit the strange places of earth, to add to the geographical knowledge of humanity. With such a companion, it will be happiness to isolate oneself for months, if need be, in the wilderness. He only longs for the chance to try it.

Mynheer Joe is no fool, if he has spent much of his later life away from society. He does not wish to be too abrupt. It is just as well that they do not know each other better before he attempts to assume the position of lover.

The journey becomes a trifle wearisome with such slow time, and all are really glad when Alexandria is reached, about three in the afternoon. No steamer yet. She must be delayed.

The tourists are taken to the Hotel de France, on the grand square. If the steamer arrives, they will have to make a speedy transfer, as she will not remain more than an hour or so.

Sandy becomes all business.

He calls some of them to join in his search, but disappears from view. Suppose he means to get the first information concerning the coming of the steamer and has his own way of doing it.

At exactly five minutes to four he makes his appearance at the hotel. "Steamer is in sight!" he says to Mr. Grimes.

"How do you know, Sandy?" asked that worthy.

"I had a good glass and the pasha's palace afforded me a fine situation for observation. She will be in at five and leave at six. See that you are ready."

"Look here: How about that little engagement you made to keep—"

"Silence, my dear fellow! Say nothing, but keep your eyes open." And Sandy marches to find the others and communicate his news.

Mr. Grimes looks after him and says: "I really suspect the sharp little fellow has been to something or other. He is good friends here in Alexandria among the officers, who would do a good deal for him. I wonder what his game is, and if he will succeed in giving the baron his second knock-out. Perhaps it will be my turn to have a hand in the game after awhile."

Sandy cannot hope to keep the news of the approaching steamer from all others, nor does he desire to do so. All that he wants is to get his friends in readiness, so there may be no delay in their part.

He is off again as though very important business demands his attention; nor do the others see him until it is time to leave.

Amid the bustle of departure from the hotel Sandy again shows up and secures his baggage. They are soon landed at the quay. The steamer lies a little distance out, and shows signals that demand haste on the part of those coming aboard.

Then begins a din that is only equaled by the shouts of the donkey drivers in the public square. The boatmen of Alexandria can give even a New York hackman points about bulldozing a traveler into accepting their peculiar craft. The clamor is intense, and at times it actually looks as though some of the rascals might lay violent hands upon the travelers and attempt to toss them into their boats—a proceeding that would result disastrously to the boatmen.

At length, however, they hire a couple of boats to take themselves and luggage out to the steamer; and when this point has been actually settled, the mob quiets down like a hive of bees after an eruption or else seeks fresh victims.

Mynheer Joe notices that another party is embarking near by—the baron. He has secured a boat, and, with his two followers, heads for the steamer. Then Sandy's plan has been a dead failure! Mr. Grimes turns a look that borders on the sarcastic upon the correspondent, and is immediately knocked all in a heap by the twinkles he sees in Sandy's eyes. It seems to say to him: "Wait, and you may yet see some fun, my fine fellow."

Surprised, Mr. Grimes notices that Sandy keeps one eye turned in the direction of the boat in which the baron is seated, as though he finds deep interest there. He, too, turns his eyes in that direction.

At first he sees nothing out of the way. The man rows along after the indolent fashion of these lazy Alexandria boatmen, paying no attention to the signals from the steamer that indicate a lack of time.

Looking beyond, Mr. Grimes pricks up his ears, so to speak; for a glimmer of the truth flashes into his brain when he sees a boat propelled by a couple of British soldiers and containing three others, one of them an officer, following the baron's craft and not far behind.

They come up rapidly. The Russian turns in his seat in the stern and takes one look at the other boat, but does not look to either his head over it a bit. In the course of two minutes, the boat containing the soldiers is alongside the other, and the officer lays his hand on the gunwale.

"What does this mean?" demands the baron, in a loud, offensive voice. Our friends motion to the men to stop rowing, so that they may hear what passes near by.

"I beg your pardon, sir, but I am looking for Baron Popoff," says the officer.

"That is my name, sir," replies the other.

He does not look alarmed, only annoyed, as though some impetuous creditor is about to make a descent upon him at the last moment.

"I have just found you in time, baron," with a significant glance toward the waiting steamer, from whose funnel the smoke pours—she resembles some impatient animal eager to start in the race.

"Indeed, sir, what do you wish with me? I have not what my light bidden under a bushel while in Alexandria," returns the Russian.

"Pardon me, baron, I know nothing of the matter beyond the fact that I have instructions to bring you before the general."

"I only know my orders, baron," he says. "You will not allow me to proceed, sir?"

"I am an English officer; I have been sent to find and convey you before the general. There is only one way. Not if there were a dozen steamers to call and a thousand crews to take passage on them, would I fail to obey the orders I have received."

The baron grinds his teeth in rage. "What if I refuse to accompany you?" he says, in a quiet tone that contrasts strangely with his excited manner.

"Such to my regret I shall be obliged to enforce," replies the officer. "Suppose I should resist?"

"I would take you, baron, if I had to call upon powder, iron-clads for help," pointing to the great British war-vessels Venus and Thunderer, which he saw where the fleet opened the awful bombardment on Alexandria some half a dozen years before.

The baron seems to be weighing the chances. He hates everything English, and is naturally fitted for the mission to India in the interests of the White Star. It gratifies upon his nerves to be thus ignominiously brought back by a British officer and compelled to give up his contemplated embarkation; but he can see no other possible outlet. The gates seem closed around him.

He looks like a baffled tiger, with his prey in full sight at the time the trap closes. Even Molly sees his face, and never forgets the look there is stamped upon it. Men glare at a fellow-human that way just before they do murder.

"There is no way out of this mess, then?"

"Only one—by accompanying me to headquarters, where you may explain matters and be back before the steamer leaves," replies the Briton.

"You know that is a false hope, sir. The Alhambra will steam away in ten minutes or so," replies the Russian, savagely.

"Well, as a dernier ressort, try Suez." "Oh?"

"Take the railroad to Suez and there await the coming of the steamer down the canal."

"Confusion!" It is Sandy who mutters this, as he smites his head with his hand. "Great brain that of yours old fellow, never once to think of that, Grimes, kick me, will you?"

"Wait. Danger of upsetting the boat, and I reckon there are sharks here. When we get on board the steamer, I'll accommodate you with the greatest pleasure in the world," returns the practical Grimes.

"You try it when there are others around, and the worm will turn, sir, turn and rend you; but I am in the dumps. Think of the grand scheme I've arranged to shake that fellow, and never once thought of what that dandy officer just now so coldly informed him—that he could, even if delayed a couple of days, take the train, run to Cairo, and from there to Suez, wailing us there. Hang the luck. I see I'll have to murder him in cold blood yet."

That was a convincing argument, and he gives in. See how sullenly he resumes his seat and orders his boatmen to pull for the shore. There! He looks this way. I wonder if he suspects. Keep a straight face, Sandy, for heaven's sake. Mynheer Joe, forward once more.

The traveler gives a short, sharp order in the Arabic tongue; oars again fall into the water, brawny arms exercise their muscles, and the boats shoot toward the steamer.

The last they see of the baron and his followers, he is landing and moving away with the officer, to whom he talks with many a gesture, while Colonel Taylor and the Hindoo watch the luggage.

Our friends board the steamer. Some little delay is brought about, during which Sandy becomes nervous, walking the deck with a quick stride, watching the quay and pulling at his diminutive mustache.

Then comes the whistles, they move away, and Alexandria is left behind. "Look!" says Sandy to Mr. Grimes, nodding in their wake. "The baron has returned—he is in his boat—the men row madly, but no one on board notices! 'Ta, ta, old fellow! Wait here for the Malva, or meet us at Suez. Adieu! Adieu!"

The steamer increases her speed, and the city of Alexandria is soon lost to sight in the gathering dusk, although her many lights remain in view for some time. Gradually these fade away, and night reigns over the great sea whose waves wash the shores of three continents, and on board the Alhambra all seems well.

[To be Continued.]

How to Rule a Husband. When the writer was about to marry, the wife of a well-known judge gave her this advice:

"My dear, a woman needs the wisdom of Solomon, the patience of Job and the meekness of a dove to get along with the best man that ever lived. I have my third husband, all good men, but all cranky at times. When they are cranky, keep still; always remember that it takes two to make a quarrel."

In writing to the dear old lady after some years of experience at the headquarters of an army, where I was surrounded by some thirty thousand men, I took occasion to say:

"The more I see of men the better I like them; and as to quarreling, you are quite right. I should like to add that your admirable advice might perhaps be supplemented by adding: 'Exercise tact, and spell it large.' Tact will win nine times out of ten where open hostility and aggressiveness fails."

The response was: "You are right; we are improving with each generation."—National Magazine.

The Farm

It is special work to grow seeds on the farm, and any farmer who depends upon himself for the seeds to be used next year must be very careful of his varieties will be mixed. The wind, bees and other insects distribute pollen, and, although the effects of involuntary crossing of varieties may not be noticed this season, there will be no mistake of results next year.

Utilize the Sunflowers. Don't let the sunflowers that grow about the dooryard and garden be destroyed. The seed makes a most excellent and convenient food for poultry. And it is only necessary to cut off the heads of the plant when they are ripe, tie them in bunches and hang them in a dry place till wanted. They not only fatten all kinds of poultry, but greatly increase the quantity of eggs they lay.—Louis Campbell, in The Epitomist.

Farm Improvement. There has been many pages written in farm journals telling how different crops can be grown, etc., and but little how to improve the appearance of the farmer's yard and build such conveniences as every farmer and his family ought to have. No yard is complete unless there are good brick or concrete walks, cistern, cellar and wood house. Good fencing, shrubbery and flowers are indispensable where comfort and happiness are desired.—E. F. Wiley, in The Epitomist.

Keep the Best Stock to Breed From. When selling stock on the farm, a very good price can usually be obtained for it if willing to let the purchaser make his own selection, and leave the least desirable, states The Epitomist. But this would soon lead to the deterioration of your own stock. Nobody can raise choice stock from poor scrub animals. For breeding always retain the best. Fatten the undesirable and sell to the butcher for what they will bring. You cannot afford to breed from any except the best.

Soft Wood For Ties. On account of the scarcity of oak, chestnut and other hardwood timber commonly used for railroad ties, railroads have been successfully using the softer woods, which have been treated with chemicals such as creosote, zinc chloride, etc. Preservative treatment can make a beech, red oak or pine tie outlast a white oak. The use of creosote instead of nail spikes enables the soft wood to resist the strain and hold the rails in place. The use of soft wood is likely to improve the market for those grades of timber suitable for the purpose.

Best Food For Fattening Lambs. Very careful experiments at the Ontario Agricultural College have shown that an even mixture of peas and oats made the most profit in feeding lambs. Peas alone make the most gain, but at a somewhat greater cost of feed. Corn and peas make a slightly smaller gain than the other feeds. But the difference was so small that the convenience of procuring the feed is the largest element in the case. As peas and oats may be grown together very conveniently and cheaply, this crop secures some advantages over others which will give it a preference in this regard.

Legumes on Stock Farms. In some Delaware tests it was shown that alfalfa, cowpeas and crimson clover were great factors in reducing the concentrated feed bills of dairy-men and other stockmen. It was shown that the maximum crops of alfalfa yielded 1230 pounds of protein per acre or an equivalent of 1 1/2 tons of cottonseed meal. The maximum crops of cowpeas and crimson clover contained each about 725 pounds of protein. A crop of clover and one of peas may be made into hay annually from the same acre of land, hence where alfalfa fails to thrive these crops may be used as a substitute.—Orange Judd Farmer.

Care in Growing Celery. Transplant the celery to the permanent beds in May or June, placing a large quantity of manure in the trench. This crop is one that cannot be surfeited by too much manure, as it is one of the grossest feeders known. The plants must be frequently watered, soapuds being better for such purposes than anything else, and the bed must be kept as clean and nice as possible. It requires care to have celery that is large, crisp and white, but then it is a valuable crop when grown and pays well for the attention bestowed. If you neglected to sow the seed you can procure the plants from seedsmen and you should not fail to have a supply.

Growing Lima Beans. No vegetable is more popular than lima beans, and they are suitable for all classes of persons as well as for all manner of dishes. The difficulty with them is the poles, which are sometimes expensive, but if strings are used, as is done for climbing flowers, the vines will grow and thrive equally well. All that is necessary is to keep them off the ground, and it is not necessary to pole them if inconvenient. The late crop should be a large one, not only for the purpose of supplying the family table, but also that they may be dried and laid aside for winter. If stored away they are very serviceable at that season, as they may then be soaked and used for the same purposes as when they are green.

Some Garden Hints. Nitrate of soda is an excellent fertilizer for cabbage, and the more the plants are cultivated the better they will thrive. String beans may be planted every two weeks, as they grow rapidly and are soon gone. Tomatoes are one of the best crops for the garden, as they give a supply until frost comes, and are also grown with but little labor, considering their enormous yields. Turnips may be planted for an early supply, and should be followed by a late crop. The value of a garden depends on how it is managed. To

APRIL CULTURE

TOP THE CANES.

Top the blackberry canes when about three feet high, thus securing a stout compact bush instead of a long sprawling shoot.

SETTING PLANTS. In handling and setting out plants, never let the roots shrivel or dry out. After plants and cuttings are in the ground, never leave them just long enough to dry out and die. Keep them moist—not wet and sodden, but moist all the time. In setting out plants, especially strawberries, spread over the roots and make the ground very fine about them. In trenching stock, put the roots down deeply, and cover well half-way up to the stems. The grower who fails to carry out the principles under this number has not earned the letter A of his business.

VARIETY IN FRUIT GROWING. The writer was struck by an incident which occurred recently and which leads to this article. In company with one of the best fruit growers of the country we visited a section famous for its apples. On one or two farms on the outskirts of what might be termed this apple belt were orchards which were not at all attractive. My friend called my attention to them and remarked that for years he had tried to persuade the owners to give up trying to raise apples and devote their soil to crops which would give better results. He claimed that the larger part of one farm was a natural soil for celery, and that the other farm should be given over largely to small fruits and particularly strawberries. Neither of the owners could be made to see that he would so duplicate the business of the people near him in apple growing. This is the case in many sections. One man will make a success in growing some particular crop by reason of having soil particularly suited for it, or because he understands how to grow that crop.

At once every farmer within easy reach of him will put in the same crop, some of them giving up crops with which they had made splendid successes. Look over the soil and your capabilities thoroughly and don't grow potatoes because Jones had been successful in growing them. Find out if you know how to grow potatoes and if your soil is suited to them; if so go ahead. If not, stick to the crop out of which you are now making money, because it is suited to your soil and because you know how to grow it.

REMOVAL OF LARGE TREES. In reply to a correspondent would say that one of the simplest and most satisfactory contrivances for removing large trees on the farm or elsewhere we have ever seen is shown in the accompanying illustration. In construction it is very simple and cheap, it can be made and used on any farm. The device consists of three heavy pieces of oak timber or other hard wood, five to eight feet long, the size depending largely upon the size of the tree to be removed. The rear cross piece is bolted on the lower base, as shown in the picture, and a heavy log chain is attached to the hooks or rings in the front pieces, as illustrated.

In removing a large tree, a trench is dug around it, leaving a ball of earth as large as desired. The apparatus is slipped around and under the sides of this ball of earth containing the tree. As the sides of the ball are cut out and rather shape, these are

When it is not possible to supply a range of considerable size for the fowls in yards, an excellent plan is to divide the yard into two or three sections, according to its size, and treat each in the following manner: Flow or spade each yard, and in one or two, if divided into three spaces, plant some early vegetables that will require some cultivation—radishes, for example. When the crop is taken out, turn the fowls into this yard and plant the others in the same way. When the yards are divided into three, one of them may be prepared thoroughly and grass seeds or oats or millet sown in it, with the vegetables in the second yard, while the fowls occupy the third. When the grass or small grain gets two or three inches high, turn the fowls in this yard and sow the soil in the yard they occupied, in a like manner. By the time they have cleaned out the grass lot, the one in which the vegetables are grown will be ready for them to scratch over. It is surprising how well the fowls will do under this plan, even though each yard is very small.

Cabbage as a Sheep Food. The utility of the cabbage as a sheep food is not a matter of question, as breeders in all parts of the country have proved to their satisfaction. Perhaps the Canadian breeders have shown a greater readiness to appreciate the advantages of cabbage as a sheep food than the average American, though in this country a large quantity of cabbage is raised yearly for the purpose mentioned. Not only can the cabbage be grown in all sections of the country, but it is a food that is greatly relished by the sheep, being in certain respects preferable to rape; take, for instance, the late fall, when the prevalence of frost makes it unwise to introduce rape in the sheep diet. Then, if the stockmaster has been sufficiently foresighted to grow and store away a good quantity of cabbage, let him feed them to the sheep and we have no doubt that he will be quick to realize the advantage of so doing. Under favorable conditions an acre will produce many tons of cabbage, though it must be admitted it is not always an easy matter in a dry season to get the young plants well started in growth.—Shepherd's Bulletin.

Paris has a circulating library for the blind, with 7000 volumes. Similar libraries exist in Vienna, Leipzig and Geneva.

GOOD ROADS.

City Friends.

MONG those interested in road improvement, the farmers of course stand first. The character and condition of the roads are of vital interest to them every day in the year. The farmers, until recently, have been compelled to struggle with the road problem without much help or encouragement from any other class. Now, however, some strong elements of the city population are rallying to their support. Among these may be named the manufacturers of road building machinery; the makers and users of bicycles and automobiles, and the money invested in the country. These people are entering into the work for road improvement with even more enthusiasm and zeal than the farmers.

Just now the farmers who want better roads are brought face to face with a most important question. Will he accept the assistance of these city allies? Will he welcome the aid of the machinery man, the capitalist, the bicyclist and the automobilist? Or will he treat them as schemers who are trying to meddle with his affairs?

The answer to these questions ought to depend on what these city friends of good roads are proposing to do. If they propose to have the country roads improved in order to increase their business, and enhance their pleasures, wholly at the expense of the farmer, then he should spurn the proffered alliance. If, on the contrary, they are proposing, through State and National taxation, to lift a large part of the burden off the farmer and place it on the taxpayers of the cities, he ought to bid them welcome, and extend the glad hand.

This is a live question for the farmer to consider and answer. Already the opponents of State and National aid are at work trying to sow seeds of suspicion in the minds of the farmers, and they will do their best to prevent any co-operation between the country and city friends of good roads.

As a matter of fact, State and National aid offer the only hope of general road improvement, and such aid can never be secured if the city people array themselves against it. Unless the farmers are wholly blind to their own interests, they will welcome aid from any and every source, and will make every effort to secure the powerful aid of the State and Federal Governments.

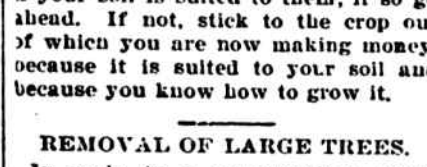
Depends on the Farmers. The candid and unprejudiced opinion of a public man on a question concerning which he is well qualified to speak is nearly always of interest. Such an opinion concerning the prospect for National Highway legislation was recently received from a gentleman who is a close observer of men and events, and who has spent many years at the National Capital. He said:

I have watched the growth of the so-called "good roads movement" with much interest, and especially since Colonel Brownlow introduced into Congress his bill providing that the Government should pay half the expense of improving the roads. As regards the prospect of such a measure ever becoming a law, I will say that it all depends on the farmers. If the agricultural classes go to work in earnest for Government aid, they will get it; if they do not, Congress will never enact such a law. In Government affairs, as in most other affairs, I have noticed that the people who go after things are the people who get them. The farmers as a class receive comparatively little serious consideration from Congress simply because they don't demand it. Every Congress now appropriates more than a billion dollars, but how much of this is spent in the rural districts? Almost nothing. Millions are spent for public buildings, rivers and harbors, millions for the army and navy, millions for the Government at Washington, etc. Occasionally a few thousand dollars go for something that directly benefits the farmers, but that is all. Of course there isn't as much chance to give the farmers direct benefits from the spending of public money. But national aid to road improvement furnishes an ideal opportunity. It would even up things to some extent. It would certainly be a big thing for the rural districts. The money spent would of course make good times; but the main benefit would come from the improvement of the roads. It would increase the value of farm lands; it would enable the farmers to market their crops to better advantage; it would make farm life better worth living. In fact it would be a great permanent benefit.

If any other class of our population had such an opportunity to enjoy the fostering care and aid of the Government, how they would work for it. They would give their Senators and Representatives no rest. But the farmers as a class move more deliberately. They take time to look into the ways and wherefores, and to consider all objections. So far as I am able to learn, the farmers are taking up this question seriously and in time will make their influence most powerfully felt. I think Congress will be ready to enact a national law whenever there is a general demand for it from the farmers of all sections.

The British Income Tax. The income tax was introduced into England by William Pitt in 1799 under the stress of the French war. It ceased in 1816, but was revived by Sir Robert Peel in 1842, and extended by Gladstone in 1853. From being a temporary war tax it has now become a permanent part of the British financial system, and is resorted to by every Chancellor who finds himself in difficulties.

Bamboo sprouts shoot upward at the rate of three feet a day under favorable circumstances.



USED FOR HANDLING TREES.

Drawn together with a log chain by a team of horses or block of tackle. By drawing this up tightly the points are brought together, thus raising and lifting the ball of earth and the tree upon the runners. When everything is in readiness, two or four horses, as the case may require, are hitched to the chain and the tree is drawn out, the front part of the opening having been slanted for that purpose.

When a tree is to be reset, a hole large enough to accommodate it is dug with both sides slanting into it so that the horses can be driven down through and out the hole, thus drawing the tree in place. By loosening the chain and hitching the horses to the other end of the log, this is easily withdrawn, thus leaving the hole and water running, even large trees can be easily removed, even in midsummer, without serious disturbance. The same apparatus was used for transplanting a large block of maple, cedar and other ornamental trees; it was designed, made and used by Alexander Meyer, of Long Island.—Orange Judd Farmer.

New Varieties of Fruit. In a great majority of cases, new varieties of tomatoes, as of other fruits, are not "produced"; they are rather discovered, says a writer in Country Life in America. One finds a new form in his garden and propagates it. Some of the new forms will not propagate themselves readily from seed, whereas others will "come true" to a greater or less extent. Now and then a man sets out to produce a definite variety. Just what means he shall employ will depend entirely upon the character of the particular problem. The peach-tomato, for instance, like many others, was probably a chance seedling.