

JACK'S HOUSE

BY RACHEL B. HAMILTON

It was only a plain, snug little house, rising slowly from the small, neatly fenced lot, and gradually assuming the shape of a contented smile. Content watched its daily growth with a wonderful light of satisfaction in her brown eyes. She could see it plainly from Aunt Prissy's little shop window, looking down the quiet road and across a field white with daisies; and she loved to watch the sea of bending blossoms, and whisper softly to herself, "The path that leads to it is all pure white."

"Grown! Grown! ain't it?" said Miss Prissy, cheerily, dusting and arranging the bright silk handkerchiefs, skeins of yarn, boxes of needles, jars of candy and the rosy checked aprons that decorated the show window, even while she looked beyond them at the new building. "It's goin' up slick as a new pin."

"Yes, yes," returned Uncle Joachim, shaking his head; "if there only don't come a hard wind and blow it over, or a heavy rain to flood the cellar, or somebody set it afire, mebbe. There's no tellin'—never no tellin' in this uncertain world!"

"La, Joachim," said Miss Prissy, nibbling mounting the counter and pursuing conversation and a spider-web together, "we hain't had a drop of rain this three weeks, and it's just what we're needin'." As for winds, "I would take something more'n common to blow such walls as these down."

"I don't know 'bout that—don't know," answered Uncle Joachim, unconvinced. "It blew a pretty smart breeze last night, and I could feel our house shake. Thought very likely our roof would be carried away afore mornin'—more'n likely. I went up to the garret to-day and tied a rope to the rafters and then hitched the other end fast to the old spinnin' wheel; but it's doubtful if that'll save it—doubtful."

Content laughed softly, but Uncle Joachim heard it.

"Don't make fun of solemn things, child; don't never do that," he said, reprovingly. "I knew a nan once that ridiculed the idea of any burglars ever breakin' into his house, and the very next day his brother had his pockets picked. A good many folks have a good many things happen to 'em, and it's best to be prepared."

"Well," commented Miss Prissy, briskly, "I may say for I'm 'bout as well prepared for pickpockets as for anything I know of. Nobody 'd make much out of my pockets, unless they was sufferin' for a pair of steel-bowed spectacles and an old brass tumbler. There comes the mail," she added, as a rusty, dusty horseman stopped at the door. "Content and me'll tend to it, Joachim, dear; you're feelin' poorly to-day, I know, and you'd better sit still."

He had no idea of doing anything else; but it was a pleasant fiction of Miss Prissy's that "brother Joachim" was always just about to do something useful and energetic—a belief that had never died out in all the twenty years that she had taken care of him. Father, mother, sister, all were gone but these two and the sister's orphaned child, Content, a bonny, winsome maiden, who had come like sunshine to the quiet, quiet old house.

Uncle Joachim sat in his easy chair with gaze that wandered afar off, brooding over the hills that were not so far away, the valleys that never would be reached up and the mountains that were so near.

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by room, window by window, it had been dreamed and talked of, larger and fairer than it now could be in reality, but that only Jack and Content knew. Jack was skittish and energetic; he had laid up some five or six hundred dollars, and that was not all.

"You see, Content," he had said, gaily, when they talked of it in the spring time, with the old apple tree showering its pink blossoms around them where they stood—"you see, there is that work for Iegan, if it succeeds, and I think it will. It is some sort of a pumping apparatus, you know. He had got the idea in his head, but wasn't workman enough to carry it out, and so he came to me. I dug into it until I fabled I knew what he wanted, and improved upon it a little, maybe. I've spent all the time I could give, evenings and odd hours, on it for nearly five months now, sometimes doing and sometimes undoing; but Ragan is to pay me \$2000 if it works as he expects it to. He thinks I can do it."

"I think so, too," said Content. "It will be something nice for us," remarked Jack, thoughtfully. "But we won't say anything to any one about it yet a while, until we are sure. There is no need, for we have enough for a little home, even without that."

Uncle Joachim and Aunt Prissy were not very worldly-wise. They thought, or Miss Prissy did, that love and even the smallest home promised considerable material for happiness; and her eyes twinkled with tears and smiles behind her old spectacles while, in one breath, she wondered how she was "ever goin' to do without Content," and in the next if they "hain't better be huntin' up rats to cut for a carpet for Content's floor—against she has one."

Uncle Joachim was as nearly congratulatory as he knew how to be, but deprecatory also.

"I don't see why you two shouldn't stand as good a chance for comfort as anybody, s'posin' there is any such thing, which is doubtful," he said. "Any way, 'tis risky, very risky; like as not you won't enjoy yourselves. I'll be a great affliction to have Content leave us, but it'll be a load off my mind to know she's safe out of the house. It's a dangerous place to live in. 'Counts of folks robbin' the mails keep comin' all the time, and I've just a feelin' that ours 'll be robbed, too, some night, and we all murdered in our beds."

"Dear me! I shouldn't think it would be worth while," exclaimed Aunt Prissy, unselfishly, scanning the matter in the light of a speculation. "Our mail! Why, I don't believe there's ever more'n ten dollars in the whole on't at one time, and mostly there ain't anythin'."

"That don't make no difference, Prissy—no difference," persisted Uncle Joachim, with a doleful shake of the head. "You don't know the sight of wickedness there is in this world. I tell you there's plenty of folks that would do 'most anything for ten dollars."

"Well, well," succumbing to superior wisdom, "maybe it's so; but it does seem dreadful low wages for any human being to do such work as that for. I s'pose there comes some time for most all of us, though, when the Evil One comes along our road and asks what we'll sell ourselves for. If we're willin' to do it at all, I don't know as it matters much about the price."

As the days passed by, and Jack's "prize-work" as he laughingly called it, led more and more fair to prove successful, he and Content conjured golden plans for the fair little home against the terrible calamities that never came. But Miss Prissy's keen and kindly eyes could, fortunately, see nearer home—even to the sewing of buttons on brother Joachim's coat, the mending of rents in his linen, and the necessity of providing for three meals a day. So she whisked about, always busy, worked and planned, dressed and darned, made over her dresses wrong side up and inside out, contrived neat caps out of nothing, and collars out of what was left. She took care of the small store that was also the village postoffice, and looked after the diminutive garden besides, all the while family grateful, and innocently playing any "poor lone woman folks" that made any man to help or perfect 'em."

The arrival of the mail was a pleasant little thing. Aunt Prissy sorted the small parcels with some good natured guessing and neighborly sympathy—hoping this was for Grey was from her sister, and that the one for Deacon was for her. Content was listening with devouring color meanwhile for a step that was sure soon to come.

"Any letters for me, Miss Prissy?" asked Jack Howard's clear, heavy voice.

"Not one," answered Content, laughing up into the blue eyes that did not look particularly disappointed. In fact, Jack's correspondence was not immense; but it was a satisfaction to know whether there was anything or not—a great satisfaction, one would have said, seeing how regularly he came and the way in which he lingered.

"How are you to-day, Joachim?"

"Hard to say—better than myself."

you what 'tis Jack, I don't feel a mite safe about them mail robbers. You see we open the trap-door nights, and put the mail-bag right down into the cellar; and I've been a-thinkin' if we had one of these heavy stones hitched on to the under side of the door, so's two or three men couldn't raise it, 't would be safer."

"But I don't see how you are going to raise it yourself then," objected Jack.

"Well, I can't tell exactly," said Uncle Joachim, somewhat discomfited, but persevering. "We'll have to think some way, for if anybody got down there to rob, and just touched off some powder down there, why, they could blow us all to flinders—no flinders, Jack!"

The young man watched with an amused smile for a moment or two, as he wandered about near by examining one stone after another, then forgot him in his own occupation. A train went thundering by on the heights above, and the old man paused in his search to watch it.

"Dear! how these rocks crack now and then!" he exclaimed, as a sudden, sharp sound fell upon his ear.

Jack started and looked up with a thrill of horror as his quick eye detected the rapidly widening fissure that was separating a mass of overhanging rock from the main wall.

"Uncle Joachim!" he shouted.

But before the warning cry had left his lips the old man, too, had seen, and turned to fly, but stumbled and fell.

In the brief moment that followed a rush of conflicting thoughts swept through Jack's mind. Should he catch up his treasure and bear that to a place of safety at all hazards? It was the first, the natural impulse. But his old companion—could he leave him? Must he make so great a sacrifice for him? Was that worn-out, useless life worth so costly a price—the hardy work of toilsome months, his brightest hopes for the future? Ought he—dare he—calculate the worth of any human life, however weak?

Thoughts flew in a region above time. It was but an instant that he paused irresolute in the sharp, fierce struggle; then he sprang to the old man's side, raised him up, and, half dragging, half carrying, bore him away with the speed and strength that only such an hour can know—hurrying up the sloping bank until a deafening crash behind them told that they were safe.

They paused then, exhausted, and sank down upon the ground to survey the scene. A great mass of broken stone covered all the place where they had stood, and Jack's model was crushed to atoms and buried beneath it.

"Well, well," murmured Uncle Joachim, tremblingly breaking the solemn silence that had succeeded the dying echoes, "that was a narrow chance, and I'd never have got away but for you, Jack. I'm 'bliged to you, I really am; though, seem' as somethin' is sure to happen some time, I don't know as 't would have made much difference—only for the women folk; 't would have been a great loss to the women folks. More'n likely I'll be sick for a week or two now, Jack"—as a sudden thought struck him—"why, Jack, you left that jinnack of yours down there, didn't you? Kind of a pity to have it smashed up, though I s'pose it wasn't of much use."

Jack turned his eyes from the ruin and looked at him with a strange smile on his pale face. How little he knew of all the hopes and plans that had been, or could comprehend the value of that which he so carelessly called worthless! And yet, perhaps he himself could as little understand this work of the great Creator beside him, of comprehend His purpose in even this seemingly feeble and useless life that he had saved. There was nothing of contentions pity in the gentleness of Jack's voice as he said:

"Hain't you better go home now, Uncle Joachim? I will go with you."

He told Content the story that day—only Content ever knew it all—and she listened with the light that shone through her tearful eyes growing brighter at every word. "Sorry but so glad," she said, not so paradoxically but Jack could understand it.

"It was hard to decide for a minute, though it seems a shame even to say it now," Jack said, honestly. "But I couldn't sell myself, you know, and so a good many of our hopes and plans are ended for a long while to come, Content."

"But Jack, dear," answered Content, softly, "I think our work often reaches farther than we know. It may be in building our earthly houses we are building for our heavenly homes as well, and some things that crowd and cramp these may make those at the fairer."

So Jack's house is only a little one, but Content thinks Uncle Joachim speaks more truly than he knows when he calls it "well built," and watching it from over the blooming meadow, she sees more than the daisies, and murmurs to herself, as if the words were set to inward music, "The path that leads to it is white—clean and white, thank God!"—Good Literature.

One Tongue and England.

What strikes the American constantly in England is the homogeneity of the people. We have the foreigner so much with us that we miss him when we come to England. When I take my walk in Central Park I am likely to hear any other tongue oftener than English, to hear Yiddish, or Russian, or Polish, or Norwegian, or French, or Italian, or Spanish, or when I take my walks on the leas at Folkestone, scarcely more than an hour from the polyglot continent of Europe, I hear nothing but English.

Twice, indeed, I heard a few French people speaking together; once I heard a German Jew telling a story of a dog, which he found so funny that he almost burst with laughter; and once again, in the lower town, there came to me from the open door of an eating house the sound of Italian. But nearly everywhere else was English, and the signs of life on parle Français were almost as infrequent in the shops—W. D. Howells, in Harper's Magazine.

Geronimo, the noted Apache chief, has learned to read, and can write his name. He is exceedingly proud of his accomplishments.

The Farm

Keeping Butter.
A New York dairyman writes that he has kept butter successfully both in summer and winter by simply filling it into jars, covering the top neatly with cloth, putting on salt and pressing down hard with the hand so that no air can get in. Often a paper is put over the top. During warm weather it may be necessary to add more salt once in four or five weeks.

How to Detect Spavin.
When the buyer suspects that a spavin, large or small, is present, yet finds lameness absent, possibly due to continuous exercise or some preventive measure adopted for the occasion, he can speedily ascertain whether it is indeed present by a simple test. Have an assistant lead the horse out to halter and prepare to trot him instantly at the word "go." Now lift up the foot of the suspected hind leg and hold it as close to the horse's belly as possible for a few minutes. Suddenly drop it and immediately trot the horse, when he will, for the first few steps or even rods, go intensely lame, but soon recover. This is an unfailing test and should be practiced in every case where there is the slightest suspicion of a spavin.—Dr. A. S. Alexander, in The Indiana Farmer.

The Cow Stables.
The stables where the cows are to be kept should receive first attention. They should be made sufficiently warm, should be well lighted and should have means for ventilation. Then the floor under the cows should be properly constructed. The raised portion on which they stand should be four to six inches higher than the rest and of just sufficient slant to allow the liquids to run off freely. The floor should be smooth and even and not full of cracks and holes. A cement floor, if properly constructed and kept well covered with bedding will be free from these defects, more durable than wood and altogether cheaper in the end.

Putting Away Potatoes.
One of your correspondents recently proposed a method of housing this useful crop. I want to suggest that all discussion on that subject is out of order. The tubers are already put away, housed or cured for where they grew. Leave them in the ground till frosty weather and then dig them; if dug too soon they are in the way; they are subject to atmospheric action, and some will rot; they are exposed to sunlight which turns them green and bitter. The moles may eat a few of them in the hill, and the weeds may multiply so as to make them hard to dig, but a little extra care will govern all this, and the loss will be lighter than after they are taken out of the hill.

If they are dug, the very best thing to do with them is to pile them up and cover them with dirt. That is their natural element, and they cannot be so healthy anywhere else.—W. S. S., in the Indiana Farmer.

Hens Eating Eggs.
Egg-eating hens are a nuisance, and after many years of experience in poultry raising the writer feels that when his hens are discovered at the trick the best way of stopping it is to kill the hen. If our birds were not well supplied with limy substances, such as oyster shells and the like and all the grit they desire, we would furnish these before killing the hen. As a rule, the habit is merely a habit, and is not due to any lack of a food element except that of lime.

Usually the egg-eating hen gets into the habit of eating an egg that has become accidentally broken; liking the taste, she acquires the habit, and once acquired it is almost impossible to break it. We have found it the better plan to have both grit and the lime material so placed that the hens may help themselves at will. Some hens require more of these than do other hens, so it is hard to do it out properly. It is better to let them decide as to their needs whenever possible.

Rat Proof Corn Crib.
A correspondent to The Indiana Farmer asks how a corn crib may be constructed so as to be proof against rats. We give reply to this by the cut of a crib on this page. The crib may be built cheaply, and of any size desired. The cut fully explains the construction. It is set either on wooden

posts or brick foundations, put fifteen inches in the ground, as shown in the cut, and two and a half feet from the ground to the crib sills. Two-thirds of the distance from ground to the sill are galvanized iron hoops, projecting out and downward around the foundation posts four inches in width. Rats can never pass over this hood, which they would have to do to reach the crib. Such a crib is absolutely proof against rats. It is constructed of inch lumber, open for air to reach the corn, but with flaring sides for protection against rain.

Water For Ducks.
The writer has had many years of experience in raising ducks and has been more or less successful in the work. Although preferring other lines of poultry, ducks are profitable if raised under proper conditions and a thin easy reach of a market which demands them. Several correspondents have asked if water is necessary to duck-raising, and the reply is that it is and it isn't. To explain: A number of years since we located the duck-hatching houses on a portion of the farm where there was no water, in-

tending to transfer the ducks near the creek later on. Pressure of other work prevented the transfer until the ducks were nearly half grown.

It was then noticed that while some of the young ones were in very poor health, most of them were doing as well as we could wish and had shown no desire for water, except to drink it. This seemed so contrary to what had been the understanding of the requirements of ducks that we investigated by going to the man from whom the eggs were bought. It was then found that for some five years the ducks raised by this man had had no access to water, except for drinking purposes.

The desire for a pond had been bred out of them, so to speak. In raising ducks, therefore, ascertain what surroundings their ancestors have had; if they have been raised on ponds, water must be supplied your ducks or you will not be able to raise them profitably.—Indianapolis News.

Shredded Fodder Cows to Stay.
Well shocked fodder will not damage much if not shredded for weeks, unless it is a very wet season. A very important item to be considered is the condition of the fodder when shredded. If dry it will be bright and sweet and will not heat, but if shredded when wet or much damp, will heat and mould, and a large per cent. of its food value lost. When properly put up shredded fodder will feed one-third longer than when fed whole for cattle and any kind of stock except sheep, which do about as well on whole fodder as they do not waste it as badly. As to the feeding value compared with other roughage, one ton of shredded fodder is worth two tons of bright straw.

I find it almost equal to timothy hay for all stock in winter except milk cows, which do better on shredded fodder. What the stock refuse to eat makes the best of bedding and is easily spread when hauled out.

In short, you get the value of your fodder at once, there are no stalks accumulating in the stables, or wasting in the fields, but is in the best condition to get the best results. There are also some disadvantages connected with shredding. Fodder shredded before it is well cured after cutting is a total loss.—P. P. E., in Indiana Farmer.

Turkey Raising.
Turkey Bulletin (No. 200) by the Department of Agriculture, now on the Government press, contains the following three general rules for selecting stock:

First—Always use as breeders turkey hens over one year old. Be sure they are strong, healthy and vigorous, and of good medium size. Do not strive to have them unnaturally large.

Second—The male may be a yearling or older. Do not imagine that the large overgrown males are the best. Strength, health and vigor, with well-proportioned medium size, are the main points of excellence.

Third—Avoid close breeding. New blood is of vital importance to turkeys. Better send a thousand miles for a new male than to risk the chances of inbreeding. Secure one in the fall so as to be assured of his health and vigor prior to the breeding season.

Regarding the kind of hens to select the following advice is given: No matter what variety of turkeys may be selected for keeping, they should, above all things, be strong, vigorous, healthy and well matured, but not akin. Better secure the females from one locality and the male from another to insure their non-relationship, rather than run the risk of inbreeding. In all fowls it is well to remember that size is influenced largely by the female and the color and finish by the male. Securing over-large males to pair with small, weakly hens is not wise policy. A medium sized male with good, fair-sized females of good constitutional vigor and mature age, will do far better than the largest with the smallest females.

Lessons From Swiss Dairying.
It is possible for us to draw many lessons from Swiss dairying. Probably this industry in Switzerland is the oldest occupation of man there; at least, it has been the principal industry since the narrow valleys were occupied by the first settlers. So many centuries has dairying been carried on in those mountains that the records do not go back to the commencement. We only know that long ago—centuries ago—the Government of the cantons of Switzerland concluded that the people of Switzerland, as a whole, had a right to say how the pastures, at least the pastures on the mountain heights, should be handled. So laws were passed governing both the pastures owned by the public and the pastures owned by the individual dairy-men. To these laws the Swiss apparently owe the preservation of their pastures.

The Alpine pastures are leased to the highest bidder, and the men that secure them are prevented from subleasing. This acts against a few men getting control of all the pastures and subletting at figures that would be a hardship to the men owning cows. The lessee agrees to so handle the pastures that they will not only be kept in as good condition as when he took charge of them, but that they will be even better. The communities that own the pastures have them surveyed and their capacity determined. The number of cows or other animals that can be kept on them is fixed by rule, and this number is small enough so that the pastures will not be injured by being fed too close. This is a rule that might be profitably adopted by our American farmers. The pasture season endures for about four months, and not till the grass is well started in the spring are the animals permitted to be driven on. Trees dot the pastures here and there, and these trees are not allowed to be cut on any pretext, unless indeed they become too numerous in certain localities. Where there is danger of an avalanche starting, the trees are not permitted to be cut at all, but are left to bind the soil, which would otherwise be loosened by the rains and the melting snow.

Hoards Dairyman.

GETTING EVEN.

How a Waiter in a Salt Lake Cafe Played a Practical Joke.

"When I first ran a cafe in Salt Lake, fifteen years ago, we didn't have Japanese dishwashers, and we had to take white men who were out of luck and were willing to do anything," said Angelo Manca. "They did not usually stay long, but some of them might have stayed longer if the cooks and waiters had not made them the butts of practical jokes."

"One morning in answer to an ad. a big, husky fellow walked in and offered to wash dishes. He might have been a little bit hungry, and he certainly looked like a 'hoosier.' I put him in the kitchen and after the waiters sized him up they went after him. One of them walked into the kitchen solemnly with a plate of leftover cakes, set them down before the dishwasher and ordered him to eat them. The dishwasher was surprised and wanted to know why. 'It's a rule of the house that the dishwasher must eat all the cakes that come back to the kitchen,' the waiter explained. The new dishwasher ate the cakes without further question."

"Pretty soon another dish of cakes was set down before him and he ate those also. It was so funny that whenever the supply of cold cakes lagged for a while the waiters called for a plate of them, carry them out and leave them a little bit, and then take them back to the dishwasher. Early in the evening the recruit came out to me and asked for his pay, saying he was going to quit. I asked him what the trouble was. He said: 'I hain't no fault to find with the work, but I don't like that rule about the cakes.'"

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Why, that rule that the dishwasher has got to eat all the cakes that go back to the kitchen."

"What in thunder are you talking about?" I asked.

"I'm talking about just what I said—this thing of making a man eat up all the cakes that come back. I've ate sixteen plates to-day, and I can't swallow another bite, and when they brought me the last bunch I just quit and come out. I'm done with it. I feel like I was going to bust."

"I looked at him and he was swelled up under the belt like a toad. I had to laugh as I told him to go back and leave the cakes alone. Then he got mad, and I had to pay him off and let him go. As he went out he said: 'I'll get even with that fellow, see if I don't.'"

"A little later the waiter went out. He was a dude. He was making good money and he spent a lot of it for clothes. He was fixed up as if he was going to be married. About five minutes after he went out he came back with one eye nearly closed and a big bump over the other. He had a cut on one lip and another on the side of his nose. His clothes looked as if he had rolled over in the mud, and they were torn in two or three places. I asked what was the matter and he said: 'I met that dishwasher outside, and he certainly fixed me plenty. I thought he was full of prunes when he came in this morning, but it didn't help his disposition any to fill him up with cakes.'—Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

Old War Horses.
These old horses never forget the calls, no matter how long it has been since they last heard them.

One day some years ago, when I was passing an open lot in the outskirts of Chicago, I found a boy trying to play on the cornet. While the boy and I were at work on the cornet, an old ash hauler came along driving an animal that had once been a good horse, but was now only a collection of skin and bones. The horse stopped when he heard us and stuck up his ears. I came to the conclusion that he had once been a cavalry horse and asked the old man where he got him. "From a farmer," he said. I could not find a "U. S." on the horse; he had probably been discharged so long ago that his brand had been worn off. But taking the cornet, I sounded the stable call, and the horse began to dance.

"Hold fast to your lines, now," I warned the old man. "I am going to make that old horse do some of the fastest running he has ever done since he left the cavalry." Then, beginning with the call for the gallop, I next sounded the charge, and the old plug went plunging up the road at his fastest gait, dragging his wagon after him. I gave him the recall next, and he came down to a walk, much to the relief of the old driver. He said that this was the first time he had ever seen the horse run. He had never been able to get him to go faster than a slow walk before. "You don't feed him well enough to get him to do much running," I told him. "That horse, when he did have to run, got his twelve pounds of corn and all the hay he could eat every day."—Forest and Stream.

A Weighty Subject.
Looking toward the holidays, an excellent business is assured in the best grades of goods. It was believed by many last spring that large farms in cravats had run their course and that this season would bring a return to narrower shapes. But the trade is calling now for two and three-quarter and three inch four-inches, whereas a year ago two and a half inches was the standard width. This, too, in spite of the well known fact that the waistcoat opening is higher this year than last and that wing collars are not so extreme in form. The upper class tailors agree that waistcoats will be to higher next spring, and this will compel a return to cravats slightly narrower, say two and one-half inches. We have always advocated the large cravat as more slightly to wear and more profitable to sell, and intelligent retailers have been quick to adopt this view. Of course, the demand for wide cravats must be created coincidentally with the demand for wing collars—the two are inseparable in their close relationship.—The Haberdasher.

A Bath-House Mistake.
Around Stockholm there are many suburban resorts where sea bathing is indulged in when the weather is warm enough. At one of these resorts a visitor observed a large signboard at a gateway, reading "Dam Bad Haus." This notice gave him quite a shock, until he found out it means "Ladies Bath House."—St. James' Gazette.

AGRICULTURE

TO TRANSPLANT FERNS.

Many persons have tried to transplant ferns from the woods with success, owing chiefly to the fact that they did not attempt it at proper season, or did not transplant to the proper soil. Probably the better way to start them from seed, which can be had from any seedman, of the hard annual sorts. Ferns must have a peaty shaded, moist location, and a sandy soil, with plenty of leaf mold. On the top of the permanent place two inches of mixture of mold and sandy loam. On this sow seed thinly, and cover with wet sphagnum is best. Keep the soil wet and do not disturb it. The fern will germinate and root down into prepared soil and acclustom themselves to it better than plants brought from the woods.

BOREAS IN THE ORCHARD.
A correspondent wishes to know there is any wash that may be resorted to destroy the tree borers, to prevent their depredations in the orchard. We cannot say that there are, though there are several that are recommended, and that may be more efficient. Simple whitewash applied early in June, and worked down into the ground may prevent insect from depositing its eggs in bark of the tree; but this must be regarded as a preventive rather than a remedy, for once the larva find lodgment in the tree, a wash need be depended upon to disturb it.

Another wash still more highly recommended consists of whale oil or soft lye soap, made in the proportion of two pounds of soap to one gallon of water, to which is to be added pint of crude carbolic acid. This is more efficient as a repellent than common whitewash. The soap wash is a valuable application even with any reference to the borer. We the insect has obtained a lodgment about the only remedy is to gouge out or pierce it with a sharp wire.

APPLES FOR STORAGE.
Formerly it was supposed the apples ought to sweat before they were stored, but investigations indicate that any ripening which takes place between the picking time and storage house is injurious to the keeping qualities of the fruit. Percaine, laid twenty-four hours did not rot as well as those stored at once. But left pears delayed three or four days were soft in two or three weeks storage, while the fruit stored once was in prime commercial condition at the end of five weeks. The investigations emphasize the necessity of quick storing as soon as the fruit is picked. Fruit stored in the orchard, or on the railroad siding, or in freight cars, in hot weather, is injured seriously, and no treatment the storage house can overcome damage inflicted.

The investigations point out that apples, pears and peaches, more slowly if left on the tree when removed and stored in the orchard. The fruit is much better the tree than off if it cannot be stored at once. The method of packing also of fundamental importance, influencing the behavior of the storage house.

SHIPMENT OF APPLES.
The sorting table should be convenient width to reach across, large enough to hold at least a dozen apples. The fruit should be over the table and allowed to slide down the slope of the table and sorting done from the lower part of the pile. In cold weather barrel shipment should be lined with entirely protecting the sides and bottom. The first two layers should be of uniform good specimens, stems down. Then all the barrels half bushel at a time, shaking two or three times during the process. The lining paper is then lapped the top and the head put on pressed down. Tender apples as Spies, Beldflower, etc., should be protected