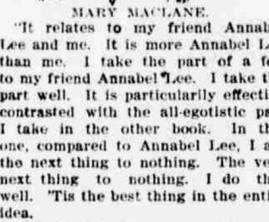


BOOKS and AUTHORS

The irrepressible Mary MacLane of Montana, "the 'beaut' from Butte," as she has been dubbed, again appears on "the flat surfaces of things," with her new book, "My Friend Annabel Lee." The public will accept this second volume in much the same spirit that was accorded Miss MacLane's initial effort, but we are hopeful that the publishers, Herbert S. Stone & Co., Chicago, will not hazard a third assault, unless this western genius improves her style. Nothing in the new volume is more interesting than the author's description of it. The following letter was sent to her publishers early in August:

"It is made up of reflections and impressions and sketches—but I hate the words—and my reflections are not reflections, and my impressions are not impressions, and my sketches aren't sketches in the least. The book is not quite a diary, for it has no dates, but it's all in the first person. It has a tinge of the first book, and it's a fascinating book, and yet—



MARY MACLANE.

"It relates to my friend Annabel Lee and me. It is more Annabel Lee than me. I take the part of a foil to my friend Annabel Lee. I take the part well. It is particularly effective contrasted with the all-egotistic part I take in the other book. In this one, compared to Annabel Lee, I am the next thing to nothing. The very next thing to nothing. I do that idea. 'Tis the best thing in the entire idea.

"The book is her conversation and some of mine. It is her ideas—mostly. She talks exquisitely well, times, and is even marvelous. I left my friend Annabel Lee in Boston—yet she follows me here. Not that she ever follows—no, but I travel frequently to Boston to find her. All the difficulty I have had in writing and cutting out, and pruning and inkling over, is in that my poor, miserable pen cannot always do justice to my friend Annabel Lee.

"The names of some of the chapters are Boston, The Flat Surfaces of Things, The Young Books of Trouble-bridge, When I Went to the Butte High School, Minnie Maddern Fiske, To Fall in Love, Relative, A Late With no Strings—only no one has the least idea what I may have written about them."

Annabel Lee referred to above, and after whom the book is named, is a terra cotta and white Japanese statue, but a clay statue is preferable to a "stard devil" in the hands of this "starved-hearted woman, young and all alone." The same general appearance characterizes the second book, which bears as its frontispiece a new portrait of the author. The volume is dedicated to "Lucy Gray, in Chicago," who is believed to be Miss Lucy Monroe, one of H. S. Stone & Co.'s readers, and to whom is credited the suggestion of publishing "The Story of Mary MacLane."

What is, in the opinion of the publishers, one of the most remarkable historical romances in recent years in English, has just been brought out by the Lothrop Publishing Company, Boston. It is called "Gorgo," the name of the heroine, and is the work of Prof. Charles K. Gaines of St. Lawrence university, Canton, N. Y., who holds the chair of Greek in that institution. He has written a number of clever short stories, but in this romance of Athens, in the age of Pericles, when the "glory that was Greece" was at its height of splendor, he has produced a book of far greater significance. It gives, without a touch of pedantry or heaviness, a wonderfully vivid, attractive picture of a by-gone civilization and shows the causes underlying the downfall of Athens. Great figures like Alcibiades, Socrates and Pericles walk through it and the atmosphere of the time is caught so that the illusion of reality is perfect. There is an entrancing love story and plenty of intrigue and fighting told so as to stir the blood. "Gorgo" is in every way an exceptional work.

H. L. Wilson's novel, "The Lions of the Lord," was published by the Lothrop Publishing Company, Boston, in June. This is Mr. Wilson's second novel, his first story, "The Spenders," published a year ago, being in its fifty-fourth thousand and selling better than ever. In this new story, which is described as a tale of the old West, with its center of action and interest in Salt Lake City, the author makes an entire departure from his earlier book and presents a graphic picture of the humor and tragedy of Mormon life.

"LOVE AND REASON"

OLD-TIME PHILOSOPHY STILL APPLICABLE.

Comments From Ancient Newspaper Prove That Human Nature Has Come Unchanged Through All the Ages of the Past.

Quite as well applicable to the present age is a comment on "Love and Reason," taken from an almost century old newspaper of the Colonies. With its flavor of oldtimeness, this communication—for such it purports to be—shows abundant evidence that the primal opinions of human nature come unchanged down through the ages.

"In affairs of matrimony," says this long ago writer, "some people are governed by love alone and some by reason alone. Each ought to have a joint concern in these matters—they are handmaids which go along with the few who are so fortunate as to be among the wise.

"Love looks only to the honeymoon. He is a near-sighted little mink; doesn't see two inches before his nose, and yet depends altogether upon his eyesight, and thinks he has a wonderfully clear vision. He is not able to discover any defects, and therefore most soberly concludes there are none. Consequences all lie utterly beyond his ken—you might as well tell him the moon was made of green cheese as that matrimony had a dash of trouble in its composition. All this is the natural consequence of his blindness.

"Reason is to love what a pair of spectacles is to a nearsighted man—it enables the blind little fellow to look beyond the fair cheek and the blue eye, beyond the wedding ceremony and the wedding supper and the thousand things that cluster round the very idea of marriage. He enables the boy to look beyond all these, to the domestic fireside, to the kitchen comforts of wedded life, to the larder and the ledger, to the pudding and the purses, to the ways and means of living, as well as to the very simple business of loving.

"Marry the lass that has the cow," was the advice of an old gentleman to a laddie who consulted him on the subject of a choice between a girl with a cow and one that had nothing but a pretty face. "So far as beauty is concerned, there is not the difference of a cow between any two girls in Christendom." This is not my notion, however, though there is something in it. But marry the girl who will manage your domestic concerns to advantage, who is prudent, sensible, economical; get a good disposition; an accomplished maid with it will be all the better, and beauty, if you find it united with all these, will complete the tout ensemble.

"Don't marry for money, merely—there is neither love nor reason in that. It may buy many fine things, but it won't buy happiness, and without that a man is a poor creature. Money is no objection, it may be, indeed, an important object, but every other consideration bends to the point of being matched as well as paired, when love and reason join hands."

HOW HE'D TREAT AN ASSAILANT.

Law Student's Reply Was Natural, but Not Sanctioned by Blackstone.

James B. Dill, the noted lawyer, who has lately made an automobile journey from New Jersey to the Rangeley lakes, has always been an original character. A gentleman who was a fellow student at the New York university law school tells a story illustrating this fact as well as Dill's fearlessness of method, even in the days of his pupillage, and long before he had dreamed of the professional good fortune that has come to him a quarter of a century later. They were members of the class of '78. One day Prof. David R. Jaques, then the chief instructor, was quizzing and he came to Dill, to whom he put this question: "Mr. Dill, suppose you were walking along the road and a man stepped up and struck you with his fist. What legal conditions would arise? What remedies should be pursued? What, in short, would you do?"

"My first step, I think, professor," replied the young student, "would be to land him one on the jaw."

Had Not Missed It.

On a certain occasion, while Thomas Hill, the artist, was rusticated up in the White Mountains, he was commissioned by a wealthy farmer named Perkins to paint the old homestead, and was particularly requested to give a large maple tree standing near the house a prominent place in the picture. A few days after the completed picture had been delivered Mr. Hill heard the following dialogue between two rustics in the neighborhood:

"I hear that artist fellow has been up and draw'd Perkins's tree."

"For a moment there was a pause, then a drawing voice said:

"He has, eh? Well, where has he draw'd it to?"—New York Times.

A Tight Fit.

An Epigishman entered a tailor shop in Twenty-third street the other day, and, throwing a package on the counter, said:

"These trousers are a beastly fit; you'll have to fix 'em. They're tighter than my skin, don't you know?"

"But that's impossible! How could they be?" demurred the tailor.

"Well, I can sit down in my skin, but I can't sit down when in those blooming breeches!" was the wrathful answer.—New York Press.

MONUMENT TO LATE PRESIDENT MCKINLEY ERECTED AT TOLEDO



The McKinley monument, which was unveiled at Toledo, Ohio, September 14, is a square column of gray granite bearing the inscription "William McKinley" cut on its face. On the four sides his life history is briefly recited. The shaft is surmounted

by a heroic bronze statue of the late President weighing 1,800 pounds. The statue itself is eight feet high. The monument was erected with the contributions of 26,000 residents of the city of Toledo and the surrounding country.

WHERE IS THE RING? AROUND EARTH IN FORTY DAYS.

Bride Loses It from the Top of the Washington Monument.

The wedding ring of a bride is lost in the grass at the Washington monument at Washington, D. C. It has been sought in vain. Custodian Craig has had the grass cut to facilitate the search.

A young man and woman creeping about on their hands and knees in the grass attracted much attention. It was ascertained that they were a newly married couple from Baltimore and were at Washington on their wedding tour. They went up to the top of the monument, which is 555 feet high, and took some apples with them. While looking at the city from the great height they munched the apples.

"See how far you can throw the core," said the bridegroom.

"Oh, you think a girl can't throw, don't you?" was the arch reply of the bride as she raised her arm over her head and made the characteristic feminine sweep. The core went sailing down. As it left her hand the bride cried out in consternation. Her wedding ring, placed on her finger only a few hours before, had slipped off and disappeared. In reply to the bridegroom's promise to buy another ring the bride indignantly demanded to know how any one could buy a second wedding ring. So the search for the missing ring was begun.

KEY'S POEM NATIONAL ANTHEM.

Circumstances Under Which "Star Spangled Banner" Was Written.

Francis Scott Key, whose "Star Spangled Banner" has been officially declared the national anthem of the United States, was born in Frederick county, Maryland, August 1, 1779. He was the son of an officer in the Revolutionary army, and after being graduated from St. John's college, in 1798, he became a lawyer. His famous poem was written in 1814, when, as

Former Slaves in Reunion.

A most interesting event took place the other evening at Sherwood, the pretty suburban home of Robert Logan at Salem, Va. It was a reunion of the former slaves of Nathaniel Burwell, grandfather of Mr. Logan.

At the close of the civil war Mr. Burwell had on his splendid plantation near Salem, consisting of two thousand acres, more than a hundred contented and loyal slaves. About thirty of these were present at the reunion, the rest having died.

The former slaves of Mr. Burwell are noted for their thrift, their honesty and their unflinching politeness. They are as loyal to-day to the family as they were in the grand old days "fo' de wa'."

Turned Century; Still Healthy.

Wolf Weissmann of Hoboken, N. J., celebrated his one hundred and third birthday last week. He had spent the day electioneering down town and on his return home drank a couple of goblets of wine and smoked a pipe. Smoking, however, he says does not agree with him, and he intends to abandon the habit. He was born at Kishineff, Russia, but left there in 1824 on account of the persecutions to which his race—the Jewish—were subjected.

President's Gift to Smithsonian.

President Roosevelt has sent to the Smithsonian institution a small, stuffed mouse, which the president captured on his last western trip and stuffed and mounted himself. The mouse is of an uncommon species and is regarded as a valuable addition to the institution's exhibits, yet the directors, if they had been consulted, might have chosen a mountain lion rampart.

HORTICULTURE



The Michigan Fruit Station.

The Michigan experiment station is located at Agricultural College, near Lansing. It has a branch at South Haven devoted entirely to experiments with fruit. The cause for the existence of this branch station are the peculiar soil along the shores of Lake Michigan and climatic conditions quite unlike other parts of the state. Moreover this region is a famous fruit producing region, and experiments made at Lansing would not be likely to apply fully to the so-called fruit-belt. A representative of the Farmers' Review last week visited this fruit station and found it in a most flourishing condition. The officer in charge is Professor T. A. Farrand, who seems to understand the conditions of his territory most fully.

The station is somewhat limited for space and has at present only fifteen acres of land, all of which is in use. The first plantings were made 14 years ago. The paucity of area has compelled the crowding of some of the trees beyond what we believe to be advisable. Professor Farrand has been compelled for this reason to set his plants and trees nearer together than he would if he had the room he needs. It was noticeable that all the soil was in a high state of cultivation, the marks of the weeder teeth being everywhere visible between the trees. All the fruit trees are headed low. The Professor says this is the only sensible way of heading trees. The apple, pear, plum and cherry trees branched just above the soil and one would have difficulty in reaching their trunks, because of the branches. We did not notice a high-headed tree on the place.

Professor Farrand says that peach and pear trees should be set at least 20 feet apart, though on their ground they are but 16 feet apart. As most of these trees are twelve years old their branches are already too close in many instances. The apple and pear trees are sprayed with Bordeaux mixture on the formula 5-5-50, with four ounces of Paris green added. This is five pounds of lime, five pounds of copper sulphate and 50 gallons of water, besides the Paris green mentioned. For peaches they spray before the leaves are open for the curl leaf, using two pounds of sulphate and 50 gallons of water. After the fruit is set they spray with half-strength Bordeaux mixture, or on the formula 5-5-100, using no Paris green. However, Paris green could be used, if desired. Peaches are thinned to 6 and 8 inches apart. This is a more severe thinning than is followed in many of our orchards, where the breadth of the hand is used as the rule for space between peaches.

The Professor recommends the Longhurst peach as a very good one. The tree is hardy and very productive, but is not as handsome as the Alberta. It is most excellent for canning. However the growers of peaches near South Haven are going largely into Albertas. Kalamazoo and Engle Mammoth are most excellent varieties and are doing well on the station grounds. It is noted that the early peaches are inferior in quality.

It is the belief of the director that apple trees should be set not less than 35 feet apart. As to the varieties doing the best on their grounds he mentions Jonathan, Grimes, Golden, Stark and Yellow Transparent. Ben Davis does not do well here, as it can not be grown to perfection. Apples of this variety do not color up so well in this part of Michigan as they do in southern Illinois and localities on the same parallel. Duchess of Oldenberg is doing well. Wagner is doing well, and nothing is better than Wealthy. The Greening is hardy but it is late in coming into bearing. Golden russets bear better than Roxbury russets, but the day of both of them has gone by, says the director. Teatovka, a Russian, bears heavily, but is a poor grower.

Among the pears Seckel was doing remarkably well. The trees were very much better than is usual with this variety. In fact, one seeing them on the market would hardly believe them to be Seckels. So much for good care and culture. The Bartlett is proving the best on the ground. The Keiffer has come to stay. Duchess is a good late pear. Flemish Beauty is regarded of little or no value for general cultivation, as it scabs badly, and the ordinary grower will not spray it. When thoroughly sprayed it is all right, as it is a heavy bearer.

In-Breeding of Poultry.

In time our experiment stations will doubtless take up the question of in-breeding and conduct series of experiments to determine just what its effects are on birds. It is not necessarily a fact that what is true of one kind of animal life is true of every other kind, though it may be so. It is probably safest not to do much in-breeding. But on the other hand, there are large breeders that claim that in-breeding does not result in the deterioration of the flock, if care is taken in selecting the most vigorous breeders. One man claims that he actually in-bred for vigor and increased the vigor of his flock in that way. In-breeding is generally reputed to affect the vigor of a flock first of all. If any of our readers have tried experiments along this line we would like to hear from them.

FARM SCCELLANY

The Feeding Floor.

The hog is the cleanest domestic animal we have and if he is properly cared for there will not be one particle of droppings or urine in that hoghouse, says John Cowine. They will set one corner off into a kind of closet and they will go back and forward to that. Give them just room enough to lie down and no more. It is an advantage to have your hoghouse divided off into pens. If you haven't enough bays to fill up your hoghouse shut off part of the space; give them just enough room to occupy and no more. After you have fed them clean the feeding floor. What would you think of your wife if she let the dishes set on the table from one morning to another? Suppose the supper was stayed on the same dishes. You would say to yourself that you wished you had not married that woman. I would no more think of feeding my hogs on a feeding floor that had not been cleaned immediately after the last meal than I would of eating my dinner off the breakfast dishes without washing. I have done it for thirty years. It is a small matter. We have a wooden hoe made out of a 2x6 three feet in length; have an old saw for the lower edge. This is wide enough to sweep off three or four feet at a time. If your floor is smooth and if you can do it immediately after feeding you can clean it off as clean as if swept. By having the floor three feet high on one side you can clean it off month after month and the refuse will not pile up on you. No matter how wet or muddy it is, if your hogs are confined in this building their feed is always clean. Feed your hogs corn and water. I would add a few oats and perhaps a basket or two of raw potatoes once a week, but my main feed would be corn and cold water.

Crates for Fruit Packing.

In the gathering of fruit, especially of fruits that bruise easily, like peaches, pears and plums, it is advisable to have a strongly built rigid crate. Baskets are quite generally used, and we see pictures of men carrying bushel baskets heaped up, holding them by the two handles. This is considered by the best packers detrimental to the fruit, which should be rubbed together as little as possible. There is some "give" about all baskets, and a basket on the ground full of apples does not retain its shape entirely when lifted from the ground. The apples are pushed together opposite the handles and are shifted more or less in the other parts of the basket. In a greater degree bags cause the bruising of fruit. A two-bushel bag is filled and is generally lifted by the middle. This forces the apples very closely together in the two ends of the bag, and they roll back again when the bag is set down. One Michigan packing house has made a picking crate that will hold a little more than a bushel. It is rectangular and composed of slats. Care is taken to have the slats on the bottom close together, so that the fruit will not project below the slats and receive bruises when the crate is set down. This crate will largely take the place of the other receptacles used in picking and delivering fruit.

Young Pigs.

Prof. R. S. Shaw says that in Montana young pigs should have constant access to forage grounds in the summer season, and sheltered yards in the winter. When four weeks old they will take a little sweet skim milk to which some shorts or middlings may be gradually added, and later some ground wheat. A light grain ration should be supplied the young growing pig in addition to the forage throughout the forage season but may be entirely cut off as soon as the pigs reach the pea or grain stubble fields. During the winter season the shotes should have access to stacked alfalfa, clover, or peas, from which they will secure a large amount of food. Sugar beets should also be supplied.

Effects of Loss of Pigs.

From Farmers' Review: Our own experience with spring pigs this year was satisfactory. From four sows—one with her first litter and two with their second litter—we raised thirty-three thrifty pigs. They now average more than 100 pounds each, and half of this was made from pasture, part rape that wintered. But complaint was quite general this spring of loss of pigs, even from farmers that care well for their stock. So, notwithstanding the stimulus of high prices toward increased production, this county will not market more hogs this year than last—P. F. Nye, Elkhart County, Indiana.

New Name for Teats.

The girl who expressed so much sympathy for the poor farmer because of his cold job in harvesting his winter wheat is equal in agricultural knowledge to the one who expressed a desire to see a field of tobacco when it was just plugging out. But the damsel who asked which cow gave the most buttermilk is entitled to the whole bakery. A girl on her return from the country who was asked if she ever saw any one milk a cow replied: "Oh, yes, indeed I have; it just tickled me to death to see uncle jerk two of the facets at the same time."—Ada Index.



FRANCIS SCOTT KEY

an agent for the exchange of prisoners sent by President Madison, he saw from a British vessel the bombardment of Baltimore. All night shot and shell rained upon the city; as the morning broke, Key looked eagerly through the smoke to see whether the Stars and Stripes still floated above Fort M'Henry. The flag was there, unharmed, and in exultation Key penned the well-known lines. Key's death occurred at Baltimore in 1843. A monument to him was unveiled at Frederick, in 1897.