

Meadow Brook

BY MARY J. HOLMES

(Sunny Bank Farm)

CHAPTER XX.—(Continued.)

At the close of one of these scorching, sultry days, Mrs. Lansing and Ada sat upon the piazza, panting for a breath of pure, cool air. At the side of each stood a negro girl, industriously fanning their mistresses, who acceded them as if they were to blame, because the air thus set in motion was hot and burning as the winds which blow over the great desert of Sahara. As they sat there thus, an old man came up from the negro quarters, saying, "his woman done got sick wid de cramps, and he wished 'his mistis jost come down see her.'"

But Mrs. Lansing felt herself too languid for exertion of any kind, and telling Uncle Abel that she herself was fully as sick as his wife, who was undoubtedly feigning, she sent him back with a sinking heart to the rude cabin, where his old wife lay, groaning aloud whenever the cramps, as she termed them, seized her. Scarcely, however, had he entered the low doorway when a fairy form came flitting down the narrow pathway, her white dress gleaming through the dusky twilight, and her golden hair streaming out behind. It was little Jessie, who, from her crib, had heard her mother's refusal to accompany Uncle Abel, and, stealing away unobserved, she had come herself to see Aunt Chloe, with whom she was quite a favorite.

Unaccustomed as Jessie was to sickness, she saw at a glance that this was no ordinary case, and, kneeling down beside the negress, who lay upon the floor, she took her head upon her lap and gently pushing back, beneath the gay turban, the matted, grizzled hair, she asked where the pain was.

"Bress de sweet child," answered Chloe, "you can't tache me with the pint of a cambric needle whar 'tain't, and seems of every jint in me was onosoderi' when de cramp is on."

As if to verify the truth of this remark, she suddenly bent up nearly double, and rolling upon her face, groaned aloud. At this moment a negro, who had gained some notoriety among his companions as a physician, came in, and, after looking a moment at the prostrate form of Chloe, he whispered a word which cleared the cabin in a moment, for the mention of "cholera" had a power to curdle the blood of the terrified blacks, who fled to their own dwellings.

Utterly fearless, Jessie stayed on, and when John, or as he was more familiarly known, "Doctor," proposed going for her mother, she answered, "No, no; Uncle Abel has been for her once, but she won't come; and if she knows it is cholera, she'll take me away."

This convinced the doctor, who proceeded to put in practice the medical skill which he had picked up at intervals, and which was considerable for one of his capacity. By this time, a few of the women were daring than the rest, and venturing near the door, where they stood gazing wonderingly upon the poor old creature who was fast floating out upon the broad river of death. It was a most violent attack, and its malignity was increased by a quantity of unripe fruit which she had eaten that morning.

"Will somebody make a prair?" she said, feebly, as she felt her life fast ebbing away. "Abel, you pray for poor Chloe;" and her glassy eyes turned beseechingly toward her husband, who was noted at camp meetings for praying, the loudest and longest of any one.

But his strength had left him now, and kissing the shriveled face of his dying wife, he said, "Sense me, Chloe; de spirit is willin', but de flesh part is mighty weak an' shaky like. Miss Jessie, you pray!" he continued, as the child came to his side.

"Yes, honey, pray," gasped Chloe; and, kneeling down, the little girl began the Lord's Prayer, occasionally interspersing it with a petition that "God would take the departing soul to heaven."

"Yes, dat's it," whispered Chloe; "dat's better dan all dem fine words 'bout kingdom come an' day bread; dey'll do for white folks, but God bress old Chloe, de thing for me to die on. Sing, honey, sing," she said, at last, and mingled with the lamentations of the blacks, there arose on the evening air the soft notes of the "Happy Land," which Jessie sang, bending low toward Chloe, who, when the song was ended, clasped her in her arms, and calling her "a shining angel," went, we trust, to the better land.

Loud and shrill rose the wail of the negroes, increasing in violence when it was known that into another cabin the pestilence had entered, prostrating a boy, who, in his agony, called for Jessie and Mrs. Richard, thinking they could save him. Late as it was, Mrs. Lansing, Ada and Lina were still upon the piazza, which was far more comfortable than their sleeping room, where they supposed both Halbert and Jessie were safely in bed. They were just thinking of retiring when suddenly the midnight stillness was broken by a cry so shrill that Mrs. Lansing started to her feet, asking what it was.

From her couch by the open door Aunt Dinah arose, and going out a few rods, listened to the sound, which seemed to come from the negro quarters, whither at her mistress' command, she bent her steps. But a short time elapsed ere she returned with the startling news that "the cholera was thar; that Chloe was dead, and another had got it and Miss Jessie was holdin' his head."

Wholly overcome with fright, Mrs. Lansing fainted, and was borne to her room, where, for a time, she remained unconscious, forgetful of Jessie, who lay at the quarter long after midnight, ministering to the wants of the sick, of which, before morning, there were five, while others showed symptoms of the rapidly spreading disease. As soon as Mrs. Lansing returned to consciousness she sent for Jessie, who came reluctantly, receiving her mother's reproof in silence, and falling away to sleep as calmly as if she had not just been looking upon death, whose shadow was over and around her.

Early the next morning, a man was sent in haste to Cedar Grove, which he never reached, for the destroyer met him on the road, and in one of the cabins of a neighboring plantation he died, forget-

ting, in the intensity of his suffering, the errand on which he had been sent; and as those who attended him knew nothing of Mrs. Lansing's being at The Pines, it was not until the second day after the appearance of the cholera that she learned the fate of her servant. In view of the fact that she was so near, she waited for her brother, shuddering with fear whenever a new case was reported to her, and refusing to visit the sufferers, although among them were some who had played with her in childhood; and one, an old gray-haired man, who had saved her from a watery grave when on the Savannah river she had fallen overboard. But there was no place for gratitude in her selfish heart, and the miserable creatures were left to die alone, uncheered by the presence of a pale face, save little Jessie, who won her mother's reluctant consent to be with them, and who, all the day long, went from cabin to cabin, soothing the sick and dying by her presence, and emboldening others by her own intrepidity.

Toward sunset, Mrs. Lansing herself was seized with the malady, and with a wild shriek she called on Ada to help her; but that young lady was herself too much intimidated to heed the call, and in an adjoining room she sat with camphor at her nose and brandy at her side until a fierce, darting pain warned her that she, too, was a victim. No longer afraid of Mrs. Lansing, she made no resistance when borne to the same apartment, where for hours they lay, bemoaning the fate which had brought them there, and trembling as they thought of the probable result.

On Mrs. Lansing's mind there was a heavy load, and once, when the cold perspiration stood thickly upon her face, she ordered Jessie and Dinah from the room, while she confessed to Ada the sin of which she had been guilty in deceiving both her brother and Rosa.

"It was a wicked falsehood," said she, "and if you survive me, you must tell them so—will you?"

Ada nodded in token that she would; and then, thinking how her own conscience might be made easier by a similar confession, she told how she had thought to injure Rosa in Mr. Delafield's estimation. This done, the two ladies felt greatly relieved; and as the cholera in their case had been induced mostly by fear, it began ere long to yield to the efficient treatment of Dinah, who to her housekeeping qualities added that of being a skillful nurse. Toward morning they were pronounced decidedly better, and as Jessie was asleep and Dinah nodding in her chair, Mrs. Lansing lifted her head from her pillow, saying to Ada, "If you please, you needn't tell what I told you last night, when I thought I was going to die!"

Ada promised to be silent, and after winning a similar promise from Mrs. Lansing, they both fell asleep, nor woke again until the sun was high up in the heavens. So much for a sick-bed repentance!

That day was hotter and more sultry than any which had preceded it, and about the middle of the afternoon little Jessie came to Dinah's side, and laying her head upon her lap, complained of being both cold and tired. Blankets were wrapped round her, but they brought her no warmth, for her blood was chilled by approaching death, and when at dusk the negroes asked why she came not among them, they were told that she was dying! With streaming eyes they fell upon their knees, and from those humble cabins there went up many a fervent prayer for God to spare the child. But it could not be; she was wanted in heaven; and when old Uncle Abel, who had also been ill, crept on his hands and knees to her bedside, calling upon her name, she did not know him, for unconsciousness was upon her, and in infinite mercy she was spared the pain usually attendant upon the disease.

Almost bereft of reason and powerless to act, Mrs. Lansing sat by her child, whose life was fast ebbing away. In a short time all the negroes, who were able, had come to the house, their dark faces stained with tears and expressive of the utmost concern, as they looked upon the little girl who lay so white and still, with her fair hair floating over the pillow and her waxen hands folded upon her bosom.

"Sing to me, Uncle Dick," she said, at last, "sing of the happy land not far away;" but Uncle Dick was not there, and they who watched her were too much overcome with grief to heed her request.

Slowly the hours wore on, and the spirit was almost home, when again she murmured: "Sing of the happy land;" and as if in answer to her prayer, the breeze, which all the day long had been hushed and still, now sighed mournfully through the trees, while a mocking bird in the distance struck up his evening lay, and amid the gushing melody of that wondrous bird of song and the soft breathing notes of the whispering pines, little Jessie passed to the "happy land" which to those who watched the going out of her short life seemed indeed "not far away." With a bitter cry the leave-taking mother fell upon her face and wept aloud, saying, in her heart, "Why have I thus been dealt with?"

In the distance was heard the sound of horses' feet, and ere long her brother was with her, weeping as only strong men weep over the lifeless form which returned him no answering caress. She had been his idol.

"Jessie is gone, Rosa is going, and I shall be left alone," he thought, "What have I done to deserve a chastisement like this?"

Soon, however, he grew calmer, and saying, "It is well," he tenderly kissed the lips and brow of the beautiful child, who seemed to smile on him even in death; then going out among his people, he comforted them as best he could, dropping more than one tear to the memory of those who were dead, and who numbered eight in all. At a short distance from the house was a tall cypress where Jessie had often sported, and where now a hay house, built by her hands but a few days before, there, by the light of the silvery moon, they made her grave, and when the sun was up, its rays fell upon the pile of earth which hid from

view the sunny face and soft blue eyes of Jessie, "the Angel of The Pines."

CHAPTER XXI.

For nearly a week after Jessie's death, Mr. Delafield remained at The Pines, doing whatever he could for the comfort of his servants, and as at the end of that time the disease had wholly disappeared, he returned to Cedar Grove, accompanied by his sister and Ada, who had learned by sad experience that the dangers from which we flee are oftentimes less than those to which we go. They found Rosa better, but still quite low, and as the fever had not entirely left her, neither Mrs. Lansing nor Ada ventured near her room, but shut themselves in their own apartment.

Over Dr. Clayton a change had come. The hopeful, happy expression of his face was gone, and in its place was a look of utter hopelessness which at first roused Richard's fears lest Rosa should be worse, and in much alarm he asked if it were so.

"No, no," answered the doctor, while a shadow of pain passed over his handsome features; "she will live."

Then hurrying to the window, he looked out to hide his tears from him who he knew to be his rival, and who, now that he was unobserved, bent over the sleeping Rosa, kissing her wasted cheek and mourning for her as he thought how she would weep when she learned the fate of her favorite. Oh, could he have known the whole, how passionately would he have clasped her to his bosom and held her there as his own, his darling Rosa! But it was not yet to be, and he must bide his time.

She had seemed greatly relieved at his absence, and on the second day after his departure, she called Dr. Clayton to her side, fancying him to be her brother Charlie. Taking his hand in hers, she told him the whole story of her trials; how she had tried to bring back the old affection of her childhood, but could not because of the love she had for Richard Delafield.

"Oh, Charlie," she exclaimed, "he would forgive me, I know, if he knew how much I suffered during those terrible days, when I thought of giving my hand without my heart. The very idea set my brain on fire, and my head has ached, oh, so hard, since then; but it's over now, for I conquered at last, and on the night before the wedding I resolved to tell him I could not and would not marry him. But a dark cloud, which seemed like the rushing of mighty waters, came over me, and I don't know where I am, nor what has happened, only he has been here, hanging like a shadow over my pillow, where sat another shadow, tenfold blacker, which he said was Death; but grim and hideous as it was, I preferred it to a life with him, when my whole soul was given to another. When I am dead, Charlie, you must tell him how it was, and ask him to forgive me and think with pity of poor little Rosa, who would have loved him if she could. But not a word of this to Mr. Delafield, Charlie; never let him know how I loved him. My affection is not returned, and he would despise me—would never visit my grave or think with pity of one who died so far away from home."

Then following a message for the loved ones of Sunny Bank; but this Dr. Clayton did not hear. Perfectly paralyzed, he had listened to her story until his reason seemed in danger of leaving him, and long ere she had finished he knew he must give her up, but not to death. Laying his head upon the pillow beside that of Rosa, who, wearied with her story, had fallen asleep, he wept as he had never wept before, not even when he saw creeping over her the shadow of death. Turn, which way he would, there was naught before him save the darkness of despair; and as wave after wave broke over him, his mind went backward to the time when he might have been his—when he could have gathered her to his bosom—and in piteous accents he cried aloud, "My punishment is greater than I can bear."

But as the fiercest storm soonest expends its fury, so he ere long grew calm and capable of sober, serious thought. Rosa Lee was very dear to him, and to have possessed her love he would have given almost everything; but as that could not be, ought he to stand in the way of her happiness? He knew she was deceived, for he remembered many things he had seen in Mr. Delafield, which, though he thought of it then, convinced him now that her affection was reciprocated; and should he not tell her so, and at the same time disclose to Richard the true state of affairs? Rosa's quiet, unobtrusive and rather reserved manner had misled Richard, no doubt, or he would long ere this have declared his love.

"Yes, God helping me, I will do right," he said aloud, clasping his hands over his feverish brow. "I will watch by her until his return, and then committing her to his care, I will leave her forever." Never did a tender brother watch more carefully over a darling sister than did he over her during the few days which elapsed ere Mr. Delafield's return. He was alone with her when he came, and with comparative calmness he greeted his rival, who was surprised at the change in his looks.

That night, in the solitude of his chamber, the doctor penned two letters, one for Rosa and the other for Richard. In substance, the contents of each were much the same, for he told them all he had heard from Rosa, and how, though it broke his heart to do so, he had given her up. "Deal very, very gently with her," he wrote to Mr. Delafield, "for never was there a purer, gentler being, or one more worthy of your love than she. Then take her, and when your cup is overflowing with happiness, think sometimes of one who henceforth will be a lonely, wretched man."

The letters being written, he put them away until such time as he should meet them. Once he thought to talk with Richard face to face; but this he felt he could not do; so one morning, about a week after the return of the family to Cedar Grove, and when Rosa was out of danger, he pressed a burning kiss upon her forehead, and placing the letters on the little dressing bureau where they would attract the immediate attention of Mr. Delafield, who, he knew, would soon be there, he went in quest of Mrs. Lansing, whom he bade good-by as composedly as if no inward fire were consuming him. Half an hour afterward and the puffing engine, which now each day thundered into town, was bearing him away from a place whither he had come for a bride, and from which he bore only a crushed and aching heart. Scarcely had he left Rosa's chamber when a colored woman entered it to "set it to rights" as was her daily custom. She was near-

sighted, and going up to the dressing bureau, carelessly brushed off the letter directed to Richard. Falling behind the bureau, it lay concealed from view, while the negress proceeded with her duties, unconscious of the mischief she had done.

In great surprise Richard heard of Dr. Clayton's sudden departure. "There must be something wrong," he thought, though what he did not know. Going up to Rosa's chamber, he found her still asleep. The room was in order, the servant gone, and on the bureau lay the letter which soon caught his attention. Glancing at the superscription, he saw it was for Rosa, and thinking to keep it safely until she could understand its contents, he placed it in his pocket; then taking a book, he sat by her bedside until she awoke. She was apparently better, but an unnatural brightness of her eyes told that her mind was still unsettled. So he said nothing to her concerning the doctor's desertion, but himself ministered to her wants.

In the course of a few days Mrs. Lansing was induced to visit her. She did more willingly, for Rosa had loved her little Jessie; she would weep bitterly when she knew she was dead; and the proud nature of the haughty woman gave way to the softer feelings, which often prompts a mother to take a deeper interest in whatever was once dear to a lost, a precious child. So casting aside her nervous fear, she at last went frequently to the sick room, her own white, delicate hands sometimes arranging the tumbled pillow or holding the cooling draught to the lips of her formerly despised governess—despised, not for anything which she had done, but because it was hers to labor for her daily bread.

(To be continued.)

BOUND TO CATCH A FISH.

His Fishing Trips for Nineteen Years Had Been Fruitless.

"Queer, isn't it?" remarked a Woodbridge street commission man as a friend dropped in on him the other day and found him overhauling a box of fish-hooks and lines.

"What is queer?" was asked.

"Why, this fishing business. I am already preparing for my annual fishing excursion, which takes place each year from the 1st to the 15th of July. It's my first overhaul of the box, and from now on it will be a regular weekly occurrence. In another month I shall begin to dream about hauling out ten-pipers."

"Do you make a regular weekly business of this fishing matter?"

"I do. Next year will be my nineteenth annual excursion and I shall keep it up as long as I have my full powers. There's nothing to beat it."

"You must have great luck to be so enthusiastic."

"I have never had any. If I could have gone out during these nineteen years and caught three or four fish I should have been perfectly satisfied to quit, but luck was always against me. I've been down to Lake Erie, but the fish were always away that day. I've been up to Lake Huron, but they didn't like my bait. I've been to inland lakes and sought out a score of rivers, but that year I went down to the seashore on purpose to fish. I fished from wharves and I fished for shark, but I never even got a nibble."

"Do you mean to say that you never caught a fish in your life?" asked the caller.

"Never a one. I have tried—heaven knows how hard I have tried, but they have not been for me. Nineteen years and never a fish—never even a bite. Hundreds of dollars and weeks of time wasted and only rusted hooks and broken lines to show for it."

But you will keep on?"

"I will," he replied, with grim determination, according to the Detroit Free Press. "There shall be no surrender. Four or five months hence I shall start out on my twentieth annual tour. I shall be provided with tackle and bait and money and patience and determination, and if there is a sunfish left alive between the Atlantic and Pacific I will seek him out and lure him to his death and shout victory over his remains."

Where the Hour Glass Is Used.

Among things not generally known is the fact that the hour glass is universally used on board the King's ships when the log is heaved at night.

Every hour the boatswain or one of the boatswain's mates blows on his whistle a peculiar shrill note called the reel. The person in the watch to whom this duty is assigned then heaves the log, a small piece of wood with a sinker fitted in it, and at that moment the glass is turned. Though termed an hourglass generally, it is only a fourteenth-second glass really.

As the last grain runs out the log line is stopped with a jerk, which also loosens the lead sinker. The log floats up to the surface of the sea, the line is hauled in, and an entry made in the book, which, from its containing this among other items of the daily and nightly events of the voyage, is called the log book.—London Country Life.

The Desired Effect.

"I see," said the superstitious man, "that they're providing for 13-inch guns on the new cruisers."

"Well?"

"Well, they ought to know that that's unlucky."

"They expect them to be unlucky to anything that gets in front of them."—Philadelphia Press.

A Waste of Labor.

Tutor—Richard, you will please go to the blackboard and demonstrate the proposition that the square of the hypotenuse of a right angled triangle is equal to the sum of the squares of the other two sides.

Spooled Son—What's the use? I'm willing to admit it.—Chicago Tribune.

Dr. Loeb says electricity is the underlying cause of vital action, but he has not as yet made a fair demonstration of it.



FARM AND GARDEN

House for Drying Sweet Corn.

I have for several years been raising sweet corn under contract, and the accompanying illustration will convey some idea of my drying house. It is also my granary, the upper floor containing grain bins on one side. The lower floor and south side of the upper floor are arranged for sweet corn. The most essential part of drying sweet corn is to have a free circulation of air. Therefore I cut doors through as shown. These doors are on both sides and on the back. They are hung on hinges and can be opened and shut when needed. The sweet corn should be spread in layers; therefore we use racks made of 1 by 3 inch slats placed twenty inches to two feet apart, one above the other. If the corn is green and milky when husked it should be put on the racks very thin, not more than two or three ears in depth, and turned frequently, but if it is more matured and the kernels are glazed it

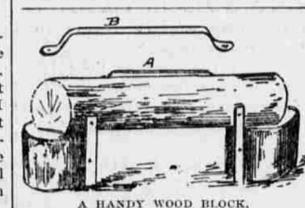


A CORN DRYING HOUSE.

may be put on thicker. I can dry 500 or 600 bushels in this building.—Correspondence Ohio Farmer.

A Handy Wood Block.

On every farm there is more or less wood-chopping to do, and, as a rule, it is back-breaking work unless some device, something like that shown in the cut, is used. This is simply made and consists mainly of two pieces of logs sawed smooth so that they will stand firmly. These are set about four feet apart and each log is about three feet high. On top of these logs is placed another, which reaches from end to end of the base logs, as shown in the cut. Stakes are cut and fastened to the log as shown, so as to hold it firmly in position. The whole arrangement is planned so that the log will be of the right height for cutting without causing one to bend over too far. In order to prevent danger from flying pieces of wood, such as small twigs of trees, an iron, bent as shown



A HANDY WOOD BLOCK.

in figure B, is fastened to the chopping log, and under this iron is placed the small twig or limb to be cut, the ax striking it on the side nearest the chopper, and the bent iron preventing it from flying up and striking the worker. A wood block arranged in the manner indicated will be found to save many backaches and can be worked on quite as well as if the block were lower.—Indianapolis News.

Graining Cows in Summer.

While in many sections grain feeding must be done this summer, the ordinary practice is not to feed grain to cows that are on pasture. This is acknowledged to be a mistake by those who have tried both methods, provided their cows were grade or thoroughbreds. In some sections the belief in grain has been carried to the extent that the cows are barn-fed the year through. That this results in a good milk flow cannot be denied, but there is some question as to the advisability of depriving cows of grass entirely. On the other hand, there can be no question about the value of graining to a moderate extent in connection with pasturing. To commence with, the supply of grain should be small, say a pint a day, increasing the quantity as the value of the grass decreases. The expense of this plan is certainly small compared with the results, and during this month and August is a good time to test it.—St. Paul Dispatch.

Bees and Damages.

The Supreme Court of Iowa has held, in the case of Parsons vs. Mauser, 93 Northwestern Reporter, 86, that the owner of bees, who knows that they are prone to attack horses, if near them, is liable to one whose horses were stung to death by the bees while fastened to a hitching post in the vicinity of the hives. The latter were near the highway, and the post was erected by the owner of the

bees for the purpose of hitching horses, and was in the course usually taken by the bees in going to and from their hives.

Testing for Plant Food.

One of the simplest methods of ascertaining what plant food is needed in a soil is to test the soil with a growing plant. If the soil is deficient in nitrogen the leaves of grasses and cereal grains will be either bluish or yellowish, the latter in the case of the grain, while a deep, vivid green indicates a good supply of nitrogen in the soil. Any soil in which rape, cabbages and other members of the turnip family thrive indicates that such soil has a good supply of phosphoric acid. Where potash in the soil is abundant the leaves of the growing plants have a yellowish green cast, while if potash is deficient the shade of green is of a bluish color. Naturally it requires a practiced and observant eye to determine accurately these things, but the plan is correct and worth following. The indication of sorrel in a meadow seeded to mixtures such as redtop, timothy and clovers, is a pretty good indication that the soil needs lime. However, the litmus paper test for acid soil is the quickest and is thoroughly reliable.—Indianapolis News.

Value of Dry Earth.

It is well known that fine, dry dirt is one of the best absorbents and disinfectants known. It is also plentiful and costs nothing but the labor of handling. It makes excellent bedding if covered over with a few inches of straw, and it really keeps the cows clean, even when used in the stalls without straw, as it is easily removed from the hair with a brush. A stall bedded with dry earth can be cleaned out in a much shorter time, and, as it absorbs the liquids and gases, quite a saving is effected in that manner. Its use goes beyond the stall. As the stable should be cleaned daily, quite a large quantity of dry earth will be used in the course of a year, and will necessarily be added to the manure heap. Although it adds nothing to the heap itself, yet its presence therein will double the value of the manure by preventing loss of fertilizing material. It is a better absorbent than straw or cornstalks, and is easily handled when the manure is hauled to the fields.

To Renovate Old Farms.

The best mode of renovating old worn-out farms is to raise sheep on them. But in raising sheep the land should be divided into fields and something grown thereon, the crop only reaching a height sufficient for the use of the sheep. The animals should never be compelled to hunt for their food. No profit can be made on sheep, unless they receive care and assistance. With the production of wool, mutton and lamb, and the gradual enriching of the soil, the profit is sure in the end. Do not expect too much in one year, but keep on, and good results will surely follow.

Cultivation of Trees.

If you have old trees that have failed to give profitable crops of fruit, dig the soil up thoroughly and then apply a good dressing of well-rotted stable manure and work thoroughly into the soil. Then, if you have them, apply a dressing of wood ashes. If these fail to revive the tree after giving a good pruning it is past redemption and should give way to something better. Good rich soil for three or four years can be profitably planted to some crop while the trees in the orchard are growing, but after that the best plan is either to seed down to clover, and use as a hog pasture, or to cultivate without allowing any crop to grow.

A Grand Old Cherry Tree.

Sometimes the fruit on a single tree is worth more than two or three acres of wheat. There is a tree in northern Delaware, seventy or eighty years old, that has produced an average of \$50 worth of fruit annually for nearly twenty years. One year the cherries sold for \$80. Six years ago this old patriarch bore fifty-four peach baskets of delicious fruit, or about eleven hundred pounds. And all of this fruit has been a free gift from nature, as the old tree has stood in a dooryard all these years unattended and uncared for except in cherry time.—Country Life in America.

Start with Good Birds.

A few extra good birds for the foundation stock is far better than twice the same number of ordinary ones. A good beginning is the "short cut" to success. Life is too short to breed from inferior birds. It may be cheap at the beginning, but expensive in the end.—American Poultry Advocate.

Poultry Notes.

Stone drinking vessels are cooler than tin ones.

A quart of feed for twelve hens is a good measurement.

Tincture of iron is a good tonic to give during the hot weather.

Air-slaked lime dusted over the yards is a good preventive of gaps.

When the egg shells are thin it is an indication that the hens need lime.

Don't forget to chop up dandelions for the little ducks if kept where they cannot get grass.

Boiling the milk fed to poultry will check looseness of the bowels, a common trouble in hot weather.

Market all the early chicks not wanted for next year's breeding. If you caponize any, let it be the late hatchers.

If done hatching send the useless roosters to market or to the pot in stanger. Overfat and broken-down hens, ditto.

Never give crushed oats to young chicks without first sifting out the hulls. The hulls, either on or off the kernel, are liable to produce a stoppage in the crop.