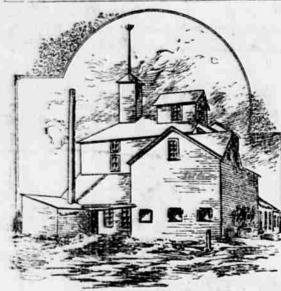


The Chicory Industry.

quite important in Nebraska. The roots can be grown on any soil suitable for sugar beets. In fact, the two crops require much the same treatment up to the time the roots are taken to the fac-



FACTORY AT O'NEILL.

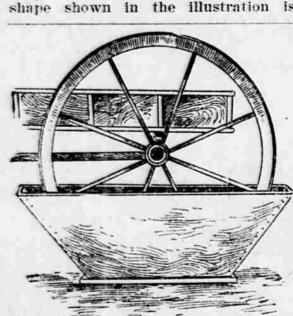
tory. The preparation of chicory as a substitute for coffee calls for the slicing and drying of the roots, to be followed by roasting and, later, granulation or grinding, according to the demands of the trade. There are about half a czen factories for the final preparation of the root in Nebraska, the one at O'Neill being shown in the engraving.

Points on Breeding.

nite purpose in view-should have an ideal in his mind, and constantly work toward it. Having grade Jersey now, in what respect is a change desired? The Guernseys and Jerseys are very similar in most important particulars. Neither breed is noted for giving extra large amounts of milk, but rather for yielding milk of exceptional quality. So far as breed is concerned, we see nothing to be gained by changing from Jersey to Guernsey; but there may be a wide margin for choice as between individuals. Rather than breed these grade Jerseys to an indifferent and unsatisfactory Jersey bull, we would use a Guernsey, if one was offered, of better form and pedigree. For the same reason, we would not accept an inferior Guernsey, when a better Jersey could be had.

There have been some excellent cows of the Guernsey-Jersey cross, but this was not because of the cross-breeding. but because dam and sire were superior animals. Some people affect to think there is some hidden power or virtue in cross-breeding, and they are continually following after some will o' the wisp, phantasm or charm, in the de-Insive effort to get something for nothing. Cross-breeding is all right provided it is entered upon with a clear understanding of its limitations and purposes, but one must not expect to raise profitable cows from sires that have only a name to recommend them. There are a great many "scrubs" amonk the full-blooded animals in all breeds.-Hoard's Dairyman.

For Washing Vehicles. The device shown in the cut will save much time and labor in washing wagons. A narrow, water-tight box of the



DEVICE FOR WASHING VEHICLES.

slipped under the wheel when it has been "jacked" up. A pail of water is now poured in and the wheel revolved. The dirt can thus be removed quickly and much more easily than when a pail is used to hold the water. Once used, the benefits of this device will be very apparent.-Orange Judd Farmer.

Dorset Sheep.

One of the important advantages of the Dorset sheep is its prolificacy. The ewes quite generally farrow two lambs and have been known to drop triplets and raise them all. They are a very hardy sheep, well able to defend themselves, and even marauding dogs, who have regarded the sheep as their natural and easy prey, have often been obliged to desist when they find themselves confronted with the formidable horns with which both the bucks and ewes of this breed are armed. In localities where predatory dogs are the shepherd's scourge, the horned Dorsets are the sheep that will be most sure to give satisfaction.

Thin Cream from Poor Cows. It does not pay to let cows get very thin in flesh, for if they do both the

be impaired for the ensuing year. An old farmer once said that when grain, and especially corn, was plenty and cheap he could always look for a profitable butter yield from his dairy. There is such a thing as feeding too heavily with corn, thus fattening the cow and decreasing her milk yield. No good farmer is likely to make this mistake. There are very few herds of cows which cannot profitably be fed much more grain than they now receive. It is for this reason that we urge all farmers to grow corn for home feeding. It will be fed much more freely if grown on the farm than if it has to be purchased.

Step Ladders for Fruit Gathering, Considering how easily step ladders are made, and their small cost, it is surprising that they are not more used in gathering fruit. The habit or climbing all through the tree, bruising and injuring its branches, is the direct cause The chicory industry is becoming of the numerous sap shoots that start out wherever a branch on the trunk is bruised. There was excuse in the olden time for training fruit trees high. so that cattle and horses when pasturing the orchard should not reach up and gather most of the fruit prematurely. But most of the orchards lately are trained with heads so low that a step ladder set under them, and one somewhat higher set against the outside of the tree, will enable the orchardist to gather his fruit more easily and safely than he could going through the trees according to the old fashion.

Golden Wax Beans.

The golden wax bean is very popular as a snap bean, though to our taste it has less of the characteristic bean flavor than have the snap beans that are green rather than golden in color. Their advantages as a snap bean consists, we suspect, in being less stringy than the more highly flavored green snap beans, and in keeping their tenderness until nearly the time of ripening. But when dried and shelled, the wax beans are really superior in quality, next to Lima beans in tenderness. The only objection to the bean is that when cooked it is dark colored. But this is really a small matter. It is however, rather difficult to shell the wax bean. Its pod, even when ripened, continues to be thick and does not dry A man should breed with some defi- out readily. Hence it must usually be shelled by hand .- American Cultivator.

> Brackets for Stagings. A year or so ago there was shown in these columns a cit of a wall bracket for a staging. An improvement is seen

in the first illustration. An iron bolt' passes through the back of the bracket, through an auger hole in the boarding of the wall, then through a bit of hard wood IMPROVED BRACKET, board and then through a nut,

which, being screwed up on the inside, binds the bracket firmly to the wall on the inside. To save the bother of using a wrench, the nut can be made in one end of a curved bit of iron. This can be readily turned up w'th the hand.

A set of these brackets can be put up in a few moments' time, and save all cutting and waste of boards, as in the old way of building a staging. In second pic-

ROOF BRACKET.

ture is seen a bracket for roof staging that tells its own story. It is adjustable to any pitch of roof, and has sharp iron points to keep it from slipping. -Farm and Home. Better Cows Need Better Care.

Many farmers think that if they only had the money to buy better cows they would then have no trouble in making money. But if the farmer's present stock is not constantly growing better it shows that it is as good as the care it gets. If he had cows that would yield much more than those he has now they would deteriorate until they reached his present standard. Care and feeding of the cow while bearing her young. and persistent milking of her during this period, have as much to do with making the calf a good milker as has the animal's pedigree. Scrub treatment of stock soon reduces it to the condition of scrubs. On the other hand, better care of the present stock will increase its capacity for producing milk and butter.

Farm Notes. The period of cheapest growth is be-

fore the animal is matured. An animal that is infested with vermin cannot be kept in a good condi-

Arrange good shelter. Animals cannot thrive even with good feed when uncomfortably cold.

One advantage with sheep is that they aid materially in keeping the pastures clean by eating down weeds. Clover hay and good wheat straw in equal parts with a little wheat bran make a ration equal to good timothy

Good farming is not only taking advantage of favorable circumstances, but also in overcoming adverse condi-

A good way of applying manure is to op dress the meadows. In the f and early winter is a good time to a

Quick growth and early maturity can only be secured by having good breeding stock as a foundation, and then giving them good care.

Knowing what every crop costs to raise, or stock to feed until ready for market, can only be determined by farmers keeping a strict account.

More or less linseed meal can be used to a good advantage with all classes of stock. It is not only nutritious but aids digestion and helps to amount and quality of their milk will regulate the bowels.-Farmers Union.

TENDERNESS.

Son mate every heart is God's good gift Of simple tenderness allowed; we meet With love in many fashions when we lift First to our lips life's waters, bitter-

Love comes upon us with resistless power Of curbless passion, and with headstrong wilk:

It plays around like April's breeze and shower.

Or caimly flows, a rapid stream, and It comes with blessedness unto the heart

fate!-Is wrings the bosom with so fierce a smart.

That welcomes it aright, or-bitter

That love, we cry, is erueler than hate. and then, ah me! When love has ceased to bless.

our broken hearts cay out for lenderness! We long for tendemess like that which

About us, lying on our mother's breast A selfish feeling, that no pen or tongue

Can praise aright, since silence sings i A love, as far removed from passion's

As from the chillness of its dying fire: A love to lean on when the falling feet Begin to totter, and the eyes to tire.

In youth's bright hey-day hottest love we The reddest rose we grasp-but when i

God grant that fater blossoms, violets meek. May spring for as beneath life's autumn

God grant some loving one be near be

Our weary way with simple tenderness!!

WITHOUT DUE **AUTHORITY**

He stood at the street corner, looking drearily into the growing fog. A minute or two before he had been standing behind the railings in the park, absorbed in an effort, altogether unavailing, to save the souls of his fellow citizens in this metropolis of evils. A few yards away a revolutionary bricklayer-out of work and with the strongest private objection to being in it-had hurled denunciations at the iniquitous British constitution, to the of his audience, and of a couple of placidly smiling policemen who stood near in that impersonal yet protective attitude characteristic of the force. A little farther on, a "lightning artist" of tender years furnished a quiet antidote to gesticulatory anarchy by the reproduction on paper of the "Duke of York's baby," to a chorus of loyal applause. On the preacher's other hand. a martyr, whose motives his country had ignorantly misunderstood, perhaps, not without just occasion, had related with some feeling much abuse of authorities, and more of that luckless eighth letter of the alphabet, which is the chosen victim of eloquence in fustian, the melancholy details of an enforced retreat from public life, which, to judge from appearances, he had very richly deserved. When the preacher's audience tired of his discourse, they had only to turn their heads to imbibe incipient anarchy and dejected patriotism, or cultivate a and the reigning house—a combination of conflicting sentiments peculiar to Hyde Park on a Sunday afternoon,

The other orators, however, had found compensation for their wrongs in the delight of airing them at large. They retired from the field of battle hoarse, but triumphant. The preacher's triumph was a question which he could only regard as much more dubious. In moments of despair, which sometimes fell to his lot, he knew that his congregation merely regarded him as an interlude between the denunciations of the political bricklayer and the dismal rhetoric of the ex-thief. But, to do him justice, those moments were few and far between. He had fought a hard battle from a very early age, and defeat had ceased to depress him save at odd times when he was, perhaps, a little colder, hungrier or sadder than it

was his usual fate to be. As he stood at the corner a hand was laid on his shoulder, and he turned to find himself face to face with Dr. Jeff. They had met before, in slums and byways, and each man knew enough of the other's life to respect it. I cannot assert that Jeff is the little doctor's real name, and perhaps he has a story or mystery, or both-a skeleton which he hides in the cupboard at his shabby lodgings, with the stale bread and highly unprofessional cheese which that receptacle contains-but I am sure that there is no kinder soul in all London, despite his snarls, his sarcasms and the inexpressibly unorthodox opinions which he scatters broadcast in this way. All men have their hypocrisies, and he has his. It is his delight to shock people, to pose as something very little better than the archfiend himself. I have seen him succeed admirably in his deception-with strangers. Those who know the good little man know also that he would not willingly bruise a butterfly's wing nor offend the dirtiest and most melodious tabby that serenades his hard-earned slumbers. Even now, as the preached turned his white face and tired eyes upon him and scheme brewing in Jeff's mind.

"Finished spouting?" he asked, gruffly. "Walk my way, will you? Abominable weather!"

He spoke with a savage air, as though the weather and he were on terms of violent hostility. Jeff's manner generally suggested the feud-brief and stiletto and other pharaphernalia of mediaeval murder.

They walked for some time in si lence, during which the doctor eyed his companion with a bloodthirsty expression of countenance.

"Wearing yourself out for nothing, All "Is it?" asked the preacher, balf

"Better give it up," he said at last.

sadly. "Sometimes 1-I almost wish my profession allowed me to think so,

too, doctor. But it doesn't." "Hang your profession!" jerked out Jeff. "You're not a parson?"

"No." "Ever been one?"

"No." "Then, why in the name of common sense don't you go and earn some money? My good fellow, you're-"

"What's the good of preaching?" he went on, changing his sentence. "The world went very well for a great many centuries before you were born; it'll go very well for many more after you're buried. Let it go!"

The preacher's deep eyes flashed. "I'll never do that," he said, quietly. They had walked a considerable way, and Jeff looked up with a well-

assumed start of surprise. "Hanged if this isn't my place! Never meant to bring you all this way. Come in and rest."

The preacher besitated, but he did at last. The preacher caught his eye, not wish to give offense and finally they tramped up the narrow stairs to Jeff's sanctum-a little sitting-room with hideous cheap furniture, a flaring paper and a table littered with books. It was all very cheerless, very dingy, with a certain dignity foreign to his tants than street preachers. After all, it is the man who makes his surroundings. A parvenu can be vulgar in a palace: our little doctor, despite his bluster, might have been a prince in disguise.

So the preacher thought as he sat down in the arm chair-black horsehair covered, and deficient in the matter of springs-and glanced round the room at the well-worn books, at the oil-stove, which samelled abominably, at the cupboard where the skeleton clattered its empty jaws among dry crusts and ancient cheese.

"Not much of a place, is it?" said Jeff. "We've known better, both of us. But it does-anything does. Excuse me, but I want my supper. Do you mind my getting it? Coin don't run to many courses. But perhaps you'll help me? Hate solitary meals-always did: bad for the digestion. Pah! how that delight of himself and the amusement | infernal thing does smell, to be sure!" Of course the preacher saw through the device, and its clumsy, kindly deli cacy touched him as few things had done of late. He murmured some commorplace reply and proceeded to take a tender interest in the retrimming o the stove. I fancy there were tears in his tired eyes as he fumbled with the matches, and that he blessed Jeff's grumpy hospitality with a fervor

which would have agreeably astonish-

ed the doctor, who had received so lit-

tle gratitude in his time that he had

outgrown the usual habit of expecting it. He did not look at his guest as he hunted in the cupboard and brought out such modest provision as it contained, and presently the preacher rose and began to set the table ready in silence. As he lifted one of the books something on its faded cover caught his eye. On the brown leather was stamped a coat-of-arms, almost indistinguishable by reason of its antiquity. healthy admiration for juvenile talent | Jeff saw the glance directed toward him, took the book from his companion's hand and flung it roughly into a corner.

"Somebody's aristocratic vulgarity," he said, shortly. "What do they want to scatter their stupid quarterings about for? I picked it up second-

The preacher went on silently with his task. He was quite aware that the book had not been picked up secondhand, but he did not even look as if he doubted Jeff's statement. Only I think the skeleton sidled a little closer to the cupboard door. It is a thing which all skeletons will do at times.

The two men sat down at the table and began their supper. They did not talk much at first, but presently Jeff pushed back his chair and glanced acress at the preacher.

"I told you a lie just now," he said. The preacher looked up, and the two nen's eyes met.

"I know you did," he answered, sim-

"I thought you didn't know. Rather pride myself on telling a lie neatly. Learned it at school-about the only thing I did learn there. Ah, now I've shocked you."

"No," answered the other, sadly. "I -I am not easily shocked."

"New sort of saint, eh? Well, we've had about enough of the old." There was silence for a moment and

then Jeff said: "How do you know?"

"By the way you flung the book." "Ah! I saw you looking at the old shield and it hurt. Odd how small things do hurt sometimes. Perhaps

you know that, too?" "I know it very well," murmured the preacher, with his eyes cast down. little smile which had a touch of irony

in it. The little doctor could never be quite serious-his retrospective melancholy had a dash of amusement in it. He had grown used to the idea of himself forced a smile, there was a charitable and the rest of humanity squirming beneath the dissecting knife of malignant

> destiny. "Been preaching about here?" he went on. The preacher looked up, half nerv-

> ously.

"No. Why do you ask?" "Not staying long, are you?"

"No." said the preacher, with a quiet sound in his voice. "No, I think I shall not stay very long."

Jeff sprang to his feet and then sat down again. He looked hard at the man's white face, and it looked back at him. There was no fear in it, and the sad eyes met his steadily.

"You-you must go away," said Jeff. The preacher smiled a little.

France? My dear doctor, that's not for me-at least not now. Once"-he stopped, and his eyes grew dreamy. "Not now," he said again.

Jeff did not speak at once. "You must leave London, then." "It is hardly worth while."

"You're a fool, and an enthusiast," said Jeff, roughly, yet with a sharp eatch in his voice, "but you're good stuff. I've seen you when-man, you'rekilling yourself!"

The preacher never winced. The smile still lingered on his lips, though they were set tight. "I can't run away, doctor," he re-

plied. I never did that, and I can't do "You weren't meant for this workdo you think I have no eyes? Write to

your people and tell them-" "I have no people," answered the preacher, and his face was very stern. Jeff tilted his chair, waiting. It came

and hesitated for a moment. "I told you a lie, then," he said:

"Go on."

"They threw me over. My father is a clergyman. I was to have gone into the church. I wanted to-you don't but Jeff waved his guest to a chair know how much! But I could not accept everything they told me. I supusual manner-a survival, perhaps, of pose I was unorthodox--" He stopother ways of life and of other visi- ped. Jeff modded mute encourage "They rejected me," said the preach

er slowly. "Because you were honest. Yes. And

this was-"The only other way."

"You are a priest, all the same;" said Jeff, through his teeth. The preacher stood up.

"Without due authority," he answered, as he held out his hand. "Anthority." said the little doctor, waspishly, "is not always given to the

right man-nor by the right man." But the preacher went away silently. He was not one of those who speak evil of authorities.

It was a month or two later, and London was in the grip of black, bitter frost. In a doorway in one of the slums, behind the Salamander Music hall, Jeff, haggard and anxious, stood looking at the preacher with some-

thing like despair in his face. girl must have nourishment or she'll die. There's no time to apply to anyone. Good God! what are we to do?

He stamped desperately on the floor. and then remembered his patient and stopped. The preacher did not stamp. "I'll get you some money," he said. "I think I can. Yes"-he shivered a little in the cold draught-"I'm sure I

"In an hour?"

"Within an hour. I'll go now."

"You're a brick," said Jeff, as he turned on his heel. Then the professional element in him asserted itse'f. 'Have something to eat before you come out into this cold again, mind," he commanded.

The preacher nodded and went away with a dreary smile on his face. Perhaps there was a hidden irony in the situation which he alone could perceive, for he smiled more than once as he hurried through the darkening streets to the house where he had harborage. Once, as he passed a lighted church where the choir was practicing for the morrow and his eyes fell on the notice board, the smile very nearly became a laugh. Yet there was nothing laughable in sight. The notice board merely bore the sufficiently sober information that Rev. John Allingham Taylor would preach next day in that church.

The preacher hurried on, and climb ed to his rooms with a white face and fluttering breath. Arrived there, he sat down on a broken chair and panted. The room was almost as bare as those cells wherein the hermits dwelt of old. All the little personal possessions which had adorned it once had vanished in that dreadful winter. All the little money which had been paid to the preacher by the family which had discarded him was gone. The only two things which remained were a large and handsomely bound bible, lying on the foot of the bed, and a little ivory crucifix hanging against the bare wall. The preacher's eye fell on these and he sighed. Then he got up resolutely, took down the crucifix and opened the bible. On the flyleaf was an inscription. He tore the page carefully out and slipped it into the breast pocket of his thin coat. Then he took up the bible and crucifix and went out.

Not an hour later Jeff, in a wretched attic, bent over a shrunken figure and forced brandy between its lips. At the further end of the room two children -small, starved, wolfish-eyed-sat over the remnants of a meal like wild beasts over a bone. Presently the little doctor gave a muttered exclamation of relief. The children glanced up and then returned ravenously to their food. Their mother's eyes opened for a moment upon Jeff's face, and she whis-"Thought you did," said Jeff, with a pered a word of thanks. And well she might, for he had dragged her out of the jaws of death.

Meanwhile the preacher plodded wearily back again to the shelter of the four bare walls he called home. He did not hurry this time. Very slowly he climbed the creaking stairs, and almost staggered into the room. It was growing dark and the cold was intense. The preacher sat down and his eyes involuntarily sought the nail where the little crucifix had hung. Involuntarily, too, his hand drew out the page which he had torn from the bible. He bent over it and read the inscription-was it the twilight which made the letters dance and sway? It was very cold and the darkness seemed to come closer every moment. Perhaps it was onl; his weakness that made it seem so dark and freezing. He thought of Jeff and his work with a curious him and he rose and tried to cross the | caught.

"Yes-where-to the south of room. The darkness was whirling round him now and he fell on his ees beside the bed.

> Jeff, coming in late that night to tell him of his success, found him there kneeling beneath the nail where the erucifix had hung. He did not answer when the little doctor called to him. and a lighted match revealed the fact that he had slipped from a world which had rejected him as a man of no account. The bare room told a silent story that brought tears into Jeff's

And in the dead preacher's hand was a piece of crumpled paper, upon which was written "John Allingham Taylor" and a date-that was all.

* * * * In a certain church on the following morning, Rev. John Allingham Taylor preached, to the great edification of his audience and himself. It was a charity sermon, and it is popularly supposed to have been the finest thing which that congregation had sat out for some time.

But Jeff, who occasionally attended that assembly, rose in the middle of the discourse and went out with a heart full of bitterness. Those studied periods did not edify him. He remembered a finer sermon—and its text was a man's life. It was that of the priest who had preached without due authority.-Belgravia.

A Spelling-bee.

"I'm going to have a spelling bee tonight," said Uncle John, "and I'll give a pair of skates to the boy who can best spell 'man.' " The children turned and stared into one another's eyes. "Best spell 'man," Uncle John? Why, there is only one way!" they cried. "There are all sorts of ways," replied Uncle John. "I leave you to think of it a while." And he buttoned up his coat and went away.

Time went slowly to the puzzled toys for all their fun that day. It seemed as if that after supper time would never come; but it came at last, and Uncle John came, too, with a shiny skate-runner peeping out of his great-coat pocket. Uncle John did not delay. He satdown, and looked straight into Harry's, eyes. "Been a good boy to-day, Hal?"

"Yes-no," said Harry, flushing. "I "I'm stone broke," he said, "and the did something Aunt Mag told me not to do, because Ned Barnes dared me to. I can't bear a boy to dare me. What's that to do with spelling 'man'?" he added, half to himself,

But Uncle John turned to Bob. "Had

a good day, my boy?" "Haven't had fun enough," answered Bob, stoutly. "It's all Jo's fault, too. We boys wanted the pond to ourselves for one day; and we made up our minds that, when the girls came, we'd clear them off. But Jo, he-

"I think this is Jo's to tell," interrupt-

ed Uncle John. "How was it, boy?" "Why," said Jo, "I thought the girls had as much right on the pond as the boys. So I spoke to one or two of the bigger boys, and they thought so, too; and we stopped it all. I thought it was mean to treat girls that way." There came a flash from Uncle John's pocket. The next minute the skates were on

Jo's knee. "The spelling match is over," said Uncle John, "and Jo has won the prize." Three bewildered faces mutely questioned him. "Boys," he answered gravely, "we've been spelling 'man,' not in letters, but in acts. I told you there were different ways, and we've proved it here to-night. Think over it, boys, and

Not Impressed.

President Kruger of the Transvaal is a man not easily impressed by rank. title, or worldly splendor of any kind, and not in the least ashamed of his own plain origin and rough upbringing. Sir James Sivewright, upon whom once devolved the duty of taking an important and rather pompous English duke to call upon the President, told an American about the conversation which ensued. It was, of course, carried on through an interpreter, and ran

about like this: Duke-Tell the President that I am the Duke of ---, and have come to pay my respects to him.

Kruger gives a grunt, signifying the

Duke (after a long pause)-Ah! tell him that I am a member of the English Parliament.

Kruger gives another grunt and puffs

Duke (after a still longer pause)-And -you might tell him that I am-er-a member of the House of Lords-a lord -you know.

Kruger puffs as before, and nods his head, with another grunt.

Duke (after a still more awkward pause, during which his grace appears to have entertained doubts as to whether he had as yet been sufficiently identified)-Er-it might interest the President to know that I was a viceroy.

Kruger-Eh! What's that-a viceroy? Duke-Oh, a viceroy-that is a sort of a king, you know.

Kruger continued puffing in silence for some moments, obviously weary of this form of conversation. Then, turning to the interpreter, he said, gruffly: "Tell the Englishman that I was a cattle-herder."

This closed the interview.

Penalty for Desertion.

Desertion in time of war is punishable, in all armies, by death, usually inflicted by shooting. In time of peace it is regarded by various governments with different degrees of severity, according as the military system is mild or severe. In France, Germany or Russla desertion, even in time of peace, is very harshly punished, but in the United States it is punishable by a term of imprisonment at hard labor. As a matter of fact this penalty is rarely inflicted. The desertions in our army giadness that shut out the falling number from 1,000 to 1,200 annually, night. Then a great weariness seized and few of the runaways are ever