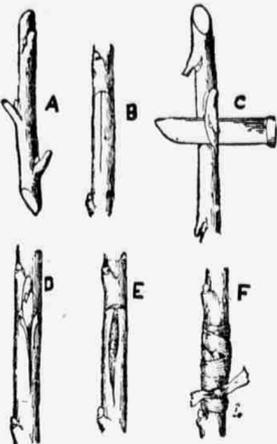




BUDDING THE APPLE.

The Main Requisites of Success. June and Fall Budding.

With the apple the operation of budding must be performed during the growing season and consists in removing a bud from a twig of the variety which we wish to propagate and inserting it beneath the bark of the stock or young seedling tree we wish to change, and this is then held in place by tying it fast until the bud and the stock have united. Then by forcing the sap and consequent growth into this transplanted bud by preventing all other growth we get a new tree of the desired variety. It is a method of



BUDDING.

A, bud stick; B, incision lengthwise with cross cut at top; C, removing the bud; D, inserting the bud; E, bud inserted; F, tying in the bud. Artificially multiplying a desirable variety. The extent of this multiplication is limited only by the number of buds available. The successive stages of budding are shown in the figure from a recent report on the apple and how to grow it. In which Perologist Brackett explains the operation of budding as follows:

The main requisites for success in budding are a healthy, growing condition of the stock on which the work is to be done and a certain state of maturity of the buds. The bark of the stock must separate freely, so that the bud may be forced under it without injury to the cambium layer of either bud or stock. The bud sticks or scions selected for summer budding should be of the current year's growth and should have well developed buds. When taken from the tree, the leaves must be cut off immediately, leaving only a short stub of the leaf stem for convenience in handling during the operation. They should always be kept in a fresh condition by use of damp moss or wet cloth until using, and not more than one or two scions should be withdrawn from the package at a time.

June Budding.—If it is desired to start the bud into growth the same season it is inserted, the budding should be done as early in the season as well developed buds can be obtained. As soon as it is found that the bud has united with the stock or branch the material used to fasten the bud in place must be removed and the stock or branch cut back to within a short distance from the bud to force the growth of the inserted bud.

Late Fall Budding.—This is the kind of budding more commonly practiced among nurserymen, the buds being inserted into the stock as late in the season as the bark of the stock will separate freely to receive it. In such instances the bud remains dormant through the following winter. The following spring the wrapping is removed, and wherever the buds appear around the tops of the stocks are cut back and treated in the same manner as described for June budding. All buds on the stocks below the one inserted should be rubbed off as they start to grow. The objection to early, or June, budding is that the growth from such buds does not always mature sufficiently in northern sections to pass a severely cold winter without injury.

Thinning Grape Clusters.

Some kinds of grapes set three and occasionally four bunches to each shoot. All but the two largest should be removed as soon as the grapes are formed. The bunches thus left will ripen earlier and be much better every way than where the vine is allowed to overbear. The Delaware grape is especially liable to set too many clusters, and this is a short jointed variety, which makes the shoots grow closer together. This is why so many Delaware grape vines have mildew on their fruit just at the time the grape is perfecting its seeds. Lack of potash is the cause, but usually if potash is applied most liberally it will only make the Delaware vine set more clusters, so that the thinning will still be needed. The thinning should be delayed until after the blossoming period is past, or it may make so great a rush of sap to the other blossoms that they will be drowned out and fall to set their fruit.

Late Planting of Azaleas.

Although blooming comparatively early in the spring, the blossoming of rhododendrons and azaleas is not disturbed by late spring planting, the plants usually being lifted with compact balls of earth. If carefully planted, they will take hold of the soil at once, says Meehan.

Wharf Cats.

"Cats are not given credit for half the intelligence they deserve," said a boss stevedore the other day. "If you don't believe me, come down along the river front and watch the wharf cats. They are as wild as can be, but you can't fool them. Neither could you drive them away from the wharfs. They live down among the pilings and subsist on rats or whatever refuse they can find. They are mostly seafaring cats that have lived on shipboard and that have been left behind when their vessels have sailed.

"They go ashore to stretch their legs, so to speak, and their ship goes off without them. From that moment you can't drive them away from the pier on which they were left. They always seem to be looking for their ship to come back, and sometimes it does, and then the cat is almost frantic with delight. Of course they might jump aboard any vessel and would probably be welcomed, but they rarely do that. They want to get back to their own homes."—Philadelphia Record.

Mr. Ganthony's Quiet Fun.

Robert Ganthony asked Woodson Grossmith to read a play which Ganthony had written. Mr. Grossmith took the comedy, but lost it on his way home.

"Night after night," he says, "I would meet Ganthony, and he would ask me how I liked his play. It was awful. The perspiration used to come out on my forehead as I'd say sometimes, 'I haven't had time to look at it yet!' or, again, 'The first act was good, but I can't stop to explain, etc.; must catch a train.' That play was the bane of my existence and haunted me even in my dreams."

Some months passed, and Ganthony, who is a merry wag, still pursued him without mercy. At last it occurred to Mr. Grossmith that he might have left the comedy in the cab on the night it was given him. He went down to Scotland Yard and inquired.

"Oh, yes," was the reply. "Play marked with Mr. Ganthony's name; sent back to owner four months ago, as soon as found."—London Telegraph.

The Future.

The news item of the future will probably read something like this: "As Farmer Smith was delivering a bale of hay at the treasury building, and while waiting to have the government stamp affixed, his horses took fright at the limited express on the Washington and San Francisco airship line. They dashed down the avenue, and, turning the corner at the up town station of the Chicago Pneumatic Tube Rapid Transit company, brought up with a dull thud against the celluloid window of the Potomac Artificial Egg company. In the crash and general confusion Farmer Smith's head and two of his limbs were severed from the body, but he was promptly removed to the Edison hospital, and after the electrical bone welding operation was performed he was able to drive home and keep his appointment with the man who holds the mortgage on his farm."—Kansas City Independent.

Lightning Telegraph.

It is not in show performances that one finds the greatest achievements of the telegraph, but in the speed with which ordinary business is transacted. Thus the Stock and Produce Exchanges of New York and Chicago have the closest possible connection. There is a vast amount of communication between the exchanges of the two cities every day, and the telegraph companies have their offices on the floors of the exchanges. It is on record that messages have been sent from the New York Produce Exchange to the Chicago Produce Exchange and answers received in 45 seconds. When one reflects that these were ordinary messages, for which no special preparation was made, and that the operation involved the writing out of the messages at each end of the line and their delivery to the persons to whom they were addressed, the result seems marvelous.—Ainslee's Magazine.

Good Temper of Americans.

I have never seen an American lose his temper, not even under the most trying and provoking circumstances. If in a railway station you were to lose your temper with the baggage man, for instance, you would get the crowd to gather around you and have a good time. Once, at Cincinnati, a baggage man threw a valise of mine on the platform with such force that it broke open and spread my belongings about. I gave that man a piece of my mind, but I was sorry I had not set more value on my time than that. A crowd of baggage men and passersby gathered to bet whether I was going to be able to put all my things together or not. I felt I was giving a free show; I quickly collected my goods and chattels, disappeared quickly and went to buy a new trunk.—Max O'Rell in New York Journal.

The New Professor.

The students who attended the lectures in biology planned a little joke on their professor. They removed a stuffed baboon from the Natural History museum, adjacent, dressed it up in a student gown and set it in the professor's chair upon the lecture platform. When he entered the room, they greeted his evident surprise with a suppressed giggle of merriment. "Well, gentlemen," he said blandly, "I'm glad to see that you have found at last a professor who is suited to your capacities."—New York Commercial Advertiser.

The Limit.

Schoolteacher endeavoring to explain the meaning of the word "hardness" to a small boy.—What does your father put on the horse? The Small Boy (his face brightening)—E puts on all 'e can if 'e thinks it'll win.—London Fun.

CHIMNEY FIRES.

Why Salt is Commonly Used to Put Them Out.

In accounts of chimney fires it is common to read that the fire was extinguished by throwing salt down the chimney. Salt is used because there is liberated from it when it comes into contact with the fire a gas that within an inclosed space like a chimney is very effective in extinguishing fire. The primary purpose in throwing salt or anything else down a burning chimney is to dislodge the burning soot, chimney fires being caused by the ignition of the soot clinging to the inside of the chimney. Salt is used for this purpose not alone because of its peculiar effectiveness, but also because it is something available for the purpose that can commonly be found at hand in a house. It is thrown down the chimney in such a manner that it will rattle down the sides and by its weight knock down the soot and sparks clinging to the chimney's insides.

A bucket of sand has been put to the same use with good effect, and sometimes a scuttle of coal has been poured down the chimney, the coal bounding about from side to side as it dropped and so doing its work effectively. Sometimes a brick is taken from the chimney itself and, tied to a clothesline, is hauled up and down the chimney, with the same result. At the hearth below or at the bottom of the chimney wherever the sparks may fall there is stationed a man with a pail of water to put out whatever fire may drop. Water is not played on a chimney fire from a hose because it is not necessary, and the water would do more damage than the fire.

The damage caused by a fire in a chimney when it is confined there is nothing or next to nothing. Left alone, however, a chimney fire might work its way into a building and so prove destructive, and therefore slight as they may be in themselves or as they might be in their consequences chimney fires are always put out and commonly in the manner described.—Exchange.

Teaching a Horse Tricks.

You can, with patience, teach your horse politeness—in how to an audience, to say "No" with more or less decision, to kiss you or even laugh. The animal may be taught to bow by tapping him on the back with a whip. He bends his head in trying to avoid the annoyance. The trainer ceases the tapping, caresses him, then resumes it till he repeats the bow. He is again caressed and presented with a carrot or something of which he is particularly fond. At last it comes about that he "bows" upon any movement of the whip toward his back.

To teach a horse to say "No" a pin is fastened to the butt of the whip. A slight scratch is given to the horse's withers, about where the collar would be. At this he shakes his head and soon learns to shake it whenever he sees the butt of the whip coming near his withers.

The trainer teaches the animal "to kiss" by feeding him with apples from his mouth, gradually lessening the size of the apples till the horse does the trick without any, or he puts salt, of which horses are very fond, on his cheek, and the animal naturally licks it off.

He is taught to laugh by gently forcing the butt of the whip in at the side of his mouth, then prying his mouth open with it. Caresses and carrots follow, till at last the slightest motion of the butt toward his mouth makes him open it. He does not really laugh; he grins.—Good Words.

A Chicago Street Car Episode.

Passengers on an east bound Archer avenue car were thrown into a panic one night by the prospect of a holdup. At the sight of a wild-eyed man jerking the bell rope and flourishing a huge revolver timid women sought shelter behind brave men.

Quiet was restored when the real cause of the disturbance was learned. Car 1811 had been about to cross the switch tracks at Ashland avenue when the conductor asked the man for his fare. He took a \$5 bill and was about to make change when he saw the warning lights ahead.

"Wait a moment," he said and darted ahead with his lantern. "Stop the car!" roared the excitable passenger, who saw the conductor and his \$5 disappearing down the track. "He's got my money!"

"The would be 'holdup' man had reached the front door when the car flashed past the conductor, who was waiting for the rear platform. The passenger tried to jump from the car, but found it impossible because of the Archer avenue bridge structure. Then he made a mad dash for the rear door, where the conductor met him with a polite "Don't forget your change, sir."—Chicago Record.

Only Sunburned.

Last summer two little girls in a College avenue family were repeatedly remonstrated with by their indulgent mother for playing baredheaded in the sun. "You will be burned so badly," said she to them finally, "that people will think you are black children." Her warning had little effect, however, and she gave up trying to keep their hats on.

One day she sent them to a neighbor a block or so distant to make some inquiries concerning a washwoman. Mrs. S., the neighbor in question, mistook them for the children of a Mrs. Black who lived in another street nearby.

"You are the little Black children, are you not?" she asked. "Oh, no," came the prompt response from the elder. "Only sunburned."—Indianapolis News.

An Aspiration.

There is woe and woe, and if woe would only obey our woe it would be worth while driving.—Milwaukee Journal.

He Obedied the Judge.

Over a score of years ago Judge Fitzgerald was appointed to the bench of the district that includes Pima and Cochise counties, in Arizona. He found on coming to Tucson that formality was almost unknown in the courtroom. If the days were warm, the attorneys and attendants dispensed with coats. This to him appeared particularly disrespectful. He announced that smoking in the courtroom would not be tolerated and that coats must be worn under pain of the court's displeasure. The grand jury was called. Among the jurors summoned was a brawny miner, who appeared in his usual costume, a dark blue shirt and overalls.

"What do you mean," thundered the magistrate, "by appearing in this courtroom in your shirt sleeves? Where is your coat?"

"At home, judge," mildly returned the juror. "Then go and get it! No, not a word, sir!" Then down upon the man as he attempted to speak. "Go home and get your coat, sir, or I'll commit you for contempt!"

The miner went silently out. He didn't return that day nor the next, and the judge, after issuing a bench warrant for him, swore in another juror. About two weeks thereafter the original miner, dressed as the court demanded, again stepped within Judge Fitzgerald's range of vision. To the late magistrate he tendered the explanation that his home and coat were both in Harshaw mountains, near the Mexican border, over 100 miles away, and that he had obeyed the orders of his honor in going home after his coat.—Arizona Graphic.

A Qualified Decision.

"In the early days of Cour d'Alone," said an old miner, "I was working with my partners on a claim when we were suddenly startled by pistol shots and, looking up, discovered a man lying prostrate on an adjoining claim, while his assailant was trying to escape by legging it to the best of his ability. Without stopping to pick up the injured man we gave hot chase to the one trying to escape, whom we finally overhauled, captured and haled before a justice of the peace at Mission, Ida, the nearby town.

"There, as I remember it, it developed that it was an attempt at claim jumping and that the man who had done the shooting was the would be jumper. The evidence was all against him, and word came that the man who had been shot lay all but within the portals of death, the physician giving it as his opinion that he could last only a few hours longer, and thereupon the famed justice of the peace rendered his decision.

"I find you guilty of murder in the first degree," said he severely as he turned toward the prisoner at the bar—"that is, provided the victim dies," and so that decision stands to this day."

A Newspaper Wonder.

When you open up your newspaper, it may cause you to feel some wonder if you know that in all probability yours are the first hands that have ever touched its inside pages. The reason for this is that the paper is made from wood pulp. The woodman cuts down a spruce tree. It is hauled to the mill. There machinery strips off the bark, reduces the wood to pulp and makes it into paper.

At every turn cranes, derricks, chains, cogs, rollers, steel teeth and other mechanical contrivances keep the material out of human hands. The immense rolls are wound by machines, loaded into car and wagon by machinery, put into pressroom and on presses by other machinery and finally printed and folded without having been directly touched by any human hand.

This is a mechanical marvel of today which is no doubt duplicated in other branches of industry. It is very striking in the newspaper industry, which stands in the very front rank of mechanical perfection.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

No Use For Toes.

If shoes go on forever, why should not our toes grow together? We have no use for them. We can't manage them. About one man in 1,000 can pull on his laces and spread out his toes. In the remaining 999 these muscles are as dead as fiber. They haven't been used since the infant stuck his toes in his mouth and crooned a baby song without words. If we wore mittens all the time, the individual control of our fingers would be lost. We eat so much soft food that we have scarcely any need of teeth. Gums would answer every purpose, as mastication is performed by machinery before we begin a meal. There are over 200 distinct muscles in the human body, of which the best of us keep about 100 in prime condition by proper use.—New York Press.

Speeding the Parting Guest.

"Is that clock right?" he asked after it had struck 11.

"Why?" she answered.

"Because if it is I shall have plenty of time to catch the 11:30 car."

"I remember now," she said, "that the clock is about 20 minutes slow. If you hurry, you will just catch the car."

During the 20 minutes that he stood on the corner he arrived at the painful conclusion that she didn't really love him as he longed to be loved.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Hawaiian Pronunciations.

Hawaiians call their chief islands Hab-vy-ee; we say Hab-wy-ee. Other proper ways of giving well known Hawaiian names are: O-ah-hu, Ho-nolu, Mow-ee (Maui), Kow-aye (Kauai), Ne-e-how (Ni-hau), Hee-lo (Hilo), La-hy-na (Lahaina), Ko-hah-la (Kohala). Vowels are as in Italian and deserve much care. Hawaiians pay little attention to consonants.—Baltimore News.

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