PRACTICAL FARMING.

FOR QUICKEST RETURNS IN ORCHARDING.

"From all accounts it would appear that the present season is to witness the planting of a largely-increased area to fruit trees, the greater part of which will, of course, be apple trees," says a writer in Country Gentleman.

"This, I think, is a wise move, for the fruit industry is not likely to be overdone in this generation increased demand keeping well ahead of an increased supply. Then, too, it is to be remembered that thousands upon thousands of old orchards are passing their days of usefulness so that large plantings are needed each year simply to maintain the existing status of our orchards.

"The planting of an apple orchard is a building of hopes for the future, for one cannot expect to reap any great returns for many years, while, in the intervening time of waiting for returns, continued labor and plant food must be expended upon the trees. They must be fertilized and the land on which they are planted must be well cultivated and cropped if at all, with great caution, that the trees be not robbed of the plant food in the soil. But it all pays in the end.

"However, there is a way to get quicker returns from orcharding. If one objects to the waiting that apple trees demand, I refer them to the planting of dwarf winter pears. When the pear is grafted upon the quince, the result is a dwarf tree that comes so quickly into bearing that many trees are found producing fruit even before they leave the nurserymen's hands. These trees can be planted from eight to ten feet apart each way, greatly economizing space and making the cost of cultivating the land materially less. Trees can be obtained at the nurseries from three to four feet in height at from $8 to $12 per 100, and these trees in a very few years should be producing good crops of pears.

"In some parts of the country it may pay to plant an orchard of dwarf pears for fall fruit, choosing for the purpose such sorts as the Bartlett, Clapp's Favorite Margaret, Duchess, Howell and Seckle, but ordinarily in most localities the supply of summer and fall fruit will be found so abundant that the markets are apt to be overstocked and prices very low, though here, as in every other branch of farming, fine quality will win a place for itself, even in an overstocked market.

"It will be found much the safer plan, however, to make plantings of winter fruit. With such fruit one can wait till the market is in shape to make consignments with profit for winter planting, perhaps no better selection could be made than Anjou and Lawrence, planted in alternate rows, since cross-fertilization seems to give better assurance of a crop of pears than where single varieties are planted. These two varieties are as good as are to be found in the catalogue of winter pears, and perhaps they may with truth be termed the very best, quality, hardiness and productiveness considered. Both varieties can be held for the holiday markets, or even a month or more beyond this time, if a cool, moist cellar is at hand in which to store them.

"For quick and profitable returns in orcharding I do not believe one can choose more wisely than to set out such an orchard of dwarf pear trees as I have described; but before beginning on such a course it will be the height of wisdom to resolve on clean cultivation for years after the trees are set. Many have an idea that a big circle of earth kept well spaded and mellow about a tree answers all purposes of cultivation; but while this is better than sod close up to the trees, it is wholly inadequate to secure the rapid development of the trees. One has only to try the two plans side by side to be convinced. Roots run out much farther from the tree trunks than is commonly supposed, and it is the little roots at the ends that do the greater part of the feeding.

"It is, therefore of the highest value to have the soil mellow and rich where these little rootlets are at work. Plow up the whole field where trees are to be set and keep it up. That is the only satisfactory way to get a young orchard into quick bearing.

"Quick returns in orcharding can also doubtless be secured by planting the new Japanese plums; but one must be sure of his market in this case. He cannot hold his fruit as can the man whose crop is winter pears, while his choice of a market, as regards distance, is much more circumscribed with plums than it would be with long-keeping varieties of pears."

A GOOD FARM GATE.

I send description of a farm gate, cheaply and easily made, strong and not apt to sag, writes a subscriber. I have made several for myself and am well pleased with them. The hinge piece is 4 feet 6 inches long, 3x4 inches, rounded at the ends, and banded to prevent splitting. A round rod 3-4 inch in diameter and about 5 inches long is inserted in each end about 3 inches; the lower rod or pivot should have a flange welded on 1 1-2 inches from one end. At the foot of the post sink a block of wood (or stone) so that its upper surface will be level with the ground. In its upper surface mortise a hole about 2 inches square and 1 1-4 inches deep; in the bottom of this hole lay a piece of an old buggy spring 2 inches long; on it place a blank 7-8-inch nut. This will be a step for the gate to be pivoted on. Set the gate in the step; take a piece of plank about 18 inches long; bore a 3-4-inch hole 6 inches from one end; put the plank on the top, and pivot and spike it securely to top of gate post. The gate swings in either directions, and does not pull on the post so hard as if hung on hinges.

HARVESTING CRIMSON CLOVER.

Crimson clover should be mowed when the blossom is about half faded, allowed to wilt, and then raked, but left in the field until fully cured before housing. At the season when it is cut (May in this latitude), the sun is not very hot, neither are the nights warm, so it requires to stay out longer than red clover. If rained on, it is not injured as easily as red clover, which is often made worthless if thoroughly wet. Stock of all kinds do well on crimson clover, and eat it in preference to anything else. For ensilage it is considered excellent. As a soil improver we know of nothing better, but we are inclined to believe it is best to cut the crop for hay and plow under the stubble only. To save crimson clover seed, the crop should be allowed to stand until half or two-thirds of the head is brown, and a part of the seed is ripe. As all of the seed cannot be saved, it is best to cut before it gets too ripe. Cut early in the morning or during moonlight nights, while wet with dew. So soon as the dew is off stop cutting. A self-raking reaper is best. If you have not one, use a mower, running a horserake behind it. House or stack the crop as soon as dry, taking care to haul while the dew is on, so as to lose as little seed as possible. If stacked, cover with canvas or boards to keep out the rain. If this is not done, many seeds will sprout in the stalk. It will pay to take extra precautions to secure a crop of prime seed this season, as the wonderful qualities of this plant have now become so widely known that the market is good.

FOUND IN BOOKS.

A London Second-Hand Dealer Discovered a Valuable Will.

In reply to a query from a correspondent of Cassell's Saturday Journal, a London second-hand bookseller said: "I frequently make finds in books I buy. It is extraordinary the number of things that are slipped between the pages of books for a moment, and afterwards entirely forgotten. Letters without number I have found, and flowers, locks of hair, unmounted photographs, bank notes, cheques, and many other things, too.

"I bought a volume of a well-known work from a lady some years ago, and after she had gone, while turning over the leaves, came across a will which disposed of some thousands of pounds' worth of property. I put the will carefully away, and the following day the lady returned in a frightful state of excitement, and wanted to buy the book back at my own price. I guessed what she really wanted, but thought it strange that she should ask to buy the book instead of merely asking to be allowed to examine it, which would have been just as effective. However, I told her I had found the will, and supposed that that was what she wanted. She looked confused, but confessed it was, so I handed it to her, and she went away. Up to this time that will had not been filed, so I have learned, and I have not the slightest doubt that it has been suppressed for the purpose of depriving some one of the property which it disposed of. But the most

INTERESTING CASE

in which I have been concerned in this way happened not long ago.

"A well-dressed, gentlemanly man brought me three bulky volumes, and wanted me to purchase them. As they were of a class of books the value of which varies considerably, according to the condition and edition, and I was very busy at the time, I asked him to leave them, that I might examine them, and call next day. This he consented to do, and went away. When I looked at them I came across a large number of bank notes. They were evidently quite new, and there was something about them which made me doubt their authenticity. I compared them with notes of my own, but could not discover the faintest dissimilarity. However, to make sure of the matter, I sent them to be paid into my bank. Naturally, when my messenger came back, having passed the notes without the slightest difficulty, I concluded they were all right.

"The next morning I received a message from the manager of my bank saying he would like me to call upon him. I went around, and was not very much surprised when he said that every one of the notes I had banked the day before were forgeries. I explained the matter and we wired Scotland Yard. That afternoon, I had a new assistant in my shop. Towards the close of the day the owner of the three volumes came sauntering into the shop and asked if I intended to buy them. At a sign from me my new assistant — a detective—pounced upon him and hurried him off. Scotland Yard had been looking for him for a long time, it appeared. I still have the books in my own library. I keep them as a momento of the occurrence."

THE TRUE WIFE.

Oftentimes I have seen a tall ship glide by against the tide as if drawn by some invisible bowline, with a hundred strong arms pulling it. Her sails unfilled, her streamers drooping she had neither side wheel nor stern wheel; still she moved on stately, in serene triumph, as with her own life. But I knew that on the other side of the ship, hidden beneath the great bulk that swam so majestically, there was a little toilsome steam tug, with a heart of fire and arms of iron, that was tugging it bravely on; and I knew that if the little steam tug untwined her arm and left the ship it would wallow and roll about and drift hither and thither and go off with the refluent tide, no man knows whither. And so I have found more than one genius, high-decked, full-freighted, idle-sailed, gay pennoned, that but for the bare toiling arms and brave, warm-beating heart of the faithful little wife that nestled close to him so that no wind or wave could part them, would have gone down with the stream, and have been heard of no more.—O. W. Holmes.

Miss Pacemaker—"Are you looking for an early spring, Mr. Newbike?" Mr. Newbike—"On the contrary, as I begin lessons on the bicycle to-morrow, my mind is dwelling on an early fall."

MURDERED FOR LOVE'S SAKE.

James Waldon, After Eighteen Years, Confessed to a Crime.

James Waldon, a landed farmer living in Rushville, Ind., on a consumptive's deathbed, the other day confessed to the murder of Paul Sprague eighteen years ago. The murder of Sprague at the time created a profound sensation in the community of Woodville, in which he lived, but all efforts to arrest the perpetrator of the crime were unavailing.

The motive of the murderer was unknown. Sprague was an exemplary young man and was to have been married on the day following the night of his murder. While standing at a window in his father's house, he was shot from without and died almost instantly. Waldon, who has confessed to the killing, said he was jealous of Sprague. He was in love with a Miss Collins, a young woman who was to become the wife of Sprague. Miss Collins was prostrated with grief over the death of her intended husband, and died in a few months after the murder.

Waldon lingered a few hours after making the confession and died about 10 o'clock next morning. For eighteen years the visions of the crime had haunted Waldon, so he told the officer he sent for, and came very near driving him insane. On two occasions he attempted suicide.

WELL YESTERDAY—DEAD TO-DAY.

Sudden Taking Off By Heart Disease.

That pain in the side, that sense of smothering, that palpitation of the heart, that restiveness rendering it impossible for one to remain long in any one position—these are symptoms of heart disease that should be immediately heeded. And practical heed will be given by securing a bottle of Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart, the most wonderful heart specific that has ever been given to the world. As has been shown frequently in these columns, some of the most desperate cases of heart trouble have been cured by its use.

One dose will relieve in 30 minutes. The remedy is harmless as milk, as it is entirely vegetable.

Sold by W. E. Richardson.

Zibley—"Why are you always borrowing cigarettes from Jizley? Why don't you have some of your own?" Zabley—"Why, man, I'm doing it for the fellow's good! If Jizley were to be allowed to smoke all the cigarettes he buys, he'd be a wreck in a week."

CATARRHAL DEAFNESS OF TWELVE YEARS' STANDING.

Cured by Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder—An Extraordinary Experience.

Catarrh nearly always leaves its mark after it. These are frequently revealed in deafness of the victim. A case in point is that of Capt. Ben Connor, of 189 Berkeley street, Toronto, who was deaf for twelve years from catarrh. No medicine or treatment did him any good, until he procured a bottle of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder, which gave immediate relief, and continuing to use it, in a short time the deafness was entirely removed. Mr. Connor's friends, who knew the extremity of the malady, are loud in their praises of this medicine; and Capt. Connor himself will be only too glad to answer all inquiries concerning his case and remarkable cure.

Sample bottle and blower sent by S. G. Detchon, 44 Church St., Toronto, on receipt of ten cents in stamps or silver.

Sold by W. E. Richardson.

Courtier—"Has your majesty read the 'History of the Sixteenth Dynasty,' by the royal historian? It is a masterpiece." The King of Egypt—"Truly it is, but he ought to boil it down. It is long enough to cover three pyramids, and he knows I can't spare him more than one."

Growing Prevalence of Bright's Disease.

Bright's Disease shows itself usually in depression of spirits. Life loses its zest. Efforts bring an early fatigue. There is loss of appetite; lestlessness; sleep fails to refresh. There may, or may not be pain in the region of the kidneys. It is not only astonishing, but alarming the extent to which this disease is seizing the ablest men of the country. The deceptive nature of the trouble is almost akin to that of consumption. Our dearest friends are carried off with it before we are aware of the nature of their disease. The one salvation is to rid the system of the trouble at its inception. This is being most successfully accomplished by South American Kidney Cure, a medicine that will cure any case of Bright's disease, that has not already signed the death warrant of its victim. It is a medicine that most completely rids the system of those elements that go to constitute this disease, working distinctively on the kidneys.

Sold by W. E. Richardson.

"But why did you refuse Prof. Grueb-ling, Miss Melanie? He is such an able and noted mathematician." "That's just the reason! He would always be mathematically demonstrating the errors of my milliner's bills."

Rheumatism is Still Being Cured in from One to Three Days by South American Rheumatic Cure—More Testimony.

Mr. Z. A. Van Luven, Governor of the County Gaol, of Napanee, Ont., writes:—"My wife has been a great sufferer from rhumatism for some time past. The disease attacked the limbs and was drawing them out of shape. The pain was most excruciating. She could not get anything to cure her. Mr. Huffman, druggist, of this town, recommended South American Rheumatic Cure. The first few doses gave my wife perfect relief. To-day after taking four bottles of the remedy, she is certain that the disease is entirely eradicated from her system and blesses the day she first heard of this remedy."

Sold by W. E. Richardson.

He—"I should have been here earlier, but business is picking up a little, and I was detained at the office." She—"Oh, I do hope your business will continue to improve, Mr. Mashman."

FEATS OF ROYAL WOMEN.

You may not have heard, but it is true, that Empresses and Queens have often achieved distinction by equestrian feats that one does not expect to witness except in a circus. A certain royal lady won renown as one of the foremost conjurers of Europe. It was reserved, however, for the tall and statesque Archduchess Maria Therese of Austria, consort of that brother of the Emperor who is the next heir to the throne, to earn fame by feats of muscular strength that savor somewhat of the variety of show.

Two years ago she was losing the elegance and elasticity of her fine figure, and began a course of calesthenics. She soon acquired a remarkable proficiency with the Indian clubs, dumb bells, etc. This led her to other methods of developing the muscles, such as punching the bag, wrestling and putting the hammer and the shot. Austrian journals, official and semi-official, say that she has now developed such an astonishing amount of strength that she is able to raise a full-grown man from the ground by one hand, and to hold him aloft on her extended arm for several seconds.

The Archduchess once rode horseback from Reichenau to Guns and back, a distance of considerably more than 100 miles, without stopping. A court dignitary ventured to remonstrate with the Emperor about the matter, urging that the Archduchess was by such imprudences endangering not only her health but also the succession to the Crown. "Ah, it is easy to see that you are not a married man," was the reply of His Apostolic Majesty.

The Archduchess is a bold mountaineer, and unaided by professional guides she has made some exceedingly difficult assents in Austria and in Switzerland. She paints beautifully, too, sculptures well, writes cleverly and is singularly well fitted mentally and physically to become the Empress of a sport-loving people.

Empress Elizabeth of Austria, once a performer of daring circus feats of equestrianism, has been compelled to cease riding because of her health, and she now walks for exercise, often, however, covering distances that would weary an amateur pedestrian.

Queen Henriette of Belgium, by birth an Austrian Archduchess, continues in spite of her snow-white hair and rank as a grandmother, to occupy her time with circus riding. A year ago she gave in the riding school of the Royal Palace at Brussels a semi-public performance in which she and her daughter Clementine put their horses through all kinds of fancy paces and trick riding with the skill of professionals. They leaped their horses through burning loops and over flaming hedges, and her Majesty jumped a pet horse over a dinner table covered with flowers and lighted candelabras. Then she drove a team of twenty-in-hand, herself mounted on her favorite mare.

The Queen is a wonderfully clever conjurer, too, having been instructed by the great magic-professor Hermann, now dead.

The widowed Comtesse de Paris, so astonishingly masculine in all her tastes and manners, shares with her son-in-law, the King of Portugal, a passion for bull fighting, and on her estate near Seville, she enjoys organizing bull fights, she herself, armed with a lance, taking the part of a picador.

Her son-in-law, King Carlos, is as skilful and courageous a torrero as she is a picador, and in the presence of his court has laid low many a bull. While the Comtesse de Paris tackles the bulls on horseback, the King daringly assails them on foot. He is not the first King of Portugal to achieve fame as a bull fighter; for one of his ancestors, King John V., surnamed "The Magnificent," was in the habit of descending in the arena himself once in a while to show his subjects his dexterity as a torrero.

Queen Marguerite of Italy's sister-in-law, the young Duchess of Genoa, is the only red-haired Princess of the blood in Europe. Her time is devoted to fencing, tennis, calisthenics, horizontal-bar practice and sprinting. She has achieved distinction by her skill in handling a boat, and by her long rides on horseback from Turin to Munich and back again on the same horse on the occasion of her annual visits to her relatives in Germany. She is a superb swimmer, too, rivalling Queen Christina of Spain and Queen Pia of Portugal. Queen Pia of Portugal wears two medals for saving life at sea at the peril of her own.

The widowed Empress of Russia excels in driving a troika, three horses abreast, the two wheelers being kept at a trot, while the third maintains a steady, unswerving canter. It sounds very easy, but is very difficult, and the Dowager Czaritza is one of the few Russian women who have mastered it.

The widowed Queen of Naples is the hero of the siege of Gaeta, and the only Lady Knight of the Russian Order of St. George, an honor conferred solely for exceptional gallantry under fire. She is a skilled sailor and alone often sails a small boat, in all sorts of weather, across the English channel from Folkestone to Boulone. Her sister, the Empress of Austria, races horses, her entries bearing the pseudonym of "Count Isolla."

A NEW LEASE OF LIFE.

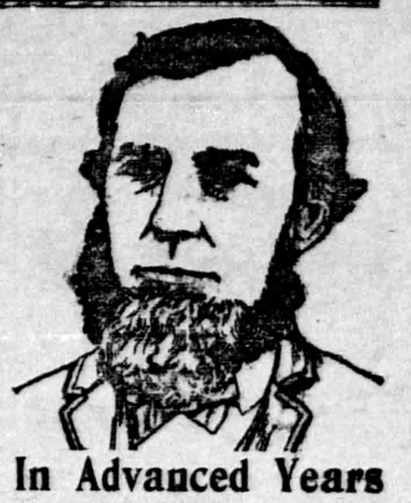
How a Cumberland Co., N. S., Man Obtained It.

A Sufferer From Acute Dyspepsia and a Complication of Troubles Following an Attack of La Grippe—He Was Forced to Quit Business and Was Hopelessly Discouraged When Help Came.

From the Amherst, N.S., Sentinel.

Mr. Charles Tucker, who lives about two miles from Lockport, is one of the best known men in that section. He is engaged in business as a lobster packer, and dealer in flour and salt, and in addition has a fine farm. During the past three years Mr. Tucker has been an almost constant invalid, being the victim of a complication of troubles following a severe attack of la grippe. Recently he has been restored to his old time health and having learned that he gave the entire credit to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills concerning which so much has been said through the press, a reporter interviewed him in the matter, and was cheerfully given his story for publication. Mr. Tucker said:—"About four years ago I had a severe attack of la grippe, which left me in a fearful condition. I had for a number of years before this attack been a sufferer from dyspepsia, but following the la grippe it took a more acute form, and to add to my distress my liver appeared not to perform its usual functions, and my heart troubled me greatly, and there were as well other complications which baffled the skill of four doctors whom I successively called in in the hope of regaining my health. From the knees down my legs were as cold as ice; my bowels would bloat and I suffered great pain. My case went from bad to worse despite the medical treatment I was undergoing and at last I got so bad that I was forced to give up business. I could hardly eat anything, got but little sleep at night, and as you will readily understand my condition became one of despair. My father urged me several times to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a trial, but I was so discouraged that I had no further faith left in any medicine. However, more to please him than from any hope of beneficial results, I began the use of Pink Pills. The first beneficial effects I found was that the warmth and natural feeling began to return to my limbs, my bowels ceased to bloat, and with the continued use of the pills my appetite returned. I slept soundly at night, and the action of my heart again became normal. I continued taking the Pink Pills until I had used in all fifteen boxes, and I have not felt better in years than I do now. I did some particularly hard work last fall, and was able to stand it with a strength and vigor which surprised me. I consider Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, not only a wonderful medicine, but also in the light of what my other treatment cost, the least expensive medicine in the world, and I strongly recommend Pink Pills to all in need of a medicine.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills act directly upon the blood and nerves, building them anew and thus driving disease from the system. There is no trouble due to either of these causes which Pink Pills will not cure, and in hundreds of cases they have restored patients to health after all other remedies had failed. Ask for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and take nothing else. The genuine are always enclosed in boxes, the wrapper around which bears the full trade mark, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." May be had from all dealers, or sent post paid on receipt of 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.



In Advanced Years

The strength and pure blood necessary to resist the effects of cold seasons are given by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

"I have for the last 25 years of my life been complaining of a weakness of the lungs and colds in the head, especially in the winter. Last fall I was again attacked. Reading of Hood's Sarsaparilla I was led to try it. I am now taking the fifth bottle with good results. I can positively say that I have not spent a winter so free from coughs or pains and difficult breathing spells for the last 25 years as was last winter. I can lie down and sleep all night without any annoyance from cough or pain in the lungs or asthmatic difficulty." E. M. CHAMBERS, J. P., Cornhill, N. B.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the Only

True Blood Purifier

Prominently in the public eye today.

Hood's Pills cure habitual constipation. Price 25c. per box.

FOR TWENTY-SIX YEARS.

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER

THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

LARGEST SALE IN CANADA.

NO TIME TO BE PRUDISH.

Fair Patient—Is there no way of telling exactly what is the matter with me, doctor?

Doctor—Only a post-mortem examination can reveal that.

She—Then for heaven's sake make one. I don't see why I should be at all squeamish at such a time as this.

TO NUMBER THREAD.

The question, "Why is spool cotton numbered as it is, and why are the figures not used in regular order?" is often asked. The explanation is this: The numbers on the spools express the number of "hanks" which are required to wind a pound. The very finest spinning rarely exceeds 300 hanks to the pound, while in the coarsest there is about half a pound to each hank. The more common qualities, however, those from which sewing thread is usually made, run from ten to fifty hanks to the pound, and the spools on which it is wound are numbered ten to fifty in accordance.

Keokuk, Iowa, medical colleges have just turned out ninety doctors.