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AND COUNTY OF HALTON INTELLIGENCER.

MILTON, THURSDAY, MARCH 4, 1886. NO. 37.

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Travellers' Guide.

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BOOTLES' BABY.

CHAPTER VIII.

A crowd of roughs, a lesser crowd of third-rate spectators, and a lesser gathering of fashionable ones were assembled on the Blankhampton race course, for it was the Scarlet Lancer steeplechases.

On the grand stand were to be seen most of the rank and fashion of the neighborhood, and a goodly show of that class of people who are always to be found about towns which are also military stations—the class of people who have daughters to marry, and not much money to marry them with.

There were all the Scarlet Lancer ladies in full force, from the colonel's wife in blue velvet and sables to the quartermaster's lady in a hard felt hat, with long diamond and pearl earrings. There were officers in cords and boots, their silken finery hidden by Newmarket coats. And there was the bride, Mrs. Allardyce, in pink and gray, the major's racing colors—oh lor! as the fellows said when they saw her. And there was Miss Mignoe, 'a little three-year-old belle, got up in Bootles' colors—scarlet, purple and gold—adapted in her small case to a warm frock of purple velvet, braided with scarlet and gold, and on her golden curls a jockey cap to match it. Utterly absurd, most people said, but Bootles didn't seem to see it. Nor, for the matter of that, did Miss Mignon herself. Held by Bootles, or, when Bootles was riding, by Lacy, she sat on the broad ledge of the balcony and surveyed the world, like a queen in miniature.

It was a fine place for seeing; yes, and a fine place for hearing, too, as Lacy testified afterward in his own peculiar style of delivery:

"Er—I and Miss Mignon were waiting for Bootles to come down the lawn, when—er—a laday next to us—er—a little unprepossessing person—I found out afterward that her name is Berwry—with a nose like a teapotspout, and a mouth of the bulldog ordah—little daughter, by the bye, pretty much of the same type, but just a shade less hideous—suddenly electwrified us by pulling out a huge pair of gold eye-glasses, and holding the wrace-card at arm's-length.

"Ow!' said she in a mincing voice, when Miles came down the lane looking like a sack of flour in a purple satin jacket—'Ow, *Cap*-tain Ferwrahs! Ow, Dorothy, my *Doth, Cap*-tain Ferwrahs! *Veery* handsome—and how *beau*-tifully be wrides! Ow, I'm shaw he'll win, and what a *lovely* horse! *Cap*-tain Ferwrahs! He's yewry handsome!

"Well—er—I gave Miss Mignon a gwreat squeeze to hold her tongue—and she did. This Mrs.—er—Berwry went on expatiating on Miles' great beauty of person, and on the absolute certainty of his winning. 'And his pet name is Bootles,' she informed us. His *pet* name! Well, pwresently Bootles came sailing down the lawn in all his glowry, and Miss Mignon quite forgot the old girl, and shouted out to him. 'Bootles,' she called—'Bootles!'

"Bootles glanced up, and waved his hand, and—er—the old party called Berwry turned wround and eyed her sharply, saw the scarlet, purple and gold of her dwress, looked at her card and said, witheringly, 'Ow, I don't know *him*,' as if there were a dozen Capt. Ferwrahs knocking about, and this was one of the eleven she didn't know.

"Well, when the winners was over—or—who should come up but Miles.

"'Ah, Miles,' said I, 'I—er—heard a laday expatiating just now on your extrwreme beauty and gwrace and elegance of person—was shaw you'd win. What a pity you didn't!'

"'Bless my soul!' said Miles, 'was she pretty!'

"'Oh, don't be flattered; she took you for Bootles,' said I, ignoring the question.

"'Bootles' money again!' cwried Miles, with a gwreent wrong of laughter.

"'Well, in two twws up comes Bootles. 'See me win, Mignon!' said he.

"'So I—er—told him the stowry, too, and Bootles laughed that absurd 'Ha! ha!' of his. 'Come along and have some lunch, Mignon, my sweetheart,' said he, *'and let's be out of this.'*"

But it was after this incident that the most important event of that bright May day occurred—one of those fearful struggles to win when half a dozen horses show well for the post, and all the field finds tongue and shouts its hardest.

"Ferrers wins! Blue and fawn—yellow and black! Miles wins—Miles wins! No, no; Ferrers in front—fawn and blue! Hartog—Hartog wins! Miles in front! Ah, he's down! Ferrers—Miles—blue and fawn—Gilchrist gains—Miles—Gilchrist—Ferrers wins! Ferrers wins! All up with the others! Ferrers WINS!"

And then the company—good, bad and indifferent—had time to remember that a man was down—no, not one man, but two. To find out that Hartog was bruised and stunned, but able with help to get to the dressing room and recover himself, to learn that the swarming crowd around the other was watching a more exciting race than that which they had just witnessed with shouts and applause, that they were watching with awe and in silence a race between Life and Death—for Gilchrist, the 'old' man of the regiment, the man who had been nobody's friend, nobody's chum, was lying in the midst of them with his back broken, waiting for a hurdle.

They were all as sorry at men could be who had never been moved by feelings of friendship. The proceedings were stopped at once, and they went gravely back to barracks, those who had ridden to get into morning clothes, and all of them to hang about waiting for news.

But there was no hope, absolutely no hope whatever. With all his faults, failings and peculiarities, Gavor Gilchrist was passing away from their midst by exchange, as Hartog had once wished—the exchange, not of one regiment for another, but of this world for the next.

It was about 6 o'clock that the senior of the two surgeons in attendance on Gilchrist entered the anteroom, and, looking around, beckoned for Bootles.

"What news?" asked several voices.

"He won't last the night. Bootles, he wants you."

"I'll come," said Bootles, rising.

"Sure to want Bootles," observed Preston.

"Oh, yes; I should myself," returned another.

"Won't last the night," remarked a third. "Well, I never did like Gilchrist—never; but, all the same, I'm deuced sorry for him now, poor chap. For oh, by Jove! it's a fearful thing when you come to that."

And then they fell into silence again, waiting for Bootles to come back. Half an hour passed—three-quarters—then Bootles did not come. An hour; then Bootles appeared—came with a white face and a frightened look in his blue eyes, followed by the doctor who had fetched him. Every man in the room was roused from a lounging attitude to one of expectation and surprise.

"Bootles," said Lacy, moving towards him.

But Bootles did not even look at him. He turned to the doctor and uttered words the like of which none of his hearers had ever heard from him before.

"I kept my temper, doctor—you think I did! I know the man's dying. Yes, I know, and I should like to think I lost my temper with a poor chap who was dying, but—but— No; I won't say a word. I'll go away and keep to myself until I've got over it a little. If I stop here I shall say something I shall be sorry for all the rest of my life."

"What is it, Bootles?" broke in Lacy, in his soft voice.

But Bootles did not reply for a moment. He stood still, trying hard to control himself; but Lacy, who had laid his hand upon his sleeve, felt that he was shaking from head to foot, and his very lips were trembling.

"Tell us," said Lacy persuasively. "What is it?"

"He is Mignon's father!" Bootles answered. And then he broke from Lacy's grasp and fled.

"Impossible!" Lacy cried.

"Not at all; it is true," the doctor answered.

"He is making his will now, leaving Bootles sole guardian and trustee to the child."

"The brute!" burst out Preston, indignantly, remembering Gilchrist's words, not so long ago.

"Hush, hush! The man is dying, and death alters everything," the doctor cried.

"And Bootles kept his temper! Said nothing!"

"Not one word—of reproach."

"Has he seen her?"

"No. He would not, though Bootles asked him."

"His own child—and she Miss Mignon!"

"All the better. She cannot endure him."

"By Jove! But what a blow for Bootles!"

"How will he take it? Will it make any difference?"

"As wregards Miss Mignon! What wrot you talk. As if Bootles—! But there Lacy broke off in disgust, and the babel of surmises, questions and answers went on.

And that night Gavor Gilchrist died.

CHAPTER IX.

Oh, but it was a blow for Bootles! To find he had been duped, tricked, made a fool of all this time; to remember the anxiety, the trouble, the expense to which he had been put; nay, to recall the chaff he had endured, and then to discover that Miss Mignon was Gilchrist's child—the child of the man he went perhaps nearer to hating than any one he had ever known in all his life! Everything came back to him then—the dead man's jibes and sneers and taunts, his unwearied efforts to tax Bootles with offence which he knew he had not committed. And though he had failed in that, oh, what a fool Gilchrist had made of him! That was the sting Bootles felt most of anything.

For hours after he left the anteroom Bootles kept out of every one's way—indeed until Lacy came to tell him that Gilchrist was dead. Then, it being close upon the hour of eleven, he went and knocked at the door of Mignon's nursery. The nurse opened it a few inches, and, seeing who it was, put it open wide.

"Is Miss Mignon asleep?" he asked.

"Yes, sir; hours ago," the woman answered.

He passed into the inner room where the child was lying. A candle burned on a table beside the cot, casting its light on the fair baby face, now flushed in sleep, and on the tangled golden curls. Both her arms lay outside the elder coverlet, one hand grasping the whip with which he had ridden *and won* that day, the other holding the card of the races. Bootles bent and scanned her face closely, but not one trace could he discern of likeness to the father—not one—and he drew a deep breath of relief that it was so.

Well he remembered Lacy's puzzled scrutiny of the year-old baby. "There's a likeness, but I don't know where to plant it." If there had been a likeness to Gilchrist then, it had now passed away; and as Bootles satisfied himself that it was so, his love for her, which during the last few hours had hung trembling in the balance, though he would hardly have acknowledged it, even to himself, reasserted itself, and rose up in his heart stronger than ever. Just then she moved uneasily in her sleep.

"Lal, where is Bootles?" she asked. Then, after a pause, "Gotted *another* headache?" And an instant later, "Miss Grace said Mignon was to be *very* kind to Bootles."

Bootles bent down and kissed her and she awoke.

"Bootles," she said, in sleepy surprise; then, imperatively, "Take me up."

So Bootles carried her to the fire in the adjoining room, where the nurse was sewing a fresh frill of lace on the pretty velvet frock, with its braidings of scarlet and gold, which she had worn that day.

"Lal said Mignon wasn't to go to Bootles," she said reproachfully.

"Bootles has been bothered, Mignon," he answered.

"Poor Bootles!" stroking his cheek with her soft hand. "Bootles was vexed; Lal said so. But not with Mignon. Mignon told Lal so," confidently.

"Never with Mignon," answered Bootles, resting his cheek against the tossed golden curls, and feeling as if he had done this faithful baby heart a moral injustice by his hours of anger and doubt.

There was a moment of silence, broken by the nurse.

"Have you heard, sir, how Mr. Gilchrist is?" she asked.

Bootles roused himself. "He is dead, nurse. Died half an hour ago."

"Then, if you please, sir," she asked, hesitatingly, "might I ask if it is true about Miss Mignon?"

"Yes, it is true," his face darkening.

"Because, sir, Miss Mignon should have mourning," she began, when Bootles cut her short.

"I shall not allow her to wear mourning for Mr. Gilchrist," he said, curtly; so the nurse dared say no more.

Three days later the funeral took place; and if the facts of the dead man's having acknowledged Miss Mignon as his child, and having admitted to Bootles that he had transferred her that night from his own quarters to Bootles' rooms, created a sensation, it was as nothing to the intense surprise caused by the will, which was read, by the dead man's desire, before all the officers of the regiment.

In it he left his entire property to his daughter, Mary Gilchrist, now in the care of Capt. Ferrers, and commonly known as Mignon, on condition that Capt. Ferrers consented to be her sole guardian and trustee until she had attained the age of 21, or until her marriage, provided it should be with her guardian's sanction, and on the express understanding that Capt. Ferrers should not give up the care of the child to her mother, even temporarily. To his wife, Helen Gilchrist, a copy of this testament was to be sent forthwith. Should any of the conditions be violated, the whole property of which he died possessed should go to his cousin, Lucian Gavor Gilchrist; but if the conditions be faithfully observed Capt. Ferrers should have the power of applying any, or all, of the income arising from the estate for the use and maintenance of the said Mary Gilchrist.

"Cwrazy!" murmured Lacy to Bootles, who listened in contemptuous silence, and wondered in no small dismay what kind of a life he should have if Mignon's mother chose to make herself objectionable.

But the will was not crazy at all; far from it. It was only a very cleverly thought out plan for keeping mother and child apart, Bootles would take care not to endanger Mignon's inheritance, and Gilchrist had taken advantage of it to carry out his animosity towards his wife to the bitter end.

But, of course, there was one contingency he had never thought of or provided for—*marriage.*

It was less than a week after Gilchrist's death that Bootles received a note by hand, signed Helen Gilchrist.

"Already!" he groaned, impatiently.

"May I trouble you to send the child to see me for half an hour during this afternoon," she said, and that was all.

But Bootles did not see *sending* the child to be quietly stolen away. He forgot quite that since Gilchrist had not left his widow a farthing she would probably be now no better able to provide for the child than she had been when compelled to cast her baby upon the father's mercy. Therefore, immediately after lunch, he drove down to the hotel from which the note had been written. Yes; Mrs. Gilchrist was within—this way. And then—then—Bootles, with the child fast holding his hand, was shown into a room, and there *they found—Miss Grace!*

Bootles watched them—the two he loved best on earth.

The truth flashed into his mind instantly. She rose hurriedly, and he saw that she was clad in black, but was not in widow's dress. She fell upon her knees and almost smothered Mignon with kisses.

"Mignon! Mignon!" she cried.

"Mignon has been very kind to Bootles," Mignon explained, not knowing whether to laugh or cry.

"My Mignon! my baby!" the mother sobbed.

Bootles watched them—the two things he loved best on earth.

"Have you nothing to say to me?" he asked at last.

"What shall I say?" She had risen from her knees, and now moved shyly away.

"You might say," said Bootles, severely, "that you are very sorry that you, a married woman, deceived me and stole my heart away. You might say that, for one thing."

"But I am not sorry," cried Mignon's mother, audaciously.

"Then you might take a leaf out of Mignon's book, and say, as she says when I have a headache, 'Mignon *loves* Bootles.'"

"I wreally do think," remarked Lacy to the fellows, when the astounding news had been told and freely discussed, "that now we must let that poor, malicious, cwrooked-minded chap west in his gwrave in peace. Seems to me," he continued, with his most reflective air, "that—er—Solomon was wright, and said a veery wise thing, when he said, 'Love laughs at locksmiths.'"

"Solomon!" cried a voice, amid a shout of laughter.

"Oh, wasn't it Solomon?" questioned Lacy, mildly. "It's of no consequence; some one said it. But only think of that poor devil spending his last moments wrasling a bawwrier to keep mother and child apart, and old Bootles fulfills all the conditions to the letter—an I bwreaks them all in the spirit by—marwiage!"

THE END.

"HOUP-LA."

CHAPTER I.

"Now come, young shaver, look alive! At it again! Come, be quick, don't waste my time like this, or," with a threatening and significant quiver and crack of a long white whip, "I'll be worse for you. Dye hear?"

"Yes, yes, Mr. Frisco," he replied, in a sinking voice, and he braced himself up for another effort. He then added in lower tones of utter desperation, I *know* I'll never be able to do it."

"Be quick about it, then," the man called out, in a piercing shriek as the boy bowed. By a cleverly contrived movement he rolled out of the netting on to the ground and rushed for protection to the hated ladder, which was no protection at all from the cruel lash wielded by Frisco's strong and merciless arm.

"Up you go, no nonsense," he shouted. "Full this time; curse you, and you shall do the trick without the netting."

"I'll be killed," sobbed the boy.

"It's all you're worth! Up you go, I say, and be quick about it," and a crack of the whip gave point and accent to the words, only too well understood by his wretched little victim.

So up he toiled once more, dashing the tears from his eyes as he climbed the cruel, and to him now, dizzy height, then he reached the platform again, and looked his fate hard in the face, as hard as the blinding tears, which came thick and fast over the big blue eyes, would let him.

If he failed this time, oh, what could save him then! He knew that the absence of the netting below would take all his nerve away, and that the leap to follow would be his last. If only he could manage to clutch that bar this time! If only his legs would not shake under him, and his hands tremble so! If only the tears which filled his eyes——

"Be quick!" shouted the hoarse voice below him, and so, in haste, he took the leap, and *fell again!*

The white thong flew out again with a hiss, and curled once more round the tortured and quivering little body. Again the boy's piercing shrieks echoed through the gloomy circus tent.

"You shall do it without the net," the ringmaster shouted, flinging down his whip and flying to unfasten the cords which held it in place.

As the boy rolled down at his feet he kicked him aside, but the next instant he had measured his length upon the ground, and lay biting the filthy and trampled sawdust of the ring.

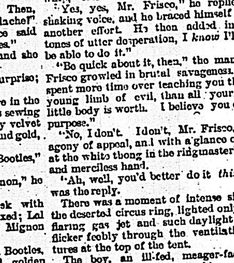
"No, by Jove, that he does not, you infernal coward," shout d a voice in his ears. "As I live, you shall have a taste of your own treatment. Get up!"

As the bully regained his feet the thong of his own whip whizzed through the air and caught him neatly in a double circle round the legs. Ay, not only round the legs, but fell again and again, in sharp cutting strokes, picking out deftly here and there every soft point of him, until pretty nearly every inch of his brawny body had paid the dearest penalty of his coward'ce.

At last he fell writhing to the ground again, shrieking, groaning, swearing, cursing and vowing vengeance on the wretched little acrobat's avenger.

The newcomer stayed his arm and drew the long white thong through his gloved left hand, as if it had done good service, and he was grateful to it.

A long, lithe, handsome fellow he was, soldier all over him, well set up and smart, neatly and plainly dressed, with no sign of ornament about him but a little pin of lapis lazuli in his white cotton cravat and a couple of diamond rings on the strong, bare right hand, which held the stock of the whip. He was as cool as ice, too, and surveyed the writhing, spluttering bully on the ground with infinite amusement in his steady blue eyes, as blue as those of the astonished little acrobat beside the ladder, who kept dashing his tears away and caught his sobbing breath as he gazed with awe and reverence on "the swell, next had wolloped Mr. Frisco"—the great and mighty Mr. Frisco, who, to his poor, benighted little mind was the very embodiment of strength and power.


"As I live, you shall have a taste of your own treatment."

He knew that "the swell" in question was Capt. Ferrers, of the Scarlet Lancers, then lying in Idleminster barracks. He knew him quite well, for the officers had often patronized the circus during the few weeks the tent had been pitched in the city, and once Capt. Ferrers had tipped him half a crown for an especially difficult feat he had performed on a bespeak night for the officers of the regiment.

It was true that Mr. Frisco had promptly taken the half crown from him, but, all the same, that fact notwithstanding, the memory of the giver had dwelt lovingly ever since in his heart.

And behold! There was his benefactor quietly and carelessly drawing Mr. Frisco's white thong through his fingers and smiling down upon that gentleman's writhing and quivering form in a way which would have made the lad laugh out loud if he had dared to do it.

He wondered what "the swell from the barracks" would do next. And presently he saw and heard.

"Here, stop that row," he said, authoritatively.

The lad rubbed his bruises and fairly chuckled; the ringmaster continued his writhing and groaning, throwing in an oath here and there by way of a little variation.

"Do you hear?" said Ferrers, raising his voice, "or do you *want* another taste of this? Get up!"

Very slowly and unwillingly the ringmaster rose from the sawdust-laid ground, driven to it by the significant spread of the soldier's strong right arm.

"Are you this boy's father?" Ferrers demanded, curtly.

"No."

"Where is his father?"

"He's dead."

"And his mother?"

"She's dead too!"

"Ah!—and who looks after him?"

"I do" (very unwillingly).

"Oh! you do! Ah! Nice way you've got of doing it! Well, if you want him back again you can apply to the magistrates, and, meantime, I shall give the police orders to look after you at once. Come along, my lad."

"He's my apprentice—he's bound to me," the ringmaster put in sullenly, as the boy crept round to his new friend and protector's side. At the same time he edged away from this reach of Ferrers' arm. "He has cost me pounds and pounds, and——"

"Yes. You can tell all that to the magistrates, you know," said the soldier, blandly. "By the way, have you any papers to show? Because, if you have, the magistrates will be glad to see them also. However, here is my card—though you know me well enough without it."

He made a gesture to the boy to go before him, and went out of the tent, still carrying the whip in his hand. Frisco shook his fist at his retreating figure, and growled out an oath or two, not loud—he was too fearful of rousing the lion again for that—but very deep.

There were generally a few loungers and ne'er-do-weels hanging about the circus tent, but not one of them had thought of going within to inquire into the cause of the shrieks and screams which all of them had heard quite as plainly as Capt. Ferrers had done. They were accustomed to them—at least, such as belonged to the company were; it was only one of the youngsters getting an extra licking, and if Frisco was a bit hard on them, why, doubtless, Frisco had plenty of provocation. Anyway, it was no business of any one else's, and Frisco was a dangerous customer to interfere with.

Now, when the lad, followed by Ferrers, emerged from this tent, there were a dozen or so of them lounging about the railing which served for entrance and advertisement boards alike. They saw that the lad had been in for it again—he always did seem to be in for it, poor little toad—they fancied it must be, half of it, through sheer obstinacy, for he was an uncommonly clever lad at certain things, of which the snake performance was one.

One or two of the circus troupe looked up in rough pity, which was, however, quickly checked by the sight of the big soldier—well known to all of them—who came just behind him, carrying Frisco's better known whip in his hand. Hollo! they wondered what was up now, and their wonder was certainly not decreased when Cank. Ferrers hailed a passing cab, bade the boy get in, entered it himself, and was driven away in the direction of the barracks.

"That was Canting Ferrers," said one, "and he had Frisco's whip in his hand."

"Been a-leathering of Frisco, I should think," suggested another, but without the wildest idea that his words, uttered in jest, were as gospel truth.

"Ere he is to speak for 'imself, I'll ask 'im," laughed a third, who chanced to be too big to stand in any awe of the ringmaster.

"Ello, Frisco," he remarked lightly, "as the swell from the barracks been a-leathering of yer?"

Frisco muttered something quite unintelligible, and passed on, leaving the little group staring after him in profoundest surprise.

"You've 'it the right nail on the 'ead this time, old boy," exclaimed one at last, addressing the big young man who was not afraid of Frisco.

"Well, I'm blowed," said the big young man, blankly.

TO BE CONTINUED.

The Cold Wave and the Oranges.

(Florida Correspondence.)

The cold wave is worse than anything that the state has experienced since 1835, if, indeed, there has ever been anything like it here. At this place, eighty miles south of St. Augustine, the mercury at 7:30 o'clock this morning marked 25 degs., and it has been only a little higher during the day. The ice in our washtubs is an inch thick. All the mangroves are frozen and killed. Oranges are frozen hard; one that I picked this morning was a ball of ice. The trees look black. Everybody feels that there is going to be a big hole made in the orange grower's pockets, though just how big nobody will yet undertake to say. People have been out in boats to-day picking up frozen fish; it takes one only a few minutes to gather a bucketful.

Feeding Bees in Winter.

(Beekeepers' Journal.)

Use the inside feeder; feed sugar syrup made of two-thirds granulated sugar and one-third water; bring to a boiling point to remove all crystallization. Fill the feeder, and while yet quite warm hang in center of brood nest. Put the covering over and close up the hive. If the colony is good and strong they will empty the feeder in about twenty-four hours, which will, with what they have, be about enough to safely winter on, and in this way you can feed about six colonies in one week with one feeder, and to make double sure, place on top of the frames of each colony about three to four pounds plain white sugar candy, which you can obtain at any first-class confectioner's.

Look at This.

(American Dairyman.)

How much comfort there is in looking in on a lot of cows standing knee deep in leaves and as active as kittens; and talking to one another about their warm quarters; and, as for milk, it is simply madness to try and induce cows to give milk in cold weather unless they are comfortable and warm. Cold weather freezes the milk up in the cow quite as readily as it does in the can. Where do you expect to go to when you die if you torture the poor dumb beasts in cold weather? You had better spare them some of the extra heat that may be your portion in the next world if you fail to look after their comfort in this.

How to Make Cream Cheese.

Cream cheese is made as follows, according to The London Gazette: Take a quart of cream, or if not desired very rich, add thereto one pint of new milk. Warm it to blood water till about ninety-eight degrees, add a table spoonful of rennet, let it stand till thick, then break it slightly with a spoon and place it in a frame in which you have previously put a fine canvas cloth, press it slightly with a weight, let it stand a few hours, then put a finer cloth in the frame, in little powdered salt may be put over the cloth. It will be fit for use in a day or two.

Things to Do and to Know.

The Late Rose potato is not a success.

Polled or hornless cattle, now becoming popular, are a distinctively American breed. They are worth experimenting with.

Carrots, beets, and root food in general are excellent for breeding ewes. Begin about three weeks before they begin to drop their lambs.

The lateral or spreading side roots of a tree produce the wood growth, it is said. By cutting them off all around about every other year, it is claimed, the yield of fruit will be increased greatly and the tree prevented from running to wood. For a tree four inches in diameter cut off the side roots a distance of two feet around the trunk.

In Snow Time.

Every farmer with hands on him can provide himself with conveniences worth hundreds of dollars, with very cheap material and a few hours work during rainy days.

We present a few of those conveniences for snow time. As soon as snow falls clear it away in paths about your house, barns and roads.

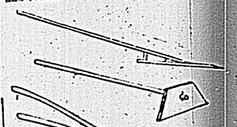


FIG. 1.—SNOW PLOW AND SHOVELS.

The first figure is a snow plow. A few boards and a pair of old plow handles are all that are needed. The plow is in the shape of a letter A. Put a bar across between the boards to strengthen it. A plow with the rear end of the boards two feet apart is large enough for clearing paths. A plow made in the same way, wide as a sleigh track, will clear roads. It is made to be drawn by two horses. Make the runners of two by three inch plank should be put under the boards, so that they will not cut into the track and spoil the sleighing. The other figures represent a shovel and a scraper. A band of iron nail'ed across the tip of the shovel and bent over the edge will keep it from wearing off.

Bright red carriages are in vogue for theatre and opera toilets.

Canvas dress goods, especially canvas will be the fashion next summer.

Silk crape, sponged with small gold flecks, is the fashion material for full dress.