

On the Farm.

CLOVER ON NEW LAND.

When the country was new, there was great temptation to keep as much of it cropped as possible, because there was then very little land besides that could be cultivated. Now, when on a large farm a piece of woodland is cleared, the farmer wants to have it seeded with grass as quickly as possible, so that it can be pastured. But the grass sod keeps air from the stump roots and thus keeps them from rotting quickly, so that it takes a good many years before the stumps are ready for removal. Besides, where the field is plowed every two or three years each time the land is plowed some part of the roots will be loosened or broken off, and the removal of these leaves a vacant place in the soil, which, of course is filled with air, which hastens the decay of what parts of the root and stump are left. Besides this, a grass sod pastured down keeps the soil heavy when it should be light, and as this lessens the crop that may be expected from the land, it is a decided encouragement to plowing it. Just here is where the advantage of seeding with clover comes in. It would be better if new land were seeded only with clover. This keeps the soil porous down to the depth of the clover roots, and as they are all the time giving off carbonic acid gas, it makes stump roots rot more quickly when in contact with clover roots than when the surface only is covered with grass roots and there are none in contact with parts of the decaying stump. Besides, if the clover is sown with land plaster, it will hold all through the summer a great amount of dew, and this will also help keep the stumps moist. We will remember once when a newly cleared stump lot was seeded with clover seeing many stumps that were partly decayed on the outside, and strong clover plants growing up against them and extending their roots among the decaying wood. Sometimes one or more clover seeds will fall into the hollow stumps and take root in the sediment that is always found at their bottom. In such cases we always noticed that the stump decayed very quickly. If we wanted to rot a sound stump as soon as possible, we should do it by putting oil of vitrol on its top until it had eaten out a hollow, and then fill this with rich soil and put one or more clover seeds in it to grow. If we had depth enough of soil to hold the rainfall, we have no doubt that these clover plants would soon begin to eat into the stump and hasten its decomposition. After two or three crops of clover have been grown, most of the stumps will be rotted enough so that they can be profitably lifted out by machinery made for this purpose. It is because we believe in clearing away the stumps early, while the soil is full of vegetable matter, that we recommend frequent seeding with clover rather than with grass. It is an important matter to have new land freed from its stumps while it is capable of growing large crops, instead of leaving the stumps to slowly rot out, and the soil in the meantime becoming partly exhausted, so that almost from the first, measures have to be used. Possibly our cleared lands are less rich than they used to be because, under present conditions, all parts of the trees find some use, and none of them have to be burned on the land as refuse. But if the newly cleared land is kept seeded with clover, it will probably be as rich by the time the stumps are off as it used to be under the old system, when it had, at the first, an excess of potash. That probably hastened the decomposition of the vegetable matter in the soil, without at all hastening, but rather retarding, the rotting of stumps and their roots.

HEAVES AND INDIGESTION.

There is no radical cure for the heaves which is really broken wind from structural changes in the air cells of the lungs, but indigestion is often combined with heaves. Every disease has a beginning, so when a horse is getting "heavy" he becomes much more so when hit on directly after breakfast on a full stomach. When this is repeated day after day, indigestion develops, and especially so when the food is coarse as well as unsuitable. Horses affected should be fed sparingly on the best kind of food—i. e., sound, clean oats, good, coarse, whole wheat bran and fine upland meadow hay chaff, which should be free from dust, dampened and sprinkled over with table salt. Once or twice a week a mash should be made of the feed and a pint of flaxseed meal added to it. This will soften the contents of the bowels and tend to prevent indigestion before it becomes chronic as well as the heaves. Watering is another item to be attended to in these troubles. Water should be given, half an hour before feeding, never on top breakfast, dinner or supper. When you do this you wash the food out of the stomach before the gastric juices have prepared it for the first process of digestion. This produces indigestion. Affected horses should not be allowed loose hay only hay chaff of fine quality mixed with bran and oats and given dampened. This diet will lessen the heaves in vol-

ume and the horse will go gently along without great distress. By proper care in feeding and watering, horses have so far improved that people have asserted that when a sharp doctor has given some cure-all powders it has effected the cure. Any farmer, however, can think it out for himself, and see that there is no place for powders or medicinal changes. It should be noted that heaves is the sequel of a bad cold; therefore, when young horses are sick they should have the best attention, so as to prevent the development of this trouble.

WATERING TREES AT TRANS-PLANTING.

A correspondent says:—"I have planted, perhaps, a million of trees in my lifetime. I met with but few failures, and cannot remember, having watered any of these trees. If the soil is made thoroughly fine before planting; if the soil about the roots is pressed in very firm, as firm as a fence off; if the soil is left loose on the top, and kept continually loose by cultivation, the trees will live even though the season may be dry." In connection with this paragraph, it may be noted that, on one occasion within the experience of the writer, a large number of trees that had been planted in the spring, and had grown tolerably well, showed signs during the following very dry summer of wilting their leaves for want of water. An examination seemed to show that although the trees had been well planted in the common acceptance of the term, yet the earth in many cases was not packed closely around the roots. It was not convenient to water them. The owner was recommended to pound the earth around the trees with a heavy paving rammer. This was done. It is almost impossible to convey an idea of the force used on this occasion. A force was exerted fully equal to that employed by the regular rammers in paving the streets. The earth being very dry was reduced to fine powder by this process, and moisture was drawn upward by capillary attraction. In a couple of days after, and there was not the slightest sign of wilting, although no water had been applied, and they continued to grow without any evidence of suffering for want of water until the next rain came. Had the soil not been heavily beaten in this way their death would have been absolutely certain.

GIVE COWS GOOD STABLES.

A cow, like a human being, suffers from bad environment. Stables must be dry, clean, well lighted, ventilated and comfortable, else the animals confined in them will suffer in health. Most of the bovine tuberculosis is made possible through the dirty, unventilated stables, and it spreads rapidly through herds when once introduced because of bad physical conditions. A damp wet stable causes rheumatism in cows. Lack of ventilation and sunlight lowers their vitality, and makes them resemble children who are never allowed to breathe the pure air or to play in the sunlight. When to filth and dampness, to darkness and foul air is added the torture of the immovable stallion, we may truly say the patient animals are confined in cow penitentiaries, and the conditions are such that to produce wholesome milk is an impossibility.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

It is a wise barber who never illustrates his stories with cuts.
The sins that pay best are the last ones we want to give up.
Many good examples are set, but few of them are ever hatched.
The confirmed bachelor prefers to settle his affairs out of court.
Men glance at the past—if she who passed is young and pretty.
It's always hard to please a man who doesn't know what he wants.
Lots of people are too selfish to assist others in having a good time.
It isn't always the fighting parson who puts his congregation to sleep.
Luck sometimes goes up in the elevator and then falls down the shaft.
A girl's conversation is naturally flowery when she talks through her hat.
It's the income tacks that renders the bicycle repair kit indispensable.
No man even thinks enough of his mother-in-law to make his wife jealous.
"Say something and saw no wood," seems to be the tramp's version of it.
But few people worry themselves to death because of other people's hatred.
Ten cents in your pocket will purchase more than the dollar some one owes you.
Physicians are called upon to prescribe for the imagination oftener than anything else.
Men never overlook a chance to take a vacation, but it's different with gas meters.
Time improves everything but women; they, of course, have been perfect from the beginning.
Life insurance is no doubt a good thing, but what some men need most is insurance against fire.
Nearly all the good Indians seem to have a mania for loafing around in front of cigar stores.
Slang and baseball talk are the nearest some people ever come to speaking the English language.

Good-Bye To Life

And to-morrow you leave me, and go back to that horrid London!"
"Only for three months, dearest. Then I shall come back to Rocksea and claim you."
Jessie Poole laid her pretty head contentedly on the rough tweed shoulder of the Norfolk jacket.
Will Preston was a clever young artist. Looking round for a suitable place at which to stay the summer, he had stumbled across the little creeper-clad cottage where Jessie Poole lived and nursed her bedridden father, and had induced them to let him make their home his abode during his stay. A thorough woman was Jessie, and as such she appealed to the artist's temperament. Beautiful she could hardly be called, but her clear gray eyes and the curve of her small firm mouth went straight to Will Preston's heart, and before he was aware of it the inevitable had happened.
Presently the shapely head was raised from the collar of the Norfolk jacket, and a low voice inquired:
"What are you going to do with yourself this afternoon, Will?"
"Oh, I'm going to row out to that picturesque old wreck, and take a few sketches of it."
"But you're not going alone, Will, are you? You know it's off a very dangerous part of the coast, and there are a lot of cross currents and sunken rocks."
"Oh, that's all right, little one. Your old admirer, Jem, Barclay, is 'bossing the show.' He knows every inch of the coast, and I've every confidence in him; so you need have no qualms, dear, that I shall not be back safe before dark."
As he mentioned the name of his guide Jessie looked up suddenly and seemed about to speak, then appeared to alter her mind, and was silent.
"So ta-ta, dearest," he went on, bending down and fondly kissing the sweet lips upturned to his. "I must be off. The tide will soon be on the turn, and it's a good two miles row."
The wreck toward which the little boat was rapidly cutting its way was all that remained of the schooner Bonnie Belle. A year ago she had been driven by a storm on to a sunken rock. At high tide merely a few feet of her sole remaining stump of a mast was visible, but at low water she was only partially submerged.
As Will Preston lay back in the stern of the boat fingering the tiller ropes, he could not but admire the stalwart figure in front of him. Jem Barclay was a young fisherman, living down in the village about a mile from Jessie Poole's lonely cottage. Over six feet in height, and proportionately broad, his muscles stood out like bands of steel as he pulled untrudgingly at the oars.
Soon they reached the wreck, and as it was now low tide, the boat was pulled alongside, and they clambered up on to the slippery deck. The schooner was but a mere shell after all, and as Will peered down through what had once been the hatchway nothing was to be seen but the inky blackness of the water in the hold. He was startled from his reverie by a laugh from his companion.
"A man wouldn't do much good, Mr. Preston, once he got down there, eh?"
There was something in the man's tone that jarred unpleasantly upon the artist's ear, and he answered shortly:
"No; I think he could say good-bye to life."
"Then you can say good-bye to yours, for that's where you're going my fine gentleman!"
Will Preston turned quickly round in amazement, at the words, when, with an oath, Barclay flung himself upon him, and bore him backward. The back of his head struck the deck with a crash, and he lost consciousness.
When his senses came slowly back to him, he found himself propped with his back against the mast, his arms passed backward round it, and his hands tightly bound together at the other side. His cap had been forced into his mouth, and his handkerchief bound tightly round, forming a most efficient gag. Before him stood Jem Barclay, his arms folded and his black eyes flashing triumphantly.
"You see, I've changed my mind," he began. "It seemed a pity to chuck you down in 't' hold. You wouldn't 'a' had time to think over things. Oh, yes, I know she refused me a year ago, but if you hadn't come with your fine ways and oily tongue. Now I'm goin' to wish you good-bye. It'll be high tide at 9 o'clock, and then 't' sea will be a foot above your head. Happen you'd like to see how 't' time goes, though. Well, you shall."
He took his knife from his pocket and drove the point into the mast a few inches above his victim's head; then he approached the artist with the intention of taking his watch from his pocket to hang it upon the improvised hook, but Preston, though his hands were tied, had the use of his feet, and as his tormentor came within reach he lunged out with all his force.
Taken unawares, the man sprang backward to avoid the blow, and, forgetful of the hatchway behind him, lost his balance and fell down it. In falling he turned half round, and with

slinking thud, his temple came into contact with the further side of the opening as he fell.

Will heard the splash of his body in the water, and waited, horror-struck, for any further sound, but nothing met his ears save the wash of the waves. He struggled to free himself, so that he might try and save his would-be murderer, but though he strained until the cords cut into his wrists, it was useless.

The fisherman had done his work only too well, and had himself kept back the help that might, perhaps, have saved him.
And as the utter impossibility of freeing himself and the increasing peril of his own situation became apparent to Will, pity for his dead rival gave place to horror at the death so slowly but relentlessly approaching. He tried to wriggle up by clasping the mast with his legs; he found it impossible, and black despair began to creep over him.
The tide had already turned, and was creeping through the broken bulwarks, and soon the first wave came gently washing along the deck, nearly reaching his feet. Again he strained and tugged at his bonds in vain. He turned his eyes longingly toward the boat, which had been moored to the side of the schooner, and then indeed he gave up hope, for it was lost!

The rope had been too loosely tied, and there was the boat, already fifty yards away, drifting with the incoming tide.
The sun was dipping toward the cliffs overhanging his sweetheart's cottage and he knew that he had but an hour or two longer to live, unless help came, and that he felt was almost impossible.
Soon the water reached his knees, then in little ripples circled round his waist.
Another half-hour passed, and the cliffs were lost to view, while the lights began to twinkle in the village and along the little wooden pier. Higher and higher rose the water until it reached his shoulders, and he began to feel chill and numb. Presently the beat-beat of a steamer's paddles came wafted over the shimmering sea, and with a wild thrill of hope he turned his head.

Yes, there she was, gliding along swiftly and smoothly her portholes and saloons brightly lit, and the strains of the hand coming to him cheerily as she churned her homeward course, the passengers joining in song in happy content after the pleasures of the day.

Click! click!
He's a monkey on a stick, they sang; and the shadow of a smile stole across the doomed man's face at the appositeness of the "Geisha's," words. Oh, if he could only get rid of that suffocating gag, his cries might be heard. But no sound came from his aching throat and the pleasure steamer glided on her way.

And now the water reached his chin, and he knew his life could be numbered by minutes only. He fixed his weary eyes upon one light that glimmered starkly on the side of the cliff, away from the others. He knew it came from the little room where his love would be waiting and wondering what kept him.

And as he looked the light seemed to go out for an instant; then it appeared again; again disappeared, and once more flashed into sight. What did it mean? Suddenly it struck him that it was something on the surface of the water which kept coming between his eyes and the light. Could it be a boat? He strained his ears, and fancied he could hear the rattle of the oars in the rowlocks. Yes, yes, it was a boat; coming straight toward him too. And at last a straggling moonbeam came slanting across the sea, and doubt gave place to certainty, for, although still a long way off, he could distinguish a figure in the boat—a figure, the figure of a girl. Would she, could she do it in time? He was standing now on the very tips of his toes, and even then an occasional wave, higher than the rest, would wash into his nostrils, and give him a foretaste of what was to come. Nearer and nearer came the boat, and higher rose the water. Could he hold out? The strain was awful.

III.

"Whatever can have come to those two?" queried Jessie, as the shadows lengthened, and still no Will appeared. Throwing a shawl around her, she strolled out into the evening, and looked away over the sea. She could not make out the mast of the wreck in the falling light, but something bobbing about at the foot of the cliff arrested her attention.
"It looks like a boat!" she gasped with sudden foreboding. And in an instant she was speeding down the path. A moment more and she had reached the shore, and there, not twenty yards away, she recognized Jem Barclay's boat—empty; and something of the truth flashed upon her.
"Merciful Heaven!" she moaned. "The boat has got adrift and left them on the wreck!"
There was no time to run to the village for help. What had to be done must be done quickly. With a fervent prayer the brave girl dashed into the water, clambered over the side, unshipped the oars, and in another minute the boat was once more turned seaward and the little boat was speeding to the rescue.

At last, after a lifetime of doubts and fears, she turned and saw the sunken mast standing out in bold contrast to the silvery pathway caused by the rising moon; and at the base, on the surface of the water, there was something else—something round and dark. With redoubled energy and panting breath, she tugged desperately at the oars, heedless of the blisters on her little hands.

It was indeed a race for life or death, and it seemed that, after all, her effort had been in vain, for as the boat bumped against the mast the head of her lover dropped forward and sank out of sight. With a piercing cry she

flung herself forward and caught him by the hair; then, moving her hands lower, she grasped his collar and pulled with all her might.

In an instant the gag was removed, and then poor Jessie was plunged into despair again as she found his hands tied and she realized that her little fingers were powerless to loose the knotted rope, and she had no knife, the victim's head. With a cry of despair she seized it, and in another moment the bonds were severed. At the risk of capsizing the boat she dragged the precious burden slowly and painfully fully on board; and at last he lay unconscious still, but breathing, with his head billowed on her lap.

As Will Preston and his wife stood before the picture of the year at the ensuing Academy she looked up at him with a little smile, and said:
"And what have you called it, dear?"
"Well, I thought of giving it the title, 'A Monkey on a Stick,' but it has been catalogued 'On Board the Bonnie Belle,' by W. Preston."
"R. A.," proudly added Jessie, as they turned away homeward.

OFF GUARD.

The Most Careful Man Will Sometimes Make a Mistake.

On the day after the recent robbery of a bag of one thousand sovereigns from the Bank of England was announced, a depositor at a private banker's office near by expressed his opinion with great emphasis while transacting his own business.
"Such monstrous carelessness was never known!" he declared. "The gold was taken from the counter under the eyes of the bank clerk and the messenger. The thief got away with it before he was seen by any detective, and before anybody knew that anything had been taken. Everybody seems to have been asleep except the light-fingered robber."

"Clerk, messenger and detective ought to be sentenced to prison for four months of hard labor. It would be a timely warning against the consequences of criminal carelessness. Everybody in a bank ought to have his wits about him and to keep his eyes upon the gold that is in front of him."

The worthy man grew red in the face as he expressed his scorn of careless and sleepy clerks and messengers, and strode out of the banking office with an air of virtuous indignation. Two hours afterward he returned with an anxious face.
"Did I leave my money behind when I was here this morning?" he asked, abruptly.
"Yes," said the clerk, grimly. "I found it on the side-counter after you had gone."

The severe critic, who had wished to punish careless clerks by condemning them to hard labor as convicts, had left behind him a bag containing several thousand pounds in securities. "I am greatly relieved," he said, "to find it here. I could not tell whether I had left it in a cab, or whether I had been robbed in the street."

This man had been as confident of his own vigilance as the chief of the coin delivery service of the Bank of England had been a few years before. He had boasted that it would be impossible for anybody to rob a delivery-wagon which was under his charge.
The officials decided quickly to put his vigilance to the test. One day he was sent with four men to a railway station to receive from an incoming train a large amount of gold. They carried the gold to their delivery-wagon, but while they were putting it in, a bank detective, cleverly disguised in appearance, succeeded in snatching up a bag containing several thousand sovereigns, and walking away with it under his coat.
The bag was not missed until the delivery messengers arrived at the bank and transferred the gold to the vaults. They were utterly dismayed when the bags were counted, and the detective produced the missing one.

TELEGRAPHIC TYPEWRITER.

An invention recently exhibited at a conversation of the Royal Society of England, seems likely, so far as private house-to-house calls are concerned, to supersede the telephone. This contrivance is a telegraphic recorder, without a battery, invented by a Mr. Stegels. It requires no skill and a typewriter's message on the desk of the receiver, while retaining an additional copy in the hands of the sender. It is such a revolution in telegraphy that the Post Office, has adopted it, and will install it wherever received by the public at a small cost. The Home Secretary has just sanctioned its introduction to Scotland, where forty instruments have already been ordered.

TIME SPOON.

Something valuable has appeared in the way of a new time spoon. On its is convenience attached to the side of a handle is a dial about the size of a quarter of a dollar, upon which are engraved numbers, after the fashion of a clock face. There is a little indicator in the center, which may be turned at will, to show when the food or medicine is to be administered.

Poet—My dear, I wish you would take the children out for a walk. I'm going to write a poem. Wife—Are you sure that you feel the proper inspiration? Poet—Oh, I'm inspired all right. I need the money.

OF MODERATE MEANS.
"I read somewhere once," said a man, "of moderate means, 'a story of a man, compelled by circumstance, to eat a corned chicken, who now and then, in front of himself a picture of a chicken, upon which he fixed his eyes and his mind as he ate, with a corned beef he imagined that he was eating a chicken. I never do eat that story, though I could not have the experience in my own day. I suppose that only goes to show a thing that will affect one in a certain way may affect some very differently."
"After a protracted succession of corned beef and corresponding ailments I came to the conclusion that I would like a chicken, but there was no occasion to buy one. Well, I finally procured a picture of a chicken, and hung that up over the table, when I struck into the corned beef."
"Well, do you know, it didn't do me at all? Not a bit, I assure you. I ate the corned beef just the same and it made my neck ache, and I got very near choking myself, too. I got up; and so I gave it up for good and stuck to the corned beef."
"I imagine I'm as impressionable as most folks, but it seems that I am not to impress in this particular. It was all the greater disappointment to me because I had thought the chicken worked all right. I had enlarged my bill of fare in that various directions. I had had a picture of a chicken for food altogether."
ANTS PAY SPIDERS.
We all know that certain species employ as slaves smaller insects of their own kind. Others keep ants to milk as we do cows. But the most astonishing discovery of all is the latest one, that there is a green ant which, though very clever in the building of its nests to consider it an industry, and so employs another ant to do this work for it. A small ant, therefore, trained to act as a spider for their labors in order that they enjoy it. It is by giving out a portion of the innuement of little eggs that they, the ants, in this is a most agreeable arrangement for all, man, included, as otherwise ants would rival the rabbit in ransacking Australia.

EMPEROR MAY LEAVE THROUGH HIS PHYSICIAN NOUNCES HIS DISEASE INCURABLE.
Bright's Disease is Not Incurable. Dodd's Kidney Pills Have Cured It Thousands of Times, and Will Cure It Thousands of Times Again.
Toronto, Oct. 31.—Newspaper articles from Peking, China, bring information to the effect that the Emperor is dying of Bright's Disease, under the care of a famous French physician, who asserts that the Emperor's complaint is "an incurable disease."
That is where the famous French physician is mistaken.
There is no incurable Kidney disease. There is no incurable Kidney disease. They, like all other diseases, yield readily to the proper medicine. The experience of the past shows conclusively, that the shadow of a doubt, that the remedy that will cure any Kidney disease, no matter how long the matter how long it has been, this remedy is known through the English-speaking world, to all nations and laymen alike, by the name of Dodd's Kidney Pills.
When Dodd's Kidney Pills were introduced, medical men were skeptical regarding their power to cure Bright's Disease. Experiments were made, in cases that had defied the most eminent medical men of the American continent, cases that were given up as hopeless—fatal cases. Dodd's Kidney Pills worked a complete cure in each and every case. The only known cure for disease of the Kidneys, including Bright's Disease and Diabetes.
This place they have held since to-day. No other cure has been discovered, though many worthless imitations of Dodd's Kidney Pills have been put on the market.
The famous French physician whose care the Chinese Emperor would use, Dodd's Kidney Pills, which was his imperial patient, his cure would be rapid and certain.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY, take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. It is the best medicine for a cold, and it is the best medicine for a cold, and it is the best medicine for a cold. It is the best medicine for a cold, and it is the best medicine for a cold, and it is the best medicine for a cold.