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IN MY DREAMS.

In my dreams I often hear them, hear the far off voices calling
From the hillside, from the red road, from the rolling waste of plain;
Have you left us altogether? (some one told us in the township)
Is it really true, old fellow, you will not come back again?

In my dreams I often see them, see the shadow people waiting
On the hillside, on the red road, on the rolling waste of plain;
And my lips would fain give answer something hopeful, if not certain,
But a mocking spirit whispers, "You shall not return again."

In my dreams I often see it, see the dear old shanty standing,
With the briar scented breezes playing round the open door;
Nothing great, nor grand, nor gaudy, but a quaint old wooden building,
Just a kind of way back tavern and a sort of way back store.

And I often hear the voices of the sturdy station children,
Kind of little shadow children in the middle of the road;
And I guess that they are waiting for the teamster and his wagon
And the dear old loony bullocks with their precious border load.

Shadow plains roll out before me with a mob of cattle charging,
And I hear the yelping brindle as she turns them on the rise;
And, anon, a shadow figure by the old slip panel waiting,
And I note the look of longing and the sorrow in her eyes.

Must the dreamer go on dreaming what the fickle goddess pictures?
Must he wake to find the vision all too seldom what it seems?
God! who fashioned all things perfect, grant that one day you will find me
Sleeping somewhere in the ranges with the shadows of my dreams.

—Pall Mall Gazette.

LIBBY, THE UNLOVED

LIBBY ANDERSON hung the dishcloth on its accustomed nail, and stood there surveying it. It was plain, from the way she looked, that she was determined to speak.

"Ma," she asked of the woman who was sitting before the little round stove, "what were those papers Dave put in his pocket as I came in?"

"Some things he was showin' me."

"Ma," she asked, quiveringly, "you didn't sign anything, did you?"

"I didn't sign your name to anything." And the needles clashed again.

She knew her mother too well to press further.

"I just couldn't understand Dave coming here this time of year," she ventured; "and I thought he acted queer."

The old woman was folding her knitting.

"I'm going to bed, and you'd better come along, too," was her reply.

A week went by, and although Libby had twice forgotten to feed the chickens, and had several times let the kettle burn dry, she was beginning to feel more settled in her mind.

She did up her work one morning and went to town.

Her first call was at the solicitor's, and there she heard the worst. Ma had assigned their home to Dave. She did not make any fuss; she was too old-fashioned for hysterics.

It was not until the old place came in sight that she broke down.

"It's not fair," she cried out, "when I've stayed here and worked—it's not fair!" And, for the first time in many years, she was crying—passionately crying.

It was a feeling of outraged justice that made her speak, for she was just a woman—the daughter of pa.

"Ma," she said, "do you think pa would like to think of your assigning the place to Dave, when I've stayed here and kept it up the best I could for twenty years?"

The old woman put down her knitting.

"La, now, Libby," she said, not unkindly, "don't take on. You'll never want for nothin'!"

Libby stood there looking at her.

"I think you don't realize what you've done," she said; and turned to the bedroom to take off her things.

It was not until the next month, the blustering month of March, that all was made clear. It was early in the afternoon when Libby looked from the window and saw a man coming in at the big gate.

"That friend of Dave's from the city is coming, ma," she said.

"Gracious!" exclaimed Mrs. Anderson, "and such a day as 'tis!"

The stranger warmed his hands, and disbursed a number of pleasantries.

"Well, Mrs. Anderson," he said finally, "your son wants me to make a little proposition to you."

Mrs. Anderson looked pleasantly expectant.

"Dave's always makin' propositions," she chuckled.

"He's been a good deal worried about you this winter—afraid you were not just comfortable out here—you two, all alone."

"Dave's always thinkin' of his mother's comfort," she asserted; and looked triumphantly over to Libby.

"Well," he resumed, turning back to the older woman, "it worries Dave to think of your being out here alone now that you're getting along in years, so he's rented a nice little place in town, and he feels sure it would be better all around if you'd just go in and take it."

"If that ain't for all the world like Dave!—always some new idea in his head. But you just tell him, Mr. Murray, not to be bothering. We don't want to move to town—do we, Libby?"

"Not if we can help it," she replied.

"Dave's been away from the place so long that he don't see just how 'tis," ma explained. "Libby and me wouldn't feel at home no place else."

"It's too bad you feel that way," he went on persuasively, "for Dave was so sure you'd like the idea that he's gone ahead and made all arrangements, and I'm afraid there might be a little trouble about unmaking them."

He turned to Libby.

"How soon do you think you could move? By the 1st of May?"

"I suppose so," she answered, in a dull voice.

April came, and for the fiftieth time the old woman watched the white give way to the green on the hills that curved in and out around her old home.

As long as she could, Libby let her have her dream. Her heart was not hard toward ma now. Ma had not understood. And Libby was glad she could have those few spring days before she was torn from the old home.

"Ma," she began one morning, "I think I will have to be packing up this week."

"Packing up what?"

"Why, don't you remember, ma, we're going to town the 1st of May?"

"Oh, la, Libby, I've give that up long ago! I'm going to die on the old place."

"But you know, ma, the arrangements have all been made. I'm afraid we'll have to go."

She turned to her crossly.

"There's no use to argue wi' me, Libby Anderson. I ain't goin'!"

"But what about Dave?"

"You can jest write Dave, and say his mother don't want to leave the place. Dave won't have nothin' further to say."

She looked off at the meadowland as if it were all settled. Libby would have to tell her.

"Ma," she said, "it's no use to write to Dave."

"Why not?" she demanded, in a half-frightened, half-aggressive voice.

"He's sold the place, ma!"

"What's that you say? Something about Dave selling my place? Are you gone crazy, Libby?"

"You know you deeded it to him, ma. It was his after you did that. And he's sold it, and we'll have to move out."

Hearing no answer, she turned around, and it was then she coveted Dave's gift of saying things smoothly. The old woman was crouched low in her chair, and her face was quivering, and looked sunken and gray.

"I didn't think he'd do that," she faltered.

"Never mind, ma," Libby said awkwardly. "Poor ma!"

It was the nearest to a caress that had passed between them since Libby was a little girl.

Nothing more was said until after ma had gone to bed. Libby supposed she was asleep, when she called quaveringly to her.

"Libby," she said, "you mustn't be thinkin' hard of Dave. He must have thought it for the best."

Libby was used to caring for ma, and she needed care now.

"Yes, ma," she answered; "I'm sure he must."

It was not until the morning of the fourth day that the silence between them was broken. Libby got up to take down the clock, when she heard a strange noise behind her, and, turning, she saw that ma's head was down low in her hands, and she was rocking passionately back and forward, and crying as though her old heart had broken.

She put down the clock, and again she wished for a little of Dave's silkiness of speech. But she did not have it, and the best she could do was to pull ma's chair out from the barren room out into the sunshine of the porch. The hills, she thought, would still look like home.

Ma did not get up at all next day. Perhaps she was ill, or perhaps it was only that she did not want to go out in the sitting room and see how unlike home it looked. But the next day she did not get up either, and then Libby went to town for the doctor. He said the excitement had weakened her, and did not seem very certain she would ever get up again. That night Libby wrote a letter to Dave, asking him again to let his mother die on the old place. A week passed, and an answer had not come, and still ma had not left her bed. The packing was all done, it was the 1st of May, and she was just waiting—she did not know for what.

Her whole soul rose up against moving ma from the old place now, when her days were so surely numbered; and so she sent a telegram to Dave, telling him his mother was ill, and asking leave to stay a little longer. There came a reply from his partner, saying that Dave was away, and would not be home for two weeks.

That night the old woman raised herself and sobbed out the truth.

"It's Dave that's killin' me! It's to think Dave sold the place, and turned me out to die!"

And then the way opened before Libby, and she saw her path.

The disinherited child wrote a letter that night, and to it she signed her brother's name. Out in the world they might have applied to it an ugly word, but Libby was only caring for ma. She was a long time about it, for it was hard to put things in Dave's round, bold hand, and it was hard to say them in his silky way.

The doctor said next morning that it was a matter of but a few days at most, for ma was much worse.

"It ain't that I'm goin' to die," she said, when Libby came in and found her crying; "but I was thinkin' of Dave. I keep thinkin' and thinkin' of him when he was a little boy, and how he used to run about the place, and how pretty he used to look; and then, just as I begin to take a little comfort in rememberin' some of the smart things he said, I have to think of what he has done, and it does seem like he might have waited till——" But the words were too bitter to be spoken, and, with a hard, scraping sound in her throat, she turned her face to the wall.

Libby put her hand to something in her pocket, and thought of last night's work with thankfulness.

About 11 o'clock she entered the room with the sheets of a letter in her hand.

"Ma," she said, tremulously, "here's a letter just come from Dave."

"I knew it'd come—I knew it!" And the old voice filled the room with its triumphant ring. Then there crept into her face an anxious look. "What does he say?"

"He's sorry about selling the place, ma. He really thought you'd like it better in town. But he's fixed it up for us to stay. He says you'll never have to leave the place."

"I knowed it—I knowed it well enough! You don't know Dave like I do. But read me the letter."

She did read it, and the old woman listened with tears—glad tears now—falling over her withered cheeks.

"You can just unpack our things," she cried, when it was finished, "and get this place straightened out. The idea of your packin' up, and think we was goin' to move to town! Nice mess you've made of it! Jest as if Dave would hear of us leavin' the place. I always knowed you'd never 'preciated Dave."

Before morning broke ma was dead. Happy, because she had back her old faith in Dave—the blind, beautiful faith of the mother in the son. And Libby—the homeless and unloved Libby—was happy, too, for she had finished well her work of caring for ma.—London Answers.

Tersely Put.

Bobby has just reached English composition in his school, and his father is a newspaper man, who prides himself on his concise style. Bobby came home from school the other day in high glee because his teacher had praised his composition on George Washington. He showed the production to his father with pride, but was somewhat crestfallen at his parent's criticism: "Too many words, my son. Too many words altogether. Why can't your teachers instruct you how to express your ideas tersely? Now, just sit down at that table, take this pencil, cut out every word you can spare without leaving out a single idea, and if your mother does not agree with me that the result is better than this composition which your teacher praises, I'll give you half a dollar." The lad took the pencil and fell to work, while his father read the paper. After a long time Bobby brought the heavily scored manuscript to him, saying: "It was hard work to keep in something on every one of the things Washington is famous for, dad, but I guess I did it." This is how the result read:

"George Washington became the Father of His Country because he had no little boy of his own to whip for cutting down cherry trees, and he is remarkable among American statesmen because he would not tell a lie."

Mamma awarded the half-dollar to Bobby.—New York Tribune.

The Food of the Gulls.

A scientist told the Belfast Natural History Society that there are 2,000,000 gulls in the United Kingdom, and during the herring season each consumes 200 fry a day. If all the fry reached maturity they would be worth £24,000,000.

HORTICULTURAL HINTS

HINTS FROM ORCHARDISTS.

Make the hens cultivate apples, plums and small fruits. Have yards enough so that hens can be changed from one yard to another, and in that way keep for them a succession of green feed in summer, while they help you to grow the fruit. Sow buckwheat or other grain in the yards when the hens are not using them, for them to gather later. Have small, movable coops or pens for the hens to roost in, and sheltered laying boxes, also movable.—A. W. Fisher, in the Massachusetts Ploughman.

FERTILIZING PEACH TREES.

The peach is somewhat sensitive to overfeeding with nitrogen or ammoniate manures. Trees grown near barnyards shoot out very vigorously at first, but the tissues seem to degenerate rapidly, forming gum pockets and exuding large quantities of gum. The trees have been observed by peach men to suffer from winter killing and in extreme cases are often killed outright. An application of nitrate of soda, at the rate of 300 pounds per acre in one case noted by the Department of Agriculture, retarded the ripening time of peaches two weeks. Peaches regularly ripen on the poor knolls and hilltops earlier than in adjacent valleys or pockets a few feet away, where seepage nitrogen affects them. The latter are also more subject to certain fungi. The proximity of an old stable was in one case the cause of the fruit being belated, and while the trees and fruit were larger, the latter was inferior in color and quality. In a series of tests the fruit on the trees moderately supplied with nitrogen was brighter in color, sweeter and finer in texture, and only slightly smaller. In fact, the peach is healthiest and yields the best fruit in soils which, for most other crops, would be considered deficient in nitrogen.

The plum in this respect behaves very much like the peach, especially the Japanese varieties. Two plum trees were given six pounds of nitrate of soda—which is a large application—strewn in a circle around the trees about equal to the spread of the branches. It was applied in spring after the growth had started and while growth was moderately stimulated during the season and they appeared to be all right in the fall, they were killed, root and branch, the following winter, though adjacent trees were entirely unharmed. On account of this sensitiveness to nitrogen, skilful peach and plum growers are always very cautious in the use of nitrogenous fertilizers, especially stable manure.—G. E. M., in the Indiana Farmer.

THE HITCHINGS METHOD.

The "Hitchings" method of orchard culture, as it is called, has excited very wide attention, because it has shown results which have not been equalled by ordinary methods, not even by the improved methods of the most advanced scientists. The Rural New Yorker thus tells how it is:

Mr. Hitchings does not plow or cultivate his orchards. His soil is naturally strong, and is well adapted to fruit growing. The trees are planted in sod, and are kept "mulched"—that is, a covering of manure, straw, grass, or whatever is available, is put around them. As the grass in the orchard grows it is cut with a mowing machine and left to decay on the ground. It is not cured and taken out as hay. Manure, straw, or other organic material is hauled in and spread over the surface of the ground. The object of this is to add organic matter to the soil and prevent the evaporation of moisture. The thick covering of grass and weeds on the surface keeps the soil cool and moist, giving an ideal condition for apple roots. The constant supply of humus or organic matter in the soil holds moisture, while its slow decay aids somewhat in making the fertility in the soil available. Under this system there is no loss of fertility except that removed in the crop of apples. The trees grown on this plan are peculiar in shape. They do not as a rule make as much wood growth as the cultivated trees, and the limbs appear to sprawl out instead of growing erect. But little pruning is done under this system—simply cutting out branches which tend to interfere with others. This "mulch method" must not be confused with ordinary "sod culture," where the grass is cut in the orchard and hauled out for hay, or where hogs or sheep are pastured. The advantages of this mulch method are evident. One man can care for a large number of trees. It is well suited to rough and steep hillside, which makes excellent location for apples, but can not be cultivated at reasonable expense. The fruit grown in this way is firm and of high color—of better keeping quality usually than that from cultivated orchards. The chief objection is the danger from fire when the mulch is dry, though this is not serious at the season when such fires are most likely to occur.

SOUTHERN FARM NOTES.

TOPICS OF INTEREST TO THE PLANTER, STOCKMAN AND TRUCK GROWER.

The Peach Tree Borer.

Recently we have received a number of inquiries regarding the peach tree borers—an insect that in one of its stages bores into the lower part of the stem of the peach tree and which in so operating does a great deal of harm.

The creature which thus appears is a species of moth, Sannina exitiosa, and the fact that it is so in possession of the tree may be known by the large quantities of gum exuded. Every tree thus affected should be suspected to be in the service of this enemy.

The moth to be held responsible for the business "appears most numerously in August and September." The female is "of a steel blue color, with a bright yellow band about the middle of the body. The male is of a grayish color.

"Unlike most moths, both sexes have the wings more or less transparent; this gives them a close resemblance to certain wasps, and such is especially the case with the male. The resemblance is rendered all the more striking by the fact that these moths fly in the hottest days of summer."

The mating and laying of eggs may be assumed to be in progress soon after the moths are about; the eggs being, as indicated, getting deposited "on the trunks of the trees at, or near, the surface of the ground. Within a week the eggs hatch into small white caterpillars, which at once bore in through the bark to eat out the inner bark and sap-wood." Here they stay until full grown, doing much damage to the tree—in fact, killing thousands of trees every year.

Most of these borers reach full growth in the spring after they are hatched. They, the larvae, leave the tree when they are full grown and spin cocoons "under the surface of the earth and within an inch or two of the stem of the tree.

"During the summer one may easily find the cocoons by searching for them in the gum and earth around the bases of the stems. They are a little over an inch in length, and are usually covered with bits of dirt, chips and the like." Soon the larvae becomes a pupa, and in two weeks the moth appears and the life-story repeats itself.

How is this enemy of the peach tree most successfully fought? It is soon after being hatched inside the bark, and so is beyond the reach of poisonous applications by spraying. Experience says that the moths must be kept from the trees, for if not they will act in accordance with their instincts, and then the borers are to be destroyed while they are in the trees.

This means that worming by hand has to be done, and so with all the necessary care, if the object sought is to be really accomplished. In the present part of the job the "earth is removed to a depth of two or three inches. The gum which is thus exposed is scraped away with a knife, and the injured bark cut off at the burrows. In these burrows the larvae must be found and killed. They are stout bodied, with distinct, brownish-yellow heads."

It is necessary for a desirable outcome that the person entering upon this work should be instructed in every detail. A stout knife is needed. Sometimes it is found well "to have a short piece of strong wire by means of which the larvae are reached when they are so deep in their burrows as to be out of reach of the knife."

That no unnecessary work may be done, it is to be noted that "there are certain very slender, white worms, which are often found in the gum oozing from the base of injured trees." These are not the larvae of the peach tree borer. The slender white worms seen under these circumstances in no way injure the trees. To save any time to killing them is wasteful.

The peach tree borer may most advantageously be attacked any time during winter. The month of March is regarded by many as the best month for the purpose. Some of the leading growers of peaches "prefer to worm twice each year." They thus get many of the borers before these have had time to do much damage. "This is, of course, an advantage, but if trees are wormed once thoroughly each winter and kept mounded during the summer, one worming will usually be sufficient."

Regarding the devices introduced to prevent the moths from laying eggs, it is thought that though there may be merit among these devices, it yet is advised that the principal dependence be still "upon a thorough yearly system of worming by hand and mounding."

And now as to this mounding part. The instruction is that "after the trees have been wormed in late winter, earth should be banked up against the stems to a height of four or six inches above the level of the ground.

"This compels the moths to lay their eggs high on the trunks, where the larvae can be reached when the time comes for worming. About Thanksgiving Day the mound is removed, as all eggs have then been deposited, and by removing the mound the larvae are left exposed to the rigors of the winter. Then when the trees are wormed again in late winter the mounds are replaced. Thus the trees are kept mounded from March to late in November, and not mounded from December to March, being wormed during February or March."

This is the sort of work that requires watchful intelligence, the sort which more or less will pay best in farming.—Home and Farm.

Budding and Grafting.

There are very apt to be times when it would be to the interest of every good farmer to know how to bud and graft.

The doing of these things is simple enough when once one has seen them done by a person who really knows how. More help can be given in such cases by one object lesson than by many lessons furnished otherwise, and hence our advice to those who would best and most assuredly be informed regarding these affairs is to go to a nursery and see the work done.

The principle to be observed in both budding and grafting is substantially the same. The idea is to so place the parts to be joined that the one is closely fitted to the other and so to be held by tying or otherwise until the parts thus brought together become united into one growth.

The ordinary play of the air should be excluded until a union between the parts sought to be joined has actually been formed.

In budding a bud is transferred from one tree to another. This is done when the bark on the tree from which the bud is transferred and that to which it is taken will separate from the wood—peel, as it is said.

A sharp knife—there are knives made for the purpose—to do nice cutting is required to open the way to where the bud is to be inserted, and also in removing the bud from its place of origin. After the bud is inserted in its new place, the bark raised in giving it admission is brought carefully and closely around it, taking care that the bud protrudes above the tying.

There are many different kinds of grafting—whip-grafting, veneer-grafting, side-grafting, inlaying, cleft-grafting, bark-grafting, herbaceous-grafting, seed-grafting, cutting-grafting, inarching, double-working.

And then the grafter uses what is commonly termed wax in this service. This is a mixture variously made, the object of which is to cover up and so help the grafts.

Whatever the kind of grafting, it is always required that bark must be joined to bark and young wood to young wood.

Thus when a scion is joined to a branch of tree larger than itself, it is necessary to insert it on one side of the larger growth.

Though grafting has to be of various kinds to meet the many different requirements that appear, the rule stands that growths of corresponding age must be brought together and kept together if there is to be success in the undertaking.

And then we know that some kinds of plants can be induced to form perfect unions in this way and some cannot. Plants have their affinities and fixed antagonisms much as have animals.—Home and Farm.

Sunlight Need by Fruit.

It is impossible for good fruit to be produced and well colored unless the trees—body, branches and leaves—as well as the ground surrounding them be fully exposed to the sunlight. Every orchard should be carefully gone over each year and judiciously pruned, so that air and light will be admitted. Too much top should not be left to induce overbearing; this obviates the necessity of cutting away large branches and adds materially in procuring first-class fruit.—Southern Fruit Grower.

Plowing and Spraying.

A Missouri fruit grower in a talk before horticulturists said he plowed his orchard four times each year, and he sprayed his trees about the same number of times. If any weeds grew in the orchard he mowed them down before they form their seed and lets them rot on the land. He realizes large profits from his fruits.

Parkman's Deed of Justice.

A story is told about Francis Parkman, the historian, which shows that in spite of impaired eyesight he was not blind to injustice. A friend met him walking along the street holding two street boys by their coat collars. In reply to his friend's request for an explanation Parkman replied: "I found this boy had eaten an apple without dividing with his little brother. Now, I'm going to buy one for the little boy, and make the big one look on while he eats it."

After reading this incident, we should expect fairness of treatment in Parkman's histories.—St. Nicholas.