the Chatham Record.

THE SPLENDID SPUR

THE ADVENTURES OF JACK MARVEL.

By ARTHUR T. QUILLER COUCH.

CHAPTER XIII.

The Adventure of the Hearse. The day spring came at last, and in the sick light of it I went down to the cottage for spade and pickaxe. In the tumult of my senses I hardly noted that our prisoner, the dragoon, had contrived to slip his bonds and steal

And then Delia, seeing me return with the sad tools on my shoulder, spoke for the first time:

off in the night.

"First, if there be a well near, fetch me two buckets of water and leave us for an hour."

Her voice was weary and chill. But a dozen paces from the spot where Joan's father lay, I dug a grave and strewed it with bracken and heather and gorse petals.

I lifted her softly and bore her down the slope to the grave, and there I buried her, while Delia knelt and prayed, and Molly browsed, lifting now and then her head to look.

When all was done, we turned away, dry-eyed, and walked together to the cottage. The bay horse was feeding on the moor below; and finding him still too lame to carry Delia, I shifted the saddles, and, mending the broken rein, set her on Molly.

"Della, have you nothing to say?" For a while she seemed to consider; then, with her eyes fixed on the hills ghead, answered:

"Much, if I could speak; but all this has changed me somehow-'tis, perhans, that I have grown a woman, havto it, and think." She spoke not angrily, as I looked

was less honeful.

"But," said I, "over and over you have shown that Lam naught to you.

"Surely I am jealous? 'Tis possible-yes, Jack, I am but a woman, and so 'tis certain." "Why, to be jealous, you must love

She looked at me straight, and answered very deliberate:

"Now, that is what I am far from gure of." "But, dear Delia, when your anger

has cooled"---

"My anger was brief; I am disappointed, rather. With her last breath, almost. Joan said vou were weaker than she; she loved you better than I, and read you clearer. You are weak, Jack"-she drew in Molly, and let her hand fall on my shoulder very kindly -"we have been comrades for many a long mile, and I hope are honest, good friends; wherefore I loathe to say a harsh or ungrateful seeming word. But into a corner, and now their light fell you could not understand that brave on a long black coffin resting on tresgirl, and you cannot understand me; one rush. When it comes, I believe, you may be strong. Now leave me to think, for my head is full of a tangle."

Our pace was so slow (by reason of the lame horse), that a great part of the afternoon was spent before we came in sight of the House of Gleys. And truly the yellow sunshine had flung some warmth about the naked walls and turrets, so that Delia's homecoming seemed not altogether cheerless. But what gave us more happiness was to spy, on the blue water beyond, the bright canvas of the Godsend, and to hear the cries and stir of Billy Pottery's marines as they hauled down the sails.

And Billy himself was on the lookout with his spyglass. For hardly were we come to the beach when our signal-the waving of a white kerchief -was answered by another on board; and within half an hour a boat puts off, wherein, as she drew nearer, I counted eight fellows.

After many warm greetings, the boat was made fast, and we climbed up along the peninsula together, in close order, like a little army.

All this time there was no sign or sound about the House of Gleys to show that any one marked us or noted our movements. The gate was closed, the windows stood shuttered, as on my former visit; even the chimneys were smokeless. Such effect had this desolation on our spirits that, drawing near, we fell to speaking in whispers, and said Ned Masters:

"Now a man would think us come to bury somebody!" "He might make a worse guess," I

loud peal on the bell; and to my astonishment, before the echoes had time to die away, the grating was pushed back, and the key turned in the lock. "Step ye in-step ye in, good folks!

A sorry day of sobs an' tears an' afflicted blowings of the nose-when the grasshopper is a burden an' the mourners go about seeking whom they may devour the funeral meats. Y' are welcome, gentlemen."

'Twas the voice of my one-eyed friend, as he undid the bolts; and now carried the coffin. he stood in the gateway with a prodigious black sash across his canary livery, so long that the end of it swept

the flagstones. "Is Master Tingcomb within?" helped Delia to dismount, and gave the hearse for sure!" our two horses to a stable boy that stood shuffling some paces off.

"Alas!" the old man heaved a deep for Matt. The door was clapped to, sigh, and with that began to hobble and the three rogues climbed upon the across the yard. We trooped after, seat in front, and we started,

wondering. At the house door he

turned: "Sirs, there is cold roasted capons, an' a ham, an' radishes in choice profusion, an' cordial wines-alack the

He squeezed a frosty tear from his one eye, and led us to a large, bare hall, hung round with portraits; where was a table spread with plenty of victuals, and horn-handled knives and forks laid besides plates of pewter; and at the table a man in black, eating. He had straight hair and a sallow face, and looked up as we entered, but, groaning, in a moment fell to again.

"Eat, sire," the old servitor exhorted us; "alas! that man may take nothing out o' the world!"

I know not who of us was most taken aback. But, noting Delia's sad, wondering face, as her eyes wandered round the neglected room and rested on the tattered portraits, I lost patience.

"Our business is with Master Hannibal Tingcomb," said I sharply. The straight-haired man looked up

again, his mouth full of ham. "Hush!"-he held his fork up, and shook his head sorrowfully, and I wondered where I had seen him before. "Hast thou an angel's wings?" . he

"Why, no, sir; but the devil's own answered.

ing been a girl-and need to get used the one-eyed butler, "our minister is and oaths, in the middle of which the papers, without buying books on the about as such, but the short is that for, but with a painful slowness that my master is dead and in his coffin." "The mortal part," corrected the minister, cutting another slice.

"Aye, the immortal is a-trippin' it ?" the New Jeroosalem, but the mortal was very lamentably took wi' a fit three days back-the same day, young man, as thou camest wi' thy bloody threats."

"Aye, sir-an' verily, such a fit as thou thysel' witnessed. 'Twas the third attack-an' he cried, 'Oh!' he did, an' 'Ah!'-just like that. 'Oh!' an' then 'Ah!' Such were his last dyin' speech. 'Dear Master,' says I, 'there's no call to die so hard;' but might so well ha' whistled, for he was dead as nalls. A beautiful corpse, sirs, dang my but-

tons!" "Show him to us."

"Willingly, young man." He led the way to the very room where Master Tingcomb and I had held our intervied. As before, six candles were burning there, but the table was pushed tles in the centre of the room. The coffin was closed, and studded with "Hannibal Tingcomb, MDCXLIII.,"

with a text of Scripture below. "Why have you nailed him down?" I asked. "Now where be thy bowels, young man, to talk so unfeelin'? An' where

be thy experience, not to know the ways o' thy blessed bed in summer to the door, and, snatching the reins, "When do you bury him?"

"To-morrow forenoon. The spot is two miles from here." He blinked at me, and hesitated for a minute. "Is

it your purpose, sirs, to attend?" "Be sure of that," I said, grimly. "So have beds ready to-night for all our company."

"All thy-! Dear sir, consider; where are beds to be found? Sure, thy mariners can pass the night aboard their own ship?"

"So, then," thought I, "you have been on the lookout;" but Delia replied for

"I am Delia Killigrew and mistress of this house. You will prepare the beds as you are told." Whereupon what does that decrepit old sinner but

drop upon his knees? "Mistress Delia! Oh, goodly feast for this one poor eye! Oh, that Master Tingcomb had seen this day!"

I declare the tears were running down his nose; but Delia marched out, cutting short his hypocrisy.

In the passage she whispered: "Villainy, Jack!" "Hush!" I answered, "and listen:

"Master Tingcomb is no more in that coffin than I." "Then where is he?"

"That is just what we are to dis-

About 11 o'clock that same night I her, and set it across her back, and hungry this mornin'."—Philadelphia ough area, has nearly 1000 motor crept out of the house, and, finding, as I suspected, a hearse in front of the door, crept into it, along with Matt Soames, whom I had summoned to help me.

By coiling up our limbs we managed in the same manner, and, patting his it, but only just before I caught the glimmer of a light and heard two persons approaching. They were my oneeyed friend and the good minister. They came very slow, grumbling all the way, and of course I knew they

"All right, Sim?" asked the minister. "Aye," piped a squeaky voice by the horses' heads ('twas the shuffling stable boy), "aye, but look sharp! Lord,

what sounds I've heerd! The devil's i' They raised the coffin and pushed it into the hearse. It was a close squeeze

I hope I may never be called to pass such another half hour as that which turf for the hard road 'twas jolt, jolt all the way. Finally we turned sharp to the right with a jolt that shook our teeth together, rolled for a little while over smooth grass and drew up.

I heard the fellows climbing down and got my pistols out. "Simmy," growled the minister,

'where's the lantern?" There was a moment or so of silence, and then the snapping of flint and steel

and the sound of puffing. "Lit, Simmy?" "Aye, here 'tis!"

"Fetch it along, then." The handle of the door was turned and a light flashed into the hearse. "Here, hold the lantern steady! Come hither, old Squeaks, and help wi' the

"Surely I will. Well was I called Young Lookalive when a gay, fleeting boy. Simmy, my son, thou'rt sadly drunken. O youth, youth! Thou wine bibber, hold the light steady or I'll tell thy mammy!"

"Oh, sir, I do mortally dread the devil an' all his works!" "Now, if ever! 'The devil,' says he-an' Master Tingcomb still livin' an'

in his own house awaitin' us!" Be sure his words were as good as a slap in the face to me. For I had counted the hearse to lead me straight to Master Tingcomb himself. "In his own house," too! A fright seized me for Delia. But first I must deal with these scoundrels, who already were dragging out the coffin.

"Steady, there!" calls the minister. The coffin was more than half way outside. I levelled my pistol over the edge of the tool chest, and fetched a yell fit to wake a ghost-at the same time letting fly straight for the min-

In the flash of the discharge I saw him, half turned, his eyes starting boots-as you shall find if I be not and mouth agape. He clapped his hand to his shoulder. On top of his wild "Young man-young man," broke in shriek broke out a chorus of screams a good minister, and speaks round- coffin tilted up and went over with a crash. "Satan-Satan!" bawled Simmy, and, dropping the lantern, took to his heels for dear life. At the same moment the horses took fright, and before I could scramble out we were tearing madly away over the turf and into the darkness. I had made a sad

mess of it. Leaving Matt to mind the horses, I caught up the lantern and looked about me. As well as could be seen, we were in a narrow meadow between two hills, whereof the black slopes rose high above us. Some paces to the right my ear caught the noise of a stream run-

I turned the lantern on the coffin, which lay face downward, and with a gasp took in the game those precious rogues had been playing. For, with the fall of it, the board (being but thin) were burst clean asunder; and on both sides had tumbled out silver cups, silver saltcellars, silver plates and dishes, that in the lantern's rays sparkled prettily on the turf. The coffin, in short, was stuffed with Delia's silverware.

I had picked up a great flagon, and was turning it over to read the inscription, when Matt Soames called yourself. The knowledge comes slow- silver nails; on the lid was a silver to me, and pointed over the hill in ly to a man, I think; to a woman at plate bearing these words, written: front. Above it the whole sky was red and glowing.

"Sure," said he, "'tis a fire out yonder!" "God help us, Matt-'tis the House

of Gleys!" It took but two minutes to toss the silver back into the hearse. I clapped

CHAPTER XIV.

sprang upon the driver's seat.

The Adventure of the Ledge; and How I Shook Hands with My Comrade. The great gate stood open. I drove straight into the bright-lit yard, shouting "Delia!-where is Delia?"

"Here!" called a voice; and from a group that stood under the glare of the window came my dear mistress run-

"All safe, Jack! But what"- She drew back from our strange equipage. "All in good time. First tell mehow came the fire?"

"Why, foul work, as it seems. All I know is I was sleeping, and awoke to hear the black seamen hammering on my door. Jumping up, I found the room full of smoke, and escaped. The rooms beneath, they say, were stuffed with straw, and the yard outside heaped also with straw, and blazing. Ben Halliday found two oil jars lying

"Are the horses out?" "Oh, Jack-I do not know? Shame on me to forget them!

I ran toward the stable. Already the roof was ablaze, and the straw yard beyond a very furnace. Rushing in, I found the two horses cowering in their stalls, bathed in sweat, and squealing. But it was all fright. So I fetched Molly's saddle, and spoke to ble to bring me anny. I ain't very the sweet thing was quiet in a moment, turning her head to rub my sleeve gently with her muzzle, and followed me out like a lamb. The bay gave more trouble, but I soothed him

neck, led him, too, to safety. I had fastened the horses by the gate, and was ready to join in the work, when a shout was raised: "Billy-where's Billy Pottery? Has

any seen the skipper?" "Sure." I called, "you don't say he was never alarmed!"

"Black Sampson was in his roomwhere's Black Sampson?" "Here I be!" cried a voice. "To be a European nobleman." sure I woke the skipper before any

o' ye." "Then where's he hid? Did any see him come out?" "Now, that we have not!" answered

(To be continued.)

such another half hour as that which followed. As soon as the wheels left Humorof Today

What We Leave.

Lives of great men all remind us, As their pages o'er we turn,
That we're apt to leave behind us
Letters that we ought to burn.
—London Star.

The Problem of the Cinch. "Nothing is so doubtful as uncertainty," remarked Hojack, oracularly. The pigeous, it may be remembered, "Except a dead sure thing," added Tomdik.-Life.

The Reason. Kicker-"Why do you call your auto

Taxes?" Bocker-"Because folks godge it so." -New York Sun.

Not in Any Danger.

Reformer-"My dear man, don't you know the wages of sin is death?" Inebriated Laborer-"Well, ain't I on a strike?"-Town and Country.

Take the Whole Road. "So you're having a new automobile | fually less than a gramme, about onebuilt? I wonder how it will turn out?" "Don't be silly. Automobiles never they were contained in a goose quill

urn out."-Philadelphia Ledger. Cause of Knocking. The old man grumbled.

"I don't like to knock," he said, "but possible to get over three-quarters of a what's a man to do when the doorbell million words within this tiny compass. won't ring?"-Cleveland Plain Dealer. ble feat was microscopic photography. The Way of the World. The messages were first printed in

Claude (hoarsely)-"Angelina Murphy | brdinary type, and then reduced by has just found a dime." Harold-"Sh! Make out yer didn't notice it, an' we'll bot' go up an' swear films or pellicles of collodion, each of we love her fer herself alone."-Judge. which, though it was less than two

Sunday Fashion Pages. "Have you read Herbert Spencer's

'Philosophy of Style?" terfering with its comfort or speed, "Mercy, no! It's all I can do to keep and, as we have seen, one bird alone up with the fashion articles in the daily

subject."-Cleveland Leader. Lifting the Load. "What a remarkable change has sud- sent something like 800,000 messages, denly come over Tootleby's face. He looks a dozen years younger."

"Yes, he has just quit running his automobile himself and engaged a chauf- of 120 volumes on its tail. feur."-Cleveland Plain Dealer. Knew His Limitations.

Jerrold-"Well, I'm going to marry War, that " was not long before prac-Dolly Frizzlefrazzle!" Hobart-"Gad! Car't you live without her?"

Barber-"Beg pardon, sir, but this

As Represented,

Patient-"Look here, doctor, you said

if I took a bottle of your tonic I would

have a remarkable appetite. Why, I

eat only one soda cracker each week."

An Office Call,

Teacher-"Tommy, something has got

to be done about your behavior. I think

to-day, after school, I shall call and see

Tommy-"It will cost you \$2 if you

do. Pop's a doctor; office hours, 5 to

Genuine Appreciation.

and we are quite pleased with him for

Cool.

from the foot of the stairs, "how about

"Bridget," Mrs. Hiram Offen called

"Oh!" replied the new servant, who

had overslept herself, "ye nadent trou-

Homelike.

"Mamma," said the little girl, who

"Hush, dear," whispered mamma;

"But, mamma, I only want to ask one

"Who has the flat above us?"-Life.

An Apprehension.

"I suppose you are pleased that your

daughter is to marry so distinguished

"Well," answered Mr. Cumrox, "I

don't know. When my great grand-

children look at my picture, I don't

suppose they will ever forgive me for

"you will waken the others."

"Well, what is it?"

was having her first experience of rid--

people who look down on toil."

doing so."-Chicago Journal.

Doctor-"Well, don't you call that a

the shave you just gave me."

bad dime."

your father."

7."-Puck.

breakfast?"

ing in a sleeper.

question."

there are more than sixty military Jerrold—"Not without being sued for pigeon stations in Europe. We were among the last to adopt this breach of promise, I'm afraid."-Puck. simple and efficient method of carrying

messages in time of war, but now we have excellent lofts at Portsmouth, Dartmouth and elsewhere, where birds are kept and trained in a most scien-

PIGEON "POSTMEN."

A Bird Which Carried 800,000 Words on

Its Tall Feathers.

It is a curious link with long gone

centuries that the beleaguered people

in Port Arthur have been using carrier

pigeons to keep in touch with the

outside world, just as the good folk of

Modena did not much less than 2000

But the most interesting use of

pigeons in war was undoubtedly when

they did such excellent service during

the siege of Paris a generation ago.

were sent out of the doomed city by

balloons-363 of them; of these, 302

were liberated, but only seventy-three

set foot again in Paris. It is amazing,

even in this age of miracles, to think

that a single one of these pigeon post-

men carried no fewer than 40,000 mea-

sages, each containing on an average

twenty words. This means a grand

total of 800,000 words, or the equiv-

alent of half a dozen fairly long novels,

How was it done? Part of the mys-

tery vanishes when we say that the

weight of all these dispatches was ac-

twenty-eighth of an ounce, and that

one and three-quarter inches long,

which was attached by a silk thread

to one of the bird's tail feathers. The

puzzle, however, remains how it was

The secret of this seemingly impossi-

photography several-hundred times.

The photographs were taken on thin

inches square, could thus contain 50,000

words. Of these pellicles a pigeon

could easily carry a dozen without in-

But a pigeon has carried as much as

three-quarters of an ounce for a short

distance. This weight would repre-

or 16,000,000 words; so that under these

for a pigeon to carry a small library

conditions, it would be quite possible

So impressed were army men gener-

ally with the usefulness of the pigeon

as demonstrated in the Franco-German

tically every nation in Europe had its

trained military pigeons; and to-day

conveyed 40,000 messages.

as the burden of a single bird.

years ago.

tific manner. In the Portsmouth lofts, which are in the Royal Clarence Victualling Yard at Gosport, is an office where the official log-books are kept with the utmost detail and precision. There are stud registers, and report books in which the doings of every pigeon are chronicled; one volume is devoted to a record of times of liberation, another to pigeons homing at the loft, and in another volume the various messages carried by the birds are pasted. Among these it is interesting to notice many that have been sent to the lofts by members of our royal family when crossing the Channel. The moment a bird enters the loft it is automatically shut into a box by the dropping of a noiseless slide, and an electric bell summons an

attendant to take the message it has Customer-"It ain't any worse than brought. Every year 2000 or 3000 pigeons compete in a 500-mile flight, which is usually accomplished in a single day, for

prizes given by the King and Comte de Flandres. What a pigeon really can do was demonstrated as long ago as 1850. When Sir John Ross started in the remarkable appetite?"-Detroit Jour-Felix in search of Franklin's last expedition he took with him four homing pigeons belonging to a woman in Ayrshire, intending to release two of them when he laid up his vessel for the winter, and the remaining pair

when, if ever, he found Franklin. The first pair of pigeons he liberated In Melville Bay on October 7, and six days later one of the birds reached its cote in Ayrshire, though, unfortunately its message had been lost during the journey. The distance between Mel-"I am afraid you are one of those ville Island and Ayrshire in a direct "Not at all," answered the luxurious line is 2400 miles, and this is the astonishing journey the pigeon had made youth. "My great-great-grandfather worked hard and invested his money, in half a dozen days .- London Tit-Bits.

The Motor-Cycle in Britain.

According to the Motor-Cycle of London there are 29,000 motor-cyclists in the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. In the London County Council District are found 3344 of the number. Surrey, excluding the London County Council and the Croydon Borcyclists.

Strong hopes are entertained that international uniformity in electrical units may shortly be secured. Our Foreign Office has the matter under consideration on the report of experts who attended the St. Louis Electrical Congress. In all likelihood an international commission, which it is suggested should arrange such a system of electrical units-in terms of the ohm, volt and ampere-will foregather at Geneva or The Hague. In many countries, including Russia, Norway and Sweden, Denmark, the Netherlands, Portugal, Italy and Japan, no electrical units have yet been legalized .- London Telegraph.

Over 1000 miles of telegraph poles in full blossom are to be seen in not wearing a big feather on my hat | Uganda. The wires are strung from or a tin waistcoat so as to look like a a species of fig tree, which has extraregular ancestor."-Washington Star. ordinary powers of germination

SOUTHERN * FARM * NOTES.

·0-==-D·@·0=--D·

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

will devour it.

feed the chicks on the coop floor; have a little feeding-board and on this put all feed. Feed five times a day for the first week; after that, four times. When chicks are a week old feed cracked wheat, or screenings, rolled oats and cracked corn mixed. Conlow this method.

growth, feed it a wet, sodden mess of Two or three crops of peaches are corn dough.-Progressive Farmer.

Raising Horses.

and for farm work, whether they are backer "big little" sort or the express van kind. Seeing that most farmers are certain to use one of these varieties in order to do the work of the farm, it is satisfactory to know that the surinasmuch as he can market the four servation. and five-year-olds and fill up the gaps with the youngsters which are coming on year after year. There is no reason

of the mare. worked out with no prospect of re- ment to the home, and afford some exnewals except by clipping into the bank | cellent fruit .- Southern Agriculturist. for a fresh supply.

Value of Mixed Planting. Wm. B., of Trenton, Tenn., says: I

The apples now occupy one-fourth of weaken the vines. Phosphates are exthe ground; they are set in alternate rows, with a peach, plum or cherry can be grown on most soils, and it is tree between each apple tree in the surprising that so few homes have row. It is my intention to cut out all luscious grapes. If the reader has not but the apple trees when they become the money to purchase the roots, if he too thick. The trees are set twenty will obtain a cutting fifteen inches feet apart each way; thus, when they long, and place it the whole depth in are thinned, the apples will be stand- the ground, covering the top of the ing forty feet apart each way. Early vine one inch, it will take root and

be substituted for the peaches, etc. My theory of this mixed planting is that is necessary is the disposition and that a larger amount of fruit can be knowing how. grown on the same ground than if planted to apples alone, that it is no more trouble to cultivate trees twenty feet apart than forty feet, that the calf, pig or lamb almost invariably depeaches, cherries and plums will com- termines the growth and future develmence bearing first and will naturally opment of the plant or animal. This die out first, that the manures and fer- natural law is the reason why the tilizers remaining in the soil will be Southern Agriculturist so persistently used by the apples when the other trees advises the thorough pulverization of

are cut out. Most of the peach trees in my orchard calf is warm and full of milk for the are seedlings, and I consider this a first twenty days of its existence. Start good way to grow them, as the fruits the plants on rapid growth and they of these trees are doubtful. Should will prove a success. Where the most you be successful in growing an im- of the milk is taken from the calf in its proved variety, then cut out all the infancy it will never become a well detrees near it, thus giving it plenty of veloped cow or beef. room to develop. It can then be propagated by budding or grafting on other stocks. If you are unsuccessful in growing a new variety, still your Sbor is not in vain, for where the trees are overcrowded they can easily be thinned.

Potato Growing.

The statistical bureau of the Depart- be fertile. Many orchards need mament of Agriculture has prepared some | nuring, and most of all need mineral common sense notes on potato grow- manures.

Pointed Paragraphs.

If you would knock a stubborn man down instead of stopping to argue with him you would save a lot of wind and much valuable time.

When you hear of people who fairly blaze with diamonds you may rest assured that they are not going to set the world on fire.

The government has decided to push the rebate cases against the Santa Fe railway,

Killing Young Chickens by Feeding. | ing, which particularly emphasize the The great mortality amongst little importance of maintaining plenty of chicks is caused by too early feeding. humus in the soil to conserve moisture. Nature has provided the yolk of the In tests made soil supplied with humus egg (which they absorb through the produced a fair crop of potatoes notvent just before hatching) with enough withstanding a bad drouth, whereas nutriment to sustain life for sixty the crop on the adjoining tract was hours, and if you feed them before practically a failure. The great immost of this yolk has been taken up in portance of thorough tillage is also the system, you give them indigestion; brought out by these experiments. A bowel troubles follow, and your flock warning is sounded, however, against diminishes. What the little chicks do over-tillage-that is, too much deep culneed at once is clean fresh water given tivating. During a drouth the cultivathem in a shallow pan with a board or tor should aim simply to keep the surrock over the pan to prevent them wet- face soil loose and dry. The dryer the ting their feet. And they also need a surface layer of soil the more complete few teeth to help them digest whatever a blanket it forms for preventing evapis fed later; this is supplied by scat- oration from the lower soil around the tering pure sand on the coop floor, and potato roots. Harrowing potato land you will be surprised to see how they before the plants appear above ground is considered a wise practice. The use At the expiration of the thirty-six of Bordeaux mixture invariably results hours the first few feeds should be in an increased yield, even when there hard boiled eggs chopped fine, or light is no blight. Thorough spraying with bread soaked in milk, squeezing out this material is recommended, as a all surplus milk before feeding. Never general practice, as a decided stimulus feed a sloppy mess to chicks, and never to potato leaf growth and consequent increased yield of tubers.

Separate Peach and Apples Trees.

G. W. M., Hendersonville, N. C., writes: I always plant my apple orchard to itself, as the planting of a mixed orchard is too much encumtinue this feeding until chicks are bered. You cannot cultivate it to an large enough to take care of them- advantage, although the peach tree if selves, and you will raise ninety per planted at the same time with the apcent. of all chicks hatched if you fol- ple will about have its day before the apple comes into bearing. The peach But never during any stage of its will just last about five or six years. plan is to plant the apple by itself and plant a few peach trees to themselves. The Southern Farmer has this very | The greatest mistake with most of us sensible talk about farmers raising is in planting trees too close. It seems to be the trouble all over this country. There is a very good demand for This is as fine a fruit country as any horses suitable for hauling in the cities one can wish for. I have planted a small orchard. I set my trees fortyof the heaviest type, the medium strong five feet apart each way and find it the best distance. I planted some peach trees in it and let them stand three or four years, and they encumbered me so that I went and dug them up. If I were to plant a dozen orchards I would plus ones will find a ready sale, and not put peach and apple trees on the surely the breeder has the advantage, same ground from experience and ob-

Japanese Persimmons. In many of the yards in the South why the farmer should not work this can be seen the Japanese persimmons, system, if he breeds at all, and if he the fruit being about the size of the does it is well to aim at the heaviest Lady Blush apple. The bushes are kinds that his mares are capable of not more than six feet high, and the producing; by which I mean that limbs are laden with this pleasant blocky mares with substance should fruit. The Japanese fruit is considbe mated with the weighty stallions, ered a luxury, and the housewife of and it is usually better when breeding the home where these bushes have draft horses to select a sire on the been planted takes much pride in them larger rather than on the smaller side as an ornament to the yard, as well as the pleasure of eating the fruit. Trees Horse breeding commends itself for grafted on the native wild persimmon this reason, that the work of the farm will grow on any soil in the South. has to be carried on with horses, and They will do better on very poor land their presence is indispensable; there- than any other kind of fruit trees. fore, those which are fitted can be Take up this spring wild persimmon made to answer the dual purpose of trees, and transplant in the yard or workers and breeders, which must be old orchard, and the second year graft better from a financial point of view the Japanese buds into the native than if geldings are purchased and bushes. Such a tree will be an orna-

Cuttings From Grapes. Grape vines should be pruned without delay. When this is postponed unhave an orchard started, composed of til the beginning of spring the sap apples, peaches, cherries and plums. will flow from the cuts and greatly cellent fertilizer for grapes. Grapes bearing, short-lived apple trees may make grapes in three years. It is an easy matter to have a vineyard. All

> The First Twenty Days. The first twenty days of a plant, or the soil, or seeing that the little pig or

> Don't Starve the Orchard. Too many orchards are starved, and while a tree will do the best to produce fruit under any circumstances, it is useless to expect much from it unless it is properly fed and cared for. The cultivation around a bearing tree is of less consequence than that the ground

News of the Day. The American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions decided to

accept Mr. Rockefeller's gift of \$100,-000, but postponed final action for two Attorney-General Hadley began pro-

ceedings in the Supreme Court of souri to cancel the franchises of e Standard Oll Company in that St The directors of the Penns !-

Railroad Company decided to in. \$100,000 of 3 1-3 per cent. bond?