

WANDERLUST.

I am longing for the seaward and the sun... Every dawn breaks like the pealing of a cymbal.

—James Owen Tyron, in the New York Times.

A FOREST TERROR.

By ROE L. HENDRICK.

Daniel Davis, who died late in 1900, in his ninety-fifth year, was the last survivor of the numerous bands of immigrants who came straggling into the unbroken forests of the townships of Springbrook, New York, between 1806 and 1815.

A dozen years later Daniel had grown to be a sturdy young man of nineteen, and the family were firmly established on one of the best farms in all Western New York.

The Erie Canal, connecting the Hudson River at Albany with Lake Erie at Buffalo, was nearing completion.

The party were all experienced woodsmen. They built a shack or lean-to of bark, enclosed on four sides, but with a wide opening, just outside of which a fire was kept burning at night and to cook their meals.

At noon on the fourth Saturday after they had begun getting out the logs, Daniel consented to take a half-holiday and try to shoot a deer.

The two left the camp at one o'clock, and had gone only a few miles when the hound routed out a fierce old bear.

Washington was broken hearted as he thought of what he had done. What would his father do and say?

games and dancing, and musicians were engaged. Plenty of plain but appetizing food was provided, and all the neighbors were invited.

Next, at the moment the proper stage had been reached, a second portion of the sirup was dipped from near the bottom of the kettle, where it was thickest and heaviest, and cured upon snow to form the delicious maple-wax.

A favorite amusement at a sugar festival seventy-five years ago was to decoy a dog into the circle and toss him a huge ball of the maple wax.

He was a courageous animal, and had never been known to show the least fear on his neck and shoulders, and with a grating of mingled rage and fear, Nero for the first time in his life turned and fled.

For a second longer he stood motionless. Then he raised his muzzle and howled and stood shifting his three feet, as he gathered them beneath him for a spring at the throat of the victim he might select.

From face to face roared that savage, 'sightless eye and its seeing mate. Then, then! you could see every muscle tighten. He had chosen Dorothy Mixer, the youngest and prettiest girl present for his prey!

The long terror was over, and Sarah Davis was deservedly the heroine of the hour.

When the news of Rose's death reached the Granger neighborhood, as it soon did, it was remembered that the tracks of a three-footed dog had been seen leading down one of the bluffs above Thompson's Creek for some time.

They reached Springbrook, in four hours, and carried Joe Thomas, now dead, the way. All agreed that he was a dead boy, and no one was more surprised than himself at his speedy recovery.



Barn Wisdom.

Some good things: Kerosene oil for iron tools; linseed oil for farm wagons, carts and machines.

Don't sell worn-out tools to the junkman. Instead, wrench, chisel and hammer and put by to be used in making some of the hundred and one things needed on the farm every year.

When the squash vine wilt and die in mid-summer it is well to look for the borer. This is the larva from an egg laid during June or July upon the stems near the root.

Such an insect is scarce from all portions. The moth may be picked off the leaves when they are at rest during the early evening. They are described by Wood as 'a handsome insect about half an inch long, with an orange-colored body ornamented by several black spots upon the back, and having olive brown front wings and transparent hind ones.'

The economic value of all foods depends upon their digestibility.

It is very desirable to put the early lambs to maturity as soon as possible.

It is a source of wonderment that most of our farmers do not keep at least a few swarms of bees.

When the cattle are through the barn, they are put up on two down and then drive stock that way.

A SERMON FOR SUNDAY.

AN ELOQUENT DISCOURSE BY THE REV. A. B. KINSOLVING.

Subject: 'The Debt to Caesar and to God.'—We Must Not Permit the 'Huge Modern Machine' to Run Over Our Souls.

Now, this does not mean that the cows should be driven off a mile or two through howling winds and storms to get what water they want to drink.

It is a mistake in selecting trees. A mistake many new beginners make when they decide on the variety of apples which they intend to set in an orchard is caused by the way they make the selection.

It is a mistake in selecting trees. A mistake many new beginners make when they decide on the variety of apples which they intend to set in an orchard is caused by the way they make the selection.

It is a mistake in selecting trees. A mistake many new beginners make when they decide on the variety of apples which they intend to set in an orchard is caused by the way they make the selection.

It is a mistake in selecting trees. A mistake many new beginners make when they decide on the variety of apples which they intend to set in an orchard is caused by the way they make the selection.

It is a mistake in selecting trees. A mistake many new beginners make when they decide on the variety of apples which they intend to set in an orchard is caused by the way they make the selection.

It is a mistake in selecting trees. A mistake many new beginners make when they decide on the variety of apples which they intend to set in an orchard is caused by the way they make the selection.

THE IDEAL NEWSPAPER.

'The Scotsman' I ken, for the grocer sends home the butter an' eggs wrapped up in the name.

'The Times' I have read, for I fouk it, ye see, Tied round a bit parcel I had frae Dundee.

'The Scotsman' I ken, for the grocer sends home the butter an' eggs wrapped up in the name.

'The Times' I have read, for I fouk it, ye see, Tied round a bit parcel I had frae Dundee.

'The Scotsman' I ken, for the grocer sends home the butter an' eggs wrapped up in the name.

'The Times' I have read, for I fouk it, ye see, Tied round a bit parcel I had frae Dundee.

'The Scotsman' I ken, for the grocer sends home the butter an' eggs wrapped up in the name.

'The Times' I have read, for I fouk it, ye see, Tied round a bit parcel I had frae Dundee.

JUST FOR FUN.



Ardu—What are you reminding me of that old bill again for? Bill Collector—I thought you'd be glad of another chance to forget it, sir.—Chicago Tribune.

Young Author—When I write far into the night I find great difficulty in getting asleep. Friend—Why don't you read over what you've written.—Princeton Tric.

Billings—Oh, beg pardon; I didn't recognize you when I first saw you. Borden—You mean you didn't see me when you first recognized me. I noticed it.—Boston Transcript.

'Does that young Mrs. Blinky support her husband?' 'Support him? You might call it that if you want. She holds him up every Saturday night.'—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

'Mabel, I have something to say that I think will astonish you.' 'What is it, Harry?' 'I am going away.' 'Oh, Harry! you are always getting up some nice surprise for me.'—New Yorker.

The Fiancee—Oh, I have such a lovely Easter hat. Shall I show it to you? The Fiancee—I wish you would, and—er—now that we are engaged, I think it would be only fair to let me see the bill.—Brooklyn Daily.