BIRMINGHAM ECCENTRIC.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
WHITEHEAD & MITCHELL

Entered at the postoffice at Birmingham, Mich., as second-class matter.

Learning does not necessarily imply wisdom.

When young men propose girls dispose—of the ice cream.

A novel lie attracts more attention than a hackneyed truth.

The man who owes for his hat is over head and ears in debt.

No man lives a useless life. He may serve as an example for others to avoid.

The man who starts out to look for trouble usually ends by having it thrust upon him.

It is always a severe strain on the angelic qualities of a woman when she has to use her wings to dust the furniture.

General Coxey is not heard from during our argument with Spain; but, anyhow, his daughter has become a circus rider if not a rough one.

The newspaper writer who slapped Shafter's face knew his rights too much. After all, he wasn't the man who conducted the Santiago campaign.

"Shall New York execute a woman?" asks the Chicago Times-Herald. There is a question that precedes that one, dear sir. It is this—"Shall a woman commit murder?"

The discovery of a Spanish fleet is an achievement scarcely less than the discovery by the late Mr. Columbus. Proof of the same is necessary, and it is therefore unavoidable that the discoverers shall save the pieces.

Since the new war tax was imposed men may feel uncomfortable over the stamps on the checks they fill out, but they must accept the irritating outgo until Uncle Sam has paid for his tepedoes. War is an expensive indulgence.

It would make a favorite topic of conversation for the world if we had to fight in Cuba against those insurgents, in behalf of whom we went to war. If there were any laughter possible to Spanish misery all Spain would roar; and as for the peace people of this country, with what unction they would inquire, "Didn't we tell you so?"

The country may well congratulate itself on the failure of that part of the resolution which led to war, that recognized the republican government of Cuba. No one has seen or heard of that government since the war began. The Cuban army turns out to be few in numbers and of little assistance to us, and the people have not flocked to arms, as we were told they would do. Nevertheless, the Spanish misrule was a fact, and it is well that it is ended.

During the last outbreak of cholera in Korea, the American missionaries established a free hospital, where the care of house and patients was largely placed upon the native converts. One aristocratic Korean came to the hospital recently and asked if there was something he could do. "There is nothing now except to mop floors," was the gentle reply; "though that is continually needed." The native turned on his heel, but at the door paused and came back. "I cannot go off so," he laughed. "I should have preferred to carry broth, but I will mop floors." A nation learning such intelligent obedience cannot long remain passive under the conflicting dominations of Russia, China and Japan.

An impressive ceremony took place recently at the largest Lutheran church in this country, when, in the presence of over two thousand members, the pastor and trustees destroyed a canceled mortgage of thirty thousand dollars upon the church property. The document was torn into as many pieces as there were officers, and at a given signal each held his piece in the flame of a candle till it was consumed, the pastor exclaiming, "So perish all mortgages on God's property!" When nothing but the ashes remained, the people rose and with glad hearts sang the Doxology. Doubtless few of those present remembered the historical precedent: In the year 1252 Henry III., with the Gospel in one hand and a lighted taper in the other, swore to observe the Magna Charta. The archbishop and prelates and the king himself dashed their candles on the ground, while each dignitary closed his nostrils and his eyes against the smoke and smell, with the words, "So go out with smoke and stench, the accursed souls of those who break or pervert the Charter," to which all replied, "Amen and Amen;" but none more loudly than the king.

It was the night before a recent battle between the British and the Dervishes in the Sudan. One of the soldiers of the British army was restless, and presently roused his next neighbor with the remark: "Ah, Pat! How many thousands there are at hame across the sea thinking o' us the nicht!" "Right, Sandy," replied the other; "and how many millions there are who don't care a rap! Go to sleep, you fool!" It is a mingling of just such sentiment and just such practicability that makes the most masterful race.

It was just one year ago that Andree, Strindberg, and Fraenkel ascended from Dane's Island in a balloon in the hope of making the journey to the north pole. A message dated July 15 was received from the parent balloon by a carrier pigeon four days later. It showed that the balloon had traveled 145 miles north and 45 miles east, and was disappointing because the distance covered should, according to previous estimates, have been 900 miles. Since that time not a single word has been received from the expedition.

VALUE OF THE EVENING PAPER

News Comes When Business Men Have Time to Enjoy It.

The value of the evening newspaper is not exhausted when it has given the news of the hour, or has helped the business man over the tedium of travel from his office to his home, says the Boston Transcript. Copies are seldom found littering the seats of steam or electric cars, as it is taken to the household for perusal by the whole family. Of course the evening is the time when it can be most thoroughly read and discussed. Moreover, so rapid has become every medium of intelligence from one end to world's end that the evening paper is more favorably circumstanced than its morning contemporaries for keeping pace with the genuine news of each day. The facilities for extracting the best sence of the world's history for the day and the world's thought upon passing events have been brought to such a high state of development that it is enabled to keep even pace with daily events, furnishing a brief resume of such morning news as may have been expanded by other sheets beyond real value and keeping the record clear and unbroken. When it takes its readers into its confidence it is at a time when the cares and worries of business have been put aside for the day, or if not it helps to put them aside and enables the reader to keep in leisurely touch, not only with the current news, but with art and literature and those other larger and deeper interests of life for which most busy people have small inclination as they are about to plunge into the work of the day.

Hauling Melted Iron.

Stealing a red-hot stove has heretofore been supposed to be a feat impossible to the boldest burglar. It would probably, however, present but small difficulty to the Pennsylvania Yankee, as he has taken to hauling melted iron around the country to save the expense of melting it twice for his purpose. "A mechanical and economical triumph reported from Pennsylvania," it is noted, "is the daily shipment of tons of molten iron by railway from the blast furnaces at Duquesne to the Homestead steel works. This remarkable service was instituted on June 1, and is now an ordinary daily routine. The molten iron, as it is tapped from the furnace, runs into an immense mixing ladle, having a capacity of 250 tons, and from this it is poured into the 20-ton ladle cars, the ladles being made of sheet steel or iron, with a lining of refractory material. The cars are then hauled by a locomotive to the steel works, where the direct conversion of the molten iron into open hearth steel is made, avoiding all the expense of casting the metal into pigs and cooling, handling, reloading, reheating and remelting the pig metal. It is stated in the Iron Age that between 700 and 800 tons of iron are transported daily from the Duquesne furnaces in this manner.—Charleston News and Courier.

Helping Bankrupts to Begin Afresh.

The bill which became a law in the closing hours of Congress was a compromise on the Nelson bill in the Senate, and the Torrey bill in the House. It is the results of an agitation among business men of more than fifteen years' duration. The bill is quite liberal in its provisions, especially on the terms of discharge. It is confidently believed that this legislation will enable from 150,000 to 200,000 bankrupts to fully re-establish themselves. Furthermore, it will enable manufacturers and merchants to secure a fair division of their debtors' property, and go a long way toward preventing embezzlement, fraud, and useless waste of valuable property. It will be of great assistance to the bankrupt who, though honest, has been forced to the wall.

Good Advice.

You must have a heap of embers to make a glowing fire. Scatter them apart, and they become dim and cold. So, to have a brisk, vigorous life, you must have a group of lives, to keep each other warm as it were, to afford to each other mutual encouragement and confidence and support. If you wish to live the life of a man, and not that of a fungus, be social, be brotherly, be charitable, by sympathetic, and labor earnestly for the good of your kind.

Becoming Converted.

He—Do you believe there is anything in the theory that one becomes what one eats? She—Well, yes. I'm beginning to believe that there is. I have noticed that you seem to be particularly fond of squash.—Cleveland Leader.

FOR THE WHEELING WORLD.

On tour, a leaky valve may cause much inconvenience. Press it all around with a piece of damp clay, or if that be unobtainable, damp soap will answer.

In outlying districts it is often difficult to procure a cord for relacing a gear case, in which case it is worth remembering that a couple of long bootlaces joined together will answer equally well.

The Gretna Green race carried out at a recent bicycle tournament consisted of a lady and a gentleman riding hand-in-hand to a given point, dismounting and signing their names and addresses in a register, remounting and riding back hand-in-hand.

According to a London newspaper, a young widow of Rio de Janeiro, was introduced to her late husband while out wheeling, ordered a sculptor to depict the meeting, bicycles and all, on the marble gravestone in relief. The effect is described as more novel than artistic, especially as the lady is chiseled as attired in bloomer costume, in the inscription, which is in Spanish, is a sentence which may be translated "My dear soul had the tire of his life prematurely punctured."

Gladstonean anecdotes are beginning to pall, but one fact related of the late statesman is worth repeating as a possible suggestion to other owners of extensive lands—namely, the kind-ly feeling which prompted him to throw open the grounds of Hawarden to cyclists on Sunday. Local folk were not included in the privilege, as their opportunities were legion, but those wanderers who came awheel from a distance found Hawarden a delightful place for a restful stroll.

A SKETCH OF LAWTON.

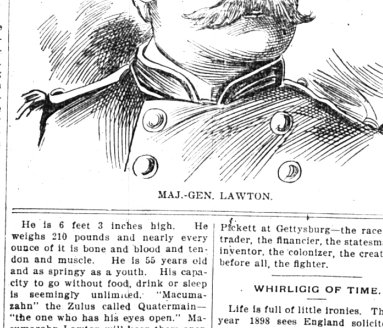
REMINDS ONE OF SCOTT'S NORMAN BARON.

Giant in Size and Strength—No one Has Done Justice to the Inalienable Picturesqueness of the Man—His Utter Fearlessness.

(Special Letter.)

THE papers have given many short biographies of H. W. Lawton, now a major-general of volunteers, who commands one of the divisions of Shafter's army and whose men were engaged in the desperate assault of El Caney. They have told of his long years of service, of how he has worked himself up through the lieutenancies to his present rank, and of the training given him of more than a quarter of a century of experience; but of the gigantic size, the phenomenal strength and activity, the abnormal endurance, the utter fearlessness and the inalienable picturesqueness of the man not a word. I have the honor to know him well, and, since I like men whose basic manhood has not been utterly refined out of them, I like him.

Lawton reminds me always of Scott's Norman baron, Front de Boeuf. He has better morals, of course, as well as a very pretty taste in red wines and reed birds, but he is as big as the giant slain by Richard of the Lion Heart, as direct in his methods and, in personal or general conditions, every bit as savage. There is plenty of the primal man in him. What he thinks he says. He has a strong sense of justice, but his temper is terrific, and he is not gentle. He requires of subordinates the utmost endeavor and gets it. He asks no one to do work that he is not competent and willing to do himself. Naturally a leader, he goes first, and the more difficult or desperate the undertaking the faster he goes. Upon the gray granite slab which covers the bones of a Confederate officer who sleeps on the magnolia petalled uplands of Louisiana is an inscription: "He never told his men to go on." That will do for Lawton when he dies.



MAJ.-GEN. LAWTON.

He is 6 feet 3 inches high. He weighs 210 pounds, and nearly every ounce of it is bone and blood and tendon and muscle. He is 55 years old and as springy as a youth. His capacity to go without food, drink or sleep is seemingly unlimited. "Macumazahn" the Zulus called Quatermain—"the one who has his eyes open." Macumazahn Lawton will keep them open for a week at a stretch when necessary, and then walk, talk, eat, drink, or fight a dozen men to a standstill. He has lived a life of peril and hardship. His only rule of hygiene is a tub in the morning. He has taken no sort of care of himself. Yet so splendidly was he endowed by nature that there is no perceptible weakening of his forces. Apparently he is as powerful and enduring as when I saw him first. That was more than ten years ago. He had completed one of the most remarkable feats of strength and perseverance chronicled in the long annals of the Anglo-Saxon race, but he was as fresh as a rose in the morning.

He stood on the government reservation at San Antonio surrounded by the tawny savage band of Chiricahua Apaches, whom he had hunted off their feet. Near him, taciturn but of kindly visage, stood young Chief Naches, almost as tall as he. In a tent close by lay Geronimo, the medicine man, groaning from a surphsoe of fresh beef eaten raw. The squat figures of the hereditary enemies of the whites grouped about him came only to his shoulder. He towered among them, stern, powerful, dominant—an incarnation of the spirit of the white man whose war drum has beat around the world. Clad in a faded, dirty fatigue jacket, a greasy flannel shirt of gray, trousers so soiled that the stripe down the leg was barely visible, broken boots and a disreputable sombrero that shaded the harsh features burned almost to blackness, he was every inch a soldier and a man. To the other officers at the post the Indians paid no sort of attention. To them Gen. Stanley and his staff were so many well-dressed lay figures standing about as a part of a picture done for their amusement, but the huge, massive man with the stubble on his chin had shown them that he was their superior on hunting grounds that were theirs by birthright, and they hung upon his lightest word.

For the tenth time Geronimo's band had jumped the San Carlos reservation. The spring grass was two inches high and the Indian lust for blood was awake. As usual, troops were started upon a perilous chase. For days they followed the trail over a country that God Almighty made in wrath. Further and further into the vast solitudes they toiled. Volcanic crests reared about them. Lava tore the leather from their feet. They drank from springs that gushed thousands of feet above the valleys. They wandered in canons so deep and dark that through the narrow ribbon of white far above them the stars were seen at midday. They lived upon animals no wilder than the men they were pursuing, and scarcely more wild than they. Now and then, from a forest of pine far above them, a shred of blue smoke drifted on the furnace air, followed by the shrill of the bullet's wild singing. The horses long since had been left behind. The cavalrymen were on foot with Lawton at their head, his teeth hard set. "We'll walk them down," he told his sergeant when the mountains were reached. He was walking them down.

Six weeks afterwards an Indian, whose bones seemed ready to start through his skin, came to the camp and said that Geronimo was ready to surrender. Lawton went alone to the lair of the starving wolves and received their submission. Cavernous eyes glared at him. Lips black from thirst and hunger were drawn back over discolored teeth. Skeleton fingers pointed at him. From skeleton jaws came sounds of pleadings mixed with wrath. The poison of bitter racial hatred was in every glance. "Even the rocks smelled like mad Indian," he told me with a laugh long afterward. He lounged among them, their master by virtue of superior courage and strength and hardihood, and they followed him like sheep to food and imprisonment. This is the story in outline of the capture of Geronimo, physician, wizard, conjuror, orator and murderer.

The man of El Caney is the man of the Mogallons, and the man of the Mogallons is the reincarnation of some shining, helmeted giant warrior who fell upon the sands of Palestine in the first crusade, with the red blood welling over his corselet, and his two-handled battle sword shivered to the hilt. The race-type persists unchanged in eye, in profile, in figure. It is the race which in all the centuries the Valkyrs have wafted from the war decks, have hailed from the holmgangs or helmet-strewn moorlands—the white skinned race which, drunk with the liquor of battle, reeled around the dragon standard of Senlac, which fought with Richard Grenville, which broke the Old Guard at Waterloo, which rode up the slope at Balaklava, which went down with the Cumberland at Hampton Roads, which charged with Pickett at Gettysburg—the race of the trader, the financier, the statesman, the inventor, the colonizer, the creator, but, before all, the fighter.

WHIRLIGIG OF TIME.

Life is full of little ironies. Thus the year 1898 sees England solicitous to see Mr. McKinley, as president of the United States, friendly to an alliance of the two great countries. In the year 1798 the president's grand-uncle was executed at Coleraine as an enemy of England. Today the power that executed the grand-uncle seeks the good-will of the grand-nephew.

The McKinley family flourished on a farm at Conagher, in County Antrim, Ireland. They had retained enough of their Scottish origin to remain Presbyterians. One of them, Francis, was evidently filled with the American idea, for he was so sufficiently convinced that Ireland was being oppressed by England that he took an active part in the great uprising of 1798.

Like many other men, he had the misfortune to be hanged for his trouble, and was buried at Derrykeighan, where one may still read his life-story on a grave stone.

The veteran had two sons and five daughters. One of the former came to America to join his uncle, William, who was the grandfather of President McKinley. His brother sold the paternal farm in 1838 and also came to the land of the free.

SCENE AT CONAGHER.

An Aztec Eight Feet Tall.

Prof. Moorhead, the archaeologist who has been exploring an Aztec ruin three miles east of Phoenix, Ariz., has discovered portions of the skeleton of a human being whose stature he computes to have been about eight feet tall. He has also some well preserved pottery and other utensils used by the early dwellers in the valley, and which he found in the ruins. The professor is working in the interests of an eastern museum.

The latest quotations in the autograph market show that a one-page letter of Mr. Gladstone's is now worth £1 5s.

FARM AND GARDEN.

MATTERS OF INTEREST TO AGRICULTURISTS.

Some Up-to-Date Hints About Cultivation of the Soil and Yields Thereof—Horticulture, Viticulture and Floriculture.

Wheat and Its Culture.

Wheat has been cultivated as a plant from prehistoric times. We do not even know for sure out of what the wheat cereal was developed, for it is very probable that it comes from some plant of inferior quality, but that has so far departed from it in characteristics that it would be very difficult to recognize it as the parent of our chief cereal. Some people think the aegilops avata is the parent plant. In the Bible we have records of the growing of wheat. In fact the corn of Egypt was wheat. It was cultivated in Egypt and till men began to settle down and to abandon the nomadic life. This would account for its extensive cultivation in the land of Egypt where men had already fixed their permanent habitations.

There is great difference of opinion as to the best soil for the growing of wheat. Some of the best growers prefer a sandy surface soil and a clayey subsoil. Some prefer a warm friable clay soil all through. It is probable that the kind of soil cannot be indicated in this way, as the wide dissemination of the wheat plant has made it susceptible of cultivation on most any soil. The real necessity is to have a soil well drained and filled with available plant food. If the land be hard it is well to have it under-drained, that the moisture may get out of it early in the spring and let in the heat. The best heat for the germination of wheat is said to be from 50 to 60 degrees. But if we wait for the heating up of the ground water we will necessarily wait some time.

The wheat raiser will find it to his advantage to keep up a rotation of crops, and he will find any of a number of rotations profitable. The idea is to get on the ground plants that remove different substances from the soil each year. In this rotation red clover should form a part under ordinary circumstances. It will not only restore the supply of available nitrogen, but will increase the humus in the ground by the decay of its roots. The manner of sowing grain will not be a matter worthy of discussion in the West. It is an accepted policy that it must be sown broadcast. In the East and in Europe the sowing in drills far enough apart to be cultivated has been practiced, but it is quite out of the question in the great domain of the West. We remember that about 25 years ago some parties in the State of Maine offered a prize for the largest amount of wheat raised on one-fourth of an acre. The prize was taken by a farmer living on one of the islands off the coast. He raised 15¼ bushels on his quarter of an acre. He had planted his wheat in rows and hoed it just as he would have hoed beans or corn. This was at the rate of 61 bushels to the acre.

Use of Farmyard Manure.

Manure acts on land in a two-fold character; it exerts a physical action on the soil; as well as a chemical agency, writes A. H. Ward, in Country Gentleman. Under the former agency we find it giving stability to light, sandy soils, and making them more absorbent of moisture, rendering tenacious clay soils more open and friable in their nature and thereby admitting the free passage of rain and air, as well as promoting the decomposition of these soils, and thereby rendering them more fertile. For dung to act mechanically in rendering a soil more open, and in overcoming its tenacious character, the farmer must let the manure retain much of the rigidity of the straw, or, in other words, it must not be very rotten. Experience has proved to him that in using it for very porous soils, which need to be compacted rather than rendered open the natural toughness of the straw should be entirely overcome, and the dung used in a rotten state. There are other duties discharged by dung which may be grouped together under the term of chemical. Here we have powers totally distinct from the farmer, for while it devolves upon the mechanical agency to render the soil adapted to being traversed by the roots of the growing crop, the chemical powers supply that nourishment which is needed for the development of the corn. It is, therefore, in their combined action that the most desirable results become manifest. But it is worthy of inquiry whether or not the use of fresh dung for stiff land and rotten dung for porous land is supported and confirmed by the chemical character of dung. When fresh dung is used upon stiff land we find that the decay which then takes place acts upon the land and renders the dormant ingredients of the soil active, and thereby converts matter which could not nourish a plant into valuable food for vegetation. It also imparts to the soil a beneficial warmth which is favorable to germination and vegetable growth.

In addition to this, the absorbent powers of the soil seize and retain the products of this fermentation of the dung and secure them until required by the growing plant. In the case of a sandy soil the circumstances as well as the powers of the soil are totally different. The porous character of the soil is decidedly unfavorable to its powers of retaining manure, and consequently we cannot look upon such soils as safe guardians of manure, and for this reason the manure should be added so as to be immediately available for the crop. The manure, consequently, is more suitable when well rotted, upon chemical grounds, as well as upon a consideration of its mechanical character. The same principle is applicable to all the intermediate descriptions of soil, modified by the same rule.

Applying Manure.

To The Farmers' Review:—In a recent number you quote from an article by Prof. Massey, in which he tries to prove that manure should be put very near if not on the surface of the land. The only proof he gives is that in one case a subsoil (clay?) was spread to a depth of three or four feet on the natural soil. This made soil then had a heavy coating of manure applied and left on top, and some other things in this soil grew and bloomed with unusual luxuriance. Now it seems that Prof. Massey had nothing to compare his results with. Being a good experimenter, he should have had one patch of that soil without manure and another in which the manure was dug well and deeply into the soil. Here in central Mississippi the soil on our hill lands is comparatively thin, and unless well cared for is soon exhausted. When exhausted it is often neglected and allowed to gully, and the clay from these gullies is spread out on the lower level land in many places. Here on my own farm I have at least three well marked cases. In two of the cases the gullies occupy something near one-fourth of an acre each, and reach an extreme depth of about 8 feet, and the clay is spread over an area of something like an acre. In the other case the gully occupies an area of about one-half acre, has an extreme depth of about 12 feet, and the clay is spread over about 2½ acres. These patches of made land, from hillsides where only very poor crops can at present be grown, comprise decidedly the most productive land I have. While the hillsides will not make, on an average, 10 bushels of corn to the acre, this clay, taken from them and spread out, will easily make 50 with an ordinarily good season. All the crops I have seen grown on such land are more productive there than on any other kind of land we have. This is so decidedly true that I am thinking seriously of compelling my hill land to wash and spread the clay over the bottoms and other level places. The question, however, is not one of the fertility of clay, but of the treatment of manure when applied to the soil. Shall we leave it on top or plow it under? The recommendation of the best authorities is to put into the soil and not on top. On top it acts primarily as a mulch, and, of course, would often be valuable for that alone. It acts as a manure only when the soluble part is carried down to the roots by rain.

If one is to judge by the color of the flood water that runs off from a field where the manure has been left on top a great deal is lost by leaching. If one is to judge by smell, a large part of the nitrogen, which is the most valuable constituent of manure, and is also the part most likely to be needed by the soil, is being constantly evaporated from manure that is spread on top of the ground. If manure is plenty and the soil needs a mulch more than it needs manure, it will be all right to leave it on top. But most of us are sadly in need of manure as manure, and can get our mulch cheaper by good cultivation.

G. W. McCLURE.

Indiana Horticulturists.

The midsummer meeting of the Indiana State Horticultural Society will be held at Connersville, Fayette county, August 11 and 12. Prof. J. Troop of Lafayette, Ind., is the secretary, and in a communication to the press he says:

"The regular summer meeting of this society will be held this year under the auspices of the Fayette County Horticultural Society, and all members of the state society will be entertained by members of the local society. The only reduced railroad rates that will be granted can be secured where ten or more start from the same point. Those who have never attended one of our summer meetings should make it a point to attend this one, for they will find it a source of much pleasure and profit. Those who attended the meeting last year at Pendleton, Madison county, will surely want to go again this year. As will be seen, the program will give a wide range for discussion, and it is hoped that all will go prepared to say something. Ample time will be given for discussion of topics not on the program. The evening session will be devoted entirely to the bird question; and papers will be presented by persons who have given the subject much attention. Come and hear them."

We hope that many readers of the Farmers' Review will be present at the meeting.

Low Headed Trees.

A great many fruit trees will be set this spring, says a Nebraska Farmer. One of the most important points to be considered in planting is to trim so as to make the fruit tree productive and its fruits easily harvested. The old idea that fruit trees should be trained to branch up six or more feet from the ground, so as not to get in the way of plowing, has long ago been proved a mistake. It is the fruit on the high tree that is most exposed to winds and which as windfalls brings less than half what the fruit, if carefully picked by hand. The low-headed tree will come into bearing early, and its naturally spreading habit of growth will keep it fruitful. Under trees thus managed there can, of course, be no plowing, but they do not need it. Grass is easily suppressed by the shade of low-headed trees, and a little mulch spread under the trees will keep the soil always moist enough for a thrifty growth of roots. Most of the fruit on low-headed trees can be harvested from the ground, or by standing on short stepladders, leaving very little to be got by climbing among the branches.

Thinning Fruit Crops.

To preserve its life and strength, a tree must only produce what fruit it can carry safely and not break down its vitality, says Northwest Horticulturist. What taxes the tree most of all is to mature the heavy seed, or pit, enclosed in the fruit. The pulp that surrounds this seed that we call fruit, and eat as a luxury or necessity, is only a protection for the plum itself, but the pit or seed is the very essence of life, and the germ of life is contained in it. To produce and perfect this seed taxes the utmost power of the tree and when there is a multitude of these seeds to perfect the tree suffers, the fruit is then small and little flavor, and capacity for continual production is decreased. It is therefore to the true interest of the horticulturist to limit the production to what a tree should bear, and not permit it to bear too much fruit before it has growth and strength to support it without injury to the future of the tree. Many a time the grower is proud of the fact that a tree bears early when by so doing it becomes stunted and injured for its life.

OUR BUDGET OF FUN.

SOME GOOD JOKES, ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

The Wall of the Mermaid—Not a Leg to Stand on—The Inexperienced Marine's First Trip—How to Become Famous—Flotsam and Jetsam.

Pleasures on the Farm.

Oh, 'tis royal fun to frolic
On the fragrant, new-mown hay,
To roll and romp and tumble,
And to while the time away;
What a joy to lie and slumber,
Innocent of worldly care,
On the clover in the haymow,
When some others put it there.

What a joy, when one is thirsty,
Ere as yet 'tis time to sup,
To consume the sweet ambrosia
That the cows have yielded up—
To drink out of the milkpail,
While you poise in the air,
When some other has extracted
The rich fluid that is there.

What a joy it is, in summer,
To be free upon the farm;
Ah, the very air seems freighted
With a mystic sort of charm;
Round and over all a dreamy,
Peaceful spirit seems to lurk,
That is, if you do the dreaming,
While some others do the work.

Not a Leg to Stand On.

Oh, dear, I do feel so forlorn!
With fish-tail why was I born?
I'd dearly like to ride a bike—
This I candidly must own.
To scorch along the deep-sea bed,
With tam-o'-shanter on my head,
In bloomers clad—but, 'tis too bad,
I can't even stand alone.

A Modern Fable.

Once upon a time a Tramp was Sorely in need of Something to Eat, and approaching a Farmhouse he spake unto the Farmer, saying: "If you will give me the Wherewithal to satisfy the Cravings of the inner Man, I will kill all the Rats about the Place." "Agreed," said the Tiller of the Soil, and he ordered his Good Wife to give the Tramp a Square Meal. After the Tramp had devoured everything in sight he went to the wood-pile and selected a stout Club, then seating Himself on the Porch, he said to the Farmer: "Now bring on your Rats."

Moral—Always have the details specified in the contract.

It Displeased Him.

The Walking Delegate—I haven't any use for those fellows in the navy. They're a lot of dubs.

The Grand Secretary—How's that? It seems to me they've put up a pretty good fight.

The Walking Delegate—They can fight all right, but they worked overtime on Sundays at Manila and Santiago, without charging extra or ever putting in a kick. What they want is an organizer among them.

An Exception.

"No, sir," said the man who takes things philosophically; "it is impossible to begin at the top, no matter what the business happens to be. The whole course of human experience teaches that this is so."

"Oh, I don't know," replied the scoffer; "our baseball team was as near the top as any of them at the beginning of the season."

Lacked Originality.

He—"And am I really and truly the first man you ever kissed?"

She—"Why, of course you are, stupid."

He—"Stupid! Why do you call me that?"

She—"Because you are not original. At least a dozen men have asked me the very same question."

Must Have Been.

"I see that an Iowa preacher has got into trouble for engaging himself to fifteen different girls."

"What was the matter, were the stones in some of the rings larger than in others?"

The Rip-Up Explained.

"Gee! What's the matter here? Are you preparing to move?"

"Oh, no; our little boy has been having a birthday party."

Her First Trip.

"What are we stopping for now?"
"We're going to put the pilot off."
"How cruel! What did the poor man do?"—New York Truth.

True to Himself.

"What's the matter, McGinnus?" said the captain. "Before we succeeded in taking Santiago you scoffed at the Spanish flag, but now that we have obtained possession here, I see that you are shaking your fist at the stars and stripes."

"Yes, begorra," said Patrick, "I'm agin the gov'ment. Let's turn the rascals out."