

AMONG THE FARMERS.

"SPREAD THE FLOW."

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Farms Are Not in Danger.

People who become farmers usually are those who like farming, just as in every other calling in life. All the sons of a farmer cannot be expected to become farmers, any more than all the sons of a lawyer or a mechanic or any kind of an environment play an important part. It happens frequently that good lawyers or clerks or doctors or mechanics are lost in poor farmers, and good farmers are lost in poor lawyers or doctors or clerks or mechanics.

Farming is a calling in which natural aptitude counts for a good deal, and a man who is not an apt farmer without this essential asset is a very unfortunate being. It is true, of course, that many young men who might have made excellent farmers have been swallowed up in large cities, and have failed to realize any kind of ambition; but this is not nearly so often the case as it was a few decades ago.

When a farmer's life meant isolation and a lonely struggle with the elements, the city had an intense fascination for the growing boy or girl whose romantic nature was stirred by the bright pictures of the railway, the trolley car, and the youth in the crowded markets of trade.

That isolation has almost wholly disappeared, and the farmer in the country today is no longer a lonely being. In the city through the telephone, the rural free delivery, the railroad, the trolley car, and all those agencies that have brought the country and the city so close together.

Improved methods of farming have also changed a great deal of the drudgery that formerly was the inevitable lot of the tiller of the soil, and the up-to-date agriculturist is a business man in every sense of the word.

The grange has helped a great deal to bring all ends and corners of the rural population into close contact, and to multiply and deepen the social interests of the farmer's family.

So close have the country and the city come to each other that no member of the farmer's family has any right to have any delusions about the prizes of great value that may be picked up by any stranger in the city streets. In the city as well as the country it is generally understood now that hard work alone will bring the rewards of life.

The well-to-do farmer must know that he enjoys many advantages over the man of equal station in the city. The farmer's life is a life of freedom, of life in the country, of fresh air and pure food and the health and strength that nature brings about in the open air.

The exodus from the farms has pretty well ceased, and there is to be noted a disposition on the part of city people to return to the country. Agriculture promises to be more remunerative than ever, and garden products especially will continue to increase in value to render the farmer's efforts more profitable than they have ever been.

I believe that in the natural order of things the farms will be populated to the desirable degree, and the complaint of the abandonment of the farms by the rising generation will cease to have any force.—J. Lewis Ellsworth, in Boston Globe.

Soil Drainage.

Discussing the importance of necessary drainage for fullest success in farming, Prof. Paul Cook made the following points from a survey, N. H. Farmers' Institute:

Lack of soil fertility, lack of resources for crops, lack of warrent in the soil, have been brought about by tillage and drainage only on the surface of the land, instead of drainage from below. Water should leave the soil from below and not evaporate or remain on the surface.

Drainage of a field in a wet season means a field that is almost sterile, and a test of dry one. When water gets into the soil it follows, and where air is, plant roots will soon be. In other words, the soil should be drained, and the water should be made the soil available for the roots of the plants.

The water that will give this result, and if you do not care to lay them systematically over the field you can lay them in places where the water collects at the most. Certain places should be tapped, and the tile should follow the contours of the land, or the places that have the same level.

To get the water out of a springy place, a sink basin should be built of stones, and the tile should lead near the bottom. The ditch for the tile should be at least 2 feet deep, and it is hard problem to dig them in New Hampshire on account of the rocky nature of the soil.

The tiles should be laid perfectly level, either by a water test or by a level. If there is any dip in the water test, there is no danger of water remaining in the sags of the upper points should be well made in order to prevent any sediment from getting in, and the outlets should be well protected for the same reason. If there is not a great fall in the land, the tile should be laid deeper at one end than the other.

There are three different kinds of tiles, and I prefer the vitrified round, covered tile. The clay tile is no good because there are soft places in it, and it is liable to break in the ground. In case of a water test, I would advise the laying of stones, but they will not give satisfaction, and it is slow work placing them. The size of the tile should vary as to the amount of water it is expected to carry. The tile should be laid on the ground except where the ground is very hard, and then it is best to lay it on boards.

Produce Your Own Food.

Isn't it about time for us of New England to give more attention to the production of every article of food which can profitably be produced here? The fact is we eat more food and produce less. We have become familiar with the saying that the day for low prices of farm products has gone and so has the day when the farmer was the only one who could produce it. We contribute, but to the greater bulk we purchase. The cutting up of the big ranches, the rapid increase in the population, the fast multiplying horde of hungry mouths turned three times a day towards the farmer's supply, should arouse every man who tills the soil to produce more food and crops which will insure not only the maximum yield, but the maximum quality. Then, and then only, do we become participants in the bounty of the land.

One-fourth of the nation for hogs consists of roots. Hogs weighing 275 lbs. each require about twice as much feed for their gain, as those weighing thirty-five to forty-five lbs. The feed for the sow before farrowing should be nutritious but not concentrated.

Make the Colts Good Walkers.

While riding through Aroostook County last week we chanced to meet a gentleman who is raising a few colts for the market. He took us in behind a handsome up headed, stylish five-year-old, which weighed something like 1000 pounds, was well put up, and could trot quite a sharp gait, right around three minutes, which seemed to be about his limit, but it was a remarkably poor walker. In fact, for a young colt, apparently his live horse he was about the meanest walker we ever saw.

After feeding him up and down the street a few times the owner took a sweep out through the country where the roads were somewhat hilly, and incidentally asked us what such a horse ought to be doing. Such a question is a good deal like having a woman ask you if you do not think Charlie would make a good boy in your office. We were rather struck for an answer and finally were obliged to tell the man that the price that his colt would bring would depend very largely upon the customer, and then we tried as far as possible to demonstrate what we meant.

If a man wanted a good-looking horse to trot him up and down the highway in the village this horse was worth \$200 or \$300. If he wanted a good-looking horse to roam him off in the country from six to ten miles an hour, and to get the average country road worth his board, and we told him frankly that we would not pay the freight on him to Waterville for our own driving, and that we would not pay the freight on him to Waterville for our own driving, and that we would not pay the freight on him to Waterville for our own driving.

Now, of course, there are exceptions, and there are colts that never could be taught to walk even fairly well. But the great majority of the colts that are acquired one, and a colt should be taught to walk fast and prompt before he is allowed to trot, and unless he gets his education in walking before he knows anything about trotting he never will get it at all. This horse that we rode after the walking gait, it is a fact, easy, natural, and there is something that should be taken into account by those who are engaged in raising horses for the market. We know an old fellow who raised a great many steers and in breaking them he always used a pair of horses on ahead of them, so as to give them the practice of walking quickly their work. So successful was he in this that his oxen and steers became famous for their ability to walk as fast as the average horse, and the farmer's cattle were much used on the road. This was a very desirable quality.

What we say in regard to training horses to walk fast applies equally to all classes and breeds. No heavy horse used for draught purposes should be allowed, much less compelled to trot a step, loaded or light, hence the importance of the draught horse good walkers, of all others. It doesn't make any difference whether it is a speed horse, a show horse or an every day business horse, a good walker is worth from 20 to 50 per cent. more than an indifferent walker, everything else being equal, and in a great majority of cases there is nothing easier than to train a colt to walk fast if you only teach him this gait before he is made to trot. Remember, please, that the walking should always be first. Then if he happens to have any speed it is easy enough to develop him, but if he is a failure as a trotter, he is almost sure to be a failure as a walker if you attempt to reverse the order of his education.—Turf, Farm and Home.

Restoration in Maine.

F. H. Morse, of Waterville, Oxford County, Me., in addition to the labor connected with his large dairy and orchards, finds time for other practical farm work upon his cultivated land and in the waste places of the farm. Last spring several thousand pine seedlings were purchased and set on a portion of the farm available for use in cultivated crops. These seedlings were purchased from a New York nursery. The land was planted as far as possible and staked for the rows wherever there was space available for running straight lines. With an axe and a saw the trees were transplanted, and it was soon found that the trees could be set very rapidly. At first a few were set, and then the work was opened in the soil, but as occasionally a bad jar was received from hitting a rock an old adze was used in its stead. Mr. Morse thought that some similar tool is as good as any other for this work. A careful survey of the plantation a few days ago failed to show any dead seedlings, and every tree was found to be averaging from two to six inches in length.

Mr. Morse is enthusiastic over this work, and he expects to continue the plantation over a much larger area next season. He joins with the writer in the belief that the planting of trees in the waste places of the farm will serve to cover our barren hillsides and old worn pastures with a luxuriant growth of trees and shrubs, and that the now varied productions of the state will be increased to a large extent. Maine's present legislature, recognizing the need of a forest, has passed a law that will give the state a large area of land, among other wise acts passed a law exempting land covered with a planted forest from taxation for a term of years. This will give the work of reforestation.—B. Walker McKen, in Tribune Farmer.

Sheep in the Orchard.

J. S. Woodward, the veteran orchardist of Lookport, N. Y., says in Rural New Yorker:

If A. B. will put ten sheep to the acre in his orchard early in spring and keep them there all summer, feeding them enough wheat bran to keep them thriving, and do this every year, he need not have any trouble with the sheep. The sheep will do for him what he can do for himself. More than this, he will find his orchard making an abundant growth of the healthiest wood, and plenty of fruit. If there are no more than ten or fifteen years old it will be very necessary to protect them from the sheep. This can be done by putting wire netting about the trees, or by making out of wire and lattice, something like a picket fence to set up about each tree. Further than this, the sheep will eat the fruit as high as the branches, but this will not do any harm, and the sheep will be just as much fruit, and better fruit, than if no sheep were kept in the orchard. The sheep will do another thing; they will eat every apple that falls, as soon as it falls, and in this way will do much towards keeping the ground free from the fruit. Do not think of over plowing the orchard. If he wants to do anything, let the sheep be taken out at apple-picking time, go in with a cutaway or spading harrow and run over the ground two or three times, and then sow a bushels of rye per acre, cultivating in it to cover ground, hold the leaves from blowing away and forming early pasture for the sheep in spring. In this way his orchard will do far better than by any system of cultivation, and at no expense in comparison.

Hog Bristles.

A sizeable crop for Kennebec County is being grown on the farm of George R. Smith, former Register of Deeds, which contains 40 acres in the field. Mr. Smith has been increasing his acreage of potatoes and other commercial farm crops for several years with quite gratifying success.

A short-legged, short-bodied sheep is often heavier and will produce more wool than one that looks to be much larger.

The Man From Home

A Novelization of the Play of the Same Name

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By BOOTH TARKINGTON and HARRY LEON WILSON

CHAPTER X.

THE HUMILIATION.

INSTANTLY Pike turned with the twist of his back body and half lifted his hand as if he expected a blow. Then his arm dropped again, and he stood looking at her in calm and interested fashion. As he stared his expression changed to one of mingled tenderness and pride, and when he spoke there was a world of pathos in his voice.

"Why," he said in a low, astonished tone, "why I knew your name from the time I was a little boy till he died, and I looked up to him more than I ever looked up to anybody in my life, but I never thought he'd have a girl like you. He'd be mighty proud if he could see you now."

She turned from him in a smothered rage and then faced him again with cold disapproval in her tone.

"Perhaps it will be as well if we avoid personal allusions," she said resentfully. "This man should have an opportunity for bringing up those vulgar, half forgotten family reminiscences if he could help it. He smiled a trifle wistfully.

"I don't just see how that's possible," he answered, and she waved her hand indignantly.

"Will you please sit down?" she said and Pike made an awkward bow.

"Yes, ma'am," he replied meekly with the faintest accent on the last word, and obediently took the chair that Horace had vacated so precipitously. She shuddered at the word he had used and glanced nervously at the hat he was holding in his hands.

"Are you really my guardian?" she asked at last, with a trace of heat.

"I told me his name, but I can't remember it. I call him 'doc'."

"It doesn't matter. What does matter is that you needn't have come. You could have written your consent."

"No, ma'am, not without seeing the young man," answered Pike resolutely.

"And you could have arranged the settlement in the same way," went on Ethel unheeding.

"Settlement! You seem to have settled it pretty well without me," returned Pike, smiling.

"You don't understand," said Ethel impatiently. "An alliance of this sort always entails a certain settlement."

She paused. "Please listen. If you were at all a man of the world I should not have to explain that in marrying into a noble house I bring my dot, my dowry."

"Money, you mean?" asked Pike, puzzled.

"Yes, if you choose to put it that way."

"You mean you want to put aside something of your own to buy a lot and start housekeeping?"

"No," she flared. "I mean a settlement upon Mr. St. Aubyn direct, and I don't mean you want to give it to him."

"If that's the only way to make you understand—yes," she flashed.

"How much do you want to give him?" asked Pike thoughtfully.

"A hundred and fifty thousand pounds," said Ethel desperately.

"Seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars!"

"Well, he has made you care for him," said Daniel.

"And he asks you for your property—asks you for it in so many words?"

"Yes, as a settlement."

"And your young man knows it?"

"I tell you, Mr. Pike, I have not discussed it with Mr. St. Aubyn."

"Reckon not," he said amiably. "Well, sir, do you know what the first thing Mr. St. Aubyn will do when he hears his father made such a proposition? He'll take the old man out in the back lot and give him a thrashing he won't forget to the day of his death."

She was about to answer when from a distance came the roll of drums and then the sound of a bugle. The sounds came from afar off, as if below the cliff.

They both stopped to listen. Then the servants came running, with Mariano at their head. They rushed to the wall and leaned over, all excitement. Mariano turned to call to them over his shoulder.

"The bandit of Russia! The soldiers think he is hidden in a grotto under these cliffs!"

As he spoke Almeric ran down the steps with a shout in his hand and made for the steps leading down the face of the cliff. Pike turned to Ethel.

"I saw that fellow on the road here. What he meant for?"

Ethel turned angrily from the lawyer and called sharply to her fiancé: "Almeric!"

St. Aubyn turned and stopped. "Hello!" he said.

"I wish to present my guardian to you," said Pike, smiling.

"This is Mr. St. Aubyn," cried Ethel, recollecting a step. "I think it quite unnecessary."

"I'm afraid I can't see it that way. I've had to have a couple of talks with him about his business, so to speak. I won't stay any longer than his own fun any longer than I can help—only just for that and to get a letter from Mr. St. Aubyn."

"I do not see that you need have come at all. We could have been spared this mortification."

"You mean I mortify you? Why, I can't see how."

"In a hundred ways," she replied, "every way. That common person who is with you—"

"He isn't common. You only think so because he's with you," returned Pike, smiling.

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gen waved the man aside. Daniel smiled.

"They've got two companies of the tin soldiers. Out my way the town marshal would have had him yesterday."

"My friend, you are teaching me to respect your country, but what you bring, but what you do?"

"How that?" asked Pike.

"I see how a son of that great democracy can apply himself to a dirty machine while his eyes are full of visions of one of its beautiful dangers."

"Doc, there's a side of your gear box?"

Then he looked up. "Now, you go down to the kitchen and make signs for some of the help to give you a bunch of nice clean rags."

For an instant the German drew himself up haughtily.

"What is it you ask me to do?"

"Get me some more rags," said Daniel quietly, and Von Grollehn bowed low.

"I'd go myself, but it wouldn't be safe to leave the machine."

"You fear this famous bandit would steal it?" laughed the German.

"No, there's parties around here might think it was a settlement."

"My friend," Von Grollehn said gravely, "I do not understand."

"That's where we are in the same fix, doc," said Pike, with a chuckle. "I have just returned, and while Von Grollehn departed on his mission."

While Pike worked he thought, and the thoughts finally arrived at the point where he saw that all he had to do to save the girl he had come so far to see was to sit tight on his refusal. He had accurately gauged the noble earl and his aristocratic son and noble earl and he knew that it was a thousand to one that they would not agree to a marriage if there was no money in sight.

"They'll make more of one old St. Aubyn's money," he assured himself, and then looked up quickly, for the leaves on the pergola were rustling in a way that no wind should have caused.

He looked the figure of a man appeared over the top of the vines and a pale face looked into his with inspiring eyes. Pike looked at him calmly and knew at once that this was the man the carabinieri were pursuing.

"Are you one of those etes un homme de bon coeur? Je ne suis pas compatible," he said, when Pike cut him off with a shake of the head.

"There isn't any me in the world your talking to me like that," he said mournfully, and the refugee's eyes gleamed with hope.

"You are an American?" he said, making preparations to descend.

"They haven't said anything else out of me," answered Daniel, and the refugee climbed down and leaned weakly against the car.

"If you give me up I shall not be taken alive," he said, with a grimace, but I shall find a way to cut my throat."

"Are you the bandit they're looking for?" asked Daniel, with interest.

"They call me that? How close are they?" asked the man, with sudden fright. Pike looked at the gates and heard a clank of sabers on the road.

"There!" he said and stripped off his blouse. "Did they see you climb that wall?"

"I think not," murmured the man. "Do you want anything about automobiles?" asked Daniel, holding out the coat.

"Not a thing in the world," replied the other desperately.

"Then, here's all right," returned the lawyer, forcing the rough garment on the man. "Here, climb in under that machine, and don't you dare unweave anything. Pretend you are fixing."

He pushed the refugee toward the machine and saw him wriggle beneath it, then heard Mariano's agitated voice calling in the hotel. An instant later the maître d'hôtel rushed out to the entrance gates and threw them wide open, revealing two carabinieri without, who immediately entered. They ensued a conversation in Italian that was pure Sanskrit to Pike, who looked on with calm interest. The commandant of the carabinieri.

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