BUSINESS NOTICE.

The "Miramichi Advance" is published at Chatham, Miramichi, N.B., every Thursday morning in time for despatch by the earliest mails of that day.

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Advertisements, other than yearly or by the season are inserted at eight cents per line nonpareil, for first insertion, and three cents per line for each continuation.

Yearly, or season advertisements, are taken at the rate of $5.00 an inch per year. The matter, if space is secured by the year, or season, may be changed under arrangement made therefor with the publisher.

The "Miramichi Advance" having its large circulation distributed principally in the Counties of Kent, Northumberland, Gloucester and Restigouche, New Brunswick, and in Bonaventure and Gaspe, Quebec, in communities engaged in Lumbering, Fishing and Agricultural pursuits, offers superior inducements to advertisers. Address,
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MIRAMICHI ADVANCE

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THE INFATUATION OF SILAS P. HOPKINS

"You take my advice, stranger, and don't be so blessed polite to the women, as to put yourself out for 'em."

These words were addressed to me, when I had sat down after giving up my seat to a lady in a New York car; and I felt vexed. The man who spoke them was a shabby-looking individual, so far as clothes went; but he wore diamond studs in his shirt, and a diamond ring on his finger which he was careful to show off to advantage. I took no notice of his remark, and he did not speak again.

I alighted at a railway station, where I was to embark on a two or three days' journey, which I looked upon with disfavor, for it promised to be a monotonous time.

I had not been long seated when my friend of the car seated himself opposite, and wrapping himself up in a thick rug, and lighting a cigar, puffed away with evidently supreme enjoyment.

I asked him why he had such a strong feeling against women in particular.

"Wal," he said, "you can't treat 'em same as you can a man; you can't get away from the fact that a woman's a woman; if a man does you a bad turn you can fight him for it. But when it's a woman, wal, I guess you've just got to let things slide and own you're beaten.

"If you're fond of a yarn," he continued, "I guess I ken open your eyes as to what a woman can do, when she feels disposed to try something big. And I shall be more surprised if when I've pnished you don't do more than sympathize with me."

The prospect of a yarn pleased me greatly, so I pressed him to get under way, and he began:—

Wal, it was this way. About twenty years ago, when I was a young man, I went prospecting for gold. That was before the Klondyke boom, and we didn't shovel it out in spades ful, I can assure you, at that time. No, it was steady, hard work, and slow at that.

Some of us were more lucky than the rest. There was about twenty-five to thirty in the camp, and about half-a-dozen of us, including myself, were laying up a fair stock of nuggets; we were seeing our fortunes increasing each week, congratulating ourselves an' standing drinks all round on the strength of it. We kept the gold in our huts locked up, certainly, but not that strong, for we were all straight-going men, and had no fear of anyone turning round and dealing dishonest, at any rate Captain Sol would see to that.

Solomon Bare, or Captain Sol, as he was called, ruled the roost on the strength of his being the oldest man in the camp; and if the men were not afraid of him they were of his six-shooter, for he was a dead shot, and took care that everybody knew it.

He was clean shut against fighting, was Captain Sol—I mean just an ordinary drunken row, with no cause for bloodshed. But let a man be insulted, or insult another, or let there be some real cause for satisfaction, Captain Sol was the man to see it through. If the aggrieved parties did not fail in with gentle persuasion, Captain Sol would show them his revolver and swear he'd shoot both if they did not begin operations at once.

But I am drifting away from the point. It was women I was to tell you about, not Captain Sol and the boys, though they will have to figure pretty considerably for all that. Captain Sol was one of the lucky half-dozen, and had a very fair fortune locked up in his hut; and we reckoned the time was not far off when he would shift, and the boys of Sandy Gulch would have to elect another captain.

Things were getting this way, and the Captain and I were both thinking of clearing off, when two strangers came into the camp, who caused us to alter our plans and put off leaving for some little time. It was one evening after a more successful day than usual, and we were all pretty happy. The drink flowed freely, when someone stumbled against the Captain, just when he was in the act of drinking, spilling his drink and half choking him into the bargain.

Most of us could lay claim to possessing a good flow of language, but the Captain, as in everything else, could go one better, and when once started it was some time before his stock was exhausted. He was pulled up this time, however, by a deep strong voice, that just caught him up in the middle of one of his choicest sentences.

"A little less of that language, please; as for the drink I'll stand you another." The Captain closed his mouth with a snap and faced the speaker, drawing his revolver at the same time. "You can can just put that away," said the stranger, quite calmly. "It's not for my sake, but for hers; she's not used to it."

There were exclamations at this, I can tell you. Her; she! and, turning on the stranger we saw, seated near him, a girl. When she saw us all looking at her, she rose and stood by the stranger; her father, I judged at the time. She was a handsome girl, the handsomest I have ever seen; any way, she was a woman, and Sandy Gulch didn't hold out many attractions in their line; leastways, she was the first to visit it during my time, and I fancy the last as ever will.

The impression she made on the "boys" was wonderful. I reckon manners had grown rusty out in camp, and they were a proud lot on the whole; but the way they knuckled down before that girl was astonishing. Captain Sol took off his hat and bowed, begged her pardon, and set about clearing the store.

It appeared that the father and the girl had come to look for gold and a fortune; the father to dig, the girl to look after him and do his cooking for him. She would not be left behind, though her father wanted her to; she was bound to have her own way. She was a lively girl, and would have made herself agreeable to all the boys had Captain Sol allowed it, but he seemed to think he had a special claim upon her, and did his best to keep the others at a distance.

She had got on from the first, and the more I saw of her the more I liked her. It did not take Captain Sol long to find this out, and he came and spoke to me about it.

"Good evening, Si" he said. Silas is my name, but the boys called me Si for short.

"Good-night, Captain," I answered very shortly, and walked on; but he caught me up, and started again.

"Now look here, Si," he said, "the sooner you stop fooling round after Miss Julia Harman the better. I'm not one to stand any nonsense."

"All right, Captain. Miss Julia Harman is not your property yet, an', if I can prevent it, she's not going to be. If Julia Harman marries anyone out of this camp, it will be me. See?"

I tell you I was in a raging temper or I should never have spoken to the Captain like that, an' I think Sol was taken aback, for it was some minutes before he spoke.

"All right, Si, if you're going to talk like that look out for yourself. If it had been any other of the boys but you there would have been daylight through your precious body before this. But just keep before you that that girl will be Mrs. Solomon Bare, and no one else."

With that he turned on his heel and strode off, while I went off to tell Julia what had happened. A place like Sandy Gulch is not the best place to go courting in, especially when the girl is the only one for miles round, and I found my work cut out to prevent jealousy. However, before long I got Julia to say she loved me and that was all I cared for. The Captain did not remain bad-tempered for long, and we were soon as friendly as before. He kept hanging round Julia more than I cared for, however, and I spoke to her about it.

"Well, Si, now," she said. "I thought you said you loved me, and if you do you ought to trust me."

"It's because I love you," I answered. "that I can't stand seeing you with the Captain so much."

"Then I guess you'll have to stand a bit more of it," she answered, tossing her head. "I'm not going to have murder committed, and over me. If you want to go on loving me you must let me keep in with the Captain and the boys, or you'll find yourself making tracks for another world before long. I've seen the Captain shoot more than once."

Of course, I smoothed things over when I found out her reason for being in the Captain's company, and for some time I found things real pleasant. She was a smart girl was Julia. She could play the banjo, which went down as well as anything else she could have done in Sandy Gulch. I tell you, we had some fair lively evenings.

The boys would form a ring, and there she would sit in the middle and strum out music from that banjo that was a perfect treat to listen to. Then she'd sing—and she could sing, too' but when she got on to love songs she just reached the top of her popularity. She would sigh and flash her dark eyes at you, as though she meant every word she sang. I didn't mind, so long as she sang them at me; it was when she turned them on to the Captain and a few others that I got wild. The worst of it was, I used to let her see I was angry, and that made her all the worse, and she would get as far as throwing kisses at Sol, until I had to get up and leave, for fear of hurting somebody.

But when she came round afterwards, and said she was sorry she had vexed me, I had to give in, and we would kiss and be as good friends as before. I had talked a great deal to Julia about the future; I told her I was thinking of leaving Sandy Gulch with my gold, which I gave her to understand was considerable, and asked her if she would go with me and become my wife. I had better see her father, she said, and ask him.

Old Man Harman was sitting in his doorway on the day when I went to ask him for Julia's hand, smoking a seedy-looking clay pipe, in want of cleaning, I judged, by the way, he shook it, poked it, and growled at it, at frequent intervals. He nodded good-humouredly when I approached and put a chair for me to sit down on.

"Wal, an' how's gold?" he asked as I sit down.

"Pretty fair," I answered, "more work than pay, as a rule; nothing one day, and little more the next."

"Ah, you're one of the lucky ones; I'm just starting, worse luck; you've about laid in your store, I reckon—you don't care which way things run now.":

"I've certainly done fairly well," I answered, wondering how to bring up the subject I had come to talk to him about. "I hope you'll have a good haul, too, one of these days, for Julia's sake.

He flared up in a moment.

"Miss Harman, to you, sir; Julia to me, and no other. My daughter's not common property, let me tell you. I guess I'll have to lay the law down pretty firmly in this yer camp, if this sort of thing is going to flourish."

It was not a bright prospect for me to continue, now—was it? I tell you I felt inclined to throw it up and leave, but Silas P. Hopkins—my name, sir—is not the one to give in, so I went at it straight on the head.

"Mr. Harman, I should not have called your daughter anything but Miss Harman, only I have asked her to be my wife, and she has consented, that is if you agree."

"Hang it!" he said, jumping out of his chair. "You've done what? Your wife, my daughter? What d'you think I came here for? D'you think I came here to marry my daughter to a gold grubber, like the boys here, yourself for example? Understand, young man, I came here to make a fortune, so that my gal could go back and marry among the best in New York, or pick up an English Lord if she wants to. Now you get back to your gold. That's my answer, if there's any more bother," and he handled a revolver threateningly.

Wal, now, there was nothing for me to do but quit, and I guess you'd have done the same if you'd been in my place. I felt tarnation angry, but he was Julia's father, or I wouldn't have answered for the consequences. When I left him I went and told Julia. She was very sorry.

"Maybe he'll come round shortly," she said.

I did not think it probable, but there was nothing for it but to wait. I was in a bad temper over it. The camp was in a bad temper over something. Captain Sol and one or two others were vexed, too for some reason. As a result the atmosphere was heavy, we growled at one another over nothing and wanted to fight each other over trifles, which made things unpleasant all round. I got sick of the whole thing, and wanted to chuck it, but I could not go without Julia, and Old Man Harman had not given in.

I told my feelings to Julia, and she said she was tired of the camp too, and if I liked to take her she would go whether her father would consent or not. She said she was quite old enough to do as she liked, and nobody would prevent her. I was mighty surprised, nevertheless I jumped at the idea, for I loved the girl, and this proved she loved me. We discussed matters for some time, finally arranging to get away under cover of darkness. I was to meet her on the third night from that date at a spot half a mile from camp, when there would be no difficulty in getting away quietly. I was so delighted that it took me all my time to keep my feelings under control, lest I should show the boys that there was something in the wind. On the night on which we were to elope Julia sang and played the banjo as usual, and I laughed to myself to think that after to-night it would be only myself who would be entertained with love songs, and that the camp would be deserted and lonely after her departure. What gave me most pleasure was having beaten Captain Sol, and I let her flash her beautiful eyes at him all the evening without a murmur.

I'm not timid or nervous as a rule, but I will admit, the nearer the time the more fidgety I got; I was afraid something would happen at the last moment. When the time came for me to move, I went to the cupboard where I kept my gold and took out the bags, placing them in one large enough to take the lot; then I went to the door and listened. The boys were fond of going to bed early, and as soon as they'd finished their drink for the night they turned in, and I was mighty glad of it. It wanted about a quarter of an hour to go by before Julia was likely to turn up when I arrived at the appointed place. And I stood there stamping my feet with impatience. It was a dark night, and everything looked favorable. The half hour had scarcely turned when I heard footsteps approaching and Julia appeared, out of the shadow of the trees.

"Julia," I called softly, as I advanced to meet her, "Julia." I had not taken many steps before I was startled to hear another voice and to find Old Man Harman standing in front of me with a revolver levelled at my head.

"Throw up your hands, cuss you," he cried, "or you're a dead man."

I was so taken aback, there was nothing for me to do but give in. I put up my hands and looked at Julia. There was no pity in her face, though she looked at me, curled her lip and laughed.

"Where's the cord, girl?" said her father, without lowering the revolver. "Now, you take this while I do the rest."

While the girl I had loved kept me quiet with the pistol I was being bound hand and foot by the old man cursing most furiously at both of them. When Old Man Harman had tied me to his satisfaction, he took my bag of gold and put it over his shoulder.

"I guess we'll take this along with us," he said, and laughed. "There were six of 'em going to elope with my gal to-night, and we've treated 'em the same as we've treated you, nuggets and all. You're the last, thank Heaven. I reckon Julia will get a handsome wedding present out of all this gold."

I lay there and swore, but all the swearing in the world wouldn't do any good. Julia came up to me and whispered—

"What a blind lot you are, you men, when you're in love."

"But you said you loved me," I answered, as well as I could for swearing, "and that you only went with the others to put them off the scent."

"You fool," she said. "That's what I told them all. Never mind, it's a dry night, I don't think you will take cold; good-bye."

She was polite enough to put something in my mouth to keep me from shouting, or she'd have had my opinion of her pretty strong, I can tell you. As I lay there that night, bound up by that cord, I swore I would never have truck with another woman as long as I lived. When the boys found us next morning all lying in the same condition, only in different directions from the camp, the others said the same thing.

It seems she had made some six of us—those with the most gold laid up, including the Captain and myself—love her, and had made arrangements to elope with the lot, in different places and different times, the same evening. And then she and her parent had trussed us all up and scooted with our gold. It was the meanest trick I ever heard of. It meant us beginning all over again to make a fresh pile. You can understand now, sir, how women have lost their attraction for me and the reason why I never put myself out for 'em.

I assured him he had my sincerest sympathy, and thanked him for his yarn.

But I tried to make him see that women were not all after the stamp of Julia Harman.

"No, stranger," he said, "it's no use; I've been fooled once, and Silas P. Hopkins is not the man to be done twice."—London Tit-Bits.

MIRAMICHI FOUNDRY
STEAM ENGINE AND BOILER WORKS
Chatham, N. B.
JOSEPH M. RUDDOCK, - - - PROPRIETOR
Steam Engines and Boilers, Mill Machinery of all kinds;
Steamers of any size constructed & furnished complete.
GANG EDGERS, SHINGLE AND LATH MACHINES,
CASTINGS OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS.
Can Dies,
Iron Pipe, Valves and Fittings of All Kinds.
DESIGNS, PLANS AND ESTIMATES FURNISHED ON APPLICATION.

About the ....House

USEFUL RECIPES.

Chicken Salad.—For the chicken salad buy fowl rather than chicken, and let boil until tender, in as little water as possible. Cut the cold boiled fowl in one-half inch cubes. A five pound fowl should yield three cups of dice, and two fowls of this size ought to serve a company of twenty-four. To six cups of meat cubes add eight cups of celery cubes. To prepare celery, wash in cold water, scrape to remove stringy portions, and cut in small pieces. It is much improved by being allowed to stand in cold water to become crisp and thoroughly chilled, then drained and dried between towels. As near serving-time as possible, moisten mixture with cream dressing. Mould on salad dishes, and garnish with the yolks of hard boiled eggs rubbed through a sieve, capers, and celery tips. The artistic garnishing of a salad should never be overlooked, as it adds much to its attractiveness.

Cream Dressing for Salad.—Now for the cream dressing, which is a pleasing substitute for mayonnaise, and much less expensive. Mix one tablespoon salt, one tablespoon mustard, one and one-half tablespoons sugar, two eggs slightly beaten, five tablespoons melted butter, and one and one-half cups melted cream; then add slowly one-half cup vinegar. Cook in double boiler, stirring constantly, until mixture thickens; then strain and cool.

Salad Rolls.—Of course any milk or milk and water bread dough may be shaped and baked into rolls to serve with the salad, although Parker House Roll mixture, a richer dough, is decidedly preferable. Just a few words about the shaping. First make in small round biscuits, place in rows on a floured board, cover with a cloth, then with a pan, and let rise until light and well puffed. Flour the handle of a wooden spoon and make a deep crease in the middle of each biscuit, take up and press together the two parts thus made. Place closely in a buttered pan, cover, let rise again, and bake in a hot oven. The rolls may be baked in the morning and reheated when needed.

Bisque Ice Cream.—In serving ice cream, caterers allow one quart to each six guests. It must be remembered that cream swells in freezing. Therefore the following rule for bisque ice cream will furnish a sufficient quantity, if the one who does the serving plans aright. Mix two tablespoons flour, two cups of sugar, one-fourth teaspoon salt, and two eggs slightly beaten. Pour on, gradually, four cups scalded milk, and cook in a double boiler twenty minutes, stirring constantly at first. Should the custard chance to have a curdled appearance, it will all disappear in the freezing. When the mixture is cool, add two tablespoons vanilla, and two cups English walnut meats finely chopped. Freeze using three parts finely crushed ice to one rock salt. If a larger proportion of salt is used the mixture will freeze in a shorter time, but will be of a granular rather than a fine-grained consistency. Turn the crank slowly and steadily to expose as large a surface of the mixture as possible to ice and salt. After the mixture is frozen to a mush, the crank may be turned more rapidly, adding more ice and salt if needed. Never draw off the sat water until the freezing is accomplished. It must be remembered that it is the salt water that effects the freezing. After the freezing, draw off the water, remove the dasher, and with a large spoon pack the cream as solidly as possible. Put cork in opening of cover, then put on cover. Repack freezer, using four measures of ice to one measure of salt. Place over top newspapers or a piece of carpet until serving time is at hand.

Salted Almonds.—Home-made salted almonds are, to my mind, more delicious than those ordinarily bought at the confectioner's. Blanch one pound almonds and dry on a towel. The blanching of almonds is a simple task. Simply cover with boiling water, and let stand five minutes; drain, cover with cold water, and then the skins may be easily rubbed off. Put one-third cup lard in a sauce pan. When hot, put in almonds to cover bottom of pan and fry until delicately browned, stirring constantly to keep the almonds in motion. Remove with a spoon or small skimmer, taking up as little grease as possible, drain on brown paper and sprinkle with salt. Repeat until all are fried. Cool and keep in a covered dish in a dry place until needed.

Coffee.—Always make in a granite-pot. A sufficient quantity for twenty-four would better be made in two two-quart coffee-pots. There are but few households where one of larger capacity could be found, and the two smaller ones do just as well. Now for the recipe for one pot, which needs but to be repeated for the second. Scald the coffee-pot. Wash one egg, break, and beat slightly. Add one-half cup water, the crushed shell, and one and one-half cups ground coffee. Turn into the coffee-pot, add six-cups boiling water, and stir thoroughly. Place on front of range and let boil three minutes. The spout of the pot should be covered or stuffed with soft paper. Stir, and pour some in a cup to be sure that the spout is free from grounds. Return to coffee-pot and repeat. Add one-half cup of cold water which perfects the clearing. Place on back of range, where coffee will not boil, until serving-time. Serve in after-dinner coffee-cups, with cut sugar. This reception coffee is made half as strong again as the ordinary coffee used for the breakfast beverage.

SWINGING SHELVES.

Are a great convenience, occupy no room when not in use, and are made at a trifling cost. Shelves may be placed over the sink and over other large wall spaces. These will provide a place for the clock, cook books, tradesman's order books, etc. The broad window seats where a few pots of herbs may be grown, makes the kitchen still more attractive. Herbs seem to grow better there than in any other part of the house and the conveniences of having fresh parsley, tarragon, etc., at hand when needed will abundantly repay one for one's trouble. There should be two chairs in the kitchen, also a scuttle table with a box seat which may be so adjusted as to provide an ironing table, or a comfortable seat, and the box seat may be used as a receptacle for kitchen lore, domestic science magazines, etc. The kitchen should be provided with a good clock, a calendar, a thermometer, a slate for memorandums, and wherever there are jogs in the walls these spaces may be converted into shallow cupboards for small utensils, duster, brooms, brushes, etc., protecting them from the dust. Such spaces are as found alongside of chimney may be utilized in this way. Tablets, pencils, a pin-cushion, large and small needles, a spool of No. 8 cotton for trussing poultry or game, a ball of cord; a waste-paper basket should be found under the kitchen table where scraps of paper, short pits of string and any and all litter might be thrown. This basket may be of the half-bushel fruit baskets that are so plentiful during fruit season, or it may be of wire. A towel rack fastened to the wall, which may be dropped back flat against the wall when not in use, is a convenience. A small step-ladder, that may be so adjusted as to serve the purpose of both chair and ladder will be found a great comfort when something is to be got down from the high shelves. Bracket and roller for roller towels must be placed convenient to the sink. A covered galvanized iron garbage pail and ash barrel, are both absolutely necessary and should be just outside of the kitchen door for convenience sake, and both should be protected from the weather by some means of shelter, and only ashes placed in one and dry garbage in the other. The latter should be thoroughly cleansed, and should be scalded at least three times a week with a strong solution of sal soda.

SOME FANTASTIC DUELS,

AND THE STRANGE WEAPONS USED IN THEM.

Fought With Sulphuric Acid—Fatal Duel Mounted on Bicycles.

There has just been fought between two workmen engaged in cleaning the bronze doors of Lugo Cathedral a duel as grim as it was original. The weapons chosen were two bottles of sulphuric acid, with which the combatants belabored each other out of all semblance of humanity, their faces being burnt and cut out of recognition, while their arms, hands, and necks were agape with wounds caused by the broken glass and caustic acid.

Prospect Park, near Brooklyn, N. Y., was the scene of a very fantastic encounter that was fought not so long since between two society men, named David Perrine and Daniel Dowell, who had fallen out over a certain Miss Ray. Principals and seconds retired to a secluded spot, where the rivals were so fastened to a tree that their right arms alone were free. They were then supplied with clubs and, being within striking distance, set about each other with such fury as to necessitate, through sheer exhaustion, an early termination to the combat.

It is now six years since two members of the Granada Bicycle Club, named Moreno and Perez, determined to adjust their differences by a novel appeal to arms. Mounted on their bicycles, and armed with long knives, they took up their stations 700 feet apart, whence, at a given signal, they charged each other with all the impetuosity of

KNIGHTS OF OLD.

At the first meeting Moreno received a wound in the arm, but though the second encounter proved bloodless, he had his full revenge when they came together for the third time, for with his weapon he pierced the breast of Perez, who died in a few minutes from internal hemorrhage.

At Maisonfort, near Paris, in 1843, two young Frenchmen who had had some difference over a game of billiards, agreed to settle the dispute there and then, using the billiard balls as weapons. Having decided by lot who should throw first, they retired to a neighboring garden. There they stationed themselves twelve paces apart, and with such exact aim did one of them, named Melfaut, discharge his missle that he struck his adversary in the centre of the forehead and killed him on the spot.

On April 14th, 1813, a duel, whence Stevenson drew his account of the fight between the soi-disant Champdivers and Gogueldt, so graphically portrayed in his story "St. Ives," was fought on the prison-ship Samson between two French prisoners of war. As swords were not procurable they attacked each other with two sticks, to the end of each of which was fastened a pair of scissors. After a fierce conflict one of the duellists received so severe a wound in the abdomen that, despite the skilful treatment of the ship's surgeon, he

EXPIRED SOON AFTERWARDS.

In the early sixties, a dispute having taken place between a banker and an officer in the Austrian service relative to their respective natatory prowess, the former challenged the soldier to a duel in the water. The cartel being accepted, the principals and their seconds adjourned to a private park in the neighborhood of Vienna, where there was a secluded lake. Then having doffed their clothes they armed themselves with hunting knives and entered the water. The fight that followed was of such a desperate character that, had it not been for the intervention of their seconds, both would assuredly have been drowned.

Perhaps, however, the most original duel on record is that which, according to the 'Annual Register,' took place on May 3rd, 1808, between two Frenchmen, named De Granpree and Le Pique, who were rivals in the affection of the same lady. On the day appointed the principals repaired to a field near the Tuileries, and, with their seconds, ascended in balloons amid the acclamation of a large crowd. When about 900 ft. from the ground they opened fire upon each other with blunderbusses. Their first shots went wide, but at length the silk of M. Le Pique's balloon was badly rent, and the duellist and his second were precipitated to the ground and dashed to pieces.

FARM·FIELD AND GARDEN

SEEDING WINTER WHEAT.

A rich soil is always desirable for winter wheat. The plant is a gross feeder and requires an abundant supply of feed for the largest yields. This does not necessarily mean that the ground must contain as much humus as corn ground, but it should be abundantly supplied with this material, in addition to phosphoric acid and potash. If soil is not naturally very rich and stable manure is available, supply as much of this as can be obtained. It can either be applied to the crop previous to wheat, or if well rotted, can be put on the ground just before plowing for wheat land. If not well rotted, the most satisfactory method of enriching the soil for wheat is to top-dress during the fall and winter, spreading quite evenly over the surface. In this way the available plant food in the manure is absorbed by the upper layers of soil and is ready for immediate use by the young plants.

Furthermore, this top-dressing is a first-class protection against the disastrous effect of winter freezes. Where it has been tried, it gave most excellent results. In some localities it may pay to supply phosphoric fertilizers, but this question each and every man must determine for himself, as it depends almost

WHOLLY UPON THE SOIL.

In most winter wheat sections it is of utmost importance that preparation of the ground be started as early as possible. Where wheat is to follow oats, barley, potatoes, field peas or some spring crop, get these out of the way as soon as possible, then plow the ground without delay. This cannot be done too early, for it is absolutely necessary that wheat land be well compacted before the seed is put in.

Summer or fall plowing of this kind need not be very deep. On some soils 5 inches is sufficient and it is seldom necessary to plow more than 5½ or 6. Some farmers get good results in plowing 4 inches deep. See that the ground is thoroughly plowed and that there is no skipping or "cutting and covering." As soon as plowed, it should be harrowed at least once, so as to create a soil mulch and to compact the land in such a way as to prevent free access to the air and a consequent loss of soil moisture.

The ground should be watched carefully, and just as soon as there is evidence of excessive evaporation of moisture go over the surface with some light instrument which will maintain the mulch. If weeds appear, these must be killed while small. This is an excellent way of getting rid of perennials. Do not allow the leaves to reach any size. By killing them at this stage the roots will not be able to give any nourishment and will consequently perish. This method is advised for getting rid of such persistent perennials as Canada thistle. Occasionally it may be necessary to use a disk or acme harrow in order to kill the weeds. In some fields, particularly foul, a spading harrow

MAY BE NECESSARY.

If the seedbed has been given this careful attention, it will be in excellent condition by September 10, at which time seeding may begin, unless there is danger of hessian fly. In this case delay seeding until the last of the month, or the first week in October. As a rule, however, where hessian fly is not present, early seeded fall wheat does best.

The seedbed at sowing time must be thoroughly pulverized and well compacted. If it is in this condition, the young plants will start vigorously and attain a good start before freezing weather sets in.

The seeding is best done, all things considered, with some kind of a press or disk drill. As a rule, press drills give satisfaction, particularly on light soils, during a dry autumn. If the season is very wet, the ordinary shoe drill answers very well. Of recent years, the disk drill has been exceedingly satisfactory and is becoming very widely used. If you contemplate purchasing a new drill, it would pay you to look into this matter very carefully. Use from one bushel to six pecks of good plump seed to the acre. Clean the seed thoroughly by running through a fanning mill, which will blow out all light and imperfect kernels and will screen out all small grains.

FALL FEED PROBLEMS.

Millet and buckwheat may be sown as emergency crops. Millet will germinate and grow with light rainfall and in high temperatures, and may be sown July 1, writes Mr. H. H. Cook. Buckwheat requires more soil moisture for germination, but will thrive at a lower average temperature. Both are low in feeding value, and I should not depend upon them to be regularly sown. Where soil conditions are favorable alfalfa stands above all known forage plants for the dairy cow. The almost impenetrable subsoils of the northern granitic region offer a serious drawback and I feel quite sure that underdrainage deep enough to break up these subsoils may be necessary to make its growth safe and sure. Securing a catch is almost assured, showing that the proper bacteria are not wanting, but when the roots begin their downward growth there follows the inevitable tendency to throw out in the spring.

Upon these soils I am sure we are not giving red clover a fair chance to compete with its cousin alfalfa. The feeding value is only slightly less. If cut early for soiling medium red clover will produce three good crops

UPON RICH SOIL.

It has the disadvantage of being a biennial, but it is altogether surprising how persistent it will be if given a top dressing each winter with stable manure and supplied with potash in some form. If in the soil a top dressing of dissolved rock will bring it out. If not there, an annual dressing with the manure of 200 to 300 pounds muriate of potash costing $4 to $6 will pay liberal profit on the investment.

I begin to feel that a change of base upon our dairy farms is urgent. The old practice of leaving a sod almost indefinitely bred weeds and poverty. We have practised short rotation, and I think it may have been considered upon dairy farms an indication of up-to-dateness. Certainly there has been soil and crop improvement and a preparation for drouth and soiling crops for every emergency. The expense, however, is yearly increasing, and I am satisfied substantially the same results may be secured in another way, thereby saving the cost of such frequent breaking, which is yearly increasing with me and in northern New York.

In sections where grass is not a natural crop, where the sod is thin, frequent or biennial breaking is necessary. With us a field left entirely alone, will, if rich enough, grass over in two years. Is it, therefore, not to be a wise practice to expend the extra force which must be put into labor or fertilizers into the latter alone and lengthen the rotation? This system will, perhaps, decrease the grain and corn output. After all, what crop will bring greater net return than two or three cuttings of clover and timothy, which will come in the

SECOND AND THIRD YEAR.

Forty dollars to $50 of milk per acre is easily obtained from such land. The question always comes back, can a crop be insured against drouth?

Crops are governed largely by rainfall. I know it is possible to grow one crop with very little rain. A well established clover seeding, if top-dressed during the winter, will grow and cover the ground in time to prevent direct evaporation. The mulch protection given by strawy manure is twofold, feeding the plant and holding moisture. This practice cannot be followed by those farmers who haul their manure in the spring after a goodly portion is wasted, and when it must depend upon summer rains for solution.

I am confident for our northern dairy sections, that the oat and pea, corn, alfalfa, and the emergency crops, like millet and buckwheat, must continue to be a source of supply for supplemental feeding. In connection with these we must begin to treat grass growing as a specialty and an art.

QUICK SHAVING.

A match between hair-dressers has taken place at South Brooklyn, N. Y. The record was taken by a young Hungarian, named Baja, who took exactly two minutes to cut a man's hair, shave him, shampoo him, and turn him out with a beautifully accurate "parting."

"Henpeck has given up smoking—eh? I didn't think he had so much will-power." "He hasn't, but his wife has."

Wife of New Minister: "Now, Davie, you'll have to look after the church better than this, or we shall have to think about getting a new beadle." Davie (beadle of long standing), severely: "Mistress Nicholson, we whiles change oor ministers, but we never change oor beadle."

ANOTHER STEAM DISCOVERY.

"Papa," said the hopeful youth "can you tell me what is natura philosophy?"

"Of course I can," said papa, proud and relieved to find that there was at last something he could tell his offspring. "Natural philosophy is the science of cause and reason. Now, for instance, you see the steam coming out of the spout of the kettle, but you don't know why or for what reason it does so, and——"

"Oh, but I do, papa!" chirped the hope of the household. "The reason the steam comes out of the kettle is so that mamma may open your letters without you knowing it!"

FOOD FOR THE NERVOUS.

As a rule, salt meat is not adapted to the requirements of nervous people, as nutritious juices go into the brine to a great extent. Fish of all kinds is good for them. Raw eggs, contrary to the common opinion, are not as digestible as those that have been well cooked. Good bread, sweet butter and lean meat are the best food for the nerves. People troubled with insomnia and nervous starting from sleep, and sensations of falling, can often be cured by limiting themselves to a diet of milk alone for a time. An adult should take a pint a meal, and take four times daily. People with weakened nerves require frequently a larger quantity of water than those whose nerves and brains are strong. It aids the digestion of these by making it soluble, and seems to have a direct tonic effect.

HUGE SCHEME.

A scheme of unparalleled magnitude is about to be undertaken in California involving the construction of two reservoirs, one of 8,000 acres area and the other, at a level of 250ft. lower, of 2,000 acres area. A canal about ten miles in length will connect the reservoirs. Provision is to be made for a vertical fall of 1,600ft., and this, it is calculated, will develop energy equal to 270,000 horse-power, which will be applied in the generation of electric current for long-distance transmission.

FASTING SCHOOLGIRL.

Miss Reba Benjamin, a sixteen-year-old pupil of a high school at Colorado Springs, recently concluded a twenty-five days' fast, which she undertook "for fun." She only lost ten pounds, and did her accustomed household work during the fast. She is now living on fruit juices, fruits, and nuts, abstains from a set meal, and has abolished breakfast entirely.

"What do you think of this lady?" asked one of the germs that had been swept up by the woman's skirt. "I am greatly attached to her," answered the other. "In fact, I am one of the most ardent followers in her train."

Miss Schreecher: "Papa is thinking of giving my voice a trial." Mr. Bluntleigh: "Well, I hope, for your sake, he'll not select a jury from among your neighbors."

He: "We must econimize. Suppose, darling, that you try your hand at making your own clothes?" She: "Oh, George, dear, I never could do that. Suppose I begin by trying to make yours?"