The Louisiana Democrat.

"The World is Governed Too Much."

HENRY L. BIOSSAT, Business Manager. ALEXANDRIA, LOUISIANA, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 9, 1890. VOL. XLV.—NO. 15.

A MODERN SUCCESS.

The editor returned my verse
And told me it was commonplace;
The thing you say has been remarked
Full many times with better grace!
Also, my friend, the thing you say
Is far from clever any way."

But, being a persistent soul,
All undismayed, with judgment shrewd,
I hit upon a little plan
To circumvent my censor rude;
For well I knew he'd not object
To lack of sense—in dialect.

And so again, with heart elate,
I wrote in cloudy phrase and course,
With such gymnastic spelling as
Disguised the lack of mental force,
The self-same thoughts—if thoughts they be—
So curtly poste' back to me.

Behold! of praise and other pay
Henceforth I have not any dearth;
The papers now quote all I say,
And send my spelling round the earth;
For sudden fame, with due respect,
Has writ my name—in dialect.
—Mrs. George Archiball, in Judge.

RALPH, THE ROVER.

The Old Settler's Story Has a Fitting Climax.

"Here, Ralph! Ralph! Hi, you scamp! Come back here, sir! There, he's gone! Off for a two or three days' tramp again. Beg pardon, sir! I didn't see you. I was that busy calling the dog, I reckon I nearly walked over you. The matter, sir? Well, it's that dog, Ralph. You heard me call him, I dare say. A grander old fellow you couldn't find in a day's travel, but he has one bad habit. Most human's have more than that, and I ain't sure in my own mind that he ain't human.

"'The habit?' Well, it's just this: he will follow every blessed old tramp as passes here, and keep followin' 'em, sometimes, for two or three days. He's a queer one. Did you notice him just now? Didn't see him? Well, he keeps just far enough behind the fellows so they won't drive him back, sniffin', sniffin' along, and kind of castin' his eye back to let me know he's hearin' me but not heedin' me. Just the same way he acts every time he goes off. He'll be back all right, when he does come; and he's been actin' that way ever since I've had him. 'Stolen?' Why sir, I don't believe the one's livin' could steal him, or fasten him up never so tight he couldn't get back, ever since—an' a right queer way I got him, too.

"'Is he mine?' Well, yes, in one way; an' then no, in another. It was a queer story, anyway.

"'Tell it,' sir? Well, if I had time I might. Ah, thank you, sir! A fine gentleman like you can afford to be generous.

"Now, let me see! As near as I remember, it was June, two year ago, as I come down-stairs rather early one morning, to light the fire for my old woman. She warn't very strong then; the youngster there was only a couple of months old, an' I was gettin' the things all handy for her to get breakfast. When she come down the fire was lightin' an' the kettle singin'—for joy of seein' her, I'm thinkin'.

"Mollie was always a great one for fresh air, so as soon as she saw that every thin' was goin' right in the kitchen she walks to the front door, turns the key, an' opens it.

"Well, quick as a flash she came runnin' back to me with her face kind of white an' scared.

"'Oh, Jim! come out here to the door. Quick!' says she.

"An' when I followed her, blessed if I don't see the rummest sight I ever did; an' there I stood, staring like an ape.

"You see, these seats on the porch are comfor'ble to sit on, an' with these vines hangin' over this way, makes it 'most as shut in an' quiet-like as a bedroom; then the posts here an' at the corners form good rests for the back. Well, anyhow, good or bad, right here, a leanin' back in the most uncomf'blest way, was the trampiest lookin' tramp I ever saw, sound asleep. An' on the seat beside him, with his head on the man's lap, was the dandiest setter I ever *expect* to see. A vallyble dog, sir, too, as I knew's soon as I set eyes on him. I always know a good dog, bein' rather in the sportin' line myself; an' this was a genuine Gordon setter.

"Well, sir, I suppose I must have said somethin', with surprise, for to wake them both up. The dog turned the solem'est eyes 'round at me, askin' me not to make so much noise; an' the man, all rags an' tatters, yawned an' set up. An' then, seein' Mollie right behind me, I'll be shot, sir, if he didn't stand up, take off his piece of a hat to her, an' begin to appolergise for settin' on our door-step. Said he'd been 'overcome with fateeg.' My eye! for the manners of him I could hardly believe he weren't a swell cove, dressed in the latest fashion, and a full-blooded stepper at the gate waitin' for him.

"I know I must have stared at him considerable, but, bless you, Mollie didn't spend no time starin' till she'd asked him into the kitchen, an' when the breakfast was ready she gave him, an' his dog too, a good one.

"His feet were blistered with walkin' in shoes that left half of his feet outdoors an' half in; an' as he could scarcely take a step we made him stay with us a day or so till they got better; but he couldn't bear it, an' the only reason, I think, was that he was afraid of burdenin' us. But, Lord! he did as much for us as we did for him, I'll be bound. He filled the yard with kindlin's, an' I believe he'd 'a' chopped all the wood in the village if Mollie hadn't seen his hands all blistered an' bleedin'. That give him away, sure. 'A gentleman born,' says I to myself when I see those hands.

"Then nothin' would do, but Mollie must doctor an' bandage them up for him. An' while she was doin' it she heard a sound like a child tryin' to cry, an' he just bends down an' kisses her hand, an' then he says, kind of low an' choked-like, more like a groan than words: 'O, mother!'

"An' the way the little kid took to him was a caution. A mite like he was—no sense at all; only puckered up his face and cried when *I* went near him. He'd smile upin Robert's face (that was what he told us to call him) an' hold on to his finger like he was his nurse.

"Now, to be sure, sir, three days don't seem much in a life, an' you'll may be think it foolish the store we set by both man an' dog before that time was passed. Ralph would lay down beside the baby's cradle, an' nothin' would move him till his master left the room; then he'd get up an' shake himself, as if it was time to go, an' he was goin'.

"Mollie said he was human; an' if ever a soul gets into an animal's body—I hear there's folks as thinks so—there was a good soul inside of Ralph.

"Yes, we all liked Ralph, an' Robert even more. The fact is he was a real gentleman, that was plain enough; brought down as low as he was—by Lord only knows what. But a true gentleman, an' I know the right kind when I see them. He never let on for one moment, though, a single word about himself but once, an' that was the last evenin' he was here.

"The dog was sittin' beside him, with his head restin' on Robert's knee, when I says, kind of sudden like:

"'I bet Ralph's a very vallyble dog, Robert.'

"'Yes, yes,' he says, sort of slow. 'Too vallyble,' stroking Ralph's head with a lovin' hand, while the dog looked at him with just as much love. 'Twas the *humanest* eyes you would ever see, sir.

"By George, sir! you wouldn't believe it, I dare say, but I'd take my affydavy that dog looked up, sort of sad like, and shook his head.

"To make the story short—though, all told, it was not so very long—when we came down-stairs the next morning Ralph lay on the floor, guardin' his master's stick, but his master wasn't nowhere 'round.

"Tell me the dog didn't know! He knew as well as we did why it was done; that the master he loved, an' who loved him, had left him; but he had been told to watch the stick, an' with the saddest eyes, an' droopin' he lay there all day long. Ah' I truly believe if we hadn't got the stick away from him an' burned it he'd 'a' been watchin' it yet.

"'An' his master?' Yes, sir; gone, clean gone. An' we've never heard a word of him since. 'Ungrateful?' No, sir; I don't take it so. I think he could not trust himself with the dog he loved, when he was himself, you see, an' so he left him where he knew he'd be well taken care of. Yes, that's the way *I* see it, anyhow. An' then he got so far away before the dog would quit watchin' that the scent was lost for poor Ralph. But he ain't never give up! Not a day, sir!

"'Do?' Well, there's not a tramp comes past here—an' the worse-lookin' they are the wilder he is to get after them, sniffin' at their tracks; and then his tail will droop so disappointed like; yet he'll keep on an' follow 'em for a day, or may be three days, till he gets sure he ain't comin' to his master, when he'll come back. Seems to me as if he kind of thought they might know him. 'How does he find out they don't?' Bless you, sir, don't ask me, but dogs know a heap more than people think.

"He ought 'a' been named Rover, for he's been in more different places 'round here than I have, an' always turns up all right when he's settled the matter.

"Why ain't that him now, a sniffin' along the other road? Course it is. Well now, how'd he get over there, I wonder; seems as if he was scentin' somethin', don't it?

"Hi, Ralph! Ralph! Ralph! Ah! there he comes a-boundin' along toward us just as he used to go for his master. Looks as if he thought he could find him, sure. See now! Ain't he a beauty?

"Here, Ralph! Good old fellow! Come here, sir! Eh! What! Straight for you, sir, he goes, without a look for me. All over you in a minute! A fine gentleman like you! What! You! You! Sir Robert! Great Scott! An' Ralph knew you! Well, well, I give in. Dogs *is* human."—M. Warren Hale, in Belford's.

A CANNIBAL BISHOP.

How He Surprised and Startled the Queen of Denmark.

Every one knows the story of the Frenchman who, while sitting with his face close to the open window of an English railway car, heard a sudden shout of "Look out!" and popping out his head accordingly, received a tremendous bump on the forehead from the projecting pole of a scaffolding which the train was just passing; whereupon monsieur exclaimed, indignantly: "Inglisman big fool! He say 'look out!' when he mean 'look in!'"

A similar misconception occurred during the siege of Sebastopol, when an English guardsman was "brought up" for having given a severe thrashing to a French gernadier, the Englishman's only explanation being that "he *would* 'ave it, and so I just 'ad to give it him." It appeared on inquiry that the guardsman had accosted the other in what *he* supposed to be French, and that the puzzled Frenchman had exclaimed in bewilderment: "Comment?" (How?) which John Bull mistook for "Come on." "Come on yourself, then," he roared, "if you *will* 'ave it!" and forthwith the fisticuffs began in earnest.

But more startling than all was the mistake made by a Queen of Denmark during her visit to the Danish colony of Iceland, where the good old Bishop exerted himself to the utmost to show her every thing that was worth seeing. The Queen paid many compliments to her host, and having learned that he was a family man, graciously inquired how many children he had.

Now, it happened that the Danish word for "children" was almost indentical in sound with the Icelandic word for "sheep;" so the worthy Bishop—whose knowledge of Danish was not so complete as it might have been—understood Her Majesty to ask how many *sheep* he owned, and promptly answered: "Two hundred."

"Two hundred children!" cried the Queen, astounded. "How can you possibly maintain such a number?"

"Easily enough, please your Majesty," replied the hyperborean prelate, with a cheerful smile. "In the summer I turn them out upon the hills to graze, and when winter comes I kill and eat them!"—David Ker, in Harper's Magazine.

EVERY BODY LEFT

Except the Country Youth with His Loud-Smelling Burden.

It was at the outer end of the Fifteenth Street line late yesterday afternoon, just when the business from the Independent dummy line was at its best, that a lank, hungry-looking country youth with a bundle under his arm got aboard the car. He edged his way through the crowd of passengers, and as a gentleman got up to leave the car the young countryman slid into the vacant seat. He brought his bundle around on his lap, where he held it carefully with both hands.

At the moment the young man got on the car every body noticed a dreadful smell. Few noticed the young man, and every passenger turned to the next person, and, with a look as disdainful as a turned-up nose could produce, moved as far away as the crowded condition of the car would permit. One little man turned to his neighbor, a fat puffy-looking old fellow, and, with a look full of meaning, drew his coat about him, and, holding his nose, edged off a foot or two. The big man looked suspiciously at the little fellow a moment and then blurted out:

"Lookahere, you an't insinuatin' that I'm the cause of that smell, are you?"

The little man murmured something and the big fellow grumbled and got off the car. The lady passengers held their noses, and the polish on the stove began to slowly crack and peel off. Then a window pane broke and the atmosphere in the car became so dense that you couldn't hear the bell two feet away when the conductor rang up a fare. After five minutes the passengers got tired of looking at each other insinuatingly, and the doors were not big enough to let them off as fast as they wanted to go. In ten minutes the car was vacated by every one except the country youth and the conductor, the latter hanging feebly on to the rear step. He reached for the bell-rope with a trembling hand and stopped the car. Not ringing again the gripman came back to learn the trouble.

"What's up?" he asked. "Ye sick?"

"I'm hoodooed," returned the conductor, gasping. "The car's haunted, sure 's you live."

The gripman opened the door and entered. After moving two steps he stopped.

"Great guns!" he shouted. "Look here, boy, how do you stand this?"

The country lad looked up with a surprised air. "Stand what?" he asked. "I don't see nothin'."

"But the smell—where does it come from?"

"Oh, that's it, eh?" responded the rural youth. "I guess if there's any smell it must come from the pole-cat I've got in the sack."

The strong arms of the gripman landed the youth, sack and all, in the street in less than ten seconds.

"Rule 1 of this here comp'ny's regulations," remarked that individual, "says that no skunks kin ride on this line outside the baggage car."—Kansas City Times.

MILLET'S ANGELUS.

An Expression Driven Deep Down Into the Human Heart by Faith.

It is asked repeatedly by persons who have a weakness for looking facts right in the face: "What is the special charm or mystery about this picture of the 'Angelus?'" It is not enough to say that the picture of two lovers in a cornfield at sunset has become the vogue, or fashion. It is not enough to recall the subtle influence of church bells which summon wearied souls to evening prayer. There is a reason more profound than this purely technical association with religious science for the peculiar influence exerted by a single picture.

The figures of the two French peasants, bowed in the attitude of devotion, are expressions of a solemn protest against the materialism of the age. Just as love of money, social position, political power and lavish display have produced a condition of modern society which bids fair to rival the full abandon of the most debauched period of the Roman Empire, there suddenly falls upon the ear of the world a tone from some higher sphere. The picture of the French artist is an expression to the eye of the still small voice which the ancient prophet heard calling from the mountain top. It is an indication that there are forces at work in this world which our eyes can not see, our ears can not hear, our hands can not touch—but they are there. They are dearer than all that external nature teaches, because they appeal to our inner life and conscience. They are proof—not controled by laws of space and time—that we have come into this world

> Not in entire forgetfulness,
> And not in utter nakedness,
> But trailing clouds of glory
> From Heaven, which is our home.

The "Angelus" is the expression of a truth driven deep down into the human heart by two thousand years of the religious sentiment of Christianity. "I have been," says the poet, "where bells have called to church; have sat at good men's feasts." "I have been," says the painter, "where the setting sun and evening chimes have looked notes of spiritual life just as the early dawn is fabled to have called forth music from the statue of Memnon."

The "Angelus" is the essence of all the sermons that have been preached since voices were heard that taught peace on earth, good will towards man. It is the story of the moral law as given to human life under conditions which enabled a Jewish peasant to change the entire course of human affairs. It is, finally, the Christian statement of a conviction which finds another, but not less sincere utterance, when the Mohammedan or Hindoo turns his face westward and bows in prayer before the sitting sun.—Chicago Journal.

—At Washington, the other day, a man was put on trial charged with stealing a monkey-wrench from the United States of America. The defendant claimed that this useful tool was not a monkey-wrench, but a screw-wrench. The judge decided that the term used in the indictment was correct and the guilty man knew immediately that a screw-wrench was not the simple thing he thought it was.

MUMMIFIED CATS.

A Feline Cemetery in Central Egypt Robbed of Its Dead.

A cat four thousand years old is not altogether a familiar object to Englishmen, and can scarcely be regarded as an every-day visitor to these shores. The arrival, therefore, of 19½ tons of such cats in Liverpool is an incident that can not but lay a heavy strain upon the British capacity for experiencing amazement. Not the least astonishing feature of this unique event is that the consignment in question, described with commercial crispness as "a parcel of embalmed cats," consists exclusively of feline mummies, aptly, but accidentally, culled from a catacomb in Central Egypt. There are no fewer than 180,000 of these swathed and spiced remains in the "parcel" that reached this country a few days ago, and they have already been sold for fertilizing purposes to a Liverpool manure merchant, the auctioneer who disposed of them using one of the deceased cat's heads as a hammer wherewith to knock down the "lots."

According to a correspondent, it has long been believed in Egyptological circles that a huge cat cemetery was in existence "somewhere about" on the left bank of the Nile. One day last autumn a fellah husbandman, while engaged in the agricultural pursuit of digging at a place called Beni Hassan, discovered this ancient burial ground by a very simple process. The soil which he was turning into a pit which, on further examination, proved to be a spacious subterranean cave, tenanted by uncounted legions of dead cats. Every one of these corpses had been sedulously embalmed, and swaddled so to speak, in cloth cerements, in the very best style of the undertaker's craft, as practised in the land of the Pharaohs some twenty centuries before the commencement of the Christian era.

The news of this strange discovery spread swiftly through Beni Hassan and the adjoining districts, whence laborers soon flocked to the newly-opened cave, and set to work with might and main to disinter its venerable occupants. Why these cats had been mummified, and when they had come to be arranged so systematically in their subterranean quarters, were secondary considerations, naturally enough, to the bucolic Egyptian mind—in fact, "the sort of things no fellah could understand," but the peasants of the Nile are keenly alive to the commercial value of embalmed "cats and dogs, and each obscener beast, to which Egyptian dotards once did bow," either as high-class manure or as a peculiarly quick and fragrant combustible. With exemplary promptitude and dispatch, therefore, they dug up some hundreds of thousands of mummies, several "lots" of which were purchased on the spot by local farmers, while others found their way down river to the storehouses of an Alexandria merchant. This worthy, being of a speculative turn of mind, shipped them off to Liverpool "on sale or return," where they fetched a trifle less than £4 a ton. Thus, for a matter of three "ponies" or so, a British "bone-buyer" has become the sole possessor of nearly 200,000 fine old crusted Egyptian cats, each of which, at the time of its decease, had been deemed worthy of special embalment and honorable sepulture, according to the rites of Memphis, Bubastis and Thebes, "in that case made and provided."—London Telegraph.

WORN-OUT FOOTGEAR.

The Various Ways in Which Discarded Shoes Are Utilized.

An absent New Yorker of an inquiring turn of mind recently saw some ragpickers gathering up some castaway shoes, and began to inquire what it meant. He soon learned that there was a market for these articles, and after leaving the feet they come to very honorable estate and position. He found that these pickers sold them to manufacturers of the most fashionable kind of wall paper. So he went to one of these establishments to get an insight into the matter, where the foreman made the following explanation: "We buy," said he, "all the old boots and shoes the scavengers can bring us. We pay different prices for the different qualities of leather. A pair of fine calf-skin boots will bring as high as fifteen cents. We don't buy cowhide boots. The boots and shoes are first soaked in several waters to get the dirt off them. Then the nails and threads are removed, the leather ground up to a fine pulp and is ready for use. The embossed leather paperings which have come into fashion lately, and the stamped leather fire screens, are really nothing but thick paper covered with a layer of this pressed leather pulp. The finer the quality of the leather, the better it takes the bronze and old gold and other expensive colors in the designs painted on them. Fashionable people think they are going away back to the medieval time when they have the walls of their libraries and dining-rooms covered with embossed leather. They don't know that the shoes and boots which their neighbors threw into the ash barrel a month before form the beautiful material on their walls and on the screens which protect their eyes from the fire. We could buy the old shoes cheaper if it were not for the competition from carriage houses and bookbinders and picture-frame makers. I don't know how many other trades use old shoes and boots, but the tops of carriages are largely made of them, ground up and pressed into sheets. Book-binders use them in making the cheaper forms of leather bindings, and the new style of leather frames with leather mats in them are entirely made of the cast-off covering of our feet.—American Analyst.

—A Congo native, who has been taught to read and write, has just sent a letter, his first, to the Archbishop of Canterbury. It is as follows: "Great and Good Chief of the Tribe of Christ, greeting: The humblest of your servants kisses the hem of your garment, and begs you to send to his fellow-servants more gospel and less rum In the bonds of Christ, Ugalla." It seems that that letter hits the nail pretty effectually on the head.

PITH AND POINT.

—Poverty is in want of much, but avarice demands the earth.—Texas Siftings.

—The man who knows every thing may be satisfactory to himself, but he is a nuisance to other people.

—Poor people with too many naughty boys in their families should send some of them to a nautical school.—N. O. Picayune.

—It is a curious fact in the run of things that it is easier to be thoroughly orthodox than to be thoroughly good.—Elmira Telegram.

—Somehow or other the man who is always wishing he was dead doesn't find many to disagree with him.—Somerville Journal.

—Hope is the soothing sirup of adversity, enabling us to bear present pains, while looking forward to brighter and happier days.—Ed. R. Pritchard.

—Men change in their opinions, and, therefore, in their behavior, as they become broadened under the influence of contact with the world. A recluse always tends towards narrowness.

—Whenever we become envious of another, and feel like "smiting him with the sword," the world knows that the other fellow is getting the best of us. We never snap at a man we care nothing about.

—Generally speaking, we shall find that thoroughness and promptness underlie all methods that give good results. Although there may be several ways of doing a thing, and some question as to the proper way, yet the results will report faithfully of the method every time under this rule of thoroughness.

—Patience and persuasiveness are beautiful virtues in dealing with children and feeble-minded adults, but with those who have the gift of reason and understand the principles of justice, it is our duty to compel them to act up to the highest light that is in them, and as promptly as possible.—Elizabeth Cady Stanton.

—I never had any faith in luck at all, except that I believe good luck will carry a man over a ditch if he jumps well, and put a bit of bacon into his pot, if he looks after his garden and keeps a pig. Luck generally comes to those who look after it, and my notion is, it taps once in a life-time at every body's door, and if industry does not open it, away it goes.—Spurgeon.

—A question of duty is to be settled in accordance with the standard of absolute right, not in accordance with the sweep of public sentiment. It is often the case that a man ought to do that which "every body" thinks he is unwise to do, and that he ought not to do that which "every body" thinks is the very thing for him to do. A man can never be depended on for right doing, unless he is ready to do right all by himself, in spite of the example and the entreaties of every body else to the contrary.—S. S. Times.

ABOUT IRRESOLUTION.

A Bad Way of Looking at Life That Is Getting to Be Very Common.

One of the effects which have followed from the wide opening up of vistas in all directions which is consequent upon the improved means of conveying intelligence distinguishing this age, is the prevailing irresolution of young men in regard to their business in life. It has never been easy for a young man standing upon the threshold of an untried life to decide what should be the trend of his efforts, and often he is turned one way or another by some circumstance which in itself might seem trivial. If he is possessed of some strong bent and feels himself to be born for some special mission the matter is less difficult, but this condition has never applied to any large number. Nowadays the young man on his entrance upon life sees himself confronted with the different professions and vocations. He is made keenly aware of the advantages and with the disadvantages of all in a fullness of knowledge which is in itself confusing. He sees, moreover, all the rewards of success in the hands of those who have made lucky strokes. The results which of old were the recognized rewards of labor present themselves to his mind as the results of luck. He no longer chooses a profession from a conviction of natural aptitude, and still less from a desire to select that in which he can accomplish the most good. He looks upon the whole of life as a lottery, and he calculates the chances not for work, but for succeeding by a stroke of luck.

This way of looking at things is getting to be more and more common, and this is especially true of those who, having received what is known as a liberal education, should the more surely be above this way of viewing life. It is also true that the habit of looking upon a profession as an end is no less well nigh outgrown. Once a man looked upon his profession as at least the field in which his ambitions lay, and if he was not animated always by the highest spirit of doing good, he at least regarded his chosen field or work as that in which he was to put forth the best that was in him, and as that in which he was to pass his life. It has come to be now a general if not a universal feeling that any profession is taken up tentatively, to be laid aside to-morrow if any thing pecuniarily more profitable offers, and in any case to be looked upon as a mere means of obtaining the means to gain leisure for after pleasure, or to be made to fill the coffers simply. There are exceptions, but this feeling is every day more apparent.

There is so great a greed for rewards, so keen a sense of the desirability of tangible and material good, that every thing else is lost sight of. The life of the age has brought the delights of the eyes and the lusts of the flesh so near to us that they obscure all else, and the natural result is that men are irresolute in whatever they do from an uncertainty whether they are doing the most productive thing within their reach. The thing is not to do their best, but to do that which will bring to them the most speedy and substantial rewards. The strength of desire is no longer to be or to do, but to gain, and the result is a restlessness which nothing can appease.

FARMER AND PLANTER.

FERTILIZING CORN.

An Unsettled Question in Corn Culture Discussed.

It is yet an unsettled question whether corn requires the application of a nitrogenous fertilizer. The results of carefully-conducted experiments at several experiment stations seem to indicate that this plant has the power to gather its requisite supply of nitrogen from the soil, or from the atmosphere, or both. That it must have nitrogen is proven by the fact that the matured plant, in all its parts, and especially the grain, contains nitrogen. The indications of these experiments would seem to be in the very teeth of the experience of all farmers, that cotton and cotton-seed meal—whose principal element of plant food is nitrogen—rarely fail to produce a good yield when applied to corn. If corn were a new plant just introduced into cultivation, we would conclude by reasoning from analogy, that it would respond to nitrogenous fertilizers, because it belongs to the same botanical order, or family of plants that includes wheat, oats, rye, barley, the various grasses, etc., to all of which we have long been accustomed to apply highly nitrogenous manure with supposed profitable results. If these experiments are conclusive, or are to become so, then we will have to admit that millions have heretofore been wasted in manuring corn with stable manure, cotton seed and cotton-seed meal, Peruvian guano, etc., because the chief value of all of those is due to the fact that they contain more or less nitrogen. We are not inclined to reverse our opinion on this point, all at once, but will leave the question open, and judgment suspended, until more light is afforded from the most exact experiments. In passing, however, we will say that in our own experience we have uniformly got better results from the use of rotten cotton-seed, even when rotted without any precaution against loss of nitrogen, than from green cotton seed, when applied to corn, which would appear to favor the view that corn does not require a nitrogenous fertilizer.

If but a small amount of fertilizer is to be applied to corn, say less than ten bushels of cotton seed, or its equivalent, it is probably best to make but one application, and that at the time of planting, taking care to somewhat scatter the manure around the seed instead of dropping it in a lump in one spot. But if liberal manuring is contemplated we advise two or more applications. This advice is not based on the theory that the plant will take up the manure before it is needed, and that the supply will be exhausted before eating time. On the contrary it is quite probable that the plant can not and will not appropriate all the applied plant food until needed. Even if the idea were correct that the plant will exhaust the manure during the early stages of its growth, it is also true that the roots, stem and blades are a safer repository than the soil itself. Whatever of plant food is taken into the plant system will inevitably go into the grain when the latter requires it. It will not be exhaled into the air and lost. Plants exhale very little, if any, nitrogen, and not a particle of the mineral elements. It is true, however, that a large stalk requires more to form its tissues, and will therefore withhold a larger proportion of the plant food taken up from the soil than a smaller stalk; and it is certainly true that a liberal, all-at-once, dose of manure, at planting or shortly after, tends to produce a large stalk. There is something, also, in the idea that repeated applications give successive stimulations to the plant, and induce successive reactions on the inert plant food in the soil. Actual experiment, however, is the crucial test; and experience seems to confirm the view we have suggested.—Southern Cultivator.

DAIRYING FOR PROFIT.

Advantages of the South for the Conduct of the Dairy Business.

In the last issue of the Southern Cultivator, Mr. Stahl calls attention to the advantages for stock raising and grass culture in the Cotton States over the States North and West. A further statement in his article, worthy of notice, is that he finds the profits on butter much better at the South than in Illinois, his native State, notwithstanding charges for transportation at the South are heavier than at the West.

It is a little remarkable under this condition of things—facts before well known to the farmers of the Southern States—that their industries receive so little attention from our people. Our cities get their beef from the regions of long winters and blizzards, their hay from Western lands worth one hundred dollars an acre, and their butter from cows that are stabled and fed the greater part of the year, at heavy expense. If there can be profit to Western farmers under the conditions of climate and high-priced lands, as they find them, in the sale of such products, there must be vastly more possible for farmers in a better climate, on cheaper lands and nearer markets.

It seems next to impossible to turn the minds of cotton farmers away from growing cotton, even though they know it to be, financially, hurtful.

We have occasional reports from dairying in Georgia that are encouraging and profitable. The success of Mr. Webb, of Jasper, is an instance in point. Mr. Webb reports 1,300 pounds of butter from an average of less than four cows, making over 350 pounds to the cow. This makes a nice income to meet the current expenses of the farm, so as to make the sale of heavier products a surplus.

The return from a dairy farm is not confined to the sale of milk and butter. If the stock is properly bred, its value will be constantly improved under careful selection. The sale of stock, under good management, is much more profitable than the sale of milk or butter.

A dairy farm is the best kind of a fertilizer factory. Good cows will very nearly pay for their food and attention in the improvement they bring to the farm in the way of manure.

Our warm climate gives us a decided advantage in the cheapness of barns and the arrangements necessary to care for stock. Our mild winters give farmers at the South even a better advantage in the amount of food necessary for their maintenance.

The business, in this State, is not at all crowded, and prices for a standard article of butter are good. With all these advantages for profit, the markets in Georgia ought not to sell one pound of butter made outside the State.—W. J. Northern, in Southern Cultivator.

STOCK AND GRASS.

The Developing Capacity of the South for Stock and Grass Growing.

The cotton States are slowly, but certainly, developing their capacity for growing grass and stock. We do not fear to reassert that there can be no permanent and increasing prosperity in agriculture if the system be not to a large extent on grass and live-stock. We are strong in appreciation of commercial or concentrated fertilizers; we indorse fully the claims of clover and peas and other renovating crops to a most important place in a successful system of restoration and improvement of the soil; but the growing and feeding of live-stock must be a necessary adjunct to any extensive system. It will not do for the South to grow cotton by the seven millions of bales per annum and import from abroad, at a loss, compared with the cost of home production, aggregating greater than the entire profits on the entire product of cotton. The man who raises plenty of grain and forage, a full supply of pork, beef, butter and milk for his family is the one who prospers—not the one who makes big crops of cotton and has big bills to pay for the very things he ought to consider his first duty to produce. And it is not because the first can produce cotton at a less cost, but mainly because there is more satisfaction, solid comfort, happiness and real profit in producing the things we need, and must have, and of which we care to sell only the surplus, than in producing a crop which we can not use, but must sell, and often at an actual loss.—Southern Cultivator.

Advantages of Early Maturity.

Sheep can not mature early if they are not well fed. In speaking of the lamb a flockmaster has correctly said that under scanty feeding—that is, the ewe being insufficiently fed to yield a good flow of milk—the mutton lamb would make a slow growth of about one and a half pounds per week, and would weigh about twenty-one pounds at three months old. If, on the other hand, the ewe is a fair milker, and is fed one-third extra food adapted to produce milk, the extra milk will double the weight of the lamb, reaching forty pounds at three months. The significance of this double growth is not measured by doubling the value of the lamb, however, for the forty-pound lamb often brings in April and May $10 in our best markets, while the twenty-pound lamb would scarcely bring $3. Doubling the weight often trebles the value, or more. A yearling wether that weighs 150 pounds will sell for more than double the price of the one that weighs 80 to 100 pounds; so that the more rapid growth means not only one-third less cost, but double the value. This is a decided encouragement both way for good feeding.

GARDEN AND ORCHARD.

—Set out the tree whenever the soil will permit.

—Make the early garden when the soil can be worked in a good tilth.

—Try some celery, kohlrabi, salsify and cauliflower.

—Two or three weeks after grafting the strings should be taken off.

—Plant every thing in the garden in long, straight rows so as to lessen the cultivation.

—Apply wood-ashes on the surface and work into the soil with a sharp rake.

—Hoed crops are really the best that can be grown in a young orchard.

—The advantage in using clover to seed down the orchard is that it shades the soil and aids nitrification.

—If a young orchard is set out make a plat showing each variety, so that if the label gets lost the name can still be found.

—Peaches should not be pruned until after freezing weather is past, and then from one-third to one-half the new growth of wood should be taken off.

—The quince needs a good, rich soil and severe pruning each year. In many localities this will be found a profitable fruit to grow.

—The mulch on small fruit plants should not be disturbed until after the plants have matured their fruit. If weeds come up they can be pulled up.

—A good dressing of wood ashes scattered under the pear trees and worked well into the soil will be of considerable benefit, especially if the tree is not making a thrifty growth.

—With trees set out in the fall, it will be found a good plan to go through the orchard and tramp the soil down firmly around the stem of the trees.

—Plum trees, especially, will make a better growth and be less injured by pests, especially on the fruit, if they are planted near the poultry-house.

—Early in the spring drainage is important both in the garden and among the fruit. Some moisture is essential but an excess is as a rule detrimental.

—It is of no advantage either in the garden or with fruits to plant a large number of varieties; what will keep up a supply to the best advantage is all that is necessary.

—Cherries are one of the best varieties of fruits to plant along fences or where the stock is liable to tramp more or less. By proper pruning they can be kept from growing too tall.

—Poultry manure can be used to a good advantage either by applying in the hill or as a top dressing, scattering evenly over the surface. As it is a concentrated manure, care must be taken not to apply too liberally and to work thoroughly into the soil.