

St. Tammany Farmer.

"The Blessings of Government, Like the Dew from Heaven, Should Descend Alike Upon the Rich and the Poor."

W. G. KENTZEL, Editor.

COVINGTON, ST. TAMMANY PARISH, LA., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1889.

VOL. XIV.—NO. 33.

CUPID'S NEW ARROW.

Young Cupid went storming to Vulcan one day. And brought him to look at his arrow. "This useless," he cried; "you must mend it, I say!" "It is not fit to be tried at a sparrow. There's something that's wrong in the shaft or the dart. For it flutters quite false to my aim; 'Tis an age since it fairly went home to the heart. And the world really jests at my name. 'I have straitened, I've bent, I've tried all, I declare: Two performed it with sweetest of sighs; 'Tis feathered with ringlets my mother might wear. And the barb gleams with light from young eyes. But falls without touching—I'll break it, I vow— For there's a Hymen beginning to peep; He's complaining his torch burns so dull and so low. That Zephyr might puff it right out!" Little Cupid went on with his painful tale. Till Vulcan the weapon restored. "There, take it; young ar; try it now—if it fail I will ask neither fee nor reward." The arrow, shot out, and rare havoc he made; The wounded and dead were untold; But no wonder the rogue had such staunching trade. For the arrow was plied with gold. —Nobraska State Journal.

TRUE SNAKE STORIES.

One Man Who Sees No Object in Lying About Reptiles.

Facts Are Sufficiently Interesting When Properly Presented—How a Black Snake Died Successfully With a Rattlesnake—Other Truths.

I never could understand or appreciate the propensity so common among people otherwise reliable, to lie about snakes, when the plain truth relating to the disgusting reptiles would be as marvelous and interesting and of some value in acquainting us with their nature and habits.

In 1872, our city, says a Virginia (Ills.) correspondent of the St. Louis Republic, having established a new cemetery, many of our people, living both in and out of town, removed into it the remains of their dead, who had in years passed been buried around in rural burying-grounds, on farms, and about cross-road churches. Among these removals was the body of an old and much-respected citizen who had been buried in the country not quite a year before and was taken up for transplanting during the January thaw. His coffin was home-made—one of the old-fashioned sort—constructed of walnut plank and neatly covered all over with black velvet. It had been buried in a five-foot grave, in a strong box of oak lumber, resting in that on strips three inches thick placed under each end, leaving a clear space of three inches between the bottom of the coffin and the floor of the wooden vault. When the dirt had been thrown out of the grave and the lid of the oak box taken up the workmen and relatives present were much astonished to see the coffin bare—completely denuded of every vestige of its former velvet covering—and much they marvelled that this material should decompose and totally disappear in so short a time. But when the coffin was lifted out the matter was explained. The space between its bottom and the floor of the outer box was filled with the velvet covering torn in shreds, and in this soft mass they found a huge black snake sound asleep or in a protracted trance. A knot-hole was found in one plank of the box, and through this the reptile had gained ingress to his comfortable winter quarters. Instinct is said to be merely inherited experience. This may be true, but the sagacity exhibited by this reptile in finding that knot-hole down below the frost line, and in making such elegant and elaborate arrangements for its hibernation, must surely border upon the realm of reason.

Many years ago, when quite a young man, I was on one occasion, with several companions, on a hunting expedition in the American bottoms, not far from old Fort Chartres. In the course of a calm, clear day in autumn, while still hunting for deer, I had stopped to rest in the shade of a pecan tree at the edge of the prairie. The silence that prevailed as I seated myself at the foot of the tree was broken only by the twittering of a startled bird or the buzzing of a mosquito when suddenly, from a little thicket of persimmon trees a few feet away, came a peculiar sound as though someone was striking the ground with a stick or pole, as in the act of killing a snake. The strokes were repeated in quick succession for six or eight times, and ceased for a few minutes, then were again repeated as before. I listened to this strange noise for some time, trying in vain to account for it. Familiar as I was with the woods and lakes and prairies of this, my native county, and with all the denizens that inhabited them, from the deer down to sand gnats, I could think of no bird, beast, or reptile capable of making such a noise as that. Entering the miniature grove cautiously with gun in hand, I presently found the object of my search. Stretched at full length on the ground was a bullsnake nearly six feet long. About the place where his stomach should have been—and was—his body was bulged out disproportionately, rendering it apparent that he had that morning been lucky enough to find his breakfast. A few moments' observation made it apparent also that there had been some error in his diet, and that, in consequence, he was suffering the pangs of dyspepsia, or had a spell of the colic, for presently he raised the bulge in his body six or eight inches and slithered vigorously down on the ground with vigorous force. This movement he repeated several

times rapidly, then stopped to rest awhile and ascertain the result; then he again and again went through the same performance. The tapping sound I heard was explained and I knew well its object. A few summers before this, near our barn at home, I had seen a black snake engaged in the same maneuver and, after killing it, discovered that he had swallowed a turkey's egg, and adopted this method to break the shell in order that the egg might be more easily digested, or, perhaps, to relieve the inconvenience of its bulk. With a suitable cudgel I soon dispatched the snake, and, with my hunting knife as a scalpel, at once proceeded to make the autopsy. I expected to find, as in the former instance, an egg as the cause of trouble, but was much surprised upon splitting the body open to see, instead of an egg, a full-grown, box-turtle turned out of it. It was alive, too, and soon opened the bottom and end of the box, protruded his head, tail and legs, and scrambled off seemingly very grateful for its deliverance from an untimely and somewhat unpleasant death. I named him Jonah and let him go. The cause of the snake's uneasiness became now very plain as I continued the post-mortem, for I further found that the imprisoned chelonian, in its desperate efforts to regain its liberty, had actually worked one of its feet through the opihidian's stomach and through the outer integuments of its body. Hence, with both reptiles it was literally a struggle for life—for the survival of the fittest—or toughest, rather. And so, I conclude that truth—especially in regard to snakes—is sometimes as strange as fiction.

In another hunting excursion in the American bottom, years ago, I was fortunate in having an opportunity to witness a singular combat in which the exhibition of animal instinct seemed only a synonym for profound reasoning. After passing through a small thicket of plum trees and underbrush I caught sight of a fine, large buck, only a few yards distant, and was about to raise my gun when my attention was arrested and curiosity excited by his queer movements. I refrained from firing at the beautiful animal, and cautiously approached a little nearer in order to discover the cause of his strange antics. From the time I first observed him he was walking slowly around sideways, in a circle of perhaps a dozen feet diameter, with head lowered and eyes intently watching some central object. Occasionally he threw up his head and darted back precipitately, but only for a moment, and again resumed his circuit. He was so absorbed in this singular maneuver that I crawled near enough to see across the circle he described without attracting his notice. I now saw that the focus of his fixed gaze was a huge rattlesnake coiled up in striking attitude, with head and tail erect, and keeping up a constant, thrilling whir with his thirteen rattles. A vicious strike by the snake now and then would be parried by the deer tossing up his head and dodging back instantly. The oddly-matched pair evidently understood each other's tactics and power perfectly, and, like well-trained pugilists in the prize-ring, were keenly alert to every motion each made, and prepared at all points for or against any advantage that might be presented.

The buck continued his walk-around for some time, gradually increasing his speed and narrowing his circuit. At length his opportunity came. The snake, bewildered or fatigued by constantly turning to face his antagonist, for a moment slackened his vigilance. This was what the deer had been looking for. Instantly, and almost with the rapidity of a streak of lightning, with his front feet close together and hoofs pointed forward, he sprang upon the coiled monster and as instantly bounded back to his former safe distance. It was done so quickly that the snake had no time to strike; but the blow had failed in its aim. The reptile was wounded and bleeding, but seemed reanimated and glared savagely at his stately enemy, and rattled louder, and flashed his tongue out in mad defiance. The buck was not the least disconcerted by this hideous exhibition of wrath, but steadily continued the siege. After awhile he caught another opportunity, and, with the swiftness of thought, he repeated his spring forward and back again. This stroke ended the contest. The points and sharp edges of the hoofs—chisel-like—struck the snake squarely at the base of the neck, where it rose above the coiled body, and almost severed it. The head dropped and the coil loosened, yet the rattling continued, though not so furiously. The wary buck prudently kept his distance and cautiously walked again around his prostrate foe. Two or three times he made the circuit, when he again sprang upon the reptile, and again, and again—determined to make a complete job of it, or perhaps to give the rattler a taste of punishment after death—until little of it was left but a bleeding, mangled mass. I could not find it in my heart to slay the victor after such a startling exhibition of sagacity and pluck, and permitted the graceful beast to go his way unopposed by venomous serpent or merciless biped.

—Real-Estate Agent—"I can let you a very pretty cottage on Pine Street for only—"
—House-seeker—"What did you say the name of the street was?"
—Real-Estate Agent—"Pine Street."
—House-seeker—"Thanks—I believe I will look a little further."
—Burlington Free Press.

NAMES FOR OUR GIRLS.

The Change from Biblical and Heroic to Simple Anglo-Saxon Names.

The resort to biblical names among the women of this land up to recent years was undoubtedly due to the fervent puritanical spirit pervading our nation—or at least the New England portion of it. The male children were given the names of Old Testament heroes, and the girl babies received names that stood for types of early Hebrew virtue, beauty and gentleness. The puritan mind of New England had in its sternness, austerity and inflexible piety, something which would more approximate to the Old Testament than the New Testament—which had a closer spiritual relationship with the teachings and examples of Moses than with those of Jesus. Hence the puritan's pronounced liking for those old biblical names. Glances over the record in prose and verse of New England and you will find everywhere on the pages, where women are mentioned, such names as Miriam, Salome, Bath, Bathsheba, Rebekah, Sarah, Hagar, Adah, Zillah, Eve, Rachel, Leah, Judith, Tamar, Deborah, Dinah, Bilhah, and even Jezebel. And note the fact: These names, many of them with a full meaning, have, too, a sonorous, grand-toned swing in them. They are as if made to order to fit the women who wore them—stately, rather severe in mien, with no indulgence for their own faults and no indulgence for those of others.

The years went by, and other views, other manners, began to find their way among the descendants of these women. Then it was we fell upon the evil days which gave us the Sarah Jane, the Mary Ann, the Martha Jane, and the Samantha, the reign of these names was not a long one, although to this day there are many daughters of the land who have survived the "nominal" abomination thrust upon them soon after their birth.

Next in the course of events it becomes the fashion to give girls resonant names taken from the golden scriptures of the ancients. All the shining records of ancient Greece and Rome, even of swarthy Egypt, were ransacked in the search, and the hoary records were made to give up their dead, so to speak, to serve the living. The dark and winding paths of medieval times were penetrated, and the result of all this was a deluge of such names as Cornelia, Claudia, Aurelia, Catulla, Marcella, Terentia, Placidia, Lucretia, Sappho, Sophronisbe, Psyche, Phoebe, Leda, Aspasia, Cleopatra, Leona, Zenobia, Isabella, Inez. No girl was considered stylish if the name she was called by did not date back at least a thousand years or more. It was a time when the achievements and the civilization of ancient Rome and Greece formed more of a favorite study with the American youth than they do now, and to the reflex of this learning was doubtless due the fact of this profusion of ancient names.

Finally, however, a new era in girls' names arose in this country. The first traces of it dawned in the horizon about ten years ago. This was simultaneous with the first faint indication of Anglomaniac in this country. The craze for wearing ulsters and driving capes, choking the neck in high, stiff collars and concealing thought in an idiom made up largely of "doncher-knows" "deahboys," effected a cautious landing in New York and Boston and thence traveled slowly, very slowly, westward. It reached here only a few years ago. About the same time, too, the English and their American cousins across the wild waste of water both thought that there once lived a race of men—the parent stock of their own race—yelept the Anglo-Saxons; and they thought that that they—rude, yellow-haired, beef-gorging barbarians though they were—had the good taste to give their slender daughters, with the skin of snow, eyes of azure and hair of gold, very pretty, poetic names. Why not dig out those forgotten names again and stick them on the girls of the latter-day period? Why not? And it was done. Agd thus, Edith, my dear, it is that you bear your own pretty name. Thus it is that on that pretty Japanese tray in the front hall of your mamma's beautiful home you see so many cards with names beginning in Elfrida, Ethel, Gladys, Herta, Adelgunda, Waltruda, Edgarda, Aelwitha, Melgunda, Edmund, Ethelreda and Adelhyda.—Chicago Herald.

Women Are Not Humorists.

Women as a rule are not fond of jokes; they listen to clever stories with simulated amusement and forget them immediately. The reason for this lies in one of the essentials in the makeup of woman; her profound and tender sympathy. Humor deals with the weakness of humanity; it exposes foibles and punctures tender skins. Hence, sets the world laughing at some blunder of a man. It is woman nature to cover up, excuse, and reform. Follies are too serious in her eyes to laugh at. If women were humorists they would not be the most earnest church workers, the tender of nurses, and the most sentimental and refined portion of humanity. The same inherent quality which would make a true woman, a real woman, shrink as judge from pronouncing a "death" sentence, or as soldier from shooting an "enemy" through the heart, makes it impossible for her to become a humorist. With a woman may have, at the best, a sense of humor, but she does not possess, and it is a formidable adversary with her stiletto points of irony and satire.—Washington Post.

CARE OF IMPLEMENTS.

How They Should Be Hoisted and Sheltered.—Fine Farm Economy.

An honestly-made implement that is well cared for by the farmer, ought, and usually does, last fifteen or twenty years; but the truth of the matter is that they do not, averaging the country through, last one-half that length of time. This is partly due to the rough nature of the land that they are run over, but mainly to lack of shelter and care.

The hard-earned dollars that have been invested in machinery should be guarded just as carefully as the grain in the bins, the live-stock in the stables, or the money in the farmer's purse. The working capital of the farmer is generally insufficient for his needs at best. He ought not to sink any unnecessary amount in farm implements.

There is a vast difference in the manner of running machinery. Some farmers will get good work out of almost any kind of a machine. Every part of the machine is looked after and carefully tested before work is commenced. If it is a cutting-machine, like a mower or reaper, the knives are put in good order, nuts, guards and all parts made tight and secure; badly worn portions replaced with new ones, and every thing put in complete readiness before a start is made. Teams are carefully driven, and rough places eased over. Such men seldom have a break-down in the midst of pressing work.

On the other hand, there are farmers who can not, or do not, get good work out of any machine. They seem to consider a machine a thing of automatic intelligence that will adjust itself to all the irregularities of its work, that all that is required of them is to furnish the motive power and the machine will operate itself.

They do not understand the real needs of the machine, and consequently do not keep the machine in good working order. When a machine gets out of order it can not do good work, requires a much greater motive power, and wears distinctively upon itself. This is a prolific cause of short life in a machine.

But perhaps the greatest loss in farm implements occurs from the lack of housing and shelter. It is not an uncommon sight to see implements of all kinds left out in the yard and field, exposed to the destructive elements at all seasons of the year. Such treatment takes the life out of a machine before half its time of resistance to natural wear and tear, under fair treatment, has expired. Comparatively few farmers have buildings expressly designed for the storing of implements. Implements are generally stored in odd nooks and corners about the barns and sheds. To be stored in places of such limited space they must, usually be taken apart and packed away in sections. Now many of the implements must be used, at different times, all through the summer season. As it is quite a task to take a machine apart and put it together again every time it is used, machines are very apt to remain out from the time they are first used until the approach of winter precludes all possibility of using them again. They are thus exposed to the action of the elements during the very worst part of the year.

The hot sun, drying winds and rains combined are most fatal to wood work, and iron, too, for that matter. Every farmer who keeps a full set of heavy implements should have a building in which these may be stored at any time without taking apart. The mower, reaper, seeder, hay-rake, wagon and all small farm tools, should have their respective places in this building, and should be stored there when not in actual use.

A one roof shed with sliding doors at the front, and the floor about on the level with the ground, makes an excellent arrangement for this purpose. The doorways should be wide enough to allow any of the implements to be backed in readily. It is no trouble at all to store machinery with such accommodations. The horses need not be unhitched from the machine in use until it is under cover. The saving in farm machinery would soon pay for such a building. While it costs but a few dollars at the start, it will ultimately save the farmer hundreds of dollars, perhaps.—Western Plowman.

A New Ailment from Wheat.

According to Le Genic Civil, Dr. Dujardin-Beatems recently exhibited at the Paris Academy of Medicine a new alimentary substance—"fromentine"—which is obtained from wheat by the aid of special millstones. Fromentine is the embryo of wheat reduced to flour and deprived of the oil which it contains. The substance contains three times more nitrogenous substance than meat, and a strong proportion of sugar. Thus, the amount of nitrogenous matter in it is 51 per cent, while that of the richest meat, mutton, is but 21 per cent., and the proportion of digestible substance reaches 87 per cent. of the total weight. Hence it would appear that it might advantageously replace powdered meat as a concentrated food. It can be used for making soups, and even for making biscuits, the taste of which would not be disagreeable. The wheat germs employed are a by-product in the Schweitzer process of manufacturing flour which can be kept for a long time without deteriorating. Let the birds roam in the pasture through July and August and they will give their corn. They are hot enough without it.—Western Plowman.

FACTS FOR FARMERS.

Life is too short for one man to know all that can be known about even one branch of farming.—Iowa State Register.

Nearly all kinds of vines are benefited by mulching after the last cultivation is given. They require considerable moisture, and this can be supplied easier by mulching than by attempting to water.

Have a good fence or have none. It is better to have a good fence around the pasture and no other than to have poor ones that are a constant temptation to the stock to break them down.

A prominent stockman says that while he thinks he is raising very fine calves for fattening and breeding purposes by letting them suck their dams, he thinks that dairymen raise better ones for their purposes on skim milk and nitrogenous grains.

All tillage of heavy crops goes by the name of hoeing. There must be frequent and thorough stirring of the soil by horse-power. This will not only kill the weeds, but is equal to a dressing of manure. There is no crop which requires more thorough weeding than potatoes.

A race or family of hogs kept on the same farm will improve or degenerate, according to the ability or shiftlessness of the owner. By keeping the same family for a few years the farmer can produce a hog suited to his circumstances and manner of feeding.

It is a little difficult during the busy season to attend to the feeding of the stock at regular hours, but it should be done. Irregularity in feeding and especially irregularity in milking will show in decreased flesh on the stock and decreased milk in the pail very soon.

As a rule white clover springs up on land that has been well dressed with wood ashes, and though it is a very fertile pasture it is a very persistent weed if it is allowed to grow where it is not wanted. Cutting it off only causes it to grow more vigorously. It should be pulled up by hand from among rows of vegetables.

According to the Ohio Farmer, an exclusive apple grower of Illinois is said to plant only half as far apart as the trees should stand permanently, and then he brings three-fourths of them into bearing as soon as possible by girdling, letting them produce all they will until the permanent ones then cut out and the others have all needed space for growth and productiveness.

Will it pay to cut rough forage for stock? To cut it involves the utilization of parts which the animal would otherwise reject, but when cut will be swallowed without hesitation, and nourish the animal just as much as any part of the forage. It has been found that to cut evergreen sugar corn makes a gain of ten per cent. in feeding value, but to cut the ordinary dried corn-stalk adds thirty to forty per cent. The standard of value is the result in butter.

Hard Work in the Blue Grass.

It was a day of perfect beauty on which I drove through that region of perfect loveliness. The recent rains had refreshed the face of nature, and the sunshine lay bright and warm on the green fields. The corpulent cattle, frisky colts, and fleecy sheep seemed to be taking a holiday of rest or play, but the gait of the horseman and vehicles I met was not slow. The scenery, the air, and the sunshine excited religious feeling, and I sought to talk a little on that line with George, my driver. It was not an easy matter. "George do you ever pray?" I asked. "No, sir; it wouldn't do any good for a boy like me to pray," he answered.

"Why not?" "Cause he'd go and just do the same thing arterwards."

"Can't a boy do right when he tries?" "Yes, he mout if he'd stay by himself; but when he gets wid a gang—yous know how dat is. Howdy, Uncle Jim!"

George broke off suddenly, as we met a stout-built, shrewd-looking old negro riding a clean-lined, slim-looking bay. "Dat horse Uncle Jim is on a sister to Castile," continued George with genuine Kentucky enthusiasm. And so it was when I would talk religion to George he wanted to talk "horse" to me, and it was a pretty even race, the horse being a little ahead much of the time.—Dr. Fitzgibbon, in Nashville Christian Advocate.

Protection Against Insects.

Many people do not know how easily they can protect themselves and their children against the bites of gnats and other insects. Weak carbonic acid, sponged on the skin and hair, and in some cases the clothing, will drive away the whole tribe. A great many children, and not a few adults, are tormented throughout the whole summer by minute enemies. We know persons who are afraid of picnics, and even of their own gardens, on this account. Clothing is an imperfect protection, for we have seen a child whose foot and ankle had been stung through the stocking so seriously that for days she could not wear a leather shoe. All this can be avoided, according to our experience, and that we believe of many others, by carbonic acid judiciously used. The easiest plan is to keep a saturated solution of the acid. The solution can not contain more than six or seven per cent., and it may be added to water until the latter smells strongly. This may readily and with perfect safety be applied with a sponge. We have seen a child whose horse and cattle were stung by the gnats, and they were freed from the flies, which sometimes nearly madden them.—United Presbyterian

SOUTHERN AGRICULTURAL.

About the Cotton Fields.

It is safe to assume that cotton is small; much behind the usual stage of development, especially in point of size. It is all important, therefore, that the crop should receive regular and careful attention. Adopt the one-furrow system, now, if not already adopted and approved. What the crop needs is that no crust be permitted to form on the surface. To prevent this, let the plows with wide extending sweeps or heel-scrapes, or better still, a good cultivator, go over the crop as often as once every week or ten days. If we could time the rains, that is, have them to fall at will, we would have a good rain of not less than one inch to fall every Saturday night during the month of July; start the plows Monday morning and go over the crop in three days, and one time to the row. But as no man may control the clouds and the rains, we must endeavor to adapt our efforts to the circumstances. A crust on the surface, however, should never be permitted to form and remain, if practicable to prevent it.

The question has often been debated whether plowing should be repeated in dry weather without a rain intervening. Some farmers believe in "plowing up" the moisture during a drought. We think the moisture in such a time had better remain where it is, down among and below the roots of the crop.

"Bringing up" the moist soil from below will certainly facilitate the evaporation and loss of its moisture. Better cover up the surface of the land and the subjacent roots of the plants with something that will protect them from too fervent heat of the sun, and prevent evaporation of moisture as much as possible. We much Irish potatoes, and other crops covering but a small area, with straw or leaves from the forest. This expedient is manifestly impracticable on extensive fields, but we can cover the latter with loose soil, which is much more cheaply applied if not altogether so effective. This is the whole rationale of the effect of surface culture of the crop in dry weather. In a crop of any kind the surface should be stirred as quickly after a good rain as may be safely done. The roots should be forced, if necessary, to remain in the substratum of the surface soil.—Southern Cultivator.

Utilizing Surplus Fruit.

Farmers as well as professional orchardists ought to make preparations to get the greatest value possible out of the abundant fruit crop. The means of utilizing the surplus fruit most available to the farm is feeding to stock and drying or evaporating. Of course every wide-awake farmer will give his hogs all the fall, partly decayed and otherwise worthless fruit. But after marketing to the extent that may be practicable the fresh, ripe fruit, drying or evaporating must be resorted to. Evaporated fruit always commands higher prices than the ordinary sun-dried, and every one should procure or make a cheap evaporator if possible. The best cheap driers for sun-drying are made as follows, using for the frame light strips of plank one and a half inches wide by one inch thick:

The frame is six by three feet and must then be covered with thin home-spun tacked on. Having several dozen of these driers—according to the number of hands available for the work—it will be perceived at once that they are far superior to boards, planks, house-tops, trays, etc., such as housewives are commonly forced to use. The slices of fruit dry in little more than half the usual time and require no turning. At night, or in case of threatened rain, these driers may be quickly stacked one above another and carried to shelter, or a stack of them may be securely covered with boards as it stands. To use them to the greatest advantage there should be made light scaffolds upon which to rest the driers. Of course they can be used for drying berries, as well as other fruits, sweet potatoe, okra, etc.

We would impress upon those who may be convenient to shipping points to ship none but choice fruit, and in the very best condition. The peach crop, especially, is universally good from North to South. The markets will be easily glutted unless only the best fruit be shipped. If over-crowded with all sorts of fruit the returns even from that of the best quality will be comparatively unsatisfactory.—Southern Cultivator.

Advice to Young Horse Trainers.

John Splan gives the following advice to young trainers: "If I was going to advise a boy on the subject I would say first he must have a natural love for the horse in his character, and then the determination to learn, and the harder he applies himself the better for him." The younger he commences the better, and to be an expert he wants to commence at "the lower round of the ladder," that is, to groom and properly care for a horse. While this part of his education is going on he must not neglect his school

books. It is not necessary that he should have a college course, but it is absolutely necessary for his success that he should have a good business education. An education will help him to expand his mind and teach him to think, and I know of no profession that requires more thinking than to train a large stable full of horses successfully. Another very important feature in a trainer is his personal conduct and manner. Study to be a gentleman at all times, dress well, use good language and remember one thing, that no man can be successful who is addicted to strong drinks. If a man wants to be a physician he takes a course in some medical college, attends the lectures and studies, and, after a certain amount of practice, is given a diploma. Unfortunately for horse-trainers, there are no schools of that kind for their business, they have to learn it in a haphazard sort of way, so that every trainer is really obliged to learn by actual experience. Never get impatient and think you are not learning fast enough. Go slow and be sure you are right is a rule that has won many a close race. By connecting yourself with a trainer who has a large stable, if you are a close observer you will learn faster than any other way that I know of. Remember that you are not there simply to earn wages, but to improve yourself as well.

What May Be Done in July.

Excepting rutabagas turnips and some garden vegetables, July is not a favorable time to plant any original crops. It is between the two seasons. It is time to talk and write about sowing turnips, but except on a small scale, and chiefly for table use, we do not advise turnips. We have tried rutabagas and other turnips, and for stock, and the result of our experiments is that for a period of ten years together it will cost more to produce a bushel of turnips than a bushel of potatoes, and the latter are worth twice as much. Still it is very well to have plenty of turnips for the table and some for the cows. Prepare the land by repeated deep and close plowings—cow-penned land the best—and sow in two-foot drills about July 20 to August 1. Precisely the same character and richness of soil and preparation necessary for rutabagas suits lucerne also. If the rutabagas fall over in Lucerne in September or October. Now, we expect somebody will pounce upon us as teaching heterodoxy—departing from the faith—in writing so disparagingly about turnips as a stock-food crop in the South. Our reply is that it is one of those imported English ideas that will not stand our climate.—Dixie Farmer.

Peanuts and Chufas, Etc.

Several farmers have insisted that the best time and place to plant Spanish peanuts, or chufas, is after small grain harvest on stubble land. We have no doubt that it is a good idea, but it is by no means wise to rely mainly on a crop of field peas, peanuts, or any thing else to be planted on stubble land. It is good policy to have always a surplus of seed of those crops as well as of sorghum, buckwheat, etc., that we may plant according to circumstances. It is frequently the case that stubble land can not be got into condition to plant any thing until too late. Chufas and peanuts (Spanish) may be planted until July 1, field peas a little later (for forage).—Southern Cultivator.

HERE AND THERE.

During the summer eggs intended for market should be gathered every day and be kept in a cool place. They will be of sufficiently better quality to pay well for the trouble.

Geese should be picked every ten weeks and ducks every six weeks. This work should be done regularly during the warm weather, and can easily be made a source of considerable income.

The risk of keeping hogs is one strong argument in favor of maturing and selling at the earliest day practicable. The pig that goes to market at eight months old will never die of cholera as nine.

But few plants will thrive on a wet soil. A good drain is sometimes better than manure. The warmest day of summer can not impart sufficient heat to plants on a wet soil.

Dogs that become addicted to sheep-killing do so from pure viciousness. In a majority of cases the dogs do not eat any portion of the carcass, but will kill a dozen or more sheep for the delight of so doing.

Experience has shown that mules bred from thoroughbred mares can endure more labor and fatigue than those bred from the common mares, even when the latter have the advantage of size.

A zigzag rail fence is supposed to be one of the cheapest that can be built, but unless the corners are kept free of weeds it is the most expensive fence that can be used, as it increases the labor of weed-killing.

As the potato beetle is now busily at work it should be the aim to use par as soon as they appear on the potato vines, in order to destroy as many of the beetles as possible. Every one that is destroyed lessens the number another year.

The best remedy for field mice is to encourage the owls. For fear of damage to pigeons and poultry the owl is sometimes driven off when it appears. The owl does not kill mice, and it will never disturb birds as long as the mice can be had.