The 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 21, 1895. VOL. XX.—NO. 39.

NIGHT.

In the still and sweet of the night,
O the wakening out of dreams,
Ere ever a line of light
Through the gate of the morning streams!—
With never a roof above
That the sweep of our joyance mars,
Only the sky, and the love
Of the brotherly infinite stars!

In the still and sweet of the night,
O the voicing of wondrous things
From the druid firs on the height,
And the lips of the lowland springs!—
From sibylline tongues that tell
The truths that the ages teach,
Loosed from the day's deep spell
Into soft articulate speech!

In the still and sweet of the night,
O the sense of soul release—
From the passions and pains that blight—
In the dewy balms of peace!
The brooding rapture of rest,
Free from the fret and feud,
Close to the earth's warm breast
In her loving mother-mood!
—Clinton Scollard, in Youth's Companion.

HOSEA LURVEY.

"That man with the walking stick? Why, that's Hosea Lurvey, of Brodick, Esq. Looks like he owned the hull town and part of the next, don't he?"

"Not old Hod Lurvey, of Tick Ridge?"

"The very same." Hiram Tucker smiled at his companion's incredulity. "I don't wonder you're s'prised, if you recollect how Mrs. Lurvey used to run things up at the Ridge. Hod had no more to say than that yaller cat down by the wall. But there's many a change in these fifteen years you've been gone."

"I should have thought it would have taken twice fifteen years to make such a piece of pomposity out of Hod Lurvey. He was the worst henpecked man I ever saw," replied Jasper Burroughs, tipping his chair back against the wall, preparatory to a long talk with his old-time friend and neighbor.

"I told you about the saddle they bought, just before I sold out, didn't I? No? Then I must. They come into the store, and Mrs. Lurvey asked to look at saddles. Of course I thought it was for herself, so I brought out a woman's saddle. She shook her head.

"'I want a man's saddle. It's for my husband.'

"So I took them out into the back shop where there was a lot hanging up. She looked them over, asked the price of this, and found fault with that, and, finally, picked out the poorest and cheapest of the lot. It was a shame, too, for the Lurveys were well-to-do folks, and it's cheapest in the long run to buy good luther. 'Mayhap your husband might like to see the saddle, before you pay for it,' I said, pitying the shamefaced little man.

"'Why, don't you know Mr. Lurvey? He always depends on my judgment. This is my husband,' drawing him forward, as if he had been a bashful boy. 'Make a bow, Mr. Lurvey.'

"He didn't come into the shop again while I owned it, he was that ashamed, or else that shrew of his wouldn't let him come to the village alone. I don't suppose he ever had a cent to call his own. And now you tell me that pompous old gentleman was Hod Lurvey. Why, it would be nothing short of a miracle."

"It's quite a story, Jasper; but if you don't mind listening, I'll tell you how it come about," replied Hiram Tucker, moving his chair so that he could watch the growing interest in his friend's face. "Things got to such a pass betwixt the Lurveys after you went off that I jest couldn't stand it, so one day, when Hod was cutting bushes out in the further corner of the pasture, well out of sight of the house, I went over to him, and sez, sez I:

"'Hod, why don't you assert your independence, and take your lawful place as head of your family?'

"You orter seen him start and turn white. If a cannon ball had taken his head clean off he couldn't have been more surprised.

"'I mean it,' sez I. 'You're a full-grown man, and orter take your place in the world as a man, not a mouse, to be scart by a woman. The Scripter says a man shall be the head of the household. There's no earthly reason why you shouldn't be of yourn.'

"'Do you think so?' he asked, turning white as a sheet. The idee had struck him all at once, and had come nigh being too much for him. It showed plainer than words could have done how it galled him to have things go the way they had. 'Mrs. Lurvey says I'm not to be trusted,' he added, hopelessly.

"'We'll trust you any time,' sez I. 'Come out to the village and get what you want at airy one of the stores; they'll trust you till harvesting if you'll come out like a man and do your own business.'

"'Do you know, you've come jest in the nick of time?' asked Hod, looking me full in the face. 'Mrs. Lurvey has bargained the farm away, this old farm that father cleared, and she says I have got to sign the deed to night. I'd ruther sign away my right hand, and if you'll stand by me I won't do it.'

"Well, the outcome on't was that the farm warn't sold, but Mrs. Lurvey packed her trunk in a hurry and went down country to her folks, and left Hod with everything to see to, and hayin' jest comin' on. There was ten cows, and seven calves, and five cosset lambs, and hens, and chickens, and ducks, and geese, and turkeys, and the three children. The youngest hadn't been weaned and the oldest warn't more'n ten year old. She thought if Hod was conceited enough to think he could run his own business, he might tend to hern as well. But it was the best thing that ever happened to Hod.

"He come over and wanted my Jane Maria go and keep house for him. Now, Jane was as capable a girl as one often sees at fifteen, and there was Susan to take her place at home, so I sez: 'Go.' Then he told Ben—the boy was growing up as lazy and sassy as a lad need be—that he'd pay him every week if he'd tend to the poultry right up prime. That kept him and the turks both out'n mischief.

"'Twas surprising how self-reliant Hod growed from day to day. He didn't ask advice from nobody, but went right ahead. It seemed as if he growed taller. He sartinly did hold his head higher. He got a new suit of clothes, his first boughten suit, and a tall hat and a buggy, and sold two old cows that had been more plague than profit to him, and a lot of things that he had been hankering to do.

"The neighbors begun to hope that Mrs. Lurvey had gone off for good, Hod was getting on so much better without her, when the stage stopped at their door one night, and out she got. Jane had just come to the door with the baby in her arms. Hod was bringing in the milk.

"'What are you here for?' demanded Mrs. Lurvey, looking cross enough to snap the girl's head off. 'Put on your things and go home.'

"'You won't do any such thing, Jane,' commanded Hod, firmly. 'I hired you to work here, and here you'll stay till after harvesting,' and he looked his wife full in the face, like one who meant to be master.

"They had it back and forth for a week, Jane told me, before Mrs. Lurvey would give him a mite of peace, but Hod was as firm as a rock. She might go or stay, as she chose, but he was going to be master in his own house. But such a life as she led him!

"We was afraid Hod couldn't stand the pressure, and if he yielded an inch he was lost. If only he could be got out from that everlasting nagging until he got more self-assertion.

"'Why not send him to the legislature?' asked my wife.

"'Why, he don't know the first thing about politics,' sez I. 'We want somebody to do credit to the town. Hod hain't been out to town meetin' since he took the freeman's oath, twenty odd year ago.'

"But wife said things couldn't go so badly to rack and ruin at the state house as they was going at Tick Ridge, even if he did vote the wrong way, and the only thing that would really help Hod was to show Mrs. Lurvey that some folks respected his opinions, if she didn't.

"'It would be more credit to Brodick to save Hod Lurvey than to send the smartest man in town,' sez she, and we couldn't disagree with her.

"Well, we talked it up one side and down the other at the caucus. Rafe Willey, who had been representative for five years, and of course expected to be again, said he 'nuff sight ruther Hod should have it, and would work for him. There was no danger but we could carry the town easy enough. There warn't a man, far nor near, but would give all his old hats to get even with Mrs. Lurvey.

"Hod did not know what was up, but I made him promise to go down and vote. He said he would come over, cross lots, and go down with me. When I went out to the barn that morning who should I see but Hod coming up the hill with his old clothes on, and looking as meaching as a whipped dog.

"'She suspected I was going to the village to-day and got tearing mad,' sez he. 'She locked my store clothes up and put the key in her pocket and told me to be lively about the chores, for we was going to pick geese to-day. I fed around, then made tracks for here. I guess I might as well give up fust as last. It will have to come. I don't believe that man lives who could stand up against her when she gets in a rage.'

"'You're tired and hungry,' sez I; 'come in to breakfast, then we'll talk things over.'

"I don't suppose I was as sympathetic as I might have been, for if there's anything under the sun that riles me it is to have a man under a woman's thumb.

"It took some argufying to screw his courage up to the pint of buying a second suit of clothes, but he done it; and there warn't a sprucer looking man at town meeting that day than Hosea Lurvey. We had agreed to stop calling him Hod and to call him Hosea or Mr. Lurvey, to see if that wouldn't prop up his self-respect a little.

"He voted the straight ticket through till they come to town representative; then his name was proposed and was greeted with such a cheer that the moderator said it was a waste of time to ballot and we'd elect him by acclamation. Then we escorted him home in fine style.

"Mrs. Lurvey come to the door all primed and loaded to give him a Scotch blessing, and was some took back to see so many of us. Col. Hooker stepped forward and sez, sez he:

"'Allow me, madam, to introjuce to ye our new representative, Hosea Lurvey, of Brodick, Esq.'

"You see the colonel was flustered; he'd ruther face a cannonade than an angry woman; and Mrs. Lurvey's face was as black as a thunder cloud.

"'You've hit it right for once,' she answered. 'If there's an E-s-q. anywhere it ain't Hod Lurvey that deserves the title, and I ain't overly sure that Brodick does, either, if it's made such a fool of itself. Waal, Mr. Lurvey, of Brodick, Esq.,' making him a mocking bow, 'ye better bid your friends good night and come in. I've got a little account to settle with ye.'

"'Thank ye kindly, but I promised to go down to the colonel's to supper,' sez he. 'We only come up to tell ye the news.' Then how we cheered for our new representative.

"That night the hull town turned out to serenade him, and on one pretext or another he warn't alone much for the next few days.

"He hired Nathan Simpson to run the farm whilst he was gone, and told him what to do and how to do it. Mrs. Lurvey might as well have tried to drive a mule as to make Nate go agin Hosea's orders. There was different works at Tick Ridge from that time.

"You never see how Hosea improved when once he had a chance. He took right holt of politics as though he had been brought up to 'em all his life and it warn't long before he had the repertation of being about as shrewd as they make 'em.

"We knowed, when we met him at the post office, on his way home the fust time, that our experiment had succeeded, and he was going home to rule the roost. Mrs. Lurvey seed it, too, and give up trying to hold her own agin him. He has been to the legislature every other term since. We send Rafe Willey other times. This year he is first selectman and overseer of the poor.

"He has got one of the finest stock farms in the state, and has things in a different style from any Brodick has ever had afore. He's makin' money faster'n any other man at Tick Ridge and spends more, too. That is where his independence shows itself most, for Mrs. Lurvey is tighter than the bark to a tree, and keeps saying they will be on the town yet. Well, if they be, we'll help 'em out with a deal better grace than if Hod had never proved himself a man. The boys have grown up fine, steady young men, and the gal is one to be proud of.

"You must go over to Tick Ridge, but I warn you that Mrs. Lurvey will introduce him to ye as the colonel did that night, Hosea Lurvey, of Brodick, Esq."—N. Y. Herald.

—Do what good thou canst unknown, and be not vain of what ought rather to be felt than seen.—William Penn.

ARP AND NATURE.

Watches the Wonderful Growth of the Different Vines.

TOUCHES UPON THE SOLAR SYSTEM

Afraid the Moon Will Pay Us an Unwelcome Visit—Much Pleased With a Visit to Cycloneta.

"Big fleas have smaller ones to bite 'em,
And so proceed ad infinitum."

Naturalists tell us that there is nothing so small but that there is something still smaller, and the only limit is one of vision, not of fact. The most powerful microscope yet made has found no limit to the infinite smallness of animal life. It goes on and on and on, past comprehension. These invisible creatures fill the air, the water, the food, the flesh, and make up all animal and vegetable life. We eat them and breathe them, and it makes no difference, unless they are of a poisonous malignant kind; and then they eat us, and we call it yellow fever or cholera or some kind of pestilence.

What a wonderful study is nature. I sit in the veranda and watch the vines as they climb the lattice—with what wonderful instinct they put out their delicate arms and tendrils to find something to cling to. The morning glories and madeira vines and cinnamon vines twine around the canes, but the gourd vine will not twine at all. It grows straight up, and every few inches sends out a strong little arm or tendril that fastens around a cane or a wire and holds the vine steady. I never saw anything to grow as rapidly as this gourd vine. It was late in coming up, but has already climbed higher than the other vines. It makes a foot a day by measurement.

I wonder how the Creator wrapped up so much sense in a tiny seed. What a condensation of life and beauty there is in the germ, the embryo of a flower seed—the seed of a carnation pink, for instance. It is a never-ceasing mystery—the mystery of the flowers, the corn, the cotton, the leaves of the trees. I was talking to a friend about it last night, and he said he believed that all plants were conscious of their existence and enjoyed life. Look at the pines how they bleed when cut with an axe. Look how the scar heals over, just the same as on a man when he cuts his finger. Prune it too much, and it dies. Look at the sensitive plant and see how it shrinks from the touch. See with what desire the leaves and flowers of these vines reach out to the morning sun. Myriads of flowers are born to blush unseen; and if they were not conscious of their beauty, why should they be born at all?

I used to think that everything we see was created for the use or the pleasure of man, and that even the stars were placed in the heavens to please us. But I don't think so now. The birds do not sing for us alone. Even the sparrow that falls to the ground has the sympathy of its Creator.

But if a man wishes to ponder upon his insignificance let him try to grasp the extent of the universe. Sir Robert Ball, of Cambridge, says, in a recent lecture on the stars, that there is no limit to the universe, no outside boundary—no space beyond the stars—no space where there are no stars, and he tries to bring this idea within our reach by telling us that electricity travels on the wires 180,000 miles in a second and a message could be sent seven times around the earth in the tick of a clock, and to the moon in a second and a half and to the sun in eight minutes, but it would take four years to send a telegram to Alpha Centauri, the star that is nearest the earth. Over our heads and visible to the naked eye are stars so remote that if when Columbus discovered America he had telegraphed the news to them the message would not yet have reached them. But the telescope at the Lick observatory has brought stars into view so utterly distant that if the wise men who visited the Savior at his birht had telegraphed the glad tidings to these stars the message would still be going on and on and on at the speed of 180,000 miles every second and not have gotten there.

Well, that settles it, I don't want to try to think any farther than that. I'm afraid it would strain my mind—like Cabe said when he refused to shoot at a squirrel in the top of a very high pine—said he didn't like to strain his gun.

And now the astronomers declare that this solar system of ours is a very limited affair when compared with the other solar system that the big telescope has discovered. That instrument magnifies 1,000 times and has actually brought the moon within 240 miles of the earth. I wish they would quit fooling with that moon. First thing we know it will get loose from its orbit and come tearing down upon the earth and knock a hole to the hollow and set us all on fire. I don't see much use in the moon nohow except to tell us when to make soap, kill hogs and plant potatoes. They are making so much light by electricity now that before long we wont need any moonlight.

But what are we—we poor mortals who are jumping up and down upon this little earth, fighting fussing and quarreling about our rights, property, and money. Are the angels all up among the stars and we the only sinners, the prisoners of hope, confined here as a sort of Botany Bay—a place of probation where we may have a chance to repent and prepare ourselves for another habitation, even a heavenly. Verily, it is all a mystery—one little planet full of people who don't know whence they came nor whither they are going and who can't add a day to their existence! They don't know by what power they raise an arm or step a foot forward or breathe the breath of life, but don't they brag—was there ever so much conceited, self-satisfied set of creatures! They are carried along in space at the rate of 60,000 miles an hour, and turn a sumersault every day 80,000 miles high, and sleep half the time and never stop to think who is it that holds the earth in balance and keeps them safe in their perilous journey. But don't we brag, brag about Chicago, New York and Atlanta and everything we do, just like we made the earth and were driving it around the sun with a pair of lines and popping a whip as we go.

Was there ever such cheek and assurance?

But there is another side to this picture. The people are not all fools and braggarts. There are some who ponder on these things and humble themselves under the mighty hand of the Creator. And Revelation tells us [illegible] we are of very great consequence [illegible] made in the image of our Maker; a little lower than the angels, and the mind can't conceive what has been prepared in heaven for those who love God and keep His commandments. Then what else should we do? A happy trusting poet said:

"The world is very lovely—O my God
I thank Thee that I live."

Well it is lovely, and it grows more so as the years roll on. The houses are prettier, and our homes are more comfortable. The horses are finer and so are the cattle and hogs and chickens and dogs. The farms and orchards are finer. I came by Tifton and Cycloneta the other day and it was a feast to look upon the long rows of trees laden with peaches end pears and plums and figs and everything good to eat. Cycloneta is the prettiest farm I ever saw anywhere. Here are 2,000 acres in the piney woods that Mr. Sparks cleared and cultivated as an experiment, and it has proved a great success. It is a luxury to look at it—the corn and cotton and oats and vegetables alternating in the long luxuriant rows. And then the orchards laden with bushels and bushels of blushing fruit. This farm has paid good dividends, and there are thousands of acres all around it that are just as good. After all it is the man and the plan that succeeds in anything, and one man's success affects a whole neighborhood. For miles around Cycloneta and Tifton the farmers are doing better than they ever did, for they have an example before them and try to imitate it. BILL ARP.

In Atlanta Constitution.

RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL.

—The Reformed Catholics claim eight societies, with 1,000 members. They worship in eight halls, with a seating capacity of 3,600.

—Mrs. William Rockefeller will build a new parsonage for the First Baptist church at Tarrytown. The specifications call for the best interior fittings, and the building will cost at least $20,000.

—There is one Christian minister for every 900 of the population in Great Britain, and there is but one in every 14,000 in Japan, one in 165,080 in India, one in 222,000 in Africa and one in 437,000 in China.

—A society has been organized in London called the Police Court mission, to help in reclaiming persons, especially young men who are arrested on comparatively slight charges. During the past year it has taken hold of 15,855 cases, and its success is most encouraging.

—The sixth year of the Catholic University of America, at Washington, D. C., closed with the public exercises of the graduating class of divinity students. There were nine baccalaureates, eight licentiates and two doctors of divinity. The doctors of divinity only received the degree after a competitive and exhaustive examination.

—Russia has only 14,649 university students, with a population of 120,000,000, according to the Russkaya Schkola, or 120 to a million, while Germany, with 50,000,000 inhabitants, has 25,000 students. Moscow is the largest university, with 3,967 students; St. Petersburg comes next with 2,675. The 1,176 at Warsaw are almost exclusively Poles, and the 1,555 at Dorpat, Germans.

—There are no fees or charges of any kind at the Southern Baptist theological seminary and the Louisville Presbyterian theological seminary. On the contrary, each institution has a student fund, out of which small amounts are given to worthy young men, but in few cases is more than the board paid. From the letters received these two "Schools of the Prophets" will next session have largely increased attendance. It is probable that the Baptist school will have more than 300 students.

—The Presbyterians of the United States are divided into twelve branches, known as the Presbyterian in the United States of America, Presbyterian in the United States, Welch Calvinistic Methodist, Cumberland (colored), Cumberland Presbyterian, United Presbyterian, Associate Church of North America, Associate Reformed South, Reformed Presbyterian (synod), Reformed Presbyterian (general synod), Reformed Presbyterian (covenanted), Reformed in the United States and Canada.

—At St. Ives, in Huntingdonshire, the Sunday-school children met in the church recently to throw dice for Bibles in the presence of the rector and the church warden. By the terms of an ancient bequest, fifteen dollars must be spent yearly for twelve Bibles, to be given to six boys and six girls of good repute making the three highest throws. The rector receives $2.50 for preaching a special sermon. At first the dice throwing took place on the communion table, but that part of the ceremony has been given up.

WIT AND WISDOM.

—Humility dies the moment it looks in the glass.—Ram's Horn.

—We have still an instinct which we can not repress which elevates us above our sorrows.—Pascal.

—If every man works at that for which nature fitted him, the cows will be well tended.—La Fontaine.

—Passion, in its first violence, controls interest, as the eddy for awhile runs against the stream.—Johnson.

—Brown—Why is it that Black has such a lot of friends? White—Well, you see, there are so few folk that really know him.

—Willetts—What's Blobson doing now? Gilletts—He isn't doing anything. He's got a government position.—Dallas Times-Herald.

—Overheard at the horse show—"That horse is full of ginger, and seems well bred." "Yes; he's a sort of ginger-bread horse."—Philadelphia Record.

—A strict belief in faith is the worst of slavery; imposing upon our necks an everlasting lord or tyrant, whom we are to stand in awe of night and day.—Epicurus.

—Shakespeare paints so very closely to nature, and with such marking touches, that he gives the very look an actor ought to wear when he is on his scene.—Cumberland.

—The Professional Lecturer—Isn't it funny? They frequently pay me as much for a short lecture as for a long one. His Friend—I should think they'd pay you more.—Chicago Record.

—Tommy—Paw, what is an egotist? Mr. Figg—He is the man who thinks he is smarter than any one else. Mrs. Figg—My dear, you have that wrong. The egotist is the man who says he is smarter than any one else. All men think that way.—Indianapolis Journal.

FARMER AND PLANTER.

THE FESTIVE GOOBER.

Jeff Welborne Gives Some Facts on the Subject.

I see you ask for information about the cultivation of goobers, as to whether it is right to cover the blooms. No; they bloom above ground and the embryo goober is formed, then the stem lengthens until the tuber is driven into the surface of the ground. Still I do not know that covering hurts them. I have had but little actual experience in goober culture outside of the Spanish goober, which is a very prolific and hardy kind, being no more trouble to cultivate than a cow pea, and extremely early. Ninety days is all the time necessary to produce as many bushels of goober per acre and two tons of hay, equal to clover, on land too sandy for clover, and that would not produce over thirty bushels of corn. And there is no stock I have ever tried that does not prefer the goobers to corn or any other hay. Now, when we consider how cheaply they can be made and harvested, and how that even when all goobers and vines are removed the land is improved and left in finest condition for fall crops of any kind, is it not strange they are not more extensively cultivated, both north and south? The time for planting and cultivation is about the same as for beans. They are harvested by pulling up the vines. All the goobers hang on to the vines and come up with them. They can be left to cure one day and then stacked as peavine hay; or the pulling up of the vines can extend over two or three weeks' time and they be cured in the loft; or by placing alternate layers of dry straw or hay they can be cured in the loft, and the straw or hay be somewhat improved by the vines; or the vines can be grazed off by cattle, and goobers rooted out and eaten by hogs. I shall plant nearly all of my little upland home in Spanish goobers this spring, and plant the same land in the Tennessee Triumph potato in August. The vines and goobers will be harvested for our little dairy, and the potatoes for the winter market in our little town, and for sale in the spring for seed.

There is nothing upon the globe that will make half as cheap or sweet golden butter during the winter as Spanish goobers (feed vines with goobers on them), cotton seed, and yam (sweet) patatoes. And I can almost say the same of Spanish goobers and cotton seed alone. Our cows have been going dry before Christmas on common hay, meal and cotton seed. By substituting goober hay (with goobers on) for other hay, our cows kept up full flow of milk until calving time this spring, and winter butter at the south always commands double that of spring or summer butter.

Irish potatoes at the south are never sold for less than $1 per bushel between October and March, and to-day are selling at $2 and $2.25 per bushel. And there is no mistake but what we can now make all the potatoes at the south the south needs, and of a most superior quality, by planting in August seed from the spring crop. The trouble has been that we could not always succeed in getting the tubers to sprout in August. This is now obviated by thoroughly preparing the land, planting the Tennessee triumph, or fall potato, and cutting the tubers instead of planting the small ones whole, as heretofore. There is surely a new era dawning upon the south; this fall potato business, the cotton harvesting machinery, dairying, and general sheep and cattle raising on our six to nine months' pasture, with waste products, such as cotton, pea-vines, goobers, crabgrass hay, etc.—Jeff Welborn, in Farmers' Call.

PLANTING TREES.

Twenty Rules to be Observed to Insure Success.

The following twenty rules are self-evident to most tree planters, who, for want of attention, break some of them, and reminders are therefore often useful:

1. A valuable sort is worth more than merely a handsome tree.

2. Good, healthy, bracing roots are of more importance than a symmetrical top.

3. The roots should be long and strong enough, and the top made light enough, to obviate any staking.

4. If the roots of a tree are frozen, and then thawed out of the ground or in contact with the air, the tree will be killed.

5. If frozen roots are thawed in compactly-pressed mellow earth, the tree may be made to live.

6. Manure should never be placed in contact with the roots when setting out the tree, but used for a mulch or top-dressing.

7. Trees should always be set about as deep as they stood in the nursery, or two or three inches deeper, to allow for the settling of the earth.

8. Spread out the roots nearly equally on all sides, so as to brace the tree well.

9. Avoid particularly any small cavity next to the roots, but fill compactly against them on all sides with fine, mellow earth.

10. A small, thrifty tree with copious roots when set out will be a good bearing tree sooner than a large one with mutilated roots.

11. Watering in dry weather crusts the surface and does not reach the roots.

12. Young trees should not be set in a grass lot or among any crops of sowed grain; but the whole surface kept clean and mellow.

13. Shriveled trees, before planting, may be made plump by covering for several days, compacity, with moist, mellow earth.

14. If newly set ones suffer from drought mulch the ground about them, and frequently sprinkle or shower the stems and branches.

15. The roots extend as far from the tree as its entire height; clean and mellow cultivation should therefore cover a circle twice as wide as its height.

16. As a general rule cultivation should be continued for six, eight or ten years from planting, after which closely grazed or lawn-mowed grass may be permitted with frequent top-dressing.

17. The amount of manuring or top-dressing must vary with the vigor of the tree; young trees should grow two or three feet yearly, and bearing ones one foot or more.

18. Keep an eye to the future shape of the tree, and timely remove small, needless, crossing or crooked limbs. This will obviate heavy pruning in after years.

19. Pruning when dormant tends to impart vigor, but if done when growing or in leaf it checks growth, and therefore feeble trees should never be pruned after growth commences in the spring. But healthy strong growers may be lightly pruned at either season.

20. Most of the "bad luck" with young trees and orchards is the result of neglecting the preceding rules.—Southern Farm.

FODDER CORN.

If Used to Fill a Silo It Means Increased Profit to the Farmer.

Fodder corn, either to be cut up and stored in a silo, or to be cured and fed dry, has become a regular crop with many farmers. The latest conclusions drawn from their practical experience, and from carefully-conducted experiments made at some of the agricultural experiment stations, are that the best results can usually be obtained by planting a good variety of common field corn, drilling in rows from three to four feet apart, the grains being dropped about six inches apart, cultivating it thoroughly and cutting it up when the plant and ear are fully developed and the grains are glazing.

Heretofore it has been generally recommended to plant for ensilage the large-growing southern varieties of corn, on account of the very large amount of fodder they produce. But it has been demonstrated that the ordinary varieties of dent corn are usually as valuable, if not superior. While they may not produce much more than half the bulk of fodder produced by the mammoth varieties, their nutritive value is much higher, they mature earlier in the season, and the labor of handling the crop is much less, so that in the end they are just as profitable to raise.

Let every farmer who has been thinking about building a silo, and is yet undecided, go ahead and plant the crop intended for ensilage, and , later on, he decides not build a silo, he can use the crop to good advantage in the form of cured fodder corn.

From the great and increasing interest manifested on the subject during the past few months it is reasonable to estimate that the number of silos in the Ohio valley will be doubled the coming season.

The silo means a decided change in our present system of agriculture. It means more live stock on the farm, and cheaper meat and dairy products. It means a less acreage of grain, but a higher yield per acre from increased fertility of the soil. It means increased profits to the farm by lowering the cost of production. The silo is a good mortgage lifter.—Southern Farm.

A Vital Question.

How to get most profit from our immense crop of corn is now a vital question with Texas farmers. No matter how high the price may be, selling it straight will not give the greatest profit. The man who buys it must have a profit also. He divides the profit with the farmer, but not in the middle. The farmer in the transaction will get the smaller pile every time. To get the most profit from a crop it must be all utilized—the fodder and the husks, as well as the grain. If, in addition to the farmer's profit in producing the crop he can add the feeder's profit, he will be going at it right. To do this he must buy cattle or hogs if he has neglected to raise them, or if he has not raised enough, let him buy a steer or two, or enough to make a car load; or the same with hogs. But in doing this he must exercise judgment. Some steers and some hogs are not worth buying. Get stock that will know what to do with food when they get it—that can eat it at a profit. No man can feed cattle or hogs as profitably as the farmer who grows the feed, because there is the pasture that would otherwise be wasted, and there are odds and ends that may be consumed at home that could not be sold. When farmers turn their attention to the consumption as well as the production of stock food, they will begin to reap the legitimate profits of their business.—Farm and Ranch.

Keep Ducklings Dry.

It is claimed that the Pekin duck will thrive well without ponds. It is true that the ducklings can be more easily raised away from ponds or streams than when allowed to have access thereto, but this due to the fact that most of the ducklings are hatched with incubators during the winter season, when the cold waters of the pond would chill them and cause loss. Young ducks will thrive better if they are kept away from the ponds until they are well feathered; but despite all claims in favor of the Pekin duck as being adapted to dry locations, my experience is that the adult ducks are more contented when they have a pond. Like all aquatic birds, they enjoy the water, and they will thrive on on an open field away from water (except for drinking), yet they give the best results when they have the privileges of a pond.—Farm and Fireside.

HERE AND THERE.

—The summer pig, if well cared for, will prove a profitable ally of the summer dairy.

—To remove warts on horses take muriate of ammonia 2 drachms, powdered savin 1 ounce, freshlard 1½ ounces—mix well and apply daily.

—A good sprayer is very useful about a poultry house. By its use disinfectants and insecticides can be more thoroughly and economically used than in any other way.

—Gray horses are the longest lived and roans come next in order. Cream have not much staying power and succumb quickly in very hot weather.

—The great secret in fancy buttermaking, says a dairy writer, is a studied purpose to keep all foreign substances and flavors out of the milk, cream and butter, and have only original material from start to finish, and fancy butter results.

—Mrs. Robert Garrett, of Baltimore, has just completed a poultry house costing $10,000. It is 250 feet long, and has three towers, one of each is elegantly fitted up for the accommodation of the poultry keeper. Some people have a great deal more money than anything else.

—Goslings should be separated from the mother when four or five days old, and placed in a roomy coop, and fed with bread crumbs and milk and wheat bran wet with milk. Give them also plenty green food from the lawn or garden. In six weeks they will feather out and may then be given free range, and free swimming, if a pond or creek is handy; if not, a tub or trough will answer the purpose.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

—Ismail Pasha, the late khedive of Egypt, left three widows, one a Georgian princess and the other two Circassians, who live together in the palace of Resina, on the bay of Naples. They now drive about Naples without their veils, and are very fond of shopping and of the theater.

—In the cities of Japan there is a large class of women who make their living by furnishing amusement to ennuied patrons. They are well educated, can converse, recite poetry, tell stories, sing songs, play the guitar and dance for the entertainment of those who send for them.

—In Finland Jews are to be allowed to engage in trade and industry on the same footing as foreigners residing in the country, by regulations just issued by the government. They may also contract marriages with Christian foreigners who belong to countries where such marriages are legal.

—A curious feature of the sale of the duchess of Montrose's wines was the extraordinary bottles that came to light from her cellar; there were any number of magnums, but the magnum we know. The cock bottle, however, is a stranger to most; it contains a magnum and a half, but the royals of the late duchess are wonderful bottles; they might be called glass casks, as they each contain four magnums.

—Restaurants of the first rank left the Paris Palais Royal long ago, and now the jewellers, the chief attraction remaining, are leaving as fast as their leases expire, and moving further west. The theaters seem likely to follow. At the corner of the Champs Elysees and the Rue de Berri the Palais Sport has just been opened, and a large arena for bicycling and a theater are spoken of just off the Avenue de la Grande Armee.

—Gen. Poillene de Saint Mars, commanding the French Twelfth army corps, has issued an order of the day, regretting that the soldiers do not sing on the march, and suggesting to the regimental bandmasters that they train capable men in the ranks to sing national and warlike songs, sentimental and popular airs and lullabies, to the accompaniment of mandolins, accordions, or other instruments that can be easily played while marching.

—The Belgian liga for woman's rights published a call upon the proprietors of large stores in Brutelles to allow their saleswomen to use chairs part of the day. The merchants declined on the ground that their wealthy customers would object if the saleswomen were seen seated. The league, not considering the objection as tenable, has promulgated a circular wherein the women are called upon to boycott the stores in which the use of chairs or stools is prohibited.

—Anti-Semitic agitation in Vienna has led to an incident that reads like Chaucer. A boy was missing in Wahring suburb recently, when a Galician Jew, with his long kaftan, tall hat and ringlets, happened to pass by a children's playground. A woman, pointing to him, cried: "There's the Jew; he stole the child," when the children rushed at him, knocked off his hat, pulled his coattails, beat him and pelted him with stones. He took refuge in his brother's shop, and a crowd of hundreds of men and women smashed in the windows, and would have lynched the man if a large body of police had not come to the rescue.

—Among the plans for special attractions for the 1900 exhibition selected by the commissions for more careful examination are four schemes for captive balloons, four for the reproduction of an ironclad or ocean steamer, eleven panoramas, including one of a journey from Paris to the north pole, sixteen reproductions of "Old France," "Old Paris," etc., a large refracting telescope, a reproduction of the moon, a tremendous bell in a monumental belfry, luminous cataracts and fountains, projection of light on artificial clouds, an electric gyroscope, a children's exposition, and many special exhibitions. A curious feature is the large number of plans based on aerial navigation.

WONDERFUL DAHOMEY.

Land of Amazons, and Wholesale Human Sacrifices.

An interesting book on Dahomey is written and published by Henry Marcel, which name is the pseudonym of a well-known French resident of Philadelphia.

Dahomey was until recently the most important negro monarchy in Africa. It was especially famous for two things—its corps of Amazon warriors and its human sacrifices. Both these institutions are at an end since the French conquest of Dahomey.

The Amazons were the only instance in the modern world of a body of female warriors. They formed the bodyguard of the king and were as remarkable for their fidelity as for their courage.

Every Dahomeyan was bound to present his daughters to a sort of a medical board, which selected those suitable for the king's service. Little girls taken in war were also trained to be Amazons.

The Amazons were ordinarily compeled to remain celibate all their lives, but the king occasionally permitted one to marry a deserving male soldier. They were always very well formed, and some of them were handsome, in figure at least. The number of them was about one thousand, and they formed only a small part of the army. In addition to being brave on the battlefield it is said that they were more cruel than the men soldiers and very hard drinkers. Woman suffragists should find much food for thought and possibly encouragement in these facts.

The human sacrifices were first instituted in 1600. They were based on religious beliefs. Man is believed to be subject to the same wants in the next world as in this; so he must be buried not only with food and weapons, but provided with wives and servants if he is an important person.

The burial of a king was always attended by an immense slaughter. When King Gulzo died more than five hundred human lives were sacrificed, including chiefs, musicians and slaves. He was buried in a big cave. His wives seated themselves round him in the order of their rank and poisoned themselves. Basketfuls of heads and calabashes full of blood were piled on his tomb.

Wholesale sacrifices were also held at fixed periods. A traveler describing them says that during the night of these sacrifices everybody found in the street was clubbed to death. Companies of musicians walked about playing painful music. At midnight a volley of musketry announced the beginning of the executions. The victims were brought into the square by thirties. Sometimes death was produced by filling up the breathing apertures. Some of the dead bodies were arranged in lifelike attitudes.—N. Y. World.

LIFE IN ARMENIA.

A London Correspondent Tells How These Distant People Live.

I have seen a very large number of Sassunians from all the villages that suffered during the massacre. I have eaten, drunk, traveled, and lived with them, studying their ways, their views, their desires, hopes and fears, and I have no hesitation in saying with emphasis that a more quiet, peaceful, God-fearing people is not to be found in any part of the world. They are hardy, no doubt, sober, abstemious, and can live on an excess for food which would kill a European in a week. Their piety does not entail that deep respect for truth which westerns regard—in theory, at least—as one of the bases of all religion. But then, their condition is their best excuse. It is absolutely impossible to be veracious and to live in Armenia, as things are at present arranged. The wretched people have embodied this melancholy fact in one of their own proverbs: "He who speaks the truth must have one foot in the stirrup."

A lordly Kurd may enter an Armenian house at any hour of the day or the night, and ask: "How many carpets, how many Turkish pounds, how many sheep do you possess?" and the higher the estimate the greater the number that the defenseless man must give up, then and there, to the armed bully. Go to any Armenian shop in Erzerum, Mush, Van, Bitlis, Kherput, and ask the shopkeeper to narrate his experience of Turkish customers, be they simple folk or officers and officials. They inquire the price of an article, pay one-third, sometimes a half, and promise the remainder in a few days. And the vender never receives another piastre. This is done every day of the week. An Armenian in Erzerum is suspected of having spoken with a European—with myself, for example. He is charged with the crime—perhaps he has actually committed it, without feeling any severe remorse of conscience. If he admits the fact he is a ruined man; his trade will suffer, the police will have him boycotted, and a week or so later he may be in the typhoid section of the Erzerum prison, where the inmates are dying like flies. Veracity is a delightful virtue, but it requires a certain soil to be properly cultivated, and the soil of Kurdistan lacks all the essential qualities needed. Even a liar may note and a hypocrite criticise the unveracity of the Armenian people; but when the historian has explained the temptation the moralist may feel disposed to palliate the defect.

The truth is that with all their faults, which are mainly traceable to the serfdom in which they live, the Armenian population is the sole progressive element in Asiatic Turkey, and their potential influence for good, as a moral and intellectual leaven, should be measured less by the unattractive qualities which they have necessarily developed than by the latent germs which have never yet had an opportunity of blossoming into realties.—London Telegraph.

A CHIVALROUS SHERIFF.

He Wanted to Levy on the Young Lady's Existence.

It was a dull day, even for Alexandria. A chill wind, rustling the dead leaves, twirled in the open doorway, and about the reluctant form of the little deputy sheriff.

"I called, Miss ——," he begun.

"I understand," the young girl interrupted quietly. "Come in," and she closed the door.

Nervously clutching his hat, he followed her into the parlor.

"Nothing is exempt," she continued, as she pushed aside the faded silk curtains to admit the waning daylight, "but this vase," pointing to a bit of porcelain on a table nearby, "the last of my mother's wedding gifts." With the conscious expression of a recognized villain, he further itemized on a shabby tablet, all other visible flotsam of a past luxury.

"If you'll do the other rooms, miss," he suggested, deprecatingly, "then nobody need'n' be disturbed."

"Thank you," she assented, and grateful tears filled her eyes as she took the list from his hands.

"Tain't the law," he reflected, when she had gone, "but it cert'n'ly ain't no great sin." Twice he had done this errand of justice, and his respectful pity for the girl and her people knew no bounds. Now as he sat there alone, smoothing the band of his hat, his naturally sluggish brain was active with sympathy. Suddenly his sparse little figure grew expansive and alert, animated by a chivalrous impulse such as prompted Raleigh to cast his cloak under the queen's feet. He would make a clear path for her and hers across this mire of debt and poverty.

"Everything is there," she said, returning and handing him the tablet. "You are very thoughtful and kind."

"I hope, miss, things can be fixed," he ventured, "as they was before?"

"Impossible," she replied, growing pale. Her troubled face made his heart ache.

"I'm goin' to quit this sorry trade," he burst out. "I on'y done it this awhile 'cause I had to get a livin', but," brightening visibly, "my aunt at Blue Ridge depo' she died las' week, an' she lef' farm an' cattle an' money all to me."

"That is good," interposed the girl, gathering courage from his tone.

"Maybe you'll be mad, miss," he went on, "but I wish mightily you all could share this wind'fall of mine. There's your maw," eagerly. "She'd be like another lady in the mountain air, with fresh milk, an' eggs, an' ridin' 'round; an' your paw, he could rest up, an' maybe take heart, for a new scheme, if—if—" with a grasp—"you'd on'y marry me."

Astonishment, indignation, amusement, in turn overwhelmed her. "I can not do that," she answered quickly, flushing, "but you are very good to think of us."

"I meant no harm, miss," he muttered, and hurriedly departed.

"What a fool," he commented, once outside, "to go an' forget the difference, just because I wanted to help her!"

"What a situation," mused the girl, as the hall door closed abruptly. "Fancy the little sheriff, out of sheer goodheartedness, wanting to levy on my existence."—Washington News.

—No man was ever stoned for his piety whose religion was all in his head.—Ram's Horn.