

FARM AND GARDEN.

MATTERS OF INTEREST TO AGRICULTURISTS.

Some Up-to-Date Hints About Cultivation of the Soil and Yields Thereof—Horticulture, Viticulture and Floriculture.

Horticultural Observations.

Every family in the country should have a supply of celery for home use, and this supply should become available in the early summer. It is none too early now to plant celery seed for the early garden crop. A 10-cent package of the seed will give all the plants that can be used by a good-sized family. They should be sown at once in a box in the house and be kept covered with a paper for a few days. If the air of the room is fairly warm and the ground moist, in the course of eight or ten days they will have sprouted. The paper should be removed in five or six days from time of planting the seeds. Of course the soil for the seed must be good loam, fairly rich.

Care must be taken to secure the right degree of moisture for the little plants, as their rootlets are at first very near the top of the soil, and will quickly dry up under the double influence of air and heat. Enough water should be applied to render the ground moist, but not enough to keep it wet. When the plants begin to develop new leaves is when they should be "pricked out"—that is, transplanted into other and larger boxes or a hot bed. As few have hot beds, boxes will be the natural receptacles. It may take a number of boxes to accommodate the two or three hundred plants that the family will require. In setting them out anew do not give each plant too much room, for they have yet to be transplanted into the open ground, and tall-growing, deep-rooting plants are preferable to the stocky, wide-rooting ones.

The transplanting into the open ground comes at a time when some of the early crops, such as radishes, lettuce and peas, are near the end of their usefulness, and the celery plants may be set out between rows of these. The ground should, however, be rich, so that the development of the celery plant may be rapid, which has much to do with its crispness. The old trench system need not be followed, but the bleaching can be accomplished by means of boards placed against the growing plants. This is now the practice of some of the largest commercial growers. Others heap up dirt around the plants as they grow. If the seed be sown now and both transplanting be early, the plants should be large enough to bleach by the middle of July, and by the middle of August should be suitable to go onto the table of the grower. Celery is not hard to grow, and there is no good reason why every farm home should not have an abundant supply.

Pruning Fruit Trees.

Charles Black says: Many trees have every care but pruning, and this is a great mistake. Trim while the tree is young, as if left till late the limbs become large and it is a great check to the tree. The growth and habit of each variety must be considered when pruning. March and April are the best months. If trimmed in winter, cut with long stubs, and cut them close in May or June, and they will heal over quickly. Pruning while the tree is dormant induces wood growth, but in summer induces fruit growth. In pruning Kieffer pears, trim the first year to 10 or 12 inches, second year cut out all surplus branches and head in all limbs a foot if they have made much growth; in this way the fruit will set in center of tree and not break the limbs. Other slow growing trees will not need such severe pruning as the Kieffer. The quince needs severe annual pruning, leaving the young wood on the main branches. The apple should not be so severely pruned as the pear and quince, but should be pruned annually, commencing with the young tree. There is no fruit that needs more thinning out in the head than the apple, giving the light an opportunity to get in and color the fruit. The inside wood of the peach that is not needed should be cut out in June, and in some cases this fruit in this way. The plum needs little if any pruning after it gets to bearing, as it makes little if any wood after that time. In small fruits cut out the old and dead bearing wood in winter, but do not cut back the bearing canes till the growing season.

Worn-Out Grass Fields.

It does not pay to keep fields in grass long after they have ceased to be profitable. One has but to ride through almost any part of our country in June, even in the good years for grass to see some meadows that utterly fail to produce the crops they should. If the meadows could make themselves understood they would tell us that they have been run down by constant cropping without putting anything back, and have been also further sinned against by being trodden hard by horses, sheep and cattle. With half-year proper care and treatment from year to year such lands would still be giving good results.

As soon as a meadow begins to run out it begins to get weedy. It is then of little use to try to recover the former conditions by manuring. It is far easier to plow the ground and put it into some crop that will require working of the ground. In some localities such meadows are turned over and reseeded at once with grass seed, but this requires a good deal of work with the plows, cultivators and harrows. The soil that has not been turned over

for some years has a strong tendency to remain in lumps and clods, especially if the sod is still quite thick.

The most simple way to renew the land is to put it into some crop other than grass and keep it so for a number of years. If it can be put into some crop that is to be heavily manured so much the better for the subsequent grass crops. Rotation, however, is not a necessity to the meadow. In Europe meadows are kept permanently in grass and it is said that the oldest ones are the best. This result, however, is obtained by systematic manuring, and the keeping off of all animals. No attempt is made to make the meadow produce both a hay crop and serve as a pasture.

Sowing Grass Seed with Grain.
The sowing of grass seed with grain is an old practice that still survives. It has some things in its favor and some things against it. It used to be thought that the grain helped the grass seed to "catch," and that the young grass was helped by the protection it received from the grain. This, however, is not regarded as a reason to be given consideration in the growing of a grass crop. So far as best growth is concerned there is little doubt that the grass that is given the entire field will do the best. It will get the sunlight and moisture from the first and will make a far better growth than when dwarfed and shaded by grain.

The only point to receive attention should be that of economy. Which is most profitable, to grow the grass alone or with grain? If the grass is grown alone there is the expense of plowing, harrowing, seeding and the rent of the land for a year. If it is sown with grain the grain crop must bear the expense of the tillage and sowing. When the grain is cut off the grass is still growing and will make a good sod before winter sets in. There has been something lost in the grass crop for the first year, but there is a saving in the expense. This is the course still being followed by a good many of our farmers and it is yet to be demonstrated that it is not as good a course as the other. It is true that the grass being shaded is not as strong as if it had grown in the open sun and air from the first. But when the grain is cut, if it be spring-sown grain, the heat of the summer will be past and the cool days of autumn at hand. The grass will receive the autumn rains and will cover the ground with its leaves and fill the ground with its interlacing roots before snow falls. In the spring there is a meadow ready at hand. If the farmer can only resist the temptation to keep his stock off the grass in the fall he will be doing well.

Hauling Sheep or Cows.

A movement is on foot to stop the custom of hauling sheep to the corn, obviating the shrinkage of the stock in transit, says the Denver Post. Wyoming stockmen with large interests have made application to the Union Pacific for a special 30-cent rate on corn from Nebraska to all Wyoming points. Under the present custom, which is decidedly unsatisfactory, sheep are taken to the feeding grounds where corn is procurable at a cheap figure. The sheep shrink several pounds in weight while in transit, the cost of moving is considerable, and the sheep do not do as well as on their native grass. A year ago a firm at Fort Steele, Wyo., experimented upon feeding corn to sheep on the open range. The flocks were grazed as usual, but corn was fed through the agency of teams that hauled it at regular intervals during the day. Corn scattered broadcast on the ground on snow will be picked up clean by sheep, and the time taken in picking it up, grain by grain, causes them to masticate and digest it thoroughly. The results attained were so satisfactory that it will probably become common on the ranges.

About Peach Growing.

Fertilize well. Do not use lime on young trees. Crimson clover has been very successful in giving the trees a strong, vigorous growth and its effects have been visible for several years. After the trees are in bearing, fertilize liberally. You cannot afford not to do so; as you will lose your crop and in some cases your trees also if neglected—250 lbs. bone and 250 lbs. potash per acre each year. To ask an orchard to produce 6 tons per acre without food is folly. The speaker's orchard gave this yield the past year and the price of one ton paid all the cost of fertilizer and labor, but remember to do this the trees must be fed, besides when the trees are in such a healthy condition they will resist the cold of spring and winter much better. Pack your fruit honestly, putting just as good fruit on top of the basket as the bottom, but no better. The speaker marketed the past year 7,070 baskets which sold for \$5,600, and in the past 9 years 46,445 baskets, which sold for \$25,190. The average cost of picking, marketing, etc., has been 25 cents per basket, leaving 29 cents per basket net.—S. S. Voorhees.

Rape for Cow Pasture.—Rape makes excellent cow pasture, but you must be careful about letting the cows eat too much at first, and especially when the rape is wet, writes a contributor to Michigan Farmer. It is as bad, if not worse, than rank clover. It will cause hoven or bloat. If the cows are turned in for a short time only at first, until they become accustomed to the feed, there is usually but little danger. But I would not turn them in when the rape is wet with dew or rain, even though they were accustomed to it, unless the plant is fed down so close that they cannot fill themselves quickly.

Southdown mutton is of high quality, and the lambs mature early. Hampshire sheep are vigorous and prolific.

THE ROPE WAS READY

BUT THE MAN WHO WAS TO BE HANGED ESCAPED.

And Will Soon Occupy a Seat in the United States Senate—Some Interesting Adventures in the Life of "Tom" Bard.

(Special Letter.)

Adventures have been numerous in the career of Thomas R. Bard, who has lately been elected United States senator from California. He was born in Chambersburg, Pa., studied law there, and from that place enlisted in the union army at the age of 21. At Antietam he had a comrade named Welch rode too far into the Confederate lines and were captured. Bard and Welch were tied to trees, the rope was ready and arrangements were being made to hang them as spies, when the federal cavalry rushed that Confederate outpost. Had the union soldiers come ten minutes later, Bard would never have been United States senator.

After the war Bard came under the eye of Col. Thomas A. Scott, later famous as the head of the Pennsylvania railroad system. Scott owned immense land interests in California, and he was so taken with Bard that he sent him to California in the winter of 1864-65, to take charge of his property there, which consisted of 277,000 acres of land in the counties of Ventura, Los Angeles and Humboldt. Young Bard needed a well-set chin and some peppery fighting blood, for there were not over a dozen Americans within a radius of ten miles of him at that time, and he had no end of trouble with the people who came in and squatted on Scott's land. One incident shows that he was quick and forceful in fighting.

W. E. Barnard had squatted and set up a business in lightering cargoes and selling merchandise at about the place where Bard owned a wharf. It was on the disputed portion of a rancho. Bard made up his mind to oust Barnard and his associates and set up a wharf for Scott at the point where they were in business. So one night he took a company of men and fenced in the property. Barnard mastered the squatters, the guns were polished up and the squatters laid siege to Bard and his men. Others rushed to Bard's rescue, and the squatters sent for reinforcements. Some shots were fired, but no one was killed, and in the end Bard won. Barnard was one of the first to send him congratulations on his election as senator, though he hotly talked of hanging in those harsh days of about 1871.

It began to be said of Bard that he was the very devil of a man with a horse, because he could drive any ani-



THOMAS H. BARD.

mal anywhere. Though having a fair seat in the saddle, it was as a reinsman that he made his fame. His habit was to drive four-in-hand, and to send the four on a run all the time. There was some method in this, as he had to carry large sums of money about, and it isn't an easy thing to hold up four bronchos on the run. But Bard would set his horses across country at this breakneck speed, careless as to roads and dangers.

One night in 1874 the expected happened. Bard was "held up." A man paid him \$10,000 at Pierson's old hotel, and Bard was to drive with this up to "No. 1" on the Ojai. He had forgotten his pistol, but Pierson handed him an ancient derringer, and off he started, lickerety-click. After a time, when on an up-grade, a man got ahead of the leaders and checked them. At the same time another came to the forward wheels and demanded Bard's money.

For answer Bard fired that derringer full at the highwayman, splintering the old weapon into bits but missing the man. The horses started to run, however, and the man at the bridges of the leaders got scared and let go, and off into the darkness plunged Bard with his sack of money and lame hand, where the derringer handle had split and hurt him. The marauders mounted the horses they had tethered near and made off at good speed. They were not captured.

The desperadoes all hated Bard and many times threats of killing him were made. He called his enemies cowards and once, when a man named Sprague drew a bead on him, he took the rifle away and broke it across his knee. Before Col. Scott died he put all his great California properties in Bard's name. There was never a scratch of a pen to show that they were not Bard's property. After the colonel's death his heirs took it for granted that Bard, who had made money for himself as well as for Scott, really owned all the lands in California. They were much surprised when Bard carried them the information that he held property worth a million or two in trust without anything to show the trust. He was made administrator "with

the will annexed" of all of Scott's California properties. Judge Williams fixed the bond at \$1,140,000. Surety companies were not around the courts in those days eager to give bonds for a consideration, so Bard sent Capt. Merry among his Ventura neighbors to get surties for the great amount.

"Only two men declined to go on the bond," said Capt. Merry. "We had it more than filled up in less than three days. That shows how the people trusted him."

Well, Bard cleaned up that vast property, greatly increasing its value and turned over to the heirs the holdings they did not know were theirs. This heavy financing brought him in contact with many men of affairs and gave him standing among them as a clear-headed, hard-working man of his word.

WEAVING RAG CARPETS.

Cheap Floor Coverings Have Almost Driven Out This Trade.

The rag-carpet business is not what it used to be. Any one with an eye for carpets might infer so much from the abundance and the low prices of serviceable carpets not made of rags to be seen in the house-furnishing stores. Many of fair experience in life today hardly know what a rag carpet is. For the information of such it may be as well to say that a rag carpet is a woven fabric in which the place of yarn is taken by narrow strips of rag sewn together. Any old rags will do for the purpose, though, to be sure, the material ought to be strong enough to stand some strain in the process of weaving and some hard wear after it has been woven. A veteran weaver of rags sits at his loom in an east side basement, and recalls the time when, thirty-three years ago, he came to New York from Bavaria and found more than 1,000 hand weavers of rag carpets here. "Some dead, some gone to different places or taken up other trades," he answers, if you ask him what has become of all these skilled artisans. "There was no work for them any more. It was not for the hospitals and the old women's homes, I would not have enough work to make a living. There are not more than fifteen of us left in New York now. I only know of three on the east side."

His allusion to the hospitals and homes is explained by the custom of employing old and feeble women, who are past almost all other kinds of work, to cut and sew together the strips of rags for making these carpets. These strips are brought to the weaver in large balls and are wound on the shuttles by means of an ancient spinning wheel. The carpets, once woven, make warm, noiseless, economical floor coverings in hospitals and such places. Given the balls of rags, all properly sewn, the weaver charges only about 30 cents a yard for making the carpet, and it is a yard-wide. The work is harder, perhaps, than the weaving of threads, however thick, but to judge of the craftsmen by this one specimen they are a sturdy brotherhood. This one is about 60 years old, and, though under middle height, he looks as if he could easily put down the average wrestler of 25. In his own particular craft of wrestling with a substantial loom, his stint of work for an hour is not much under a yard, and he can weave from 8 o'clock in the morning to 8 in the evening, or longer, at a push.—New York Tribune.

Intentions Worth Millions.

"Here are a few cases where inventors have been struck by lightning. It is either money or glory for the successful inventor. Never both. Who knows what his name was that invented the can opener? His family only, and yet no household is without a can opener. He made about \$1,000,000 out of it. (Estimated.) Maybe he didn't make so much. Who was it that invented the return ball? While the patent lasted he drew about \$50,000 a year from it, and that is as good as being president of these United States—better, for he didn't have to look out for fourth-class postmasterships or worry about a renomination. Why children should want a return ball is a deep, unfathomable mystery, but they do. The rubber string fastened to the ball is forever breaking, and the child doesn't live that can tie it so that it will stay tied, but they will not consent to live without it. The 'Dancing Jim Crow' top paid its un famous author \$75,000 a year before it got to be an old story. 'Pharaoh's Serpents' made \$60,000 a year during its brief career, and 'John Gilpin' netted something like \$50,000 for its deviser. Most people do not even know what these toys are, let alone the inventors' names."—Albion's Magazine.

The Scrap-Book Habit.

Seldom does a day pass in a reading family without eliciting from somebody the remark apropos of a verse in the daily paper, or of a heroic act performed by some obscure and everyday man who simply does his duty without any fuss—"There, that is too good to lose. We must save it." If there is a young girl at hand, who keeps a scrap book, the clipping is straightway attached to a page and is then ready for future reference. Equally, an oblong book, filled with envelopes appropriately labeled, leads itself to the retaining and classifying of scraps, be they statistical, poetical, dramatic or amusing. The necessity is that some one shall attend to the little matter immediately, as it is one of those small affairs which slip from memory if postponed. A daughter can render her busy father a very welcome service by forming in herself, for his sake, the scrap-book habit.—Collier's Weekly.

New York state has 120,000 more bachelors than spinsters.

A FAMOUS INDIAN.

EPISODES IN THE CAREER OF CHIEF JONAS WOLF.

The Father of the Chickasaws—How He Cured a Lazy White Man's Lovers—Woe His Son's Tooth on a Election Bet.

(Omaha Letter.)

Jonas Wolf, chief of the Chickasaws, who died a short time since, was regarded by President Lincoln, who knew him well, as the ablest Indian of his day. For many years he was a delegate from his tribe to Washington, and there frequently visited Lincoln. He was not vain, but had amazing confidence in himself, and on one occasion, after visiting the union army and witnessing a serious reverse, offered his services as a general to the president, saying: "Jonas Wolf is a better general, Mr. President, than any man you have got over there with your army." Notwithstanding his regard for him, Lincoln could not refrain from indulging in a hearty laugh at the Indian's frankness. The Chickasaws had great faith in him. He was governor of the tribe for years, and so great was his popularity that he was called "father of his people." When he died the entire nation went into mourning. His career was full of interesting episodes, which will illustrate his character.

While Wolf encouraged the intermarriage of his people with industrious white men, he entertained a pronounced contempt for the lazy adventurers who sought to mix and mingle their blood with his people merely for the purpose of leading vagrant lives. Upon one occasion a white man, who thought he had discovered an easy way to maintain existence and at the same time step into an influential position through a matrimonial alliance, asked Jones for a permit to settle in the territory, avowing his intention to honor a certain Indian maiden with an offer of marriage. The shrewd old Chickasaw invited him to dinner, promising to consider his request later on. The chief's large family assembled about an old dry goods box under the shade of a tree and their white guest's attention was directed to the skeleton head of an ox, which one of the girls kicked toward him, giving him to understand that he was expected to utilize it for a seat while engaged in appeasing his appetite. "Stranger," said the chief, with that stolid indifference perfectly natural with an Indian, "hold your tin plate over this way and let me cut you a slice of this dog."

"Dog!" exclaimed the amazed candidate for Chickasaw citizenship. "Yes, very good dog, keep fat; he so ole, long time sick; las' night him heap die molly dead. Jes morn squaw cook him. Injun heap like dog. White man



JONAS WOLF.

eat him plenty, molly good. Potty soon all same Chickasaw."

The astonished white man began to look pale and slowly turn his face away from the table, to the infinite amusement of the Indians. "No like dog? Maybe no hungry. Maybe so white man eat rattlesnake—squaw got him plenty." Chief Jones thrust his naked fingers into a dish and drew out a long string of dripping flesh, which bore a striking resemblance to a section of a snake nine or ten inches in length. The candidate for Chickasaw favors had seen enough, and hurriedly rising from his seat, he disappeared with very little ceremony.

Many years ago, when this famous old chief was acting as a judge of one of the territorial courts, he presided at the trial of a half-breed, who was charged with the murder of his wife. The testimony plainly and conclusively convicted the accused man of the crime, but to the amazement of the court and the people who had collected in the court room, the jury brought in a verdict of not guilty.

"What!" thundered the judge, looking daggers at the foreman. "Didn't he kill her?"

Several of the jurors nodded, and the foreman began to mutter something about circumstances and insanity. Chief Wolf, with blazing eyes, raised up and shaking his fist at the trembling jurors, shouted:

"You have been bribed! Your verdict is a lie! It is not a good verdict! You ought to be hung! Mr. Sheriff, bring me a jar!"

Few of the Indians anticipated the intentions of the court, but they were not kept long in suspense. When the sheriff returned, the judge descended from the bench and, taking the coil of rope from his hands, he quickly placed a noose about the neck of the trembling murderer and, handing the other end of the rope to the sheriff, he told him to lead the man out into the yard, then, turning to the jury, he ordered them to follow. Finding a suitable tree, after solemnly pronouncing the sentence of death upon the murderer,

he compelled the perfured jurors to take hold of the rope and hang the man whom they had found "not guilty" a few moments before. Perhaps the executioners found some consolation in the fact that the condemned man confessed to the murder when he discovered that the court was in earnest.

During the last presidential campaign one of the governor's sons remarked that he would bet the soundest tooth in his head against a brass pin that Bryan would be elected president.

"I will take that bet," said the boy's father. Nothing more was said of this matter until after election, and the result had been positively determined. Jonas had not forgotten the little bet, and he undoubtedly concluded to profit by the opportunity to teach his son a lesson. Arming himself with a pair of forceps, borrowed from a dentist, he suddenly appeared before his son and gently reminded him of their little bet. The youth tried hard to squirm out of the affair by pleading that he was not in earnest. "But I was," replied the modern Roman, slowly drawing a pair of steel tooth pullers from his pocket, "and I want that tooth."

The young Indian knew that further protest would be of no avail, and he sat down and opened his mouth. Chief Jonas fastened the forceps upon a good, sound molar, and jerked it out of his son's jaw. Shaking the tooth in the boy's face, he said:

"Now learn to be a little more cautious about making bets. Always think of this tooth before you bet or contract a debt."

Corporation agents, railroad men, boomers of towns, land sharks and cattle syndicates all learned in the course of time that Jonas Wolf, though a full-blood Indian, was equal to the task of guarding and protecting the rights and privileges of his people. He could neither be deceived, bribed, nor bribed into doing anything inimical to the best interests of the Chickasaw nation.

Other tribes were plundered of their lands and bankrupted by boomers, but when those who sought to defraud the Indians and make them paupers and nomads presented their schemes to the Chickasaws they encountered insurmountable opposition in the person of a full-blood chief whose patriotism, integrity and diplomatic skill saved his people and their lands. He saw further ahead than others who were better educated, and to his good judgment the Chickasaws are indebted for their prosperity and intellectual advancement. Some day a monument will be erected to perpetuate his memory, for the Indians regard Jonas Wolf as the greatest red man that ever lived and they call him the father of his people.

KING OF FOX HUNTERS.

One of His Greatest Rides Made Where He Was 21.

A fox-hunter at 83 years of age—a fox hunter more than three score years and ten—Brislin Skiles has, indeed, well earned the right to the title "the king of the fox hunters," says the Philadelphia Times. He loves the chase today as much as he did seventy-three years ago, when as a boy of 10 he followed hounds and fox in his first hunt. He has probably participated in more fox chases than any living man in America. "The king of fox hunters" lives at Gap, Lancaster county, not a great distance from the Berks county line. One of his most remarkable rides was made when he was 31 years of age. There were sixty hounds and thirty riders in the hunt. When liberated the fox took a course to the northward for four miles, then doubled to southward for five miles, then westward, giving hounds, horses and riders a chase of nearly seventeen miles before he was captured. Over fence, hedge and ditch the old man, on his fine hunter, kept at the heels of the hounds, and was up with the quarry when seized by the first dog. The hunters participating were unanimous in declaring it one of the greatest rides in the history of Pennsylvania fox chasing, independent of the age of the man who was first "in at the death."

Sir Edwin Arnold's Wife.

Lady Arnold, the wife of Sir Edwin Arnold, is the only Japanese woman who possesses an English title. She was born in Sendai, Japan, November 21, 1856, and her maiden name, Kurokawa Tama, has the poetic significance of "Jewel of the dark river." A Jewell Lady Arnold certainly is, and she has already won her way into the hearts of many of the veteran writer's old friends and admirers. She is devoted to her husband and not only ministers in every possible way to his comfort, but her tact and cleverness enable her to save him many of the little worries and annoyances which are the fate of celebrities, and also to help him considerably with his correspondence. Lady Arnold is extremely well educated, and is far more familiar with English literature than is the average western girl. Perhaps she sometimes thinks longingly of the bright sky and the sunshine of Sendai, where she spent her happy girlhood, but if she does she certainly makes the best of the English climate and its cold and foggy winters, and appears to be perfectly happy in her western home. Her husband's country is her country and she has become, even in her dress, quite an Englishwoman.

Its Meaning.

"So she has rejected you? Oh, well, old fellow, you know what a woman's negative usually means."
"Yes, but in this instance I am afraid it is positive."—Harper's Bazar.