

Set Apart For the Farmer

IN THE WOOD LOT.

Timber Crop Can Be Improved With Proper Care.

MAKE THE IDLE ACRES PAY.

Time Coming in Many Sections When Thrifty Trees Too Small to Cut Will Have Market Value—Selection of Varieties Is Important.

In a New York state reading course lesson it is said that the timber crop can be improved by care for the same reasons that other crops can be improved.

Although it takes longer to raise this crop than any other, it can be raised on land otherwise unprofitable or idle. Such a crop will in the end yield a comfortable bank account, and the value of the wood lot to the farm is greater than the sale value of the crop, in the convenience and the saving of money by having various wood products at hand, in protecting buildings and fields from wind and in the beauty of the farm. The time is coming when barely young timber not yet large enough to cut will have high value.

FOR THE THINKING FARMER.

Are you a dairyman? Begin next winter with a full silo. Your cows will be happier, your milk pails filled more often and your cream checks larger.

According to a writer in the Garden Magazine, plenty of fine tomatoes can be had without any trouble if hardwood ashes are used as a fertilizer and are also sifted on the leaves to keep off the little black flies.

A well ordered rotation of crops is important for potato success. Potatoes should not be grown more than twice in succession on the same ground without rotation, to insure freedom from fungous diseases. We should place potatoes in rotation after the legume crop which puts best to grow upon the farm. W. H. Old, University of Idaho, in *Broader's Gazette*.

Your pork may depend upon the acres devoted to green crops for maintenance of the sows and pigs. Without green food it is a very difficult matter to produce cheap pork. Plant cowpeas, soy beans, peanuts, turnips and mangels for your hogs.

THEORY OF FERTILIZING.

Balance Maintained if Care Is Taken to Restore Valuable Elements.

The modern use of fertilizers is based mainly upon laws laid down by Liebig about seventy years ago:

"A soil can be termed fertile only when it contains all the materials requisite for the nutrition of plants in the required quantity and in the proper form.

"With every crop a portion of these ingredients is removed. A part of this portion is again added from the inexhaustible store of the atmosphere. An other part, however, is lost forever if not replaced by man.

"The fertility of the soil remains unchanged if all the ingredients of a crop are given back to the land. Such a restoration is effected by manure.

"The manure produced in the course of husbandry is not sufficient to maintain permanently the fertility of a farm. It lacks the constituents which are annually exported in the shape of grain, hay, milk and live stock."

These laws are deduced from the fact that, although plants derive the bulk of their food from the air in the form of carbon dioxide and water, a small but essential portion—viz, the inorganic or ash constituents and most of the nitrogen—are drawn from the soil. In the application of the laws to the fertilizing of the soil it has been held that of the fourteen or more elements which plants require for their growth only a few—viz, nitrogen, phosphoric acid and potash and sometimes lime—are likely to be deficient in ordinary soils and must be supplied in the form of fertilizers.

As Liebig points out, the balance of fertility is against the farm in ordinary systems of farming, but the fertility of the soil can be maintained practically unchanged and even a balance in favor of the farm secured if care is taken to restore to the soil the fertilizing constituents removed in farm products, such, for example, as feeding the crops to stock on the farm, carefully saving the manure and returning it to the soil and when practicable combining rotation of crops and green manuring with leguminous plants, which gain nitrogen from the air, with a system of stock feeding in which farm products comparatively poor in fertilizing constituents are exchanged for feeding stuff rich in such constituents. *Scientific American*.

Cornfield Mulch.

The most effective mulch in the conservation of moisture in the cornfield is a well cultivated surface one to three inches in depth. This can be made by a small shoveled shallow running implement that will leave the ground perfectly level. A one horse spring tooth cultivator used after the corn is too big to cultivate with the two horse plow will answer the purpose. A six or eight shoveled spring tooth cultivator is made for such purpose, and it is successful. Any implement which will run shallow and not disturb the corn roots, but cover the entire surface between the corn rows, can be successfully used. *Kansas Farmer*.

LESSON FROM DRY FARMS.

Disked Land Found Less Lumpy and Much More Easily Planted.

An important lesson to be learned from the dry farmer is the disked land which is to be plowed later, in order to keep the soil from baking until the plowing can be completed. This practice was begun in the west on grain stubble after harvest in order to hold whatever moisture was in the soil, for usually little rain falls after that time. Since the disked can be done much more rapidly than the plowing, there is less chance for evaporation, and the land then remains for some time in good condition for plowing. For several years a Maryland farmer has applied this method to his spring plowing, disked all his stubble and cultivated fields which are to be plowed just as early in the spring as he can get on to them. He is then able to plow his land at any time, whereas his neighbors are often compelled to postpone their spring plowing until the hard clay soil is softened by rains.

In addition to remaining in condition to plow for a much longer period, land which has been disked is much less inclined to break up in clods and lumps than undisked soil and hence is more easily put in condition for planting. Experience has shown that the loose earth which is thrown to the bottom of the furrow nicks much more readily with the furrow slice, and no large air spaces are left. *Country Gentleman*.

Horse Feed Experiment.

The Kansas experiment station has found that alfalfa, oats and corn make one of the best and cheapest rations for horses.

BLOWING SMOKE RINGS.

There is no greater charm about smoking than to lean back lazily in an armchair and blow smoke rings. Nothing so beautiful or so perfect can be created with so little effort. To send one of these great white "ghost doughnuts" shooting toward an open fireplace, turning inside out with its peculiar rolling motion, going slower and slower until, whisk, the draft catches it, draws it out like a skein of pulled tuff and snatches it up the flue—this is the dreamer's own art. Yet few smokers acquire the knack, says the *Kansas City Star*.

The simplest way of making rings for one who is unacquainted with the art is not to blow them at all, but to employ, instead of the mouth, a paste-board box. In one end of this box a round hole should be cut the size of a dime. After blowing a quantity of smoke into the box and replacing the cover all that remains is to tap with the finger the opposite end of the box from the one in which the hole has

been made, and following each tap a small but perfect smoke ring will be projected. A series of taps will start a perfect volley of them.

To blow rings with the lips one should use tobacco that is not too dry. The smoke from dry tobacco is thin and blue and will not cling like the thick white smoke from tobacco fresh from the humidor. Next, the atmosphere must be still, without the slightest air current.

Then all that remains is to take a deep mouthful of smoke, open the lips in as nearly the shape of a circle as possible, drawing back the tongue so that the mouth has the feeling of being a hollow globe, and without changing the position of tongue or lips start to close the jaws slightly with a sudden, abrupt jerk. If all has been done well a ring will be projected through the lips. By repeating the process a second ring may be made to follow the first, then a third and a fourth until the smoke is gone.

Every patronizingly—Rather embarrassing for you, I should think, always to be blushing when you should not.

Phoebe—And equally embarrassing for you, I should think, never to be blushing when you should.

More Valuable Than Money. Waiter—Didn't you forget something, sir? Guest—No; I left you a bite of that steak instead of a tip. *New York Sun*.

Self Confidence. Kitty—But Jack, are you sure that you could be true to one girl? Jack—Why, I could be true to a dozen. *Boston Transcript*.

Set Right. The Husband—I was taken by surprise when you accepted me. The Wife—You were taken by mistake, John. Don't make any mistake about that.

A Murder Case Never Solved by Scotland Yard

By JOHN BUTLER PERINE

I AM not what you would call a cute, sharp man, but I have an analytical and logical mind. I do a bit of detective work now and then for my own amusement, and though the press has spoken well of my efforts, the regular officers sneer at them as a matter of course. I have given them several pretty hard knocks in my time, and I suppose they are justified in feeling cut up over it.

Fifteen years ago I got my first chance to pit myself against the regular detectives of the famous Scotland Yard. Squire Farley while traveling on horseback had been murdered and robbed of £2,000. A detective was at once summoned from Scotland Yard.

While I was on the ground before the detective, I gathered nothing but what he might have learned later on. The squire had been proceeding over soft red earth. There were the tracks where he had pulled up his horse when he dismounted. Then he had descended from the saddle and left tracks of his own. His assailant had worn the shoes of a farmer and had come from a boat moored at the bank of the stream.

There was the dent in the bank made by the boat's stem, and twigs and leaves had been stripped off a bush as the painter was fastened and unfastened. There wasn't a stone to be found for forty rods around, but there was a root with a hard knot at the end lying almost beside the body. Watch, ring, pin, seals, cardcase and a bunch of keys had been taken as well as the package of money. That was overdoing it. It was more like a farmer's work than a bold criminal's. The bridle reins on the horse had been broken. I satisfied myself that he had been tied to a tree and when assailed by hunger and thirst had broken away. Nothing pointed to robbery as the motive. There wasn't one chance in a thousand that any one outside of his mother and sister knew of the money. According to my analysis, it was a chance meeting. There had been words, and the squire had dismounted. Then there had been a grapple, and he had been struck down. The robbery of the corpse had been an afterthought and was done to disarm suspicion.

Nineteen times out of twenty the man who is not killed for plunder is killed for revenge. Who thirsted for revenge on Squire Farley? He might possibly have wronged some farmer thereabout, but it takes a great wrong to call up thoughts of murder. It was more than likely that there was a girl in the case, even though his moral reputation stood high. I began work on this hypothesis after the detective had failed and returned to London. The squire had not gone courting at any farmhouse, and so I looked for the girl in one of the dozen country inns. I had visited eight of them when I found her. I discovered her through her agitation when I carelessly called up the subject of the murder and won-

dered that no arrests had been made. I had no proofs that a jury would accept, but was morally certain of my guess. She didn't do it, but she knew or suspected who did. Was it her father, her brother or her beau? The father was an old man, the brother was absent at the time, and so I went hunting for a bean. I found him in the hostler employed at the same hotel. Up to the date of the murder the two had gone much together, and there had been talk of a marriage. Now the girl shunned the young man, who had become sullen and reserved and changed over. The murder had taken place on the hostler's birthday, and on that day, as I learned, he had been given a day off and borrowed a boat and gone fishing on the stream. From his boat on the river near the willows he could have seen Squire Farley come riding across the fields. It wasn't that he feared the squire would marry the girl out of his hands. She had been wronged, and it had come to his knowledge. She may have felt great bitterness, but he wanted direct revenge.

What had become of the plunder? Being employed about the barn, the hostler would naturally prefer it for a hiding place. I put up at the inn for a week while studying out the case, and one day I sent him to the village on an errand. When he had departed I lunged into the barn, dodged the boy left behind and began a search. At the end of an hour, concealed in an old and decrepit fanning mill, I found the proceeds of the robbery, nothing whatever missing. I carried the stuff to my chamber and locked it in my trunk. I had found the murderer, but what should I do with him? That question would be settled after a talk with him and the girl. The hostler returned just at supper time and reported, and I told him I wanted a few words with him after I had finished my meal. He probably suspected something, as he went to the barn and discovered that the plunder was gone. I was waiting to see him when word was brought in that he had committed suicide by hanging. We found him hanging in one of the stalls, and I confess to feeling a bit sorry for him, though I believe I should have given him up to justice had he lived. As for the girl, I could not believe that she had helped plan or consented to the murder or had more than a suspicion of the hostler, and I did not feel it my duty to open the case with her. She was made ill anyhow by the tragedy at the barn, and I stole quietly away without seeing her. She went out to Australia a year or two later and got married, and last year I had news of her death. The Farley murder is still carried on the records of Scotland Yard as an unsolved mystery, and my story will not alter their pages, but things occurred just as I have told you, and I know that you will believe that I had the right ends of the threads.

VOLCANIC ERUPTION STAGED.

French Theater Has Reproduced Realistic Overflowing Crater.

The sequence of phenomena characterizing a volcanic eruption is usually subterranean grumbings, followed by smoke, which at first seems to hesitate at the edge of the crater and then rises in the air. The smoke is succeeded by streams of lava, the projection of rocks and ashes and often vast outpourings of flame.

To reproduce such a scene on the stage of a theater would seem a rather difficult, complicated and dangerous undertaking, but it has been accomplished in a particularly vivid manner in a French theater. Concealed behind the scenery representing the crater of the volcano is a stand, from the center of which rises a funnel of wire screen about thirteen feet in diameter, connected with a compressed air supply by three tubes. Below the funnel is a circular metal tube provided for about half of its circumference with a steam ejector, which rises above the wire screen funnel. Attached to the circular tube is a hose or tube connecting it with a source of steam supply behind the scenes.

The portion of the crater seen from the body of the theater is formed of transparent material, and behind this an endless belt is set in motion, lighted from behind by a cluster of twenty-four red lamps. This belt is also transparent and is so decorated that, as it is revolved above the red lights, it imitates the flow of lava. Sponges, painted red or gray, to represent glowing or dark rocks, and pieces of paper, to represent ashes, are thrown into the funnel-like receptacle by men concealed in the scenery and are then thrown as high as eighteen or twenty feet by the compressed air. Bengal fires lighted in pans on each side of the crater serve to give the effect of leaping flames, and smoke producing tablets placed just back of the funnel serve to add smoke to the steam. Subterranean thunder is supplied by men beating drums and the operation of other noise producing apparatus, and illumination is thrown down into the crater from reflectors arranged above the stage. *Popular Mechanics*.

CLIPPED FROM GOETHE.

It is well for us that man can only endure a certain amount of unhappiness. What is beyond that either annihilates him or passes by him and leaves him apathetic. There are situations in which hope and fear run together, in which they mutually destroy one another and lose themselves in a dull indifference. If it were not so, how could we bear to know of those who are most dear to us being in hourly peril and yet go on as usual with our ordinary everyday life? Who never ate his bread in sorrow. Who never spent the darkness hours Weeping and watching for the morrow. He knows ye not, ye gloomy powers. It is unpleasant to miss even the most trifling thing to which we have become accustomed. In serious things such a loss becomes miserably painful.

TOOK RIFLES TO WORSHIP.

Shot Game on Way to Church in Old Days in Missouri.

Nearly every pioneer preacher in Missouri was as expert in the use of the rifle as any of the laymen. Services were usually held in a neighbor's cabin. Notice of a meeting was promptly and generally circulated, and the settlers attended, uniformly bringing their rifles to guard against possible surprises or to obtain game on the way to or from the service. The pioneer preachers labored without money and without price. They gained their livelihood, as did their neighbors, by the rifle and by their duty toll in the clearings and the cornfields.

The Rev. Justinian Williams, Methodist, and the Rev. Peyton Nowlin and the Rev. Thomas Kinney, Baptists, were the first preachers in Saline county. They preached on Edmonson's creek and in the Big Bottom. "Old Ben Nowlin," as he was called, was a sedate gentleman, dry as to manners and serious, but with a kind heart and good intentions. His colleague, Kinney, was without literary attainments, but invariably provoked his congregation to laughter. Nowlin took him to task upon one occasion for his levity. Kinney replied: "Well, I'd rather preach to laughing devils than to sleepy ones, as you do. You make them sleep and I make them laugh. My congregations will pass yours on the road to heaven. I bet you a coon skin they will." *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*.

A Legend About the Wind. The men of Lincoln assert that the breeziest spot in England is outside their cathedral. According to a local legend, the devil some hundreds of years ago met the wind outside the cathedral and told him to wait there while he went in to see the dean and chapter. The wind is still waiting, for the devil has not yet been able to tear himself away from the congenial society he found on paying his visit. Consequently all the year round a strong breeze blows in front of Lincoln cathedral.

Jamaica was originally called Xay-ma.

In the Cloud's Silver Lining

A Doubtful Scholar.

A young gentleman was passing an examination in astronomy. He was asked, "What planets were known to the ancients?" "Well, sir," he responded, "there were Venus and Jupiter, and"—after a pause—"I think the earth, but I am not quite certain." *London Tit-Bits*.

Equally Embarrassing.



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Shad Roe.



A Fatuous Excuse.

Ticket Agent—I can't give you a lower berth, sir. They are all taken. Mr. Fatleigh—That's all right. Give me an upper. When the man who has the lower notices my size and weight he'll be glad to exchange. *Boston Transcript*.

Fowl Language.



The Duck—What do you mean by saying "Peep, peep," all the time? Don't you know you'll be accused of rubbernecking? The Chick—That's better than advertising the fact that you are a fake by saying "quack, quack!"

A Professional Disappointment.

"Doctor," said Mrs. Fawncy, "I believe I have gone." "What is your husband's salary, Mrs. Fawncy?" asked the doctor. "Why, he receives \$25 per week." "You are troubled with rheumatism," replied the doctor. *Cincinnati Enquirer*.

Bonds of Sympathy.



Fred—There was one consolation for our crew when they lost that race. Jack—And what was that? Fred—They are all in the same boat.

Following Instructions. Teacher—Don't say "How it is raining." Pronounce your "g." Little Girl—I know, teacher. Let me say it. Teacher—Say it. Little Girl—Gee, how it is raining!—Judge.

A Tragedy Indeed. He—Terrible business, this railway accident. Twelve killed. She—Yes; such a pity, and by their names some quite nice people too.—Punch.

No Wonder! "How about that newly married deaf mute couple next door to you. Do they seem happy?" "Unspeakingly." *Boston Transcript*.