

AGRICULTURAL.

Sorghum-Growing in Kansas.

The Rural New Yorker prints two letters from Kansas farmers giving their experience in growing sorghum.

I have raised different varieties of sorghum or Northern cane, and manufactured a good deal of it into molasses, making from 500 to 2,400 gallons in a season, doing a good deal of custom work.

The majority of the farmers herabouts look at the subject favorably as a means of supplying their families with a good and wholesome sirup, and raise enough for their own use.

The cultivation of sorghum is very simple and easy, being the same as that of corn. But in the selection of soil, all black and rich bottom land must be carefully avoided.

For sugar it should be fully ripe. In boiling I have never used any neutralizing re-agent, but am satisfied such might be used to good advantage.

W. J. Brown, Butler County, writes as follows:

The growing of sorghum in Kansas has become an industry from necessity. There are many farmers here who can grow every year, without interfering with other farm matters.

The question that first suggests itself is: What kind of soil is best adapted to the growth of the plant? My experience says that any soil that will grow good corn, wheat or oats, will grow good sorghum.

It causes rust on and above the first joint. The mode of culture is optional with the grower; but the best results have been obtained by planting in drills 3 1-2 feet apart and 15 inches in the drill.

On old ground that produced 60 bushels of shelled corn the quantity was 1,000 gallons of juice, equal to 200 gallons of sirup, allowing five gallons of juice for one gallon of sirup.

The Early Amber did better; with it less than four gallons of juice made one of sirup. The net profits from sod would be \$26.25. There is no other crop on sod that will produce \$10.

I can not see that there is any more expense in raising sorghum than there is in raising corn or wheat, and each can easily estimate the profits by the crop he raises.

The Great Southern Railway Combination.

One of the notable incidents in the stock market during the remarkable bull movement of the last six or eight months, says the New York Sun of the 19th, has been the rise in Louisville and Nashville stock.

The reorganization meeting of Kaw Valley Division No. 55, of the Order of Railway Conductors, was held in the parlors of the Union Depot at Kansas City the evening of the 19th.

Three ladies, Mrs. M. C. Gilbert, Miss A. Hughes and Mrs. Fannie M. Wise have started a new paper in De Witt. They call it the Philanthropic Banner.

According to the Agricultural Department report for January the crop for Missouri is as follows: Wheat—Andrain: Injured by drought. Christian: Going into winter quarters in very best condition.

An Orthographical Discussion.

Mrs. McTimidy as she approached the drug-store was astonished to hear loud voices. "What can it mean?" said Mrs. McTimidy to herself.

On the 20th Siegel Williams of Texas, aged 19, while on a visit to his uncle, David Williams, living near Cave Spring, 15 miles northeast of Springfield, by way of a joke pulled from under her chair on which his cousin, Miss Jimmie Williams, was sitting.

James L. Simmons, a well known telegraph operator of St. Louis, committed suicide the night of Saturday, the 24th, by swallowing a quantity of Paris-green.

THE thrifty man will always put something away for a rainy day, even if it is nothing but a stolen umbrella.

MISSOURI STATE NEWS.

The night of the 14th David Moran of Nodaway County purchased a pistol of H. Imboden, a second-hand dealer in St. Joseph, and asked Imboden to load it, which he began doing. While he was placing a cartridge in the chamber it exploded, striking Moran in the left side.

At Kansas City, on the 15th, the largest real estate transaction that had ever taken place there was the sale of some Main Street property to the Shirdley Bros.

The night of the 15th at a writing-school near Peninsular School House, in Cooper County, a serious cutting affair occurred between two young men named Jo. Simmons and John Case.

The night of the 18th George Miller, a grocer in West Kansas, detected a burglar in his store, and Miller and his young man attempted to capture him.

S. G. Butcher's drug store, at Burlington Junction, Nodaway County, burned Sunday morning, the 18th. Loss \$2,500.

A. G. Ruby's store, and the Post-office at Rochester, 13 miles from St. Joseph, were burglarized of a small amount the night of the 18th.

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The citizens of Moberly have subscribed upwards of \$2,000 to the Irish Relief fund.

A new paper is to be started at Plattsburg by Capt. G. J. Nesbitt, who for some years has owned a half interest in the Platte City Landmark.

Looking well. St. Charles: Much damage by the Hessian fly; some fields show a second time. Vernon: More or less fly and chinch-bugs prospects discouraging.

An old resident of Washington County, Pennsylvania, is now in jail for selling liquor without a license, and it is recalled that since 1845 he has been prosecuted for the same offense 38 times.

A FARMER in Lancaster County, Pa., who was rich, died within a few years. Once when his house took fire the men engaged in the harvest field quit their work long enough to go and put the fire out.

For the first time in the history of Washington, says an Iowa correspondent, a member of the House has come here with his wife, and they have gone into the lucrative business of taking boarders.

THERE is a point in the geography of the United States that is not generally known, and that is Driftwood Point. Driftwood Point is part of a little piece of land owned by these United States.

A WHITE whale 40 feet in length has been captured in Charleston Harbor, after an all day's chase back and forth between Fort Sumter and the inner shores of the bay.

It now seems as if \$10 bonnets were simply a medium on which to show off \$20 feathers.

HERE AND THERE.

It will cost \$3,000,000 to take the census.

Gov. CORNELL of New York signed his first message with a gold pen made from Egyptian coins 4,000 years old.

A CHICAGO man has a woman's tooth grafted into his jaw, and now every time he passes a millinery store that tooth fairly aches to drag him up to the window.

It is said in Arizona that a miner, doubting the capabilities of a certain assayer, got an old potato, dried it thoroughly, pounded it up fine and then submitted the powder for assay, and the result of the assay gave a yield of \$40 to the ton.

A RETIRED Spanish soldier, Lopez, is 112 years old. He recently sent to his son at Columbus, Ga., a letter, saying that after 40 years of army service he has been retired on \$1,500 a year.

THE famous Greek bandit, Spanos, has been captured, tried in Athens, and sentenced to death. No one knows the exact number of murders he has committed.

At a performance in a London theater, where a mother has a terrific combat with two ruffians for the possession of her child, a large Newfoundland dog that had got into the pit along with his owner, a steamship engineer, leaped over the orchestra, and, landing on the stage, seized one of the fellows, and was with great difficulty removed.

MR. WHITELAW REID of the New York Tribune has just sent a party of 35 homeless New York children West, under the care of an agent of the Children's Aid Society.

MRS. SCOTT SIDDONSGAVE a reading at the Asbury University, Greencastle, Ind., for the benefit of the institution. She wore a handsome evening dress, cut as low at the neck as is ordinarily worn.

MR. JAMES GRANT of Davenport, said to be Iowa's richest man, is setting a good example for other wealthy citizens to imitate. He has no children of his own, and yet has raised in his own home, and educated, and set up in business, some fifteen of the children of dead or helpless parents.

Our faithful friend Jet, a powerful dog, lived with us on the Navesink Highlands. One summer, we had a bright little fellow who, although not in the least vicious, yet had a boy's propensity to destroy and to injure and to inflict pain.

Nothing delighted the dog more than to go into the water with the young folks, and to see the bathing-suits brought out always put him in the highest spirits. The children called him "the boss of the bathing-ground," and so he was, as he made all hands do just as he pleased.

Last season there came a dear little baby, of the third generation, to the old house, and Jet took the infant under his especial care from the first. He would watch while it slept, with untiring patience, jog the cradle if it stirred, and call the nurse if it cried or needed attention.

It is impossible to reach it by land without going through British territory. It is part of Pembina County, Minnesota, and it borders on the northwest shore of the Lake of the Woods. It is about 25 miles north of the forty-ninth parallel, and is by that distance the most northern point of the United States except Alaska.

WIT AND WISDOM.

THE reason why a man steals an umbrella, says the New Orleans Picayune, is because he does not like to go out in the rain and borrow one.

THE interchangeable family ulster supplies a want long felt. In the possession of a young married couple it can be worn by either party.

FULL many a rose is born to blush unseen, and waste its fragrance on the desert air; full many a nip is taken behind the screen, and cloves, and coffee, too, are eaten there.

WHY is it that when you meet a man "ker chuck" on the sidewalk, he always turns to his right while you turn to your left, and not satisfied with that, he immediately turns to his left, and you are just fool enough to turn to your right?

"A PRETTY style of hair-dressing for the morning," says a fashionable journal, "is to wave all the hair." We agree with the above. In the morning it is not only a pretty but a useful fashion for women to snatch all their hair off the back of the chair, where it has reposed during the night, and wave it around the room to chase off the flies.—Philadelphia Chronicle.

"BEN'S troubles began from the time he moved into the big house. He was living in a modest way before, but then he began to branch out." This is what a neighbor of Mr. Bogart said to a reporter of the New York Sun.

YOUNG Hoopendike is rather given to loquacity; also to tall language. So the other night, while he was at the New Year's ball at East Fairfield, he essayed to make himself very agreeable to a beautiful young lady to whom he was introduced.

MR. SCOTT SIDDONSGAVE a reading at the Asbury University, Greencastle, Ind., for the benefit of the institution. She wore a handsome evening dress, cut as low at the neck as is ordinarily worn.

A FAITHFUL FRIEND.

Stories of a Newfoundland Dog.

Our faithful friend Jet, a powerful dog, lived with us on the Navesink Highlands. One summer, we had a bright little fellow who, although not in the least vicious, yet had a boy's propensity to destroy and to injure and to inflict pain. Master Willie loved Jet dearly, and yet he would persist in torturing the patient dog outrageously, striking hard blows, punching with sharp sticks, and pulling hard cruelly.

"Have you any means of ventilation?" "No, sir." "Are there no windows open?" "None whatever." "How, then, can you expect the air to come in here if it can't get out somewhere?"

It was done, and instantly the handkerchief lying on the register rose halfway to the ceiling with the force of the ascending current. The sexton stood and stared in astonishment.—Sanitary Engineer.

light. To lie on a blanket, under a tree, or on the piazza, and bury her chubby fists in his silky coat, to clamber over his shoulders, to lead him along by the ear while riding in her little carriage, to tyrannize over him in a hundred pretty ways—these were the daily occupations of which she never tired.

One evening, late in August, we were all assembled, as usual after supper, on the piazza and the lawn in front of the house, enjoying the long twilight. The servants were down-stairs, getting their supper, and Jet was left alone with the baby in the sitting-room, which opens out to the piazza by long windows.

How they got out we could not comprehend. It was all over in the twinkling of an eye, and Mr. Warren and the dog were lying on the grass beside the mother, who was almost fainting, with the baby safe and sound in her lap.

The sitting-room was burned out, but we succeeded in stopping the flames there and saving the house. Mr. Warren's face and hands were badly burned, and the nurse-girl was seriously, but not dangerously, injured. Jet was severely scorched, but after caring for him as best we could that night, we thought he would come round again in a few days.

After a long search we found him under the piazza, stone dead. Jet is buried on the hill-side, where the arbutus blooms early in the spring. We have placed a water-worn boulder from the shore over his grave, and on the stone are carved, in deep letters, only the words, "A Faithful Friend."

—John V. Sears, in St. Nicholas for February.

Ignorance Regarding Ventilation.

A gentleman while attending church one evening found that his feet were icy cold, so that he had to raise them from off the floor.

"Yes, we have a good many complaints of cold feet from others; but I don't understand the reason why we can't keep the church warm; we surely have fires enough."

So saying, he pointed to a register in the floor directly behind the gentleman, in the adjoining pew. Looking around, the latter could see that there was a hot fire in the furnace beneath, and yet no heat came up.

"Do you think, if you did, that you could force any more air into a bottle by blowing from within it into it before?" He couldn't say. Never had thought of it.

"Well," continued the gentleman, "you would soon find, if you tried, that it was impossible, and neither can you force air into this church through a register if you don't open a window or some other orifice."

"But," the sexton demurred, "opening a window would let in the cold air, wouldn't it?" "You just try it," was the response.

"Raise some of the windows on the leeward side of the church, and see what will happen." It was done, and instantly the handkerchief lying on the register rose halfway to the ceiling with the force of the ascending current. The sexton stood and stared in astonishment.—Sanitary Engineer.