

FARM & GARDEN

TERRACING FARM LANDS.

An expensive but efficient method of preventing the washing of soil.

One of the most satisfactory methods of preventing the washing of lands where there is a considerable slope is to terrace the fields so that there shall be level steps upon which the water can rest and be absorbed. In terracing the



METHOD OF TERRACING SLOPING LAND.

lines are run with a spirit level, following the contour of the surface so as to give a perfectly level line. A furrow is run along this line, and a similar furrow is run along a lower contour, the distance apart depending upon the nature of the land and the slope of the surface, as in case of sidehill ditches.

Theoretically it is intended to have the surface between these two furrows level, so that there will be no chance for the water to run off over the surface. On a small scale this leveling can be done with a horse shovel, and the land thus put at once into a condition to prevent washing. In this case the banks of the terraces are seeded or seeded with grass to prevent them from washing. In field practice, however, the soil is moved gradually with a plow, the furrow being thrown always down hill, and the soil gradually worked down into a level plain.

There are several forms of reversible plows which are admirably adapted to this purpose, being turned readily from a right to a left handed plow, so that, in going back and forth, the furrow is always thrown down hill. It requires, of course, a number of years of such cultivation to get the surface into even approximately a level condition, but with patience and thorough cultivation, the soil very quickly assumes a comparatively level surface, and this work is reduced to a minimum. This is a more expensive method, but if intelligently done, it is much more efficient and much more durable than depending upon side-hill ditches to prevent erosion, according to Southern Cultivator, authority for these suggestions. As with sidehill ditches, however, in this work it is well done, it had much better be left undisturbed, as it may seriously injure the field.

A Good Clover Catch.
An eastern New York correspondent complains of the increasing difficulty of getting a good clover catch in his section. He thinks the trouble is that the land is too rich in nitrogen. American Cultivator, however, believes that the soil has been too much cropped and is not mellow and friable as it used to be. Not enough care is taken in spring to get the soil in good condition for seeding with clover. The seed is very small, and if the soil has been plowed for a spring crop the upturned furrow does not make a good seed bed. The best seeding is with winter grain, which is lightly harrowed early in spring, just before the clover seed is sown. The authority quoted thinks there will be no failure this way and adds:

We always have found that phosphates with grain crops helped the clover quite as much as they did the grain. But some farmers use phosphates to grow clover, and that is a mistake. That, of course, is injurious, but land so treated would not have too large a supply of nitrogen to grow clover. We do not believe clover sickness is to be feared in this country for many years yet. If very rich land fails to grow clover, it is because grain and weeds smother it while young.

Vitality of Seeds.
At the annual session of the Society for the Promotion of Agricultural Science was reported among the results of seed testing a comparison in vitality between corn kept in the ordinary care and that which had been hung up in some warm, dry place, or otherwise thoroughly dried. Over 600 samples were tested. Those carefully dried gave an average germination of 93 per cent, while those from the crib an average of only 63 per cent. Another interesting observation was the remarkable power of regeneration exhibited by certain seeds. Wheat will germinate no less than ten times after intervals of a week or more, during which time the seeds were kept perfectly dry. Corn will germinate five or six times after complete drying. Clover and timothy will germinate but once, as a rule.

Shredded Fodder.
The corn fodder on an acre of land contains as much digestible matter as the corn ears on one acre, where it is carefully saved. Fodder that is shredded and hauled as best in the ordinary care can be handled safely in the very best condition for feeding. It is not only in best condition for stock, but in best shape for handling. The digestible matter in an acre of good fodder is equal to about two tons of good clover or timothy hay. Fodder must figure more largely in the future winter ration of our cattle, sheep and horses if we feed the cheapest ration and one that will enable us to grow stock at a profit.—Prairie Farmer.

CLOVER SICK SOIL.
Due to a Deficiency of Phosphate of Lime and Potash.
Clover sickness has repeatedly been found due to an inadequate supply of available minerals in the soil. A recent experiment under the Gilbert & Laws direction demonstrated that applications of a manure consisting of sulphate of ammonia and potash made short work of clover sickness. Limonite is frequently used. Phosphate said is naturally

deficient in most soils, but the average commercial fertilizer contains a considerable excess of this fertilizing principle, as compared with other ingredients. Potash is generally the most deficient in complete fertilizers—that is, while nature calls for about two pounds of potash for each one pound of phosphoric acid, complete fertilizers frequently have these proportions exactly reversed. The natural deduction is that in soils long cultivated the potash in the element most likely to become exhausted.

Potash exhaustion may be due to other causes than habitual deficiency in manuring. Phosphoric acid in the soil rapidly takes insoluble forms and suffers

little or nothing from leaching; potash salts, as crude German salts or wood ashes, are readily soluble in water and subject to loss through drainage. The distribution process of soil moisture tends to make a most impartial application of potash throughout the subsoil and far down into the subsoil. Even added to the soil in quantities suited to the feeding demand of the plant, the supply of potash may become deficient. Clover sickness, however, is rarely ever due to such complex causes. It is usually due to a simple but basic deficiency of both the chief mineral elements of fertility—phosphate of lime and potash.

A correspondent of American Cultivator, writing from Cumberland county, N. J., alludes to the foregoing that in his section clover sickness is very common, particularly on rented farms with tenants of the one year rotation. Where the minerals are properly applied, quality and quantity and a rational rotation practiced, he hears nothing of clover sickness. Wood ashes are an excellent source of potash, but they run so irregularly and are so easily subject to adulteration that he has largely abandoned them for the crude commercial salts, which prove equally beneficial.

The Lumber Industry.
The small size of the logs now cut and driven on the great rivers in New England, and, in fact, in the west, is very noticeable. At Bangor there are many marks of logs requiring 9 to 11 logs to the thousand feet. Logs intended for pulp wood run even smaller than this. The same is true on the Kennebec, the Androscoggin and the Connecticut rivers. Several lots of logs cut in St. Croix waters last winter, intended for the sawmills at Calais, required 10 logs to the thousand feet. Calais can no longer furnish large spruce lumber. Her logs will saw out no 12 inch lumber and but a small proportion of 10 inch. This all indicates a depletion of the spruce forests and a rate of cutting far beyond the natural growth, according to The American Cultivator, which notes that in five years the decrease in diameter of the pine trees cut for lumber has been 85 per cent.

Winter Oats.
The New England Homestead reports that a recent examination into the winter oats question warrants the conclusion that they cannot be relied on farther north than middle Delaware, which is farther south than southern New Jersey, except the Cape May district. In very favorable localities and seasons they may occasionally survive a winter in central New Jersey, but for the majority of cases they will prove a total failure.

A Handy Contrivance.
Numbered with other handy contrivances illustrated and described by Rural New Yorker is a gate spring which has given entire satisfaction. To make a similar one, take an old horse rake tooth, or a new one may be procured from a dealer in farm machinery, heat the ends in the stove if not near a blacksmith shop. Bend about three inches of one end back to go into the post on which the gate hangs, and bend the other end into the form of a hook. Fasten a rope or small chain to the back end six inches from the hook side—farther away if a stronger spring is needed—and attach it to the hook on the spring. If at any time you wish to have the gate stay open, unhook the rope from the spring.

A Cheap Gate Spring.
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The Home for Independent Veterans.
ALBANY, Oct. 16.—Contracts for the erection of the Home for Dependent Veterans, Their Wives, Widows and Army Nurses at Oxford have been awarded to Andrew Douglas of Birmingham for \$22,000 for the building and to Chambers & Casey of Rochester for \$1,800 for the plumbing.

Free Wool Record.
American fleece wools declined from 7 1/2 cents to 10 cents per pound and American scoured wools from 15 to 27 1/2 cents per pound between Oct. 1, 1891, and Oct. 1, 1895. Foreign wools, on the other hand, were higher Oct. 1, 1895, than they were on Oct. 1, 1891.

Makes More Wrinkles.
Mrs. Bilbs.—This paper says that walking in the rain without an umbrella will remove wrinkles. Well, it won't; not if you are walking in the rain without an umbrella because some friend has stolen your umbrella.—New York Weekly.

M.R. AND MRS. NUWED.

Mr. Nuwed found it necessary to go on a trip. Of course Mrs. Nuwed, after her husband had departed for her part of the journey of his errand and the telephone with which he left her, she resigned herself as best she could to the prospect of such a separation. But in spite of all her fortitude she found herself sobbing and sniffing surreptitiously when it came to packing his valise, which probably accounted for her putting his socks into his collar box and leaving out his collars entirely.

Mr. Nuwed, who was himself wandering around in dejected style, retained sufficient presence of mind to slip in a couple of clean shirts, otherwise the valise would have contained little besides slippers, lunch and toilet. This was another evidence of his state of mind, for none other than a newly married man would submit to leaving a valise full of such a road where dining cars and restaurant stations abounded. As it was, the tears evaporated, but the lunch remained with him until the trip home, when he incidentally threw it out.

Then husband and wife proceeded to bid each other good-bye. The process was too extended to be detailed in detail. It consisted in the early morning and continued until the train carried Mr. Nuwed out of his wife's fearful vision. Of course, he promised to think of her every minute and write every day, while she assured him that her life would be a long and happy one until his return. Her last words, which had been frequently reiterated before, were, "Telegraph me, John, dear, if anything happens."

And so they parted. Mrs. Nuwed returned home to solitude and tears, and for some time she did not in the least enjoy a "real good cry." Neither was Mr. Nuwed feeling as chipper as his usual good spirit. It did not help greatly the sins of the flesh as at variance with the spiritual being.

Days and weeks, so all important to the errand runner, shriveled to the most form of guilt when viewed through nobler, purer lenses. Like a worn-out hulk, battered and travel stained, my flesh his rotting soul, the crew of his mind, here, there and all about, able to penetrate the very earth, able to see the heavens above, but totally unable to escape from the dreary monotony of his maddening day this constant vision of decay in what was once my fondest pride.

And now another silent form is being lowered to my side. I hear the sound of feet, the crack of wheels, the tread of feet, and wish—oh, how I wish—that it might be another soul so doomed that it would be my company.

There is no one in this world who can understand the heart of a man who has lost his wife. There is no one in this world who can understand the heart of a man who has lost his wife. There is no one in this world who can understand the heart of a man who has lost his wife.

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It was for this destroying of a mental self that I was finally hunted down and with which he left her, she resigned herself as best she could to the prospect of such a separation. But in spite of all her fortitude she found herself sobbing and sniffing surreptitiously when it came to packing his valise, which probably accounted for her putting his socks into his collar box and leaving out his collars entirely.

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has got her stay on her outside. See?" "The pup ain't a-come in," answered Mickle, "but I'm got her, 'cause I've got somethin' ter say ter Mame."

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mann lawyer signed orders for \$50,000 in the same warehouse, all in one day. On the face of it the amounts seem fabulous and fictitious, but when one thoughtfully analyzes Claude Meeker's returns and looks at them squarely, all doubts pass into oblivion, and belief in their reality occupies the mind.

The August shipment from Bradford Avenue show a declaration of \$29,437.90, per day of goods in value, or a weekly shipment of \$1,834,824.46, (six working days); so that in one single week of that month there was sent out from here more goods than was sent out in all the corresponding months of last year and \$18,274.14, 50 in addition. These exports show about five times the total for the corresponding month of last year, and are considerably in excess of any month of this year—the next highest being July, with \$284,901, and last March, with \$204,057.

Look for a moment at the first two items in the list, in which not an American finger has been raised in helping to produce the goods. The two taken together have increased about fivefold, the values being \$2,005,020 for the last nine months, as compared with \$298,008 in the corresponding period.

But do you ask what is the real actual difference in the value of manufactured textiles which are today landed in New York as compared with the days of the McKinley tariff? Let me definitely state. President and heaven from this district had, even before the McKinley bill was passed, to pay a duty of nearly 200 per cent on a broad cloth weighing 28 ounces to the yard, which could be sold in this country by the manufacturer at 86 cents a yard, would have to realize over \$1.14 a yard in New York to pay the producer.

In the first place there would be 35 cents a pound specific duty to pay upon it, equal to 28, 21, or 23 cents, a yard, in addition there would be a 50 per cent ad valorem duty, or 18 cents a yard. In addition to that there would be 5 to 10 per cent for commission and cartage, thus bringing the price up to the prohibitive figure mentioned.

But the payments, I am informed, when the McKinley tariff was in vogue, were still higher, and would add an extra 21 cents a yard to the price of the piece of cloth I have cited. In the present German tariff the specific duty of heavy wools has been knocked off entirely and the ad valorem duty reduced 4 cents to 40 per cent, except on cloth worth 85 cents or more per yard. This is 60, or 36 cent, president cloth can now be sold in New York for 24, 14, or 21 cents a yard, plus, of course, commission and cost of carriage.

The result of all this is obvious, and so long as "our consuls across the mill pond" shall continue to mouth in "blissful ignorance" so long shall the British manufacturer rejoice and be glad at the expense of the American mill owner and operative. But that is not all. Our engineering concerns, which woolen and worsted machinery is, are likewise exceptionally large, particularly at Kingley, where orders for looms, etc., are the order of the day, and keep the pieces working full time until next July.

Evidence of "free freshening trade" are everywhere written in audible letters, and the German tariff has done for Yorkshire alone is indeed marvelous. It can now be seen that this "free" American tariff is the most favorable for foreign manufacturers of all the tariffs which have preceded it, and how long "our consuls across the mill pond" are going to sleep on a "blissful ignorance" they alone can decide.

Bradford, England.
DULL OF PERCEPTION.
The Man Who Cannot See That Foreign Goods Hurt Home Industries.

Woolen manufacturers are certainly not in that prosperous condition that was promised them as soon as they could secure free wool. The enormous demand for goods immediately upon the passage of the Wilson tariff created such an amount of work that it kept all mills busy, both in this country and England. Both there and here factories have been running steadily and without interruption. The urgent demand for goods of woolen texture has been supplied, and all stocks have been replenished to a certain extent, though there has been no buying as freely as occurred in 1891. The first and most serious competition felt from abroad was in the worsted trade, the woolen manufacturer managing to hold his own. But he has not, as a general thing, orders enough in hand to carry his looms through the next few months. The textile manufacturers' Journal of New York says: "The processes of manufacturing require about four weeks' time, and the manufacturer who has covered only about two months' production on spring goods is not in a very encouraging position, and a good many are not circumspectly any better than this. One need only look at the figures of importations of goods to determine the manufacturing situation; it does not require deep and penetrating prescience powers to see in these figures an unsatisfactory condition for the domestic manufacturer. If the foreign manufacturer is supplying a large portion of the needs of the market, he must be doing it at the expense of domestic makers, and this condition will be manifest in a short time. The man who cannot see it today must be dull of perception and comprehension."

Pottery Men Suffer.
We are constrained once more to feel around the short ribs of those gentlemen who do not like to have us go abroad for facts regarding the pottery industry in England, and state that according to the Staffordshire Sentinel of Aug. 8, 1895, the pottery manufacturers over there are pushed to keep up with orders. The shipments of earthenware from Liverpool to the United States in one week were 2,850 packages, as against 1,397 packages in the corresponding week of last year, being thereby more than double the number.—Trotter State Gazette.

Four Mill Prospects.
Machinery is better employed today than it is likely to be two months from now, and the fact that the mills are fairly busy now is indicating to the average man, who points to it as a favorable condition.—Grand Rapids (Mich.) Herald.

Lines Is Demanded.
If Abanite and Sappira were now alive, they would never lack engagements from the free trade press.

PRISON MADE GOODS.

FREE LABOR IN LONDON MUST COMPETE WITH FELONS.

Twenty Two Writers Urge that a Free Trade Tariff be Applied to Prison Made Goods.

A London correspondent writes: A commission of inquiry has been sitting in London for some time past to investigate into the question of the importation of prison made goods. Such an investigation goes right to the very kernel, the crux, of the free trade position. The working people in this country, overwhelmed with taxation and struggling to live on a small wage, have begun to cry out against the wretched system which allows goods made in factories to be shipped to England as a dumping ground and to enter into competition with a wretched goods made here. It is hard enough to get a living in London at the best of times, but the difficulty is increased a tenfold if an article has to compete with a wretched article which is made in a prison. What chance can any one have under such circumstances, and it is not to be wondered at that the British operatives have begun to kick at an unequal and unfair system that allows him to be crushed out of existence.

Colonel Howard Vincent, M. P. for a division of Bedford, the great railway center in England, has served on the commission and returned fully in favor of the present tariff.

Four cents a day wages! They would an American operative than that? But yet that is the heaviest of four cents a day wages. During the last four months it appears that the exports from Belgium of these manufactures have increased 200 per cent. A considerable number of workmen have been deprived of their employment and of all wages for this reason. Many of the men do not do more than a 10 to 15 cent a day wage (10 to 15 cents).

The secretary of the Manchester branch of the Trades Union says: "We cannot now lower our wages to meet foreign competition. In order to do that we should have to go without wages." Another representative of the mill industry says that the men out of four are now doing only 10 to 15 cents a day, and that the men who are doing 10 to 15 cents a day are now doing only 5 to 10 cents a day.

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The secretary of the Manchester branch of the Trades Union says: "We cannot now lower our wages to meet foreign competition. In order to do that we should have to go without wages." Another representative of the mill industry says that the men out of four are now doing only 10 to 15 cents a day, and that the men who are doing 10 to 15 cents a day are now doing only 5 to 10 cents a day.

work the filthy degeneration of what in life had seemed to me of paramount importance. Vanity and carnality had been my ruling passions and all the higher attributes of man, in which she took precedence of body, aroused within my carnal mind only a feeling of sarcasm.

It was for this destroying of a mental self that I was finally hunted down and with which he left her, she resigned herself as best she could to the prospect of such a separation. But in spite of all her fortitude she found herself sobbing and sniffing surreptitiously when it came to packing his valise, which probably accounted for her putting his socks into his collar box and leaving out his collars entirely.

Mr. Nuwed, who was himself wandering around in dejected style, retained sufficient presence of mind to slip in a couple of clean shirts, otherwise the valise would have contained little besides slippers, lunch and toilet. This was another evidence of his state of mind, for none other than a newly married man would submit to leaving a valise full of such a road where dining cars and restaurant stations abounded. As it was, the tears evaporated, but the lunch remained with him until the trip home, when he incidentally threw it out.

Then husband and wife proceeded to bid each other good-bye. The process was too extended to be detailed in detail. It consisted in the early morning and continued until the train carried Mr. Nuwed out of his wife's fearful vision. Of course, he promised to think of her every minute and write every day, while she assured him that her life would be a long and happy one until his return. Her last words, which had been frequently reiterated before, were, "Telegraph me, John, dear, if anything happens."

And so they parted. Mrs. Nuwed returned home to solitude and tears, and for some time she did not in the least enjoy a "real good cry." Neither was Mr. Nuwed feeling as chipper as his usual good spirit. It did not help greatly the sins of the flesh as at variance with the spiritual being.

Days and weeks, so all important to the errand runner, shriveled to the most form of guilt when viewed through nobler, purer lenses. Like a worn-out hulk, battered and travel stained, my flesh his rotting soul, the crew of his mind, here, there and all about, able to penetrate the very earth, able to see the heavens above, but totally unable to escape from the dreary monotony of his maddening day this constant vision of decay in what was once my fondest pride.

And now another silent form is being lowered to my side. I hear the sound of feet, the crack of wheels, the tread of feet, and wish—oh, how I wish—that it might be another soul so doomed that it would be my company.

There is no one in this world who can understand the heart of a man who has lost his wife. There is no one in this world who can understand the heart of a man who has lost his wife. There is no one in this world who can understand the heart of a man who has lost his wife.

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