

FARM AND GARDEN.

Sowing Land to Clover.
Sowing land to wheat should be done in the fall. If but one season's crop is to be expected, this short rotation will be worth quadrupling the yield. A clover sown of one year's growth is much superior to that of the second year for plowing under.

Tufted Pansies.
The pansy is a species of violet—violet in color. Some thirty years ago a Scottish nurseryman crossed a violet of Scotland, violet in color, with a garden pansy, and the result was a beautiful hybrid. The result of wild violet were subsequently tried, until the distinct race, as tufted pansies, was produced.—Mechan's Monthly.

Protecting Orchards from Frosts.
To protect orchards and gardens from frosts, have plenty of "smudges" made, i. e., piles of sawdust or material that will give much heat, then one hour after sunset, if the sky is clear, and the temperature under forty-five degrees, begin at nine o'clock and if thirty degrees or less, watch closely, and if thirty-five degrees is registered smudge at once.

Good Results from the Garden.
Does not require an expert to obtain good results in the garden. Select a warm, early piece of land, and well watered with either good, old, well-burned manure or commercial fertilizer, have the ground well harrowed and thoroughly harrowed, plant the seed, each variety in proper season. Then be sure to pull the weeds down, and you can but get good results. The garden can be made to produce something new each year for the table for almost any day, from early in the season to late fall, if we only take advantage of what may be grown in our climate.—New York Weekly Witness.

Cream Ripening.
Cream should be so kept that it will ripen evenly, thus losing in churning. The temperature should be kept between sixty and sixty-eight degrees until the cream is ripe, and it should then be churned. Well-ripened cream should be so thick that it will run like oil, and the paddle is dipped into it and the cream should stick all over a thick coat of paint, and have a gloss of surface. The churning should be continued until the granules are the size of wheat kernels, then off the buttermilk and wash with two or three waters, whirling around a few times. From a quart of water to the pound of cream should be used, and this should be at a temperature of forty-five degrees in hot weather, and from fifty to sixty degrees in cold, depending upon the solidity of the butter, size of granules and amount of room.

Air in the Soil.
The importance of the thorough aeration of the soil is recognized by experiment to an extent sufficient to show results. Air is as necessary to the soil as moisture, for by diffusion the chemicals of the soil get into active operation and are available by the growing crop. In nature, the remains of plants and the humus of the soil is broken into saltpetre, that valuable material. When the soil is merely hoed or cultivated a fermentation is promoted and an increased state of fertility brought about by the action of air on the organic matter in the soil. Cultivation increases the fertility by the action of increased air and moisture on the soil for the direct feeding of plants, as well as the action on the elements in the soil, and the destruction of noxious weeds which rob the soil of needed food.

Raising Poultry Foods.
Profits in poultry raising depend much on obtaining the food at the lowest cost as on anything else. The raiser of poultry on the farm should devote a portion of the soil to the purpose. The plan of picking up manure after the harvest for the poultry is well enough as it goes, but bruised vegetables should only a short time, and one is the period when green food is available, with nothing of that nature as wheat, oats, millet, barley, and rye should be raised in small plots, as well as a fair amount of timothy, or sorghum for winter. Dried clover hay is unsurpassed for food for fowls, and it pays to even when it must be bought, it can be easily raised and cured and chopped at great profit. Such crops as cabbage, potatoes, onions, and the like should be neglected. They are easily raised through the winter and when fed greatly to the egg production. It is necessary to grow these small and the return on the investment very large.

Cutworms and Corn.
The writers on this subject advise the stirring of the soil and extending the cutworms to the sun will kill them. While thorough cultivation is undoubtedly of great benefit, no amount of stirring and digging to the rays of the sun will kill cutworms, for when exposed to a brief space of time

for these pests to again secure coverings, and after many years' close observation of the habits of cutworms I doubt if a single one can be destroyed by simply stirring the soil.

In my experience I have found two distinct species of cutworms, one cutting the corn on the surface of the ground and being readily found and caught in the act of destruction. The other is out of sight and cuts the corn about an inch below the surface, and the mischief is not detected until the corn begins to wilt. Corn cut below the surface of the ground is irretrievably ruined, but when cut above the ground, when small, with the exception of being retarded in growth, it is seldom injured. Corn planted on sod that has been pastured the preceding year is more liable to be damaged by cutworms than if no stock had been allowed upon the ground.—John Coyne in Iowa Homestead.

Losing Young Chicks.
Many complaints are heard this year, mainly from those who have had their first experience with an incubator, regarding the large proportion of the chicks hatched which die during the first two or three weeks after hatching. In most cases the fault is laid to the incubator, which is hardly fair. The cold, wet weather which has prevailed has been hard on the little chicks and caused the loss of many of them. Overheated brooders, overcrowding and poor ventilation are also responsible for many deaths among chicks. It is safe to say, however, that the main trouble, not only this year, but all years, is due to inherited weakness, and when this is the case no amount of care or attention in feeding will overcome the trouble. Chicks will often hatch in the incubator on time, or a little before time, and be extremely lively for a few days or even for two or three weeks, then suddenly die. Chicks hatched by the old hen frequently do the same thing. There is more in the proper selection of stock for hatching than most people are willing to believe, and it pays every time to know something of the ancestry of the embryo chick in the egg you intend to hatch even if the breed is pure. In the majority of cases where a male runs with forty or even more hens, the proportion of fertile eggs laid by the hens will be small and even the fertile ones will produce weak chicks. Other well-known causes are responsible for weak chicks.—Atlanta Journal.

Some Common Strawberry Pests.
The one which has been most abundant this season is the strawberry root worm. The mature insect is a beetle about the size of radish seed with a shining black or brown surface, and two antennae resembling a pair of its legs. It is quite active on its feet, but when disturbed it "plays the possum" and rolls into the ground. I have found as many as five at a single hill of plants. These beetles are, of course, the consequence of the root worms or larvae which last fall were feeding upon the fibrous roots of the plants. The worms are small whitish grubs, which when they are full grown pupate in earthen cells under the surface of the ground and therefore are out of sight while doing their greatest damage.

The other insect found is the strawberry crown borer, which in the beetle stage resembles a weevil, though it is not one. The larva or borer is a whitish, yellow-headed grub resembling the root worm except in being footless. It is one-fifth of an inch long, and lives in the crown of the strawberry plant, weakening it so that it cannot survive the winter. The crown-borer pupates within the cavity formed in the crown of the plant but emerges as the adult beetle, which is gray in color, one-fifth of an inch long, about September or October, remaining in the fields until spring, when eggs are laid for the new brood.

Both these insects become particularly destructive in old beds of strawberries, or in new beds on old strawberry ground where no other crop has intervened. Neither travels far from its birthplace, therefore rotation of crops is the most practical preventive treatment. Old fields should be plowed under as soon as the crop of fruit is off. If a small section is to be retained for plants, their removal should be accomplished as early as possible. If the beetles are found about the young plants intended for next year's fruitage, spraying with paris green late in summer will kill such as are feeding upon the foliage at that season.—George C. Butz in New England Homestead.

The Career of a Hat.
"The life of a Panama hat, that is, if it is a good one to start with," explained a hat dealer, "compares somewhat with the life of the owner of it. One can run through either in a hurry or hang on for a long time if it is desired. If carefully kept a Panama hat should last all the way from ten to forty years. I know a gentleman who resides in East Washington who has owned and steadily worn during the summer months a Panama hat for nearly forty years. It has been bleached every couple of years since and trimmed and relined, and it is today to all intents and purposes as good as when I first saw it thirty years ago. I know of another Panama hat now worn by a physician in this city, which has had almost as long a life. Long before he got it his father wore it. I know dozens of them which have been in use from ten to twenty years. The lining wears out, but the body of the hat keeps out. Of course, care has to be used to keep them such a long time, but the Panama itself is almost indestructible. The original cost of the hats that I refer to was not exorbitant, none of them costing over \$14."—Washington Star.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

Bidding for a Smile.
"Who'll bid for a sneer?"
Said the auctioneer.
"It gives to the lips a fanciful curl,
Is equally suited to boy or girl.
How much? Twenty-five?
Twenty-five, do I hear?
Good folks, be alive!
'Tis a genuine sneer."
But it brought only five.

"Here's a crown of high grade,"
Said the auctioneer now;
"The best thing ever made
For contracting the brow;
It darkens a face as bright as a rose,
And wrinkles the forehead above the nose.
Nineteen? Nothing more?
Do I hear twenty-four?
Going, gone—at a score."

A sweet little smile
Like sunshine in May,
Started after awhile
At ten, then away
Into hundreds it mounted; nine hundred
and two;
Then into the thousands the swift bidding
flew.
"Do I hear? Do I hear?"
Bawled the hoarse auctioneer,
"Going, gone!" and it went to dear little
Annette.
And it proved so becoming she's wearing it
yet.

Heroism of the Fishermen.
It is always with a vague regret that we read the sagas, and are thrilled by the vikings' exploits. It seems as if the deeds of daring had gone by forever, and as if the heroes of the deep were a myth of the past. Absorbed in the Norse romance, we forget that the vikings were only pirates, and that they dared for slaughter and for booty. If the Gloucester of today had only existed then, what heroic saga would it not have inspired! For to risk life for glory, or riches, or rescue, or love is in the heart of every man to do; but to risk life for a bare existence, for other people's profit, and for an anonymous end partakes of that commonplace sublimity which does not form the favorite plot of poets, although once in a while it is the subject of a daily paragraph.

For the vikings are not dead. From Portland to New Orleans our harbors are full of them. They lounge upon our wharves, and we do not recognize them. They loiter on our streets, and we know them not. But if there is a more modest, unconscious or braver fellow than Jack the Fisherman, our eyes have yet to rest upon his face. He is the hardest and most daring, the best sailor in the world today. Any Continental kingdom would give its wealth to possess him for its defense. He is the envy of every maritime nation. Has he no value for us, beyond the halibut and the cod, the haddock and the cusk?—Century.

A Flower Hospital.
Children very often have ideas which to older people are a revelation of the treasury of sweetness and innocence a child's mind may be.

A tiny little girl came into a room the other day where her mother sat sewing. The little one's hands were full of half-faded blossoms—pansies, a carnation, a withered rosebud and some daisies.

"Mamma," said the little girl, as she looked seriously at the poor little flowers and turned them over and over in her hand. "I'm going to have a flower hospital and cure these flowers."

"All right, my dear," said her mother, "do so if you like."
And later the little girl gathered all her tiny cups and plates and filled them with water, and busied herself with putting the stems in the cooling liquid, talking the while in soft, low tones to the flowers she thought suffering so. After she had played quietly for some time her little face became clouded and she began to cry.
"Oh, mamma, won't none of them get well but the pansies? All the others are dead."
Who but a little child would have thought of so sweet an idea as this little "flower hospital"? Grown people might have given fresh water or maybe thrown the blossoms away, but this little one sat patiently by and even if her little efforts were not rewarded by the renewed life of the blossoms, those around her watched and listened in almost wonder at the dear little fancy which filled her baby mind, and were astonished anew at the gentle vagaries of the lovely child mind which so endears all little children.—Atlanta Journal.

The Queen's Four-Leaved Clover.
An amusing story of Queen Hortense, daughter of the Empress Josephine and wife of Louis Bonaparte, king of Holland, has lately been told. After her exile from Holland, the ex-queen sojourned for a time in a modest habitation near Constance, in Switzerland.

As her health was broken down by her troubles her physicians prescribed a visit to the mountains of Appenzel, and the ex-queen, accompanied only by a reader or female companion and two or three servants, went to a rustic neighborhood in the hills. There she and her companion found nothing better to do than hunt for four-leaved clover, and became quite excited in the search.

"To lend the matter interest," the queen wrote in a letter which has been brought to light, "we would assume that each discovery of a four-leaved clover had some prophetic significance. The next one, if found so and so, meant that we should return to France; another meant that I was to receive a letter the next day from my son Louis, and so on. In this innocent pastime we found positively the only excitement that was open to us in the place."
"But soon it was noised abroad

among the children of the neighborhood that we were continually hunting four-leaved clover, and consequently, these children argued, we must want it very much. Then all the children and some of the grown people were out hunting four-leaved clover, and soon great bunches of it were brought to us, for which we had to show ourselves very grateful.
"In another day our only resource for amusement was gone, for these kind but superserviceable people had stripped the neighborhood for a mile around of all its four-leaved clover."
—Youth's Companion.

The Artful Raven.
Many stories are told of the cleverness of the raven, a bird that really seems to have reasoning powers. One of these stories tells how a raven, by a skillful stratagem, got a young hare for its dinner. It had pounced upon the little animal, but the mother hare drove it away.

Then the raven slowly retreated, encouraging the mother to follow him, and even pretending that he was afraid of her. In this fashion he led her to a considerable distance from her young one, and then, suddenly, before the hare had time to realize the meaning of the trick, he rose in the air, flew swiftly back, caught the young hare in its beak and bore it away.

A similar plan was adopted by some ravens that wished to steal food from a dog. They teased him till he grew so angry that he chased them from the spot, but the artful birds turned sharply round, easily reached the dish before him and carried off the choicer bits in triumph.

As to the raven's power of speech the following story, which is given on the authority of a Captain Brown, who vouches for its truth, will show how aptly it can talk. A gentleman, while traveling through a wood in the south of England, was startled by hearing a shout of "Fair play, gentlemen, fair play!" uttered in loud tones. The cry being presently repeated, the traveler thought it must proceed from some one in distress, and at once began to search for him. He soon discovered two ravens fiercely attacking a third. He was so struck with the appeal of the oppressed bird that he promptly rescued him.

It turned out that the victim was a tame raven belonging to a house in the neighborhood, and the cry that it had used so opportunely was one of many that it had been taught to utter.—New York World.

Grandmother's Story.
"Tell me a story grandma," said little Bess, as she climbed upon her grandmother's lap.
"Well, what shall it be about?" said the old lady smiling, as she laid her work on the table and looked at her little granddaughter.

"About when you were a little girl," was the answer.
"Let me think. Oh, yes, I remember," she said as she stroked Bessie's golden hair and kissed her on the forehead. When I was about twelve years old I went to spend the summer with some friends. There were two children, both a little younger than myself. The older one was Maud and the younger one Mary.

"I had not been there long before we planned to have a spread some night after we had gone to bed. We set the night, and began to collect all the candy and good things we could and put them in a basket, which we kept under the bed.

"That night we went to our room and undressed, then we waited for their mother to say good night. We waited, but she did not come, and so we turned out the light and pretended to go to sleep. In a few minutes we were up and had the basket. The feast consisted of three crackers apiece, about half a dozen candies, a few peanuts and some cookies. We all sat down on one bed and began to talk softly. Suddenly I heard a footstep on the stairs, and knew what it was. I pushed Maud back into her place in the bed and jumped in myself. 'Sh-r-r-r!' She is coming, I said. But Mary just sat there and looked at us. Suddenly she looked at us and realized what was the matter, then made a rush for her bed.

"She had just reached it when I saw a figure in the doorway. Their mother entered and kissed us, then went out again. We were about to get up again when we heard her say, 'Don't talk.' They were the words we had dreaded, and what was anything without talking? I lay down again and began to groan, when I saw Mary beside me. 'Mamma didn't say we must not whisper,' she said under her breath. In a few minutes we were out of bed and eating. Then what a good time we had, and we talked until we had eaten everything, and it was long after time for us to be asleep.

"After that we had a great many more feasts, but none of them was as much fun as the first was."—American Agriculturist.

The Increase of Nations.
While European Russia will need only forty-five years or so, Germany about sixty-five years, Austria-Hungary seventy years, England eighty years, Italy 110 years, it will take France 860 years to double its population. What signifies the loss of Alsace-Lorraine's 1,500,000 souls compared with the loss France suffers every year? In the last five years the German population has increased by 3,000,000, who are every one fully German; France, meanwhile, has increased her people by only 175,000, who are not even of French nationality. The increase of a nation is of the utmost importance to the success of its country. It has meant much in the nineteenth century; it will mean more in the twentieth.

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The public is hereby warned against buying wood, posts or timber of any kind from tenants on Ogden and Oakley plantation.
MRS. I. L. MATTHEWS.

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From and after this date hunting with dogs or firearms, also setting on the Green Oaks, Seven Pines, batter-white, Home and the Carr plantations is positively prohibited under penalty of trespass. Any one found on these places without permission will be considered trespassing and prosecuted to the full extent of the law.
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