

The Louisiana Democrat.

"The World is Governed Too Much."

HENRY L. BLOSSAT, Business Manager.

ALEXANDRIA, LOUISIANA, WEDNESDAY, MAY 29, 1889.

VOL. XLIV.—NO. 22.

THE LAST MEMORY.

The windows are darkened, and dim is my sight
In the gathering twilight of age;
And now I can scarce read the story aright
That is written on memory's page:
Though all of life's visions are vanishing fast,
One shines like a star in its place;
In the gloom that the present throws over the
past,
I remember my mother's sweet face.

I pray that my sad heart this treasure may save
Till my soul is released from its strife;
Each year cometh on like a concurring wave,
Sweeping over the waters of life,
Restless and mighty, from deep unto deep
Eternity's flood moves apace;
Though its tide hurries all to oblivion's sleep,
I remember my mother's sweet face.

Repeat. God knoweth what ripens the grain
And when it is ready to reap;
Down into my heart memory's rain
To quicken the seeds that are deep.
The lessons of patience, the stories, the prayers
That I learned in my mother's embrace,
Would long since have grown to a harvest of
fears
Had I failed to remember her face.

I listen and wait in the shadows that fall
O'er the deep and eternally's shore,
But out of the stillness I hear a voice call
That sounds like an echo of yore.
Through the watches of night I shall not be
alone,
Nor afraid of the dawning of grace;
Though all else I loved into darkness has flown,
I remember my mother's sweet face.
—Irving Bacheller, in N. Y. Ledger.

HARVESTING FEATHERS.

The Way It Is Done at the Kenilworth Ostrich Farm.

It Is No Easy Task to Gather the Precious Crop—Some of the Dangers and Difficulties Attending the Operation.

A pluck at the Kenilworth ostrich farm having been announced, a party of visitors took the train from Los Angeles for the scene of this unfamiliar form of harvesting. The ostrich farm, which is situated about seven miles northeast of Los Angeles, occupies a very pretty valley at the foot of one of the coast ranges, not far from the Burbank station, on the Southern Pacific railroad.

The ostriches are confined in a number of large corrals, in which the birds have free room to run about, scoop out their primitive nests, and make themselves generally quite at home. Four of these corrals are occupied by pairs of full-grown imported birds, at the present time occupied in laying eggs. In other corrals are young birds, natives of California, which appear to be quite as healthy and promise to be as fine as their African parents.

Plucking the birds is by no means a light undertaking. The one thing which makes ostriches manageable at all is that they can not either fly or leap, or if they can they are not aware of their powers. Hence, an ordinary post and rail fence five feet high is sufficient to confine birds standing, perhaps, seven feet high, even when they are making the most desperate efforts to escape from the hands of their spoilers. But if they can not fly they can run and kick, and a kick from one of their great strong legs is an experiment which nobody cares to try. Thus in catching them it is always necessary carefully to avoid getting in front of them, for they can only kick straight forward.

When plucking is to begin three men enter the corral and approach the birds. They try to get the one they wish to catch up to a corner, but as the bird soon sees that his best chance lies in keeping in the open, he races first down one side of the corral and then up the other, making it appear as though it were an almost hopeless task to catch him. His strides are enormous, but his great feet and the muscles of his thighs are so strong that he comes along with a strangely easy, springy gait, in which very little is seen of the foolish awkwardness which is the first characteristic to strike strangers when they see the bird at rest.

After several quiet vain attempts to reach the bird as he runs past, the quickest of the men throws himself upon one of the huge wings, and the first time, perhaps, finds himself sprawling on the ground, with a handful of broken feathers to reward him for his pains. Soon, however, somebody is fortunate enough to get a good hold, and by the time he has been dragged half way round the inclosure the other two men also are to be seen firmly attached to some part of the body or wings of the bird. Then a sack is rapidly produced from the belt of one of the men, and slipped over the head and long neck, at the lower end of which it is loosely tied. This greatly facilitates matters, and it is now no very difficult job to steer the strange-looking creature into a corner of the corral which has been prepared for its reception. Here the fence has been strengthened with strong deal-boards, and another heavy board is all ready to be swung around in such a way as to inclose the bird and his captors in a small corner, in which no great amount of struggling is possible.

The first bird plucked was an old male. The young birds for the first two years of their life are all the same gray color which the females continue for their lives, but the males, after they are about two years old, become very handsome. They turn quite black, thus making a very handsome contrast for the great white plumes which adorn their wings and tails. As they approach any one who is looking at them their beautiful bright black breasts remind him forcibly of funeral plumes. But when the black feathers come to be plucked they are found to be only black at the tips, and even here they seldom reach perfect blackness, except in the mass. The feathers singly are of a dark brownish color, shading off into something approaching very near to black at the tips.

tips. Occasionally, but very rarely, a truly black feather is found, but nearly all the black plumes and tips sold in the stores are dyed. Only the wing and tail feathers are pulled, the curly-looking little tips on the breast which arouse the curiosity of some of the ladies being left untouched.

The three men who have hold of the bird force him up tight against the corner of the inclosure, and the one of them who is doing the plucking—in this case the proprietor—stands on the side away from the wing on which he is going to commence operations. He raises the wing and, drawing it toward him over the body of the bird, he selects the feathers which he considers marketable and, grasping them one by one firmly in his hand, gives them a good hard pull and out they come. First the great white plumes, then the smaller whites, and then the larger blacks. It must be a somewhat painful operation for the bird, as the feathers have a tight hold, and the wing bleeds more or less at most points from which several feathers adjoining one another have been drawn. Every now and then a renewed struggle on the part of the ostrich, and an effort not always unsuccessful, to shake off the sack which is over his head, bears witness to his not relishing the situation.

As fast as the feathers are pulled, and this is done very quickly, they are handed over the fence to a man standing close by with a box. Then the ladies have their chance. The amount of discussion which is required before the on-lookers can decide which of the feathers is most worthy to be chosen to remind them of the occasion is surprising. First, nothing less than one of the great white plumes at the end of the wing is good enough, and as these are selling to-day at from one dollar to two dollars they are cheap enough. But when looked at in the hand it is found—surprising fact!—that the feathers do not grow curled and washed, and ready to be worn on hats, and presently a smaller feather of white and gray tipped blended is espied falling into the box. These vary in price from twenty-five to fifty cents, or in the case of very fine ones reach one dollar; but just as the purchase is on the point of completion, and the fair buyer's hand is searching among the small coins in a lengthy purse for one of just the right dimensions, she becomes aware that her next neighbor has secured quite a pretty little feather for ten cents; a really quite good enough to keep as a memento." And so the struggle ends and economy is triumphant.

Meanwhile the two wings have been plucked and the tail, which produces feathers shorter than the best wing plumes but much wider—such as are used for the best tips. Then the sack is removed, and the board which incloses the party having been swung back, the bird is set loose, a queer, curtailed-looking monster, shorn of his glory, but probably in a day or two much more comfortable—in hot weather at any rate—for being freed from the burden of his great, heavy plumes. Care has to be taken again, as the sack is removed, that he does not reward his tormentors with a kick, which, if well delivered, would easily break a bone, but his inability to kick any except straight in front of him makes it no very difficult matter.

Then the chase is renewed, and the royal consort is, in her turn, humiliated by having her proud head enveloped in the sack, and so the game goes on till all the birds which are ready for plucking have been dealt with.

It is very hard work on a hot day, as not only have great agility and considerable courage and perseverance to be displayed in catching the birds, but even holding them in the corner while the plucking is going on involves an almost continuous struggle, more or less severe. The operation takes perhaps twenty minutes for each bird after it has been caught, and in this time some 200 to 250 feathers of various sizes are pulled. Each bird is plucked twice a year, the plumes requiring a growth of about seven months to reach perfection. The feathers, if not retailed on the premises or in Los Angeles stores, are sold by weight. A short time ago they went as low as \$50 a pound, but they are now going up, the wearing of ostrich feathers in hats having again become fashionable. A full-grown bird will give rather more than a pound of feathers between his two plucks, but as they are voracious feeders there is not much profit to be made out of keeping them when their feathers are fetching low prices. They are fed mainly on alfalfa, supplemented by corn and almost any vegetable food that comes handy.—Los Angeles Letter, in San Francisco Chronicle.

Dakota's Morning Air.

Persons coming to Dakota will do well, in the fall or winter, to rise up with the sun on any cool morning, and they will be well repaid for their trouble. As the sun is peeping over the horizon, if the morning is clear, one can see for ten, twenty and thirty miles, according to the levelness of the country. One can see timber thirty miles away as if not more than six miles away, raised high in the air, so the sky can be seen between the mirage and the earth. Elevators and barns, houses and timber, seem to be mountainous in size, even though they are twenty miles away; the air is so cool and clear that people and stock are seen with the naked eye much better than with opera or field glasses, and persons talking with each other two miles away will be distinctly heard. Dakota is a wonderful country.—Dum-dee (Dak.) Cor. N. Y. Tribune.

SOUNDS OF NATURE.

Music Whose Interpretation Needs No Ancient or Secret Art.

The sonata has been called the most perfect form of piano music known, and in that, although Haydn and Mozart excelled, Beethoven is the chief of all the composers, and all that can be said by a single instrument has been written for the voice of the piano. But although it takes a Beethoven to make the theme and its variations one, and although it takes the first of mechanicals and designers to elaborate the instrument that is to give them musical expression, and although it takes patience and skill and talent, and sometimes even genius to be able to use brain and fingers so as to interpret the thought of Beethoven, yet there is another music, unwritten, and to be played on no one instrument, and it takes neither genius, nor mechanism, nor industry to hear and feel and interpret these unformulated strains of nature—that music which exists everywhere throughout creation, which has its tone in every object, which resounds where the sea touches the shore, where the snow sifts through the hillside, where the leaves stir against one another, where the wind wings and the stars soar through space. To read this music one needs no ancient or secret art, no written page, no instrument—nothing but a soul. One can not criticize it; one can not say its time is imperfect, its measures are incorrect; but one can watch its themes develop almost as easily as in the music rendered by the player where the left hand keeps the time and marks the measure, the "leader of the orchestra," as Beethoven himself said, while the right hand wanders away at its own sweet will in all subtle freedom of variation to return to it again.

One hears the melancholy in the wail of the rising wind at twilight, when the trees murmur together in sadness; one recognizes it, marks it deeper and stronger, diminish and die away; one hears the joy of a sea-breeze in the sunshine singing in over the crested ridges, and sighing itself softly away in full content as it washes up the sand; one hears the hum of happiness any summer morning blending in a rich chord with the murmur of bees, the flutter of idler insect, the soft rustle of boughs, the singing of the distant birds; one gets the note of ineffable sweetness and sadness in the sound of evening bells strained through reaches of air and floating over water, of aerial remoteness and alien indifference in the far-off fleeting of the echo; one gets the voice of conquest roaring on its way in the cry of the wintry storm; for in every thing, from the resonance of granite to the whispering of a breath, the stroke of the stone-cutter's hammer, the measured falling of the flail, there is music for the ear that can hear it; and even when the tones held in the heart of all these separate objects of nature are not music in themselves, and struck together make not music, but discord, yet as the sound recedes it filters itself to harmony, for the discord dies before the sound does, and leaves only at last a sweet sonority swimming and falling along the air.—Harper's Bazar.

SOME SHARK STORIES.

They Are Good, But to a Man Up a Tree They Look Improbable.

Last night, in a company of congenial spirits, the conversation turned on sharks, those scavengers of the sea. Their voracity, staying qualities, and ability to swallow any thing and every thing that came their way was discussed at some length. A young man who had never been to sea said he had read stories of monster man-eating sharks following ships for weeks, accompanied by an aching void which able seamen alone could fill with any degree of satisfaction—to the shark. He had also read of a sailor who was on deck one day grinding his knife, with a boy turning the stone, when the ship gave a sudden lurch, the whole outfit went overboard and was swallowed by a shark. The sailor and his boy kept at work, sharpened the knife to a razor edge, cut their way out of the shark and were picked up by a boat lowered from the ship.

The man-of-war's man said that story was a little too improbable, but that he could tell one himself within the bounds of reason. "When our ship was in Honolulu," he said, "I was ashore one day in the launch, a small steamboat used for conveying officers and sailors to and from the ship. We were lying at the dock and when the engineer attempted to start his engine on the return trip she refused to work. Thinking, perhaps, that a rope or something had fouled the propeller, the engineer looked over the stern and found that a monster shark had swallowed the wheel, and though we prodded the cuss with a boat-hook it refused to disgorge the cast-iron delicacy. We then slewed the boat around, and heading for the ship, a mile distant, we managed by jabbing the fish with boat-hooks, to make it furnish motive power, and thus got under way. The oxswain stood at the tiller and steered for the ship, but just as we got alongside the vessel the shark gave a sudden lurch, broke the propeller short off at the bearing, and got away with it.—Chicago Herald.

A lady's paper gives the following recipe for getting rid of the smell of fresh paint in a bed chamber or living-room: Slice a few onions, and put them in the middle of the room. After that it will be desirable to get rid of the smell of the onions. This can easily be done by putting on another coat of paint.

THE TYPE-WRITER GIRL.

A Sweet-Brer Rose Among the Dull Weeds of Commercial Life.

She is everywhere just now, and she seems to like it just as well as we do ourselves. She beams at you with business-like eyes from behind the plate-glass partitions of palatial offices. She taps the keys with dainty knowledge in all the large establishments of the metropolis, and paralyzes ancient clerks and decrepit retainers by the fluent ease with which she masters details of trade.

She comes on you unexpectedly when you drop in down town to see how the market is holding together, or if that "sure thing" came in first at Sheepshead. You hear a few convulsive clicks; you look up, and there she is—the inevitable typewriter! She has penetrated to the innermost sanctum of the editor; she has wrung herself insidiously into the halls of the statesman, and in the offices of the broker she reigns supreme. As Mark Twain said of the Cross of the Legion of Honor, "few have escaped!" she is everywhere, a recognized and admired fact, and has taken her place among the institutions of the land with the same unconscious grace and magnificent calmness with which she draws her salary.

The stock-broker's office is her favorite lair. She glows out of its luxurious settings like a Klunder rose in a Worcester vase, with an oriental screen at her back, and her tipped boots crossed effectively below her dainty skirt. She smilingly looks up from under a well-kept bang, and the modern man feels that he has not lived in vain.

The pretty type-writer came like a shaft of light to the darkened intellects of the weary paragraphers and the funny men of the daily papers. The small boy was a moth-eaten monotony. The mother-in-law a decayed and undesirable nonentity. The almanac files were sere and yellow. Then it was that the public arose and kicked in its might, and demanded something fresh to laugh at. The wily joker was aghast, and cried out to the gods for a new idea. As if in answer to the long reiterated prayer, a silvery chime struck upon the blurred surface of his brain. There was a whirr, a whizz, a click, and the typewriter stepped over the moss-covered threshold of his vision in all the fetching attractiveness of a gentlemanly collar and coquish apron.

No man is a hero to his type-writer. She knows too well the variable moods that mark him as her own. The morning's business-like severity, the afternoon relaxation, and the genial and inviting hilarity that grows with the day. She has heard so often the smothered "something" which he says when the ticker marks another drop in wheat. She has seen the expression that flits across his face when a message comes over the "phone" to "be home early tonight," as Aunt Penelope is coming on the 2:10 train. She sees and knows it. She says nothing, but she thinks a great deal, though she seems unconscious, and there is a look in her eye sometimes that is an eloquent sermon in itself.

She is not spending her young life in an office for the fun of the thing. She is working for what she shall eat and drink and wherewithal she shall be clothed. She has interests in life outside of her "rate of speed," and is very frequently "engaged" to some other struggling young person with magnificent ideas and inadequate salary.

She often loves him, too, in an impetuous, stenographic way, and shares his bright dreams of a little home somewhere in the dim and misty not-far-off, that picture itself before her, as she clicks the keys until they sound like a melody of angels' voices.

She is a sweet-brer rose that has bloomed among the dull weeds of commercial life, and she thrives upon her own fragrance. May the soft rays of prosperity's sun shine upon her head, and the breezes wait peace and plenty to the busy hands of the pretty typewriter.—Once a Week.

Where Every Body Smokes.

Every one in Siam smokes—men, women and children. The people have no pockets, and their favorite place for carrying cigars and cigarettes is behind the ear, just as our American clerks carry their pens and pencils. I saw a naked boy of four, yesterday, standing in a crowd smoking a cigarette. He was puffing away lustily at the weed in his mouth, and he had two others yet unlit—one behind each ear. He apparently enjoyed his cigar, and smoked, and spit, and spit, and smoked, as though it was an everyday matter, as I doubt not it was. His brown-skinned father, in a waist-cloth, stood beside him, and when he started away he picked up the still smoking youngster and set him astride of his hip, and thus walked off. Babies are always carried on the hip here, and not upon the back, as in China, Korea and Japan. This carrying is done by the men as well as the women, and only the fewest of the men do any work.—F. G. Carpenter's Bangkok Letter.

Knowledge must be gained by ourselves. Mankind may supply us with facts; but the results, even if they do agree with previous ones, must be the work of our own minds.—Earl of Beaconsfield.

Some of the most powerful shots made fail to hit the target's center.—N. O. Picayune.

PITH AND POINT.

—Intolerance most intolerantly denounces intolerance.

—All passions are good when one masters them; all are bad when one is a slave to them.

—The family with a sixteen-year-old boy in the house has no use whatever for a twenty-four volume encyclopedia.—Somerville Journal.

—No young man with brains will ever expect to find a good wife in a young woman who is not first a good daughter.

—A man gets his "Lost" advertisements free of all charge when it is his reputation that is involved.—Merchant Traveler.

—Curiosity must be awakened ere it can be satisfied. And once awakened it never falls in the end to satisfy itself.—Hugh Miller.

—It is good for us if the contrary winds occasionally blow on us, for after all it is they that make us strong as we sail the voyage of life.

—There is nothing more universally commended than a fine day; the reason is that the people can commend it without envy.—Shenstone.

—If you have great talents, industry will improve them; if moderate abilities, industry will supply their deficiency. Nothing is denied to well-directed labor. Nothing is ever to be obtained without it.—Sir J. Reynolds.

—Young people should never forget that they have in their brains, and hands, while the power of brains and hands remains, actual money-yielding capital more satisfying than bonds.—Once a Week.

—The woman who creates by her work and smiles a happy home, and raises a family of children to worthy manhood and womanhood is the noblest work of God, and is more entitled to the honor and praises of mankind than the butterfly of fashion in the political or fashionable world.

—Happy are they who, when sorely wounded in life, can turn to the natural world and find in every tree, shrub and flower a comforting friend that will not turn from them. Such are not far from God and peace. Only mind, imagination and refinement can embroider the homely details of life.

—Especially do we owe a considerable manner to those less favored than ourselves; for with sweet flowers of courtesy we may do something to brighten an otherwise barren life. Even the degraded are quick to catch the gentle tone. None can withstand the power of this true fairy wand, whose spell we love best to invoke for "our own."—Elizabeth Eddy Norris.

TROUT-FISHING SECRETS.

An Ancient and Acute Angler Imparts Some Important Information.

Fly-fishing is supposed to be so difficult of mastery that many are deterred from incurring the expense of an outfit which is of no use in ordinary angling. But let the veteran fisherman say his own words:

"There is a secret in fishing for trout with the artificial fly, but it can be learned in half an hour by a man who has no prejudices and keeps his eyes open. I do not say all will succeed equally well, but any man who has 'gumption' and will take these hints can't help catching fish, and he may fish all day, if he goes about the business according to his own notions, and not get a single 'rise' for his trouble."

"First of all get the highest rod you can. If it is well balanced and has got the spring it is good enough. Don't bother with a lot of flies and use only one on the line at a time. Here are four flies that will serve all purposes. One is the red splasher; the second is the black gnat; the third is the couchman; the fourth and best of them all is the red Palmer or red hackle, as it is indifferently termed."

"Now for the secret. Take the red hackle as the standard and you will understand. If you throw it out and just drag it along the top of the water, as most people do, what do you suppose a trout will take it for? Why, just for what it is—a bunch of hair, no more, no less. You drag it along and the hairs close on the shank of the hook; it is just a dead mass, not resembling a fly, or a caterpillar, or any thing else. But suppose, instead of this, you work your wrist very gently up and down, so as to let the elastic hairs of the hackle expand and close with the stream, what then? Why, the thing looks alive, looks like a drowning insect, and the trout goes for it directly. It is the same with winged flies exactly. There is no use having flies to a fly if you simply drag it through the water in one direction."

"Just one hint more," he said to the reporter. "If a trout goes for your fly, don't strike with your arm as if you meant to knock a man's head off with a club or slug a ball for three bases. Just turn your wrist sharply on the instant, for the trout blows out the fly directly he finds what it is, and it doesn't take him half a second to do it. Fish up stream, use one fly, and that a red hackle, work your fly in the water to make it look alive, and you will fill a basket while your neighbors are tiring their hearts and souls out and catching nothing."

"Let me say, too, that you can't throw a fly too lightly on the water. To do this you must keep your body still, throw with the arm, and the arm only, letting the spring of the rod do the last part of the cast. In this way the fly is made to fall first—which is every thing. Watch a novice and you will cease to wonder why he never raises a fish."—San Francisco Chronicle.

SOUTHERN AGRICULTURAL.

Suggestions for May.

While May is still a planting month, it embraces also the most important part of the period of cultivating the main crops of the South, corn and cotton. The farmer who has good stands and his fields in good condition on the first day of the month, and pushes his work with skill, energy and good judgment to its close, will have practically won the fight, so far as depends on his efforts. It has often been said that a crop well planted on well-prepared land is half made. Such preparation and planting involves good seed and liberal manuring, as well as good plowing and careful management of all details, and almost certainly results in good stands. The real objects of plowing and hoeing the crops should be kept steadily in view, and the means for their accomplishment should be adapted to the ends. It is an error to proceed in the cultivation of a crop as if the only object were to destroy the grass and weeds; and yet these must be either prevented or destroyed or the crop will prove a failure. Weeds and grass, these are not an unmixt evil to some farmers, since the necessity for their suppression, and the means employed for that purpose, assure to the crop, to a degree, the stirring and aeration of the soil that will be necessary to a vigorous growth and development of the plants and a bountiful harvest.

The main object of cultivation should be to keep the surface soil, to the depth of one or two inches, in a loose, friable condition, so that the air may have easy access to the roots of the plants, while at the same time the moisture is prevented from too rapidly evaporating. A shower of rain sufficiently copious to stand for a few moments on the surface will cause the particles of soil to "run together," just as if a handful of soil be dropped in a glass of water and the vessel briskly shaken a few moments. The running of the water on the surface, or the combined agitation by the successive falling raindrops, produces the same condition of the upper half inch of the soil as observed in the glass. Now pour off the water in the glass, or permit the water to flow off from the soil, or sink into it, and the same result will shortly follow in both cases—the formation of a compact crust or cake. In both cases the particles of soil have adjusted themselves to each other more closely, just as kernels of wheat or corn in a half bushel will do when shaken. In this condition the soil is like a soft brick, or a lump of sugar, and will draw up the moisture more readily and rapidly by capillary action. Any one can easily illustrate the principle of capillary action, and the rule by which it is governed. Take two panes or pieces of glass; lay one on the other, separating them by several thicknesses of paper along two opposite edges. Now dip the open edge of the combined glass in water and note the rise of the fluid in the thin space between the surfaces of the two pieces of glass. Note further if the thicknesses of the paper be reduced so as to bring the pieces of glass nearer each other, the water will rise higher and higher in proportion as the surfaces be brought nearer each other. Now the particles of soil, when in the condition described just now, are much nearer together than the thickness of a single sheet of the thinnest paper, and thus form a series of very fine capillary tubes, capable of drawing up the water many inches. As the water thus drawn up reaches the surface, and even before it reaches the surface of the soil, it is converted into vapor and escapes into the air. If now we disturb or break up the close contiguity of the particles and thus destroy the continuity of the capillary spaces or tubes, we to that extent prevent or greatly retard, the escape of moisture by evaporation. This is accomplished by stirring the surface of the soil, and forming it into a mellow, loose layer. This layer may be considered as a mulch to the subjacent soil in which the roots are feeding, for it acts very similarly to a mulching of the usual materials, in preventing undue evaporation. But not only does the hard, compact crust facilitate the escape of needed moisture, but it also prevents the free entrance of the air into the soil.

We believe properly conducted experiments would also prove that the stirring of the surface soil tends to facilitate the sinking of the superabundant water into the underlying subsoil and into the natural or artificial drainage outlets, after a series of too copious rains.

How to accomplish this repeated stirring of the soil in the cheapest and most effectual manner is a problem that has not been solved by Southern farmers generally. The traditional "nigger and a mule," with a shovel, or gopher, or some similar implement, requiring from three to four furrows in a four-foot row, is a reproach on Southern farming. The winged sweep, large thanks to David Dickson for improving and popularizing it, was quite a step in advance, followed by the heel scrape, which is a modified form of the sweep, doing the same work and costing less. But an expanding riding or walking cultivator is the desideratum. We want a reliable, inexpensive, simple implement that will clean out a three or four-foot row at one trip. An implement having but one share, as the Dickson sweep, or modification, the improved heel scrape, can not do effective work if wider than eighteen or twenty inches, and even only on ground in good

mellow condition and free from obstructions in the shape of grass, litter, stones, etc. We want to reduce the size of the shares, or cutting parts, and increase their number. This, with appliances for regulating width and depth, give us the cultivator, of which there are several patterns on the market.—Southern Cultivator

Facts for Poultry Raisers.

Daily outdoor exercise or free range is the best advice we can give those who want fertile eggs and strong chickens. The past winter has been favorable for all kinds of poultry; the fowls have been out on the bare ground every week. The non-hatching of eggs will not be as common a complaint as last spring. Hens that lay early usually set early; some hens are often broody after laying fewer eggs than others. We could never succeed in making our hens sit until they were inclined to do so. Some of them will sit standing if removed from their accustomed seat. Last month we had a pullet that was laying on an exhibition coop in the hen-house. Becoming broody, she would not set where we wanted her to. So we gave way to her whims, and let her have twelve eggs to incubate in a nest of hay with a cloth on top of the coop. She came off to eat about every time any thing good was in order; still she hatched out eleven of as healthy chickens as we ever saw. She was stubborn, yet she knew her own business better than we did.

The best feed for young chicks is bread and milk mixed with a dough made from corn and oat meal well cooked. If they get all they will eat of this feed five times a day at regular intervals until they are five or six weeks old, you need not worry to their growth. Wheat well soaked in boiling water is good for a change. The chicks hatched before warm weather do the best; they will endure the cold better than the heat of the summer.—St. Louis Republic.

HERE AND THERE.

—Hill up the clean subsoil around fruit trees to the height of a foot, to remain all summer—as a protection against the borer fly.

—Never go to town to buy unless you carry an equivalent to sell. Sell for the cash, pay cash for what you buy, and keep out of debt as you would keep out of the fire.

—Continue to plant sorghum, millet, collards (for stock) and late corn. Don't neglect the patches of cane and other side crops in your anxiety to "get over" your cotton.

—Do not water your young plants too much. Some flowering plants are easily killed if water gets in the crowns.

—Don't breed too many kinds of fowls at the same time, unless you are going into the business. Three or four will give you your hands full.

—The young onions must be well worked or the grass will soon crowd them. Fine weather promotes the growth of grass and weeds, and they must be kept down from the start.

—Light Brahmas alone are not the most desirable for broilers. They grow too slowly. But cross light Brahmas with a white Leghorn male, and we have a quick-maturing and plump bird.

—Study to feed the plant, not to make the soil rich, if profit is the object. Farmers should never overlook the fact that the object of agriculture is to make crops grow rather than to enrich the soil.

—An experienced New York dairyman, who has done business with twenty-five cheese factories for about fifteen years, has found it more satisfactory to deliver milk to the factory once a day than twice.

—When an intelligent farmer is once convinced that poultry can be made a paying branch of his business he is usually not slow to take steps toward improving his flock and providing good quarters for them.

—Keep your tools sharp, now that the work is pressing. A man with sharp tools can do more work in a day than can two men with dull tools. It may take a little time to sharpen the tools, but it will be labor saved.

—When an animal appears to refuse certain foods to which it has been accustomed, change the food and give a variety, which will improve the appetite and induce the animal to eat more.

—No farm is complete unless it contains orchards. Not only should the apple be given a place, but all other varieties of fruit. The small fruits should be grown especially for family use, and a large supply of all kinds should be canned for winter.

—In every State where experiment stations have been established the farmers have been protected against adulterated fertilizers, the quality of the seeds is better, and the system of planting and cultivating crops improved.

—Every farmer should have an experimental plot of his own. The information gained of a practical kind will be invaluable. If every farmer in the United States could be induced to try a few experiments annually, agriculture would make more rapid progress than any other branch of industry.

—Do not be induced to retain a male pig from the cross-bred litter because it is a fine specimen. The male should be thoroughbred, or there will be no uniformity in the offspring. The mistake of keeping over cross-bred males is one that has largely led in de-generating the swine on some farms.