Democratic Watchman.

Bellefonte, Pa., Sept., 11, 1891.

## Farm Notes.

Kerosene is the best of all insect destroyers and the cheapest, but as it will injure plants and trees, it should be applied as an emulsion.

A single drain will sometimes convert a wet field into a fertile one. As long as the water remains near the surface the land will be cold.

Watermelons are seldom sweet and well-flavored if the summer is wet. Though abounding in water the melon thrives best on a somewhat dry and sandy soil.

The tomato will bear ripe fruit and contain blossoms at the same time. The vines grow into a dense mass unless they are supported. Cut out some of the branches and allow the sun to enter.

Professor I. P. Roberts says plants get more water directly from the subsoil than from the clouds. Mulch the soil on top by cultivation and the water will run up. We are here to direct forces.

The plow that "holds hard" is not properly set. When set level and true, and the traces properly adjusted, it does the best work, runs easiest for the team and almost holds itself, says *Farm Journal*.

Kiefer pear trees grow very rapidly and usually gain too much height in proportion to thickness of trunk. The trees should be cut back severely, so as to render them stouter and less liable to injury by winds.

The cabbage crop is one of the most important now. At no stage of its growth must grass or weeds be allowed between the rows. Deep cultivation is not required, but the surface of the ground must be kept clean and loose.

Foot-rot destroys more sheep than any other disease, yet foot-rot may be avoided by keeping the sheep on dry locations and paring the hoofs occasionally. It is a disease that is induced by wet ground, and may be carried from one field to another by the sheep.

The damage done by moles may be great, but the damage done by the insects destroyed by moles may be greater. No creature should be condemned as injurious until it is known as a fact that it does not confer correspondingly as great benefits as the supposed injury inflicted.

A sheep may not produce wool to the value of $1, but it may pay well as mutton. One early lamb is worth more than the wool of three or four sheep. The mutton breeds of sheep require more care than the small and active wool breeds, but they give a larger profit.

What to do with the surplus apples is now a problem, especially of those varieties that do not keep well in winter. Outside of the conversion of the apples into cider, and then into vinegar, they may be dried. If made into sauces and jellies and sealed in jars, the surplus apples will be found of value for winter use.

When a peach tree appears nearly dead it may be saved by cutting away all the dead wood. A single sprout from any part of the tree may grow and make a new top in two or three years. No tree can surpass the peach in the amount of trimming and pruning it will sustain, and no tree is benefited by the use of the knife more than the peach.

It rarely proves satisfactory to clear out old strawberry beds. The better plan, says an exchange, is to plant a new bed as soon as the old one fails to produce a full crop. Potted or bedded plants set out in July or August in well prepared ground, and properly cared for the rest of the summer, will produce a fair crop of berries next season.

Henry Stewart says that adding a quart of water at 60 degrees to each can of milk is of great value in creaming. The dilution method has within a year or two come much into use—warm water in winter, cold in summer—it hastens cream rising, and aids in keeping milk sweet in hot weather; about one-fourth water is the usual proportion employed.

Before storing fruit, potatoes or other crops in the cellar, have it thoroughly cleaned, whitewashed and put in the best condition, as the temperature, moisture and condition of the cellar largely affect the keeping qualities of the articles. An excellent and cheap mode of disinfecting the cellar is to close it tightly and burn sulphur therein, ventilating the cellar well after using the sulphur.

Concentrated foods should never be fed exclusively. To keep stock on grain, with but little grass or hay, will result in deranging the digestive organs. This applies also to the hog, which sometimes is kept exclusively on grain. A hog that is given a variety will fatten more rapidly than one fed wholly on corn, as its digestion will be more perfect.

Wood is more largely used for burning during summer in some sections than coal, as summer fires are only for quick work, and a large amount of wood ashes will be secured. Ashes are often wasted or injured by exposure. The place for ashes is around the trees where they may be thrown whenever a lot accumulates. Even coal ashes are beneficial to trees on sandy soil.

At no period can seed corn be selected better than now, as you can observe the growth of the stalks, their prolificacy, the nature of the soil on which the corn is grown, and make many other comparisons that could not be made after harvest. All experimenters who have made improvements in the yield of corn have been most successful by selection of the seed while the crop is growing.

## End of a Strange Career.

One of the best known men in California died in San Jose the other day in a squalid hut on Colfax street. He was Professor Herman Kottinger, who at one time was the leading violinist on the Pacific coast and well known as a writer of prose and poetry, of a "World's History," and also of textbooks on free thought. He was worth hundreds of thousands of dollars, acquired by a lifetime of miserly frugality. At the time of his death $1,600 in gold coin was found secreted in his bed. But one child, William Kottinger, a farmer, was present at the death. When the old man in his death throes raised himself up in bed, the son rushed to his side. His father, mistaking the act, with a frenzied yell waved him back, and clutching at the bedclothes, pulled them back, disclosing to view the gold. He made a grab at it with both hands and, with the bright pieces in his fingers, fell back with a gasp and expired.

Professor Kottinger was once a doctor in Heidelberg University, and was ninety years old. He was so wasted by hunger that his body weighed less than forty pounds, and was in a disgusting condition. Over the head of the bed hung a violin of great value, for which he repeatedly had refused $1,000. The deceased has a brother, J. W. Kottinger, a California mine owner, who is worth $1,000,000. He has another wealthy brother in Milwaukee. So miserly was the old professor that fifteen years ago he drove his wife and all his children from home, saying that it cost too much to feed and clothe them. From that day until the end was approaching, not one of his relatives had come near him.

Two big, fierce Danish mastiffs, half starved, have for years been the old man's only companions, and they guarded the shanty so well that not even the tax collector could approach. They had to be killed before the undertaker could get into the house. When it was learned that Kottinger was dead a number of his relatives hastened to his hut. There has been a shameful neglect of the dead shown and indecent haste in ransacking the place from cellar to garret in search of the gold and other treasures known to be hidden. As yet not even a single deed to the many houses and lots the old man owned has been found, so cunningly were the hiding places selected.—*Boston Transcript.*

## Killed a Rattler With Her Tin Pail.

Mr. Frank Keen, of Chichesterville, had a rather thrilling experience with a rattlesnake recently, which she will probably remember during the remainder of her life. She was picking raspberries in her garden when she suddenly heard a peculiar rattling noise. She continued her work for a minute or two, when she again heard the same noise nearer by, accompanied by an ominous hiss, and, glancing into the bushes close at hand, she saw a big rattlesnake already coiled and about to spring at her.

Mrs. Keen had a large tin pail partly filled with raspberries in her hand, and without a moment's hesitation she let the snake have a taste of the berries and the big pail at the same time. The pail must have fallen with a terrific whack on the reptile's head, for when Mrs. Keen went closer to examine into the injuries done to her pail, as well as to how the snake liked its berry bath, she found the head had been nearly severed from the body. Mrs. Keen says she feels assured the snake would not have attacked her if she had kept a respectable distance from its quarters. The snake measured four feet in length and had nine rattles.

## Not Encouraging.

A traveller who recently returned from Pekin, China, asserts that there is plenty to smell in that city, but very little to see. Most of the show places, such as the temple of heaven and the marble bridge, have one by one been closed to outside barbarians, who cannot even bribe their way. The houses are all very low and mean, the streets are wholly unpaved and are always very muddy or dusty, and as there are no sewers or cesspools the filthiness of the town is indescribable. He adds that the public buildings are small, and in a decayed and tumble-down condition, and the nearest one can get to the emperor's palace is to climb to the top of some building outside the sacred inclosure and surreptitiously peep over the wall through an opera glass. Even then he does not see much.

## Go West, Young Woman.

The young men are out there now. Young men and maidens in the Dakotas, Montana, Idaho and Washington are not equal in point of numbers, so that when the former want to marry, they have to go or send elsewhere for wives. In many localities the ratio is two to one, and now and then three to one. *Girls command good wages in the West* as domestics and teachers, and it don't take a likely girl long to find a husband. The Great Northern Railway is the favorite route from St. Paul and Minneapolis to the Northwestern states. Low round tickets to all points. Publications concerning the Northwest sent free and letters of inquiry answered by F. I. Whitney, G. P. & T. A., St. Paul, Minn.

A DISTINGUISHED HUNTRESS COMING.—Among the guests at a down-town hotel was Countess Maria Elle von Ameline, who arrived her on the Belgic from India. The Countess has been traveling for the past three years, and for the past year has been amusing herself by hunting tigers and other large game in the jungles of India. The Countess is but 35 years of age, is worth a million or more, and carries with her diamonds and jewels of great price. She left last night for the Yosemite, where she will sojourn for a week or longer.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

## A Hint for Some One.

Under this heading a writer in *Vick's Magazine* for July makes a suggestion which may be of use to those situated so as to be able to profit by it. She says:

I visited a popular seaside summer resort for several days last summer and one morning while walking along a road much used for driving and as a fashionable walk, I came across a little bit of an old house standing well back from the road with a generous expanse of yard in front of it. This yard was simply gorgeous with flowers, many of them of the old-fashioned kind that our grandmothers always had in their "posey beds"—popies, pinks, ragged robins, lady-in-green, marigolds, larkspurs, and roses of all kinds. Almost every foot of the entire yard was one big flower-bed.

On a board at the front gate were the words, "Flowers for sale." An elderly woman in a dark blue calico dress and a checked gingham sun-bonnet was working among the flowers, and two young girls were sitting out on a little porch making very tasteful bouquets. I stopped to purchase half a dozen of the gorgeous scarlet poppies and was told by the woman that she was "very sorry," but all her poppies and roses and many of the other flowers were sold, "and I could sell a good many more if I had 'em," she added.

"You find a ready sale for your flowers then?" I said.

"Ah, la, yes," was the reply, "speshly the roses and these big red poppies. And I sell lots of these old-fashioned flowers, too. People come walking or driving by and see 'em and I guess it kind o' reminds 'em of their mother's or their grandmother's gardens, and they stop and buy big bouquets of 'em on that account. And one of the big hotels takes six big bouquets a day for its dinner tables. My girls are making up these bouquets now, and I've orders for six extra ones to-day, on account of a ball, or something, going on at a hotel. I do real well all summer long with my flowers, besides enjoying 'em myself. It costs me almost nothing to raise 'em."

I wondered why other women living permanently at or near seaside resorts did not emulate the example of this thrifty flower-grower. Perhaps they have never thought of it. I think such a garden would pay at any summer resort.

## Getting the Better of a Lawyer.

Lawyers, in spite of their training, do not always have the best of it in their dealings with witnesses, but are themselves sometimes handled rather roughly. Many an astute counsel has been nonplussed in the most unexpected manner of the smart repartee or quiet sarcasm of those under examination.

A witness at the Kilkenny assizes once told a counsel that he had been victimized in a certain transaction, or, as he put it in his own fashion, "humbugged."

"Humbugged!" repeated the dandified counsel, with assumed surprise; "what do you mean by such an expression as that?"

The witness proceeded to illustrate his meaning by putting a case. "Suppose I should tell his lordship here and the gentlemen of the jury that you were an able counsel and an excellent lawyer, and they were to believe it, why then, every mother's son of them would be humbugged, that's all."