

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

NOTES OF INTEREST ON AGRICULTURAL TOPICS.

Peach Tree Borers—How to Raise Lettuce—Fertilizers for Market Gardens—Grafting for Variety, Etc., Etc.

Peach Tree Borers.
The best method of preventing injury from peach tree borers is to keep the insects from depositing its eggs, by hilling up the soil around the trees or placing tarred paper or even wire netting around the trunk to the height of two feet. Noxious washes which will keep away the insects are also advised.

How to Raise Lettuce.
Lettuce growers who have held that sandy soils were the only suitable medium for forcing this salad crop will be surprised at results reached in experiments at the New York agricultural experiment station, Geneva. In tests continued through four crops of head lettuce grown in the forcing house upon soils of different texture it was found that the best results were secured from a soil of rather compact nature (a clay loam basis) which contained a good proportion of fine sand, clay and silt and was moderately lightened with fairly well rotted manure.

In fertilizer tests carried on at the same time, the same factor, texture of the soil, exerted more of an influence than did the source of the plant food. That is, upon sandy loam soils the commercial fertilizer plots did better than the stable manure plots, while upon the clay loam plots the lightening of the soil by the stable manure gave better results than the manured plots than upon those treated with chemicals. Little gain came from use of both manure and chemicals. With one good supply of plant food it is a waste to supplement it with another.

Fertilizer for Market Gardens.
Among those whose experience enables them to speak with authority upon the subject, is Aaron Low, whose conclusions, as below stated, seemed to be unanimously approved by the Massachusetts horticultural society that he was addressing:

"Farmers and market gardeners often say that they have more confidence in a heavy dressing of stable manure than in any of the commercial fertilizers in the market. In the vicinity of large cities, where the cost of hauling stable manure is very little, it would pay to use it, but in the country the cost would be much more by the time that it was delivered, bringing it to too high a figure to leave any profit on its use. In an experience of twenty years in using both stable manure and fertilizers on almost all kinds of garden vegetables, I have come to the conclusion that I can grow better crops on the same amount of money's worth of fertilizer than of stable manure. The question is not as to the reliability of stable manure, but as to the amount that the crops cost, and when the cost is more than the product returned the farmer must endeavor to reduce that cost. I firmly believe that farmers, by using a high grade of fertilizers, or chemicals, supplementing their use by plowing under green crops, can produce most of their crops at a less cost than when using stable manure."

Grafting for Variety.
We have for a long time believed and advocated the idea that the character of a fruit could be changed by the stock into which it was grafted, and that some varieties were more easily affected in this way than others. We find in the National Stockman a letter from a Pennsylvania farmer who notices the same facts of variations in the quality of fruits normally the same, but who ascribes it to different causes, although we think his argument supports our view more than his own. He says: "The truth of the matter is there is a difference in the appearance of fruits of the same variety, even when the grafts are taken from the same tree. It is not a different strain, but a difference in environments, elevation, soils, etc. Then the age of the tree, its cultivation, etc., have much to do with the fruit. Apples on young, thrifty trees are always larger in size, coarser in grain and not as good keepers as when grown on older and slower growing trees. Some varieties of apples are more subject to change in appearance and quality, on different soils, than others. The old Rambo varies the most of any variety of which I have any knowledge. In an orchard planted by my grandfather seventy-five or more years ago there were fifty or more Rambo apple trees, and there seemed to be several separate and distinct varieties, ranging in color from green with but very few pale-red stripes, to deep red with few green stripes, and in size from very small to the size of a large Baldwin or medium-sized Fallwater. And in texture some were almost as fine as a Seckel pear, while others were as coarse in the grain as a pumpkin. One tree which stood in the dooryard bore medium-sized fruit, light in color, fine grained, and pronounced by all to be the best Rambo they ever tasted, but when grafts taken from this tree were put on other Rambo trees they invariably produced fruit just like the tree on which they were inserted, and not like the tree from which they were taken. I have seen Baldwins of all sizes and of almost all shades of color, and yet there is but one Baldwin apple."

In an orchard of fifty trees we should not expect to find a great difference in environments, elevation or soils, but there might easily be stocks

varying much in character, especially if they were, as many used seventy-five years ago, and as some use now, seedlings grown from the apple pounce at the old sider mill, which naturally would, then, at least, contain seeds from seedlings as well as some grafted trees. The color, texture and keeping qualities of the fruit would vary according to those qualities in the stock the grafts were set in.—American Cultivator.

Increasing Dairy Profits.
The average price for the average cow, barring fluctuations in market, seldom, if ever, exceed \$50, and often is as low as \$25 and even less. We will say that from \$30 to \$40 will usually purchase the average cow, from the products of which our dairy statistics are taken.

This, then, makes a dairy of fifteen cows, worth from \$450 to \$900, and we would say that at a forced sale it would be hard to realize the first figure.

Under present improved conditions these cows ought to produce 200 pounds of butter, yearly, or its equivalent, worth at twenty cents a pound \$40 yearly per head. Will this allow any margin or profit? No, not if the work is all hired, but yes, if the dairyman and his wife will utilize their own labor, with possibly the addition of a little help.

We will say that it costs \$25 per head to keep these cows the year around, and this in a region where they must be kept up and fed six months annually, and a large part of the farm in the shape of pasture and meadow devoted to their maintenance is a conservative estimate.

The \$15 per head extra accruing is no more than fair pay for making the butter or carrying the milk away once or twice daily to the manufactory. In fact, it must be made to cover all labor involved in the care, manufacture and sale of milk from one cow for 365 days. Primarily, a profit in any business arises from the fact that we turn our labor involved in conducting the business into money.

A cow yielding a gross income to her owner of \$40 per annum may thus be accounted profitable, but if she yields \$50 or \$60 in the same length of time she is more profitable. Thus, a man with a herd of the first grade of animals cited, if he utilizes his own labor, and that of his family finds himself able to pay the interest on his mortgage, live comfortably, and keep from getting deeper into debt.

If he can make his brain work equally with his brawn, and bring his milk cattle into the \$50 or \$60 class, he can lift the mortgage, stop interest drain, and put permanent and valuable improvements upon his farm. Dairy-men who know by general results that they are either standing stationary or running behind should at once make an effort to find out exactly where they "are at."

By this, I mean, figure out as near as you can what it is costing you per head annually to keep the cows, and balance this against the total receipts for one year. This will give you a starting point or base from which to figure the possibilities of increased profits.—George E. Newell.

Buying a Paper.
"Here, boy, let me have a paper."
"Can't."
"Why not? You've got them. I heard you crying them loud enough to be heard to the city hall."
"Yes, but that was down 'tother block, ye know, where I hollered."
"What does that matter? Come, now, no fooling; hand me a paper; I'm in a hurry."
"Couldn't sell you a paper on this here block, mister, 'cuz it belongs to Limpy. He's just up the furthest end now. You'll meet him."
"And who is Limpy? And why does he have this block?"
"Cos us other kids agreed to let him have it. Ye see, it's a good run on 'count of the offices all along, and the poor chap is that lame he can't get around lively like the rest of us, so we agreed that the first one caught sellin' on his beat should be thrashed. See?"
"Yes, I do see. So you have a sort of brotherhood among yourselves?"
"Well, we're a goin' to look out for a little cove what's lame, anyhow."
"There comes Limpy now. He's a fortunate boy to have such friends."
The gentleman bought two papers of him, and he went on his way down town, wondering how many men in business would refuse to sell their wares in order to give a weak, halting brother a chance in the field.

It Was Ordered.
In the biography of Prince Bismarck it is said that when he was minister at St. Petersburg, Russia, he was walking one morning in the summer garden and met the tsar, who invited him to join him.

LABRADOR'S QUEER FOLK.

The White Men Who Live There of Their Own Choice.
It seems strange that with freedom to come and go civilized men should choose to dwell in a region so terribly bleak and sterile as Labrador. Yet of the 8,700 inhabitants of that great peninsula, 3,000 are of the white or mixed race. They mainly are descendants of English sailors, some of whom were shipwrecked and more of whom probably left their ships without leave.

Finding themselves stranded on this lonely shore, they made the best of their lot, marrying Eskimo wives and living after the manner of the country. In later times some Newfoundlanders chose rather to settle in Labrador than make the uncomfortable trips to and fro yearly from St. John's for the annual codfishing off the Labrador shores. These brought their wives and children with them and introduced a new strain of civilized life.

All of these people live in little settlements strung along the coast, on islands or in firds, from Battle Harbor south to the Gulf of St. Lawrence. They dwell in houses of stone or logs. In winter they wear hooded fur garments like the Eskimos; in summer the ordinary garb of Newfoundland fishermen. The women dress in gray or blue woolen stuff, with a gaudy gown for best. On their heads they wear a knit hood or a bright-colored handkerchief, and, it may be, at an out-of-door work or abroad on the water, a man's work'wester.

Against the walls in their houses are pasted such pictures as they have been able to clip from the few newspapers that fall in their way, advertising lithographs that have come with goods to the trading stores, and pictures of the sort issued by tract societies. On the table or shelf in the living room is always a Bible, religiously read on Sunday when the cod are not biting or a fare of fish to be dressed and faked. It is a devout and sober-minded community, that of the whites along the coast of Labrador. Their religious ministrations are provided by the Moravians, who have several missions in Labrador; their temperance is assured by stringent laws forbidding the landing of any liquors in Labrador, and these are made effective by a thorough patrol by the Dominion revenue steamships, which deal inexorably with smugglers of strong water.

Made Blue by His Work.
Eugene Roggen, a patient at the City Hospital, suffering from nitrate of silver poisoning, is disconsolate over the fact that he is slowly being converted into a man of odd color. Around his eyes are great circles of an ashy bluish tinge, which are constantly widening, with promise of covering his entire face. Other parts of his body are similarly affected, and in time, if he should live and continue his occupation, he will resemble the blue man of India, who was such an object of curiosity upon his visit to this country a few years ago.

His trouble is due to the constant handling of nitrate of silver and living in the deadly fumes that arise from its manufacture.

Roggen is a native of Switzerland, 45 years old, and lives with his family in Cincinnati. Shortly after his arrival in this country, having a knowledge of the process of manufacturing nitrate of silver, he secured a position with a man named Swartz, a mink maker, to manufacture the article, receiving for his services \$15 a week. The work had to be done at his home, and as Roggen was not blessed with commodious apartments, a small attic room which contained a portion of his household effects was used as a manufactory. In this small room he worked for years, often assisted by his good wife, inhaling into his system the deadly fumes, and saturating his body with a substance which has already rendered him marked among men.—Cincinnati Inquirer.

The Wrong Record.
"No, thank goodness, he isn't calling here any more!" exclaimed the pretty girl in blue with a stamp of her foot. "I verily believe that that young man wouldn't take a hint if it was willed to him with fifty thousand dollars in government bonds attached. As a shining example of what a wooden automaton would be in a trance, he is a distinct success."

"He called here the other evening, as he had been doing for some time, and I thought I would see if I could awaken a little enthusiasm in him. I turned the conversation around to Hobson and asked him if he wouldn't like a chance to equal Hobson's record."

"Wouldn't I!" he exclaimed, with glowing face, "just think of his taking that boat in there and sinking her without losing a man!"
"That settled it!" I yawned in his face and looked at the clock, and slowly but positively froze that young man outdoors. If by any chance he should call here again I'll call the police!"—Detroit Free Press.

against the khan of Dir in the "Jehud," or holy war. There is a fond of long standing between the Swatis and the kahan. The kahan claims certain parts of upper Swat, and at intervals from before the British occupation until this day, he has been in the habit of raiding the country. His agent, a Khaka Khel of the Zairat, near Nowshera, had spread terror throughout the valley, but it is doubtful whether the kahan, with all his boasts—for he is a weak man—would be able to maintain his official position were it not for British support.

The frontier will not be secure as long as the mullah is at large, but the suppression of the present outbreak is likely to lead to an independent inquiry into the pretensions of the khan of Dir with a view to a settlement of the old controversy.—London Letter in Chicago Record.

Newgate's History.
It is the history that clings to the gloomy pile that makes Newgate such a very interesting bit of old London. Originally it was a place of confinement over one of the city gates—the New Gate. The various gates of the city until the time of the great fire were used as prisons. In the New Gate Anne Askew was confined, arrested for denying the doctrine of transubstantiation when Henry VIII. was king, for which she was horribly tortured and subsequently burnt at the stake. After the great fire of London a prison house was built on the site of the New Gate and called Newgate, and one of the first prisoners confined here was William Penn, the founder of Pennsylvania. Many people claim that it was during his retention here and not while he occupied a cell in the Tower of London that Penn wrote his immortal, "No Cross, No Crown." Daniel Defoe spent several weeks in Newgate for writing a political pamphlet, and during his incarceration wrote his "Hymn to the Pillory." It is also related that while in Newgate he thought out his great "Robinson Crusoe," which was not written for several years afterward.—New York Mail and Express.

An American Battle Cry.
"Remember the Raisin" was once a war cry in a part of this country. The River Raisin in Michigan is remarkable in history as the place of a foul massacre on January 23, 1813. The Americans had been attacked and routed by General Henry A. Proctor, half of whose force consisted of Indians. The American general and his second in command were captured and their troops surrendered on Proctor's promise of protection and safety. The British general marched off leaving no guard for the Americans. The Indians returned and burned the sick and wounded in the houses; threw others into the flames; tomahawked and scalped many more. Only thirty-three escaped out of a thousand. The victorious American army under General Harrison afterward fired their hearts to deeds of valor and bravery by sounding the war cry, "Remember the Raisin!"

Commander P. Hill's Discipline.
An intimate friend of Commodore John W. Philip tells the following anecdote of the gallant officer. Though Commodore Philip's religious side has been much emphasized and commented on of late, he is a determined man and will brook no opposition.

Once, when he was in charge of the Pacific mail steamer China he carried two passengers of foreign nationality, who persisted in smoking in their state rooms during the hours when smoking was prohibited. Philip, then captain, called their attention to the fact, but instead of heeding his warning one answered him impudently.

Nothing further was said at the time, but the next morning the offensive passenger was handcuffed to the upper deck for three hours, and for the remainder of the trip that particular person seemed to have lost all desire to indulge his craving for a smoke.—Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.

The Proper Dress for Dogs.
In spite of the ridicule that has been cast upon it the absurd practice of providing costumes for canine pets still prevails in Paris. In the windows of the dog tailors may be seen little astrakhan overcoats with linings of pink or blue satin and collars of ermine or sheepskin. For travelling there are light wrappers fastened round the waist, if a dog has a waist, by belts of tanned leather. Cambric shirts with lace trimmings are quoted at \$3, and patent leather shoes—where is the French S. P. C. A.—complete the costume. Every well-dressed dog has a collar appropriate to his breed. A Great Dane should wear Mexican iguana skin lined with white morocco. For smaller animals fashion dictates a white calfskin necklet set with turquoises, while four-footed fops appear in orange velvet studded with precious stones and hung round with lockets.—London Chronicle.

NEWS FOR THE FAIR SEX.

ITEMS OF INTEREST ON NUMEROUS FEMINE TOPICS.

Queen Victoria's Income—Worn Over the Bodice—Bracelets Like Finger Rings—Cloth for Street Dresses, Etc., Etc.

Queen Victoria's Income.
Queen Victoria's annual income from the State amounts to \$1,925,000. Of this sum \$300,000 is for her private expenditures, \$900,500 for the maintenance of her royal household, \$556,300 for salaries and pensions of her court service and \$66,000 for presents, alms and special services. Thus there remains only \$40,200 to be accounted for or deposited as savings by the Queen. This would not suffice to meet the many expenses incumbent upon a royal court. The Queen has a revenue of \$40,000 yearly left to her by her mother, the Duchess of Kent, and the special allowance made by the State to her husband, amounting to \$150,000 yearly.

Worn Over the Bodice.
Boleros of lace, velvet, guipure and chenille-on-net are sold to wear over a simple under-bodice, or to elaborate an evening gown that is a bit passe. They hardly deserve to be dignified by so positive a title as bolero, as some of them are not jackets at all, but mere points to fall back and front from a collar or yoke made of jewelled embroidery, ribbon or a band of lace. Worn over a plain white silk bodice, the black lace "bolero" embroidered with gold, silver or black and daintily adorned with knots of ribbon or frills of lace is as effective as the most costly of gold with turquoise embroidery and are almost as costly as they are effective.

Bracelets Like Finger Rings.
The latest bracelet is made in the form of a very heavy Etruscan gold finger ring of immense size. It is widest on the back of the wrist, and graduates in size to the middle of the inner wrist, like a ring. The pattern of ornamentation is of the same character, and it is set with various gems, accentuating the design of the heavy chancing, the jewels being set down deep in the gold, in what is commonly termed a "gypsy" setting.

The only opening in this bracelet is in the centre of the inner side, and is in the form of the old fashioned bracelet spring clasp. It is rather a stiff bracelet, and does not readily open, so that it is not easily put on or taken off, and it fits very snugly to the wrist.

Cloth For Street Dresses.
For the spring, cloth bids fair to be the only material worn for street dresses. The newest spring suits are made with boleros, and the bolero is more a la mode than ever. The wary are having the new light cloth tailor suits they are taking with them to the Riviera, and that they mean to wear on into the summer, made with very simple skirts. One of the most attractive of these gowns was of black cloth, with a perfectly plain skirt, cut with that receding movement in front and the flat back that fashion orders nowadays. The waist had long revers put on something like a stole, trimmed with incrustations that form a little trimming, charming and easy to copy—nothing but a band two inches or so long, pointed at the end, made of white satin, laced with cord and bordered with cord. One of these ornaments was also in the middle of the plain yoke of royal blue velvet, and the belt was a little girle, in which the same motive was carried out.

Another tailor suit was of black cloth with plain skirt, festooned at the bottom, with many rows of white silk stitching above it, forming a trimming of deep festoons. With it was to be worn a very smart little bolero, also fitted the figure like a glove, also treated around the bottom with the motive of the skirt. The revers was covered with roses of the faintest lingerie, incrustations of lace upon linen cambric.—Harper's Bazar.

Where Trained Nurses Find Rest.
The Metropolitan Trained Nurses' Club of New York is unique because it is the first and probably the only incorporated club for trained nurses in the country. Many training schools and hospitals have their special clubs, but this is different, because it represents all the best schools. Its conservatism is shown by the article relating to membership in its constitution. Only a trained nurse in good standing, having a diploma from a training school of a large hospital containing one hundred beds or more, and who can give the names, as references, of three physicians and two patients, may become a regular registered member. She has, too, to reside in New York one year before she is eligible. This conservatism has given the club high standing, and has made membership in it a certificate of excellence in itself. The club house unites two city residences on Forty-first street. Here are pleasant parlors and reading rooms for the use of the members, with living accommodations for a considerable number. Twenty-seven members now live there, and with the elasticity that is an attribute of a nurses' home, there is usually room for one or two more.

When it is realized that in round numbers there are 10,000 trained nurses in Greater New York, it is no surprise that the membership of the Metropolitan Trained Nurses' Club is a large and rapidly growing one. The list has representatives from New Jersey, Connecticut, Long Island, Pennsylvania, Washington, Massachusetts, and Maryland hospitals, and also from those of England and Canada. This

demonstrates at once its catholicity and its conservatism, both prominent factors in pronounced success. The club has been in flourishing existence since 1893.—New York Mail and Express.

An Accomplished Queen.

It is not often that a husband and a wife are able to wish each other "many happy returns" on the same day, but the King and Queen of Portugal are in the enviable position of being able to do so, says a writer in Cassell's Magazine. Dom Carlos was born on September 28, 1863, and his consort, the Donna Amelia, on the same day just two years later. The Queen of Portugal is a daughter of the late Comte de Paris, and she is the most beautiful queen in Europe.

There is, however, another point besides her beauty on which the Queen of Portugal can claim to be unrivalled among the royal ladies of Europe. What other queen can say that she has received a medal for saving life? Donna Amelia is a strong swimmer, and some years ago she plunged boldly into the Tagus and saved two children from drowning, for which brave deed she received the coveted diploma. The Queen still enjoys a swim, and every morning during the months of September and October she may be seen at Cascaes (the Brighton of Portugal) swimming further out to sea than most of her subjects would care to follow her. A cutter manned by bluejackets is always in attendance.

The Queen is also a daring horsewoman, and rumor says that when first she came to Portugal she made herself undeniably unpopular among a certain section of her husband's court by this very accomplishment. Ladies and gentlemen in waiting are probably as capable as any one of admiring a bold and graceful rider; but when in addition to admiring them, must, perform, emulate also, the feeling of admiration is apt to be swallowed up by others of a more physically painful nature. The Queen chose to ride 'cross country, and to ride hard; the environs of Lisbon are hilly, stony and intersected by frequent walls. No matter where the Queen went the gentlemen and ladies in waiting had to follow. This was some years ago; now the Queen keeps to the high roads, and rides almost unattended.

But Donna Amelia's graces are by no means merely physical; she is an earnest student of theology, and she has also made a thorough study of the principles of medicine, and has passed all the examinations in that school before the faculty of Lisbon.

Gleanings From the Shops.
Flannel mattees lavishly trimmed with cream lace and ribbon. New muslins with dainty robes scattered closely over the surface. Yokes and high collars made of white satin covered with cream lace. Cameo brooch pins surrounded on the outer edge by mosaic enamelling. Linen and duck suits showing strapped seams and insertings of embroidery. Lace bows of point d'Alencon attached to a stock-collared shirted chiffon. Light pink and blue muslins with large rose designs interspersed with black polka dots. Pearl-gray cloth costumes trimmed with white satin and endless rows of machine stitching. Many new stock collars finished with square or circular tabs in the back, variously trimmed. White ribbons in various widths showing designs of cherries and their leaves in natural shades. Bodices of cream guipure having the principal portion of the pattern outlined with gray chenille. Dark-red cloth walking jackets piped on the edge with black velvet outlined with gold and black braid.—Dry Goods Economist.

Some Intelligent Orders.
Here are some orders recently received by a druggist in a neighboring city:
"This child is my little girl. I send you five cents to buy two sissup powder for a groan up adult who is sick."
"Dear Dochter, ples gif bearer five sense worse of Auntie Toxyn for to gargle baby's throat and oblige."
"You will pleas give the little boy five cents worth of epecac for to throw up in a five months' old babe. N. B.—The babe has a sore stumick."
"I have a cute pain in my child's diagram. Please give my son something to release it."
"My little baby has cut up its father's parish plaster. Send an antedote quick as possible by the enclosed girl."
"I haf a hot time in my insides and wick I wood like it to be extinguished. What is good for to extinguish it. The enclosed money is for the price of the extinguisher. Hurry pleas."—New York Tribune.

How Meats are Canned.
Canned roast beef, so called, is not roasted, but boiled. The other kind of canned beef is boiled corned beef. Both kinds, if properly packed and cared for will keep for ages. The canning is simple, the process having undergone no radical change in twenty-five years. Large pieces of fresh meat are boiled in vats, after which the bones and gristle are removed. The meat is cut into convenient chunks, which are put into disinfected cans and sealed. A small hole is left in the top of each can, through which the hot air and gases are forced out in the retorts. Then the holes are sealed up with drops of solder. The cans are next placed in hot rooms, where fermentation develops in improperly packed cans. That is indicated by the swelling of the can covers. Such as those are destroyed. The others are sent to market.