

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

NOTES OF INTEREST ON AGRICULTURAL TOPICS.

Planting in Rows—Arsenate of Lead—Wood For the Stove in Summer—Tree Cranberry—Suggestions About Lawns—Etc., Etc.

Planting in Rows

After having tried various methods of planting seeds and setting plants, I have found the row system the best. The old plan of planting in beds I have discarded and use the long row exclusively. Besides the advantage of easy cultivation, I get a stocky, quick growth which is unequalled by any other method I have tried. In planting cabbage seed, for instance, you use the seed bed method, nine times out of ten the plants are so thick that you cannot cultivate them in any way. With the plants in long single rows you can hoe, weed and care for them at the early stage of their growth as well as the single transplanted plant.—Jay Lyon, in New England Home-Steak.

Arsenate of Lead.

The arsenate of lead has been found to be quite as effective as Paris green for insects. The farmer can get the materials for this and mix it himself. Get the arsenate of soda 68 per cent. strong, and dissolve 10 ounces of it in a tank of water. In another tank dissolve either 24 ounces lead acetate or 20 ounces lead nitrate. Toss these together, adding water enough to make 150 to 200 gallons of the mixture. This will be effective on nearly all leaf-eating insects, but it might be used much stronger without injury to the foliage. This is the mixture used by the gypsy moth commission for destroying the larvae, and it was also used in the Hudson River Valley for the elm leaf beetle and caterpillar with success.

Wood For the Stove in Summer.

Take time before spring work gets well started to cut and split plenty of wood for the stoves during summer. Well seasoned wood makes good cooking, and saves waste of time and material in the kitchen. Green wood soon chokes the stovepipe with soot. It is annoying to the cook, whose patience and convenience ought to be considered, especially if she is your wife, and often causes late meals and bad cooking. It causes waste also, it is far cheaper to cut and split wood for the stove now and have it well seasoned by summer time. You will not want to take time to get up stove wood after the summer work begins. Do it now, and save thereby. This is one of the ways to economize that is often overlooked.

Tree Cranberry.

We are asked by a subscriber "if the tree cranberry is as good as the vine cranberry." The tree cranberry is not a cranberry at all. The fruit bears a resemblance to the cranberry, and thus received its name. The plant is of the honeysuckle family. It is a tall, smooth shrub, with gray bark. It grows wild in North America. When in fruit the plant is very beautiful, and even when not in fruit is attractive. About the 1st of August the berries are of orange color, tinged with a brilliant red on the side that is exposed to the sun; and in the fall, when they are ripe, they are of a deep brilliant scarlet color. They will remain on the bush all winter. As an ornament, too much cannot be said of the cranberry tree. But the fruit has very much intrinsic value. It is very acid, and the seeds are very large, and both of these features are against it. It is in no sense a substitute for the cranberry, though it is often recommended as such by the tree peddler, whose tongue and conscience are equally limber. It is hardy and can be grown almost anywhere and in almost any soil. It is propagated from layers, cuttings or seed.—Agricultural Epitomist.

Suggestions About the Lawn.

There may be other grasses just as beautiful for an early spring or late fall lawn as blue grass, but I have not seen them. The trouble with blue grass is that it is no grass for the heated part of the year. Taking all things into consideration one would probably be more satisfied with a grass that does not become dry and dead during the summer.—Nothing is more ornamental than a shapely arbor covered with some leafy vine. For this purpose wild grape is both hardy and of a beautiful shade of green. It will furnish an abundance of shade.—Woven wire fencing makes an excellent trellis for vines. The only drawback is that the wire becomes heated in the sun and burns the vines. Unless the vines are heavy enough to shade the wire, it is not advisable to use the fencing.—Avoid stiffness. Make circles and curves the rule. Do not make a straight path where it is possible to make a winding one. This may not be considered sensible by this business-like age, but it adds beauty to a lawn.—In putting out and planting flowers and shrubs, remember that effect and beauty do not always follow because of great variety. Too varied a collection may be tiresome.—When spending an afternoon in an arbor or shady nook, a camp chair or cushions and rugs are more comfortable than rustic seats.—J. L. Irwin, in American Agriculturist.

Bee Moths.

The native bees of this country are

susceptible of being overpowered and destroyed by moths, and especially so when they get down weak. In earlier days this was the greatest enemy the bee-keeper had to contend with.

Usually a good strong colony of bees of any kind are not in danger of being destroyed by the moths, but if we have the native bees and they are thus affected and the comb and the hives are infested with worms, we should cut out and remove all parts of the comb containing such, as best we can, and then build the colony up in strength. If they have a good fertile queen and a fair amount of bees, we can, by feeding them, get them to breed rapidly and build up strong so that there is but little danger.

Moths are but little thought of at present when the movable frame hive is in use, and we have Italian bees. Italian bees never become so weak that they do not repel moths, it matters not what kind of hives they are in; but the native bees, especially when in old box hives, very frequently fall a prey to moths. When bees are kept in frame hives and manipulated as they should be, moths seldom get in work that proves of much damage even with native bees. Some years ago a large number of different kinds of moth traps were invented to be used in connection with hives to exterminate them, but of late years there is nothing of the kind in existence, as the Italian bees and the movable frame have ended the moth pest.

Those who keep many bees are usually supplied with a quantity of surplus comb that are carried over from one year to another, and if these are not looked after closely they are in danger of being destroyed by the moth-worms. Such combs may be enclosed in tight boxes and fumigated with burning sulphur occasionally during warm weather and thus kept perfectly safe from their ravages.—A. H. Duff, in Farm, Field and Fireside.

Practical Sheep Husbandry.

Once a week fresh bright oat straw will make a very acceptable change from the most nutritious of other kinds of food.

Be sure to supply ample water to the flock. Let it be fresh drawn from a well, and see that the drinking troughs are not surrounded by ice.

As the ewe is so will the lamb be. It is not enough to get the best ram possible and then neglect the ewe.

Sheep love change; they fret when confined to one pasture or one kind of food.

Don't stint the fodder or the grain just now. A judicious addition to the rations now will help through a pinch later. It is the sheep in poor condition which is spring weak.

If there is any good reason for buying wool on the sheep's back for 18 and 20 cents a pound, is there any good reason why the grower himself should not hold it till shearing time?

As there are many kinds of people so there are many kinds of sheep. We must not expect every ewe in the flock to bring as good and strong lambs—there are always weaklings and degenerate lambs in a flock—and it may be wise to let these go, as wethers, to the waste pile, before they have cost more than they will ever come to.

The deadly stomach worm is slowly but surely finding its way into the range flocks. Western flock owners have heretofore claimed exemption from this parasite, but they are awakening to the fact that the stomach worm is causing the death of thousands of valuable lambs. Not until the past year has the ranchman suspected the real cause for losses of so many lambs by scours and other unmistakable signs of parasitic disease. He is now brought face to face with a scourge more destructive than scab or coyotes, and like his brother of the smaller Eastern flocks, must resort to preventive or remedial measures to insure a lamb crop and fortify his business against serious loss.

The weak in a flock are crowded from their feed; they get the worst in every encounter with the stronger sheep; and when so mixed up it is impossible to give them the special care and treatment which is necessary to save them. The only safe and sure way to save these sheep is to separate the flock into distinct parts, and to treat each of these in a rational, safe and so successful manner. This is especially necessary as to the feeding. Weak sheep need special feeds, and the best and most digestible, which should be kept distinctly separate for their use. They frequently need medicinal treatment, they need watching closely to observe the effects of this, and sometimes even special separate pens should be provided in which the needed attention may be seen.—American Sheep Breeder.

Short and Useful Paragraphs.

Peas and oats, sown together, make an excellent food for sheep.

Clover, potatoes and wheat is one of the best rotations known for improving land.

Exercise is a great tonic for pigs and is one of the best ways of coaxing them to take on fat and muscle.

Farmers ought to pay more attention to the kitchen garden, for nice fresh vegetables during the summer months are not to be despised.

No doubt 10 per cent. of the failures to grow fruit by farmers are caused by soil exhaustion. You fertilize your other crops, why not fertilize the trees?

The lady-bugs are the farmers' friends, for they have even been observed to go down among the roots of grain in their search for the grain aphids.

Men cannot manufacture any article without the raw material, and with a

hen it is precisely the same. Egg shells are practically the same things as oyster shells. The moral is plain.

Vegetable cultivated for their leaves, such as cabbages, cauliflower, lettuce, etc., require more than the usual amount of nitrogen and phosphoric acid. Don't forget this when buying fertilizers.

It is said that some European fruit growers are using peat in which to preserve fruit. Apples and pears acquired no bad taste from it and kept for many months. It also proved successful when used with grapes.

Charles A. Dana as Head Waiter.

As I remember our meals, they were most delightful times for talk, humor, wit, and the interchange of pleasant nonsense, says Mrs. Ora Gannett Sedgwick in the Atlantic. When our one table had grown into three, Charles A. Dana, who must have been a very orderly young man, organized a corps of waiters from among our nicest young people, whose meals were kept hot for them, and they in their turn were waited on by those whom they had served. I recollect seeing Mr. Dana reading a small Greek book between the courses, though he was a faithful waiter. I remember the table talk as most delightful and profitable to me. Looking back over a long and varied life, I think that I have rarely, if ever since, sat down with so many men and women of culture, so thoroughly unselfish, polite, and kind to one another, as I found at those plain but attractive tables. All seemed at rest and at their best. There was no man, tired with the stock market and his efforts to make or to increase a big fortune, coming home harassed or depressed, too cross or disappointed to talk. There was no woman vying with others in French gowns, laces, and diamonds. The fact that all felt that they were honored for themselves alone brought out more individuality in each, so that I have often said that I have never seen any other set of people where each individual seemed to possess some peculiar charm.

What a Scout Endured.

The requisites of a good scout were first of all an iron constitution. No scout ever dared hint that the weather might be too inclement for him to undertake the job of guiding a party of explorers or leading a troop of cavalry. The nights were never too cold, the gale was never too fierce, snow never blew too hard and the weather was never too freezing for a scout. He expected to remain in the saddle days and nights in succession, to sleep for weeks at a time, wherever night overtook him. His sole concern, so far as physical discomfort was concerned, was for his horse or bronco. A common saying among the scouts was: "Our home is our saddle and the stars are our roof." Privations that would quickly break down men used to confining employment and indoor life were nothing to scouts. They have gone for a week without cooked food because they were secretly trailing in an Indian country and dared not make a fire. Hunger and thirst were common privations. They have slept on bleak and barren spots, where bitter winds blew and dust and sand filled the air, with their horses picketed near, without even a protecting blanket over them, only to get up at dawn and pursue the ride sixty and seventy miles further. It is wonderful that these plainsmen could endure this life longer than a few years.—New York Sun.

Strange Predicament of a Bird.

A writer in Bird Lore says: "Several years ago, when in a Western town, I was taken to a neighbor's to see his birds. Four cages swung in the shelter of a commodious porch. One contained a red-winged blackbird that had been taken from its nest when very young and brought up by hand. His associates were a canary, a bluejay and an oriole. The canary had been purchased at a bird store, and had been taken from neighboring nests, and had, no doubt, picked up the characteristic notes of their species from the many other members of their kind that inhabited the vicinity, but it was many miles to the nearest swamp or lowland where one might find a red-winged blackbird. The red-wing had learned perfectly the notes of his caged companions, and had picked up some notes of other birds in the neighborhood, but not one note of the red-winged blackbird did he know."

Fish Commits Suicide.

A giant star fish was recently captured and placed on exhibition in an aquarium in San Francisco. The morning after its capture it was found that one of the rays of the star was separated from its body. It was thought that a big land crab, which occupied the same tank, must be guilty of assault and battery, and it was accordingly taken out. Next morning, however, two more of the star's rays had been separated from its body, and then a watch was set. It was found that the star fish, apparently dissatisfied with its surroundings, was deliberately dismembering itself. This process was continued until all the six arms had been cast off, and there was nothing left of the original star fish but its central body.

Mammoth Mound.

In Marshall County, Va., is a mound seventy-five feet in height which is believed to be the monument to some aborigine of high rank. It is known as Mammoth Mound, and is an object of great interest to travellers.

THE BRAVE BOER WOMEN.

SHARE THE PERILS OF HUSBANDS, BROTHERS AND SONS.

They Are Doing Everything They Can to Aid the Soldiers in the Field—The Prevailing Feeling Among the Transvaal Women.

None but the elderly women among the Transvaal Boers can remember the great trek of 1836 when their fathers and grandfathers abandoned the homes they had made in Natal and toiled up the passes to the lofty plateau where they founded their republic. Those days were more trying than any the Transvaal women ever saw until the present war began. They were still living in their tent wagons when those terrible wars with the Matabele branch of the Zulu tribe began, and no women could show more wonderful spirit and constancy than those wives and mothers of the Boer pioneers in the midst of appalling dangers and hardships which did not end until the Matabele had been driven north of the Crocodile River. Not a few of those women, and their children with them, perished by the assaults of savages; but not one of them would have dreamed of returning to the peaceful homes and gardens in Natal which they had left behind. The British had proclaimed that country their own, their colonists were pouring in and the Boers would die before they would come again under British rule.

The wives and mothers of the soldiers who now confront the British are the descendants of those stout-hearted women who loaded the guns of their husbands and boys while savages rushed upon the brush heaps that were the sole protection around their laager. Perhaps no women in the world have changed so little in two generations. The women of the Boer farmsteads now are just what their grandmothers were when the Matabeles sought their lives. The Bible is still their only book, they still prefer a quiet sedentary life and the simple duties of their modest homes, and they have scarcely risen in any respect above the plane of intellectual cultivation which their grandmothers occupied; and they are like their grandmothers, too, in the courage, constancy and sublime devotion with which they are facing the awful trials of another crucial period in the history of their people.

A report sent by the French Consul at Pretoria to his government, though brief, is perhaps the best statement yet received of the part the women of the Boers are taking in the present war. He says they are doing everything they can to aid the soldiers in the field and form the majority of the working force in the ambulance and hospital service. In their denunciation of the British they are far more bitter and outspoken than the men themselves but in their mission of mercy they know no enemies. All the wounded British soldiers who have fallen into their hands have been treated as brothers and friends. The Boer nurses extend to them the same care that they give to their own stricken soldiers. We all know that dispatches from the British army have often referred to the kind treatment received by their wounded who are prisoners in the Boer camps.

The French Consul adds that the women throughout the two republics exerted a powerful influence in kindling enthusiastic support for the war when it became certain that the conflict could not be averted. They sent many of their sons into the commandos or militia organizations, even though the stripplings had not quite reached the age of 16, when they are liable to military duty. One day a crowd at the railroad station in Pretoria was cheering a commando that was going to join Jonbert's army around Ladysmith. A mother in the throng saw her young son with a gun over his shoulder and wearing a cartridge belt, just as he was entering a car. She followed him to his seat, and laying her hand on his shoulder, said:

"My boy, why did you not tell me of this?"

"Mother," he answered, "perhaps I was wrong but I could not bear to bid you goodbye. You were to be told as soon as we left. You see, mother, it was my duty to go sooner or later and I thought the sooner the better. Forgive me if I have done wrong."

"You are right, my son," the mother replied, "it is your duty to go and I am willing you should go, though I thought it might be better to wait a few months. Go, you have my blessing, but you should have told me." She kissed him farewell and there was a smile on her face as she left the car, though tears stood in her eyes.

Everywhere the movement of troops in the Boer States, as they have started for the fighting lines, has been a triumphal procession. In all the towns and hamlets the women cannot do enough for the soldiers. They have marched with all the commandos to the railroad stations. They visit all the camps before the start for the front, bringing baskets of food warm from the ovens and bits of handiwork, such as the "housewives" many of our soldiers carried in the Civil War, containing mending material and implements compactly packed, and other things that may somewhat alleviate the discomforts of soldier life. The women of Bloemfontein who, perhaps, are to-day expecting the speedy investment of their beautiful little town by the British army are said to have been especially enthusiastic in cheering on the soldiers, doing everything in their power for their comfort and filling the ranks as full as possible. As long as the commandos are within reach del-

gations of women from many towns are with them, helping in the commissary department, sewing and bringing fresh food from home for the companies in which their interest is especially centered. Other delegations or committees of women have been permitted to go from Pretoria or Bloemfontein almost to the fighting lines in charge of recruits or the hospital service, and of the distribution of many supplies. By every means in their power the women of the two republics are working night and day to promote the interests of their cause, and if their good, honest hatred of the enemy might sap his strength and paralyze his arms there would certainly be no light left in the British ranks. The following extract from a letter written by an educated woman at Pretoria, about a month after the war began, embodies a sentiment which all Boer women of every class express:

"Up to this time, all o. my children who are old enough to study, have studied English; but I pledge my word that, if I can help it, my youngest daughter shall not learn a word of the language we have cause to hate. If the English win, they will proscrib our language. If we succeed in driving them out of our country we will at the same time drive all English words from our lips and from those of our children."

Such words may perhaps be criticized as narrow and vindictive but they illustrate the prevailing feeling among the women of a sturdy race whose hearts and lives are bound up in the success of their cause. While the battle rages around them, and the enemy is pouring over their plateaus, the dauntless women of the Boers are today as brave, devoted and steadfast as any women of the past who have had the unhappy lot to be envied by the horrors of war.—New York Sun

Verdicts of Scotch Juries.

The Scots are not only a peculiar people in their kirk, but in their law. Some "distinguished criminals" who are awaiting trial in New York today would be a good deal happier if they knew that they were to be tried by a jury of fourteen of their peers, with a chance of three verdicts, to be determined on the first poll by a majority vote, "Guilty," "Not guilty" and "Not proven."

For people who have not been notoriously conspicuous for a pacific and bloodless career the Scots—like some people nearer home—are fastidiously squeamish about the infliction of capital punishment, especially on men and women of their own race. When it's a matter of an "Englisler" or even an Irishman, for whom all Scots have a sneaking affection, it's different. A Scotsman is hanged in Scotland not once in—don't know how many years; certainly nearer fifty than ten. Here is a true story apropos of that. A Scottish jury retires to consider a case. Before the first and only ballot is taken—or perhaps it is a viva voce vote—the foreman, glancing around at his glum companions, who are biting their bonnets and shaking their heads, says, "This is a gay bad business. (Solemn pause.) But, eigh, lads! hang 'in an unco wark. It's fair awfu!" (Solemn pause. Vote is taken. Result: "Not proven!") I repeat that this is a true story.—Correspondent in New York Times.

Huts of the Navaho Indians.

The Navaho Indians in Arizona live in rude, earth-covered huts scattered widely throughout the reservation and never grouped into villages. Rude as the huts appear, however, they are always built strictly according to rule and the building is followed by an elaborate religious ceremony by which the house is dedicated. Each timber in it must be laid in a certain way and in a prescribed order, and finally a doorway is added not unlike the dormer windows of our houses. This is the home proper but all over the reservation there are hundreds of little structures which are miniature models, as it were, of the homes, except that they lack the projecting doorway. These miniature huts, scarcely as high as a man's hip, look like children's playhouses, but they occupy an important place in the Navaho system, for they are the sweat houses or bath houses and are the main reliance of those people against sorcery and disease. Each of these structures is designed to hold but one person at a time, and he must crawl in and squat upon his heels, with his knees drawn up to his chin.—New York Post.

Suffragists Reply to Greeley.

An amusing story is told of Horace Greeley's argument with an advocate of women's rights. They had gone over the entire question, and the famous editor thought to wind up in triumph by firing an unanswerable question at the able representative of her sex.

"In time of war," he contended, "women are useless. What would you do in the event of a civil war?"

"Just what you would do, Mr. Greeley," replied his opponent, promptly; "I should stay in my office and write articles urging other people to go and fight."

No One Nigh

Mother—I'm surprised at you! Couldn't you tell he was going to kiss you? Daughter—Yes, ma, but there was no one for me to tell except him, and he knew it already.—Philadelphia Press.

The number of waves required to produce the sensation of red as they break upon the eye must be 20,000 in an inch and 447,000,000,000 in a second.

CHINESE POSTAL FACILITIES.

Letters Carried by Private Companies—Slight Use of Postage Stamps.

The recent establishment in Mott street of a postal sub-station with Chinese interpreters for the particular accommodation of the inhabitants of Chinatown may induce some inquiry about the way the Chinamen—who do so many things backwards, according to Occidental ideas—handle their mails in their own country. Sure enough, they stick stamps on the backs of letters, though not invariably; and the stamps look like the labels on fire-cracker packages, showing dragons, pagodas, and other emblems less easily identified, but meaning "sincerity," "longevity," and so on.

But private postal companies, analogous to our express and telegraph corporations, do most of the business in China. They use no stamp, and it is necessary to prepay only about a third of the postage, as the rest is collected from the recipient. The less one pre-pays in excess of the minimum the surer and swifter the delivery. When a New Yorker mails a letter to interior China the stamp carries it only to some Chinese port, where it is transferred to a private post at the recipient's expense. Similarly a missionary stationed away from the coast has to pay two postal charges to communicate with friends here. Shanghai has a municipal post for its own merchants and citizens, with branches in fifteen treaty ports. It used to charge each customer \$50 a year for all his business, light or heavy, but stamps are used now.

Chinese stamps are reckoned in candarines, approximately equivalent to cents. Their value used to be based on the silver ounce, or tael, but its variability caused confusion, so now the Mexican dollar is the basis. The first imperial set was made in Japan, and proved unsatisfactory; the current set came from England in 1898. Some stamps, notably those of Tientsin, were issued without authority merely to sell to collectors. There was no other demand for them, they never carried a letter, and they have been officially repudiated. Elsewhere the regular demand is so slight that no stock is carried; the stamps are run off on a handpress while the buyer waits.—New York Post.

Easy Way of Telling Time.

It was about ten minutes before closing time in the City Clerk's office—the busiest period of the day—the other afternoon, and Chief Clerk George Gaston was making the ink fly at a lively rate.

"Ting-a-ling-ling!"

It was the telephone at the far side of the room. Gaston dropped his pen and rushed to the instrument.

"Is this the City Hall?" queried a soft, feminine voice at the other end of the line.

The frown on the clerk's face softened. In dulcet tone he informed the fair inquirer that it was.

"Will you please tell me what time it is? You see, our clock has stopped, and the walks are so wet that I hated to step out; and I thought if I called up the City Hall I'd get the right time, because if I'm late with supper my husband—"

"Ten minutes to 4, ma'am! Three-fifty. Yes, ten minutes to 4. Goodby—not at all—a real pleasure, I assure you."

But as the clerk went back to his desk he looked tired.—Detroit Journal.

Postal Service in China.

While China was far ahead of other nations in the adoption of a postal service, that nation appears to have remained almost at a standstill, so primitive are its present facilities of mail distribution. Most of the mails are carried by men on foot, who cover a certain number of localities every day or every week. In the winter mail couriers are sent on horses or mules, but only on the route between Tchingking and Peking. All these officials are connected with the Customs Department, there being no separate bureau for the mails. On the rivers in China, particularly the Yangtze-kiang, one of the largest streams of the earth, the mail is carried in little boats, propelled in a novel manner by one-man power. The man works the oars with his feet, steers with one hand and holds a big parasol in the other. His pipe is always in his mouth, and his eyes are glued to his course in the water. The infusion of Western engineering ideas into China will soon be followed by more modern methods in the handling of the mails there.

Going to Bed in India.

Going to bed in India is a very different process from going to bed at home. To begin with, it is a far less formal process. There is no shutting the door, no cutting yourself off from the outer world, no going upstairs and finally no getting into bed. You merely lie down on your bed, which, with its bedding, is so simple as to be worth describing. The bed is a wooden frame with webbing laced across it, and each bed has a thin cotton mattress. Over this one sheet is spread, and two pillows go to each bed. That's all.—Scottish American.

A Literary Secret.

A man was discussing literature with a second-hand bookseller in Ptermoster Row yesterday, and a bystander overheard the following conversation: "By the by, who is the author of 'Ecco Homo'?" The bookseller paused for a moment and rubbed his chin reflectively. "Well," he said, "that's hardly a fair question. There's only a few of us who have the secret, and it's not supposed to be known." The inquirer immediately apologized for his rash question, and the bookseller forgave him.—London Globe.