



ITEMS OF INTEREST ON AGRICULTURAL TOPICS.

A Farmer's Signboards—Making a Compost Heap—How Much Food for Laying Hens—Destruction of Rubbish—End of the Maple Tree Worm—Etc., Etc.

A Farmer's Signboards.

The Fruit Grower says that there is no occupation in which evidences of real success or the reverse are so potent to all observers as that of farming. The farmer who is prosperous doesn't have to make declarations of the fact. The signboards which testify of his success will be well-kept roadsides, fences in good repair, thrifty orchards, washes in fields arrested by proper means, pastures free from weeds, etc.

Making a Compost Heap.

One large load of manure or two small ones from the horse stable, and containing much straw are used in banking the cellar in the autumn. This manure is removed in the spring to the rear of the garden, and in a sense composted, though earth is not mixed into it. This heap is made the receptacle for grass cut from the lawn and around the borders of the garden and also the refuse vegetables when these cannot be buried while green. When it is practicable to bury them in the garden in the green form, this is done to hasten decay in the raw soil brought up from below. The waste water from the house, or at least much of it as suds, is conveyed to the compost heap. In the autumn the accumulation from this heap, much reduced by that time, is spread over the surface before the garden is dug. A portion of the wood ashes from a cooking stove is also spread over the same, after having been leached, the residue going to the lawn.—Orange Judd Farmer.

How Much Food for Laying Hens.

It is not always an easy matter to determine the exact amount of food that a flock of laying hens require. If kept in separate pens of from ten to fifteen each the difficulty is not so great, but where the entire flock of perhaps one or two hundred are fed at the same time, then it requires close attention to arrive at anything like the necessary amount and still give enough. A vigorous laying hen needs about one and one-half ounces of food daily; but does she always get it? A portion of the flock will get too much, while the others get too little. The question of feeding, so that each hen will get her allotted portion, is one that always puzzled poultry men, and no one seems ever to have solved the problem. Feed troughs of various patterns have been tried, but still with the same results. The bosses of the flock get the largest portion always, and as a consequence the egg production suffers—in the one case from an over-supply, in the other from too little. Grain covered in straw in the scratching shed seems to be one of the best ways of equalizing the supply and at the same time furnishing exercise.—Home and Farm.

Destruction of Rubbish.

One of the most necessary things that a gardener should do about this time is to gather up and destroy—best by fire—everything in the shape of waste and rubbish that lies about on the premises. The time for general "house-cleaning" in the garden is just before winter. These rubbish piles are congenial harboring places for all sorts of insects, and if we carry all this stuff together in heaps, most of the insects with them, there will be far less trouble from that source next year. If you have your eyes open when picking up old weeds, pieces of boards, old decayed crate stuff, barrel hoops and staves, etc., you will find a good many of the large black squash bugs, and you can do good work now in lessening the number of those who winter over successfully and breed trouble again next summer. Many other insects, even if not so conspicuous, can now be destroyed. Leave no old vines of any kind, old cabbage stalks, etc., to remain as a shelter for insect foes. Let all such stuff go upon the rubbish heap to be burned up.—Practical Farmer.

End of the Maple Tree Worm.

There is good reason for thinking that the ravages of the maple tree worm are at an end. This destructive pest, after having wrought untold damage to the forests of the country for the past two years, went into the cocoon state in July of the present year in great numbers, causing those whose trees had partially escaped destruction to despair. Some trees chosen by the worm for making the change from the caterpillar to the moth state were so covered with the cocoons that it seemed as if half the leaves were rolled up to form their shelter. Having a little curiosity to know the present condition of the worm, I made a careful investigation about July 25, with the result that I found every single worm I looked at

dead, beyond the possibility of resurrection. Nothing whatever remains of them except a dry and empty skin. The insides have been entirely consumed.

The enemy which has performed this act of kindness for the maple trees of the country, or at least where I live, is a tiny worm, much resembling the weevil, that sometimes is found upon the over-ripe raspberry, save that it is slimmer and much more rapid in its action. This fly no doubt came from the fly which has been looked for for several months. Burrowing into the maple worm it laid its eggs, which have quickly hatched into the smaller worm which has caused the death of the very worst foe of one of our finest and most valuable forest trees. Not only on my own farm is it true that the worm is dead. Examination of the worms in other parts of this county proves the same thing. Reports from the western part of the State confirm my own investigation.

The work of the worm this year has not been confined to the maple. Chestnuts have suffered severely in some localities. So have oaks and even beeches, although the worm seems to prefer other trees to this. Bits of leaves cut from the stalk would come down in showers with every breeze, littering the ground. So it will be good news to owners of maples that the end has come. We may now look for our trees to renew their former strength and beauty wherever they have not really been ruined.—E. L. Vincent, in New England Homestead.

Make the Stables Warm.

Now is the time to attend to this, if it hasn't been done already. Many farmers are a little careless along this line. Perhaps they think they will wait until they can build a new barn; but don't. Make yourself and your animals comfortable this winter. It won't take long. Batten the cracks. Line with straw on the inside, holding it in place with any old strips of boards, if you live in a cold climate and cannot do better. There can hardly be a reader so poor that he cannot make his stables reasonably warm. Don't neglect this matter, friends. It will save feed and make cows give more milk. But then it is a pleasure to make all stock comfortable. The writer has been as hard up, probably, as any of you, and still he fixed the stable in the old barn so it was quite comfortable to do chores in there, when the cows were in, without any coat on in any weather.

You can do it. Get at it this month and be ready for the cold storms. You can sleep better when they come because your cows and young cattle and horses are warm. Of course, when you build a new barn you will make the stable warm. Line it all around inside with 1 1/2 inch flooring. This will be solid enough so nothing will kick it down, or a hole through it, and the matching will make it tight. In the North you might put paper under the boards. We used Norway pine lumber, and it stands, as it is almost as hard as oak, you know. But fix up the old barn now and it will help you to save money to build the new. Be comfortable as you can as you go along.—T. B. Terry, in Practical Farmer.

Short and Useful Pointers.

Most any farmer can raise a few hogs with profit.

Good pasturage is one of the secrets of success with swine.

Probably the poultryman's greatest vice is that of feeding too much corn.

Comfort and profit go hand in hand so far as the farm animals are concerned.

Farmers should make an effort to secure regular nearby customers for their produce.

It is always profitable to have the milking done with as little disturbance to the cows as possible.

If the farmer paid as high as \$100 a ton he could not purchase better fertilizers than sheep to clover.

As the flesh is the chief value of geese it stands to reason that only the largest breeds should be kept.

If your poultry have sore eyes you will no doubt find that either your poultry houses or yards are damp.

Bear in mind that if cutting tools are kept sharpened up considerably less power is required to work them.

Keeping winter calves tied up or shut up in a dark stall is a great mistake that a good many farmers make every year.

If cleanliness, good care and proper feeding are properly observed there will not be much of a chance to doctor the stock.

One advantage in keeping sheep is that they will eat a great many varieties of weeds that cattle and horses will not touch.

The reason that silage is so good as a cow feed is that it comes nearer the succulent grasses of a good pasture than any other food.

The farmer who wants his peach trees to live a long and successful life supplies them with plenty of potash and keeps out the borers.

The best time to dispose of any live stock on the farm is when you can realize a reasonable profit. Don't try to get rich too soon.

The dairyman has found out that winter dairying pays the best, and the same thing applies to the poultrymen. Winter eggs are the profitable ones.

Japanese workmen bathe the whole body once a day, and some of them twice. Public baths are provided in every street.

HIS GRIM REVENGE.

Thousands of Bears Slain by Enraged Husband.

"Old Grizzly," of Tuolumne county, Cal., is so called because in forty-five years he has killed 4,983 grizzly bears, and for the further reason that he has sworn to make the number 10,000 before he dies.

Thomas F. Page was one of a backwoods family of seventeen children. He says that he was born "no account." Drinking, lying, fighting, cursing and carousing, he used to go to San Francisco when gold dust was the medium of exchange. There one day he fell in love with a daughter of a prominent merchant, and she looked with favor on him. She wished to reform him. They were married, and she went with him to his mountain home. They were happy, save as drink occasionally made sorrow for the lonely wife.

A daughter was born to them, but there was no change in the father. Periodically he rode to the village of Columbia and drank himself into a stupor, in which condition he would come home maudlin.

One morning his wife was not at the door to meet him on his return from town. He did not hear the baby. The door of the cabin was open, too. He crept to the back opening, and, peeping in, saw his wife on the floor with the figure of a man sitting beside her. In a blind rage he raised his rifle and fired at the figure. With a hoarse growl of rage a big grizzly bear dashed at him. Twice more the repeating rifle awoke the echoes and the great carcass rolled over prostrate.

"Is that you, Tommie? O, Tommie!"—And the voice of his wife was still. Only fragments of bone and flesh showed where death had come to the baby.

It was then that fate exacted the great reckoning of Thomas Page. He buried his dead and left the haunts of men. He made a vow never to speak again to a fellowman. He swore to avenge himself by devoting his life to ward exterminating the grizzly bear. In the mountains, for more than forty-five years, he has been on the trail of the great creatures, and he has been a Nemesis that few have escaped.—Chicago Tribune.

Strange Courtships.

It was natural that those on the Windward should be good seamstresses, since they were the wives of picked hunters. When a Smith Sound Esquimaux chooses a wife he apparently has regard only to housewifely qualities. She must be able to do the cooking, and to sew, and to chew hides. This last is a sine qua non. Furs are the only possible dress, and of these they must have an abundance, else they will perish with cold. When the sun is above the horizon, the women spread the skins of seal, and reindeer, and bear, pegging them out hide up, and allow them to dry thoroughly. Once dry, they are, of course, as stiff as boards, and before they can be made into garments the fibers must be broken. Accordingly the women bend the hide double, making a crease through its length. Beginning, then, at one end, they chew steadily to the other. Then, creasing the hide a little farther on, they chew again, and repeat the simple process until every inch of the surface has been chewed, and, with fibers broken, the skin is flexible enough to be sewed into garments. A good cook and seamstress and chews of raw hides is certain of a good husband, for she will be taken to wife by one of the best of the young hunters, who is, therefore, a good provider. There is no ceremony of marriage, the hunter taking his bride from her father's tupik or igloo (also spelt eglou; winter house) to his own; nor, so far as we learned, is there among them ceremony of any kind, nor formal worship, nor any rites, unless the incantation of the angekok (medicine men) be given rank as a rite.—Scribner's.

Longevity of Various Races.

It has often been remarked that while nothing is so uncertain as the duration of any given human life, nothing is more certain than the aggregate of years which may be assigned to a group of one hundred persons or more at any particular age. The expectation of life at a given age, to use the actuarial phrase, differs considerably, as might be expected, in different countries, and Englishmen may be surprised to learn that they are not the longest living among the white races. At the age of twenty an Englishman in average health may expect to live forty-two years, and any life office will grant him a policy based on that probability. The American's expectation is for a slightly longer period. On the other hand, a German lad of twenty can count upon little more than thirty-nine years and a half. It would seem, therefore, that the restlessness attributed to the American temperament does not necessarily conduce to the shortening of life, nor the composure of the German to its prolongation. Possibly the better feeding and clothing of Americans in the lower classes of the population is the principal cause of their greater longevity. Their position is, at any rate, maintained in later as well as in earlier years. The American who has reached sixty years may look to complete fourteen years more, while the Britisher's expectation is only about thirteen years and ten months, and the German's as nearly as possible twelve months less. Both at twenty and at sixty the Frenchman's prospect is a little better than the German's and a little worse than the Englishman's.—London Globe.

What a Woman Will Do.

—Suffer the discomforts of a short shoe to make her foot look small.
—Wonder for a half hour what time it is, forgetting the watch tucked into her belt.
—Walk a mile to save a nickel, then spend it for candy.
—Go without lunch, get a headache and spend the price of the lunch for headache cures.
—Pull her waist in, while plying the foot-bound Chinese women.
—Buy cheap dress goods and expensive trimmings.
—Wear an imported wrap, and bargain underwear.
—Wear her husband's necktie and her brother's scarfpin.
—Buy a silver tea service and borrow a sugar-dredger.—Philadelphia Record.

TURPENTINE FOR CONSUMPTION.

Varying Effect of the Pine Woods on Weak Lungs.

"Just what effect the piney woods have in cases of pulmonary trouble is hard to determine," said an old resident of the turpentine belt, above Covington. "In some instances they seem to effect really wonderful cures; in others no perceptible benefit is derived. It is very mysterious. Five or six years ago, to illustrate my point, a young man whom I had known slightly at New Orleans came up to my place on purpose to get among the pines. He had all the symptoms of consumption, and agreed to do what old jobs he could about the turpentine still in return for his board. He came during the 'cutting' season and fell into the habit of going into the woods early in the morning, when it was misty or rainy, and drinking water out of the 'boxes.' A 'box' is a cavity which is cut in the trunk of a pine tree to receive the accumulation of sap, and in wet weather it will generally fill up with water that is strongly impregnated with crude turpentine. Before the season was over the young man had improved wonderfully in health, and by the end of the year he appeared to be entirely cured—all of which he attributed to the turpentine he had absorbed. Next season one of his cousins, who was also a consumptive, came to the place to try the effect of the system. The two were about the same age, and their condition on arrival was almost identical. The last man, however, didn't improve, but on the contrary, became rapidly worse, and was finally obliged to return to New Orleans, where he died in an infirmary. The water he drank from the boxes set up a serious irritation of the stomach and undoubtedly did him a great deal of harm. I have observed similar contradictions time and again, and while, as a general thing, all weak and 'run-down' people seem to be benefited by the pines, the effect in consumption is curiously arbitrary. Some get better immediately and others do not. It is a noticeable fact, by the way, that the people who improve the most are invariably those who have a fondness for the resinous odor of the woods, which to others is positively offensive."—New Orleans Times-Democrat

Started by Prairie Chickens.

The people about the Ravalli Hotel were treated to a rather strange experience the other day and one which could scarcely happen in a country less noted for its winged game than the Bitter Root Valley. The people in the kitchen were startled just before noon by the crash of falling glass from one of the dining room windows, and at first thought that some malicious or careless person had thrown a stone through it. In fact, one of the girls in the laundry said she had seen the stone fly across the lawn and through the window. Mrs. Green called her husband and they hastened to the dining room, where, to their great surprise, they found a prairie chicken gasping its last on the floor, its throat cut with the glass through which it had come. The only surmise is that the chicken had become so frightened at something that it had lost its head and dashed into the window without really knowing where it was going. The force with which it struck may be in a measure realized when it is told that the glass which it crashed through was a heavy plate glass, five feet square. An almost similar experience was had a couple of weeks before when a duck, seemingly as badly rattled as the chicken, drove against the flag-pole of the hotel and dropped quivering and dying upon the roof.—Ravalli (Mont.) Republican.

The Change in Eyesight.

The time when the eye changes and old age glasses must be used varies with the individual. When one fails to see easily, it is time to put on glasses. If it is possible an oculist should be consulted, who will examine the eyes and fit a pair of glasses to them. If often happens that the sight of the eyes is quite different, and the oculist always looks out for such defects of vision, and orders eyeglasses from the optician to fit the different defects of the different eyes. This is the reason why an oculist should always be consulted in selecting the first pair of glasses. The stock of glasses in an optician's shop is fitted with right and left glasses of the same power. When a change is made the glasses must be made to order. Spectacles are little used, though recommended by oculists, but the majority of people prefer to use the simplest rimless eyeglasses, because they are less conspicuous.—New York Tribune.

To the chronic borrower any sort of a day is bracing weather.

He Was Exposed.
"You must excuse," said this evasive, Miss Billigad, "said Mr. Addlethwaite, "by peech is a liddle thick, for I have a terrible cold id by head."
"I see you have," Miss Milligan replied, "and that reminds me that you ought by all means to call on Sue Dallington while you are in your present condition."
"Why so, Miss Billigad?"
"She told me, the other day, that she was sure you had nothing in your head. Now you can prove that she made a mistake."

M. Dubois, who operates the mail wagons of Paris by contract, is about to establish 150 self-propelled vehicles in that service. To perform the work required of them these wagons will be compelled to average about 30 miles each per day.

Best For the Bowels.
No matter what ails you, headache to a cancer, you will never get well until your bowels are put right. CASCARETS help nature, cure you without a gripe or pain, produce easy natural movements, cost you but 10 cents to start getting your health back. CASCARETS Candy Cathartic, the genuine, put up in metal boxes, every tablet has O.C.C. stamped on it. Beware of imitations.

Police men in Chicago are always in dread of cold days and nights. They say cold nights always bring out foot-pads and thieves.

Have you ever experienced the joyful sensation of a good appetite? You will if you chew Adams' Peppin Tutti Frutti.

When shrapnel bursts the bullets go forward; in common shell the fragments fly in all directions.

H. H. GREEN'S SONS, of Atlanta, Ga., are the only successful Dropsy Specialists in the world. See their liberal offer of advertisement in another column of this paper.

Men whose only books are women's looks are students of folly.

There is no incongruity in the fact that Capt. Harmon, the plucky right tackle of the McKendree College football eleven, is also a Methodist preacher, whose vigor and earnestness in the pulpit even surpass his display of those same qualities on the gridiron.

There were 111 deer killed in Vermont during the open season, which ended November 1. Last year 90 were reported killed in the brief 10 days' season allowed, and in 1898, when the open season extended throughout October, 130 were killed.

WOES OF WORKERS.

The American man or woman is industrious. Our leisure class is small, our working world very large. Many of our leading citizens of great wealth are hard workers. Our laboring classes are found in herds and hordes in the "hives of industry." What is all this work for? In most cases it is for daily bread, in many for maintenance of others. Great numbers also work to acquire wealth. Some for great commercial prominence. Some to preserve intact a splendid inheritance. Necessity, generosity and ambition are the inspiration of all classes of industry, and the object of every one falls to the ground when ill-health attacks him.

Maintaining health is the most vital thing in the world for workers of every class, and the usefulness of Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy, as a strengthener of the constitutional and vital powers, is beyond all question. This great remedy enters into partnership with Nature and helps human beings do their work without giving up to premature decay. The strain of work is on the minds of some, on the bodies of others, but the nourishing of either, or both, is in the nerves and blood. Nervura acts directly on the fountains of health and its strengthening power is wonderful.

Dr. Greene's NERVURA for the Blood and Nerves.

What does the worker do when some chronic trouble manifests itself? He takes some stimulant or something which is designed for temporary effect, and simply weakens his already overworked system. How different from this is the work of Nervura! How beautiful its support to the natural powers! Without shock of any kind its purely vegetable elements seek out the weak spots and build them up. Immediately the circulation of the blood improves and the sluggish elements are expelled. The nerves are quieted, the quality of the blood is enriched and the new and strengthening tide commences itself to every muscle of the body.

Mr. JOHN D. SMITH, Electrician for the Thomson-Houston Electric Co., of Lynn, Mass., says:

"When a man has been sick and is cured, it is his duty to tell others about it, that they, too, may get well. Three years ago I had been working almost night and day, could not eat regularly, and got only a few hours' sleep at night. No man can stand that long, and I soon began to be prostrated. I could not sleep when I tried, and my food would not stay on my stomach. I was in a terrible condition, and was much alarmed. I went to doctors, but they did me no good. Learning of the wonderful good done by Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy, I determined to try it. It cured me completely of all my complaints. I eat heartily and sleep well, thanks to this splendid medicine. I believe it to be the best remedy in existence."

Dr. Greene, Nervura's discoverer, will give all health seekers his counsel free of charge. His office is at 35 West 14th Street, New York City, and his advice may be secured by personal call or by letter through the mail; no charge is made in either case. The worn-out in body, mind, or sexual powers will get prompt help from Dr. Greene. His advice is absolutely confidential and is free to all.

