

ORCHARD and GARDEN

BUYING FERTILIZERS.

While barnyard manure is, and will remain for all time, the main reliance of the farmer for fertilizing, not enough animals are kept on the ordinary farm to furnish enough manure to keep the cultivated land, to say nothing of the pastures, up to the standard of fertility necessary for the production of profitable crops; he must therefore buy fertilizers. Chemical plants food, known as fertilizers, are now manufactured and sold under guarantee at prices considerably less than the raw materials can be bought for, to say nothing of the cost of mixing, if time is of any value. These commercial fertilizers are usually reliable and well worth their cost. If the farmer does not apply the fertilizers properly, or does not procure the kinds most suitable for his soil and crops, he may be disappointed and will condemn the manufacturer, but the farmer can rely upon the fact that everything that goes into fertilizer has a market value of its own and cannot be sold at a price lower than the relative value of its ingredients. It is easier to sell each ingredient separately than to have the labor of preparing a great many of them into something that sells for less. The farmer should endeavor to know the nature of the plant foods composing the fertilizer, estimate its value and make allowance for commissions, labor, transportation, bags, etc., as fertilizers vary greatly, not even several lots of Peruvian guano being the same grade. It has been demonstrated, in all experiments made, that the farmer who uses fertilizers with his barnyard manure secures larger yields of crops, retains the fertility of his soil and the cost of fertilizer is but a small sum compared with the gain from its use. Every farmer should make his manure more valuable by adding to it additional plant foods which can now be purchased cheaper than when the sources of plant foods were not so numerous.—The Epitome.

AGRICULTURAL NOTES.

Linseed meal, cottonseed meal, bran and other feeding stuffs serve admirably as fertilizers for crops, but it will pay better to feed such materials to stock and use the manure.

It is difficult to estimate the value of manure, as its quality depends upon the kind of food provided. Experiments show that when cows are well fed and kept on a-tight floors they voided manure valued at ten cents per day. Horses kept in the same kind of stalls produced manure valued at four cents per day, twofifths being voided in the fields. Sheep produced manure valued at a cent and a half a day, per sheep and swine produced manure valued at half a cent each. This shows that the manure from all kinds of stock is a valuable portion of the receipts.

To keep seed potatoes from sprouting, during the warm days of winter ventilate the cellar well and they will remain in good condition. One reason why potatoes keep so well in New England is that the climate is favorable, the seed being less liable to warm conditions than in other parts of the country. As near 40 degrees temperature as possible should be observed and dampness should be avoided. Seed for early planting may be spread out and allowed to sprout, but should be planted immediately.

A southern farmer says that good results are obtained by feeding sunflower seeds to horses, hogs and other stock. The feeding of this, however, requires judgment, as the seeds are very rich and should be mixed with bran.

TOO MUCH CORN FOR SWINE.

Every winter or rather at the end of every winter we hear tales of rhenism in swine, intense indigestion, bowel trouble and all sorts of diseases for which no cause can be found, yet in the majority of cases it is plainly too much corn. It is, of course, quite natural to feed heavily of corn, because it is the cheapest thing we have to feed swine, but what profit is there in it when it is overdone? We had some fine half-grown pigs who had several attacks of severe indigestion, and we cut out the corn for a week. In its place we fed bran, mixed with chopped vegetables, and fed warm; this was given morning and night, and at noon the animals were given a lot of second-grade hay and a few sweet potatoes. Not a full ration by any means, and the pigs fell off in weight, but at the end of the week the trouble was gone and they would eat anything offered them. From then on the corn ration was cut down so that it was about one-half a full ration, and we used more bran, skim milk, root crops and roughage, and we can not see but what the animals are all that any ration would have made them, and they are certainly in excellent condition to be corn-fattened when the time comes.—Indianapolis News.

MONEY IN BLOOD SOWS.

Some recent sales of some very common sows and pigs for what seems to me to be very high prices opened my eyes to the possibilities of this business and I recall several other times when they sold very high. Some of these sows brought several times what they would if fed out. For instance, sows weighing from 150 to

180 pounds with litters of from six to nine pigs bring \$20 to \$25 while a few with larger litters ruled higher. Fattened out they would not have brought over ten or twelve dollars and would have consumed a great deal more of feed. If we would select some of the sows out of the herd that we are to feed and breed them to a good boar, considerably more money could be made with less feed and less work. Often too, we can buy some fine old brood sows that are on their way to market and could be bought low for they are considerably lower on the market. Many a good brood sow is consigned to the slaughter house before her usefulness along this line is ended.—Kentuckian in the Epitome.

BUTTER MAKING IN THE FARM.

If butter is made on your farm have only those cows that produce good milk and cream; keep them clean, healthy and well fed. Make it your business to use the Babcock test just as often as necessary, and as soon as any cow shows that she is unprofitable to you, get rid of her and replace her with an animal that comes up to the standard. Cleanliness in handling the cream is also a very important matter, and it pays well to have just those sort of implements to work with that will allow of your finishing your product with the least chance of any dirt or dust getting into it. Do not keep the cream too long, but churn about every other day and do this churning in a room that is suited for this kind of work. It is a poor plan to make the kind of butter that can only be exchanged at the store for some sort of merchandise, and which at times is hard to get rid of even in that way. Above all bear in mind that system is necessary in all things, and this probably applies more to the making of butter than to anything else.

VALUE OF SILAGE.

A man in Pennsylvania says that an acre of corn silage is equal to five acres of blue grass pasture. Frank Duff, of Rogersville, Pa., says that it increases the value of the corn crop 33 per cent., as compared with feeding the corn and stover separately. S. E. Young, of Sweetwater, claims that his one hundred ton silo is worth \$50 per year to him. Another good farmer in the same neighborhood says that his 350 ton silo is worth \$200 a year to him. H. B. Gurler, the famous dairyman of DeKalb, Ill., who furnishes certified milk that sells for 12 cents a quart, says that he could not keep cows without the silo. W. G. Lenoir, of Philadelphia, says that a silo doubles the feeding value of the corn crop. In commenting upon these remarks the Inland Farmer says:

We have yet to hear of a careful, painstaking farmer, who gives his personal attention to the making and feeding of silage who has been dissatisfied with the results. The silo has stood the test of time and won out on its merits, and we predict that the time is coming when it will be indispensable to good stock farming.

QUITE TRUE.

At one of the Missouri horticultural meetings a speaker, in the course of his remarks, said that "good orchardists are not growers of fruit merely from a remunerative standpoint, but find in the work much pleasure and satisfaction of the aesthetic taste. There is a charm for them in the study of the growth of the trees, in watching the various changes with the seasons and in noting the effect of each on the growth of the trees."

The Simple Servian.

Servia's laborer is at heart a simple, prosaic fellow. His attire is coarse almost to the point of ungainliness. Rough brown trousers of homespun, a coat a shade or two darker and edged with a strip of black fleecy, a peaked woolen cap and his cane, and you have the picture. He is a farmer, on a small scale, and his hobby is raising hogs, which he turns into the forests or fields to fatten on mast. In fact, there is a tradition that the family of the present king sprang from a great hog-raising noble a century or two ago, and the people imitate the royal example. The rural life in Servia is primitive. At sun-up folk rise, take their raki or schnapps, and go to the fields to work. Their meal is brought to them at noon and again in the evening, for they often work until sunset. And so life goes on and on.

As to politics they really care little. When all the world looked on aghast at the Macbethian plot that startled Servia from its dozing—the murderer of a king and queen and a handful of courtiers—the peasant shook his head at the bad business and left it to his duly elected representative in the Sobranje, or Parliament, to decide who should next be king and how the culpable were to be punished.

Servia is suffering from a plague of butterflies and the government has offered a reward for their extermination. The fields throughout the country are white instead of green, because of the clouds of insects.

There are men who would rather be attached to a ball and chain than to an apron string.

You can buy a lot of trouble with a \$2 bill—if you invest it in a marriage license.

About the only sure way to keep a secret is to not have a secret.

The Real Enemies of the People

By Eugene V. Debs.

As well established and quite as necessary as the industrial "boss" is the political "boss," in the existing social system. His business is to run the political machine, not in the interest of the people, or even of any particular party, but in the interest of the private owner of the public utility, or the private controller of the social need, whose economic interest conflicts with that of the people, and who must, therefore, control the political machinery so as to obtain control of government.

The political "boss" is the creature of the modern capitalist; he was spawned in, and has developed with, the capitalist system, and is as necessary to that system as is the capitalist himself.

There is but one way to get rid of "boss rule" in politics, and that is by abolishing the system of private ownership which produces him and makes the few the beneficiaries of the countless iniquities visited upon the great mass of the people.

No "boss" is in politics in that capacity on his own account. The "boss" must have the "boodle." They are inseparable. Without "boodle" there is no "boss."

The "boss" does not furnish the "boodle."

Who does?

Aye, that's the question! Turn on the searchlight in that direction and you will be horrified by the revelations.

You will see that private interests are the enemies of the public weal; that trusts and corporations deliberately pollute the political fountain and contaminate all its national, state and municipal streams; and that the principal perpetrators of these crimes, in which the political "boss" is but a mere puppet, are representative capitalists, financiers and promoters, most of whom are also recognized pillars of the Christian church.

These, and not their repulsive political "boss," who is simply their political walking delegate, are the real enemies of the people and debauchers of the nation's morals.—Success Magazine.

The Lust For Wealth.

A Plea For The Retirement Of Every Man Who Has Enough For Ease and Dignity.

By A. V.

In reference to Bishop Potter's remark, in an interview upon his return from abroad, that the insurance scandal is viewed in England as emphasizing American greed, it cannot be denied that this view is in a great measure justified; for there can be no question that the effect of this insatiable-greed for wealth tends to promote no degree of respect for our country beyond that which gold alone commands. The effect at home is certainly not beneficial, inasmuch as the increasing wealth of those who are contributing to this condition deprives some of their fellow beings of the benefits to be derived from the more ever increasing surplus.

Far better if all Americans would follow the custom of their English brethren, who, having amassed a fortune which if invested, say, in the conservative 4 per cent, insures an income to warrant their retirement, quit the field of commerce, travel and finally settle upon an estate in the country. There they find time to gratify their desires for literary and other pursuits.

Why not revert to the ideal existence of the only true aristocracy this country has ever known, that of the South before the civil war; an aristocracy the process of whose extinction furnishes one of the saddest memories of that war? Surely any one who has read the existing literature of that brave people cannot have failed to recognize the absence of any desire to acquire more wealth than was necessary to uphold the spirit of respectability and hospitality which pervaded the very atmosphere as with the spirit of contentment. The effect of greed upon the morals of the community is the chief object of my discourse, but a still greater evil from the same source is that which concerns our political welfare; this has been made very apparent by the position of dishonor today of some who but yesterday were respected men both in the world of politics and commerce.

Why War Must Be.

By George William Coale.

It would be of advantage to those who believe that they can give the God of War a knockout blow to read the following quotation from John Stuart Mill:

"But war, in a good cause, is not the greatest evil which a nation can suffer. War is an ugly thing, but not the ugliest of things; the decayed and degraded state of moral and patriotic feeling which thinks nothing wrong a war is worse. When a people are used as mere human instruments for firing cannon, or thrusting bayonets, in the service and for the selfish purposes of a master, such war degrades a people. A war to protect other human beings against tyrannical injustice, a war to give victory to their own ideas of right and good, and which is their own war, carried on for an honest purpose by their free choice, is of ten the means of their regeneration. A man who has nothing which he is willing to fight for, nothing which he cares more about than he does about his personal safety, is a miserable creature, who has no chance of being free, unless made and kept so by the exertions of better men than himself. As long as justice and injustice have not terminated their ever-renewing fight for ascendancy in the affairs of mankind human beings must be willing when need is to do battle for the one against the other."

Washington said: "To be prepared for war is one of the most effectual means of preserving peace."

Lincoln said: "With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God sees it, to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in."

None of these men was cruel, and their words will live forever. War will disappear when all other evils disappear.

The Ravages of Cancer.

By Rene Bache.

At once the most dreadful and most mysterious of all diseases that attack the human body, cancer, which has been anxiously studied by physicians for more than two centuries, is today as much of an enigma as ever. Its cause is unknown, and no case of it has ever been cured, save by removal of the part affected. Meanwhile, it seems to be rapidly increasing, not only in this country but all over the world, and, unless something is done to check it, the present is according to Dr. Marshall Park, the greatest American authority that before long it will kill more people annually than consumption and typhoid combined.

Cancer is the only disease that is on the increase, and in spite of all that medical science can do, backed by the wonderful new knowledge gained within recent years, it is spreading over this country and over the world as steadily, as relentlessly, and as destructively as it does over a single human body. In 1890 (according to census figures) it destroyed 18,536 lives in the United States; in 1900 it killed 29,475 of our citizens—a numerical gain of more than one-third. There had been some growth of population meanwhile, however, and so, in order to convey the idea with exactness, it would be better to put the official statement in different form, and to say that, whereas, in 1890 forty eight persons out of every 100,000 in this country died of cancer, the dread malady in 1900 claimed sixty victims from among every 100,000 living persons. Nobody, it seems, is exempt. Cancer frequently attacks the most healthy persons, and the well-to-do are not less subject to it than the poor. In every twelve women who die after forty-five years of age one is destroyed by this horrible disease. One in every twenty-one men who reach that period of life is killed by it. Thus it is easy enough to figure out your own chances of escaping. Women are much more liable than men to cancer.—Pearson's Magazine

A Gift Horse.

"It's no use finding fault with what's given you, even if it isn't what you wanted," said Miss Palma Sawyer, adding enigmatically, "and sometimes, after all, it turns out to be."

"Illustration, aunty, at once!" cried Miss Palma's niece, who had long since grown accustomed to her methods of speech.

"Well," said the old lady, "I thought Mrs. Lane would give me an amethyst brooch for Christmas. It would have just fitted out my black silk, and she'd asked me, and I'd as much as said; but there, when I had my mouth all made up for that pin, if she didn't go and give me a red

and green afghan instead!"

"O aunty, when your own work is so much better than anything she does!" groaned the niece.

"S-sh!" whispered Miss Palma. "It's a terrible homey one, but it's extra size. She never comes here, you know, so next fall I shall grow one of those fall cosmos bushes, cover it up nights with that afghan, sell the blooms to Willy Green, that's wanted me to grow one the last three years for his stand in Boston, and buy me an amethyst brooch with the money for it."

"Anyway, I kind of mistrust Mrs. Lane's taste in brooches; so you see I'm fixed out just complete!"

INTERESTING TO



A CHINESE MOTHER.

The day before the destruction of Chinatown, San Francisco, Jessie Juliet Knox, author of "Little Almond Blossoms," completed a paper on "The Shut-In Women of Chinatown."

She says: "A stranger would be frightened here, for one must pass through a large gambling-house in order to meet the dear little woman above. At the street door sits the lookout man, sombre and stolid as a wooden Indian. Like Poe's raven he sits there day and night.

"Sometimes when I pass through this gambling-house it is simply packed with men of different nations. I pass on through a dark and hellish-looking place called the kitchen, which is always full of smoke and unsavory Chinese smells and where the oil is ever burning before the kitchen god, and on into the dark passage-way and up the worst flight of stairs I have ever seen.

"At the top of the steps is a door, and here I give a cheery 'ho-hoo,' which is echoed inside the barred door. Here I never have to stand long outside, for the lady inside is my nearest Chinese friend. It is Mrs. Wing.

"There is so much that could be said about her that one could devote whole volumes to it—of the many close years of friendship which have existed between us; of the happy time when her baby boy was born, and the joy she felt at being the proud mother of a son; of all the pretty American things I had taught her to make, and how she had trembled and cried for joy when I showed her the simplest things; how a dear little baby girl was born to her and they let it lie on the cold, bare floor till it was dead, because—it was a girl, and the father thought it a disgrace. After that weary time I spent weeks with her of afternoons. Her life was despaired of, and to me alone did she pour our her innocent heart. It made me cry one minute and laugh the next to hear her talk 'My baby girl he die; I no got baby now; my little girl he so pretty—nice little hand—nice head—pretty eye—pretty nose—oh, my baby so pretty! Just like me!'—Minneapolis House-keeper.

THE TRAINING OF YOUNG CHILDREN.

One would hardly expect to find marked traits of character in a very young infant; nevertheless, they are there, and show themselves very strongly, often when the infant is not more than twenty-four hours old. This, then is the time to commence your training. Begin the moulding process right now. It is for you to make the child what you will, and if you begin now the task will not be a difficult one. I have often seen the most stubborn and even vicious children in a marvellously short time succumb completely to good influence, becoming sunny-tempered, obedient and lovable.

Infants are helpless, consequently they require our care, and it is a matter of duty that this should be our intelligent best. Do not depend on guessing in this important matter; it is not safe. Children require love, sympathy, companionship, and amusement just as much as the adult, probably more; but remember that a surfeit of good things has the same effect upon the young as it does upon an older person. It seems rather ridiculous, does it not, to think of a child, and a very young one at that, becoming blasé—tired of the good things offered? But it is true. We do not have to look very far to see children, even infants, turn away their heads with a shriek of disapprobation when well meant but constant demonstrations of affection are thrust upon them. This open rebellion goes to show how distasteful it is to the child.—Marianne Wheeler, in Harper's Bazaar.

EXTRA CHARGE FOR CUCUMBER PARINGS.

"Talk about mean men!" exclaimed a girl who was lounging on the sand at a beach resort. "I met the champion mean one last summer. He was the landlord of a boarding house where I stayed for a couple of weeks—a little place on the Maine coast, near the New Hampshire border. It was a dreary spot, and though I intended to stay all summer, two weeks were enough for me. Well, the sun and wind were ruining my lily white skin. Cucumbers formed a big part of our diet, so I asked the head of the house if I might have the skins to make a face wash. After that once a day a plate of cucumber parings was set on my bureau. I made cucumber cream and dabbed it on with great joy. But when I went to pay my bill I found fifty cents tacked on, with several words I could not decipher. I questioned the landlord. He explained that I had asked for cucumber skins and had got them; that he fed his hens on the table refuse, and if ladies wanted skins for their complexion he would have to buy chicken food. He thought the chickens had missed a half dollar's worth of nourishment through my facial experiments. Well, my thoughts were

long and strong—but I paid the fifty cents."—New York Press.

WOMEN IN BUSINESS.

English ladies of title still persist in having their little flog in the world of trade. Now it is Lady Colin Campbell who comes out and stands as a sponsor for the beauty doctors. Millinery, dressmaking, household decorating and dairy farming are old schemes in her world. Long ago her sisters went in for these ventures. So the only fair and fresh field for her ladyship appeared to be the mission of promising beauty. In opening an exhibition of first aid to the ugly at the Grafton Galleries, says the Boston Transcript, the high-born lady started with the premise that health brings beauty and that beauty may be expected to bring health. All kinds and conditions of appliances for inviting these two blessed estates are shown, and if they do not do the work they will belie the looks and words of those whose business it is to recommend them. Little wheeled things there are that roll out of sight all the outward evidences of age while time's mischievous pranks may be relieved of all their sting by the use of certain foods for the skin. All this paraphernalia is imposing, it is said, and the fact that the exhibition is under such distinguished management gives all of us due notice that the beauty doctor is no longer to be a part of the world's gentle jokes. He or she is from this time on to be taken very seriously.

HOOKS, EYES, BUCKLES.

Ornamental hooks and eyes are about to be pressed into service, for those pretty little coats that just fasten at one point in front. They are large, and made of imitation diamonds, enamel and other precious stones.

Of buckles there are great numbers, a little less worn upon the waist-belt than they were, perhaps, but conspicuous in other ways. One dress has been seen with a plastron bodice held up by straps over the shoulders and threaded through velvet buckles. Upon a smart gray hat was impressed a huge buckle of gray tulle that supported a big bunch of lilies of the valley, the stalks of which were thrust through the buckle.

The very buttons upon our boilers must be unusual and lovely in appearance, made, perhaps, of chased gilt, the color of which, to be in the latest fashion, should be of a pale shade, for light gold is at present very modish.

"ZOOLOGICAL" PARASOLS.

The "zoological" sunshade or umbrella is one of the principal features of the spring show in the drapers' shop windows in London.

From a bower of ribbons and laces grotesque heads peep out. Parrots, monkeys, snakes, toads and the domesticated cat and dog stretch their curved necks above summer creations of chiffon and lace.

"Ladies are vying with one another as to who shall evolve the most original design," said the manager of a large West End firm.

"I have at present an order from a customer for a scarlet parasol, the handle of which is to represent a large snake in the act of rearing itself to attack a foe.

"Another more prepossessing design takes the form of a long bar on which are perched six little birds colored to represent the natural shades."

There is method in the choice of a zoological parasol.

The river sunshade is adorned with a swan or duck hunting; the lady who excels in the hunting field can have the head of her favorite "mount" modeled for the handle of her umbrella; while the fair amazon who follows the guns can own an "en-tout-cas" on which struts a brilliant cock pheasant.—Philadelphia Record.

THE QUEEN'S MISTAKE.

Princess Ena, now Queen Victoria of Spain, wore pearls on her wedding day. She made a great mistake. Pearls worn at a wedding means tears are to be shed through the married state, so runs the Spanish proverb.

When the Empress Eugenie was finishing her toilet to go to Notre Dame on her wedding morning, an old Spanish servant of hers burst into tears and, reminding her of their native adage, begged her not to wear her pearl necklace. Eugenie, paying no heed to the warning, wore the necklace all the same, and her life, as all the world knows, has been one long tragedy. Her necklace was a remarkable one, consisting of a large number of pearls, so the bride who only wears a few need not dread the proverb so much, for, after all, no woman's life is entirely free from tears.—Boston Transcript.

INFLUENCE OF CLOTHES.

Silk linings have saved my soul, and chiffons have cultivated my conscience," is the accredited remark of a woman who after regarding clothes for years merely in the light of covering, finally expanded into expansive frivolities. "All my life I have been a nobody," was the way another woman who had married rich expressed the same idea, "until I got into my first \$300 gown. The moral elevation, the social assurance I derived from the chiffon and pearl embroideries on that gown changed me from a nervous, constrained, retiring individual, accustomed to taking a back seat, getting the toughest steak at breakfast and doing the chores, into some one with a voice and an influence."

Gold From Rhodesia.

The output of gold from Rhodesia during January was valued at \$778,465, and was the highest yet recorded.