



FARM FURROWS

ABUSE OF THE HORSE.

Is the stall always sweet and well-ventilated—not at the rear, or in the passageway (and in cool weather), but at the head and in the hottest nights of summer and at (say) 4 o'clock of a stifling morning? You don't know? Well, why don't you? And are you fit to have a horse of your own? Is the surcingle always comfortably loose, or is it, as usual, drawn as tight as an average husky groom can draw it "to keep the blankets in place?" Now if it is tight when the animal is standing up, it is far more so when he is lying down, and if you have a horse whom your man says "sleeps standing up" just go personally and give him two or three hofes in the surcingle for a few nights ("unbeknownst" to your employe), and then inquire again. This carelessness is universal and hideously cruel. It bruises the ridge and back, prevents rest and sleep, and is indefensible upon any pretext, for a beast girth, or any of the blankets with straps sewn on, will keep the covering in place and allow the sufferer—for he is nothing else—to rest in peace. While you are about it, just measure his halter and see if he can lie down. Many a horse is purposely tied too short to save the groom trouble in cleaning him; also see if the nose band of the halter is loose enough so that he can chew comfortably; that the crownpiece and browband are not harsh-edged leather which will rasp and irritate his ears, and then offer him a pail of water—or two probably—and see if James has not, as usual, left him about half cared for to get along until daylight the best way he can. Again, find out if he is afraid of the dark—many horses are—and if he is a "night kicker," be sure that he does not dread the departure of daylight, and leave an artificial light, dim or bright, but at all events, enough to allay his paroxysms of terror. Ninety stall kickers in the hundred will abandon the practice forthwith if a light is left in the stable. The expense is small, the cure almost certain.—*Outing Magazine.*

THE PEACH BORER.

The peach borer remains in its burrow in the tree over winter. During the warm spells in the spring feeding is resumed, and by the latter part of May or early June the borer is full grown. It then leaves its burrow, says an exchange, and constructs a cocoon at or near the surface of the ground, usually on the trunk of the tree near the burrow. Within the cocoon it transforms to a pupa from which the adult moth emerges during July or August.

The moths are day flying insects, and from their transparent wings and yellow-banded abdomens look much like wasps. The female lays her eggs upon the trunk of a tree, usually upon the lower portion, or on the soil or nearby weeds. The eggs hatch in about ten days, and the young borers seek an entrance at any crack in the bark of the tree.

Two methods are in vogue for controlling the pest. When a tree is badly infested the only thing to do is to dig out the borers, which can best be done at this season, when they are near the surface or have made their cocoons. The usual practice is to mound up the earth around the tree as much as possible, thus inducing the moth to lay her eggs upon the upper part of the trunk, so that the borers may be much more readily removed when the mound is hoed away. The mounding should be done before the moths deposit their eggs in early summer, and it is well to examine the trunk of the tree just beneath the top of the mound late in the summer for young borers.

Another way is to coat the trunk of the tree with repellent washes. Gas tar has been used successfully in many instances but in other cases it has injured the trees. This is possibly due to variation in composition or to climatic conditions. It should be tested on a small scale before using it extensively. J. H. Hale, a prominent Georgia peach grower, reports good success with the following: "Two quarts of soap, one-half pint of crude carbolic acid, and two ounces of paris green, all thoroughly mixed with a bucketful of water, to which enough lime and clay have been added to make a thin paste."

All such washes are largely repellents to prevent the laying of the eggs, and should therefore be applied early in June. Frequently instead of mounding, the tree is wrapped with building paper or wood veneering, it being sunk a few inches below the surface of the soil.—*Indianapolis News.*

FARM NOTES.

As a rule 100 acres of land offer sustenance for 200 sheep or thirty-three horned cattle.

A difference of twelve hours in plowing a field will make a vast difference in its tilth. A heavy soil, turned up too soon after a rain will bake and dry out quickly.

The trough for the young pigs

should be low, so that they will not become crooked and deformed by hanging over it.

L. M. Campbell, a Colorado farmer, says he wintered eighty-five ewes on an alfalfa pasture, raised thirty-five lambs and sold forty of the wethers in April for \$2.95 a head.

Let a dog chase through a pasture where dairy cows are feeding and the flow of milk that night will be considerably shortened. The first few strains of milk from each teat should not be milked into the pail, for this milk is very watery, is of little value and is invariably contaminated, which will injure the rest of the milk.

A good brush should be used for scrubbing the surfaces of milk vessels. There is nothing more objectionable for this purpose than a cloth, particularly the cloth that has been used for washing the dinner dishes or the pots and pans. A good hand brush can be purchased for a few cents.

If you are making cheese from milk, do not throw away the sweet whey but make it into brown cheese, that will sell for as much a pound as the ordinary cheese.

PURE BRED FOWLS.

The advantages of pure bred poultry over mongrels and grades cannot be pointed out too often. By far too many farmers keep all sorts and mixtures of breeds on the place, instead of the one well selected breed that would return them double the profit. "Beak for beak, well bred poultry eat no more than mongrels. Pound for pound the meat breeds cost no more to raise; but less. Bird for bird they cost more; they are worth the difference. Egg for egg the laying breeds and strains cost no more to feed, but double, triple and quadruple the profits derived from scrubs. Everything is in favor of pure breeds." This point can never be put too strongly. We know from our own experience what satisfaction there is in the possession of a large flock of uniform birds, may they be black, white, red, brown or speckled, so long as they are all alike. And when you have such a flock, people will want to come and buy a cockerel or two, or a trio, willing to give two, three or more times the price of mongrels for them. The pure breeds of selected strains will lay more eggs, at less cost, and the eggs will sell for hatching at \$1 or \$1.50 per sitting instead of going to the grocer or to the table at fifteen or twenty cents a dozen. What is worth doing at all, is worth doing well. If you keep any fowls, by all means keep the pure breeds and maintain them at the highest standard. Select the breed you want. Then select the breeder from whom to purchase a male and three or four hens. You will then be in position to have eggs for hatching when you want them, and possibly raise quite a flock for a starter another Spring.—*American Agriculturist.*

WIRE WORMS.

Wire worms are causing more than the usual amount of trouble in the vegetable and tobacco fields in the Connecticut Valley. The common remedy, salt, cannot be used on tobacco fields. Prof. C. L. Marriott of Washington advised certain growers who inquired of him to poison the wire worms, using sliced potatoes well poisoned with paris green, one pound to 150 gallons of water. These poisoned slices are to be placed three feet apart each way over the field, placing them late in the day to prevent drying out and protecting each piece with a leaf, piece of paper or a little straw. The wire worms, as well as the cut worms, feed at night and will get hold of the poisoned bait before morning. Bran mash mixed with paris green is also a favorite plan of poisoning the cut and wire worms, adding a little molasses to make the bait more attractive. Prompt attention is necessary as soon as the first effects of the insect ravages appear.—*J. C. P., in the American Cultivator.*

DRY PLACE FOR SHEEP.

In caring for sheep, the one thing necessary besides good feed is good shelter. No matter what is the time of the year, the animals do not like to be out in the rain at night. Sheep should have a dry place in which to stand and lie when not grazing.—*Farmer's Home Journal.*

Maximilian's Tune, "La Paloma."

The memory of Maximilian of Mexico should still be preserved wherever that haunting air "La Paloma" is played. It is still to be heard in the London restaurants where music is thrown in with dinner. And Maximilian's final request was that "La Paloma" should be played while he stood up to meet his doom. He died with the tune in his ears—the courage in his face—and his wife went mad with the shock nearly forty years ago. When you hear the tune remember that dead Emperor, the demented wife, London Chronicle.

HER SECRET DISCOVERED.

DIARY OF MASQUERADER SHOWS SHE WAS SOUGHT BY POBLEDONOSTSEFF.

De Raylan Lived Eighteen Years as Man—Procurator of the Holy Synod Had Vouched for Her in That Guise.

The life secret of Nicolai De Raylan, for years secretary to the Russian Consulate in Chicago, who, after masquerading as a man for eighteen years, was found after death to have been a woman, has been revealed, announces the Chicago correspondent of the New York Times. The story containing her reason for starting out on a career of deception that proved her one of the world's most accomplished actresses and disclosing a Russian scandal that has been hidden for years is found in her diary and correspondence, which revealed all the secrets.

Nicolai De Raylan's real name was Taletsky. Her Christian name is unknown. She started on her remarkable career of deception in an effort to blackmail her mother in Russia. It seems necessary to continue her disguise because she was sought for years by the Russian police.

The compelling motive of De Raylan's entire career was an effort to prove that her mother had been masquerading her as a girl, when in reality she asserted she was a boy.

The figure of principal importance in the events that started De Raylan in her disguise was the late M. Constantin Petrovitch Pobledonostseff, one of the great figures in modern Russian history, Procurator of the Holy Synod.

M. Pobledonostseff sought her for years through the secret police of Russia to prevent a scandal, he having sworn after an interview that Nicolai was a man.

She made love to almost every woman she became acquainted with, and previous to her two marriages in Chicago became engaged to several.

Her second "wife," Anna De Raylan, knew the life secret of Nicolai, and directed \$15 a week over and above living expenses throughout the term of marriage for a secret purpose.

Nicolai, it will be remembered, developed pulmonary tuberculosis, went to Phoenix, Arizona, and died alone there early this year.

The diary and a letter from her mother received through a go-between more than a year ago show De Raylan's real family name to have been Taletsky. Her given name is not shown by any of the documents. The diary covers a four year period of her life, between the years 1888 and 1892, the year of her arrival as a refugee in Chicago. She did not complete it until she arrived here, and the date of the first entry is Nov. 3, 1892. In places the writing is scarcely legible, and in others the ink has faded so that the entire document cannot be read or translated into English without the aid of a microscope.

The first sentence of the diary is a sort of headline and consists of a declaration showing her own interest and her knowledge of the widespread interest of others in her dead father and the information he could disclose. She calls him Vladimir, and says in free translation:

"Vladimir, in whom the whole world is concerned—the known unknown."

The first phase of her life, traced in her journal, many pages in which indicate that she was a drunkard, a gambler and a profane rone, depicts her as a school girl. Her mother had placed her in a government school for girls in Kiev, Russia, where the Taletsky family home was situated and between the ages of 15 and 16 years she was to graduate. Somewhere around this period her mother, who had been well to do before, suddenly acquired considerable more wealth. The figure mentioned in the diary is about \$125,000.

No part of her life after reaching Chicago is touched upon in the diary until three years ago, when she copied into it a letter she wrote to Zaney Rosdorhney, her St. Petersburg sweetheart, with whom she had corresponded continually, asking Zaney to tell her the whereabouts of her mother, whether she were still living, if not, if she had left a will, and if so, what it provisions.

Miss Rosdorhney forwarded the letter itself to Nicolai's mother. The latter replied and the reply was forwarded by Zaney to Nicolai in Chicago. A translation from the Russian of this letter reads as follows:

"You may tell my daughter that, having caused much misery to me on account of our disagreements and not having any news from her for twelve years, and having assumed she was dead, I care to hear nothing more from her. Let matters rest as they are. Do me the favor not to stir up the matter any more. She wants to know whether I have made a will. You tell her that I intend to leave all my property to those who have taken care of me in my old age. She can now see what has come to her after making me all that trouble for the purpose of getting from me my property."

The original of this letter is in Mr. Feinberg's collection and indications are plain that Nicolai went through it and everywhere made erasures where the words "daughter" and feminine pronouns were used, and substituted masculine terms, with the probable purpose of using it as evidence if possible need arose.

THE CITY BOY.

A Trick With Horses He Doesn't Know But the Country Boy Does.

A city boy. He was playing in the street when the rubber ball he was tossing slipped from his hands and landed just back of the off hind foot of a big gray horse attached to a truck and standing patiently by the curb awaiting further order.

The boy made several furtive reaches to recover the ball, but as actual possession involved close proximity to that massive leg and iron shod hoof he hesitated. A rapid search of surrounding territory resulted in the finding of a piece of stick about six inches long.

Its length was disproportionate to the danger zone, but the boy's sense of peril decreased as his anxiety grew at the possible loss of his plaything. He made a quick jab with the stick, but succeeded only in striking the animal's hook, causing it to prance in indignantly.

A second attempt and the horse's shoe was struck. The big gray started forward. The youngster barely had time to jump out of the way of the front wheel. Then the animal, with innate cussedness, backed up again and in so doing placed his hoof on the ball and pinned it to the ground.

Frightened by his close call from injury and grieving for the loss of his plaything the boy looked around uncertain whether to laugh or cry. Just at that juncture a tall broad shouldered man with whiskers of the hayseed variety turned the corner.

He saw the boy's final attempt to recover the ball and his narrow escape from injury.

"Ain't you got no sense?" he demanded. "Want to get run over or have your brains kicked out?"

In a few sentences the boy explained the situation and pointed to the ball. The big man patted the horse on the flank, spoke a few soothing words to the animal and ran his hand deftly and pettingly down the leg until he reached the hook.

"Hist, boy, hist," he commanded, and the animal, accustomed to frequent examinations of the hoof, obediently lifted his leg.

With his free hand the big man extracted the ball from its resting place and tossed it to the lad, who ungratefully scampered away without waiting to thank his benefactor.

"Beats thunder how these city kids don't now nothing about horses!" said the big man disgustedly as he dusted off his hands and resumed his way.—*New York Sun.*

GORDON COLLEGE AT KHARTUM

Sudan Benefits by Memorial to the Man It Murdered.

The tragedy of Gordon's death at Khartum made his name one never to be forgotten there. But it is good to know that the name now suggests something besides tragedy to every visitor or dweller in the Sudan.

Many who have heard Gordon College spoken of continue to regard it as only a vague aspiration—a scheme that floated for a time on Gordon's name, but which neither had nor was ever intended to take actual shape and become a living reality. But it has become a fact; one which is described by a writer in the Cornhill Magazine as the seed plot of the future prosperity of the Sudan. The building itself is an imposing mass of dark red brick flanked by square towers. It is entered by a broad staircase leading into a spacious hall.

There are primary classes, classes for training teachers, classes for training Government employees, classes for native magistrates, classes which are to serve as a Sandhurst for native officers of Sudanese regiments. There are also workshops of engineering and of carpentering, electrical laboratories and a school of biological research which has done wonders for the health and sanitation of Khartum and which has confident hopes of conquering the scourges that gave to the Sudan that guise of a destructive monster against whose terrors the white worker fought in vain.

We pass through the cool and spacious corridors and view the busy classrooms and workshops; we see the students at work and at play, with all the orderly fashioned methods of an English college; we watch their pride in their institution and visit the well arranged dining halls and dormitories and it becomes well nigh impossible to realize what was the regime on this very site not ten years ago.

Generous donors have not been wanting, and their generosity has been tempted to be elastic by the palpable results achieved by their opportune help. The Wellcome Laboratory alone—the gift of a generous American—has earned the lasting gratitude of Khartum.

Dawn of Mono-Rail Transit.

Parts of the old structure upon which Captain Boynton ran his "bicycle railway" short line in 1890 are still visible in the vicinity of Coney Island. The captain had narrow two-story cars and a tall, big-wheeled locomotive, the whole train being kept in equilibrium by an attachment at one side.

Nothing came of the Boynton outfit save the originator's enthusiasm and a few freak rides for visitors. But now, almost twenty years later, New York is suddenly face to face with a real probability of mono-rail rapid-transit, involving the latest ideas in electric invention.—*New York World.*

Great Britain is rich in mosses. There are 299 varieties found on the British islands.

NEWS AND NOTES FOR WOMEN

THE DIET FOR BEAUTY.

Cheeks, lips, nose, eyes, ears, and hair are built and renewed, day by day, of the food we eat. Consequently, when breakfasting, lunching, and dining, a woman should never forget that by the choice of her food and the manner of eating it she is making or marring her beauty.

To look one's best it is all-important that the most suitable food be eaten. It must be digestible, nutritious, sufficient, and not excessive. It must be eaten slowly and masticated well.

If the hair is harsh, the eyes dim or sunken, the skin muddy, blotchy, very pale, or undesirably red, a woman should not go to the druggist, but should put herself through the following catechism:

Have I taken more than three-quarters of a pint of tea twice in a day? Have I drunk it as hot as my mouth would bear?

Have I hurried through my meals? Have I rushed from the table to dress or to work?

Did I sit down to breakfast immediately after a bath, or to dinner without resting after a day's fatigue?

Did I worry, while eating, over the servant's faults, or my husband's unpunctuality, or the children's naughtiness?

When these things are done they put all but the most stable beauty to flight.

To remain beautiful, you must give intelligent care to your diet, but you must also do a great many other things. Among the essentials are open windows, exercise, but not too much of it; light bed clothing (barely sufficient to keep the body comfortably warm), warm day clothes in winter, cool ditto in summer, easy-fitting dress at all times, good soap, soft water, cheerful spirits, and as much smiling from the heart as you can accomplish.

Immediately after meals, sweet things are good, for they put an end to appetite. At odd times they are distinctly harmful. Ices and mineral waters, except occasionally and sparingly, are to be avoided.

Cheese, jams, rich meats like pork, duck, and goose, fatty fish like salmon and mackerel, shellfish, lobster, crab, are better left to people who do not care about their complexion. Oatmeal is an admirable food for hard workers, but scarcely a maker of delicate skin.

Cabbages of every kind, because they contain much sulphur and hard fibrous matter, should be quite avoided. Cucumber, the hard-fleshed fruits such as plums, and the fatty cocoanut and Brazil nut are obviously indigestible, and all indigestible things are bad for beauty. It is even doubtful if salads of any kind should be eaten, for we are not constructed to digest raw vegetables.

The foods that may be eaten are too many to enumerate. Fowl, game, mutton, lamb, sweetbreads, tender beef, grilled bacon, among the meat; oysters, and most kinds of fish except salmon, mackerel, and fresh herrings; cauliflower, tomatoes, cooked celery, turnips, spinach, artichokes, sea-kale, and nearly every species of fruit may be put on the menu.

Milk is probably a beauty food in itself. For a fresh, clear complexion, soft, smooth skin, and sufficient fat to fill the ugly hollows of the face, plenty of milk is the best prescription that could be given.

But milk must have all its cream and no water added by the dairyman. It must not have been contaminated in any way, nor kept too long. It must not be boiled, for boiling destroys the purifying, antiseptic properties. And it must have no preservatives.—*New York Journal.*

MEDIAEVAL LEISURE.

The women of the sixteenth century and earlier times had easier lives than those of our generation. To be sure, there are a hundred labor-saving devices today which were unknown to them. But in at least two important respects they had the advantage over their descendants.

They waged no conflict against dirt, such as we carry on from morning till night. The Elizabethan had no prejudice against garbage in his front yard, vermin in his bedroom, decaying rushes on the floor of his banquet-hall, or soiled lace in his sieves. The strength of arm and spirit which now goes to keeping clean was left to the medieval lady for other tasks.

Moreover, although her clothing was gorgeous,—rich with embroidery and lace and heavy with jewels—it was not subject to rapid changes of fashion. The cut of a sleeve or the hang of a skirt was settled for five years rather than for five months. Life was free from the modern terror of "looking like a last year's rag-bag." If cleanliness and fashion should suddenly go out of business, what an air of leisure would spread over the world feminine, until some other tyrants should arise to take the place of those dethroned!—*Youth's Companion.*

HER PLUME COST NO BIRD LIFE.

"Only to the girl of slender purse does the cruelty of wearing birds on one's hat appeal with force," says a cynic who apparently hasn't heard of the Audubon societies. He adds that he wouldn't dream of asserting that poverty is responsible for the tender

consideration for birds. "It probably just happens so, and the choice isn't from compulsion," he says. Then he winks. A woman seen in a restaurant the other night had found a way of getting round the difficulty by wearing a hat which any friend of birds would have been willing to don, yet which gratified her fancy for wearing something suggesting a long, trailing plume. The plume drew the attention of several women at the next table. One suggested it was made of silk; others said straw and one hazarded a guess that it "was surely glass." In the eyes of those who sat further away she was a charming, extravagant girl with a \$50 feather.—*New York Press.*

JESTS AT FURNITURE FADS.

Of course, there are many things besides umbrellas and mackintoshes in London's shops for women with dividends hanging heavy on their hands. One of the things is garden furniture. Says the before-mentioned writer: "The taste for garden furniture among Americans is of very recent growth, because the love of the garden in America is a new development of national life. Even a patch of khaki-colored grass looks all the better for a sun-dial and an old garden seat. Even a stone urn will give an Old World touch to a New Jersey acre. The craze for English garden furniture has assumed amusing proportions, and no doubt will result eventually in a new industry, the manufacture of ancient sun-dials and time worn seats."—*New York Press.*

WOMEN GROWING GREEDY.

Are women growing greedy? A quarter of a century ago the notion of women giving dinners and luncheon parties to each other would never have entered the heads of the most advanced; now it is quite as usual for women to give "tea parties" as for men to give bachelor feasts. It is remarked, moreover, that in choosing menus and wines the modern woman is proving herself every whit as good a judge as man. Does this argue, as has been suggested, that we are growing greedier? I think not. We have learned to value our digestions, to realize that women cannot live on buns alone, and we have grasped the fact inelegantly set forth in the proverb that "what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander." When we were content with tea and cake we were jeered at; now we feed ourselves properly we are accused of growing greedy.—*Lady's Pictorial.*

RED CROSS DELEGATES.

Several of the great nations sent women delegates to the International Red Cross convention in London. This seems eminently suitable, as that part of warfare with which the Red Cross is concerned is to a large extent the task of women, namely to go after the soldier and do what is possible to relieve the misery of war. Women delegates were sent not only by England and America, but by France, Switzerland and Italy. One of the English delegates was Miss Ethel McCaul, a nurse who was appointed through Queen Alexandra's influence to go to the seat of war during the Russo-Japanese conflict to study the Japanese arrangements for saving life.—*New York Tribune.*

WOMEN AND VIVISECTION.

It was a woman who started the agitation against vivisection, and for many years the burden of the anti-vivisection work was borne by women, while now the most successful societies in the provinces and Scotland are carried on mainly by them.—*Animals' Friend.*

FASHION NOTES.

Square and diamond-shaped buttons trim linen frocks, as well as diminutive barrel and other odd and irregular shapes.

It is contended that daintier and better effects can be obtained with narrow laces and the demand for them is exceeding the supply.

Far smarter than French embroidery even on the finest and sheest of sheer dress materials is embroidery done with soutache braid of the same color. You see at once that it would be very effective.

Unless a woman can drape a fichu gracefully and is of a slender willowy type it is well to avoid the prevailing fashion.

Flat ruffles and folds are frequently trimmed with narrow knife-pleatings of tulle, chiffon and of fine ribbons. It is very little trouble to have your shoes made to match your linen frocks, then why not do so.

The dainty French gingham makes charming morning frocks.

Dark-colored bathing costumes are attractive with caps and trimmings of bright plaid.

Next to black, the most useful cloak for general evening wear would be a light weight cloth.

Cameos and corals are favored among the knick knacks that go so far toward completing dainty toilettes.

Black stockings are of three kinds—those embroidered in black or of openwork design, those embroidered in white and those embroidered in brilliant colored flowers.

The world's population is estimated at 1,480,000,000 persons.