

### THE LOWER VIEW POINT.

I would not have trusted the bee with a sting.  
Nor the goat with a taste for meat;  
I would not have hidden in brake and ling  
The adder that haunts my feet;  
I would not have bristled the hedge with thorns.  
Nor poisoned the berries red;  
I would not have fashioned the bullock's horns,  
Nor riddled the night with dread.  
I would not have burdened the sun with spots,  
Nor put out the moon so quickly;  
I would not set snails in the garden plots,  
Nor scatter the weeds so thickly;  
But knowing the world is God's, not mine,  
I fancy the bush and the horrid kine  
Must wonder why God made me.  
—London Daily Chronicle.

### The Fighting Appell Family.

"Say, I got a chance to get some easy money," said Jack Appell.  
The seven Appell brothers were seated in the office of Caesar, the fight promoter. He was the eldest of all the fighting Appells, while Jackie was the youngest.

"I'm going on the stage," Jackie added, pompously.  
"Aw, gwan, you talk like a fish!" shouted Able, the crack featherweight. "They ain't none of us but me kin be on the stage, see? When I beat young Bob Fitzsimmons I'll be havin' a million offers, 'cause champignons gits 'em. But you ain't no champignon."

"He's foolish," said Miah, contemptuously. "They been kiddin' him."  
Jackie took on an offended air. He scowled at his larger relatives, who eyed him scornfully.

"Let him tell what it is he's tryin' to do," suggested Caesar, with tolerance.  
"I s'pose nobody but youse guys knows nothin'," bitterly demanded Jackie. "I got a regular job at Shiner's Bowery Theatre, beginnin' Monday matinee, an' meself ain't comin'."

"You're losin' it, but complete," declared Morris, the middleweight.  
The other Appells gazed at Jackie incredulously.  
"Are you tryin' to kid us?" Monte Appell inquired, " 'cause your stuff wouldn't get a laugh in forty years. It's punk. Where'd you get that at, anyway?"

Jackie sullenly observed the sneering faces of his relatives. He had not removed his hat and overcoat upon entering the office, therefore hasty departure was easy. He got up.  
"All the know-it-all Appells kin go chase 'emselves for all o' me!" he exclaimed. "Good night!"

The door noisily closed after him.  
"That kid's sick, I'm afraid," said Miah anxiously. "You don't s'pose, now, that readin' 'bout lunatics and that has got him bug? 'Cause that talk he was shootin' ain't good sense."

The family, after earnest discussion of Jackie, decided that, angered at not having his name in the fight columns like his more famed brothers, Jackie had merely endeavored to impress them with his own importance. They separated, those individuals who lived by physical combat going to their training quarters, while Caesar went off to sign a couple of men for a preliminary at his next flat entertainment.

It was on the next Monday night that Maw Appell asked Paw Appell where Jackie had gone. With sons so pious paw had not missed Jackie.  
"Where, indeed, is it he has gone?" said he. "I do not see the boy again yet."

"He blows out wit' some guy wearin' a big hunk of ice this afternoon," Monte, who was not in active training at the time, furnished this news.  
Paw Appell remarked that if the man wore diamonds it was all right.

"But no lead ones, you bet," said the proud parent.  
Jackie Appell, gloom in his young heart, was in an unventilated dressing room at Shiner's Bowery Theatre, attended by a smashed nose, little eyed youth named Micked McGooglee, Messer Appell and McGooglee were slightly nervous, but they did not confess it. Outside the theatre two red lettered signs announced that Jackie Appell, "champion featherweight" (of what locality was prudently omitted), was meeting all comers twice daily for three rounds.

"It's findin' it," said the burlesque show's manager enthusiastically. "Stand these dubs off twice a day. We'll put a hurdle up for any guy who looks tough game."  
"And I get a hundred bucks an fifty per cent. of everything after \$2000 business is did on the week."  
"My boy," said the manager, "I see they can't trim you. Exactly. Our contract says if you're knocked out, only \$25 altogether. But we don't let you get knocked out. So you're safe."

Mr. McGooglee, aged seventeen, and Jackie, who was then sixteen, considered it an excellent financial deal. In pink trunks, an American flag belt and fighting shoes, Jackie bowed to his second audience at 9.45 p. m.  
The champion of the Bronx Bricklayers Union was his opponent.

"Why, he ain't no feather—he's a weter," protested Kid McGooglee.  
"Are you runnin' my stage or am I, young fellow?" coldly asked the manager.  
Mr. McGooglee quitted. The brick-laying person obviously was not aware that in most sets of articles the La Blanche swing is barred. He used it effectively in the first round. In the second, well sponged and fanned by Mr. McGooglee, Jackie chased the amateur around the ring, punctuating the trip with frequent wallops.

"Aw, mix it up! He's stollin'," howled the gallery. "Make 'em fight! Go it him, kid!"  
They clinched.  
"Can't hold 'n' hit," argued a voice.  
"Put your head on his chin, Jackie! Lock hold—that's the boy! Good kid!"

The bricklayer cravenly quit. It was Jackie's fight.  
Fifty dollars was offered to "the man who stays three rounds." It will be seen that Jackie had taken on a large contract. At each show the contestants grow huskier in size.

Kid McGooglee labored over his charge, and Jackie panted out after the enemy each time, putting them out one by one. Protest was vain. The manager said that if no light men came then Jackie must meet what material was at hand.

"Or no pay," he finished.  
"What size they'll be by Saturday," mused McGooglee tearfully.  
Jackie sighed. He had not been home since Monday, therefore he lacked the sage advice of his six shrewd brothers.

Saturday matinee a tall, thick boxer appeared. He was a bouncer in a concert hall on the Bowery.  
"Gimme a ladder so's I kin reach up to his map," cried Jackie angrily.  
"Well, if you lay down that let's us out," announced the manager coolly.

The big man couldn't find Jackie, who ran between his long legs, skillfully harrying him, under Kid McGooglee's coaching. Jackie introduced a Graceo-Roman hold, which caused the other to bend down to see what he was doing, whereat Jackie hooked him with a hard jab to the stomach.

The roars from the admiring audience would have prevented the management from giving a decision to the big man in any case, but as evil living had induced indigestion in the bouncer, the body blow settled him.

One show remained and Jackie could only wait and pray. It was clear that the treacherous manager was providing these enormous men in an effort to save paying the industrious Jackie.  
That night a hefty two hundred pounder climbed on the stage, to emerge from the wings in red tights five minutes later.

"Mike O'Brien" yelled the stage manager.  
"O'Brien had a large book nose. Kid McGooglee, seeing him, stared in wonder. It was Caesar Appell, who would do anything for money. The offer outside had tempted him.

Caesar's surprise equaled Jackie's, but he made no sign. At the first clinch Jackie agitatedly whispered his story. "Knock me out in the next," said Caesar; "don't worry."  
With a vicious right swing to the jaw Jackie sent "Mike O'Brien" to the canvas. Unwilling and slow as the referee's count was, he did not rise, for Caesar would have stayed there all night. Wild hells applauded Jackie, the marvelous young tiger.

At ten-thirty Jackie and Mr. McGooglee, keeping close to Caesar's large bulk, heard the latter demand his little brother's money. It was given and the percentage also, for Caesar would not be denied. Then he took the exhausted juvenile away.

"Next time never hold out to the family," he gently rebuked, " 'cause them's your best friends."—New York Telegraph.

### "OBLITERATIVE COLOR."

#### The Part It Plays in Animal Life and Defense.

Whales, lions, wolves, deer, hares, mice; partridges, quails, sandpipers, lizards, crabs; frogs, snakes, fishes, caterpillars—all these animals, and many thousands more, crawl and crouch and swim about their cover, hunting and eluding, under cover of this strange obliterative mask, the smooth and perfect balance between shades of color and degrees of illumination.

Nature, having thus visually un-substantiated the bodies of animals, so that if seen at all they look flat and ghostly, does not stop there. From solid, shaded bodies they have been converted, as it were, into flat cards or canvases, and, to complete the illusion of obliterative, pictures of the background—veritable pictures of more or less distant landscape—have been painted on these canvases. Such, in effect, are the elaborate markings of field and forest birds. This is the consummation of obliterative coloration; full obliterative shading in conjunction with a true picturing of such scenes, nearer or farther, as would appear if there were no creature there at all. The animal has vanished and in his place stands a picture of the distance, with its numberless details!

The term "obliterative coloration" truly fits the case, since these animals prove to be colored to disappear from view and not, as has hitherto been supposed, to look lifeless solid objects. Some writers, indeed, have mentioned the fact that animals blend into the varied ground behind them, but all have failed to see that this phenomenon could not exist without the aid of some profound principle in addition to the general resemblance of color and pattern.—From Gerald H. Thayer's "The Concealing Coloration of Animals," in the Century.

**Old Scottish Sanctuary.**  
The old sanctuary of the Abbey and Palace of Holyrood House, to quote the full description, was an interesting institution. The debtor was free from arrest during the week. On entering the sanctuary he enrolled himself in a formal manner and obtained a room—that is, if he could pay for it. There was a public house within the boundaries, and it was not uncommon to see the debtor in the lun playing dominoes and his creditors standing looking in at the window with wistful eyes. The debtor was safe, and he knew it, and the face of the creditor told the same tale. Sunday being a dies non, the debtor could leave his sanctuary and visit his family, but he had to be careful to get back to Holyrood on Sunday night. Sometimes a debtor had the temerity to leave on a week day, but he did so at his peril.—London Globe.

**A Thought For the Week.**  
The world bestows its big prizes, both in money and honors, for but one thing. And that is initiative. What is initiative? I'll tell you: It is doing the right thing without being told. But next to doing the right thing without being told is to do it when you are told once.—Elbert Hubbard.

Several million dollars' worth of machinery for large modern sugar mills has lately been purchased in Formosa.

## WOMAN'S REALMS

### Marriage Age Increased.

It is generally admitted that the marriageable age of women has advanced considerably of recent years. Many a bride has long left girlhood behind her before she exchanged her vows at the altar, and there seems to be few young men nowadays who care to assume the responsibilities of married life until they are in the financial position usually associated with middle age.—Woman's Life.

### Diplomatic Women.

Almost all the celebrated women have gained their fame by diplomatic means. The famous women of Jewish history were all subtle in their methods—Rebecca, Jael and Hero-dias, to name but a few of them. What born diplomatists, too, were Catherine de Siena, the great saint, and Catherine de Medici, the great sinner! The list of them down the ages is unending. The royal road to fame, as well as to peace, would seem for women to be marked by the signposts of diplomacy.—Woman's Life.

### Society Women Hunt Lions.

The Countess of Sifton, who recently shot her first lion in Abyssinia, is by no means the only society lady who has accomplished this un-feminine feat.  
Mrs. Alan Gardner, accompanied by her late husband, explored not only India but the wildest and most remote parts of Africa, including Somaliland, in search of big game, and is one of the very few women living who have hunted both lions and tigers.

Another adventurous sportswoman in society is the Duchess of Somerset, who has not only hunted bears in the Western wilds of America but perfectly revels in the rough life of camp and is an expert in camp cookery.

Lady Delamere and Lady Hindlip, who are equally daring sports, spent their honeymoon among the big game in East Africa.—From Tit-Bits.

### Women and Her Paper.

Did you ever notice how a woman opens a paper? It is as different from the method of a man as her skirt is from his trousers.

### Our Cut-out Recipe.

**Filled Prune Compote.**—Soak over night and simmer until soft half a pound of the best prunes. Chop one-half of them and from the others remove the pits and fill with chopped nuts made into a paste with quince or peach jam. Sprinkle a layer of crushed macaroons in the bottom of a buttered pudding-dish, spread over them the chopped prunes, and cover with another layer of crumbs. Make a custard mixture of a pint of milk, the yolks of three eggs and two tablespoons each of cornstarch and sugar sifted together; pour over this the contents of the dish, and bake in a slow oven until the cornstarch is thoroughly cooked. Take from the oven, set aside until cold, then arrange the filled prunes on the top and cover with a meringue roughly applied, made of the whites of three eggs and three tablespoons of sugar. Put into a cool oven until delicately browned.—Ladies' World.

If she is in her own home, with plenty of space and sitting in a capacious rocking chair, she has room enough to do it successfully. If she is anywhere else, she instantly becomes a public nuisance.

A man opens his paper sharply, keeping the sheets close together, folds it lengthwise in half, then unfolds it, making it into a flat comb, and reads it comfortably. He doesn't gouge any one's eyes out, or knock off their hats, or tickle the back of their ears and necks.

But a woman! She opens the sheets and then spreads out their entire length in front of her, up in the air, with both arms extended at full length to hold the edges. The fact that she is reading the first column on the first sheet does not prevent her from keeping the paper spread out in this position during the whole time she is reading.

When she turns another sheet she takes the whole thing a bit higher in the air, makes as much of a breeze as she can when she is turning it, and then readjusts it again in this spread-eagle position.

The fact that she is taking up most of the space allotted to each person around her never enters her mind.—New York Times.

### Superior to Their Lords.

The Indian women of Bolivia are usually superior to their lords in actual intelligence; also in age as a rule.  
They earn the larger part of their mutual "living," and take the lead in most things.

As recognized head of the house, the Bolivian Indian wife is much more likely to thrash her comparatively timid spouse than he is to ill-use her.

In the markets, when produce has to be disposed of, she can drive a far better bargain than he could; she can carry as heavy burdens, endure as much privation and physical toil, labor, chew as much corn and drink as much strong drink.

Little or no money passes amongst the Bolivian Indians, their medium of exchange being whatever they may raise or the labor of their hands. They will eat when not hungry, drink when not thirsty, sleep when not sleepy, anywhere and any time when opportunity offers, "against the time of need," as they say. The majority are in a state of semi-intoxication from babyhood to the grave, alcohol being used on every pretext, freely as their means will allow, on occasions of births, deaths and feast days—the last named being remarkably frequent.—Boston Globe.

### A Matronly Hat.

The Peter Pan hat was not of Paris. In fact, it still has to make its way in the French capital. This is reversing the regular ordering of things. The French are bound to catch the craze in a few weeks, when an English Peter Pan goes to Paris in the Barrie fantasy. Meanwhile, we shall be cultivating the new fad of

the Little Riding Hood, with their pronounced grandmotherly air. Several of these new hats were on view in Fifth avenue yesterday, and already they have invaded Washington. The new style certainly will not be as popular with men as the old, for where the Peter Pan bestowed youth on women no longer young, the Red Riding Hood gives a matronly appearance to girls in their teens. For this reason, of course, the new hat will not be popular with women, but what can these poor creatures do? They have no say about it. All they are permitted to do is to follow meekly in the footsteps of Dame Fashion. So the Red Riding Hood bonnet comes in as the first sign of spring. It is an invention in accord with the Lenten spirit, and this is about the only kind word that can be spoken for it. The Red Riding Hood bonnet has no more excuse for its existence than the short sleeve in midwinter, but it is useless to tarry further on that point. Utility never bothers women until they undertake to manage their husbands.—New York Press.

**More Pretty Girls Than Ever.**  
"They tell us," said the middle-aged man, "that within a generation or two the women of this country have increased in stature, as they have as well in all the attributes of graceful womanhood so that there were never so many splendid women to be seen here as now, all this being due to improved conditions of life, to which with its comparatively greater opportunity for leisure, recreation and cultivation, the sex is first to respond, thus showing in this way a greater advance in development than man."

"And they tell us also that this advance, as might naturally be expected, is more to be noted among the well-to-do and those comfortably situated in life; but I should say from my own observation that it is now spreading among all the people as a race. Living conditions are now far more favorable for all than they were even a generation ago, and this advancement and improvement is now to be noted among the young people, the children of the present day, everywhere; though here also it is

still observable more notably among the girls than the boys.  
"If you should chance to meet any day in any of the comfortable quarters of the town the school children going home from a public school you could not fail to be struck by the number of graceful, pretty girls among them. To be sure, in such a company you could always find pretty children, but I venture to say never before so many really pretty girls as now. There are plain children here, too, if any girl can be called plain, but a notable number of pretty girls, of girls who would make attractive pictures, a greater number of such distinctly, than would here have been found thirty years ago."—New York Sun.

**Fertilizer For Corn.**  
As I am a reader of your valuable paper and seeing an item of great importance to the farmer in regard to fertilizing of corn, will say, on account of not getting a stand of clover two years ago I purchased an attachment for my planter for the purpose of using commercial fertilizer and applied in the hill about eighty-five pounds to the acre, and so well pleased with the result that I will try it again this season. My farm is of a clay timber land and considered rather poor land. I have been raising from forty to fifty bushels per acre for the past six years on clover sod, but last year with the addition of fertilizer I raised better than sixty bushels per acre of good corn. Now there is a difference in the quality of fertilizer, I prefer the best, as it is the cheapest in the end. Of course, it costs more per ton, but we get less ground stone in the better quality. Some will tell you if you commence using it you have to keep it up. Now that is all I have to say. Of course, a farmer should raise clover by all means. Clover seed will never be so high but that it will pay to sow it. I paid \$25 per ton for my fertilizer.—W. H. Wilson, in the Indiana Farmer.

**How to Test the Acidity of Soils.**  
Supposed corrective treatments are often given to soils supposed to be acid, when as a matter of fact an opposite treatment may be required. A recipe given by the Department of Agriculture for determining soil acidity is as follows:  
Boil for a half hour a sample of the soil to be tested in a small quantity of water, say a quart. Allow it to settle, and when perfectly clear, pour off the water into a white dish and test it with both blue and red litmus paper. These papers can be procured from any drug store for a few cents. If the soil is acid, the blue litmus paper will turn red. If it is alkaline, the red litmus paper will turn blue. Ten minutes should be allowed in the water for the litmus paper to change color. If at the end of that time there is no change, then the soil is neutral—neither acid nor alkaline.

It should be understood that such a test as this is not a determination of whether or not a soil needs lime. The question of liming of soil is still a mooted subject. Much evidence has been presented to prove that liming of soil has been most beneficial when the soil was in no sense acid. It, however, the soil does show strong

acidity by the litmus or other positive tests, it is safe to say that liming will be beneficial.

**Saccharine Feeds the Latest.**  
The history of the manufactured and balanced saccharine feed is a short one. The man who left the farm ten years ago and plunged into other lines, forgetting his former occupation, smiles with incredulity when he picks up a farm or feed journal and sees "Molasses Feeds" advertised and discussed. But the up-to-date farmer, calyman and feeder already understand the value of molasses or saccharine feeds. The overwhelming demand for such feeds prove this.

But the very fact that this demand is so great has produced conditions in the manufacture of saccharine feeds of which feeders should be informed and of which they should make a note.  
Demand will induce a supply of some kind, and where the demand increases rapidly, the supply is very liable to be inferior to what it would be were the demand limited to sell strictly on superior merit.

This rapidly growing demand for saccharine feeds has induced scores of manufacturers to place such feeds on the market under various names, and with almost as various ingredients. Analyses of many of these feeds reveal the fact that they contain a large amount of indigestible matter that is not even legitimate or healthy roughage. In fact, much of it is absolutely injurious to the stock. Oat hulls, rice hulls, weed seeds and other matter of neutral or harmful character have been found in large proportions by the experimental departments of animal industry in the various States.—Epitomist.

**Money in Horses.**  
Nor were the Morgan horses the only noted horses in New England. The farmers of Maine were sufficiently adventurous and enterprising to secure in earliest times a son of the renowned imported Messenger, who elevated the horse stock of the State to a higher level, and left his mark that is clearly in evidence to-day, although sadly lowered by indifference and neglect. General Knox was another New England horse that left his mark and made a fortune for his owner; the first horse in the country for which the then fabulous amount of \$25,000 was offered and refused. Since his time \$125,000 has been paid for a single horse by a resident of New England to a more enterprising farmer and breeder in a Western State.

A few years back the sale catalogues of an auction firm announcing a sale of valuable blooded stock, contained a map showing Boston as a central point, and including the country within a radius of five hundred miles. From their many previous sales and tabulations they learned, and so published in this catalogue, that seventy-five per cent. of all the fine horses bought, and the long prices paid for them—the kind sold for one, two, five, ten and fifty thousand and upwards—were bought and paid for by residents within the territory shown. And yet with this great market at their very doors it is unnecessary to ask how much all this profited the New England farmer. And yet we are told by them that horses cannot be profitably raised in New England. Save the mark!—American Cultivator.

**Peace Rot.**  
The peach or plum rot has done a great deal of damage to the fruit crop in Oklahoma. In the summer of 1906 it was very bad on the entire crop. In the summer of 1907 it did a great deal of damage to the early peaches and plums but was not so noticeable on fruit ripening later in the season. This disease is widespread and very well known. It is known by several names as: ripe rot of stone fruits, brown rot of peach and plum, fruit rot, and twig blight. The disease attacks the twigs early in the growing season and causes them to turn dark and shrivel. The leaves also turn dark and wilt. Later in the season, the fungus attacks the fruit. The twigs have not suffered to any considerable extent in Oklahoma from the presence of this disease. It appears shortly before the fruit is ripe and attacks the fruit at this time. The spores of the disease find lodgment on the surface and during moist, warm weather the spores germinate rapidly and the fungus makes its entrance into the fruit and develops rapidly. Soon after the fungus makes its entrance into the fruit small, brown circular spots appear on the surface. These brown spots go deep into the flesh of the fruit and spread very rapidly over the surface. If the weather is favorable, the entire fruit will be discolored in one or two days, the skin ruptured by many small pimples that throw out large quantities of an ashy gray of dove-colored powder that entirely covers the surface. This powder is the spores of the disease and is easily spread by the wind to neighboring fruit, and there finds lodgment and in a very few days repeats the entire process of destruction. Warm weather is especially favorable to the development of the disease and the early soft-fleshed varieties that mature and ripen during moist warm weather are especially subject to the attacks and are sometimes very difficult to protect from the disease.

Spraying the trees with Bordeaux mixture has been found in several States to be entirely effective in protecting the plants from the disease. The trees that have been attacked by the disease should be sprayed before the growth starts in the spring. All the old mummied and rotted fruit that is on the ground under the trees should be gathered and burned.—Oklahoma Agricultural Experiment Station Bulletin.

Canada waters yielded last year about 20,000,000 lobsters, half of which were canned.

## The Farm

### Pigs of Large Frame.

Grow the pigs with large frame. This requires bone and muscle making feeds—alfalfa pasture, fresh, clean drinking water and just a little corn. On this diet the pig will have strong bone and large frame and be in the very best condition for taking on fat quickly and cheaply when you are ready to give him a fattening ration.—Farmers' Home Journal.

### For Most Profit.

Cut out all the intermediaries you can, and sell your product direct to the consumer, if possible. The scale of profitable disposition of dairy products is as follows, beginning with the least profitable:  
Home-made butter, with skim-milk fed on farm. Whole milk sold to condenser. Whole milk sold to creamery. The use of hand separator, with cream collected by creamery, and fresh, warm skim-milk fed on the farm. Milk and cream shipped for city consumption. The retail milk route, selling the milk direct to consumers.—H. A. Bereman, in the American Cultivator.

### To Tan Sheep Skins.

The Country Gentleman gives this method of tanning sheep skins which any farmer could easily follow in tanning the skins wanted for home use:  
Wash the hide in warm water, remove all fleshy matter from the inner surface and loose dirt from the hair side. Now wash in strong, rather warm soapuds. The old-time soft soap made from wood ashes is best. Either rub by hand of gently on washboard. As soon as thoroughly cleaned and rinsed, press as much of the water out as possible. Add the following mixture to the wash side: Common salt and ground alum, one-fourth ounce each, and one-half ounce of borax dissolved in one quart of hot water. When sufficiently cool to work with the hand add enough rye meal to make a thick paste. Spread the mixture on the flesh side; fold and let it remain in a shady, airy place for two weeks; remove the paste and wash. When nearly dry scrape the flesh side thoroughly with a dull knife; rub with the hands until skin is soft and pliable.

### Demand For Good Horses.

Farmers must take to breeding good horses. Such are not only needed on the farms, but it is as easy to raise a good horse which will sell at a long price as it is to raise a scrub for which there is no market. The demand for heavy horses was never better than at present, and it is likely to increase rather than to decrease. The population is centralizing in large cities. These naturally become the great distributing centers, and with increase in distribution comes increase in the demand for heavy draft horses so extensively used in such distribution. This means, therefore, that the breeding of such horses is an entirely safe venture on the part of those who will take it up on intelligent lines. Those who engage in it need not be harassed by fear that they are putting their money into a plant that will soon become useless because of depreciation in the price of horses. The great mistake in rearing horses for draft uses lies in the fact that they are too lacking in weight. Any number of horses can be bred which weigh between 1300 and 1400 pounds. The number is not large that weigh more than 1500 pounds, and yet it is the latter class that is most wanted.—Farmer's Advocate.

**Fertilizer For Corn.**  
As I am a reader of your valuable paper and seeing an item of great importance to the farmer in regard to fertilizing of corn, will say, on account of not getting a stand of clover two years ago I purchased an attachment for my planter for the purpose of using commercial fertilizer and applied in the hill about eighty-five pounds to the acre, and so well pleased with the result that I will try it again this season. My farm is of a clay timber land and considered rather poor land. I have been raising from forty to fifty bushels per acre for the past six years on clover sod, but last year with the addition of fertilizer I raised better than sixty bushels per acre of good corn. Now there is a difference in the quality of fertilizer, I prefer the best, as it is the cheapest in the end. Of course, it costs more per ton, but we get less ground stone in the better quality. Some will tell you if you commence using it you have to keep it up. Now that is all I have to say. Of course, a farmer should raise clover by all means. Clover seed will never be so high but that it will pay to sow it. I paid \$25 per ton for my fertilizer.—W. H. Wilson, in the Indiana Farmer.

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This rapidly growing demand for saccharine feeds has induced scores of manufacturers to place such feeds on the market under various names, and with almost as various ingredients. Analyses of many of these feeds reveal the fact that they contain a large amount of indigestible matter that is not even legitimate or healthy roughage. In fact, much of it is absolutely injurious to the stock. Oat hulls, rice hulls, weed seeds and other matter of neutral or harmful character have been found in large proportions by the experimental departments of animal industry in the various States.—Epitomist.

### Money in Horses.

Nor were the Morgan horses the only noted horses in New England. The farmers of Maine were sufficiently adventurous and enterprising to secure in earliest times a son of the renowned imported Messenger, who elevated the horse stock of the State to a higher level, and left his mark that is clearly in evidence to-day, although sadly lowered by indifference and neglect. General Knox was another New England horse that left his mark and made a fortune for his owner; the first horse in the country for which the then fabulous amount of \$25,000 was offered and refused. Since his time \$125,000 has been paid for a single horse by a resident of New England to a more enterprising farmer and breeder in a Western State.

A few years back the sale catalogues of an auction firm announcing a sale of valuable blooded stock, contained a map showing Boston as a central point, and including the country within a radius of five hundred miles. From their many previous sales and tabulations they learned, and so published in this catalogue, that seventy-five per cent. of all the fine horses bought, and the long prices paid for them—the kind sold for one, two, five, ten and fifty thousand and upwards—were bought and paid for by residents within the territory shown. And yet with this great market at their very doors it is unnecessary to ask how much all this profited the New England farmer. And yet we are told by them that horses cannot be profitably raised in New England. Save the mark!—American Cultivator.

**Peace Rot.**  
The peach or plum rot has done a great deal of damage to the fruit crop in Oklahoma. In the summer of 1906 it was very bad on the entire crop. In the summer of 1907 it did a great deal of damage to the early peaches and plums but was not so noticeable on fruit ripening later in the season. This disease is widespread and very well known. It is known by several names as: ripe rot of stone fruits, brown rot of peach and plum, fruit rot, and twig blight. The disease attacks the twigs early in the growing season and causes them to turn dark and shrivel. The leaves also turn dark and wilt. Later in the season, the fungus attacks the fruit. The twigs have not suffered to any considerable extent in Oklahoma from the presence of this disease. It appears shortly before the fruit is ripe and attacks the fruit at this time. The spores of the disease find lodgment on the surface and during moist, warm weather the spores germinate rapidly and the fungus makes its entrance into the fruit and develops rapidly. Soon after the fungus makes its entrance into the fruit small, brown circular spots appear on the surface. These brown spots go deep into the flesh of the fruit and spread very rapidly over the surface. If the weather is favorable, the entire fruit will be discolored in one or two days, the skin ruptured by many small pimples that throw out large quantities of an ashy gray of dove-colored powder that entirely covers the surface. This powder is the spores of the disease and is easily spread by the wind to neighboring fruit, and there finds lodgment and in a very few days repeats the entire process of destruction. Warm weather is especially favorable to the development of the disease and the early soft-fleshed varieties that mature and ripen during moist warm weather are especially subject to the attacks and are sometimes very difficult to protect from the disease.

Spraying the trees with Bordeaux mixture has been found in several States to be entirely effective in protecting the plants from the disease. The trees that have been attacked by the disease should be sprayed before the growth starts in the spring. All the old mummied and rotted fruit that is on the ground under the trees should be gathered and burned.—Oklahoma Agricultural Experiment Station Bulletin.

Canada waters yielded last year about 20,000,000 lobsters, half of which were canned.

## Household Matters.

### Putting Salt in Lamps.

Putting a tablespoonful of salt into a kerosene lamp after filling it will prevent the lamp from exploding, but will not mar the lighting quality of the oil.—New York World.

### To Clean Ironware.

Take two tablespoonfuls of concentrated lye to three quarts of water. It will make pancake griddles like new and the cakes will not stick. Set the griddles or any vessel to be cleaned where they will keep hot, but not boil, for three or four hours.—New York World.

### Durable Bubbles.

To make bubbles that can be blown big and will last take a piece of pure white soap about the size of a walnut and cut it up in a cupful of warm water. Then add a teaspoonful of glycerine. Stir well and blow from a small pipe. Strawberry juice will make pink bubbles, and orange juice will make yellow ones.—Housekeeper.

### To Clean Windows.

Wet a soft cloth in kerosene, then polish with clean cloth.  
Finger marks may be removed from windows by putting a few drops of ammonia on a moist cloth.  
Mortar and paint may be removed from windows with best sharp vinegar.

Flower pot stains are removed from window sills by rubbing them with fine wood ashes and rinsing with clean water.—