

FARM AND GARDEN.

MATTERS OF INTEREST TO AGRICULTURISTS.

Some Up-to-Date Hints About Cultivation of the Soil and Yields Thereof—Horticulture, Viticulture and Floriculture.



THE year 1895 was notable for the extent of the injuries caused by the chinch bugs in many parts of the United States. Oklahoma farmers suffered much. There is no security that this great insect pest may not also be very destructive to crops this year.

Michigan Horticulturists.

(Farmers' Review Special Report.) The summer meeting of the Michigan Horticultural society was held at St. Joseph, June 10-12. The preliminary session, held Wednesday evening, was poorly attended, a good many members having not yet arrived.

Cattle Grazing.

The feeding of horned cattle for profit, to the owner thereof on grass, is to many feeders a mooted question. Having matured many steers from muscular yearlings to fine fat-fleshed 4-year-old steers for Chicago sales, we find more satisfaction resulting from grass only all summer to make flesh, and then fatten the flesh.

Hay in Iowa.

Iowa is now certain to have a splendid hay crop this year, if we have sufficient dry weather to cure and stack or store it—and we will have it if the farmers will avail themselves of all the days of sunshine during this and the next four months.

cultural college spoke on the value of botany to a horticulturist. It is of great importance to the man engaged in horticulture that man should know how plants feed and breathe. It had given him pain to go past some orchards and see manure piled up around the tree, the farmer having an idea that he was manuring his trees.

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Loss of Grain from Lodging.

Some experiments have been carried on to ascertain the effect of lodging on the development of grain. It is demonstrated that when the stem of the plant bends to the extent of lodging, the passing of nutrients into the grain seed is greatly hindered and that the loss is consequently very great.

White Clover Seed.

There is no plant which is not an absolute weed that keeps its hold in the soil so pertinaciously as white clover. If it were not so valuable for feed it would become a very bad weed, and, indeed, it is such to strawberry beds, as many growers can testify.

Russian Barley.

A large number of samples of Russian barley imported into this country have been examined by the department of agriculture. They are probably as clean as most barley, yet the weed seeds found in these samples varied in quantity from .55 of 1 per cent to 2.54 percent.

Oaks See to Attract Lightning.

In Himmel und Erde Dr. Carl Mallett gives statistics of the destruction of trees by lightning in Germany from 1879 to 1890, by which it appears that 56 oaks, 29 or 21 firs, 3 or 4 pines were struck, but no beeches.

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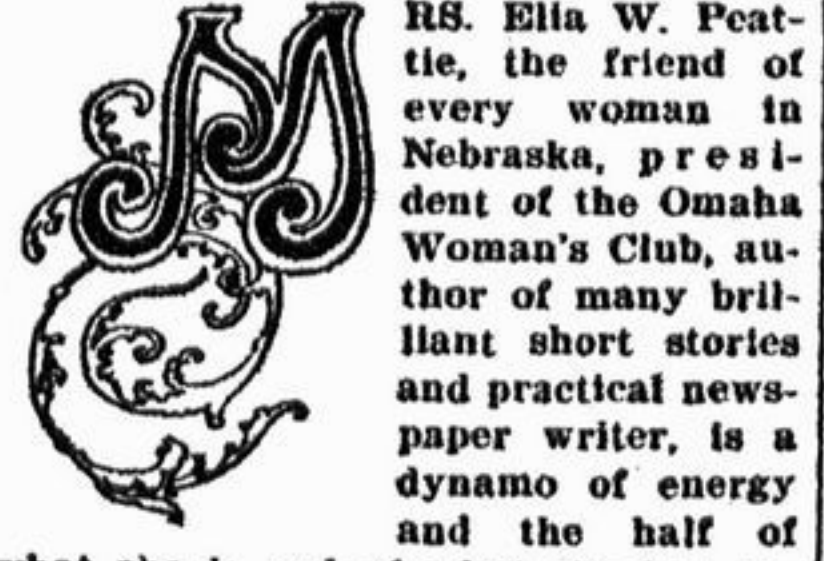
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WOMAN OF THE WEST.

MRS. ELIA W. PEATTIE DEFENDER OF THE SEX.

Makes Books for Nebraska Mothers—Declares That She Loves Her Work and That Her Novels Are True to the Life.



MRS. ELIA W. PEATTIE, the friend of every woman in Nebraska, president of the Omaha Woman's Club, author of many brilliant short stories and practical newspaper writer, is a dynamo of energy and the half of what she is and of what she has accomplished would be more than sufficient to satisfy many a woman of far greater ambition.

But it is in her work for the women of Omaha, Nebraska, and the west, that Mrs. Peattie has the strongest interest. The particular phase of that work which is just now engaging her energies is the organization of a circulating library, in connection with the woman's club of which she is president.

MRS. ELIA PEATTIE.

"If I could go back with my family to the peaceful solitude of one of those great clearings in the woods, such as I knew so intimately in my childhood, and we could there raise enough from the soil to easily satisfy our daily needs and sustain a comfortable existence, I would never write another line. I would just do my work, play with my children and think my own thoughts for their own sake."



"When I started my 'woman's column' I determined that it should not be made the vehicle of woman's follies or foibles, but that it should contain whatever of good common sense and practical wisdom I could command," added Mrs. Peattie. "The result has been gratifying to me, for it has demonstrated the fact that departments of this kind as ordinarily conducted are not what women want or appreciate, but what bachelor editors think women like."

"I have been deriving no little amusement from the good critics who have been kind enough to pass judgment upon my latest collection of short stories, called 'A Mountain Woman.' The very stories in that volume which they have branded with the stamp of improbability are little more than pieces of reporting rather than imaginative creations. The principal characters, as well as the main thread of incident, in the story of 'The Three Johns' and 'Up the Gulch' are absolutely true and practically unembellished."

DRUGS FOR THE MILLION.

Interesting Scenes in the Wholesale District of Gotham. There is one dingy spot in the great city where the products of the entire globe are brought together, says a New York letter in the Pittsburg Dispatch. It is the wholesale drug district and Gold street is its artery.

MAGARET L. WOODS.

The Authoress of "A Village Tragedy" in a New Role. A remarkable dramatic poem, "Wild Justice," has come out in England, its author being Mrs. Margaret L. Woods, who some seven years ago was quite prominently before the public on account of the somber power of her first novel, "A Village Tragedy."

Mrs. Woods is a daughter of the dean of Westminster and is married to the Rev. H. G. Woods, president of Trinity college, Oxford. Her other writings of note have been a novel, "Esther Vanhornich," which has for its central figure "Dean Swift;" "The Vagabonds;" and a volume of poems. The present poem shows the conflict between good and evil in the human soul; the scene is laid on a lonely, rock-bound island where dwells a man who for years has tortured his helpless wife and children.



MRS. WOODS. dies in a masterly way. The roar of the waves on the rocky shore sings through the drama, and while the whole verges on the morbid it is not pessimistic.

IF DICKENS HAD LIVED.

Worked Faithfully to the Last—Death Came Suddenly and Unexpectedly. How swift was the blow that struck Dickens down on that summer's day five and twenty years ago, says Macmillan's Magazine. Rich, happy, universally honored, rejoicing in his prosperity and in his power of giving pleasure to others, he worked faithfully to the last. Toward the close of his life his labors as a novelist had been somewhat interrupted, and from 1861, when "Great Expectations" was completed, until 1870 only one novel had come from his busy pen and that not one of the best.

There is no trace of fatigue in it, no sign of lessening vitality. He was working on the ground that he had made his own and he was happy in his work. On the morning of the 8th of June, 1870, he had been writing in the little chalet in the grounds of his house at Gad's Hill, writing cheerfully, hopefully. Contrary to his usual custom he had resumed work after luncheon and continued through the greater part of the afternoon. Then he walked back to the house he was never again to leave alive.

Greeks Honor a Cyclist.

Americans are fond of lauding their athletic heroes, but it seems that we are far behind in this respect when compared with the Greeks. Spiro Louys, the young man who won the bicycle race from Athens to Marathon, during the Olympic revival, is having honors thrust upon him that even Russia or the pet of Burkeville never dared dream of. All Greece is heaping upon him gifts, letters of congratulation and offers of advancement.



First Nobleman.—They say that Miss Bondstock has a couple of millions in her own right, besides ten millions or so she'll get from— "Oh, don't let's talk shop."—New York World.

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The wholesale drug region seems to bring together the ends of the earth. It does bring together the agents of houses the country over. Every concern that distills helpful agents from plants or compresses long prescriptions into tiny tablets or grinds quinine or refines crudities or prepares standard drugs by special processes must have an office in this maze.

Canine Grave-digger.

A writer in L'Espeveur states that a dog and a cat belonging to the same master were the best friends in the world and spent their time frolicking together. One day, while playing as usual the cat died suddenly, falling at the dog's feet. The latter first did not realize what had happened but continued his play, pulling, pushing and caressing his companion, but with evident astonishment at her inertness.

The Buttonhole Bequest.

"People when once addicted to a habit," remarked a member of the Southern Athletic club, "find it extremely difficult to break away even if they would. A friend of mine, who is a prominent dealer in hides and cattle produce, doing business on South Peters street, is absolutely a slave to the habit of wearing roses in his buttonhole. I have known him for a number of years, yet during the entire period of our acquaintance I have never seen him without the customary nosegay on the lapel of his coat. If he loses one he hunts a florist's shop and buys another. Winter or summer it is the same thing. When I twitted him about it he said that he had worn rosebuds so long that he could not transact his business or feel comfortable unless the posy was in his buttonhole. His father had done the same thing before him and in addition to this, he, my friend often found it impossible to sleep unless a vase of roses was on the table in his room at night. He is an absolute rosebud fiend."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

His Day Out.

First Nobleman.—They say that Miss Bondstock has a couple of millions in her own right, besides ten millions or so she'll get from— "Oh, don't let's talk shop."—New York World.

Soberness.

The greatest crime in the criminal code of heaven is a man living who is self.—Rev. W. J. Thompson.