FARM AND GARDEN

THE RIGHT KIND OF PLOWING.

No amount of harrowing or afterwork can entirely overcome the effects of bad plowing to begin with. Plowing is the foundation of the crop to follow. A man who can drop a straight furrow is one who keeps pretty close watch of his plow. He may hold his handles loosely, and appear to be plowing very easily and perhaps carelessly; but he is watching every movement of the plow and shifting the handles slightly one way or the other that it may take more or less land. The plow of course, should do the plowing itself, without necessity for the plowman to bear down on it with all his weight, nor to raise it up on its point constantly; but nevertheless plowing needs close attention. Intelligent selection of the team which is to plow together is important. The horses' gaits should be even, and they should work well in span. It is impossible to do good work with one horse walking rapidly and the other lagging behind constantly, or walking sometimes in and sometimes out of the furrow. The plow itself is another thing to consider. No one plow is best suited to all kinds of land. A sharply curved, short, high mold board will throw the furrow very high and hard and break it up; this is suitable for a stiff clay soil.

For smooth, mellow soil, or for plowing sod in the spring, when it is desired to turn the furrow squarely over, a plow with a long, slightly curved mold board is best, as it turns the furrows smoothly upside down and breaks the furrow the least. The Scotch farmers want a plow which will turn a narrower furrow than American farmers. If the beam of the plow is short, bringing the horses near to the point of resistance, the draft will be least; but there should be several links between the beam some leeway; when stepping on a mound or into a depression, so that and the whiffletree to give the horses the point of the plow will not be jerked up or down.—Guy E. Mitchell, in the Farmers' Home Journal.

PROVIDING GREEN FEED.

I wonder if those poultry raisers who have alfalfa or clover know that the last cutting, or a cutting just before frost, when the plants are yet tender, if well cured and preserved, makes the best kind of green feed for chickens in winter? It exceeds all other cuttings. As chickens require something of this nature in winter, if they are expected to lay, nothing better could be given them.

Cut the hay quite fine with a cutter—or if you have no cutter, it can be shredded somewhat by hand—put it in a pail, and pour scalding water over it. It is well to have a cover for the pail, so the steam can be kept in. Let it stand for a few hours until it is well soaked, then mix with bran and put more hot water over it, so that it forms a stiff mass. Feed it to the chickens while a little warm, and they will eat it with a raving appetite. Such a mash fed two or three times a week during winter will keep the chickens healthy and the egg basket full.—Correspondent of Farm and Fireside.

THE PIG IS A BUNDLE OF PROTEIN.

It is so easy to throw out a few scoops of corn to the bunch of brood sows, and it is the way many of them are fed. The brood sow must be looked upon as a pig factory, and the pig is a bundle of protein, as it were. The sow developing a litter of pigs must have this protein supplied in her food. Her system fairly craves it, and she ravenously devours the chance flesh or carcass which comes her way. The few wisps of alfalfa or clover hay falling from the load are eagerly licked, and if she is allowed to go to farrowing time undergoing this protein starvation she is feverish and constipated, and the conditions are all there to produce a pig eating sow. Even if this does not occur the pigs are lacking in vigor and vitality, and oftentimes the mother does not have a proper supply of milk.—Weekly Witness.

DRINKING FOUNTAIN.

After sixteen years' experience and with varying success with different sorts, I have found the following the most satisfactory and simple:

Take a basin or crock that will hold two quarts of water and fill it with pebbles a little smaller than eggs. When level full of pebbles pour in the water until the spaces between them are full. Sink the vessel in the ground until the rim is an inch above the surface. The chicks can run all over this, stepping on the pebbles and can drink the water without getting wet, as they cannot crowd each other into the water no matter how much they try to do so. It is easy to clean and will keep the water cool for several hours.—Mary A. Lee in the Epitomist.

FATTENING HOGS.

It is well enough to lay down the rule that ten pounds of corn will make one pound of pork, but rules may not give the result expected unless under certain conditions. Some breeds of hogs will produce more pork than others on the same food and even with a selected breed there will be individual animals that will increase more rapidly than others. In the winter season, if the hogs are exposed, twenty or thirty pound of corn may be required to make a pound of pork. Care and management are important, as well as breed and food.—Epitomist.

OBSERVE SANITARY CONDITIONS

Roup may generally be traced to uncleanliness or unsanitary conditions, lice, dampness or drafts, or undue exposure to wet and cold weather. While roup is more prevalent in the winter than in the summer time, yet cases of this disease are frequently met with in the summer. Overcrowding, improper ventilation, filth and lack of protection from rains and dampness are the most common summer causes of roup.

FARM NOTES.

Nuts are a staple food article that are coming into greater use each year. It may be a good investment to leave those hickory bushes on that thin land or those walnuts on that strong land.

Angora goats generally live twice as long as sheep. A healthy goat will eat about 750 pounds of hay in one winter, but will manage to get along on a reasonably good brush pasture in summer without anything else.

A combination of fruit and bees is fine. It makes good living for the family, and a good living for the manager.

On almost every farm there are places where little else will grow but an apple tree or a fruit tree of some kind. The frugal man will put it there.

Poultry houses should be built on high, well drained ground, facing the south, and should be well lighted, frequently aired, and kept scrupulously clean.

How would you like to have to milk a cow for 365 days that gave an average of more than 75 pounds of milk each day?

We hear no more of the rain maker in the West. We hear a great deal of the rain saver. He is cheaper and much more effective.

Do not resort to law unless you are in the last ditch and do not care to get out.

Keeping Dandelions From Lawns.

There are those who say the dandelion cannot be killed. I know better—I've tried it. I have a lawn 200 feet by 150 feet without a dandelion, and I didn't rip up my lawn either.

How do I keep the dandelions out? I dig them out carefully every spring and keep a close watch for their reappearance during the summer, thus avoiding the seeding. Every spring I scatter plenty of blue grass seed on my lawn and thus supply it with seed that is lost to it by reason of frequent cutting.

Not only that, but when I am digging dandelions I have a pocket full of seed handy and drop a pinch of seed in each hole I make when I extract the dandelion from the sod. New grass grows up quickly, fills the hole and chokes the dandelion.—Denver Post.

Family Well Supplied With Thumbs.

Seven men with twenty-eight thumbs is the rather remarkable record of John Hoge and his six sons, who live on a ranch near Blacktower, N. M.

The elder Hoge was born with two thumbs on each hand, both fully developed, and both under perfect muscular control. He is the father of six big healthy sons, each of whom has two extra thumbs, just as well developed and under control as their father's. The men say they suffer no inconvenience from their peculiar deformity.

All wear gloves during certain seasons of the year, but in order to fit their hands they are forced to have them made to order, each with a double set of thumbs.—Albuquerque (N. M.) correspondence Denver Post.

Wedding Rings As Curtain Hangers.

A handsome tabernacle of silver gilt has been erected in the Chapel of the Blessed Sacrament in the new Roman Catholic Cathedral at Westminster.

For years past, in anticipation of this event, a lady who has done much for the Cathedral has been collecting gold rings on which the inner curtains might hang. She has succeeded in persuading many of her friends and relatives to leave at death their wedding rings for this service.

At the present moment the curtains of silk inside the tabernacle are supported by about fourteen golden rings which she has obtained, and on each of them the name of its donor is inscribed.—London Globe.

Emperor, Not Czar.

Popular allusion to the Emperor of Russia as "the czar" is by way of being a slight to King Edward's host, for with Peter the Great's crowning victory over Sweden at Pultowa, the word "czar," until then the only name denoting the rulers of Russia, was dropped, and the official title of "emperor" was adopted. The change may be said to have marked the appearance of Russia as a world power, though at the congress of Vienna a century ago it was expressly stipulated that, though the Russian sovereigns had the imperial title they were not to have precedence over the kings of western Europe.—London Chronicle.

Lived in Four Counties; Moved Once.

W. E. Murchison of Jonesboro enjoys the unique distinction of having lived in four different counties and yet moved his residence only once.

That seems a puzzle, but it is quite simple. He was born and reared in Cumberland, and when Harnett was created out of Cumberland, he found himself in Harnett. Afterward he moved to Monroe county, and when the county of Lee was formed a few months ago, he found that he was residing in Lee.—Fayetteville Observer.

Saloon Picture Galleries.

Any resident of Marshfield whom the Common Council decides is a habitual drunkard will have his photograph posted in the saloons of the city, an ordinance to this effect having been passed.—Marshfield (Minn.) correspondence Chicago Tribune.

JOLLY JOKER

"There are a couple of awful bores at my club." "Indeed! Who is the other?"

Child—Cook, come quick, the nursery's afire! Cook—What goes on in the nursery is no affair of mine. Tell the governess.

Landlady—You make an awful noise with that flute. Boarder—Well, I'm sorry to hear it. Landlady—So's everybody else.

"I notice that you always sit at your wife's left, Mr. Meggs." "Yes," frankly replied Mr. Meggs; "that's the side her glass eye is on."

Candid Friend—You will have to work hard to win the heiress. Impecunius One—I'll have to work a jolly sight harder if I don't.

Poet—Well, the publishers have finally accepted one of my poems. Frank Friend—Out of gratitude you ought never to submit them another.

Nell—Love doesn't seem to agree with Maude. She is thinner by twenty pounds than she used to be. Belle—She has loved and lost, eh?—Tit-Bits.

"Suppose I lend you the money you want, how do I know that I shall ever see it again?" "Is the word of an honest man worth anything?" "Oh, of course! Bring him to me!"

Dawson—The facial features plainly indicate character and disposition. In selecting your wife, were you governed by her chin? Spenlow—No; but I have been ever since we married.

First Landlady—I manage to keep my boarders longer than you do. Second Landlady—O, I don't know. You keep them so thin that they look longer than they really are.—Tit-Bits.

Mrs. Neybore—I bought a new piece of music for my daughter to play, and I think she'll master it soon. She was trying all afternoon. Miss Pepper—She was, very!—Pearson's Weekly.

"Miss Richly," pleaded the kneeling youth, "tell me, is there any hope for me?" "I can't say," replied the poetical girl; "you might consult an insanity expert, however."—Baltimore News.

The Gardener (tendering his resignation)—"No, sir, it's the missus I can't abide. She's got inter the 'abit o' talkin' ter me jest wot she does ter you. She fergits I can leave when I wants ter."—Sketch.

Barnes—I hear your house was broken into the other night and lots of silver plate and jewelry stolen. Shedd—Yes; but the rascals entirely overlooked the ten tons of coal in the cellar.—Boston Transcript.

"Ah," he sighed, "I was happier when I was poor." "Well," they answered coldly, "it is always possible for a man to become poor again." But somehow the idea did not seem to impress him favorably.—Chicago Post.

Civil-service examiner (very sternly to Erastus Smith, colored, who aspires to the office of mail carrier)—"How far is it from the earth to the moon?" Erastus (in turn)—"Golly, boss, ef yo's gwine ter put me on dat route I don't want de job!"

"Paw, would it be ungrammatical to say, 'I seen you when you hid $10 under the bureau?'" "Yes, son, both ungrammatical and dangerous. When you are in doubt on such points always come to me, and never go to your mother."—Cincinnati Tribune.

Who was the first man, Bobby?" she asked. "George Washington," answered the young patriot, promptly. "Why, no, Bobby; it was Adam." "Oh, well," said Bobby, who never fails to prove himself right, "I wasn't counting foreigners."—New York Press.

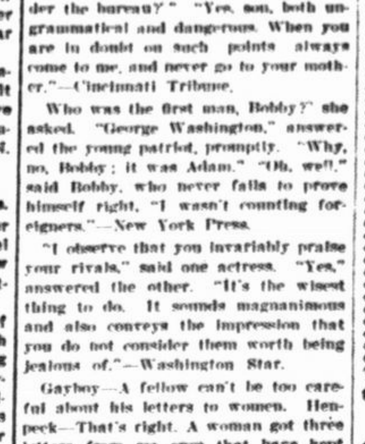
"I observe that you invariably praise your rivals," said one actress. "Yes," answered the other. "It's the wisest thing to do. It sounds magnanimous and also conveys the impression that you do not consider them worth being jealous of."—Washington Star.

Gayboy—A fellow can't be too careful about his letters to women. Henpeck—That's right. A woman got three letters from me once that have kept me in hot water ever since. Gayboy—You don't mean it? Henpeck—Fact. They were Yes.—Philadelphia Press.

"What a nice little boy!" said the minister, who was making a call. "Won't you come and shake hands, my son?" "Naw!" snapped the nice little boy. "My gracious! Don't you like me?" "Naw! I had ter git me hands an' face washed jist because you come."—Philadelphia Press.

Her luck—"I met your wife yesterday. "How well she is looking." "Yes. We have been expecting her rich aunt to visit us this summer." "Ah!" "Of course I don't mean that expecting her aunt has made my wife look so well, but it has kept her from going away anywhere for a rest."—Chicago Record-Herald.

THE ORIGINAL SHEATH GOWN.



Had Been "Jawed" Often.

Tommy (aged 10)—Say, paw, what is the bone of contention?
Mr. Henpeck—The jawbone.