

FOR THE FARMERS.

Things Which Every Agriculturist Should Know.

USEFUL HINTS AND HELPS.

Fertilizers and Their Special Composition and Cost.

The cost of fertilizers largely depends upon the kind of crop to which they are applied, but the composition of the fertilizer itself is also a matter of consideration. It may be added that the soil requires a special fertilizer for a special purpose, and to use any other than the kind needed is to enter into an expense that may be avoided.

Ornamenting Old Stumps. An otherwise unsightly old stump, if sawed off rather low, says a contemporary, may be transformed into something quite pretty by placing on it a box filled with earth and planted with ferns and Tradescantia or almost any trailing vine.

Feed the Cow. Bran and grain are cheap as well as milk. Store them in the cow now, that she may be in good shape to produce milk when better prices rule—we don't mean fat her, but grass alone, and such watery grass as some parts of the country are producing this season, is very poor stuff to build up the system of a cow that is a good milker.

The Manure Heap. Whenever manure is handled it is so much added to the cost; hence any labor required in preparing the food, or reducing the litter before adding it to the heap, is saved when the manure is to be handled.

Right Kind of Food. Economy in feeding does not refer to reducing the food required, but to regulate it in quality that nothing may be wasted. Much of the food given is simply converted into manure. It does not pay to feed woody fibre and water when more nutritious material is required in order to produce the salable product from an animal.

Salt for Cows. A dairyman claims that two ounces of salt per day to each cow increased the butter product one-fifth, which indicates that a loss may occur by the failure to supply some inexpensive essential, though the farmer may be feeding liberally and giving his animals the best of care otherwise.

Catching Chickens. When chickens are to be caught it is best to do it after they have gone to roost. The chasing liable to ensue if one attempts to catch them during the day not only annoys the person in pursuit, but is highly injurious to the fowl. Besides all the other poultry is generally frightened, and more or less injury results from this.

It is absolutely necessary to supply to the soil such plant food as is lacking. The only question to be decided is how to supply it most economically. Lime is recommended for use in case of

mildew in cucumbers and diseases among potatoes. Powder the lime and shake it through a sieve, being careful to distribute it thoroughly.

It is easy, says Galen Wilson, to prevent cabbage worms from injuring the plants. Just keep the crows filled with soil. The earth does no harm to the cabbages, as the heads grow up from the bottom and throw off the earth.

Sugar beets should stand from seven to nine inches apart, according to the fertility of the soil. Cultivate them flat, give them plenty of sun, stir the ground thoroughly and aim to produce beets weighing about a pound when topped and cleaned.

One man last year used on 20,000 currant bushes 40 pounds of hellebore. This is at the rate of about an ounce to 30 bushes. Every bush had a little hellebore, but if there was no sign of worms only the slightest shake of the box was given in passing.

Small, knotty fruit of any kind is a non-paying article. It is better to grow a dozen berries to make a pint than to grow fifty. With grapes remember that ten bunches weighing fifty pounds will sell better than twenty bunches making the same weight.

Those lands which in Continental Europe are devoted to the grape and produce the best and most costly wines are remarkable for the great amount of phosphoric acid they contain. The soil of the renowned Clos Vougeot vineyard in France contains 4 per cent.

A fifteen-mile journey is an average day's work for a horse. How far does the cow travel in a poor pasture, nipping a penny-weight of grass here and there, to get her daily ration? Then she is expected to pay for it through the milkpail, says the Mirror and Farmer.

While butter is cheap use all the cream and milk in cooking and upon the table that you wish. For vegetables, pie-crust and many other uses in the culinary art cream is far ahead of butter or lard, and should be indulged in by every farmer's and dairyman's family.

Nothing on the farm pays better than a good garden. Hungarian grass or millet is the best crop to sow in the poultry yard.

The farmer who has advanced to the point of knowing what he is feeding to each animal will not long be satisfied with wasting good feed on inferior stock.

Always give an abundance of room for the storage of surplus honey. When bees fill all available space with honey they will make preparations to swarm.

From recent observations it is stated that there is reason for believing that fresh dirt thrown upon potato leaves when wet starts the mildew on the leaf, which later in the season results in blight.

Earth-worms, in dry weather, sometimes work their way through the soil to the well and fall in, thus contaminating the water to a certain extent. If possible the curbing of all wells should be cemented.

Wherever weeds grow luxuriantly the ground is usually fertile, and such ground should be made to produce some kind of crop. At this season millet or Hungarian grass should be sown on such land.

Education does more for a poor farmer than fertilizers. It grows better crops and breeds better stock. What many a poor farm, with its scrawny cattle and fowl acres, wants is a heavy application of brains.

If you must, or think you must, feed corn to the horses during the winter, do let up on the practice in summer. Feeding a horse corn in summer is a good deal like building a fire in the parlor stove on the first of July.

There is never too much good butter on the market, but there is always a large supply of inferior butter. The prices are not regulated by the quantity so much as by the quality. Good butter sells at a high price at all seasons of the year.

Mr. Hamilton Fraser, proprietor of the Summit House, at the head of Lake Joseph, Muskoka, is a humanitarian. He believes in doing all the good he can for suffering humanity.

The other day while conversing with a number of his guests he said: "I do wish that all the world knew the cure for spasmodic asthma that I know." Being asked for it Mr. Fraser said: "Three ounces of saltpetre and three ounces of the best black pepper. A number of strips of brown paper, that manufactured wholly from rags preferred. Make a solution of the saltpetre and pepper, soak the paper therein and then let it dry. Place the patient in a close room and burn the paper, allowing the fumes to be inhaled. It is a certain and permanent cure." Mr. Cox, the owner of the large hotel at Port Sandfield told the writer that he had cured him of the asthma, after he had been a sufferer for years.

Doctor—Your services are required at Mr. Poorman's late residence. He died this morning. Undertaker—How much did he leave? "Not over \$1,000." "What will your bill be?" "About \$400." "Well, I'll bury him for the rest."

Crafty. "Are these shoes your best quality?" "We have only one quality, madame." "Then why the difference in price? A friend of mine paid \$6 yesterday, and these are only \$4." "We sell by quantity, madame." Quick sale.

Excusable Profanity. Managing Editor—William, go into the next room and see who is swearing. Such language cannot be used in this office. William—Please, sir, it's Mr. Jones. He filled his fountain pen with mullage by mistake, sir.

There is a man in Southern Illinois who laughs at the idea that marriage is a failure. He has just married his sixth wife. Each successive spouse brought him a farm, and he is now one of the largest land owners in that part of the country.

A KISSING MATCH.

How a Long Island Congregation Was Scandalized.

REV. DR. DERRICK A WITNESS.

Woe to those who meet in a place of worship and give way to worldly deeds! Woe unto those colored brethren and sisters who look too much into each other's eyes during service! Woe! Woe!

The New African Methodist Episcopal Church of Northport, L.I., was to begin its soul-saving career last Sunday amid all the surroundings of religious fervor which only Long Island colored society can give to an occasion of the kind.

The church was to be organized, and dark-skinned belles and beaux from Kings, Queens and Suffolk assembled in garments that rivalled a Shelter Island sunset in its most glorious ascendancy. There had been meetings of the elect all day. Rev. Dr. Derrick, who was one of the Republican Presidential electors of last campaign, was there and smiled his benign smile and told his stories with his usual contagious chuckle.

All seemed to promise that the new church would be the keystone of Long Island African Methodism. But, oh, and alas for hope and radiant promise. There was in that throng Miss Graham, whose mulatto beauty came all the way from Smithtown, and there was, too, Mrs. Mary Maghar, pretty as a daisy she. They both had sung, and their voices had inspired love.

Mr. Perry Smith was there. Every member of African society in Suffolk knows Perry! And so was Mrs. Mary Smith and—alas! the mother-in-law, Mrs. Mary Townsend.

Religion was becoming very lively in the assembly. The anxious seat was rapidly filling up and the influence of the time was strong upon the congregation. The spirit of sisterly and brotherly love was present. Perry knew it was there, for the sheep's eyes which he and Miss Graham had been exchanging had become so large that he suddenly discovered the necessity of depositing his contributions manually. He started from his seat. The congregation watched! Here was a convert! But no! Horror! He had advanced upon Miss Graham like a swarthy Captain Lovelace and, graciously he threw his arms about her neck and kissed her—kissed her right upon her full red lips!

But law! he didn't stop at that, for he said, and all the church heard him: "Lord bless you, ma sister! How I does love yer! Kiss agin!"

"Perry," she murmured, "I loves yer like I wuz all a chicken-flesh!"

Alack, the course of true love always did run turbid at its flood! Mrs. Smith—Mrs. Perry Smith arose, and so did Mrs. Mother-in-law Townsend, and with a whoop of three hundred buzzards they fastened upon his curls. But encouragement was needed to the injured females, and so Miss Maybaw, who because she is as beautiful as the anit meadows is called "Roxy," hit Mr. Smith twice upon the nose and set the crimson fountains aflow.

The congregation of the New African Methodist Episcopal Church then took a hand and the brethren and sisters, forgetful even that Presidential Elector Derrick was there, joined in and indulged their evil passions by calling each other names which are not in the Brooklyn directory and making maps of the Congo Basin upon each other's faces.

But the dignity of Dr. Derrick could not tolerate this Zuluistic head dance. Some say he did it by praying, some that he pleaded, others that he did it all with the back of a wooden bench, but, however it was, the thunder storm of rage was swept away and Mr. Perry Smith and Roxy Maybaw were arrested.

Deacon Samuel Balton, the northeast pillar of the New African Methodist Church, appeared as complainant against courtly Perry and beautiful Roxy. He told Justice Strawson that "dey had been scarpin' like de debil hisself, and for the honor and de glory of religion dey should be put in de lockup."

But misery strikes the silver chord of sympathy in every breast, and Perry paid \$10 and Roxy \$5, and they were free. Miss Graham thinks that Perry was too bold.—New York Herald.

History and Mystery of the Comb.

It would be curious to know what mystic meaning our forefathers attached to the simple act of combing the hair. We learn from old church history that the hair of the priest or bishop was combed several times during services by one of the inferior clergy. The comb is mentioned as one of the essentials for use during a high mass when sung by a bishop; mass combs of precious metals are reckoned among the costly possessions of most European cathedrals. Besides those made of gold and silver, the poorer churches have them of ivory, while in some the more common kinds are used. Among those specially known to history are those of St. Nost, St. Dunstan and Malachias. That belonging to St. Thomas, the martyr of Canterbury, is still kept in the Church of St. Sulpice, Thetford; that of St. Cuthbert, "the woman hater," at Durham Cathedral. From sundry references in old legends to the use of the comb in divinations, and from its appearance in combination with pagan emblems on rudely sculptured stones in various parts of Scotland, it seems probable that this was one of the objects of pagan veneration which early Christian teachers deemed prudent to adopt, investing it with some new significance.—St. Louis Republic.

Her Last Chance.

Cross-Examining Counsel—Isn't your husband a burglar. Witness—Y-e-s.

Cross-Examining Counsel—And didn't you know he was a burglar when you married him?

Witness—Yes; but I was getting a little old and I had to choose between a burglar and a lawyer, so what else could I do?

Lunge and Parry At Our B'd'g-H.

Mr. Crisscross—Pass me the butter, please.

Miss Featherbone—With all my heart.

Mr. Crisscross—Only the butter, please.

—It's the small boy who is "in the swim" just now.

A COMPOSITE NOVEL.

Did John L. Sullivan and Ella Wheeler-Wilcox Evolve This Production?

CHAPTER I.

The dainty ormolu clock on the mantel had just chimed eight in silvery tones when Algernon Percy de Nilleford came to time, looking fresh as a daisy. The match was to be a finish; for Ethel Vane had told him it was to be their last meeting. Ethel's father acted as time-keeper. She did not make a move. It was evidently her tactics to wait for Algernon to force the fighting while she played for his wind.

Algernon came up groggy. He spoke in monosyllables, undertaking a series of short arm blows. She made a gallant lead, but he countered. "Ah—I—am—so—poor," he said. "Were I rich—but think of your family."

"What is wealth or position to me?" she cried. He reached for her with both hands for a mad embrace. He playing for her neck, but she caught him with a stunner over the heart.

His breath came heavily; he was evidently pretty well winded. "Will you consent to brave the future and be mine, in spite of my poverty and humble position?"

"Oh, Algernon!" she murmured. She had knocked him clean over the ropes.—Washington Post.

The Tipping System.

Now that the season of summer travel has fairly set in, attention is being again drawn in some quarters to the increasing prevalence of the tipping system, and to the difficulty travellers experience in getting any small service performed, even by those who are paid for doing it, without a fee being extorted. In barber shops, at hotel tables, in the railway dining car, in the sleeping-car, everywhere in fact, back-sheesh is demanded. The practice is a most pernicious one, and is fostered by the natural disposition among men to do as their fellows do rather than appear exceptional or mean.

Take the fees to Pullman car porters, for example. If the public would only stop to think they would very soon see the question up. It is not the porters they are tipping, but the immensely wealthy Pullman company which pays its porters in accordance with the amount of traffic on the lines they travel, and the probable amount of tips they will receive. It would be infinitely more honest for the company to add the amount of tip to the charge for the berth. The porters are threatening to strike. The regular wages they receive are not large enough to clothe them, and they are beginning to feel the degradation of accepting tips. The New York Telegram truthfully says: "The man who gives a tip in a restaurant, hotel or sleeping car, really pays it to the proprietor. In place of a salary the man who is tipped must depend on the irregular compensation he receives from the customers. The proprietor or employer makes allowance for the amount a waiter or porter will receive from the guest and takes it out of the man's wages to add it to his own profits."

The only manner in which the practice can be completely remedied is for the public to refuse giving tips for the trifling service rendered and for which an ample amount has been charged on the berth ticket. Then, if the companies would cooperate and make it a dismissable offence for a porter to accept a gratuity, the practice would soon be wiped out.—Brantford Expositor.

Colors and Their Names.

Fashionable colors are always of interest to the trade. Below we give the names of a few of the shades most talked of around the market at this time, together with definitions of what they really are in plain English: Mais—A light corn yellow. Ebenier—A shade darker than mais. Ble d'or—A ripe wheat yellow. Toredor—Two shades darker than ble d'or. Paille—A light lemon color. Bouton d'or—A golden yellow. Melon—An ochre shade similar to inside of a French melon. Vieille Paille—A faded light straw shade. Australien—A dulled ochre yellow. Monaco—A pinkish yellow, the shade of the inside of a banana. Ciel—A pale blue. Myosotis—A shade darker than ciel. Edison—A light electric blue. Niagara—About three shades darker than Edison. Camelia—A cedarwood red. Brasil—A rosewood red. Coquelicot—A bright poppy red. Cardinal—A shade darker than coquelicot. Pourpre—A shade deeper than cardinal. Grenat—A garnet red. Vieux-rose—A medium shade of ashes and rose. Marronniers—A deeper shade of vieux-rose. Nile—A light Nile green.

Overhead electric wires should never, says Herr Siemens, have more than 500 volts pressure; underground conductors, with transformers, no more than 2,000 volts. The transformers and conductors should, however, be tested up to 5,000 volts.

LITERARY POISON.

More Trash Read During Hot Weather Than any Other Time.

Almost everyone starting off for the summer takes some reading matter. It is a book out of the library, or off the bookstand, or bought of the boy hawking books through the cars. I really believe there is more trash read among the intelligent classes in July and August than in all the other 10 months of the year, writes T. De Witt Talmage in the Ladies Home Journal. Men and women who at home would not be satisfied with a book that was not really sensible, I find sitting on hotel piazzas, or under the trees, reading books the index of which would make them blush if they knew that you knew what the book was. "Oh," they say, "you must have intellectual recreation." Yes, there is no need that you take along into a watering place Hamilton's "Metaphysics," or some ponderous discourse on the eternal decrees, or Faraday's "Philosophy." There are many easy books that are good. You might, as well say, "I propose now to give a little rest to my digestive organs, and instead of eating heavy meat and vegetables, I will, for a little while, take lighter food—a little strychnine and a few grains of ratbane." Literary poison in August is as bad as literary poison in December. Mark that. Do not let the vermin of a corrupt printing press jump and crawl into your Saratoga trunk or White Mountain valise. Are there not good books that are easy to read—books of entertaining travel; books of congenial history; books of pure fun; books of poetry, ringing with merry cantos; books of fine engraving; books that will rest the mind as well as purify the heart and elevate the whole life? There will not be an hour between this and the day of your death when you can afford to read a book lacking in moral principle.

About Chloroforming.

The statement that when a handkerchief is thrown over a man's head he immediately goes into a trance is interesting and raises a curious point. There are many lawyers who are wont to declare that the evidence given from time to time at criminal trials leaves no doubt that there exists some drug which, when spread upon a cloth and placed over the nose and mouth, immediately produces unconsciousness. On the other hand, chemists assert that the thing is an impossibility, and that no such compound has ever been discovered. Chloroform and the other recognized anesthetics require at least three distinct inhalations to produce the loss of sensation. To reconcile this conflict of testimony seems impossible, unless, indeed, we adopt the sensational theory that some camorra among the criminal classes is in possession of a trade secret as yet unknown to science. Probably, however, this notion is too fantastic, and we should rather incline to the supposition that the immediate loss of consciousness is due to something comparable to mesmeric action.—Spectator.

More Intelligent Than Men.

Bishop Spalding created a sensation at the commencement of St. Mary's Academy, at Notre Dame, last week, by his radical declarations (radical for Bishop Spalding) on the woman question. He said that woman's position in all ages has been the position given by southern planters to their slaves; that in this country women are generally more intelligent than the men, and that marriage should no more be a woman's main thought in life than a man's.

Gentlemen's Privileges.

Servant—There's a gentleman downstairs, ma'am. Mistress—Show him up to the parlor. Servant—But he has come to clean the chimney.—Chatter.

A surprising number of business buildings in Chicago are built on leasehold property. Augustin Daly has just taken the lease of a lot on Jackson street for \$30,000 a year, on which he proposes to build a theatre.

The matches that are made in heaven are safety matches.

D. C. N. J. L. 22, 90.

I took Cold, I took Sick, I took SCOTT'S EMULSION. I take My Meals, I take My Rest. AND I AM VIGOROUS ENOUGH TO TAKE ANYTHING I CAN LAY MY HANDS ON; getting fat too, for Scott's Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda NOT ONLY CURED MY Incipient Consumption BUT BUILT ME UP, AND IS NOW PUTTING FLESH ON MY BONES AT THE RATE OF A POUND A DAY. I TAKE IT JUST AS EASILY AS I DO MILK. Scott's Emulsion is put up only in Salmon color wrappers. Sold by all Druggists at 50c. and \$1.00. SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville.

I CURE FITS! THOUSANDS OF BOTTLES GIVEN AWAY YEARLY. When I say Cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time, and then have them return again. I MEAN A RADICAL CURE. I have made the disease of Fits, Epilepsy or Falling Sickness a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to Cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my Infalible Remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and it will cure you. Address:—A. G. SPOON, M.C., Branch Office, 125 WEST ADELAIDE STREET, TORONTO.

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