AGRICULTURAL

CALLING THE COWS.

I don't know why, I don't know how,
But surely, 'twas no harm at all
To stop a minute at the plow
And listen to her milking call;
"Co—Boss Co!"
It sounded so,
Across the yellow-tasseled corn!
Surely, the man was never born
Who would not leave his team and come
To help her drive the cattle home.

The old folk lived across the hill,
But surely, 'twas no harm at all
To kiss her while the fields were still
A list'ning to her milking call:
"Co—Boss Co!"
It sounded so,
It made the tardy robin start,
The squirrel bent the leaves apart
To see us two a-walking down.
Toward the sleepy little town.

I don' tknow how, I don't know why,
But surely, 'twas no harm at all;
The stars were in the summer sky
Before the cattle reached their stall.
"Co—Boss Co!"
It rings on so.
The moon from off his great white shield,
Has tossed it back into the field,
And still the whisp'ring echoes come
And follow me, a-walking home.

A PLEA FOR YOUNG CLOVER.

In all sections where the staple grain crops can be grown successfully clover should be a leading crop, and should have the most careful treatment of all the crops grown. It must be the foundation on which these other crops rest, says a writer in National Stockman. If these assertions are true surely the clover should receive the courtesy and treatment accorded to the farmer's best friends. The fact is not disputed by progressive farmers that their future success depends on their skill in growing the legumes. The anxiety to secure a catch of clover is certainly commendable. If they were equally desirous to foster and perfect its growth much more success would attend their farming. If clover is not allowed to make a complete growth it has not done the land the greatest good. The year it is shown is the time to care for it and give it careful treatment. As it is usually sown in the early spring, with the small grain crops, it must be wholly left to the chances of the weather till after the grain crop is harvested and off the field. After this its two greatest enemies are the live stock and the weeds, sometimes one and sometimes both. These are only exceptional instances where it is wise to turn the live stock on the stubble fields and young clover after the grain is off.

It has been our practice to sow clover in rye and "hog" the rye. In the past the clover has done remarkably well. This year we turned on the hogs as soon as the rye was ripe. They work down the thickest rye first, and the straw is so heavy that we fear some of the clover will not get through. It would have been better to wait till the rye was straw broken and the clover had made a good start. This is the way it looks now after the hogs have been on the rye ten days. This rye straw mulch is an effectual protection against winter killing if the clover grows up through it. There are very few clover fields, particularly on clay lands, that give an even growth all over. Some parts of the field will be poor and the clover weak. These should have the especial care of the farmer to get the clover to make an even growth with that on the richer parts of the field. But few farmers, when they begin to grow clover are able to top dress with manure more than the thin places in the fields, but by top dressing these they make a start towards making more manure to top dress greater areas. If stock is turned on the fields as soon as the grain crop is off the thin spots where a clover growth is most needed suffer most from their grazing and tramping. If the clover is not killed the growth is checked and the plant is weakened so that it is in poor shape to stand the winter. Weeds also take from the clover much plant food that it should have. A goodly number of farmers appear to think that a growth of rag weeds does no particular harm. Last year the observing farmer could get abundant evidence to the contrary. This spring the evidence was stronger and indisputable. Many spots where the land was the strongest, and where the clover should have been best, it was partially—or entirely—destroyed by the rank growth of rag weeds made last year.

Farmers who allowed the rag weeds full growth last year were anxious this spring to get the old dry weeds off the fields. This was a greater expense and much more trouble than it would have been to clip the rag weeds last year, when they were so sappy that they would have entirely decayed before spring. We saw many fields on which these dead weeds had been wind-rowed and burned. The burning destroyed strips of clover where the windrows lay. In one field we saw a pile of weeds larger, probably, than the pile of wheat straw that came off the field last harvest. Some of the rag weeds in our fields of young clover last year we did not get cut till they were in bloom—too near full maturity to decay and disappear before haying time. To get them out of the way we rolled them down, as we raked the hay with a sweep and revolving rake, but very few of the weeds were gathered with it. This was much more satisfastory than to rake the weeds of fthe field. After the experience of last year we will never again allow the weeds to get so large before cutting. When we see a ton of dry rag weeds in a pile we can much more readily realize what they have taken from the clover than when they are left standing in the field. When the weeds are allowed to make full growth it looks like the farmer thinks more of the weed crop than of the clover. A fine even growth of clover, free of weeds, should certainly give a farmer sufficient pleasure to induce him to cut the weeds at the proper time. But this is only a small part of the reward that comes from this effort to have a clean, neat, clover field. The clover is doing a work for us in smothering other weeds, and in improving the fertility and mechanical condition of the soil, that we cannot get done in any other way.

BREAKING A COLT.

In breaking a colt to harness, we always prefer to give him his first few lessons double, along with a free, sensible, fast-walking horse. A light front bobsleigh answers well for several lessons.

As soon as the colt has become used to harness, the bit, etc., and has ceased to be afraid of the driver or vehicle, and has learned to go along with his mate like a horse should, we feel no hesitation in hitching him singly to a cart.

It is safe for the first few times to use a kicking strap, says Farmer's Advocate, being careful that it is properly adjusted about half way between the roots of the tail and coupling, and fastened in the proper position to prevent slipping either way; then buckle loosely to the shafts.

It is not well to take long drives at first; in fact the colt should be returned to the stable feeling fresh rather than weary. Two short drives a day are much to be preferred to a long, wearisome trip.

It is always bad policy to drive away a distance and then turn around and return by the same road. It is much better to go around a block, a different one at each time, however, so far as practicable, so that he will not acquire notions of his own as to where he should go or turn.

OOM PAUL'S GREAT STYLE.

He Orders a State Coach Fit for King or Emperor.

"Oom Paul" Krueger, president of the South African Republic, whose Puritanical leanings and simple way of living have long been exploited, has astonished everybody in the Transvaal by ordering of an English concern a magnificent state coach, which is now on its way to South Africa.

The vehicle is of the old chariot type, still more or less used by European monarchs of the first grade on important state occasions, and it is safe to say that nothing of the kind one-half as imposing has ever been seen south of the Equator.

The coach is slung on C springs from "snakes" attached to its body. It is painted black and vermilion, the colors being picked out with thin white lines. The hammercloth is a gorgeous affair, sufficiently patriotic in design and decoration to suit the most bigoted Boer, but at the same time suggestive enough of imperial ostentation to move him to wonder, if not to anger and tears. The cloth is of pale blue and bears on each side the arms of the South African Republic, a duplicate of which design is displayed on the doors of the coach.

When "Oom Paul" seats himself in this magnificent coach, fit for any king to ride in, he will recline on light blue satin and feast his dull eyes on eagles of solid silver ten inches high. A team of eight picked thoroughbreds will be attached to the coach when in use, and these, caparisoned to match the magnificence of the coach and its trappings, will draw "Oom Paul" over the streets of Pretoria and the rough roads of the out-lying districts.

The cost of the new state coach was £700, a sum of money great enough to purchase ordinary wagons for an entire Boer community. Just what it was led this stolid and show hating old ruler of the Transvaal to make this startling departure from the custom of a lifetime it would be interesting to know. Possibly he contemplates a brilliant coup d'etat, and under changed conditions of official life intends to ride as only monarchs and directors are wont to ride. Or, may be, as one of his English admirers suggests, "Oom Paul" is preparing for a visit from his august friend and champion, the German "War Lord." All joking aside, President Krueger's notable concession to the little vanities of this fleeting world has caused no end of amusement in England and given rise to much curious and pointed comment in the Transvaal.

TO PLEASE A WOMAN.

The Hanging Gardens of Babylon—four acres of garden raised on a base supported by pillars and towering in terraces one above another to a height of over 300 feet, and looking at a distance like a vast pyramid covered with trees—were constructed by Nebuchadnezzer, in order to gratify his wife, Amytis, who felt weary of the flat plains of Babylon, and longed for something to remind her of her native Median Hills. The vast achievements of Thothmes II. of Egypt may be held by some to surpass this; but it is a question whether it was not rather Queen Hatasu herself who did the work. Hatasu was a remarkable woman, and wished to be regarded as a man. She assumed male apparel and an artificial beard, and gave herself the name and style of a king. In addition to all her wonderful achievements as a builder, she erected two obelisks of red granite 100 feet high before the Temple of Ammon—great works that are unexcelled in form, color, and beauty of engraving by any similar productions of Egyptian art, either earlier or later.

PROGRESSING.

Old Job was taught to read by the minister's wife and proved a very apt scholar. Returning home after a prolonged absence, the lady met her old pupil, and asked him how he was getting on. I suppose you can read your Bible now comfortably, Job?

Lor' bless you, ma'am! cried Job, I've been out of the Bible and into the newspaper this long while.

About the House.

THE ABSENT ONE.

How dull and desolate the house,
How empty seems the day,
How sad and lonely is the heart
When one we love's away!
Though many pleasures may invite,
Our thoughts, like rivers run,
Away from all restraining bands
To join the absent one.

The children for their mother yearn
When she is out of sight
For she makes up their little world,
And is its central light.
They are not easy in their minds,
Nor happy in their play,
For home is not like home to them
When mother is away.

The loving husband mourns his wife,
The partner of his heart,
With her his happiness is sure,
From her he's loth to part.
And everything about the house,
Reminds him every day,
Of her sweet presence and the loss
He feels when she's away.

Oh, gifts may come in generous dole,
And music, mirth and flowers
May do their best to charm away
The slow and tedious hours;
And though the world around may all
Its loveliness display,
These comfort not the lonely heart
Whose loved one is away.

MENDING.

A very prosaic subject, no doubt, but one with which every thrifty housewife of limited means is compelled to deal and which very few enjoy. In every family, and especially where there are children, the weekly mending basket, assumes appalling proportions, for it is well to remember that "a stitch in time saves nine," besides often materially lengthening the days of usefulness for many a garment.

Of all things, stockings are most disagreeable to mend, and too often they receive the poorest mending. Few people like to wear mended stockings, and the miserable way the work is done is often sufficient explanation. No one cares to subject himself to unnecessary pain, but everyone cannot afford to throw away stockings when holes appear, so it behooves every woman to learn correct mending. Most all stockings are worth mending up to a certain point, no matter how cheap they are, but it will pay no one to spend two or three hours darning great holes in heel or toe. The cotton should be soft and flat, and as near the shade of the stocking as possible. The needle should be fine, not any coarser than will easily admit the cotton. The darning must extend a little ways around the hole in order that there may be no strain on the worn places surrounding it. The threads should be drawn loosely allowing for shrinkage. It is a satisfactory plan to put extra heels, or linings in the heels of stockings, and for this the tops of discarded stockings will be found very handy; also for new feet and for patches. Children, and especially boys, wear great yawning holes in their long stockings, which are utterly hopeless, as far as darning is concerned. They may be pulled into shape and a patch basted on the wrong side. Then the ragged edges may be cut off, turned in and hemmed, using small stitches. If the patch matches well and the work is done nicely, it certainly pays. Such stockings may not be beautiful, but they will do nicely for everyday wear. If the upper parts of long stockings are still good and the feet are in bad condition, it is economy to put in new ones. If one has no pattern a good way is to lay the stocking out smooth and flat; then cut away the foot, so as to include the ragged heel and toe. Use this discarded portion for a pattern, cutting a new foot, from the upper part of another stocking, and make it a quarter of an inch larger, allowing for seams. Avoid seams directly under the foot and keep all of them as small and flat as possible or they may be uncomfortable.

In buying stockings it is well to get them of ample length in the foot and they will wear much better. Cheap shoes are the cause of many holes in stockings, and one needs to watch carefully that the torturous nails which make their appearance are kept filed down. A piece of felt or cardboard, cut to fit exactly, if placed inside the shoe over the heel, will prove quite satisfactory in saving the stocking.

Nothing in needlework, calls for more skill than neat mending. Every garment, will wear in places, and then if one knows how to proceed it need not be cast away. In darning woolen goods it is the best plan to use ravelings of the same material. Cotton or silk will never look as well. If the garment is merely torn, neat darning, running the threads across the tear evenly and smoothly will be best; but if the place is worn a piece of thin material must be placed under the darn. The darned places should be dampened and pressed dry with a warm iron, not allowing it to come in direct contact with the material.

Every housekeeper knows how soon bed clothes begin to show signs of wear. They are quite an expense too, so they should be made to last as long as possible. Mended bed clothes may not do for best, but they will do very well for the children's beds or for everyday use. When sheets begin to look thin in the middle, rip them down the center, sew the outer edges together and hem the sides. This will bring the portion which has been receiving the least wear into the centre where holes usually first appear. If this is done in time the sheet will wear long enough to pay for the time spent in the work.

Very small holes should be neatly darned, larger ones should be patched. Baste a piece of the goods on one side; have it no larger than absolutely necessary and hem it down with short stitches. Turn the sheet over, cut away the ragged edges on that side and turn in and hem. Pillow cases may be patched in the same way, and even if they do not look pretty, if they are white and clean, the little heads will rest on them just as contentedly.

Blankets which are too ragged for use as they are, may be made to do good service for some time in this manner: Place two or three together and fasten with an occasional stitch. Procure some pretty cheesecloth for a cover and stitch or tie with bright yarn as for a comforter. Either bind or buttonhole the edges with bright yarn, and you will have a pretty, warm comforter.

Table linen which is used continually soon shows signs of wear. Pieces of old linen should be kept and used for ravelings with which to mend linen in use. The best way to mend small holes or worn places in towels or table linen is to darn them as stockings are darned. If the work is well done it is not conspicuous. Old table clothes when too worn for use may be washed and ironed as usual. The best parts may be cut out for napkins and the edges finished with strong hems. Parts too ragged to use for this purpose will serve for wash rags, and old linen should always be kept in the medicine closet in case of accidents as it is much better for bandages, besides being more healing than cotton material.

Any material which is left after making garments of any kind should be tied into neat bundles and saved for patches. A patched garment when the same material is used does not look one half so homely as when different materials are used, although patches of any kind are better than none. It is a waste of time to use old material for patches. It does not wear long enough to pay for the work. Every mother finds that certain kinds of patching and mending pay, and no one but those most fortunate in this world's goods can afford to have no knowledge of the needle and its various uses.

A HOME AT LAST.

The New Century Journal, a little paper published as the organ of a guild of workingwomen in Philadelphia which numbers over a thousand members, gives a column in the record of little deeds of heroism or kindness which have actually occurred.

Among these was the story of a poor boy, an incurable invalid, whose name many years ago was entered for admission to an institution in which invalids of all classes, both rich and poor are taken, and where he would have a comfortable home for life. So large, however, was the number of applicants, that the boy grew to manhood before his turn came.

Last winter he received notice that at length a place in the institution was ready and waiting for him. He was friendless and penniless. He started alone at night on a railway journey of many miles, and was set down at dawn at the gate of the great establishment, cold and tired, his heart sick with apprehension. He had never has a real home. This was to be a refuge for the rest of his life. In the dim light it looked perhaps more like a jail than a home.

The gate rolled back at his feeble ring, and the night porter appeared. He looked at the forlorn figure standing there with the shabby bundle, and by a question learned at once that he was an expected applicant. The poverty of the weary, homeless cripple was too apparent to be overlooked. Seizing him by both hands the sympathetic porter exclaimed:

"Glad to see you, sir! You'v come to stay with us? You're heartily welcome home!"

The matron was summoned, who gave the new-comer as cordial a welcome.

While he was being warmed and fed, the pleasant room which was to be his for life was made ready for him. The matron was busy in the storeroom and presently filled his drawers with suits of underclothing, linen and other necessaries. Some of these were in a day or two marked with his own name! She knew how important to his future happiness was the respect of his companions, and when she led him the next morning, comfortably dressed, down to breakfast and introduced him to them, there were no further questionings or apprehensions in his mind. Happy and confident and hopeful, the lonely waif felt at last that he was at home.

These are the homely acts of two gentle-hearted officials whose names even we do not know, but they touch something true and good which lies deep in all of our hearts.

ALPHABET OF PROVERBS.

A grain of prudence is worth a pound of craft.

Boasters are cousins to liars.

Denying a fault doubles it.

Envy shoots at others and wounds herself.

Foolish fear doubles danger.

God teaches us good things by our own hands.

He has worked hard who has nothing to do.

It costs more to revenge wrongs than to suffer them.

Knavery is the worst trade.

Learning makes a man fit company for himself.

Modesty is a guard to virtue.

Not to hear conscience is the way to silence it.

One hour to-day is worth two to-morrow.

Proud looks make foul work in fair faces.

Quiet conscience is quiet sleep.

Richest is he that wants least.

Some faults indulged are little thieves that let in greater ones.

The boughs that bear most hang lowest.

Upright walking is sure walking.

Virtue and happiness are mother and daughter.

Wise men make more opportunities than they find.

You never lose by doing a good act.

Zeal without knowledge is fire without light.

DELICATE MAINSPRINGS.

Very Quick to Feel the Effects of Heat and Cold.

"Mainsprings are very much like people," remarked a watchmaker recently. "They are as susceptible to extremes of heat and cold as human beings. When the thermometer is beings. When the thermometer is hovering around the freezing point or dancing away up in the 90s the sensitive little mainspring will succumb just as easily to freezing or sunstroke as man.

"During the hot weather of the past month I have received over 400 watches which required new mainsprings, and other jewelers have had as many or more time-pieces which needed similar repairs. You see, this uncertain piece of mechanism is supposed to be adjusted to meet the various degrees of temperature, but when the changes are great and come suddenly there is nothing that can prevent them from snapping. Many are made in Switzerland of the very finest quality of steel, absolutely flawless. Very often the watchmaker can detect a bad spring before putting it in a watch either by its color or the softness of its spring. These have been too tightly tempered in making, and instead of being subjected to merely a red heat the fire has been brought to white heat, thus weakening the strength of the metal.

"The finest watches that are handled by reliable dealers are put through a 'cooking and freezing' process before they are sold, for the purpose of testing their reliability, in all temperatures. The watch is made air tight. Then a strong gas flame is turned on the under surface of the box, and is kept there for one or two hours, so that the watch is so hot at the end of that time that it could not be touched with the bare hands.

"From this it is immediately taken and put into another metallic box which is buried in a vessel containing ice. There the costly watch is allowed to freeze for an equal length of time, when its treatment ceases, and the examination is made. If during

THIS EXCESSIVE TEST

the watch has ticked merrily on without deviating a fractional part of a second, it is put back in the case and marked 'guaranteed for two years.' The mainspring is the first piece of mechanism that succumbs to the test. If it survives nothing need be feared.

"Mainsprings, are, however, about the only part of a watch that a jeweler can not successfully diagnose. They can guarantee any of the numberless little wheels or pivots, or balances that go to make up the anatomy of the watch, but the mainspring has as yet baffled the most skillful makers of watches of all countries. It is not so much the severe extremes of the weather that prove fatal to the spring as it is the process of changing from heat to cold or vice versa.

"Many people who have been the possessors of new watches but a short time often come to me much annoyed, declaring that they have paid a large price for their timepiece, and the mainspring has broken after only a week's use.

"'That is nothing,' I tell them. 'We jewelers have them snap in our cases before the watch has even been shown for sale.' Others imagine that they might have wound their watches too tight, but this does not harm it. It is rather the jerky, hurried winding that will eventually tell on the temper of the metal. Besides, every good stemwinder has a stop placed in the stem which prevents the winding of a watch too tight.

"The cost of a new mainspring is small. It is the putting them in the labor expended that costs. It costs from $12 to $15 to put a mainspring in the finest Swiss watch, while in a cheap American make it costs only from 50c to $1.

"A gentleman purchased a $250 watch from me about a year ago, and shortly after he left on a tour around the world. He returned about three weeks ago, brought his watch back to me and paid me this compliment: 'Here's a watch,' said he, 'that I paid you $250 for a year ago, and while I was traveling around it lost three minutes. You guaranteed it and I want you to make it good.' The watch was placed in my window with this card beside it:

"'This watch lost only three minutes in a year in a tour around the world. Price, $275.'"

"Did you sell it?"

"Yes, within two days."

PREJUDICE EASILY OVERCOME.

A curious incident characteristic of the proverbial conservatism of the Chinese occurred when the first cable was laid along the coast from Pekin to Shanghai. Soon after it was laid a lottery drawing came off in Pekin, in which many of the residents of Shanghai held tickets. One of the gamblers so far overcame his distrust of the cable as to have the winning numbers sent him, and he bought the tickets bearing them from his more skeptical townsmen, realizing a small fortune on the transaction. At about the same time there was a scanty rice crop in the upper provinces, and a Shanghai merchant telegraphed to Pekin instructions to buy heavily, the ultimate result being that he sold out at an immense profit and retired in opulence. After two or three practical lessons of this nature the Chinese came to the realization of the fact that the telegraph i sa oogd thing to have around.

INTEREST OF BARGAIN HUNTER.

It seems to me, said the man who, in an unguarded moment, had allowed his wife to lure him into a dry goods store, it seems to me that we need currency reform.

What do you mean? she asked.

Why, instead of issuing dollars and fifty-cent pieces, the Government ought to turn out ninety-eight-cent bills and forty-nine-cent pieces!