

AGRICULTURAL.

Sweet Corn as a Forage Plant.

One of the lessons of the year, which has been most forcibly taught, has been the value of sweet corn as a forage plant. I do not mean the spinning, waxy, fodder corn...

Cutting up Corn.

For the curing of corn there is probably no better mode, taking into account the value of the fodder, than by cutting at the roots, placing in stocks, and so allowing to stand until sufficiently dried.

Diseased Potatoes.

Farmers have not been seriously troubled with diseased potatoes for a number of years, until the present, in this vicinity.

Water Soaked Apples.

I have observed especially in the variety known as the King of Tompkins Co., a tendency to be heavily water soaked, a condition which is difficult of accounting for.

Caring for Tuberoso Bulbs.

The tuberoso has long been admired, and was formerly considered to be beyond the care and cultivation of the farmer's wife.

ing of the bulbs through the winter. If they are exposed to frost, either in the spring, before lifting, or during winter, they will be greatly damaged.

There is one thing it seems impossible to do—to make sheep do well in a stable in the summer time. They will gain very fast at pasture, with a little grain.

A gentleman who had bred Ma'ay fowl for thirty years, and won more prizes with these fowls than any other fancier in England, says that in breeding in-and-in does not necessarily cause deterioration.

Does Death Sting?

One is remarkably exempt from the crime of hasty induction if he affirms that there is no sane or healthy mortal who anticipates his extinction with any degree of pleasure.

Fortunately, for a wholesome study of one's demise, there are assurances abundant from vivisection, the testimony of those who have been restored to consciousness.

One would say believe that the kind God who suffered us to feel no pain in coming would take no delight in turning our farewell into wailing—nay, He does not quit us at the last.

Extravagance in Speech.

Of all the extravagant habits, which bring trouble to one's neighbors, as well as one's self, is that of extravagant speaking.

A FLORIDA MYSTERY.

A few weeks since there passed in an eastern city from St. Augustine, Fla., a gentleman who had been travelling in the interior of that state, despite the hot weather.

His friend's orange grove covered about one-half of a five hundred-acre plantation called "Millamont," and after he got within the boundaries of the sparsely settled region where it was he had no difficulty in finding it.

Mr. Romayne either perceived this fact or was himself so full of his subject that he could not keep it secret, for he observed, as they were enjoying their wine after dinner.

Well, in brief, it is a ghost story. Several of us are going down into the Everglades to inspect for ourselves certain mysterious phenomena of a supernatural character which are said to make their appearance every ten years at this time.

Taking lanterns, the parties moved in single file through the plantation, and, guided by the negro, struck into a path, which, after an hour's careful picking of steps over hummocks, among vines and underbrush through the swamps of the Everglades, brought them to the side of "Bowler pool."

The noise of crashing through the underbrush, the heavy breathing of at least two persons, and the low, savage barking of the dog were now so near—in sound—that the watchers gazed in momentary expectation of the appearance of the fugitives.

With one accord the parties lighted their lanterns and hurried from the spot. Arrived at the homestead, Mr. Romayne called for spirits and food, and, indeed, all the party were so much more satisfied.

The next morning Mr. Cannaday left for St. Augustine, and now the story in various forms is being circulated through the south. This is his version of it, as an eye and ear witness. And he believes his eyes and ears.

MODERN HAWKSHAW.

The Requisites for a Successful Career as a Detective—Coolness, Bravery, and Good Judgment—The Seat and the Dime—Novel Detective.

"Looking back over my twenty years' experience I can not say that I regret my choice of a profession," remarked a detective at one of the city agencies yesterday.

"What are the requisites of a good detective?" asked a reporter who had been listening to his stories. "Fearlessness, coolness and self-control. Without these a man can never be a perfect detective, for though he may be useful in some branches of the business he can never attain to the highest eminence in all of them.

"Detectives in real life are very different from those in novels and plays. The latter are represented as wearing various disguises such as wigs, false whiskers, etc., which they suddenly pull off at the most unexpected moments, thereby revealing their identity.

"What is the salary of detectives?" "That is a hard question to answer. There is no business in which the price varies more. Sometimes a man, after having had a little apprenticeship on the police force or in connection with some agency, will set up in business as a private detective, and then he charges whatever he pleases.

"How do men become detectives?" "They don't become; they have a natural gift in that direction. Detectives, like poets, are born, not made. Many of them begin as amateurs. For instance, something occurs in their own lives which causes them to turn detective for their own purposes.

"He called on her, represented himself as a lawyer, and that her lover would inherit a fortune, his identity could be established, and she would do that he'd have to be a man of his handwriting."

"I had a notion that a man fails to be a good guesser through the lack of some one quality; that, I employed a young fellow once who I thought would make a splendid detective. He had everything in his favor, possessing a splendid physique and appearance, an elegant and insinuating address, great shrewdness, remarkable quickness of perception, and, in short, every requisite of a great detective except one, as I afterward discovered. He was lacking in self-control, having an ungoverned temper, to which he gave way on slight provocation.

"Very often, an innocent man wrongly accused will always appear like a guilty one while a hardened criminal, under the most incriminating circumstances, will seem the personification of virtuous innocence. I remember a singular circumstance that occurred at the Smithsonian institution in Washington, when I was doing special duty there some years ago.

The Fascination of Ballooning. Explorers of the air and earth are strangely alike in two respects—individually they seldom weary of their self-imposed struggles and collectively they make little progress.

MOBSELS FOR SUNDAY CONTEMPORATION.

The heart often leads to the sheersat folly. After all, how often our reason fails us at a pinch. With men, friendships mean something, and last. In the saddest life there is always some compensation.