

FARM GARDEN

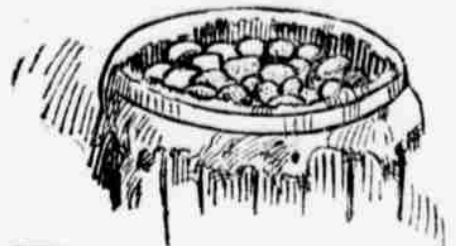
SEND POTATOES TO MARKET

Crop Should Be Graded and Packed in Barrels as Soon as Possible After Dug.

Potatoes, although one of the most important of our truck crops, are usually badly handled by the average grower. Instead of being sent to market in bulk by the wagon load, potatoes should be graded and packed in barrels. The packing should be done as soon as possible after they are dug, for if exposed too much to the sun they will become soft and the skin will turn green.

It is a very good plan to grade and pack potatoes in the field as they are lifted, although when very large crops are grown and it is desirable to grade them more carefully, this can be done better by first sending them to the packing shed, where they can be run through graders and the work done more rapidly. It is just as important to grade potatoes as fruit or any other vegetables.

Early potatoes should be shipped in barrels with holes cut in them for ventilation, and covered with burlap.



Poorly Packed Potatoes.

The barrels should be frequently shaken while being packed, in order to settle the contents firmly, because being heavy, otherwise they will be sure to arrive at market, after long-distance hauling, in very bad condition.

SOIL SICKNESS IN GARDENS

Liberal Dressings of Freshly Ground or Slaked Lime Will Prove an Excellent Tonic.

(By W. R. GILBERT)

Complaints are common from comparatively small and constantly cropped gardens ament the poorness of the produce. Even such a thing as a cabbage is so faint-hearted as to run away on lanky legs as no well-behaved cabbage should.

All this is very annoying to those who take infinite pains with their gardens and go to some expense in getting reliable seeds. All this may occur, and does occur, where ample manure of the barnyard is applied to keep the soil in fertile condition. It is in fact a kind of soil sickness which ordinary manure cannot overcome, but actually aggravates.

One sees far less of this in large gardens for the simple reason that the larger area gives a much wider range and rotation of cropping, yet even here comparisons may often be drawn between the produce of the large areas and vegetables under field cultivation to the distinct advantage of the latter.

There is fortunately an antidote, for freshly ground or freshly slaked lime is an antidote for this. In liberal dressings it will prove a quick and lasting tonic to the sick soil, and not only should this be administered when spring opens, but as far as possible dressed through crops of cabbage and similar things during a dry day and lightly hoed in.

When lime can be readily obtained in the best condition there is really no excuse for the bad state of things depicted, and even if an extra price has to be paid it is still the cheapest because the only satisfactory thing for the purpose, and whatever may be spent in ordinary manure, if expended on time for several seasons would work wonders.

PROTECTING THE HAY STACK

Excellent Method is Shown by Accompanying Illustration—Is Quite Inexpensive.

A little wire fence, as shown in the illustration will save its cost 50 times



Saving Hay Stack.

every season and allow stock to run in enclosure where hay or other grain is stacked. Use strong wire fence netting and fasten to posts of 2 by 4 and put these securely in the ground. When not in use the fence can be rolled up and put away.

BLANCHING BY DRAIN TILES

Most Important Part of Producing Good Celery Is to Have Plants Firm and Tender.

Blanching is a very important part of producing good celery; because, unless the plants are white, firm and tender, they are not only unpalatable for the farmer's family, but are, of course, unsalable. Excluding the light plants a solid growth in the heart of the plant and this growth is very rapid. It also turns a plant from green to pure white.

Some growers blanch their celery by placing over the plants a section of



Blanching by Drain Tiles.

drain tile and covering up the top with a coarse cloth or litter.

Persons contemplating growing celery for the market should not attempt to do so until they have visited one of the large commercial celery gardens and learned from observation exactly how the work of seeding, transplanting, cultivating and marketing is done. But the farmer who simply desires to grow enough celery for his family use, may, if he follows instructions, grow good crops, always providing that his soil is very rich and well drained.

LIGHTNING RODS ARE CHEAP

It is Mistaken Idea to Think That They Do Not Protect Buildings—Wire Fence Danger.

It is a mistake to believe that lightning rods do not protect buildings. They do when properly put up and no farmer can afford to go without them unless he chooses to carry his own insurance. In any case the cost of lightning rods is so small compared to the protection they give that it is doubtful whether it is good policy to take any risks without them. Of course we cannot put lightning rods on hay and grain stacks but we can put the hay and grain in our barns and protect the buildings with lightning rods.

Speaking of lightning, all danger of death to farm animals coming in contact with fence wires heavily charged may be avoided by attaching a wire to the strands of the fence for two or three hundred feet, running one end of it into the ground about four feet deep. This will afford an outlet for the electricity and render the wire fences as safe as any other.

Shelling Beans.

After beans reach the stage for shelling they mature quickly. Keep a sharp lookout that some are not wasted before you are aware. The little white field beans are especially prone to scatter their seeds as soon as the pods become dry.

FARM NOTES

Let posterity help pay for the roads. The log drag is the best dirt road maker.

For successful rotation clover should be one of the crops.

Careful breeding is the foundation of the best results in bee keeping.

On the farm, the best time to do a thing is just before it is needed.

Letting weeds go to seed means that you are laying up trouble for next year.

If dry weather sets in do not neglect to stir the soil and mulch. This is important.

Curing honey simply means a proper evaporation of the water it contains.

Adjust the knives of the lawn mower to cut within two inches of the roots of the grass.

Although the watermelon is a succulent fruit, wet is more damaging to it than drought.

Half the plants which refuse to grow for amateurs are starved to death or killed by kindness.

Manure will not waste as much fertility in the field as it will in the average farm barnyard.

Cabbage and all other plants of the cabbage family require a very fertile and cool, moist soil for good growth.

Carrots are splendid for folks who need iron in their blood. One of the best ways to get it is to eat these nice roots.

Sunshine, rainfall and temperature are three important factors in cantaloupe culture beyond the control of the grower.

If your beet rows are too thick, pull out some and boll them for greens. Nothing better in the world for this purpose.

Never save beans for seed from rusty or diseased pods, and do not sell them for seed. This same rule applies to some other seeds.

After the ground is plowed for wheat it is a good time to haul out and scatter all of the manure that it is possible to gather up.

Many growers do not attempt to control the melon aphid, but leave it to its natural enemies, of which the lady beetles are the most important.

ELOPED IN A BASKET

Romantic Story of An Old-Time London Beauty.

Circumvented Her Inate Father in An Ingenious Manner—Lover, Disguised as Baker, Carried Her Off in a Hamper.

London.—The old saying that love will find a way was never better illustrated than in the romance of Elizabeth Spencer, the most beautiful woman in all England in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and her devoted cavalier, Sir William, second baronet Compton, who afterward became the first Earl of Northampton.

Elizabeth had the double advantage of beauty and of wealth. She was the only daughter of Sir John Spencer who reached London a penniless boy from the country during the reign of King Henry VIII and who became its wealthiest citizen and in turn sheriff and lord mayor of the old city of London. Like many another self-made man Sir John was somewhat of an idolater—a worshiper of self. He regarded himself, and very likely with perfect justice, as the equal of many of the nobles of England and the superior of some, and when one of these, Sir William, Baron Compton, presumed to make love to the beautiful Elizabeth he was shown the door and told not to return.

And so the lovers planned how to circumvent the wealthy and pompous Sir John.

One day a handsome young baker called at Crosby Hall, trundling a barrow upon which rested a capacious and flat-topped basket. He lugged the basket into the house easily enough and soon emerged with it and laboriously carried it to the barrow. Chancing to meet Sir John he tipped his hat to the great man, who pleased with this mark of courtesy cheerfully gave him a sixpence. "A civil young man," said Sir John to himself, "and his face somehow looks familiar."

A little later Sir John discovered that the "civil young man" was the "scapgrace," Sir William, and that his daughter had eloped in the basket! Messengers were at once dispatched



Eloping in a Basket.

in every direction to arrest the fugitives, but the plans of the lovers had been carefully laid and before their whereabouts were discovered Elizabeth Spencer had become Lady Compton. The rage of the father knew no bounds and he roundly swore that Sir William had seen the only sixpence of his money he would ever touch. This determination would very likely have been adhered to were it not for the appearance on the scene of another actor.

Queen Elizabeth years before had met Elizabeth Spencer and had taken some interest afterward in her affairs. Driving through the city one day the queen saw Elizabeth and beckoning her to the royal carriage paid her the compliment of pronouncing her the owner of "the sweetest face I have seen in my city of London." Naturally, she learned of the beautiful girl's elopement and later concocted a plan of effecting a reconciliation between daughter and father.

A year after the elopement Sir John was summoned to the presence of the queen. After expressing her sympathy with him over the ingratitude of his daughter she asked him to become sponsor with her at the baptism of a baby, who was just born to a couple who had married against the wishes of the mother's father. Honored by the request, which of course was tantamount to a demand, Sir John readily consented and also willingly acceded to the queen's desire that he permit his own surname to be used as the Christian name of the child. Flattered beyond measure by the queen's graciousness, Sir John declared that as he had discarded his own undutiful daughter he would adopt the infant as heir to his fortune. He was then told that the child was his own grandson, the offspring of his daughter Elizabeth. A reconciliation was then effected and years afterward, when Sir John was gathered to his fathers, the son-in-law, Sir John, or Lord Northampton, as he had then become, erected a magnificent tomb on which the disobedient daughter, in contrition for her fault, is seen kneeling at her father's feet.

Find Germ of Leprosy.

Honolulu.—Drs. Brinkerhoff and Curry and M. T. Hallman of Honolulu have succeeded in isolating germs of eprosy.

This means the ultimate discovery of a cure for the disease.

The doctors are now attempting to make a toxin from the bacilli. Experiments at the leper settlement will soon be made.

A FIDDLER LURES COYOTES TO DEATH

PLAYING OF OLD-TIME MELODIES DRAWS ANIMALS WITHIN RIFLE RANGE.

DAD PLAYS AND SON SHOOT

Ninety-Five Slain While Entranced by Strains of "Home, Sweet Home" and "Where Is My Wandering Boy Tonight."

Ell, Neb.—Having read of music being used to induce cows to give larger quantities of milk and of birds being charmed by the playing of a mouth organ, John Peterson, owner of a large ranch a few miles south of this place, has tried his violin on coyotes with great success.

Peterson is considered by folks in this community as being an artist on the violin. He plays for all the country dances, and fills an important niche in a local orchestra. He has a local reputation of "making a fiddle talk."

After reading stories in the newspapers of how animals and birds were attracted by music, he said to Mrs. Peterson: "I'll just try it on those pesky coyotes."

A few days later he and his son, Henry, sixteen years old, took a repeating rifle, a large supply of ammunition and a violin and repaired to a shed near the center of the 5,000-acre sand hill ranch.

Seating himself on a soap box in the doorway of the stable, and grasping his violin, Peterson began to play. He ground out the "Devil's Dream," "Fisher's Hornpipe," "When the Flowers Bloom Again" and a dozen other similar airs. None of them brought the coyotes.

Peterson was a little skeptical and somewhat disgusted. Then he tried some of his best "ragtime." Hardly had he finished his first selection when there came a yelp from over a hill to the left, and a little later an answering yelp from the right, followed by still others from other directions. Coyotes commenced to appear and in a few minutes the stable was encircled by the animals, all sitting on their haunches, howling in unison, and evidently trying to keep time to the music.

Peterson sawed away on his instrument, but not a coyote would come within the range of Harry's rifle. Then the fiddler decided to try something more plaintive. Dropping ragtime, he started to dish out "Home, Sweet



Picking Off the Coyotes.

Home." Hardly had he struck a dozen notes when the circle of coyotes, like one coyote, arose to their feet. They stopped howling and commenced to walk toward the stable.

By the time that Peterson had finished "Home, Sweet Home," the animals were within a quarter of a mile. When he stopped for a moment they also stopped. Again he played ragtime, and the coyotes squatted upon their haunches and commenced to howl, apparently disgusted. They began to retreat.

But Peterson was equal to the occasion and he quickly began to play "We Shall Meet to Miss Him" and "Where Is My Wandering Boy Tonight?" The effect was like magic. Apparently electrified by the music, the coyotes snuffed the air, and, striking a rapid gait, began to close in on the stable.

Harry began to shoot with unerring aim, and an animal, sometimes two or three of them, fell at each crack of the rifle. Animal after animal went down, but this did not seem to create any consternation among the pack. On they came, and from window to window the boy went, shooting at the advancing column, while his father kept on playing dreamy melodies. The lad fired until all his cartridges were gone. As the last shot was fired the father laid down his bow. Immediately the unwounded coyotes fled for the hills.

An investigation showed that 95 animals had been killed, while nearly half that number were wounded so as to be easily put out of commission.

Sheep Bone in a Man's Arm. New Orleans, La.—A patient at the Charity hospital here has had a sheep's bone transferred to his arm.

GIRL IN MAN'S CLOTHING FOUND WORKING AS BARBER

KNOWN AS JIMMIE, SHE WON PRAISE FOR HER SKILL WITH RAZOR.

Newark, N. J.—Persons who have been going regularly for the last few weeks to the barber shop of Sebastian Salano, in No. 615 Springfield avenue, this city, to get shaved and shampooed, got a surprise the other day when they learned the young man known to them as "Jimmie," whose chair they all sought because his touch with the razor was so light, was Mary de Marco, an Italian girl. Her hair had been cut short and she wore a natty blue serge suit with such grace that her disguise was perfect and none suspected she was a woman masquerading in a man's clothes.

The young woman might have kept up her disguise for many weeks more



Working as a Man.

without Salano's customers being any the wiser had not the police got wind of the case and exposed the trick by arresting the barber and his girl assistant, whose skill with the razor was increasing his business daily. The police also arrested Albert Rosso, another barber, of No. 318 Sixteenth avenue, who was implicated by the young woman.

The trio were arraigned before Magistrate Yull in the Fourth precinct court and there the story came out of how the young woman had been forced to work in the barber shops of both men. She told the magistrate she lived in Irvington, and made the acquaintance of Rosso through Salano. Two months ago Rosso invited her to go with him to Maplewood, she asserted. The young woman alleges she was drugged and when she regained her senses she discovered her hair had been cut off and she was dressed in a man's suit of clothes. She found herself in Rosso's barber shop, and when she asked him what had happened to her she alleges he told her he had cut off her hair and had burned her clothing.

She said she obeyed Rosso's instructions to work in the barber shop, and as she was familiar with the use of a razor she had little trouble in keeping up the disguise. She got tired of the job and fled to Salano's place and begged him to help her. Meantime she still wore her disguise and shaved the men who came to Salano's place. Magistrate Yull held Rosso in default of \$1,500 bail and Salano in \$500 bail. The young woman was held as a witness.

CASTS GEMS INTO QUICKSAND

Burglar Throws Away \$2,000 in Treasure When Police Chase Him Into Swamp.

New York.—Somewhere in a four-acre swamp which faces on Featherbed lane, an old Dutch thoroughfare in the outskirts of the Bronx, there is a parcel of silverware and jewelry valued at \$2,000. The valuables are working downward through the mud and quicksand, and probably will never be recovered. The treasure was stolen by a burglar, who "jimmied" his way into the flat of a wealthy real estate operator.

The burglar had an easy time, because the family had gone out of the city for two days and the servants had a holiday. While he was at work, however, a woman saw him and called the police. The burglar heard her and fled.

The thief ran into the swamp and hid in the tall marsh grass. When the policeman found him fast in the quicksand his booty had disappeared. "I threw the stuff into the swamp," he said. "Nobody will ever get it."

Sprouts in Lad's Nose.

Nashua, Ia.—O. B. Taylor's little son had to be taken to a specialist to have a grain of corn removed from his nose. The boy had pushed the kernel up his nostril some time ago and his parents supposed it had passed through into his throat, but a few days ago the boy began to have trouble with his nose and when taken to a specialist and examined it was found the kernel was still lodged there. It was removed, and when brought to light it was found to have sprouted.

MUNYON'S WITCH SOAP

Makes the skin soft as velvet. Improves any complexion. Best soap made. Cures most skin eruptions.

Munyon's Hair Invigorator cures dandruff, stops hair from falling out, makes hair grow. If you have Dyspepsia, or any liver trouble, use Munyon's Paw Paw Pills. They cure Biliousness, Constipation and drive all impurities from the blood. —MUNYON'S HOMEOPATHIC HOME REMEDY CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

TRY MURINE EYE REMEDY

For Red, Weak, Watery, Watery Eyes and GRANULATED EYELIDS. Murine Doesn't Smart—Soothes Eye Pain. Druggists Sell Murine Eye Remedy, Liquid, 25c, 50c, \$1.00. Murine Eye Salve, in Asseptic Tubes, 25c, \$1.00. EYE BOOKS AND ADVICE FREE BY MAIL. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

I would say to all: Use your gentlest voice at home.—Elith Burritt.

Lewis' Single Binder smokes 5c cigar is made to satisfy the smoker.

The more worthy any soul is, the larger its compassion.—John Bright.

Write me as one that loves his fellow men.—Leigh Hunt.

Important to Mothers. Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Watson*. In Use For Over 30 Years. The Kind You Have Always Bought.

Does Engineering Work. Mile. Handurin is superintendent of an engineering firm in Russia. She was graduated from the Women's Technological Institute in St. Petersburg, and has had practical experience in engineering. She built a steel warehouse for an army co-operative society, has been assistant engineer in building a bridge across the Neva and has done other important work.

Not Impregnable. Horace Avery, K. C., just appointed a judge, is one of the mordant wits of the British bar. One day cross-examining a recalcitrant witness he asked:

"What are you?"

"A retired gentleman," proudly asserted the ex-chessmonger.

"Well," snarled Avery, "when you achieved the position of gentleman, why did you retire from it?"

The Enemies. Apropos of the enmity, now happily buried, that used to exist between Minneapolis and St. Paul, Senator Clapp said at a dinner in the former city:

"I remember an address on careless building that I once heard in Minneapolis.

"Why," said the speaker in the course of this address, 'one inhabitant of St. Paul is killed by accident in the streets every 48 hours.'

"A bitter voice from the rear of the hall interrupted:

"Well, it ain't enough," it said.

"The Wish is Father to the Thought." Dr. Robert L. Waggoner, the president of Baldwin university, said, in the course of an address on pedagogy at Berea, O.:

"And one of the most remarkable changes in the last 30 years of teaching is the abolition of corporal punishment. A boy of this generation is never whipped. But a boy of the last generation—well!"

Dr. Waggoner smiled.

"The boys of the last generation," he said, "must have believed that their instructors all had for motto:

"The swish is father to the taught."

PRESSED HARD. Coffee's Weight on Old Age.

When prominent men realize the injurious effects of coffee and the change in health that Postum can bring, they are glad to lend their testimony for the benefit of others.

A superintendent of public schools in a Southern state says: "My mother, since her early childhood, was an inveterate coffee drinker, had been troubled with her heart for a number of years and complained of that 'weak all over' feeling and sick stomach."

"Some time ago I was making an official visit to a distant part of the country and took dinner with one of the merchants of the place. I noticed a somewhat peculiar flavor of the coffee, and asked him concerning it. He replied that it was Postum. I was so pleased with it that, after the meal was over, I bought a package to carry home with me, and had wife prepare some for the next meal; the whole family liked it so well that we discontinued coffee and used Postum entirely.

"I had really been at times very anxious concerning my mother's condition, but we noticed that after using Postum for a short time, she felt so much better than she did prior to its use, and had little trouble with her heart and no sick stomach; that the headaches were not so frequent, and her general condition much improved. This continued until she was as well and hearty as the rest of us.

"I know Postum has benefited myself and the other members of the family, but in a more marked degree in the case of my mother, as she was a victim of long standing."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.