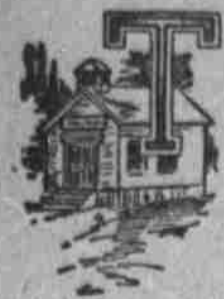


**THE LITTLE SCHOOL.**



HE school house over which Miss Mattie Smith had reigned for quite a number of years was situated on a hill just beyond the diminutive village of Wales. It was upon the outskirts of a wood and said to be in a snaky place. Miss Mattie, however, had never seen any snakes and didn't believe there were any. She had no objections whatever to the situation, but the house itself was old. Whenever Miss Mattie met a school trustee she was bound to tell him right decidedly that she must have a new school house, one with a cellar for the coal and room for her desk away from the draught.

But in the spring time the draught from the door was very welcome, and Miss Mattie was grateful for all the air she could get as she sat at her desk, hearing the spelling lesson.

"Hero, hero," drawled Miss Mattie's pet, Nan Foster. Then Nan came to a pause and fiddled nervously with the pockets of her apron.

"Well," quizzed the teacher.

"I know what it means," declared the little girl; "I know so well that I didn't have to look in the dictionary, but I can't say it to save my life."

"It means a boy," volunteered a very small girl, glancing dreamily out of the school room window.

"Oh, yes, of course, I know it means a boy," said Nan, hastily, "a boy who—oh, dear, I can't say it."

Miss Mattie put a sudden end to the

points" they were, without doubt, "high water."

"Snits must be terrible poor," whispered Jessie Brown, "to have pants give to him."

"He'll pore," returned Ben Windsor, "hith motha th our wathwoman."

It was upon the following day at noon that the little Dutch boy diffidently approached Miss Mattie's desk.

"What is it?" asked Miss Mattie, keeping on with her writing.

For a silent minute Snits pulled awkwardly at the voluminous trousers, then he blurted out, "My mother can't help it about Ben Windsor's pants. She wish she could."

"Your mother is a very good woman. I am sure," returned Miss Mattie carelessly. "You mustn't mind what the school children say."

Snits' face flushed to the very roots of his white hair. "Oh, I don't mind," he said, with his eyes upon the platform, "I ain't that," and still he lingered.

Now, perhaps, it came to Miss Mattie Smith that this little white-haired Dutch boy considered it her duty to stop the school children's chattering about Ben Windsor's discarded apparel. If so, it was very foolish of him. He hadn't lived long in the village of Wales or he would know better than to expect such a thing of her. Why, she hadn't even attempted to hush that audible whisper directed towards her own high heeled slippers. A faint red came into her cheeks, too, and she inquired a trifle sharply, "Is there anything else you have to say, Johnny Smeltzer?"

The little Dutch boy's head was bowed very low, as he murmured: "Can I run for the prize if I wear Ben Windsor's pants?"



"IT SKEERED HER."

Miss Mattie burst into a ringing laugh; she couldn't help it, it was so exquisitely funny. But even as she laughed, she felt her conscience prick her, for poor little Snits, fumbling and pulling at the baggy trousers, laughed yes, he minded very, very much, wearing that other boy's trousers.

"I know one thing," remarked the teacher's pet, throwing her proud little head in the air, "if I was Snits I wouldn't come to school if I had to wear people's old pants. His mother ought to go to the store and buy him a pair with her wash money."

"I won't play with him while he wears Ben Windsor's pants," said Charley Stillie, virtuously.

"Neither will I," cried George Watts.

"Neither will I," echoed Sammy Linger.

The appearance of Ben Windsor's little sister, hand in hand with a smiling nurse maid, put an end to the uncharitable conversation. Fanny Windsor had cried to come up to the school house, and as she hadn't been very well lately, she was not allowed to cry in vain. Ben was ordered to take good care of his little sister, and the nurse departed, leaving her charge in the midst of an admiring group. Fanny Windsor was fat and dimpled, and did not show any signs of her recent illness except in a certain imperiousness of manner that was extremely amusing.

All the early part of that afternoon in the school room the visitor behaved perfectly. She was only three years old, but she repeated her letters with her eyes off the primer, and she counted up to twenty with creditable rapidity. It was during the fifteen minutes' recess that she grew determined and venturesome. She insisted upon seasawing with one of the large boys, she slapped three of the girls, and in the end was seen marching off alone, crying vehemently that she dared anybody to come with her. When the bell rang Fanny Windsor had disappeared.

If there had been a cellar to the little old school house there would have been a probability, at least, that the trustee's small daughter had wandered into it, or fallen into it, for very likely the cellar would have had no steps.

Miss Mattie and all the pupils, even the three girls who had been slapped, were in a great flutter looking for the missing child. Ben said that he

couldn't have gone home, because she was afraid to cross the stream.

It was a faint, far away sounding cry that told them, cellar or no cellar, Fanny Windsor was under the school house. She had crept through a small opening, which, by all means, should have led into the cellar. It was such a very small opening that only a very small boy, who no longer lived in the village, had ever investigated the region from which sounded the forlorn cry. The small boy had seen wonderful things under the school house, lighted, very well, he declared, by sunshine shooting through the chinks. He had seen four snakes and a nest of spiders as big as butterflies, and a whole lot of bats. Ben Windsor's little sister must have been seeing the wonders, too, for she began to scream loudly.

"Can't anybody get her out?" cried Miss Mattie, wringing her hands.

Ben put his scared face to the opening and called, "Fanny, Fanny!"

The screams under the house grew louder.

"We'll have to tear up the school house floor to get her," exclaimed Willie Day, excitedly.

"She'll be smothered by that time," said Sammy Linger.

"Fanny, come along this way," pleaded Ben. "Here's brotha."

"I reckon she's caught," said George Watts.

"Mebbe a snake's got her," suggested a little girl.

Then Ben screamed, "I thee a wat!" Many and many a time the school children had laughed at Ben for calling a rat a "wat," but none of them laughed now.

In all that anxious crowd only one mortal realized that something must be done. The little Dutch boy picked up a stick and the next instant Ben Windsor's trousers went wriggling through the opening.

"Oh, dear," cried Miss Mattie, wringing her hands harder than ever, and Miss Mattie's pet hid her face and wept aloud. There was a terrible scuffle under the old school house. It seemed to last a long time; then there was a strange quiet. Ben Windsor, pale and trembling, had drawn back from the opening.

"Mebbe they's both dead," said Sammy Linger, huskily.

At a safe distance from the opening a boy was stooping, with his hands upon his knees. "Some'n's a-comin'," he announced in a fearful whisper.

The something that first showed up at the opening was a round, dimpled tear-stained face, and Ben Windsor caught his little sister in his arms and kissed her wildly. Following after Fanny came Snits. Watching Snits drawing himself through the hole, one understood how very small the hole was. The little Dutch boy's fair face was whiter than usual, almost as white as his hair, and his blue eyes looked quite dark as he got upon his feet and stood bashfully, whirling by the tall that third something, which, had it appeared first, would have caused a scateration in the crowd. "It skeered her, but it hadn't hurt her yet," he announced, soberly. The third something was a dead rat. Then Miss Mattie's pet, who had unveiled her eyes, cast an eloquent glance into the teacher's face. "Snits is a hero, ain't he, Miss Mattie," she asked?

Miss Mattie nodded her head.

"And I reckon he's paid for them pants a hundred times over!" cried Willie Day, enthusiastically, and again Miss Mattie nodded her head.

Later on it was declared that Snits built the new school house, for if Ben Windsor's father hadn't seen the dead rat with his own eyes, he might never have roared out threateningly: "The old rat hole shan't stand another summer; we'll get a new school house, or we'll have none!"—Louise R. Baker, in the New York Observer.

**FARM AND GARDEN.**

**MATTERS OF INTEREST TO AGRICULTURISTS.**

Some Up-to-date Hints About Cultivation of the Soil and Fields Therein—Horticulture, Viticulture and Forestry.

N bulletin 28 of the Iowa experiment station, from Pammel says:

Poisoning from eating the root of Cowbane (*Cicuta maculata*, L.) is not infrequent in the state of Iowa and elsewhere. It affects man, cattle and horses. Every now and then, there are accounts of poisoning from "wild parsnips" in our papers. The writer has at various times received communications with specimens of "wild parsnips." The subject is of considerable interest and especially so because the plant is widely distributed in Iowa, and a large number of people are not aware of the poisonous nature of the root. Spotted Cowbane is a member of the carrot family, or as it is known botanically, Umbelliferae.

It is a smooth marsh perennial 2.5 feet high with pinnately compound leaves 2-5 times pinnate; the leaves have long petioles, the coarsely serrate leaflets are lanceolate to oblong lanceolate 1-5 inches long. Stalk of the umbellets numerous and unequal. Flowers white, fruit broadly ovate to oval, small, 1 1/2 lines long. Grows in

marshes and in low grounds. The stems spring from thick, fleshy underground roots that taper at the lower end. These usually number from three to five, but single specimens are also met with. On cutting the roots a sharp pungent odor is given off, intensified by boiling.

Mistaken for Parsnips.

Public opinion, in the west at least, has answered this question in the affirmative. There is a diversity of opinion concerning the plant which causes the poisoning. The majority of people attribute the cause to the parsnip running wild, and this belief is indeed very wide spread. So wide spread is this belief that it seems quite

evidence is needed than these where persons have eaten the wild parsnip and no ill effects have followed. People should therefore become familiar with the deadly plant described above and throw aside superstitious belief. In this very common belief we have another evidence that writers who have attributed the poisoning to cultivated parsnips running wild have not investigated for themselves, they have assumed that the plant is poisonous.

The Banana Trade.—The New Orleans Times-Democrat says: California and the eastern fruit have played havoc with the banana trade of New Orleans. Nearly all the steamship lines plying between this port and the Central American banana ports have reduced the number of vessels in service, and the banana trade is set down as diminishing 50 per cent from the last spring trade. The California crop of fruit has been an exceptionally large one this summer, and has flooded northern, eastern and western markets to the detriment even of the local fruit in those sections, and peaches are about 50 cents a box there and apples as low as \$1.50 per barrel. Bananas being an all year crop have been brought in competition with this seasonal fruit, and they can be bought cheaper in the localities mentioned than in New Orleans.

Pigeons—Out of all the birds that may be called domestic the pigeon holds the first place. The dove that went forth from the ark to search the state of the earth has developed many species during the ages. No bird can be "crossed" more easily than the pigeon. These birds are more carefully classified than any others, and another thing in their favor is that they have really more intelligence than any of the feathered flock. Pigeons are affectionate creatures and are always ready to show their appreciation of any kindness shown to them. The "carrier" class of pigeons has not many varieties, but they have quite a literature of their own. A thoroughbred pigeon can wing it at the rate of about 30 miles an hour. That is the average rate of speed, but in the Franco-German war, during the siege of Paris, that was frequently exceeded.—Ex.

Twenty-five years ago men thought it impossible to overdo the horse business—the unexpected happened.



COWBANE (*Cicuta maculata*), showing leaves, flowers and fruit. From the U. S. Dept. of Agriculture, division of Botany. Slightly reduced.

From a strictly theoretical standpoint we are taught that these foods should be given dry that the animal will eat it slowly, giving ample time for the salivary secretions to form, as does man when eating crackers, etc. But is this true? My experience says no. Our horses and cattle are a little lower down in the animal scale than man, and their animal nature is not controlled by mental faculties as that of man is or should be. Place food in reach of the hungry animal and the one object is to swallow it as quickly as possible. Again, let a man attempt to make a meal from strictly dry food and he finds a glass of water a very satisfactory accompaniment. Probably it suits our tastes better in this way than to have it ground and made into a mush, but the animal does not object to it so, and the fluids thus taken answer the same purpose. Furthermore the salivary secretions in both horse and ox have been found by chemical analysis to contain little or nothing of a digestive nature farther than emulsification.—Ex.

Preventing Potato Scab.

A bulletin of the Indiana experiment station says:

1. Potato scab is caused by the attack of a minute vegetable parasite, as was first demonstrated at this station.
2. It chiefly attacks the crop through infected seed material.
3. The seed material may be disinfected by immersion in a bath of corrosive sublimate.
4. The corrosive sublimate solution should be of the strength of one part (2 oz. to 15 gal. of water).
5. The bath should be about an hour and a half long, although some variation in time is immaterial.
6. Cutting and planting is done as usual.
7. The result of the treatment is a crop essentially free from surface blemishes, and of greater market value.
8. Sometimes a considerable increase in yield results from the treatment.
9. The method is easily and cheaply applied, and worthy of extended trial.

Turnips as a Hoed Crop.—It is cheaper and better every way to have turnips grown in rows so that they can be cultivated and hoed than to sow them broadcast. The latter method has generally prevailed owing to the too common idea that growing a crop with little labor makes it cheaper. But the extra labor is more than repaid by increased product, thus making the drilled turnips cost less per bushel than those sown broadcast. There is a further advantage in the fact that the cultivated turnip may be kept free from weeds, thus saving labor in future crops.—Ex.

Domestic Flax Crop.

The Minneapolis Market Record says: "The movement of the new crop of flax dates from about three weeks ago, when receipts at Minneapolis jumped from little or nothing to as high as 31,000 bushels in a day. These heavy receipts began about a week earlier than in 1894, 1893 or 1892, and about two weeks earlier than in 1891. But taking the first three weeks' movements of all years on record, this year outdoes them all, so far as receipts at this market are concerned. In 1891 the year conceded to have brought forth the heaviest crop yet harvested the receipts at Minneapolis during the first three weeks of the movement of that crop were 16,220 bushels, but later the arrivals became heavier, and continued very heavy until the next August. In 1892 the first three weeks of the new crop saw 30,192 bushels received on this market, or nearly twice as much as in 1891, but receipts fell off much earlier 'bat season, and for the crop year they were much lighter. In 1893 the receipts during the first three weeks of the movement were 24,220 bushels. This year they dropped off soon after January 1, and continued small to the close of the crop year. Last year, 1894, the receipts during the corresponding period were 85,010 bushels, but this year during the same time they have been 166,240 bushels, or nearly twice those of any previous year, and about ten times as much as was received during the same period in the memorable year of 1891. The yield this year promises to exceed that of any year since 1891, so that in three states a harvest fully as great as that of 1891 might reasonably be expected."

Spinach.

This is one of our very hardiest crops, and seed can be sowed very early in spring, and again in September for late fall and winter crops, and in October for winter and spring crop. The differences between the leading varieties are slight. Long Standing Summer Spinach, especially for spring planting; best. Sow seed with the drill. The indicator will tell you how to set it for sowing this seed. Don't raise more than you are reasonably sure you can sell. If demand and prices are good when the plants have made some, but not their full growth, it may in some cases pay to thin them, leaving the remaining ones three or four inches apart to come to full size, and selling thinnings. We use ordinary ten-quart peach baskets in which to put up the crop for market. Or the plants may be put in bushel crates or barrels, and sold by the peck or other measure, or by the barrel to retailers. Usually we cut the whole rows down as fast as the crop is needed for sale, pushing a sharp and bright "crescent" hoe under the plants just on top of the ground, thus cutting the plants off and leaving them ready for gathering, washing and putting up for market. Applications of nitrate of soda often have a wonderful effect on this crop. If we are crowded for room, we sow a row of spinach between each two rows of early cabbages. The spinach has to be taken off in good season, when all the space is needed for cabbages.—Ex.

Wet or Dry Foods.

From a strictly theoretical standpoint we are taught that these foods should be given dry that the animal will eat it slowly, giving ample time for the salivary secretions to form, as does man when eating crackers, etc. But is this true? My experience says no. Our horses and cattle are a little lower down in the animal scale than man, and their animal nature is not controlled by mental faculties as that of man is or should be. Place food in reach of the hungry animal and the one object is to swallow it as quickly as possible. Again, let a man attempt to make a meal from strictly dry food and he finds a glass of water a very satisfactory accompaniment. Probably it suits our tastes better in this way than to have it ground and made into a mush, but the animal does not object to it so, and the fluids thus taken answer the same purpose. Furthermore the salivary secretions in both horse and ox have been found by chemical analysis to contain little or nothing of a digestive nature farther than emulsification.—Ex.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Wear a clean apron while ironing or bed-making.

To clean bamboo furniture use a brush dipped in salt water.

The eyes should be bathed every night in cold water just before retiring, and they will do better work the following day.

When very tired lie on the back, allowing every muscle to relax, letting the hands go any way they will, and keep the eyes closed.

Oil stains may be removed from wall paper by applying for four hours pipe clay, powdered and mixed with water to the thickness of cream.

If you have to sew all day, change your seat occasionally, and so obtain rest. Bathing the face and hands will also stimulate and refresh.

For stains in matting from grease, wet the spot with alcohol, then rub on white castile soap. Let this dry in a cake and then wash off with warm salt water.

Where it is desirable to see the tongue of a very small child the object may be accomplished by touching the upper lip with a bit of sweet oil, which will cause the child to protrude its tongue.

Sore or inflamed eyes are relieved by bathing in tepid or warm water in which a little salt has been dissolved. An individual towel should be used in all such cases—never one which is used in common by members of the family.

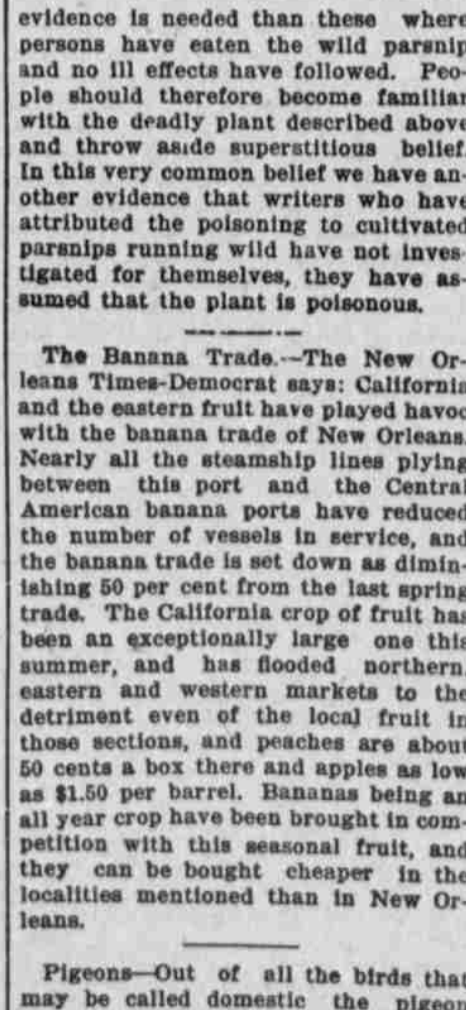


Figure 1.—Parasitic root of Cowbane, slightly reduced. Young stems coming out near the top. At (2) cross section of root. At (3) longitudinal section.

impossible to dispell it from the minds of some people. I have been particularly fortunate in the cases which are here recorded to identify the specimen in every case which caused the poisoning, and moreover, I have also to offer good evidence that the cultivated parsnip running wild does not cause poisoning.

The wide spread belief of the poisonous nature of the cultivated parsnip running wild is entertained by a large number of people, and also to some extent by the medical fraternity. A few years ago, Prof. Frederick B. Power, of Passaic, New Jersey, and one of his pupils, Mr. J. T. Bennett, undertook some experiments to determine whether the cultivated parsnip running wild had any toxic properties.

Mr. Bennett failed to detect the pres-