

INTERESTING 10 FARMERS.

Turnips.

The turnip crop is not of great value in this land of cheap corn, but it often happens that a few turnips can be grown where nothing else can, and they never come amiss either for late fall or early spring feeding, says the Western Stockman and Cultivator. We cannot go to the labor in growing turnips that our Canadian neighbors do. In the Dominion this crop is planted in rows and hoed, thinned and cultivated with as much care as the crops get in European countries. But we can give the turnip attention enough to get it well started—after that it will take care of itself. Any fertile soil will produce turnips, though a sandy loam is the best. The ground should be cultivated till it is thoroughly smooth and mellow, and if it has previously been deeply plowed so much the better. A soil that has produced a crop of early potatoes or onions, or that for some cause has missed a stand of corn will generally produce a crop of turnips to good advantage.

The best of the small or Swede variety of turnips is the red top strap leaved. It is almost sure to produce a crop of roots when not planted to thick. The best time for sowing this variety of turnips is the middle of July, but they may be sown as late as the first of August, and will produce a fair crop if they get a shower soon after sowing. The seed may be sown broadcast at the rate of about one-half pound per acre. Care must be taken to get the seeding even and thin enough, for turnips will not grow where no seed has been sown, nor will they form roots where they are sown too thickly.

The Possibilities of Wheat Culture.

Some thirty years ago the French considered a wheat crop quite good when it yielded twenty-one bushels to the acre; but with the same soil the present requirements is at least thirty-three bushels, while in the best soils the crop is only good when it yields from forty-three to forty-eight bushels, and occasionally the crop is as much as fifty-five and a half to the acre, writes Prince Kropotkin in the Forum. There are whole countries—Hesse for example—which are satisfied only when the average crop attains thirty-seven bushels, while the experimental farms of central France produce from year to year, over large areas, forty-one bushels to the acre, and a number of farms in northern France regularly yield, year after year, from fifty-five to sixty-eight bushels to the acre. Occasionally, even so much as eighty bushels has been obtained upon limited areas under special care. In fact, it is now proved that by combining a series of such simple operations as the selection of seeds, sowing in rows and proper manuring the crop can be increased by at least 75 per cent over the best present average, while the cost of production can be reduced by 50 per cent, by the use of some inexpensive machinery, to say nothing of costly machines like the steam digger, or the pulverizers which make the soil required for each special culture. They are now occasionally resorted to here and there, but they will come into general use as soon as humanity feels the need of increasing the agriculture product tenfold.

Value of White Clover.

Much more pasture can be got from a field well seeded with white clover among other herbage than its appearance indicates. It is a creeping plant, and does not show for all it is. Besides, it springs up quickly when eaten off, thus making new supplies of fresh, rich herbage at times when grass roots are drying up. A white clover pasture is one of the very best for butter making, and from its blossoms the bees make the choicest honey. Where white clover is once seeded, it is very persistent, as seed forms on uneven heads all summer, and spilled upon the ground is brought up with every new plowing, so that as farmers used to think it grew without any seed from which to start.

The Profit in Raising Hogs.

Extract of paper read by W. A. Maze before the Indiana farmers' institute: The farmer that lets his pigs run on half rations until 6 months old and then fattens them does so at a sacrifice of profit. Pigs should be made to grow as rapidly as possible from birth until sent to the block. The first 100 pounds made on a pig are the cheapest, the second 100 cost more than the first, and if a hog is kept longer than that the cost will overbalance the profit. Hogs should be ripened off at from 8 to 10 months old and weigh 250 to 300 pounds. No breed should be kept on a farm that will not gain at least one pound per day. The best and earliest maturing breeds will do better than that. Perhaps no man has done more to establish the above basis than Prof. Sanborn, who for many years was at the head of the Missouri agricultural college. He made over 100 trials by actual tests, scientifically with more than 100 different animals and with different kinds of food. Prof. Sanborn, in his report on these tests, makes the following tabulated statements of results:

These tables show that to put one pound of gain on hogs averaging 35 lbs. weight required 3.57 of food; hogs averaging 71.5 lbs. required 4.48 lbs of food; averaging 124.8 lbs. require 4.48 lbs of food; averaging 221 lbs. required 4.88 lbs of food; averaging 267 lbs. required 5.74 lbs. of food, and averaging 356 lbs. required 6.75 lbs. of food. Or stated in another form, taking as the standard the amount of food necessary to make a pound of gain pigs averaging 25 lbs.; pigs averaging 71.5 lbs. required for the same gain 3.3 per cent more food; averaging 124.8 lbs. weight 14 per cent more food; averaging 177 lbs. 19 per cent more food; averaging 267 lbs. 55 per cent more food, and hogs averaging 326 lbs. take 71 per cent more food.

Thus you will readily perceive that the amount of food necessary to make a certain gain steadily increase with the weight of the animal, and the increase is much greater after the hog passes the 250-lb point, and as the profit is not more than 25 per cent, it is manifestly certain that we feed 300 or more pounds weight at a dead loss. The 360-lb hog requires twice as much food for a pound of gain as a 100-lb pig does.

Southern Oats.

It is evidently a mistake for southern farmers to try to grow oats. The climate is unsuited to this crop, and four years out of five the heads are only chaff. What is called blasting is the drying up of the crop from heat and the rust which almost always fastens upon it, as it does in the scattering stools of oats that are some times grown in corn fields. Southern farmers can sell cotton and buy oats cheaper than they can raise this grain.

Best Food for Young Chicks.

Although many foods have been recommended for young chicks, we have always had excellent success with stale bread and oatmeal, fed in the dry condition, until the chicks are 10 day old when they may be then given cracked corn and wheat screenings also, say the Kansas Farmer. Too much soft food is not wholesome for them. Chicks prefer dry food, and it serves the purpose better and entails less labor in preparation. Corn bread alone is insufficient, but it may be improved when dipped in milk.

Resistance of Wood Posts to Fire.

The endurance of wooden posts when subjected to the action of fire has been strikingly shown in a fire in England which occurred in a large warehouse and raged with great fury for five hours. The post was found eventually but little injured by the fire. It was taken out, and as a further test was placed in the midst of shavings, light and heavy wood, saturated with petroleum. This was ignited and burned for two hours and a half, at end of which the post was withdrawn and split longitudinally with steel wedges in order to ascertain its condition. The post was pitch pine—and about the most inflammable wood known—and yet, after an exposure of seven hours to intense heat, it contained within a quantity of perfectly uninjured and apparently fresh wood, probably capable of supporting the whole weight which the original post was designed to carry.—New York Telegraph.

Supply and Demand.

A writer in a rubber journal, after treating of the growing demand for rubber and the possibilities of the future supply, calls attention to the fact that one of the earliest references to caoutchouc as a substance capable of practical use was made by Dr. Priestly in the preface of his work on "Perspective," published in 1770. He mentions it as a substance which has just been brought to his notice as admirably suited for rubbing out pencil marks and as being then sold at the rate of three shillings sterling for a cubal bit of about half an inch.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Bad Spelling No Disgrace.

It cannot properly be said to be disgraceful to a person not to know how to spell correctly, unless the defeat can be shown to have some of the abuse of faculties and opportunities which if fairly improved would have enabled the orthographic delinquent to spell with accuracy. And after all Dr. Franklin used to maintain that what are called the worst spellers are frequently the best, inasmuch as they spell nearest to the dictates of common sense and the accepted pronunciation of words.—New York Ledger.

ONLY A STREET BOY.

He was a tall, thin, starved-looking boy, with a little jacket, the sleeves of which crept half way up his arms, and a hat that was nothing but a brim, and when she saw him he was eating a crust out of the gutter. She was only a poor old woman who kept a little shop for candy and trimmings, and poor enough itself, heaven knew; but she said, he looked a little like her Tom might if he had grown up and been neglected, and she couldn't stand it. She called to him:

"Come here, my sooty," she said; and the boy obeyed.

Before she could speak again, he said: "I didn't do it, I'll take my oath on anything. I didn't do it. I ain't so mean."

"Didn't do what?" said the pleasant old woman.

"Broke your window," said the boy, nodding his head toward a shattered pane.

"Why I broke that myself, with my shutter last night," said the old woman, "I ain't strong enough to lift them, that's the fact. I'm getting old."

"If I'm around here when you shut up I'll do it for you," said the boy. "I'd just as soon. What was that you wanted me for?"

"I want to know what you was eating that dry crust out of the gutter for?" was the reply.

"Hungry," he said. "I have tried to get a job all day. I'm going to sleep in an area over there, after it's too dark for a policeman to see, and you can't have a good night's sleep without some supper, if it is a little dirty."

"I'll give you some that's clean," said the old woman.

"That will be begging," he said.

"No," she said, "you can sweep the store and pavement, and put up the shutters for it."

"Very well," he said. "Thankee, then. If I sweep up first, I'll feel better."

Accordingly she brought him a broom, and he did the work well. Afterwards he ate his supper with a relish. That night he slept, not in the area, but under the old woman's counter.

He had told her his story. His name was Dick; he was 12 years old, and his father, whom he had never seen sober, was in prison for life.

The antecedents were not elevating, and he did the work well. The next morning the old woman engaged a clerk for her small establishment. The terms were simple—"his living and a bed under the counter."

When the neighbors heard of it they were shocked. A street boy, whom no one knew. Did Mrs. Briggs really want to be murdered in her bed? But Mrs. Briggs felt quite safe. She had so much time now that she was going to take in sewing. Dick attended to the shop altogether. He kept it in fine order, and increased the business by introducing candies and chewing gum. Pennies came in as they never came in before, since he had painted signs in red and blue ink to the effect that the real old molasses candy was to be got there, and that this was the place for peanuts.

And in the evening after the shop was shut up she began to take him into her confidence.

Her great dream was to buy herself into a home for the aged! It would cost her \$100. She was saving for it. She had been saving for three years, and had \$15 of it. But it cost so much to live, with her 25 cents per quarter and loaves so small; and she had been sick, and there was the doctor and Mrs. Jones Maria Jane to be paid for minding the shop.

After this Dick took the greatest interest in the savings, and the winter months increased them, as though he had brought a blessing. One night in the spring she took the bag from under the pillow, and counted what it had. It was \$30.

"And I'll begin to make kites to-morrow, Mrs. Briggs," said the boy, "and you will see the custom it will bring. If a little shaver sees the kites he'll spend all he has for 'em, and then he'll coax his mother for more to buy the stick darts and chewing-gum. I know boys."

"You're a clever boy yourself," said the old woman, and patted his hand.

It was a plumper hand than it had been when it picked the crust out of the gutter, and he wore clean clothes, though they were made of very coarse cloth.

"How wrong all the neighbors were!" she said. "That boy is the comfort of my life."

So she went to bed with the treasure under her pillow, and slept. Far on in the night she awoke. The room was utterly dark; there was not a ray of light; but she heard a step upon the floor.

"Who is that?" she cried.

There was no answer, but she felt that some one leaned over the bed, then a hand clasped her throat and held her down, and dragged out the bag, and she was released. Half suffocated, she for a moment found herself motionless and bewildered, conscious only of a draught of air from the open door and some confused noises. Then she sprang to the door, and hurried into the little shop.

"Dick! Dick!" she cried. "Dick! Dick! help! wake up! I'm robbed."

THE LOVER'S RETURN.

"I—I—that is, you will excuse me, I stammered as he entered a store, on upper Broadway and was accorded an interview with the proprietor.

"What did you wish, sir?" was the cold but polite rejoinder.

"Well you may think me foolish, but I must run the risk. About a year ago you had a girl over there behind the railing—a typewriter and private secretary, I presume."

"Yes sir."

"She was a handsome girl—very handsome, and her speech and demeanor showed good blood."

"Yes."

"Well, I fell in love with her."

"Did you? Well?"

"She was very coy and shy, but after a time I thought I could detect signs that my feeling were reciprocated."

"Ah! Indeed! Looked at you in a tender way?"

"I thought so. For weeks I made it a practice to pass your store a 2 o'clock daily, so as to get sight of her. She got so she looked for me at that hour."

"Indeed!"

"That is, I thought she did. I thought her eyes lighted up as she caught sight of me. I suppose the proper way would have been to come in and ask you to introduce me, but—but one hesitates over those things, you know."

"Yes I know."

"About a year ago I was suddenly called to Chicago. While there I met with a bad accident, and only recently returned to New York. I wanted to write to her, but under the circumstances I could not."

"I follow."

"But I thought of her daily, aye! a hundred times a day."

"And now I have returned I called to catch sight of her dear, sweet face once more, but I don't see it. Is she with you yet?"

"Oh, yes."

"Is she ill?"

"Oh, no."

"Absent temporarily?"

"Yes; over at the house."

"Your house?"

"Yes; Perhaps you'd like to walk over. I married her about a year ago, and this is the hour when the baby is asleep and she is at liberty."

The ax fell. With a moan of anguish on his pale lips the returned lover walked out of the store in a blind, staggering way, reeled down the street as if drunk, and uttered no word until he reached the drug store at the corner. Then he made a great effort, pulled himself together, entered, sat down on a stool before the soda fountain and hoarsely whispered:

"Give me lemon and vanilla with plenty of froth on it, for I calculated she'd earn enough to support us both."

—From the New York Sun.

Excessive Scientific Zeal.

"These August meteors," observed Mr. Johnsbay, laying down his knife and fork, "generally seem to come from the constellation of Perseus."

"And they are always more numerous between the hours of 1 and 4 in the morning," suggested Mr. Johnsbay, pouring out another cup of tea.

"I was talking, my dear. I was about to say that on the nights of August 10 and 12."

"I know you were, my love; but I know something about it, too. These meteoric showers—"

"I think, my darling, I have studied the subject a little more thoroughly, perhaps, than you have. On the nights of—"

"Of course, dearest, I know that. The meteors are supposed to be—"

"Mrs. Johnsbay, where have you acquired so much astronomical knowledge, may I ask?"

"Permit me to enquire, Mr. Johnsbay, you know everything?"

"I know you can't tell a total eclipse from a rainbow, madam."

"And I know you haven't changed your socks for six weeks, Sam Johnsbay."

"I don't wear false teeth, you insult my old codfish."

Mr. Johnsbay dodged a brick meteoric shower of chicken bones, egg shells and melon rinds that seemed to proceed from an angry woman at the other end of the table. He rose in great wrath, put his wife's face in total eclipse by plastering it all over with cold mush, and the interesting and scientific conversation between the steepland Mr. and Mrs. Johnsbay was ended.

Five-year-old William was talking about his crackles and his brother asked what he meant. "I mean the little elbows on my fingers," was the ready reply.

Bitten by a Moccasin.

John Courter, of Manatee, Fla., was bitten on the heel by a moccasin snake. He was walking past Howard & Kennedy's pond, and as he was stepping over some grass the snake struck him, and hung on so that he had to pull him loose. Courter felt pains shoot over him, and started for home, over a mile away. He became sick and was obliged to lie down, but he got up again and went home. When he got there his body was swollen, his throat nearly even with his chin, his eyes nearly shut, and he could hardly speak. Fortunately the boys had been instructed what to do. They gave him a dose of ammonia, saturated the wounds with it, and sent for Mr. Kenney, Mr. Abel and other neighbors. They gave him all the whisky they could find with ammonia in it, and got up a reaction. Then they applied turpentine and ammonia until he was out of danger and able to get up.—Exchange.

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