HALF-WAY DOIN'3.

Belubbed fellow-trabelers: In holdin' forth to I doesn't quote no 'special verse for what I ha to say.

De sermon will be berry short, and dis here do tex': Dat half-way doin's ain't no count for dis worl'

or de nex'. Dis worl' dat we's a libbin in is like a cotton

Whar ebery cullud gentleman has got his line to And ebery time a lazy nigger stops to take a nap De grass keeps on a growin' for to smudder up When Moses led de Jews acrost de waters ob de

pe had to keep a goin' jes' as fes' as fas' could be; Do you 'spose dat dey could eber hab succeeded in deir wish, And reached de Promise Land at last—if dey had stopped to fish?

My frien's, dar was a garden once, whar Adam libbed wid Eve, Wid no one 'round to bodder dem, no neighbor for to thieve, And ebery day was Christmas, and dey got deir

rations free, And eberyting belonged to dem except an apple

You all know 'bout de story-how de snake come anoopin' roun'—
A stump-tail, rusty moccasin, a crawlin' on de groun'— How Eve and Adam ate de fruit, and went and

hid deir face, Till de angel oberseer he come and drove 'em off de place. Now 'spose dat man and 'coman hadn't 'tempted

for to shirk, But had gone about deir gardenin' and 'tended to deir work,
Dey wouldn't hab been loain' whar dey had no business to, And de debbil nebber'd had a chance to tell 'em

No half-way doin's, bredren! It'll nebber do, l Go at your task and finish it, and den's de tim to play-For chen if de crap is good, de rain 'ill spile de Unless you keeps a-pickin' in de garden ob your

Keep a plowin' and a-hoein' and a scrapin ob de rows, And when de ginning's ober you can pay up what you owes: But if you quits a workin ebery time de sun is

Whateber 'tis you's dribin at, be shore and dribe it through, And don't let nuffin' stop you, but do what you's

De sheriff's gwine lebby upon eberyting you's

gwine to do; For when you sees a niggar foolin', den, as shore's you're born, You's gwine to see him comin' out de small cend ob de horn.

I thanks you for de 'tention you has gib dis af ternoon-Sister Williams will oblige us by a-raisin' ob I see dat Brudder Jonnson's 'bout to pass aroun

And don't let's hab no half-way donin's when it comes to dat!

A FAIRY GODMOTHER.

Madame Dupont, wrapped in a loose robe of some soft gray material, a faded cashmere shawl partly covering her, lay on the lounge before the bay window that formed almost the entire front of her tiny cottage. Her large black eyes, their brightness somewhat dimmed by her long sickness, dwelt with dreamy pleasure on the landscape spread before

It was a very common landscape, such white with daisies, among which two or three brown cows patiently sought for tender blades of grass, with one tall, stout tree standing midway, solitary and alone, and a background of dense tangled brushwood. To careless eyes, scarce worth a careless glance; but to hers, so long shut out from sight of earth and sky, a scene most beautiful. The slender white wrinkled hands folded upon her breast were yet too weak to hold even one of her beloved books, and the small feet still lacked sufficient strength to sustain the frail body. But, thank heaven! the cruel pain had gone, and in its stead had come a blissful rest.

All through the fickle months of spring, taking no heed whether they smiled or wept, she had never raised her weary head from the pillow.

And the snowdrops and crocuses and scilled and hyacinths and tulips had grown and budded and bloomed in her little garden, and she, who had hoped to watch them grow from the first green leaf to the perfect blossom, had only seen the few Viola had plucked and brought to her bedside, where, seen through a cloud of suffering, a shadow

had fallen upon their beauty.

And now it was the heart of June and the roses, gay in every shade of pink, climbing about the window, looked in; and entreated her to come out. But no: she could not hope to walk among the flowers until the roses had faded and the lilies had begun to reign. And perhaps had it not been for the love and care and cheering words of Viola, the eldest daughter of the big farmhouse. Kate. the strong, rough Irish servant maid, was kind and faithful in her way, but hers was money service, and left to it alone, she might have died; but Viola served for love (she had loved the pretty old madame since first they met), and love brings faith and hope and patience and many other beautiful things.

For weeks the young girl came morn, noon and eve, to stay an hour each time. and her visits were the only gleam of brightness that lightened the darkened room. And many the wee loaf of whitest bread, and golden pat of butter, and drink of rich sweet milk, and a fresh laid, pink-tinted egg, she brought to tempt the languid appetite; and many the song she sang, soft and low, to woo for the sick woman the angel of sleep.

And yet not only were they neither kith nor kin, but she knew naught of Madame Dupont save that she had built the four-room cottage the preceding spring, and had lived there since the last July in the hu - blest way.

There was a large family at the farmhouse, and much work to be done-hard, unlovely work, the very thought of which often made the young girl, waking in the gray morning from pleasant dreams, clasp her hands and cry out: "Is this to be my life forever?" And had it not been for the glimpse of beauty she caught about her home - the far-off river dress of dreamy whiteness. It unfolded gleaming in the sunlight or moonlight, into a miracle of old-fashioned lovelithe orchard trees white with blossoms in ness. Purple violets were scattered here spring, and laden with fruit in summer and there upon the scant skirt, as though

and autumn, the shady woods where countless shy wild flowers hid from the glare of the world, the songs of the happy birds, and the grand sunsets behind the distant hills-she would have been heart-weary indeed. For she loved evtrything beautiful. And especially did she love music with all the tenderness of a creator, as madame discovered one day—the day they first saw each other; in fact, when Viola, coming on some errand to the cottage, stopped, en-tranced on the threshold of the door to listen to the plaintive melody in a minor key, feebly but beautifully played on the old-fashioned upright piano.

"You love music?" said madame, turning slowly and confronting her.

"With all my heart," answered the girl, the vivid flush that was ever ready to appear flushing the fair young face. "You play?"

"A little-a very little; but I have had no piano for three years-since my own mother died."

"Let me hear you."

"Oh, madame, I dare not try after But the old lady rose and gently led her to the instrument. There were two or three keys entirely dumb, and the rest were not in perfect tune, but the spirit of music so guided the long slender fingers that they reproduced the minor melody madame had played so daintily enwrapped in bird-like trills and rtppling

runs, that she, in turn, stood entranced. "After me, indeed!" she said, as the girl struck the last chord. "I had to learn, but you-it is part of you. And you have no piano? Ah, that is sad. Could I give you mine, it should be yours. But it belonged to my dear husband, who died twenty years ago, and I could not bear to part with it. He was a Frenchman, and a professor of music. I was an American girl, and one of his pupils. When I married him I helped him to teach others, and so came to be called 'madame.' We loved each other very much. But I shall be glad, my dear-very glad-to have you come here and play as often as you will.'

"Could I come as often as I would, said the girl, with a bright smile, "I am afraid I should soon tire you. But I will come as often as I can. And, oh, madame"-suddenly kissing the soft, wrinkled cheek-"I cannot tell you how much I think of you!"

But the often proved very seldom, for some of the summer boarders staid until the end of October, and the butter had to be churned and the fruit canned, and the young sisters to be prepared each day for school, and the twin boys-nothing to speak of in point of years, but perfec Methuselahs in mischief-to be looked after from morning until night, and winter wardrobes to be made, and a thousand and one other things to be done.

And then madame fell sick and all the time Viola could spare she spent at her bedside. "Time that had much better be spent at home," scolded her stepmother, "for there's a servant there; and one servant is enough to take care of two such houses as that and their mistresses, too; sick or well. I have no

"You have me," Viola could have replied, "and no servant ever worked harder or for less wages," but she set her lips firmly together and said nothing. But she rose earlier than ever thereafter, that she might not leave undone the slightest of her tasks, and thus merit no reproach for the few hours each day she gave her dear old friend.

And now madame was getting well and as can be seen in any country place on with the strength of her strong servantany summer day-only a broad field, maid, could go from room to room; but she was best satisfied as vet to be in the wee parlor on the lounge before the big window.

And here Viola made her appearance the day the roses were beckoning, with a merry greeting, and a dish of luscious strawberries smothered in cream; but in spite of the merry greeting there was a hint of a shadow on her bonny face that did not escape madame's keen black eyes.

"Tell me about it, dear," she said, in her sweet, trembling voice. Viola knelt beside her.

"You must be a fairy, madame," she said, "for none but a fairy could have guessed that I was a little sorry to-day And for such a trifling cause I'm ashamed to speak of it." But the old lady maist ing with gentle persistance, she began: 'It is a ball I would like to go to, but cannot. I have never been to a ball, and this one-you remember the young lady who boarded at our house last summer with her father and sister-'

"And brother," suggested madame. "And her brother," repeated Viola never lowering her frank blue eyes, but blushing from the tip of her round chin to the curls shading her fair brow. "Well, she and I were good friends then, but I never dreamed she would remember me after she went away, for he-she I mean-is rich, and I am poor, and our ways in life lie very, very far apart. But she has not forgotten me. See, madame, here is an invitation to a ball to be given even this hope would not have been hers on her nineteenth birthday at her aunt's house, only a few miles away. Andand her brother signs it too. He writes a handsome hand, does he not,

"A strong, handsome hand, my dear, and he is a strong, manly fellow. I do not forget the messages he used to bring me from you, and deliver with such courtly grace. You must go to the

ball. "Oh, madame, it is impossible. could not go if it were to be the simplest of parties, and it is to be a fancy dress. I have nothing to wear. You know the crops failed last year on account of the drought. But what folly for me to let so slight a thing distress me for a moment, when all at home have health and strength, and you are fast getting well?"

"For which we should be-and no doubt we are-devoutly thankful," said the old lady, "and all the more reasons why you should go to the ball. You said just now I must be a fairy. I will prove my right to the title by being a fairy godmother. You did not know that my name was Violet. Take the key you will find under the clock on the mantle, and open the ottoman that stands yonder."

"Open the ottoman, madame?" "Yes; it is a simply a chest in disguise

and in it lies your ball dress." The lid of the disguised chest was raised, a long box was lifted out and An exclamation of delight opened. burst from Viola's lips. There is a satin

dropped from some careless hand, and the puffed sleeves and short waist were made of a wreath of amber-hued lace. And then came a large quaint fan of sandal wood and peacock feathers, a necklace of pearls, a high tortoise-shell comb, and a pair of satin shoes with low

flat heels and queer pointed toes. wear these, madame," said Viola.

"That do I, most surely," said madame, gayly. "I wore them, child, many years ago. And now another Violet needs them. There is fate in it. And I knows?—they may help you to win a true lover as they did me.'

"But the shoes, madame-they are too small, I'm sure."

"Try them, my dear." Viola slipped one on. "It binds across the instep," caid she.
"Take the scissors and cut it, then."

"Oh, mademe, it would spoil it then." "Do as I bid you. Fairy godmother must be obeyed. Now take the rosettes still remaining in the box, and fasten one over each shoe to hide to damage done.

And with the beautiful rosettes of satin and lace, with a "V" encircled in seed- alarm. pearl in the center of each, hiding the gaps the scissors had made, the joilet was complete.

And so Viola went to the ball not in a fine carriage drawn by prancing steeds, but in her father's covered wagon, behind the old farm horse. But when she appeared in the brilliantly lighted room it was rather late, for the old horse traveled slowly-the creamy white satin dress clinging to her slight graceful figure, and pearls clustering around her smooth throat, her golden hair wound about the tortoise shell comb, her dimpled arms and shoulders just showing through the arcient lace, her innocent blue eyes looking shyly over the quaint fan, and her feet clad in the queer pointed shoes, half hidden by the great rosetees—the gay crowd felt, some of them (the fair maidens these) with bitter envy, that an unknown Princess of Beauty was among

And the Prince of the reigning house quickly followed his sister to welcome her, leaving a Knight with diamonds stars to sparkle for some faithful worshipper. And again and again he and the unknown Princess danced together until nearly daybreak, when, a servant summoning her hastily-for the farmer father was tired of waiting-she flew to the dressing-room and one of the rosettes bursting from its fastenings on the way, away went the shoe it had helped to hold in place, down, down through the well of the winding staircase, to regions far below.

And Viola, having the enchantment of the night still upon her, never missed it, but hastily drawing on her stout boots, ran to the old wagon, jumped in, and drove away in the dim first light of the morning from the Prince and Fairyland. But when she awoke from the deep

sleep into which she sank as soon as she reached her home-the sun was on its westward way-she discovered the loss, and while she was bewailing it the Prince rang at the door.

"I have a slipper, or shoe, or some thing of the kind," he said, taking it from the breast pocket of his fur-trimmed coat, "and as it will not fit either of my sisters, or my consins, or any of the lady might fit vou."

"It does not, really," said truthful Viola, with her lovely blush, "I could open in the instep-I have not an aristo cratic foot-and that is how the stitches that held the friendly rosette giving way I came it lose it.'

"That I, thank fortune! might find it. And now, Viola, dearest-

But what need of saving more? You can all end the story for yourselves, I am sure, even to guessing that madame ived to be a hundred years old, and never was fairy godmother so loved and petted as she.

Famous Trees on Long Island.

A white mulberry tree on the farm of Thomas Hallock ai Mattituck is 12 feet in circumference at the butt. Two pear trees near Southold are more

than 150 years old, and each is as large near the ground as a barrel. In Aquebogue stands a black walnut

tree 12 feet in circumference and 100 feet across the top. It still bears fruit, and belongs to Daniel Corwin. A weeping willow on the premises of Mary E. Havell, in Riverhead, is now

more than a century old, and is thirteen feet in circumference near the ground. A black walnut on the farm of the late William Cullen Bryant is 25 feet in circumference 11/4 feet from the ground, and 120 feet across the top. It bears abund-

Islip boasts of a pear tree whose fruit the oldest resident of the town, who is now 80 years of age, ate when he was a boy. He says it was then a large fruitbearing tree. Last season it yielded its

full complement of fruit. There is a weeping beech in the old Parsons Nursery in Flushing which is 40 feet high and about the same distance across the top. The limbs droop to the earth all around, but leave several openings resembling Gothic doors, through which one may pass to the interior.

Intelligent farmers everywhere realize that a proper mixture of grain foods is more economical than to feed exclusively of one or two kinds. A Connecticut farmer who makes farming pay feeds his cows two quarts daily from a mixture of 1200 pounds of coarse wheat bran, 1000 pounds of corn meal and 500 pounds of cottonseed. This is mixed by being thoroughly shoveled over on a tight barn floor. The same farmer thinks it pays to feed coarse bran to hogs occasionally, when meal is fed regularly, as it keeps them in good condition.

It is said that the "average yield of wheat in all parts of the Union is put at thirteen bushels per acre, which is two bushels over the census average of ten years ago. Still, as the cost of growing wheat has increased in equal proportion by the necessity of using phosphate, it is doubtful whether any increased profit is made on the greater average yield Now, however, all the profit is gained by the few who manure thoroughly and grow an average crop of twenty to thirty bushels per acre.

A guarantee of good faith-Giving a church \$10,000.

Buried Alive.

In the year 1400 Ginevra de Amiera, a Florentine beauty, married under paternal pressure a man who had failed to win her heart, which she had given to Antonio Rondinelli. Soon afterward the plague broke out in Florence; Ginevra "But you never mean that I should fell ill, apparently succumbed to the malady, and, being propounced dead, was the same day consigned to the family tomb. Some one, however, had blundered in the matter, for in the middle of the night the entombed bride woke will put a spell upon them, and who out of her trance, and, badly as her living relatives had behaved, found her dead ones still less to her liking, and lost no time in quitting the silent company upon whose quietude she had unwillingly intruded. Speeding through the sleep wrapped streets as swiftly as her clinging cerements allowed, Ginevra sought the home from which she had so lately been borne a supposed corpse. Roused from his slumbers by a knocking at the door, the disconsolate widower of a day cautiously opened an upper window, and, seeing a shrouded figure waiting below in whose upturned face he recognized the for the accommodation would be \$35. lineaments of the departed, he cried in

"Go in peace, blessed spirit," and

shut the window precipitately.
With sickened heart and slackened step the repulsed wife made her way to her father's door, to receive a like beni son from her dismayed parent. Then she crawied to an uncle's house, where the door was indeed opened, only to be slammed in her face by the frightened man, who in his hurry forgot even to bless his ghostly caller.

The cool night air penetrating the undress of the hapless wanderer made her tremble and shiver, as she thought she had waked to life only to die again in the ernel streets.

"Ah!" she sighed, "Antonio would

not have proved so unkind." This thought naturally suggested that it was her duty to test his courage and love; it would be time enough to die if he proved like the rest. The way was long, but hope renerved her limbs, and soon Ginevra was knocking timidly at Rondinelli's door. He opened it himself, and, although startled by the ghastly vision, calmly inquired what the spirit wanted with him. Throwing her shroud away from her face, Ginevra ex-

claimed: "I am no spirit, Antonio; I am that Ginevra you once loved, who was buried yesterday-buried alive!" and fell senseess into the welcoming arms of her astonished and delighted lover, whose cries for help soon brought down his sympathizing family to hear the wondrous story, and to bear its heroine to bed, to be tenderly nursed until she had recovered from the shock, and was as beauti-

ful as ever again. Then came the difficulty. Was Ginevra to return to the man who had buried her and shut his door against her, or give herself to the man who had saved her from the second death? With such powful special pleaders as love and gratitude on his side, of course Rondinelli won the day, and a private marriage made the lovers amends for previous disappointment. They, however, had no intention of keeping in hiding, but the very first Sunday after they became man and wife appeared in public together at the cathedral, to the confusion and wonder friends who with them bide, I thought it of Ginevra's friends. An explanation ensued, which satisfied everybody except the lady's first husband, who insisted that nothing but her dying in genuine not have worn it had it not been cut cornest could dissolve the original mat rimonial bond. The case was referred to the bishop, who, having no precedent to curb his decision, rose superior to technicalities, and declared that the first husband had forfeited all right to Ginevra, and must pay over to Rondinelli the dowry he had received with her; a decree at which, we may rest assured, all true lovers in Florence heartily re-

Fixing the Door.

There was a crack under the kitchen door-a crevice large enough for one to put a hand under-and early in Novem-

ber Mrs. Cripso began saying: "Now, Cripso, don't let this day pass without nailing down a cleat to stop that crevice. It will let in more cold this winter than two tons of coal can drive

And Cripso began replying: "Certainly, my dear—certainly. That crevice shall be stopped this very day." On fifteen different occasions in November she reminded him of the fact that he had forgotten that crevice. In December the number of occasions was twenty. During the month of January she spoke of it twenty-two times. In February she began referring to the matter at each meal, and the other day

she nailed him down with the remark: "Cripso, I am going down town, and I'll stop on my way and ask a carpenter to come up and fix that door.

"I'll fix it." "No you won't! You just let it alone. I'll have a carpenter here before night, and that door will be fixed.

"I say I'll fix it myself-right away now," and in five minutes he had saw and hammer and cleat, and was at the job. Mrs. Cripso went off chuckling over her victory, and upon her return her

husband said: "Well, the old crevice is shut up."

"You fixed it, eh?" "Fixed it better than any carpenter you could have sent up, and in ten minutes, too. Come and see. She took one look at his work, and then

sat down and whispered: "Cripso, you have just missed it by hair's breadth." "What?"

"Being born a fool! You have nailed the cleat to the floor inside the door!" So he had. He had shut the crevice and door, too, and when he came to realize! it he walked slowly out into the back yard and tried to saw his head off on the clothes line.

Cent Per Cent.

The yearning after wealth is confined to no class or condition of mankind. In some cases, however, the longing is of abnormal development. Instances are noted where it has become a disease, and yesterday a reporter came in contact with three in which the symptoms were so pronounced as to call for comment. had seen an advertisement of a concern tender and sore.

on Dearborn street which offered to loan him "any amount" on furniture, pianos and other securities "at low rates.

accordingly made application. "Yes, sir, we lean money. How much

do von want?" "One hundred dollars"

"For what time?"

"Three months." "What security?"

"Furniture." "What is the furniture worth?" "About \$1000."

"It wilt cost you five per cent a month. "That would be fifteen dollars for three

"Yes, and you would have to pay for the acknowledging and recording.

"What is the extra cost for acknowl gment and record?" 'We charge 50 cents for acknowledging and \$1 for recording. One hundred

dollars for three months will cost you

816.50. At another office on the same street the scribe wanted \$200 for three months, and was informed that the total charge

The philanthropist added: "We charge \$5 for examining the furniture, making on't the papers and recording the chattel mortgage. On Madison street the reporter con-

sulted a man who advertised to make "confidential loans." He was told that the use of \$150 for three months would cost him \$29.50. "Isn't that pretty steep?"

"Oh, no; some brokers will charge you six and seven per cent a month and take out the first month's interest when they advance the money."

"What rate do you charge?" "Five per cent per month." "How do you make out \$29,50?"

"I charge \$7 for making out the papers. The reporter concluded that seventyhis ability and he withdrew, congratulat-

ight per cent a year was a peg beyond ing the confidential loaner upon the evolutions of a system by which he was yearly receiving \$118 for the use of \$150.—Chicago Tribune.

SELECTED MISCELLANY.

The nature of bad news affects the teller.-Shakspere.

From the lowest depth there is a path to the loftiest height. If there is any person to whem you

feel a dislike, that is the person of waom you should never speak. The affections are like lightning; you cannot tell where they will strike till

they have fallen. It is hard to personate and act a part long, for where truth is not at the bottom, nature will peep out and betray herself one time or other.

Adversity has ever been considered a the state in which a man most easily becomes acquainted with himself particularly, being free from flatterers.

Consider how much more you often suffer from your anger and grief, than for those very things for which you are angry and grieved. What man is there whom contact with

a great soul will not exalt? A drop of water upon the petal of a lotus glistens with the splendoure of the pearl. Nothing so increases reverence for others as a great sorrow to one's self. It

teaches one the depths of human nature. In happiness we are shallow and deem others so. The newspaper is a mirror, into which people look to see something of themselves reflected. If in that mirror their follies and ercors are made to seem wisdom and virtue, then harm is done.

on the other hand, they are shown their

mental and moral images without favor

or prejudice, the effect is helpful. Fidelity if still the test of the glass, Prof. S. Semstrom, of the Finnish Ob servatory at Sodankyla, recently placed a galvanic battery on a hill with conductors covering an area of 900 square meters. After a short time a curious phenomenon was discovered. The cone was found to be surrounded with a halor; this effulgence was of a yellow-white color, and it gave faintly, but perfectly, the spectrum of the aurora borealis. Further experiments confirm the accuracy of

due to local or incidental circumstances, America Always Ahead.

the first observation. The result was not

W. Sandy, M. A., D. D., Professor of the Exegesis of the Holy Scriptures at Oxford, is graciously pleased to speak well of certain American accomplishments. "Clearness and exactitude," he says, "are qualities that seem to be fast becoming national characteristics (in America), as our burly English stock is toned down and refined by other climatic and social influences. The fine precision of American mechanism has long been acknowledged. Scientific transactions and observations (those in astronomy for instance) are published not only at lavish expense—that may be taken as a matter of course—but with a delicate accuracy which surpasses the best European workmanship. Again, in classical philology it appears that we are going to America for our best grammars and dictionaries. And I can appeal to even a wider circle to corroborate me when I refer to the finish and delicacy of American engraving. American theology is a rising school; and it is being conducted, as I cannot but think, on lines that promise well for the future.'

Simple Cure for Cold Feet.

The following remedy for cold feet is recommended by the Fireman's Journal for sedentary sufferers, as well as policemen, car drivers, and others who are exposed to the cold: All that is necessary is to stand erect and very gradually to lift one's self up upon the tips of the toes, so as to put all the tendons of the foot at full strain. This is not to hop or jump up and down, but simply to risethe slower the better-upon tiptoe, and to remain standing on the point of the toes as long as posiible, then gradually coming to the natural position. Repeat this several times, and, by the amount of work the tips of the toes are made to do in sustaining the body's weight, a sufficient and lively circulation is set up. A heavy pair of woolen stockings drawn over thin cotton ones is also a recommen-The reporter was in trouble and needed dation for keeping the feet warm, and at money to meet pressing obligations. He | the same time preventing their becoming

AGRICULTURE.

Keep your fowls under as even a temperature as possible.

The trees in most orchards are planted too closely, and the tree roots interlace so as to rob each other of what fertility each

should have. Market gardening is a renumerative business when a man understands it, but is far from being an easy road to wealth for those who have all the details to learn.

It is said that the American is superior to the European teasel, and that the cultivation of this plant can be engaged in prefitably by the farmers of this coun-Breeders of Houdan fowls would do

well to put themselves in communication with Mrs. L. P. Smith, Mountain Creek, Chilton county, Ala. She "would prefer some one who makes a specialty of raising Houdans." The Courier-Journal has a correspondent at Snowdown, Alabama, who is in search of Osage orange seed. He also wants some one to tell him all about

how Osage hedges are made, especially, 'how long it takes to make a good hedge.' Langstroth, on "The Honey Bee," is the best authority for a beginner to go by in this line that we know of. The price of Langstroth's book is \$2. Orders for it addressed to the Courier Journal

and accompanied by this sum will be filled. If cabbages are set out one yard each way, nearly 5000 can be grown on one acre. Such being the case, it is a profitable crop when successfully grown, but on account of its keeping qualities, affords green food in winter for animals and poultry, to say nothing of the fam-

The Irish harvest for 1882 is \$30,000,-000 less than that of 1881. The failure of the potato crop is the chief cause of the deficiency. A year ago large quantities of Irish potatoes were shipped to this country. Now many thousand people are suffering from lack of necessary food.

Potatoes intended for planting should be spread out thinly in the light, and this for the reason that "when a potato is thus exposed in a cellar, the eyes nearly all start a good healthy green sprout; but if in a pile, or in darkness, only the strongest eyes grow long, white, worthless sprouts.'

Prof. Shelton, of the Kansas State Agricultural College, holds that the cultivation of such crops as broom corn, hemp, flax, and, perhaps, castor beans, which furnish but little, if any, stock feed, will ultimately lead to serious consequences in the loss of fertility sustained in the lands so cultivated.

In transplanting trees all the roots which may have become bruised or broken in the process of lifting should be cut clean away behind the broken part, as they then more steadily strike out new roots from the cut parts. In all such cases the cut should be a clean sloping one, and made in an upward and ontward direction.

It is important for farmers and gardeners to remember that "if seeds are to be kept over a year, they should be placed in a cool place and exposed to light and air. Keeping them in the dark weakens vitality, perhaps from the tendency to grow which darkness incites, but unaccompanied by moisture enough to put forth leaf and root."

How shall I get a good herd of cows? is the question among many young farmers. Thoroughbred cows cost too much, but you can get a full blooded bull from good milking stock, breed to good native cows, and raise the calves. The calves take more from the male than the female. In a few years you will

have a good herd of cows for milk. Dave Fitch, of College Hill, Arkansas grew last season 1065 pounds of ginned cotton on an acre. Owing to rains and cold weather, he replanted four times, the last planting being the first of June. The cotton before the seed was taken out weighed 2821 pounds, and the total value of cotton and seed was something more than \$100 per acre. The cotton was of

the upland variety. The report is that "the State Chemist of Georgia has found by analysis that one bushel of sweet potatoes contains half as much nutrition as a bushel of corn, two bushels of potatoes equaling one bushel of corn for fat-producing purposes. If this is correct it is important, since there is much land in the south which, unable to yield over forty burhels of corn per acre, will produce from 100 to 150 bushels of sweet potatoes."

The observation is that "in setting an orchard it is well to get it on upland, not only on account of better drainage, but also because trees set on alluvial soil make a growth of leaves and wood rather than of fruit. On low ground the fruit will often be large, but not so well colored or highly flavored as on upland, where the wood growth is smaller and both leaves and fruit have a fuller exposure to the sun's rays."

Every flock owner should improve his flock year by year, by the use of good bucks, and keeping the best ewe lambs and disposing of the oldest sheep in the flock. It is very poor economy, indeed, to sell off the lambs every year and keep the old sheep until they are ten or twelve years old, because the flock by this method will not yield as much profit as by a judicious system of weeding out annually.

It is said that "however fertile a soil may be, not more, perhaps, than one per cent of its substance is at any moment, in a fit condition for nourishing the crops. The great bulk of this fertility is unavailable to the plant at any one time, and is only slowly liberated by the action of air, of moisture, of heat and of manure. It is upon the rate at which the liberation of plant-food takes place that the natural fertility of the soil may be said, in a great measure, to depend.

In associated dairying, where the milk or cream of a township is collected or worked up in one depot and where the returns so greatly depend upon a continnously equal quality of the product, experiments in feeding cannot be allowed, and all doubtful food should be tabooed for the general good. The men who believe they can feed cabbages and turnips without affecting the milk and not be discovered, and who now and then do ito find out, are not the proper compant ions in associated dairying.