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FROM POORHOUSE TO PALACE

BY MARY J. HOLMES

CHAPTER VIII.—(Continued.)

One morning about two weeks afterward Mary was in the meadow gathering cowslips for dinner when she heard some one calling her name; and looking up, she saw Jenny hurrying toward her, her sunbonnet hanging down her back, as usual, and her cheeks flushed with violent exercise. As soon as she came up she began with, "Oh, my, ain't I hot and tired, and I can't stay a minute, either, for I ran away. But I had such good news to tell you, that I would come. You are going to have a great deal better home than this. You know where Rice Corner is, the district over east?

Mary replied that she did, and Jenny continued: "We all went over there yesterday to see Mrs. Mason. She's a real nice lady, who used to live in Boston, and be intimate with ma, until three or four years ago when Mr. Mason died. We didn't go there any more then, and I asked Rose what the reason was, and she said Mrs. Mason was poor now, and ma had 'cut her;' and when I asked her what she cut her with, she only laughed, and said she believed I didn't know anything. But since then I've learned what it means."

"What does it?" asked Mary and Jenny replied:

"If a person dies and leaves no money, no matter how good his folks are, or how much you like them, you mustn't know them when you meet them in the street, or you must cross over the other side if you see them coming; and then when ladies call and speak about them, you must draw a great, long breath, and wonder 'how the poor thing will get along, she was so dreadfully extravagant.' I positively heard mother say those very words about Mrs. Mason; and what is so funny, the washwoman the same day spoke of her, and cried when she told how kind she was, and how she would go without things herself for the sake of giving to the poor."

After a moment's pause Jenny proceeded: "This Mrs. Mason came into the country and bought the prettiest little cottage you ever saw. She has lots of nice fruit, and for all mother pretends in Boston that she does not visit her, just as soon as the fruit is ripe she always goes there. Pa says it's real mean, and he should think Mrs. Mason would see through it."

"Did you go there for fruit yesterday?" asked Mary.

"Oh, no," returned Jenny. "Mother said she was tired to death with staying at home. Besides that, she heard something in Boston about a large estate in England, which possibly would fall to Mrs. Mason, and she thought it would be real kind to go and tell her. Mrs. Mason has poor health, and while we were there she asked mother if she knew of any good little girl she could get to come and live with her; 'one,' she said, 'who could be quiet when her head ached, and who would read to her and wait on her at other times.' Mother said she did not know of any, but when Mrs. Mason went out to get tea, I followed and told her of you, and the tears came into her eyes when I said your folks were all dead, and you were alone and sorry. She said right off that she would come round and see you soon, and if she liked you you should live with her."

So saying, she ran off; Mary, having gathered her cowslips, sat down to think of Mrs. Mason, and wonder if she should ever see her. That afternoon, when the dishes were all washed, she, as usual, stole away to her books. She had not been long occupied ere some one called her, saying Mr. Knight was downstairs and wanted to see her, and that there was a lady with him.

Mary readily guessed that the lady must be Mrs. Mason, and carefully brushing her hair and tying on a clean apron, she descended to the kitchen, where she was met by Mr. Knight, who called out, "Hallo! my child, how do you do? 'Pears to me you've grown handsome. It agrees with you to live here, I reckon, but I'll venture you'll be glad enough to leave and go and live with her, won't you?" pointing toward a lady who was just coming from Mrs. Parker's room and toward whom Mary's heart instantly warmed.

"You see," continued Mr. Knight, "one of the Lincoln girls has taken a mighty shine to you, and it's queer, too, for they're dreadful stuck-up folks."

"If you please, sir," said Mary, interrupting him, "Jenny isn't a bit stuck-up."

"Umph!" returned Mr. Knight. "She does not belong to the Lincoln race, then, I guess. I know them, root and branch. Lincoln's wife used to work in the factory at Southbridge, but she's forgot all about that, and holds her head dreadful high whenever she sees me. But that's neither here nor there. This woman wants you to live with her. Miss Mason, this is Mary. Mary, this is Miss Mason."

The introduction being thus happily over, Mrs. Mason proceeded to ask Mary a variety of questions, and ended by saying she thought she would take her, although she would rather not have her come for a few days, as she was going to be absent. Miss Grundy was now interrogated concerning her knowledge of work, and with quite a consequential air she replied: "Perhaps, ma'am, it looks too much like praising myself, considerin' that I've had the managin' of her mostly, but I must confess that she's lived with me so long, and got my ways so well, that she's as pleasant a mannered, good-tempered child, and will scour as bright a knife as you could wish to see!"

Saturday came at last, and long before the sun peeped over the eastern hills Mary was up and dressed. Just as she was ready to leave her room she heard Sally singing in a low tone, "Oh, there'll be mourning — mourning — mourning — mourning; Oh, there'll be mourning when Mary's gone away."

About nine o'clock Mr. Knight drove up alone, Mrs. Mason being sick with nervous headache. "I should have been here sooner, said he, "but the roads is awful rough, and old Charlotte has got a stub or somethin' in her foot. But where's the gal? Ain't she ready?"

He was answered by Mary herself, who made her appearance, followed by Billy bearing the box. And now commenced the leave takings, Miss Grundy's turn coming first.

"May I kiss you, Miss Grundy?" said Mary. Miss Grundy bent down and received the child's kiss, and then darting off into the pantry, went to skimming pans of milk already skimmed. Uncle Peter between times kept ejaculating: "Oh, Lord; oh, massy sake!—oh, for land!" Billy knew it would be lonely without Mary, but he was glad to have her go to a better home, so he tried to be cheerful.

Aside from him, Sally was the only composed one. It is true her eyes were very bright, and there was a compression about her mouth seldom seen, except just before one of her frenzied attacks. Occasionally, too, she pressed her hands upon her head, and walking to the sink, bathed it in water, as if to cool its inward heat.

CHAPTER IX.

Very different this time was Mary's ride with Mr. Knight from what it had been some months before, and after brushing away a few natural tears, and sending back a few heart-sighs to the loved ones left behind, her spirits rallied, and by the time they reached the borders of Rice Corners there was such a look of quiet happiness on her face that even Mr. Knight noticed it. As they rode on Mary fancied that the country looked pleasanter and the houses better than in the region of the poorhouse; and when a sudden turn of the road brought into view a beautiful blue sheet of water, embosomed by bright green hills, her delight knew no bounds. Springing up and pointing toward it, she exclaimed: "Oh, please stop a moment and look. Isn't it lovely? What is it?"

"That? Oh, that's nothing but 'Pordunk Pond,' or as folks most generally call 'em, seein' there's two, North and South Pond."

"How far is the pond from Mrs. Mason's?" asked Mary, casting longing glances toward the distant sandy beach and the graceful trees which drooped over the water's edge.

"It's farther back than 'tis there, 'cause it's uphill all the way," said Mr. Knight, "but here we be at Miss Mason's—this house right here," and he pointed to a neat, handsome cottage, almost hidden from view by the dense foliage which surrounded it.

There was a long lawn in front, and into the carriage road on the right of it Mr. Knight turned, and driving up to a side door, said to Mary, "Come, jump down, for my foot is so lame I don't believe I'll get out. But there's your chest. You can't lift that. Halloo! Judith, come 'ere."

In answer to this call a fat, pleasant-looking colored woman appeared in the doorway, and as if fresh from the regions of cookdom wiped the drops of perspiration from her round, jolly face.

"Here, Judith," said Mr. Knight, "help this gal lift her traps out."

Judith complied, and then bidding old Charlotte to "get up," Mr. Knight drove away, leaving Mary standing by the kitchen door.

"Come in and sit down," said Judith, pushing a chair toward Mary with her foot. "It's as hot here as an oven, but I had crambry sass and ginger snaps, and massy knows what, to make this morning and I got belated; but set down and make yourself to home."

Mary took the proffered seat, and then Judith left the room for a few moments, saying when she returned that, as Mrs. Mason was still suffering from a headache, she could not see Mary until after dinner. "And," continued Judith, "she told me to entertain you, but I don't know what to say nor do first. Harry died just a week to a day before he was to be married, and so I never had any little girls to talk to. Can't you think of something to talk about? What have you been used to doing?"

"Washing dishes," was Mary's reply.

"Wall," answered Judith, "I guess you won't have that to do here for one night; when some of the neighbors were in I heard Miss Mason tell 'em that she got you to read to her and wait on her. And then she said something about your not having an equal chance with your sister. You han't but one, now t'other's dead, have you?"

Mary replied in the negative, and Judith continued: "Wall, now you've got over the first on't, I reckon you's glad the baby's dead, for she must have been kind of a bother, wasn't she?"

Instantly Mary's thoughts flew back to an empty cradle, and again a little golden head was pillowed upon her breast, as often in times past it had been, and as it would never be again. Covering her face with her hands, she sobbed, "Oh, Allie, Allie! I wish she hadn't died!"

Judith looked on in amazement, and for want of something better to do placed a fresh stick of wood in the stove, muttering to herself, "Now, I never! I might of knew I didn't know what to say. What a pity Harry died. I'll give her that big ginger snap the minute it's baked. See if I don't."

Accordingly, when the snap was done, Judith placed it in Mary's hands, bidding her eat it quick, and then go up and see the nice chamber Mrs. Mason had arranged for her.

"Come," said Judith; and leading the way, she conducted Mary up the staircase, and through a light, airy hall to the door of a small room, which she opened, saying, "Look, ain't it pretty?"

Mary's heart was too full to speak, and for several minutes she stood silent. With the exception of her mother's pleasant parlor in old England, she had never before seen anything which seemed to her so cosy and cheerful as did that little room, with its single bed, snowy counterpane, muslin curtains, clean matting, convenient toilet table, and what to her was fairer than all the rest, upon the mantelpiece there stood two small vases, filled with sweet flowers, whose fragrance filled the apartment with delicious perfume. All this was so different from the bare walls, uncovered floors and rickety furniture of the poorhouse that Mary trembled lest it should prove a dream from which ere long she would awake.

When Mary was finally sent for by Mrs. Mason she had been so much accustomed to sick persons that she knew intuitively just what to do and when to do it, and her step was so light, her voice so low, and the hand which bathed the aching head so soft and gentle in its touch that Mrs. Mason involuntarily drew her to her bosom, and kissing her lips, called her her child, and said she should never leave her; then, laying back in her easy chair, she remained perfectly still, while Mary alternately fixed her hair and smoothed her forehead, until she fell into a quiet slumber, from which she did not awake until Judith rang the bell for supper, which was neatly laid out in a little dining parlor, opening into the flower garden. There was something so very social and cheering in the appearance of the room, and the arrangement of the table, with its glossy white cloth, and dishes of the same hue, that Mary felt almost as much like weeping as she did on the night of her arrival at the poorhouse. But Mrs. Mason seemed to know exactly how to entertain her; and by the time that first tea was over there was hardly a happier child in the world than was Mary.

Mrs. Mason soon dismissed her to her own room, where she for some time amused herself with watching the daylight as it gradually disappeared from the hills which lay beyond the pond. Then when it all was gone, and the stars began to come out, she turned her eyes toward one which had always seemed to her to be her mother's soul looking down upon her from the windows of heaven. Now to-night there shone beside it a smaller, feebler one, and in the fleecy clouds which floated around it she fancied she could define the face of her baby sister. Involuntarily stretching out her hands, she cried, "Oh, mother! Allie! I am so happy now;" and to the child's imagination the stars smiled lovingly upon her, while the evening wind, as it gently moved the boughs of the tall elm trees, seemed like the rustle of angels' wings. Who shall say the mother's spirit was not there to rejoice with her daughter over the glad future opening so brightly before her?

(To be continued.)

NO WONDER HE WAS BALKED.

Difficulties the Frenchman Experienced in Learning English.

A Frenchman thirsting for linguistic superiority recently began a course of English lessons with a teacher of languages. After toiling conscientiously through a good many exercises the following dialogue between the pupil and his master was overheard:

"I find the English very difficult," complained the Frenchman. "How do you pronounce t-o-u-g-h?"

"It is pronounced 'tuff.'"

"Eh, bien, 'tuff;' 'snuff,' then, is spelt s-n-o-u-g-h, is it not?"

"Oh, no; 'snuff' is spelt s-n-u-ff. As a matter of fact, words ending in o-u-g-h are somewhat irregular."

"I see; a superb language! T-o-u-g-h is 'tuff' and c-o-u-g-h is 'cuff.' I have a very bad cuff."

"No; it is 'coff,' not 'cuff.'"

"Very well; cuff, tuff and coff. And d-o-u-g-h is 'duff,' eh?"

"No, not 'duff.'"

"'Doff,' then?"

"No; 'doh.'"

"Well, then, what about h-o-u-g-h?"

"That is pronounced 'hock.'"

"'Hock!' Then I suppose the thing the farmer uses, the p-l-o-u-g-h, is 'pluff,' or is it 'phlock,' or 'plo?' Fine language—'plo.'"

"No, no; it is pronounced 'plow.'"

"I shall soon master English, I am sure. Here we go. 'Plow,' 'coff,' 'tuff,' 'hock,' and now here is another—r-o-u-g-h; that is 'row,' I suppose?"

"Oh, no, my friend; that's 'ruff' again."

"And b-o-u-g-h is 'buff?'"

"No; that happens to be 'bow.'"

"Yes, wonderful language. And I have just e-n-o-u-g-h of it; that's 'enou,' is it not?"

"No; 'enuff.'" — Sheffield Weekly News.

Lady "Bobs" and Her Trunks.

There is a story going around about Lady Roberts and her trunks, for the truth of which, says the Westminster Gazette, a man returning from South Africa vouches.

At the height of the transport difficulties, Lady Roberts carried eight large trunks from Cape Town to Bloemfontein in the very teeth of the officers.

Everybody wondered, everybody grumbled. No one but Lady Roberts could have taken the things through. The transport of stores had been stopped for the time, the sick lacked every comfort, and those who were not sick were half-starved and only half-clad. Therefore, when a fatigue party was told off to fetch those eight trunks from Bloemfontein station, some rather uncomplimentary things were said about women travelers in general and this latest transgressor in particular.

Next day seven of the eight trunks were unpacked, and their contents distributed among the soldiers. The clever lady had snapped her fingers at red tape, and had smuggled through comforts for the men. One small trunk contained her personal belongings.

Sea Fish in Lake Ontario.

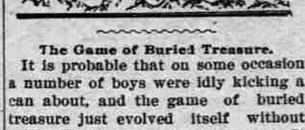
The deepening of the St. Lawrence canal system has had other results than to allow the passage of ocean-going freightage. Following in the wake of the vessels sea herrings have made their appearance in Lake Ontario, and are being eagerly captured by the fishermen.

Preliminary Steps.

"Are you educating your child with a view to his future college career?"

"Oh, yes; he's got to begin next week and take a drop of tabasco sauce three times a day."

Children's Corner



The Game of Buried Treasure.

It is probable that on some occasion a number of boys were idly kicking a can about, and the game of buried treasure just evolved itself without any particular effort on their part. It is certainly a good game, and those whom I have watched play it seem to enjoy themselves immensely.

The equipment for the game is not difficult to procure; cans are always available. Decide by counting out who shall be "it," or the miser who must guard his treasure.

The miser will take a position directly over the can, his treasure, one foot on each side. At least, this is the position usually chosen as being the best suited for guarding the can. There is no rule, however, about this, and some

A GAME IN PROGRESS.

boys prefer other defenses, as standing just behind the can or continually moving about it.

The rest of the boys are robbers, and circle about, attempting to steal the treasure, or, in other words, kick it away without being tagged. If one succeeds, another immediately kicks it, and away goes the can down the street with a crowd of yelling robbers after it, doing their best to prevent the poor miser from regaining his position over the treasure. If the miser succeeds in tagging any boy who has kicked the can before another boy kicks it, the boy tagged becomes the miser and must stand over the treasure.

Of course the boys who are attempting to get at the can will help each other. One should attract the miser's attention in front while another creeps up from behind, or vice versa. If the distracted guardian of the treasure turns his attention to the man behind him, the man in front will immediately dart in, and so on. I think you will find that the game, simple as it seems, offers numerous chances for judgment and quick maneuvering.

Our Weights and Measures.

Perhaps you have heard that the government is establishing a "standardizing bureau" at Washington. It may not have meant anything to you when you read it, but it really is an important step toward setting up in business wholly for ourselves. Why, do you know, if every weight and measure in the United States had been destroyed a few years ago, we should have had to send to the standardizing bureau of England for patterns to make the new ones by.

We pride ourselves upon being a nation of business men, but still we are unconsciously a very careless people about the weights and measures we trade by. They are made after all imaginable designs, and, differing as they do in shape, they easily deceive purchasers—if the seller so wishes. But when the standardizing bureau gets into thorough working order all this will be changed. Weights and measures will not only be uniform throughout the country, but they will be absolutely correct. This standardizing will include scientific instruments, so that surveying will be done more accurately, gas and electricity will be measured exactly, physicians' prescriptions filled with greater exactness and all measurements, in fact, from dry goods to machinery, will be made with greater care.

Mr. Nobody.

I know a funny little man,
As quiet as a mouse,
Who does the mischief that is done
In everybody's house.
There's no one ever sees his face,
And yet we all agree
That every plate we break was cracked
By Mr. Nobody.

'Tis he who always tears our books—
Who leaves the doors ajar;
He pulls the buttons from our shirts
And scatters pins afar.
That squeaking door will always squeak,
For, prithee, don't you see,
We leave the oiling to be done
By Mr. Nobody!

The finger marks upon the doors
By none of us are made;
We never leave the blinds unclosed
To let the curtains fade.
The ink we never spill; the boots
That lying round you see,
Are not our boots! They all belong
To Mr. Nobody!

A Tinshop on a Bicycle.

A tinshop in a wagon has been a common sight on country roads for years. It seemed as if there was no limit to the amount of tinware the peddler could store into the many openings and "cupboards" in the great boat-like vehicle. But the bicycle may take the place of the old tinshop wagon. By means of it, thanks to modern invention, the peddler can now travel much more quickly and at the same time have his wares on exhibition. The new vehicle, however, in point of steadiness is perhaps better adapted to city use than to the country.

Extending beyond the handlebars of the bicycle in front and behind the saddle, in the back, is a rod to each end of which is fastened a skeleton cone of wires. All up and down the wires are numerous hooks, to which the various cooking utensils are hung. The whole thing is but another contrivance to gain trade, for of course, many persons will buy that which is brought to them, who hesitate to seek it for themselves.

All Children Should Learn.

To swim.
To run.
To sew on their own buttons.
To be neat.
To be punctual.
To be respectful.
To be truthful.
To be obliging.
To be unselfish.
To be observant.
To be studious at study times.
To be merry at play times.

A Not Uncommon Remark.

Harry, aged 5, went to church one Sunday, and on his return home his grandmother asked him what the minister said

"I don't know, grandma," replied Harry, "he didn't speak to me."

A good many older people who attend church seem to think the same thing.

Why She Was Sweet.

A foud mother who was caressing her 3-year-old daughter exclaimed: "Nellie, I wonder what makes you so sweet?"

After a moment's profound thought the little miss replied: "I guess God muust have spilt some sugar in my dust."

CAREERS CHOSEN BY CHILDREN

Most Girls Want to Be New Women When They Grow Up.

"What would you like to be?" is a question that has been put to the children of different nations during the past year, with some startling results. The replies to the inquiry among French children are now being published, and some are quite as amusing as those received from English and American youngsters.

Judging from the replies of the girls, it looks very much as if the new woman will have things pretty much her own way over there in another generation. Who would have believed, for instance, that of these 442 little girls, more than one-half aspire to what are called in French parlance liberal careers, asks the Philadelphia Telegraph. The first French woman to be admitted to the bar had scarcely got into her new robes of office when these questions were sent out. Yet fifteen little girls declare their intention of following her example.

The small boys, of course, have the primitive small boy susceptibility to drums and gold braid and bang! bang! Says one:

"I want to regain Alsace and Lorraine."

"I'm already a good deal of a soldier. I have a sword and four or five guns," says another.

"When the trumpet sounds," writes a third, "I feel my heart beat faster."

"I want to be a soldier because I am tall, strong, not stupid, and not a coward."

Only one of these 264 belligerent youths owns up to a bit of vanity in his choice of a career, but it is safe to believe that, being human and French, the others are not insensible to the charms of gold braid and spurs and brass buttons. Says the honest one.

"The uniform is very pretty, so that my sister's girl friends will look at me."

The would-be farmers have a touch of poetry in their natures, not surprising in lovers of the country. Says one:

"I shall be a vine grower. It is my father's occupation. A good worker is esteemed by all the world."

"Agriculture," says another, "is the most noble of the professions. I don't want to be a routine farmer, but an educated agriculturist."

"I am 13 years old," remarks a philosophical youth. "If Bonaparte had been alive I should have enrolled myself under his flag. But not having a sword, I shall take a plow."

Danish Export of Eggs.

In 1895 we scarcely knew Denmark as an egg producer; but in that year was founded the first Danish co-operative society for the export of eggs. The same system which had succeeded with butter was now to be applied to eggs. The country was divided up into districts; each district had in some railway station a collecting depot, and all members of the society were bound to deliver three times a week at the depot. The depot agent refused, or had a right to refuse, all eggs more than four days old, and every producer of each district had a distinctive number branded on the egg. Thus, in the event of an egg proving bad, the depot which shipped it would be proceeded against, and by means of the distinctive number the depot agent would be able to detect the producer, on whom the loss would finally fall.

By thus guaranteeing absolute freshness and making good any occasional loss, the Danes established a high standard, and so created a continuous demand. And what is the result? In 1895—the first year of the experiment—there were established six local egg societies, with an aggregate of 2,000 members; in 1900 there were actually no fewer than 837 separate co-operative societies, with a total membership of 130,000 producers! Is it surprising that Denmark should send to England alone 300,000,000 of eggs annually?—London Mail.

But for adversity lots of men would never find out whether they were honest or not.

None but the grave deserves the monument.

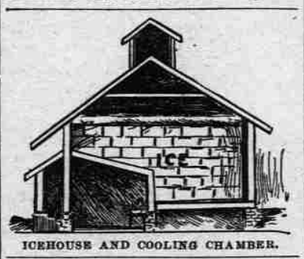
FARMS AND FARMERS

Size of Seed Potatoes.

We have always obtained better results from the use of seed potatoes "about the size of a hen's egg" or as near that as we could judge by the shape of the potato, and cut in halves, as from any seed we had and we have tested them against larger ones cut in halves and in quarters, against smaller ones used whole and against pieces cut to two eyes each. Yet the pieces of two eyes were so nearly equal that we would use that method if the seed cost a high price, by which we do not mean the early price of the Early Rose at a dollar a pound, but if they cost $3 a bushel. But the potato of that size, scarcely marketable, unless there was a season of scarcity, is as well matured as the potato that weighs a pound, and we think throws as strong a shoot and produces as much. We never made a test by comparing the use of pieces of large potatoes against pieces of about equal weight of the smaller ones, and to learn anything from such a test one would need to continue it for a term of years, using the largest from the largest seed each time. It might be well after selecting as we would, for some years, to change to pieces from the large ones for a season, but we are not sure of it.—Massachusetts Ploughman.

To Keep Milk Cool.

A correspondent of Hoard's Dairyman gives a plan for a combined icehouse and cooling chamber. The cooling chamber is partitioned off in such a manner that it has ice on top and



ICEHOUSE AND COOLING CHAMBER.

on three sides. The dimensions are 12 feet wide, 14 feet long and 12 feet high, with a cooling chamber partitioned off 8 feet long by 6 feet wide. The floor of a cooling chamber should be placed about three feet below the surface of the ground so as to take advantage of the coolness of the earth.

Growing Onions.

The use of good seed for the onion crop is most important, as the labor of preparing the land, weeding the rows and other care necessary is as great for the part of a crop as for a full one, while the cost of fertilizer is not lessened, nor are the onions better or in as good demand if they grow too large. The onion seed deteriorates very rapidly in germinating properties if it is kept until more than one year old, excepting that in very small quantities it may be kept in something practically airtight, as in a tin box with snugly fitting cover. We would not sow onion seed without having it tested, and making sure that not less than 80 per cent would germinate. Those who sow under glass and transplant have at least the advantage of not having to care for any rows that are not filled, and if a part of the seed is too old to sprout the only loss is the price paid for the seed. This practice is growing in favor, and fast taking the place of the old method of setting out the dry sets in the spring to grow the early onions for bunching, as it requires but little more labor to fit the land for one than the other, and the new plants seem to grow as rapidly as the dry sets.—American Cultivator.

Weed Seeds.

If the farmer desires to know how to select good clover seed he should learn to know weed seed as soon as he looks at it. Then if his eyesight is not good enough to distinguish it when it is among the clover seed, let him spend from fifty cents upward for a good magnifying glass, and let him buy no clover and not much other seed until he has examined it, and found it reasonably clear of the weed seeds. It may be hard to find it perfectly pure, but there is no use in buying such seed as a sample sold in Vermont last year, which had 59,310 weed seeds in a pound. Just think of sowing ten, twenty or more pounds of such seed on an acre. The seeds of plantain, sorrel, pigweed, smartweed, curled dock and the foxtail grass were the most abundant in this lot, and each of them might pass for clover seed at first glance, but can be detected under a magnifying glass. It would be a good lesson for the boys to collect samples of each of these and some other seeds in little vials, and label each, that they mighty study them until they knew them too well to buy them as clover seed.

Forghum as Folder.

We plow the ground in the spring after corn planting, says a Kansas correspondent in Prairie Farmer. The latter part of June is soon enough, because if you sow too early it will get ripe and you will have to cut it in the warm weather of August. It is better to plant so you can cut it just before frost. It will keep better and is not liable to sour, as it might do if cut in the warm weather. We sow it broadcast, about two bushels to the acre. Be sure and sow it thick or it will grow big rank stalks, which will be hard to handle and stock will not eat so well. We aim to feed it out before Christmas or before it freezes too much. Of course, if it is fine, say like millet, it will keep just as good as any hay. We usually cut it with a mowing machine, rake it, put it in big shocks and feed from the shocks just as needed, as it will keep just as well as if stacked. for if it is coarse and rank the stalks will have lots of juice in them and will not keep if stacked. Sorghum fodder is splendid for all kinds of stock. Hogs will eat it with a relish; cattle and horses like it also.

Sowing Clover Seed.

The Department of Agriculture says there are 17,856,000 clover seed in a bushel, which would be 297,600 in a pound. There are 43,560 square feet in an acre, so that one pound would furnish about 6¾ seeds to the square foot. And yet we are afraid to advise a farmer to use less than eight or ten pounds per acre, giving fifty-four seed to the square foot, and yet if every seed grew, the small number would place the plants close enough together to produce a good crop. The extra seed, or seven-eighths of the seed cost, is the price we pay for not having well-cleaned, plump seed, and the land in such condition that each one will have a fair chance to germinate and grow.

Parsnips for Milch Cows.

The parsnip is probably one of the best roots ever grown for milch cows, and it has a great advantage in that it may remain in the field until spring when other roots are all gone, and then be used until grass has grown. It is as easily grown as the carrot, and like that root it wants a deep, rich and mellow soil. Many object to growing it even in the garden, because the weeds are apt to get such a growth before the parsnips come up that the labor of weeding is greatly increased, but this may be remedied by mixing a few radish seed with the parsnip seed, which will come up so that the rows can be seen and hoed out long before the parsnips are up. They can be pulled when the parsnips are thinned.

Keeping Country Boys at Home.

The drift of rural population to cities has long been a characteristic of recent times. Every census in recent years both in this country and in Europe has shown the vastly greater growth of cities as compared with rural regions. If there were wider intelligence among farmers in feeding the ambition of the young, if they were to give their children something that they might improve by industry, something that would stimulate ambition and awaken pride, there would in all likelihood be less discontent with country life and less of longing for the untried and unknown life of the city.—Indianapolis News.

Cutting Asparagus.

The question of the propriety of cutting all or certain asparagus shoots as rapidly as they appear and for a continued time often arises, for it is well known that the continued cutting away of all a plant's growth has a weakening tendency at least. As recently stated, most gardeners cut all growth during the first half of the season. But a correspondent recommends leaving all the very light growth, that it may strengthen the plants for the following season, and only cutting that which is strong.—Meehan's Monthly.

Time to Sow Tobacco Seed.

There seems to be a general rule for sowing tobacco seed in each State with reference to the frosts which are likely to occur in the spring. Seed beds should be planted from six weeks to two months, according to the variety of the seed, before the latest date at which killing frost has occurred in the locality. This is for domestic seed. Imported Cuban seed should be planted a month later and imported Sumatra six weeks later than acclimated seed.

Don't Spray Fruit Trees in Bloom.

Professor Beach recently discussed before a beekeepers' convention the spraying of fruit trees when in full bloom. Generally speaking, his conclusion seemed to be that spraying during blooming time was not only wasteful, but decidedly harmful as well, cutting down the supply of fruit to an extent that, if generally practiced, would amount to thousands of dollars to the fruit men all over the state.

Farm Notes.

The market for American apples is now worldwide.

Interest in farming is undoubtedly reviving in New England.

Don't sow alfalfa seed on unprepared soil as you do clover. If it fails with you, manure the land and try again.

The family horse should be raised and trained on the farm. Then you thoroughly understand his disposition and know how far he can be trusted.

The application of sulphur to soils for the prevention of potato scab regardless of the character of the soil is liable to occasionally cause much injury.

Bordeaux mixture has been found of value in stimulating tomato plants to more rapid growth, increasing their vigor and of particular merit in keeping down the attacks of flea beetles.

Twenty thousand mutton sheep are being fattened at Rocky Ford, Col., on beet pulp, with a little corn added. There is another "waste product" being utilized—turned into mutton.