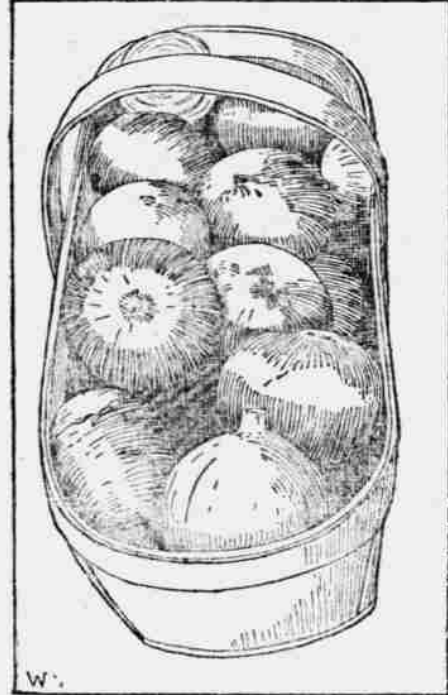


FARM-FIELD AND GARDEN

STORING ONIONS.

Good Results From Dark Rooms and Dry Air.

From experience I have found that onions should be stored in crates in a room which must be kept closed, air tight and as nearly frost proof as possible. Onions will keep as long as they are kept dry regardless of temperature. By putting the onions in the storage during a cold, dry day we obtain a minimum of humidity. Keeping the room closed, no more moisture can enter. Should the temperature of the storage rise the air will become relatively drier, since warm air will hold more moisture than cold air. The room being closed, the air can only absorb moisture from the onions, which consequently become drier. Should the temperature drop below the original temperature then the humidity will become greater, but not sufficient



ILLINOIS RED ONIONS. [This basket of red onions was exhibited at the 1905 Illinois state fair. They were large, smooth, uniform, crisp and won a first prize.]

to reach the saturation point, and, moreover, the outside shells of the onions are quite hygroscopic. Whenever we have to take out onions we do this as quickly as possible, even avoiding the use of a lamp. If any sorting or screening has to be done we do this outside, as our breath and the combustion of a lamp would form moisture. We keep the room absolutely dark.

During a long continued cold spell the temperature will occasionally drop far below the freezing point. In that case we do not touch the onions, but wait until the temperature has risen again above freezing. The temperature in the building, of course, lags considerably behind the outside temperature, and we may have to wait a day or two, but the onions then always come out unharmed. We always keep a small quantity of onions stored in a cellar for immediate demand to tide over a cold snap. This winter I intend to place dishes with chloride of potash in the room to keep the air as dry as possible and to use a hydrometer to test the humidity. I have kept onions perfectly this way until the middle of May, says a contributor to American Agriculturist.

Wetting Silage.

Two years ago I filled my silo in the ordinary way, and about seven inches of the surface spoiled. On the sides and corners at least twice as much rotted. The past year only three inches on the top and five at the sides and corners spoiled. The silage immediately under the spoiled portion was a better quality than any I had ever put up—in fact, about perfect. This smaller loss was due to wetting the silage as it came from the cutter. I attached a hose to the water tank and arranged it so that the water would fall upon the cut corn just as it came from the silage cutter. Sufficient was applied to thoroughly wet all the fodder. This method is much easier than raising the water in pails and distributing it in that way. I believe that this wetting of the corn is an important factor in the making of silage.—J. N. in Orange Judd Farmer.

Crop Conditions.

The crop reporting board of the bureau of statistics of the department of agriculture finds Sept. 1: The average condition of rye when harvested was 90.5 against 90.8 reported Sept. 1, 1905, 80.9 reported Sept. 1, 1904, and a ten year average of 86.5. The average condition of buckwheat on Sept. 1 was 91.2 against 93.2 one month ago, 91.8 on Sept. 1, 1905, 91.5 at the corresponding date in 1904 and a ten year average of 88.4. The average condition of tobacco on Sept. 1 was 86.2 against 87.2 one month ago, 85.1 on Sept. 1, 1905, 83.7 at the corresponding date in 1904 and a five year average of 81.8. The average condition of potatoes on Sept. 1 was 85.3 against 80 one month ago, 80.9 on Sept. 1, 1905, 91.6 at the corresponding date in 1904 and a ten year average of 79.2.

SELECTING SEED CORN.

Pedigree a Point at the Michigan Experiment Station.
Professor Clinton D. Smith gives some scientific information in regard to selecting seed corn in Iowa Homestead, in which he says:
The lesson cannot be impressed too soon that you cannot pick out seed corn by the appearance of the ears. If corn breeders could come to the Michigan Agricultural college and see the product of ears to all intents and pur-

poses alike in form they would receive some light on this topic.
Our plan of corn selection is this: Let each farmer select a dozen or twenty ears this fall, selecting them before harvest, and take them from stalks that suit. Put these ears away where they will dry thoroughly before freezing and keep them warm and dry through the winter. Next spring go to the windward side of the cornfield after it is thoroughly prepared and marked. Shell one ear and plant the first row as far as the ear will plant it, saving perhaps 150 kernels not planted. Take ear No. 2 and plant it in row No. 2, and so on until the whole number of ears for seed have been planted. Cultivate the field as usual. Next fall harvest each row separately and save the seed corn from the row giving the largest yield. This seed corn will be partly cross bred. In case the farmer is willing to do it let him remove the tassel from each alternate row and save the seed from the detasseled row, thus insuring a harvest free from inbred ears.
Where he finds two rows alike in most respects and conforming to his ideal, let him note the ears which furnish the seed for those two rows. Then the next spring let him plant the small amount of seed he has saved from those two ears side by side in a field away from his cornfield if possible, detasseling each alternate hill or detasseling all the stalks growing from one of the ears, thus insuring cross fertilization and strong seed. These detasseled hills so selected should furnish him his best seed, but until this shall have increased enough to furnish him the desired quantity let him save his seed from the best row of his first selection. Naturally at the colleges we go further and keep selecting a dozen of the best ears from each row and plant them separately, an ear to the row, saving the best ears from the best rows. In this way we insure improvement because we know the pedigree.

In conclusion, it is the duty of the agricultural press and the stations to warn farmers against selecting corn by the sole standard of the pretty ear which wins the prize at the fair. Such selection is a delusion and a snare.

The Asparagus Bed.

If manure is applied to the asparagus bed in autumn or before the frost is out of the ground in the spring it prevents the frost from coming out of the ground and so keeps back the growth unless the manure applied is very fine and is at once cultivated into the soil. Sometimes such treatment will keep the sprouts from starting for a week or more at a season when it is most relished.—Green.



Best Stock Is Cheapest.

All favor the practice of economy; it is part of the business of life. True economy comes in practice here. Suppose two cows are in the market, costing \$20 and \$50 respectively, and the question is which to buy, we should consider what each cow will do. If the twenty dollar cow makes \$30 worth of butter and the fifty dollar cow makes \$75 in a given time, why isn't the latter by far the more economical? The cheap cow will consume as much as the higher priced. In Maine the farmers are losing more in this matter than elsewhere. The quality of a farm animal determines in a measure the profit of the farm. It is not necessary to breed pure thoroughbred animals, but those which will yield their product at a profit. Another point: Is it economy to use a cheap bred or scrub sire or the pure bred for double the cost? I think the latter cheaper in the end. Our stock interests grow poorer every year. I can see a decrease in the quality and value of our farm animals. When stock is high buyers take the best to send to Brighton, and we do business with the rest. We must retrograde, for it is impossible to advance in quality under such conditions.—George Plummer, Penobscot County, Me., in American Cultivator.

Not All Cows Alike.

It is true that a very large per cent of our dairy cows are absolutely unproductive, never paying their own expense. Is it not far better to keep fifteen cows all of which are liberal producers than to add to this number another fifteen that are not self supporting? The second fifteen are kept up by the profit of the first fifteen, but how is the owner to be kept up? This very difficulty with which we are so heavily burdened must be removed before a dairy can be made profitable. But how are we going to judge which animals are profitable and which are unprofitable? By the milk sheet, a pair of milk scales and the Babcock test. At the end of each month we can tell exactly how much milk and butter fat each cow in the herd has produced and hence how much money she has made. From this amount the expense of keeping her could be deducted and the remainder credited to her account as profit for the month.—Professor B. H. Rawl.

Falsifying Pedigrees.

The life of a breed depends upon the honesty of the men who make out the pedigrees, and there should be severe punishment for a man who deliberately falsifies a pedigree or certificate of breeding. It is due cattle breeders, however, to say that their transactions have been remarkably free from any tampering with pedigrees.—Holstein-Friesian Register.

Feeding Milk Cattle

Root crops cost more to produce than corn ensilage, but are more convenient for a small herd. The cows like carrots best and do not tire of rations of roots if mixed with carrots, says a Pennsylvania farmer in American Cultivator.

Foods That Taint Milk.
The feed should be good and free from aromatic substances. If these aromatic foods are used they should be employed according to those methods which will not cause odors or flavors in the milk.

Look to the Pasture.
The all round food for milk cows is grass. Therefore look well to the pastures and see that their quality is improved.

Study the Cow's Needs.
Each individual in the herd should be studied and given the care that she requires for best production, says Farm Journal.

Two sisters stood side by side in a herd. One required bulky, light food to cause her to do her best. The other required more concentrated food with less bulk.

No herd of cows can ever be really profitable unless they receive just this careful attention.

Grind the Hay and Stover.
Alfalfa meal is a standard commodity on the feed market, yet I see but little in print as to the results of feeding it, but the few dairymen, says L. W. Lighty in National Stockman, I heard speaking about the experience they had with it seemed very favorable. A prominent Pennsylvania dairyman a few days ago told me he is about putting in grinding machinery which will handle the timothy and mixed hay and reduce them to a fine ground, crushed condition. Who ever tried this practically? Is there any available information in the experiment station reports? I would not like to commit myself, but it seems to me theoretically that we could do the rougher part of the chewing cheaper with gasoline or alcohol power than with cow power. It has been amply demonstrated that feeding the cow easily digested food saves feed.

AN INTERESTING LOAN

[Original.]
Miss Beyard was staying at her aunt's cottage at Newport. Miss Beyard was rich; her aunt was rich. I was rich myself or I would not have wasted time courting Miss Beyard. Poor (young) people think that when there is plenty of money in a family the sons and daughters can afford to marry for love. It's done exactly the other way. The poor must marry the poor, for we rich people have no matrimonial use for them.
I received a note from Miss Beyard saying that she had something to tell me which she couldn't very well write. Considering that there was a courtship on between us, this was quite enough, and there was no use in my going. It meant that I might look elsewhere for a wife. I wrote her to that effect, then tore up my letter. After all, I would prefer to receive my formal dismissal from her lips. I was curious to know if her heart was going with her hand. I took the evening boat for Newport and called the next afternoon.
"Who is he?" I asked.
"Who has told you? No one but Aunt Adeline and I and he knows anything about it. It has been somewhat sudden."
"I guessed it from your note."
"How bright of you! He is Lord Bingleton."
I was astonished. Bingleton had been over some months. He had brought letters to me, and I had put him under obligations. He knew nothing of my wishes with regard to Miss Beyard. He was one of the British aristocracy who had come over to America for a rich marriage.
The reason for my astonishment was that Miss Beyard is a superior girl and I had supposed quite above such a sale. I considered the price altogether insufficient, especially as Miss Beyard was worth \$50,000. However, a title is a good thing for a woman of means to have in the family.
"Well," I said, "it only remains for me to wish you a pleasant life among British peers and peeresses."
"You don't seem very regretful," she pouted.
"You want a title; therefore I want you to have a title. If you needed my assistance to get one you should have it."
"That's very kind of you." I arose.
"Are you going so soon?"
"Yes. There's nothing mutually interesting for us to chat about. Goodby. I hope there will be no slip between you and your wish."
She didn't look altogether satisfied as she offered me her hand and bade me adieu.
That evening Bingleton called on me. "I heard you were here and came up at once. I have news for you. One of your American belles has been unwise enough to throw herself away on me."
"Indeed!"
"Yes; that pretty Miss Beyard—no end of money in her own right. You've been very kind to me thus far, old chaps, but I've got a harder nut for you to crack now. The sums you have advanced are bagatelles compared with what I need now. I've got to keep up this expenditure for three months. Then comes the wedding, with its present to the bride. My uncle's bequest won't be paid for a year. That's all the security I have to give. I mean I haven't any to give at all."
I had said only that day to Miss Beyard. "If you needed me, my dear girl,

you should have it." Here was a chance to help her by helping Lord Bingleton.

"How much do you need?" I asked.
"I could get on with \$10,000."
"Nonsense! You need \$30,000." I took a check book from a trunk and wrote him a check for \$30,000. "You will average up \$10,000 a month as Miss Beyard's fiancé. No gush, please. There's no obligation. I know you will be good for the amount."
In a few days I received a note from Miss Beyard asking me to call. I dropped in an hour before dinner. I saw at once there was something on her mind. She looked at me with the same expression as before her Bingleton affair.

"When you told me the other day," she said, "that if I needed your assistance in my affair with Lord Bingleton you would give it I didn't think I should have to thank you for it so soon."
"What do you mean?" I asked in alarm.
"You have supplied his temporary wants."
"Has he gone daft, to tell you about it?"
"My aunt knows his people in England and knows that very soon he will come into \$100,000. She also knows that meanwhile he would not be able to live as we do during our engagement. She offered him temporary assistance. He told her that he had just made a loan from the 'best fellow in America' and in the exuberance of his enthusiasm gave her your name."
I never was more astonished in my life. Miss Beyard could have knocked me down with a feather.

The next afternoon Bingleton came up to me at the casino, his smiling face big with intelligence.
"She's told me all. What a deucedly funny affair, to be sure! I congratulate you, old chaps. But, I say, do you need that thirty thousand? There is a second best, you know, and I expect to land her tonight. Ten million sure and perhaps more. But"—his face falling—"she's not Miss Beyard."
I begged him to keep the thirty thousand as long as he needed it. I was happy a few days later when he told me that he had secured the \$10,000,000.
D. FISK BRADY.

ARGENTINE COWBOYS.
The Southern Gaucho Wears the Biggest Trousers on Record.
Our friend the gaucho is as much in evidence along the line to the west as to the south in Argentina. He still sticks to the inevitable poncho, a blanketlike garment that the southern gaucho wears around his legs, or bombachos, which is the name for absolutely the largest trousers on record.
The bombachos in the first place were, I believe, brought to Argentina by the Basques. The things went straight to the heart of the gaucho, and he adopted them at once. Only he has steadily insisted on amplifying them, until today one leg of a pair of bombachos will house a small family. There is no particular point of utility to be urged for these wind bags, but they serve to make their wearer a conspicuous figure when he rides into town, which is reason enough for the gaucho.
The recado or saddle used in the west is much the same as in the south. It consists of a couple of smooth pieces of wood to be laid on a blanket behind the horse's withers. Over these several thicknesses of fleece or soft blankets are strapped, a pair of stirrups thrown over the whole and the recado is ready for use. This sounds like a crude arrangement, and such it often is. Nevertheless I have heard a number of Englishmen who have used it claim that the recado gives a knee grip in the soft blankets that insures a seat more sure than that possible in any saddle of hard leather.
The most inseparable companion of the gaucho of the west is his ribenka, or whip. This has a heavily loaded handle about a foot and a half long, which terminates in a thick single or double throng of rawhide of the same length as the handle. The handle is sometimes covered with hide or, again, heavily inlaid with silver. A blow from the handle of a ribenka will fell a horse, and a cut from its lash will tear open a gash in the flank of a tough skinned mule.
The gaucho of the south fights with his knife in one hand and his folded poncho in the other as a shield. The western gaucho substitutes the ribenka for the poncho and must make a far more formidable opponent. His great facon, or knife, reposes most of the time in his belt. His ribenka never leaves his hand during the day, and at night he sleeps with the thong of it about his wrist.—Los Angeles Times.

Additional Local.

Dr. B. A. Cathey arrived home Wednesday from Portland, where Monday morning his son, George Cathey, was operated on for catarrhal appendicitis, at Good Samaritan hospital. The young man rallied from the operation and there is every promise of a speedy recovery and a restoration to perfect health.
Economy Fruit Jars at Zierolf's, 74th

One of the encores given by the noted reader, Mrs. Lulu Tyler Gates at the opera house Wednesday evening, was a sketch which represented a Sunday school teacher instructing her juvenile class on the subject of Moses. "Now children," said the teacher, "when the superintendent asks you about Moses you must remember three things to say: Moses was a good man, an austere man, and he made atonement for the sins of his people." Later the class stood before the superintendent. "Johnny, can you tell me anything about Moses, the subject of our lesson today?" Working his fingers nervously, and with eyes fairly bulging, Johnny blurted, "Moses was a good oyster man and made ointment for the shins of his people!"

Norcross to Play.

In Wednesday's Oregonian there appeared the following article in regard to Norcross, OAC's popular football coach:
"Norcross, the famous Michigan quarterback and present coach of the Oregon Agricultural College, will play with the Seattle Athletic Club in the Christmas and New Year's games against Multnomah," says E. C. Abbott, the x-and-n' captain of the University of Wisconsin team when seen at the Portland Hotel last night. The statement of Mr. Abbott comes as a surprise to local football enthusiasts, for it was not known that the crack quarterback would don the mole-skin while on the Pacific Coast.

SHE ALWAYS CONQUERED.

Susan B. Anthony's Experience With School Rebellions.
Susan B. Anthony, the eminent advocate of woman suffrage, was for fifteen years a teacher before beginning her more public career. Brought up in a household of Friends, she united gentleness and firmness and was an admirable disciplinarian.
Her rule was mild, and she abhorred the rod. But she learned on taking the district school at Center Falls about seventy-five years ago that her predecessors, all men, had successfully, under active compulsion, left the schoolhouse in mid-session by way of the window, and that she herself—although in consideration of her peace principles and her sex she was to be permitted an exit by the door—was already openly doomed by the young rebels to forcible ejection. That was too

much for her lingering Quakerly prejudices.
As soon as their hulking ring-leader entered upon a preliminary course of antics the new "school-ma'am," in sweet and even tones, summoned him to her desk. He came, and in a manner equally pleasant and unruffled she requested him to remove his jacket.
In sheer astonishment he complied, and before he quite knew what had happened he found himself receiving from a limber birch rod skillfully applied the neatest and completest whipping of his life. He went back to his seat a chastened and crestfallen youth, with the swagger quite taken out of him, and Miss Anthony for the rest of the term received admirably prompt obedience from her pupils.
It was the only school rebellion which she quelled in that way, but by no means the only one which she overcame, for she taught in some very rough and neglected districts. But she met every emergency with spirit, tact and readiness and always conquered.
"One of the reasons for her success," said an old school friend, "was that nobody could ever tell until it happened just what Susan would do or how she would do it. We only knew there was one thing she would not do—give in. She had more courage and persistence than any woman I ever knew."—Youth's Companion.

What Joaquin Said.
It is related that when Joaquin Miller was asked to go to the races he poetically replied: "Piano! Piano!" As no diagram accompanies the puzzle, we are forced to put our own construction on the poet's enigmatical remark. It may be that Joaquin meant to convey the idea that it was all right to play the races. On the other hand, he may have wished to have it inferred that races were not his forte—the lyre being more in his line of business. Of course the meaning is there, all right, only we haven't the optical affluents to spot it. In the dagesse of the Florentine, piano means soft, and it is barely possible that Joaquin merely meant to have the person who extended the invitation speak softly, lest the female members of his household take cognizance of his proposed whereabouts. Perhaps we'd better let it go at that.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

THE SCENTED COURT.
The name by which the court of Louis XV. was known throughout Europe, on account of the rage for perfumes which then prevailed in France. The expenditure of Mme. de Pompadour for this one branch of her toilet amounted to \$100,000 annually. It became the fashion for the host or hostess of a great entertainment to signalize to their guests what particular perfume was to be employed for scenting their rooms on the night for which the invitations were issued, and they were expected to use no other, so that the delicate effect of a unity of odors might be produced. At court a different perfume was presented for each day of the week.
Bible's Kidney Cure

CASTORIA

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