

FARM GARDEN

THE CODLING MOTH.

Interesting Experience in Spraying With White Arsenic.

It is doubtful whether the codling moth is more destructive in any other apple growing region than in Utah. The high altitude and dry climate seem to furnish ideal conditions for this insect. Not only are apples and pears attacked, as elsewhere, but peaches and



DUCHES OF OLDENBURG 98.2 PER CENT

plums are sometimes seriously damaged by these pests. The following by the horticulturist of the state station is therefore of special interest: This year (1899) our success in combating the tiny foe of the apple grower has been almost complete. There was much to indicate that there ought to be at least four sprayings for summer and six for winter apples. White arsenic was found to be more effective than paris green, even though the latter was pure. The writer is well convinced that white arsenic is a much better poison for codling moth than paris green, even when the latter is unadulterated.

This formula has been used here with very marked success: White arsenic, one pound; unslacked lime, two pounds; water, three gallons.

To prepare for spraying mix the arsenic with the lime while the latter is being slacked with a little of the water. When the lime and arsenic are reduced to the consistency of cream, add the remaining water and boil the whole for an hour. Put this in 200 gallons of water, and the spray is ready for use.

The foregoing directions must be very carefully followed or the foliage will be seriously burned by the arsenic.

The orchard received the first application of the arsenic solution June 8, just after the blossoms had all fallen and the early tubes had begun to close. Spraying at this time leaves a dose of poison in the entry tubes, there to await the coming of the apple worms, the majority of which find their way into the apples from this point. On June 21 and 22 the orchard was sprayed the second time, as the finding of moths and eggs indicated that worms might soon be expected.

It is claimed by entomologists that larvae of codling moths come in broods, one brood in the east and from two to three in the west in a season. If this is the case, it is hard to account for the behavior of the broods in this state. About the 20th of July the first apple worms made their appearance under the bark of the trees, and from this time on worms were found daily. I do not believe spraying can be made with any reference to the times the broods come out. The apples must be kept well covered with the poison all the summer.

In accordance with this theory sprayings were made July 11 and 12, the last for summer apples, July 24 and 25 (winter apples) Aug. 13 and 14 and first week in September. The cut shows Duchess of Oldenburg, 98.2 per cent sound apples, with the few wormy ones in the small pile.

Securing a Watering Trough.

Many pastures and farmyard watering troughs are half hogged and half ground. They are in constant danger of being upset by the cattle, which also fight each other away from the water. A plan to obviate, in part, at least, both of these evils is shown in the cut from The Farm Journal. Two posts are driven beside the tub and a wide board nailed across, as shown. This holds the trough firmly to the ground and also separates the cattle while drinking. The same plan can be used with any shape of trough.

The Little Point Hoe.

The little point hoe is an implement made especially for us women to use by my uncle, who took a common hoe which had one side of the blade broken off and cut the other side off, leaving a blade about two inches wide. This has been worn by constant use till the midrib of the hoe is left which is worn to a point. In the hands of an energetic woman it is a most efficient tool for destroying weeds, loosening soil and working close to any plant desired, says Una Knight in American Agriculturist.

Clover Growing in Kansas.

The farming area of the prairies is too large to ever be covered by manure in time to reclaim anywhere near the former richness of the prairie soil.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

How Trouble and Expense May Be Reduced to a Minimum.

If you heat your knife slightly, you can cut hot bread or cakes as smoothly as if it were cold.

Use soda in an excellent article for cleaning tinware. Apply with a damp cloth and rub dry.

Nourish may very often be speedily relieved by applying a cloth saturated with essence of peppermint to the seat of pain.

Pails and tubs may be kept from warping by painting them with glycerin.

To clean linoleum without washing remove all the dust; then take a bit of flannel sprinkled with paraffin and rub the linoleum. It will not only make it appear like new, but will preserve it.

A too rapid boiling ruins the flavor of any sauce. It must boil up once, but should never do more than simmer afterward.

Don't think water should be added to spinach to cook it. It is a mistake.

Don't fail to add a drop or two of vanilla favoring to a pot of chocolate. It is a great improvement.

Don't close the oven door with a bang when cake is baking. The jar has spoiled many a fine loaf.

Don't wonder that corned beef is tough if put in hot water first, nor that it is too salty if the water is not changed at least three times while boiling.

Don't boil any meat or vegetables rapidly. Simmer is the word for good boiling, else the outside is overcooked and the inside raw.

How to Make the Hair Glossy.

Shake the yolk of an egg in half a pint of alcohol till thoroughly mixed. Strain, and you will have a clear fluid left, which will keep for an indefinite period. Into each basin of water used for washing the hair put one or two tablespoonfuls of this liquid. Rub well into the scalp and through the hair. Rinse in clean, warm water. Rub with a linen towel till partly dry and then take a large Japanese fan and fan vigorously till perfectly dry, when the hair will be delightfully soft and glossy.

The Course of True Love.

She—There is one serious obstacle before us.

He—Your parents?

She—No, but my little brother is unalterably opposed to our attachment.—Harlem Life.

Horrible, Most Horrible!



Mamma Bug—Police! Police! Here's a kidnaper!—New York Journal.

The Reason.

The De-frented—I wonder why I was turned down in the cut townships?

The Wise Man—Because your collar wasn't—Indianapolis Press.

Final Settlement.

In the county court for the county of Polk, state of Oregon.

IN HEREBY GIVEN TO WHOM IT MAY COME, that the undersigned has filed his final account in the matter of said estate, and that Monday, the 13th day of August, 1900, at the hour of 10 o'clock, p. m., has been set by the said county court for the hearing of said account, if any person interested in said matter is desirous of appearing at said time and showing cause, if any there be, why said account should not be finally settled and closed and said executor discharged.

Dated, Dallas, Oregon, July 3, 1900.
J. L. Collins, attorney.

Sheriff's Sale.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT in pursuance of an execution and order of sale issued out of and under the hand and seal of the clerk of the circuit court of the state of Oregon for Polk county, bearing date the 28th day of June, A. D., 1900, in a certain suit therein pending wherein the State Land Office is plaintiff and W. M. Lyle is defendant, to me directed and delivered, I will on

Saturday, August 4, 1900.

At the hour of 1 o'clock p. m., of said day, at the front door of the county court house in Dallas, in said county, sell at public auction to the highest bidder for cash in hand on day of sale, in the manner provided by law, all the right title and interest which the defendant had on the 28th day of August, 1892, the date of the mortgage foreclosed in said suit, or so much hereof as the following described parcels of land, to-wit: Beginning at a point 21.08 chains east of the northwest corner of the donation land claim, No. 68, Not. No. 1349, of J. E. Lyle and wife, in T. 2 S., R. 7 W., of the Willamette meridian, in Polk county, Oregon, running thence east 24.47 chains, thence south 49 chains, thence west 21.12 chains, thence north 84 degrees 30 minutes west 11.62 chains, thence north 48.55 chains to the place of beginning, containing 120.73 acres; and also that tract beginning at a point 17.80 chains north of the southwest corner of said donation land claim, No. 68, running thence north 17.30 chains to the center of the county road, thence south 84 degrees 30 minutes east 11.62 chains, thence south 16.08 chains, thence west 11.62 chains to the place of beginning, containing 19.28 acres, the total number of acres being 140.08, together with the trunks, hereditaments and appurtenances thereto belonging or in any way appertaining. Said premises will be sold subject to redemption in the manner provided by law.

Dated, Dallas, Oregon, this 3rd day of July, 1900.

J. G. VAN OESBROEK,
Sheriff of Polk county, Oregon.

Final Settlement.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT the undersigned administrator of the estate of David Deva, deceased, has filed his final account as such administrator in the county of Polk county, Oregon, and that Monday, the 13th day of August, 1900, at the hour of 10 o'clock in the afternoon of said day, all persons having objections to the same are notified to present them to a full court on or before said time.

Dated, this 28th day of July, 1900.

H. B. CORPHER,
Administrator with annexed of the estate of David Deva, deceased.

Attorney for the administrator of the estate of David Deva, deceased.

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Depended Just How They Were Laid On.

Mrs. Hix—I don't believe in these faith cures brought about by the laying on of hands.

Mrs. Dix—Well, I do. I cured my little boy of the cigarette habit in that way.—Stray Stories.

Foreseeing the Inevitable.

"Do you enjoy it?"
"I do, but my wife is worrying about what we'll do with all our things when we break up and go to the old home."—Chicago Record.

The Thoughtful Boy.

"That office boy of yours has a thoughtful cast of countenance."
"Hast'nt he? He's thinking up some new excuses for getting away to the ball games."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

How to Make Johnnycakes.

Teaspoonful of saleratus, two cups of Indian meal, two cups of white flour, two cups of molasses, one-half cup of sugar, one-half cup of short-nin, a pinch of salt and butter milk enough to make a stiff batter. Bake in not too hot oven.

Chop the peel of one or two oranges and put into mince-meat. It gives the meat a very pleasant flavor. Two fresh peels will season eight quarts of mince-meat. Peel the orange skins carefully with a sharp knife so as to get only the yellow part (none of the white), place in a jar or large mouth bottle, cover with alcohol and let stand for a few weeks, when you will have just a nice extract of orange. Lemon extract can be made in the same manner, using instead lemon peel.

Forty Years Among Cannibals.

The French adventurer who was a captive among cannibals in Central Africa forty years, has decided to write a book, which will no doubt prove interesting. We can sympathize with his desire to get from his terrible captivity, which must have been as joyless as that of a man who finds himself suddenly released from the captivity of a factory stove, by that pearl-merchant, Hostetter's Stomach Bitter, which has done more to promote health than any other in existence. This is the one to take, if you are an sufferer from dyspepsia, colic, indigestion, biliousness, nervousness or insomnia. Do not fail to give it a trial. Ask for Hostetter's, and do not accept a substitute. The genuine has private revenue stamp over the neck of bottle.

An Item in Field Growing of Tomatoes.

The plants are set out from May 25 to the middle of June, choosing dull weather when possible. The plants are taken to the fields standing in buckets of water and dropped by boys in the checks. They are firmly set by men following closely after. If the plants are tall and drawn, they are layered to some extent—that is, they are laid nearly flat and the roots and stems are buried with earth to within three or four inches of the top. Additional roots are thrown out from the buried stem, and the plant is less likely to suffer from dry weather.—Rural New Yorker.

"Delays Are Dangerous."

A small puncture on your face may seem of little consequence, but it shows your blood is impure, and impure blood is what a disease sufferer, better heed the warning, get on by the pulse and purify your blood at once by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. This medicine cures all diseases due to bad blood, including scrofula and salt rheum.

The Nonirritating Cathartic—Hood's Pills.

This Queer World.

Isabel—I hate to give cook my old frocks.

Clara—Why?

Isabel—Oh, it is exasperating to see how much better they look on her than they did on me.—Indianapolis Journal.

Not the Real Thing.

He—I see that General Gordon kissed the daughter of Jefferson Davis at the Confederate reunion.

She—I don't believe much in these kisses where so many people are looking on.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

When Insurance is Bias.

Fudge—Do you believe in love at first sight?

Budge—Cert. It is then that neither party knows what kind of a person the other is. Why shouldn't they fall in love?—Boston Transcript.

For Over Fifty Years.

An old and well tried remedy. Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Is pleasant to the taste. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. 25 cents a bottle. Its value is incalculable. Be sure and ask for Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup and take no other kind.

Had the Same Effect.

Dasher—That was a spivoid spring poem you had in the last issue of Gusher's Magazine.

Spacer—Why, that wasn't a spring poem.

Dasher—Wasn't it? Well, it gave me that "tired feeling" just the same.—Chicago News.

Quite Puzzling.

Reb—if he only had a muzzle on, one could tell which was his head.

FAILURE WITH ALFALFA.

Some Ideas About the Cause and How to Prevent It.

In some sections of the west where alfalfa could be easily grown it has not become popular because, the farmers say, it will not succeed on account of being choked out by weeds or of failing to give a good second cutting, with no third cutting at all.

From a study of the failures in growing this crop it seems that the method of growing is at fault, according to a writer in Farm and Fireside, who says:

As a general rule, the ground is well prepared in the spring, the seed sown at once and a good, promising stand obtained, but in the autumn what alfalfa there is hides among the foxtail and other weeds. Few or no plants appear the following spring, and the farmer after perhaps another trial or two gives up.

If this method were abandoned for the following, there would probably be more fields planted to this crop: Prepare the land—five acres is a convenient area—a year or two previous to sowing by growing well tilled corn upon it.

In the spring sow an early maturing crop, such as early planted soy beans or oats. Harrow the ground after this of each two weeks until the autumn rains commence. Plowing will not be necessary unless the stubble is in dense. This harrowing will improve the soil and kill several crops of weeds. After the ground has become wet sow the alfalfa. If it does not become wet, postpone seeding until the spring.

The best method of seeding is to cross drill, the seed being mixed with an equal quantity of sand, bran or other substance, or the drill being set so as to sow only half the quantity at each operation. In this way half the seed is sown across the other half. As soon as the plants reach a height of six inches they should be mowed. This, if practiced two or three times, will kill weeds and help the alfalfa. It should be done, weeds or no weeds.

Don't cut alfalfa as you would clover—after full bloom. Cut before the maximum bloom and for the first spring cutting even earlier. This will insure heavier late cuttings. As final soil settle and become moist, avoid late cuttings and avoid pasturing until the third year.

Homemade Garden Weeder.

There are some handy homemade garden weeders for use among onions and other plants which require a great deal of careful weeding that no farmer or gardener should be without. The weeder shown by A is an excellent tool for working among delicate plants

WEEDING TOOLS.

and a labor saver, as it enables the operator to stand erect and still do his work with ease. Take a 25 inch piece of iron hoop from an oil barrel, grind and file one edge sharp, bend into a triangular shape and between open ends of triangle insert the end of a handle of suitable length, securing the triangle firmly on the handle at the angle desired by using nails, screws or small bolts. When properly made, the triangle will have 6 inch sides and 3 1/2 inches of each end of hoop will be left to fasten on the handles. Make the angle of triangle to suit your preference.

The tool shown by B is made by

banding a piece of old saw blade or other piece of steel often found at hand eight inches long, tapering from 1 1/2 inches wide at one end to one inch at the other. A couple of small holes are made near the narrow end and the piece bent in the middle so that the wide end is at right angles to narrow end or about pitch of a hoe. A 3 foot handle is used, the end being ripped with a saw to receive narrow end of weeder, which is held secure by being riveted and a ring or ferrule slipped on the handle. File the weeder sharp on the end and sides, says an Ohio Farmer correspondent who describes these devices.

Planting Broom Corn.

Any good corn ground will do for it. Prepare as for other corn. After the 1st of June mark the ground very light, make small marks and plant and cover as fast as the marks are made or, if possible, before the furrow becomes dry. Prepare the seed by rubbing it with a buck on the bare floor to separate weeds, then steep it in enough tepid water to cover it. Next day pour off the water and agitate. Plant as soon as the seed begins to crack. If some are sprouted, it's none the worse. If planting the tall varieties, you will need four feet between the rows, medium less, and for the dwarf three or six feet less. On good ground five or six seeds to the foot will not be too much. There will be no need of hand weeding.—Oregon Daily Farmer.

Bad Air at Texas, Etc.

Spring tees are often dreaded on account of the "close" air. Why the bright spring sunshine should be shut out and the winter stillness shut in and candles lighted is one of the contradictions of social forms. A house thus sealed is filled with the perfume of flowers and then crowded with people to consume the little oxygen left. One leaves the place exhausted and clamoring for fresh air. The whole matter of ventilation seems to be the last thing an entertainer concerns herself about. At a dinner particularly this matter should engage her most careful attention. Flowers with heavy perfumes and strongly aromatic fruits have no place in the dining room, which should be well supplied with fresh air during the dinner. The average New York house, set in a block and one of many in a row, is grievously lacking in proper means of ventilation. The costly houses of the very rich, which are carefully designed by modern experts, are as a rule conspicuously exempt from the above statement. They are equipped with efficient ventilating appliances. Except, however, in cases where the tenant brings strong pressure to bear upon the landlord the ordinary New York house is apt to be stuffy. The upper floors are usually ventilated for the kitchen smells and gases. A suggestion that was made some time ago in this department may well be repeated. Have the skylight of the upper floor raised a few inches from its frame and rest upon a block of wood. The draft thus created will most improve the ventilation.—Exchange.

Outdoor Exercise.

Every woman house-bound, no matter what her station in life, will acknowledge that she would be in better health and spirits if she went out more, says the Toronto News. But many of them will insist on more excuses for staying in the house than there are ticks and ruffles on the garments the fashioning of which has kept many a woman within doors, to the detriment of herself and family, for I'm sure you will agree with me that one nervous, fidgety, discontented member of the family will set them all by the ears as "a little leaveenven the whole."

STAGE GLINTS.

Beerboom Tree is to act Othello.

Thomas Nelson Page is dramatizing his novel, "Red Rock."

Eleonora Duse, interviewed recently by the Vienna Globe, said that in her opinion Tolstol stood by the side of Shakespeare.

The latest work to be prepared for the stage is "The Romance of Robert Burns," made into a play by its author, John Templeton.

There will be another of Marlon Crawford's books on the stage next year, "Via Crucis," to be produced by Charles Frohman.

The Bostonians will next season make two important productions, which will be presented in connection with their present repertory.

An old theater is to be torn down in Liverpool, and every visitor during the final week of its use will receive an order for a souvenir bit of wood cut from the stage.

Daniel Frohman has secured the stage rights in the dramatization of "Red Pottage," the most successful novel that has appeared in England for several years.

The lecture platform in this country will be well supplied next season. Among others Mr. Labor, the famous French lawyer who so ably defended Dreyfus, is coming over to give a series of talks.

Owen Fawcett, who was Orle in "Hamlet" during the 100 nights' run at the Winter Garden, New York, season of 1864-5, will be Polonius when E. H. Sothern produces "Hamlet" at the Garden theater, Sept. 17.

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Mrs. Smith, who is an inventive turn of mind, being ill, smothered with the ordinary cod storage eggs which the grocers are in the habit of inflicting on their customers during the winter months, after thinking deeply over the matter came to the conclusion that if she put the eggs in an airtight receptacle they would keep an indefinite period. The old family physician, being consulted, agreed that while it was a novel idea, it appeared plausible and deserved a trial. Smith is now looking for the old doctor, but he is not to be found.

Mrs. Smith tried the experiment on a small scale, putting a dozen or so of large, fresh eggs in a common fruit jar, sealed it carefully and put it away on the swinging shelf in the cellar and awaited developments—and they came.

One Saturday night Smith went down the cellar to get some apples. He knew exactly where to find them, therefore took no light with him—that is, to be more correct, he thought he knew where they were. Not finding them, he attempted to strike a match on the sole of his shoe, but lost his equilibrium in the act and lunged forward, striking the shelf with some force.

There was a terrific explosion. Something struck Smith a fearful blow on the head, and with a scream of terror and pain he staggered to the doorway, stumbling over a basket of apples—as he went. He ran as far as the foot of the stairs and fell exhausted. The pain in his head was intense.

"I always expected that gas to explode on us some day!" moaned Smith. "But Martha would persist in having it put in!"

He put his hand to his head, and when he felt a thick, slippery, slimy substance trickling down his forehead he realized for the first time he was dangerously wounded. Covering his face with his hands, sobbing quietly, he became aware of a terrible stench.

"Mercy!" mumbled Smith. "I never heard of a man's brains smelling like that. Surely this is the result of reading 'Sapho!'"

He looked appealingly heavenward and became aware of an indistinct light in the distance. "Visions of beautiful angels, flowing streams and waving trees floated through his brain. He had read dying people always see more or less of such things. The light gradually became more and more distinct, and at last the sufferer saw a beautiful, lily white arm—more beautiful, Smith thought, than he had ever seen on earth, holding a kerosene lamp. It was his wife.

Smith's attitude struck her with astonishment—so did the stench. Smith had always fondly imagined he would like to die with a cherubic smile on his lips. Extending his hand, and with a wan smile and faint voice he said: "Goodby, Martha, dear. I forgive you everything. Perhaps it was for the best."