

Topics of the Times

Laura Jean Libbey has just finished her eighth drama. Life must be all play to Laura.

President Roosevelt's barber speaks five languages. Even at that we'll be doing it all the talking.

Putting a monetary value on a kiss, it strikes us, would be like charging an admission at the gates of heaven.

When he said, "We are trusting in God," was Prince Heile de Sagen thinking of the motto on the American coins?

We never could understand where there was anything romantic about making love through a matrimonial bureau.

Hall Caine is writing the story of his life. If he is a prudent man he will not permit Marie Corelli to read the proofs.

It has been discovered that an Indiana man led a double life on a salary of \$16 a week, but he hasn't given the secret away.

"The man woman love," says a London woman's paper, "is the man who understands them." Alas! Is no man really loved?

Chancellor Day should be able to gather in a lot of believers on his statement that it is as easy to be happy on earth as in heaven.

Of course, the question of preserving the forests cannot be expected to interest the housewives so long as the fruit crop is not a failure.

Excessive talking, says a London clergyman, is responsible for the increase in insanity. It would be interesting to know whether he regards himself as a cause or effect.

John D. Rockefeller has declined to purchase a sword which was of historical value. If it had been a box of golf balls used by the first golfer John D. might have been willing to negotiate.

Nevertheless, other men will in future years sell short on the board of trade, confidently believing nobody may be waiting to close the door as soon as they get their noses conveniently inserted into the crack.

Lord Cromer's book on Egypt, which has recently been published, is a great work, like Grant's "Memoirs" and Caesar's "Gallic War." When men of action tell in simple language what they have done, they enlighten history and give shrewdness to literature. Lord Cromer's work has won him the nickname, "The Great Prose Consul."

The transitory nature of life in Alaska is shown by an incident in Dr. F. A. Cook's account of his ascent of Mount McKinley. "To the Top of the Continent." He was in search of a town on Yentna River, when at about 10 o'clock we saw a big dog drifting down the stream. A corpulent miner, with all kinds of things was in the boat. To our question, "How far to Youngtown?" he answered, "It used to be twenty miles above, but it just moved. I have the town in the dory, and am taking it down stream."

Mr. Asquith, the new British premier, was a lucky "find" by Mr. Gladstone. He entered Parliament in 1886. A single speech, which proved his power as a debater, led Mr. Gladstone, in 1892, to offer him the important post of home secretary, with a seat in the cabinet, although he had not previously held any office. He remained at the home office until the Rosebery government was defeated in 1895; was in the opposition ten years, and has been chancellor of the exchequer since December, 1905. He has therefore served but five years and three months in all as an officer of the crown. To have attained the chief place in the government by two steps, and in so short a time, is almost unprecedented.

There was recently held in Detroit the first convention of the Congregational Brotherhood of America, whose object is said to be "to revitalize the interest of the men in the church." The necessity for such a work seems to have been emphasized by the first session of the body, at which only 200 of the 500 delegates were present. Further on Rev. Dr. Washington Gladden, of Columbus, Ohio, made an address in which he said: "There should not be such a predominant feminine influence in the church and its work. There is no doubt that there is a marked predominance of women, not only in the Congregational body, but in most Christian churches and denominations. Possibly the predominance is more marked now than formerly, but it has existed in every age. The founder of Christianity himself was surrounded chiefly with women who 'ministered unto Him of their substance,' and who were the last at the cross and the first at the sepulcher. It is a bold pastor, therefore, who hopes to see any other condition in his church. Some pastors are jealous of this prominence of women in the early history of the church. One of them is reported to have said in a sermon on the resurrection that women should not become vain because Christ appeared first to a woman, for it was, no doubt, in order that the news might spread the faster. On the other hand, a grateful pastor out in Nebraska, after reporting the splendid work the women had done in raising money for foreign missions, devoutly exclaimed: 'God bless the women—and help the men!' This sentiment is commended to the favorable consideration of Rev. Dr. Gladden. The prominence of the women in every church will be no reproach to religion as long as another well-known fact is kept in mind. If there are more women than

men in the church it may possibly be accounted for on the same principle that there are more men than women in the penitentiary.

Among the arts and sciences in which America leads the world is dentistry. Frank Marshall White, in an article on "Marvels of Modern Dentistry," in the Cosmopolitan, says that for the last twenty years the leading dentists of almost every capital in the world have been Americans; that this country abounds in schools of dentistry that are not equaled in London, Paris or Berlin, and that their students come in part not only from all parts of Europe but from all over the world. Mr. White's article describes the recent advances made in dentistry in this country, dwelling on the improved crown and bridge work, the wonderful corrections of oral malformation, the use of the X-ray in dentistry, and the most recent improvements in filling cavities. This last is especially interesting, as many sufferers will be overjoyed to learn that they can now have a gold filling adjusted to a cavity while they are walking around town and attending to their business. In order to accomplish this marvel the dentist takes an impression of the cavity in wax, makes a mold from the wax and pours melted gold into the mold. When the patient calls again the gold filling is cemented in the cavity in a moment and without pain. The idea is not entirely new, though the execution is. Such "inlaid" fillings have been made with porcelain for years, but the trouble with gold was that it would shrink in cooling. Now, however, the shrinkage is prevented by air pressure, and the long-desired achievement has been accomplished. If science will now only find a way to prepare a cavity without pain, dentistry must become immensely popular. These dental triumphs recall the rude dentistry of old times—not only the lead-filled cavities of ancient Egypt, but the bungling attempts of a century or two ago. The American people have become accustomed to a likeness of George Washington, with a peculiar puffiness of the upper and lower lips, which is due to a set of false teeth, made in Paris from a measure of his mouth taken, it is said, by himself with a tape line. Dentistry cannot be too highly appreciated. It is said that no man is any younger than his arteries, and it might be said with equal truth that no man's health is any better than his teeth. Poor teeth mean poor digestion, poor digestion means poor nutrition, and poor nutrition leaves the whole body a prey to disease and decay.

THE PIAZZA GIRL.

Dean Has converted to Wisdom of Hiser Education for Girls.

"There have been six girls in the office this morning," the dean remarked, glancing keenly at the gray-eyed girl before him, "who have said that they were willing to do anything to earn a little money."

The gray-eyed girl did not flinch. "But I am ready to do anything," she answered, with a smile that emphasized the significance of her words.

The dean turned to his desk and rummaged in one of the pigeonholes. "There are several ladies on the campus who are in need of some one to sweep their walks every day and wash the piazzas once or twice a week. Are you willing to do that? Of course it will not bring you in much, but it is all I have to offer at present."

"I shall be glad to do it," the girl replied. "May I have their addresses? Thank you very much."

The dean, leaning back in his chair, watched his visitor as she crossed the campus. Six other girls had refused the work that morning. "But it remains to be seen whether she does it, after all," he said to himself.

She did it; every morning for nine days she passed her in his before-breakfast constitutional. She always spoke brightly, with no apparent consciousness of broom or mop.

"Means what she says, gives honest work, no false pride," the dean thought with satisfaction. Then suddenly the piazzas had a relapse; when, two weeks later he met her, he asked about it.

"Oh," she explained, "I'm doing type-writing for Prof. Sumner. He asked me if I could do it as well as I could sweep walks, and I told him I could. It is fascinating work—copying the notes of his experiments."

"I've no doubt," the dean declared, "that you intend to perform experiments of your own some day."

"I'm going to try," she laughed.

When he reached that point in his favorite study, the old professor always stopped.

"And did she?" somebody was sure to ask.

"No," he fumed, "she went and married a young upstart of an instructor. She swept his piazzas for a while, till he made a reputation, and she copied his notes, and I've no doubt did half his work—he always said so."

"It seems a pity," the sympathetic listener on so far, would probably begin, only to be vehemently interrupted.

"Pity? Where's the pity? What's a pity? She helped a man do his work in the world, and brought up three sons, any one of whom would have washed piazzas cheerfully to get an education. One is building bridges out West, one is helping blind brains in the East, the third is still in college. I'd like to know how a woman could put her education to better use."

Then he would smile and look out across the campus, with its group of girls.

"I used to doubt the wisdom of higher education for girls. The girl who washed piazzas converted me," he would finish.—Youth's Companion.

The Time to Call.

Mrs. Dunleigh—It is very singular that your mother always happens to call on me when I am out.

Little Flossie Dimpleton—Oh, we can see from our front window whenever you go away.

When a friend is in trouble, don't annoy him by asking if there is anything you can do; think up something appropriate, and do it.

The Firm of Girdlestone

BY A. CONAN DOYLE

CHAPTER XX.—(Continued.)

"Of course. What could be more delightfully simple? Friend Burt here does his work; we carry her through the garden gate, and lay her on the darkest part of the rails. Then we miss her at the house. There is an alarm and a search. The gate is found open. We naturally go through with lanterns, and find her on the line. I don't think we need fear the corner, or any one else, then?"

"He's a 'jarp' 'un, is the gov'nor," cried Burt, slapping his thigh enthusiastically. "It's the downiest lay I have heard this many a day."

"Mr. Burt can do his part of the business out of doors. We can catch her out upon some excuse. There is no reason why any one should have a suspicion of the truth."

"But they know that she is not mad." "They will think that she did it on purpose. The secret will be locked up in our three breasts. After one night's work our friend here goes to the colonies as a prosperous man, and the firm of Girdlestone holds up its head once more, stainless and irreproachable."

"Speak low," said Ezra, in a whisper. "I hear her coming downstairs." They listened to her light springy footstep as it passed the door. "Come here, Burt," he said, after a pause. "She is at work on the lawn. Come and have a look at her."

"They all went over to the window and looked out. It was then that Kate, glancing up, saw the three cruel faces surveying her."

"She's a rare, well-built 'un," said Burt, as he stepped back from the window. "It is the ugliest job as ever I was on."

"But we can rely upon you?" Girdlestone asked, looking at him with puckered eyes.

"You bet—as long as you pay me," the navy answered phlegmatically.

CHAPTER XXI.

The grey winter evening was beginning to steal in before the details had all been arranged by the conspirators. It had grown so chill that Kate had abandoned her attempt at gardening, and had gone back to her room. Ezra left his father and Burt by the fire and came out to the open hall door. The grim old trees looked gaunt and eerie as they waved their naked arms about in the cutting wind. A slight fog had come up from the sea and lay in light wreaths about the upper branches like a thin veil of gauze. Ezra was shivering as he surveyed the dreary scene, felt a hand on his arm, and looking round saw that the maid Rebecca was standing beside him.

"Haven't you got one word for me?" she said sadly, looking up into his face.

"It's but once a week, and then never a word of greeting."

"I didn't see you, my lass," Ezra answered. "How does the Priory suit you?"

"One place is the same as another to me," she said drearily. "You asked me to come here and I have come. You said once that you would let me know how I could serve you down here. When am I to know?"

"Why, there's no secret about that. You do serve me when you look after my father as you have done these weeks back. That old woman isn't fit to manage the whole place by herself."

"That wasn't what you meant, though," said the girl, looking at him with questioning eyes. "I remember your face now as you spoke to me. You had something on your mind, and have now only you keep it to yourself. Why won't you trust me with it?"

"I have a great deal to worry me in business matters. Much good it would do telling you about them."

"It's more than that," said Rebecca, doggedly. "Who is that man who has come down here?"

"A business man from London. He has come to consult my father about money matters. Any more questions you would like to ask?"

"I should like to know how long we are to be kept down here, and what the meaning of it all may be."

"We are going back before the end of the winter, and the meaning of it is that Miss Harston was not well and needed a change of air. Now, are you satisfied?"

He was determined to allay as far as possible any suspicions that the girl might have previously formed.

"And what brings you down here?" she asked with the same searching look. "You don't come down into this hole without some good reason. I did think at first that you might come down in order to see me, but you soon showed me that it wasn't that. There was a time when you was fond of me."

"So I am now, lass."

"Aye, very fond? Not a word nor a look from you last time you came. You must have some reason, though, that brings you here."

"There's nothing wonderful in a man coming to see his own father."

"Much you cared for him in London," she cried with a shrill laugh. "If he was under the sod you would not be the sadder. It's my belief as you come down after that doll-faced missy upstairs."

As the light faded and the grey of evening deepened into darkness Kate sat patiently in her bare little room. A coal fire sputtered and sparkled in the rusty grate, and there was a tin bucket full of coals beside the fender from which to replenish it. She was very cold, so she drew her single chair up to the blaze and held her hands over it. It was a lonesome and melancholy sight, and when she saw the wind whistled through the branches of the trees and moaned drearily in the cracks and crannies of the old house. When were her friends coming? Perhaps something had occurred to detain them to-day.

This morning such a thing would have appeared to her to be an impossibility, but now that the time had come when she had expected them, it appeared probable enough that something might have delayed them. To-morrow at latest they could not fail to come. She wondered what they would do if they did arrive. Would they come boldly up the avenue and claim her from the Girdlestons, or would they endeavor to communicate with her first? Whatever they decided upon would be sure to be for the best.

She went to the window once and looked out. It appeared to be a wild night.

Far away in the southwest lay a great cumulus of rugged clouds from which dark streamers radiated over the sky, like the advance guard of an army. Here and there a pale star twinkled dimly out through the rifts, but the greater part of the heavens was black and threatening. It was so dark that she could no longer see the sea, but the crashing, booming sound of the great waves filled the air and the salt spray came driving in through the open window. She shut it and resumed her seat by the fire, shivering partly from cold and partly from some vague presentiment of evil.

An hour or more had passed when she heard a step upon the stairs and a knock came to her door. It was Rebecca, with a cup of tea upon a tray and some bread and butter. Kate was grateful at this attention. For it saved her from having to go down to the dining room and face Ezra and his unpleasant-looking companion. Rebecca laid down the tray, and then to her mistress's surprise turned back and shut the door. The girl's face was very pale, and her manner was mild and excited.

"Here's a note for you," she said. "It was given Mrs. Jorrocks to give you, but I am better at climbing stairs than she is, so I brought it up." She handed Kate a little slip of paper as she spoke.

"A note for her? Could it be that her friends had arrived and had managed to send a message to her? It must be so. Surely Burt can do that himself," Ezra remarked. "She's not so very heavy."

"Girdlestone drew his son aside. 'Don't be so foolish, Ezra,' he said. 'It must be done with the greatest care and precision, and no traces left. Our old business watchword was to overlook everything ourselves, and we shall certainly do now.'

"It's a horrible affair!" Ezra said, with a shudder. "I wish I was out of it."

"You won't think that to-morrow morning when you realize that the firm is saved and no one the wiser. He has gone on. Don't lose sight of him."

They both hurried out, and found Burt standing in front of the door. It was blowing half a gale now, and the wind was bitterly cold. There came a melancholy rasping and rustling from the leafless wood, and every now and again a sharp crackling sound would announce that some rotten branch had come crashing down. The clouds drove across the face of the moon, so that at times the cold, clear light silvered the dark wood and the old monastery, while at others all was plunged in darkness. From the open door a broad golden bar was shot across the lawn from the lamp in the hall. The three figures with their long fantastic shadows looked eerie and unnatural in the yellow glare.

"What if she fails to come?"

From the spot where they stood they had a view of the whole of the Priory. Kate could not come out without being seen. Above the door was a long narrow window, which opened upon the staircase. On this Girdlestone and his son fixed their eyes, for they knew that on her way down she would be visible at it. As they looked, the dim light which shone through it was obscured and then reappeared.

"She has passed!"

"Hush!"

(To be continued.)

THE DEED OF A HERO.

Not all the courage of war is expended on the battle-field. A man died lately in Calcutta who performed a deed which contributed greatly to save the Indian Empire. At that time, in 1857, he was a mere lad, employed as an assistant in the telegraph service. His name was W. Brendish, and he sent, at the risk of his life, a dispatch from Delhi to Umballa, which bore the first news of the outbreak. This message, repeated to every town which could be reached, proved of priceless value. Colonel Edward Vibart, in his "Sepoy Mutiny," tells the story of how, to quote the judicial commissioner of the Punjab, "the electric telegraph saved India."

It was the custom to close the telegraph offices on Sunday between the hours of 9 and 4. On May 10, 1857, as the operator at Delhi was about to close his station, he received a message from the Meerut office announcing an uprising in that section. At 4 o'clock, when the office was reopened, connections with Meerut were found to be interrupted.

The telegraph force at Delhi consisted of the chief and two young assistants, Brendish and Pilkington. The office was situated outside of the city, about a mile from the gates.

On discovering the break in the connections, the chief sent the two lads to test the cable across the river. They found that the cable signal to Delhi, but not to Meerut, and reported the fact on their return. It was too late to do anything that night, but the next morning Mr. Todd, the chief, went out himself to investigate the line. He never returned, and although his fate is unknown, there is little doubt that he was murdered.

The office was thus left in charge of the two lads. Signs of trouble began to be evident close at hand. Brendish, stepping from the door, met a wounded officer, who cried out to him, "For God's sake get inside and close your doors!"

The revolt crept closer and closer. The boys felt that their lives were in danger; soon they became sure of it. But before they fled to a place of comparative safety they waited to send out to the Indian world the news of the revolt.

Brendish ticked out the message which caused Sir Edwards to say: "Look at the courage and sense of that little boy! With shot falling all round him, he stayed to manipulate the message that was the means of saving the Punjab."

The government rewarded Brendish for his services by giving him a life pension, and the other day the old man died in the India he had helped to preserve.

No Sympathy.

"A physician's profession is an exceedingly trying one."

"Yes," answered the doctor. "The worst thing is that you can't own up to being under the weather yourself without exciting suspicion."—Washington Star.

If you want to succeed in a community the hatred and contempt of some men is as necessary as the respect of others.



AGRICULTURAL

Bees help to make the crops and pay the farmer for the privilege. They are little trouble to keep and may be the source of a good income.

A Spanish professor, according to German newspapers, has made the discovery that the sunflower yields a splendid fertilizer that can be used as a substitute for guano.

W. J. Monroe, of Iowa, has the smallest colts ever born in that State. They are Shetland twins, both mares, and one weighs eighteen pounds and the other twelve pounds.

Alfalfa seed has a light olive-green color and is about the same size as red clover seed. The dead and worthless seed are the brown-colored ones. Brown seed indicate old seed, and is not apt to give good results.

A first-class quality of red clover seed should be of fair size, purple and yellow colors predominating, and always with a luster. If it is small, with many shriveled brown seed in it, it should be rejected.

Egyptian cotton has been successfully grown in New Mexico and Arizona by the Bureau of Animal Industry. Several million dollars' worth of this cotton is imported into the United States each year, and its growth here will mean a great saving.

Yellow Rust Parasite on Wheat. An instructive account is published in the Experiment Record of the Department of Agriculture of the manner in which the yellow rust parasite acts upon susceptible and resistant varieties of wheat. In an experiment with Michigan Bronze wheat, and "rust-proof" Engorn, young seedlings of each were infected by placing spores on the leaves. In the Michigan wheat the germ tubes passed into the inner tissues and developed rapidly, producing pustules in about ten days. In the case of the resistant Engorn wheat the germ tubes made good their entry, but almost at the beginning showed through the microscope, weakness and starvation, and were unable to make further progress. The wheat plant continued to flourish, except for the small dead area where the fungus entered the leaves. The reason for this resistance is unknown, but is supposed to be due to some toxic principles in the host plant.

Keep Ahead of the Weeds. The importance of keeping ahead of the weeds is realized by every successful agriculturist. At the beginning of growth in the spring weeds start up and lead the farmer a merry chase as long as the growing season lasts. He must keep at them or they will get the start and go to seed, thereby increasing their numbers many fold. "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty" in the fight against weeds. A thoroughly practical farmer recently remarked that he thought the problem of weed eradication one of the most important the farmers have to face. It is indeed one of considerable moment.

Breeding Dairy Cows. In breeding dairy cows a man should have a definite object in view. Too many shift from beef to dairy when dairy products are low, and then shift back again from dairy to beef when beef rises in value. By this method a man is constantly shifting from one breed to another, and as a result he is getting a herd that is good for neither milk nor beef. A man must have an ideal toward which he is breeding and then bend all his energies to that end. This shifting from one breed to another is a suicidal policy that will ruin any man and any herd.—Kansas Experiment Station.

How Wire Fences Murder Cattle. "The time of thunder storms is coming," said a farmer, "and I am liable to lose a cow or two. My barbed-wire fences are to blame. In fact, you might call a barbed-wire fence a cattle murderer."

"The wire, you see, attracts the lightning. The lightning, playing like a gold snake along the fence, leaps out wherever there's a cow handy, and I've got another lot of fresh meat on my hands."

"In the old fence days a cow was killed by lightning was unheard of. But now, if you go to insure your stock, you pay a higher rate if your fencing is of wire."

More Horse Meat. In 1906 56,000 horses were slaughtered for food in Paris, furnishing about 12,000 tons of meat. Formerly horse meat was eaten by only the poorest classes, but now it is no longer regarded as refuse meat, and its consumption by the working classes is rapidly increasing throughout Europe.

Stomach Worms in Sheep. The Louisiana Experiment Station reports the successful use of bisulphide of carbon for stomach worms in sheep. One drachm of the bisulphide was mixed with an ounce of raw linseed oil, and that shaken up with an ounce of lime water and given as a drench.

For the Farm Dairy. Work in breeding for milk production at the Canada experiment farms seems to show that (a) superior dairy cows may be found in all breeds; (b) pure bred females are not essential to success in dairy farming, but a pure bred bull should always be used.

Grass for Meadows. An excellent combination of grass seeds for a meadow is two bushels of orchard grass, two of meadow fescue, half bushel Kentucky blue grass, half bushel meadow foxtail, adding half bushel of redtop if the soil is moist. The above is for one acre. The seed is costly, but it will pay, as such a combination will afford a succession of food during the entire summer. Do not grow any other crop on the land but the grass.

It needs faith in your occupation to bring about complete success. Send all surplus poultry to market as soon as the fowls are in proper condition.

Don't borrow too much. It is more satisfaction both to yourself and your neighbors to have tools of your own.

While cow-peas are best adapted to light, warm soils, any good corn land will grow the crop in the latitude where the peas will mature.

WASHES MILK CANS.

posits them on the floor, where the handles can be conveniently grasped, avoiding the labor of lifting them. The cans travel while being cleaned on a movable chain, each can being placed over an upright nozzle which holds it in position. The various nozzles are connected to a supply pipe through which is forced a cleaning fluid or steam. The latter is forced out through the nozzle, thoroughly cleaning the interior of the can. The nozzles also act as guides to deposit the cans on the floor after they have traveled the length of the chain, the operation being performed automatically and smoothly without injury or accident.

Burn Dead Animals. In the attempt to stamp out hog cholera and other contagious diseases among live stock the matter of burning all dead animals is one of considerable importance. Outbreaks of disease have frequently been traced to the careless disposal of the carcass of an infected animal. Burning is much more effective than burying, as the germs of some diseases, as anthrax, for example, retain their virility for a considerable length of time. Then in burying carcasses, unless they are placed very deep in the ground, there is always more or less danger of their being rooted or dug out. Dogs will dig open such graves and hogs will root them out.

Those who have attempted to bury a hog or horse will readily appreciate the statement that it is easier to burn than bury them. A little kerosene and a brush heap will soon dispose of a carcass, with the certainty that all germs are destroyed. Some recommend the construction of a specially arranged furnace for this work, but on the ordinary farm this would doubtless be an added expense. It will not be a difficult matter on any farm to gather enough trash, such as brush, old rails, etc., to burn a dead animal and the expense is inconsiderable. Anyway, it is the only safe way to insure against infection.

Interesting Items.

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