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Farm and Garden

MANURE FOR THE MELONS.

Attempts to Grow Fruit Without Fertilizer Are Not Encouraging.

The Illinois agricultural experiment station has conducted fertilizer experiments with muskmelons at Anna, in Union county, and at Kinmundy, in Marion county, for several years. The chief objects of the experiments were to determine the relative efficiency of different amounts of manure and methods of application of manure, the effect of supplementing manure with commercial forms of phosphorus, the effect of using a complete commercial fertilizer in connection with manure and the effect of substituting commercial fertilizer for manure in the production of Gem melons. In both localities the experiments were conducted on typical melon soil of the region, that at Anna being unglaciated yellow silt loam and that at Kinmundy gray silt loam.

Attempts to grow melons without manure were not very encouraging. When the complete commercial fertilizer was used in the hills in place of manure the yields were greatly reduced. This was especially marked in the field



Photograph by Illinois agricultural experiment station.

READY FOR THE MARKET.

planted crop, where many plants were killed outright by the fertilizer and the maturing of the melons was greatly delayed on those that survived. Steam-bone applied to the hills gave fair results, but the yields were smaller than from the use of manure in the hills, and some years the plants were "burned" by the fertilizer, especially in the field planted crop. The check plot without manure or fertilizer produced small yields, especially in the field planted crop, where the melons also ripened very late.

The results of the experiments referred to in this bulletin indicate that the influence of different methods of fertilizing the muskmelon are more marked upon a field planted than a transplanted crop, but that the most satisfactory results in either crop are likely to be secured from a moderate amount of well rotted manure in the hills.

"BACK TO THE FARM."

Let a youth whose sympathies are naturally with the land find out how best to get enjoyment out of it, and that boy will remain a farmer. The day will come, is now at hand, in fact, when boys will not be rushing to the cities, but will be hurrying back out of the cities to the land, answering the voice within them which insists and certain that they can achieve a comfortable living after they have done so.

—Raymond A. Pearson, President Iowa State Agricultural College.

Geese Like Grazing Land.

Geese live almost entirely by grazing. Marsh lands that grow a plentiful supply of succulent grasses are excellent for them, provided such lands are adjacent to higher places where other grasses grow. A mixture of the grass growing in the marsh lands and that on the rough hillside makes a better ration for them than either kind alone.

In almost every locality there are rough or waste lands that cannot be cultivated. These might be made profitable if used for pasturing geese. Marshy lands furnish a supply not only of rich, juicy grasses, but of snails, water beetles, worms and bugs that grow in such places. Small fish, toads and frogs are all eagerly eaten by geese.—Country Gentleman.

Good Time to Paint.

An open spell, when it does not thaw and freeze much, is a first rate time to paint the house or barn. The paint will dry in more slowly, there are no flies to bother, and the job will be a good one all around.

Season for Repairs.

Build a shop, get some tools and let your boys learn how to use them. During bad weather, when work cannot be done in the fields, repairs can be made and the implements kept in good working order.

Cement Caution.

Before laying a cement gable floor care should be taken to have the ground below properly drained and the foundation well constructed.

Too Deep.

"He's a deep thinker." "I guess so. None of his ideas ever got to the surface."—Detroit Free Press.

Johnson's Only Novel.

"Russells," the only novel written by Samuel Johnson, was composed by him in the brief space of a week, in order to realize enough to enable him to meet the expenses incurred at his mother's funeral.

HIS PAST DIDN'T BOTHER HIM.

When Swinburne Was Very Close Unto Death by Drowning.

In Mr. Edmund Gosse's reminiscent article, "Swinburne at Eretat" in the Cornhill Magazine he relates the poet's bathing adventure that nearly cost him his life in the late summer of 1888. The timely appearance of a fishing smack on the scene prevented the premature silencing of the voice that was presently to entrance the world for some part of it with the "Songs Before Sunrise."

"I asked him," writes Mr. Gosse, "what he thought about in that dreadful contingency, and he replied that he had no experience of what people often profess to witness—the concentrated panorama of past life hurrying across the memory. He did not reflect on the past at all. He was filled with annoyance that he had not finished his 'Songs Before Sunrise' and then with satisfaction that so much of it was ready for the press and that Mazzini would be pleased with him.

"And then he continued, 'I reflected with resignation that I was exactly the same age as Shelley was when he was drowned.' (This, however, was not the case. Swinburne had reached that age in March, 1837, but this was part of a curious delusion of Swinburne's that he was younger by two or three years than his real age.) Then when he began to be, I suppose, a little numbened by the water his thoughts fixed on the clothes he had left on the beach, and he worried his clouded brain about some unfinished verses in the pocket of his coat."

So here again, comments the Dial, we have an instance of the failure of an actor in a real life drama to rise to the dramatic possibilities of his part. They do these things better in fiction.

SULPHUR SHOWERS.

Not Sulphur at All, Only the Pollen Grains of Pine Trees.

Many persons are aware that in spring, and especially in early spring, it happens that after a shower the edge of every pool of water in the streets and along the sidewalks will be bordered by a rim of pale yellow color. As the water evaporates this ring remains as a fine powdery mass, so much resembling sulphur as to have given rise to the name "sulphur showers."

This so called sulphur is, of course, not sulphur at all. When examined under the microscope it is found to be made up of a mass of the yellowish pollen grains of pine trees.

Instead of consisting of a single cell, as do most pollen grains, that of the pine consists of three cells, the two larger end ones being filled with air and the other containing the ordinary fertilizing principle. The two air containing cells are larger than the other and act as balloons to buoy it up in the air.

In pines and allied trees fertilization of the cones, by which they are enabled to set and develop seeds, is accomplished by the wind—that is, the pollen is produced in immense quantities and is transported through the air to the cones, which are often on separate, widely distant trees. Thus it often happens that the pollen gets up in the higher currents of the air, is carried for long distances and is only brought down to the earth by the rain, producing the so called shower of sulphur.—Harper's Weekly.

How Wheat Perspires.

When you are perspiring furiously in the dog days it may or may not console you to think that an ordinary field of wheat is giving off moisture quite as furiously. Between the months of April and July, according to Sir James Dewar, a field of wheat perspires sufficient moisture to cover the surface of its ground to a depth of nine inches. Another interesting fact is that it requires three and a half pounds of water to produce sixteen grains of wheat. Speaking of the solar radiation in tropical places, Sir James says that in six hours about four-tenths of a square mile receives heat equivalent to the combustion of 1,000 tons of coal while an area of 1,300 square miles receives in one year heat equivalent to 1,000,000,000 tons of coal—the whole estimated coal output of Europe and America.—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Drummer's Tender Heart.

The commercial traveler had just finished a story of a disastrous fire, in which his firm suffered severely.

"And what did you do when you heard of it on your journey?" inquired his friend.

"Oh, I sent the boss a long telegram of sympathy! He likes that kind of thing. Cost me half a crown."

"Half a crown?" exclaimed the other incredulously.

"Oh, I charged it to my expenses, of course!" explained the traveler. "Kindly feeling and thoughtful economy could go no further.—Manchester Guardian.

Plausible Excuse.

Guest—Waiter, are you sure this is oxtail soup? Waiter—Yessuh. Guest—But I've found a tooth in it. How do you account for that? Waiter—Well, I don't know, sub; but I reckon dat oxtail must have been biting his tail.—Sphinx.

In a Bad Way.

"My friends," declaimed an orator during a convention—"my friends, I say to you that this great republic of ours is standing on the brink of an abyss!"—Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.

Stoic, like rust, consumes faster than labor wears, while the used key is always bright.—Benjamin Franklin.

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Cornelia's Way

Love Wins Out

By CLARISSA MACKIE

Just as the great liner drew away from the wharf Cornelia saw Jack Gray come dashing down the pier. He did not seem to see her at first, for his eyes anxiously scanned the rows of faces bent over the rail. Then there came an expression of blank astonishment as their eyes met, and she waved a dainty handkerchief in farewell.

He made no movement to respond to her farewell. He stood and stared and stared at the boat until all she could see was his white face blurring into the crowd. Then the whole wharf vanished behind a veil of tears.

Four days later she gained the deck once more and crept to the chair which had been reserved for her. She slipped a cup of broth and sent the steward to inquire if a wireless message had been received for Miss Fralick. His answer in the negative caused her to lose interest in the animated deck scene.

Again she saw the wharf and Jack's startled face as he saw her standing there. Why should he be startled, for he must have received her note early that morning saying that she thought their engagement was a mistake and that she was sailing for Europe immediately and that he must not try to break her resolution. He would know the reason, she had ended, and he probably did, she argued now to herself.

It was a dull trip, with little to vary the monotony of an exceedingly rough passage. When her feet pressed European soil she was seized with a



"YOU MUST HAVE BEEN THINKING OF GRAY, THEN," HE VENTURED.

greatful homesickness and longed to return. With an impulse as sudden as her starting had been she engaged passage for the return trip under an assumed name, for it seemed unnecessary that her foolishness should be advertised.

"My name," she had stammered when engaging this homeward bound passage; "my name is Gray—Miss Gray," and she almost choked in the effort to prevent the word from rushing off her unready tongue. Why had she chosen Jack's name to masquerade under?

Two weeks after she had sailed from New York she was homeward bound on the same vessel. The first morning she gained the deck and began a brisk walk. She had circled the deck twice and was approaching her own chair when she noticed a young man just tucking himself into an adjoining chair. As she approached he appeared to be talking to his neighbor on the other side, and it was not until she was snugly ensconced in her own chair and was arranging the rug about her feet that he turned suddenly, and their glances met.

He looked at her with the casual passing glance of the polite stranger who sees a pretty girl, and then his gaze wandered to the dashing waves beyond the rail. Cornelia's cheeks flushed, and her fingers lost their grip on the book she was holding, and it fell to the deck.

Instantly he had recovered it and returned it to her with a slight lift of his cap.

"Thank you," murmured Cornelia faintly.

"Don't mention it," said the young man.

Cornelia read for hours on the deck there, while the young man also read a horrid, thick, learned looking volume, in which he appeared to be deeply interested. Not once did he look at Cornelia, although she found her eyes again and again straying toward the stern profile of his handsome face.

At meals she discovered the stranger at an adjoining table, where he seemed very popular, for there was much joking and merriment among his fel-

low passengers whenever he appeared. There were several pretty girls at that table, and Cornelia suddenly discovered that her own table was filled with very dull and poky people.

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low passengers whenever he appeared. There were several pretty girls at that table, and Cornelia suddenly discovered that her own table was filled with very dull and poky people.

The fourth morning out and when the swift liner was within one day's time of reaching New York Cornelia slipped on the deck and was rescued by the young man who had so greatly excited her interest. It was only natural that the rescue should be followed by his request to accompany her on her walk, and she assented with dazed cheeks and shining eyes.

"One more day, and then home," he said lightly. "I hope you enjoyed your stay."

"Thanks. I didn't stay long. I came out on this steamer and—found I must return on her, so you see my stay was curtailed."

"Same with me. Came over to look up a relative—it was his turn to blush now—and not being successful, took the next steamer back which happened to be this one."

"Then you didn't find her?" ventured Cornelia with a new timidity.

"Her?" he questioned.

"I thought you said—that," fluttered Cornelia.

He shook his head positively. "I said a relative," he corrected gently, and this time he didn't blush.

"Oh," said Cornelia.

"But it was a lady," explained the young man.

"She ran away from me. It was very sad. You see, we expected to be married next month," he explained with engaging frankness, "and we couldn't agree upon where the honeymoon should be spent. I was for a yachting trip to the Azores, but she until she discovered that her yachting gown was most unbecoming so she decided that she'd rather take a trip to the north woods because she had a love of a hunting suit."

Cornelia stifled an exclamation. After a little while she said coldly: "You make your fiancée appear to be a most shallow person. Is she always guided in her movements by matters of dress?"

"She is neither shallow nor unreasonable, but she aims to be a little tyrant—tried to make me do what she willed in spite of my own desires." He laughed rather bitterly. "You see, there are some women who must always be experimenting with their love to find out if it's going to stand the strain of future tests. A man may be a woman's distraction, but his perfect subjection to her will is no proof of it, is it?"

"Of course not," said Cornelia, rather irritated at his tone.

"What are you going to do if you find her?" asked Cornelia after a little pause.

"Tell her to get her yachting togs ready, for the Maiden sails June 28 for all around the world," he said quickly.

"Suppose she prefers the north woods?"

He removed his cap and passed a well shaped hand across a brow where white hairs were gathering fast. "I think I'd remind her of what Ruth said—do you remember? 'Whosoever thou goest, I will go.'" But Cornelia had fled from his side and left him standing alone beside the rail with a curious light in his eyes.

It was the next day, just before the first low, gray shadow of land was sighted, that he came up to Cornelia who was standing all alone. The wind blew aside the gray veil and showed a tremor of scarlet lips and the flickering color in her cheeks. Cornelia Fralick, alias Gray, was looking very lovely and very proud this morning.

"Good morning, Miss Gray," he greeted her, but she turned her head swiftly and shot an impatient glance in his direction.

"That is not my name, as you very well know."

"You chose it—why?" he asked quietly.

"It was the first one that came into my head."

"You must have been thinking of Gray then," he ventured.

"I was—naturally," said Cornelia haughtily. "I was engaged to John Gray (you see, I am extending you the same confidence you offered me), and we disagreed about where we should spend the honeymoon—as if it mattered," she added, with sudden passion, snatching her hand from his quick grasp. "Thinking to test his love for me, I dropped him a line saying that if he would not concede to my wishes I would not marry him. I gave him until the next day to reply, and when I did not hear from him I simply left for Europe. As the steamer left the dock he came down, but he was too late."

"Perhaps he had not received your note until after he reached home that night. It might have been he was at the wharf to bid farewell to a business friend and saw you by the merest accident. Perhaps he hurried home, found your note, caught a steamer the next morning and arrived in England in time to accompany you home on this steamer."

"Perhaps he did," admitted Cornelia. "Perhaps you were both very foolish young people and have found out it doesn't make much difference where you spend your honeymoon so long as you are together."

"Perhaps," said Cornelia again.

"Were you coming back to New York, Cornelia?" he asked, with a change of tone.

"Yes, Jack," she said.

"And what were you going to say, dear?"

"I was going to tell you that your way would be my way—on land or on sea." Cornelia's voice was very low.

"And I had determined," he said softly, "that any old way would do for me so long as it was Cornelia's way."

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