



CUTTING POTATO SEED.

The Proper Way to Do It is to Slice the Tubers Crosswise.

There is a right and wrong way to cut potatoes, and most people cut the wrong way. If you will take a potato and examine it carefully, you will see the eyes, instead of being placed promiscuously about the potato, are placed in a more or less regular spiral from stem to seed end. If a potato is split in half lengthwise after the eyes have started in the spring, you can see the continuation of the eyes from where they appear on the surface to the center of the tuber indicated by a watery streak, something after the manner shown in the cut.

Now, if in cutting potatoes for seed the pieces are cut straight through the



A—SEED END; B—STEM END.

potato, these branches will be cut off, and the strength of the eye diminished more or less. The proper way to cut the tubers for seed is to cut them crosswise of the tuber, as indicated by the dotted lines, beginning with the one near the stem-end, and going around with the spiral produced by the eyes. This will leave the eye and its connection whole from the surface to center of the tuber, and it will be in the best condition to germinate and grow. It is not settled yet whether it is best to plant the tip or the seed end, or not. In practice I do not do it, as there are so many eyes together there that they interfere with each other, and, except with new and very highly priced seed, I clip the seed end squarely off and throw it away.

The usual method of planting potatoes is to cover three or four inches deep with soil, and plant in drills. This is probably the best way where the land is infested with weeds, but I am convinced that larger crops can be grown by mulching the surface with straw, where there will not be too many weeds to contend with. One man in Illinois made a great success by using straw only as a covering, putting on enough to keep it from driving out at any time during the season.

I have tried this plan, with varying success, but a better way with me has been to prepare the ground in the best possible manner, and plant the potatoes as usual. In a few days a light harrow is run over the land, and this is repeated about the time the potatoes are ready to come through the ground. After this the mulch of straw is put on, and the only after-work is to pull out the weeds that come through; a small task if the land has had proper cultivation during previous years. One of the best and largest crops I ever grew was grown by this method.

In whatever manner potatoes are planted, they must have thorough cultivation, deep for the early part of the season, and shallow after the roots begin to run across the rows, for there is not a crop that is injured more by having the roots torn off by cultivation than a crop of potatoes. Unless the roots have plenty of room and plenty of food the crop cannot be a good one. This is one point where most people fail. They do not stop to think that a potato-plant has naturally long roots, and needs to be cultivated accordingly. If this were attended to, a crop of the country would be enormously increased, with not a cent more cost attached to it.—Farm and Fire.

EVERY WELL-KEPT FARM SHOULD HAVE AN APPROPRIATE TITLE.

One of the evidences of enterprise and improved methods among farmers is the fact that many of them are giving beautiful and significant names to their farms, and then seeking by increased efforts to make the farm worthy of its name, and one of which the proprietor may be justly proud.

In front of every farmhouse there should be an artistically painted board bearing the name of the farm, also the name of its proprietor, or manager. It might also point the direction, and give the distance, of the proprietor's post office town, and other near-by towns, if desired, and thus become, also, a "friendly guide-post" to strangers in the vicinity.

Thousands of pretty names, from which any farmer may select an appropriate one for his own home, may be formed by a combination of words. If located in a timbered country, the name may be based on a favorite kind of tree, or the kind prevailing in the locality, as Oakdale farm, Elmgrove, Cedarvale, etc. Or the name may be selected with regard to the location of the farm relative to some near-by object. If near a river, lake, mountain, etc., as Riverside farm, River View, Mountain View, Lake View, Hillside, Hilltop, etc. Or the name may be based on the proprietor's favorite plant, or the out-princi-

tally grown on his farm; as Cloverdale farm, Clover Leaf, Mine Grass, etc. Beautiful and suggestive farm names may be selected from a thousand words or from a combination of words, and each one can select one to his own liking.

The farmer who puts up his name and that of his farm in front of his home proclaims loudly that he is not ashamed of the farm of which he is proprietor. It is a guarantee that his efforts shall be so directed that the appearance of his home shall, as rapidly as he can do it, be made to consist with its beautiful name.

In addition to naming the farm, the residence, out buildings, lawns, etc., should be put into repair, if needed, and a good photograph of the home taken. Letter heads bearing the name of the farm, and also a cut of the house, should be printed, and used by members of the household in writing to friends, or on business. All these things would stimulate a pride of home and farm, and would surely result in an improvement of farm methods, and in an increase of farm pleasures.—Journal of Agriculture.

FARM FLOOD GATE.

It is Simple and Serviceable and Does Not Cost Much.

The best and cheapest flood gate I have ever used or seen is represented in the illustration. It is my own invention and is constructed as follows. Twist four, six or eight strands of good



SMOOTH BUT SERVICEABLE FLOOD GATE.

smooth No. 12 wire together to form a cable, the size of the cable depending upon the width of the stream or ditch, and fasten the ends securely at each side, the last post of the fence answering very well, if properly braced at top and bottom. Then take branches of osage orange or other hard wood and tie on the cable, using a sufficient number to make a good fence. As the water rises the branches will float, and when it goes down they will return to their proper place. If hedge is not available, bore holes in any kind of poles and string them to the wire cable. If heavy material is carried down by the flood, light poles or boards are liable to be broken, but hedge poles will stand almost any treatment and are consequently the best.—A. A. Berry, in Orange Judd Farmer.

JAPANESE SWORDSMEN.

A Sword Cut for Which an Ordinary Man is Unprepared.

The pictures and carvings of Japan, as a rule, present the warriors armed with two swords—one on each side, says a writer in the Kansas City Star. This two-sword matter is more a part of ceremony and state than anything else.

When a Japanese means business he only needs one sword. They are not so skillful of fence as the Europeans, but nevertheless have a number of cuts and slashes which, being in their nature so many surprises, would give a swordsman unused to their methods some little trouble.

The first move a Jap makes in a sword fight is fraught with danger to his opponent. There are no preliminaries with a Jap. The fight begins with him while his blade is yet in its scabbard, and, as he draws his weapon, wisdom will give him about forty feet of room.

Grasping the scabbard near the center, he slightly tilts it so that the point of the sword as it hangs by his side is, if anything, a trifle higher than the hilt. The sword itself is curved, very heavy, and with its single edge as keen as twenty razors.

When he draws it streams from the scabbard like a beam of light, and as it comes he makes a prodigious step forward with his right foot, accompanying the whole with a rapid circular slash upward of the back-handed sort. The whole performance is one motion, and rapid in its execution as thought.

Your Jap will reach a man a dozen feet away, and the keen blade, starting its work low, will split an opponent like a mackerel. A Japanese swordsman always makes this upward sweep on drawing his weapon, whether an enemy is in sight or not.

THINGS IN GENERAL.

WHITE mules are in great demand in the south on account of their docility.

NEVADA, Mo., has a citizen named De Spair, and with name he got married recently.

In eastern Oregon the coyote keeps up the price of eggs and chickens, and many counties pay a liberal bounty for his extinction.

In a suit over six geese in Stamp Creek, Ga., when the cost had amounted to about seventy dollars, the matter was compromised and settled by dividing the geese.

The first ship's doctor on record is believed to have been St. Luke, who is shown by recent research to have been a physician in the Troad when he first met St. Paul.

An owl flew down one of the circuit courtroom chimneys at Painesville, Mo., recently, perched himself in the muffled pipe hole and listened as if he had been admitted to the bar.

The biggest bat on record outside of tropical countries was killed near New Castle, Del., the other day. It weighed five pounds and measured sixteen inches between the tips of its wings.

MOOSE are so very plentiful in northern Maine that, as a sportsman can legally kill but one in a season, it is something of a disappointment to throw away the only chance on an undersized or lean animal, or one with poor antlers.

The American Who Killed the Great Matabele Doctor.

He is a Fighter from Texas Engaged in South Africa—A Long Ride on Dotted Soil—The Shooting of M'limo.

Wherever you go you find the American, and he is never in the rear rank. The best scout in the Matabele war was an American, Burnham, a Texan, who wears a Texan sombrero and rides Texas saddle. He fights for the pleasure of fighting. "His education and his natural powers of inductive reasoning," says an English newspaper correspondent, "raise him at once to a high rank among the scouts of this or any other country." Burnham's eyes are the wonder of all beholders. They are small, roving, blue eyes. Women fall in love with them. Cecil Rhodes says they can see right through a mountain when Matabele is on the other side of it. Another correspondent declares the sinewy little man—he is only five feet four in height—is a veritable pocket edition of Hercules. Then he adds, most impressively: "And withal he is modest and truthful," which is something wonderful and unaccountable in South Africa.

Burnham's greatest feat was the shooting of M'limo under circumstances that would have done credit to Davy Crockett. M'limo was the great witch doctor of the Matabele. He started a rebellion, saying that he could throw away the bullets from Uncle Sam's Maxim's patent music box into water. If his fellow countrymen would bring him presents in return for a favor, his throne was in a cave which was the center of pilgrimages for natives far and near. Burnham determined to kill him. The British officer laughed at his attempt as a "fool's errand." But he enlisted the assistance of a sturdy young Englishman named Armstrong, and they started for M'limo's cave. The hills were fairly swarming with natives, and Burnham and Armstrong traveled by night and slept by day. They led their horses, so as to make as little noise as possible, and also to keep them fresh, as they knew after M'limo had been killed it would depend upon their horses whether they would be able to return to the laager or not.

When they arrived in sight of the cave they found hundreds of natives about, but were disgusted to find the M'limo himself was not there, being to or three miles away. They sent a negro servant whom they had brought with them to tell the witch doctor the same natives were waiting for him with great quantities of presents. Then the good scouts they were, they made some distance from the place where they told the servant they would wait for him, so as to be on guard in case they played them false. But in doing so they ran plump into a body of Kafirs. The Kafirs being Matabele the two scouts would have been killed then and there. Burnham pretended they were in great fear of M'limo and wanted to make his presents. The Kafirs persuaded the Matabele to leave the scouts alone and M'limo came and decided what should be done with them. So they started down the road from the cave to meet M'limo. When they met him Burnham saw that if he shot M'limo the whole crowd of natives would be on them in a minute. After going through a long ory, M'limo invited them into a cave alone and told the natives to clear out. No sooner were they in the cave than Burnham sent a bullet through M'limo's skull.

"We didn't wait to lay the load out," says Burnham, "but we ran four horses with all our might. The natives followed and shot at us repeatedly, but their aim was bad. We put our horses to it for all they were worth. It seemed to me that our horses jumped over some rocks as high as their heads, and it is a wonder to me that they didn't break their necks and ours into the bargain." Though the killing of M'limo did not have the effect that was expected, this detracts none from Burnham's dared devil cleverness.—N. Y. Press.

GROWN IN WASHINGTON.

- CLOVER five feet high.
CORNSTALKS fourteen feet high.
A BEET weighing thirty pounds.
TIMOTHY seven feet eight inches high.
A CABBAGE weighing fifty-three pounds.
A BUNCH of grapes weighing six pounds.
A PUMPKIN weighing ninety-three pounds.

- ALFALFA from a yield of twelve tons per acre.
HOES from a yield of 9,592 pounds per acre.

- ONE strawberry ten inches in circumference.
A WATERMELON weighing sixty-four pounds.

- AN onion weighing four pounds and one ounce.
AS apple weighing two pounds and four ounces.

- A POTATO weighing eight pounds four ounces.
A BANISH weighing nine and one-half pounds.

- A HILL of potatoes that yielded forty-three pounds.
A SQUASH weighing one hundred and twenty pounds.

- WHEAT from a yield of sixty-eight bushels per acre.
SIXTY-SEVEN pounds of potatoes from two pounds planted.

- OATS from a yield of one hundred and twenty-five bushels per acre.
A BLACKBERRY bush showing twenty-one feet growth this year.

- A BRANCH from a plane tree thirty-three inches long with forty-six pounds of fruit on it.
A PLANE fifty inches wide, thirty inches thick, thirty-two feet long, and not a knot in it.

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(Edited by the Lebanon W. C. T. U.)

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A recent temperance convention for Indiana, by Indians and only attended by Indians on the Unatilla reservation seems a rather significant sign of temperance progress.

A Cuban in New York says that Marco was a man of strictest moral integrity; that he never drank wine, never played cards and never smoked, and this in a land where nearly everybody, man, woman and child, smokes.

The surgeon in charge of the troops of Vancouver barracks has a stern and effective treatment for drunkenness, the main features of which are in brief, the stomach-pump, stomach cleansing with a strong solution of soda, a bowl of hot beef extract with cayenne pepper, an hour's rest, return to work. The malady is said to be on the decrease.

George W. Norman, coroner of Gibson county, Indiana, made the following report over his own signature, which is commended to other coroners: "After having viewed the body and made all the investigation deemed necessary, I find that said Joseph Lytle came to his death through alcoholic poisoning, resulting from his drinking of a poisonous drunk-making mixture furnished by one Joseph Stewart, said Stewart operating a saloon for that purpose by authority of the United States government."

When baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had children, she gave them Castoria.

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