

AND GARDEN NOTES.
INTEREST TO THE FARMERS.
the Dairy—Controlling the Fly—Poultry Notes—Grower Seeds.
DESTROYING BURDOCKS.
burdock is a bad weed for a farmer. If it is allowed to grow, the product of seed is so enormous that once they are scattered over the ground the place is free from them for years. It is not a hard weed to pull, but it is necessary at any stage to cut the plant off one or two inches from the surface and fill the hole with common salt. The salt is full of sap, which first dissolves the salt, and then as the sap gradually increases, it rots the root that is left in the ground, making a new growth of burdock impossible. One application is enough, and it takes less than a week to make it.—American Cultivator.
YOUR OWN SEEDS.
It is more profitable business for a farmer who will take the pains than the growing of farm seeds. It is the matter in the world. Take a quart of wheat, and within the ability of the cultivator it is in the very best work it thoroughly and necessarily to make it fully prepared the seed, selected of the best, in such a way as to free the common diseases of the wheat, steep the seeds in a solution of four ounces of formalin in five gallons of water. After a few minutes drain off and sprinkle the seed with a solution of formalin. Sow the seed in drills twelve inches apart, and thin in the rows, six inches deep. Keep the soil between rows well cultivated by the hoe, as long as may be. When the crop is ripe, the best, fullest ears, and for another year's sowing, set to the neighbors at easily five times the value of the grain. This is the seed which will grow surely into a real business, that may be repeated in time. By repeated sowing of this way of the best seed year after year, a pedigree variety established that will become a New York Times.
WISCONSIN IN THE DAIRY.
A man who proposes to make butter out of milk should think seriously on the matter. Things are only good in this world. Chemicals to such thing as filth, and the world, but at the same time, to have in good butter. A good butter maker, must be of cleanly habits. He should keep his hands clean and washed. He should wear overalls, and put on a clean pair not more than a week. He must clean his milk cans, and be like to see them clean from a sense of duty. He must also have a keen taste, and know a good thing when he must set in his mind. The hardest thing for him to do is to accept the new ideas. To tell him that his good breaks his heart, and to tell him he is ever to tell him quick enough. The first old lady that he meets it will probably be true about that butter heard in ten years at the farm.
SALT AS MANURE.
A great many experiments have been conducted methodically and by practical farmers, do not salt is essential to life of agricultural plants. In some indirect effect, but chemical changes in the soil, and physical changes in the soil. As potatoes, tobacco, etc., salt is injurious; but a light application of salt is beneficial, as for onions, and possibly tomatoes. The salt should be broadcast, some at the rate of one pound of small salt per acre of corn, has appeared the mechanical application of salt. Upon land that had usually made of straw, with a heavy crop before the season.

grain, the writer has obtained a somewhat shorter but much stiffer growth of straw, standing up well until the fully matured crop was harvested, by applying 300 pounds per acre of pork-house refuse salt broadcast upon the land in January.
Little or much, it is not advisable to apply salt to annuals at the time of seeding, and it should be used cautiously, if at all, during growth and cultivation. A moderate dressing, 200 pounds per acre on meadow or pasture, very early in spring, or better during the last winter month, has upon several occasions given apparently good results; but these were not sufficiently marked to induce further experiments.—C. V. Vanderford, of Tennessee Experiment Station.

SWINE NOTES.
Keep the pigs growing from start to finish on a good diet, and give them plenty of exercise and you will raise some winners if the foundation of the stock is all right.
When the clover pasture begins to get tough so it is not readily eaten by the hogs, change them to another lot and run the mower over it. A new and tender growth will soon take its place.
One of the most common mistakes in the management of pigs is to allow some periods of slow development to creep in between the seasons of the different foods. The grower cannot afford these periods of partial stagnation if the pigs are to be put upon the early market in good form.
It pays to push the animal for slaughter, says a writer, for it makes the cheapest meat; extra time requires extra "food for support"; there is no profit from the food which is required to keep the animal alive or to repair the waste of the system. This is also true of the extra labor in feeding.
With all animals, whether feeding for growth or to fatten, it is the amount of food which is digested and assimilated which is benefit. In feeding, to secure the best results this must be kept in mind. Here comes in the advantage of grinding or cooking the food for the hogs. Soaking the grain softens it; grinding makes it easier to soften.
A Wisconsin farmer who has been breeding and marketing hogs for thirty years and keeping a record of results says that the best market is found about the middle of September, and the most profitable hog is one that weighs 200 pounds at six months old. Hence have your pigs come the middle of March, push them to 200 pounds each by the middle of September, and market them. The dam should be twelve months old and the sire ten. If parents are younger than this, the pigs will be weak; if older, the pigs mature too late for profit.—Oregon Agriculturist.

CONTROLLING THE HESSIAN FLY.
This insect did great injury to the wheat crop the present season. If something is not done to hold it in check, the coming crop will suffer severely. The work must be started now. The fly makes its appearance from wheat stubble during August and September, often later, and lays its reddish eggs on the blades of young wheat plants above ground at that time. The eggs hatch in about four days, and the young larvae go to the base of the plant just below the surface of the ground. In a month the pupal or flaxseed stage is reached, and thus it remains until April or May of the following year, then the fly emerges and lays eggs for the first brood. The larvae from these eggs live at or near the first joint above ground. Before the grain ripens the flaxseed stage is again reached, and in this condition the insect remains until August, September, or later. Frequently there are three broods in a season.
Plants affected become stunted, and the leaves are somewhat darker and broader. The insects work at the tender, juicy crown and form a gall-like swelling. The plant usually dies unless vigorous laterals or stools are sent out. The grain does not fill as well in infested fields.
Burning the stubble soon after harvest, or plowing under deeply, may get rid of a large number of the flaxseeds. Late seeded fields are usually less affected, as the fly has by that time deposited its eggs on volunteer grain or early fields. It is advisable to sow a few strips of wheat through the field the latter part of August. The fly will deposit its eggs in these, which can be turned under before final seeding. It is desirable to obtain a vigorous, healthy growth, so that the injury may be partially overcome. To secure this, get the seed into the best possible condition, and purchase the best seed. Manuring or fertilizing is advisable.—American Agriculturist.

POULTRY NOTES.
How your fowls would enjoy some chopped meat about now, and you would surely get it all back in the increased production.

The hens that will turn out more eggs on the same feed all the year around than Leghorns, haven't been invented yet.
If you haven't fenced in that raspberry patch with wire netting and turned in your hens, you are losing both ways, for it is not only a good place for the hens, but also a good way to get the grass out of the raspberry patch.
A French experimenter, Camille Darresta, has found that the germ in the hen's egg is not destroyed by an electric current that would kill an adult fowl, but that the germ is so modified in most cases that a monstrosity will be hatched.
Clover is the best pasture for poultry. It is rich in nitrogen and mineral matter. Hens that have a clover patch should do very well. Crimson clover is the best to sow, as it will furnish green pasture in winter, when there is no snow on the ground. Sow about the middle of August.

Watch the young stock and where you find a busy, bustling pullet, that is always on the go, early and late, mark her down for a breeder for next year. She will be a good layer, you may be sure, and if you select half a dozen like her and breed only from them you can just as well have a whole flock like her as to have three-fourths of them lazy loafers.
A few days ago I accidentally caught on to a recipe for croup, says a practical poultryman, that is certainly too valuable to keep hid under a bushel, and I give it for the benefit of others: One ounce goose grease, one-half ounce lard, one-half ounce camphor gum, half teaspoonful black pepper and 15 drops of carbolic acid, made into small pills and given three times a day. Simple, yet sure.
Don't be discouraged if your chicks that should be brown or black or blue, show an occasional white feather. This does not always indicate impurity of strain, as in most cases they will outgrow the white feathers in time. Still, a chick that shows no such defects is to be preferred as a breeder, so it is well, while they are small, to mark those in which no defect is visible, so you can use them as breeders another season.

Prehistoric Horse of the Rockies.
Professor Henry Fairfield Osborn, of the American Museum of Natural History, in The Century describes the remarkable fossil remains that are found near Bridger Lake in the Rockies. He says:
If we leave the lake shore and pass into the drier upland, we discover the clever little four-toed horse, swift, alert, intelligent. He is, to use the modern measure, only four hands, or sixteen inches high, so he would not reach the knee of the Uintathere, and could be devoured at one sitting by the Patriofelis. His limbs are as slender as pencils. His large eyes are much farther forward than in the horse. He could readily hide among the taller stalks and it is possible that he had the beginning of protective stripes imitating reed shadows upon his neck and mane. In his hair and coloring, however, we pass into pure conjecture. His well-worn, chisel-shaped front teeth indicate that he was already a cropper or browser, and the evident secret of his triumphant persistence over his ponderous contemporaries is that he learned to browse just about the time that grasses began to appear. He was the animal for the times.

A Peculiar Cave.
"The most peculiar cave I ever saw," said A. L. Saunders, of Chattanooga, "is on Raccoon mountain, near Chattanooga. It has never been explored, and no one really knows whether or not there is much of a cave. The Indians have several legends concerning it, and it is remarkable that no one has ever entered it. It was supposed by the Indians to be haunted, and there are some gruesome tales told about it. The only opening yet discovered is on top of the mountain. It has been sounded with a line of considerable length without finding a bottom to the chamber through the roof of which the opening exists. There is a constant roaring sound, like the wind sometimes makes. It does not seem like water, and is undoubtedly caused by air circulating in the immense hole in the mountain. There are no volcanic indications, and the cave is a puzzle to geologists."

Speed of Electricity.
It has long since been conceded that the speed of electricity is practically instantaneous. Sunlight travels 10,000,000 miles a minute, and it is believed by many scientists that the speed of electricity would be equally as rapid. If we could get the proper medium over which to transmit it, and get all other conditions in proper shape. In the experiments made from Philadelphia to Liverpool, in 1890, it was proven that with the imperfect apparatus then in use the speed was 8,000 miles per second. Some enthusiasts believe that it will eventually be sent around the world in three seconds, or cover the distance to the sun in three and one-half minutes.

THE YOUNG FOLKS.
THE SEA ELVES PARTY.
The Sea Elves gave a party, One lovely summer night, Their dresses, made of sea-weed lace, Were visions of delight, And shining on their bosoms, And gleaming 'mong their curls, Were coral strands of deepest red, And strings of milk-white pearls. They rode their pet sea-horses, Or sailed in tiny boats, And sang as sweet as birdlings sing, In clear and liquid notes. For supper they had Made from the jelly, And omelet of sea-eggs served Upon a sea-shell dish. They gaily teased each other With sparkling, sea-foam showers, And danced upon the dancing waves: Until a watching sun-fish Said it was almost day, And then they sought their steeds and boats, And quickly hied away.

ANIMALS RESCUED AT SEA.
Any land creature is precious to seamen. The men of the oil tank steamship Mannheim recently went to a great deal of trouble to rescue a Newfoundland dog from the Ernst in midocean. The elevator boat Ceres, which was sunk in New York Harbor the other day by the Etruria, had a mascot in Jennie, a cat. Jennie was sleeping in a tub half filled with waste iron when the shock came. She calculated that the tub would not bear her and the iron, so she got on a gunny-sack filled with shavings. The sack floated her. She put up her tail as a signal of distress. The tug Flushing responded and she was saved.
A TAME BUTTERFLY.
We have heard of tame fleas and performing midges, but the following authentic story of a tame butterfly, told by a French lady, has novel elements in it: "I found in my garden a magnificent butterfly, quite numb with cold. Taking it into the house and putting it into a box for two hours revived the little thing. Then I dipped its antennae in a solution of syrup and sugar, and continued this treatment for three days. On the fourth day the creature fluttered on to my hand and sucked the liquor of its own accord, and after this it became perfectly tame. I put flowers into my room, and it fed on them, and was perfectly happy. When it sat on the table I could pass my finger down its back without the slightest fear the butterfly might take to wing. In fact, it arched its back as does a cat when it is pleased. After three weeks of perfect tameness its colors faded, its wings shriveled up, and it died."

TALE OF A VORACIOUS CAT.
"No, I don't like cats," said the man who was carrying home a canary: "no cats in mine, if you please. Some friend of my wife's gave her a cat, and the first thing it did was to eat a sweet singing bird we had."
"The cat wasn't to blame," said the man next to him; "it was only living up to its instincts."
"Yes, that is what I object to in cats—they are too instinctive. The next exploit of that particular cat was to eat up our aquarium. Then it took a fancy to the baby, and we were considering how to get rid of it, when—ha, ha, I always laugh when I think of the tragic fate of that cat. Things do even out sometimes when you least expect it."
"But the cat?"
"Thereby hangs a tale. My wife bought herself a stunning hat with a bird on the brim—a big bird with stretched-out wings and bead eyes. She laid the hat on the sofa one day and went away and forgot it. That night she told me something was the matter with the cat, and she had shut it up. I went to look at it, and found my dearest hope realized. Puss was as dead as a door nail. I was overwhelmed with reproaches as being the cause of the cat's demise, but when my wife saw her hat the tragedy was explained. There was not a vestige of the bird left. Mrs. Cat had eaten it, and the arsenic of the taxidermist had done the rest."

A FIGHT IN A FISH GLOBE.
Lizards are very greedy animals, or rather reptiles, as the following incident will serve to illustrate:
Mr. and Mrs. Newt, as they were called by their small keeper, were a pair of lizards, and a more ill-matched couple it would be hard to find. They fought continually, and on the least provocation, sometimes, indeed, with none at all, apparently "scrapping" for the fun of the thing.
One day at dinner time two nice, fat, juicy worms were dropped in, one for each. But such a congenial division of food was not to be. Husband and wife each made a dash for the same worm, and each got an end in its mouth. Then they both began to swallow. Slowly their heads drew nearer and nearer together, and soon the loving pair were vis-a-vis, each having got away with a half of the worm. Mr. Newt's eyes glared at Mrs. Newt, as much as to say, "Well, what are you doing here?" Mrs. Newt returned the compliment with interest. Then began a tug of war, each trying to get the other's half of the worm. Over and over they went, wriggling and twisting all over the globe. Neither one would drop its end; but some one must give way. This some one was the poor worm, who had had no voice in the proceedings. Suddenly, without a word of warning he came in half and settled the discussion.
Then without a pause, each made a dive for the other worm, who was lazily crawling around the bottom. But alas! the would-be victim wriggled, both missed their aim, and each got the other by one of the front legs.

And now the fun began for fair, back and forward, round and round they went, squirming and pulling, and frightening the little tadpoles almost to death by their struggles to free themselves.
Both the combatants at last became tired, and as if by mutual agreement opened their mouths, thus loosening their hold on one another.
They then retired to opposite sides of the globe; thoroughly exhausted and doubtless musing on the greediness of lizard kind.

THE HYENA ASKED A QUESTION.
The hyena came sauntering in to call on Mr. Bear.
He had put on his best clothes and his new hat, because he had rather hoped Miss Gorilla might happen to be there; but she wasn't, so he just sat down on the edge of the log.
Bear, who was eyeing him in a very unfriendly way.
"How do?" he inquired in a condescending voice, with an affected air.
Now the bear hated affectation and dandyism, and of course he wasn't going to be condescended to by a mere hyena—not likely. So he scowled at him and pretended he didn't understand.
"How do what?" he demanded shortly.
"Oh, nothing," smiled the hyena pleasantly; "only 'How do you do?'"
"How do I do what?" growled the bear.
This way of receiving a polite inquiry after a friend's health was so very unexpected that the hyena was quite at a loss for a few minutes; but as the bear kept up a perpetual growl, he tried to pacify him by explaining matters.
"I only said 'How do you do!'" he began meekly.
"I heard what you said," interrupted Mr. Bear, rudely; "but what I want to know is what you want to know."
"Good gracious!" gasped the hyena, "what a dreadfully complicated remark. And however am I to make him understand; he's so touchy." Indeed, the bear seemed nearly frantic with rage, and was dancing round the hyena and howling.
"How do I do what? Why can't you say what you want to know? How do I do what?" in such a manner that the poor hyena fairly shook in his patent leather shoes with terror.
At last he managed to speak in a trembling voice.
"I didn't want to know anything," he said, apologetically.
This only made matters worse than ever.
"Then whatever do you mean by coming here and asking me such silly questions?"
"It wasn't a silly question," retorted the hyena, rather humbly. "I only asked you how you did."

Story of a Diamond.
Some years ago a Paris Jeweller told a story of one diamond which had passed over his counter no less than eleven times. It was a beautiful stone of four karats, of perfect color and lustre, but easily identified by means of a small "feather" in the tip of the lowest part. He bought it from an East Indian dealer and had it set in a ring. It was sold to a Countess in 1869, just before the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian war. The Countess died in a few weeks, and the ring was worn by her husband. He was killed in the siege of Paris, and a few days after his death the ring was brought into the store for sale by a common soldier. He was arrested, and the ring sent to the family of the dead Count.
Before the siege ended they brought in the ring and sold it to the dealer in order to procure money to buy food. Directly after the siege it passed into the hands of an English tourist, who visited the city to get a look at the ruin wrought by the Communists, and a year later back came the stone from the Indian buyer of the firm, who, on being written to and desired to tell how he got it, stated that it had been the property of an English tourist hunter who had been killed by a tiger, and his friends sold the ring to get means to send the body home.
The stone was reset and soon found a purchaser in a prominent member of the demi-monde, who not long after was murdered in her room. Among the articles taken by the murderer was the ring, and the firm began to wonder how soon it would turn up. They had not long to wait. After six months it was found in the showcase of a London Jeweller, who had bought it from a firm in Amsterdam. It was bought by the Paris agent and sent back to be started afresh on its travels. It was purchased again by a woman, who six weeks later was drawn out of the Seine with the gem on her finger, and by a strange coincidence it was offered to the firm that sold it by the police agents, the court having jurisdiction having ordered it to be sold. And so it went from hand to hand, attended with misfortune at every change, and usually bringing death to the purchaser.—Jewellers' Circular.

How the Heart Rests.
When one is lying down the heart makes about ten strokes less a minute than when one is upright, says The Medical Review. That means a saving of 600 strokes per hour, or about 5,000 heart beats during the eight hours spent in bed. The heart pumps six ounces of blood with each beat. It therefore lifts 30,000 ounces less of blood in a night of eight hours spent in bed than when one is in an upright position. The blood flows just so much more slowly through the veins when one is lying down, therefore one has to use extra covering to supply the warmth usually furnished by exercise.