AMERICAN UNION.

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1899 October. 1899

SUN	MON	TUES	WED	THUR	FRI	SAT
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
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29	30	31				

Post-Office Bulletin.

Mails Close.

6:30 a m; D & C R R for Points North.
8:07 a m; Q A R R for Points West.
9:45 a m; Q A R R for Points East.
11:45 a m; Steamer for River Points.
1:00 p m; Stage for Preston.
1:30 p m. D & C R R for Points North.
6:45 p m; Q A R R for Points West.
6:45 p m. Q A R R for Points East.

Mails Arrive.

8:35 a m; Q A R R, from Points East.
10:15 a m; Q A R R, from Points West.
11:00 a m; Stage, from Preston.
11:30 a m; Steamer, from River Points.
12:00 m; D & C R R, from Points North.
7:10 p m; Q A R R, from Points East.
7:10 p m; Q A R R, from Points West.
8:00 p m; D & C R R, from Points North.

GENERAL DIRECTORY.

County Officials.

Judges of the Circuit Court—James A. Pearce, Chief Judge; Frederick Stump and William R. Martin, Associates. Terms—jury, 1st Monday in April and October; non-jury, 2d Monday in January, 4th Monday in June.

Clerk of the Circuit Court—Charles W. Hobbs; Deputy, George A Deakyne; Recording Clerk, Charles E. Stevens.

County Commissioners—Willard C. Todd, President; Daniel J. Zacharias and William E. Lord.

Treasurer and Clerk to the Commissioners—Charles H. Whitby.

Judges of the Orphans' Court—John A. Sigler, Chief Judge; J. B. Orrell and A. R. Wright, Associates.

Register of Wills—Robert J. Jump.

School Commissioners—Thomas W. Jones, President; H. Franklin Stevens and Henry C. Fisher.

School Examiner and Secretary—M. Bates Stephens.

State's Attorney—William H. Deweese.

Sheriff—Robert C. Rice.

County Constables—First District—J. Saunders, Goldsboro; John A. Comegys, Henderson; J. E. Faulkner, Marydel. Second District—Andrew Baggs, Greensboro. Third District—C. P. Dunning, Denton. Fourth District—W. T. Tuff, Preston. Fifth District—John H. Williamson, Federalsburg. Sixth District—A F. Murphy, Hillsboro. Seventh District—J. W. Simons, Ridgely. Eighth District, F. H. Beauchamp, Williston.

Denton Directory.

Town Commissioners—Harry A Roe, Henry R Lewis, Wm A Stewart, J D Downes and Geo H Berry, President, Harry A Roe; Secretary and Treasurer, Wm A Stewart.

Denton Lodge, No. 51, I. O. O. F.—N G., G. W. Rolph; V. G., C. H. Stewart; Secretary, W. R. Scotten; Treasurer, Jacob Ghingher. Meets every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock in Masonic Hall.

Choptank Conclave, No. 28, I. O. O. H.—Archon, H. R. Lewis; Provost, Z T. Hutchinson; Secretary, J. A. Trazzare; Treasurer, B. H. Johnson. Meets every Thursday evening at 8 o'clock in Masonic Hall.

Caroline Council, No, 175, Jr. O. U. A. M.—Councilor T. Fred. Towers; Vice-Councilor, C. H. Stewart; Recording Secretary, C. Harry Whitby; Treasurer, Wm. F. Murphy. Meets in Masonic Hall every Monday evening at 7.30.

Pride of Denton Council, No. 42, D. of A.—Councilor, Mrs. Fannie Shields; Vice Councilor, Miss Emma Richards; Secretary, H. N. Clark; Treasurer, Miss Mary Driggas. Meets every Friday evening at 7.30 o'clock in Masonic Hall.

Temple Lodge, No. 128, A. F. & A. M.—W. M., J. S. Barnhart; S. W., A. G. Towers; J. W., M. B. Stephens; Secretary, James Swann; Treasurer, William Stevens. Meets 2d and 4th Tuesdays of each month at 8 p. m, in Masonic Hall.

Christ P. E. Church.—Rev. George S. Fitzhugh, Pastor. Preaching services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m., and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 2:00 p. m. Friday evening service at 7:30 p. m.

M. E. Church—Rev. J. S. Wickline, Pastor. Preaching services every Sunday at 10.30 a m., and 7.30 p. m. Prayer service every Wednesday evening at 7.30 o'clock. Sabbath School at 2.00 o'clock p. m.

M. P. Church.—Rev. J. M. Dickey, Pastor. Preaching Services every Sunday at 3.00 p. m., Christian Endeavor service at 7:30. Prayer service every Tuesday evening at 8:00 p. m. Sunday school every Sunday at 2 p. m.

Denton National Bank.—Thomas W. Jones, President; Ernest Downes, Vice-President; Thomas C. West, Cashier; J. Dukes Downes, Teller.

Peoples National Bank.—Joseph H, Bernard, President; Fred R. Owens Vice-President, Geo. L. Wallace, Cashier; Jas. A. Trazzare, Teller.

Hillsboro Directory.

St Paul's Church—Rev Geo F Beaven, Rector. Divine services every Sunday at 10:30 a m and 7:30 p m.

M E Church.—Rev T A H O'Brien, Pastor. Preaching services every Sunday at 10:30 a m and 7:30 p m. Prayer services, Queen Anne every Tuesday at 7.30 p m, Hillsboro every Wednesday at 7:30. Sunday School every Sunday at 9 a m.

M E Church (South)—Rev T W Moore, Pastor, Preaching services every Sunday at 10:30 a m and 7:30 p m Prayer services Thursday at 7:30 a m

Tri-County Council, No. 189, Jr. O. U. A. M.—Councilor, C F Sparks, Vice-Councilor, E H Gale; Recording Secretary, L A Duffy; Treasurer, H M Thompson.

Postmaster—G W Ford.

Professional and Business Cards

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Denton, Md.

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Denton, Md.

WM. H. DEWEESE, FRED R. OWENS.
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Office Hours from 8 to 9 a.m ;6 to 7 p.

DR. SHERIDAN P. MANSHIP,
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Office at Brown's Drug Store.
Office Hours:—8 to 10 A. M.
1 to 3 P. M.
7 to 9 P. M.
Residence Cor. 7th and Main Sts.

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IF THE approaching season of 1899-1900 be as prosperous as the one that closed in May, the old-time joke of the lean and hungry actor walking the rails may give place to one that will suggest billions; that will picture theatrical owners of steam yachts and country places; tell of operatic possessors of great castles where royalty itself is glad to be entertained. What more can one ask for than glory and figures? Perhaps, in the future, a stage career will be regarded as the best business course to take, especially if Hall Caine be the head master. Here are some statements that deserve respectful consideration by even the most practical: Miss Maud Adams, age 24, receipts for the season, $390,000; Mrs. Leslie Carter, 34, $300,000; Miss Viola Allen, 36, $300,000; Miss Julia Marlowe, 34, $270,000; Mr. Richard Mansfield, 42, $425,000; Mr. William Gillete, 46, $310,000; Mr. John Drew, 46, $300,000; Mr. Nat Goodwin, 42, $300,000, and Mr. E. H. Sothern, 35, $300,000.

It is said actors are chary of preserving old pictures of themselves, fearful lest the garments and freshness of their salad days appear ridiculous in the [illegible]

Probably no book has ever dealt more solidly with contemporaneous history han the "Gadfly," and its dramatic as well as historical value is great. A stage production of this remarkable work will be welcomed by the public. It will be interesting to watch how the two characters, the Gadfly and Gemma, are treated by Mr. Stuart Robson and Miss Marie Burroughs.

The arguments offered in regard to the future success of the "Choir Invisible" are that it is a thoroughly American play, and that in mounting it admits of the most idyllic scenery, costuming and music.

Anglo enthusiasm for American products reaches its height when Americans possessing the charm belonging to Artemus Ward's coon make their bow to the British public. Mr. N. C. Goodwin is at present a popular idol, sits next the chairman at the London banquet, and now and then entertains a "dook" at his bungalow.

One scarcely knows what to call the quality that makes it possible for Mrs. Langtry to appear in the "Degenerates;" one critic speaks of it as a "singular lack of self-consciousness." The play, which is to be given at the London Haymarket theater, is heralded as the principal event of the autumn. Mrs. Langtry, as Mrs. Trevelyan, is a fashionable beauty who fears her daughter's debut may mean her own extinction. A high-born personage, a couple of millionaires, and Mrs. Trevelyan's personality all may be considered realistic portrayals; the awakening of mother love at the end of the play perhaps not so. The author is Sidney, not Mrs., Grundy.

Cissie Loftus, whose engagement to Mr. Herbert S. Stone, of Chicago, the

ADGE TRUAX.

[illegible] in the management. At Daly's Daniel Frohman will not keep to the Daly policy of alternate musical and dramatic pieces, but the house itself will remain unchanged. Daly's is one of the largest and most perfectly-appointed playhouses in the United States. The skillfully arranged auditorium; the great foyer, where between acts one can lounge and study the stage portraits on the wall; the rooms where are stored costumes and properties used in the history of the house; the armory, rich with weapons and armor of many centuries; Daly's private room, full of mementoes of the stage; the Woffington room, where hangs a portrait of Peg, all these Mr. Frohman desires to retain as they are.

Miss Truax, who has been engaged by Mr. Albaugh, of Baltimore, as leading lady for the new Lyceum company, is considered an actress of ability. She is to succeed Miss Kennark.

Mrs. Fiske presents "Becky Sharp" at the Fifth avenue on September 11th or 14th, a production for which elaborate preparations have been made.

At the Criterion, Julia Marlowe will appear as Barbara Frietchie, the subtitle of the play reading "The Frederic Girl."

The part of Hamlet has been tried by women at various times; by Anna Dickinson, with failure; by Charlotte Cushman, with partial success, and, recently, the part was played by Sarah Bernhardt, with decided success. Now, Miss Julia Arthur, rumor says, as the result of a suggestion made by Sir Henry Irving, will essay Hamlet. Miss Arthur's principal play for the season will be the spectacular "More Than Queen," by Emile Bergeret, first produced in the French metropolis by Jane Hading and Coquelin.

[illegible] papers are chronicling, is a genius of mimicry. Her imitations of Ada Rehan and May Irwin are photographic. She is the daughter of a London music hall singer and was brought up for the stage. It is said that Cissie Loftus is booked ahead for five years, principally in London, where she is very popular.

Stories concerning the wit and cleverness of Sarah Bernhardt add, if possible, to the world renown of this greatest living actress. Two versions are given of this:

"One day Mme. Bernhardt entered a Protestant church and heard the minister, Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, denounce her as an imp of [illegible], a female demon sent from the modern Babylon to corrupt the new world.' Before the day was over the clergyman received this note:

"'My Dear Confrere: Why attack me thus? Actors ought not be hard on one another.

"SARAH BERNHARDT.'"

The other version:

"In the columns of the newspapers are given to all the world Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage's sermons—especially if they are spicy—as they often are. By this means the preacher assailed Sarah, and the next day a reply somewhat like this was published: 'I am surprised that M. de Talmage should attack me; I have always regarded him as one of our profession.'"

This year Cyrano de Bergerac is to masquerade in opera comique. Mr. Francis Wilson and his company have begun rehearsals at the Knickerbocker theater, New York, and the opera will be presented soon.

Last season in the midst of great success Alice Neilsen had to leave the metropolis, owing to previous booking arranged weeks in advance. This year her manager has secured the Casino for a long autumn run of her new opera, temporarily called "The Singing Girl."

MAX OWEN.

AN EQUIVALENT.

"Say, boss, is yer got any harrowin' love songs?"

"No, my little man; I don't keep 'em."

"Well, then, gi'me two sticks o' red chewin' gum instead."—Harlem Life.

Convenient Arrangement.

A.—It is when a man is in trouble that he knows the value of a wife.

B.—Yes; he can put all his property in her name.—Tit-Bits.

The Iron of Remorse.

BY GWENDOLEN OVERTON.

IT IS never well to be too sure what you would do under given circumstances, until you have tried and found out. A course of action which you know to be absolutely foreign to every instinct within you—when you sit down to reason about it, after the manner of the age—may be the very one you will follow when there is no time for reason. If anyone had told Mackworth that under fire he would be a coward, Mackworth would have knocked the informant down then and there, and have reflected upon the danger to his commission afterward.

Mackworth had been graduated, too, but being a right-minded boy, he remembered that it was to Horatius that the molten image was made, and not to the fellow who built the bridge; so he very properly chose the cavalry, and heaven rewarded him by sending him straight to the frontier. And this was in the days when there was a frontier; when men endured discomforts that they sigh to know again, as none ever sigh for the luxuries of the past; when the Apache and the Chiricahua were in the land, and still struggling to be masters of it; and when a woman was truly a blessing of the gods, and might, even under disadvantages, have her pick of the department. But as there is no woman in all this, that is irrelevant.

Except after the manner of cadets—which is not to be taken seriously—Mockworth had not let woman enter into his scheme of existence. His ideals were of another sort, just then. He was young and full of belief and things, and he thought that the way to win the approval of the war department and the gratitude of his country was to avoid wire-pulling, and to kill Indians. Therefore he rejoiced greatly when, after only six weeks of his thoroughly undesirable garrison, Chatto took the Chiricahuas on the warpath, and he was ordered out in the field. He had had his kit all rolled in a rubber poncho, and his mess chest pretty well stocked for the whole of the six weeks. He believed that a soldier should be always in readiness. He believed so many things then—though before long the bottom fell out of his universe, and he was filled with an enduring skepticism. And this was how it came about:

The first time he was under fire was when they were caught at rather a disadvantage among the pines in the Mogollons. The fight began about dusk and lasted well into the night. It may have been the result of some bugaboo stories of his babyhood, which had fostered unconquerable fear of the dark; it may have been some lurking instinct, or it may have been just blue funk which overcame him. Anyway, he hid behind a bowlder, crouched and cowered there, trembling so that his carbine fell from his hands.

And Morley, his captain, found him so. "What are you doing?" he demanded. He was an Irishman and a soldier of the old school, but he did not swear. Mackworth knew, from that, how bad it was. He scrambled up and babbled. "Get out of there," the captain said. He would have used a better tone to one of the troop curs.

Mackworth felt for his carbine and got out, staggering, but no longer afraid, only ashamed—sickeningly ashamed—beyond all endurance. He tried hard to get himself killed after that. He walked up and down in front of his men, giving orders and smoking cigarettes, and doing his best to serve as a target. The captain watched him and began to understand. His frown relaxed. "You'd better get under cover," he suggested; "you are taking needless risks." Mackworth looked at him with wide, blank eyes, and did not answer. His face was not only white now, it was gray and set, like the face of a corpse.

Morley's heart softened. "It's only a baby, anyway," he said to himself, "and it is unhappy out of all proportion." And presently he went to him again. "Will you get under cover, Mackworth?" he insisted.

"No," said the lieutenant, "I won't."

The captain swore now, fierce oaths and loud. "I order you back under cover, sir."

Mackworth glanced at him and went on smoking. Morley did not fancy his own position, arguing with a green boy, fully exposed to an invisible enemy. He knew that wasting officers is pretty, but is not war. "I shall order you to the rear under arrest unless you get back there with the men immediately."

Mackworth retired, with a look at his superior for which he should have been court-martialed. After that the scout went the way of most scouts, being a chase of the intangible, up mountain ranges, when you pulled your horse after you; down them, when he slid atop of you; across malpais and desert, from the level of the mesquite and the greasewood to that of the pine and the manzanita. Chatto's band was at the north, to the south, to the east and west; but when the troops got to the spot, after forced marching, there was nothing.

It went on for two months; and all the while Mackworth's despondency grew. The weight of years was upon his yet barely squared shoulders, the troubles of a lifetime were writ upon his face. And it was a pitiably young face, despite the growth of yellow beard. He would not be comforted. He was silent and morose. He would not lift up his beautiful baritone in song, be the camp never so dull. Only his captain knew why, of course—and he didn't tell. Neither did he attempt consolation. He thought the remorse healthful, and he knew, besides, that in such cases a man has to work out his own conclusions and salvation. This is the way Mackworth eventually tried to work out his.

There came one day a runner from the hostiles—a dish-faced, straight-locked creature of sinews—who spoke through the White Mountain interpreter of the troops and said that the chief was ready to go back to the reservation, but that he must go upon his own terms. And the chief stipulated, moreover, that one white man—one, alone and unguarded—should go to the hostile camp and discuss those terms. If a force attempted to come he would retreat with his braves and stay out all winter.

Morley made answer that he had no fear of the chief staying out all winter among the mountains when the agency was so comfortable, but that if he did the white man could stand it as long as could he. Moreover, he said that none of his soldiers had any intention whatever of walking into a death-trap of the sort.

Then Mackworth spoke up. "I have," he said.

"Get out," said the captain, incredulously.

"I mean what I say," said Mackworth, "and I shall consider your permission to go the greatest and the only favor you can do me. Something may be effected by it."

"Your death, that's all; and a little preliminary torture."

The lieutenant shrugged his shoulders. "Shall you let me go?" he insisted.

"Not by a long sight."

"I wish to go, Capt. Morley."

Morley considered, and he decided that it might not be wise to refuse. There was no knowing just what the set-faced boy might do. So they parleyed together for a time, then Mackworth mounted his horse and went. He did not expect to come back, and the officers and men did not expect to see him again. They watched him go off into the distance of the plain, toward the mountains, following the hostile, who swung on at the long, untiring dog-trot.

After four hours they came to the mouth of a narrow canyon. The runner had given no sign or sound, and the fixed look had not gone from Mackworth's face. Well within the canyon the hostiles were in camp. They had hobbled their lean little ponies, the squaws were gathering wood, and the bucks were squatting upon the ground or playing monte with cards of painted hide, around a cow-skin spread under a cedar tree. Four of them rose and slouched forward. There was a prolonged scrutiny upon both sides.

The chief waited for Mackworth to begin; but the white man's instincts were good. He beat the sullen silent redskin at his own game, and in the end the chief spoke. The runner displayed for the first time his understanding, and interpreted. Mackworth made answer with decision, offsetting his own terms. The bucks scowled, and the chief began to argue. The white man, with the unflinching eyes, would not compromise. "Tell him," Mackworth said, "that this is my will. If he will not do this, I go back to the soldiers and we follow you and kill you all, man and woman." The face of the chief grew black, a growl rose from the crowding bucks, and the watching squaws began to chatter in voices sweet as the tinkle of glass bells.

The chief stepped suddenly forward and caught the bridle above the curb-shanks. Not so much as an eyelash of the stern, white, young face quivered, and the heart of the red man was filled with admiration. One movement of fear would have cost Mackworth his life then; but he was not afraid, not though he knew that torture might await him. He sat looking at the lowering, cruel faces. The chief turned and spoke to the bucks, and there was a growl of protest; the squaws joined with a shrill little chorus scream. But the chief flung away the bridle with a force which made the horse back.

"He do same you say. He go back to reservation to-day. He say you ukishee quick," said the interpreter. Mackworth turned deliberately and ukisheed, with no show of haste and without a backward look.

He reported his success and went to his tent. His look of stolid wretchedness was unchanged. Morley began to be nervous. He went to the tent himself and found the lieutenant writing a letter by lantern-light. It was not a normal opportunity to take for that, so the captain, being filled with misgivings, trumped up an errand and sent him off on it. Then he looked at the letter. It was to Mackworth's mother. Morley did not read it, but he guessed the whole thing in a flash. He took up Mackworth's carbine and slid it under the tent-flags into the outer darkness. Also he broke the Colt's, which had been thrown down upon the bedding, and put the cartridges in his pocket. Then he replaced it in the holster, and going out picked up the carbine and hid it in the brush.

After the camp was all asleep and Morley snoring loudly across the tent, Mackworth groped under his pillow and brought out the revolver. He cocked it and waited a moment; then he placed the barrel well in his mouth and pulled the trigger once—and then again.

* * * * * * *

At first call for reveille Morley awoke. Mackworth was already up, and turning he studied his captain's face with the faintest and most unwilling of smiles twitching the corners of his mouth under the beard. It was the most natural and healthy look his face had worn in weeks.

"Well?" said Morley.

"Well," answered Mackorth, "I should like my carbine and the loads of my Colt's, please."

Morley's face broke into a broad grin. "Will you be good if I let you have them?" he asked.

"I'll be good," promised the lieutenant.—San Francisco Argonaut.

Able to See Things.

"You must not suppose," she said, "that I have accepted you because no others were ready to place themselves at my disposal."

"Oh, I don't," he replied. "It would be preposterous for anyone to conclude that your mother would keep you for weeks at such an expensive summer resort as this if the chances were not pretty thick."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Easily Disposed Of.

"I suppose you are not troubled with questions of municipal ownership and the like," said the stranger in Crimson Gulch.

"Yes," answered Derringer Dan, with a glance of suspicion. "Sometimes we do. Once in awhile some tenderfoot comes along, and thinks he owns the town, but he gets over it in a minute or two."—Washington Star.

Heroes.

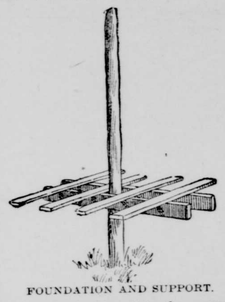
The man with the hoe is a martyr, we know,
He lives his hard life with a bravery grim;
But the man with the lawn-mower—brother in woe—
Who ever has painted a picture of him?
—Chicago Morning Record.

FARM & GARDEN.

STACK FOUNDATION.

How to Take Care of the Bean and Pea Crops Without the Least Danger of Loss.

There are a number of crops that are stacked up in the field to dry before housing in barn or granary. Among these are beans and peas. The small, high stacks that are ordinarily made are in danger of being blown over by the wind, and are in greater danger of absorbing moisture from the earth. A combined foundation of support is shown in the accompanying cut. A



FOUNDATION AND SUPPORT.

long stake is driven into the ground near the growing crop and cross boards nailed to either side near the ground. These support slats, as shown in the cut. Beans and peas piled up about the central stake are proof against any wind, while no moisture can injure the bottom. If the top is neatly "thatched" with some of the crop, or if a bit of cloth be thrown over the top and tied in place, as suggested in the second cut, the crop will be quite safe from harm, whatever be the weather. There are many worn out farms that ought to

THE STACK COMPLETE.

raise just such crops as beans and peas—plants that get stores of nitrogen from the air, as clover does, leaving the land, in reality, richer in this valuable element than before they grew, besides making a valuable addition to the farm produce. The writer once saw an exceedingly heavy crop of beans harvested from a wornout, rocky hillside, on which sorrel would hardly grow, and that, too, with no great assistance in the way of fertilizer or cultivation. The plants got a start on the manure placed on the hill, scanty as it was, and then drew on the stores of nitrogen in the air. Beans appear to do particularly well on light, stony land, where many crops would be a perfect failure.—N. Y. Tribune.

SEED CORN SELECTION.

How to Avoid a Mistake That Has Ruined Many a Crop on Very Good Land.

Many farmers owning both bottom and upland cornfields make the mistake of using the same seed on both kinds of soils. Corn which is adapted to the soil and moisture conditions of the valleys will not do so well on the upland as will some variety that has by several years of cultivation and selection become adapted to the conditions there. It is for the same reason that the large Colorado potatoes that have been grown for years under irrigation will do so poorly when used for seed in Kansas without the accustomed supply of water. It is generally the case on the farm that the corn from all the fields, both upland and bottom, is cribbed together, and when the time for seed selection comes the largest ears are picked out irrespective of the kind of soil that grew them. As the bottom land produces the larger ears it is more than likely that the bulk of the seed will be from the lower and more moist portions of the farm. This is the proper seed for the lowland, but it is not so well adapted to the dryer and poorer upland as is seed that has been raised there. It is advisable to select the seed either before or at husking time, when not only the quality of the ground but the character of the individual stalk and ear can be taken into consideration. As has been suggested before, a small box attached to the side of the wagon-bed into which the desirable ears can be thrown is the most practical device that can be recommended. By a little judicious selection for a series of years, a strain can be established on the upland portion of any farm which will be well adapted to that and other soils similar in location and composition. An eight-inch ear from the upland will ordinarily prove better for planting on the upland than will a 12-inch ear from a draw in the lower portions of the farm.—J. M. Westgate, in Prairie Farmer.

More Substantial.

The moon looked down on them calm and clear,
Life seemed more than tongues could utter.
Said he: "We will live on love, my dear."
Said she: "I prefer bread and butter."
—Chicago Daily News.

A Hint.

Madge—I wished on every new moon last year and all my wishes were realized.

George—What did you wish for?

Madge—Well, the first time I wished for a diamond ring, and the other times I wished that I'd get my wish.—Brooklyn Life.

LOSSES FROM WEEDS.

They Always Cause a Shrinkage of the Crop Among Which They Are Allowed to Grow.

It would be difficult for most farmers to calculate how great is the loss from the prevalence of weeds in crops. In a season when dry weather prevails these losses are comparatively small, though even then the weeds take water from the soil which is not all returned when they are uprooted and buried in it. The weed that is buried is surrounded by air spaces, keeping the soil more porous than it otherwise would be, and therefore drying it out faster. The case is still worse as regards the fertility that the weed has taken. It was originally entirely soluble, but the weed has to ferment and be resolved into vegetable mold before it can be put in the same soluble condition. Yet we have known farmers to delay cultivation of hoed crops so as to have more grass and weeds to be plowed under.

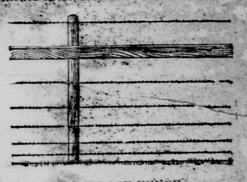
It is often said that weeds are a preventive of good farming; that there would be much less cultivation of hoed crops if it were not that the growth of weeds made it necessary. Yet where the cultivator is kept going all through the season so often as to prevent any weed from reaching the surface, the weed killed as quickly as it sprouted has done the soil more good and less harm than it could do at any subsequent stage of its growth. At this early period, about all the plant substance has been directly furnished from the swelling and decomposition of the seed in germination. At this time the carbonic acid gas which the seed gives off when it germinates makes its plant food more soluble than it ever can be after the plant puts forth roots and begins to draw from the soil. Finely powdered malt has been used as a fertilizer. When it has been applied in contact with seed grain of any kind, it has produced remarkable results, though it is too expensive a fertilizer to be used on a very large scale. But the ordinary weed seed is much smaller and has far less fertilizing material in it than has a grain of barley.

It is the peculiarity of most weeds that most of their growth is taken directly from the soil, and that both it and the moisture to make the plant food soluble are needed by growing crops. Each day's growth of a weed among hoed crops lessens the yield. If the weed is left until late, its roots will be so intermingled with those of valuable crops that one cannot be destroyed without uprooting the other. A little care in destroying the weeds while small will save much labor later, besides the inevitable shrinkage of the crop among which the weeds have been allowed to grow.—American Cultivator.

A DOG-PROOF FENCE.

It Has to Be Compactly Built If Really Satisfactory Results Are to Be Obtained.

The owner of two large sheep farms in New England has recently described the miles of dog-proof, barbed-wire sheep fences that inclose his farms. As dogs are the bane of sheep keeping in all parts of the country, a diagram of his fence, given herewith, will be of wide interest. Cedar posts about four inches in diameter are driven into the



DOG-PROOF FENCE.

ground eight feet apart and seven strands of barbed wire are stretched and stapled to them, as shown in the cut. The lowest wire is close to the ground. The second wire is four inches above the lowest. The third is five inches farther up the post; the next six inches higher, while the fifth goes up another six inches. The sixth strand is located eight inches above the fifth, while eight inches farther up is a rail to steady the fence. Eight inches above the rail is the seventh wire, which effectually prevents dogs from leaping over the rail.—Orange Judd Farmer.

Rotted Sods for Manure.

There are many places in low lands by the roadside where the wash of the road has made the soil very rich. Sods cut from such land and piled in heaps rot down readily, especially if some wood ashes are thrown on them to hasten decomposition. This makes the best possible top dressing for grass lands, and will largely increase the growth where the soil is thin. If phosphate is added this compost becomes a complete manure for any kind of crop. The practice of rotting sod is very common in Lincolnshire, England, where in olden times the sod was cut very thin, and after being piled and dried out the heap was burned. There was waste of nitrogen in burning the sod, and allowing it to rod down is much the better way to make use of it.—American Cultivator.

Crop Failure in Russia.

The state department has received a report from Consul Heenan at Odessa, Russia, stating that the failure of the crops in many of the provinces of European Russia is a much more serious affair than is generally admitted. Energetic steps have just been taken to meet the situation. The famine districts are divided up and government aid is being given according to the extent of the failure in the several districts. Employment also is being given to a large number of peasants on special lines of work, such as road making. One of the most difficult questions to be solved is how working stock and other animals are to be saved, the hay crop being a complete failure.

A Lovely Fence.

"You have a new dress, Anna?"

"Yes. I went too near a freshly-painted fence, and my dress was ruined, and my husband had to buy me a new one."

"Oh, Anna, tell me where the fence is!"—Unsere Gesellschaft.

Frightful Suffering.

The Major—Did you suffah from thirst, cunnel, when you were cast away on that desert island?

The Colonel—Why, aftuh six days of untold agony even watah tasted good.—N. Y. Journal.

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