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A SONG OF HER.

Would life have one joy to bless—
Sweet! without this golden tree!
Could there be a rose to shine
Redder than these lips of thine?
Golden tresses, gleam for me!
Lips—a rose for my lips be!

Beams a light in any skies
Brighter—lovelier than thine eyes?
Could there be a dove's dim breast
Softer than this hand caressed?
Dearest eyes, still brightly shine!
White hand, keep this kiss of mine!

—[Atlanta Constitution.]

A Promise Under Stress.

The Comtesse de Monclay—who will soon change her name, as you shall see—is one of the most delicious widows imaginable, and also one of the cleverest I have ever met. From the very first day she knew precisely how to avoid any exaggeration that could be considered bad taste in the expression of her sorrow, without falling into the other extreme and making those who saw her in her widow's weeds think she must wear red satin under her crape.

Early in April she had quietly left her Paris apartment, where no male visitor had set foot since her husband's death, and it was only by accident that, a week later, I discovered the address she had so carefully concealed from everyone. It was "Sycamore Villa, Chantilly."

On the first of May there might have been seen to arrive at a little bit of a house, situated at a convenient distance from Sycamore Villa, several things, an English cart and pony, a saddle horse, a bull-terrier, two servants, and a man bordering on thirty. That man was myself.

I had been told that, in this circumstance, I acted solely at my own risk and peril, without authorization, any right whatever, and with no other motive than my love—my profound love—to prompt me to hope that my change of domicile would not be a dead loss. Ah, well—nothing ventured, nothing won. And what did I venture? The Salon, the mob in the Allee des Potheux, a few balls—what were they in comparison with the charms of a most attractive neighborhood? I have known men to cross the seas and spend fortunes to follow to the ends of the world adventuresses whose whole body was not worth the tip of Mme. de Monclay's little finger.

Clarisse's pretty anger when I presented myself at her house, on the day of my arrival, was my first delightful recompense. In spite of her grand air, I saw that she was touched, and I doubt if ever lover experienced so much pleasure in being shown the door by a pretty woman. She took her time about it, too, and only pushed me into the street after a regulation phillippic, to which I listened very humbly, replying only so much as was necessary to lengthen the lecture, which concluded in these words:

"And now do me the favor to return to Paris. The train leaves in an hour."
"An hour!" I objected, timidly. "That is hardly time to ship two horses and a carriage and throw up a lease."
"What is this?" she cried. "A lease! You have presumed to—go, sir! What audacity! A lease! And, if you please, where is your house?"
"A long distance from here," I hastened to reply; "at the other end of the forest. I am sure it must have taken me fully three-quarters of an hour to come here."

"To be precise, it had taken me about five minutes."
"So think," she exclaimed, "what a poor woman, deprived of her protector, is exposed to! You would not have dared to do this if my husband were still alive. And to think that he considered you his best friend! Poor Charles!"
"He has never had any cause to complain," I murmured. "Let us talk together of him."
"Never!"
"Then let us talk of ourselves, that will be better still."

This suggestion shocked her so that it took me a long time to calm her. Finally, she did not wish to let me go without having sworn never to set foot in her house again. It is needless to say that it took half an hour to persuade me to make this promise—which I broke the next morning and as often as possible.

When day broke I had not closed my eyes; not that the situation seemed desperate, for I had learned to read Clarisse's eyes. But, all night long I had repeated over and over again to myself:

"Heaven grant that the little hotel in the Avenue Friedland is still for sale! We would be so comfortable there."
In spite of this I was no further advanced when September came, the last month of my lease. I was no longer shown the door when I suggested my candidacy, but Clarisse assumed a bored air and calmly talked of something else. Between ourselves, I would rather she rung the bell, for I divined that she was thinking:

"My dear friend, you do not please me; quite the contrary. But you must confess that, in the solitude of Chantilly I have scarcely had opportunity to enjoy my widowhood. Let me see if it is really worthy of its reputation. In a year or two we can talk of your affair."
In a year or two! Pretty and charming as she was, Clarisse would have a score of adorners around her, and adorners around the woman one wants to marry are like flies in the milk; they may do no great harm, but they certainly do not improve the milk.

Early in September Mme. de Monclay informed me one day that she was going to Paris on the morrow to have a look at her apartment.
"I sincerely hope," she added, in a severe tone, "that you do not think of accompanying me."
"How can you suggest such a thing?" said I, with apparent submission. "You leave at—"

"At eight in the evening, as I do not wish to be seen. I shall send Nancy in the afternoon to prepare my room. Ah, poor Paris!"
She no longer said "Poor Charles!" I admit that this "Poor Paris!" made me much more uneasy.
The next evening, at eight o'clock, the doors of the express train, which stopped hardly a minute, were already closed. Clarisse had not appeared. She reached the station just as the bell rang.

"Quick, hurry up, madame!" cried the railroad official.
"Hurry!" I repeated, opening a compartment at random and helping her in.
But instead of getting in, she fell back, almost fainting, in my arms. Here, in what she had seen, and I, too, had seen over her shoulder: The seats of the compartment were unoccupied, and three men, perched like monkeys on the backs of the seats, held to their shoulders three guns, whereof the barrels shone in the lamplight like cannons. One of them, as we opened the door, had shouted in a terrible voice: "Don't come in, for—"

I had closed the door so quickly that we had not heard the end of the sentence. Then Clarisse and I huddled ourselves into the next compartment without quite knowing what we were doing. We were alone. Mme. de Monclay seemed half dead with fear, and I must confess I was violently shaken.
"What do you see there?" she cried.
"Did you see anything?" she asked.
"What can be happening in this compartment? They are going to fight—to kill each other! What terrible tragedy is to be enacted right beside us?"

"I don't understand it at all," I replied. "Only one explanation seems possible to me. They are hunters who have suddenly gone crazy. Otherwise, why should they climb upon the seats? If they simply wanted to kill each other, they could do it without all that gymnastics."
"No," suggested Clarisse, "it is some great American kind of duel. In such a case, it seems, they climb up on anything they can find. But why didn't they stop them at Chantilly?"
"The train itself scarcely stopped there."
"Did you hear how they called out? 'Don't come in!' The wretches, they don't want to be disturbed while they are killing themselves. Goodness! Just listen!"

The fusillade had commenced right beside us. Several gun-shots had sounded, dominated by a shrill, piercing cry, which still rings in my ears. Then a deadly silence ensued; they were all dead, however bad shots they might have been.
Though we were making about fifty miles an hour at the time, I made ready to get out upon the step and find out what was going on in our neighbor's compartment. As I lowered the window two arms seized me and a voice broken with anguish—just the same—gasped behind me:

"Philip, if you love me, do not go! They will kill you!"
I saw the advantage of my situation, and I resolved to profit by it. I profited by it so well that, after a dialogue too intimate to be repeated here, I was in a position to sing—if I had a voice, which I haven't—"Thou—ou—ha—ast said it."

For she had said it. Poor Charles was distanced now. She had said the sweet words: "I love you."
A prey to emotions bordering on the hysterical, Clarisse sobbed and clung to me with all her strength, though I had not the faintest desire to intrude on the massacre next door. As for me, I was very much occupied just then.

That is why, early the next morning, I hurried to my lawyer to speak to him about the little hotel in the Avenue Friedland, which was still for sale, but thank fortune, is no longer in the market. Decorators and furnishers are at work in it, and when January comes, you will see it

occupied by a certain young couple that I know of.

But let us not anticipate. When the train pulled into the city, my companion and I had quite forgotten our neighbors, or what was left of them; but now the authorities must be informed and the bodies removed. I had jumped out and was looking for a sergeant of ville, when I beheld the door of the famous compartment open and the three hunters calmly descend from it, carrying, rolled up in a rug, an inert mass which looked as if it might be the body of a young child. Without an instant's hesitation, I seized one of the assassins by the collar.

"Scoundrel!" I cried. "What have you got in that rug?"
"Don't make such a row," he replied, "or we'll have a hundred people at our backs. It is only my poor dog."
"Dog!" I repeated, indignant at the man's coolness. "Come, come, you cannot deceive me. I saw it all."
My captive, whom I still held by the collar, opened a corner of the rug and showed me a setter's muzzle with flecks of foam on it dappled with blood. I dropped my hold on the man's collar in the greatest confusion.

"Beatty," I scarcely knew how to apologize, I said. "But, frankly, it is not astonishing that I should have been deceived—three men crouching on the seats of the carriage and shooting—"
"Still, the explanation is very simple. My dog was bitten three weeks ago. I had the wound cauterized, and thought the animal was saved. We had been hunting all day near Creil, but no sooner were we on the train than hydrophobia developed and the animal began to snarl at us. To attempt to put the beast out was to tempt death, and there was nothing for it but for us to climb up on the seats and shoot the dog. We were not able to do so until after we left Chantilly, for the poor brute had taken refuge under the seat. Finally, by calling it, I persuaded it to put its head out, and then we shot it. I tell you, it's a trip I shall not soon forget."
"No shall I," I replied, and I rejoined Clarisse, who was waiting for me at a little distance and whose curiosity was vastly excited to see me thus politely take leave of the assassins.

"Well, then," she said, making a little face when I had told her story, "that doesn't count. I take back what I said."
But at the same time she softly squeezed my arm with her own, and I saw in her eyes that "that" did "count."—[From the French, in the Argonaut.]

Amateur Nursing.
Blessed indeed is that household that knows not sickness and requires no nursing; but this is a blessing that in the natural course of events cannot continue. There are many women, excellent housekeepers in other respects, who know nothing about nursing or caring for the sick. Trained nurses are not always desirable, even when they can be afforded, and so we call attention to the fact that in this day of practical training some knowledge of nursing should be a part of every girl's education.

In acquiring the knowledge that will be of value in the sick room, it is not necessary that anatomy, physiology and materia medica should be studied, though it will be conceded that some knowledge of these subjects may be of great use. The care of the sick, particularly when they are weak or delicate, is in itself a most valuable art, and one which some have naturally, but which all can acquire. What can the sick do, how should it be prepared, and how served? are questions of the greatest importance, for cooking for the sick is an entirely different thing from preparing food for the robust. It is not necessary to take a course in a training-school for nurses to acquire knowledge that will be of great use in this work. There are many books published on the subject, and these with sympathetic devotion will furnish all the information necessary.

Youthful Criminals in Germany.
A German paper states that in consequence of the considerable increase in the number of youthful criminals in Germany between twelve and eighteen years of age, the imperial ministry of the interior of Berlin is contemplating the reorganization of the compulsory education system. The government has in view the imitation of English institutions. All the German laws have the great fault that the interference of the authorities is permitted only when a child has committed some crime, but they give no handle against morally debased children who are still free from crime. The number of youthful criminals has risen from 42,240 to 46,468—that is, ten per cent.—in one year.—[London News.]

Big Guns for Business Only.
People always expect a big ship to fire the biggest guns on saluting. Big guns take big charges, which means big money. Consequently vessels use their secondary batteries, six-pounders and small ordnance when firing for politeness, and reserve their big guns for business. Moreover the life of these big guns is limited, a few hundred discharges exhausting their vitality and making them dangerous to those who serve them.—[Boston Transcript.]

More people die in spring than in any of the other seasons.
One half the population of Mexico are full-blooded Indians.

THE JOKER'S BUDGET.

JESTS AND YARNS BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Photography—Mother's Darling.
Knew What She Was Doing—His Want—Etc., Etc.

PHOTOGRAPHY.
The cannibal laughed lightly. "Certainly," he observed, "I shall follow the usual course."
"What?" eagerly demanded the trembling victim.
"Take before eating," rejoined the savage, as he reached for his kodak.—[Truth.]

MOTHER'S DARLING.
Suburban Boy—Mamma asked me what was my favorite flower, an' w'en I told her 'goldenrod' she kissed me an' said I was poetic. Wot does that mean?
Little Girl—I don't know. Why do you like the goldenrod?
Suburban Boy—Cause it grows without any bother.—[Street & Smith's Good News.]

KNOW WHAT SHE WAS DOING.
Louise—You are surely not going to marry Mr. Graball?
Mamma—I am.
L.—Why, he is a regular miser.
M.—That's just the reason. I don't want a man who spends all the money himself. I will attend to that part of the business.—[New York Press.]

HIS WANT.
Tramp (entering taxidermist's)—Do you stuff all kinds of animals here?
Taxidermist—Why, yes.
Tramp—Well, I wish you'd stuff me with a good dinner.—[Bazar.]

MATCHMAKERS.
(The young folks)—He—Be mine?
She—Yes, George, 'tough goodness knows what the old 's will think about it.
(The old folks)—His mother (a few days later)—I'm so delighted to have been able to arrange this match between George and Ellie.
Her Mother—Yes, and how cleverly we managed it.—[Chicago Record.]

TOOK SOMETHING STRONG.
McBoogler—Young Milkshak took all my breath away when he announced his engagement to Clara Giltman.
McCanastick—Then he must have taken something rather strong for once in his life.

CRUSHED HOPES.
"I'll make you happy, I will," said he.
His bosom, 'th passion fired.
"Well, maybe you would," responded she.
"But at present you make me tired."

DIFFERING VISIONS.
Mrs. Carson—The emancipated woman is a woman who sees things as they are.
Mr. Voises—Yes, and she drives her husband to seeing things double.—[Puck.]

WHAT IT WAS.
"What is that gash on Pinder's face?"
"Oh, that's a mark of respect."
"A mark of respect?"
"Yes, he's got more respect now for the man that put it there than he had before."—[Atlanta Constitution.]

WHY SHE LEFT.
Employment Agent—What was the matter with your last place?
Domestic—The mistress was too young. It made me look old.
"Are you interested in questions of public interest?" began the long haired passenger, getting himself ready for a long talk.
"Public interest," retorted his seatmate, and accenting strongly the first word. "I am a United States Senator, sir."—[Indianapolis Journal.]

CIRCUMVENTION.
"My wife and I had a lively discussion last night," said the mild-mannered man. "But I got the last word."
"You don't say so?"
"Yes. She acknowledged it herself this morning."
"How did you manage it?"
"Talked in my sleep."

THE SUNFLOWER.

Few persons appreciate the value and profit of this common flower. By many it is regarded a nuisance, and yet its cultivation will pay largely more than cotton and grown at much less cost. An acre of land planted about twenty inches apart will yield an average of eighty bushels of seed, the oil from which will produce about 150 gallons. The oil cake is a valuable food for live stock. The oil is said to be equal to olive oil, is superior to linseed oil for painting in spreading and drying qualities. The stalks having long, strong fibers, make superior paper. The green leaves are very nutritious as stock food and the young flower cups very palatable to man. Machinery for expressing the oil is easily obtainable and inexpensive. Bees have a perfect "bonanza" in a sunflower patch, and the seed is very valuable for poultry as an egg producer. The sunflower is independent of weather and persists in growing under the most unfavorable conditions.—[Atlanta Constitution.]

THE SUNFLOWER.
A Buddhist priest in Siam recently deluded many of his people into the belief that he could make them invulnerable by tattooing. One of the victims gave a test of his charm by placing the muzzle of a loaded gun in his mouth and pulling the trigger with his toe. Usual result.

HAY MULCH AS A FERTILIZER.
Wishing to use a piece of land that was apparently a most barren, worthless plot of ground, one of my neighbors tried some experiments, writes

Thomas Brabson, of Connecticut, in the American Agriculturist. The only vegetation apparent was a scanty growth of daisies, a few buttercups, and a large quantity of sour grass or field sorrel. The soil was of hard clay, and in a drowth it was baked to the depth of five or six inches, and possibly more; and I have seen a heavy shower lasting several hours pour down upon it until it seemed as though it would deluge the whole surface, but to my surprise, after it had ceased raining for two hours, this ground seemed as hard and dry as it had been before.

Two years ago last summer this land was broken up, manured, and planted with potatoes, which yielded almost nothing. But it was here that my neighbor tried a new plan, at least new to me, and possibly to many others. He had a partially mowed piece of land close by, and during the summer when the potatoes were hoed for the last time he cut the grass on the meadow, and after it had dried he spread it along through the hills between the rows of potatoes. He cut the meadow the second time and spread the cuttings as before; and by the time the potatoes were ready for digging

the hay had settled well down on the surface, and the hay was covered with soil when the potatoes were dug. The next spring it was plowed much easier, appeared more friable than before, and after tilling it well, he sowed a varied assortment of vegetables, an I among them peppers, which, when ready for picking, were the largest in this vicinity. Some of the vegetables did not do quite as well as they would, had they been in other soil, but taking all in all he had a surprisingly fine crop on his hay fertilizer, which he continued to apply whenever the meadow was ready for cutting.

Last summer, much to my surprise, he put several trenches through the lowest part of the clay bank, which broke up even better than before, and set out some four hundred or five hundred plants of White Plum celery, using a liberal quantity of well rotted barnyard manure. Every one knows about the drowth we experienced last summer, but he continued his application of hay, and the result was marvelous. The hay protected the scorching sun from striking directly on the soil, and all the moisture was available for the plants. To be sure there still remained lumps of earth which were exceedingly hard, but these were utilized in a telling manner. In hoeing his celery he would set these hard lumps of clay around each plant, about two inches away from the stalks, and carefully draw the looser and finer earth up to it. The result was that he had some of the finest celery I had ever seen, and it was as clean and white when taken from the ground as though it had been carefully washed and scrubbed.

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.
Have you provided for a soiling crop this summer?
Pumpkins are an excellent fall and winter feed for cattle.
The hens will now do better and lay better if the males are removed.
Overfeeding is one of the fruitful causes of leg weakness in young chicks.
The Houdan cross on Partridge Cochins makes excellent fowls for broilers.
With good management in most cases two garden crops can be grown in one season.

FIFTY-THIRD CONGRESS.
The Senate.
146TH DAY.—The House joint resolution to enable the Secretary of the Navy to carry out the work of increasing the navy was adopted.—The Senate passed a resolution for the appointment of a committee of five Senators, no more than two to be of the same political party, to investigate and report on the advisability or necessity of Government ownership of railroads and telegraphs, and especially on the existing trouble between employers and employees.
147TH DAY.—The Senate passed the Naval Supply bill.—The Legislative bill was reported with amendments increasing the House appropriations by \$22,202.
148TH DAY.—The Senate passed without discussion the House bill to admit Utah into the Union.—The Senate passed also the Postoffice Appropriation bill, and took up the Diplomatic Appropriation bill.—Mr. Peffer's resolution as to Government control of railroads was taken up, and Messrs. Davis and Gordon scored the Kansas Populist for his utterances.
149TH DAY.—Mr. Daniel's resolution increasing the action of the President in regard to the great strike was unanimously adopted.—The Senate passed with amendments the Diplomatic Appropriation bill, the Pension Appropriation bill, the Military Academy Appropriation bill.—The River and Harbor bill, with the appropriation made by the House, increased by \$3,987,450, was reported.
150TH DAY.—Mr. Hale introduced a resolution asking for information concerning the meetings of the Tariff Conference Committee.—The Army and Fortifications Appropriation bills were passed.

The House.
148TH DAY.—The Gorman compromise Tariff bill was sent to conference by the House after a short but sharp debate and then the body adjourned.
149TH DAY.—To regulate railroads engaged in inter-State commerce, is the title of a long bill introduced by Mr. Straus, of New York.—Mr. Baldwin, of Minnesota, introduced a bill for a survey of the most practicable route for a ship canal to connect the Great Lakes with the Atlantic Ocean.
150TH DAY.—The House passed a bill providing for the opening to settlement of 3,000,000 acres of the Uncompahgre and Uintah Reservations in Utah.—If adopted a resolution declaring Mr. Enloe, of Tennessee, entitled to his seat, which was contested by B. E. Trasher.—The rest of the day was spent in debate on the bill for the sale of 38,000,000 acres of railroad lands opposite and contiguous with lines not constructed within the period of time fixed by the grants.
151TH DAY.—Mr. Richardson, of Tennessee, was chosen Speaker pro tem, in the absence of Speaker Crisp.—The Land Foreclosure bill was taken up, debated and passed and the House adjourned.
152TH DAY.—The House agreed to the amendments made by the Senate to the Utah Statehood bill.—A number of bills of a general character were passed.

FARM AND GARDEN.

FIVE STOCK THE SHEET ANCHOR.
Stay by your live stock, no matter how hard times get, and if there is any one on earth who will be able to live with comparative ease you will be that one, for when stock husbandry fails there will be but little show for anything else.—New York World.

THE FLAX CROP.
Flax is a very exhaustive crop. It takes all its nitrogen from the soil, and both the grain and stalk are rich in nitrogenous matter. If the fibre could be separated from the stalks and partly rotted, the stalks would make a rich fertilizer. But as the flax is usually placed in running water to rot, most of the plant food it contains is washed away and lost. We do not believe it pays Eastern farmers to attempt to grow flax for its seed alone. It exhausts fertility too much. At present flax seed can be bought for less than it ought to sell, provided the Western farmers who grow this crop were as careful as they should be about maintaining the fertility of their soil.—Boston Cultivator.

GRIT FOR POWERS.
After reading and hearing much about pounding crockery for fowls, writes M. E. Allen, I thought I would try the experiment, though with but little faith that the fowls would care much for such provender. It was a much dreaded job, for I supposed I must pound up "a lot" and gather it up into a dish for them to pick at their leisure. But I found on trial that the stuff flew everywhere; so that business soon played out. Next I took a flat stone into the hen house, with a hammer, and pounded away till I was tired. At first the hens paid no attention to the grit; but after a few days of confinement when the ground was covered with snow, I noticed that the broken china had all disappeared, and it was not long before I had to drive them back for fear of pouping their heads, so anxious were they to get the hard grit. Broken glass and dishes were utilized, thus clearing the pantry shelves of useless rubbish.—National Stockman.

BLANKETING SHEEP.
It was an old custom with early breeders of merino sheep in Italy and elsewhere to cover the lambs with a sort of linen shirt, saved on, so as to keep a constant pressure on the wool, and wetting this covering with warm water to make the wool soft and sleek. As the lamb grew the bandage was loosened slightly, but kept tight enough to hold the fibers together. The lamb was killed when its pelt reached the highest value for the desired purpose. It was, and is, a practice of some sheep raisers to keep coverings on their sheep to give greater quality to the fleece. The practice is quite common with exhibitors at sheep shows. At the Columbian World's Fair, H. G. McDowell showed in his large exhibit what he pleased to call his "light topped" Dickinson delaine merinos. They had evidently been blanketed since they were shorn last spring. The effect was very pleasing. The expense was trifling, and the selling qualities of the fleeces were greatly enhanced.—American Agriculturist.

OLD HORSES MADE INTO FERTILIZER.
Farmers whose horses are played out and useless can sell them for \$1.50 to \$2 a piece to establishments that convert the animals into a fertilizer, says the Drovers' Journal, and then later on the farmer purchases the fertilizer and plants the output of his old horses where it will enrich his crops and hasten their growth.

The manner of disposing of the animals is this: When led from the pen the horse is tied to a post and the "black cap" placed over its head. The executioner then strikes it across the head with an ax and the animal falls helpless to the floor. Its throat is then cut and life vanishes. This done, the process of dissection and separation begins. The hide is first removed and the carcass boiled, if it contains any fat. The grease is designated as "horse oil." The bones of the lower limbs are boiled, and the fat extracted from them is called "meatfoot oil." When the flesh of the carcass has been thoroughly boiled and the grease skimmed off the surface of the vat it is thrown into the cellar and allowed to remain there for over three months, all the time being subjected to the influence of peash and gypsum, which is mixed with it and which rots it.

The bones pass through two crushers, the first of which reduces them and the second grinds them to powder. Several chemical ingredients are then mixed with the bone dust. This preparation is what is commonly known as bone fertilizer, and is probably the best artificial commodity used in agriculture. The horse hides are disposed of to leather manufacturers, and bring more than was originally paid for the entire animal. But not horses alone are used in the production of fertilizer. A great many cattle go that way, too, and as for bones, those of any animal are valuable.

Several qualities of fertilizers are produced from animals; all depending upon the amount and quality of the ingredients used. Various vegetables and cereals require fertilizer of a certain strength, and while a certain quality will produce good results on one kind of vegetable it will destroy another. The price per ton ranges all the way from \$20 to \$35.

HAY MULCH AS A FERTILIZER.
Wishing to use a piece of land that was apparently a most barren, worthless plot of ground, one of my neighbors tried some experiments, writes

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