

THE COUNTY RECORD.

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—AT—

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LOUIS J. BRISTOW, Editor and Proprietor.

A Spanish prisoner defined the difference between our troops and the Cubans as follows: "Shoot at Cubano he run. Shoot at Americano he come on more." It is a discouraging difference in tactics.

The German naval experts have to admit that we have demonstrated that the torpedo boat is not what it was cracked up to be. They must feel sad about it, for Germany has placed considerable reliance on that type of fighting craft.

Reports of deep discontent in India on account of the plague regulations say that the situation is complicated by an unusual number of instances of brutal conduct toward the natives. The Government is considering whether it will not be wise to cease interference with native burials if the plague should become general, or at least make a change in the present staff of officials. Thus far the active co-operation of high-caste natives has not been sought for, and a change in this respect also is contemplated. The most dangerous feature of the situation is said to be the closer relations between Mohammedans and Hindus as a result of their common sense of affront to their religious feelings, comments the New York Mail and Express. It was the careless treatment of native superstition in what seemed to be trivial matters that brought on one great rebellion, and it may yet cause another.

Interesting statistics show that the value of all the breadstuffs exported from the United States for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1898, aggregates the unprecedented sum of \$324,706,060. This represents an increase of \$127,848,089 over the figures for the fiscal year preceding, or sixty-four per cent. While the major portion of this increase is divided among the Northern and Western ports, the figures show that the Southern ports come in for decidedly the largest percentages of gain, says the Atlanta Constitution. The statement may be verified from the following table:

	Gain	Increase	percent
Boston	\$5,947,190	83	
New York	43,587,962	31	
Philadelphia	11,766,252	105	
Baltimore	23,544,677	72	
Newport News	8,207,925	77	
Norfolk	600,313	9	
New Orleans	14,774,140	129	
Galveston	8,338,699	197	
San Francisco	1,204,321	5	
Puget Sound	5,216,391	138	

From the foregoing table it will be observed that at the five Southern ports named, the combined increase aggregates \$55,565,754, or forty-three per cent. of the increase in the whole country. As compared with their own receipts for the preceding year, these five Southern ports show an increase in breadstuff exports of ninety-five per cent., while the Northern and Western ports show an increase of only seventy-three per cent.

Professor Edwin G. Dexter, of the Colorado State Normal School, has endeavored to find a basis for the common belief among school teachers that definite conditions of the weather have effects peculiar to themselves upon the emotional states of children as shown by their deportment in the school-room. To this end he compared weather records in Denver for fourteen years with the records of corporal punishments in the public schools. It appeared from this study that the time of year had little effect upon the frequency of misbehavior, and the same was true of barometrical or temperature changes or of the character of the day, whether cloudy or clear. But high winds were shown to be accompanied by marked states of emotional excesses, as on days when the movement was very great five times the ordinary number of children received their whippings. Even a greater difference was observed in connection with the relative state of dryness or moisture of the atmosphere. On days that were abnormally dry (humidities below thirty), the number of misdemeanors requiring punishment was 700 per cent. above the average. The comforting effect of this statistical treatment of the question upon the members of the National Educational Association, before whom the paper was read, was modified by the Professor's naive conclusion that the weather affected not the children alone, and that the emotional state of the teacher, as affected by the same causes, had quite as much to do with the use of the rod.

A CALL FROM THE SEA.

Green waves under her fore-foot,
Gray meadows dim on the lea;
We have done with joy and sorrow,
Swing round her head to the sea.

Nine men of the schooner Annie,
Bound out of the bay again,
And the old songs die behind us
In the clank of her mooring-chain.

For the East and West are calling,
A wind blows out of the South,
And the winter stars lift brighter,
And the brine stings salt on her mouth.

Nine men of the schooner Annie
(Love is as a tale long told),
We go to the mother that bore us
And the things we knew of old.

The song of wind in the rigging,
The drumming rain on the sail,
The swing of the roaring chorus
As they lay her head to the gale.

Ah! Love, will you deem us cruel
That we leave ye here alone?
But the wide sea calls her children,
Each goes at last to his own.

Green waves under her fore-foot,
Gray meadows dim on the lea;
We have done with joy and sorrow,
Swing round her head to the sea!
—J. Winder Good, in the Spectator.

COMING BACK

BY VICTORIA E. BENTON.



CLOPPED up in a city garret, on a hot summer's day, a weary woman leaned back in her chair, and pressed her fingers against her eyes that refused longer to see the stitches in the shop-work, over which she had toiled from daybreak till now, four o'clock in the afternoon.

From the street far below her, a voice had only that moment soared upward, calling "Strawber-ees! strawber-ees! Ripe, red, strawber-ees!"

And, as if by magic, her thoughts turning backward had carried her to Deepdene, the home of her youth, and to a certain lovely June day in her sixteenth year, when she had stood in the strawberry pasture on the Blessing Farm, with the red berries perfuming all the air, and said the words which severed her fate from that of Maurice Blessing, and made her life what it was on this day, almost hopeless, and a ceaseless struggle for bread, won on the needle's point.

How it all rose up before her! The green pasture sloping upward to the darker green woods, whose tops seemed to touch the deep blue sky, sloping downward to the gray stone wall, with the cold spring leaping out through a wooden trough, among its lower stones.

And below the wall, "the thirty-acre mowing," spread out like an immense emerald velvet carpet, with the two-story cream-colored house lifting its piazzad front at the extreme end, just where the shaded lane began, that led from the Blessing Farm out into the village road.

She, the poor orphan girl, had been offered this comfortable home; and she had refused it—for what? For a dream of fame, which had left her toiling in this hot garret, while in the black trunk under the book which was to have made her fortune, refused by one publisher after another, was lying, till she could find courage to thrust it into the fire.

"Scarcely two years!" she sighed, rocking herself to and fro. "And Maurice has sold the old farm and gone to Colorado; and I am here, lonely, disappointed, old before my time. Oh, if I could only live that day over again, and be as wise as I am now! For now I know that I love him—now, when it is forever too late."

Sickening, with a sort of calumny among those hot city streets, for one glimpse of her early home, Hester May rose, and went to the desk where her worldly wealth was stored.

By the closest economy she had managed to lay aside a few dollars, for the gloomy purpose of paying the expenses of her sickness and death, when the time should come for her to die among strangers.

From this sacred hoard she counted out a sufficient sum to take her to Deepdene.

"I will stay only one day," she thought. "And I will work all the harder, after I return, to make up this sum again. But see Deepdene, now that it is fairly in my mind, I must! And I will take one more look at the dear old farm before it is in the hands of strangers, and so altered that I shall not know it."

The next day saw her on her way. The five years of her absence had been years of change to the little country village.

A railway whiskered her across the hill-road from Torrington. Once she would have made the journey in a yellow "stage," drawn by four horses, with John Colney, crossest and most disagreeable of stage-drivers, on the box.

The village, too, was smartened and freshened up—new houses, new faces, a new iron fence around the small, oval park that graced the centre of the town; new names above the gilded fronts of the shops; a new set of giggling misses, on their way to the new brown-stone academy, which stood where she had once thought it an honor to attend the district school, in a plain, one-story structure of faded brick.

No doubt all these alterations were for the better; but they made her heart ache with a sense of loss unspeakable.

And she turned into the shaded lane that led only to the Blessing Farm, dreading to see the old home desecrated by the stranger's hand.

No! there it stood, as she had always known it. The very picture of home-comfort, the centre of all those modest luxuries that a well-to-do farmer, of all other men, may most easily command.

But, although the dear old house was unchanged, its inmates were new and strange to her. A stout, middle-aged man, in a white, summer suit, with a broad-brimmed hat and a cigar, sat on the steps of the piazza, reading a newspaper. A fashionably-dressed lady, some years his junior, swung in a hammock upon the lawn, lost in a novel.

Several children, in broad-trimmed hats and brown holland blouses, were making the lives of two nurses a burden to them, further down the lawn, among the elm trees, where a swing had hung from time immemorial.

"City" was stamped on every face and figure that she saw.

Had Maurice sold the place to some retired merchant, who would over-ornament and disfigure it in the modern villa style?

"If one could but live their lives over after they grow older and are taught by experience what is best for them!" thought Hester, in her sadness.

She would have gone up to the house, and asked leave to rest and look around, if it had remained in the care of old Farmer Williams and his wife—the tenants of the upper farm.

But she could not face these prosperous, happy "city people," who would look at her with coldly curious eyes, and wonder, almost audibly, "what she could want," even if they did not absolutely mistake her for a "tramp."

"I wish I could have gone through the strawberry-pasture once more," she thought, as she turned back toward the railway station, tired, hungry and unrefreshed.

At the foot of the lane a gentleman, in a summer suit of silver-gray, stood leaning against the bars, with his straw hat drawn down over his eyes so far that he failed to see the stranger's silent approach.

"Will you let me pass, if you please?" said Hester, at last, after waiting some moment.

He wheeled round, as if she had struck him, and stared doubtfully in her face.

She uttered a great cry. "Maurice! Maurice! I heard that you had sold the farm, and gone to Colorado!"

"Hester, can this be you?" he answered.

His eyes seemed to devour her. Words rose to his lips, and were forced back again. At last he asked:

"Is your husband here with you, Hester?"

"My husband?"

"Yes! I heard that you were married very soon after you went to the city."

"You heard wrong, Maurice! I have not been married. I have never even thought of such a thing."

"But why did you go, then, Hester? Why did you leave Deepdene? Why did you refuse to marry me, if—if there was no one else in the way?"

Poor Hester! She thought of the hot city garret, of the dream of fame that never had been realized, of the unlucky book that was lying in the black trunk, of the little burial board, so hardly earned and saved!

Tears came quickly to her eyes, obscuring the honest, handsome face on which she gazed.

"Don't cry, Hester," said Maurice Blessing, taking her hand. "And tell me why you wouldn't marry me, dear?"

"Because I was fool!" sobbed Hester.

"Is the folly ended?" asked Maurice, hiding a smile as he bent over her. "Cannot you give me a different answer now, Hester? If you can, we will be just the happiest pair on earth, here on the dear old farm."

"But you sold it, and went to Colorado," said Hester, wonderingly. "At least, I heard so."

"I was a fool, too, Hester; for I went to Colorado, and I was quite ready to sell. But my brother-in-law, from the city, persuaded me to rent it to him for one year, till I had time to think the matter over. When I came to my senses—although I had not forgotten you, darling—I was very glad that the poor old place was mine still, and I came back six weeks ago, to see it. My sister and her husband and family go back to the city next week, stopping at the mountains on their way. I shall be left alone, with good Mrs. Williams for my housekeeper, and her husband as head hired man—just as I was before. Hester, won't you take pity on me, and come and share my home? I have never cared for any one but you."

I do not know in what words Hester answered him; but I see her daily in the cream-colored farm-house, the very model of an active, bustling, good-tempered farmer's wife.

As for the book, she has utterly forgotten it. She needs its recompense no longer, and she is far too happy to care or wish for fame.

Suppressing Italy's Condition. The absence of commercial morality is one of the great deterrents to the progress of Italy. It is a curious and perhaps a significant fact that for years past the correspondents of the English press have glossed over or failed to refer to the things which have been perfectly well known in well-informed circles as to the corrupting influence of the successive governments which have ruled the country. Little or no reference has been made to the bribery and falsification of returns, the place-hunting and log-rolling, the inflation of the civil service for political ends, and the handing over of the schools to men morally unfitness to be in contact with the children in them. So it has come to pass that the English public has been deluded into a belief that all has been going well.—London Spectator.

It is said that about 50,000 servant-girls go from the German provinces to Berlin every year.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

Caring For the Garbage Pail. "Beware the garbage pail!" might well be written over every kitchen door, at this season, particularly. If possible, see that its contents are emptied every day and the pail well rinsed. While twice a week, at least, it should be thoroughly scrubbed out with a strong solution of washing soda, and then dried in the hot sunshine. A swarm of flies and an aftermath of disease germs are sure to follow the neglected garbage pail.

Clear Starching. Clear starching is accomplished in this manner to the best advantage: Wash the articles in three waters, dry them and dip them in thick starch, previously strained through muslin; squeeze them; shake them gently and hang them up to dry. When dry dip them two or three times in clean water; squeeze them; spread on a linen cloth; roll them up in it and let them lie an hour before ironing them. A small piece of white wax added to the starch prevents the iron from sticking and gives a glossy appearance.

Getting Rid of Rats. The latest expedient of ridding a house of rats is furnished by a writer in the Scientific American, who says: "We clear our premises of these detestable vermin by making whitewash yellow with copperas and covering the stones and rafters in the cellar with a thick coat of it. In every crevice where a rat might tread we put the crystals of the copperas and scatter the same in the corners of the floor. The result was a perfect stampede of rats and mice. Every spring a coat of the same yellow wash is given to the cellar as a purifier as well as a rat exterminator."

Washing the Winter Flannels. With the "putting on" of winter flannels the annual battle royal for their preservation in their natural size begins with the laundress, and "line upon line, precept upon precept" becomes the order of wash day. Emphasize the fact that the dust should always be shaken from flannels before washing. Put in a tub of warm suds, to which a tablespoonful of borax or two tablespoonfuls of household ammonia has been added. Use the best quality of laundry soap, but do not rub directly on the flannels, nor the flannels on a board. Never use yellow soap, on account of the resin. Squeeze in the hands, sousing frequently, and rubbing especially bad spots in the hand. Wring lightly, without twisting, into another tub of weaker suds, being careful to maintain the same temperature to avoid shrinkage. Rinse well and put into third water, clear, but still of the same temperature. If you like a little bluing, it may be added to this water. Wring as dry as possible without twisting, and dry as quickly as possible in the open air, never allowing them to freeze. Before quite dry take in, fold and roll in a clean cloth, and iron soon with a moderately hot iron, depending mostly upon a good deal of pressure. For colored flannels have fresh warm suds, that no lint may adhere to them. Thus treated, flannels will remain soft, elastic and of normal size.

Recipe. Pineapple Marmalade—Large sugar loaf pineapples, peeled, grated. The eyes are not deep in the sugar loaf, and the fruit is firmer. Allow three-fourths pound sugar for each pound prepared fruit. Mix in a preserving kettle and cook, slowly at first, then stir until a smooth paste.

Chicken Patties—Make the shell as for tarts, only larger. Chop meat of cold chicken fine and season to taste. Make a large cupful of drawn butter, and while on the fire stir in two hard-boiled eggs, chopped fine, a little parsley, and the meat; cook together a few minutes, then place in the crust and serve at once.

Sponge Cake—Beat the yolks of two eggs until stiff, then add gradually a coffee-cupful of sugar, then the same amount of flour through which a teaspoonful of baking powder has been sifted. When these ingredients have been mixed, add one-third of a coffee-cupful of boiling water, and, lastly fold in the beaten whites of two eggs.

Cherry Loaf Pudding—Pour three cups scalding milk over one-half pound stale bread; cover for half an hour; then stir in six egg yolks, one by one, beating all the time; then one heaping tablespoon butter, softened, two cups sugar, a few pounded almonds. Add three cups stoned cherries and six egg whites beaten to a froth. Pour into buttered baking pan, bake in moderate oven. Test as cake.

Potted Fish—Remove the fins and head of the fish, clean well, cut in slices an inch thick, pack in a little jar having a cover, in layers and between the layers put a teaspoon each whole cloves and whole peppercorns, two blades of mace, one bay leaf, one teaspoon salt. When all is used, cover with vinegar and water, half and half. Put over a buttered paper or fasten the jar cover on with paste. Put in a hot oven and bake four or five hours. The bones will have entirely disappeared. Serve hot or cold.

Orange Custard—Separate the whites of eight eggs from the yolks, setting the latter away in a cool place. Add the grated rind and juice of two large oranges to the whites, and after beating well add one-half pint of water and set away for an hour. Beat yolks of eggs, add them, with one cupful of sugar, to the mixture of whites, orange and water, strain into a pitcher, and set into a basin of boiling water. Let it boil rapidly, stirring until it becomes thick as heavy cream. Allow the custard to cool, pour into glass cups and set away in the ice-box.



AGRICULTURE.

Feeding Young Pigs. When the little pigs are about four weeks old see that they have a pen that they can slip away into from the hogs and have a clean trough. Nothing is better to give them than separator milk warm from the machine. This will soon teach them to eat. Increase other feed as they grow older. Always notice that the feed is eaten up clean before more is given. By so doing the strain of taking care of the pigs is gradually taken away from the dam, and at eight weeks old they can take care of themselves and go on their way rejoicing.

Thistles Among Oats. Where oats are sown early in a field that is infested with Canada thistles, the latter will often blossom and bear seed before the oats are ready to be harvested. A Canada thistle in blossom will ripen its seed if the whole stalk is cut and allowed to dry with it. Fortunately, the Canada thistle will send up its spires for blossoms several days before the oats begin to head out. It is easy then to go through the field, and with a long, sharp knife lop off the heads of all the thistles which will tower six or eight inches above the oats. The work must be done within two or three days, as the oats head out very quickly after the thistles, and both must grow together until the harvest.

Tethering Calves. Calves suffer severely in summer by being hitched out in the hot sun. Some shelter ought to be provided, both to guard against heat and rain. The cut shows an arrangement that will be found to fit this need. A hole is made in the turf with an iron bar, and the upright that is shown is driven down into the ground. This upright



A SHELTER FOR CALVES.

has a cylinder (a square box will do as well) about its lower end, to which the hitching-rope is tied. This prevents the rope getting wound about the post. To the upright are nailed two light strips of wood, over which some cheap cloth is stretched, its position being shown by the dotted lines. Make this just high enough for a calf to go under, and it can be moved about with great ease, using a crow-bar to make a new hole in the turf in each new location.

Salts For Laying Hens. Considering egg production for consumption (not hatching) only, hens may be stimulated somewhat by the use of cayenne pepper or other warming condiments. Some good feeders do not use condiments of any sort, unless salt may be classed as one. It is not a bad rule, if condiments are used, to season the food as you would for your own taste. Now, tastes differ, but the longer one uses condiments, the stronger or thicker he wishes them—follow the same plan with the fowls. Always season with a little salt whether you believe in condiments or not.

Rock salt, or salt that contains large crystals, should not be exposed so fowls can help themselves, as they would be apt to help themselves to it for grit, and it would not take long for an injurious, if not fatal, amount to be swallowed.

Experiment has shown that a quarter of a pound of salt may be fed to one hundred hens each day without injurious effects, after they have been fed a smaller amount for some days previous. It is probable that an ounce a day for 100 mature fowls is about right for health and best results.—Farm, Field and Fireside.

Value of the Trees. In speaking of the advantages of a certain amount of tree culture on farms, Assistant Chief Keffer, Division of Forestry in the Department of Agriculture, Washington, says that the thin-soiled ridges of the farm, covered, as they may be, with forest growth, fulfill a threefold purpose: They form a wind break to the adjacent fields, increasing thereby their productiveness; they hold the drifting snows, and insure their slow melting, thus prolonging the opportunity for absorption of the snow water by the adjacent fields of lower elevation, and they prevent late and early frosts by creating air currents and controlling their direction.

Few farmers seem to have realized the great value of a close-planted, thick-foliaged grove as a conservator of moisture. The effectiveness of a

wind break depends upon its location, density, extent and height. This was said apparently for the special benefit of farmers in the Western region beyond the Mississippi; but there are farmers of this State and vicinity to whom the admonition may be of use, as any traveler may observe who notes the destruction of the forests in the farming localities on land never turned to any use afterward.—Brooklyn Citizen.

Cut Oats Early. When the oats are to be used for feed they should always be cut while the grain is in the dough. From repeated trials I am convinced that if cut while yet in the dough the yield would be a great deal more and of better quality. Besides the straw will make much better roughage. Last year I had a piece of oats containing seventeen acres and as a part of it was rusty and weedy I cut ten acres while the grain was in the dough and the straw was yet quite green. At the time it was cut the straw stood up perfectly straight. But as I thought that it was too green I let seven acres stand four days longer. After cutting the first part a light rain fell and very hot sultry weather set in. When I came to cut the remainder it was overripe and about four-fifths of it was badly lodged. I also found that it had shelled out so the ground was white with oats. Judging from the amount that sprouted after the field was plowed, as much as five to eight bushels to the acre must have been wasted. This loss was all due to letting the oats become overripe. Of course the very unfavorable weather did a good deal of the damage, but as there had not been any storm along with the rain, the main loss was caused by letting the oats become too ripe. The grain was also heavier and brighter from the oats first cut and the yield fully one-fourth more, although at first the seven-acre field yielded the best oats.

When the oats are to be used for seed it is necessary that they become perfectly ripe and special care should be taken to have them thoroughly dry before stacking and threshing. Many oats are spoiled by being stacked while they contain moisture. They will heat much sooner in the stack than wheat or any other kind of small grain. If the straw should happen to be a little green when the oats are cut the bundles should be small and set up in long shocks containing not more than eight bundles each.—Lewis O. Follo, in American Agriculturist.

A Convenient Turkey House. My turkeys have a large range, and as foxes are numerous in this vicinity a great many of the finest birds were killed last year. In June I had a house built like the accompanying illustration to secure the flock at night, to provide a feeding place for the young birds during the day and to prevent the old birds from eating with them.

The building is twelve feet square, ten feet high in front and eight feet at the back. The foundation consists of tamarack planks spiked solidly together and four posts are set in at the corners. The sides are fine slats, four inches wide, nailed an inch apart so as to provide light and air within. The roof is made of boards put on to exclude the rain. On one side is a door, a 6x3 feet, fastened by hooks on the outside and inside. On the front there is an opening, b, and a door, c. On the ground the opening, b, is four inches high and five feet long and permits the ingress and egress of the young birds only. This is closed by means of a drop board. The hanging door, c, is twelve feet long, two feet wide and two feet from the ground, is formed of boards like the sides, is fastened by hooks and attached to the front by strong hinges. Inside the house are drinking and feeding troughs for the young birds, clean straw at one side and three tiers of roosts, the first very low, the second midway and the third of strong poles as near the top as possible.

In the morning I dropped the hanging door to let out the old birds, fed them outside, and closed the door.

Went in at the side door, fastened it, fed and watered the young birds and left them until the dew was off the grass. By raising the board the young ones could come out to the old ones. Three times a day they came to be fed, the board being utilized to shut them in until all were fed. At night the young ones remained in and by dropping the hanging door the old hens flew in. When the turkeys grew too large for the opening, b, I fed them just outside the house and they entered by means of both doors, which were fastened before dark. The house was adapted to our purpose from the time the hens were let out of the coops until they were sold in the fall.—Mrs. Edwin Colquhoun, Ontario, in New England Homestead.



A MODEL ABODE FOR TURKEYS.

Originally clock wheels were three feet in diameter.