

WEED CROPS.

Many Different Kinds That Germinate In Succession.

Every successful farmer finds that he must assert his mastery in no uncertain way over the weeds, these rebels of the vegetable world, or they will work havoc in his little domain and eventually his undoing.

The battle with them must be fought unceasingly, for they are constantly on the watch to take advantage of every opportunity, remarks a writer in American Cultivator. "We'll fight it out right here if it takes all summer!" may well be the threat of the farmer to the weed crop.

A Great Variety.

The great difficulty is that a great many give up the fight with the weeds altogether too soon. Their first attacks are fierce and spirited enough, but they soon grow indifferent and abandon them altogether. Now, the fact is that weeds are of a great many different varieties, which seem to be designed to germinate at different seasons, one species following on the heels of another, occupying the ground as soon as their predecessors have ripened their seeds. The result is that weeding, vigorous at first, but soon abandoned, leaves the way open and unobstructed for the later varieties to flourish unimpeded, and so they are never conquered or reduced, but their reign is more firmly established from year to year.

On Uncultivated Fields.

Then, again, many who wield the hoe vigorously are altogether too careless in their dealing with the weeds outside of the cultivated fields, allowing them to flourish unrestrained about the manure heap all summer and scatter their seeds broadcast upon it, to be advantageously planted when it is drawn out and strewn upon the fields in the spring.

FINE FRUIT.

Peach Growing is Popular in Many New England Sections.

Despite the drawbacks often alleged to peach growing the crop is a popular one in many New England sections, notably Massachusetts and Connecticut and New Hampshire in a lesser degree. The soil best adapted to the crop is one well drained, rich and rather sandy. Gravelly loams are desirable. Those who have listened to addresses of J. H. Hale, New England's peach authority, know the importance he places on good air and water drainage. He often says in addressing New England audiences, "Get up on the hills and you will have the best place in the world to grow peaches." Potash and phosphoric acid are the most important fertilizers for the peach, nitrogen taking rather a minor place. If leucostictus or other crops are grown in the orchard these



MARIE ROSS PEACHES.

will practically supply all the nitrogen necessary on ordinary soil. This fruit is of the Marie Ross variety, as shown in the cut from New England Home-Steak. It was grown on the farm of A. B. Howard of Massachusetts. Mr. Howard grows excellent peaches and is a strong advocate of wood ashes for fertilizer in the management of orchards.

The Cabbage Crop.

A considerable portion of the cabbage crop is hauled in bulk. When forwarded by carload or shipment the heads are cut from the stalks with a heavy knife or light hatchet and all the outer leaves left on. When prepared for market they are dressed up by removing the outer unbleached leaves. Cabbages are often shipped in ventilated or slat barrels. Tight barrels keep them too warm and may cause rotting. By far the best carrier for shipping cabbage is the barrel size crate. This carries the heads securely, packs in well on board trails or boat and shows the quality of the stuff when arriving in market. The heads should be packed in the crates carefully by hand, so that the carriers will not be slack when received by the wholesalers.—W. N. Hott.

Hay in New England.

Hay is the great underlyng crop in New England. New Hampshire alone raises 6,000,000 tons. To produce a profitable crop the essentials are deep plowing and thorough tillage, says a writer in American Cultivator. Plow in the summer and seed in the summer. Weeds are killed by winter frost, while the grass survives. Plow land every fifth year. Apply five tons of manure to the acre.

The Corn Cultivator.

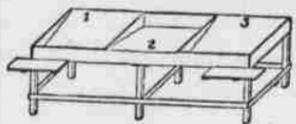
If the corn cultivator understands as much improvement in the past few years as it has in the past, it will almost be a white shirt job to plow corn. The countless features should be next given attention by makers.—Farmer in Iowa Home-Steak.

Farm and Garden

SHIPPING PEACHES.

The Six Basket Carrier is Used For High Grade Fruit.

Peaches were formerly shipped in what was generally known as the Delaware basket. Now the best peaches go to market in the six basket carriers. This is a neat flat carrier somewhat like a berry crate containing six veneer baskets, holding about a half peck each. This package carries the tenderest peaches to market in good condition,



Sorting Table for Packing Peaches.

and as they look well on arrival they usually sell for the top price. This package is to be recommended for shipping all first class fruit. It is too expensive a package to be used for any but the first grade of fruit. Probably no better fruit package for fine fruit has ever been introduced than the six basket carrier. It can be used for plums or grapes or any high class fruit and always carries it in good condition and shows it off to best advantage in market.

The sorting table here pictured is of great assistance in packing peaches. It is separated into shallow compartments that will hold about two bushels of fruit. The side at which the packer stands has a narrow shelf on which the veneer trays are placed while being filled. In the bottom of each compartment is a canvas—1, 2, 3—which is tacked to the upper edge opposite the corner. This keeps the fruit from bruising and facilitates the worker's movements in drawing the fruit toward the trays. In the veneer trays or baskets

Handy Pickering Basket.

lets each fruit be fixed in place. Unless the grade is extra large it holds two layers. The table will be seen, is constructed in sections which alternate so that fruit may be dumped on the table from either side and the trays carried off readily when filled.



HANDY PICKERING BASKET.

The second cut shows a handy pickering basket for peaches. As will be seen it is made from an ordinary Delaware basket. The strap goes over the shoulder of the picker and leaves both hands free for gathering the fruit. When filled the basket is easily dumped by unhooking the strap.—Maryland Experiment Station.

In the Sugar Belt.

A Louisiana planter writing to Home and Farm says: Of all crops, I think sugar cane is the hardest work and most expensive, but sugar cane can stand more hardship, such as drought and rainy seasons, than the majority of our crops.

For there is no rest for the sugar farmer. He plants his cane in early spring, very often in January, and once planted it needs constant attention until July; then it is "laid by." But don't think for a moment farmers are foot loose until harvesting time, for they are poor people to patronize the western feed man; consequently every man who produces sugar cane has a third of his land every year in corn, and when his corn is laid by he sows cowpeas. It is the main feed down here, and when the season is favorable we make enough to last until spring. Then we use green feed, such as sorghum and drill corn.

In Florida.

Severe droughts are very unusual in Florida, the rainfall of the state being in the neighborhood of 67 1/2 inches, pretty well distributed throughout the year, though the biggest proportion of it falls during the rainy season (from July to September), our winters and springs being dry and open, with just enough rainfall to grow the finest winter and spring truck and fruit crops in the world, says a writer from Herndon county, Fla., in Home and Farm.

In ordinary seasons we can have strawberries from Christmas to May, peaches from April to October, watermelons from May to Christmas, cantaloupes from April to June, Kelsey plums from July to October, pears from August to October and citrus fruits of some variety the year around, besides wild berries of various kinds, of which I consider the blueberry the finest berry that grows, and it grows here in great abundance.

English Sparrow Useful.

In regard to the English sparrow, as being destructive to insects a Medina girl, better says that thirteen year locusts have appeared in large numbers in Mississippi county, in the woodlands, and farmers are expressed that they may damage crops. The discovery has been made, however, that the English sparrow, consumed an one of the farmer's worst enemies, in an exposed enemy of the locust, against which it is working war and is killing them by the thousands.—Country Gentleman.

THE "MARSEILLAISE."

It Was Written by Rouget de Lisle In One Brief Hour.

On April 25, 1792, Rouget de Lisle, the military engineer, who had assumed the aristocratic prefix to become an officer, was a guest at a banquet given by Baron Dietrich, first mayor of Strasbourg.

Patriotic excitement was at its height. "Marchons!" "Aux armes, citoyens!" were phrases on every lip. But as the champagne went round the ladies grew weary and pleaded for another topic. Patriotic songs? A hymn for the army of the Rhine? Something better than the jingling "Ca Ira!" The host first suggested a public competition and a prize. Then he turned to Rouget de Lisle and asked him to "compose a noble song for the French people."

Rouget de Lisle tried to excuse himself. Again the champagne passed round, and just as the party broke up a fellow officer about to quit Strasbourg next day begged De Lisle for a copy of his forthcoming song.

"I make the promise on behalf of your comrade," Dietrich replied.

Rouget de Lisle reached his lodging close by, but not to sleep. His violin lay on the table. Taking it up, he struck a few chords. Soon a melody seemed to grow under his fingers. No sooner had he put down the notes than he dashed off the words.

Thus having in a brief hour secured for himself an undying name he threw himself upon his bed and slumbered heavily.—Reader Magazine.

STAMMERING.

Caused More Often by Habit Than by Defective Vocal Organs.

"Stammering is often more the result of habit than from any defect of the vocal organs," says an authority. "It is generally, if not always, caused by a spasm of the larynx, resulting from nervous contraction of the organs, thus refusing to permit a proper flow of the air current producing tone. People rarely or never stammer when studying, for then the attention is divided between words and music, the nervousness is momentarily forgotten and the passage of the air current through the larynx is continuous and unobstructed.

"Stammering very often is the result of imitation, sometimes intentional, sometimes unconscious, and the affectation is much more general than might be supposed. In one comparatively small section of the city there are thirty-five stammerers, and every one of them is able to demonstrate in his own satisfaction not only that he does not stammer very badly, but that some other person he knows stammers a great deal worse than himself. Every stammerer is intensely sensitive about his infirmity, rarely forgives and never does forget any allusion to it which in his mind savors of ridicule."—E. L. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Comedy in a Back Street.

About to reach our morning two men met and began threatening and calling each other names. One finally called the other a liar, and the two men were about to grapple when a woman opened the door and said, "Gentlemen, are you about to fight?" "We are," they answered together. "Then have the kindness to wait a moment," she continued. "My husband has been sick for weeks and is now just able to sit up. He is very disappointed this morning, and if you'll only wait till I can draw him up to the window I know he'll be very grateful to both of you."

She disappeared into the house, and after one look into each other's face the men smiled, shook hands and departed together.—London Telegraph.

An Up Stroke.

Sometimes lightning strikes up instead of down. If we are to believe a story told many years ago of a party of men strolling on the porch of a church far up on the side of a lofty mountain in Styria. They were looking down into the valley below, where a great electrical storm was raging, and, with the sun shining upon them at their altitude, were enraptured by the strange sensation. Suddenly a bolt came up from the valley and killed seven of the party.—Circle.

Going and Coming.

"What's that noise?" asked the visitor in the apartment house. "Probably some one in the dentist's rooms on the floor below getting a tooth out," said his host. "But it seems to come from the floor above." "Ah! Then it's probably the Poppley's baby getting a tooth in."—Philadelphia Press.

The Tramp's Excuse.

Benevolent Man (who has given a tramp some work) — You're working slowly, my man. Tramp—I'm trying to spin it out. Who knows when I shall get any more?—Mengendorfer Blattler.

The Soft Answer.

"Father, do all angels have wings?" "No, my son, your mother has none." And then she said sweetly that he might go to the club if he wouldn't stay late.—Atlanta Constitution.

Modest.

"Did he ask her father for her hand in marriage?" "No. He needed \$10, and he didn't want to ask for too much at once."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

He Had Hopes.

Young lady (owner of great estates)—As far as the eye can reach, all the land belongs to me. Advertiser (travelling fully)—I know you are not short-sighted.—Strip Parlor.

No Operation

Mrs. Malinda Akers, of Basham, Va., writes: "I had what doctors call 'prolapse,' and couldn't stand straight. I had pain in my back and shoulders, and was very irregular and profuse. Doctors said an operation was needed, but I couldn't bear the thought of the knife. After taking three bottles of Wine of Cardui, I could walk around. Can now do my housework and am in splendid health."

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WINE OF CARDUI

A PUGET SOUND NAME.

Puyallup and the Experience of the Man Responsible For It.

The name Puyallup is of Indian origin, as old as the memory of the white man. In "Pioneer Reminiscences of Puget Sound" the author, Mr. Meeker, says that he accepts the odium of inventing that name on suffering generations by plating a few blocks of land into village lots and recording them under the name Puyallup. He mentions incidentally that he has suffered from it.

The first time I went east after the town was named and said to a friend in New York that our town was named Puyallup, he seemed startled.

"Named what?"

"Puyallup," said I.

"That's a jawbreaker," came the response. "How do you spell it?"

"P-u-y-a-l-l-u-p," I said.

"Let me see, how did you say you pronounced it?"

"Putting out my lips like a veritable Swedish and emphasizing every letter and syllable so as to bring out the P-u-y for Puy and the strong emphasis on the al and evoking my lips together to cut off the lip, I finally decided my friend so that he could pronounce the word, yet fell short of the elegance of the scientific pronunciation.

Then, when I crossed the Atlantic and encountered the factors of the top trade in London, I was bidden as a guest to a dinner to introduce me to the assembled luncheonists, when I saw a troubled look overshadow the face of my friend who was to introduce me. I knew what was troubling him, and my sympathy went out to him.

"Let me introduce to you my American friend from"—he began boldly and then hesitated—"my friend from America," he continued, and then turned to me with an imploring look and blurted out:

"I say, Mr. Meeker, I can't remember that name. What is it?"

But when letters began to come to me addressed "Pouloupe," "Polly-up," "Pull-all-up," "Pew-la-loop" and finally "Puy-all-up," then my cup of sorrow was full. I am sure, however, that there will never be but one Puyallup.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

When abusing a man in fun don't go too far.

Advice is like medicine—a little goes a long way.

The good things of life grow slow, but it is different with bills and scandal.

Time flies so fast as a man grows older that it seems to him he has his Sunday clothes on all the time.

People do things in broad daylight to make themselves ridiculous and then blame a paper for mentioning it.

You hear "He was one of the best men that ever lived" oftener than "He is one of the best men that ever lived."

Why is it that people who say disagreeable things to one's face are called honest and people who say pleasant things are called flatterers?—Acheson Globe.

Mosses in the Snow.

It seems almost impossible that there should be a plant that flowers naturally outdoors in the depth of winter. But it is a fact. The Christmas rose answers this description. From the end of October until February its white flowers (about three inches across) may be gathered at almost any time, and even when the ground is covered with snow the Christmas rose is producing its flowers. We don't often see them in December and January because we never think of brushing off the snow to look at the plant that is growing underneath. The flowers are of a dazzling whiteness when young, but become faintly tinged with pink after about a week.—Country Life in America.

Built That Way.

"What does it say to you, when it says a man built that way?" "That he was born logical, my son."—New York Press.

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The Big Holler.



There's a certain fellow who thought that the Moon was "holler" because it was a month in advance every body practiced lung exercises, so as to cultivate the "Big Holler" possible. Everybody was sure that the Moon Man couldn't help but hear the "Vast Volume of Veneration."

The Eventful Night arrived. The Moon Man was looking down through a cloudless sky. Everybody on earth drew in two large lungfuls of air and got ready for the Big Holler. The Mighty Moment came at last!!!

Silence! Absolute silence! It was the silliest moment since the morning stars first sang together. When the returns came it was known that only one man, a negro in Darkest Africa, hollered, and one woman in Oskosh, Wis., who was so excited that she just couldn't help it, let out a faint hysterical shriek.

Everybody else had kept Mum in order to hear the Big Holler that all the others were going to make. But nobody made the holler because they all waited for the other fellows to do it—all except the African, who had no curiosity, and the Oskosh lady, who had hysteria.

And the Man in the Moon just laughed! It was enough to make a comet splutter for it revealed a very amusing trait in human nature.

You will find lots of people right here in this community who want to join the Big Holler because they want to practice lung exercise. Sometimes he catches a Big Holler all at once he might get a new factory started here, but when the moon man hollered, everybody waited for all the others to do the hollering, and while some were waiting the moon hollering factory was "holler" for any sound.

If it takes a Big Holler to get what we want, every fellow must tend a lung.

This is not just a funny story. It is full of philosophy, it ought to eat you thinking.