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THE SPLENDID SPUR OR THE ADVENTURES OF JACK MARVEL.

By ARTHUR T. QUILLER COUCH.

CHAPTER XI. (Continued.)

He was gone half an hour at the best, and the sky by this time was so dark that I had lost sight of him, when, rising on my elbow to look around, I noted a curious red glow at the point where the turf broke off, and three hundred yards behind me, and a thin smoke curling up in it, as it seemed, from the very face of the cliff below. In a minute or so the smoke ceased almost; but the shine against the sky continued steady, tho' not very strong. "Billy has lit a fire," I guessed, and was preparing to go and look, when I spied a black form crawling toward me, and presently saw 'twas Billy himself.

Coming close, he halted, put a finger to his lip and beckoned; then began to lead me. "This back as he had come." "Thought I. "These are queer doings," but left Molly to browse, and crept after him on hands and knees. He turned his head once to make sure I was following, and then scrambled on quicker, but softly, toward the point where the red glow was shining. Once more he pulled up—as I judged, about twelve paces' distance from the edge—and after considering for a second, began to move again; only now he worked a little to the right. And soon I saw the intention of this; for just here the cliff's lip was cleft by a fissure that ran back into the field and shewed out gently at the top, so that a man might easily scramble some way down it, tho' how far I could not then tell. And 'twas from this fissure that the glow came.

Along the right lip of this Billy led me, skirting it by a couple of yards, and wriggling on his belly like a blind worm. Crawling closer now (for 'twas hard to see him against the black turf), I stopped beside him and strove to quiet the violence of my breathing. Then, after a minute's pause, together we pulled ourselves to the edge and peeped over.

The descent of the gully was broken, some eight feet below us, by a small ledge, sloping outward about six feet (as I guess), and screened by branches of the wild tamarisk. At the back, in an angle of the solid rock, was now set a pan pierced with holes, and full of burning charcoal; and over this a man in rebel's uniform was stooping.

He had a small paper parcel in his left hand, and was blowing at the charcoal with all his might. Holding my breath I heard him clearly, but could see nothing of his face for his back was toward us, all sabbie against the glow. The charcoal fumes as they rose choked me so, that I was very near a fit of coughing, when Billy laid one hand on my shoulder, and with the other pointed out to seaward.

Looking that way, I saw a small light shining on the sea, pretty close in. 'Twas a lantern hung out from the sloop, as I concluded on the instant; and now I began to have an inkling of what was toward.

But looking down again at the man with the charcoal pan I saw a black head of hair lifted, and then a pair of red puffed cheeks, and a pimpled nose with a scar across the bridge of it—all shining in the glare of the pan. "Powers of heaven!" I gasped, "tis that bloody villain Luke Settle!"

"All the knaves left in the pack—God help her!" I muttered, as I looked toward the light, and my heart beat heavily. "God help her!" I said again, and, turning, spied a grin on the captain's face.

"Under Providence," answered he, "your unworthy servant may suffice. But what is my reward to be?"

"Your neck," said I, "if I can save it when you are led before the Cornish captives."

"That's fair enough. So listen. These few months the lady has been shut in Bristol keep, whither, by the advice of our employer, we conveyed her back safe and sound. This same employer—"

"A dirty rogue, whom you may as well call by his name—Hannibal Tingcomb."

"Right, young sir; a very dirty rogue and a niggardly—I hate a mean rascal. Well, fearing her second escape from that prison, and being hand in glove with the Parliament men, he gets her on board a sloop bound for the Virginias just at the time when he knows the Earl of Stamford is to march and crush the Cornishmen. For escort she has the three comrades of mine that I named, and the captain of the sloop (a fellow that asks no questions) has orders to cruise along the coast hereabouts till he gets news of the battle."

"Which you were just now about to give him," cried I, suddenly enlightened.

"Right again. 'Twas a pretty scheme; for, d'ye see, if all went well with the Earl of Stamford, the King's law would be wiped out in Cornwall, and Master Tingcomb (with his claims and meritorious services) might snap his thumb thereat. So, in that case, Mistress Della was to be brought ashore here and taken to him to serve as he fancied. But, if the day should go against us—as it has—she was to sail to the Virginias with the sloop, and there be sold as a slave. Or worse might happen; but I swear that is the worst ever told me."

"God knows 'tis vile enough," said I, scarce able to refrain from blowing his brains out. "So you were to follow the Earl's army and work the signals. Which are they?" For a quick resolve had come into my head and I was casting about to put it into execution.

"A green light if we won; if not, a red light, to warn the sloop away." I picked up the packet that had dropped from his hand when first I sprang at him. It was burst abroad, and a brown powder trickling from it about the ledge.

"This was the red light—to be sprinkled on the burning charcoal, I suppose?"

The fellow nodded. At the same moment Billy (who as yet had not spoken a word, and, of course, understood nothing) thrust into my hand another packet that he had found stuck in a corner against the rock.

"Now tell me—in case the rebels won, where was the landing to be made?"

"In the cove below here—where the road leads down."

"Aye, the road where the wagon stood."

Captain Luke Settle blinked his eyes at this; but nodded after a moment. "And how many would escort her?"

"Be blamed, sir, but I begin to love you, for you play the game very proper and soundly. Reuben, Jeremy and Black Dick alone are in the plot; so why should more escort her?"

Before I could get my sentence out, Billy Pottery broke in with a voice like a trumpet—

"As folks go, Jack, I be a humorous man. But sittin' here, an' ponderin' this way an' that, I says, in my deaf an' afflicted style, 'Why not shoot the ugly rogue, if mirth, indeed, be your object?' For to wait till an uglier comes to this untraveled spot is superfluous."

How to explain matters to Billy was more than I could tell; but in a moment he himself supplied the means. For the rocks here were of some kind of slate, very hard, but scaly; and, finding two pieces, a large and a small, he handed them to me, saying that I was to write therewith. So giving him my pistol, I made shift to scribble a few words. Seeing his eyes twinkle as he read, I stood up.

The charcoal by this time by a glowing mass of red; and threw so clear a light on us that I feared the crew on board the sloop might see our forms and suspect their misadventure. But the lantern still hung steadily; so signing to Billy to drag our prisoner behind a tamarisk bush, I opened the second packet, and poured some of the powder into my hand.

It was composed of tiny crystals, yellow and flaky. I tore the packet wide open and shook out the powder on the coals.

There was no time to be lost. Pulling the Captain to his feet, we scrambled up the gully and out at the top and across the fields as fast as our legs would take us. Molly came to my call, and trotted beside me—the Captain following some paces behind and Billy last, to keep a safe watch on his movements.

We could hear the sound of oars plain above the wash of waves on the beach. I looked about me. On either side the road was now banked by tall hills, with clusters of bracken and furze bushes lying darkly on their slopes. Behind one of these clusters I stationed Billy with the captain's long sword, and a pistol that I by signs forbade him to fire unless in extremity. Then, retiring some forty paces up the road, I hid the captain and myself on the other side.

Hardly were we thus disposed before I heard the sound of a boat grounding on the beach below, and the murmur of voices; and then the noise of feet tramping the shingle. Upon which I ordered my prisoner to give a hail, which he did readily.

"Ahoj, Dick! Ahoj, Reuben Gedges!"

In a moment or two came the answer: "Ahoj, there, Captain—here we be!" "Fetch along the cargo," shouted Captain Settle, on my prompting.

"Where be you?"

"Up the road here, waiting!"

"One minute, then—wait one minute, Captain!"

I heard the boat pushed off, some good-nights called, and then (with tender anguish) the voice of my Della lifted in entreaty. As I guessed, she was beseeching the sailors to take her back to the sloop, not leave her to these villains. There followed an oath or two growled out, a short scuffle, and at last, above the splash of the retreating boat, came the tramp of heavy feet on the road below.

So fired was I at the sound of Della's voice that it was with much ado I kept quiet behind the bush. Yet I had wit enough left to look to the priming of my pistol and also to bid the Captain shout again. As he did so a light shone out down the road and around the corner came a man bearing a lantern.

"Can't be quicker, Captain!" he called. "The jade struggles so that Dick and Jeremy ha' their hands full."

Sure enough, after him there came in view two stooping forms that bore my dear maid between them—one by the feet, the other by the shoulders. I ground my teeth to see it, for she writhed sorely. On they came, however, until not more than ten paces off; and then that traitor, Luke Settle, rose up behind our bush.

"Set her here, boys," said he, "and tie her pretty ankles."

"Well met, Captain!" said the fellow with the lantern—Reuben Gedges—stepping forward. "Give us your hand!"

He was holding out his own, when I sprang up, set the pistol close to his chest, and fired. His scream mingled with the roar of it, and dropping the lantern, he threw up his hands and tumbled in a heap. At the same moment out went the light, and the other rascals, dropping Della, turned to run, crying, "Sold—sold!"

But behind them came a shout from Billy, and a crashing blow that almost severed Black Dick's arm at the shoulder; and at the same instant I was on Master Toy's collar, and had him down in the dust. Kneeling on his chest, with my sword point at his throat, I had leisure to glance at Billy, who in the dark seemed to be sitting on the head of his disabled victim. And then I felt a touch on my shoulder, and a deaf face peered into mine.

"It is Jack—my sweet Jack?"

"To be sure," said I, "and if you but reach out your hand, I will kiss it, for all that 'I'm busy with this rogue."

"Nay, Jack, I'll kiss thee on the cheek—so! Dear lad, I am so frightened, and yet could laugh for joy!"

But now I caught the sound of galloping on the road above, and shouts, and then more galloping; and down came a troop of horsemen that were likely to have ridden over us, had I not shouted lustily.

"Who, in the fiend's name, is here?" shouted the foremost, pulling in his horse with a scramble.

"Honest men and rebels together," I answered, "but light the lantern that you will find handy by, and you shall know one from 't'other."

By the time 'twas found and lit, there was a dozen of Colonel John Digby's dragoons about us; and before the two villains were bound, comes a half dozen more, leading in Captain Settle, that had taken to his heels at the first blow and climbed the hill, all tied as he was about the hands, and was caught in his endeavor to clamber on Molly's back. So he and Black Dick and Jeremy Toy was strapped up; but Reuben Gedges we left on the road for a corpse.

But as we were ready to start, and I was holding Della steady on Molly's back, up comes Billy and bawls in my ear—

"There's a second horse, if wanted, that I spied tethered under a hedge yonder"—and he pointed to the field where we had first found Captain Settle—"in color a sad black, an' harness as if he came from a cart."



Striking Hats.
Of these extremely striking hats, one is a large draped turban of calf-skin, mottled brown and white. It is lined with white satin on the under brim, and he shook his head. "She doesn't care much about the news," he replied. It took me a long time to make him see that his reading the newspaper at the table was a purely selfish act, not serious in itself perhaps, but certainly unfair to his table companion. The word unfair opened his eyes, for I have rubbed it into him all his life that unfairness of any kind is not only one of the most contemptible of all qualities, but one of the greatest causes of unhappiness between people. Fairness—that is the quality that keeps married people in harmony, just as it harmonizes all persons.—Everybody's Magazine.

Wraps a la Mode.
The reddish-blue shades of taffeta are to be made up in wraps and coats. As the fashion has run to plainer and quieter effects in dress, so it has taken a contrary course in wraps. They cannot be too dainty or elaborate to be a la mode.

Why Bronze Slippers are Popular.
Bronze slippers are gaining in popularity in the best shops, and many bronze tones are seen. Well posted dealers say that women like them because even a large size bronze slipper looks comparatively small on a woman's foot—and this always appeals to them.—Shoe Retailer.

Spring Models in Hats.
Hats are a very pretty combination of taffeta and straw and having a success for the already advanced spring models destined for Nice and Monte Carlo. Violets and pinks are perhaps the favorite flowers, but roses appear partout, and some of the new trails of bloom are extraordinarily life-like.

Lace Head Scarfs.
A lace gown accessory confined to evening wear is a Tambour scarf long and wide enough to cover the head after the fashion of a mantilla and to fall almost to the foot of the gown. Double lace frills edge the entire border and serve as an exquisite frame for a pretty face. The woman who goes with frequency to the opera and theatre, and who desires to avoid the risk of catching cold from being hatless, will find this scarf a gracefully picturesque addition to her evening costume.

For the Poster Girl.
The girl with the "poster craze" will appreciate the gift of one or two posters for her den on her birthday, and a neat little hanger attached to each one will be greatly appreciated. Cut a small circle about one inch in diameter from a white card—one end of an old-style visiting card will do. In the centre of this cut a circular hole three-eighths of an inch in diameter, and through this pass a piece of baby ribbon two inches long. Paste the two ends of the ribbon together on the back of the poster, near the top, but do not let the ring show above. The circular hole will easily slip over a nail and the poster will hang flat against the wall.

Tinting Dress Goods.
A secret worth knowing is how to tint faces, chiffons, silk or crocheted buttons, feathers, slippers, gloves, etc., to a gown shade. The process is vouched for by the National Dress-makers' Association, from whose journal it is taken. The materials required are oil paints in tubes and gasoline. The gasoline is placed in a porcelain bowl and the paint is dissolved in it. The work has to be done quickly, and of course, in a fireless room. Mix the paint to the required shade in a saucer, comparing it with the goods till the right color. When the exact tone is reached, mix with the gasoline and dip the lace or whatever is to be dyed quickly before the paint falls to the bottom. Do not let the goods touch the bottom, as there might be a spot of paint there. A hairpin comes in handy to hold the edge of the goods. Shake out quickly and pin up to dry. It is well to make a few experiments before risking costly material, but the process is really not at all formidable.

Separate Evening Waists Elaborate.
The separate waist is claiming much attention, and it is not, by the way, attention which goes at all amiss. Lungerie is the term by which many of these handsome models are known, and never before have such stunning models been brought from abroad for women to wear. They are almost too frail to don, and one might think of the sheerness and fineness of the materials used that they were made to be looked at simply. The contents of grandmother's trunk or wardrobe are scanned for just this sort of thing, and the modern maid has indeed been fortunate in having a dear grandmother whose clothes she can wear, but many of the old-time fabrics have not been reproduced, and some of the new ones are not quite so pretty.

Important Little Things.
When my boy Frank had been married for a few weeks I dropped into his apartment one evening as he and his wife were at dinner. I discovered him sitting opposite her with a newspaper laid up before his face, absorbed in reading. If he had given me a blow between the eyes he could not have hurt me more. I said nothing to him at the time. The next day I had a talk with my boy. He seemed to think that I was making a good deal out of

a small matter, and he staggered me by saying that he often read the paper while he sat at the table with Jeannette. "Do you read aloud to her?" I asked, and he shook his head. "She doesn't care much about the news," he replied. It took me a long time to make him see that his reading the newspaper at the table was a purely selfish act, not serious in itself perhaps, but certainly unfair to his table companion. The word unfair opened his eyes, for I have rubbed it into him all his life that unfairness of any kind is not only one of the most contemptible of all qualities, but one of the greatest causes of unhappiness between people. Fairness—that is the quality that keeps married people in harmony, just as it harmonizes all persons.—Everybody's Magazine.

Fashions and Health.
About a century ago there flourished in this country a gentleman with a large family of daughters with whom he was accustomed to correspond almost daily while they were away at school. His letters contained so much wise advice that they were later collected for publication. From the viewpoint of our twentieth century wisdom some of the parental admonitions are rather amusing, says Robert Webster Jones, in the Housekeeper. For instance, this: "My Dear Daughter—Though good health is one of the greatest blessings of life, one should never boast of its possession. We so naturally associate the idea of feminine softness and delicacy with a corresponding delicacy of constitution, that when a woman speaks of her great strength, her extraordinary appetite, her ability to bear exercise, fatigue, we recoil at the description in a way she is little aware of."

Science fashion rules us all, men and women alike; how delightful to think that nowadays it is fashionable to be healthy! In Beau Brummel's day, the mining dandy, who found all exertion "such a bore," held the centre of the stage. The hero, the heroine also, posed most of the time as an interesting invalid. He was always going to Bath or one of the German spas to "take the water." She was supposed to subsist entirely upon dainty tidbits that would hardly have kept a canary alive, and a predilection for anything so substantial as beefsteak and onions would have been thought disgraceful.

The athletic man and girl are the centres of popular admiration to-day. For once, fashion and common sense are joined hands. Let us hope that the union will be a permanent one.—Indiana Farmer.

Well Groomed Hair.
The essential thing is not so much that you should be born beautiful as that you should know how to achieve beauty.

Every woman whose features are not disguised, whose skin is clear and whose blood is not congenitally thin, can achieve for herself a fair amount of good looks. Good grooming is the method, and good grooming just means making the most of one's personal appearance. It means keeping the hair glossy and fluffy, the skin free from blemish or roughness, the hands well manicured and the teeth in perfect condition. It is as important to cultivate one's self as it is to cultivate one's garden or one's business.

And really nothing contributes to or takes from a woman's charm of appearance as the condition and dressing of her hair. Untidy hair, neglected hair, inebriously arranged hair will destroy the beauty of features or color.

Always on brushed down hair at night it should be taken out straight, the scalp brushed for three or four minutes and the hair loosely braided to keep it from snarling. This brushing not only stimulates the circulation, but gathers dust out of the hair and so keeps the scalp clean, also by removing all dust it leaves the hair free to reveal its natural lustre. It is impossible to have healthy, and so beautiful hair, if the scalp is clogged by dust or dandruff. Brushing and washing will remove both.

To thoroughly clean the hair it must be washed in soft water, rain water, if possible; if not, then city water with a pinch of pure borax to soften it. An excellent shampoo for hair that requires thorough cleaning is compounded of: One ounce of powdered Castile soap; one ounce of borax; two tablespoonfuls of alcohol; beaten yolk of an egg; one pint of warm water. Keep tightly corked.

After rubbing the hair and scalp thoroughly with the shampoo it should be rinsed with clear soft warm water and then with clear cold water and thoroughly dried either in the sun or by artificial heat.

The thorough rinsing of the hair is most essential, as the circulation is impeded at the roots and the hair itself does not "breathe" properly if choked or clogged with slightest particle of soap, egg, etc. Careful drying is especially essential for oily hair, which holds the moisture and accumulates dust. If washing in soft water and thorough drying will not destroy the greasy look of hair, then try the following lotion:

One drachm of bisulphite of quinine, one-half ounce of salt; three-fourths of an ounce of borax; one pint of water. Apply to the scalp night and morning with a soft sponge, rubbing the scalp until it is dry.

SOUTHERN FARM NOTES.

TOPICS OF INTEREST TO THE PLANTER, STOCKMAN AND TRUCK GROWER.

Restoring Fertility.
A great variety of soil-building crops grow here, writes Professor A. M. Soule. Chief among these are the legumes. Some of the clovers do well in nearly all sections of the South, and the cowpea and velvet bean grow everywhere. These wonderful plants with their power of assimilating and building atmospheric nitrogen into the soil and furnishing an available supply of vegetable matter when plowed under, which improves the texture and water-holding capacity of the soil and adds to its fertility, can be utilized for the purpose of soil improvement. Their action is sure and rapid and so the means for the rejuvenation of the soil and the certain increase and maintenance of its capacity for the production of cotton is within the reach of the average farmer.

There are two other means—leguminous crops alone will not supply all the needed elements for cotton production. The soils of the South are frequently deficient in phosphoric acid in particular, and in many instances in potash. Continuous cultivation has frequently made them so. The liberal use of phosphoric acid in applications of 200 to 300 pounds of fourteens to sixteen per cent. goods per acre will go a long way toward increasing the production of cotton on the average soils now devoted to its culture in the South. From twenty-five to fifty pounds of muriate of potash should be added to this mixture and where the land is acid an application of twenty-five to fifty bushels of lime per acre will help it wonderfully. The South is the greatest phosphate producing region of the world; thus nature has placed within the reach of the farmer and at prices he can afford to pay the needed mineral elements which, together with the leguminous crops suggested will enable him to rebuild his soils in the shortest possible time and bring them back to their virgin condition.

In this connection there is another matter which cannot be emphasized too strongly and which has never been fully realized by the Southern farmer, and that is the necessity of feeding the by-products of the cotton plant to cattle and sheep in particular. The climate and soil and the crops they produce are admirably adapted for the development of great feeding industries in the South. Everything warrants the pursuit of this industry on a profitable basis. Unfortunately the Southern farmer has been unable to obtain a cash price for the cotton seed, and it has gone like the lint, thus robbing his soils of immense stores of fertility and reducing their power to yield paying crops. Could the cotton seed produced in the South be fed and farm-yard manure utilized, the farmer would obtain two profits from its use: First, a feeding profit, and second, a fertilizing profit, and with this addition to the natural resources at his command the soil problem would be solved. Is there some way by which the farmers of the South can be aroused from their lethargy and made to appreciate and utilize the streams of gold which now run through their hands through a failure to utilize the by-products of the cotton plant in mackintosh and dairy products? Is there not some means by which they can be brought to a realization of the rapid destruction and exhaustion of their farms through the present absurd practice of selling both the lint and by-products and expecting the land to maintain its virgin yielding capacity without the return of fertilizers, either in the form of animal manures or mineral elements to the soil?

Buy Some Tools.
A great many farmers do not realize the great saving of time and expense it would be to have tools and materials at hand to repair any little break. A few pieces of leather and some rivets would often save the expense of a new harness for a long time.

An iron last, a few tacks and some bits of leather will cost you but save many a dollar that would be paid to cobblers.

A pair of good soldering "irons," a little solder and a bottle of muriate of zinc or some resin may be made to preserve the usefulness of tinware much beyond the usual period.

The list of tools and ways in which they can be used to save time and money is too long to be given in full. But every one needs a more or less complete set of carpenter's tools, the smallest should include a saw, square, brace and set of bits, drawing knife, hammer, hatchet and an iron vise. A set of two or three planes is often very useful, and all should have a place under cover where the tools can be kept and many repairs made on rainy days.

An incident of which we knew in our boyhood days fixed itself very firmly in our memory and illustrates the advantage of having tools and the ability to use them. A farmer and two hired hands were plowing corn, each

with one horse and a double shovel plow; it was before two-horse cultivators were invented. One of the boys allowed his plow to catch on some obstruction in the soil and broke the beam of the plow. The farmer had the boy take the horse and plow which he himself had been using and took the other horse and broken plow and went to the barn. Instead of hitching up and driving to town to a shop he went to work and made a new beam himself and in about the same time that it would have taken to have gone to the city and back he had the plow repaired, ready for work and without expense. Similar incidents may have occurred within the knowledge of many of our readers. They all emphasize the importance of owning a few tools.—Florida Agriculturist.

Protecting Fruit Trees From Rabbits.
In the Southern Agriculturist Mr. A. W. Warren asks how to protect fruit trees from rabbits. The plans suggested are very good, but also very tedious and troublesome to carry out. For many years I have protected from 400 to 500 trees by the following plan:

Get thick, heavy paper about ten or twelve inches long, and the wider the better. Take two or three sheets of this paper and wrap the trees and tie at the top. I used to tie at the top and the bottom of the paper, but I find it is necessary to use but one string. This makes a perfect protection against our rabbits here, and we have some very large ones.

For "jack rabbits" it may be necessary to use paper that will reach higher up the tree. I have never found it necessary to use paper longer than the width of the Southern Agriculturist. Any paper that is long enough will do, but if the paper is thin it must be doubled several times and tied twice. In making the tie first make a double tie (what is called the surgeon's knot) and thus the paper will not come loose while you are making the second knot. Or, if you will use a string that is well waxed it will do very well. In the spring go over your orchard with a sharp pointed knife, and cut the string; the wind and rain will soon remove the paper.

A small white string five or ten inches long hung on a stick near the root of the tree so the string will move about in the wind, will keep off rabbits for awhile, but they will sometimes get used to the string and over the scare. The paper is perfect protection and, easily applied. A quick "hand" can tie up 400 or 500 in a day. Paper about like the Congressional Record is as good as any, and this is about all the use most people have for it.—C. Kendrick, M. D., of Kendrick, Miss., in the Southern Agriculturist.

Commercial Fertilizers Alone Will Not Do.
Greater progress would have been made in the reclaiming and improvement of Southern lands but for the blind faith placed in commercial plant food as the sole means of maintaining fertility. Commercial fertilizer in its proper place is essential and necessary to the welfare of the country, but it is a mistake to depend solely on it for plant food. The continuous culture of the soil tends to make it acid, the vegetable matter is burned out and destroyed, lessening its power to absorb and retain moisture, without which the plant food can not be dissolved and brought in contact with the roots of the growing crop. A good mechanical condition of the soil is equally as important as an available supply of plant food, and commercial fertilizers have no influence on the mechanical condition, nor do they supply vegetable matter to the soil. Therefore the time has come when other means of restoring soil fertility must be utilized more largely if success is to follow. The cowpea and other leguminous crops grow well in this region, and on the thinnest soils they must be plowed down, and one crop will not be sufficient, for it is not possible to build up a soil in a few years which it has taken a hundred years to wear out. Vegetable matter may also be supplied through liberal applications of farm-yard manure which calls for the keeping of greater numbers of live stock, and the feeding of at least a part or all of the crops grown on the land.—Southern Agriculturist.

Estimate Value of Manure.
Farmers are in the habit of estimating the value of fertilizers by the quantity of pounds. Listen: There are only about seven pounds of ammonia to 100 pounds of commercial fertilizer; only five pounds of potash to 100 pounds of that mixture. It will require about 700 pounds of fertilizers per acre with such per centums to make a crop. Ten tons of barnyard manure is not too much to apply to an acre of land for corn. Farmers should fully understand these facts, as on the richness of the land depends the quantity of the crop grown thereon.

Reflections of a Bachelor.
Etternal vigilance is the price of not getting found out. It's queer how long it takes a man's wife to get over the idea that his lap was made to sit in. It's just before the mosquito season women begin to make open-work clothes so they can bite through.

A girl with pretty ankles would rather wear laced boots so they can keep coming untied for some man to tie again.

Nearly every divorce results in two more marriages. It is easier to applaud than it is to win applause.

It's impossible to buy a man off if he is on the square. A woman says a cloven breath indicates a cloven hoof.

About ten minutes after you get the snow shoveled off your sidewalk it begins to thaw.