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LUKE HAMMOND, THE MISER.

By Prof. Wm. Henry Peck, Author of the "The Stone-Cutter of Lisbon," etc.

CHAPTER XXIII. Continued. "Nothing new. An imposture that dates back nearly twenty-five years. My true name is not Luke Hammond. About twenty-five years ago I made the acquaintance of an American gentleman, to whom my facial and personal resemblance was so remarkable, that my own sister twice addressed him, supposing that he was I. This gentleman was of my age, and even the tones of our voices were similar. He had been traveling over Europe and Asia, and even Africa, for seven years before he met me in London. Soon after we became acquainted he sickened and died, and before his death he gave me all his papers, letters and effects, to be delivered to a young lady in New Hampshire, to whom he was betrothed. He told me that he and she had pledged their vows when he was eighteen, but that her parents had consented to the match only upon the condition that he should wait seven years—that is, until he should be twenty-five years. He was an orphan, rich, and with but one near relative on earth, a sister, who afterwards became your wife, the mother of Catharine Elgin. Being by nature of a roving disposition, and by the will of his father in full possession of his inheritance, he determined to travel, especially as the parents of his betrothed forbade any further communication between the lovers for at least five years. Bidding his betrothed adieu, and exchanging vows of eternal fidelity, he set forth upon his travels. "He was returning when he died in London, after confiding to me his story and effects, with a will which bequeathed the greater part of his property to his sister. Among his effects I found a miniature of his betrothed, which she had sent to him a few months before, for after a silence of five years, correspondence had been renewed. The name of his betrothed was Clara Sandford, and the beauty of her picture determined me to attempt an imposture which should make me the husband of the original. Besides, I would by success become master of a handsome fortune, and bury my own identity in that of Clara's lover. In fact, my own liberty, and perhaps my life, demanded that I should fly from England and conceal myself in America. "In pursuance of this design I made myself master of all the information contained in this young American's letters, as regarded himself and his friends. He had no acquaintances in England, and fortunately for my success, was traveling under an assumed name, as is often the practice with travelers who delight in a little mystery. He died and was buried under his assumed name, and I took his true name and came to America. "Seven years of travel will always make a great change in one's appearance, and as he was only eighteen when he left New Hampshire, it was not thought strange by those who once knew him that they found much difficulty in recognizing a former youthful townsman in the tall, dark and bearded stranger of twenty-five years of age. "I had learned that Clara Sandford's parents had died, from her letters to her lover, and that his sister had married you, Henry Elgin, and settled in this city of New York, before I left England. "At first glance Clara Sandford recognized me as her long absent lover. "This was not strange, as I had learned from her letters to him that she had no likeness of him, and eagerly desired one, a request with which her lover had not complied, as he desired to see if she would recognize him after years of separation. "Knowing this, I easily forged his writing, and sent her my own likeness in miniature as his, a few days before I left England. "What a scoundrel! what a wretch!" cried Elgin, unable to control his indignation. "You flatter me," sneered Hammond, and continued: "Clara Sandford was the first to recognize me, and afterwards others did the same. We were wedded within one week after I met her. "Poor, unfortunate, miserable woman!" exclaimed Kate, bursting into tears, and forgetting her own bitter wrongs and fears in her sympathy for the unhappy mistake of a fond, noble, and faithful heart. Hammond compressed his lips with silent rage, and after glaring at Kate fiercely, continued: "Fearing ultimate detection from her friends, who often conversed with me of the dead man's young days, thinking me him, I gave out the report that I had once been smitten by a sunstroke during my travels, and since then that my memory of my life prior to that misfortune was very defective. "Still I feared detection, as I often saw several of the old playmates of the dead lover eyeing me suspiciously, and heard them say that it was very strange I had forgotten so much. Therefore I sold out all my interests in

the little village, and settled in Virginia. "And your wife? The unfortunate victim of your stupendous deceit?" asked Elgin. "Clara began to suspect something wrong after we had been married four months," said Luke. "I continued to deceive her until in my sleep, during a slight illness, she overheard me babbling of my first and dead wife. "Ah!" sighed Elgin. "Unfortunately Clara! I knew her well—she was a noble lady, and her fate most cruel." Kate was sobbing bitterly, and her face was hidden by her manacled hands. "You see, both of you, what manner of man I am," said Luke, seeming to swell with villainous pride of his cunning. "So do not think to baffle me." "Go on, friend! Go on with this catalogue of crime, that we may hear the end of it, and be rid of your detestable presence," said Elgin, sternly. "Clara heard enough from my treacherous sleep talk," said Luke, "to more than arouse her suspicions. We were then in Virginia, near Richmond, far from the home and friends of her youth. She was in my power. I confessed all to her, and begged her forgiveness. I told her her lover was dead. I was able to prove to her that he was no more. I showed her his last will, and made the fact of his death clear and beyond all doubt to her mind. I appealed to her as my wife, as her husband, to forgive the deceit, for, to my life, Henry Elgin, I had learned to love her." "Wretch! who could not have loved the gentle and beautiful, noble and faithful Clara Sandford?" cried Elgin. "Did she forgive you, monster?" "She did forgive me; not for my sake, but for the sake of our then unborn child," said Hammond, very pale and much agitated, hard-hearted villain as he was. Henry Elgin groaned, and poor Kate's grief was pitiable to see. Little did Luke Hammond know that a third listener was hearing this confession, and hearing it with clenched hands, fiery heart and hard-set teeth—longing to be able to burst from his confinement, and strangle him there on the spot—kill him! crush him as a venomous thing unfit to live. Hammond continued: "But after Clara heard that I was not her lover, but a spurious Luke Hammond, triumphant in my plots, she never spoke to me, or came near me, when it was possible for her to shun me without creating suspicion, or attracting the attention of those who knew us. All my efforts to win her love were useless. She remained faithful to the love of her youth, though in his English grave." "Noble, true-hearted woman!" said Elgin. "And I, Luke Hammond, or whoever you are," cried Kate, with sudden vengeance, "will be as true to him—James Greene, whom you have assassinated!" "May heaven help thee, my noble girl!" said Elgin, and longing to let her that her lover was listening so near. Hammond—for so we shall continue to call him, for the sake of clearness—smiled his hard, incredulous sneer, and continued: "At length, a few weeks before our child was born, Clara lost her reason." "I do not doubt it!" sighed Elgin. "But she was not wild in her insanity," said Luke. "She became as if deaf and dumb—blind to all around her. She became a mere living machine, without thought, desires or more than mere life. She died two days after the birth of my son." "She was most happy in dying," said Elgin. "After her death," continued Hammond, "I gave the child to the care of my sister, who was living near at the time, though none suspected her to be my sister. Then I came to New York." "May that day be accursed!" exclaimed the fiery-hearted Elgin. "I easily deceived your wife," said Luke. "She had no reason to suspect deceit. She had not seen her brother for more than eight years, was very ill, and I, as the husband of Clara, and Clara, too, had often exchanged letters with her and with you. You and your wife never dreamed that I was an impostor." "Never! If I had I would have slain you, or seen you dragged to prison for life!" cried Elgin. "And now, monstrous villain! what is your true name, and who are you?" "That is of no importance to you," said Hammond. "It should be enough for you to know that I am of no kin to your daughter, and the bar of kindred blood cannot prevent me from becoming her husband. Let it suffice to say, that my mother was the daughter of an English nobleman, my father the son of an English squire—" "Enough! I care nothing for your descent! What is descent to us of America!" cried Elgin, scornfully. "I wish to know your true name." "And why?" asked Luke. To be continued

"To no, not to curse it," said Elgin. "A feeble man like me, a repentant sinner—though, thank Heaven, not such a fiend as you are—should not presume to curse a fellow-mortal; but I wish to hear that I may know the real name of the villain who so triumphs in iniquity." "It is dangerous to me to utter it," said Hammond. "It will accomplish nothing to tell it; and now, once for all, Henry Elgin, will you make over your estate to Catharine Elgin, dating the will prior to your supposed decease?" "Why do you not complete your villainy by murdering me at once?" demanded Elgin. "It would be horrible for a daughter to marry the murderer of her father." "Think not I would marry the son of Nicholas Dunn though death were my only alternative!" exclaimed Kate. "Ah! you have learned so much," said Luke, sneeringly. "You heard—" "You and Nancy Harker conversing during my pretended delirium," said Kate. "Father, this man is Nancy Harker's brother, and old Fan is their mother!" "Two demons and a witch for their mother," said Elgin. "Catharine Elgin," said Luke, with stern ferocity, "I said that it would be horrible for a daughter to marry the murderer of her father; but it would be more horrible for a daughter to be the murderer of her father." "What do you mean, sir?" asked Kate. "I mean, and I swear it," said Hammond, rising, "that if you do not consent to be my wife, and to marry me to-night, your father shall die, and you shall become my wife, whether you will or not. My wedded wife, too, No sham ceremony. To men like me, means to make such as you act and speak, yet not know what you do, are never wanting." "You will give her stupefying drugs?" exclaimed Elgin, in horror. "I will. So enough for the present," said Hammond, as Nancy Harker rapped at the door. He opened the door and said: "Henry and Catharine Elgin, it is nearly dawn. You shall now behold each other for the last time. I will leave you together for a few moments, that you may consult upon your situation. You, Elgin, I advise to persuade your daughter to yield. Catharine, I advise you to persuade your father to do the same. You can not escape. My sister will be in the ante-chamber. Do not be afraid of being overheard; you may whisper, you know. Come, Nancy, we will leave them alone together for a time. You may close and lock this door, and lie down upon your bed. After a quarter of an hour, lead Miss Elgin to her prison, and when Daniel or Stephen has returned, come to me in my library." Hammond and Nancy left the room, and Elgin and his daughter were alone in the Crimson Chamber. CHAPTER XXIV. THE CRIMSON CHAMBER AND THE LIBRARY. When they were alone Elgin said to his daughter: "They may not hear us, my dear child, but we have reason to fear that they will watch us. Therefore, cast that napkin over the door knob, that no spying eye may peep in." Kate did as he desired, and Elgin groaned with all a fond father's anguish as he saw how much the handcuffs bound the arms that were wont to be bound in loving embrace around his neck. "My angel girl," said he, as Kate returned to the bedside, "you perceive a little food remains upon my dishes. Eat, I beg of you, that you may be strengthened to hold out, even unto death, against that wicked man." "You are sure the food is not poisoned, dear father?" asked Kate, as she obeyed. "I am, my poor child," said Elgin. "And now that you have eaten, do not cry aloud when I tell you a most joyful thing." Kate looked surprised. What could her poor imprisoned father have to tell her that might be joyful. "Yes, my child," said Elgin. "Now place your ear close to my lips." As she complied, he whispered: "James Green is alive! Wait! He has escaped from the well, and is now in this chimney!" Kate stared at her father, terrified lest his troubles had made him insane. "I speak the truth, my child," said Elgin. "Sit there on the bed, and lean forward so as to place your face in the opening above the grate. So, now call his name. Do not fear—the sound will go upward." "James!" cried Kate, in a loud whisper. "My dear Kate! Are you there?" was the answer she received. "Reach your hand—ah! I forgot. The villain has handcuffed you. But be of good cheer, I shall escape. Perhaps not before many hours. But be firm and baffle the rascal as long as you can." "You have heard all he said to us?" asked Kate. "Every word," said Greene. "And now farewell for a time. Nancy Harker will soon return." "May heaven work with you, dear, dear James," said Kate. "Heaven has; heaven will, my Katy," said the stout-hearted young carpenter. Kate now withdrew from the grate, and Elgin said: "My dear Kate, should aid not reach you before night—I see it is day dawn—try to gain as much time as you can. I will ask for time to reflect, and you must do the same. You said old Fan was the mother of this wicked couple. Does she know it?" To be continued

GOOD ROADS.

Something to Think About. There is any one class of our people deserving of special favor at the hands of the Government. It is the agricultural class, or, strictly speaking, the farmers. No class of people has ever done so much for the United States as the farming people. The farmers tamed the continent from a wilderness and made our country the very garden of the world, annually furnishing about seventy per cent. of our national exports. In respect to what they have done for the Government they need no herald; in respect to what they deserve at the hands of the Government every patriotic citizen, in public as well as private life, should be their advocate. The farmers of the United States, patient and determined, have made no demands, though bearing the heaviest burdens of life since the Republic was instituted. The time has come when they must have relief. Under present highway conditions most everywhere the American farmer is practically imprisoned at home through at least the half of each year. That half of the year is the time when he could best spare from the farm and when, with good roads, he could market his products at a profit for his toil. Now, however, he must leave the farm in summer or early fall—the only time when the roads are passable—to market his products, and then always on a congested market, or take the chances of a hub-deep haul that kills his stock, breaks wagon and harness, wears out the man and eats up the fruit of his sweat. The good roads season for the American farmer is the very season when his whole time and attention should be given to his farm operations; it is the crop season which waits for no man, and which, neglected, charges it up to the man behind the plow. We all know what that means. With good roads the farmer could do his town going in rain or snow, or when the ground is too wet to plow; with bad roads, as they are now, as they have been from the beginning and as they will be until the Government of the United States extends its aid as suggested in the Brownlow-Latta bill, he must be the great national sufferer. It has been calculated by the Department of Agriculture that every time the sun sets the bad roads of the United States cost the American farmer \$1,500,000. These are Government figures. How any public man can refuse to support legislation that will stop this dreadful drain passes the understanding of the average mind. Can the national conscience and the national thought be unmoved at face with such a condition? Are the people themselves asleep to their own material salvation? How long can this sapping, sapping, of farm life and farm vitality go on before the American farm home is destroyed? And how long, pray tell, can the Republic stand after the destruction of the American farm house? We hope to see the suggested good roads legislation go through Congress the coming winter. It will, if the people are awake, as we believe they are held everywhere and petitions go forward to Senators and Representatives. Write to your Senator for Senate Document 204. Talk to your neighbor about it. Urge him to write. Let us all get busy for good roads.—Uptown Weekly. Less Expensive Roads. The town boards of Oneida County, N. Y., make the following suggestion: "We would not recommend that every town in this county have built within its borders a road costing over the average \$7000 a mile, as we believe each town should govern itself according to its own local conditions, but we have provided figures to show that no matter whether a town has a high or a low assessed valuation, it could, under the \$50,000,000 bond issue, if its own board so desired, have, without excessive taxation, just as wide and just as expensive roads as any other towns in any other part of the State. If the county and town can devise methods by which the roads to be built should have an average cost of \$4000 a mile instead of \$7000 a mile, the charge to the town under the bond issue for each mile of highway built would be \$30 for each mile the first year; and to the county, the increase in taxes the first year for each mile of highway would be \$70; and to the State it would be \$100. In other words, under the \$50,000,000 bond issue of the State, county and town could obtain a road costing \$4000 a mile at an increase in their annual tax levy of \$200, which under the present system of payment would cost under the expenditure of \$4000 in cash, or under the bond issue they could obtain a road costing \$8000 a mile for an increase in their tax levies of \$400 in place of raising \$8000 in cash, as provided by the present method. "Under the bond issue each town and county is free to select as expensive a road or as cheap a road as the local conditions require."—Tribune Farmer. "Stunts." There is an ugly and curious American word, which is used to express a state of affairs for which there is no short English equivalent. The word is "stunt." It implies an overwhelming desire "to go one better" than anyone else. Great Britain as a nation has never been given to "stunts."—The Engineer.

HIS WEALTHY BRIDE.

A Bachelor Who Married For Money and Lost. Commissioner of Corporations James R. Garfield told this story at a dinner in Topeka, apropos of disappointments: "There was a certain crusty old bachelor who had employed for seventeen years a faithful cook. This cook had red hair, freckles and cross eyes. Her teeth were singularly even and white, but, then, ten to one, her teeth were false, for she was not likely to have real teeth of such beauty. Her age, I judge, was forty-seven. "Though an adept with the saucepan and the rolling pin, this faithful woman could not read. Therefore she got her employer to transact all her little affairs for her. She had a bank account of about \$100 that he managed. One day the cook said that she wanted to withdraw all her savings from the bank. Her employer was amazed. "It has taken you nine years to save that money," he said. "Why do you wish to draw it out?" "Because, sir," replied the cook, "last night I dreamed the number of the lottery. It was a million and one. I am convinced that it is the winning number, and I am going to play it." The bachelor laughed at the cook's dream. He called her a superstitious humbug. He adjured her not to waste her money on a lottery. But the cook, showing her white false teeth in an obstinate smile, persisted. She took her money out of the bank. She risked it all in a full chance on a million and one. Thereafter the bachelor often joked her over her foolishness. He often asked her if she did not regret the jeopardly she had put her money in. She would frown, blush, blink her cross eyes and leave the room in silence. Now imagine this man's amazement when, one morning a few weeks later, he read in his newspaper—in those days the lottery was legal—that a million and one had taken the grand prize of \$150,000. The bachelor was not rich. Such a sum as \$150,000 meant a great deal to him. Furthermore, he knew that his faithful cook had long loved him afar off. And she could not read. She knew nothing of her wonderful fortune. He summoned her. Then and there he proposed marriage. She accepted him. That day these two became one. As they sped homeward from their honeymoon, the man looking indulgently at his not young wife, said: "By the way, I want you to let me see that lottery ticket that we so often wrangled over." "Indeed and I can't do that," the bride said simply. "You laughed and joked about it so I sold it last week to the butcher."—Philadelphia Evening Bulletin. WORDS OF WISDOM. When the door is opened on selfishness love dies on the threshold. Do that assigned to you, and you can not hope too much or dare too much. "We are never beneath hope, while above hell; nor above hope, while beneath heaven." If I cannot succeed in doing anything myself, I will not grudge another the doing of something noble.—Epictetus. There is one thing will warm up the man who preaches in an ice box, and that is to see people looking for a more genial climate.—Henry F. Cope, in Chicago Tribune. Miserable thou art, whoever thou art or whithersoever thou turnest, unless thou turn thyself to God. Keep thy heart free and lifted up to Him.—Thomas a Kempis. Whenever you speak, watch yourself; repentance follows every word which gladdens no heart. Let every thorn which people sow in thy road bloom in the lustre of thy smiles.—Perian. The great law of affinity, which is seen everywhere in nature, holds with the same unalterable, unmeasured force in the spiritual world. Every shade of mind draws its like, or is attracted by kindred minds. We never know through what divine mysteries of compensation the Great Father of the universe may be carrying out His sublime plan; and those three words, "God is love," ought to contain to every doubting soul the solution of all things.—Miss Maloch. Automobile That Burns Wood. The impossibility of securing the necessary supplies of petroleum or gasoline make it obligatory upon the Belgian Government, which recently decided to establish an automobile service in the Congo Free State, to adopt steam as a motor power. Coal could be secured in only limited quantities, and that near the seashore; wood was therefore the only logical fuel, as it could be found everywhere. The wood-burning car weighs a ton and has a capacity of twelve miles an hour. Sheet steel wheels with heavy pneumatic tires are used. The fifteen-horse-power engine is inclosed in a bullet-proof bonnet, as these vehicles are to be used in transporting troops to keep order in distant parts of the State and are expected to be under fire at times. The water-tank has a capacity sufficient for a twenty-five mile trip. The Whale and the Cable. On November 6, 1904, the cable which connects Valdez and Sitka, Alaska, broke down. On testing it, the break was located about ten miles from Sitka. When the cable was hauled up, it was found to have captured a whale fifty feet long. A loop of the cable passed round the lower jaw and held it fast. The strands of the cable were much torn and twisted, and there were several breaks in the conductors. Probably the whale, swimming with open mouth, had unintentionally taken the cable, which lay suspended on the irregularities of the bottom, in its jaws.

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

Bermuda Onions. Regarding culture of onions there are four things that are very necessary to success: 1st—Genuine imported Bermuda onion seed. 2d—Plenty of fertilizer. 3d—Thorough and constant cultivation. 4th—Plenty of water at the right time. The method used by the majority, in fact, we think all, of the successful growers of the States of Texas and Florida, is to plant about two pounds of seed in a bed about 120 feet long by twelve feet wide, with ten rows in each bed twelve inches apart; the majority use a garden drill for this purpose. These beds are made about on a level with the land, with a small border thrown up around each so as to control the water. They usually dig a ditch on the high part of the land so that the bed can be easily flooded, as the water should cover the whole bed uniformly. Water should be put on the bed as soon as the seed are planted; they will usually come up in about ten days. Cultivation is usually done with a double-wheel hoe. Water and work again as soon as the ground will stir nicely. Continue every two weeks until ready to transplant, which is about sixty days from the time of seeding. Transplanting is generally done in the months of December and January. They are usually planted in beds the size of the ones used for seed, but the plants are put four inches apart in drills, rows twelve inches apart. Water and working should be kept up exactly like you would the seed in the seed bed until about two weeks before digging time. When about three-fourths of the tops have fallen, it is time to dig. Dig them and throw in windrows; let sun dry from twenty-four to thirty-six hours; cut off the tops and roots, closely pack same in nicely slatted crates twenty-four inches long and sixteen inches wide, seven inches deep; this will hold about fifty pounds. Regarding fertilizer use, a heavy application of good commercial fertilizer broadcast before transplanting, about 1000 pounds per acre; then another 1000 pounds put in with a drill in the middles about February, when the onions begin to bulb. Manure of any sort could be used in connection with cottonseed meal or any other fertilizer. Do not use cottonseed meal unless you place same in the ground three or four weeks before the onion is to be planted; it is entirely too heating. These instructions, we think, if followed closely, will insure an onion crop where irrigation is used. In some sections of the country they are grown without water. If they are to be planted where water is not convenient, they should be placed in rows twenty-five inches wide and placed three inches in a row to be worked with a plow. The yield will not be near so large, but the cost of cultivation is less. The greatest trouble would be in getting the seed up without water. You could, of course, use a small bed for growing your sets, then place them in the field. A man, in planting a crop of onions, should take into consideration the price he can get for same, and what it will cost him to grow the crop. Of course, cost of an irrigation plant, or a farm located on a running stream, can afford to grow onions at a cheaper price than the man who has not these facilities. The price generally ranges from \$1.35 to \$2 per bushel. This, of course, is according to the production and the condition of the market at the time the onions are ready for shipment. The Cabbage Hair Worm. The cabbage hair worm is the subject of Circular No. 62 of the Bureau of Entomology, U. S. Department of Agriculture; the publication of which was made necessary by numerous inquiries in regard to the identity and alleged poisonous nature of a minute worm popularly known during the years 1903 and 1904 as the "cabbage snake." The Department says: During the former year the species first attracted attention, but was not considered seriously, as it was well known that hair worms are not in any degree poisonous—in fact, they are perfectly harmless and, even to a certain extent, beneficial, as they destroy by parasitism the pernicious codling moth and several species of destructive grasshoppers or locusts. In 1904, however, the subject increased in proportion, the Bureau of Entomology frequently receiving five or six communications daily in regard to this creature. In most cases these were accompanied by clippings gleaned from the daily press. The object of the circular is mainly to facilitate the correspondence of the Department, to place the facts in the case on record and before the public, and to correct erroneous reports and mere rumors which

have been circulated in regard to cases of poisoning of human beings. In only a single case was the name of the person or persons who had been killed by cabbage supposed to be infested by this hair worm given, and the postmaster of the city promptly denied any knowledge of the facts, all efforts that were made to locate the origin of the account being without success. It may be safely assumed that all other reports were equally untrue or greatly exaggerated. In fact, the entire matter was a hoax save for the fact that the rumors were placed in such general circulation that the consumption of cabbage was greatly curtailed, many persons fully believing in the poisonousness of the hair worm. There is no doubt, on the other hand, that the majority of the reports of damage to the cabbage crop were founded on fact. We have positive knowledge of one of these in Tennessee where fully eighty-five per cent. of the State's cabbage crop was lost in 1904. Similar losses were reported in various portions of Missouri, Iowa, West Virginia and Virginia. From data at hand it can truthfully be said that thousands of cabbage growers incurred severe losses on account of the unfortunate "snake" due to the unwise circulation of the veriest rumors. In support of the statement which has been made by letter by the Department of Agriculture for the past two years, a Dr. Louis Leroy made tests in order to determine whether the hair worm or "cabbage snake" possessed any poisonous properties. The usual laboratory animals, rabbits, guinea pigs and domestic animals, were fed with the worms, raw and cooked; extracts from the hair worms were prepared, and the animals fed with them, and the substance was injected hypodermically, the final result being reached, as none of the animals thus treated were affected, that the "cabbage snake" is entirely harmless and the public rumors and superstitions are fallacious without semblance of foundation. Talk on Alfalfa. Alfalfa thrives during drought as no other crop does, owing to its deep root system. After being once established no drought will ever destroy the plants, and at the first reappearance of rain it starts into vigorous growth. Alfalfa is not at all a difficult crop to establish or grow. Once one understands it, no crop is easier grown. Stands of alfalfa may be secured with greater success than of red clover. It is easy or it is impossible to secure stands of alfalfa, owing to how one sets about it. A rich limestone soil as dry as can be found—that is, dry in wet seasons—is the first essential. It is not, with our present knowledge, advised that alfalfa should be sown away from the limestone and blue grass region. At all events, lime should be in the soil, and if not naturally there, it ought to be added at the rate of 500 to 1500 pounds per acre; air-slaked lime will serve, harrowed into the soil. This sweetens it, and sweet soils are absolutely essential. Next, the soil should have a depth of at least three feet above bed rock; then it should be naturally rocky, or else tiled and underdrained. Don't waste alfalfa seed on craw-fishy or wet land. It must be dry and sound in winter. Such soil as one naturally calls his best should be chosen. The crop is one that will amply repay the sowing on the richest soil. When it is remembered that from three to six tons of hay per acre will be returned from good land and that this hay is worth nearly as much, pound for pound, as wheat bran, it is easily seen that it deserves good soil. In truth, it must have good soil to thrive at all. After selecting the right soil it should be stored with vegetable matter. Coat heavily with stable manure and break deep. This manure may precede a crop of corn, or tobacco, or it may immediately precede the alfalfa sowing. Manure may be said to be absolutely essential to starting vigorous alfalfa in any soil in Kentucky, or any soil east of the Missouri River, for that matter. It is not sufficient to alone add fertility to the land, though that helps, and artificial fertilizers strengthen young alfalfa, but it is essential to add manure to the soil in the shape of stable manure. It matters little what sort of manure is used. Disadvantage of Staking. As a rule, it is best not to stake young trees when transplanting. If the roots are cut short and the tree has such a heavy top that a stake is needed, it will meet with such a check in digging that it will rarely recover its vigor. Only Proper Space Needed. With proper space to grow and proper food and soil, trees can hardly do otherwise than grow a good root as well as a good top, while growth can hardly be called normal if checked by insects or fungus diseases. Pointed Paragraphs. Whoever thinks he knows it all evidently imagines there isn't much worth knowing. There is a certain brand of charity that will give a man a crust and then steal his coat. A woman will do without something she needs in order to save money to purchase something she doesn't need. Reflections of a Bachelor. It is easy to see the good points of the man on a pedestal. It's tough when a man has to give up good money for a tough steak. Eggs, like men, are often broke, but unlike men, they are never too fresh. A sensible man never has any spare time to attend to other people's business unless he is hired for the purpose.