THE N. C. AGRICULTURAL EXPERIMENT STATION AT RALEIGH.

Matters of Interest and Value to Farmers, Specially Prepared for This Paper.

THE PUBLICATIONS OF THE EXPERIMENT STATION ARE FREE.

The standing offer is made to send the bulletins of the Station to all in North Carolina who really desire to receive them. They are specially prepared to be of service as far as possible to the practical farmer. Thousands of farmers have already taken advantage of this offer. Unless you really want to be benefited by them, please do not apply for them as we have none to throw away. If you desire to read them, write on postal card to Dr. H. B. Battle, Director, Raleigh, N. C.

RIPENING TOMATOES IN WINTER.

Among the many plans that have been proposed for saving the tomatoes which remain unripe at the coming of frost, we have found the following the most satisfactory:

When sharp frost is imminent, gather all the green tomatoes. Now pack them in boxes and store in a cool place, just warm enough to be secure from frost, but not warm, the object being to keep, not ripen them. Bring out a few at a time as they are wanted and place in a warm place to ripen a few days in advance. In this way we have for several years had sliced tomatoes on our table up to the middle of January.—W. F. Massey, Horticulturist, N. C., Experiment Station.

NO DISTRIBUTION OF PLANTS, SEEDS, &C.

The Experiment Station has no supply of seeds, plants, &c., for general distribution, and correspondents should remember this fact and not write for them. It does not attempt to keep a supply on hand for the reason that it is not in the province of its work to distribute common seeds, and besides there are nurserymen and seedsmen who make it their business to keep these stocks and can fill your orders. Occasionally the Station distributes one or two varieties of new seeds or plants, when they are promising, but unless you see a distinct announcement of this fact, please do not make application to the Station.

TITLE PAGE CHANGED.

The title page of the bulletins of the North Carolina Agricultural Experiment Station has been somewhat changed in appearance. Now the subject of the publication is given the prominent part so that the readers can easily see what the bulletin contains.

WEATHER FORECASTS.

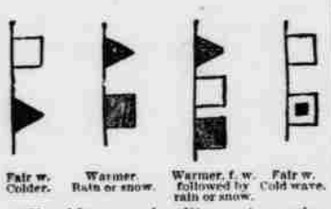
Telegrams are sent to many telegraph stations in North Carolina by the State Weather Service Division of the Experiment Station. These telegrams give the probable state of the weather for 36 hours ahead, and are very useful in giving an idea what weather to expect. It is not possible that the forecasts are correct in every instance, but such is the accuracy now that in about 85 per cent. of the cases they are found to be correct. These telegrams are usually disseminated by means of flags, as follows:

WEATHER FLAGS.

EXAMPLES:

No. 1. alone, indicates fair weather, stationary temperature.
No. 2. alone, indicates rain or snow, stationary temperature.
No. 3. alone, indicates local rain, stationary temperature.
No. 1. with No. 4 above it, indicates fair weather, warmer.
No. 1. with No. 4 below it, indicates fair weather, colder.
No. 2. with No. 4 above it, indicates rain or snow, warmer.
No. 2. with No. 4 below it, indicates rain or snow, colder.
No. 3. with No. 4 above it, indicates local rain, warmer.
No. 3. with No. 4 below it, indicates local rain, colder.
No. 5 is the cold wave flag and indicates that the temperature will fall 20 degrees or more to a minimum of 32 or less.
No. 5 is either displayed alone or with No. 1, and when displayed with No. 1 indicates fair weather, cold wave.

DISPLAYED FROM POLES:



Fair w. Colder. | Warmer. Rain or snow. | Warmer, f. w. Followed by rain or snow. | Fair w. Cold wave.

Should your locality not receive these telegrams write to the Experiment Station at Raleigh about the conditions necessary to get them.

KEEPING SWEET POTATOES THROUGH WINTER.

The following method I have found to keep sweet potatoes in perfect order until June. Procure a good supply of pine straw from the woods in a dry time and keep under cover ready for use. Dig the potatoes as soon as frost cuts the vines. If not convenient to dig at once, cut the frosted vines off at once, or they will harbor fungus growth that will damage the potatoes. Dig on a warm sunny day—lay the potatoes along the row as dug, and do not allow them to be bruised by throwing into piles. Handle at all times as gently as eggs. Allow them to lie in the sun during the day, and in the evening haul to a convenient place. Place good layer a foot thick of pine straw on the ground, and on this pile the potatoes in steep heaps, not over 25 bushels in a pile. Cover the piles thickly all over with the dry pine straw—now build a rough board shed over the piles, and let them remain until the weather grows colder, or until they have gone through a sweat and dried off. Then cover the heaps with earth six or eight inches thick and beat smooth. The important points are the sweating under the previous cover of pine straw before covering with earth, very careful handling, and the board cover overhead. Dry earth keeps out more cold than wet earth. If for family use, put in smaller piles and take up an entire heap at once for use, keeping them in a dry warm place while using.—W. F. Massey, Horticulturist N. C. Experiment Station.

If Japan gets nothing more out of the war with Korea than her recognition as a civilized power, this, in the opinion of the San Francisco Chronicle, will be a distinct gain, worth all that the war will cost her.

BILL ARP'S LETTER.

A WEDDING IN HIS HOUSEHOLD AND HE WRITES IT UP.

A Brilliant Affair Which Makes Every One Happy.

How fearfully is joy and sorrow mixed in this sublunary world. I hear the funeral knell, I see the messengers carrying flowers—pale flowers—to place upon the casket. A mother, a wife or a daughter was suddenly called away to rest; called without warning. A heart that was loving had ceased to beat and now there is sorrow in that household and desolation in that home. I see the motherless children as I pass and the stricken husband. The good old father and mother have come from their distant home and are broken down with grief.

As I looked upon the lovely wreathes that loving hands had wrought and sent to adorn the dead, I recalled Mrs. Heman's beautiful lines:

"Bring flowers—pale flowers—o'er the bier to shed,
A crown for the brow of the early dead;
Though they smile in vain for what once was ours,
They are love's last gift—bring flowers—pale flowers."

As I journeyed home I saw more flowers that kind friends were sending to my house and I knew that they were for the bridal occasion—not the death, but the nuptial of a daughter dearly beloved, and then another verse of the sweet poetess' came to mind:

"Bring flowers, fresh flowers, for the bride to wear!
They were born to blush in her shining hair;
She is leaving the home of her childhood's mirth—
She has bid farewell to her father's hearth,
Her place is now by another's side—
Bring flowers, sweet flowers, for the fair young bride."

For a time I was sad and my heart was sick. But I remembered that life and death and marriage and the separation of friends is part of the common lot. It is not good to grieve over that which we cannot help. Certainly there is no cause to grieve for our house, for it is not far to where our child has gone—only a block or two away, and she will come home every day until we get reconciled. She was away at college for months and we got reconciled to that. The difference is that then she loved us better than she loved anybody, but now she doesn't. He has cut us out, as we boys used to say when a fellow took our sweetheart away. It is a case of larceny after trust. We trusted the young man with her until he began to claim the goods and wouldent give them up. Strange to say, we acquiesced in the theft and endorsed it in the church and congratulated him on his success. We couldent help ourselves and concluded it was the best thing we could do. But she will be missed. No she won't, either, for she is a miss no more. Yes, she will be missed by all of us and Aunt Ann and the dogs, too, for everything loved her. "Dat man no bisness take Miss Jessie away from here, but I reckon he couldent help it," said Aunt Ann. "Looks like everybody loves dat child and everybody send her sumthin. Never seed so many purty things in all my life. Wonder who her ma gwine to call on now to get her scissors and find her spectacles?"

"And all went merry as a marriage bell." It always does. A marriage fills the church with good people. It is everybody's business, and there are eager, expectant smiles on every face. For a time, at least, the bride and groom have everybody's sympathy and good wishes. There was nothing sweeter, lovelier, than the scene. The goodly array of fair women and brave men, as they marched down the aisle to the altar—marched in stately steppings to the music of the organ; the pealing, swelling notes that came from a master's hand—for Signor Randegger was at the keys. Oh, music! What is it and where does it dwell? Soldiers can't fight without it; preachers can't preach without it; lovers can't court without it. It helps to consummate marriage and to bury the dead. It is the only thing on earth that will be found in heaven, for it is common to angels and to men.

Well, it is all over. Solemnly, sadly, awefully, I gave the bride away and then took a seat by my wife. There were no tears upon her cheeks, but I saw them in her eyes—just a skim of "lachrymal effusion," as Dr. Calhoun would say—and I could feel the tremor of her hand. She will stick a little closer to me now, I reckon. She will let me find her spectacles. The old man is not of much consequence until the younger props give way. He is no quarter horse, but is mighty good on the long run. Maybe she will take Jessie's place and count my back hair and bathe my brow with cologne when my head aches. I'll be her John Anderson my Joe with my frosty paw and she will be my Genevieve once more.

But oh, my, what a reception we had! What an aftermath with kindred and friends—with bridesmaids and groomsmen—with children and grandchildren and nephews and nieces and cousins. There are new infolks now amazing, for two large families have got together by a common bond. Old South Carolina stock has found a welcome place in our family tree and our baby girl has found another mother—a mother blessed in her children and the children blessed in having such a mother. We will make a combine—a trust—and stand or fall together. What a bond it is when the young people of large families mate and marry. How often it unites those who have been estranged and makes friends of enemies. What a beautiful scene it is—the nuptials of those who are mated as well as married. What a contrast to hasty, inconsiderate matches that are made in haste and repented of at leisure—bonds that are tied by the preacher and untied by the courts, and matrimony with its promises is changed to alimony and tears.

But marriage is not a failure. It is the common lot and is ordained of God and there is more happiness than misery if we try to make it so.

We had music last night. The Italian Signor Randegger was in a happy mood and charmed us with music such as only Rubinstein and Liszt could make. He is a wonderful gift—a youth not yet out of his teens and is already pronounced the finest pianist in America. There was no talking while he was playing. He seems dreadfully in earnest and reminded us of Bagby's graphic literary gem of "How Rubinstein Played." The signer had never heard of that and I read it to him to his great delight.

We are all at rest now. The bridal party and guests have departed and our home is once more calm and serene, except that the voice of the missing one is not heard and my wife looks down the street the way she will come if she comes today. She is thinking and thinking, and ever and anon the dew is on her eyes. But these feelings will pass away after a while and we will soften and mellow down to the fate that awaits us all. Time and Providence are always kind.—Bill Arp in Atlanta Constitution.

The Doctor Lost.

The gambling instinct is strong in most men, but it is seldom that one hears of a man with sufficient nerve to bet a sum of money on his own life. A wager of this kind has just leaked out in which two prominent members of a Walnut street club are concerned. These two men have been close friends for years. One is a doctor and the other a lawyer. A year ago the lawyer, who had previously enjoyed the best of health, began to complain of feeling run down. He consulted his friend, the doctor, who, after a minute and thorough examination, told him frankly that his lungs were affected, the action of the heart was impaired, and that he wouldn't live a year. The lawyer, who is a man of indomitable pluck and will power, was naturally stunned for a moment. After the first shock had passed off, his true nature asserted itself. "I'll bet you $10,000 you are wrong, and that I do live over a year!" he exclaimed. He was in deadly earnest. The doctor was positive that his diagnosis was correct, and was forced to accept the bet.

The money was placed in a safe deposit vault, and the lawyer went abroad. In six months he returned. The year was up last week and he won his wager. And what is more, he says he is open for more bets of a similar nature.—Philadelphia Record.

REV. DR TALMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUNDAY SERMON.

TEXT: "The stork in the heaven knoweth her appointed time, and the turtle, and the crane, and the swallow observe the time of their coming, but my people know not the judgment of the Lord."—Jeremiah viii., 7.

When God would set fast a beautiful thought, He plants it in a tree. When He would put it afloat, He fashions it into a fish. When He would have it glide the air, He molds it into a bird. My text speaks of four birds of beautiful instinct—the stork, of such strong affection that it is allowed familiarly to come in Holland and Germany and build its nest over the doorway; the sweet dispositioned turtledove, mingling in color white and black and brown and ashen and chestnut; the crane, with voice like the clang of a trumpet; the swallow, swift as a dart shot out of the bow of heaven, falling, mounting, skimming, sailing—four birds started by the prophet twenty-five centuries ago, yet flying on through the ages, with rousing truth under glossy wing and in the clutch of stout claw. I suppose it may have been in this very season of the year—autumn—and the prophet out of doors, thinking of the impenitence of the people of his day, hears a great cry overhead.

Now, you know it is no easy thing for one with ordinary delicacy of eye-sight to look into the deep blue of noonday heaven, but the prophet looks up, and there are flocks of storks and turtledoves and cranes and swallows drawn out in long lines for flight southward. As is their habit, the cranes had arranged themselves in two lines, making an angle, a wedge splitting the air with wild velocity, the old crane, with commanding call, bidding them onward while the towns, and the cities, and the continents slid under them. The prophet, almost blinded from looking into the dazzling heavens, stoops down and begins to think how much superior the birds are in sagacity about their safety than men are about theirs, and he puts his hand upon the pen and begins to write, "The stork in the heaven knoweth his appointed times, and the turtle, and the crane, and the swallow observe the time of their coming, but my people know not the judgment of the Lord."

If you were in the field to-day, in the clump of trees at the corner of the field, you would see a convention of birds, noisy as the American Congress the last night before adjournment or as the English Parliament when some unfortunate member proposes more economy in the Queen's household, a convention of birds all talking at once, moving and passing resolutions on the subject of migration, some proposing to go to-morrow, some moving that they go to-day, but all unanimous in the fact that they must go soon, for they have marching orders from the Lord written on the first white sheet of the frost and in the pictorial of the changing leaves.

There is not a belted kingfisher, or a chaffinch, or a fire crested wren, or a plover, or a red legged partridge but expects to spend the winter at the South, for the apartments have already been ordered for them in South America or in Africa, and after thousands of miles of flight they will stop in the very tree where they spent last January. Farewell, bright plumage! Until spring weather, away! Fly on, great band of heavenly musicians! Strew the continents with music, and, whether from Ceylon isle, or Carolinian swamps, or Brazilian groves men see your wings or hear your voice, may they yet bethink themselves of the solemn words of the text, "The stork in the heaven knoweth her appointed times, and the turtle, and the crane, and the swallow observe the time of their coming, but my people know not the judgment of the Lord."

I propose so far as God may help me in this sermon carrying out the idea of the text to show that the birds of the air have more sagacity than men. And I begin by particularizing and saying that they mingle music with their work. The most serious undertaking of a bird's life is this annual flight southward. Naturalists tell us that they arrive thin and weary and plumage ruffled, and yet they go singing all the way, the ground the lower line of the music, the sky the upper line of the music, themselves the notes scattered up and down between. I suppose their song gives elasticity to their wing and helps on with the journey, dwindling 1000 miles into 400. Would God that we were as wise as they in mingling Christian song with our everyday work! I believe there is such a thing as taking the pitch of Christian devotion in the morning and keeping it all the day. I think we might take some of the dullest, heaviest, most disagreeable work of our life and set it to the tune of "Antioch" or "Mount Pisgah."

It is a good sign when you hear a workman whistle. It is a better sign when you hear him hum a roundelay. It is a still better sign when you hear him sing the words of Isaac Watts or Charles Wesley. A violin chorded and strung, if something accidentally strikes it, makes music, and I suppose there is such a thing as having our hearts so attuned by divine grace that even the rough collisions of life will make a heavenly vibration. I do not believe that the power of Christian song has yet been fully tried. I believe that if you could roll the "Old Hundred" doxology through the street it would put an end to any panic. I believe that the discords, and the sorrows, and the sins of the world are to be swept out by heaven-born hallelujahs. Some one asked Haydn, the celebrated musician, why he always composed such cheerful music. "Why," he said, "I can't do otherwise. When I think of God, my soul is so full of joy that the notes leap and dance from my pen." I wish we might all exult melodiously before the Lord. With God for our Father and Christ for our Saviour, and heaven for our home and angels for future companions, and eternity for a lifetime, we should strike all the notes of joy. Going through the wilderness of this world let us remember that we are on the way to a summery clime of heaven, and from the migratory populations flying through this autumnal air learn always to keep singing:

Children of the Heavenly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing.
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in His works and ways.

Ye are traveling home to God
In the way your fathers trod.
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

The Church of God never will be a triumphant church until it becomes a singing church.

I go further and remark that the birds of the air are wiser than we in the fact that in their migration they fly very high. During the summer, when they are in the fields, they often come within reach of the gun, but when they start for the annual flight southward they take their places midheaven and go straight as a mark. The longest rifle that was ever brought to shoulder cannot reach them. Would to God that we were as wise as the stork and crane in our flight heavenward! We fly so low that we are within easy range of the world, the flesh and the devil. We are brought down by temptations that ought not to come within a mile of reaching us. Oh, for some of the faith of George Muller of England and Alfred Cookman, once of the church militant, now of the church triumphant! So poor is the type of piety in the church of God now that men actually caricature the idea that there is any such thing as a higher life. Moles never did believe in eagles. But my brethren, because we have not reached these heights ourselves, shall we deride the fact that there any such heights? A man was once talking to Brunel, the famous engineer, about the length of the railroad from London to Bristol. The engineer said: "It is not very great. We shall have after awhile a steamer running from England to New York." They laughed him to scorn, but we have gone so far now that we have ceased to laugh at anything as impossible for human achievement. Then I ask, is anything impossible for the Lord? I do not believe that God exhausted all His grace in Paul and Latimer and Edward Payson. I believe there are higher points of Christian attainment to be reached in the future ages of the Christian world.

You tell me that Paul went up to the top of the Alps of Christian attainment. Then I tell you that the stork and crane have found above the Alps plenty of room for free flying. We go out and we conquer our temptations by the grace of God and lie down. On the morrow those temptations rally themselves and attack us, and by the grace of God we defeat them again, but staying all the time in the old encampment we have the same old battles to fight over. Why not whip out our temptations and then forward march, making one raid through the enemy's country, stopping not until we break ranks after the last victory. Do, my brethren, let us have some novelty of combat, at any rate, by changing, by going on, by making advancement, trading off our stale prayers about sins we ought to have quit long ago, going on toward a higher state of Christian character, and routing out sins that we have never thought of yet. The fact is, if the church of God, if we as individuals, made rapid advancement in the Christian life these stereotyped prayers we have been making for ten or fifteen years would be as inappropriate to us as the shoes, and the hats, and the coats we wore ten or fifteen years ago. Oh, for a higher flight in the Christian life, the stork and the crane in their migration teaching us the lesson!

Dear Lord, and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate,
Our love so faint, so cold to Thee,
And Thine to us so great?

Again, I remark that the birds of the air are wiser than we because they know when to start. If you should go out now and shout, "Stop, storks and cranes, don't be in a hurry!" they would say: "No, we cannot stop. Last night we heard the roaring in the woods bidding us away, and the shrill flute of the north wind has sounded the retreat. We must go." So they gather themselves into companies, and turning not aside for storm, or mountain top, or shock of musketry over land and sea, straight as an arrow to the mark, they go. And if you come out this morning with a sack of corn and throw it in the fields and try and get them to stop they are so far up they would hardly see it. They are on their way south. You could not stop them. Oh, that we were as wise about the best time to start for God and heaven! We say: "Wait until it is a little later in the season of mercy. Wait until some of these green leaves of hope are all dried up and have been scattered. Wait until next year." After awhile we start, and it is too late, and we perish in the way when God's wrath is kindled but a little. There are, you know, exceptional cases, where birds have started too late, and in the morning you have found them dead on the snow. And there are those who have perished half way between the world and Christ. They waited until the last sickness, when the mind was gone, or they were on the express train going at forty miles an hour, and they came to the bridge, and the "draw was up," and they went down. How long to repent and pray? Two seconds! To do the work of a lifetime and to prepare for the vast eternity in two seconds! I was reading of an entertainment given in a king's court, and there were musicians there, with elaborate pieces of music. After awhile Mozart came and began to play, and he had a blank piece of paper before him, and the king familiarly looked over his shoulder and said: "What are you playing? I see no music before you." And Mozart put his hand on his brow, as much as to say, "I am improvising." It was very well for him; but, oh, my friends, we cannot extemporize heaven. If we do not get prepared in this world, we will never take part in the orchestral harmonies of the saved. Oh, that we were as wise as the crane and the stork, flying away, flying away from the tempest!

Some of you have felt the pinching frost of sin. You feel it to-day. You are not happy. I look into your faces, and I know you are not happy. There are voices within your soul that will not be silenced, telling you that you are sinners, and that without the pardon of God you are undone forever. What are you going to do, my friends, with the accumulated transgressions of this life-time? Will you stand still and let the avalanche tumble over you? Oh, that you would go away into the warm heart of God's mercy! The southern grove, redolent with magnolia and cactus, never waited for northern flocks as God has waited for you, saying: "I have loved thee with an everlasting love. Come unto Me, all ye who are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

Another frost is bidding you away. It is the frost of sorrow. Where do you live now? "Oh," you say, "I have moved." Why did you move?" You say, "I don't want as large a house now as formerly." Why do you not want as large a house? You say, "My family is not so large." Where have they gone to? Eternity! Your mind goes back through that last sickness, and through the almost supernatural effort to keep life, and through those prayers that seemed unavailing, and through that kiss which received no response because the lips were lifeless, and I hear the bells tolling, and I hear the hearts breaking. While I speak I hear them break. A heart! Another heart! Alone, alone, alone! This world, which in your girlhood and boyhood was sunshine, is cold now, and, oh! weary dove, you fly around this world as though you would like to stay, when the wind, and the frost, and the blackening clouds would bid you away into the heart of an all comforting God.

You may have noticed that when the chaffinch, or the stork, or the crane starts on its migration it calls all those of its kind to come too. The tree tops are full of chirp and whistle and carol, and the long roll call. The bird does not start off alone. It gathers all of its kind. Oh, that you might be as wise in this migration to heaven, and that you might gather all your families and your friends with you! I would that Hannah might take Samuel by the hand, and Abraham might take Isaac, and Hagar might take Ishmael. I ask you if those who sat at your breakfast table this morning will sit with you in heaven. I ask you what influences you are trying to bring upon them, what example you are setting them. Are you calling them to go with you? Aye, aye, have you started yourself?

Start for heaven and take your children with you. Come, thou and all thy house, into the ark. Tell your little ones that there are realms of balm and sweetness for all those who fly in the right direction. Swifter than eagle's stroke put out for heaven. Like the crane, or the stork, stop not night or day until you find the right place for shopping. Seated to-day in Christian service, will you be seated in the same glorious service when the heavens have passed away with a great noise, and the elements have melted with fervent heat, and the redeemed are gathered around the throne of Jesus?

The Saviour calls.
Ye wanderers, come,
Oh, ye benighted souls,
Why longer roam?
The Spirit calls to-day;
Yield to His power.
Oh, grieve Him not away,
'Tis mercy's hour.

Japanese as Gardners.

"The Japanese are experts at gardening, and give such individual attention to each blossom that they obtain wonderful results," said Professor L. E. Holloway, of Wheeling, who was at the Southern yesterday. "No matter how humble the little home, it is brightened by a vase, with at least one flower or a spray of autumn leaves in it. Their arrangement of flowers is always lovely, being models of harmony in form and color. There is no stiffness, for they try to imitate nature. I examined one rose bush in the process of development, and found that almost every twig was tied with a fine thread and bent in the way it should grow. The entire population turn out to honor flowers, and they frequently write poems and tie them to the branches. The Japanese term for picnic signifies 'to go out and see flowers.'"—St. Louis Republic.

The Petrified Forests of Arizona.

In one of the meetings of the American Forestry Association held in Brooklyn lately Dr. Horace C. Hovey, of Newburyport, Mass., showed by specimens and by views the petrified forests of Arizona. This great tract of agatized wood, at least 2000 acres extent, is near the station, of Corrizo and Adamannas on the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad, in Arizona, and resembles an immense logging camp with huge trunks thrown about. The largest are ten feet in diameter, many of them severed as evenly as though cut up by a cross-cut saw, and the sections vary from disks like cartwheels to logs thirty and more feet long. Many of the petrified logs have been broken into glittering fragments by action of the weather and by Indians and tourists, and at every footfall the traveler steps upon a mosaic or carnelian, agate, jasper, topaz, onyx and amethyst. A petrified trunk 150 feet long spans a canon, and is known as the Agate Bridge. The name Chalcedony Park has been given to the tract. Curiosity hunters, manufacturers and speculators are rapidly destroying its beauties, and recently a company proceeded to pulverize the chips and logs, the powder to be used in place of emery. Car loads of the petrified wood are being shipped away for this use, and Dr. Hovey advocates the saving and protection of these dead forests in a public reservation by the Government.—Scientific American.

A Diminutive Specimen.

There has died at his residence, Carniney, near Ballymena, Ireland, one who was reckoned to be the most diminutive man in Ulster. His name was David Yaston, and his stature did not reach beyond the height of three feet. At the time of his death, which occurred on July 26, he had attained the age of about fifty years. He was a married man and leaves a widow and several of a family to mourn his early death. For years past he was well known throughout Ballymena and the district as an evangelistic preacher and carried on the grocery business.—Chicago Herald.

Bit the Goat in Halves.

A full grown goat was quietly browsing on the shore of Star Lake at Palmetto Beach, Florida, when a large alligator, fully ten feet in length, was seen by several persons to suddenly emerge from the reeds, and with one stroke of his ponderous jaws bit the goat in half. He disappeared for a few minutes and was then seen to rise again and take the other half of the animal that had been left on the shore.—Atlanta Constitution.

Will Wheat Turn to Chaff.

Some who read this headline will say "yes" and swear to it, while others equally as well acquainted with the mysterious in agricultural lore, will declare that like produces like, and that one species of grain never sprang from another. There is but one instance on record in all the annals of agriculture where a spike of chaff has been found in a head of wheat. This curiosity is, or was quite recently at least, preserved in the agricultural museum at Springfield, Ill.—St. Louis Republic.

A red sunset fortells dry weather because it indicates that the air toward the west, from which direction rains may generally be expected, contains little moisture.

A NEW Ohio law prohibits the use of fictitious names in partnerships.

THE bankrupt Chickasaw treasury will compel the closing of the native schools.

GOVERNOR CROUNSE, of Nebraska, will endeavor to provide relief for the drought-stricken districts.

FLORIDA will put 2,300,000 pineapples on the market this year.