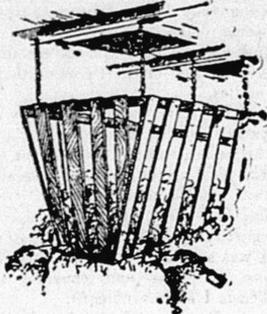


## AGRICULTURAL.

### Convenient Feed Rack for Sheep.

The usual method of feeding sheep has a number of disadvantages. When fed from the floor adjacent to their pen, the lambs are quite sure to be found walking all over the hay and grain, and making themselves generally at home in the uttermost parts of the barn. The sheep, moreover, wear off the wool from their necks and disfigure themselves when feeding through openings in the side of their pen. Where the fodder is thrown down from the floor above the pen an arrangement such as is shown in the



HANGING FEED RACK.

illustration may be found serviceable. It is a hanging rack with slats all around it, and made narrow at the bottom so that the flock can reach even the last spear of hay. There will be no crowding with such an arrangement. The feed will not be soiled, and the pen can be kept closed so that the lambs cannot escape from it. Even when the feeder is not thrown down from the floor above such a rack may be hung near the side of the pen, and the hay thrown over into it from the feeding floor, giving much more feeding space to the flock than would a rack nailed against the side of the pen.

### One Value of Rotation.

A student of first causes would doubtless find that many things which are now engrafted as parts of our most common agricultural practice, owe their origin to an observance of the ways of nature. In the rotation of crops we but follow nature in her habitual methods as Thoreau long ago pointed out, when an oak forest is cut away the earth is speedily reclothed with pines; clover, if left to itself, will soon die out and grasses take its place. Experimentation has shown that a soil may be so barren of certain elements of plant food that some one crop will make but the slightest growth. This would lead one who knew nothing of the constituents of the soil, how varied they are, and how different are the requirements of different plants, to exclaim that the soil itself was barren. But the intelligent farmer knows this is not true, and he varies the uses to which he puts the land, bringing into play, in successive seasons, its most varied capabilities.

This necessity of rotation, in order to make the cultivation of the land continuously profitable, is so well understood that we need hardly dwell upon it here. But there is one result from rotation, perhaps as valuable as that of bringing out the different food elements, that is not so well known. The destruction of crops with the consequent loss to farmers from fungous diseases appears to be increasing each year. It would be difficult to mention a crop that had not its especial enemy of this kind, which either lays its waste wholly in certain seasons or keeps up a slighter, but continuous attack upon it, depreciating the value of every harvest. Potato scab, and rot, the smut of oats, the rust of wheat, mildews and blights are among the things we speak of.

These diseases are propagated by minute seeds or spores, called spores; many of which have the curious property of not being able to exist upon other than the plants which it particularly affects. Thus while the spores will remain in a certain field, awaiting and ready to attack the crop as soon as it shall be planted again, if another crop is substituted the spores perish because they have not that upon which they can subsist. If deprived of their proper food for a whole year, most of these spores will perish; although it has been ascertained that the germs of certain plant diseases have the power to retain their vitality for two or more seasons. This characteristic, of fastening only upon the certain crop, indicates very clearly the value of a rotation where fields have become thus infested. If the rotation is thorough, and if seed of the diseased crops are not fed, and if the crops themselves are not fed, and the manure resulting therefrom returned to the land; it is comparatively easy to hold them in check. It is mainly because of negligence, and ignorance of their characteristics, that they are allowed to spread, and to become so formidable.

It is important to know that the spores are not destroyed by passing through the digestive organs of cattle, and therefore manure which could possibly contain them had better be burned rather than used to further contaminate the soil. Certain of the states have recognized that the diseases of fruit trees and plants could be held in check to some degree by proper methods of preventing spread and contagion, and have legislated to that effect. While too much agricultural legislation is to be avoided, we think like attention might properly be given the matter as affecting general farm crops.

### Tainted Butter.

In the fall and winter slightly tainted butter is very common in the market, and makers can not be too particular in keeping their stock perfectly free from all faulty flavor. The butter that is only slightly tainted often causes the greatest loss to the maker.

This butter may be otherwise first-class, and if sold on the market at once might be marked as prime or fancy, says E.P. Smith. But a slight taint develops rapidly, and by the time the butter reaches the market there is a faulty flavor sufficient to mark the butter as second or third class. This causes too great a loss to be endured with equanimity, and yet butter must be sold upon its merits.

There is other butter at this time of the year that is so distinctly out of flavor that one must conclude that the manufacturer knew what he was doing. He intended to save in feeding and make inferior butter, and he gets only the price that all faulty butter brings. There is no sympathy with such manufacturers, for they are steadily injuring the reputation of American butter both at home and abroad.

Most of the trouble comes direct from feeding. Every one is trying to economize in feeding at this time of the year. Frosty feed is the most prolific cause of slightly defective butter. The taint shows itself early and develops rapidly, deteriorating the butter so that it cannot endure storage very long. Creameries for self protection must insist upon farmers feeding only good feed to their cows. A little independent investigation would soon weed out the farmers who feed any and every thing to their cows from those who are particular to feed only good fodder. In this way the right ones will suffer the loss, and not the helpless consumers or the innocent creameries.

### AGRICULTURE IN BRITAIN.

#### Great Changes Have Taken Place in the Last Fifteen Years.

In referring to the resumption of its sittings by the Royal commission appointed to enquire into the agricultural depression prevailing in Great Britain, the London Times remarks that profound changes have taken place in the condition of agriculture in the United Kingdom since the last Royal commission was appointed fifteen years ago. In 1856 there were 4,213,651 acres under cultivation with wheat in Great Britain, and the average price per quarter was 59 shillings, but since that period the area devoted to this crop has steadily been reduced. In 1879 it was 3,056,400 acres, and last year only 1,912,743 acres were devoted to the growing of wheat, while the price has fallen to 21 shillings per quarter. These figures reflect the desperate condition of agriculture in Britain. Taking the whole agricultural land of Great Britain the following changes are found to have occurred during the last fifteen years:—

	1856-60.	1879-80.
Corn crops.....	7,755,356	8,930,468
Green crops.....	3,293,837	3,515,485
Grass land.....	16,478,818	14,296,841

In the fifteen years the area devoted to grain has decreased 1,175,112 acres, that devoted to roots and green crops has decreased 221,648 acres, while the area of permanent grass land has increased 2,181,977 acres. As the Times remarks, the most striking figures are those which records an increase of upwards of two million acres in the area of permanent grass land (permanent pasture, or grass not broken up in rotation). More than half of the entire cultivated area of Great Britain is now occupied by permanent pasture, though there are the strongest grounds for the suggestion that much of the lands—particularly in parts of England—which has been described as "out of cultivation" really lies hidden amongst the 163 million acres denoted as permanent pasture.

### And the Doctor Kicked Himself.

A very eminent physician had cured a little child from a dangerous illness. The thankful mother turned her steps toward the house of her son's savior.

"Doctor," said she, "there are some services which cannot be repaid. I did not know how to express my gratitude. I thought you would, perhaps, be so kind as to accept this purse, embroidered by my own hands."

"Madam," replied the doctor, roughly, "medicine is no trivial affair, and our visits are only to be rewarded in money. Small presents serve to sustain friendship, but they do not sustain our families."

"But doctor," said the lady, alarmed and wounded, "speak; tell me the fee."

"Two thousand francs, madam."

The lady opens the purse, takes out five bank notes of 1,000 francs each, gives two to the doctor, puts the remaining three back in the purse, bows coldly and departs.

### The Right Man to Kick.

Magistrate—Why did you assault that gentleman?

Prisoner—I went to the theatre last night, paid a high price for a seat, and my view was completely obstructed by a woman's hat.

Is he the husband of the woman?

No.

Her father, perhaps?

No.

Then why did you attack him?

He's the man who built the theatre.

Paderewski will give the proceeds of his concert at Leipzig on the 19th to the fund for erecting a statue to Liszt at Weimar.

## ROYAL VISITING CARDS.

### GREAT QUANTITIES OF THEM USED FOR SOCIAL ATTENTIONS.

60,000,000 Made Every Year—How the *Wahm of Napoleon III.* Established a Custom for the Entire Civilized World.

Visiting cards to the number of 60,000,000 are annually put into circulation by the people of the world according to the statement of a statistician. He also says that the pro rata consumption by individuals is greatest among crowned heads and royalty generally.

The popular notion of Princes is that they travel about with so much pomp and circumstantiality as to preclude the necessity of carrying printed pasteboards. But the statistician bases his figures on the very best sources—royalty's copper-plate printers.

Paris has had the monopoly of supplying the monarchs of the world with visiting cards ever since they became a social necessity under the Second Empire. Of the specimens of visiting cards of royal and aristocratic personages accompanying this article, all except the Kaiser's are the work of

#### A GREAT PARIS HOUSE.

Wilhelm's unwieldy pasteboard is a Berlin production, done by lithography, and about fifty years behind the times in all but the paper used.

"Lithography," said a leading stationer, "was first employed in the making of visiting cards when, after the coup d'etat, Napoleon ordered pasteboards that contained his Christian name only. Things were all in a rush then, and his newly baked Majesty refused to wait for the slow engraving process. When it leaked out that the head of the state, the most talked of man in Europe, used lithographed cards, the things became in vogue. Thus an enormous industry was due to a clever man's intention to see himself in print, royal style without any appellation as to rank—plain 'Napoleon,' neither more nor less."

The use of the Christian name only is a prerogative which kings and emperors share with servants. The other day a royalist in Paris showed a correspondent a visiting card inscribed "Philippe" under a crown. Ten thousand of that sort were ordered by the Duke of Orleans before his father's body was cold. The candidate for the throne intended to appeal to his supporters, or those whom he would like to win over to the cause of the lily banner, by mailing them his visiting card.

tively also use a large stock of cards weekly. "repaying visits" by distinguished foreigners to their masters and mistresses. They drive up to the hotel of the party to be honored, jump out, deposit the pasteboard with an attendant and continue on their tour.

#### NAPOLÉON'S VISITING CARD

was two and a third inches long and a half as broad. The engraver to the Tuilleries still has a sample, which he intends to present to the National Museum. It retains up to this day its white and glossy coat, which was due to a reckless tincture of arsenic. These arsenic-impregnated cards, it was thought at the time, caused a good deal of sickness.

Lithography gave way to copper-plate engraving with the arrival of the Empress Eugénie. While many people of quality used cards printed from copper plate long before the blonde beauty was ever thought of as fashion's dictator, the custom was not generally adopted. Some persons preferred to write their own cards or have them inscribed by a noted calligraphist.

Engraved cards on other than glossy boards were first used in Paris at the beginning of the seventies, and soon afterwards the job printers began to turn out visiting cards of a cheap and nasty kind for clerks, students and factory girls. Bristol cardboard, which admits of the use of pen or pencil, was an achievement of the season of 1878. A year or two later it became the fashion to decorate one's visiting card with one's portrait. Since 1886 fashionable children have, with us, visiting cards as indispensable social requisites.

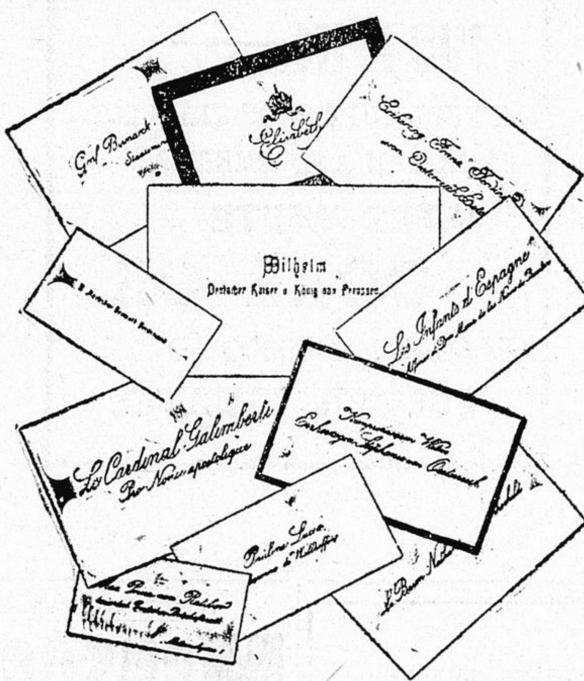
The visiting card without words, so much in use in all circles of Parisian society, is really

#### A CARD OF INVITATION.

It contains the name of the host and the date for which the invitation is issued, and if it is for a dinner a gorgeously appointed table in one corner will proclaim that fact. Nymphs and amorettes signify that informal dancing, in the country house, is to take place. A group of trees with Chinese lanterns fastened to the branches foreshadows a garden festival, while a four-horse mail-coach announces an excursion. Invitation cards to picnics are decorated with an empty dinner basket.

Attempts to find a suitable substitute for cardboard have been unsuccessful. Some time ago in Paris it was pronounced the fashionable thing to carry sheet-iron cards so thin that forty of them, placed one upon another, made a package one millimetre in height. The letters were stamped in and enamelled. Aluminum cards have also been thought of.

The visiting card of the Emperor of Austria reads: "Francois Joseph I., Empereur d'Autriche, Roi de Hongrie." This is in the very worst of taste, according to English notions, which strictly prohibit the use of the Christian name in connection with one's title. British society has used some sort of visiting card for nearly two hundred years. The early



THE VISITING CARDS OF THE LEADING EUROPEAN ROYAL PERSONAGES.

The Emperors of Germany and Austria on their visiting cards follow a German custom and print part of their title. According to fashion's dictum their visiting cards should either read "Wilhelm" and "Franz Joseph," respectively, or "Deutscher Kaiser" and "Kaiser von Oesterreich."

#### THE PRINCE OF WALES,

almost most correct in matters of etiquette, has two sorts of cards, one reading "Albert Edward," the other "Le Prince de Galles," the French term being more often used in royal circles than the other. French being the universal language of royalty, all monarchs have their visiting cards for general use inscribed in the Gallic tongue. Some Princes use cards which give their name and title in the native language, but in most cases that is done for a purpose.

"The" in front of a royal or princely title denotes that the person is a sovereign, or at least the head of his family. In England it is employed in addressing a peer, for instance, "The Right Honorable." Only one Englishman of non-royal rank makes bold use to the prefix. "The" on his visiting card, and this reads "The Duke of Argyll." His son's and his daughter-in-law's cards, on the other hand, read: "Marquis of Lorne" and "The Princess Louise."

The extraordinary consumption of visiting cards by royalty is occasioned by its kinship to hundreds and thousands of persons, many of whom their big brothers and sisters would not know even by name, save for the Almanach de Gotha. As it is, their majesties' and highnesses' secretaries are busy year in and year out mailing cards all over the civilized world, denoting "regrets," "congratulations" or "leave-taking." The adjutants and ladies-in-waiting respec-

English cards were used exclusively by great statesmen and peers as a means of notifying the people of less quality that their visit would be acceptable.

The party issuing the invitation wrote his name on the top of a card and that of the party he desired to see at the bottom. The caller "sent in his name" to the great lord by handing the footman the card of invitation he had received. Card writing continued in England until the coup d'etat in Paris brought about a revolution in the matter of visiting cards generally.

The earliest means of notifying a person of an unsuccessful visit paid to him was to

#### WRITE ONE'S NAME WITH CHALK

on the door. In the houses of the great lords a visitors' book was kept, where callers registered their names if the host was "not in," but as in those good old times chirography was not a gentleman's necessary accomplishment the thing had its disadvantages. Finally some smart old squire conceived the idea of having his name inscribed on small sheets of paper by his clerk and leaving them at the door of patrons who were unable or unwilling to receive him. The custom was at once followed and spread all over Europe.

The Chinese claim they used visiting cards as far back as the time of Confucius. In Corea visiting cards are a foot square. The savages of Oshomey announce their visits to each other by a wooden board or the branch of a tree artistically carved. This is sent ahead, and the visitor on taking leave pockets his card, which probably serves him many years. The natives of Sumatra also have a visiting card consisting of a piece of wood about a foot long and decorated with a bunch of straw and a knife.

## Poets' Corner.

### The Song of Hurry.

Oh! its Hurry, Hurry, Hurry! and it's 'urr all you can,  
You've got to keep a hurrying, and hustle li a man.  
The easy way of going is a relic of the Past,  
And now it's Hurry! Hurry-up!—Now, Hurry Hurry fast!

It's very sure if you don't run the other fellow will,  
And so you want to hurry, and then hurry harder still.  
If some one's bound to beat you you can pass him in a wink  
If you but keep a hurry on, and never stop to think.

There may be time to catch your breath when you have caught your car;  
But sixty seconds to the minute's all of them there are;  
There are but sixty minutes out of every hour of those,  
And when you figure very fast, it's awful how it goes!

And don't forget you've got to get her mighty quick, because  
You've got to get away again; and snatch it from the jaws,  
Whose jaws they are don't cut the ice, nor what you're going to snatch;  
You can't be too particular in such a shooting match.

You needn't stop to fix your feet and try to walk a crack,  
For though it's tough a-getting there, its tougher getting back.  
There's little time to linger on the greeny, grassy lawn,  
When long before you've gotten there you ought to then be gone.

So keep a-humping, humping, now, and jolly right along,  
With here a Hurry! there a Hurry! then a Hurry! strong,  
If you but keep your hurry on, and hurry, hurry fast,  
It's ten to one you're on the run, and may get back at last.

### Song of a Train.

A monster taught  
To come to hand  
Amain,  
As swift as thought  
Across the land,  
The train

The song it sings  
Has an iron sound,  
Its iron wings  
Like wheels go round.

Crash under bridges,  
Flash over ridges,  
And vault the downs;  
The road is straight—  
Not style, nor gate;  
For milestones—towns!

Voluminous, vanishing, white,  
The steam plume trails;  
Parallel streaks of light,  
The polished rails.

Oh, who can follow?  
The little swallow,  
The trout of the sky;  
But the sun  
Is outrun  
And 'Time passed by,

O'er bosky dens,  
By marsh and mead,  
Forest and fen,  
Embody speed  
Is clanked and hurled;  
O'er rivers and runnels;

And into the earth,  
And out again  
In death and birth  
That know no pain,  
For the whole round world  
Is a warren of railway tunnels.  
Hark! Hark! Hark!  
It screams and cleaves the dark;  
And the subterranean night  
Is girt with smoky light.  
Then out again apace  
It runs its thundering race,  
The monster taught  
To come to hand,  
Amain,  
That swift as thought  
Speeds through the land,  
The train.

### The Old-Time Fire.

Talk about your buildin's  
The's het up by steam—  
Give me the old oak fire  
Where the old folks used to dream.

The rickety dog-irons  
One-sided as could be;  
The ashes banked with 'tators  
That was roastin' there for me.

The dog on one side drowin',  
Or barkin' nigh the door;  
The kitten cuttin' capers  
With knittin' on the floor.

An' me a little tow-head  
By mammy's side at night;  
With both my cheeks a-burnin'  
From the red flames leapin' bright.

These steam-hot buildin's make me  
Jest weary for the blaze  
That was heap more comfortable  
In my childhood's nights and days.

An' I'd give the finest heater  
In the buildin's het by steam  
Fer the old-time chimbley corner  
Where the old folks used to dream.

### When You Sing.

Sing a song of gladness,  
Set to a merry measure—  
A sweet refrain to banish pain  
And fill the heart with pleasure.

Sing a song of brightness,  
Hope's pathway to illumine—  
A melodious lay to flood the day  
With sunshine, birds and bloom.

Sing a song of kindness,  
Whose pleasant tones and mellow  
Will win the ear and speak good cheer  
To some misguided fellow.

Sing a melody of love,  
To awake and glad the hours  
Of weary lives, as spring revives  
The earth with tuncful showers.

But sing no mournful ditty  
Breathing of grief and woe,  
For of sorrow and care all have their share,  
And want not more to know.

### Praise That Came Too Late.

A sermon in itself was preached lately in a story told by a well-known Bishop. It seems that a number of clergymen were present to bear testimony to the life and influence of a departed colleague. One after another rose in their places to tell what they owed to his genius, his high spirit, unswerving loyalty to duty, splendid courage, rare scholarship, and philosophic insight. The testimony was done. At the door, all the time, there stood a slender woman, who had been during his life nearest to him of whom they spoke. "I never shall forget her face—the passion of it and the pathos of it—nor the power, tender but reproachful, with which she spoke when at length we were still: 'Oh, if you loved Edward so, why didn't you tell him of it while he lived!'"